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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Ut Pictura Poesis. By Mr. Nourse, late of All-Souls College Oxon,

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Let opening roses, drooping lillies tell,  
 Like those she bloom'd, and ah ! like these she fell.  
 In circling wreaths let the pale ivy grow,  
 And distant yews a sable shade bestow ;  
 Round her, ye Graces, constant vigils keep,  
 And guard (fair Innocence !) her sacred sleep :  
 Till that bright morn shall wake the beauteous clay,  
 To bloom and sparkle in eternal day.



## UT PICTURA POESIS.

By Mr. Nourse, late of All-Souls College Oxon, 174

AS once the Muse, reclining on her lyre,  
 Observ'd her fav'rite bards, a num'rous choir ;  
 The conscious pleasure swell'd her silent breast,  
 Her secret pride exulting smiles confess.

When thus her sister spoke, whose care presides  
 O'er the mixt pallat, and the pencil guides,  
 Just, Goddess, is thy joy, thy train, we own,  
 Approaches nearest to Apollo's throne.  
 Foremost in Learning's ranks they sit sublime,  
 Honour'd and lov'd thro' every age of time :  
 Yet let me say, some fav'rite son of mine  
 Has more than follow'd every son of thine.  
 Thy *Homer* needs not grieve to hear his fame  
 Exceeds not Raphael's widely honour'd name :

Raphael



Raphael like him 'midst ages wrapt in night,  
 Rose father of his science to the light;  
 With matchless grace, and majesty divine,  
 Bade Painting breathe, and live the bold design;  
 To the clay-man the heavenly fire apply'd,  
 And gave it charms to Nature's self deny'd.

With judgment, genius, industry and art,  
 Does *Virgil* captivate his reader's heart?  
 With rival talents my *Caracci* blest  
 Fires with like transport the spectator's breast.  
 The youthful *Lucan*, who with rapid force  
 Urg'd to *Pbarfalia's* field the Muse's horse,  
 An equal fire, an equal strength of mind,  
 In *Angelo's* congenial soul will find:  
 Whose wild imagination could display  
 Fierce giants whirl'd from heaven—the world's last day.

With more success does tender *Ovid* move  
 The melting soul to softness and to love;  
 Than wanton *Titian*, whose warm colours shew  
 That gods themselves the amorous riot know?  
 Thy grandeur, *Paulo*, and thy happy stroke,  
 I proudly own my emulation spoke,  
 For I bestow'd them, that the world might see,  
 A *Horace* too of mine arise in thee.

Lo! where *Pouffin* his magic colours spreads,  
 Rise tower'd towns, rough rocks, and flow'ry meads:  
 What leagues between those azure mountains lie,  
 (Whose less'ning tops invade the purple sky)

And