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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Ode, to a Lady in London. By Miss C***

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ODE, to a LADY in LONDON.

By Miss C * * *

WHILE soft through water, earth, and air
 The vernal spirits rove,
 From noise, my dear, and giddy crowds
 To rural scenes remove.
 The mountain snows are all dissolv'd,
 And hush'd the blushing gale,
 While fragrant Zephyrs gently breathe
 Along the flowery vale.
 The circling planets' constant round,
 The wintry wastes repair,
 And still from temporary death
 Renew the verdant year.
 But ah! when once our transient bloom,
 The spring of life, is o'er,
 That rosy season takes its flight,
 And must return no more.
 Yet judge by Reason's sober rules,
 From false Opinion free,
 And mark how little pilfering years
 Can steal from you or me.
 Each moral pleasure of the heart,
 Each smiling charm of truth,
 Depends not on the giddy bud
 Of wild fantastic youth.



The vain coquet, whose empty pride
 A fading face supplies,
 May justly dread the wintry gloom
 Where all its glory dies.
 Leave such a ruin to deplore
 To fleeting forms confin'd ;
 Nor age, nor wrinkles, discompose
 One feature of the mind.
 Amidst the universal change,
 Unconscious of decay,
 It views unmov'd the scythe of Time
 Sweep all besides away.
 Fix'd on its own eternal frame
 Eternal are its joys,
 While borne on transitory wings
 Each mortal pleasure flies.
 While every short-liv'd flower of sense
 Destructive years consume,
 Through friendship's fair enchanting walks
 Unfading myrtles bloom.
 Nor with the narrow bounds of time
 Its beauteous prospect ends,
 But lengthen'd through the vale of death
 To paradise extends.