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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Riddle.

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Before me hand in hand sometimes they move,
 Emblems of friendship, and united love ;
 Sometimes behind my leading steps they trace
 Still closely knit in brotherly embrace ;
 Anon on either side as guards attend,
 At once adorn me, and at once defend.

Still more and more my love they thus engage,
 Thus still shall cherish my declining age ;
 And when th' appointed hour of fate shall come,
 They'll follow still attendant on my tomb.
 More lasting far than man's soon fading breath,
 Their love extends beyond the vale of death ;
 They'll hang for ever o'er my much-loved bust
 Till they themselves, like me, are turn'd to dust.



R I D D L E.

————— *Mortalis in unum*
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus an ater.

By the Same.

TORN from the fruitful spot on which I grew,
 Me innocent unnumber'd pains pursue ;
 Pains more afflicting, as from man they flow,
 From parent man ! for birth to man I owe.
 Sometimes on spikes of steel my nerves they rend,
 Sometimes afunder split from end to end ;

In

In boiling cauldrons now immers'd I lie,
 Now doom'd the rage of drying fires to try :
 There while in double torment scorch'd and drown'd,
 Fast tied I writhe the rigid stake around.
 Last their fierce hate its utmost effort tries
 With all Barbarian pomp of sacrifice.
 The purple fillet round my temples wreathes,
 From every part the scented unguent breathes ;
 O'er my white locks the sacred flower is spread
 Whilst on the fatal block is plac'd my head.
 Yet with fix'd constancy I bear my doom ;
 And constancy at last will overcome.
 From all my tryals I return at length,
 My worth increas'd, my beauty, and my strength.
 The suffering martyr thus in torment dies,
 In fainted state more glorious to arise.
 And now I re-assume my native state,
 My torturers now beneath their burden sweat,
 Slaves in their turn to me, and think it pride
 If on their subject necks I deign to ride.
 Yet still my filial duty I retain,
 Unchang'd by honours, as unmov'd by pain.
 Still to mankind a friend, I daily shed
 My warmest blessings on his parent head ;
 Around him still with fond embraces twine,
 As round the elm her tendrils curls the vine.
 Nor quit him e'er till he to rest repairs,
 And every morn renew my constant cares.

Ready



Ready alike on rich and poor to wait ;
 I suit myself to every different state.
 With priest in whitish dress array'd I shine,
 Emblem of purity and truth divine.
 His solemn face the doctor owes to me,
 His solemn face, to which he owes his fee.
 At bench, or bar, I add a dignity
 To th' upright sentence, or rhetorick plea ;
 Hence without me no judge explains the laws,
 Nor coifed council pleads the puzzling cause :
 In fullest floods my bounty showers on them
 Profuse, descending to the garment's hem.
 Gorgeous in silken garb I grace the beau ;
 And all around ambrosial fragrance throw ;
 Nor less decorous, tho' with dust o'erspread,
 When to the camp the valiant warriors lead,
 Gorgonian terrors to each mien I add,
 And still their weakest part with care I shade.



RIDDLE.