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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

To the Honourable.

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To the Honourable ***.

By the Same.

CHARLES, in absence hear a friend complain,
Who knows thou lov'st him where so'er he goes,
Yet feels uneasy starts of idle pain,
And often would be told the thing he knows.
Why then, thou loiterer, sleets the filent year,
How dar'st thou give a friend unnecessary fear?

We are not now beside that ofier'd stream,

Where erst we wander'd, thoughtless of the way;

We do not now of distant ages dream,

And cheat in converse half the ling'ring day;

No fancied heroes rise at our command,

And no Timoleon weeps, and bleeds no Theban band.

Yet why complain? thou feel'st no want like these,
From me, 'tis true, but me alone debar'd,
Thou still in GRANTA's shades enjoy'st at ease
The books we reverenc'd, and the friends we shar'd;
Nor feest without such aids the day decline,
Nor think'st how much their loss has added weight to thine.
Truth's

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Truth's genuine voice, the freely-opening mind,
Are thine, are friendship's, and retirement's lot;
To conversation is the world confin'd,
Friends of an hour, who please and are forgot;
And interest stains, and vanity controuls
The pure unfullied thoughts, and sallies of our souls.

O I remember, and with pride repeat

The rapid progress which our friendship knew!

Even at the first with willing minds we met,

And ere the root was fix'd the branches grew.

In vain had Fortune plac'd her weak barrier,

Clearwas thy breast from pride, and mine from servile fear.

I faw thee gen'rous, and with joy can fay
My education rofe above my birth,
Thanks to those parent shades, on whose cold clay
Fall fast my tears, and lightly lie the earth!
To them I owe whate'er I dare pretend.
Thou saw'st with partial eyes, and bade me call thee friend.

Let others meanly heap the treasur'd store,
And aukward fondness cares on cares employ
To leave a race more exquisitely poor,
Posses'd of riches which they ne'er enjoy:
He's only kind who takes the noble way
T'unbind the springs of thought and give them pow'r to play.

His

