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The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Juvenile Poems - with his last corrections, additions, and improvements, as they were delivered to the editor a little before his death

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

Recommendatory Poems

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On Mr. P O P E and his *Poems*,

By His G R A C E

J O H N S H E F F I E L D,

Duke of B U C K I N G H A M.

W I T H Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness
tir'd,

Caring for nothing but what Ease requir'd ;
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
And from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port ;
I little thought of launching forth agen, 5
Amidst advent'rous Rovers of the Pen ;
And after so much undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme ; 10
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n *Homer* blam'd !

But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,

Poets are bound a loud applause to pay; 15
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
As the great *ILIAD*, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend. 20
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all desert in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some mens ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praise.

To Mr. P O P E, on his *Pastorals*.

IN these more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A Muse sincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found 5
Art strength'ning Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound.
Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear: 10

Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull;
So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
As smoothest speech is most deceitful found, 15
The smoothest numbers oft are empty found.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too:
Your strains are regularly bold, and please }
With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease, 20 }
With proper thoughts, and lively images:
Such as by Nature to the Ancients shown,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great mens fashions to be follow'd are,
Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear. 25
Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
Arcadia speaks the language of the *Mall*;
Like some fair Shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse,
Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce;
And the true measure of the shepherd's wit 30
Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:
Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common swain's be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the Players dress
In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess; 35

Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruffet of the fwain.
Your rural Muse appears to justify
The long lost graces of Simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our sense 40
With virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her Modesty those charms conceal'd,
'Till by mens Envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits industrious to their trouble seem,
And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45
Live and enjoy their spite ! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if *Virgil* liv'd, on *Virgil* wait ;
Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight ;
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight ;
So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr. P O P E, on his *Windfor-Forest*.

HA I L, sacred Bard ! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak *Atlantic* shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And *Windfor's* gay retreat becomes our own.

The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5

And *India* pour'd her gaudy treasures here :

A various spoil adorn'd our naked land, }
The pride of *Persia* glitter'd on our strand, }
And *China's* Earth was cast on common sand: }

Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10

And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the paint-

ed bay,

Thy treasures next arriv'd : and now we boast

A nobler cargo on our barren coast :

From thy luxuriant Forest we receive

More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,

What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!

The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,

Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.

Nor half so true the fair *Lodona* shows 20

The sylvan state that on her border grows,

While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains

With a new *Windsor* in her wat'ry plains ;

Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,

The living scene is in the Muse's glass. 25

Nor sweeter notes the echoing Forests chear,

When *Philomela* fits and warbles there,

Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades :

A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the Music too. 31

With vast variety thy pages shine ;
A new creation starts in ev'ry line.

How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night !

And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains !
And see ! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom : 40
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the Man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields in-
spire !

Thrice happy you ! and worthy best to dwell 45
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.

I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Western beach attempt to chime.

O joyless flood ! O rough tempestuous main ! 50
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene !

Snatch me, ye Gods ! from these *Atlantic* shores,
And shelter me in *Windsor's* fragrant bow'rs ;
Or to my much-lov'd *Ifis'* walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55

Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green :
Where sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Classic store, 60
And made that Music which was noise before.

There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the soft abode. 65

The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day :
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.

Even I essay'd to touch the trembling string : 70
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing ?

Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding
strain,

I rise, and wander thro' the field or plain ;

Led by thy Muse from sport to sport I run,
 Mark the stretch'd Line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
 Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy 76
 On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie;
 His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
 And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by, 80 }
 But while the prancing steed allures my eye, }
 He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly }
 O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
 Nor can the rapid fight pursue the flying horse.
 Oh cou'd thy *Virgil* from his orb look down, 85
 He'd view a courser that might match his own!
 Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse *Lodona's* melting tale?
 The soft complaint shall over time prevail; 90
 The Tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
 The Nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old *Thames!* forbear to shine,
 At once the subject and the song divine.

Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britons* more
 Than all their shouts for Victory before. 96

Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy stream,
 The world should tremble at her awful name:

From various springs divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tyde, 100
Murmur along their crooked banks awhile,
At once they murmur and enrich the Isle,
A while distinct thro' many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one ;
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names, 105
And make one glorious, and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

To Mr. P O P E,

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on H O M E R.

W H E N *Phæbus*, and the nine harmonious
maids,
Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades ;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear ?
Reply'd the God ; " Your loftiest notes employ, 5
" To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*."
The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse ;
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse ?
He answer'd with a frown ; " I now reveal
" A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal : 10

“ Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
“ I warbled to the Lyre that fav’rite tale,
“ Which, unobserv’d, a wand’ring *Greek* and blind,
“ Heard me repeat, and treasur’d in his mind;
“ And fir’d with thirst of more than mortal praise,
“ From me, the God of Wit, usurp’d the bays.
“ But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
“ Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
“ Yet when my Arts shall triumph in the West,
“ And the white Isle with female pow’r is blest;
“ Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there, 21
“ And the Translator’s Palm to me transfer.
“ With less regret my claim I now decline,
“ The World will think his *English Iliad* mine.”

E. FENTON.

To Mr. P O P E.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The Learn’d to show, the Sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the Friend;
What life, what vigour must the lines require? 5
What Music tune them, what Affection fire?

O might thy Genius in my bosom shine ;
Thou should'ft not fail of numbers worthy thine ;
The brightest Ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10

Horace himself would own thou dost excell
In candid arts to play the Critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame
Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream :
On silver feet, with annual Osier crown'd, 15
She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,
Made by thy Muse the Envy of the Fair ?
Less shone the tresses Ægypt's Princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds ;
Belles war with Beaux, and Whims descend for Gods.
The new Machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the Chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
The Graces stand in fight ; a Satire-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldest wits
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits ; 30

And fits in measures such as Virgil's Muse
 To place thee near him, might be fond to chuse,
 How might he tune th'alternate reed with thee,
 Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he ;
 While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize.
 Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
 Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
 Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail ! 40
 Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head :
 Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze !
 Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring, 45
 Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.
 In English lays, and all sublimely great,
 Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat ;
 He shines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50
 Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne ;
 In all the Majesty of Greek retir'd,
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd ;

His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,
When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, *The mines were here*: 60
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs!
How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines!
Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song --- O softly tread,
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my Friend -- and when a friend inspires,
My silent harp its master's hand requires,
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground:

Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning --- very far from thee. 80
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood, 85
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
A Friend delight me, and an Author please;
Ev'n here I sing, when POPE supplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.

To Mr. P O P E.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic Feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals; subject to death's total sway, 5
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which Worth alone can raise:

Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust : 10
Nor 'till the volumes of th'expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die :
Then sink together in the world's last fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead,
Shakespear, rejoice ! his hand thy page refines ;
Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines ;
Just to thy Fame, he gives thy genuine thought ;
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote ; 20
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael ! time
invades,
And the bold figure from the canvass fades,
A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25
Some latent grace, and equals art with art ;
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire ? 30

This you beheld ; and taught by heav'n to sing,
 Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
 Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
 Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
 Tow'rs o'er the field of death ; as fierce he turns,
 Keen flash his arms, and all the Hero burns ; 36
 With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
 He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight :
 Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
 Start at the din that rends th'infernal shores, 40
 Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
 To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay ;
 Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play ;
 Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45
 Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies ;
 Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
 The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
 Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
 You paint the vale, or gild the azure way ; 50
 And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
 Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.
 Proceed, great Bard ! awake th'harmonious string,
 Be ours all Homer ! still Ulysses sing.

How long^a that Hero, by unskilful hands, 55
Strip'd of his robes, a Beggar trod our lands?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head; 60
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
'Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire: 70
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like theirs, our Friendship! and I boast my name,
To thine united --- for thy Friendship's Fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75
While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,

^a *Odyssey*, lib. xvi.

To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies:
Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th'unerring laws: 80
Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend;
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

To Mr. P O P E,

On the publishing his WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his Car.
Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,
First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5
Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God. 10

But hark what shouts, what gath'ring crouds
rejoice !

Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
Such as th'Ambitious vainly think their due,
When Prostitutes, or needy Flatt'ers sue.
And see the Chief ! before him laurels born ; 15
Trophies from undeserving temples torn ;
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age ;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream :
The GRACES these ; and see how they contend,
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The Chariot now the painful steep ascends,
The Pæans cease ; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands : 30
Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuse,
What laurell'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse ?

Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though ev'ry Laurel thro' the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic, down to those that shade
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid) 36
Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
" Sweet to the World, and grateful to the skies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

To Mr. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMmortal Bard! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of th'Aonian Grove;
Preserv'd, our drooping Genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night, 5
The darken'd Age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient Wit;
For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their Glory, and their Virtue lost; 10

From Tyrants, and from Priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove ;
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire, 15
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where cheer'd with summer rays
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's un auspicious reign, 20
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove,
 Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of Fate :
Not that Barbarian hands her Fasces broke, 25
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown ;
But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30
That there the source of Science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.
 Illustrious Names ! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct, and to command Mankind ;

Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And Poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd !
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;
Oft kifs, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ; 40
Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
While with th'inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45
Beheld the Poet's awful Form arise :
Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his Master bear : 50

Great Bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
Near Me and Homer thou aspire to fit,
No more let meaner Satire dim the rays 55
That flow majestic from thy nobler Bays ;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;

(xxxiii)

Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine. 60

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting Column to thy Country's Praise,
To sing the Land, which yet alone can boast
That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid, 65
And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's shade.
Such was the Theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the People whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
Dauntless opposers of Tyrannic Sway,
But pleas'd, a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire, 75
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lays,
And join the Patriot's to the Poet's Praise.

GEORGE LYTTTELTON.

† C

(Verse)
Nor, when each for engaging thus begins
Address the best attributes of the Mine
Of these more worthy were the task to raise
A lasting Column to thy Country's Fame
To fix the Lead, which yet alone can haul
That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost
Where Science in the arms of Peace is hid
And please her Father's Name to be
Such was the Theme for which we first began
Such was the People who we chose to sing
Brave yet retired, for Arms and Arts renown'd
Which hasten here to show the first to stand
Dangers operators of Tyrannic Power
But please'd, a mild Ancestor to adore
If these commands forbids that we receive
Immortal and unshak'd thy name shall live
Nay to black Coercion shall retire
And howl with Furies in tormenting air
Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lay
And join the Patrie to the Post's Fame

GEORGE LITTLETON

