

**Landesbibliothek Oldenburg**

**Digitalisierung von Drucken**

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

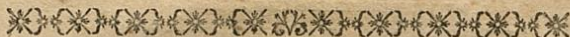
**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

To a Lady of Quality, Fitting up her Library, 1738. By the Same.

**urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1957**

There let them rest unknown,  
 The types of many a pleasing scene ;  
 But to preserve them bright or clean,  
 Is thine, fair Queen ! alone.



To a LADY of QUALITY,

Fitting up her LIBRARY, 1738.

By the Same.

AH! what is Science, what is Art,  
 Or what the pleasure these impart ?  
 Ye trophies which the Learn'd pursue  
 Through endless fruitless toils, adieu !

What can the tedious tomes bestow,  
 To soothe the miseries they show ?  
 What, like the bliss for *him* decreed,  
 Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed !

Say, wretched Fancy ! thus refin'd  
 From all that glads the simplest hind,  
 How rare that object, which supplies  
 A charm for too discerning eyes !

The

The polish'd bard, of genius vain,  
Endures a deeper sense of pain :  
As each invading blast devours  
The richest fruits, the fairest flow'rs.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,  
The steep ascent of Knowledge climb :  
Then, from the tow'ring heights they scale,  
Behold Contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, Aferia, tell us why  
We scorn the crowd, when you are nigh ;  
Why then does reason seem so fair,  
Why learning then, deserve our care ?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,  
While you so fair a proof unfold  
What force the brightest genius draws  
From polish'd Wisdom's written laws ?

Where are our humbler tenets flown ?  
What strange perfection bids us own  
That Bliss with toilsome Science dwells,  
And happiest he, who most excels ?

UPON

