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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**

On Mr. Dryden's Religio Laici. By the Earl of Roscommon.

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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.

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

