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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Rural Inscriptions. By the Same.

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## RURAL INSCRIPTIONS.

By the Same.

## I. On a ROOT-HOUSE.

HERE in cool grot, and mossy cell,  
 We rural fays and faeries dwell :  
 Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,  
 When the pale moon, ascending high,  
 Darts thro' yon' limes her quivering beams,  
 We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,  
 Afford the light our revels crave ;  
 The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,  
 Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor ;  
 Nor yet for artful strains we call,  
 But listen to the water's fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,  
 Be sure your bosoms be serene ;  
 Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,  
 Devoid of all that poisons life ;  
 And much it 'vails you, in their place,  
 To graft the love of human race.

And

And tread with awe these favour'd bow'rs,  
 Nor wound the shrubs nor bruise the flow'rs;  
 So may your path with sweets abound!  
 So may your couch with rest be crown'd!  
 But harm betide the wayward swain,  
 Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!

OBERON.

II. In a shady Valley, near a running Water.

O! Let me haunt this peaceful shade;  
 Nor let ambition e'er invade  
 The tenants of this leafy bow'r,  
 That shun her paths, and flight her pow'r.

Hither the plaintive halcyon flies  
 From social meads and open skies;  
 Pleas'd, by this rill, her course to steer,  
 And hide her saphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,  
 Forfakes the river's proud domains;  
 Forfakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,  
 To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I hear the Naiad say,  
 "Flow, flow, my stream! this devious way;  
 "Though lovely soft thy murmurs are,  
 "Thy waters, lovely cool and fair!"



“ Flow, gentle stream ! nor let the vain

“ Thy small unfully'd stores disdain :

“ Nor let the pensive sage repine,

“ Whose latent course resembles thine.”

### III. On a small Building in the Gothick Taste.

**D** Thou that tatche in courtly blysse!  
Or toyse in fortune's gibbys, heare!  
Doo not too rashlye deeme anyse  
Of him, that bydes contentid here,

Doz yet disdeigne the russet stoale,  
Whych e o'er each carelesse tymbe he styngs;  
Doz yet derpyde the beechen bowle,  
In whych he quaffs the lemyd spryngs;

Forgybe hym, if, at eve or dawne,  
Behyde of woodkype carke he stray:  
O, all besyde some flowerpe lawne,  
He waste his inoffensive day.

So may he pardonne fraud and strife,  
If such in courtlye haunt he see:  
For fautes there boene in buspe lyfe,  
From whych these peacefull glennes are free.

A Pastoral