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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

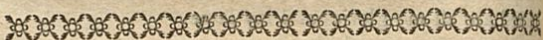
Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

To the Duke of Marlborough.

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Excuse, great Sir, the ravings of a mind,
 That can so just a cause for sorrow find;
 My words too rudely may a monarch greet
 For oh! was ever grief like mine discreet!
 No suff'rings shall my firm alliance end,
 An unsuccessful, but a faithful friend.



To the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH.

PARDON, great Duke, if *Britain's* stile delights;
 Or if th' Imperial title more invites;
 Pardon, great Prince, the failings of a Muse,
 That dares not hope for more than your excuse,
 Forc'd at a distance to attempt your praise,
 And sing your victories in mournful lays,
 To cast in shadows, and allay the light,
 That wounds, with nearer rays, the dazzled sight,
 Nor durst in a direct and open strain
 Such acts, with her unhallow'd notes, prophane:
 In tow'ring verse let meaner heroes grow,
 And to elab'rate lines their greatness owe,
 Your actions, own'd by ev'ry nation, want
 Praises, no greater than a foe may grant.

Oh! when shall *Europe*, by her MARLBRO's sword,
 To lasting peace and liberty restor'd,

Allow

Allow her weary champion a retreat,
To his lov'd country and his rising seat?

Where your soft partner, far from martial noise,
Your cares shall sweeten with domestic joys :
Your conquests she with doubtful pleasure hears,
And in the midst of ev'ry triumph fears ;
Betwixt her queen and you divides her life,
A friend obsequious, and a faithful wife.

Hail *Woodstock* ! hail ye celebrated glades !
Grow fast ye woods, and flourish thick ye shades !
Ye rising tow'rs for your new lord prepare,
Like your old *Henry* come from *Gallia's* war.

The gen'ral's arms as far the king's o'erpow'r,
As this new structure does surpass the bow'r.

The pleasing prospects and romantic scite,
The spacious compass, and the stately height ;
The painted gardens, in their flow'ry prime,
Demand whole volumes of immortal rhyme,
And if the Muse would second the design,
Mean as they are, should in my numbers shine.
There live, the joy and wonder of our isles,
Happy in *Albion's* love and ANNA's smiles.

While from the godlike race of CHURCHILL born,
Four beauteous *Rosamonds* this bow'r adorn,
Who with the ancient syren of the place
In charms might vie, and ev'ry blooming grace ;
But bless'd with equal virtues had she been,
Like them she had been favour'd by the QUEEN,

I 2

Whom

