

T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER, at his COUNTRY SEAT.

By the Same.

**T**O Whitton's shades, and Hounslow's airy plain,  
 Thou, KNELLER, tak'st thy summer flights in vain,  
 In vain thy wish gives all thy rural hours  
 To the fair villa, and well-order'd bowers;  
 To court thy pencil early at thy gates,  
 Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;  
 The boastful Muse, of others fame so sure,  
 Implores thy aid to make her own secure;  
 The great, the fair, and (if ought nobler be,  
 Ought more belov'd) the Arts solicit thee.

How can'st thou hope to fly the world, in vain  
 From Europe sever'd by the circling main:  
 Sought by the kings of every distant land,  
 And every heroë worthy of thy hand.  
 Hast thou forgot that mighty Bourbon fear'd  
 He still was mortal, till thy draught appear'd;  
 That Cosmo chose thy glowing form to place  
 Amidst her masters of the Lombard race?



See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns,  
 Her failing arts, forlorn Hesperia mourns;  
 While Britain wins each garland from her brow,  
 Her wit and freedom first, her painting now.

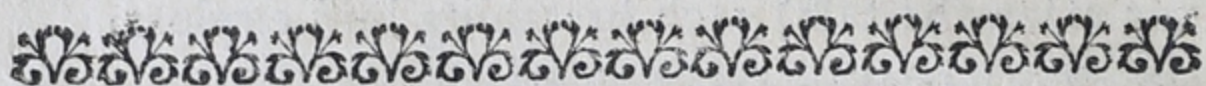
Let the faint copier, on old Tyber's shore,  
 (Nor mean the task) each breathing bust explore,  
 Line after line with painful patience trace,  
 This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace;  
 Vain care of parts; if, impotent of soul,  
 Th' industrious workman fails to warm the whole!  
 Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,  
 And a cold statue stiffen in the frame.  
 Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid deny'd,  
 (The kindest mistress and the surest guide)  
 To catch a likeness at one piercing sight,  
 And place the fairest in the fairest light.  
 Ere yet the pencil tries her nicer toils,  
 Or on the palette lie the blended oyls,  
 Thy careless chalk has half achiev'd thy art,  
 And her just image makes Cleora start.

A mind that grasps the whole is rarely found,  
 Half learn'd, half painters, and half wits abound;  
 Few, like thy genius, at proportion aim,  
 All great, all graceful, and throughout the same.

Such be thy life. O since the glorious rage  
 That fir'd thy youth, flames unsubst'd by age;  
 Tho' wealth nor fame now touch thy fated mind,  
 Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to mankind.



Since after thee may rise an impious line,  
 Coarse manglers of the human face divine,  
 Paint on, till fate dissolve thy mortal part,  
 And live and die the monarch of thy art.



## O N T H E

## DEATH of the EARL of CADOGAN.

By the Same.

**O**F Marlborough's captains and Eugenio's friends,  
 The last, CADOGAN to the grave descends :  
 Low lies each head, whence Blenheim's glory sprung,  
 The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who sung,  
 From his cold corse tho' every friend be fled,  
 Lo ! Envy waits, that lover of the dead.  
 Thus did she feign o'er Nassau's herse to mourn ;  
 Thus wept insidious, Churchill, o'er thy urn ;  
 To blast the living, give the dead their due,  
 And wreaths, herself had tainted, trim'd anew.  
 Thou yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,  
 And lead to war thy country's growing race,  
 Take every wish a British heart can frame,  
 Add palm to palm, and rise from fame to fame.

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