

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

Digitalisierung von Drucken

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 Conceal'd Author of Absalom and Achitophel.

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

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