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Original Poems And Translations, By John Dryden, Esq; Now First Collected and Publish'd together, In Two Volumes

Containing Translations, Epistles, Prologues, Epilogues, Elegies, Epitaphs, And Songs

Dryden, John

London, 1743

Prologue to the University of Oxford, 1681.

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PROLOGUE *to the University of* OXFORD, 1681.

THE fam'd *Italian* Muſe, whoſe Rhymes advance
Orlando, and the *Paladins* of *France*,
Records, that, when our Wit and Senſe is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the Circle of the Moon,
In Earthen Jars, which one, who thither ſoar'd,
Set to his Noſe, ſnuff'd up, and was reſtor'd.
Whate'er the Story be, the Moral's true;
The Wit we loſt in Town, we find in you.
Our Poets their fled Parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy Heads with ſober Senſe.
When *London* Votes with *Southwark*'s diſagree,
Here may they find their long-loſt Loyalty.
Here buſy Senates, to th' old Cauſe inclin'd,
May ſnuff the Votes their Fellows left behind:
Your Country Neighbours, when their Grain grows dear,
May come, and find their *laſt Proviſion* here:
Whereas we cannot much lament our Loſs,
Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one Croſs.
We look'd what Repreſentatives wou'd bring;
But they help'd us, juſt as they did the King.
Yet we deſpair not; for we now lay forth
The *Sibyls* Books to thoſe who know their Worth;
And tho' the firſt was Sacrific'd before,
Theſe Volumes doubly will the Price reſtore.
Our Poet bade us hope this Grace to find,
To whom by long Preſcription you are kind.
He, whoſe undaunted Muſe, with Loyal Rage,
Has never ſpar'd the Vices of the Age,
Here finding nothing that his Spleen can raiſe,
Is forc'd to turn his Satire into Praiſe.