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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 Alexanders Feast, Or, The Power of Musick. An Ode.

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14 VERSES in Praise of Mr. DRYDEN.

Great Dryden next! whose tuneful Muse affords
 The sweetest Numbers, and the fittest Words.
 Whether in *Comick* Sounds, or *Tragick* Airs
 She forms her Voice, she moves our Smiles and Tears.
 If *Satire* or *Heroick Strains* she writes,
 Her *Hero* pleases, and her *Satire* bites.
 From her no harsh, unartful Numbers fall,
 She wears all Dresses, and she charms in all :
 How might we fear our *English* Poetry,
 That long has flourish'd, should decay in thee ;
 Did not the Muses other Hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our Fear !
Congreve ! whose Fancy's unexhausted Store
 Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy Fame alive,
 And *Dryden's* Muse shall in his Friend survive.

On ALEXANDER'S FEAST; Or, The
 Power of Musick. An ODE.

From Mr. POPE'S ESSAY on CRITICISM, l. 376.

HEAR how *Timotheus*' vary'd Lays surprize,
 And bid alternate Passions fall and rise !
 While, at each change, the Son of *Libyan Jove*
 Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love ;
 Now his fierce Eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now Sighs steal out, and Tears begin to flow.
Persians and *Greeks* like turns of Nature sound,
 And the World's Victor stood subdu'd by Sound.
 The Pow'r of Musick all our hearts allow,
 And what *Timotheus* was, is *Dryden* now.