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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

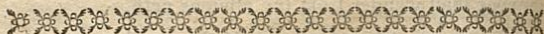
Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Woodstock Park. A Poem. By William Harrison. 1706.

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Judab shall witness to the grateful song ;
 And faithful *Zion* echo back the sound.
 No signs of woe shall hang upon the cheek,
 No shuddering fear, nor horrible despair ;
 But grief with all its melancholy train
 Of huge dismay shall fly from ev'ry face.
 Gladness shall crown the head, peace fill the heart,
 And endless rapture dwell on ev'ry brow.



WOODSTOCK PARK. A POEM.

By WILLIAM HARRISON. 1706.

Habitarunt Di quoque silvas.

VIRG.

KIND heav'n at length, successfully implor'd,
 To Britain's arms her hero had restor'd :
 And now our fears remov'd, with loud applause
 Jointly we crown'd his conduct, and his cause.
 Transporting pleasure rais'd each drooping tongue,
 The peasants shouted, and the poets sung.
 The poets sung, tho' Addison alone
 Adorns thy laurels, and maintains his own ;
 In him alone, great MARLBOROUGH, is seen,
 Thy graceful motion, and thy godlike mien :

Each

Each action he exalts with rage divine,
And the full Danube flows in ev'ry line.

But we in vain to that sublime aspire ;
So heatless glow-worms emulate the fire,
Shine without warmth : another song prepare,
My Muse ; the country is the Muse's care ;
Thither thy much lov'd MARLBOROUGH pursue
With eager verse, and keep thy theme in view.

But oh ! what joyful numbers can disclose
The various raptures his approach bestows ;
How vales resound, how crowds collected share
The radiant glories of the matchless pair ?
The gen'rous youths, within whose bosoms glow
Some secret unripe longings for a foe,
Surveying here the favourite of Fame,
Conceive new hopes, and nurse the growing flame :
While softer maids confess a pleasing pain,
And sighing wish he had been born a swain.

So when the pow'rs appeas'd bad discord cease,
And Greece obtain'd from jarring gods a peace,
The god of war, and beauteous queen of love,
To Cyprian shades their peaceful chariot drove :
Shepherds and nymphs attending form'd the train,
And mirth unusual revell'd on the plain.
And should the gods once more their heav'n forego,
To range on earth, and bless mankind below,
O'er all the globe no region would be found,
With nobler soil, or brighter beauty crown'd.

Phœbus

Phœbus for this would change his Delphic grove,
Juno her Samos, and his Ida Jove.

Olympic games no longer should delight,
But neighb'ring plains afford a nobler fight.
Where England's great Æneas standing by,
Impatient youths on winged courfers fly :
Urg'd by his presence they out-strip the wind
Involv'd in smoke, and leave the Muse behind.

But see ! once more returns the rival train,
And now they stretch, now bending loose the rein,
And fears and hopes beat high in ev'ry vein. }
'Till one (long since successful in the field)
Exerts that strength he first with art conceal'd ;
Then swift as light'ning darted through the skies,
Springs forward to the goal, and bears away the prize.

By arts like these all other palms are won,
They end with glory, who with caution run.
We neither write, nor act, what long can last,
When the first heat sees all our vigour past ;
But, jaded, both their short-liv'd mettle lose,
The furious statesman, and the fiery Muse.

The contest ended, night with gloomy face
O'erspreads the heav'n ; and now with equal pace }
The victor, and the vanquish'd, quit the place :
Sleep's friendly office is to all the same,
His conquest he forgets, and they their shame.

Next morn'ng, ere the sun with sickly ray
O'er doubtful shades maintains the dawning day,

The sprightly horn proclaims some danger near, }
 And hounds, harmonious to the sportsman's ear,
 With deep-mouth'd notes rouse up the trembling deer.
 Startled he leaps aside, and list'ning round,
 This way and that explores the hostile sound,
 Arm'd for that fight, which he declines with shame,
 Too fond of life, too negligent of fame;
 For Nature, to display her various art,
 Had fortify'd his head, but not his heart:
 Those spears, which uselefs on his front appear'd,
 On any else had been ador'd and fear'd.
 But honours disproportion'd are a load,
 Grandeur a specious curse, when ill bestow'd.

Thus void of hope, and panting with surprize,
 In vain he'd combat, and as vainly flies.
 Of paths mysterious whether to pursue
 The scented track informs the lab'ring crew:
 With speed redoubled, they the hint embrace,
 Whilst animating music warms the chase:
 Flush'd are their hopes, and with one gen'ral cry
 They echo through the woods, and sound their conquest nigh
 Not so the prey; he now for safety bends
 From enemies profess'd, to faithlefs friends,
 Who to the wretched own no shelter due,
 But fly more swiftly than his foes pursue.
 This last disgrace with indignation fires
 His drooping soul, and gen'rous rage inspires;

By

By all forsaken, he resolves at length
 To try the poor remains of wasted strength ;
 With looks and mien majestic stands at bay,
 And whets his horns for the approaching fray :
 Too late alas ! for, the first charge begun,
 Soon he repents what cowardice had done,
 Owns the mistake of his o'er-hasty flight,
 And awkwardly maintains a languid fight ;
 Here, and there, aiming a successless blow,
 And only seems to nod upon the foe.

So coward princes, who at war's alarm,
 Start from their greatness, and themselves disarm,
 With recollected forces strive in vain
 Their empire, or their honour, to regain,
 And turn to rally on some distant plain,
 Whilst the fierce conqu'ror bravely urges on,
 Improves th' advantage, and ascends the throne.

Forgive, great Denham, that in abject verse,
 What richly thou adorn'st, I thus rehearse.
 Thy noble chace all others does exceed,
 In artful fury, and well-temper'd speed.
 We read with pleasure, imitate with pain,
 Where fancy fires, and judgment holds the rein.

Goddeſs, proceed ; and as to relics found
 Altars we raise, and consecrate the ground,
 Pay thou thy homage to an aged feat,
 Small in itself, but in its owner great ;

Where

Where Chaucer (sacred name!) whole years employ'd,
 Coy Nature courted, and at length enjoy'd ;
 Mov'd at his suit, the naked goddess came,
 Reveal'd her charms, and recompens'd his flame.
 Rome's pious king with like success retir'd,
 And taught his people, what his Nymph inspir'd.
 Hence flow descriptions regularly fine,
 And beauties such as never can decline :
 Each lively image makes the reader start,
 And poetry invades the painter's art.

This Dryden saw, and with his wonted fate
 (Rich in himself) endeavour'd to translate ;
 Took wond'rous pains to do the author wrong,
 And set to modern tune his ancient song.
 Cadence, and sound, which we so prize, and use,
 Ill suit the majesty of Chaucer's Muse ;
 His language only can his thoughts express,
 Old honest Clytus scorns the Persian dress.

Inimitable bard !

In raptures loud I would thy praises tell,
 And on th' inspiring theme for ever dwell,
 Did not the maid, whose wond'rous beauty seen,
 Inflam'd great Henry, and incens'd his queen,
 With pleasing sorrow move me to survey
 A neighb'ring structure, awful in decay,
 For ever sacred, and in ruin blest,
 Which heretofore contain'd that lovely guest.



Admiring strangers, who attentive come
 To learn the tale of this romantic dome,
 By faithful monuments instructed, view
 (Tho' time should spare) what civil rage can do.
 Where landkips once, in rich apartments high,
 Through various prospects led the wand'ring eye :
 Where painted rivers flow'd through flow'ry meads,
 And hoary mountains rear'd their awful heads :
 Or where by hands of curious virgins wrought,
 In rich array embroider'd heroes fought :
 Now hemlock thrives, and weeds of pow'ful charms
 O'er ragged walls extend their baleful arms.
 Monsters obscene their pois'nous roots invade,
 And bloated pant beneath the gloomy shade.

Thus noblest buildings are with ease effac'd,
 And what's well wrote alone, will always last.

Ev'n Vanbrugh's fame, that does so brightly shine
 In rules exact, and greatness of design,
 Would fall a victim to devouring age,
 Had not that hand, which built, adorn'd the stage.
 Wit so refin'd without the poet's pain,
 Such artful scenes in such a flowing vein,
 O'er latest aras deathless will prevail,
 When Doric and Corinthian orders fail ;
 When each proud pyramid its height foregoes,
 And sinks beneath the base on which it rose.

Ye British fair, whose names but mention'd, give
 Worth to the tale, and make the poem live;



Vouchsafe to hear, whilst briefly I relate
Great Henry's flame, and Rosamonda's fate.

Pierc'd to the soul by her resistless eyes,
Lo! at her feet the scepter'd vassal lies,
Now big with hopes, now tortur'd with despair,
Nor toils, nor pleasures, can divert his care.
Her voice, her look, ten thousand wounds impart,
And fix the pleasing image in his heart;
Such as (if Fame has drawn the picture true,
Her native lustre sung, nor added new)
Might tempt the thund'rer from his bless'd abode,
To court that beauty which himself bestow'd.

Features so wrought not Venus' self displays,
When dress'd by youthful pens in vocal lays;
Not equal charms in all the Graces join,
And only Sunderland is more divine.

Thus fatally adorn'd, the hapless fair
Receives his suit, and listens to his prayer;
Fond of her ruin, pleas'd to be undone,
She reaps the conquest that her eyes had won.

Tho' tongues obscure, at humble distance plac'd,
May censure joys which they despair to taste:
Whene'er th' attack is made, all jointly own
What bright temptations sparkle from a throne:
Could love no entrance find, ambition can,
They clasp the monarch who despise the man;
Beyond his boldest wish the hero bless'd,
Riots in joys too great to be express'd;

And now, with caution, does the means pursue,
As they are great, to make them lasting too.

'Mid shades obscure, remote from vulgar eye,
An artful edifice is rear'd on high,
Through which inextricable windings run,
Lost in themselves, and end where they begun.

Mæander thus, as ancient stories feign,
In curling channels wander'd o'er the plain ;
Oft by himself o'ertook, himself survey'd,
And backward turning, to his fountain stray'd.

Nor much unlike to these are mazes found,
By loit'ring hinds imprinted on the ground ;
Who, when releas'd by some distinguish'd day,
Lead ruddy damsels forth to rural play ;
And on the flow'ry vale, or mountain's brow,
The yielding glebe in wanton furrows plow.

Ye Sylvan Nymphs, who with a pleasing pride,
O'er shady groves, and secret vows preside,
On this mysterious pile with care attend,
Protect the mistress, and the prince befriend :
With both conspire to blind the wary dame,
And screen th' important tale from babbling Fame.

Ah faithless guards ! in vain with od'rous smoke
We feast your altars, and your aid invoke ;
When nuptial debts are now no longer paid,
More ways than one the rover is betray'd :
Affected passion does no more suffice,
And aukward kindness proves a weak disguise.

Woman,

Woman, by nature arm'd against deceit,
 With indignation smiles upon the cheat ;
 Looks down with scorn, and only burns to know
 Th' uncertain author of her certain woe.

As a fierce lioness of Lybian race,
 Struck by the hunter's hand, with furious pace
 Strides o'er the sands, and red with recent gore
 Yells out her pain, and makes the forest roar :
 So raves the queen incens'd ; and loudly tells
 The restless grief that in her bosom dwells,
 For her lov'd lord from her embraces fled,
 Her slighted beauty, and her widow'd bed.

What dire effects her kindled fury wrought,
 Whether by pointed steel, or poison'd draught,
 Th' unguarded rival fell, forbear to ask,
 Th' unwilling Muse declines the mournful task,
 Recoils with anguish, wounded to the soul,
 Feels ev'ry stab, and drinks th' invenom'd bowl.

Thee, beauteous fair, Love made a pris'ner here,
 But great Eliza's doom was more severe ;
 By hate implacable to shades confin'd,
 Where still the native grandeur of her mind
 Clear and unfully'd shone, with radiant grace
 Gilding the dusky horrors of the place.

No nobler gifts can heav'n itself pour down,
 Than to deserve, and to despise a crown.

In some dark room, for pompous sorrow made,
 Methinks I see the royal virgin laid ;



With anxious thoughts employ'd on former times,
 Their various fate, their glory, and their crimes;
 Th' ill-boding place a just concernment gives,
 Since Elinora in Maria lives.

Maria — but forgotten be her name,
 In long oblivion lost, o'erlook'd by fame.

Do thou, O Albion, from remembrance chace
 Thy persecuted sons, thy martyr'd race:
 And freed at length by ANNA's milder ray,
 From furious zeal, and arbitrary sway,
 Enjoy the present, or the future scene,
 With promis'd blessings fraught, without one cloud serene,

Stop, goddess, stop, recall thy daring flight,
 I cannot, must not tempt the wond'rous height.
 Themes so exalted, with proportion'd wing,
 Let Addison, let Garth, let Congreve sing;
 Whilst list'ning nations crowd the vocal lyre,
 Foretaste their bliss, and languish with desire.

To thee thy song, thy province is assign'd,
 And what should foremost stand, is yet behind,
 Silenc'd be all antiquity could boast,
 And let old Woodstock in the new be lost.
 No more her Edwards, or her Henrys please;
 Their spoils of war, or monuments of peace:
 By CHURCHILL's hand so largely is out-done,
 What either prince has built, and both have won.

With admiration struck, we gaze around,
 The fancy entertain, the sense confound:

And

And whilst our eyes o'er the foundation roam,
 Presage the wonders of the finish'd dome.
 Thus did our hero's early dawn display
 Th' auspicious beams of his advancing day.

We, who in humble cells, and learn'd retreat,
 Are strangers to the splendor of the great,
 On barren cliffs of speculation thrown,
 Of all besides unknowing, and unknown,
 Pronounce our fabrics just in ev'ry part,
 And scorn the poor attempts of modern art ;
 (Proud of his cottage so exults the swain,
 Who loves the forest, and admires the plain,)
 'Till here convinc'd, unwillingly we find
 Our Wickhams, and our Wainfleets, left behind :
 Far as the molehill by the mountain's brow,
 Or shrubs by cedars, in whose shade they grow.

Rise, glorious pile, the princess bids thee rise,
 And claim thy title to her kindred skies :
 Where she presides all must be nobly great,
 All must be regular, and all compleat ;
 No other hand the mighty work requires,
 Art may inform, but she alone inspires.

When lab'ring Tyrians, with united toil,
 Advanc'd their Carthage on the destin'd soil,
 So fate their queen, and look'd auspicious down,
 Herself the Genius of the rising town.

Thrice happy he, to whom the task shall fall,
 To grace with shining images the wall ;



And in bold colours silently rehearse,
 What soars above the reach of humble verse.
 No fam'd exploits, from musty annals brought,
 Shall share his art, or furnish out the draught ;
 No foreign heroes in triumphant cars,
 No Latian victories, nor Græcian wars :
 Germania's fruitful fields alone afford
 Work for the pencil, harvest for the sword.
 Her well-drawn fights with horror shall surprize,
 And clouds of smoke upon the canvas rise ;
 Rivers distain'd shall reeking currents boast,
 And wind in crimson waves the plunging host ;
 Each mortal pang be seen, each dying throë,
 And Death look grim in all the pomp of woe.
 But far, oh far distinguish'd from the rest !
 By youth, by beauty, and a waving crest,
 Like young Patroclus, Dormer shall be slain,
 And great Achilles' soul be shock'd again.

Successful Kneller, whose improving air
 Adds light to light, and graces to the fair,
 Thus may compleat the glories of his age,
 And in one piece the whole soft sex engage ;
 Who shall in crowds the lovely dead surround,
 And weep rich gems upon his streaming wound ;
 By sad remembrance urg'd to fruitless moan,
 And lost in Dormer's charms, neglect their own,
 Yet artist stop not here, but boldly dare
 Next to design, what next deserves thy care,

'Midst British squadrons awefully serene,
 On rising ground let MARLBOROUGH be seen,
 With his drawn sauchion light'ning on the foe,
 Prepar'd to strike the great decisive blow ;
 While phlegmatic allies his vengeance stay,
 By absence these, and by their presence they.

Ill-fated Gauls to 'scape his thunder so,
 And by a short reprieve inhance their woe !

When they in arms again the combat try,
 Again their troops in wild disorder fly,
 No usual ties of clemency shall bind,
 No temper shall assuage the victor's mind :
 But heaps on heaps atone the fatal wrong,
 And rage unbounded drive the storm along.

Legions of foes resistless shall advance
 O'er prostrate mounds, to shock the power of France,
 Their loud demands to proud Lutetia tell,
 And rouse th' inglorious tyrant from his cell.

Then provinces releas'd shall break their chain,
 Forego their bondage, and forget their pain.

Iberia, with extended arms, shall run
 To liberty, to life, to Austria's son ;
 And by mild councils generously sway'd,
 Own thy example, ANNA ! and thy aid ;
 Whole kingdoms shall be blest'd, all Europe free,
 And lift her hands unmanacled to Thee.

A Fit

