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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 my Friend Mr. John Dryden on his several excellent Translations of the
ancient Poets. By G. Granvile, Lord Landsdowne.

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VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN. III

A nobler Subject wisely they refuse,
The mighty weight would crush their feeble Muse.
So Story tells, a Painter once would try
With his bold hand to limn a Deity;
And He, by frequent practising that part,
Could draw a Minor-God with wondrous Art:
But when great *Jove* did to the Workman sit,
The Thunderer such horror did beget,
That put the frightened Artift to a stand,
And made his Pencil drop from's baff'd Hand.

To my Friend Mr. JOHN DRYDEN on his
several excellent Translations of the ancient Poets.

By G. GRANVILLE, Lord LANSDOWNE.

AS Flow'rs, transplanted from a Southern Sky,
But hardly bear, or in the raising die;
Missing their native Sun, at best retain
But a faint Odour, and survive with pain:
Thus ancient Wit, in modern Numbers taught,
Wanting the Warmth with which its Author wrote,
Is a dead Image, and a senseless Draught. }
While we transfuse, the nimble Spirit flies,
Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy *Roman Wit* desire,
Must imitate with *Roman Force* and *Fire*,
In elegance of Style and Phrase the same,
And in the sparkling Genius, and the flame,
Whence we conclude from thy translated Song,
So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong,
Celestial Poet! Soul of Harmony!
That ev'ry Genius was reviv'd in thee.

Thy