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**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

An Ode to William Pultney, Esq.

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Now, methinks, I hear thee say,  
 " Drink alone thy mountain-whey !  
 " Wherefore tempt the Irish shoals ?  
 " Sights like these are nearer Paul's.



AN ODE to WILLIAM PULTNEY, Esq;

By the Same.

I.

**R**EMOTE from liberty and truth,  
 By fortune's crime, my early youth  
 Drank error's poison'd springs.  
 Taught by dark creeds and mystlick law,  
 Wrapt up in reverential awe,  
 I bow'd to priests and kings.

II.

Soon reason dawn'd, with troubled sight  
 I caught the glimpse of painful light,  
 Afflicted and afraid,  
 Too weak it shone to mark my way,  
 Enough to tempt my steps to stray  
 Along the dubious shade.

III. Rest.

## III.

Restless I roam'd, when from afar  
Lo HOOKER shines! the friendly star  
Sends forth a steady ray.

Thus cheer'd, and eager to pursue,  
I mount, till glorious to my view,  
LOCKE spreads the realms of day.

## IV.

Now warm'd with noble SIDNEY's page,  
I pant with all the patriot's rage;  
Now wrapt in PLATO's dream,  
With MORE and HARRINGTON around  
I tread fair Freedom's magick ground,  
And trace the flatt'ring scheme.

## V.

But soon the beauteous vision flies;  
And hideous spectres now arise,  
Corruption's direful train:  
The partial judge perverting laws,  
The priest forsaking virtue's cause,  
And senates slaves to gain.

## VI.

Vainly the pious artist's toil  
Would rear to heaven a mortal pile,  
On some immortal plan;  
Within a sure, tho' varying date,  
Confin'd alas! is every state  
Of empire and of man.

O 2

VII. What





## VII.

What tho' the good, the brave, the wise,  
 With adverse force undaunted rise,  
 To break th' eternal doom !

Tho' CATO liv'd, tho' TULLY spoke,  
 Tho' BRUTUS dealt the godlike stroke,  
 Yet perish'd fated ROME.

## VIII.

To swell some future tyrant's pride,  
 Good FLEURY pours the golden tide  
 On Gallia's smiling shores ;  
 Once more her fields shall thirst in vain  
 For wholesome streams of honest gain,  
 While rapine wastes her stores.

## IX.

Yet glorious is the great design,  
 And such, O PULTNEY ! such is thine,  
 To prop a nation's frame.  
 If crush'd beneath the sacred weight,  
 The ruins of a falling state  
 Shall tell the patriot's name.