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**Original Poems And Translations, By John Dryden, Esq;  
Now First Collected and Publish'd together, In Two  
Volumes**

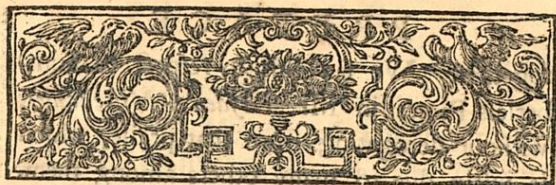
Containing Poems on several Occasions

**Dryden, John**


**London, 1743**

Preface.

**urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1525**



# P R E F A C E.

HE Publick is here obliged with the *Poetical Works* of Mr. DRYDEN, detach'd from the Compositions of inferior Writers, with which most of them have been hitherto blended in the *Miscellanies* \*. It was thought but Justice to the Productions of so excellent a Poet, to set them free at last from so disadvantageous, if not unnatural, an Union; which, like the Cruelty of *Mezentius* in *Virgil*, was no less than a Junction of *living* and *dead* Bodies

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\* Those publish'd by Mr. DRYDEN himself in *Six Parts*, and others.

## P R E F A C E.

together. We say this in respect to numberless Pieces in Mr. *Dryden's Miscellanies*, without derogating from that praise, which is justly due to many others among them. But, not to enter into the Merit of Mr. *Dryden's Fellow-Undertakers* \* in that Collection, or the Motives which induced him to write in conjunction with others; we may venture to say, it is now high time the *Partnership* shou'd be dissolved, and Mr. *Dryden* left to stand upon his own bottom. His *Credit*, as a *Poet*, is out of all danger, tho' the withdrawing his *Stock* may, probably, expose many of his *Co-partners* to the hazard of a *Poetical Bankruptcy*.

THERE is, indeed, a Collection of *Original Poems and Translations* by Mr. *Dryden*, publish'd for *J. Tonson* in 1701, in a thin *Folio*. But, as it contains not much above half the Pieces, so it does not at all answer the design, of the present Collection; which, with the Author's *Plays, Fables, and Translations of Virgil, Juvenal,*

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\* So he himself calls them. *Pref. to the Miscell.*

and



## P R E F A C E.

and *Persius*, is intended to complete Mr. Dryden's *Works* in *Twelves*.

AS to the Method of ranging these Pieces, we shall only say, that the *Larger Poems*, of which this *First Volume* consists, are disposed according to the Order of Time, in which they were written; and the *Prologues* and *Epilogues*, in the *Second Volume*, according to the Dates of their respective *Plays*, as far as cou'd be collected from Mr. Gerard Langbaine's *Account of the Dramatick Writers* \*.

WE wou'd willingly, in compliance with the Custom of *Editors*, have obliged the Reader with a particular *Account of the Life and Writings of the Author*. But, in truth, the Lives of *Poets* are seldom *busy* enough for *Historical Narration*; and Mr. Dryden's, in particular, has too few Incidents, and those not sufficiently entertaining, to deserve being drawn out into a circumstantial Detail. However, not entirely to disappoint the Curiosity of the

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\* Publish'd in 1691.

Reader,

P R E F A C E.

Reader, if he has any, and to save him the trouble of looking farther, he may be pleas'd to know ; that Mr. *Dryden* was descended of a Gentleman's Family in *Northamptonshire*, and born, as he himself tells us \*, in a Village belonging to the Earl of *Exeter* in that County ; that he had his Education at *Westminster-School*, being King's Scholar there, and, in the Year 1650, was elected from thence to *Trinity-College* in *Cambridge* ; that he became afterwards *Poet-Laureat* and *Historiographer* to King *James II* ; but, at the *Revolution*, having long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the Court, by turning *Roman-Catholick*, was dismiss'd from that Employment, and generously supported by the Earl of *Dorset*, with a Pension equal to the Salary he had lost † ; that he died at *London* in 1701, and the 67th Year of his Age, and was

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\* Vide *Postscript* to his Translation of *Virgil*.

† Vide *Dedication* to Mr. *Prior's Poems*.

buried



## P R E F A C E.

buried in *Westminster-Abbey*, where a handsome Monument has been since erected over his Remains, at the Expence of his Grace the Duke of *Buckinghamshire*.

AS to his Character, it was made very free with by the Criticks, his Contemporaries; but we have it very impartially given by Mr. *Congreve*, in his Dedication to the Octavo Edition of his Plays. Posterity has been just to his Fame, and he stands now in full Possession of that *establish'd Reputation*, so justly due to the Sprightliness of his Wit, the Liveliness of his Imagination, the Beauty of his Sentiments and Expression, but especially that *improved Harmony* of his Numbers, so happily begun by his Predecessor Mr. *Waller*; and if since brought to greater Perfection by a P O E T of our own times, it is what he himself always own'd to be owing to the Foundation laid by Mr. *Dryden*. To this Honour may be added another, that he improved our Prose as much as our Verse, and is, in that way too, one of the most correct Writers in the *English* Language.

Parti-



## P R E F A C E.

Particular Care has been taken to render this Edition as correct as possible, by reforming numberless Errors of the Press, which have been continued down through all Editions hitherto publish'd ; but especially by observing the strictest Accuracy in the *Pointing* : an article of Correctness (give us leave to say) too generally neglected, tho' so much of the *Beauty*, as well as the *Perspicuity*, of Language depends upon it.



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VERSES



VERSES *in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN.*

*To the unknown* AUTHOR of ABSALOM  
*and* ACHITOPHEL.



TAKE it as earnest of a Faith renew'd,  
Your Theme is vast, your Verse divinely  
good :

Where, tho' the Nine their beau-  
eous Strokes repeat,

And the turn'd Lines on golden Anvils beat,

It looks as if they strook 'em at a heat.

So all serenely Great, so just refin'd,

Like Angels Love to Human Seed inclin'd,

It starts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.

'Tis Spirit seen, whose fiery Atoms rowl,

So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.

'Tis Miniature of Man, but he's all Heart ;

'Tis what the World would be, but wants the Art ;

To whom e'en the Fanaticks Altars raise,

Bow in their own Despise, and grin your Praise ;

As if a *Milton* from the Dead arose,

Fil'd off the Rust, and the right Party chose.

Nor, Sir, be shock'd at what the Gloomy say ;

Turn not your Feet too inward, nor too splay.

V O L. I.

B

'Tis

2 VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN.

'Tis Gracious all, and Great: Push on your Theme;  
 Lean your griev'd Head on *David's* Diadem.  
*David*, that rebel *Israel's* Envy mov'd;  
*David*, by God and all good Men belov'd.

The Beauties of your *Absalom* excel:  
 But more the Charms of charming *Annabel*:  
 Of *Annabel*, than *May's* first Morn, more bright,  
 Cheerful as Summer's Noon, and chaste as Winter's  
 Of *Annabel*, the Muses dearest Theme; [Night.  
 Of *Annabel*, the Angel of my Dream.  
 Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,  
 And to your Master-piece these Shadows send.

N A T. L E E.

---

To the Unknown AUTHOR of ABSALOM  
 and ACHITOPHEL.

I Thought, forgive my Sin, the boasted fire  
 Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;  
 Of Folly or of Madness did accuse  
 The wretch that thought himself possess'd with Muse;  
 Laugh'd at the God within, that did inspire  
 With more than human thoughts the tuneful Quire.  
 But sure 'tis more than Fancy, or the Dream  
 Of Rhinners slumb'ring by the Muses stream.  
 Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd  
 From earthly dross, fills the great Poet's Mind.  
 Witness these mighty and immortal Lines,  
 Through each of which th' informing Genius shines.  
 Scarce a diviner Flame inspir'd the King,  
 Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing.

VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN. 3

Not *David's* self could in a nobler Verse  
His gloriously offending Son rehearse;  
Tho' in his Breast the Prophet's Fury met,  
The Father's Fondness, and the Poet's Wit.  
Here all consent in Wonder and in Praise,  
And to the Unknown Poet Altars raise.  
Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,  
As when *Aeneas* heard the Wars of *Troy*,  
(Wrapt up himself in darkness and unseen)  
Extoll'd with Wonder by the *Tyrian* Queen.  
Sure thou already art secure of Fame,  
Nor want'st new Glories to exalt thy Name:  
What Father else would have refus'd to own  
So great a Son as Godlike *Abraham*?

R. DUKE.

To the Conceal'd AUTHOR of ABSALOM  
and ACHITOPHEL.

HAIL Heav'n-born Muse! hail ev'ry Sacred Page!  
The Glory of our Isle and of our Age.  
Th' Inspiring Sun to *Albion* draws more nigh,  
The North at length teems with a Work, to vie  
With *Homer's* Flame and *Virgil's* Majesty.  
While *Pindus'* lofty Heights our Poet sought,  
(His ravish'd Mind with vast *Ideas* fraught)  
Our Language fail'd beneath his rising Thought.  
This checks not his Attempt; for *Mars's* Mines  
He drains of all their Gold, t' adorn his Lines:  
Through each of which the *Mantuan* Genius shines.  
The Rock obey'd the pow'ful *Hebrew* Guide,  
Her stinty Breast dissolv'd into a Tide:

B 2

Thus

4 VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN.

Thus on our stubborn Language he prevails,  
 And makes the *Helicon* in which he fails;  
 The Dialect, as well as Sense, invents,  
 And, with his Poem, a new Speech presents.  
 Hail then thou matchless Bard, thou Great Unknown,  
 That give your Country Fame, yet shun your own!  
 In vain; for ev'ry where your Praise you find,  
 And, not to meet it, you must shun Mankind.  
 Your Loyal Theme each Loyal Reader draws,  
 And e'en the Factious give your Verse applause,  
 Whose Lightning strikes to ground their Idol cause:  
 The Cause, for whose dear sake they drank a Flood  
 Of Civil Gore, nor spar'd the Royal Blood;  
 The Cause, whose Growth to crush, our Prelates wrote  
 In vain, almost in vain our Heroes fought;  
 Yet by one Stab of your keen Satire dies:  
 Before your Sacred Lines their shatter'd *Dagon* lies.

Oh! If unworthy we appear to know  
 The Sire, to whom this lovely Birth we owe:  
 Deny'd our ready Homage to express,  
 And can at best but thankful be by guess;  
 This Hope remains: May *David's* Godlike Mind,  
 (For him 'twas wrote) the unknown Author find;  
 And, having found, show'r equal Favours down  
 On Wit so vast, as cou'd oblige a Crown.

N. TATI

---

Upon the AUTHOR of the MEDALS,  
 A SATIRE.

ONCE more our awful Poet arms, t'engage  
 The threatening Hydra-faction of the Age;

VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN. 5

Once more prepares his dreadful Pen to wield,  
 And ev'ry Muse attends him to the Field.  
 By Art and Nature for this Task design'd,  
 Yet modestly the Fight he long declin'd;  
 Forbore the Torrent of his Verse to pour,  
 Nor loos'd his Satire 'till the needful Hour.  
 His Sov'reign's Right, by Patience half betray'd,  
 Wak'd his avenging Genius to his Aid.  
 Blest Muse, whose Wit with such a Cause was crown'd,  
 And blest the Cause that such a Champion found!  
 With chosen Verse upon the Foe he falls,  
 And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;  
 Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc'd t' engage,  
 Secure of Conquest he rebates his Rage;  
 His Fury not without Distinction sheds,  
 Hurls mortal Bolts, but on devoted Heads;  
 To less-infected Members gentle found,  
 Or spares, or else pours Balm into the Wound.  
 Such gen'rous Grace th' ingrateful Tribe abuse,  
 And trespass on the Mercy of his Muse:  
 Their wretched dogrel Rhymers forth they bring,  
 To snarl and bark against the Poets King;  
 A Crew, that scandalize the Nation more,  
 Than all their Treason-canting Priests before.  
 On these he scarce vouchsafes a scornful smile,  
 But on their pow'rful Patrons turns his Style:  
 A Style so keen, as e'en from Faction draws  
 The vital Poison, stabs to th' Heart their Cause:  
 Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raise;  
 Accept our Thanks, for you transcend our Praise.

N. TATE.



B 3

To

6 VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN.

To the Unknown AUTHOR of the MEDAL,  
A Satire; and of Absalom and Achitophel.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praise,  
Altars of old to Gods unknown did raise:  
They knew not the lov'd Deity; they knew,  
Divine Effects a Cause Divine did shew;  
Nor can we doubt, when such these numbers are,  
Such is their Cause, tho' the worst Muse shall dare  
Their sacred worth in humble Verse declare.

As gentle *Thames*, charm'd with thy tuneful Song,  
Glides in a peaceful Majesty along;  
No rebel Stone, no lofty Bank does brave  
The easy Passage of his silent Wave:  
So, sacred Poet, so thy Numbers flow,  
Sinewy, yet mild as happy Lovers woe;  
Strong, yet harmonious too as Planets move,  
Yet soft as Down upon the Wings of Love.  
How sweet does Virtue in your Dress appear;  
How much more charming, when much less severe?  
Whilst you our Senses harmlesly beguile,  
With all th' allurements of your happy Style;  
Y' insinuate Loyalty with kind deceit,  
And into Sense th' unthinking many cheat.  
So the sweet *Thracian* with his charming lyre  
Into rude Nature Virtue did inspire;  
So he the savage herd to Reason drew,  
Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly as you.  
O that you would, with some such pow'rful Charm,  
Enervate *Albion* to just Valour warm!  
Whether much-suffering *Charles* shall Theme afford,  
Or the great Deeds of Godlike *James's* Sword.

Again



VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN. 7

Again fair *Gallia* might be ours, again  
 Another Fleet might pass the subject Main,  
 Another *Edward* lead the *Britons* on,  
 Or such an *Ossory* as you did moan ;  
 While in such Numbers you, in such a strain,  
 In flame their courage, and reward their pain.

Let false *Achitophel* the rout engage,  
 Talk easy *Absalom* to rebel rage ;  
 Let frugal *Shimei* curse in holy Zeal,  
 Or modest *Corah* more new Plots reveal ;  
 Whilst constant to himself, secure of Fate,  
 Good *David* still maintains the Royal State.  
 Tho' each in vain such various ills employs,  
 Firmly he stands, and e'en those ills enjoys ;  
 Firm as fair *Albion*, midst the raging Main,  
 Surveys incircling danger with disdain.

In vain the Waves assault the unmov'd shore,  
 In vain the Winds with mingled fury roar,  
 Fair *Albion's* beauteous Cliffs shine whiter than before. }

Nor shalt thou move, tho' Hell thy Fall conspire,  
 Tho' the worse rage of Zeal's Fanatick Fire ;  
 Thou best, thou greatest of the *British* Race,  
 Thou only fit to fill great *Charles's* Place.

Ah wretched *Britons* ! ah too stubborn Isle !  
 Ah stiff-neck'd *Israel* on blest *Canaan's* Soil !  
 Are those dear Proofs of Heav'n's Indulgence vain,  
 Restoring *David* and his gentle Reign ?

Is it in vain thou all the Goods dost know,  
 Auspicious Stars on Mortals shed below,  
 While all thy Streams with Milk, thy Lands with  
 Honey flow ? }

No more, fond Isle ! no more thy self engage  
 In civil Fury, and intestine Rage :



8 VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN.

No rebel Zeal thy duteous Land molest,  
But a smooth Calm sooth every peaceful Breast.  
While in such charming Notes divinely sings  
The best of Poets, of the best of Kings.

J. ADAMS.

On Mr. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

BE gone, you Slaves, you idle Vermin go,  
Fly from the Scourges, and your Master know ;  
Let free, impartial, men from *Dryden* learn  
Mysterious Secrets, of a high concern,  
And weighty Truths, solid convincing Sense,  
Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.

What can you (*Reverend Lewi*) here take ill ?  
Men still had Faults, and Men will have them still ;  
He that hath none, and lives as *Angels* do,  
Must be an Angel ; but what's that to you ?

While mighty *Lewis* finds the Pope too great,  
And dreads the Yoke of his imposing Seat,  
Our Sects a more Tyrannick Pow'r assume,  
And would for Scorpions change the Rods of *Rome* ;  
That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine ;  
Fanatics cast the Pearls of Heav'n to Swine :  
What then have thinking honest men to do,  
But choose a mean between th' Usurping two ?

Nor can th' *Egyptian* Patriarch blame thy Muse,  
Which for his Firmness does his Heat excuse ;  
Whatever Councils have approv'd his Creed,  
The PREFACE sure was his own Act and Deed.

Our





POEMS on several Occasions.

---

*Heroick Stanzas on the Death of OLIVER  
CROMWELL, written after his Funeral.*

I.

**A**ND now 'tis time ; for their officious haste,  
Who would before have born him to the Sky,  
Like eager *Romans*, ere all Rites were past,  
Did let too soon the sacred Eagle fly.

II.

Tho' our best Notes are Treason to his Fame,  
Join'd with the loud Applause of publick Voice ;  
Since Heaven, what Praise we offer to his Name,  
Hath render'd too authentick by its choice.

III.

Tho' in his Praise no Arts can lib'ral be,  
Since they, whose Muses have the highest flown,  
Add not to his immortal Memory,  
But do an Act of Friendship to their own :

IV.

Yet 'tis our Duty, and our Interest too,  
Such Monuments, as we can build, to raise ;  
Lest all the World prevent what we should do,  
And claim a Title in him by their Praise.

V.

## V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,  
 To draw a Fame so truly circular?  
 For, in a Round, what order can be shew'd,  
 Where all the Parts so equal perfect are?

## VI.

His Grandeur he deriv'd from Heav'n alone;  
 For he was great ere Fortune made him so:  
 And Wars, like Miſts that riſe againſt the Sun,  
 Made him but greater ſeem, not greater grow.

## VII.

No borrow'd Bays his Temples did adorn,  
 But to our Crown he did freſh Jewels bring:  
 Nor was his Virtue poiſon'd, ſoon as born,  
 With the too early Thoughts of being King.

## VIII.

Fortune (that eaſy Miſtreſs to the young,  
 But to her ancient Servants coy and hard)  
 Him at that Age her Favourites rank'd among,  
 When ſhe her beſt-lov'd *Pompey* did diſcard.

## IX.

He private mark'd the Fault of others Sway,  
 And fet as Sea-marks for himſelf to ſhun:  
 Not like raſh Monarchs, who their Youth betray  
 By Acts, their Age too late would wiſh undone.

## X.

And yet Dominion was not his Deſign:  
 We owe that Bleſſing, not to him, but Heav'n,  
 Which to fair Acts unfought Rewards did join;  
 Rewards, that leſs to him than us were given.

## XI.

Our former Chiefs, like Sticklers of the War,  
 Firſt fought t'inflame the Parties, then to poiſe:  
 The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cauſe abhor;  
 And did not ſtrike to hurt, but made a noiſe.

## XII.

VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN. 9

Our Church will have that Preface read, you'll say :  
 'Tis true : But so she will th' *Apocrypha* ;  
 And such as can believe them, freely may.

But did that *God* (so little understood)  
 Whose darling Attribute is being good,  
 From the dark Womb of the rude Chaos bring  
 Such various Creatures, and make Man their King,  
 Yet leave his *Favourite Man*, his chiefest Care,  
 More wretched than the vilest Insects are ?

O ! how much happier and more safe are they ?  
 If helpless Millions must be doom'd a Prey  
 To Yelling Furies, and for ever burn  
 In that sad place from whence is no return,  
 For Unbelief in one they never knew,  
 Or for not doing what they could not do !  
 The very *Fiends* know for what Crime they fell,  
 And so do all their Followers that rebel :

If then, a blind, well-meaning, *Indian* stray,  
 Shall the great Gulph be shew'd him for the way ?  
 For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,  
 Or the sasn Angels Rooms will be but ill supply'd.

That *Christ*, who, at the great deciding day,  
 (For He declares what He resolves to say)  
 Will damn the Goats, for their *Ill-natur'd Faults*,  
 And save the Sheep, for *Actions*, not for Thoughts,  
 Hath too much mercy to send men to Hell,  
 For humble Charity, and hoping well.

To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,  
 Whose Inhumanity, profusely shown  
 In damning Crouds of Souls, may damn their own !  
 I'll err at least on the securer side,  
 A Convert free from Malice and from Pride.



## To Mr. DRYDEN, on his RELIGIO LAICI.

THose Gods the pious Ancients did adore,  
 They learnt in Verse devoutly to implore,  
 Thinking it rude to use the common way  
 Of Talk, when they did to such Beings pray.  
 Nay, they that taught Religion first, thought fit  
 In Verse its sacred Precepts to transmit :  
 So *Solon* too did his first Statutes draw,  
 And every little Stanza was a Law.  
 By these few Precedents we plainly see  
 The Primitive Design of Poetry ;  
 Which by restoring to its Native use,  
 You generously have rescu'd from abuse.  
 Whilst your lov'd Muse does in sweet Numbers sing,  
 She vindicates her God, and Godlike King.  
 Atheist, and Rebel too, She does oppose ;  
 (God and the King have always the same Foes.)  
 Legions of Verse you raise in their Defence,  
 And write the Factious to Obedience ;  
 You the bold *Arian* to Arms defy,  
 A conqu'ring Champion for the Deity  
 Against the Whigs first Parents, who did dare  
 To disinherit God-Almighty's Heir.  
 And what the hot-brain'd *Arian* first began,  
 Is carried on by the *Socinian*,  
 Who still associates to keep God a Man.  
 But 'tis the Prince of Poets Task alone  
 T' assert the Rights of God's and *Charles's* Throne.  
 Whilst vulgar Poets purchase vulgar Fame  
 By chaunting *Chloris'* or fair *Phillis'* Name ;  
 Whose Reputation shall last as long,  
 As Fops and Ladies sing the amorous Song.

VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN. III

A nobler Subject wisely they refuse,  
The mighty weight would crush their feeble Muse.  
So Story tells, a Painter once would try  
With his bold hand to limn a Deity;  
And He, by frequent practising that part,  
Could draw a Minor-God with wondrous Art:  
But when great *Jove* did to the Workman sit,  
The Thunderer such horror did beget,  
That put the frightened Artift to a stand,  
And made his Pencil drop from's baff'd Hand.

---

To my Friend Mr. JOHN DRYDEN on his  
*several excellent Translations of the ancient Poets.*

By G. GRANVILLE, Lord LANSDOWNE.

AS Flow'rs, transplanted from a Southern Sky,  
But hardly bear, or in the raising die;  
Missing their native Sun, at best retain  
But a faint Odour, and survive with pain:  
Thus ancient Wit, in modern Numbers taught,  
Wanting the Warmth with which its Author wrote,  
Is a dead Image, and a senseless Draught. }  
While we transfuse, the nimble Spirit flies,  
Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.  
Who then to copy *Roman Wit* desire,  
Must imitate with *Roman Force* and *Fire*,  
In elegance of Style and Phrase the same,  
And in the sparkling Genius, and the flame,  
Whence we conclude from thy translated Song,  
So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong,  
Celestial Poet! Soul of Harmony!  
That ev'ry Genius was reviv'd in thee.

Thy

12 VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN

Thy Trumpet sound, the Dead are rais'd to light,  
 Never to die; and take to heav'n their flight;  
 Deck'd in thy Verse, as clad with Rays they shine,  
 All glorified, immortal, and divine.  
 As *Britain*, in rich Soil abounding wide,  
 Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,  
 Yet spreads her wanton sails on ev'ry shore  
 For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more;  
 To her own Wool the Silks of *Asia* joins,  
 And to her plenteous harvests *India's* Mines:  
 So DRYDEN, not contented with the Fame  
 Of his own works, tho' an immortal name,  
 To lands remote sends forth his learned Muse,  
 The noblest Seeds of foreign wit to choose:  
 Feasting our Sense so many various ways,  
 Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirst of Praise?  
 That by comparing others, all might see,  
 Who most excel, are yet excell'd by thee.

---

To Mr. DRYDEN. By Mr. JO. ADDISON.

HOW long, Great Poet, shall thy Sacred Lays  
 Provoke our Wonder, and transcend our Praise!  
 Can neither Injuries of Time, or Age,  
 Damp thy Poetick Heat, and quench thy Rage?  
 Not so thy *Ovid* in his Exile wrote;  
 Grief chill'd his Breast, and check'd his rising Thought;  
 Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays  
 The *Roman* Genius in its last Decays.  
 Prevailing Warmth has still thy Mind possess'd,  
 And second Youth is kindled in thy Breast.  
 Thou mak'st the Beauties of the *Romans* known,  
 And *England* boasts of Riches not her own:

Thy



VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN. 13

Thy Lines have heighten'd *Virgil's* Majesty,  
And *Horace* wonders at himself in Thee.  
Thou teachest *Perfius* to inform our Isle  
In smother Numbers, and a clearer Style ;  
And *Juvenal*, instructed in thy Page,  
Edges his Satire, and improves his Rage.  
Thy Copy casts a fairer Light on all,  
And still outshines the bright Original.

Now *Ovid* boasts th' Advantage of thy Song,  
And tells his Story in the *British* Tongue ;  
Thy charming Verse; and fair Translations, show  
How thy own Laurel first began to grow ;  
How wild *Lycaon*, chang'd by angry Gods,  
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the  
Woods.

O may'st thou still the Noble Tale prolong,  
Nor Age, nor Sickness interrupt thy Song :  
Then may we wond'ring read, how Human Limbs  
Have water'd Kingdoms, and dissolv'd in Streams,  
Of those rich Fruits that on the Fertile Mould  
Turn'd yellow by Degrees, and ripen'd into Gold :  
How some in Feathers, or a ragged Hide,  
Have liv'd a second Life, and different Natures try'd.  
Then will thy *Ovid*, thus transform'd, reveal  
A nobler Change than he himself can tell.

Mag. Coll. Oxon.

June 2, 1693.

---

From Mr. ADDISON'S Account of the  
*English Poets.*

**B**UT see where artful *Dryden* next appears,  
Grown old in Rhime, but charming e'en in Years.  
Great



14 VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN.

Great Dryden next! whose tuneful Muse affords  
 The sweetest Numbers, and the fittest Words.  
 Whether in *Comick* Sounds, or *Tragick* Airs  
 She forms her Voice, she moves our Smiles and Tears.  
 If *Satire* or *Heroick Strains* she writes,  
 Her *Hero* pleases, and her *Satire* bites.  
 From her no harsh, unartful Numbers fall,  
 She wears all Dresses, and she charms in all :  
 How might we fear our *English* Poetry,  
 That long has flourish'd, should decay in thee ;  
 Did not the Muses other Hope appear,  
*Harmonious Congreve*, and forbid our Fear !  
*Congreve* ! whose Fancy's unexhausted Store  
 Has given already much, and promis'd more.  
*Congreve* shall still preserve thy Fame alive,  
 And *Dryden's* Muse shall in his Friend survive.

On ALEXANDER'S FEAST; Or, The  
 Power of Musick. An ODE.

From Mr. POPE'S ESSAY on CRITICISM, l. 376.

HEAR how *Timotheus*' vary'd Lays surprize,  
 And bid alternate Passions fall and rise !  
 While, at each change, the Son of *Libyan Jove*  
 Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love ;  
 Now his fierce Eyes with sparkling fury glow,  
 Now Sighs steal out, and Tears begin to flow.  
*Persians* and *Greeks* like turns of Nature sound,  
 And the World's Victor stood subdu'd by Sound.  
 The Pow'r of Musick all our hearts allow,  
 And what *Timotheus* was, is *Dryden* now.

To Mr. DRYDEN, upon his Translation of the  
the Third BOOK of VIRGIL'S Georgicks.

PINDARIC ODE.

By Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

WHILE mounting with expanded Wings  
The Mantuan Swan unbounded Heav'n explores,  
While with Seraphick Sounds he 'Tow'ring Sings,  
'Till to Divinity he Soars :

Mankind stands wond'ring at his Flight,  
Charm'd with his Musick, and his Height :

Which both transcend our Praise.

Nay Gods incline their ravish'd Ears,  
And tune their own harmonious Spheres

To his Melodious Lays.

Thou, *Dryden*, canst his Notes recite  
In modern Numbers, which express  
Their Musick, and their utmost Might :

Thou, wondrous Poet, with Success

Canst emulate his Flight.

II.

Sometimes of humble Rural Things,

Thy Muse, which keeps great *Maro* still in Sight,

In middle Air with varied Numbers Sings ;

And sometimes her sonorous Flight

To Heav'n sublimely Wings.

But first takes time with Majesty to rise,

Then, without Pride, divinely great,

She mounts her Native Skies ;

And, Goddess like, retains her State

When down again she flies.

Commands,

16 VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN.

Commands, which Judgment gives, she still obeys,  
Both to depress her Flight, and raise.  
Thus *Mercury* from Heav'n descends,  
And to this under World his Journey bends,  
When *Jove* his dread Commands has giv'n :  
But, still, Descending, Dignity maintains,  
As much a God upon our humble Plains,  
As when he, Tow'ring, re-ascends to Heav'n.

III.

But when thy Goddess takes her Flight,  
With so much Majesty, to such a Height,  
As can alone suffice to prove,  
That she descends from mighty *Jove* :  
Gods ! how thy Thoughts then rise, and soar, and shine !  
Immortal Spirit animates each Line ;  
Each with bright Flame that fires our Souls is crown'd,  
Each has Magnificence of Sound,  
And Harmony Divine.  
Thus the first Orbs, in their high Rounds,  
With Shining Pomp advance ;  
And to their own Cœlestial Sounds  
Majestically Dance.  
On, with eternal Symphony, they roll,  
Each turn'd in its harmonious Course,  
And each inform'd by the prodigious Force  
Of an Empyrean Soul.



## XII.

War, our Consumption, was their gainful Trade :  
 He inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our Pain ;  
 He fought to hinder fighting, and assay'd  
 To staunch the Blood by breathing of the Vein.

## XIII.

Swift and resistless through the Land he past,  
 Like that bold *Greek* who did the *East* subdue,  
 And made to Battles such Heroick Halte,  
 As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

## XIV.

He fought secure of Fortune as of Fame :  
 Still by new Maps the Island might be shewn,  
 Of Conquests, which he strew'd where-e'er he came,  
 Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is sown.

## XV.

His Palms, tho' under weights they did not stand,  
 Still thriv'd ; no Winter could his Laurels fade :  
 Heav'n in its Portrait shew'd a Workman's hand,  
 And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

## XVI.

Peace was the price of all its toil and care,  
 Which War had banish'd, and did now restore :  
*Bologna's* Walls thus mounted in the Air,  
 To feat themselves more surely than before.

## XVII.

Her safety rescu'd *Ireland* to him owes ;  
 And treach'rous *Scotland*, to no int'rest true,  
 Yet bless'd that Fate, which did his Arms dispose  
 Her Land to civilize, as to subdue.

## XVIII.

Nor was he like those Stars, which only shine,  
 When to pale Mariners they Storms portend :

He had his calmer Influence, and his Mien  
 Did Love and Majesty together blend.

## XIX

## XIX.

'Tis true, his Count'nance did imprint an awe ;  
 And naturally all Souls to his did bow,  
 As Wands of Divination downward draw,  
 And point to Beds where Sov'reign Gold doth grow

## XX.

When past all off'rings to *Feretrian Jove*,  
 He *Mars* depos'd, and Arms to Gowns made yield  
 Successful Councils did him soon approve  
 As fit for close Intrigues, as open Field.

## XXI.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,  
 Our once bold Rival of the *British* Main,  
 Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,  
 And buy our Friendship with her Idol, Gain.

## XXII.

Fame of th' asserted Sea through *Europe* blown,  
 Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love ;  
 Each knew that Side must conquer he would own ;  
 And for him fiercely, as for Empire, strove.

## XXIII.

No sooner was the *Frenchman's* Cause embrac'd,  
 Than the late *Monfieur* the grave *Don* outweigh'd :  
 His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was cast ;  
 Tho' *Indian* Mines were in the other laid.

## XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his Right :  
 For tho' that some mean Artist's Skill were shown  
 In mingling Colours, or in placing Light ;  
 Yet still the fair Desigment was his own.

## XXV.

For from all Tempers he could Service draw ;  
 The worth of each with its Allay he knew,  
 And, as the Confident of Nature, saw  
 How the Complexions did divide and brew.

## XXVI.

XXVI.

Or he their single Virtues did survey,  
By intuition in his own large Breast,  
Where all the rich Ideas of them lay,  
That were the Rule and Measure to the rest.

XXVII.

When such Heroick Virtue Heav'n sets out,  
The Stars, like Commons, sullenly obey;  
Because it drains them when it comes about,  
And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high Spring our foreign Conquests flow,  
Which yet more glorious Triumphs do portend;  
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,  
If Springs as high as Fountains may ascend.

XXIX.

He made us Free-men of the Continent,  
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before;  
To nobler Preys the *English* Lion sent,  
And taught him first in *Belgian* Walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unquestion'd Pirate of the Land,  
Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* heard;  
And trembling wish'd behind more *Alps* to stand,  
Altho' an *Alexander* were her Guard.

XXXI.

By his Command, we boldly cross'd the Line,  
And bravely fought where Southern Stars arise;  
We trac'd the far-fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,  
And that, which brib'd our Fathers, made our Prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince; yet own'd a Soul above  
The highest Acts it could produce to show:  
Thus poor Mechanick Arts in publick move,  
Whilst the deep Secrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

## XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went less,  
 But when fresh Laurels courted him to live :  
 He seem'd but to prevent some new Success,  
 As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.

## XXXIV.

His latest Victories still thickest came,  
 As, near the Center, Motion doth increase ;  
 'Till he, press'd down by his own weighty Name,  
 Did, like the Vestal, under Spoils decease.

## XXXV.

But first the Ocean as a Tribute sent  
 That Giant Prince of all her watry Herd ;  
 And th' Isle, when her protecting *Genius* went,  
 Upon his Obsequies loud Sighs conferr'd.

## XXXVI.

No civil Broils have since his Death arose,  
 But Faction now by habit does obey ;  
 And Wars have that Respect for his Repose,  
 As Winds for *Halcyons*, when they breed at Sea.

## XXXVII.

His Ashes in a peaceful Urn shall rest,  
 His Name a great Example stands, to show  
 How strangely high Endeavours may be blest,  
 Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

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ASTRÆA REDUX. A POEM on the  
 happy Restoration and Return of His Sacred  
 Majesty CHARLES the Second, 1660.

*Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna. Virg.*

NOW with a general Peace the World was blest,  
 While ours, a World divided from the rest,

111333

A dreadful Quiet felt, and, worse far  
 Than Arms, a sullen Interval of War :  
 Thus, when black Clouds draw down the lab'ring Skies,  
 Ere yet abroad the winged Thunder flies,  
 An horrid Stillness first invades the Ear,  
 And in that Silence we the Tempest fear.  
 Th' Ambitious *Swede* like restless Billows tost,  
 On this hand gaining what on that he lost,  
 Though in his Life he Blood and Ruin breath'd,  
 To his now guideless Kingdom Peace bequeath'd :  
 And Heav'n, that seem'd regardless of our Fate,  
 For *France* and *Spain* did Miracles create ;  
 Such mortal Quarrels to compose in Peace,  
 As Nature bred, and Int'rest did increase.  
 We sigh'd to hear the fair *Iberian* Bride  
 Must grow a Lily to the Lily's side,  
 While our cross Stars deny'd us *Charles* his Bed,  
 Whom our first Flames and Virgin Love did wed.  
 For his long Absence Church and State did grone ;  
 Madness the Pulpit, Faction seiz'd the Throne ;  
 Experienc'd Age in deep Despair was lost,  
 To see the Rebel thrive, the Loyal cost.  
 Youth, that with Joys had unacquainted been,  
 Envy'd gray hairs that once good Days had seen :  
 We thought our Sires, not with their own content,  
 Had ere we came to Age our Portion spent.  
 Nor could our Nobles hope, their bold Attempt,  
 Who ruin'd Crowns, would Coronets exempt :  
 For when, by their designing Leaders taught  
 To strike at Pow'r, which for themselves they sought,  
 The Vulgar, gull'd into Rebellion, arm'd,  
 Their Blood to Action by their Prize was warm'd.  
 The Sacred Purple then, and Scarlet Gown,  
 Like sanguine Dye, to Elephants was shown.

Thus





## 24 POEMS on several Occasions.

Thus when the bold *Typhæus* scal'd the Sky,  
 And forc'd great *Jove* from his own Heav'n to fly,  
 (What King, what Crown from Treason's Reach is fit  
 If *Jove* and Heav'n can violated be?)  
 The lesser Gods, that shar'd his prosp'rous State,  
 All suffer'd in the Exil'd Thund'rer's Fate.  
 The Rabble now such Freedom did enjoy,  
 As Winds at Sea, that use it to destroy :  
 Blind as the *Cyclops*, and as wild as he,  
 They own'd a lawless savage Liberty,  
 Like that our painted Ancestors so priz'd,  
 Ere Empire's Arts their Breasts had civiliz'd.  
 How great were then our *Charles* his Woes, who thus  
 Was forc'd to suffer for Himself and us !  
 He, tosd by Fate, and hurry'd up and down,  
 Heir to his Father's Sorrows, with his Crown,  
 Could taste no Sweets of Youth's desired Age,  
 But found his Life too true a Pilgrimage.  
 Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn Estate,  
 His manly Courage overcame his Fate.  
 His Wounds he took, like *Romans*, on his Breast,  
 Which by his Virtue were with Laurels drest.  
 As Souls reach Heav'n while yet in Bodies pent,  
 So did he live above his Banishment.  
 That Sun, which we beheld with coz'n'd Eyes  
 Within the Water, mov'd along the Skies.  
 How easy 'tis, when Destiny proves kind,  
 With full-spread Sails to run before the Wind !  
 But those that 'gainst stiff Gales laveering go,  
 Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.  
 He would not, like soft *Otbo*, Hope prevent,  
 But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.  
 These Virtues *Galba* in a Stranger fought ;  
 And *Piso* to adopted Empire brought.

How shall I then my doubtful Thoughts express,  
 That must his Suff'rings both regret and bless!  
 For when his early Valour Heav'n had crost,  
 And all at *Worc'ster* but the Honour lost,  
 Forc'd into Exile from his rightful Throne,  
 He made all Countries, where he came, his own;  
 And, viewing Monarchs secret Arts of Sway,  
 A Royal Factor for their Kingdoms lay.  
 Thus banish'd *David* spent abroad his time,  
 When to be God's Anointed was his Crime,  
 And, when restor'd, made his proud Neighbours rue  
 Those choice Remarks he from his Travels drew.  
 Nor is he only by Afflictions shown  
 To conquer others Realms, but rule his own:  
 Recov'ring hardly what he lost before,  
 His Right endears it much, his Purchase more.  
 Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,  
 No rash Procedure will his Actions stain:  
 To bus'ness ripen'd by digestive thought,  
 His future Rule is into Method brought:  
 As they, who first Proportion understand,  
 With easy Practice reach a Master's hand.  
 Well might the Ancient Poets then confer  
 On Night the honour'd Name of *Counsellor*,  
 Since, struck with rays of prosp'rous Fortune blind,  
 We Light alone in dark Afflictions find.  
 In such Adversities to Scepters train'd,  
 The Name of *Great* his famous Grandfire gain'd:  
 Who yet a King alone in Name and Right,  
 With hunger, cold, and angry *Jove* did fight;  
 Shock'd by a Covenanting League's vast Pow'rs,  
 As holy and as Catholick as ours:  
 'Till Fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,  
 Her blows not shook but riveted his Throne.

Some lazy Ages, lost in Sleep and Ease,  
 No Action leave to busy Chronicles:  
 Such, whose supine felicity but makes  
 In Story Chafms, in *Epochs* Mistakes;  
 O'er whom *Time* gently shakes his Wings of Down,  
 'Till with his silent Sickle they are mown.  
 Such is not *Charles* his too too active Age,  
 Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd Rage  
 Of some black Star infecting all the Skies,  
 Made him at his own cost like *Adam* wise.  
 Tremble, ye Nations, who, secure before,  
 Laugh'd at those Arms, that 'gainst our selves we bore;  
 Rouz'd by the lash of his own stubborn Tail,  
 Our Lion now will foreign Foes assail.  
 With *Alga* who the sacred Altar strows?  
 'To all the Sea-Gods *Charles* an Off'ring owes:  
 A Bull to thee, *Portunus*, shall be slain,  
 A Lamb to you the Tempests of the Main:  
 For those loud Storms, that did against him roar,  
 Have cast his Shipwreck'd Vessel on the Shore.  
 Yet as wise Artists mix their Colours so,  
 That by degrees they from each other go;  
 Black steals unheeded from the neighb'ring white,  
 Without offending the well-cozen'd fight:  
 So on us stole our blessed change; while we  
 Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.  
 Frosts that constrain the Ground, and Birth deny  
 To Flow'rs that in its Womb expecting lie,  
 Do seldom their usurping Pow'r withdraw,  
 But raging Floods pursue their hasty Thaw.  
 Our Thaw was mild, the Cold not chas'd away,  
 But lost in kindly Heat of lengthned day.  
 Heav'n would no bargain for its Blessings drive,  
 But, what we could not pay for, freely give.

The Prince of Peace would, like himself, confer  
 A Gift unhop'd without the price of war:  
 Yet, as he knew his Blessing's worth, took care,  
 That we should know it by repeated Pray'r; [thence,  
 Which storm'd the Skies, and ravish'd *Charles* from  
 As Heav'n itself is took by violence.  
*Booth's* forward Valour only serv'd to show,  
 He durst that duty pay we all did owe:  
 Th' Attempt was fair; but Heav'n's prefixed hour  
 Not come: so, like the watchful Traveller,  
 That by the Moon's mistaken light did rise,  
 Lay down again, and clos'd his weary Eyes.  
 'Twas *MØNK*, whom Providence design'd to loose  
 Those real Bonds false Freedom did impose.  
 The blessed Saints, that watch'd this turning Scene,  
 Did from their Stars with joyful wonder lean,  
 To see small Clues draw vastest weights along,  
 Not in their bulk but in their order strong.  
 Thus Pencils can by one slight touch restore  
 Smiles to that changed face that wept before.  
 With ease such fond *Chimera's* we pursue,  
 As Fancy frames for Fancy to subdue:  
 But when our selves to action we betake,  
 It shuns the Mint like Gold that Chymists make.  
 How hard was then his task, at once to be  
 What in the Body natural we see?  
 Man's Architect distinctly did ordain  
 The charge of Muscles, Nerves, and of the Brain;  
 Through viewless Conduits Spirits do dispense  
 The Springs of Motion from the Seat of Sense.  
 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,  
 But the well-ripen'd Fruit of wise delay.  
 He, like a patient Angler, ere he strook,  
 Would let them play a-while upon the hook.



Our healthful Food the Stomach labours thus,  
 At first embracing what it straight doth crush.  
 Wife Leaches will not vain Receipts obtrude,  
 While growing Pains pronounce the Humours crude;  
 Deaf to complaints they wait upon the Ill,  
 'Till some safe *Crisis* authorize their Skill.  
 Nor could his Acts too close a Vizard wear,  
 To 'scape their Eyes whom Guilt had taught to fear,  
 And guard with caution that polluted nest,  
 Whence Legion twice before was dispossess:  
 Once Sacred house; which when they enter'd in,  
 They thought the Place could sanctify a sin;  
 Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n would wink,  
 While to excess on Martyrs Tombs they drink.  
 And as devouter *Turks* first warn their Souls  
 To part, before they taste forbidden Bowls:  
 So these, when their black Crimes they went about,  
 First timely charm'd their useles Conscience out.  
 Religion's Name against it self was made;  
 The Shadow serv'd the Substance to invade:  
 Like Zealous Missions, they did Care pretend  
 Of Souls in shew, but made the Gold their end.  
 Th' incens'd Pow'rs beheld with scorn from high  
 An Heaven so far distant from the Sky,  
 Which durst, with horses hoofs that beat the Ground,  
 And Martial Brass, bely the Thunder's Sound.  
 'Twas hence at length just Vengeance thought it fit  
 To speed their Ruin by their impious wit.  
 Thus *Sforza*, curs'd with a too fertile Brain,  
 Lost by his Wiles the Pow'r his Wit did gain.  
 Henceforth their *Fougue* \* must spend at lesser rate,  
 Than in its Flames to wrap a Nation's Fate.  
 Suffer'd to live, they are like *Helots* set,  
 A virtuous Shame within us to beget.

\* Their Fury. A French Word.

For by example most we sinn'd before,  
 And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.  
 But since reform'd by what we did amiss,  
 We by our suff'rings learn to prize our blifs.  
 Like early Lovers, whose unpractis'd Hearts  
 Were long the May-game of malicious arts,  
 When once they find their Jealousies were vain,  
 With double heat renew their Fires again.  
 'Twas this produc'd the Joy, that hurry'd o'er  
 Such swarms of *English* to the Neighb'ring Shore,  
 To fetch that Prize, by which *Batavia* made  
 So rich amends for our impoverish'd Trade.  
 Oh had you seen from *Scheveline's* barren Shore,  
 (Crowded with Troops, and barren now no more.)  
 Afflicted *Holland* to his Farewel bring  
 True Sorrow, *Holland* to regret a King!  
 While waiting him his Royal Fleet did ride,  
 And willing Winds to their low'r'd Sails deny'd.  
 The wav'ring Streamers, Flags, and Standards out,  
 The merry Seamens rude but chearful Shout;  
 And last the Cannons voice that shook the Skies,  
 And, as it fares in sudden Ecstasies,  
 At once bereft us both of Ears and Eyes.  
 The *Naseby*, now no longer *England's* Shame,  
 But better to be lost in *Charles* his name,  
 (Like some unequal Bride in nobler Sheets)  
 Receives her Lord: The joyful *London* meets  
 The Princely *York*, himself alone a freight;  
 The *Swift-sure* groans beneath Great *Glouc'ster's*  
 weight.  
 Secure as when the *Halcyon* breeds, with these,  
 He that was born to drown might cross the Seas.  
 Heav'n could not own a Providence, and take  
 The Wealth three Nations ventur'd at a stake.

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The



The same indulgence *Charles* his Voyage blest'd,  
 Which in his right had miracles confest'd.  
 The Winds that never Moderation knew,  
 Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;  
 Or out of Breath with joy could not enlarge  
 Their straightned Lungs, or conscious of their Charge  
 The British *Ampbytrite*, smooth and clear,  
 In richer Azure never did appear;  
 Proud her returning Prince to entertain  
 With the submitted Fasces of the Main.

AND welcome now, *Great Monarch*, to your own;  
 Behold th' approaching Cliffs of *Albion* :  
 It is no longer Motion cheats your view,  
 As you meet it, the Land approacheth you.  
 The Land returns, and, in the white it wears,  
 The marks of Penitence and Sorrow bears.  
 But you, whose Goodness your Descent doth shew,  
 Your Heav'nly Parentage and Earthly too;  
 By that same Mildness, which your Father's Crown  
 Before did ravish, shall secure your own.  
 Not try'd to rules of Policy, you find  
 Revenge less sweet than a forgiving Mind.  
 Thus, when th' Almighty would to *Moses* give  
 A sight of all he could behold and live;  
 A Voice before his Entry did proclaim  
*Long-suffering, Goodness, Mercy* in his Name.  
 Your Pow'r to Justice doth submit your Cause,  
 Your Goodness only is above the Laws;  
 Whose rigid Letter, while pronounc'd by you,  
 Is softer made. So Winds that Tempests brew,  
 When through *Arabian* Groves they take their flight  
 Made wanton with rich Odours, lose their spite.  
 And as those Lees, that trouble it, refine  
 The agitated Soul of Generous Wine :

So Tears of Joy, for your returning spilt,  
 Work out, and expiate our former Guilt.  
 Methinks I see those Clouds on *Dover's* Strand,  
 Who, in their haste to welcome you to Land,  
 Chok'd up the Beach with their still growing store,  
 And made a wilder Torrent on the Shore :  
 While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past Delight,  
 Those, who had seen you, court a second fight ;  
 Preventing still your Steps, and making haste  
 To meet you often wherefoe'er you past.  
 How shall I speak of that triumphant Day,  
 When you renew'd th' expiring Pomp of *May* !  
 (A Month that owns an Interest in your Name :  
 You and the Flow'rs are its peculiar Claim.)  
 That Star, that at your Birth shone out so bright,  
 It stain'd the duller Sun's Meridian Light,  
 Did once again its potent Fires renew,  
 Guiding our Eyes to find and worship you.  
 And now Time's whiter Series is begun,  
 Which in soft Centuries shall smoothly run :  
 Those Clouds, that overcast your Morn, shall fly,  
 Dispell'd to farthest Corners of the Sky.  
 Our Nation with united Int'rest blest,  
 Not now content to poize, shall sway the rest.  
 Abroad our Empire shall no Limits know,  
 But, like the Sea, in boundless Circles flow.  
 Your much-lov'd Fleet shall, with a wide Command,  
 Besiege the petty Monarchs of the Land :  
 And as old Time his Offspring swallow'd down,  
 Our Ocean in its Depths all Seas shall drown.  
 Their wealthy Trade from Pirate's Rapine free,  
 Our Merchants shall no more Advent'ers be :  
 Nor in the farthest East those Dangers fear,  
 Which humble *Holland* must dissemble here.



Spain to your Gift alone her *Indies* owes :  
 For what the Pow'ful takes not, he bestows :  
 And *France*, that did an Exile's Prefence fear,  
 May justly apprehend you still too near.  
 At home the hateful Names of Parties cease,  
 And factious Souls are weary'd into Peace.  
 The discontented now are only they,  
 Whose Crimes before did your just Cause betray :  
 Of those your Edicts some reclaim from Sins,  
 But most your Life and blest Example wins.  
 Oh happy Prince, whom Heav'n hath taught the way  
 By paying Vows to have more Vows to pay !  
 Oh happy Age ! Oh times like those alone,  
 By Fate reserv'd for great *Augustus'* Throne !  
 When the joint growth of Arms and Arts foreflew  
 The World a Monarch, and that Monarch *You*.

---

A PANEGYRICK on the Coronation of  
 King CHARLES II. 1660.

IN that wild Deluge where the World was drown'd,  
 When Life and Sin one common Tomb had found,  
 The first small Prospect of a rising Hill  
 With various Notes of Joy the Ark did fill :  
 Yet when that Flood in its own Depths was drown'd,  
 It left behind it false and slipp'ry Ground ;  
 And the more solemn Pomp was still deferr'd,  
 'Till new-born Nature in fresh Looks appear'd.  
 Thus, Royal Sir, to see you landed here,  
 Was cause enough of Triumph for a Year :  
 Nor would your Care those glorious Joys repeat,  
 'Till they at once might be secure and great :  
 'Till your kind Beams, by their continu'd stay,  
 Had warm'd the Ground, and call'd the Damps away.

Such



Such Vapours, while your pow'rful Influence dries,  
 Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.  
 Had greater haste these sacred Rites prepar'd,  
 Some guilty Months had in your Triumphs shar'd :  
 But this untainted Year is all your own ;  
 Your Glories may without our Crimes be shown.  
 We had not yet exhausted all our Store,  
 When you refresh'd our Joys by adding more :  
 As Heav'n, of old, dispens'd Celestial Dew,  
 You give us Manna, and still give us new.

Now our sad Ruins are remov'd from sight,  
 The Season too comes fraught with new Delight :  
 Time seems not now beneath his Years to stoop,  
 Nor do his Wings with sickly Feathers droop :  
 Soft western Winds waft o'er the gaudy Spring,  
 And open'd Scenes of Flow'rs and Blossoms bring,  
 To grace this happy Day, while you appear,  
 Not King of us alone, but of the Year.  
 All Eyes you draw, and with the Eyes the Heart ;  
 Of your own Pomp your self the greatest Part :  
 Loud Shouts the Nation's Happiness proclaim,  
 And Heav'n this Day is feasted with your Name.  
 Your Cavalcade the fair Spectators view,  
 From their high Standings, yet look up to you.  
 From your brave Train each singles out a Prey,  
 And longs to date a Conquest from your Day.  
 Now charg'd with Blessings while you seek repose,  
 Officious Slumbers haste your Eyes to close ;  
 And glorious Dreams stand ready to restore  
 The pleasing Shapes of all you saw before.  
 Next, to the Sacred Temple you are led,  
 Where waits a Crown for your more sacred Head :  
 How justly from the Church that Crown is due,  
 Preserv'd from Ruin, and restor'd by you !



The grateful Choir their Harmony employ,  
Not to make greater, but more solemn Joy.  
Wrapt soft and warm your Name is sent on high,  
As Flames do on the Wings of Incense fly :  
Musick her self is lost, in vain she brings  
Her choicest Notes to praise the best of Kings :  
Her melting Strains in you a Tomb have found,  
And lie like Bees in their own sweetness drown'd.  
He that brought Peace, and Discord could atone,  
His Name is Musick of it self alone.  
Now while the sacred Oil anoints your Head,  
And fragrant Scents, begun from you, are spread  
Through the large Dome, the People's joyful Sound,  
Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd Ground :  
Which in one Blessing mix'd descends on you,  
As heightned Spirits fall in richer dew.  
Not that our Wishes do increase your store,  
Full of your self you can admit no more :  
We add not to your Glory, but employ  
Our time, like Angels, in expressing Joy.  
Nor is it Duty, or our Hopes alone,  
Create that Joy, but full Fruition :  
We know those blessings, which we must possess,  
And judge of future by past Happiness.  
No Promise can oblige a Prince so much  
Still to be good, as long to have been such.  
A noble Emulation heats your Breast,  
And your own Fame now robs you of your Rest.  
Good Actions still must be maintain'd with good,  
As Bodies nourish'd with resembling Food.  
You have already quench'd Sedition's Brand ;  
And Zeal, which burnt it, only warms the Land.  
The jealous Sects, that dare not trust their Cause  
So far from their own Will as to the Laws,

You for their Umpire and their Synod take,  
 And their Appeal alone to *Cæsar* make.  
 Kind Heav'n so rare a Temper did provide,  
 That Guilt repeating might in it confide.  
 Among our Crimes Oblivion may be set :  
 But 'tis our King's Perfection to forget.  
 Virtues unknown to these rough Northern Climes  
 From milder Heav'ns you bring, without their Crimes.  
 Your Calmness does no after-Storms provide,  
 Nor seeming Patience mortal Anger hide.  
 When Empire first from Families did spring,  
 Then every Father govern'd as a King.  
 But you, that are a Sov'reign Prince, allay  
 Imperial Pow'r with your paternal Sway.  
 From those great Cares when ease your Soul unbends,  
 Your Pleasures are design'd to noble Ends :  
 Born to command the Mistress of the Seas,  
 Your Thoughts themselves in that blue Empire please.  
 Hither in Summer Ev'nings you repair  
 To take the *Fraicheur* of the purer Air :  
 Undaunted here you ride when Winter raves,  
 With *Cæsar's* Heart that rose above the Waves.  
 More I could sing, but Fear my Numbers stays ;  
 No Loyal Subject dares that Courage praise.  
 In stately Frigates most delight you find,  
 Where well-drawn Battles fire your Martial Mind.  
 What to your Cares we owe, is learnt from hence,  
 When even your Pleasures serve for our Defence.  
 Beyond your Court flows in th' admitted Tide,  
 Where in new Depths the wond'ring Fishes glide :  
 Here in a Royal Bed the Waters sleep ;  
 When tir'd at Sea, within this Bay they creep.  
 Here the mistrustful Fowl no harm suspects,  
 So safe are all things which our King protects.

FROM

From your lov'd *Thames* a blessing yet is due,  
 Second alone to that it brought in you ;  
 A Queen, from whose chaste Womb, ordain'd by Fate,  
 The Souls of Kings unborn for Bodies wait.  
 It was your Love before made Discord cease :  
 Your Love is destin'd to your Country's Peace.  
 Both *Indies*, Rivals in your Bed, provide  
 With Gold or Jewels to adorn your Bride.  
 This to a mighty King presents rich Ore,  
 While that with Incense does a God implore.  
 Two Kingdoms wait your Doom, and, as you choose,  
 This must receive a Crown, or that must lose.  
 Thus from your Royal Oak, like *Jove's* of old,  
 Are answers sought, and destinies fore-told :  
 Propitious Oracles are begg'd with Vows,  
 And Crowns that grow upon the sacred Boughs.  
 Your Subjects, while you weigh the Nation's Fate,  
 Suspend to both their doubtful Love or Hate :  
 Choose only, Sir, that so they may possess  
 With their own Peace their Childrens Happines.

---

*To the Lord CHANCELLOR HYDE,*  
*presented on New-Years-Day, 1662.*

*My LORD,*

WHILE flatt'ring Crouds officiously appear  
 To give themselves, not you, an happy Year;  
 And by the greatness of their presents prove  
 How much they hope, but not how well they love ;  
 The Muses (who your early Courtship boast,  
 Though now your Flames are with their Beauty lost)  
 Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot  
 They were your Mistresses, the World may not :

Decay

Decay'd by Time and Wars, they only prove  
 Their Former Beauty by your former Love ;  
 And now present, as ancient Ladies do,  
 That courted long, at length are forc'd to wooe.  
 For still they look on you with such kind Eyes,  
 As those that see the Church's Sovereign rise ;  
 From their own Order chose, in whose high State  
 They think themselves the second Choice of Fate.  
 When our great Monarch into Exile went,  
 Wit and Religion suffer'd Banishment.  
 Thus once, when *Troy* was wrap'd in Fire and Smoke,  
 The helpless Gods their burning Shrines forsook ;  
 They with the vanquish'd Prince and Pa:ty go,  
 And leave their Temples empty to the Foe.  
 At length the Muses stand, restor'd again  
 To that great Charge which Nature did ordain ;  
 And their lov'd *Druids* seem reviv'd by Fate,  
 While you dispense the Laws, and guide the State,  
 The Nation's Soul, our Monarch, does dispense,  
 Through you, to us his vital Influence ;  
 You are the Channel, where those Spirits flow,  
 And work them higher, as to us they go.  
 In open Prospect nothing bounds our Eye,  
 Until the Earth seems join'd unto the Sky :  
 So in this Hemisphere our utmost view  
 Is only bounded by our King and you :  
 Our sight is limited where you are join'd,  
 And beyond that no farther Heav'n can find.  
 So well your Virtues do with his agree,  
 That, though your Orbs of diff'rent Greatness be,  
 Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,  
 His to inclose, and yours to be inclos'd.  
 Nor could another in your Room have been,  
 Except an Emptiness had come between.

Well



Well may he then to you his Cares impart,  
 And share his Burden where he shares his Heart.  
 In you his Sleep still wakes; his Pleasures find  
 Their share of Bus'ness in your lab'ring Mind.  
 So when the weary Sun his Place resigns,  
 He leaves his Light, and by Reflexion shines.

Justice, that sits and frowns where publick Laws  
 Exclude soft Mercy from a private Cause,  
 In your Tribunal most her self does please;  
 There only smiles because she lives at ease;  
 And, like young *David*, finds her Strength the more  
 When disincumber'd from those Arms she wore.  
 Heav'n would your Royal Master should exceed  
 Most in that Virtue, which we most did need;  
 And his mild Father (who too late did find  
 All Mercy vain, but what with Pow'r was join'd)  
 His fatal Goodness left to fitter Times,  
 Not to increase, but to absolve our Crimes:  
 But when the Heir of this vast Treasure knew  
 How large a Legacy was left to you,  
 (Too great for any Subject to retain)  
 He wisely ty'd it to the Crown again:  
 Yet, passing through your Hands, it gathers more,  
 As Streams, thro' Mines, bear Tincture of their Ore.  
 While Emp'rick Politicians use deceit,  
 Hide what they give, and cure but by a Cheat;  
 You boldly shew that Skill, which they pretend,  
 And work by Means as noble as your End:  
 Which should you veil, we might unwind the Clue,  
 As Men do Nature, 'till we came to you.  
 And as the *Indies* were not found, before  
 Those rich Perfumes, which, from the happy Shore,  
 The Winds upon their Balmy Wings convey'd,  
 Whose guilty Sweetness first their World betray'd;

So by your Counsels we are brought to view  
 A rich and undiscover'd World in you.  
 By you our Monarch does that Fame assure,  
 Which Kings must have, or cannot live secure :  
 For prosp'rous Princes gain their Subjects Heart,  
 Who love that Praise in which themselves have part.  
 By you he fits those Subjects to obey,  
 As Heav'n's Eternal Monarch does convey  
 His Pow'r unseen, and Man to his Designs  
 By his bright Ministers the Stars inclines.

Our setting Sun, from his declining Seat,  
 Shot Beams of Kindness on you, not of heat :  
 And, when his Love was bounded in a few,  
 That were unhappy that they might be true,  
 Made you the Fav'rite of his last sad Times,  
 That is, a Suff'rer in his Subjects Crimes :  
 Thus those first Favours, you receiv'd, were sent,  
 Like Heav'ns rewards, in earthly Punishment.  
 Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny,  
 E'en then took care to lay you softly by ;  
 And wrap'd your Fate among her precious Things,  
 Kept fresh to be unfolded with your King's.  
 Shewn all at once you dazzled so our Eyes,  
 As new-born *Pallas* did the Gods surprize :  
 When, springing forth from *Jove's* new-closing wound,  
 She struck the Warlike Spear into the Ground ;  
 Which sprouting Leaves did suddenly inclose,  
 And peaceful Olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the Arts of Peace,  
 Whose restless Motions less than Wars do cease !  
 Peace is not freed from Labour, but from Noise ;  
 And War more Force, but not more Pains, employs :  
 Such is the mighty Swiftnes of your Mind,  
 That, like the Earth's, it leaves our Sense behind,

While



While you so smoothly turn and rowl our Sphere,  
 That rapid Motion does but Rest appear.  
 For, as in Nature's Swiftneſs, with the throng  
 Of flying Orbs while ours is born along,  
 All ſeems at reſt to the deluded Eye,  
 Mov'd by the Soul of the ſame harmony :  
 So, carry'd on by your unwearied Care,  
 We reſt in Peace, and yet in Motion ſhare.  
 Let Envy then thoſe Crimes within you ſee,  
 From which the happy never muſt be free ;  
 Envy, that does with Miſery reſide,  
 The Joy and the Revenge of ruin'd Pride.  
 Think it not hard, if at ſo cheap a Rate  
 You can ſecure the Conſtancy of Fate,  
 Whoſe Kindneſs ſent what does their Malice ſeem,  
 By leſſer Ills the greater to redeem.  
 Nor can we this weak Show'r a Tempeſt call,  
 But drops of heat, that in the Sun-ſhine fall.  
 You have already weary'd Fortune ſo,  
 She cannot farther be your Friend or Foe ;  
 But ſits all breathleſs, and admires to feel  
 A Fate ſo weighty, that it ſtops her Wheel.  
 In all things elſe above our humble Fate,  
 Your equal Mind yet ſwells not into State,  
 But, like ſome Mountain in thoſe happy Iſles,  
 Where in perpetual Spring young Nature ſmiles,  
 Your greatneſs ſhews : no horror to affright,  
 But Trees for ſhade, and Flow'rs to court the Sight :  
 Sometimes the Hill ſubmits it ſelf a while  
 In ſmall Deſcents, which do its height beguile ;  
 And ſometimes mounts, but ſo as billows play,  
 Whoſe Riſe not hinders but makes ſhort our way :  
 Your Brow, which does no fear of Thunder know,  
 Sees rowling Tempeſts vainly beat below ;

And, like *Olympus*' top, th' Impression wears  
Of Love and Friendship writ in former Years.  
Yet, unimpair'd with Labours, or with time,  
Your Age but seems to a new Youth to climb.  
Thus heav'n'ly bodies do our time beget,  
And measure Change, but share no part of it.  
And still it shall without a weight increase,  
Like this New-Year, whose Motions never cease.  
For since the glorious Course you have begun  
Is led by *CHARLES*, as that is by the Sun,  
It must both weightless and immortal prove,  
Because the Centre of it is above.



*Annus.*

