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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

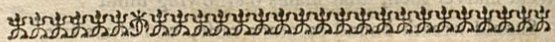
Elegy VI. To another Friend. Written at Rome 1756.

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No, let me hope ere this in Romely grove
 Hygeia revels with the blooming Spring,
 Ere this the vocal seats the Muses love
 With hymns of praise, like Pæon's temple, ring.

It was not written in the book of Fate
 That, wand'ring far from Albion's sea-girt plain,
 Thy distant Friend should mourn thy shorter date,
 And tell to alien woods and streams his pain.

It was not written. Many a year shall roll,
 If aught th' inspiring Muse aright presage,
 Of blameless intercourse from Soul to Soul,
 And friendship well matur'd from Youth to Age.



E L E G Y VI.

To another FRIEND.

Written at ROME 1756.

BEHOLD, my friend, to this small orb confin'd,
 The genuine features of Aurelius' face;
 The father, friend, and lover of his kind,
 Shrunk to a narrow coin's contracted space.

c The medal of Marcus Aurelius.

Not

Not so his fame ; for erst did heaven ordain
 Whilst seas should waft us, and whilst suns should warm,
 On tongues of men, the friend of man should reign,
 And in the arts he lov'd the patron charm.

Oft as amidst the mould'ring spoils of Age,
 His moss-grown monuments my steps pursue ;
 Oft as my eye revolves the historic page,
 Where pass his generous acts in fair review,

Imagination grasps at mighty things,
 Which men, which angels might with rapture see ;
 Then turns to humbler scenes its safer wings,
 And, blush not whilst I speak it, thinks on thee.

With all that firm benevolence of mind
 Which pities whilst it blames th' unfeeling vain,
 With all that active zeal to serve mankind,
 That tender suffering for another's pain,

Why wert not thou to thrones imperial rais'd,
 Did heedless Fortune slumber at thy birth,
 Or on thy virtues with indulgence gaz'd,
 And gave her grandeurs to her sons of earth ?

Happy for thee, whose less distinguish'd sphere
 Now cheers in private the delighted eye,
 For calm Content, and smiling Ease are there,
 And, Heaven's divinest gift, sweet Liberty.

Happy

