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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

To the Unknown Author of Absalom and Achitophel.

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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,
Chearful 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 Rhimers 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.