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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

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Paradise Regain'd. By H. T.

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P A R A D I S E R E G A I N ' D .

By H. T.

I.

S E E K not for Paradise with curious eye
 In Asiatic climes, where 'Tigris' waves
 Mix'd with Euphrates in tumultuous joy,
 The spacious plains of Babylonia laves.

II.

'Tis gone with all its charms ; and like a dream,
 Like Babylon itself, is swept away ;
 Bestow one tear upon the mournful theme,
 But let it not thy gentle heart dismay.

III.

For know where-ever love and virtue guide,
 They lead us to a state of heav'nly bliss,
 Where joys unknown to guilt and shame preside,
 And pleasures unalloy'd each hour increase.

IV.

Behold that grove, whose waving boughs admit,
 Thro' the live colonade the fruitful hill,
 A moving prospect with fat herds replete,
 Whose lowing voices all the valley fill.

V. There,

V.

There, thro' the spiry gras where glides the brook,
 (By yon tall poplar which erects its head
 Above the verdure of the neighb'ring oak,)
 And gently murmurs o'er th' adjoining mead ;

VI.

Philander and Cleora, happy pair,
 Taste the cool breezes of the gentle wind ;
 Their breasts from guilt, their looks are free from care,
 Sure index of a calm contented mind.

VII.

'Tis here in virtuous love the studious fair
 Informs her babes, nor scorns herself t' improve,
 While in his smile she lives, whose pleasing care
 Dispenses knowledge from the lips of love.

VIII.

No wild desires can spread their poison here,
 No discontent their peaceful hours attend ;
 False joys, nor flatt'ring hopes, nor servile fear,
 Their gentle minds with jarring passions rend.

IX.

Here oft in pleasing solitude they rove,
 Recounting o'er the deeds of former days ;
 With inward joy their well-spent time approve,
 And feel a recompence beyond all praise.

X.

Or in sweet converse thro' the grove, or near
 The fountain's brink, or where the arbour's shade
 Beats back the heat, fair Virtue's voice they hear,
 More musical by sweet digressions made.

XI.

With calm dependence ev'ry good they taste,
 Yet feel their neighbours' wants with kind regret,
 Nor cheer themselves alone, (a mean repast !)
 But deal forth blessings round their happy feat.

XII.

'Tis to such virtue, that the pow'r supreme
 The choicest of his blessings hath design'd,
 And shed them plenteous over ev'ry clime,
 The calm delights of an untainted mind.

XIII.

Ere yet the sad effects of foolish pride,
 And mean ambition still employ'd in strife,
 And luxury did o'er the world preside,
 Deprav'd the taste, and pall'd the joys of life.

XIV.

For such the Spring, in richest mantle clad,
 Pours forth her beauties thro' the gay parterre ;
 And Autumn's various bosom is o'erspread
 With all the blushing fruits that crown the year.

XV.

Or Summer tempts, in golden beams array'd,
 Which o'er the fields in borrow'd lustre glow,
 To meditate beneath the cooling shade
 Their happy state, and whence their blessings flow.

XVI.

E'en rugged Winter varies but their joy,
 Painting the cheek with fresh vermilion-hue ;
 And those rough frosts which softer frames annoy
 With vig'rous health their slack'ning nerves renew.