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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Verses written towards the close of the Year 1748, to William Lyttelton,  
Esq; By the Same.

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VERSES written towards the clofe of the Year  
1748, to WILLIAM LYTTLTON, Esq;

By the Same.

HOW blithely pafs'd the summer's day!  
How bright was every flow'r!  
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,  
To vifit Damon's bow'r.

But now, with filent ftep, I range  
Along fome lonely fhore;  
And Damon's bow'r, alas the change!  
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne  
In queft of joy they fteer;  
Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn,  
To weep the parting year!

O penfive Autumn! how I grieve  
Thy forrowing face to fee!  
When languid funs are taking leave  
Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,  
 This dying scene survey!  
 Haste, Winter, haste; usurp the sky;  
 Compleat my bow'r's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast  
 Yon' sickening leaves retain;  
 That speak at once of pleasure past,  
 And bode approaching pain.

At home unblest, I gaze around,  
 My distant scenes require;  
 Where all in murky vapours drown'd  
 Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Tho' Thomson, sweet descriptive bard!  
*Inspiring* Autumn sung;  
 Yet how should we the months regard,  
 That stopp'd his flowing tongue?

Ah luckless months, of all the rest,  
 To whose hard share it fell!  
 For sure he was the gentlest breast  
 That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallows now disown  
 The roofs they lov'd before;  
 Each, like his tuneful genius, flown  
 To glad some happier shore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,  
 The sportsman's frantick deed;  
 While hounds and horns and yells unite,  
 To drown the Muse's reed.

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown!  
 Ye skies no longer blue!  
 Too much we feel from fortune's frown,  
 To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unfullied green?  
 The zephyr's balmy gale?  
 And where sweet friendship's cordial mien,  
 That brighten'd every vale?

What tho' the vine disclose her dyes,  
 And boast her purple store;  
 Not all the vineyard's rich supplies  
 Can soothe our sorrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain  
 Could wit and mirth refine;  
 He! he is gone, whose social vein  
 Surpass'd the pow'r of wine.

Faith by the streams he deign'd to praise,  
 In yon' sequesler'd grove,  
 To him a votive urn I raise;  
 To him, and friendly love.

Y z

Yes

