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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 the Medal, a Satire; and of Absalom and
Achitophel.

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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 *Corab* 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 :