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 boding 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 perjur'd Presbyter's did first subdue,
And freed Susannah from the caving 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 scour 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
Poésie, 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 the Pious Memory, &c. Text from Poems by Mrs Anne Killigrew, 1686, collated with Examen Poeticum, 1693
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,
Each Test, and ev'ry Light, her Muse will bear,
Though Epicetus 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,
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:
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.
A Chamber of Dependences was fram'd,
(As Conquerors will never want Pretence,
When arm'd, to justify the Offence)
And the whole Prief, in right of Poetry she claim'd.
The Country open lay without Defence:
For Poets frequent In-rides there had made,
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'er she went.
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,
The Bottom did the Top appear;
Of deeper too and ample Flouds,
Which as in Mirrors, shew'd the Woods;
Of lofty Trees with Sacred Shades,
And Perspectives of pleasant Glades,
Where Nymphs of brightest Form appear,
And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The Ruines too of some Majestick Piece,
Boasting the Pow' of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whose Statues, Freezes, Columns broken lie;
And though deface'd, the Wonder of the Ear.
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,
But when the people'd Ark the whole Creation bore.

The Scene then chang'd, with bold Erected Look
Our Martial King the sight with Reverence strook:
For not content to express his Outward Part,
Her hand call'd out the Image of his Heart,
His Warlike Mind, his Soul devoid of Fear,
His High-designing Thoughts, were figure'd there,
As when, by Magick, Ghosts are made appear.
Our Phenix Queen was portrait'd too so bright;
Beauty alone could Beauty take so right:
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 Heroin's was seen,
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 shine,
And her bright Soul broke out on ev'ry side.
What next she had design'd, Heaven only knows,
To such Immod'rate Growth her Conquest rose,
When in the Valley of Jobesaphat,
The Judging God shall close the Book of Fate;
And there the last Assizes keep,
For those who Wake, and those who Sleep,
When raling 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 foremost from the Tomb shall bound:
For they are cover'd with the lightest Ground
Andstraight, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing,
Like mounting Larkes, to the New Morning sing,
There Thow, 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.

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 Popp within the Reach of Common-Law;
For Posture, Dress; Grimace, and Affectation,
Tho' Foes to Sense, are Harmless to the Nation.
Our last Redress is Dint of Verse 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:

To my Ingenious Friend, &c. Text from Higden's A Modern Essay on the Tenth Satyr of Juvenal, 1687