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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Written upon leaving a Friend's House in Wales. By the Rev. Dr. M.

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Written upon leaving a FRIEND'S Houſe
in WALES.

By the Rev. Dr. M.

THE winds were loud, the clouds deep-hung ;
And dragg'd their ſweepy trains along
The dreary mountain's ſide ;
When, from the hill, one look to throw
On Towy's rambling flood below,
I turn'd my horſe—and ſigh'd.

But ſoon the guſts of ſleet and hail
Flew thick acroſs the darken'd vale,
And blurr'd the face of day :
Forlorn and ſad, I jogg'd along ;
And tho' Tom cry'd, You're going wrong,^h
Still wander'd from my way.

The ſcenes, which once my fancy took,
And my aw'd mind with wonder ſtruck,
Paſs'd unregard'd, all !
Nor black Trecarris' ſleepy height,
Nor waſte Trecastle gave delight ;
Nor clamorous Hondy's fall.

Did

Did the bleak day then give me pain?
 The driving snow, or pelting rain,
 Or sky with tempests fraught?
 No! these unheeded rag'd around:
 Nought in them so much Mine I found,
 As claim'd one wandering thought.

Far other cares engross'd my mind,
 Cares for the joys I left behind,
 In * Newton's happy groves!
 Yet not because its woods disclose
 Or grots or lawns more sweet than those
 Which Pan at noon-day loves;

But that, beside its social hearth
 Dwells every joy, which youthful mirth
 Or serious age can claim:
 The man too whom my soul first knew,
 To virtue and to honour true;
 And friendship's sacred name.

O Newton, could these pensive lays
 In worthy numbers scan thy praise,
 Much gratitude would say;
 But that the Muse, ingenuous maid,
 Of *flattery* seems so much afraid,
 She'll scarce her *duty* pay.

Brecknock, Oct. 16. 1749.

* Newton is the name of a seat belonging to Sir John
 Price.

