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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

London, 1721

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Warwick, &c.

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veral years. I cannot, without the utmost tenderness, reflect on the kind concern, with which Mr. *Addison* left Me as a sort of incumbrance upon this valuable legacy. Nor must I deny my-self the honour to acknowledge, that the goodness of that great man to me, like many other of his amiable qualities, seem'd not so much to be renewed as continued in his successor; who made me an example, that nothing could be indifferent to him, which came recommended by Mr. *Addison*.

Could any circumstance be more severe to me, while I was executing these last commands of the Author, than to see the person, to whom his works were presented, cut off in the flower of his age, and carried from the high office wherein he had succeeded Mr. *Addison*, to be laid next him in the same grave! I might dwell upon such thoughts, as naturally rise from these minute resemblances in the fortune of two persons, whose names probably will be seldom mentioned asunder, while either our language or story subsist, were I not afraid of making this preface too tedious; especially since I shall want all the patience of the reader, for having enlarged it with the following verses.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

EARL of *WARWICK*, &c.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to *Addison* unpaid;
Blame not her silence, *Warwick*, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.

What

*What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
 Slow comes the verse, that real woe inspires:
 Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.*

*Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
 My soul's best part for-ever to the grave!
 How silent did his old companions tread,
 By mid-night lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
 What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
 The duties by the lawn-robe'd prelate pay'd;
 And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend,
 Oh gone for-ever, take this long adieu;
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu!*

*To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine,
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart;
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
 My griefs be doubled, from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee.*

Oft let me range the gloomy Iles alone
 (Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show
 What worthies form the hallow'd mold below:
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
 In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
 And saints, who taught, and led, the way to heaven.
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?
 A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
 From world to world unweari'd does he fly?
 Or curious trace the long laborious maze
 Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
 Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
 How Michael battel'd, and the Dragon fell?
 Or, mixt with milder Cherubim, to glow
 In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
 Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
 To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend!

When

When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
 In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from Ill a frail and feeble heart;
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trode before,
 'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye heavens decree,
 Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me)
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
 If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
 I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
 'Twas there of Just and Good he reason'd strong,
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
 There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe;
 There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!

How

How sweet the gloomes beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more,
 No more the summer in thy gloomes allay'd,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
 Some refuge in the muse's art I found:
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing,
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
 Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid
 To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring Sage convey'd,
 Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
 Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
 In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell.
 Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

THO. TICKELI.