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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

Upon the Author of the Medal, a Satire.

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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.



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