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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

To Mr. Garnier and Mr. Pearce of Bath. A grateful Ode, in return for the extraordinary Kindness and Humanity they shewed to me and my eldest Daughter, now Lady Essex, 1753 By the Same.

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To Mr. GARNIER and Mr. PEARCE of BATH,
A grateful ODE, in return for the extraordinary
Kindness and Humanity they shewed to me and my
eldest Daughter, now Lady ESSEX, 1753.

By the Same.

I.

WHAT glorious verse from Love has sprung?
How well has Indignation sung?
And can the gentle Muse,
Whilst in her once belov'd abode
I stray, and suppliant kneel, an ode
To Gratitude refuse,

II.

GARNIER, my friend, accept this verse,
And thou receive, well-natur'd PEARCE,
All I can give of fame.
Let others, other subjects sing,
Some murd'rous chief, some tyrant king,
Humanity's my theme.

III.

Whilst arts like yours, employ'd by you,
Make verse in such a theme your due,
To whom indulgent Heav'n
Its fav'rite pow'r of doing good,
By you so rightly understood,
Judiciously has giv'n.

IV. Behold

IV.

Behold, obedient to your pow'r,
 Consuming fevers rage no more,
 Nor chilling agues freeze ;
 The cripple dances void of pain,
 The deaf in raptures hear again,
 The blind transported fees.

V.

Health at your call extends her wing,
 Each healing plant, each friendly spring,
 Its various pow'r discloses,
 O'er Death's approaches you prevail,
 See Chloe's cheek, of late so pale,
 Blooms with returning roses.

VI.

These gifts, my friends, which shine in you,
 Are rare, yet to some chosen few
 Heav'n has the same assign'd ;
 Health waits on Mead's prescription still,
 And Hawkins' hand, and Ranby's skill,
 Are blessings to mankind.

VI .

But hearts like yours are rare indeed,
 Which for another's wounds can bleed,
 Another's grief can feel ;
 The lover's fear, the parent's groan,
 Your natures catch, and make your own,
 And share the pains you heal.

But

