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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

An Ode.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1908

IV.

Far other, is that wretch's song,
 Whose scanty rill devoid of force,
 With idle tinklings creeps along,
 A narrow, crooked, dubious course;
 Or foul with congregated floods,
 Spreads a wide waste o'er plains, and woods.

V.

In action thus the mind express'd
 High soars in Pope the true sublime;
 A Stow unfolds a Cobham's breast,
 A Bavius crawls in doggrel rhyme.
 Thro' all their various works we trace
 The greatly virtuous, and the base.



An O D E.

By the Same.

I.

TOO anxious for the publick weal,
 Awhile suspend the toilsome strife!
 O think if Britain claims thy zeal,
 Thy friends and Britain claim thy life!

II. Thy

II.

Thy gen'rous, free, and active soul,
 Inspir'd by glory's sacred flame,
 Springs ardent to the distant goal,
 And strains the weaker mortal frame.

III.

Happy whom reason deigns to guide,
 Secure within the golden mean,
 Who shuns the Stoic's senseless pride,
 Nor wallows with the herd obscene.

IV.

He nor with brow severely bent,
 Chides pleasure's smiling train away;
 Nor careless of life's great intent,
 With folly wastes each heedless day.

V.

But from the mountain's lofty height,
 Now nature's mighty frame surveys;
 And now descending with delight,
 Along the humble valley strays.

VI.

So have I seen thee gain applause,
 Tho' faction rag'd, from Britain's peers;
 Then glorious in thy country's cause,
 Go whisper love in Chloe's ears.