



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 Miscellaneous Pieces In Verse and Prose

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

To Mr. Jervas, with Mr. Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's art of Painting.

Nutzungsbedingungen

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E P I S T L E

To Mr. J E R V A S,

With Mr. D R Y D E N ' s Translation of
F R E S N O Y ' s Art of Painting.

THIS Verse be thine, my friend, nor thou
refuse

This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.

Whether thy hand strike out some free design,

Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;

Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass, 5

And from the canvas call the mimic face :

Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire

Fresnoy's close Art, and Dryden's native Fire :

And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,

So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name ; 10

Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,

So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

NOTES.

Epist. to Mr. Jervas.] This Epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717. P.

Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came,
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
 Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15
 And each from each contract new strength and
 light.

How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
 While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away?
 How oft' our slowly-growing works impart,
 While Images reflect from art to art? 20
 How oft review; each finding like a friend
 Something to blame, and something to commend?

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy
 wrought,

Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
 Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25
 Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.

With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
 Or wait inspiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:
 With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
 Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade: 30

While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
 And builds imaginary Rome a-new,
 Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye;
 A fading Fresco here demands a sigh:

Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare, 35
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
 Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
 This small, well-polish'd Gem, the * work of years!
 Yet still how faint by precept is express 41
 The living image in the painter's breast?
 Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
 Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies 45
 An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that Name thy sacred sorrows shed,
 Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
 Call round her Tomb each object of desire,
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire: 50
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
 Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
 Her modest cheek shall warm a future age. 56

NOTES.

* Fresnoy employed above twenty Years in finishing his Poem. P.

Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years:
 Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprize,
 And other Beauties envy Worsley's eyes; 60
 Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
 And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those Colours may they shine,
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
 New graces yearly like thy works display, 65
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
 Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
 And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains.
 The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70
 Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
 And breath an air divine on ev'ry face;
 Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
 With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgwater vie, 75
 And these be sung 'till Granville's Myra die:
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
 Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.