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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

Prolugue to the Earl of Essex. (By Mr. J. Banks. 1682.)

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1733

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A Tyrant's Pow'r in Rigour is expreſt;
The Father yearns in the true Prince's Breaſt.
We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no Grace can mend;
But moſt are Babes, that know not they offend.
The Croud, to reſtleſs Motion ſtill inclin'd,
Are Clouds, that tack according to the Wind.
Driv'n by their Chiefs they Storms of Hailſtones pour;
Then mourn, and ſoften to a ſilent Show'r.
O welcome to this much-offending Land,
The Prince that brings Forgiveneſs in his Hand!
Thus Angels on glad Meſſages appear:
Their firſt Salute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heav'n, that cou'd conſtrain us to obey,
(With Rev'rence if we might preſume to ſay)
Seems to relax the Rights of ſov'reign Sway:
Permits to Man the Choice of Good and Ill,
And makes us Happy by our own Free-will.

PROLOGUE *to the* EARL *of* ESSEX.

(By Mr. J. BANKS. 1682.)

Spoken to the King and the Queen at their coming to the Houſe.

WHen firſt the Ark was landed on the Shore,
And Heav'n had vow'd to curſe the Ground no more;
When tops of Hills the longing Patriarch ſaw,
And the new Scene of Earth began to draw;
The Dove was ſent to view the Waves decreaſe,
And firſt brought back to Man the pledge of Peace.

'Tis

'Tis needleſs to apply, when thoſe appear,
Who bring the Olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our Eyes the Royal Dove,
Still innocent, as Harbinger to Love:
The Ark is open'd to diſmiſs the Train,
And people with a better Race the Plain.
Tell me, ye Pow'rs, why ſhou'd vain Man purſue,
With endleſs Toil, each Object that is new,
And for the ſeeming Subſtance leave the True?
Why ſhou'd he quit for hopes his certain Good,
And loath the Manna of his daily Food?
Muſt *England* ſtill the Scene of Changes be,
Toſt and tempeſtuous, like our ambient Sea?
Muſt ſtill our Weather and our Wills agree?
Without our Blood our Liberties we have:
Who that is free wou'd fight to be a Slave?
Or, what can Wars to after-times aſſure,
Of which our preſent Age is not ſecure?
All that our Monarch wou'd for us ordain,
Is but t' enjoy the Bleſſings of his Reign.
Our Land's an *Eden*, and the Main's our Fence,
While we preſerve our State of Innocence:
That loſt, then Beaſts their brutal force employ,
And firſt their Lord, and then themſelves deſtroy.
What Civil Broils have coſt, we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
And ev'ry Heart conſpire, and ev'ry Tongue,
Still to have ſuch a King, and this King long.