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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 Mr. Dryden. By Mr. Addison.

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12 VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN

Thy Trumpet sound, the Dead are rais'd to light,
 Never to die; and take to heav'n their flight;
 Deck'd in thy Verse, as clad with Rays they shine,
 All glorified, immortal, and divine.
 As *Britain*, in rich Soil abounding wide,
 Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,
 Yet spreads her wanton sails on ev'ry shore
 For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more;
 To her own Wool the Silks of *Asia* joins,
 And to her plenteous harvests *India's* Mines:
 So DRYDEN, not contented with the Fame
 Of his own works, tho' an immortal name,
 To lands remote sends forth his learned Muse,
 The noblest Seeds of foreign wit to choose:
 Feasting our Sense so many various ways,
 Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirst of Praise?
 That by comparing others, all might see,
 Who most excel, are yet excell'd by thee.

To Mr. DRYDEN. By Mr. JO. ADDISON.

HOW long, Great Poet, shall thy Sacred Lays
 Provoke our Wonder, and transcend our Praise!
 Can neither Injuries of Time, or Age,
 Damp thy Poetick Heat, and quench thy Rage?
 Not so thy *Ovid* in his Exile wrote;
 Grief chill'd his Breast, and check'd his rising Thought;
 Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
 The *Roman* Genius in its last Decays.
 Prevailing Warmth has still thy Mind possess'd,
 And second Youth is kindled in thy Breast.
 Thou mak'st the Beauties of the *Romans* known,
 And *England* boasts of Riches not her own:

Thy

