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THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON



JOHN MILTON ÆT. X

THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON



VOLUME I

PART I

NEW YORK
Columbia University Press
1931

OF THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY EDITION OF THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON THERE HAVE BEEN PRINTED FOR SALE TWO THOUSAND COPIES ON RAG PAPER AND ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY NUMBERED COPIES ON HANDMADE PAPER. THE COMPOSITION AND PRINTING WERE DONE AT THE PRINTING HOUSE OF
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1931

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There are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are pleasant to us. * * * * * * * *Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot, without aspiring to emulate, not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he laboured for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptations and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.*

MACAULAY

PREFACE

IT is a strange fact in the history of literature that no complete edition of the works of John Milton has hitherto appeared. The present edition prints all the poetry and prose considered by the editors to be genuine, together with translations of such of the works as were not originally written in English. In the final volume will appear certain doubtful pieces.

The text is based on the latest edition published in Milton's lifetime, and in the case of writings that did not appear in print during Milton's life, on manuscript copies, or on the earliest edition published after his death. The original punctuation and spelling are followed, except in the case of obvious misprints. Whenever the text chosen has been altered in any particular, a full explanation is given.

In the notes the several editors attempt to furnish full textual information, including all variations in spelling, punctuation, and the use of italics to be found in the texts published before 1674. In the use of italic punctuation after a word in italics they have, however, followed modern usage, thus avoiding the inconsistencies of seventeenth-century printers. Although each editor has been interested in the edition as a whole and has given whatever assistance he could to the other editors, he is alone responsible for the texts and notes intrusted to him.

Assistance in the preparation of this edition has been received from many sources. To return full thanks would be almost impossible. The editors, however, should not fail to express their appreciation to Yale University for permission to make photostats of rare editions; to Harvard University, to Cambridge University, to Oxford University, to the British Museum, to the Master of the Rolls, and to the New York Public Library for the same privilege; to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for the unrestricted use of his library and for permission to collate his manuscript copy of the first book of *Paradise Lost;* to the late Mr. W. A. White for the loan of his unique copy of the second edition of *A Readie and Easie Way* and of his *Lycophron* with Milton's marginal notes; to Lord Ellesmere for a photostat of the Bridgewater *Comus;* and to the late Sir Arthur Shipley, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, for advice on portraits and for permission to reproduce the miniature of Milton at the age of twenty-two. Other indebtednesses will be acknowledged in the various notes.

To Professor Waldo H. Dunn of the College of Wooster, who graciously read proofs of the entire text; to Miss Belle da Costa Greene, Librarian of the Pierpont Morgan Library; to Mr. Roger Howson, Librarian of Columbia University Library; to Miss Isadore Gilbert Mudge, Mr. Frederic W. Erb, Mr. Frank C. Erb, and other officers of the same library the editors are indebted for unwearied and valuable assistance. They wish also gratefully to acknowledge their indebtedness to Professor Ashley H. Thorndike, of Columbia

University; to Mr. Frederick Coykendall, Trustee of the University and Director of the Columbia University Press; to Mr. William Edwin Rudge of New York; and to Mr. Bruce Rogers for their valuable advice and coöperation.

The editors deem it but just to say in conclusion that this edition of the Works of John Milton owes its existence to the unflagging sympathy and support given it by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of the University. Ever since a suggestion that the Columbia University Press should issue a complete edition of Milton was made in Dr. Butler's presence nearly a quarter of a century ago, he has borne the proposal in mind, has kept watch over the evolution of the work, and has furthered the labors of the Editorial Board in every way in his power.

CONTENTS

The Shorter English Poems

EDITED BY FRANK ALLEN PATTERSON

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity . . . 1
The Hymn 2
A Paraphrase on Psalm 114 11
Psalm 136 12
On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough . 15
At a Vacation Exercise in the Colledge . . . 19
The Passion 23
On Time 25
Upon the Circumcision 26
At a Solemn Musick 27
An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester . 28
Song. On May Morning 31
On Shakespear. 1630 31
On the University Carrier 32
Another on the Same 33
L'Allegro 34
Il Penseroso 40
Sonnets 47
The Fifth Ode of Horace. Lib. I 69
On the new Forcers of Conscience . . . 71
Arcades 72
Lycidas 76

A Mask Presented at Ludlow-Castle, 1634 . . 85
Psalm I. Done into Verse, 1653 123
Psalm II 124
Psalm III 125
Psalm IV 126
Psalm V 128
Psalm VI 129
Psalm VII 130
Psalm VIII 133
Psalm LXXX 134
Psalm LXXXI 137
Psalm LXXXII 140
Psalm LXXXIII 141
Psalm LXXXIV 143
Psalm LXXXV 145
Psalm LXXXVI 147
Psalm LXXXVII 150
Psalm LXXXVIII 151

The Italian Poems

EDITED, WITH A TRANSLATION,
BY ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora . . 48
Qual in colle aspro 50
Canzone. Ridonsi donne 52
Diodati, e te'l diro 54

Per certo i bei vostr' occhi 56
Giovane piano 58

The Latin and Greek Poems

EDITED BY W. P. TRENT
IN COLLABORATION WITH THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT,
WITH A TRANSLATION BY CHARLES KNAPP

Testimonia 154
Elegia prima ad Carolum Diodatum . . . 168
Elegia secunda in Obitum Præconis . . . 176
Elegia tertia in Obitum Præsulis 178
Elegia quarta ad Thomam Junium . . . 184
Elegia quinta in adventum veris 194
Elegia sexta ad Carolum Diodatum . . . 206
Elegia septima 214
In Proditionem Bombardicam 222
In eandem 224
In inventorem Bombardæ 226
Ad Leonoram Romæ Canentem 228
Ad eandem 228
Ad eandem 230
Apologus de Rustico & Hero 230
Sylvarum Liber 232
In Obitum Procancellarii medici 232
In quintum Novembris 236
In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis 254

Naturam non pati senium 260
De Idea Platonica 266
Ad Patrem 268
Psalm cxiv 278
Philosophus ad Regem 280
In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem 282
Ad Salsillum poetam Romanum 282
Mansus 284
Epitaphium Damonis 294
Ad Joannem Rousium 316
Appendix 326

Samson Agonistes

EDITED BY FRANK ALLEN PATTERSON

Of that sort of Dramatic Poem 331
The Argument 334
The Persons 336
Samson Agonistes 337

Notes

To the Shorter English Poems 403
To the Italian Poems 433
To the Latin and Greek Poems 578
To Samson Agonistes 599

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

John Milton Æt. X . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From the portrait owned by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan

Title-page to Poems, 1645 1

John Milton Æt. XXII 18
From the miniature owned by the late Sir Arthur Shipley

Title-page to Poems, 1673 46

Title-page to the First Edition of Comus, 1637 . 84

Title-page to Comus in the Edition of 1645 . . 85

Title-page to the Latin Poems, 1645 . . . 153

Title-page to the Latin Poems, 1673 . . . 154

Title-page to Samson Agonistes, 1671 . . 331

Frontispiece to Poems, 1645 402

Title-page to Justa Edovardo King, 1638 . . 458

Title-page to the English Poems in Justa Edovardo King, 1638 459

THE SHORTER POEMS

POEMS

OF

Mr. *John Milton*

BOTH

ENGLISH and LATIN,

Compos'd at ſeveral times.

Printed by his true Copies.

The SONGS were ſet in Muſick by Mr. HENRY LAWES Gentleman of the KINGS Chappel, and one of His MAIESTIES Private Muſick.

——— *Baccare frontem*
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro,
Virgil, Eclog. 7.

Printed and publiſh'd according to ORDER.

LONDON,
Printed by *Ruth Raworth* for *Humphrey Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the Princes Armes in S. *Paul*: Church-yard. 1645.

ON THE MORNING OF
Christ's Nativity.

I.

THIS is the Month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy Sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high Councel-Table,
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksom House of mortal Clay.

III.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a Present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strein,

To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet,
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn.

I.

IT was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-childe,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked shame,

Pollute with sinfull blame,
The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace,
She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphear
His ready Harbinger,
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She strikes a universal Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battels sound
Was heard the World around:
The idle Spear and Shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And Kings sate still with awfull eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V.

But peacefull was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His raign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds with wonder whist,

Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame,
The new enlightn'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they than,

That the mighty *Pan*
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbl'd voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissfull rapture took:
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of *Cynthia*'s seat, the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd,
The helmed Cherubim

And sworded Seraphim,
  Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
  But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His Constellations set,
  And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystall sphears,
Once bless our humane ears,
  (If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
  And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' Angelike symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
  Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckl'd vanity

Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it self will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth, and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a Rain-bow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in Celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down stearing,
And Heav'n as at some Festivall,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate sayes no,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorifie:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth agast

With terrour of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake;
When at the worlds last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfet is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his foulded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dum,
No voice or hideous humm
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shreik the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale

Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nimphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
The *Lars,* and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor, and *Baalim,*
Forsake their Temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of *Palestine,*
And mooned *Ashtaroth,*
Heav'ns Queen and Mother both,
Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn,
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in shadows dred,
His burning Idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with Cymbals ring,

They call the grisly King,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus,* and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

XXIV.

Nor is *Osiris* seen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
Trampling the unshowr'd Grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark.

XXV.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dredded Infants hand,
The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,

Troop to th' infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes,*
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest.
Time is our tedious Song should here have ending:
Heav'ns youngest teemed Star,
Hath fixt her polisht Car,
Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

A Paraphrase on *Psalm* 114.

This and the following *Psalm* were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

WHEN the blest seed of *Terah*'s faithful Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from *Pharian* Fields to *Canaan* Land,
Led by the strength of the Almighties hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shown,
His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth becurled head

Low in the earth, *Jordans* clear streams recoil,
As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
Why turned *Jordan* toward his Chrystal Fountains?
Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
That glassy flouds from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Psalm 136.

LET us with a gladsom mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his, *&c.*

O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.
For his, *&c.*

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
For his, *&c.*

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
For his, &c.

Who did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.
For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, &c.

And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,
All the day long his course to run.
For his, &c.

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of *Egypt* Land.
For his, &c.

And in despight of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel*.
For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the *Erythræan* main.
For, &c.

The flouds stood still like Walls of Glass,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass.
For, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.
For, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wastfull Wilderness.
For, &c.

In bloudy battel he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For, &c.

He foild bold *Seon* and his host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast.
For, &c.

And large-limb'd *Og* he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For, &c.

And to his Servant *Israel,*
He gave their Land therein to dwell.
For, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.
For, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.
For, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worth:
For, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Anno ætatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough.

I.

O FAIREST flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timelesslie,
Summers chief honour if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak winters force that made thy blossome drie;
For he being amorous on that lovely die
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss
But kill'd alas, and then bewayl'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioter
By boisterous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,
Through middle empire of the freezing aire
He wanderd long, till thee he spy'd from farr,
There ended was his quest, there ceast his care.
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chaire,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so *Apollo,* with unweeting hand
Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurotas'* strand
Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower
Alack that so to change thee winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead
Or that thy coarse corrupts in earths dark wombe,

Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
Hid from the world in a low delved tombe;
Could Heav'n for pittie thee so strictly doom?
Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortalitie that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where e're thou hoverest
Whether above that high first-moving Spheare
Or in the Elisian fields (if such there were.)
Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some Starr which from the ruin'd roofe
Of shak't Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which carefull *Jove* in natures true behoofe
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late earths Sonnes besiege the wall
Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth!

Or that crown'd Matron sage white-robed truth?
Or any other of that heav'nly brood
Let down in clowdie throne to do the world some good.

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoast,
Who having clad thy self in humane weed,
To earth from thy præfixed seat didst poast,
And after short abode flie back with speed,
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire.

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe
To turn Swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do he will an off-spring give,
That till the worlds last-end shall make thy name to live.



JOHN MILTON ÆT. XXII

Anno Ætatis 19. *At a Vacation Exercise in the Colledge, part* Latin, *part* English. *The* Latin *speeches ended, the* English *thus began.*

HAIL native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish tripps,
Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant-lipps,
Driving dum silence from the portal dore,
Where he had mutely sate two years before:
Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee:
Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aide
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
And from thy wardrope bring thy chiefest treasure;
Not those new fangled toys, and triming flight
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight,
But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about
And loudly knock to have their passage out;

And wearie of their place do only stay
Till thou hast deck't them in thy best aray;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soare
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns dore
Look in, and see each blissful Deitie
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire:
Then passing through the Spherse of watchful fire,
And mistie Regions of wide air next under,
And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of Kings and Queens and *Hero's* old,
Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told
In solemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feast,
While sad *Ulisses* soul and all the rest
Are held with his melodious harmonie
In willing chains and sweet captivitie.

But fie my wandring Muse how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy Predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my Roome.

Then Ens *is represented as Father of the Prædicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldest stood for* Substance *with his Canons, which* Ens *thus speaking, explains.*

GOOD luck befriend thee Son; for at thy birth
The Faiery Ladies daunc't upon the hearth;
Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie
Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;
And sweetly singing round about thy Bed
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible,
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A *Sybil* old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage,
And in times long and dark Prospective Glass
Fore-saw what future dayes should bring to pass,
Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an Accident.
O're all his Brethren he shall Reign as King,
Yet every one shall make him underling,

And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing.
To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his dore
Devouring war shall never cease to roare:
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity *and* Quality, *spake in Prose, then* Relation *was call'd by his Name.*

RIVERS arise; whether thou be the Son,
Of utmost *Tweed,* or *Oose,* or gulphie *Dun,*
Or *Trent,* who like some earth-born Giant spreads
His thirty Armes along the indented Meads,
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or *Severn* swift, guilty of Maidens death,
Or Rockie *Avon,* or of Sedgie *Lee,*
Or Coaly *Tine,* or antient hollowed *Dee,*
Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
Or *Medway* smooth, or Royal Towred *Thame.*

The rest was Prose.

The Passion.

I.

ERE-WHILE of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth,
My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In Wintry solstice like the shortn'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my Harp to notes of saddest wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did sease er'e long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,
Which he for us did freely undergo.
Most perfect *Heroe,* try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III.

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regal head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving vers,
To this Horizon is my *Phœbus* bound,

His Godlike acts; and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found;
Loud o're the rest *Cremona*'s Trump doth sound;
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black wheron I write,
And letters where my tears have washt a wannish white.

VI.

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
My spirit som transporting *Cherub* feels,
To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;
There doth my soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatick fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heav'ns richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
My plaining vers as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewles wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their Echoes milde,
And I (for grief is easily beguild)
Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud,
Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

This Subject the Author finding to be above the yeers he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfinisht.

On Time.

FLY envious *Time,* till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more then what is false and vain,
And meerly mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;

And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy grosness quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

Upon the Circumcision.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
That erst with Musick, and triumphant song
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow,
He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whilear
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His Infancy to sease!
O more exceeding love or law more just?

Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediles
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes;
And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
Intirely satisfi'd,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

BLEST pair of *Sirens,* pledges of Heav'ns joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantasie present,
That undisturbed Song of pure concent,
Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon
With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick host in thousand quires

Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devout and holy Psalms
Singing everlastingly;
That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfet Diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light.

An Epitaph on the Marchioness of *Winchester.*

THIS rich Marble doth enterr
The honour'd Wife of *Winchester,*
A Vicounts daughter, an Earls heir,
Besides what her vertues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More then she could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told, alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,

To house with darkness, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Bin as compleat as was her praise,
Nature and fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The Virgin quire for her request
The God that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came
But with a scarce-wel-lighted flame;
And in his Garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a Cypress bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls *Lucina* to her throws;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for *Lucina* came;
And with remorsles cruelty,
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The haples Babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languisht Mothers Womb
Was not long a living Tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip
Sav'd with care from Winters nip,
The pride of her carnation train,

Pluck't up by som unheedy swain,
Who onely thought to crop the flowr
New shot up from vernal showr;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways as on a dying bed,
And those Pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hast'ning funerall.
Gentle Lady may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel sore
Sweet rest sease thee evermore,
That to give the world encrease,
Shortned hast thy own lives lease;
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble House doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Weept for thee in *Helicon,*
And som Flowers, and some Bays,
For thy Hears to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of *Came,*
Devoted to thy vertuous name;
Whilst thou bright Saint high sit'st in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair *Syrian* Shepherdess,
Who after yeers of barrenness,
The highly favour'd *Joseph* bore

To him that serv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the boosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light,
There with thee, new welcom Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG.

On May *Morning.*

NOW the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The Flowry *May,* who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.
Hail bounteous *May* that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire,
Woods and Groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and Dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcom thee, and wish thee long.

On *Shakespear.* 1630.

WHAT needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd
The labour of an age in piled Stones, (Bones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid?*

Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

On the University Carrier, who sickn'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, *by reason of the Plague.*

HERE lies old *Hobson,* Death hath broke his girt,
And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten yeers full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull.
And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journeys end was come,

And that he had tane up his latest Inne,
In the kind office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be sed,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gon to bed.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove,
That he could never die while he could move,
So hung his destiny never to rot
While he might still jogg on and keep his trot,
Made of sphear-metal, never to decay
Untill his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,
His principles being ceast, he ended strait,
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hastned on his term.
Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd,
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
If I may not carry, sure I'le ne're be fetch'd,
But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.

Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He di'd for heaviness that his Cart went light,
His leasure told him that his time was com,
And lack of load, made his life burdensom,
That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)
As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight;
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
In cours reciprocal, and had his fate
Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
Only remains this superscription.

L'Allegro.

HENCE loathed Melancholy
Of *Cerberus,* and blackest midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn.
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven sings;
There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.
But com thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphrosyne,*

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
Or whether (as som Sager sing)
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on Beds of Violets blew,
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So bucksom, blith, and debonair.
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe*'s cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrincled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Com, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;

To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to com in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
From the side of som Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Som time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Roab'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight,
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his sithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.

Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren brest
The labouring clouds do often rest:
Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers, and Battlements it sees
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dresses;
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Some times with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;

And young and old com forth to play
On a Sunshine Holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd she sed,
And by the Friars Lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,
To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy Flale hath thresh'd the Corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.
And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towred Cities please us then,
And the busie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
Rain influence, and judge the prise,
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.

There let *Hymen* oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such sights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer eeves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If *Jonsons* learned Sock be on,
Or sweetest *Shakespear* fancies childe,
Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
And ever against eating Cares,
Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of lincked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden soul of harmony.
That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt *Elysian* flowres, and hear
Such streins as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto,* to have quite set free
His half regain'd *Eurydice.*
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

HENCE vain deluding joyes,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.
But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose Saintly visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view,
Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince *Memnons* sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd *Ethiope* Queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended,
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,
To solitary *Saturn* bore;
His daughter she (in *Saturns* raign,
Such mixture was not held a stain)

Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody *Ida*'s inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
Com pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of *Cipres* Lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Com, but keep thy wonted state,
With eev'n step, and musing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thy self to Marble, till
With a sad Leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing.
And adde to these retired leasure;
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,

And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less *Philomel* will deign a Song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
Gently o're th' accustom'd Oke;
Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most Melancholy!
Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy Even-Song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding neer her highest noon,
Like one that had bin led astray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off *Curfeu* sound,
Over some wide-water'd shoar,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the Ayr will not permit,
Som still removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,

Or the Belmans drowsie charm,
To bless the dores from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely Towr,
Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear,*
With thrice great *Hermes,* or unsphear
The spirit of *Plato* to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those *Dæmons* that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With Planet, or with Element.
Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
Presenting *Thebs,* or *Pelops* line,
Or the tale of *Troy* divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,
Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew Iron tears down *Pluto*'s cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of *Cambuscan* bold,

Of *Camball,* and of *Algarsife,*
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,
On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
Of Forests, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant then meets the ear,
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comely Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the russling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.

There in close covert by some Brook,
Where no prophaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eie,
While the Bee with Honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth sing,
And the Waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let som strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
Of lively portrature display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet musick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by som spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.
But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dimm religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every Herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like Prophetic strain.
These pleasures *Melancholy* give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

POEMS, &c.

UPON

Several Occaſions.

BY

Mr. *JOHN MILTON:*

Both ENGLISH and LATIN, &c.
Compoſed at ſeveral times.

With a ſmall Tractate of

EDUCATION

To Mr. HARTLIB.

LONDON,
Printed for *Tho. Dring* at the *Blew Anchor* next *Mitre Court* over againſt *Fetter Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet.* 1673.

SONNETS.

I.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'st at eeve, when all the Woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May,*
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow Cuccoo's bill
Portend success in love; O if *Jove*'s will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny:
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d' amor saette ed arco.
La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

Beauteous lady, whose fair name honoreth the grassy vale and the noble gorge of the Reno, lightened of all burden of worth must be he who is not enamoured of thy gentle spirit:

Which sweetly revealeth itself in ever bounteous dispensations of its graciousness and of those charms—the shafts and the bow of Love—which engarland thine exalted virtue.

When, beautiful, thou speakest, or, in mood of happiness, sing in such guise that the hardest and wildest oak is moved to feeling, one must guard the gateways to ear and eye;

For if a man be unworthy of thy favor, may the grace of Heaven alone avail him, before love of thee hath aged in his heart.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Cosi amor meco insu la lingua suella
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

At eventide, on the rugged mountain slope, the practised shepherd girl carefully watereth the tender, beauteous flower exotical, so loath to grow in that high altitude far from the warm vale where it first sprouted.

So, Love, in my case, on my nimble tongue nurseth the first bud of a strange speech that I, deserting Thames for Arno, may sing of thee, winsomely haughty one, in words uncomprehended of my own good people.

Such the behest of Love—and from the fate of others I have learned that Love never yet hath bidden in vain:

Oh, would that my heart were less fertile, my breast more stony, toward one who findeth such fecund soil for the seed she soweth from Heaven!

Canzone.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore
Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

SWAINS and maidens—all liege to Love—crowd laughingly about me: "Why, oh why, dost thou write of thy love in a strange and unknown tongue? How darest thou? Tell us" (so they chaff me) "as thou hopest some day to win thy love and to attain the greatest of thy desires. Other shores, other waters, the banks of another stream, await thee—a fertile soil whereon an immortal guerdon of never-withering green is even now sprouting for thy brow! Why, then, a burden too heavy for thy shoulders?"

To thee, my song, will I tell my secret—and do thou make answer for me: my lady saith—and her words are my law—that this is the language Love boasteth as his own!

IV.

Diodati, e te'l diro con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solea
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M' abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

Diodati—and I tell thee in amazement at myself—that same scornful I, who have always shown contempt for Love and have been wont to ridicule his wiles, have fallen into that trap which ensnareth on occasion the best of men.

Not golden tresses nor rosy cheeks have thus dazzled my eyes, but rather a fascinating Beauty exemplifying an Idea unknown, which filleth the heart with beatitude—a bearing fraught with virtue's dignity, the winning sparkle of clear black eyes, a speech adorned with divers languages, and a song such as to send the Moon astray as she followeth her laborious course in the high heavens; fain would I wax my ears against it, but the fire that darteth from her eyes maketh such remedy of little avail.

V.

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge e trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

Assuredly, my lady, thy beautiful eyes can be nought else but a Sun to me. They beat upon me as he doth upon the wayfarer through the sands of Lybia:

And from that part of my body wherein dwelleth my woe there rusheth a hot vapor, the like whereof I have never known—in lovers' parlance 'twould perchance be called a sigh, though truly I know not what it be!

Part of it compressed and turbulent hideth in my heaving breast: then a little of it, escaping, doth cool and freeze, thereabout:

But such of it as findeth its way to mine eyes, doth make all my nights of rain until my Dawn returneth, her arms filled with roses.

VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, d'intero diamante,
Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor mise l'insanabil ago.

Ingenuous youth and guileless lover I, certain I cannot be of being ever other than I am. Devotedly, therefore, my Lady, I make thee humble gift of my heart.

That heart, as I can vow after tests innumerable, I have found faithful, fearless, steadfast—in all its thoughts, kindly, tactful, genial. In the face of the roar and thunder of the great world, it girdeth itself with the impenetrable adamant of self confidence as safe from the doubts and envies, the fears and hopes, of the vulgar, as it is enamoured of talent and noble worth, of poetry and the Muses.

One weakness in it wilt thou find; the spot wherein Love hath implanted his incurable dart!

VII.

How soon hath time the suttle theef of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth yeer!
My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripenes doth much less appear,
That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n,
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task Masters eye.

VIII.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may sease,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spred thy Name o're Lands and Seas,
What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
The house of *Pindarus,* when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground: And the repeated air

Of sad *Electra*'s Poet had the power
To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruine bare.

IX.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,
The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth,*
Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixt and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of *Englands* Counsel, and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till the sad breaking of that Parlament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At *Chæronea,* fatal to liberty
Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, then to have known the dayes

Wherin your Father flourisht, yet by you,
Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble vertues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret.*

XI.

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon;*
And wov'n close, both matter, form and stile;
The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,
Numbring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the stall-reader, bless us! what a word on
A title page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder Sirs then Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek,*
Hated not Learning wors then Toad or Asp; (Greek.
When thou taught'st *Cambridge,* and King *Edward*

XII. *On the same.*

I did but prompt the age to quit their cloggs
By the known rules of antient libertie,
When strait a barbarous noise environs me
Of Owles and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Doggs.
As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs
Raild at *Latona's* twin-born progenie

Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs;
That bawle for freedom in their senceless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry libertie;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they roave we see
For all this wast of wealth, and loss of blood.

To Mr. H. Lawes, *on his Aires.*

XIII.

Harry whose tuneful and well measur'd Song
First taught our English Musick how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With *Midas* Ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
That with smooth aire couldst humor best our tongue.
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of *Phœbus* Quire
That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn, or Story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Then his *Casella,* whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV.

When Faith and Love which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,

Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth sever.
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

Fairfax, whose name in armes through Europe rings
Filling each mouth with envy, or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm unshak'n vertue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Thir Hydra heads, & the fals North displaies
Her brok'n league, to impe their serpent wings,
O yet a nobler task awaites thy hand;
For what can Warr, but endless warr still breed,
Till Truth, & Right from Violence be freed,
And Public Faith cleard from the shamefull brand
Of Public Fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed
While Avarice, & Rapine share the land.

XVI.

Cromwell, our cheif of men, who through a cloud
Not of warr onely, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith & matchless Fortitude
To peace & truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast reard Gods Trophies & his work pursu'd,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scotts imbru'd,
And Dunbarr feild resounds thy praises loud,
And Worsters laureat wreath; yet much remaines
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renownd then warr, new foes aries
Threatning to bind our soules with secular chaines:
Helpe us to save free Conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose Gospell is their maw.

XVII.

Vane, young in yeares, but in sage counsell old,
Then whome a better Senatour nere held
The helme of Rome, when gownes not armes repelld
The feirce Epeirot & the African bold,
Whether to settle peace or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelld,
Then to advise how warr may best, upheld,
Move by her two maine nerves, Iron & Gold
In all her equipage; besides to know
Both spirituall powre & civill, what each meanes
What severs each thou 'hast learnt which few have don.

The bounds of either sword to thee wee ow.
Therfore on thy firme hand religion leanes
In peace, & reck'ns thee her eldest son.

On the late Massacher in Piemont.

XVIII.

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groanes
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold
Slayn by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O're all th' *Italian* fields where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

XIX.

When I consider how my light is spent,
E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, least he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,

I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
Bear his milde yoak, they serve him best, his State
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and waite.

XX.

Lawrence of vertuous Father vertuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help wast a sullen day; what may be won
From the hard Season gaining: time will run
On smoother, till *Favonius* re-inspire
The frozen earth; and cloth in fresh attire
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice
Warble immortal Notes and *Tuskan* Ayre?
He who of those delights can judge, And spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

Cyriack, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench
Of Brittish *Themis,* with no mean applause
Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,
Which others at their Barr so often wrench;

To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting drawes;
Let *Euclid* rest and *Archimedes* pause,
And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.
To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII.

Cyriack, this three years day these eys, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot;
Bereft of light thir seeing have forgot,
Nor to thir idle orbs doth sight appear
Of Sun or Moon or Starre throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against heavns hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend, to have lost them overply'd
In libertyes defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the worlds vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the grave,

Whom *Joves* great Son to her glad Husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she enclin'd
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

The Fifth Ode of Horace. *Lib.* I.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa, *Rendred almost word for word without Rhyme according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.*

WHAT slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bindst thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,
Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire:
Who now enjoyes thee credulous, all Gold,

Who alwayes vacant alwayes amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindfull. Hapless they
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.

AD PYRRHAM. Ode *V.*

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse miseros.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, *sub antro?*
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditie? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, & aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea:
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis. miseri quibus
Intentata nites. me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

On the new forcers of Conscience under the Long PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown of your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff Vowes renounc'd his Liturgie
To seise the widdow'd whore Pluralitie
From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhor'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the Civill Sword
To force our Consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford?*
Men whose Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with *Paul*
Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks
By shallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d' ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing wors then those of *Trent,*
That so the Parliament
May with their wholsom and preventive Shears
Clip your Phylacteries, though bauk your Ears,
And succour our just Fears
When they shall read this clearly in your charge
New Presbyter is but *Old Priest* writ Large.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Darby *at* Harefield, *by some Noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving toward the seat of State, with this Song.*

1. SONG.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of Majesty
Is that which we from hence descry
Too divine to be mistook:
This this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Heer our solemn search hath end.

Fame that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise,
Less then half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreds,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threds,
This this is she alone,
Sitting like a Goddes bright,
In the center of her light.

Might she the wise *Latona* be,
Or the towred *Cybele,*
Mother of a hundred gods;
Juno dare's not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparalel'd?

As they com forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.

GEN. Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine *Alpheus,* who by secret sluse,
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse;*
And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion ment
To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this nights glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sate to wonder at, and gaze upon:

For know by lot from *Jove* I am the powr
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bowr,
To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove
With Ringlets quaint; and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,
Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.
And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tasseld horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless,
But els in deep of night when drowsines
Hath lock't up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,
That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,
To lull the daughters of *Necessity,*
And keep unsteddy Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw

After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
The peerles height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all that are of noble stemm
Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm.

2. *SONG.*

O'RE the smooth enamel'd green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string.
Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm Star-proof.
Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits
Clad in splendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

3. *SONG.*

NYMPHS and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks,
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.
From the stony *Mænalus,*
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Mistress were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester *on the* Irish *Seas,* 1637. *And by occasion foretells the ruine of our corrupted Clergie then in their height.*

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sear,
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,

Compells me to disturb your season due:
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young *Lycidas,* and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for *Lycidas?* he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not flote upon his watry bear
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of som melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shrowd.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock; by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright,
Toward Heav'ns descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,

From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old *Damætas* lov'd to hear our song.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never must return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazle Copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
When first the White Thorn blows;
Such, *Lycidas,* thy loss to Shepherds ear.
Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas?*
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old *Bards,* the famous *Druids,* ly,
Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream:
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye bin there—for what could that have don?
What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muse her self for her inchanting son
Whom Universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,

Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore.
Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,
Were it not better don as others use,
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra's* hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreds aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfet witnes of all-judging *Jove;*
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
O Fountain *Arethuse,* and thou honour'd floud,
Smooth-sliding *Mincius,* crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in *Neptune*'s plea,

He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon Winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked Promontory;
They knew not of his story,
And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next *Camus,* reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
Ah; Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Anow of such as for their bellies sake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;

Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least
That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
Return *Alpheus,* the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; Return *Sicilian* Muse,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
Their Bells, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
That on the green terf suck the honied showres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet.
The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine,

With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid *Amarantus* all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona*'s hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye *Dolphins,* waft the haples youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves, and other streams along,

With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay:
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the Western Bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

A MASKE

PRESENTED

At Ludlow Caſtle,

1634:

On Michaelmaſſe night, before the

RIGHT HONORABLE,

IOHN *Earle of Bridgewater, Vicount* BRACKLY, *Lord Preſident of* WALES, And one of His MAIESTIES moſt honorable Privie Counſell.

Ehen quid volui miſero mihi! floribus auſtrum
Perdidi ———

LONDON.

Printed for HVMPHREY ROBINSON, at the ſigne of the *Three Pidgeons* in *Paules Church-yard.* 1637.

A MASK

Of the ſame

AUTHOR

PRESENTED

At *LUDLOW*-Caſtle

1634.

Before

The Earl of BRIDGEWATER

Then Preſident of WALES.



Anno Dom. 1645.

A MASK

PRESENTED

At LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634. &c.

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of *Joves* Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aereal Spirits live insphear'd
In Regions milde of calm and serene Air,
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being
Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.
Yet som there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That ope's the Palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is, and but for such,
I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.
But to my task. *Neptune* besides the sway

Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather *Jove,*
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles
That like to rich, and various gemms inlay
The unadorned boosom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns,
And weild their little tridents, but this Ile
The greatest, and the best of all the main
He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust, and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:
Where his fair off-spring nurs't in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Fathers state,
And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way
Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring Passinger.
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from Soveran *Jove*
I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song
From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bowr.
Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape,

Crush't the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine
After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd
Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds listed,
On *Circes* Iland fell (who knows not *Circe*
The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roaving the *Celtick,* and *Iberian* fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,
Excells his Mother at her mighty Art,
Offring to every weary Traveller,
His orient Liquor in a Crystal Glass,
To quench the drouth of *Phœbus,* which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into som brutish form of Woolf, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were,
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,

But boast themselves more comely then before
And all their friends, and native home forget
To roule with pleasure in a sensual stie.
Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove,*
Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,
I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: But first I must put off
These my skie robes spun out of *Iris* Wooff,
And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth dittied Song
Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
And hush the waving Woods, nor of less faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present ayd
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hatefull steps, I must be viewles now.

Comus *enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glass in the other, with him a rout of Monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wilde Beasts, but otherwise like Men and Women, their Apparel glistering, they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day,
His glowing Axle doth allay

In the steep *Atlantick* stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other gole
Of his Chamber in the East.
Mean while welcom Joy, and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipsie dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with rosie Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gon to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sowre Severity,
With their grave Saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,
Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.

Com let us our rights begin,
'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin
Which these dun shades will ne're report.
Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport
Dark vail'd *Cotytto,* t' whom the secret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame
That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,
Wherin thou rid'st with *Hecat',* and befriend
Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice Morn on th' *Indian* steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun discry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantastick round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,
Of som chast footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,
Our number may affright: Some Virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,

And to my wily trains, I shall e're long
Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
My dazling Spells into the spungy ayr,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac't words of glozing courtesie
Baited with reasons not unplausible
Wind me into the easie-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,
I shall appear some harmles Villager
And hearken, if I may her busines hear.
But here she comes, I fairly step aside.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now, me thought it was the sound
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesom Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous *Pan,*
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath

To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
Of such late Wassailers; yet O where els
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
Stept as they se'd to the next Thicket side
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed
Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phœbus* wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,
And envious darknes, e're they could return,
Had stole them from me, els O theevish Night
Why shouldst thou, but for som fellonious end,
In thy dark Lantern thus close up the Stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely Traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfet in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies

Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion Conscience.——
O welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish't form of Chastity,
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistring Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander*'s margent green,*

And in the violet imbroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likest thy Narcissus *are?*
O if thou have
Hid them in som flowry Cave,
Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,
So maist thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould
Breath such Divine inchanting ravishment?
Sure somthing holy lodges in that brest,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testifie his hidd'n residence;
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night
At every fall smoothing the Raven doune
Of darknes till it smil'd: I have oft heard
My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
Amid'st the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*
Culling their potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in *Elysium, Scylla* wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause:

Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self,
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. Ile speak to her
And she shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
Unless the Goddes that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with *Pan,* or *Silvan,* by blest Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.
La. Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise
That is addrest to unattending Ears,
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossie Couch.
Co. What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?
La. Dim darknes, and this leavie Labyrinth.
Co. Could that divide you from neer-ushering guides?
La. They left me weary on a grassie terf.
Co. By falshood, or discourtesie, or why?
La. To seek i'th vally som cool friendly Spring.
Co. And left your fair side all unguarded Lady?
La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.
Co. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.
La. How easie my misfortune is to hit!
Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

La. No less then if I should my brothers loose.
Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
La. As smooth as *Hebe*'s their unrazor'd lips.
Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his Supper sate;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,
Their port was more then human, as they stood;
I took it for a faëry vision
Of som gay creatures of the element
That in the colours of the Rainbow live
And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,
And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. *La.* Gentle villager
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of Star-light,
Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art,
Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet.
Co. I know each lane, and every alley green
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wilde Wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,

Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
From her thatch't pallat rowse, if otherwise
I can conduct you Lady to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest'. *La.* Shepherd I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: In a place
Less warranted then this, or less secure
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it,
Eie me blest Providence, and square my triall
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on.—

The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon
That wontst to love the travellers benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit *Chaos,* that raigns here
In double night of darkness, and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, som gentle taper
Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole
Of som clay habitation visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady,*

Or *Tyrian* Cynosure. 2. *Bro.* Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the Lodge, or Village Cock
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
'Twould be som solace yet, som little chearing
In this close dungeon of innumerous bowes.
But O that haples virgin our lost sister
Where may she wander now, whether betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
Perhaps som cold bank is her boulster now
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears,
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or while we speak within the direful grasp
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?
Eld. Bro. Peace Brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipl'd in vertues book,
And the sweet peace that goodnes boosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise

(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Vertue could see to do what vertue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea sunk. And Wisdoms self
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all to ruffl'd, and somtimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own cleer brest
May sit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.
2. *Bro.* Tis most true
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,
And sits as safe as in a Senat house,
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit

From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spred out the unsun'd heaps
Of Misers treasure by an out-laws den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wilde surrounding wast.
Of night, or loneliness it recks me not,
I fear the dred events that dog them both,
Lest som ill greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.
Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,
Inferr, as if I thought my sisters state
Secure without all doubt, or controversie:
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
That I encline to hope, rather then fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.
2. *Bro.* What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?
Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen

May trace huge Forrests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,
No savage fierce, Bandite, or Mountaneer
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,
Yea there, where very desolation dwels
By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench't majesty,
Be it not don in pride, or in presumption.
Som say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magick chains at *curfeu* time,
No Goblin, or swart Faëry of the mine,
Hath hurtfull power o're true Virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*
To testifie the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dred bow
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of *Cupid,* gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen oth' Woods.
What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* sheild
That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherwith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
But rigid looks of Chast austerity,

And noble grace that dash't brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank aw.
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in cleer dream, and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in Charnel vaults, and Sepulchers
Lingering, and sitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the Body that it lov'd,
And link't it self by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2. *Bro.* How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is *Apollo*'s lute,

And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfet raigns. *Eld. Bro.* List, list, I hear
Som far of hallow break the silent Air.
2. Bro. Me thought so too; what should it be?
Eld. Bro. For certain
Either som one like us night-founder'd here,
Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at worst,
Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows.
2. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister, agen, agen, and neer,
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.
Eld. Bro. Ile hallow,
If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak;
Com not too neer, you fall on iron stakes else.
Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? speak agen.
2. Bro. O brother, 'tis my father Shepherd sure.
Eld. Bro. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delaid
The hudling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweetn'd every muskrose of the dale,
How cam'st thou here good Swain? hath any Ram
Slipt from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,
Or straggling Weather the pen't flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?
Spir. O my lov'd Masters heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy

As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering Woolf, not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But O my Virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.
Spir. Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.
Eld. Bro. What fears good *Thyrsis?* Prethee briefly shew.
Spir. Ile tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage Poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal vers
Of dire *Chimera*'s and inchanted Iles,
And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navil of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwels
Of *Bacchus,* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus,*
Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer,
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likenes of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learn't

Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres,
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb
Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sate me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy
To meditate upon my rural minstrelsie,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance,
At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respit to the drowsie frighted steeds
That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep;
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took e're she was ware, and wisht she might

Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displac't. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong hast
Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place
Where that damn'd wisard hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signes I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent Lady his wish't prey,
Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
Supposing him som neighbour villager;
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't
Ye were the two she mean't, with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not. 2. *Bro.* O night and shades,
How are ye joyn'd with Hell in tripple knot
Against th' unarmed weakness of one Virgin
Alone, and helpless! is this the confidence
You gave me Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely, not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats

Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on it self shall back recoyl,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to it self
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,
And earths base built on stubble. But com let's on.
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this just sword be lifted up,
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
With all the greisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of *Acheron,*
Harpyes and *Hydra*'s, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde,* Ile find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas good ventrous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
But here thy sword can do thee little stead,
Far other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,

He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy sinews.
Eld. Bro. Why prethee Shepherd
How durst thou then thy self approach so neer
As to make this Relation?
Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every vertuous plant and healing herb
That spreds her verdant leaf to th' morning ray.
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Countrey, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it then that *Moly*
That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave;
He call'd it *Hæmony,* and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sov'ran use

'Gainst all inchantments, mildew blast, or damp
Or gastly furies apparition;
I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancers hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the lushious liquor on the ground,
But sease his wand, though he and his curst crew
Fierce signe of battail make, and menace high,
Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.
Eld. Bro. Thyrsis lead on apace, Ile follow thee,
And som good angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft Musick, Tables spred with all daintues. Comus *appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an inchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

Comus. Nay Lady sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alablaster,
And you a statue, or as *Daphne* was

Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*.

La. Fool do not boast,
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde
With all thy charms, although this corporal rinde
Thou haste immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Co. Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial Julep here
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.
Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*,
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove*-born *Helena*
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to your self,
And to those dainty limms which nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,

And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin
This will restore all soon.
La. 'Twill not false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies,
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver,
Hast thou betrai'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.
Co. O foolishnes of men! that lend their ears
To those budge Doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning Worms,

That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
To store her children with; if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,
Th' all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The Sea o'refraught would swel, & th' unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forhead of the Deep,
And so bestudd with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last
To gaze upon the Sun with shameles brows.
List Lady be not coy, and be not cosen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity,
Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoorded,
But must be currant, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,
Unsavoury in th' injoyment of it self.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose

It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beauty is natures brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; course complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teize the huswifes wooll.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be adviz'd, you are but young yet.
La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes
Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And vertue has no tongue to check her pride:
Impostor do not charge most innocent nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance, she good cateres
Means her provision only to the good
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon som few with vast excess,

Natures full blessings would be well dispenc't
In unsuperfluous eeven proportion,
And she no whit encomber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank't,
His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony
Ne're looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said anow? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity;
Fain would I somthing say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness then this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick
That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't;
Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by som superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew
Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of *Jove*
Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
To som of *Saturns* crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,
This is meer moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And setlings of a melancholy blood;
But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wrest his Glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir. What, have you let the false Enchanter scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;
Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
Som other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of *Melibœus* old I learnt

The soothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.
There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,
Whilom she was the daughter of *Locrine,*
That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute.*
The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdam *Guendolen,*
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course,
The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged *Nereus* Hall,
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with Asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change
Made Goddess of the River; still she retains
Her maid'n gentlenes, and oft at Eeve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signes
That the shrewd medling Elfe delights to make,
Which she with pretious viold liquors heals.
For which the Shepherds at their festivals
Carrol her goodnes lowd in rustick layes,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream

Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy Daffadils.
And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
If she be right invok't in warbled Song,
For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a Virgin such as was her self
In hard besetting need, this will I try
And adde the power of som adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Listen for dear honours sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
In name of great *Oceanus,*
By the earth-shaking *Neptune*'s mace,
And *Tethys* grave majestick pace,
By hoary *Nereus* wrincled look,
And the *Carpathian* wisards hook,
By scaly *Tritons* winding shell,
And old sooth-saying *Glaucus* spell,
By *Leucothea*'s lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By *Thetis* tinsel-slipper'd feet,

And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,
By dead *Parthenope*'s dear tomb,
And fair *Ligea*'s golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance.
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answerd have.
Listen and save.

Sabrina *rises, attended by water-Nymphs, & sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stayes,
Thick set with Agat, and the azurn sheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
That in the channel strayes,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O're the Cowslips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle swain at thy request
I am here.

Spir. Goddess dear
We implore thy powerful hand

To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.
Sab. Shepherd 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity;
Brightest Lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy brest
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of pretious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gumms of glutenous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite*'s bowr.

Sabrina *descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.*

Spir. Virgin, daughter of *Locrine*
Sprung of old *Anchises* line
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,

Nor wet *Octobers* torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,
May thy billows rowl ashoar
The beryl, and the golden ore,
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.
Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the Sorcerer us entice
With som other new device.
Not a waste, or needless sound
Till we com to holier ground,
I shall be your faithfull guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Fathers residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish't presence, and beside
All the Swains that there abide,
With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chere;
Com let us haste, the Stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow *Town and the Presidents Castle, then com in Countrey-Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.*

SONG.

Spir. *Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,*
Till next Sun-shine holiday,
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
As Mercury *did first devise*
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth.
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly

Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of *Hesperus,* and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,
The Graces, and the rosie-boosom'd Howres,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwels,
And West winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and *Cassia*'s balmy smels.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Then her purfl'd scarf can shew,
And drenches with *Elysian* dew
(List mortals if your ears be true)
Beds of *Hyacinth,* and Roses
Where young *Adonis* oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' *Assyrian* Queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial *Cupid* her fam'd Son advanc't,
Holds his dear *Pysche* sweet intranc't

After her wandring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so *Jove* hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly don,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earths end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love vertue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher then the Spheary chime;
Or if Vertue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

PSAL. I. *Done into Verse,* 1653.

BLESS'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and ith' way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sate. But in the great
Jehovahs Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows

By watry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their tryal then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruine must.

PSAL. II. *Done* Aug. 8. 1653. *Terzetti.*

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Muse a vain thing, the Kings of th' earth upstand
With power, and Princes in their Congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each Land,
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear.
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I saith hee
Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
On Sion my holi' hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath say'd
Thou art my Son I have begotten thee

This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
Earths utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them disperse
Like to a potters vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length ye Kings averse
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son least he appear
In anger and ye perish in the way
If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSAL. 3. Aug. 9. 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

LORD how many are my foes
How many those
That in arms against me rise;
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my shield my glory,
Thee through my story
Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cry'd

Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not though incamping round about
They pitch against me their Pavillions.
Rise Lord, save me my God for thou
Hast smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhor'd
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. *Aug.* 10. 1653.

ANSWER me when I call
God of my righteousness;
In straights and in distress
Thou didst me disinthrall
And set at large; now spare,
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prai'r.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in scorn
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity,
To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself a part
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to chuse he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voyce what time to him I crie.
Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say
Who yet will shew us good?
Talking like this worlds brood;
But Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put
Then when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy
And from their plenteous grounds
With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep
For thou alone dost keep

Me safe where ere I lie
As in a rocky Cell
Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. *Aug.* 12. 1653.

JEHOVAH to my words give ear
My meditation waigh
The voyce of my complaining hear
My King and God for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah thou my early voyce
Shalt in the morning hear;
Ith' morning I to thee with choyce
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight;
Evil with thee no biding makes
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly
The bloodi' and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy house; I in thy fear
Will towards thy holy temple worship low
Lord lead me in thy righteousness
Lead me because of those

That do observe If I transgress
Set thy wayes right before, where my step goes.
For in his faltring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd;
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSAL. VI. *Aug.* 13. 1653.

LORD in thine anger do not reprehend me
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me Lord for I am much deject
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,
For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore
And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord, restore

My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Wearied I am with sighing out my dayes,
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eie
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
Ith' mid'st of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquitie.
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prai'r
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't
With much confusion; then grow red with shame,
They shall return in hast the way they came
And in a moment shall be quite abash't.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

Upon the words of Chush *the* Benjamite *against him.*

LORD my God to thee I flie
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I crie,
Least as a Lion (and no wonder)
He hast to tear my Soul asunder
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not fre'd my foe for naught;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth and roul
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust and there out spread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire
Rouze thy self amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their furi' asswage;
Judgment here thou didst ingage
And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each Nation
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the worlds foundation.

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of Heart at last.

God is a just Judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanitie,
Trouble he hath conceav'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lie.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made,
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruine steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise
And sing the Name and Deitie
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth?
So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avengers brow
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast set,
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot
That him thou visit'st and of him art found;
Scarce to be less then Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O're the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forrest meet.

Fowl of the Heavens, and Fish that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide. And know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth.

April. 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the Original.

PSAL. LXXX.

THOU Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*
Give ear *in time of need,*
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Josephs seed,
That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright*
Between their wings out-spread

Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread.
2 In Ephraims view and Benjamins,
And in Manasse's sight
Awake *thy strength, come, and *be seen* *Gnorera.
To save us *by thy might.*
3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us O God *vouchsafe;*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine
And then we shall be safe.
4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy *smoaking wrath, *and angry brow* *Gnashanta.
Against thy peoples praire.
5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them *largely drink the tears *Shalish.
Wherwith their cheeks are wet.
6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they *laugh, they *play,
And *flouts at us they throw. *Jilgnagu.
7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
O God of Hosts *vouchsafe*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
8 A Vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,

And drov'st out Nations *proud and haut*
To plant this *lovely* Vine.
9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place
And root it deep and fast
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land *at last.*
10 With her *green* shade *that* cover'd *all,*
The Hills were *over-spread*
Her Bows as *high as* Cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
11 Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the Sea she sent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went.*
12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low
And brok'n down her Fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
13 The *tusked* Boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild Beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her Grapes and tender Shoots.
14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
Behold *us, but without a frown,*
And visit this *thy* Vine.
15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long,*

And the young branch, that for thy self
Thou hast made firm and strong.
16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut *with Axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadfull ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid,*
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thy self hast made.
18 So shall we not go back from thee
To wayes of sin and shame,
Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* wee
Shall call upon thy Name.
Return us, *and thy grace divine*
Lord God of Hosts *voutsafe,*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSAL. LXXXI.

1 TO God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*
Sing loud to God *our King,*
To Jacobs God, *that all may hear*
Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song,
The Timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerfull* Psaltry bring along
And Harp *with* pleasant *string.*

3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new Moon
With Trumpets *lofty sound,*
Th' appointed time, the day wheron
Our solemn Feast *comes round.*
4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*
For Israel *to observe,*
A Law of Jacobs God, *to hold*
From whence they might not swerve.
5 This he a Testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change,*
When as he pass'd through Ægypt land;
The Tongue I heard, was strange.
6 From burden, *and from slavish toyle*
I set his shoulder free;
His hands from pots, *and mirie soyle*
Deliver'd were *by me.*
7 When trouble did thee sore assaile,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not faile,*
And led thee out of thrall.
I answer'd thee in *thunder deep *Be Sether ragnam.*
With clouds encompass'd round;
I tri'd thee at the water *steep*
Of Meriba *renown'd.*
8 Hear O my people, *hearк'n well,*
I testifie to thee
Thou antient stocк of Israel,
If thou wilt list to mee,

9 Through out the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be
Nor shalt thou to a forein God
In honour bend thy knee.
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Ægypt land
Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*
Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not *hear,*
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel *whom I lov'd so dear*
Mislik'd me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will
And to their wandring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still
Their own devises blind.
13 O that my people would *be wise*
To serve me *all their daies,*
And O that Israel would *advise*
To walk my *righteous* waies.
14 Then would I soon bring down their foes
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
But *they, his People, should remain,*
Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
With flowr of finest wheat,
And satisfie them from the rock
With Honey *for their Meat.*

PSAL. LXXXII.

1 GOD in the *great *assembly stands
Of Kings and lordly States, *Bagnadath-el.*
†Among the gods †on both his hands
He judges and debates. †*Bekerev.*

2 How long will ye *pervert the right *Tishphetu
With *judgment false and wrong gnavel.
Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong.

3 *Regard the *weak and fatherless *Shiphtu-dal.
*Dispatch the *poor mans cause,
And †raise the man in deep distress
By †just and equal Lawes. †*Hatzdiku.*

4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him *that help demands.*

5 They know not nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on
The Earths foundations all are *mov'd *Jimmotu.
And *out of order gon.

6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
The Sons of God most high

7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other Princes *die.*
8 Rise God, *judge thou the earth *in might,* *Shiphta.*
This *wicked* earth *redress,
For thou art he who shalt by right
The Nations all possess.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

1 BE not thou silent *now at length*
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit not thou still O God of *strength,*
We cry and do not cease.
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* *swell
And *storm outrageously, *Jehemajun.*
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full hie.
3 Against thy people they †contrive †*Jagnarimu.*
†Their Plots and Counsels deep, †*Sod.*
*Them to ensnare they chiefly strive *Jithjagnatsu gnal.*
*Whom thou dost hide and keep. *Tsephuneca.*
4 Come let us cut them off say they,
Till they no Nation be
That Israels name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
5 For they consult †with all their might, †*Lev jachdau.*
And all as one in mind

Themselves against thee they unite
And in firm union bind.
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagars blood
That in the Desart dwell,
7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philistims, and they of Tyre
Whose bounds the Sea doth check.
8 With them *great* Asshur also bands
And doth confirm the knot,
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the Sons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold*
That wasted all the Coast.
To Sisera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabins *hoast,*
When at the brook of Kishon *old*
They were repulst and slain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
As dung upon the plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped
So let their Princes speed
As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled*
So let their Princes *bleed.*
12 *For they amidst their pride* have said
By right now shall we seize

Gods houses, and *will now invade*
†Their stately Palaces. †*Neoth Elohim*
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel *bears both.*
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and *restless* let *them reel*
Like stubble from the wind.
14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden straies,
The *greedy* flame runs hier and hier
Till all the mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;
16 *And till they *yield thee honour due; **They seek*
Lord fill with shame their face. *thy Name,* Heb.
17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be,
Troubl'd and sham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, *and scape it never.*
18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
Jehova is alone,
Art the most high, *and thou the same*
O're all the earth *art one.*

PSAL. LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hoasts, how dear
The *pleasant* Tabernacles are!

Where thou do'st dwell so near.

2 My Soul doth long and almost die
Thy Courts O Lord to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do crie,
O living God, for thee.

3 There ev'n the Sparrow *freed from wrong*
Hath found a house of *rest,*
The Swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her *brooding* nest,
Ev'n *by* thy Altars Lord of Hoasts
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coasts
Toward thee, My King, my God.

4 Happy, who in thy house reside
Where thee they ever praise,

5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy waies.

6 They pass through Baca's *thirstie* Vale,
That dry and barren ground
As through a fruitfull watry Dale
Where Springs and Showrs abound.

7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsom cheer
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.

8 Lord God of Hoasts hear *now* my praier,
O Jacobs God give ear,

9 Thou God our shield look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*
10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*
Is better, *and more blest*
Then *in the joyes of Vanity,*
A thousand daies *at best.*
I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a dore,
Then dwell in Tents, *and rich abode*
With Sin *for evermore.*
11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
Gives grace and glory *bright,*
No good from them shall be with-held
Whose waies are just and right.
12 Lord *God* of Hoasts *that raign'st on high,*
That man is *truly* blest,
Who *only* on thee doth relie,
And in thee only rest.

PSAL. LXXXV.

1 THY Land to favour graciously
Thou hast not Lord been slack,
Thou hast from *hard* Captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve*
Hast hid *where none shall know.*

3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
And *calmly* didst return
From thy †fierce wrath which we had prov'd †*Heb. The burning heat of thy wrath.*
Far worse then fire to burn.
4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, *and chide no more.*
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not *turn, and *hear our voice* *Heb. Turn to quicken us.*
And us again *revive,
That so thy people may rejoyce
By thee preserv'd alive.
7 Cause us to see thy goodness Lord,
To us thy mercy shew
Thy saving health to us afford
And life in us renew.
8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak
I will *go strait and* hear,
For to his people he speaks peace
And to his Saints *full dear,*
To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.

9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our Land.
10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
Now *joyfully* are met
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd
And hand in hand are set.
11 Truth from the earth *like to a flowr*
Shall bud and blossom *then,*
And Justice from her heavenly bowr
Look down *on mortal men.*
12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good
Our Land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His Royal Harbinger,
Then * will he come, and not be slow
His footsteps cannot err.

*Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

PSAL. LXXXVI.

1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, encline,
O hear me *I thee pray,*
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and sad decay.*

2 Preserve my soul, for †I have trod
Thy waies, and love the just,
Save thou thy servant O my God
Who *still* in thee doth trust.
3 Pitty me Lord for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoyce
Thy Servants Soul; for Lord to thee
I lift my soul *and voice.*
5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my supplication Lord
Give ear, and to the crie
Of my *incessant* praiers afford
Thy hearing graciously.
7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid;*
For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*
And answer, *what I pray'd.*
8 Like thee among the gods is none
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
9 The Nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee Lord,
And glorifie thy name.

†Heb. *I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlasting Seat*
Remainest God alone.
11 Teach me O Lord thy way *most right,*
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite
So shall it never slide
12 Thee will I praise O Lord my God
Thee honour, and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for ever more.
13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast free'd my Soul
Eev'n from the lowest Hell set free
From deepest darkness foul.
14 O God the proud against me rise
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
15 But thou Lord art the God most mild
Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*
Most mercifull, most true.
16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy hand-maids Son.

17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* see
And be asham'd, because thou Lord
Do'st help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

1 AMONG the holy Mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast,
There Seated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac't.

2 Sions *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
Then all the dwellings *faire*
Of Jacobs *Land, though there be store,*
And all within his care.

3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke;

4 I mention Egypt, *where proud Kings*
Did our forefathers yoke,
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia *full of scorn,*
And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends,*
Lo this man there was born:

5 But *twise that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion *last*
This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.

6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle

That ne're shall be out-worn
When he the Nations doth enrowle
That this man there was born.
7 Both they who sing, and they who dance
With sacred Songs are there,
In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance*
And all my fountains *clear.*

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long, before thee *weep*
Before thee *prostrate lie.*
2 Into thy presence let my praier
With sighs devout ascend
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
Thine ear with favour bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,
My life *at deaths uncherful dore*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit
I am a * man, but weak alas
And for that name unfit.
5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead *to sleep,*

* Heb. *A man without manly strength.*

And like the slain *in bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep.*
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o're
Deaths hideous house hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn,*
Where thickest darkness *hovers round,*
In horrid deeps *to mourn.*
7 Thy wrath *from which no shelter saves*
Full sore doth press on me;
*Thou break'st upon me all thy waves, **The* Hebr.
* And all thy waves break me. *bears both.*
8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change,*
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through sorrow, and affliction great
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd arise
And praise thee *from their loathsom bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave *hath hold,*

Or they *who* in perdition *dwell*
Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?
13 But I to thee O Lord do cry
E're yet my life be spent,
And *up to thee* my praier *doth hie*
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou Lord my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me,
15 That am already bruis'd, and †shake
With terror sent from thee;
Bruz'd, and afflicted and *so low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow
Thy threatnings cut me through.
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me persue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd
And sever'd from me far.
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

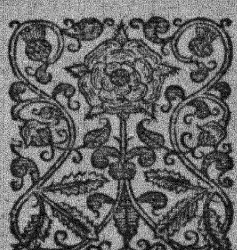
†*Heb. Præ Concussione.*

Finis.

Joannis Miltoni
LONDINENSIS
POEMATA.

Quorum pleraque intra
Annum ætatis Vigeſimum
Conſcripſit.

Nunc primum Edita.



LONDINI,
Typis *R. R.* Proſtant ad Inſignia Principis,
in Cœmeterio D. *Pauli*, apud *Humphredum*
Moſeley. 1645.

Joannis Miltoni
LONDINENSIS
POEMATA.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum
ætatis Vigeſimum Conſcripſit.

Nunc primum Edita.



LONDINI,
Excudebat *W. R.* Anno 1673.

[TESTIMONIA.]

HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; Cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis Neapolitanus ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.

[TESTIMONIA.]

HERE follow *testimonia* with respect to the author. He was perfectly well aware, himself, that they were uttered not so much *about* him as *over* him, because men of preeminent ability, who are one's friends as well, have a habit of phrasing their eulogies in such a way that they conjure up, eagerly, what, from beginning to end, befits their own merits rather than the truth. Yet the author was unwilling that the kindly feeling entertained for him by the writers of these *testimonia* should not be known, especially since others were very earnestly urging him to make them generally known. For, while he is seeking with might and main to fend off from himself the odium that excessive praise begets, and prefers that he should not be credited with more than is his due, he can not, in the meantime, deny that he sees a signal honor to himself in the favorable judgment of men of intellect reinforced by high distinction.

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, of Naples, to John Milton, Englishman.

IF your piety matched your intellect, your figure, your grace and charm, your bearing, your manners, you would be, not an *Angle,* but, in very deed and truth, an *Angel.*

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

CEDE Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

ODE.

ERGIMI all' Etra o Clio
Perche di stelle intrecciero corona
Non piu del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtu celesti pregi.

An Epigram, by Giovanni Salsilli, a Roman on John Milton, Englishman, who deserves a coronal fashioned of the triple laurel of poesy—Greek, Latin, and Italian.

YIELD, Meles, yield; let Mincius, too, lowering his urn, yield; let Sebetus cease to have Tasso forever on his tongue. But let the Thames, victor now, sweep on with billows o'ertopping those of every other stream, for, thanks to you, Milton, he will be, in his single self, full match for the other three.

Selvaggi to John Milton.

LET Greece boast, if she will, of Mæonia's son, let Rome boast to herself of Maro! England boasts of Milton, in his one self full match for the other two combined.

ODE TO JOHN MILTON *Esquire, Gentleman, of England.*

LIFT me to Heaven on high, O Clio, for of stars shall I make the crown! Not here the foliage, eternal on Pindus and on Helicon, of the fair-haired God! For greatest merit be greatest guerdon due, for godlike virtue, empyreal recompense!

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l'oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtu m'addatti, e feriro la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Pero che il suo valor l'umano eccede:
Questa feconda sa produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtu sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli e sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtu, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l'industre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle piu belle Idee trasse il priu raro.

Exalted worth eternal cannot fall prey to the tooth of Time! Rapacious Oblivion cannot rob Memory of supernal Glory! Virtue fit a worthy dart to the bow of my lyre, and Death will I strike to death!

Girt by the vast eddies of the deep Ocean, sits Anglia, severed from the world, because her qualities excel the qualities of all the rest: Potency of her fertile womb it is to bring forth heroes, whom rightfully we deem as more than men!

In their hearts Virtue, elsewhere banished, finds secure repose, of them alone beloved because in her alone can they find joy and pleasure. This shalt thou again make manifest, O Milton! To thee the proof of my song, through thy certain virtue!

Zeuxis an ardent diligence drove far from the shores of his native land; for he heard the golden horn of Fame shouting Helen's glory; and worthily to make her effigy he sought the Rarest among the fairest Ideas.

Cosi l'Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtu rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtu l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

From rose, from lily, from all the comely flowers that adorn the lea, the artful bee laboriously doth suck his priceless sweet. So doth tuneful music flow from varied strings, concordant melody from voices multiple.

So, enamoured of beauteous Fame, thou didst turn thy wandering feet, O Milton, away from thy native skies, in quest of Sciences and Arts. The realms of the conquering Gaul thou didst behold, and of Italy the most worthy Heroes.

Artisan of Godlike craft, thy Thought, aspiring to virtue alone, surveyed in journeyings afar all such as tread the paths of true nobility. Of the best among the better thou didst make choice to fashion the Idea compendious of all the virtues.

All those of Flora [Florence]—whether her own sons or masters through her of the Tuscan tongue—whose memory eternalized in learned pages doth honor to mankind, thou didst frequent for thine own treasuring, communing with them in their works.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtu immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema e storia
Furon gia, l' hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dira che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.

Vainly for thee did Jove confuse the tongues in proudly exalted Babel, whereof she fell prostrate to the plain, vanquished of herself. For from thy lips not only England, but Spain, France, Tuscany, Greece, Rome, hear each her noblest speech.

The deepest secrets which Nature hides in Heaven or on Earth, too often covetously concealing them to superhuman Minds, thou hast fully mastered, to reach at last the great boundaries of moral [mortal?] wisdom.

Let Time cease to beat his wings! Let him arrest his flight! At one should halt those years which pass—with fell discourtesy, alas—to the wrong of immortal virtue! For if meritorious poem or history was e'er begot, thou hast it ever present in thy memory.

But if I must sing of thy sweet song, which exalts thee to the skies and vaunts thereby thy divination, thine own lyre must I have. Through thee, its swan, may Thames proclaim equality with Permessus!

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSI.

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos, intelligat.

Vainly I, on Arno, strive to expound thy great and effulgent merit; for sooner than power to praise comes compulsion to admire. A bridle therefore for my tongue, that I may hearken to my heart, which, fraught with stupor, intones thy praise.

By Antonio Francini, Esquire, Gentleman of Florence.

TO JOHN MILTON

OF LONDON.

A young man distinguished by the land of his birth and by his personal merits,

TO a man who, through his journeys to foreign lands, has viewed with care full many a place, by his studies has viewed every place the wide world o'er, to the end that, a modern Ulysses, he may apprehend from every people, everywhere, all that each has to offer;

to a polyglot, master of many tongues, on whose lips languages already wholly dead live again with such vigor and might that every speech, when it is employed to praise him, loses its power of utterance—he is, himself, thorough master of them all, so that he understands the expressions of admiration and approval called forth from the peoples by his peculiar wisdom;

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque, sensus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in Memoria totus Orbis: In Intellectu Sapientia: In voluntate ardor gloriæ: In ore Eloquentia: Harmonicos cœlestium Sphærarum sonitus Astronomia Duce audienti; Characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra Philosophia legenti; Antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite assidua autorum Lectione.

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est. Reverentiæ & amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

to a man whose endowments of mind and body move the senses to admiration, and yet through that very admiration rob every man of power to move, whose masterpieces urge all men to applause, yet by their grace, their charm rob of voice all them that would fain applaud;

to a man in whose memory the wide, wide world is lodged, in whose intellect wisdom, in whose affections an ardent passion for glory, in whose mouth eloquence, who, with astronomy as his guide, hears the harmonious strains of the heavenly spheres, with philosophy as his teacher reads and interprets the true meaning of those marvels of nature by which the greatness of God is portrayed, who, with never-ceasing reading of these authors as his comrade, probes the hidden mysteries of bygone days, restores what the lapse of the ages has laid low, and traverses the intricacies of learning—

but wherefore do I strive 'gainst the steeps?

to him, in the publishing of whose merits the tongues of Rumor herself would prove too few, whose merits are not eulogized as they deserve even by the spellbound admiration of the world, to him, by way of reverence and affection, this tribute of admiration, the just meed of his merits, is offered by

Charles Dati, a Patrician of Florence, offered to this great man by his humble servant, passionate lover of merit so outstanding.

ELEGIARUM

Liber Primus.

Elegia prima ad *Carolum Diodatum.*

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas,
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quà petit amne salum.
Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.

First Book of

ELEGIES.

Elegy the First, to *Charles Diodati.*

AT last, dear friend, your letter has come to my hand, and its sheets, serving as messenger, have brought your voice to my ears, aye, brought it from afar, from the western bank of the Dee, by Chester, where the Dee with down-darting waters makes for the Vergivian [Irish] main. Much, believe me, much does it pleasure me that lands remote have nurtured a heart so full of love for me, a soul so loyal, and that a quarter of the world far off owes me a charming comrade, a quarter far off, yes, but minded at command to deliver him soon to me.

I am detained in the city that the Thames laves with its refluent waters; possessed am I, though not against my will, by the charming city of my birth. Not now am I concerned to revisit the reedy Cam, nor am I harrowed now by love of my Lares there, this long time denied me. I find no pleasure in fields that are naked and that refuse soft shade; how ill-adapted is such a place to the worshippers of Phœbus! I am not minded to bear unceasingly the threats of an unbending teacher, and all the other trials that are not to be met by a nature such as mine. If it be exile for a man to visit his home, his father's house, and, free of all anxieties, to pursue the delights of leisure, then I refuse not the name of exile, nor, if

O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Jonio quicquam cessisset Homero
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro,
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique Patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, & specto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,
Seu mæret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.

you will, the *lot* of exile; nay, right merrily I enjoy the terms imposed by 'exile'. Would to heaven the bard had ne'er borne heavier lot, that famous bard who was exile in Tomis's borders: he had not then yielded aught to Ionia's son, Homer's self, and you, Maro, had been outdone, and the first meed of praise would not now be yours! [I enjoy my 'exile'], for I am privileged now to give, here, hours free of all else to the calm Muses, and my books—my true life—sweep me off with them, mastering me utterly. Presently, when I am weary grown, the splendor of the rounded theater welcomes me, and summons me to sound its plaudits, whether I am listening to some canny ancient, or to a spendthrift heir, or a suitor is on the boards, or a soldier, with his casque now laid aside, or if some lawyer, grown rich through a suit ten years prolonged, thunders out in an uncouth court outlandish words, or if some roguish slave comes to the aid of a love-struck son, and at every turn tricks the nose of the lad's unbending father. Ofttimes, there, a maiden, marvelling at new fires, knows not what love is, yet, while she knows not, loves. Mayhap Tragedy, distraught, shakes her blood-dyed staff, her locks the while flung loose, her eyes rolling wildly. It pains me, and yet I look, and find pleasure in looking though it pains me. Sometimes there is a sweet bitterness in the tears I shed, if some hapless lad leaves joys untasted, and falls in death, fit subject thus for tears, through the rending of his love, or if some merciless avenger of crime, issuing from the darkness, traverses again the Styx, and with his funeral brand affrights conscience-stricken souls, or if sorrow o'erwhelms

Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sydera flammas
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis;
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
Jactet, & Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.

the house of Pelops, or the lordly house of Ilium, or if Creon's court makes atonement for incestuous forebears.

Yet I hide not always 'neath a roof or within the city, nor do the hours of spring slip by void of all profit for me. A grove, too, claims me, a grove thick grown with elms, near the city, and the glorious shade of some spot not remote from the town. There o'er and o'er one may see troops of maidens pass, stars, these, that breathe forth alluring fires. Ah, how oft have I gazed, spellbound, on some marvelous form, form fit to have power to renew the ravages of age, even in Jupiter's self! Ah, how oft have I seen eyes that outdid jewels and the fires that either pole keeps in revolution, and necks that surpassed [in whiteness] the [ivory] arms of Pelops, twice alive, and that streaming Way which is steeped in nectar undilute! How oft have I seen peerless beauty of brow, and dancing tresses, the golden nets that Cupid, prince of tricksters, spreads, and seductive cheeks—matched with such cheeks the hyacinth's crimson beauty, even the blushing hues of your own flower, Adonis, seem dull and tarnished. Yield, ye heroic maidens, once lauded so oft, yield, too, every maid that e'er enthralled wide-wandering Jove! Yield, ye maids of Achæmenia, maids with foreheads turret-crowned! Yield, all ye maids that dwell in Susa, and in Memnon's Nineveh! Yield ye, too, nymphs of Greece, lower your *fasces,* yield ye, maids of Ilium, and daughters of Romulus! Let not now the Tarpeian Muse boast of Pompey's Columns, or of the theaters crowded with Ausonian stoles! 'Tis to the maids of Britain that first glory [in beauty] is due! Count it enough,

Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi conspicuæ formáque auróque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & roseam posthabitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

women of other lands, that you can follow them [in beauty]. You, London, city reared by Dardan settlers, made conspicuous far and wide by your towered head, blessed, all too blessed, you enclose within your walls whatever beauty the pendent earth possesses. The stars that flash for you in the unclouded skies—the host that serves Endymion's goddess —number not so many as the maids who, resplendent with beauty of person and with gold, flash radiant on all eyes throughout your streets. Men believe the tale that Venus, Giver of Life, made her way to this city, riding in a car drawn by twin doves, guarded by her quiver-bearing warriors, because she was minded to set below this city Cnidus, and the vales bedewed by Simoïs's stream, Paphos, too, and Cyprus, land of roses.

Yet, while the indulgent kindness of the blind lad permits, I am making ready to leave, with all suddenness, these walls, and, employing the aid of *moly,* plant divine, to evade in a place far distant the ill-famed halls of deceptive Circe. I am resolved, also, to make my way back to the reedy marshes of the Cam, and again to face the uproar of the noisy School.

Meanwhile, take this gift, humble, yes, but sent by a loyal friend, a word or two forced into elegiac measures.

Elegia secunda, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula
Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.

Elegy the Second, Written in His Seventeenth Year.

On the Death of the Beadle of the University of Cambridge.

ONCE, made conspicuous by your shining mace, you were wont, o'er and o'er, to summon with your Beadle's voice the flock of Pallas: but now Death, the last of Beadles, Death that knows no mercy, is sweeping you, too, away, Beadle though you are, and is showing no favor, herself, to her own office. Granted that your temples were whiter than the plumes 'neath which, so story says, Jove hid, yet you were worthy to be made young again by Thessalian potions, worthy to have power to live on till you reached the years of Æson, worthy to be recalled from the waves of Styx itself by Coronis' son, through his skill as healer, at the oft-repeated prayer of the goddess. Whenever you were bidden to summon the gown-clad lines, and to go as swift messenger from *your* Apollo, you looked as the wing-footed god of Cyllene looked when he stood in the Trojan court, sent thither from his father's citadel high in the skies, or as Eurybates looked when, standing before the face of Achilles o'erwhelmed by rage, he brought to him the austere commands of Atreus's son, captain of the host. O Death, mighty Queen of Sepulchers, servant of Avernus, all too cruel to the Muses, too cruel to Pallas, why should you not rather sweep away some useless encumberer of the earth? Such an one should be the target of your shafts, whose like exists in throngs!

Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegéia tristes,
Personet & totis nænia mœsta scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.

MOESTUS eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis Imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres
Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,
Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi dignissime præsul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;

Mourn therefore this man, Academe; robed in dark-hued vestments mourn for him, and let his black bier be drenched with your tears. Let plaintive Elegy, herself, pour forth sorrow-stricken strains, and let the mournful chant ring and ring all through our Schools.

Elegy the Third, Written in His Seventeenth Year.

On the Death of the Bishop of Winchester.

SORROW-STRICKEN was I; I was sitting, voiceless, with no comrade by my side, and many griefs were lodged deep in my soul. Forthwith there rose before my mind a picture of the deadly carnage wrought on England's soil by Libitina, the while accursed Death, to be dreaded by all men for her sepulchral torch, strode within the towered palaces of the great, palaces agleam with marble, and knocked at walls heavy with jasper and with gold, and feared not with her scythe to lay level with the ground the hosts of mighty satraps.

Then I bethought me of a glorious Prince, and of his brother [in arms], a man deserving of all reverence, and of their bodies burned by funeral pyres built before their appointed times; I bethought me, too, of the heroes whom Belgia saw caught up swiftly to the high skies, Belgia, that through all her borders wept for captains lost. But I grieved for you before all others most worthy Bishop, once the crowning glory of the Winchester you loved; I was melted

Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar,
Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa,
Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab eöo littore mensus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos.
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.

by my tears, and with sorrowing lips voiced thus my plaints:
"Death, merciless Death, goddess second in power only to Tartarean Jove himself, is it not enough that the woods feel to their sorrow your wild rages, and that authority is granted to you over the fields and their green garb, and that the lilies wither and die when they feel the corruption of your breath, and the crocus likewise, and the rose sacred to the lovely goddess of Cyprus, and that you suffer not the oak to be forever near neighbor of the stream, forever marvelling at the smoothly-gliding progress of the passing water? Before you the birds bow, the birds that, in such hosts, ride on their pinions in the liquid sky, aye they bow before you, augurs though they are. Before you bow, too, the thousand creatures that wander where they will in the black forests, and the voiceless flocks that the grottoes of Proteus nurture. Seeing that power so mighty has been granted to you, why, envious Death, why does it pleasure you to dye your hands with the blood of mortals slain, to sharpen your unerring missiles against a noble breast, and to drive from its duly appointed seat the soul that is fully half a god?"

While I, bathed in tears, was turning over such thoughts within the deeps of my soul, Hesperus, dew-besprent, issued from the Western waters, and Phœbus had plunged his car 'neath Tartessus's levels, having measured to the full his journey from the strand that lies beneath the Dawn. Without delay, on my hollow couch I stretched out my limbs, that they might be refreshed; mine eyes had been buried in sleep profound, when I fancied that I was strolling in a spacious

Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;

field. Ah me! My powers of mind are unequal to telling the tale of the things I saw.

There everything was radiant with crimson light, as when the mountain ranges blush with the early morning sun, and the earth shone there resplendent with raiment of a thousand hues, as when Thaumas's daughter spreads out her riches. Not so varied were the flowers wherewith a goddess, Chloris, beloved of gentle Zephyrus, decked the Gardens of Alcinoüs. Silver-hued were the streams that lapped the verdant plains; yellow was the sand, richer than the sands of the Tagus, in the Hesperian land. Through the rich, fragrance-bearing leafage glided the light gales of Favonius, the dewy gales born 'neath roses uncountable. Such a place is, in men's fancy, the palace of the regal dawn star, in far-off borders, in the land of the Ganges.

While I was marvelling at the close-set shadows cast by the cluster-bearing vines, and at the radiant spaces all about me, lo, of a sudden near me stood the Bishop of Winchester. A radiance as of the stars gleamed in his shining face. White was the robe that streamed down to his golden ankles, white the fillet that had wreathed his sainted head. While the aged [Bishop] moved onward, a reverend figure, so gloriously robed, the flower-strewn earth was all aquiver with joyous sounds; heaven's hosts beat out strains with their jewelled wings, and the air, pure and undefiled, rang with notes of an exultant trump. Each [member of the heavenly choirs] greeted with embraces and with songs his new comrade, and one sent forth from calm and peaceful lips these sounds:

Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

Elegia quarta. Anno ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.

CURRE per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros,
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos;
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,

"Draw near, my son; in gladness garner the joys of your Father's kingdom; henceforth always, my son, be free from rugged toil." This said, the winged squadrons touched their harps. But for me with the passing of the darkness golden rest was routed; I was weeping at the clouding of my slumbers by the mistress of Cephalus.

May such dreams ever my good fortune be.

Elegy the Fourth, Written in His Eighteenth Year.

To Thomas Young, His Teacher, Serving Now as Chaplain Among the English Merchants Resident in Hamburg.

SPEED with all haste, letter of mine, across the illimitable main. Go! o'er its smooth levels make for Germany's borders. Rend asunder all sluggard delays! Let nothing, I pray, block your way as you go. Make haste, let naught delay your progress. I myself will weary Æolus, who bridles the winds in his Sicanian prison, and the green gods, and Doris, too, azure-hued, attended by her nymphs, praying them to grant you a quiet pathway through their realms.

If you can, take to yourself those swift yoke-creatures that drew the car in which Medea fled from the face of her consort, or those by whose aid to Scythia's borders Triptolemus made his way, the charming lad sent from the city of Eleusis.

When you shall see the sands of Germany gleam yellow, deflect your steps to the walls of rich Hamburg, the city that,

Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi quam tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.
Quámque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlori senilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.

so story tells us, derives its name from Hama, who, men say, was done to death by a Cimbrian club. There dwells a priest renowned, honored from days of old for piety, well trained to feed the sheep that follow Christ. He, verily, is more than the half of my life; I live, perforce, with but half a life. Ah me! How many widespread seas, how many mountains interposed coerce me to forego the very half of my self! Dearer to me is he than were you, most learned of the Greeks, to Clinias's son, who was of Telamon's line, and dearer than the mighty Stagirite to his high-born pupil, whom the gracious maid of Chaonia bore as son to Lybian Jove. What Amyntor's son, what Philyra's hero-son were to the king of the Myrmidons, that was this priest to me. He led the way for me, when first I traversed Aonia's retreats and the holy greensward of the twice-cleft ridge, [he led the way for me] when I drank Pieria's waters, and, favored by Clio, I thrice sprinkled my happy lips with Castalia's wine. But flaming Æthon thrice saw the Sign of the Ram, and thrice clothed with new gold the fleecy back of the Ram, and twice you, Chloris, sprinkled the age-worn earth with new verdure, and twice Auster stole away your riches: yet it was not my privilege to feast mine eyes on his face, or to drink in with mine ears the sweet strains of his voice.

Go, therefore, and with your speed outstrip the thundering Eurus. How much need there is of my admonitions the situation itself teaches, as you see. You will find him sitting, mayhap, with his charming wife, as he fondles in his arms the dear pledges of their love, or as, perchance, he turns this

Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.
Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam, sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit.
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam fesso, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas delicuere preces.

way and that the massive scrolls of the Fathers of old, or the Holy Books of the one true God, or as he feeds with the dew of heaven souls yet weak, yet delicate—wondrous work of religion, bringer of health and salvation. As is men's wont, be concerned to convey to him hearty greetings, such as it were meet and right for your master to convey, if only he were there himself. Fixing modest eyes for a moment on the ground, speak, without fail, to him, with reverent lips, this message too:

"These words—if there is leisure, amid battles, for the Muses—these words a loyal hand sends to you from England's shores. Accept a greeting heartfelt, however late it be; let it, by its very lateness, be to you all the more welcome. Late, yes, but genuine was the greeting that chaste Penelope, daughter of Icarius, received from her laggard lord. But oh, why was *I* minded to seek to purge away guilt, guilt clear to all men's eyes, which he himself is utterly unable to extenuate? He is convicted laggard, rightly convicted, too, and he himself admits his guilt, and is full of shame that he was traitor to his friendly office, his duty. Do you only grant forgiveness to him, now that he has confessed, and is begging for forgiveness: sins ever are made less when they lie open wide to view. A wild beast draws not wide asunder his gaping jaws against panic-stricken victims, nor does a lion drag with wound-dealing claws those who lie prone. The cruel hearts of the lance-bearing Thracians have many a time melted at the sorrow-burdened prayer of suppliants: outstretched hands divert the lightning's strokes, and angry gods are soothed by a tiny victim offered in sacrifice.

Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuàmque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et sata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat.
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos.
Perpetuóque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis & ignoto solus inópsque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, & saxis sævior albis
Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fætus;
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,

"For a long, long time his impulse has been to salute you, and Love has suffered him not to prolong delays, for wide-ranging Rumor tells a story—ah, Rumor, messenger all too truthful of evils!—a story that in places which are your neighbors wars are swelling, that you and your city are girt with grim soldiery, and that the Saxon captains have now made ready their arms. Round about you Enyo is ravaging far and wide the plains, and already blood is watering the tilth-lands sown with the flesh of men. Thrace has surrendered her beloved Mars to the Germans; thither Mars has driven his Odrysian steeds. The olive, [heretofore] ever full-tressed, is losing now its bloom; fled, too, is the goddess that loathed the battle trump with its brazen clangor, gone is she, lo! from the earth—not *now* the last to leave, the righteous maiden [Astraea]; she has flown, men believe, to the dwellings high in the skies. Round you, nevertheless, resounds meanwhile the horrid din of war: you live alone, poor, in an unfamiliar land, and in your need are seeking in a foreign home the sustenance which the Penates of your fathers gave you not. Land of our fathers, hard, unyielding mother, more savage than the white rocks that are lashed by the foaming billows of your sea-strand, is it seemly for you *thus, thus* to expose your children who have done no harm, is it *thus* that, with heart of iron, you force them into a foreign land, and suffer those whom God himself, taking thought for you, sent, who bring you glad tidings from the skies, who teach you what way, when men are dust, leads them to the stars, do you suffer them, I ask, to seek their sustenance in lands far

Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis & horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Jesum
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,

off, remote? Worthy indeed, then, are you to live pent in by Stygian darkness, worthy to perish by the never-ending hunger of the soul. Even so the prophet of the Tishbite land once on a time trod with unaccustomed feet wild wastes, where there were no paths, trod, too, rough stretches of Araby's deserts, the while he fled from the hands of King Ahab, and from your hands, too, accursed woman of Sidon. In such wise, too, fared Paul of Cilicia, when, his limbs mangled by the whistling scourge, he was driven from Emathia's city, and Jesus himself was bidden by the ungrateful citizenry of Gergessa, land of fishermen, to make off from their borders.

"But take you heart and courage: let not your hopes perish, crushed by anxieties, and let not fear, robbing you of your color, shatter your frame. For, though you are overwhelmed by flashing arms, and though a thousand missiles threaten you with a violent death, yet no weapon will outrage *your* side, undefended by armor though it be, and no spear point will drink of your blood. For you yourself will be kept safe under the flashing ægis of God; He will keep watch and ward over you, He will be your champion, He, who, under the walls of Zion's fortress, in a single, stilly night laid low so many Assyrians, and turned to flight the men that olden Damascus had sent from her ancient tilth-lands against Samaria's borders, who filled with fright the close-crowding battalions, and their cowering king as well, while through the empty air rang the clanging trump, while horny hoofs lashed the plain to dust, while the chariots driven at full speed

Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt.
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, & sonitus me sacer intùs agit.

shook the sandy ground, and there were heard the neighing of steeds as they dashed to war and the clank of iron and the deep-throated war-cries of men. Remember to hope—so much at least is left for the unfortunate—and by the high spirit of your heart master your ills; doubt not that soon or late you will enjoy brighter years, and that you will have it in your power once again to see the Lares of your fathers."

Elegy the Fifth, Written in His Twentieth Year.

On the Coming of Spring.

TIME, that rolls back upon itself in never-ending circuit, is already, since the spring is gaining in warmth, calling back the new Zephyrs, Earth, made anew, is clothing herself with a short-lived youth, and, at last, the ground, set free from the frost and the ice, is growing charmingly green. Am I beguiling myself? or is strength coming back into my songs also, and have I, thanks to the bounty of spring, inspiration at my call? *Is* inspiration here, by the gift of spring, and is it again winning vigor from the spring—who would think it?—, and demanding now for itself some achievement, some creation? Castalia's waters dance before mine eyes, and the twice-cleft peak, and at night dreams bring to me Pirene. My soul is deeply stirred, is all aglow with mysterious impulses, the madness of inspiration and holy sounds stir me to my deeps within. The god of Delos himself is coming—I see his locks twined with Peneüs's

Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm.
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus.
Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, & hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctöas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cæleste Boötes
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ,
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto

laurel—, yes, the god of Delos is coming himself. Now my mind is whirled up to the heavenly steeps, and, freed from my body, I move 'mid the roving clouds; through the shades I go, moving through grottoes, the penetralia of the bards; the fanes of the gods are open wide for me, wide to their innermost depths; my soul gazes intently on whatever is done in all Olympus's length and breadth, nor do the blind deeps of Tartarus escape mine eyes.

What lofty strains is my soul sounding forth through my parted lips? What is being born of this madness, this holy frenzy? The spring, the spring that gave me inspiration shall be the theme of that inspiration's songs; thus the gifts of spring will be repaid to her and will bring her profit.

At last, Philomela, enveloped in new-born leaves, you are beginning your tuneful strains, while the wood everywhere is soundless: let us twain begin together, in the city I, you in the woodland; let us two, each in his own part, chant the coming of the spring. The spring-time—sing ho!—is come again in its due turn: let us honor the spring-time, and sound forth her praises; let this be the task essayed by the never-dying Muse! Already the Sun, as he flees from the Æthiopians and from Tithonus's tilth-lands, turns toward the northern regions his golden reins. Short, now, is the journey of the night, short is the tarrying of the dark night; shuddering night and her darkness are going forth to exile. Lycaonian Boötes now no longer, as in other days, follows the Wain through the skies, in a long journey, till he tires; widely sundered now, too, are the stars that throughout the

Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.
Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ
Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;
Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis.
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;

skies are wont to keep their vigil about the halls of Jove. For, with the passing of the night, Guile, and Carnage, and Violence have withdrawn, and the gods have ceased to fear the crimes of the Giants. Mayhap some shepherd, as he lies back on the peak of a crag, when with the first ray of the sun the ground, dew-besprent, grows ruddy, cries, "This night, this night at least you lacked, Phœbus, a maid of your own choice to hold back your swift steeds." With rejoicing Cynthia seeks again her beloved forests, and takes up once more her quiver, when, [still] high [in the skies], she sees the wheels that bring the light of day, and, putting off her rays, now dimmed, she is, as all may see, glad that her own task is being made so short by her brother's aid. "Quit," cries Phœbus, "quit, Aurora, the aged couch of Tithonus: wherein does it pleasure you to lie on that outworn couch? For you a hunter is waiting, Æolus's son, on the green sward; rise! Your flame, your loved one Hymettus possesses." The golden-tressed goddess in her blushing face admits her guilt, and with greater speed presses forward the steeds of early morning.

Earth, made full of life again, puts off loathèd age, and longs, Phœbus, to enter your enfolding arms. Aye, she longs [to enter them], and deserves [such bliss], too for what is more gloriously lovely than Earth, when, in full luxuriance, she opens wide her bosom, mother of all things, and breathes forth the harvests of Araby, and from her lovely lips pours forth the balmy balsam and the roses of Paphos? Lo, her towering brow is garlanded with a holy grove, even as a turret of pines girdles Ops [Cybele], goddess of Ida; her tresses,

Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos
Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno
Hesperiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,
Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,

dew-besprent, she intertwines with flowers of divers hues, knowing that by her own flowers *she* could please, even as the Sicanian goddess, when her streaming tresses had been bound with flowers, pleased the god of Tænarum. Look, Apollo, look! Loves, complaisant, are making appeal, and spring-time gales are setting in train honeyed entreaties; fragrant Zephyrus beats lightly with his cinnamon-scented wings, and the birds are seen to bring blandishments to you. Not rash is Earth: not without a dowry does she seek your love, nor poverty-burdened does she demand the couch she craves; no, as giver of life, she proffers you health-giving herbs for healing uses, and thereby, herself, adds to your distinctions, your fair titles. But if rich offerings, if gleaming gifts touch your heart (by gifts o'er and o'er love has been bought in rich measure), she parades before your eyes whatsoever treasures she hides away 'neath the illimitable deeps, and under the superimposed mountains. Ah, how often, when, utterly wearied by the steep way up Olympus, you are flinging yourself headlong into the evening waters, how often [then] Earth cries, "Why, when you are utterly exhausted by your day-long course, why is it the sea-hued mother that welcomes you with the Western waters? What have *you* to do with Tethys? What with the waters of Tartessus? Why do *you* lave your holy face with impure brine? Coolness, Phœbus, you will court more pleasantly in the shade that *I* shall offer: come hither, hither to me; steep your blazing locks in the dew. Softer will be the sleep that will come to you on the cool grass: come hither, come to me, and

Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Quáque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phäetonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,
Huc ades & gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
Littus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.

lay your bright rays [*i.e.*, your radiant head] on my bosom. Where you lie, the gales, whispering softly round about us, will soothe our bodies as they recline at ease on the dewy roses. For me—believe my words—Semele's fate has no terrors, nor the car set smoking by Phaëthon's steeds. Using, Phœbus, your fires more wisely now [than you did in Phaëthon's day], come to me, and lay your bright rays on my bosom."

Thus the wanton Earth breathes forth her passion, and all the array of creatures everywhere rushes to follow Mother Earth's example. Verily, in the spring-time days Cupid speeds where he lists through all the length and breadth of the world, and from the fires of the sun warms anew his failing torches. The death-dealing horns [of his bow] twang with new strings, his flashing shafts are balefully agleam with new steel. And now he is straining with all his might to conquer one [heretofore] unconquered, even Diana's self, aye, and the Vestal that in her purity sits by the holy hearth. Venus herself renews, year by year, her aging form, and again, so men believe, rises from the warm sea. Through marble cities young men cry, loudly, *Hymenæus!* The sea-strand and the caverned crags sound forth *Io Hymen!* Hymenæus comes, richly garbed, comeliness itself, in his tunic well fitted; his fragrant vestments are redolent of the crimson crocus. In hosts the maids, their virgin bosoms wreathed with gold, go out to garner the joys of the lovely spring-time. Each has her own peculiar vow, her own prayer, yet have they all the selfsame prayer; every one asks that Cytherea

Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sydera cantu,
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanusque suâ Cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Consulit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arboreâ dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales

shall give to her the mate she craves. Now too the shepherd attunes his strains on his pipe of seven reeds, and Phyllis has a song of her own to join to his. By night the sailor seeks with song to placate his stars, and calls the light dolphins to the surface of the waters. Jupiter himself frolics with his consort on towering Olympus, and to his merrymaking calls his attendant gods. Now the Satyrs, too, when the late twilight rises, fly in swift companies across the flowering countryside, and Sylvanus, crowned with his favorite leaves, leaves of cypress, Sylvanus, the god that is half goat, the goat that is half god. The Dryads that [before] hid 'neath the aged trees now rove over the mountain ridges, across the lonely fields. Through grain field and through coverts Pan runs riot: Cybele, Mother Cybele, and Ceres, too, scarce find safety for themselves. Faunus, all eagerness, would fain make some Oread his prey. But the nymph takes thought for herself by trusting to her trembling feet, and presently she hides, and yet, though she hides, covering herself none too well, she is eager to be seen: she flies, yet, as she flies, she would fain have herself be caught. The gods, too, hesitate not to set the woods before the skies: every grove has for itself its own peculiar deities.

And long, long may every grove have for itself its own peculiar deities: go not forth, ye gods, I pray, from your tree-clad homes! May ages of gold bring you back again, Jupiter, to lands steeped in wretchedness. Why do you return to the clouds your merciless armory? Do you, at least, Phœbus, drive slowly, as slowly as you may, your speeding yoke-

Quà potes, & sensim tempora veris eant.
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat & nostro serior umbra polo.

Elegia sexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.

Qui cum idibus Decemb. scripsisset, & sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hunc habuit responsum.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Quâ tu distento forte carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quám te redamémque colámque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.

steeds, and let the hours of spring pass but slowly, with progress scarce visible. Let it be late when rough, shaggy winter shall bring to us its nights protracted, and let the shadows assail, later than is their wont, our skies.

Elegy the Sixth.

To Charles Diodati, the While He Tarried in the Country.

When Diodati had written, on the Ides of December, asking that, if his verses should be less good than usual, their shortcomings should be forgiven, because, so he affirmed, amid the splendid entertainments wherewith he had been greeted by his friends he had not been able to give to the Muses auspicious services, he had this answer.

WITH a stomach anything but full, I send you a prayer for sound health, of which, perhaps, you, with your stomach stretched to its uttermost, may be in sore need. But why does *your* Muse seek to lure forth *mine?* Why does your Muse not suffer mine to court the obscurity she craves? Should you wish to know through verses of mine how warmly I love you, how dearly I cherish you, *that,* believe me, you could scarce learn through this present song, for my love is not hemmed within close-gripping measures, nor does it come whole and sound to feet that are lame [the elegiac distich].

Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim
Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos.
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euœ
Mista Thyonêo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ non sata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Evan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum,
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Eléo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.

How well you report the solemn feasts, and the merry, merry December, and the festal celebrations which greeted the God that quitted the skies, the delights and the joys of the countryside in the winter days, and the Gallic must, drained beside the charming hearth! Why do you make lament that poetry is a runaway, banished by wine and splendid feasts? Song loves Bacchus, Bacchus loves songs. Apollo shrank not from wearing the green clusters of ivy berries, aye, shrank not from setting the ivy above his own laurel. Again and yet again on the Aonian Hills the ninefold throng, mingling with the Thyonean troop, has cried aloud, *Euoe!* The songs that Naso sent from the lands of the Coralli [near Tomis] were poor songs, no rich feasts were there, the vine had not been planted there. Of what save wines, and roses, and cluster-bearing Lyæus did the Teian Muse sing in her short measures? Teumesian Euan [Boeotian Bacchus] inspired Pindar's numbers; Pindar's every page is redolent of the wine-cups he had drained, while the heavy chariot, its axle crushed, crashes overturned, and the horseman flies by, swart with the dust of Elis. The lyrist of Rome was drenched with the four-year-old wine as he sang sweetly of Glycera and of Chloë, maid of the golden tresses. In your case, too, the rich table by its generous array nurtures the powers of your mind, and fosters your inspiration. Massic cups foam over with a rich flood of song, and from the very wine jar you pour forth the meters bottled therein. To these blessings we add artistry, and Phœbus diffused throughout the innermost deeps of your soul: you, Bacchus, Apollo,

Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegía levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius & veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos;

Ceres favor as they favor no one else. It is no wonder, then, that through you three gods, their powers divine coordinated, brought to birth songs so sweet. Now the Thracian lyre, too, with its fretted gold, sounds for you, touched softly by an artist hand. Amid the hanging tapestries is heard the lyre that with its skillful dancing measures guides the feet of the maidens. Let sights so glorious detain *your* Muse at least, and let them call back whatever inspiration enervating indulgence in wine drives away. Believe me, while the ivory shall send forth its strains, and the holiday-making throng of dancers, keeping time to the *plectrum,* shall fill the vaulted, perfumed chambers, you will know full well that Phœbus is making his way, voicelessly, through your heart, e'en as some sudden glow of warmth makes its way through your very marrow; and through the maidens' eyes, and through their fingers as they sound forth their strains, Thalia will glide swiftly into your bosom, and master it utterly. For light-footed Elegy is the concern of many a god; she calls to her numbers whatsoever god she will. Bacchus aids elegies: so, too, Erato aids them, and Ceres, and Venus, and dainty, dainty Cupid, by his rosy mother's side. For such poets generous feasts are matters of privilege, and it is theirs again and yet again to drench themselves with old, old wine. But if a poet sings of wars, of Heaven controlled by a Jove full grown, of duty-doing heroes, of captains that are half gods, if he sings now the holy counsels of the gods above, now the realms deep below wherein howls a savage hound, let him live a simple, frugal life, after the fashion of the teacher who

Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.
Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus undis
Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per Monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
At tu si quid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)
Paciferum canimus cælesti semine regem,
Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tecto
Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit.
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.

came from Samos, let herbs offer him food that works no harm, let pellucid water stand near him, in a tiny cup of beechen wood, and let him drink only sober draughts from a pure spring. On such a poet are imposed, too, a youth free of crime, pure and chaste, and a character unyielding, and a name without taint; such an one must he be as *you* are, augur, as, resplendent with holy vestments and with lustral waters, you rise, minded to go forth to face the angry gods. In this way, story says, wise Tiresias lived, after the light had been swept away from him, and Ogygian Linus, and Calchas, exiled from his hearth, a hearth doomed to destruction, and aged Orpheus, in the lonely grots, after he had tamed the wild beasts. So Homer, sparing of food, and a drinker of water, ferried the Dulichian across the long straits, through the monster-making court of Persa's daughter, child of Phœbus, and the shallows made treacherous by women's songs, aye, through your house, too, king of the world below, when, so men say, with black blood he held fast the companies of the shades. For the bard is sacred to the gods, he is priest of the gods; the secret deeps of his soul, and his very lips alike breathe forth Jove.

If you shall seek to learn what *I* am doing (if only you think it worth your while to seek to know what I am doing), I am hymning the King of Heavenly Seed, Bringer of Peace, and the blessed generations covenanted by the holy books, and the infant cry of God, and the stabling under a poor roof of Him who with his Father cherishes the realms on high, and of the star-begetting skies, of the companies attuning

Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

Elegia septima, Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen, Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ:
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:

their strains in the high heavens, and of the [heathen] gods, of a sudden crushed, at their own fanes. This song I offered as gift on the birthday of Christ; the first light, as the dawn drew near, gave me this song.

For you other strains too are waiting, strains oft practised, strains struck out from my native country's reeds: you shall serve as the critic to whom I shall recite them.

Elegy the Seventh, Written in His Nineteenth Year.

I DID not yet know your ordinances, seductive Amathusia, and my breast was still empty of Paphian fire. O'er and o'er I spurned Cupid's shafts, as darts of a mere boy, I spurned your power divine, O mighty Cupid. "Go, boy," said I, "pierce doves, that know naught of fighting — only unmanly wars befit an unmanly captain — or else, tiny lad, lead a proud triumph over sparrows: such trophies are worthy of warfare such as yours. Why guide your idle missiles 'gainst the sons of men? Not one jot of strength has *your* quiver against sturdy heroes." The lad of Cyprus brooked not my words—no other god is more prompt to anger—, and so this savage [god] was hot now with double fires.

It was the spring-time, and the light, shining o'er the roof-trees of the houses, had brought to you, May-month, your first day. But mine eyes were seeking still the vanishing night, and brooked not the early morning brightness. Lo, Love stood at my bed, tireless Love, with spangled wings. The

Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero, dignum & Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas;
Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares,
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,
Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques.
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.

rattling of his quiver betrayed the god as he stood beside me;
his face, too, betrayed him, and his lovely eyes with their
sweet threats, and whatever else was worthy of a lad, worthy
e'en of Love. Such is the lad of Sigeum, as, on everlasting
Olympus, he mixes the brimming goblets for amorous Jove,
or the lad who lured the lovely nymphs to his kisses, Thio-
damas's son, Hylas, stolen by a Naiad. He had added wrath
—and yet this, too, one would have thought, became him—
and he had added wild threats, full of gall and bitterness.
Thus then he spoke: "Wretch, you had grown wise [in mat-
ters of love] more safely through [others'] example: now,
you will testify yourself to the power of my right arm. You
will be numbered among men who have tried and tested my
strength; by your sufferings I shall fashion credence for the
truth. It was I myself, yes I, that, if you know it not, tamed
to the full Phœbus, even when he was exulting in the Py-
thon's overthrow, to me even that glorious [god] yielded;
as oft as he recalls Peneüs's daughter, he confesses, himself,
that *my* darts work surer and deadlier havoc. Not more skill-
fully than I can the Parthian horseman draw home and bend
his bow, the horseman whose wont it is to win his fight [by
shooting his darts] behind his back. The Cydonian hunter,
too, yields to me; so, too, did he who, all unwilling, was
cause to his wife of a violent death. Mighty Orion, too, was
o'ermastered by me, and Hercules's hands, and Hercules's
comrade, too. Let Jupiter himself try to whirl his thunder-
bolts 'gainst me: my darts will be lodged [first] in the side
of Jove. Whatever else you doubt, my shafts will teach you

Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat,
Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, faciéque simillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina Deûm conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:

better [than words], and your own heart, to be assailed by me with no light stroke. Fool, fool, neither will the Muses you love have power to defend you, nor will Phœbus's snake proffer you aid."

So he spake. Then, brandishing his arrow with the golden tip, he flew away, into the warm bosom of Cypris. But savagely, with threatening lips, he thundered against me, whose one thought was of laughter, and who had no fear of the lad. Sometimes I found delight in the parts of the city where our citizens promenade, sometimes in the neighboring country-side adjoining country houses. Crowds close compacted, crowds like in faces to goddesses, moved in brilliance to and fro through the midst of the streets and the roads. And so the day flashed bright, glorified by a double brightness. Am I beguiling myself? or has Phœbus rays won from this source too? Not grimly did I flee visions so charming; no, I let myself be driven whithersoever youthful impulse bore me. Lacking all prescience, I sent my glances to meet their glances, nor could I withhold my eyes. One by chance I marked, towering [in beauty] over others: that radiance was the beginning of all my woe. So might Venus have wished herself to look to mortals, such the beauty in which the Queen of the Gods herself should have been seen. This lass Cupid, sly rogue, remembering, flung across my path; single-handed, he had, before, to my hurt woven these wiles. Hard by, too, the sly rogue was in hiding; many a shaft, and a huge load of torches hung from his back. Without delay, he clung now to the maiden's eyelids, now to her face, then settled on

Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tàm subitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus, amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, & coràm tristia verba loqui!
Forsitan & duro non est adamante creata,
Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:

her lips, then was seated on her cheeks: whatever part the agile archer traverses, thence—ah me!—in a thousand places he smites my defenceless breast. Straightway unwonted frenzies entered my heart: I burned within with love, aye, all my being was afire.

Meanwhile, the lass who, alone of lasses, pleased now my tortured soul, was withdrawn from my gaze, ne'er again to return to mine eyes. But I went onward, voicelessly complaining, empty of wit, and, often, irresolute, I was minded to retrace my steps. I am cleft asunder: one half of me tarries behind, the other follows my heart's desire; I find pleasure in weeping for the joys so suddenly wrested from me. So Juno's son wept for his lost heaven, after he was flung downward, among the hearths of Lemnos. So Amphiaraüs, when he was carried to Orcus by his panic-stricken steeds, looked back at the sun that had been wrested [from his eyes]. What am I to do, a poor unfortunate, by grief o'ermastered? I am not privileged either to lay aside the love I have welcomed, or to pursue it. O may it be vouchsafed to me to look once again on her beloved face, and in her presence to speak words, if only words of sadness! Mayhap she was not fashioned of unyielding adamant, mayhap she would not be deaf to my prayers. Believe me, no other man has e'er burned thus haplessly: I shall be set down as a pattern [of love's woes], yes, I first and alone. Spare me, Cupid, I pray, since you are the winged god of soft love. Let not your deeds be at odds with your gracious office. Now, now at least, your bow is full of terrors for me, O child of a goddess, child not less potent by

Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
Cuspis amaturos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
Nequitiæ posui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.
Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse Sagittis,
Et Diomedéam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
Fallor? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus;

your fires than by your darts. Your altars shall smoke with my gifts, you shall be for me very god, god supreme among the powers above. Take away, at last, my frenzies—no, take them not away. I know not why, but the lover, every lover, is so sweetly wretched. Only be gracious, and grant that if, in days to come, any lass is destined to be mine, a single shaft-point shall pierce two hearts destined to love.

ALL this once on a time, with warped and twisted mind, and with all true zeal laid prostrate I wrote, setting up idle trophies of my worthlessness. So utterly, forsooth, mischievous error wrenched me astray, and drove me onward, and my untaught youth proved but misguided teacher, until the shades of Academe proffered to me the Socratic streams, and untaught me, [and loosed] the yoke I had let fall [upon my neck]. Straightway, from that moment, the fires were quenched, my heart has been unyielding, belted with deep ice. Hence the lad fears the cold for his beloved shafts, and Venus herself dreads might that matches the might of Diomedes.

On the Gunpowder Plot.

WHEN, traitor Fawkes, you ventured, lately, your sin, godless, unutterable, at once against England's king and Britain's satraps, do I beguile myself? or did you wish to be accounted in part mild and gentle, and to balance your crime by an evil piety? No

Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cæli,
Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Jördanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

SICCINE tentasti cælo donâsse Jâcobum
Quæ septemgemino Belua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdos in cælum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi cæli vix bene scandet iter.

In eandem.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iäcobus ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ
Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.

doubt you were minded to send them to the halls of high heaven, in a sulphurous chariot, with wheels of flying flame, even as he whose head the merciless Parcæ had no power to outrage left the Jordan's fields when he was swept away by the whirlwind.

On the Same.

WAS it thus you essayed to present [King] James to the skies, you monster skulking on the seven mountains? Unless your might divine shall have power to bestow better gifts, be more sparing, I pray you, traitorous monster, of your gifts. *He* indeed, without your aid, took his way, late, to the friendly stars, making no use of your hellish powder. So drive, rather, to the skies loathsome cowls, and as many insensate gods as Rome profane possesses, for, unless you aid each of them by such craft, or by some other, he will hardly—believe me—climb easily up the road to the skies.

On the Same.

JAMES [our King] derided the fires that purge the soul, without whose aid the house of them that dwell above is not to be approached! This made the Latin monster, with its triple crown, gnash its teeth, and caused its ten horns to shake with threats horrific. And it cried, "Not unpunished

Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,
Supplicium spretâ relligione dabis.
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter.
O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnarât Tænarioque sinu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In inventorem Bombardæ.

JAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

shall you hold cheap my sacred rites, son of Britain; you will pay the penalty for spurning religion, and, if ever you shall penetrate the star-bearing heights, it is only through flame that the road, a road burdened with sorrow, will lie open." O how close to the deadly truth were the words of your prophecy, words that scarce were to lack their due and proper weight, for he well nigh made his way, wheeled high by Tartarean fire, a shade utterly consumed by flames, to the lofty reaches of the skies.

On the Same.

HIM whom but lately godless Rome had doomed by her dire curses, and had condemned to the Styx and the Tænarian gulf, him now Rome, changing utterly her rôle, is keen to raise aloft to the skies, and she is eager to exalt him, aye, even to the gods on high.

On the Discoverer of Gunpowder.

IAPETUS'S son was praised by the blinded men of old, because he brought from the car of the sun the heavenly torch: but to me *he* will be a greater man who, as the world believes, filched from Jove his ghastly weapons, and his trident thunderbolt.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

ANGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.
Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!
Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
Quamvis Dircæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

To Leonora, as She Sings at Rome.

AN angel each man—such be your belief, ye peoples—has as his lot, a winged angel from the heavenly ranks. Wherein, then, is it strange, if you, Leonora, have [even] greater glory, since your voice itself sounds forth a god, a very present god? God, or, at least, the Third Intelligence of emptied heaven [*i.e.*, the Third Intelligence, quitting heaven], makes its way unseen through your throat, aye, makes its way, and graciously teaches mortal hearts the power to grow accustomed insensibly to sounds immortal. But, if all things are God, and God is transfused through all, yet it is in you alone that He speaks: to all else that He possesses He vouchsafes no voice.

To the Same.

THE other Leonora captured Torquato, the poet; for mad love of her he surrendered, of reason reft. Ah, poor unhappy man, how much more blessedly had he been destroyed in *your* times, Leonora, and because of *you,* had he been aware that, as you sang with Pierian voice, you set in motion the golden strings of your mother's lyre! Though he had twisted his eyes more savagely than Dircæan Pentheus, or though he had, through all his being, lost wit and strength, yet you, likewise, by your voice could have composed his senses, wandering, blindly reeling, and you, breathing peace through his love-sick heart, could, by your soul-swaying strains, have restored him to himself.

Ad eandem.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Rustico & Hero.

RUSTICUS ex Malo sapidissima poma quotannis
Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hic incredibili fructûs dulcedine Captus
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit arcolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, protinùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
Atque ait, Heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!
Possem Ego avaritiam frœnare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi & fœtus & ipsa parens.

Elegiarum Finis.

To the Same.

WHY, Naples, all too credulous, do you boast of the liquid-voiced Siren, and of the glorious fanes of Parthenope, daughter of Acheloüs? Why do you boast that you consigned to a Chalcidian [Neapolitan] funeral-pyre a Naiad of the sea-shore [Parthenope] that ended her days on your strand? She *lives,* now: she has exchanged the roar of booming Posilipo for the lovely billows of the Tiber. There, graced by the favoring enthusiasm of the sons of Romulus, she holds fast, by her singing, mortal men, aye, and gods, alike.

A Fable about a Countryman and His Master.

A COUNTRYMAN gathered, yearly, from an apple tree the most savory apples, and gave the apples, thus picked, to his master in the city. The latter, enthralled by the incredible sweetness of the fruit, transferred the tree itself to his own gardens. The tree, always richly-bearing up to that day, yet weakened by long years, straightway withered, now that it had been moved from its wonted soil, and gave up its life. When this was clear at last to the master, deceived by foolish hope, he cursed his hands so swift to work their own loss. Thus he spake: "Alas, how much better had it been to accept with grateful heart those gifts of my tenant, small though they were? I could have bridled my greed, and my all-consuming gullet: as it is, the fruit of the tree and the tree itself are both alike now lost to me."

The End of the Elegies.

Sylvarum Liber.

Anno ætatis 16. In obitum Procancellarii medici.

PARERE fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incassùm dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

A Book of Sylvae.

[Poems in Various Meters.]

On the Death of the Vice-Chancellor, a Physician.
Written in His Sixteenth Year.

LEARN to obey the laws of Fate, and raise, at last, your hands in suppliance to the Parcæ, [all] ye that dwell on the pendent orb [of earth], ye children's children of Iapetus! If Death, that goes where she lists, if Death, leaving Tænarum, shall call you—once—with her tearful voice, ah! in vain are delays essayed and guiles and wiles: it is irrevocably ordained *then* that you must go across the darkness of the Styx. If right arm had power to drive away death, once appointed, then Hercules, [else] untameable, had not, poisoned by the blood of Nessus, fallen in death on Emathian Oeta, nor would Ilium have seen Hector slain through the shameful guile of spiteful Pallas, or him [Sarpedon] whom the phantom of Peleus's son [Patroclus] slew with his Locrian blade, the while Jove himself shed tears. If Hecate's magic words had power to put doleful Fate to flight, the mother of Telegonus would have lived on, in infamy; so too [Medea],

Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.
Læsisset & nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,
Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessus.
At fila rupit Persephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
Colende præses, membra precor tua
Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo
Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

the sister of Aigialius [Absyrtus], would have lived on by the use of her all-powerful wand. And if the arts of the healers and herbs unknown had power to beguile the three goddesses, Machaon, well versed in herbs, would not have fallen by the spear of Eurypylus, nor would you, son of Philyra, have been wounded by the arrow that was smeared with the Hydra's blood, nor would your grandsire's missiles and his lightning bolt have slain you [Æsculapius], lad cut from your mother's womb.

You, too, Vice-Chancellor, yes, you, greater than your fosterling Apollo, to whom was assigned control over the gown-clad troup, for whom at this present leaf-embowered Cirrha is mourning, and Helicon, too, in the midst of his waters, you would be yet alive, happy, presiding, not without joy, over Pallas's flock, and you would not, in Charon's skiff, have visited the grim deeps of the [Tartarean] pit. But Persephone snapped your thread, angered because she saw that by your arts and by your all-powerful potions you had wrested so many from the black jaws of Death. Master, worthy to be cherished, may your limbs, I pray, rest quiet 'neath the soft turf, and from the place of your burial may roses grow, and marigolds, and the crimson-faced hyacinth. Mild be Æacus's judgment on you, and may Ætnæan Proserpina smile upon you; may you stroll in endless life amid the blessed in the Elysian plains.

In quintum Novembris, Anno ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latéque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus & hostis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
Armat & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, & somno nictantibus astris.
Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes

On the Fifth of November.

Written in His Seventeenth Year.

AT last, good [King] James was come from the uttermost North, and held in his sway the Teucrian-born peoples, and the wide-spreading domains of Albion's folk, and at last an inviolable treaty had joined the scepter of England to the Scots of Caledonia, and James, bringer of peace, blessed, rich, was seated on his new throne, without concern for secret guile and wile, or [open] foe of his country. At this very time the merciless tyrant that is monarch in fire-flowing Acheron, the father of the Eumenides, roving exile from skyey Olympus, had idly wandered, as it chanced, o'er the illimitable compass of the lands, counting over his allies in crime, his faithful slaves, to slavery born, destined to be, after sad deaths, sharers in his realm. Here he stirs up tempests accursed in mid-air, there he fashions hatred 'twixt friends whose hearts beat before, ever, as one; he arms invincible peoples against each other's vitals, and overturns kingdoms that bloom with olive-bearing peace. Whomsoever he sees loving virtue undefiled, these, every one, he is keen to subject to his sovereignty, and, master of guile in many forms, he seeks with might and main to corrupt the soul inaccessible [as yet] to sin; he lays plots that make no sound, stretches nets that lie concealed, to lay swift hold on those that take not due heed, as the Caspian tigress follows her panic-stricken prey through the trackless wastes,

Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Troiæ.
At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur.
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Tiphœus
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis.
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta,
Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

'neath a moonless sky, when the stars are winking with slumber. In such [ways] Summanus assails peoples and cities, wrapped [himself] in a smoking whirlwind of dark flame.

Presently, the lands that are white with wave-resounding cliffs appear, and the land that is beloved by the god of the sea, to which in olden days Neptune's son [Albion] had given its name, Neptune's son who hesitated not, crossing the seas, to challenge Amphitryon's fierce son to frenzied battle, before the cruel ages that saw the storming of Troy.

Soon as he sees this land, blessed with riches and with holiday peace, and its fields fat with the bounties of Ceres, and—a sight that grieved him more sorely still—a people reverencing the holy powers of the true God, at last he bursts forth sighs that reek of Tartarean fires and of lurid sulphur, sighs such as the grim creature, penned by Jove within Trinacrian Ætna, monstrous Typhœus, breathes forth from his corruption-working mouth. Afire are his eyes, and the adamantine array of his teeth grinds and clashes loudly, as the crash of weapons and spear struck by spear. And then he spake:

"Though I have roamed the wide world o'er, this is the one and only lamentable sight mine eyes have found; this is the one and only race that fights against me, that makes light of my yoke, that is mightier than [all] my craft. Yet, if my efforts have aught of power, this race shall not long act thus with impunity, it shall not long go unscathed."

So far [he spake], and then with his pitch-black wings swims in the limpid air. Wheresoe'er he flies, confronting [opposing] winds rush before him in serried array, clouds

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistrâ
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantum series longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,

are thickly massed, and lightning flashes gleam in close succession.

Presently, in his swift progress he had flown beyond the frosty Alps, and had reached the borders of Ausonia. On his left were the Apennines, cloud-bearing, and the age-old Sabines, on his right Etruria, infamous for its sorceries. You too he sees, Tiber, as you give furtive kisses to Thetis. Presently, he alighted on the heights of Quirinus, offspring of Mars. By this time the late twilight had made the light doubtful, at the hour when the Bearer of the Triple Crown makes the rounds of the City, everywhere, and, upborne on the shoulders of men, carries with him the gods wrought of bread. Princes with bowed knees go before him, and a long, long train of begging brothers, bearing in their hands waxen tapers—blind [all], born [all] in Cimmerian darkness, and dragging out existence [there]. Then they enter churches agleam with hosts of torches—it was the evening that is sacred to Peter—, and the uproar of the chanters time and again filled the empty, vaulted chambers, and the void spaces, with such noise as [is heard] when Bromius howls, and Bromius's squadrons, as they chant their orgiastic hymns on Echionian Aracynthus, the while Æsopus quivers, o'erwhelmed, in his glassy billows, and Cithæron himself, far, far away, answers with his crannied cliffs.

When these rites had at length been carried to their end in wonted fashion, Night voicelessly quitted the embraces of aged Erebus, and with her goading scourge drove with headlong speed her steeds—Typhlon, of blinded eyes, savage

Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres[,]
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
Talis uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,

Melanchætes, Siope, daughter of an Acherontean sire, and Phrix, a shuddering figure with her shaggy mane.

Meanwhile, the Tamer of Kings, Phlegethon's heir [the Pope], entered his bridal chambers (for this stealthy adulterer drags out no sterile nights without a wanton mistress): but scarce were his eyes composed and closing in sleep when the sable lord of the shades, ruler of the silent folk, who preys on the sons of men, 'neath a misleading guise stood by his side. His temples gleamed with the white locks he had assumed; a long beard covered his breast; ashen-hued vestments swept the ground with a long train; a cowl hung from his shaven crown; and, that no single thing might be lacking to complete his clever devisings, he bound his lustful loins with a rope of hemp, and his slow-moving feet he fastened in latticed shoes [sandals fastened with straps]. Such a figure, so rumor says, was Francis, as he wandered alone, in the vast desert, amid the loathsome haunts of wild beasts, and to the woodland folk bore godly words of salvation, a godless creature himself, and tamed the wolves and the lions of Libya!

Draped in such raiment, the crafty serpent unstops his lips to utter words like these:

"Do you sleep, my son? Does slumber deep still o'erwhelm your limbs? Oh, unmindful of the faith, and forgetful of your flocks! the while your chair, that all should reverence, and your triple diadem are laughed to scorn by a barbarous people, born 'neath the Hyperborean heavens, the while your rights are spurned by the quiver-bearing Britons! Rise, speed you! Rise, sluggard, to whom the Latin Caesar [the Em-

Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cæli,
Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiæ disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
Thermodoontéa nuper regnante puella.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite Pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Relliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte lacesses,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est;
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,

peror of Germany] makes obeisance; for you the door of the vaulted skies lies open wide. Break their swollen spirits, and break their insolent arrogance, and let these sacrilegious sinners know what power is vested in your curse, what power is vested in the custody of the Apostle's key. With mind that recalls all, avenge Hesperia's fleets [the Armada], scattered wide, and the Iberians' standards whelmed 'neath the far-flung deep, and the many, many bodies of your saints fastened on the shameful cross, while the Thermodontean Maiden lately was their queen. But, if you prefer to lie torpid, on your soft, luxurious couch, and refuse to beat to earth the growing might of your foe, he will fill the Tyrrhenian Sea with his numerous soldiery, and fix fast his gleaming standards on the Aventine Hill; he will break to pieces what is left of things that are old, and burn them with flames, and trample with godless feet your holy neck—though, once, kings joyed to give kisses to your sandals. And yet assail him not in wars and in open strife: vain is such toil: as master of guile make use of trickery; righteous is it to set whatever nets you will to snare heretics. At this moment their mighty king is summoning to council his patricians from his uttermost borders, is summoning men born of the stock of princes, and aged sires, to be reverenced for their cloaks and their hoary locks: these, all these you will have power to scatter limb from limb in the air, by flinging the fire of nitrous powder 'neath the foundations of the structure wherein they are convened. Forthwith, therefore, advise of the plan proposed and of the deed whatsoever of the

Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quà convenere, sub imis.
Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi, factique mone, quisquámne tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ.
Perculsosque metu subito, casúmque stupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
Dixit & adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
  Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mæstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ
Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata revolvens.
  Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,

faithful England still contains: will any one of your sons venture not to carry out the orders of the sovereign Pope? When they are sore-stricken by sudden panic and amazed at the catastrophe, let the merciless Gaul invade them, the savage Iberian. So the days of Mary will come back in that land at last, and you will be lord and master once again over the warlike Angles. That you may not have one fear, mark that the gods and goddesses all are favorable, as many powers divine as are worshipped on your holy days."

So spake the traitor, and then, laying off the robes he had assumed, he fled to his unspeakable, joyless realm, the land of Lethe.

By this time, rosy Tithonia, opening wide the gates of the Dawn, was clothing the gilded earth with returning light, and, lamenting still the mournful death of her swart son [Memnon], she was besprinkling the mountain-tops with ambrosial drops, when he who guards the doors of the starry court banished slumbers, and rolled away the charming visions, the charming dreams of the night.

There is a place hedged about with the never-ending darkness of night, once the giant foundations of a building now in ruins, now the grot of Murder grim, and of two-tongued Treachery, children two that at one birth savage Discord mothered. Here amid heaps of rubble and jagged boulders lie, unburied, bones of men, and corpses pierced by steel; here sits Guile, black as night, with twisted eyes, and Wordy Quarrels, and Calumny, armed with fangs; one sees Frenzy here, a thousand highways to dying, and Panic Fear; blood-

Ossa inhumata virûm, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fauces.
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur
Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes,
Exululat tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt sontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves difflentur pulvere in auras
Et rex & pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,

less Horror flies about the spot, and ceaselessly, through the voiceless silences, the unsubstantial Manes howl; the earth howls, and, witness of all, stands in pools of blood. In the penetralia of the grot skulk, panic-stricken, Murder himself and Treachery, and, though no one follows them through the grot, the horrendous cavern, craggy, black with shades of death, they fly this way and that, these guilty creatures, twisting back their eyes. Such were the champions of Rome, loyal through long, long ages, that the Babylonish priest calls forth for service, and thus he speaks:

"By the sea that pours round the western limits [of the world] dwells a nation that I loathe; for its unworthiness prescient Nature refused to join it closely to our world. Thither —such is my bidding—hasten with swift steps, and let them be blown asunder by Tartarean dust into the light air, the king and his satraps alike, a crime-stained brood; and take with you as sharers in your plan and as helpers in your work as many as have glowed with passion for the true faith."

So he ended. Eagerly the merciless twain obeyed.

Meantime, the Lord who bends the heavens in a long, long sweep looks down, the Lord that sends his lightnings from the citadel of the skies, and he smiles at the idle essays of the perverse crew, and will be minded himself to keep safe the cause of his own people.

There is an expanse, men say, where fertile Europe is parted from the Asian land: that expanse looks toward the waters of Lake Mæotis. Here is set up the high tower of Rumor, daughter of the Titaness [Earth], a tower made of

Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.
Esse ferunt spatium, quà distat ab Aside terra
Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros;
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli.
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis

bronze, spacious, loud-echoing, nearer to the ruddy stars than Athos or Pelion is when piled on Ossa. It has a thou-
sand doorways, a thousand approaches that stand wide open, and as many windows, and through the thin walls gleam the spacious halls within. A rabble rout, gathered here, rouses varied whisperings, like the noises made by the swarms of flies when they buzz about the milking-pails, or in the sheep-
cotes of rushes interwoven, when the Dog-Star is seeking the heights of heaven, the peak of the skies in the summer days. Rumor herself is seated at the very top of her fortress, Rumor, avenger of her mother [Earth]. Conspicuous is her head, girt with uncountable ears, by which she draws [to herself]
every sound, however slight, and catches the lightest murmur, from the uttermost confines of the wide-spreading earth. Not so many were the eyes that you, Arestor's son, unrighteous warder of the heifer that was known in after days as Isis, kept rolling in your face that knew no gentleness,
eyes that never nodded in voiceless sleep, eyes that looked down on the lands spread out, far and wide, beneath. With these eyes Rumor is wont, often, to traverse places that lack the light, impenetrable even to the glittering sun, and, speaking ceaselessly with a thousand tongues, this reckless creature
pours forth to any one she will what she has seen, what she has heard; skilled in lies, she now makes less the truth, now magnifies it by tales of her own imagining.

But none the less you have earned praises from my song, Rumor, for one good deed, than which there never was a
deed more full of truth; you are worthy to be sung by me,

Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veráque mendax
Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
Fama siles? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iäcobo:
Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et satis antè fugax stridentes induit alas,
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:
Et primò Angliacas solito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis

nor shall I e'er regret that I mentioned you in a strain so long, for, in sooth, it was by your gracious offices, wide-roving goddess, that we English were saved, and render therefor to you your just dues. To you, God, who controls the ever-moving fires, sending before him his lightning-bolt, spake thus, the while the earth trembled: "Rumor, are you voiceless, silent? or is that godless company of Papists unseen by you, that company which has conspired 'gainst me, 'gainst my Britons, and see you naught of the murder, unprecedented, planned 'gainst scepter-bearing James?"

So much He said: no more. But she forthwith understood the injunctions of the Lord of the Thunder, and, though she was full swift of flight before, she puts on, now, whistling wings, and clothes her light body with divers plumes: her right hand carries a sounding trump of Temesæan [*i.e.*, Bruttian, Italian] bronze. Without delay, with her wings she oars her way through the yielding breezes. It contents her not to outstrip in her speed the swift clouds: behind her she leaves now the winds, now the steeds of the sun, and first, in her wonted manner, through the cities of England she scatters utterances of double meaning, and vague murmurings; presently, in ringing tones she makes common property the wiles and the accursed work of betrayal, and deeds full of horror in the [mere] telling; she adds the authors of the crime, nor, in her prattling, does she hold her peace about the places that had been equipped with unseen treachery. All were confounded by the tales she told; young men, young maidens alike were atremble, in equal measure

Insidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effætique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Præsulis Eliensis.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina;
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mæsta charo justa persolvi rogo
Wintoniensis præsulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populosque Neptuno satos,
Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus
Te generis humani decus,

old men, by years outworn; understanding of such grievous ruin had, of a sudden, penetrated every age.

But, nevertheless, meanwhile the Father in the skies from the heights above pities his people, and so he blocked the cruel daring of them that reverence the Pope. They are captured, and are whirled off to heartrending punishment. But gifts of pious incense and grateful honors are rendered unto God; the happy crossroads smoke, everywhere, with genial fires; youths in throngs set the dances in train; and so in all the year's length no day occurs more richly celebrated than the Fifth of November.

On the Death of the Bishop of Ely.

Written in His Seventeenth Year.

MY cheeks were still wet, still stained with the dew, and mine eyes were not yet dry. They were swollen with the rain of the melting brine [of tears], that, lately, out of my affection, I poured forth, while to the mournful funeral pyre of the Bishop of Ely I paid in full the rites that were his due, when Rumor of the hundred tongues —ah, ever messenger all too truthful of disaster!—scattered through the cities of rich Britain, and through the peoples born of Neptune's seed, the tale that you had yielded to Death and to the iron-hearted Sisters, you, the glory of the

Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiusque vates parciùs
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas,
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita.
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastóve nata sub Chao:
Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei
Messes ubique colligit;
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat:
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Jovisque filiæ;

human race, king of holy men in that isle which possesses the name of Anguilla [Ely]. Then my unquiet breast seethed straightway with hot wrath, dooming to the tomb o'er and o'er the mighty goddess [Death]. Not more dire were the curses that Ovid conceived in the deeps of his soul against Ibis; with more restraint the Grecian bard cursed the loathly guilt of Lycambes, and of Neobule, too, his promised bride. But see! while I was pouring forth, myself, weighty curses, and praying death on the head of Death, methought I heard, in deep amazement, such sounds as these, [borne] by a gentle breath, 'neath the gale: "Fling off your blind frenzies: fling off your gleaming bile, and your vain threats. Why do you blindly essay to outrage powers divine no man should injure, powers stirred of a sudden to wild bursts of rage? Death is not, as you, poor, deluded mortal, fancy, the swarthy daughter of Night, nor was she born of Erebus as sire, or of Erinys as mother within illimitable chaos. Rather does she, despatched from the starry skies, everywhere gather the harvests of God; souls hidden under a mass of flesh she calls out into the light, and into the air, even as the swiftly-fleeting Hours, daughters of Themis and of Jove, rouse the day; such

Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
Auriga currus ignei,
Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis Orion tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
Longéque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum syderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, & regiam Chrystallinam, &
Stratum smaragdis Atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci, mihi
Sat est in æternum frui.

souls Death leads to the face of the Everlasting Father. But the godless she justly whirls within the sorrow-burdened realms of dusky Tartarus, and to seats beneath the earth. When to my joy I heard Death calling, swiftly I left my loathsome prison, and amid winged soldiers I was borne in blessedness high upward to the stars, even as, in far-off days, the aged prophet was caught up, driver of a chariot of fire, to the skies. Not affrighted was I by the Wain of gleaming Boötes, a wain made slow by cold, or by the arms of the appalling Scorpion, or even by your blade, Orion. I flew past the ball of the gleaming sun, and I saw, far, far below my feet, the glowing goddess, triple-bodied [Diana, as Luna], the while she was with golden reins seeking to check her dragon team. Through the ranks of the wandering stars I was borne, and through the Milky stretches, marvelling oft at my new-found swiftness, until we came to the shining portals of Olympus, and to the palace of crystal, and the halls paved with emeralds. But here I will hold my peace, for who, if born of human sire, would have the strength to set forth in full the loveliness of that place? *I* count it enough to enjoy that place forever."

Naturam non pati senium.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit (fundis
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa pro-
Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.
Ergóne marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque
Sidera vexabunt? an & insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munîsse nefas, & temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
Decidat, horribilisque retectâ Gorgone Pallas.

That Nature Submits Not to the Decay of Old Age.

AH me! by what never-ending errors man's wandering mind is driven, driven till it faints, exhausted! O'erwhelmed in darkness deep it rolls within itself night, the night of [blinded] Œdipus. Mad, insane, man's mind dares to measure the deeds of the gods by its own, and ventures to liken to its own the laws graven deep on adamant that lives forever; the designs of Fate, not to be loosed by any lapse of time, man links with his own hours, hours that are foredoomed to die!

Shall, then, the face of Nature, o'ergrown with furrowing wrinkles, wither, and shall the common mother of all things, her all-producing womb contracted, grow barren through the lapse of years? Shall she, confessing herself age-worn, move with uncertain steps, her starry head all atremble? Shall the loathsome lapse of time and the never-ending hunger of the years, and squalor, and mouldy decay harry the stars? And shall insatiable Time [Kronos] devour the skies, and whirl his own sire into his vitals? Ah me! Was Jove improvident, unforeseeing? Could he not have fortified his own heights 'gainst such sin as this, have exempted them from the dire evil wrought by Time? Could he not have given them revolutions without end? It will come to pass, then, that some day, slipping asunder with awful crash, the floors of the vaulted heavens shall rush down apace, and each pole, fronting the stroke, shall roar, and that the Olympian will fall from his court on high, and Pallas, too, will fall, a figure

Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli.
Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, subitáque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.
At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat & ambitos sociâ vertigine cælos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicá
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,

dread, with her Gorgon uncovered, aye, will fall even as Juno's son, routed from the sacred threshold of the skies, fell down on Ægean Lemnos. You too, Phœbus, with chariot rushing down headlong, will imitate the fall of your own son [Phaëthon], and you will be borne downward in sudden crash, and by your quenched torch Nereus will be set smoking, and he will give forth from his bewildered main hissings fraught with death. Then, too, Hæmus's foundations will be torn asunder, its topmost peak will split in twain, and the Ceraunian Heights, dashed down now into the deepest pit [of Tartarus], will hurl downward, affrighted now, Stygian Dis, and the mountains that, in other days, were used now against the gods in heaven above, now in fratricidal wars.

No! No! The Father Omnipotent, setting the stars on strong foundations, has taken thought for the sum total of things, and with weights inerrant has poised in perfect balance the scales of the Fates, and has bidden each thing in all the mighty array to keep unceasingly the tenor of its way. This is why the 'First Wheel of the Universe' [the *Primum Mobile*] rolls on with diurnal movement, and sweeps the encircled skies along with the whirling course wherein they share. Saturn is no slower than was his wont, and Mars, fiery still as in olden, far-off days, Mars of the crested helm, glows still as with the lightning's gleam. Phœbus is ceaselessly agleam with youth, nor does this god, deflecting his chariot along downward slopes of the skies, seek to warm lands exhausted, but always, powerful with friendly light, he speeds along the self-same marks left by his chariot wheels.

Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Mane vocans, & serus agens in pascua cœli,
Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitóque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,

With beauty matching that of other days there rises from the Indians' fragrant lands the star [Lucifer] that, calling them in the early morn, closes the files of the heavenly flocks in whitening Olympus, and [at evening] drives them again to the pasture-lands of the skies, parting the realms of Time with colors twain. Delia, too, shines on, and with alternate horns [*i.e.*, with waxing and waning horns] discharges her changing, varying rôles, and with arms matching those of old she embraces the cerulean fire. Nor do the elements show shifting faith, but with their wonted crash the lurid lightning-bolts smite and shatter the cliffs. With no gentler roar Caurus rages furiously through the void; with equal horror the wild Aquilo touches the armor-bearing Geloni, breathing winter upon them, and rolling the clouds. As has been his wont, the King of the Deep lashes asunder the foundations of Sicilian Pelorus; with his booming shell the Ocean's trumpeter blares round the levels of the deep, and Ægæon, as the Balearic whales bear him on their backs, is no smaller than the giant bulk [that was his alway]. But neither do you, Earth, lack that old-time vigor of a far-off age. The Narcissus, too, keeps its own peculiar fragrance. This lad keeps his own peculiar beauty; so, too, Phœbus, does that lad of yours [Hyacinthus], so, too, Cypris, does yours [Adonis]. Nor was the Earth richer in days of old when she guiltily buried in her mountains the gold destined to work crime, or hid the jewels 'neath her waters.

So, in a word, the righteous series of all things will go on into endless time, until the final fires shall lay waste the wide

Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cæli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

DICITE sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimúmve terris incolit Lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,

compass of the lands, embracing the poles, and the peaks of the vast skies at their highest, and the enginery of the universe shall burn on a giant pyre.

On the Platonic Idea, as Aristotle Understood It.

TELL, ye goddesses that preside o'er the holy woods, tell, Memory, most blessed mother of the goddesses nine, tell, Eternity, who dost recline at ease in thy far-off grot, keeping safe the memorials of the past and the established ordinances of Jove, the calendar of the skies, and the record-books of the gods, tell me, I pray, who that first man was according to whose likeness cunning nature moulded all the sons of men, a man eternal he, stranger to decay, one in age with the heavens, single and yet universal, the pattern used by God. He surely is not lodged in the brain of Jove, a child kept ever concealed therein, twin brother of Pallas, maid alway unwed. Though his nature is a nature shared by many, yet it exists apart, by itself, after the fashion of a being unique, and—strange to say—is fastened in a definite expanse of space. Mayhap, as never-dying comrade of the stars he wanders through the tenfold array of heaven, or dwells in the ball of the moon, nearest [of the heavenly bodies] to earth, or, perchance, seated amid souls that are destined to enter bodies, he is torpid, void of all life, at the forgetful waters of Lethe, or, mayhap, in some far-off expanse of earth he strides on as mighty giant, this archetype of man, and raises high his towering head, a figure to be

Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
Atlante major portitore syderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Pleiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
Jam jam pöetas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen

dreaded by gods, a figure taller than Atlas himself, bearer of the stars. No! No! The Dircæan augur, whose very blindness gave him boundless light, never in his bosom's deeps saw *that* man; Pleïone's winged grandson [Hermes, or Hermes Trismegistus] ne'er in the stilly night showed him to the keen-minded company of the seers. The Assyrian priest knows him not, though he tells the long tale of Ninus's forebears, and names Belos, of far-off days, and famous Osiris. Nor did Hermes, the thrice great, the glorious seer with the triple name, skilled though he is in secrets, bequeath mention of that man to the worshippers of Isis.

But [Plato], everlasting glory of the groves of Academe, if *you* were pioneer in bringing such monsters into the Schools, forthwith, forthwith call back again the poets, exiles from your State, since you yourself are greatest of all tellers of fables, or else go forth, yourself, founder of the State, therefrom.

To My Father.

I WOULD fain have the Pierian springs divert, at this instant, their water courses through my breast; I would fain have the stream loosed from the twin peaks and roll, in all its fulness, o'er my lips, to the end that, forgetting all humble strains, my Muse may rise on daring pinions to discharge her loving service to my father, a father worthy of all reverence. Be its welcome what it may, it is for you,

Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
Aptiùs à nobis quæ possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.
Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cæli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethéæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, & tremulæ pallantes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,

worthy father, that my Muse is toiling o'er this slender achievement. I know not what gifts *from* me can make more fitting answer to your gifts *to* me, though not even the greatest gifts can make answer unto yours: far less can the gratitude that is rendered through empty words, barren gratitude, be a match for gifts [substantial]. Yet, after all, this page sets forth my rating: all that I have of wealth I have counted out on the sheet that is before you, and yet that wealth is naught save what golden Clio has given me, what slumbers have begotten for me within some grot sequestered, and the laurel-thickets in the holy wood, shady dells on Parnassus.

Do not *you* look down on song divine, creation of the bard, for naught graces more finely than does song his heavenly source, his heavenly seed, his mind mortal in origin, for song still keeps holy traces of Prometheus's fire. The gods above love song, and song has power to rouse the quaking depths of Tartarus, to bind fast the gods of the deeps below; song restrains with triple adamant the unfeeling Manes. By song the secrets of the far-distant future are revealed by the daughters of Phœbus, and by quivering Sibyls, pale of lips. The sacrificer composes [builds] songs at the holy altars, whether he lays low the bull as it tosses its gilded horns, or, keen of mind, consults the fates hidden away within the smoking entrails, or in the *exta,* still warm, searches for [the will of] destiny. So I too, when I shall revisit my native Olympus, and time shall stand immovable, endlessly delayed, I too shall go, wearing a golden crown, through the realms of the skies, wedding sweet strains to the soft-sound-

Ibimus auratis per cæli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sydereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, & modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,

ing *plectrum:* at those strains the stars and the vaults of the twin poles will ring. At this instant too the fiery spirit that flies round and round 'mid the swiftly whirling orbs is singing, himself, amid the starry choirs, singing a never-dying melody, a song beyond all describing, while the ruddy Serpent checks his hot hissings, and savage Orion, with sword now lowered, turns gentle, and Maurusian Atlas no longer feels his burden.

Songs were wont, in olden days, to adorn the rich feasts of kings, when luxury, and the limitless abyss of the bottomless gullet were yet unknown, and the banquet tables foamed only with modest wines. In those days, the bard, seated in accord with custom at the holiday feast, his unshorn locks bound with leaves from the oak-tree, used to sing of the achievements of heroes, exploits worthy of imitation, and the foundations, laid broad and wide, of the world, and of gods creeping, and of acorns that formed food for gods, and of the lightning-bolt not yet sought from Ætna's grot. In brief, what pleasure will there be in music well attuned if it is empty of voice, empty of words and of their meanings, and of numbers that talk? Such strains befit the woodland choirs, not Orpheus, who by his songs held fast the streams, and added ears to the oaks by his songs, not by his lyre, and by his singing compelled to tears the shades that were done with life: it is from his *song* that he has these praises.

Persist not, I pray you, to hold cheap the holy Muses, nor think them idle, poor, for through their bounty you yourself skilfully compose a thousand strains to measures fit, and,

Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur:
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.
Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse camœnas,
Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,

since you have been trained to vary your tuneful voice by a thousand modulations, you would of right be heir of Arion's fame. Wherein is it strange if it has fallen to your lot to sire me, a poet, if we [you and I], knit so closely together by dear ties of blood, should pursue arts of one blood, and kindred studies? Phœbus, wishing to divide himself between us twain, gave one half of his gifts to me, the other half to my father, and so we, father and son, possess the god in shares.

Though you pretend that you loathe the dainty Muses, none the less you loathe them not, methinks, for, father, you did not bid me go where a highway lies open wide and broad, where the ground slopes more straightly to gain, and the golden hope of storing away money shines with steady luster. You are not now dragging me off to the laws, the ill-guarded statutes of our nation, nor are you condemning my ears to the tasteless clamors [of the laws]. But, eager to enrich yet more my mind, you drew me away from the din and the uproar of the city, into seclusions deep, and you suffered me to go amid the delightful leisure of the Aonian stream, a blessed comrade at Apollo's side.

I hold my peace about the service rendered by every father to dear son: on *me* larger demands are made. When, at your expense, best of fathers, the eloquence of Romulus's tongue was opened wide to me, and all its Latin graces, when there lay open to me the exalted words of the Greeks, masters of a noble tongue, words that become the great mouth of Jove himself, you urged me to add the flowers [of language] whereof Gaul boasts, and the talk that the newer Italian

Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
Dimotáque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.
I nunc, confer opes quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,

pours forth from his degenerate lips, bearing witness by his utterance to barbarian uprisings; you urged me to learn, too, the mysteries that the seers and the prophets of Palestine speak forth. In a word, whatever is contained within the sky, in mother Earth, spread out beneath the skies, or in the air that streams 'twixt earth and sky, whatever the waters cover and the heaving marble of the sea, all this, thanks to you, it is my privilege to know, thanks to you, if it shall be my pleasure to know it. Nay, more, sweeping the clouds apart, Science comes, to be viewed, and, naked, she inclines her bright face to my kisses, unless I should wish to flee, unless I should find it burdensome to taste her kisses.

Go to, now, match your wealth [with mine], whoso'er, unsound of mind, makes his first choice the age-old treasures of Austria, and of the kingdoms of Peru. What greater wealth could have been given by a father, even, if you will, by Jove himself, though he had given all the world, the sky alone excepted? No choicer gifts, e'en had they been safe, gave he who entrusted to his youthful son the light that is common property of all mankind, and Hyperion's chariot, and the reins of the day, and the tiara undulating with radiant light. Therefore, since I am already a part, albeit the lowliest, of the learned [poetic] throng, I shall sit amid the victors' crowns of ivy and of laurel; no more now shall I mingle, a figure obscure, with the witless populace, but my footsteps will avoid eyes profane. Keep yourselves far away, wakeful Cares, keep yourselves far away, Complaints, and the eye of Envy with its crooked leer. Stretch not wide, mer-

Sæva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus;
In me triste nihil fædissima turba potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.
At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

PSALM CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβου
Ἀιγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μοῦνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἷες Ἰοῦδα.
Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὁδ' ἀρ' ἐστυφελίχθη
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐυτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ.

ciless Calumny, your snake-bearing jaws. Most loathsome crew, *you* possess naught of baneful power against me, nor am I in *your* control. Safe, with breast secure, I shall stride on, uplifted high from your viper blows.

But for you, father dear, since the power is not vouchsafed me to make just return to your deserts, or to balance your gifts by my achievements, let it be enough that I have made mention of them, that with grateful heart I am telling the tale of your gifts, and am storing them away in a loyal mind.

And now, verses of mine, song of my youth, my sport and frolic, if only you shall venture to hope for never-ceasing years, and to outlive your master's funeral pyre, and then to gaze on the light, and if black forgetfulness shall not whirl you 'neath crowded Orcus, perhaps you will jealously guard these praises, and my father's name, thus lauded in song, guarding them, I mean, to serve as an example for a time far distant.

Psalm CXIV.

WHEN the children of Israel, when the glorious tribes of Jacob left the land of Egypt, a land hateful, of barbarous speech, in that day the sons of Judah were the one holy race, and among its peoples God was king, a king of great might. The sea saw it, and humbly, coiled up in its roaring waters, gave strength to the fugitive, and the holy Jordan was flung violently back toward its silvery fountains. The giant mountains tossed themselves about, and leaped this way and that, even as rams, full

Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας;
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθης
Ἱρὸς Ἰορδάνῃ ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν;
Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἀρ ὑμμὲς ἀνασκίρτησατ' ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες,
Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
Γαῖα θεὸν τρείουσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνηντ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοέσσης.

Philosophus ad regem quendam qui eum ignotum & insontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος hæc subito misit.

Ὦ ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κἀρηνον
Ῥηϊδιώς ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,
Τοιόν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

of vigor, in a nourishing vineyard. Likewise, all the smaller crags skipped, even as lambs, at the sound of the syrinx, 'neath their loving mothers. Why did you, dread sea, coiled up in your roaring waters, so marvellously give strength to the fugitive? Why were you flung back, holy Jordan, toward your silvery fountains? Why, giant mountains, did ye toss yourselves about, and leap this way and that, even as rams, full of vigor, in a nourishing vineyard? Why, ye smaller crags, did ye skip, even as lambs at the sound of the syrinx 'neath their loving mothers? Shake yourself, Earth, tremble in fear before the Lord as he makes a mighty noise, shake, Earth, fearing the Lord, the loftiest majesty of the son of Isaac, of God who, even from the crags by the sea, poured forth the roaring rivers, and from the dripping rock an ever-flowing fountain.

A king, finding by chance, among men deeply guilty, a philosopher, whom he did not know at all, and who was wholly innocent, condemned the philosopher to death. As the philosopher was going along the road to death, he suddenly sent these verses to the king.

SIR king, if you shall slay me, a man that abides by the law, that has done naught that is dire to any one, easily, mark you, would you destroy a life full wise, but afterwards you will realize what you have done, and then, all in vain, will you lament to your own soul, because you destroyed out of your city such a far-famed bulwark of defence.

In Effigiei Ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες φίλοι
Ἐλᾶτε φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

Ad Salsillum poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adesdum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;

On the Man Who Had Engraved Milton's Likeness.

THIS likeness you would, perchance, say had been graven by an unskilful man, were you to look at the genuine shape and appearance [*i.e.*, its original]. But since, good friends, you know not him whose face is modelled here, you laugh at this misfit imitation by a worthless sculptor.

Scazons to Salsilli, a Roman Poet, as He Lay Ill.

O MUSE, who of choice dost trail a limping foot, and, slow of progress, dost take joy in the gait of Vulcan, and dost think such gait no less charming in its due season than when golden-tressed Deïope moves her comely ankles, now one, now other, before the golden couch of Juno, stand by me, I pray, and bear, if you will, these few words to Salsilli, who takes my Muse so warmly to his heart, preferring her—undeservedly—to the truly mighty poets. These verses that fosterling [of yours] at London, Milton, sends to him, Milton, who, in these latter days, quitting his proper nest, and his own expanse of heaven, where the worst of winds, all powerless to control its mad lungs, swiftly plies panting blasts 'neath the skies, came to the fruitful glebe of Italy's soil, to see its cities, known by proud report, its lordly men, and the fine natures of its learned youth; he prays for you full many a blessing, Salsilli, and a state, a habit wholly sound for your exhausted body. At this present, overflowing bile assails your reins, and, firmly lodged within your frame,

Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosùm spirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O salus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tumidusque & ipse Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges
Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

Mansus.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non & bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dia-

breathes ruin. Nor did the impious bile spare you for all that you, a man of culture true, mould Lesbian song with your Roman lips.

O sweet gift of the gods, Health, sister of Hebe, O Apollo, terror of diseases, ever since you slew the Python, or if thou hearest with more pleasure *Pæan,* this man is true priest of yours. O oaken groves of Faunus, and hills of Rome, generous with the dew of the grape, gracious seat of Evander, if aught that brings health sends forth leaves within your vales, in eager rivalry bear it as relief for your sore-stricken bard. This done, he, restored again to the dear Muses, will soothe the neighboring meads with sweet song. Numa himself will marvel, with all his mind, amid the dark groves, where he lives a life of leisure, blessed, never-dying, gazing ever, with head flung back, on his beloved Egeria, and the Tiber too, though he is in flood, soothed by him, will favor year by year the hopes of the tillers of the soil. No more will he speed on to assail kings in their tombs, rushing against them, unrestrained, with his left rein too slack, but rather will he control more skilfully the reins of his billows, through all his course to the briny realms of winding Portumnus.

Manso.

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, is a man pre-eminently famous among the Italians, for intellectual merit, devotion to literature, and for warlike prowess as well. It was to him that Torquato Tasso addressed his

logus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
Risplende il Manso———

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est digna-
Post Galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetrusci. (tus honore,
Tu quoque si nostræ tantùm valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores;
Mollis & Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.

Dialogue on Friendship, a dialogue still extant, for he was a close friend of Tasso. Tasso mentions him with high praise among the princes of Italy, in the poem entitled Gerusalemme Conquistata, *Book* 20.

Amongst knights magnanimous and courteous
Manso shines——

When the author was tarrying in Naples, Manso attended him with unbounded goodwill, and bestowed upon him many kindly services, born of his true humanity. To him, therefore, the sojourner, before he left the city, sent this poem, that he might show himself not ungrateful.

THESE songs, too, the daughters of Pieria are preparing with all care to sound your praises, Manso, yes, are preparing for you, Manso, well known to the choir of Phœbus, forasmuch as he has deemed no other worthy of equal honor, since the day when Gallus and Etruscan Mæcenas were turned to ashes. You too, if the breath of my song has power so great, shall have a seat among the victors' crowns of ivy and of laurel.

You long, long ago a blessed harmony of hearts joined with mighty Tasso, and so inscribed your names on scrolls that never fade. Presently, the discerning Muse gave to your care sweet-speaking Marini; he joyed to be called your fosterling the while he sang, at length, the Assyrian loves of the gods [in a poem about Adonis], and, gentle poet that he was, by his song held in amaze the nymphs of Ausonia. Likewise, as he lay dying, the body that he owed to you he bequeathed to you, yes to you alone, and he bequeathed to you his final

Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quá potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, & variâ sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere musam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo

wishes. Nor did your loving devotion deceive the Manes of your friend: our eyes have seen the poet smiling on us from the bronze so carefully wrought. Nor did you count this enough to do for each; your devoted offices cease not at the tomb. You are keen to wrest them, incorrupt, from Orcus, in so far as you have power, and to cheat the hungry laws of the Parcæ: hence the lineage of each you are portraying, and the life led by him amid varying fortunes, his character, and Minerva's gifts to him; rival are you of him [Herodotus] who, born by high Mycale, with eloquent voice chronicled the life of Æolian Homer. Therefore, in the names of Clio and of mighty Phœbus, I dispatch to you, father Manso, my best wishes for your health through the long, long years, I, a youth from a foreign land, sent from the Hyperborean quarter of the world. Since you are so gracious, you will not spurn a Muse that comes from afar, a Muse that, though nurtured but hardly 'neath the cold Bear, unthinkingly dared, recently, a flight through the cities of Italy. I too, I am persuaded, have heard through the dark shadows of the night the swans as they attuned their strains in my own river, where the silvery Thames, bright-urned, wide-spreading stream, drenches his grey tresses with the swirling waters of ocean. Nay, nay, once on a time there came to these shores [of Italy] Tityrus [Chaucer].

But we English are not a race uncultured, or useless to Phœbus, in that region of the world which, furrowed by the Wain with its seven-fold team, submits to wintry Boötes during the long nights. We too cherish Phœbus, we have sent

Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates
Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas:
At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;
Tantùm ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ

gifts to Phœbus, yellow ears of grain, and golden apples in baskets, and fragrant crocus (unless the tale is idle that ancient days record); we sent too choirs chosen from the race of the Druids. The Druids, a time-honored race, busied with the holy rites of the gods, were wont to sing the praises of the heroes, and their achievements worthy of imitation. This is why, whenever the maidens of Greece, after their custom, on Delos's sward circle the altars with their festal strains, in gladsome songs make mention of Loxo, daughter of Corineus, and of Upis, voice of the Fates, and Hecaërge, too, of the golden tresses, whose breasts were stained with the Caledonian dye.

Fortunate elder! So, then, wherever through the compass of the lands the glory of Torquato and his mighty name shall be heralded, and the fame of immortal Marini shall grow with fresh brightness, you too will come again and yet again to the lips of men and into their plaudits, and with flight matching theirs you will press swiftly along an imperishable way. Men will say that in those days [the days of Tasso, Marini, Manso] of his own will the Lord of Cynthus dwelt in your house, and that the Muses came as servants to your portals. Yet it was not of his own will that this selfsame Apollo drew near to the house, to the farm-lands of the King, son of Pheres, what time Phœbus was a fugitive from the skies, though the king had, as host, welcomed mighty Alcides. One relief had Apollo, only one: when it pleased him to avoid the clamorous ploughmen, he withdrew to the famous grot of the gentle Chiron, amid the well-watered

Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo,
Saxa stetere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ,
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus adsit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam,

vales and leafy shelters, hard by the streams of Peneüs: there often, under the dark ilex, induced by the coaxing entreaties of his friend, to the strains of the lute, he soothed with his voice the hard labors of his exile. Then the banks stayed not in their appointed places, nor did the boulders, formerly firmly fixed within the deeps of the Tartarean pit, stay in theirs; the Trachinian cliff nodded, and felt no longer its wonted forests, a giant burden; the mountain ashes, dislodged, hastened down from their hills, and the spotted lynxes were soothed by strains ne'er heard before.

Elder beloved of the gods! It must be that Jupiter and Phœbus and the kindly grandson of Atlas all alike with kindly eyes surveyed you at your birth, for, unless he shall be from his first hours dear to the gods above, a man will ne'er have power to befriend a mighty poet. This is why *your* old age keeps green amid clinging flowers, and by its vigorous life gains for itself the spindles of Æson, preserving for you the graces of your brow, graces not yet fallen, the vigor of your intellect, and the full-grown keenness of your wit. O, may my lot vouchsafe to me a friend so fine, one who knows so well how to honor the men of Phœbus, true men, if ever I shall bring back to my songs the kings of my native land, and Arthur, who set wars in train even 'neath the earth [*i.e.,* in Fairyland], or shall tell of the high-hearted heroes bound together as comrades at that peerless table, and—O, may the spirit come to my aid—I shall break to pieces Saxon phalanxes under the might of Britons' warring. At last when, having measured to the full the span of a life not voice-

Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
Astanti sat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.
Forsitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata sinunt) & totâ mente serenùm
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM

DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

THYRSIS & Damon ejusdem viciniæ Pastores, eadem studia sequuti a pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, &

less, a man full of years, I shall leave to the ashes their rights, that friend would stand, with streaming eyes, beside my bier: it will be enough if I shall say to him, as he stands there, "Let me be your concern." My limbs, relaxed by black death, he would take pains to have bestowed softly, gently, in a tiny urn; mayhap he will carve my features out of marble, wreathing my locks with leafage of Parnassus's laurel; and so I shall rest in undisturbèd peace. Then, too, if there is aught of good faith, of loyalty, anywhere, if there are sure rewards for good men, I myself, withdrawn to the ether of the gods that dwell in the skies, in some place to which toil and a clean heart and their own flaming manhood bear good men, from some corner of a world apart I shall see, so far as the Fates permit, all that happens here [*i.e.*, in this world below], and, with all my soul smiling calmly, I shall have a crimson flush upon my face, and at the same time, full of joy, I shall applaud myself in skyey Olympus.

DAMON'S EPITAPH.

ARGUMENT.

THYRSIS and Damon, shepherds of the same neighborhood, devoted to the same pursuits, were friends from boyhood up, friends as close as e'er men were. Thyrsis, while on a journey for pleasure's sake, received, in foreign lands, a message telling of his friend's death. Later,

rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

EPITAPHIUM
DAMONIS.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.

after his return home, when he found that the message was true, he bemoaned himself and his loneliness.

In this poem, by 'Damon' is meant Charles Diodati, descended on his father's side from the Etruscan city of Lucca. In all things else he was an Englishman, a youth, the while he lived, preeminent in intellect, in learning, and in all the other brightest and fairest virtues.

DAMON'S EPITAPH.

NYMPHS of Himera—ye keep in mind Daphnis and Hylas both, and the fates of Bion, long, long lamented—sing a strain truly Sicilian through the cities by the Thames, the cries that, in his woe, Thyrsis poured forth, the ceaseless plainings wherewith he harried the grots, and the wide-ranging rivers, and the retreats within the woods, while he made lament that Damon had been wrested from him before his time. Nor did he exempt from his griefs the deeps of the night, as he wandered o'er lonely places. Twice already the stalk was rising high with the green ears of grain, and the granaries were counting as many golden harvests, since his last day had borne Damon away within the shades, and Thyrsis was not yet by his side! for that shepherd the sweet love of the Muse was keeping in a Tuscan city. But when Thyrsis's mind, filled full, and concern for the flock he had left behind called him home, then, verily, soon as he had sat him down 'neath the accustomed

Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relicti
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ sedítque sub ulmo,
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon;
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longúmque vigebit
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piúmque,
Palladiásque artes, sociúmque habuisse canorum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

elm, he was conscious that his friend was lost, and he began thus to disburden his limitless pain.

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

Woe is me! What powers divine shall I name on earth, what in heaven, since they have swept you off, Damon, by a merciless death? Is it thus, thus, that you leave me? Is merit such as yours to pass thus, nameless, and to be joined with a host of obscure shades? But he that with his golden wand parts the souls would not wish *that;* no, he would guide you to a host worthy of yourself, and would fend far off from you all the worthless herd of the voiceless [dead].

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

Whate'er shall come, one thing is sure: unless a wolf shall see me first, you, Damon, will not be crushed in an unlamented tomb, but your honors will be firmly fixed, firm set for you, and will long have vigorous life among the shepherds. To you, as second only to Daphnis, the shepherds will joy to pay their vows, they will joy to sing of you, as second only to Daphnis, as long as Pales, as long as Faunus shall love the country-side, if it counts for aught to have cherished faith like the faith of olden days, to have cherished righteousness, and the arts of Pallas, and to have had as comrade a man of song.

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus auster
Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ.
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiásque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

These sure rewards await you, Damon, they will be yours for aye. But what of me? What loyal comrade will cling to my side, as you were wont oft to do, in the days of unrelenting cold, in places pregnant with frosts, or under the devouring sun, when the plants were dying of thirst, or when there was need to face in hand to hand encounter the monstrous lions, or to frighten the hungry wolves away from the high folds? Who will make it his habit with talking and with song to lay the day to rest?

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

To whom shall I entrust my soul? Who will teach me to lighten consuming cares, who to beguile the long nights with sweet converse, when the mellow pears shall be set hissing by the cheery fire, and the hearth shall crackle with the nuts, the while the evil South Wind confounds all the world outdoors, and thunders down through the elm?

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

Or, in the summer-time, when the day is revolving in mid heaven, when Pan, hidden away in the shade of the oak, courts slumber, and the nymphs seek again their familiar seats 'neath the waters, and the shepherds hide, the farmer snores under the hedge, who will renew for me your blandishments, your laughter, your sallies of Cecropian wit, and your cultured graces?

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina musco,
Hîc Zephiri, hîc placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat
(Et callebat avium linguas, & sydera Mopsus)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,

But now, alone, I wander through the fields, alone o'er the meadows, wherever the shadows cast by the branches are close set in the vales. There I wait the evening: over my head the rain and Eurus make mournful sounds, and the rending forests toss in the evening twilight.

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

Ah me! How deeply my tilth-lands, once so well tilled, are clothed now with insolent herbage! The towering grain gapes open with mildew. The grapes, unwedded, are withering, their clusters neglected, and the myrtle-groves pleasure me not. I am weary even of the sheep, and they are turning their eyes in deepest sorrow on their master.

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

Tityrus is calling me to the hazels, Alphesibœus to the mountain ashes, Ægon to the willows, lovely Amyntas to the streams: "Here are cool springs, here are grasses o'erspread with moss, here Zephyrs, here the arbutus murmurs amid the quiet waters." All this they sang to one that was deaf; finding a covert, I went away from them,

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

To all this Mopsus, when as it chanced, he saw me returning — skilled in the tongues of birds and in the stars was Mopsus—added words of his own: "Thyrsis, what means this? What shameless spleen torments you? Either passion is slaying you, or some star is vexing you with baneful spell.

Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem
Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus

Saturn's star has oft rested heavy on shepherds, and with glancing strokes of his leaden shaft has pierced their hearts to the utmost deeps."

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

The nymphs are crying in wonder, "What will become of you, Thyrsis? What mean you? not the wont of youth are this clouded brow, these wild eyes, such stern set features. Her search is—rightly—ever for dancing troops, and light frolics, and for love. Twice wretched is he who loves late."

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

Hyas is come, and Dryope, and Ægle, daughter of Baucis, trained in measures, and mistress of the lyre, but by pride consumed; Chloris, too, is come, near neighbor of the Idumanian Stream [the River Chelmer, in Essex]. But their blandishments move me not, their comforting words move me not, naught moves me, if it is at hand, no hope of the future moves me.

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

Woe is me! How alike are the bullocks that frolic over the meadows! Of one heart are they, one with another, by the law's decree, close comrades all. No one of them sets apart from the herd or this or that as his [peculiar] friend. Even so, crowding close together, the wolves come in search of food, and the wild asses, shaggy-haired, are joined to their like, now these, now those. The law of the deep is the self-

Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam?
Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes.
Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,

same law: on a lonely strand Proteus counts in herds the sea-calves. The lowly sparrow always has some one with whom to spend his days, gladly, with whom to fly gladly about all the heaps of spelt, visiting again, late, his own shelter: but if chance has done this mate to death — mayhap a kite by its curved beak has brought to it its fate, or perchance a ditcher has laid it low with his shaft—, straightway the sparrow, flying from the spot, seeks another to be his comrade. But we mortals are a rugged race, a race harried by accursed fates, alien one to another in soul, and discordant in spirit: hardly does a man find out of a thousand one—only one—that matches himself, or, if fortune, no longer harsh, at last vouchsafes one to our prayers, him some day, in an hour wherein one expects it not, steals from us, leaving us loss, everlasting, on into the [endless] ages.

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

Alas! what vagrant wandering drove me to go to stranger shores, across the skyey ridges, and the snow-laden Alps? Was there anything worth its cost in the sight of buried Rome?—[would there have been], even if she were as splendid as in the days when Tityrus went to see her, leaving the while his sheep and his country-side—, anything worth so much that for it I could be without *you,* my sweet, sweet comrade, could set between you and me so many deep seas, so many mountains, so many forests, so many crags, so many sounding streams? Ah! I might at least have been privileged to touch for the last time your hand, and your dear eyes, de-

Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juventus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quà mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm
Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
Fiscellæ, calathique & cerea vincla cicutæ,
Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,

cently composed as you died in peace, and to say, "Fare you well, fare you well! Remember me, as you shall take your way to the stars".

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

And yet I shall never regret that I kept you in mind, shepherds of Tuscany, youths busied with the Muses, for there dwells Charis, there Lepos abides. You, too, Damon, were a Tuscan, from the ancient city of Lucumo: thence you derive your lineage. Oh, how wondrous great was I, when, stretched at ease by the prattlings of the cool Arno, in its poplar grove, where the grass was softest, I could pluck now violets, now the tips of the myrtles, and could hear Menalcas vying with Lycidas! I too ventured [then] to contend, and, methinks, I did not much displease, for I have in my possession even now the gifts you, one and all, gave me—baskets of rush, baskets of wicker, and the waxen fastenings of hemlock. Nay, more, Dati and Francini made my name known to the beeches: well known were they both for their songs, and for their studies, and both were of the blood of the Lydians [Tuscans].

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

Such strains the dewy moon used to dictate to me—glad was I in those days—, while by myself I was penning my dainty kids within the hurdles. Ah! How many times I said, even when the black ashes possessed you, "Damon is singing now, or else he is setting nets 'gainst the hares; now he is

Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus;
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? & argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborúmque, humilésque crocos, foliúmque hyacinthi,
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentûm,
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentûm
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
Dissiluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennùmque Arviragúmque duces, priscùmque Belinum,

intertwining osiers to serve his varied needs". And what then I, with complaisant mind, hoped would come to pass, I lightly forestalled in my prayers, and I portrayed it as already present. "What, ho, good sir! [I said to you, Damon], "you're doing naught? Unless, perchance, something holds you back, are we off, and are we reclining a while in the tuneful shade, at the waters of the Colnus [the River Colne], or where the acres of Cassibelaunus [lie]? You will run through, for me, your healing potions, your herbs, the hellebore, and the lowly crocus, and the leaf of the hyacinth, all the herbs that yonder marsh possesses, and the arts, too, of the healers." Alas! perish the herbs, perish, too, the arts of the healers, the plants, since they profited not at all him who was their master. I myself too—my pipe was sounding forth some lofty strain, I know not what—another day is come, the day following the eleventh night—I myself, as it chanced, had set my lips to pipes of hemlock, pipes that were new: none the less, bursting their joinings, they leaped asunder, and could brook no longer the weighty strains. I misdoubt that I am over-swollen with pride. Still I will tell the tale. Yield, ye woods.

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

I myself shall sing of Dardan ships [making their way] through Rutupian [Kentish] waters, and of the realm, in days of old, of Imogene, daughter of Pandrasus; I shall sing of Brennus and Arviragus, captains [both], and of ancient Belinus, too, and of the settlers from Armorica subject at last

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jögernen
Mendaces vultus, assumptáque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitúsque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Usa, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibúsque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
Et circùm gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver

to Britons' laws. Next I shall sing of Igraine, mother-to-be, through fateful trickery, of Arthur, I shall sing of lying features, of the taking of the arms of Gorloïs, guile, all, of Merlin. O, if only life shall endure for me, you, my Pan's pipe, will hang, far away [from me] on an aged pine, utterly forgot by me, or else, transmuted, you will, with the aid of native Muses, sound forth a truly British strain. Why, pray, [speak I thus]? One man may not, one man may not hope [to achieve] all things [*i.e.*, to win fame by working in Latin and in English both]. It is recompense in plenty, and high glory, too, for me (even though I be unknown to endless time, and utterly without glory from the world without, should the yellow-tressed Usa [the Ouse], and he that drinks the Alanus [the River Alan], and Abra [the Humber], crowded with whirling eddies, and every grove of Treanta [the Trent], and my beloved Thames, before all others, and the Tamura [the Tamar], swart with metals, and the Orcades in the furthermost billows learn my songs.

Go home, unpastured, my lambs:
Your master has no leisure now.

All these [plans and dreams] I was guarding jealously for you, Damon, under the pliant bark of the laurel, these, and more as well, and the cups, too, that were given to me by Manso, by Manso, not the least glory of the Chalcidian [Cumaean, Italian] strand, cups two in number, wondrous creations of skill, given to me by Manso, himself a marvel. He had graven them round with a double theme. In the midst are the billows of the Red Sea, and fragrance-bearing

Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama silvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleùm fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,
Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectúsque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctáque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroúmque animas inter, divósque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat

spring, the long shores of Araby, and forests dripping with balsam. Among the trees is Phœnix, bird divine, without its like on earth, gleaming darkly with parti-colored wings, watching Aurora as she rises from the glassy billows. Elsewhere are the sky, spreading without end, and mighty Olympus. Here—who would think it?—is Love, too, with his quiver painted amidst a cloud, Love with his gleaming armory, his torches, and his darts touched with the color of bronze. Not trivial souls and the ignoble hearts of the rabble does he smite thence [from the cloud, or, perhaps, with these weapons]: but, rolling his flaming eyes, he scatters his shafts, always straight upward, through the heavenly spheres, and never looks with glance askant to ply downward blows. Through such strokes holy minds are set ablaze, and shapes of the gods themselves.

You, too, have a place among the gods—no elusive hope beguiles me, Damon: you, too, surely have a place among them, for to what other place would your sweet and holy candor have made her way, whither your snow-white manhood? It is not right, in heaven's eyes, to seek *you* within Lethæan Orcus. Tears fit not *you:* so I will weep no more. Go, get ye gone afar, tears. Damon dwells now in the pure ether, Damon the pure possesses the ether, with his foot he has dashed aside the rainbow. Amid the souls of the heroes, and amid gods that live for ever he is quaffing ethereal draughts, and is drinking joys with holy lips.

Now that you have received your due rights in heaven, stand by me, at my right hand, graciously give me your

Ore Sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvísque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Letáque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgìa Thyrso.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad *Joannem Rousium* Oxoniensis Academiæ Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,

favor, by whatsoever name you are called, whether you are to be my Damon, or with friendlier feeling you hear "Diodati", that name divine by which all they that dwell in the skies are to know you, though the woods will still call you Damon.

Because the crimson flush of modesty, and youth without stain were your pleasure, because you ne'er tasted the joys of the marriage couch, see! virginal honors are reserved for you. With your bright head encircled by a radiant crown, and carrying the gladsome shade of the broad-leaved palm, you will consummate, eternally, immortal nuptials, where there is singing, where the lyre revels madly, mingled with choirs beatific, and festal orgies run riot, in bacchante fashion, with the thyrsus of Zion.

Jan. 23. 1646.

To *John Rouse*, Librarian of the University of Oxford.

About a book of poems that had been lost. The librarian was asking that the book should be sent to him anew, that he might place it with others of my books in the general library.

Strophe I.

TWIN books, rejoicing in a single robe [*i.e.*, binding], bright, it may be, with double leaves of laurel [*i.e.*, with two title-pages], and with neatness [of contents] not overlabored, neatness that a boyish hand be-

Sedula tamen haud nimii Poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit
Insons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antistrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasusque sacer
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum;

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem
(Si satis noxas luimus priores
Mollique luxu degener otium)

stowed on you, an earnest, zealous hand, but as yet no sure poet's hand, while that poet, wandering where he would, frolicked now in the green places, still untainted of the people [*i.e.*, had not yet taken part in matters political], and, far from the beaten tracks, gave free course to his native lute, or, presently, in like manner with a Daunian quill struck out for them that were about him a song brought from far-off lands, the while he scarce touched the ground with his foot,

Antistrophe I.

Who filched you, tiny book, who filched you by guile from your brothers, when, sent from the city, because a learned friend made ceaseless entreaties, you were pressing along the glorious path toward the cradle of Father Thames's dark-blue stream, where are the limpid fonts of Aonia's daughters, and the holy Bacchic dances, known to all the world as the sky revolves through the immeasurable cycles of time, aye, destined to be famous into endless ages?

Strophe II.

My one prayer is that some god, or some one born of a god, pitying the worth that our race had in ancient times—if only we have rendered atonement in full measure for our sins of earlier days, for our ease made degenerate by soft luxury—,

Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
Immundasque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaséo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo teréris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat peculî, numeróque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:

may some god, I say, sweep away the godless uprisings of fellow-citizens [against citizens], and, by his holy power, bring back once more life-giving pursuits, and the Muses, now without their proper seats, banished, now, from well nigh every nook and corner of the land of England's sons, and may that god stab through and through, with darts from Apollo's quiver, the birds that threaten us with loathly talons, and may he drive away Phineus's pestilent brood far, far away from the streams of Pegasus.

Antistrophe II.

Little book, though by the lying faith of the messenger, or, if you will, by his drowsy negligence, you have strayed, once, from the company of your brothers—it may be that some grot keeps you, or some hiding-place, where, perchance, you are rubbed by the vile, horny hand of some tasteless huckster—, rejoice and be exceeding glad! A new hope is gleaming upon you, a hope that you can escape the deeps of Lethe, and mount, by the oarage of your wings, to the courts of Jove on high.

Strophe III.

For Rouse desires you to be his own peculiar property, and he complains that, though you were promised to him, you are wanting to the fair number, and he begs that you shall come to him, to Rouse, to whose careful keeping the glorious

Téque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi quibus & ipse præsidet
Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica
Iön Actæa genitus Creusâ.

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum
Oxoniâ quam valle colit
Delo posthabitâ,
Bifidóque Parnassi jugo:
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legéris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ simul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo

memorials of men have been assigned. He would fain have given you too a place in the holy penetralia o'er which he presides, faithful warder of works that never die, custodian of a treasure more glorious than that o'er which Ion presided, famous child of Erechtheus's daughter, in the richly laden temple of the god that was his sire [Apollo], golden tripods, and gifts to Delphi, treasures of Ion, son of Actæan [Attic] Creusa.

Antistrophe III.

Therefore you shall go to view the lovely groves of the Muses; you shall go again to the house divine wherein Phœbus dwells in the Vale of Oxford, holding less dear Delos and the twin-cleft peak of Parnassus. You shall go in honor, after you too, having won a peerless destiny, shall, prevailed on by the entreaties of an auspicious friend, quit my side. There you will be read among the lofty names of authors, age-old beacons and true glories alike of the Grecian and the Latin race.

Epode.

You, it seems at last, were not empty, idle things, toils of mine, whatever my barren intellect poured forth. I am bidding you now, late though it be, to hope for a calm and quiet rest, a rest that shall be done with envy, I bid you hope for

Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi,
Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
Turba legentum prava facesset;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
Adhibebit integro sinu.
Tum livore sepulto,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
Roüsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis unâ demum epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατὰ σχέσιν*, partim *ἀπολελυμένα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt, spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

the blest abodes that kindly Hermes and the skilful guardianship of Rouse will vouchsafe you, abodes into which the wanton tongue of the rabble will not make its way, from which the throngs of worthless readers will speed afar. But our latest children's children, and an age of sounder minds will, mayhap, from hearts untainted, apply juster judgments to all things. Then, when envy and malice shall be buried, if we deserve aught, the sound minds of after days will know it, thanks to Rouse's favor.

The ode consists of three strophes, as many antistrophes, and finally, one epode as a close. Though the strophes and the antistrophes do not correspond either in the number of verses, or exactly everywhere with fixed, unvarying cola, *nevertheless we have divided them in this fashion, being concerned that they may be read conveniently rather than that they may be chanted after the fashion of the ancient measures.*

Otherwise, it had been more proper, perhaps, to call this sort of writing 'monostrophic'. The meters are, in part, κατὰ σχέσιν, i.e., *in correlation, responsive, in part* ἀπολελυμένα i.e., *free from such restraint of correlation. The Phalæcian verses twice admit a spondee in the third foot. Catullus* [*in such verses*] *admits a spondee at will in the second foot.*

APPENDIX.

Latin Verses found with the Commonplace Book.

Carmina Elegiaca.

Surge, age surge, leves, iam convenit, excute somnos,
Lux oritur, tepidi fulcra relinque tori
Iam canit excubitor gallus prænuncius ales
Solis et invigilans ad sua quemque vocat
Flammiger Eois Titan caput exerit undis
Et spargit nitidum læta per arva iubar
Daulias argutum modulatur ab ilice carmen
Edit et excultos mitis alauda modos
Iam rosa fragrantes spirat siluestris odores
Iam redolent violæ luxuriatque seges
Ecce novo campos zephyritis gramine vestit
Fertilis, et vitreo rore madescit humus
Segnes invenias molli vix talia lecto
Cum premat imbellis lumina fessa sopor
Illic languentes abrumpunt somnia somnos
Et turbant animum tristia multa tuum
Illic tabifici generantur semina morbi
Qui pote torpentem posse valere virum
Surge age surge, leves, iam convenit, excute somnos
Lux oritur, tepidi fulcra relinque tori.

[II.]

Ignavus satrapam dedecet inclytum
Somnus qui populo multifido præest.
Dum Dauni veteris filius armiger

APPENDIX.

Elegy.

Arise, come, arise; now it is time, put an end to easy slumbers. The light is born, leave the foot of the languid couch. Now crows the sentinel bird, the cock, herald of the sun, and wakeful calls each man to his business. The flame-bearing Titan puts forth his head from the waves of the East, and spreads his shining radiance over the happy fields. The swallow modulates from the oak her clear song, and the gentle lark gives forth her artful notes. Now the wild rose breathes fragrant odors, now violets smell sweet, and the corn rejoices. Behold, the fertile zephyr-born [goddess] clothes the fields with new grass, and the ground grows wet with sparkling dew. Lazy, you will hardly find such things on a soft bed while unwarlike slumber presses tired eyes. There, dreams disturb feeble slumbers, and many sorrows trouble your mind. There are bred the seeds of wasting disease. How can a sluggish man be strong! Arise, come, arise; now it is time, put an end to easy slumbers. The light is born, leave the foot of the languid couch.

[*Choriambics.*]

Ignoble sleep ill becomes a famous ruler who presides over a numerous people. While the arm-bearing [Turnus], son

Stratus purpureo p[rocu]buit st[rato]
Audax Eurialus, Nisus et impiger
Invasere cati nocte sub horrida
Torpentes Rutilos castraque Volscia
Hinc cædes oritur clamor et absonus.

of old Daunus, lay stretched on a purple couch, bold Eurialus and ready Nisus, crafty in the grim night, smote the sleeping Rutilans and the Volscian camp. Hence slaughter rises and discordant clamor.