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

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

Elegy V. To a Friend Sick. Written at Rome. 1756

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dwin Britamapper



#### E L E G Y V.

#### To a F R I E N D Sick.

Written at Rome 1756.

WAS in this b isle, O Wright indulge my lay,
Whose naval form divides the Tuscan flood,
In the bright dawn of her illustrious day
Rome fix'd her Temple to the healing God.

Here stood his altars, here his arm he bared, and have have And round his mystic staff the serpent twin'd,

Through crowded portals hymns of praise were heard,
And victims bled, and sacred seers divin'd.

On every breathing wall, on every round
Of column, fwelling with proportion'd grace,
Its stated feat some votive tablet found,
And storied wonders dignified the place.

b The Insula Tiberina, where there are still some small remains of the samous temple of Asculapius.

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Oft from the balmy bleffings of repose,
And the cool stillness of the night's deep shade,
To light and health th' exulting Votarist rose,
Whilst fancy work'd with med'cine's powerful aid.

Oft in his dreams (no longer clogg'd with fears
Of fome broad torrent, or fome headlong fleep,
With each dire form Imagination wears
When harrafs'd Nature finks in turbid fleep)

Oft in his dreams he faw diffusive day

Through bursting glooms its chearful beams extend;

On billowy clouds faw sportive Genii play,

And bright Hygeia from her heaven descend.

What marvel then, that man's o'erflowing mind
Should wreath-bound columns raife, and altars fair,
And grateful offerings pay, to Powers fo kind,
Tho' fancy-form'd, and creatures of the Air.

Who that has writh'd beneath the scourge of pain,
Or felt the burthen'd languor of disease,
But would with joy the slightest respite gain,
And idolize the hand which lent him ease?

To Thee, my friend, unwillingly to thee
For truths like these the anxious Muse appeals.
Can Memory answer from affliction free,
Or speaks the sufferer what, I fear, he seels?

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