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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 the Lord Chancellor Hyde, presented on New-Years-DAY, 1662.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1525

From your lov'd *Thames* a blessing yet is due,
 Second alone to that it brought in you ;
 A Queen, from whose chaste Womb, ordain'd by Fate,
 The Souls of Kings unborn for Bodies wait.
 It was your Love before made Discord cease :
 Your Love is destin'd to your Country's Peace.
 Both *Indies*, Rivals in your Bed, provide
 With Gold or Jewels to adorn your Bride.
 This to a mighty King presents rich Ore,
 While that with Incense does a God implore.
 Two Kingdoms wait your Doom, and, as you choose,
 This must receive a Crown, or that must lose.
 Thus from your Royal Oak, like *Jove's* of old,
 Are answers sought, and destinies fore-told :
 Propitious Oracles are begg'd with Vows,
 And Crowns that grow upon the sacred Boughs.
 Your Subjects, while you weigh the Nation's Fate,
 Suspend to both their doubtful Love or Hate :
 Choose only, Sir, that so they may possess
 With their own Peace their Childrens Happines.

To the Lord CHANCELLOR HYDE,
presented on New-Years-Day, 1662.

My LORD,

WHILE flatt'ring Crouds officiously appear
 To give themselves, not you, an happy Year;
 And by the greatness of their presents prove
 How much they hope, but not how well they love ;
 The Muses (who your early Courtship boast,
 Though now your Flames are with their Beauty lost)
 Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
 They were your Mistresses, the World may not :

Decay

Decay'd by Time and Wars, they only prove
 Their Former Beauty by your former Love ;
 And now present, as ancient Ladies do,
 That courted long, at length are forc'd to wooe.
 For still they look on you with such kind Eyes,
 As those that see the Church's Sovereign rise ;
 From their own Order chose, in whose high State
 They think themselves the second Choice of Fate.
 When our great Monarch into Exile went,
 Wit and Religion suffer'd Banishment.
 Thus once. when *Troy* was wrap'd in Fire and Smoke,
 The helpless Gods their burning Shrines forsook ;
 They with the vanquish'd Prince and Pa:ty go,
 And leave their Temples empty to the Foe.
 At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
 To that great Charge which Nature did ordain ;
 And their lov'd *Druids* seem reviv'd by Fate,
 While you dispense the Laws, and guide the State,
 The Nation's Soul, our Monarch, does dispense,
 Through you, to us his vital Influence ;
 You are the Channel, where those Spirits flow,
 And work them higher, as to us they go.
 In open Prospect nothing bounds our Eye,
 Until the Earth seems join'd unto the Sky :
 So in this Hemisphere our utmost view
 Is only bounded by our King and you :
 Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
 And beyond that no farther Heav'n can find.
 So well your Virtues do with his agree,
 That, though your Orbs of diff'rent Greatness be,
 Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
 His to inclose, and yours to be inclos'd.
 Nor could another in your Room have been,
 Except an Emptiness had come between.

Well



Well may he then to you his Cares impart,
 And share his Burden where he shares his Heart.
 In you his Sleep still wakes ; his Pleasures find
 Their share of Bus'ness in your lab'ring Mind.
 So when the weary Sun his Place resigns,
 He leaves his Light, and by Reflexion shines.

Justice, that sits and frowns where publick Laws
 Exclude soft Mercy from a private Cause,
 In your Tribunal most her self does please ;
 There only smiles because she lives at ease ;
 And, like young *David*, finds her Strength the more
 When disincumber'd from those Arms she wore.
 Heav'n would your Royal Master should exceed
 Most in that Virtue, which we most did need ;
 And his mild Father (who too late did find
 All Mercy vain, but what with Pow'r was join'd)
 His fatal Goodness left to fitter Times,
 Not to increase, but to absolve our Crimes :
 But when the Heir of this vast Treasure knew
 How large a Legacy was left to you,
 (Too great for any Subject to retain)
 He wisely ty'd it to the Crown again :
 Yet, passing through your Hands, it gathers more,
 As Streams, thro' Mines, bear Tincture of their Ore.
 While Emp'rick Politicians use deceit,
 Hide what they give, and cure but by a Cheat ;
 You boldly shew that Skill, which they pretend,
 And work by Means as noble as your End :
 Which should you veil, we might unwind the Clue,
 As Men do Nature, 'till we came to you.
 And as the *Indies* were not found, before
 Those rich Perfumes, which, from the happy Shore,
 The Winds upon their Balmy Wings convey'd,
 Whose guilty Sweetness first their World betray'd ;

So by your Counfels we are brought to view
 A rich and undiscover'd World in you.
 By you our Monarch does that Fame assure,
 Which Kings must have, or cannot live secure :
 For prosp'rous Princes gain their Subjects Heart,
 Who love that Praise in which themselves have part.
 By you he fits those Subjects to obey,
 As Heav'n's Eternal Monarch does convey
 His Pow'r unseen, and Man to his Designs
 By his bright Ministers the Stars inclines.

Our setting Sun, from his declining Seat,
 Shot Beams of Kindness on you, not of heat :
 And, when his Love was bounded in a few,
 That were unhappy that they might be true,
 Made you the Fav'rite of his last sad Times,
 That is, a Suff'rer in his Subjects Crimes :
 Thus those first Favours, you receiv'd, were sent,
 Like Heav'ns rewards, in earthly Punishment.
 Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny,
 E'en then took care to lay you softly by ;
 And wrap'd your Fate among her precious Things,
 Kept fresh to be unfolded with your King's.
 Shewn all at once you dazzled so our Eyes,
 As new-born *Pallas* did the Gods surprize :
 When, springing forth from *Jove's* new-closing wound,
 She struck the Warlike Spear into the Ground ;
 Which sprouting Leaves did suddenly inclose,
 And peaceful Olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the Arts of Peace,
 Whose restless Motions less than Wars do cease !
 Peace is not freed from Labour, but from Noise ;
 And War more Force, but not more Pains, employs :
 Such is the mighty Swiftnes of your Mind,
 That, like the Earth's, it leaves our Sense behind,
 While

While you so smoothly turn and rowl our Sphere,
 That rapid Motion does but Rest appear.
 For, as in Nature's Swiftneſs, with the throng
 Of flying Orbs while ours is born along,
 All ſeems at reſt to the deluded Eye,
 Mov'd by the Soul of the ſame harmony :
 So, carry'd on by your unwearied Care,
 We reſt in Peace, and yet in Motion ſhare.
 Let Envy then thoſe Crimes within you ſee,
 From which the happy never muſt be free ;
 Envy, that does with Miſery reſide,
 The Joy and the Revenge of ruin'd Pride.
 Think it not hard, if at ſo cheap a Rate
 You can ſecure the Conſtancy of Fate,
 Whoſe Kindneſs ſent what does their Malice ſeem,
 By leſſer Ills the greater to redeem.
 Nor can we this weak Show'r a Tempeſt call,
 But drops of heat, that in the Sun-ſhine fall.
 You have already weary'd Fortune ſo,
 She cannot farther be your Friend or Foe ;
 But ſits all breathleſs, and admires to feel
 A Fate ſo weighty, that it ſtops her Wheel.
 In all things elſe above our humble Fate,
 Your equal Mind yet ſwells not into State,
 But, like ſome Mountain in thoſe happy Iſles,
 Where in perpetual Spring young Nature ſmiles,
 Your greatneſs ſhews : no horror to affright,
 But Trees for ſhade, and Flow'rs to court the Sight :
 Sometimes the Hill ſubmits it ſelf a while
 In ſmall Deſcents, which do its height beguile ;
 And ſometimes mounts, but ſo as billows play,
 Whoſe Riſe not hinders but makes ſhort our way :
 Your Brow, which does no fear of Thunder know,
 Sees rowling Tempeſts vainly beat below ;

And, like *Olympus*' top, th' Impression wears
Of Love and Friendship writ in former Years.
Yet, unimpair'd with Labours, or with time,
Your Age but seems to a new Youth to climb.
Thus heav'n'ly bodies do our time beget,
And measure Change, but share no part of it.
And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this New-Year, whose Motions never cease.
For since the glorious Course you have begun
Is led by *CHARLES*, as that is by the Sun,
It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the Centre of it is above.



Annus.

Like O'Connell, you were independent
and your heart was with the people
and you were not afraid to stand
up for the rights of the poor
and the oppressed
and you were not afraid to die
for the cause of your country
and your people

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