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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Ode to Health, 1730. By the Same.

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## ODE to HEALTH, 1730.

By the Same.

O HEALTH, capricious maid !  
 Why dost thou shun my peaceful bow'r,  
 Where I had hope to share thy pow'r,  
 And bless thy lasting aid ?

Since thou, alas ! art flown,  
 It 'vails not whether Muse or Grace,  
 With tempting smile, frequent the place :  
 I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay ;  
 Thou yet might'st act the friendly part ;  
 Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart ;  
 Why speed so swift away ?

Thou scorn'st the city-air ;  
 I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,  
 Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,  
 O false ! O partial fair !

B 3

I plunge



I plunge into the wave ;  
 And tho' with purest hands I raise  
 A rural altar to thy praise,  
 Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well-known grove,  
 Where mineral fountains vainly bear  
 Thy boasted name, and titles fair,  
 Why scorns thy foot to rove ?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim ;  
 Enabling *him*, with idle noise,  
 To drown the Muse's melting voice,  
 And fright the timorous game.

Is Thought thy foe ? adieu  
 Ye midnight lamps ! ye curious tomes !  
 Mine eye o'er hill and valley roams,  
 And deals no more with you.

Is it the Clime you flee ?  
 Yet 'midst his unremitting snows,  
 The poor Laponian's bosom glows ;  
 And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,  
 When tho' I scorn'd thy guardian care,  
 Nor made a vow, nor said a pray'r,  
 It did not rue the crime.

Who



Who then more blest than me ?  
 When the glad school-boy's task was done,  
 And forth, with jocund sprite, I run  
 To freedom, and to glee !

How jovial then the day !  
 What since have all my labours found,  
 Thus climbing life, to gaze around,  
 That can thy los's repay ?

Wert thou, alas ! but kind,  
 Methinks no frown that Fortune wears,  
 Nor less'n'd hopes, nor growing cares,  
 Could sink my chearful mind.

Whate'er my stars include ;  
 What *other* breasts convert to pain,  
 My towering mind should soon disdain,  
 Should scorn — Ingratitude !

Repair this mouldering cell,  
 And blest with objects found at home,  
 And envying none their fairer dome,  
 How pleas'd my soul should dwell !

Temperance should guard the doors ;  
 From room to room should Memory stray,  
 And, ranging all in neat array,  
 Enjoy her pleasing stores —

B 4

There

