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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph London, 1721

To Mr. Dryden.

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To Mr. DRYDEN.



OW long, great Poet, shall thy sacred Lays

Provoke our Wonder, and transcend our Praise?

Can neither injuries of Time, or Age,

Damp thy Poetick Heat, and quench thy Rage?

Not fo thy Ovid in his Exile wrote,

Grief chill'd his Breast, and check'd his rising Thought; Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays

The Roman Genius in its last Decays.

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4 POEMS on several Occasions.

Prevailing Warmth has still thy mind possest,
And second Youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgit's Majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in Thee.
Thou teachest Persus to inform our isle
In smoother Numbers, and a clearer Stile;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his Satyr, and improves his Rage.
Thy Copy casts a fairer Light on all,
And still out-shines the bright Original.

Now Ovid boasts th' Advantage of thy Song,
And tells his Story in the British tongue;
Thy charming Verse, and fair Translations, show
How thy own Laurel first began to grow;
How wild Lycaon chang'd by angry Gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the Woods.

O mayst thou still the noble Task prolong,
Nor Age, nor Sickness interrupt thy song:
Then may we wondering read, how Human Limbs
Have water'd Kingdoms, and dissolv'd in Streams;
Of those rich Fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into Gold:
How some in Feathers, or a ragged Hide,
Have liv'd a Second life, and different Natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A Nobler Change than he himself can tell.

Mag. Coll. Oxon, June 2. 1693.

The Author's age 22.

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The Roman Genius in its last Decays.