Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

Digitalisierung von Drucken

A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Ode. On Melancholy. To a Friend. By the Same.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-2008

Visual Library

VIII.

This fragrant wreath, the Muſes meed,
" That bloom'd thoſe vocal ſhades among,
" Where never Flatt'ry dar'd to tread,
" Or Intereſt's ſervile throng ;
" Receive, my favor'd Son, at my command,
" And keep, with ſacred care, for D'ARCY's brow :
" Tell him, 'twas wove by my immortal hand,
" I breath'd on every flower a purer glow ;
" Say, for thy ſake, I ſend the gift divine
" To him, who calls thee HIS, yet makes thee MINE."

ODE. On MELANCHOLY.

To a FRIEND.

By the Same.

I.

AH ! ceaſe this kind perſuaſive ſtrain,
Which, when it flows from Friendſhip's tongue,
However weak, however vain,
O'erpowers beyond the Siren's ſong :
Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
And let me muſe upon my woe.
Why lure me from theſe pale retreats ?
Why rob me of theſe penſive ſweets ?
Can Muſick's voice, can Beauty's eye,
Can Painting's glowing hand, ſupply

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

A charm ſo ſuited to my mind,
As blows this hollow guſt of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill
Soft-tinkling down the moſs-grown hill,
Whilſt thro' the weſt, where ſinks the crimſon Day,
Meek Twilight ſlowly ſails, and waves her banners grey?

II.

Say, from Affliction's various ſource
Do none but turbid waters flow?
And cannot Fancy clear their courſe?
For Fancy is the friend of Woe.
Say, mid that grove, in love-lorn ſtate,
When yon poor Ringdove mourns her mate,
Is all, that meets the ſhepherd's ear,
Inſpir'd by anguiſh, and deſpair?
Ah no, fair Fancy rules the Song:
She ſwells her throat; ſhe guides her tongue;
She bids the waving Aſpin-ſpray
Quiver in Cadence to her lay;
She bids the fringed Oſiers bow,
And ruſtle round the lake below,
To ſuit the tenor of her gurgling ſighs,
And ſooth her throbbing breaſt with ſolemn ſympathies.

III.

To thee, whoſe young and poliſh'd brow
The wrinkling hand of Sorrow ſpares;
Whoſe cheeks, beſtrew'd with roſes, know
No channel for the tide of tears;

To

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

To thee yon Abbey dank, and lone,
Where Ivy chains each mould'ring ſtone
That nods o'er many a Martyr's tomb,
May caſt a formidable gloom.
Yet Some there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander thro' the cloyſters drear,
Could rove each deſolated Iſle,
Tho' midnight thunders ſhook the pile;
And dauntleſs view, or ſeem to view,
(As faintly flaſh the lightnings blue)
Thin ſhiv'ring Ghoſts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance with ſilent ſweep the ſhaggy vaults along.

IV.

But ſuch terrific charms as theſe,
I aſk not yet: My ſober mind
The fainter forms of ſadneſs pleaſe;
My ſorrows are of ſofter kind.
Thro' this ſtill valley let me ſtray,
Wrapt in ſome ſtrain of penſive GRAY:
Whoſe lofty Genius bears along
The conſcious dignity of Song;
And, ſcorning from the ſacred ſtore
To waſte a note on Pride, or Power,
Roves, when the glimmering twilight glooms,
And warbles mid the ruſtic tombs:
He too perchance (for well I know,
His heart would melt with friendly woe)
He too perchance, when theſe poor limbs are laid,
Will heave one tuneful ſigh, and ſooth my hov'ring Shade.

ODE.

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg