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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Epithalamium. By the Same.

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



EPI TH A L A M I U M.

By the same.

YE nymphs, that from *Diana's* sport retir'd,
 Yon forest leave awhile, and love to haunt
 The bord'ring vallies; saw ye, as they pass'd,
 A chosen pair, the glory of your plains,
 Array'd in youth's full bloom, and nature's prime?
 Saw ye the glance of beauty, when the fair,
 Quiver'd with charms, and by the Graces dress'd,
 March'd on: with joy the bridegroom flush'd, beyond
 What liveliest fancy, unpossess'd, can dream?

Heard ye the music of the groves around
 Warbling, while choirs of gratulation rung
 From ev'ry spray; and nightingales, soft tun'd,
 In notes peculiar thrill'd the nuptial song!
 Such as in neighb'ring *Windfor's* fav'rite shade
 They chaunt; and, if their *Handel's* ear be true,
 No where on silence steal with lay so sweet.

Auspicious omens brood on the fair hour!
 Did ever *Hymen's* look more fresh appear,
 Or his bright vest with deeper yellow flow?
 The vest that on occasions high and rare

Pontifical

Pontifical he wears, when hearts sincere
 Combine; of healthy cheek, and sparkling eye
 As in the state of nature, ere his shafts
 By gold were blunted. How the blazing torch,
 Fann'd by love's pinion, sheds unusual fire!
 Lo! by the trail of light, he left behind,
 As from the shrine his jubilee return'd,
 The Muse, invited guest, attends her theme
 Right to the nuptial bow'r. There ent'ring, thrice
 She hemm'd, thrice blest the threshold with a sneeze,
 Prelude of happiness to come. Her lyre
 She strung,—a friendly, voluntary strain.

“ Hail (she began) distinguish'd pair! how fit
 To join in wedded love, each other's choice!
 Bridegroom, thy taste is elegant indeed,
 And fingers nice, that on some sunny bank
 In beauty's garden cull'd so fair a flow'r,
 To thine transplanted from her native soil.
 Cherish before thy blooming charge; keep off
 Each blast unkind, and Zephyr's gale alone
 Blow there, and genial suns for ever smile.
 Who not applaud thy vow? hereafter who
 Dispute thy palate, judging and exact,
 Owner of curious bliss?—Nor thou, fair bride,
 Repine, nor homeward cast thy longing eye;
 'Twas time to sever from the virgin choir.
 What joy in loneliness to waste the hours
 Unfruitful? see, hard by, *Loddona's* stream

