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### **The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.**

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his picture of the King.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53615](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-53615)

T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

O N H I S

P I C T U R E of the K I N G.

**K**NELLER, with silence and surprize  
 We see *Britannia's* Monarch rise,  
 A godlike form, by thee display'd  
 In all the force of light and shade ;  
 And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,  
 As in the presence-chamber stand.

The magick of thy art calls forth  
 His secret soul and hidden worth,  
 His probity and mildness shows,  
 His care of friends, and scorn of foes :  
 In every stroke, in every line,  
 Does some exalted virtue shine,  
 And *Albion's* happiness we trace  
 Through all the features of his face.

O may I live to hail the day,  
 When the glad nation shall survey  
 Their Sov'raign, through his wide command,  
 Passing in progress o'er the land!  
 Each heart shall bend, and every voice  
 In loud applauding shouts rejoice,  
 Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,  
 And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

This image on the medal placed,  
 With its bright round of titles graced,  
 And stamp't on *British* coins shall live,  
 To richest ores the value give,  
 Or, wrought within the curious mould,  
 Shape and adorn the running gold.  
 To bear this form, the genial Sun  
 Has daily, since his course begun,  
 Rejoiced the metal to refine,  
 And ripen'd the *Peruvian* mine.

Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble pride,  
 The foremost of thy art, hast vie'd  
 With nature in a generous strife,  
 And touch'd the canvas into life.  
 Thy pencil has, by Monarchs sought,  
 From reign to reign in ermine wrought,  
 And, in their robes of state array'd,  
 The Kings of half an age display'd.

Here swarthy *Charles* appears, and there  
 His Brother with dejected air:  
 Triumphant *Nassau* here we find,  
 And with him bright *Maria* join'd;  
 There

There *Anna*, great as when she sent'st hail  
 Her armies through the continent,  
 E'er yet her Hero was disgrac't:  
 O may fam'd *Brunswick* be the last,  
 (Though heaven should with my wish agree,  
 And long preserve thy art in thee)  
 The last, the happiest *British* King,  
 Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise *Phidias*, thus his skill to prove,  
 Through many a God advanced to *Jove*,  
 And taught the polisht rocks to shine  
 With airs and lineaments divine;  
 'Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,  
 Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great *Pan*, who went to chase the fair,  
 And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;  
 Old *Saturn* too with up-cast eyes  
 Beheld his abdicated skies;  
 And mighty *Mars*, for war renown'd,  
 In adamantin armour frown'd;  
 By him the childless goddess rose,  
*Minerva*, studious to compose  
 Her twisted threads; the webb she strung,  
 And o'er a loom of marble hung:  
*Thetis* the troubled ocean's Queen,  
 Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,  
 Reclining on a funeral urn,  
 Her short-liv'd darling Son to mourn.  
 The last was he, whose thunder slew  
 The *Titan*-race, a rebel crew,

That

That from a hundred hills ally'd  
In impious leagues their King defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand  
Produced, his art was at a stand:  
For who would hope new fame to raise,  
Or risque his well-establish'd praise,  
That, his high genius to approve,  
Had drawn a *GEORGE*, or carv'd a *Jove*!



POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

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