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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Transcrib'd from the Rev. Mr. Pixel's Parsonage Garden near Birmingham.
1757.

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The tedious importunity of friends,
 When as himself might his quietus make
 With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear?
 To groan and sweat under a load of wit?
 But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
 That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
 Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
 Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
 Thus critics do make cowards of us all.
 And thus the healthful face of many a poem
 Is sickly'd o'er with a pale manuscript;
 And enterprizers of great fire and spirit,
 With this regard from DODSLEY turn away,
 And lose the name of Authors.



Transcrib'd from the Rev. Mr. PIXEL's
 Parsonage Garden near BIRMINGHAM, 1757.

S E E K not in these paths to view
 Dryads green, or Naiads blue;
 Such as haunt, at eve or dawn,
 a *Enville's* lake, or b *Hagley's* lawn;
 Such as sport on c *Worfield's* meads;
 Such as *Shenstone's* Genius leads

a *Seat of the earl of Stamford.*

b *Seat of lord Lyttelton.*

c *Seat of Sherrington Davenport, Esq;*

