

To C. Aders Esq. on his Collection of Paintings by the old German Masters. 21

Friendliest of men, Aders, I never come
Within the precincts of this sacred Room,
But I am struck with a religious fear,
Which says "Let no profane eye enter here."
With imagery from Heav'n the walls are clothed,
Making the things of Time seem vile and leath'd.
Spare Saints, whose bodies seem sustain'd by Love,
With Martyrs old in meek prostration move.
Here kneels a weeping Magdalen, less bright
To human sense for her blurr'd cheeks; in sight
Of eyes, new touch'd by Heav'n, more winning fair
Than when her beauty was her only care.
A Hermit here strange mysteries doth unlock
In desert sole, his knees worn by the rock.
Those Angel harps are sounding, while below
Palm-bearing Virgins in white order go.
Madonnas, varied with so chaste design -
While all are different, each seems genuine,
And here the only Jesus: hard outline,
And rigid form, by Durer's hand subdued
To matchless grace, and sacro-sanctitude;
Durer, who makes thy slighted Germany
Nie with the praise of paint-proud Italy.
Whoever enter'st here, no more presume
To name a Parlour, or a Drawing Room;
But, bending lowly to each holy Story,
Make this thy Chapel, and thine Oratory.

C. Lamb.