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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

To a Lady on a Landscape of her Drawing. By Mr. Parrat.

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No doubt to genius some reward is due,  
 (Excluding that were satirizing you) :  
 But yet believe thy undesigning friend,  
 When truth and genius for thy choice contend,  
 Tho' both have weight, when in the balance cast,  
 Let probity be first, and parts the last.

On these foundations if thou dar'lt be great,  
 And check the growth of folly and deceit,  
 When party rage shall drop thro' length of days,  
 And calumny be ripen'd into praise,  
 Then future times shall to thy worth allow  
 That fame, which envy wou'd call flattery now.

Thus far my zeal, tho' for the talk unfit,  
 Has pointed out the rocks where others split :  
 By that inspir'd, tho' stranger to the Nine,  
 And negligent of any fame but thine,  
 I take that friendly, but superfluous part,  
 That acts from nature what I teach from art.



To a LADY on a LANDSCAPE of her Drawing.

By Mr. PARRAT.

**B**EHOLD the magic of Theresa's hand!  
 A new creation blooms at her command.  
 Touch'd into life the vivid colours glow,  
 Catch the warm stream, and quicken as they flow.



The ravish'd sight the pleasing landscape fills,  
 Here sink the vallies, there rise the hills.  
 Not with more horror nods bleak Calpe's height,  
 Than herethe pictur'd rock astounds the sight.  
 Not Thames more devious-winding leaves his source,  
 Than here the wand'ring rivers shape their course.  
 Obliquely lab'ring runs the gurgling rill;  
 Still murm'ring runs, or seems to murmur still.  
 An aged oak, with hoary moss o'erspread,  
 Here lifts aloft it's venerable head;  
 There overhadowing hangs a sacred wood,  
 And nods inverted in the neighb'ring flood.  
 Each tree as in it's native forest shoots,  
 And blushing bends with Autumn's golden fruits.  
 Thy pencil lends the rose a lovelier hue,  
 And gives the lily fairer to our view.  
 Here fruits and flow'rs adorn the varied year,  
 And paradise with all its sweets is here.  
 There stooping to its fall a tow'r appears,  
 With tempests shaken, and a weight of years.  
 The daised meadow, and the woodland green,  
 In order rise, and fill the various scene.

Some parts, in light magnificently dress'd,  
 Obtrusive enter, and stand all confess'd.  
 Whilst others decently in shades are thrown,  
 And by concealing make their beauties known,  
 Alternate thus, and mutual is their aid,  
 The lights owe half their lustre to the shade,