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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

To Mankind: An Ode.

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To MANKIND: An ODE.

I.

IS there, or do the schoolmen dream ?  
 Is there on earth a pow'r supreme,  
 The delegate of heav'n ?  
 To whom an uncontroll'd command,  
 In ev'ry realm o'er sea and land,  
 By special grace is giv'n ?

II.

Then say, what signs this god proclaim ?  
 Dwells he amidst the diamonds flame,  
 A throne his hallow'd shrine ?  
 The borrow'd pomp, the arm'd array,  
 Want, Fear, and Impotence betray :  
 Strange proofs of pow'r divine !

III.

If service due from human kind,  
 To men in slothful ease reclin'd,  
 Can form a sov'reign's claim :  
 Hail monarchs ! ye, whom heav'n ordains,  
 Our toils unshar'd, to share our gains,  
 Ye ideots, blind and lame !

IV. Superior

IV.

Superior virtue, wisdom, might,  
Create and mark the ruler's right,

So reason must conclude :

Then thine it is, to whom belong

The wife, the virtuous, and the strong,

Thrice sacred multitude !

V.

In thee, vast ALL ! are these contain'd,

For thee are those, thy parts ordain'd,

So nature's systems roll :

The scepter's thine, if such there be ;

If none there is, then thou art free,

Great monarch ! mighty whole !

VI.

Let the proud tyrant rest his cause

On faith, prescription, force, or laws,

An host's or senate's voice !

His voice affirms thy stronger due,

Who for the many made the few,

And gave the species choice.

VII.

Unsanctify'd by thy command,

Unown'd by thee, the scepter'd hand

The trembling slave may bind.

But loose from nature's moral ties,

The oath by force impos'd belies

The unassenting mind.

VIII. Thy





## VIII.

Thy will's thy rule, thy good its end ;  
 You punish only to defend

What parent nature gave :  
 And he who dares her gifts invade,  
 By nature's oldest law is made  
 Thy victim or thy slave.

## IX.

Thus reason founds the just decree  
 On universal liberty,

Not private rights resign'd :  
 Through various nature's wide extent,  
 No private beings e'er were meant  
 To hurt the gen'ral kind.

## X.

Thee justice guides, thee right maintains,  
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the pilf'rer's gains,  
 Thy injur'd weal impair.

Thy warmest passions soon subside,  
 Nor partial envy, hate, nor pride,  
 Thy temper'd counsels share.

## XI.

Each instance of thy vengeful rage,  
 Collected from each clime and age,  
 Tho' malice swell the sum,  
 Would seem a spotless scanty roll,  
 Compar'd with Marius' bloody scroll,  
 Or Sylla's hippodrome.

XII. Bat

## XII.

But thine has been imputed blame,  
Th' unworthy few assume thy name,

The rabble weak and loud ;  
Or those who on thy ruins feast,  
The lord, the lawyer, and the priest ;  
A more ignoble crowd.

## XIII.

Avails it thee, if one devours,  
Or lesser spoilers share his pow'rs,

While both thy claim oppose ?  
Monsters who wore thy fully'd crown,  
Tyrants who pull'd those monsters down,  
Alike to thee were foes.

## XIV.

Far other shone fair Freedom's hand,  
Far other was th' immortal stand,

When Hambden fought for thee :  
They snatch'd from rapine's gripe thy spoils,  
The fruits and prize of glorious toils,  
Of arts and industry.

## XV.

On thee yet foams the preacher's rage,  
On thee fierce frowns th' historian's page,

A false apostate train :  
Tears stream adown the martyr's tomb ;  
Unpity'd in their harder doom,  
Thy thousands strow the plain.





## XVI.

These had no charms to please the sense,  
 No graceful port, no eloquence,  
 To win the Muse's throng :  
 Unknown, unfung, unmark'd they lie ;  
 But Cæsar's fate o'ercasts the sky,  
 And Nature mourns his wrong.

## XXII.

Thy foes, a frontless band, invade ;  
 Thy friends afford a timid aid,  
 And yield up half thy right.  
 Ev'n Locke beams forth a mingled ray,  
 Afraid to pour the flood of day  
 On man's too feeble fight.

## XVIII.

Hence are the motely systems fram'd,  
 Of right transfer'd, of power reclaim'd ;  
 Distinctions weak and vain.  
 Wise Nature mocks the wrangling herd ;  
 For unreclaim'd, and untransfer'd,  
 Her pow'rs and rights remain.

## XIX.

While law the royal agent moves,  
 The instrument thy choice approves,  
 We bow through him to you.  
 But change, or cease th' inspiring choice,  
 The sov'reign sinks a private voice,  
 Alike in one, or few !

XX. Shall

## XX.

Shall then the wretch, whose dastard heart  
Shrinks at a tyrant's nobler part,

And only dares betray;  
With reptile wiles, alas! prevail,  
Where force, and rage, and priest-craft fail,  
To pilfer pow'r away?

## XXI.

O! shall the bought, and buying tribe,  
The slaves who take, and deal the bribe,

A people's claims enjoy!  
So Indian murd'ers hope to gain  
The pow'rs and virtues of the slain,  
Of wretches they destroy.

## XXII.

“Avert it, heaven! you love the brave,

“You hate the treach'rous, willing slave,

“The self-devoted head.

“Nor shall an hireling's voice convey

“That sacred prize to lawless sway,

“For which a nation bled.”

## XXIII.

Vain pray'r, the coward's weak resource!

Directing reason, active force,

Propitious heaven bestows.

But ne'er shall flame the thund'ring sky,

To aid the trembling herd that fly

Before their weaker foes.

