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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.

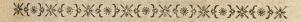
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No doubt to genius fome reward is due,
(Excluding that were fatirizing you):
But yet believe thy undefigning friend,
When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
Tho' both have weight, when in the balance caft,
Let probity be first, and parts the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

On these foundations if thou dar'st 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 same, which envy wou'd call flattery now.

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



To a LADY on a LANDSCAPE of her Drawing.

By Mr. PARRAT.

BEHOLD the magic of Therefa's hand!
A new creation blooms at her command.
Touch'd into life the vivid colours glow,
Catch the warm ftream, and quicken as they flow.

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The ravish'd fight the pleasing landscape fills, Here fink the vallies, there rife the hills. Not with more horror nods bleak Calpe's height, Than herethe pictur'd rock aftounds the fight. Not Thames more devious-winding leaves his fource, Than here the wand'ring rivers shape their courfe. Obliquely lab'ring runs the gurgling rill; Still murm'ring runs, or feems to murmur still. An aged oak, with hoary moss o'erspread, Here lifts aloft it's venerable head: There overshadowing hangs a facred 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 rofe a lovelier hue, And gives the lily fairer to our view. Here fruits and flow'rs adorn the varied year, And paradife with all its fweets is here. There stooping to its fall a tow'r appears, With tempests shaken, and a weight of years, The daified meadow, and the woodland green, In order rife, and fill the various fcene.

Some parts, in light magnificently drefs'd, Obtrufive enter, and fland all confess'd. Whilft 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.