

Terpichore: *A Lyrick Muse, On the
Death of John Dryden, Esq; ex-
tempore.*

JUST as the Gods were listning to my Strains,
And thousand Loves danc'd o're the Æthereal
Plains;

With my own radiant Hair my Harp I strung,
And in glad Consort all my Sisters Sung;

An universal Harmony above,

Inspir'd us all with Gaiety and Love.

A horrid Sound dash'd our immortal Mirth,

Wasted by Sighs, from the unlucky Earth.

(Who'd think celestial Forms should Sorrows

Or sympathize with sad Events below? (know,

But by our great immortal Selves we do.

For when the loud unwelcome Message spread,

With dismal Accents tuneful, *Dryden's* dead,

All our gay Joys in haste affrighted fled.

A sullen Gloom seiz'd all the Gods around,

My feeble Hand no more the Lyre could found:

And all the soft young Loves with drooping Wings,

Lisp't their Concern, and my neglected Strings;

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Trembl'd themselves into a mournful Air,
Then Sight and Husht into a sad Despair.

There let them ever unreguarded lye,

Apollo's too, do's cease its Harmony.

He with us sacred Nymphs profusely Mourns,

With us the least desire of Respite scorns;

Intire eternal Grief our Beings seize

For him who best could us and Mankind please.

Great *Dryden*, in whose vast capacious Mind,

Our utmost Pow'r did fit Reception find;

VVhich Favours he did generously dispense,

Joy'd the glad VVorld with his amazing Sense,

And like us too diffus'd his Influence;

His Genius would such Inspiration bear,

That his Illustrious Lines did not appear

As if our Product, but our Selves were there.

Mourn ye forsaken VVorlds, you'l ne're again

Be blest with so Divine, so great a Swain.

In you no more let tuneful Mirth be found,

The very Spheres shall cease their wonted Sound,

And every Orb stop its harmonious round:

All Nature hush as if intranc't she lay,

Sunk in old Chaos e'er the inlight'ning Ray

Of Heaven awak'd her in the first-born Day.

VVith

The Platonick.

With such still Horrour let's our sorrows bear,
 Left Sighs in time, harmonious should appear.
 If e'er to write again is Man's intent,
 (Uncall'd on let us silently lament,)
 And take his Works, for an Eternal President,

The Platonick.

PReposterous Fate, let me accuse thee now,
 (What means this Mirtle on the Cypress
 bough;) Ah! why thus treacherously in Friendship dress,
 Hast thou to Love, betray'd my unwearied Breast?
Amintor's latest Breath did recommend,
 Me to the care of his once dearest Friend;
 We the kind fatal Orders did pursue,
 And for his sake I strove to Love him too:
 Methoughts *Amintor* did his Thanks Proclaim,
 Look'd down and smil'd, and authoriz'd my Flame.
 Bid me my greatest Favours there bestow,
 Where he lov'd best (excepting me) below;
 But my ill Fate, th' obedient purpose cross'd,
 Duty was soon in Inclination lost;

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