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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

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Ode. to Independency. By Mr. Mason.

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ODE. TO INDEPENDENCY.

By Mr. M A S O N.

I.

HERE, on my native shore reclin'd,
 While Silence rules this midnight hour,
 I woo thee, GODDESS. On my musing mind
 Descend, propitious Power!

And bid these rustling gales of grief subside:
 Bid my calm'd soul with all thy influence shine;
 As yon chaste Orb along this ample tide
 Draws the long lustre of her silver line,
 While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper blows,
 And lulls old H U M B E R to his deep repose.

II.

Come to thy Vot'ry's ardent pray'r,
 In all thy graceful plainness dress'd;
 No knot confines thy waving hair,
 No zone thy floating vest.

Unfalsified Honor decks thine open brow,
 And Candor brightens in thy modest eye:
 Thy blush is warm Content's ætherial glow,
 Thy smile is Peace; thy step is Liberty:
 Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,
 As Spring with careless fragrance fills the land.

III. As

III.

As now o'er this lone beach I stray ;
 Thy * fav'rite Swain oft stole along,
 And artless wove his Doric lay,
 Far from the busy throng.

Thou heard'st him, Goddess, strike the tender string,
 And badst his soul with bolder passions move :
 Strait these responsive shores forgot to ring,
 With Beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted Love ;
 To loftier flights his daring Genius rose,
 And led the war, 'gainst thine, and Freedom's foes.

IV.

Pointed with Satire's keenest steel,
 The shafts of Wit he darts around ;
 Ev'n † mitred Dulness learns to feel,
 And shrinks beneath the wound.

In awful poverty his honest Muse
 Walks forth vindictive thro' a venal land :
 In vain Corruption sheds her golden dews,
 In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand ;
 He scorns them both, and, arm'd with truth alone,
 Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne.

V.

Behold, like him, immortal Maid,
 The Muses vestal fires I bring :
 Here at thy feet the sparks I spread ;
 Propitious wave thy wing,

* *Andrew Marvell, born at Kingston upon Hull in the year 1620.*

† *Parker, bishop of Oxford.*

And fan them to that dazzling blaze of Song,
 That glares tremendous on the Sons of Pride.
 But, hark, methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue!
 In distant trills it echos o'er the tide;
 Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
 As swells the Lark's meridian ecstacy.

VI.

“ Fond Youth! to MARVELL's patriot fame,
 “ Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire.
 “ Yet nourish still the lambent flame;
 “ Still strike thy blameless Lyre:
 “ Led by the moral Muse securely rove;
 “ And all the vernal sweets thy vacant Youth
 “ Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,
 “ O hang their foliage round the fane of Truth:
 “ To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,
 “ And meet its fair reward in D'ARCY's smile.”

VII.

“ 'Tis he, my Son, alone shall cheer
 “ Thy sick'ning soul; at that sad hour,
 “ When o'er a much-lov'd Parent's bier,
 “ Thy duteous Sorrows shower:
 “ At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline;
 “ When pining Care leads on her pallid train,
 “ And sees thee, like the weak, and widow'd Vine,
 “ Winding thy blasted tendrils o'er the plain.
 “ At that sad hour shall D'ARCY lend his aid,
 “ And raise with Friendship's arm thy drooping head.

VIII. “ This