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THE POEMS AND
FABLES OF
JOHN DRYDEN

EDITED BY

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To my Friend Mr. J. Northleigh,

Author of the Parallel.

On his Triumph of the British Monarchy

So *Joseph* yet a youth, expounded well
 The bodcing Dream, and did th' event foretell,
 Judg'd by the past, and drew the Parallel.
 Thus early *Solomon* the Truth explor'd,
 The Right awarded, and the Babe restor'd.
 Thus *Daniel*, e're to Prophecy he grew,
 The perjurd Presbyters did first subdue,
 And freed *Susannab* from the canting Crew.
 Well may our Monarchy Triumphant stand
 While warlike *JAMES* protects both Sea and Land,
 And under covert of his sev'n-fold shield,
 Thou send'st thy shafts to scowre the distant Field.
 By Law thy powerful Pen has set us free,
 Thou study'st that, and that may study thee.

To the Pious Memory
Of the Accomplisht Young LADY

Mrs Anne Killigrew,
Excellent in the two Sister-Arts of
Poësie, and Painting.

An ODE

I
 THOU Youngest Virgin-Daughter of the Skies,
 Made in the last Promotion of the Blest;
 Whose Palmes, new pluckt from Paradise,
 In spreading Branches more sublimely rise,
 Rich with Immortal Green above the rest:
 Whether, adopted to some Neighbouring Star,

To my Friend, &c. Text from The Triumph of Our Monarchy, 1685
To the Pious Memory, &c. Text from Poems by Mrs Anne Killigrew, 1686, collated with
Examen Poeticum, 1693

Thou rol'st above us, in thy wand'ring Race,
 Or, in Procession fixt and regular,
 Mov'd with the Heavens Majestick Pace;
 Or, call'd to more Superiour Bliss,
 Thou tread'st, with Seraphims, the vast Abyss:
 What ever happy Region is thy place,
 Cease thy Celestial Song a little space;
 (Thou wilt have Time enough for Hymns Divine;
 Since Heav'ns Eternal Year is thine.)
 Hear then a Mortal Muse thy Praise rehearse,
 In no ignoble Verse;
 But such as thy own voice did practise here,
 When thy first Fruits of Poesie were giv'n;
 To make thy self a welcome Inmate there:
 While yet a young Probationer,
 And Candidate of Heav'n.

II

If by Traduction came thy Mind,
 Our Wonder is the less to find
 A Soul so charming from a Stock so good;
 Thy Father was transfus'd into thy Blood:
 So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
 (An early, rich, and inexhausted Vain.)
 But if thy Præexisting Soul
 Was form'd, at first, with Myriads more,
 It did through all the Mighty Poets roul,
 Who *Greek* or *Latine* Laurels wore,
 And was that *Sappho* last, which once it was before.
 If so, then cease thy flight, O *Heav'n-born Mind!*
 Thou hast no Dross to purge from thy Rich Ore:
 Nor can thy Soul a fairer Mansion find,
 Than was the Beauteous Frame she left behind:
 Return, to fill or mend the Quire, of thy Celestial kind.

III

May we presume to say, that at thy Birth,
 New joy was sprung in Heav'n, as well as here on Earth.

of Mrs Anne Killigrew

For sure the Milder Planets did combine
 On thy Auspicious Horoscope to shine,
 And ev'n the most Malicious were in Trine.
 Thy Brother-Angels at thy Birth
 Strung each his Lyre, and tun'd it high, 45
 That all the People of the Skie
 Might know a Poetess was born on Earth.
 And then if ever, Mortal Ears
 Had heard the Musick of the Spheres!
 And if no clust'ring Swarm of Bees 50
 On thy sweet Mouth distill'd their golden Dew,
 'Twas that, such vulgar Miracles,
 Heav'n had not Leasure to renew:
 For all the Blest Fraternity of Love
 Solemniz'd there thy Birth, and kept thy Holyday above. 55

IV

O Gracious God! How far have we
 Prophan'd thy Heav'nly Gift of Poesy?
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose Harmony was first ordain'd Above 60
 For Tongues of Angels, and for Hymns of Love?
 O wretched We! why were we hurry'd down
 This lubrique and adult'rate age,
 (Nay added fat Pollutions of our own)
 T' increase the steaming Ordures of the Stage? 65
 What can we say t' excuse our *Second Fall*?
 Let this thy *Vestal*, Heav'n, atone for all!
 Her *Arethusian* Stream remains unsoil'd,
 Unmixt with Forreign Filth, and undefil'd,
 Her Wit was more than Man, her Innocence a Child! 70

V

Art she had none, yet wanted none:
 For Nature did that Want supply,
 So rich in Treasures of her Own,
 She might our boasted Stores defy:
 Such Noble Vigour did her Verse adorn, 75
 That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.

To the Pious Memory

Her Morals too were in her Bosome bred
 By great Examples daily fed,
 What in the best of Books, her Fathers Life, she read.
 And to be read her self she need not fear, 80
 Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will bear,
 Though *Epictetus* with his Lamp were there.
 Ev'n Love (for Love sometimes her Muse exprest)
 Was but a *Lambent-flame* which play'd about her Brest:
 Light as the Vapours of a Morning Dream, 85
 So cold herself, whilst she such Warmth exprest,
 'Twas *Cupid* bathing in *Diana's* Stream.

VI

Born to the Spacious Empire of the *Nine*,
 One would have thought, she should have been content
 To manage well that Mighty Government: 90
 But what can young ambitious Souls confine?
 To the next Realm she stretcht her Sway,
 For *Painture* neer adjoining lay,
 A plenteous Province, and alluring Prey. 95
 A *Chamber of Dependences* was fram'd,
 (As Conquerors will never want Pretence,
 When arm'd, to justifie the Offence)
 And the whole Fief, in right of Poetry she claim'd.
 The Country open lay without Defence:
 For Poets frequent In-rides there had made, 100
 And perfectly could represent
 The Shape, the Face, with ev'ry Lineament;
 And all the large Demains which the *Dumb-sister* sway'd,
 All bow'd beneath her Government,
 Receiv'd in Triumph wheresoe're she went. 105
 Her Pencil drew, what e're her Soul design'd,
 And oft the happy Draught surpass'd the Image in her Mind.
 The *Sylvan* Scenes of Herds and Flocks,
 And fruitful Plains and barren Rocks,
 Of shallow Brooks that flow'd so clear, 110
 The Bottom did the Top appear;
 Of deeper too and ampler Flouds,
 Which as in Mirrors, shew'd the Woods;
 Of lofty Trees with Sacred Shades,

And Perspectives of pleasant Glades, 115
 Where Nymphs of brightest Form appear,
 And shaggy Satyrs standing neer,
 Which them at once admire and fear.
 The Ruines too of some Majestick Piece,
 Boasting the Pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece, 120
 Whose Statues, Freezes, Columns broken lie,
 And though deface't, the Wonder of the Eie,
 What Nature, Art, bold Fiction e're durst frame,
 Her forming Hand gave Feature to the Name.
 So strange a Concourse ne're was seen before, 125
 But when the peopl'd Ark the whole Creation bore.

VII

The Scene then chang'd, with bold Erected Look
 Our Martial King the sight with Reverence strook:
 For not content t' express his Outward Part,
 Her hand call'd out the Image of his Heart, 130
 His Warlike Mind, his Soul devoid of Fear,
 His High-designing Thoughts, were figur'd there,
 As when, by Magick, Ghosts are made appear.

Our Phenix Queen was portrai'd too so bright,
 Beauty alone could Beauty take so right: 135
 Her Dress, her Shape, her matchless Grace,
 Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly Face.
 With such a Peerless Majesty she stands,
 As in that Day she took the Crown from Sacred hands:
 Before a Train of Heroins was seen, 140
 In *Beauty* foremost, as in Rank, the Queen!
 Thus nothing to her *Genius* was deny'd,
 But like a Ball of Fire the further thrown,
 Still with a greater Blaze she shone,
 And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry side. 145
 What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows,
 To such Immod'rate Growth her Conquest rose,

124 Feature to 93: Shape unto 86

128 sight 93:

Eye 86

139-41 As . . . the Queen! 93: 86 has

As in that Day she took from Sacred hands
 The Crown; 'mong num'rous Heroins was seen,
 More yet in Beauty, than in Rank, the Queen!

That Fate alone its Progress could oppose.

VIII

Now all those Charms, that blooming Grace,
 The well-proportion'd Shape, and beauteous Face, 150
 Shall never more be seen by Mortal Eyes;
 In Earth the much lamented Virgin lies!
 Not Wit, nor Piety could Fate prevent;
 Nor was the cruel *Destiny* content
 To finish all the Murder at a Blow, 155
 To sweep at once her Life, and Beauty too;
 But, like a hardn'd Fellow, took a pride
 To work more Mischievously slow,
 And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
 O double Sacrilege on things Divine, 160
 To rob the Relique, and deface the Shrine!
 But thus *Orinda* dy'd:
 Heav'n, by the same Disease, did both translate,
 As equal were their Souls, so equal was their Fate.

IX

Mean time her Warlike Brother on the Seas 165
 His waving Streamers to the Winds displays,
 And vows for his Return, with vain Devotion, pays.
 Ah, Generous Youth, that Wish forbear,
 The Winds too soon will waft thee here!
 Slack all thy Sailes, and fear to come, 170
 Alas, thou know'st not, Thou art wreck'd at home!
 No more shalt thou behold thy Sisters Face,
 Thou hast already had her last Embrace.
 But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,
 Among the *Pleiad's* a New-kindl'd Star, 175
 If any sparkles, than the rest, more bright,
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious Light.

X

When in mid-Aire, the Golden Trump shall sound,
 To raise the Nations under ground;

When in the Valley of *Jebosaphat*,
 The Judging God shall close the Book of Fate;
 And there the last Assizes keep,
 For those who Wake, and those who Sleep;
 When rattling Bones together fly,
 From the four Corners of the Skie,
 When Sinews o're the Skeletons are spread,
 Those cloath'd with Flesh, and Life inspires the Dead:
 The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,
 And formost from the Tomb shall bound:
 For they are cover'd with the lightest Ground
 And streight, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing,
 Like mounting Larkes, to the New Morning sing.
 There *Thou*, Sweet Saint, before the Quire shalt go,
 As Harbinger of Heav'n, the Way to show,
 The Way which thou so well hast learn'd below.

180

185

190

195

To my Ingenious Friend, Mr. Henry Higden, Esq;

On his Translation of the Tenth

SATYR OF JUVENAL

THE *Grecian* Wits, who *Satyr* first began,
 Were Pleasant *Pasquins* on the Life of Man:
 At Mighty Villains, who the State opprest,
 They durst not Rail; perhaps, they Laugh'd at least,
 And turn'd 'em out of Office with a Jest.
 No Fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
 The *Drolls*, to clap a *Bauble* in his Hand:
 Wise *Legislators* never yet could draw
 A *Fopp* within the Reach of Common-Law;
 For Posture, Dress, Grimace, and Affectation,
 Tho' Foes to *Sence*, are Harmless to the Nation.
 Our last Redress is Dint of *Versè* to try;
 And *Satyr* is our *Court of Chancery*.
 This Way took *Horace* to reform an Age
 Not Bad enough to need an Author's Rage:

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