

98 Euterpe: *The Lyrick Muse*, &c.

Thus Sins nick-nam'd speak the infernal Saint,
Whose shining Robes are tawdry Cloaths and Paint.
Extravagance and Cheats you mark for Wit,
Thou abstract of Contention, Fraud and Spite.
If *Socrates* could have made choise of thee,
Thou woult'st have baffled his Philosophy,
And earn'd his Patience to a Lunacy.

The restless Waters of the raging Sea,
Are a serene and halcion Stream to thee:
They keep their Banks and sometimes can be still,
Thou art all Tempest, know'st no bounds in Ill.
Pride, Lust, Contention, reign and yet repine,
Vesuvius Noise and Flame has less of Hell than thine.

Euterpe: *The Lyrick Muse*, On the
Death of John Dryden, Esq;

An O D E.

I.

I Soft *Euterpe*, sweetest of the Nine,
The most Inspiring, and the most Divine,
By my own Lyre rais'd to extatick Joy

Full

Euterpe

Full of kind
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But now, like h

Lyrick Muse, &c.
Speak the infernal Saint,
Crawdry Cloaths and Paint,
You mark for Wit,
Treason, Fraud and Spite.
Wide choise of thee,
Hed his Philosophy,
O a Lunacy.

The raging Sea,
Stream to thee:
And sometimes can be still,
Know'st no bounds in Ill.
reign and yet repine,
e has less of Hell than thine

Lyrick Muse, On the
in Dryden, Esq;

O D E.

I.

test of the *Nine*,
and the most Divine,
rais'd to extatick Joy

Euterpe: *The Lyrick Muse, &c.* 99

Full of kind Influence expecting fate,
When tuneful *Dryden* would my Aid implore,
Who with gay Transports did my Gifts employ,
And meanest Thoughts above my Notes did soar.
But strait a dismal, and unwelcome Sound,
Fill'd all th' Æthereal Courts around,

Great Dryden is no more.

But like the common things in mortal State,
Lost in th' impartial Gulf of an inevitable Fate,
At the dread News Grief all my Lustre veil'd,
I broke my harmonious *Harp* and *Lute*,
Threw by my softning ever-charming Flute,
Not the least glympse of Joy appears,
No radiant Nymphs about my Pallace wait,
Nor drink I any *Nectar* but my Tears.

II.

I with profoundest Cause, and Sorrow mourn,

Over my *Dryden's* sacred Urn:

He was my greatest Glory, only boast,
Through him I let ungrateful Mankind know,
What mighty Wonders I could do,

But now, like him, to the inferior World I'm lost.

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I taught

100 Euterpe: *The Lyrick Muse, &c.*

I taught Him all the softer Airs of Love,
And Anthems so divine; he'll find the same above,
With an auspicious Pride I did dispense

My mighty Favours, when *He* did implore,

From my pregnant unexhausted Store,

Of tuneful Fancies, and harmonious Sense.

When I with gentle Fire have warm'd the Breast,

The Soul with pleasing Raptures blest,

The sacred Flame in ev'ry part does shine.

The *Product*, like the *Source*, is all divine,

Poetry's not th' effect of Art, or Wine, or Love,

Tho' *They* sometimes the Gift improve,

Nor is the warmth that Poets Breasts inspire,

Vinum Dæmonum, but Celestial Fire.

A God-like Ray enlightning from above;

As decent Measures, regular Motions be

Through all the tuneful Universe,

And speak in all a glorious Harmony,

Ev'n to the mystick Numbers of melodious Verse

Are of th' intellectual World the sacred Symmetry

Dryden

Euterpe:

Dryden I chose

His Soul with *A*

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His Verse

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The much desir

In ev'ry Line

Like *OV I D*

Orpheus magnetic

All Rage, unless

Above 'em a

Glory of B

Which tho'

the softer Airs of Love,
he'll find the same above
I did dispense

when *He* did implore,
exhausted Store,
and harmonious Sense.

we have warm'd the Breast,
Raptures blest,

'ry part does shine.

the *Source*, is all divine,

of Art, or Wine, or Love

is the Gift improve,

that Poets Breasts inspire,

but Celestial Fire.

spring from above;

gular Motions be

useful Universe,

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Numbers of melodious Verse

World the sacred Symmetry

Dryden

III.

Dryden I chose of all the tuneful Throng,
His Soul with Ardour fill'd fit for immortal Song;
Lea'n'd him all Lyrick Arts of Poetry,

Such as might with Celestial Notes agree;

Which his Industry did improve,

In Celebrations, Elegies and Love,

And ev'ry Theme which his commanding Pen
(would try

With strength of Judgment, and profoundest Sense,

With sparkling Wit, gay Fancy, Eloquence,

His Verse did all abound:

In him alone was found

The much desir'd, aim'd at Excellence.

In ev'ry Line magnificent or sweet,

Like *OV I D* soft, or else like *V I R G I L* great.

Orpheus magnetick Harp less Pow'r cou'd boast,

All *Rage*, unless in *Love* when e'er he sung was lost.

Above'em all he rais'd his matchless Lays,

Glory of *Britain*, and Wits Empire too,

Which tho' the Subjects are but Few,

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Did

102 Euterpe: *The Lyrick Muse*, &c.

Did justly wreath him with deserved Bays:

The verdant Diadem which Laureats Crown,
Ne'er look'd so fresh as when he put it on,
Then like his Lines with Godlike-lustre shone.

IV.

With a Superior and victorious Grace

The sacred Place,

He did almost unenvy'd assume,

I, pleas'd to see the Branches spread

O're his triumphant Head,

From th' *Helicon* Spring

Did Water bring,

Sprinkled them oft that they might ever bloom.

But, oh! they could not stand the Rage,

Of an ill-natur'd and Lethargick Age,

Who spight of *Wit* wou'd *stupidly* be Wise,

All noble Raptures, Extracies despise,

And only Plodders after Sense will Prize.

They from his meritorious Brow

Th' exalted Laurel tear,

Which none but he could justly wear,

And He must suffer *Abdication* too.

With

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I *stupidly* be Wise,

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V.

With Him they did suppress all lofty flights of Poe-
 All melting Airs, and rapt'ring Harmony, (try.
 But this Revenge, let Mankind take from me.

If any dare on *Dryden's* Death to Write,
 Not to express their Grief, but shew their Wit,
 I the ambitious Purpose will Reverse,

Deny my Aid,

And so shall each inspiring Maid.

Resolving ungrateful Man that could con-

Such noble Excellence in Him. (temn

Shall never more the Blessing know,

We'll ne'r again our Influence bestow.

Tho' 'tis pretended to adorn his Herse.

(Unless the generous *Montague* implore,

Then in him shall all our Glories shine as

(heretofore.)

But to express our own immortal Love,

We'll Solemnize Great *Dryden's* Obsequies

(above,

Our Grief such Emphasis shall bear,

As no Corporeal Organs can declare,

And one Eternal Sigh spread thro' the Extended

(Air,

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