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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**

Verses in Praise of Mr. Dryden.

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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

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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 woo; ;  
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.

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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

