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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

To Mr. Garrick, on his erecting a Temple and Statue to Shakespear. By
the Same.

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To Mr. GARRICK, on his erecting a Temple
and Statue to SHAKESPEAR.

By the Same.

*—Viridi in campo signum de marmore ponam
Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Thamesis, et multâ prætexit arundine ripas;
In medio mihi SHAKESPEAR erit, templumque tenebit.*

VIRGIL.

WHERE yonder trees rise high in chearful air,
Where yonder banks eternal verdure wear,
And opening flow'rs diffusing sweets around
Paint with their vivid hues the happy ground;
While Thames majestic rolls the meads between,
And with his silver current crowns the scene;
There GARRICK, satiate of well-earn'd applause,
From crowds, and shouting theatres withdraws:
There courts the Muse, turns o'er th' instructive page,
And meditates new triumphs for the stage.
Thine, SHAKESPEAR, chief—for thou, must ever shine
His pride, his boast, unequal'd and divine.
There too thy vot'ry to thy merit just,
Hath rais'd the dome, and plac'd thy honour'd bust,
Bidding the pile to future times proclaim
His veneration for thy mighty name.
A place more fit his zeal could never find
Than this fair spot, an emblem of thy mind—
As *hill* and *dale* *there* charm the wond'ring eye
Such sweet variety thy *scenes* supply—

Vol. VI.

S

Like

Like the tall trees sublime thy genius tow'rs,
 Sprightly thy fancy, as the opening flow'rs;
 While copious as the tide Thames pours along
 Flow the sweet numbers of thy heav'nly song
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong—
 Look down, great shade, with pride this tribute see,
 The hand that pays it makes it worthy thee—
 As fam'd Apelles was allow'd alone
 To paint the form august of Philip's son,
 None but a GARRICK can, O bard divine!
 Lay a *fit* offering on thy hallow'd shrine.
 To speak thy worth is his peculiar boast,
 He best can tell it, for he feels it most.
 Blest bard! thy fame thro' every age shall grow,
 Till *nature* cease to charm, or Thames to flow.
 Thou too, with him, whose fame thy talents raise,
 Shalt share our wonder, and divide our praise;
 Blended with his thy merits rise to view,
 And half thy SHAKESPEAR's fame to thee is due:
 Unless the actor with the bard conspire,
 How impotent his strength, how faint his fire!
 One boasts the *mine*, one brings the gold to *light*,
 And the Muse triumphs in the actor's *might*.
 Too weak to give her own conceptions birth,
 Till all-expressive *action* call them forth.
 Thus the sweet pipe, mute in itself, no sound
 Sends forth, nor breathes its pleasing notes around;
 But if some swain with happy skill endu'd,
 Inspire with animating breath the wood,

Wak'd