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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

To a Gentleman, on the Birth day of his first Son. By the Same.

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[104]

Cold and inactive creep along; her face
Shaded with penfive willow,—till anon
Married to jovial Thames, briskly she glides
O'er many a laughing mead.—'Tis nature wills
Such union: blest fociety! where souls
Move, as in dance, to melody divine
Fit partners. (How unlike the noify broils
Of wedded strife!) Hence friendship's gen'rous glow
At love's high noon; and hence the sober slame
Steady, as life declines.—All comforts hence
Of child and parent, strongest, dearest ties!
Think not the fair original design'd
To flourish and be lost. The world expects
Some copies to adorn another age.
Thank the kind gods; be happy, live and love.

To a GENTLEMAN, on the Birth day of his first Son.

By the Same.

Hy fanguine hope compleated in a boy,

Hymen's kind boon, my friend, I give thee joy.

Of fine flrange things, and miracles to be,

Expect no flatt'ring prophecy from mer

'Tis Time's maturing bus'ness to call forth

Degen'rate meanness, or transmitted worth:

Under