

Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

TO

ON HIS

PICTURE of the KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprize
We see *Britannia's* Monarch rise,
A Godlike Form, by Thee display'd
In all the force of Light and Shade;
And, Aw'd by thy delusive Hand,
As in the Presence-chamber stand.

The Magick of thy Art calls forth
His Secret Soul and Hidden Worth,
His Probity and Mildness shows,
His Care of Friends, and Scorn of Foes:

In ev'ry Stroke, in ev'ry Line,
Does some exalted Vertue shine,
And *Albion's* Happinefs we trace
Through all the Features of his Face.

O may I live to hail the Day,
When the glad Nation shall survey
Their Sov'reign, through his wide Command,
Passing in Progress o'er the Land!
Each Heart shall bend, and ev'ry Voice
In loud applauding Shouts rejoice,
Whilst All his Gracious Aspect praise,
And Crowds grow Loyal as they Gaze.

This Image on the Medal plac'd,
With its Bright Round of Titles grace'd,
And Stamp'd on *British* Coins shall Live,
To Richest Ores the Value give,
Or, wrought within the Curious Mould,
Shape and adorn the Running Gold.
To bear this Form, the Genial Sun
Has daily, since his Course begun,
Rejoice'd the Metal to Refine,
And Ripen'd the *Peruvian* Mine.

Thou,

Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble Pride
 (The Foremost of thy Art) ha'st vied
 With Nature in a gen'rous Strife,
 And touch'd the Canvas into Life.
 Thy Pencil has, by Monarchs sought,
 From Reign to Reign in Ermine wrought,
 And, in their Robes of State array'd,
 The Kings of half an Age display'd.

Here swarthy *Charles* appears, and there
 His Brother with Dejected Air;
 Triumphant *Nassau* here we find,
 And with him bright *Maria* join'd;
 There *Anna*, Great as when she sent
 Her Armies through the Continent,
 E'er yet her Hero was disgrac't:
 O may fam'd BRUNSWICK be the Last,
 (Though Heav'n shou'd with my Wish agree,
 And long preserve thy Art in Thee)
 The Last, the Happiest *British* King,
 Whom Thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise *Phidias*, thus his Skill to prove,
 Through many a God advanc'd to *Jove*,

And

And taught the polish'd Rocks to shine
 With Airs and Lineaments divine;
 Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
 Th' Assembled Deities survey'd.

Great *Pan*, who went to chase the Fair,
 And lov'd the spreading Oak, was there;
 Old *Saturn* too with up-cast Eyes
 Beheld his Abdicated Skies;
 And mighty *Mars*, for War renown'd,
 In Adamantine Armour frown'd;
 By Him the childless Goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
 Her twisted Threads; the Webb she strung,
 And o'er a Loom of Marble hung:
Thetis the troubled Ocean's Qyeen,
 Match'd with a Mortal, next was seen
 (Reclining on a Fun'ral Urn)
 Her short-liv'd Darling Son to Mourn.
 The Last was He, whose Thunder flew
 The *Titan*-race, a Rebel Crew,
 That from a Hundred Hills, allie'd
 In impious Leagues, their King desie'd.

This Wonder of the Sculptor's Hand
Produc'd, his Art was at a stand:
For who wou'd hope New Fame to raise,
Or risque his well-establish'd Praise,
That, his high Genius to approve,
Had drawn a *GEORGE*, or carv'd a *Jove*!

F I N I S.

