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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

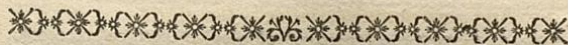
Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Inscriptions. By the Same.

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While thus our vows prolong
 Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd
 Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
 Who rescu'd or preserv'd the rights of human kind,
 O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
 Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name:
 O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
 May impious gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,
 Make public virtue, public freedom, vile;
 Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
 That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
 Which Thou hast kept intire from force and factious guile.



I N S C R I P T I O N S.

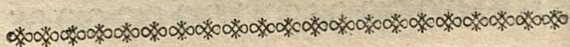
By the Same.

I.

For a G R O T T O.

TO me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
 Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
 This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
 Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
 Were

Were plac'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
 Primrose, and purple Lychnis, deck'd the green
 Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
 With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
 Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
 I slumber: here my clustering fruits I tend;
 Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
 Fresh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds
 Each thing impure or noxious. Enter-in,
 O stranger, undismay'd. nor bat nor toad
 Here lurks: and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
 Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
 My quiet mansion: chiefly, if thy name
 Wife Pallas and the immortal Muses own.



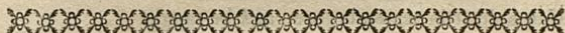
II.

For a Statue of CHAUCER at WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. such the placid mien
 Of him who first with harmony inform'd
 The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
 For many a cheerful day. these ancient walls
 Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
 He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
 Of homely life: through each estate and age,
 The fashions and the follies of the world

With

With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
 From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
 Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
 Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
 To him, this other hero; who, in times
 Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
 To tame the rudeness of his native land.



III.

WHO'E'R thou art whose path in summer lies
 Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove
 Of branching oaks a rural palace old
 Imbosoms. there dwells Albert, generous lord
 Of all the harvest round. and onward thence
 A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
 Fast by a silent riv'let. Humbly walk,
 O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;
 And on that verdant hillock, which thou see'st
 Beset with offers, let thy pious hand
 Sprinkle fresh water from the brook and strew
 Sweet-smelling flow'rs. for there doth Edmund rest,
 The learned shepherd; for each rural art
 Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
 Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
 Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave

In



In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous heaven
 With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,
 Avenge her falsehood. nor could all the gold
 And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith
 From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,
 Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
 The strokes of death. Go, traveller; relate
 The mournful story. haply some fair maid
 May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
 That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

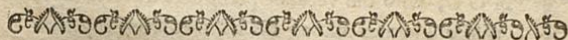


IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins : O declining eld :
 O pale misfortune's slaves : O ye who dwell
 Unknown with humble quiet ; ye who wait
 In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings ;
 O sons of sport and pleasure : O thou wretch
 That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
 Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand
 Which left thee void of hope : O ye who roam
 In exile ; ye who through the embattled field
 Seek bright renown ; or who for nobler palms
 Contend, the leaders of a public cause ;
 Approach : behold this marble. Know ye not
 The features ? Hath not oft his faithful tongue

Told

Told you the fashion of your own estate,
 The secrets of your bosom ? Here then, round
 His monument with reverence while ye stand,
 Say to each other : “ This was Shakespear’s form ;
 “ Who walk’d in every path of human life,
 “ Felt every passion ; and to all mankind
 “ Doth now, will ever that experience yield
 “ Which his own genius only could acquire.”



V.

GULIELMUS III. FORTIS, PIUS, LIBERATOR,
 CUM INEUNTE AETATE PATRIAE LABENTI
 ADFUISSET SALUS IPSE UNICA ; CUM MOX
 ITIDEM REIPUBLICAE BRITANNICAE VINDE
 RENUNCIATUS ESSET ATQUE STATOR ; TUM
 DENIQUE AD ID SE NATUM RECOGNOVIT ET
 REGEM FACTUM, UT CURARET NE DOMINO
 IMPOTENTI CEDERENT PAX, FIDES, FORTUNA,
 GENERIS HUMANI.

AUCTORI PUBLICAE FELICITATIS P. G. A. M. A.





VI.

For a Column at RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
 While Thames among his willows from thy view
 Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
 Around contemplate well. This is the place
 Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
 (Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
 The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
 Till thou have blest'd their memory, and paid
 Those thanks which God appointed the reward
 Of public virtue. and if chance thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
 Go, call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down intire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

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