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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Ode to the Genius of Italy, occasioned by the Earl of Corke's going  
Abroad. By Mr. J. Duncombe.

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But long may bounteous Heaven with watchful care  
 Avert his hapless fate! enough for me,  
 That burning with congenial flame I dar'd  
 His guiding steps at distance to pursue,  
 And sing his fav'rite theme in kindred strains.

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ODE to the Genius of ITALY, occasioned by  
 the Earl of CORKE's going Abroad.

By Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

THOU that on a pointless spear reclin'd  
 In dusk of eve oft tak'st thy lonely way  
 Where Tyber's slow, neglected waters stray,  
 And pour'st thy fruitless sorrows to the wind,  
 Grieving to see his shore no more the seat  
 Of arts and arms, and liberty's retreat.

Italia's Genius, rear thy drooping head,  
 Shake off thy trance, and weave an olive crown,  
 For see! a noble guest appears, well known  
 To all thy worthies, tho' in Britain bred;  
 Guard well thy charge, for know, our polish'd isle  
 Reluctant spares thee such a son as BOYLE.

There, while their sweets thy myrtle groves dispense,  
 Lead to the Sabine or the Tuscan plain,  
 Where playful Horace tun'd his amorous strain,  
 And Tully pour'd the stream of eloquence;  
 Nor fail to crown him with that ivy bloom  
 Which graceful mantles o'er thy Maro's tomb.



At that blest spot, from vulgar cares refin'd,  
 In some soft vision or indulgent dream  
 Inspire his fancy with a glorious theme,  
 And point new subjects to his generous mind,  
 At once to charm his country, and improve  
 The last, the youngest object of his love.

But O! mark well his transports in that shade  
 Where circled by the bay's unfading green,  
 Amidst a rural and sequester'd scene

His much-lov'd Pliny rests his honour'd head:  
 There, rapt in silence, will he gaze around,  
 And frow with sweetest flowers the hallow'd ground.

But see! the sage, to mortal view confess,  
 Thrice waves the hand, and says, or seems to say,

“ The debt I owe thee how shall I repay ?

“ Welcome to Latium's shore, illustrious guest!

“ Long may'st thou live to grace thy native isle,

“ Humane in thought and elegant in style!

“ While on thy consort I with rapture gaze

“ My own Calphurnia rises to my view:

“ That bliss unknown but to the virtuous few,

“ Briton! is thine; charm'd with domestic praise

“ Thine are those heart-felt joys that sweeten life,

“ The son, the friend, the daughter and the wife.”

Content with such approval, when genial Spring  
 Bids the shrill black-bird whistle in the vale,

Home may he hasten with a prosperous gale,

And Health protect him with her fostering wing;

So shall Britannia to the wind and sea

Entrust no more her fav'rite ORRERY.

To C \* \* \* \* P \* \* \* \*, Esq;

FROM friendship's cradle up the verdant paths  
Of youth, life's jolly spring; and now sublim'd

To its full manhood and meridian strength,  
Her latest stage, (for friendship ever hale  
Knows not old age, diseases, and decay,

But burning keeps her sacred fire, 'till death's  
Cold hand extinguish) at this spot, this point,  
Here, P \* \* \*, we social meet, and gaze about,

And look back to the scenes our pastime trod  
In nature's morning, when the gamefome hours  
Had sliding feet, and laugh'd themselves away.

Luxurious season! vital prime! where Thames  
Flows by Etona's walls, and chearful sees  
Her sons wide swarming; or where sedgy Cam

Bathes with slow pace his academic grove,  
Pierian walks!—O never hope again,  
(Impossible! untenable!) to grasp

Those joys again; to feel alike the pulse  
Dancing, and fiery spirits boiling high:  
Or see the pleasure that with careless wing

Swept on, and flow'ry garlands tofs'd around  
Disporting! Try to call her back—as well  
Bid yesterday return, arrest the flight

Of Time; or musing by a river's brink,  
Say to the wave that huddles swiftly by  
For ever, from thy fountain roll anew.

The merriment, the tale, and heartfelt laugh  
That echo'd round the table, idle guests,

Must rise, and serious inmates take their place,  
 Reflection's daughters, sad and world-worn thoughts  
 Dislodging Fancy's empire—Yet who knows  
 Exact the balance of our loss and gain?  
 Who knows how far a rattle may outweigh  
 The mace or scepter? But as boys resign  
 The plaything, bauble of their infancy,  
 So fares it with maturer years: they sage,  
 Imagination's airy regions quit,  
 And under Reason's banner take the field,  
 With resolution face the cloud or storm,  
 While all their former rainbows die away.  
 Some to the palace with regardful step,  
 And courtly blandishment resort, and there  
 Advance obsequious; in the sunshine bask  
 Of princely grace, catch the creating eye,  
 Parent of honours;—in the senate some  
 Harangue the full-bench'd auditory, and wield  
 Their list'ning passions (such the pow'r, the sway  
 Of Reason's eloquence!)—or at the bar,  
 Where Cowper, Talbot, Sommers, Yorke before  
 Pleaded their way to glory's chair supreme,  
 And worthy fill'd it. Let not these great names  
 Damp, but incite: nor Murray's praise obscure  
 Thy younger merit. Know, these lights, ere yet  
 To noon-day lustre kindled, had their dawn.  
 Proceed familiar to the gate of Fame,  
 Nor think the task severe, the prize too high  
 Of toil and honour, for thy father's son.