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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Ode to the Honourable **** By the late Mr. F. Coventry..

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The goodly dame thus blest'd in her employ
 Felt each soft transport of parental joy,
 And liv'd content, her utmost wish fulfill'd
 In the fair prospect of a virtuous child :
 Resign'd she waited now the awful hour
 When death should raise her to that heav'nly bow'r,
 Where with her lov'd Aurelius she might share
 The pleasing task, to watch with guardian care
 Their offspring's steps, and hov'ring o'er her head,
 The gracious dew of heavenly peace to shed ;
 Nor fear'd her decency of life would prove
 An added bliss to all the joys above.

ODE to the Honourable * * * *

By the late Mr. F. COVENTRY.

NOW Britain's senate, far renown'd,
 Assembles full an awful band !

Now Majesty with golden circle crown'd,
 Mounts her bright throne, and waves her gracious hand.

" Ye chiefs of Albion with attention hear,

" Guard well your liberties, review your laws,

" Begin, begin th' important year,

" And boldly speak in Freedom's cause."

Then starting from her summer's rest

Glad Eloquence unbinds her tongue.

She feels rekindling raptures wake her breast,

And pours the sacred energy along.

'Twas here great Hampden's patriot voice was heard,

Here Pym, Kimbolton fir'd the British soul,

Vol. VI,

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When



When Pow'r her arm despotic rear'd,
 But felt a senate's great controul.
 'Twas here the pond'ring worthies sat,
 Who fix'd the crown on William's head,
 When awe-struck tyranny renounc'd the state,
 And bigot JAMES his injur'd kingdoms fled.
 Thee, generous youth, whom nature, birth adorn,
 The Muse selects from yon assembled throng :
 O thou to serve thy country born,
 Tell me, young hero of my song,
 Thy genius now in fairest bloom,
 And warm with fancy's brightest rays,
 Why sleeps thy soul unconscious of it's doom ?
 Why idly fleet thy unapplauded days ?
 Thy country beckons thee with lifted hand,
 Arise, she calls, awake thy latent flame,
 Arise, 'tis England's high command,
 And snatch the ready wreaths of fame.
 Be this thy passion ; greatly dare
 A people's jarring wills to sway,
 With curst Corruption wage eternal war,
 That where thou goe'st, applauding crowds may say,
 " Lo, that is he, whose spirit-ruling voice
 " From her wild heights can call Ambition down,
 " Can still Sedition's brutal noise,
 " Or shake a tyrant's purple throne :"
 Then chiefs, and sages yet unborn
 Shall boast thy thoughts in distant days,
 With thee fair History her leaves adorn,
 And laurell'd bards proclaim thy lasting praise.