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**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

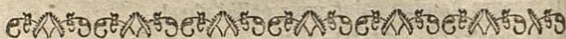
Elegy II. On the Mausoleum of Augustus. To the Right Honourable George  
Buffy Villiers, Viscount Villiers. Written at Rome. 1756.

**urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-2008**

Temp'rance, not Abstinence, in every bliss  
 Is Man's true joy, and therefore Heaven's command  
 The wretch who riots thanks his God amiss :  
 Who starves, rejects the bounties of his hand.

Mark, while the Marne in yon full channel glides,  
 How smooth his course, how Nature smiles around !  
 But should impetuous torrents swell his tides,  
 The fairy landskip sinks in oceans drown'd,

Nor less disastrous should his thrifty urn  
 Neglected leave the once well-water'd land,  
 To dreary wastes yon paradise would turn,  
 Polluted ooze, or heaps of barren sand.



## E L E G Y II.

On \* the MAUSOLEUM of AUGUSTUS.

To the Right Honourable

George Buffy Villiers, Viscount Villiers,

Written at ROME. 1756.

**A** MID these mould'ring walls, this marble round,  
 Where slept the Heroes of the Julian name,  
 Say, shall we linger still in thought profound,  
 And meditate the mournful paths to fame ?

\* *It is now a garden belonging to Marchese di Corré.*  
 What

What no' no cypress shades, in funeral rows,  
 No sculptur'd urns, the last records of Fate,  
 O'er the shrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,  
 Or breathe in storied emblems of the great ;

Yet not with heedless eye will we survēy  
 The scene tho' chang'd, nor negligently tread ;  
 These variegated walks, however gay,  
 Were once the silent mansions of the dead.

In every shrub, in every flow'ret's bloom  
 That paints with different hues yon smiling plain,  
 Some Hero's ashes issue from the tomb,  
 And live a vegetative life again.

For matter dies not, as the Sages say,  
 But shifts to other forms the pliant mass,  
 When the free spirit quits it's cumb'rous clay,  
 And sees, beneath, the rolling Planets pass.

Perhaps, my Villiers, for I sing to Thee,  
 Perhaps, unknowing of the bloom it gives,  
 In yon fair scyon of Apollo's tree  
 The sacred dust of young Marcellus lives.

Pluck not the leaf — 'twere sacrilege to wound  
 Th' ideal memory of so sweet a shade ;  
 In these sad seats an early grave he found,  
 And \* the first rites to gloomy Dis convey'd.

*\* He is said to be the first person buried in this monument.*

Witness



Witness † thou Field of Mars, that oft hadst known  
 His youthful triumphs in the mimic war,  
 Thou heardst the heart-felt universal groan  
 When o'er thy bosom roll'd the funeral car.

Witness † thou Tuscan stream, where oft he glow'd  
 In sportive struglings with th' opposing wave,  
 Fast by the recent tomb thy waters flow'd  
 While wept the wise, the virtuous, and the brave.

O lost too soon! — yet why lament a fate  
 By thousands envied, and by Heaven approv'd.  
 Rare is the boon to those of longer date  
 To live, to die, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd.

Weak are our judgments, and our passions warm,  
 And slowly dawns the radiant morn of truth,  
 Our expectations hastily we form,  
 And much we pardon to ingenuous youth.

Too oft we satiate on th' applause we pay  
 To rising Merit, and resume the Crown;  
 Full many a blooming genius, snatch'd away,  
 Has fallen lamented who had liv'd unknown.

For hard the task, O Villiers, to sustain  
 Th' important burthen of an early fame;  
 Each added day some added worth to gain,  
 Prevent each wish, and answer every claim.

† *Quantos ille virum magnum mævortis ad urbem  
 Campus aget gemitus!*

† *————— Vel quæ, Tyberine, videbis  
 Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem.* VIRG.