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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, with the Tragedy of Cato.
Nov. 1714.

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To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the
P R I N C E S S of *W A L E S*,

With the Tragedy of *C A T O*. Nov. 1714.

THE Muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
 Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inspir'd,
 And, boldly rising for *Britannia's* laws,
 Engaged great *Cato* in her country's cause,
 On You submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
 By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
 And all the glories, that our age adorn,
 Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
 A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
 But boast her royal progeny's increase,
 And count the pledges of her future peace.
 O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
 While you, fair **P R I N C E S S**, in your Off-spring smile
 Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
 Each heavenly Daughter's triumphs we preface;
 Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
 And pity Monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.

VOL. I.

D d d

Thou

Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
 Whom *Albion*, opening wide her arms, requires,
 With manly valour and attractive air
 Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
 O *England's* younger hope! in whom conspire
 The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire!
 For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race
 Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
 Some *Carolina*, to heaven's dictates true,
 Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,
 Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
 And slight th' Imperial diadem for thee.

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
 The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
 Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
 Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress:
 To milder sounds each Muse shall tune the lyre,
 And gratitude, and faith to Kings inspire,
 And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
 And sooth the madding factions into peace;
 Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
 And teach the nation their new Monarch's praise,
 Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
 And *Cesar's* power with *Cato's* virtue join'd.

Mean-while, bright PRINCESS, who, with graceful ease
 And native majesty, are form'd to please,
 Behold those Arts with a propitious eye,
 That suppliant to their great protectress fly!
 Then shall they triumph, and the *British* stage
 Improve her manners, and refine her rage,

More

More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from you.

Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse:
The deathless Muse with undiminisht rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:
To *Gloriana Waller's* harp was strung;
The Queen still shines, because the Poet sung.
Even all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find;
(Content our short-lived praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,)
Unless some Poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

