

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph London, 1721

Epilogue to the British Enchanters.

urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53615

EPILOGUE

to the BRITISH ENCHANTERS. *

THEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe, Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow, While lift'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd, The foft musician in a moving shade. That this night's strains the same success may find, The force of Magick is to Musick join'd: Where founding strings and artful voices fail, The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail. Let fage Urganda wave the circling wand On barren mountains, or a waste of sand, The defart fmiles; the woods begin to grow, The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull fights in the same landscape mixt, Scenes of Still life, and points for ever fix'd, A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow, And pall the fense with one continu'd show: But as our two Magicians try their skill, The vision varies, tho' the place stands still,

* A Dramatick Poem written by the Lord Lansdown.

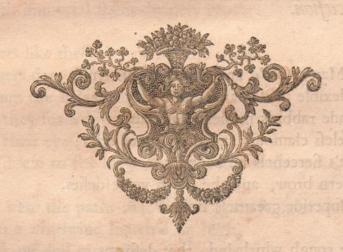
While



POEMS on Several Occasions. 143

While the same spot its gaudy form renews, Shifting the prospect to a thousand views. Thus (without Unity of place transgrest) Th' Enchanter turns the Critick to a jest.

But howfoe'er, to please your wand'ring eyes, Bright objects disappear and brighter rise: There's none can make amends for lost delight, While from that Circle we divert your sight.



HORACE,