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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

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Astraea Redux. A Poem on the happy Restoration and Retrun of His
Sacred Majesty Charles the Second, 1660.

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XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing Fame went less,
 But when fresh Laurels courted him to live :
 He seem'd but to prevent some new Success,
 As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.

XXXIV.

His latest Victories still thickest came,
 As, near the Center, Motion doth increase ;
 'Till he, press'd down by his own weighty Name,
 Did, like the Vestal, under Spoils decease.

XXXV.

But first the Ocean as a Tribute sent
 That Giant Prince of all her watry Herd ;
 And th' Isle, when her protecting *Genius* went,
 Upon his Obsequies loud Sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil Broils have since his Death arose,
 But Faction now by habit does obey ;
 And Wars have that Respect for his Repose,
 As Winds for *Halcyons*, when they breed at Sea.

XXXVII.

His Ashes in a peaceful Urn shall rest,
 His Name a great Example stands, to show
 How strangely high Endeavours may be blest,
 Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

ASTRÆA REDUX. A POEM on the
 happy Restoration and Return of His Sacred
 Majesty CHARLES the Second, 1660.

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna. Virg.

NOW with a general Peace the World was blest,
 While ours, a World divided from the rest,

A dreadful Quiet felt, and, worse far
 Than Arms, a sullen Interval of War :
 Thus, when black Clouds draw down the lab'ring Skies,
 Ere yet abroad the winged Thunder flies,
 An horrid Stillness first invades the Ear,
 And in that Silence we the Tempest fear.
 Th' Ambitious *Swede* like restless Billows tost,
 On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
 Though in his Life he Blood and Ruin breath'd,
 To his now guideless Kingdom Peace bequeath'd :
 And Heav'n, that seem'd regardless of our Fate,
 For *France* and *Spain* did Miracles create ;
 Such mortal Quarrels to compose in Peace,
 As Nature bred, and Int'rest did increase.
 We sigh'd to hear the fair *Iberian* Bride
 Must grow a Lily to the Lily's side,
 While our cross Stars deny'd us *Charles* his Bed,
 Whom our first Flames and Virgin Love did wed.
 For his long Absence Church and State did grone ;
 Madness the Pulpit, Faction seiz'd the Throne ;
 Experienc'd Age in deep Despair was lost,
 To see the Rebel thrive, the Loyal crost.
 Youth, that with Joys had unacquainted been,
 Envy'd gray hairs that once good Days had seen :
 We thought our Sires, not with their own content,
 Had ere we came to Age our Portion spent.
 Nor could our Nobles hope, their bold Attempt,
 Who ruin'd Crowns, would Coronets exempt :
 For when, by their designing Leaders taught
 To strike at Pow'r, which for themselves they sought,
 The Vulgar, gull'd into Rebellion, arm'd,
 Their Blood to Action by their Prize was warm'd.
 The Sacred Purple then, and Scarlet Gown,
 Like sanguine Dye, to Elephants was shown.

Thus



24 POEMS on several Occasions.

Thus when the bold *Typhæus* scal'd the Sky,
 And forc'd great *Jove* from his own Heav'n to fly,
 (What King, what Crown from Treason's Reach is fit
 If *Jove* and Heav'n can violated be?)
 The lesser Gods, that shar'd his prosp'rous State,
 All suffer'd in the Exil'd Thund'rer's Fate.
 The Rabble now such Freedom did enjoy,
 As Winds at Sea, that use it to destroy :
 Blind as the *Cyclops*, and as wild as he,
 They own'd a lawless savage Liberty,
 Like that our painted Ancestors so priz'd,
 Ere Empire's Arts their Breasts had civiliz'd.
 How great were then our *Charles* his Woes, who thus
 Was forc'd to suffer for Himself and us !
 He, tosd by Fate, and hurry'd up and down,
 Heir to his Father's Sorrows, with his Crown,
 Could taste no Sweets of Youth's desired Age,
 But found his Life too true a Pilgrimage.
 Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn Estate,
 His manly Courage overcame his Fate.
 His Wounds he took, like *Romans*, on his Breast,
 Which by his Virtue were with Laurels drest.
 As Souls reach Heav'n while yet in Bodies pent,
 So did he live above his Banishment.
 That Sun, which we beheld with coz'n'd Eyes
 Within the Water, mov'd along the Skies.
 How easy 'tis, when Destiny proves kind,
 With full-spread Sails to run before the Wind !
 But those that 'gainst stiff Gales laveering go,
 Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.
 He would not, like soft *Otbo*, Hope prevent,
 But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.
 These Virtues *Galba* in a Stranger fought ;
 And *Piso* to adopted Empire brought.

How shall I then my doubtful Thoughts express,
 That must his Suff'rings both regret and bless!
 For when his early Valour Heav'n had crost,
 And all at *Worc'ster* but the Honour lost,
 Forc'd into Exile from his rightful Throne,
 He made all Countries, where he came, his own;
 And, viewing Monarchs secret Arts of Sway,
 A Royal Factor for their Kingdoms lay.
 Thus banish'd *David* spent abroad his time,
 When to be God's Anointed was his Crime,
 And, when restor'd, made his proud Neighbours rue
 Those choice Remarks he from his Travels drew.
 Nor is he only by Afflictions shown
 To conquer others Realms, but rule his own:
 Recov'ring hardly what he lost before,
 His Right endears it much, his Purchase more.
 Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,
 No rash Procedure will his Actions stain:
 To bus'ness ripen'd by digestive thought,
 His future Rule is into Method brought:
 As they, who first Proportion understand,
 With easy Practice reach a Master's hand.
 Well might the Ancient Poets then confer
 On Night the honour'd Name of *Counsellor*,
 Since, struck with rays of prosp'rous Fortune blind,
 We Light alone in dark Afflictions find.
 In such Adversities to Scepters train'd,
 The Name of *Great* his famous Grandfire gain'd:
 Who yet a King alone in Name and Right,
 With hunger, cold, and angry *Jove* did fight;
 Shock'd by a Covenanting League's vast Pow'rs,
 As holy and as Catholick as ours:
 'Till Fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,
 Her blows not shook but riveted his Throne.

Some lazy Ages, lost in Sleep and Ease,
 No Action leave to busy Chronicles:
 Such, whose supine felicity but makes
 In Story Chafms, in *Epochs* Mistakes;
 O'er whom *Time* gently shakes his Wings of Down,
 'Till with his silent Sickle they are mown.
 Such is not *Charles* his too too active Age,
 Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd Rage
 Of some black Star infecting all the Skies,
 Made him at his own cost like *Adam* wise.
 Tremble, ye Nations, who, secure before,
 Laugh'd at those Arms, that 'gainst our selves we bore;
 Rouz'd by the lash of his own stubborn Tail,
 Our Lion now will foreign Foes assail.
 With *Alga* who the sacred Altar strows?
 'To all the Sea-Gods *Charles* an Off'ring owes:
 A Bull to thee, *Portunus*, shall be slain,
 A Lamb to you the Tempests of the Main:
 For those loud Storms, that did against him roar,
 Have cast his Shipwreck'd Vessel on the Shore.
 Yet as wise Artists mix their Colours so,
 That by degrees they from each other go;
 Black steals unheeded from the neighb'ring white,
 Without offending the well-cozen'd fight:
 So on us stole our blessed change; while we
 Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.
 Frosts that constrain the Ground, and Birth deny
 To Flow'rs that in its Womb expecting lie,
 Do seldom their usurping Pow'r withdraw,
 But raging Floods pursue their hasty Thaw.
 Our Thaw was mild, the Cold not chas'd away,
 But lost in kindly Heat of lengthned day.
 Heav'n would no bargain for its Blessings drive,
 But, what we could not pay for, freely give.

The Prince of Peace would, like himself, confer
 A Gift unhop'd without the price of war:
 Yet, as he knew his Blessing's worth, took care,
 That we should know it by repeated Pray'r; [thence,
 Which storm'd the Skies, and ravish'd *Charles* from
 As Heav'n itself is took by violence.
Booth's forward Valour only serv'd to show,
 He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
 Th' Attempt was fair; but Heav'n's prefixed hour
 Not come: so, like the watchful Traveller,
 That by the Moon's mistaken light did rise,
 Lay down again, and clos'd his weary Eyes.
 'Twas *MØNK*, whom Providence design'd to loose
 Those real Bonds false Freedom did impose.
 The blessed Saints, that watch'd this turning Scene,
 Did from their Stars with joyful wonder lean,
 To see small Clues draw vastest weights along,
 Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
 Thus Pencils can by one slight touch restore
 Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
 With ease such fond *Chimera's* we pursue,
 As Fancy frames for Fancy to subdue:
 But when our selves to action we betake,
 It shuns the Mint like Gold that Chymists make.
 How hard was then his task, at once to be
 What in the Body natural we see?
 Man's Architect distinctly did ordain
 The charge of Muscles, Nerves, and of the Brain;
 Through viewless Conduits Spirits do dispense
 The Springs of Motion from the Seat of Sense.
 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
 But the well-ripen'd Fruit of wise delay.
 He, like a patient Angler, ere he strook,
 Would let them play a-while upon the hook.

Our healthful Food the Stomach labours thus,
 At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
 Wife Leaches will not vain Receipts obtrude,
 While growing Pains pronounce the Humours crude;
 Deaf to complaints they wait upon the Ill,
 'Till some safe *Crisis* authorize their Skill.
 Nor could his Acts too close a Vizard wear,
 To 'scape their Eyes whom Guilt had taught to fear,
 And guard with caution that polluted nest,
 Whence Legion twice before was dispossess:
 Once Sacred house; which when they enter'd in,
 They thought the Place could sanctify a sin;
 Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n would wink,
 While to excess on Martyrs Tombs they drink.
 And as devouter *Turks* first warn their Souls
 To part, before they taste forbidden Bowls:
 So these, when their black Crimes they went about,
 First timely charm'd their useles Conscience out.
 Religion's Name against it self was made;
 The Shadow serv'd the Substance to invade:
 Like Zealous Missions, they did Care pretend
 Of Souls in shew, but made the Gold their end.
 Th' incens'd Pow'rs beheld with scorn from high
 An Heaven so far distant from the Sky,
 Which durst, with horses hoofs that beat the Ground,
 And Martial Brass, bely the Thunder's Sound.
 'Twas hence at length just Vengeance thought it fit
 To speed their Ruin by their impious wit.
 Thus *Sforza*, curs'd with a too fertile Brain,
 Lost by his Wiles the Pow'r his Wit did gain.
 Henceforth their *Fougue* * must spend at lesser rate,
 Than in its Flames to wrap a Nation's Fate.
 Suffer'd to live, they are like *Helots* set,
 A virtuous Shame within us to beget.

* Their Fury. A French Word.

For by example most we sinn'd before,
 And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
 But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
 We by our suff'rings learn to prize our blifs.
 Like early Lovers, whose unpractis'd Hearts
 Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
 When once they find their Jealousies were vain,
 With double heat renew their Fires again.
 'Twas this produc'd the Joy, that hurry'd o'er
 Such swarms of *English* to the Neighb'ring Shore,
 To fetch that Prize, by which *Batavia* made
 So rich amends for our impoverish'd Trade.

Oh had you seen from *Scheveline's* barren Shore,
 (Crowded with Troops, and barren now no more.)
 Afflicted *Holland* to his Farewel bring
 True Sorrow, *Holland* to regret a King!

While waiting him his Royal Fleet did ride,
 And willing Winds to their low'r'd Sails deny'd.
 The wav'ring Streamers, Flags, and Standards out,
 The merry Seamens rude but chearful Shout;
 And last the Cannons voice that shook the Skies,
 And, as it fares in sudden Ecstasies,

At once bereft us both of Ears and Eyes.
 The *Naseby*, now no longer *England's* Shame,
 But better to be lost in *Charles* his name,
 (Like some unequal Bride in nobler Sheets)

Receives her Lord: The joyful *London* meets
 The Princely *York*, himself alone a freight;
 The *Swift-sure* groans beneath Great *Glouc'ster's*
 weight.

Secure as when the *Halcyon* breeds, with these,
 He that was born to drown might cross the Seas.
 Heav'n could not own a Providence, and take
 The Wealth three Nations ventur'd at a stake.



30 POEMS on several Occasions.

The same indulgence *Charles* his Voyage blest'd,
 Which in his right had miracles confest'd.
 The Winds that never Moderation knew,
 Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
 Or out of Breath with joy could not enlarge
 Their straightned Lungs, or conscious of their Charge
 The British *Ampbytrite*, smooth and clear,
 In richer Azure never did appear;
 Proud her returning Prince to entertain
 With the submitted Fasces of the Main.

AND welcome now, *Great Monarch*, to your own;
 Behold th' approaching Cliffs of *Albion*:
 It is no longer Motion cheats your view,
 As you meet it, the Land approacheth you.
 The Land returns, and, in the white it wears,
 The marks of Penitence and Sorrow bears.
 But you, whose Goodness your Descent doth shew,
 Your Heav'nly Parentage and Earthly too;
 By that same Mildness, which your Father's Crown
 Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
 Not try'd to rules of Policy, you find
 Revenge less sweet than a forgiving Mind.
 Thus, when th' Almighty would to *Moses* give
 A sight of all he could behold and live;
 A Voice before his Entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, Goodness, Mercy in his Name.
 Your Pow'r to Justice doth submit your Cause,
 Your Goodness only is above the Laws;
 Whose rigid Letter, while pronounc'd by you,
 Is softer made. So Winds that Tempests brew,
 When through *Arabian* Groves they take their flight
 Made wanton with rich Odours, lose their spite.
 And as those Lees, that trouble it, refine
 The agitated Soul of Generous Wine:

So Tears of Joy, for your returning spilt,
 Work out, and expiate our former Guilt.
 Methinks I see those Clouds on *Dover's* Strand,
 Who, in their haste to welcome you to Land,
 Chok'd up the Beach with their still growing store,
 And made a wilder Torrent on the Shore :
 While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past Delight,
 Those, who had seen you, court a second fight ;
 Preventing still your Steps, and making haste
 To meet you often wherefoe'er you past.
 How shall I speak of that triumphant Day,
 When you renew'd th' expiring Pomp of *May* !
 (A Month that owns an Interest in your Name :
 You and the Flow'rs are its peculiar Claim.)
 That Star, that at your Birth shone out so bright,
 It stain'd the duller Sun's Meridian Light,
 Did once again its potent Fires renew,
 Guiding our Eyes to find and worship you.
 And now Time's whiter Series is begun,
 Which in soft Centuries shall smoothly run :
 Those Clouds, that overcast your Morn, shall fly,
 Dispell'd to farthest Corners of the Sky.
 Our Nation with united Int'rest blest,
 Not now content to poize, shall sway the rest.
 Abroad our Empire shall no Limits know,
 But, like the Sea, in boundless Circles flow.
 Your much-lov'd Fleet shall, with a wide Command,
 Besiege the petty Monarchs of the Land :
 And as old Time his Offspring swallow'd down,
 Our Ocean in its Depths all Seas shall drown.
 Their wealthy Trade from Pirate's Rapine free,
 Our Merchants shall no more Advent'ers be :
 Nor in the farthest East those Dangers fear,
 Which humble *Holland* must dissemble here.