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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Part II. Written April, 1749.

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Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh,
 No doubts divert our steady steps aside;
 Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die:
 Heav'n is our Hope, and Providence our Guide.

P A R T II.

Written April, 1749.

AT length the winter's furly blasts are o'er;
 Array'd in smiles the lovely spring returns:
 Health to the breeze unbars the screaming door,
 And ev'ry breath with heat celestial burns.

Again the daisies peep, the violets blow,
 Again the tenants of the leafy grove
 Forget the patt'ring hail, the driving snow,
 Resume the lay to melody and love.

And see, my Delia, see o'er yonder stream,
 Where on the sunny bank the lambkins play,
 Alike attracted to th' enliv'ning gleam,
 The stranger-swallows take their wonted way.

Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your sports pursue,
 Welcome again to Delia, and to me:
 Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,
 And plan your settlements from danger free.

No



No tempest on my shed its fury pours,
 My frugal hearth no noxious blast supplies ;
 Go, wand'ers, go, repair your sooty bow'rs,
 Think, on no hostile roof my chimnies rise.

Again I'll listen to your grave debates,
 I'll think I hear your various maxims told,
 Your numbers, leaders, policies, and states,
 Your limits settled, and your tribes enroll'd,

I'll think I hear you tell of distant lands,
 What insect-nations rise from Egypt's mud,
 What painted swarms subsist on Lybia's sands,
 What mild Euphrates yields, and Ganges' flood,

Thrice happy race ! whom Nature's call invites
 To travel o'er her realms with active wing,
 To taste her choicest stores, her best delights,
 The summer's radiance, and the sweets of spring.

While we are doom'd to bear the restless change
 Of shifting seasons, vapours dark, or dry,
 Forbid, like you, to milder climes to range,
 When wintry clouds deform the troubled sky.

But know the period to your joys assign'd !
 Know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball ;
 Certain as fate, and sudden as the wind,
 Its secret adamantine props shall fall.

Yet