Phiatus xani, aetas eidos autogues.
Tou oikymoloi eik onpou totes toulouchoues.
Lute xai.

Figures Annos Aetatis viginti. Pri. 350
Melhor mena.

Angelus Millionis
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 MAISTIES
Private Musick.

—Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuros
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
Arms in Pauls Church-yard. 1645.
THE
STATIONER
to the Reader,

It is not any private respect of gain, Gentle Reader, for the slightest Pamphlet is now adayes more vendible then the Works of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own Language that hath made me diligent to collect, and set forth such
such Pieces both in Prose and Vers, as may renew the wonted honour and esteem of our English tongue: and it's the worth of these both English and Latin Poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomions that can invite thee to buy them, though these are not without the highest Commendations and Applause of the learnedst Academicks, both domestick and forrein: And amongst those of our own Countrey, the unparallel'd attestation of that renowned Provost of Eaton, Sir Henry Wootton: I know not thy palat how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul.
soul is; perhaps more trivial Airs may please thee better. But howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that encouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Wallers late choice Pieces, hath once more made me adventure into the World, presenting it with these ever-green, and not to be blasted Laurel. The Authors more peculiar excellency in these studies, was too well known to conceal his Papers, or to keep me from attempting to solicit them from him. Let the event guide it self which way it will, I shall de-
Serve of the age, by bringing into the Light as true a Birth, as the Muses have brought forth since our famous Spencer wrote; whose Poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated, as sweetly excell'd. Reader if thou art Eagle-eied to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

Thine to command

HUMPH. MOSELEY.
On the morning of Christ's Nativity. Compos'd 1629.

I.

This is the Month, and this the happy morn
Wherin the Son of Heav'n's 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 went at Heav'n's high Council-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?
Haft thou no vers, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcom him to this his new abode.
Now while the Heav'n by the Sun's 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.
T was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-childe,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him

Had
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.

Onely 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 Vail of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look so neer upon her soul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyd Peace,

She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready Harbinger,

With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battails found
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 fate still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherin the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The Windes 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.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious 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,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.
VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame,

The new-enlightn'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear;
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could

VIII.
The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sate simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly com to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or els 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 mortall finger stook,
Divinely-warbled 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'ly close.

X.
Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's feet, the Airy region thrilling.

Now was almost won
To think her part was don,

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 fight
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 disiplaid,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

X I I.
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 weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silv'ry chime
Move in melodious time;

And let the Base of Heav'n's deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full comfort 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,
The enameld Arbes of the Rainbow wearing,  
And Mercy let between,  
Thron'd in Celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,  
And Heav'n as at some festival,  
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

But wiser 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 wakefull 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 terrou of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the center shake;  
When at the worlds last session,  
The dreadfull Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.
XVIII.
And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect 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 wrath to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horror of his fouled tail.

XIX.
The Oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous humm
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine;
With hollow shriek the sleep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspire's 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 Nymphs 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 Flaminis at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted fear.

XXII.
Peor, and Baalim,
Forlak their Temples dim,

With that twife-batter'd god of Palestine,
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heav'ns Queen and Mother both,

Now fits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian Maids their wounded Thamur mourn.

XXIII.
And fullen Moloeh fled,
Hath left in shadows dread,

His burning Idol all of blackest hue,

vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue,
The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
*Apis* and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dreaded 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 severall grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fayer,
Fly after the Night-fleeds, leaving their Moon-loy'd maze.

XXVIII.

But see the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest.

Time is our tedious Song should here have ending,
Heav'n's youngest seem'd Star,
Hath fixt her polished Car.

Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending,
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harned Angels sit in order serviceable.

A Paraphrase on Psalm 114.

This and the following Psalm were don
by the Author at fifteen yeares old.

When the blest seed of Terah's faithfull Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan Land,
By the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubl'd 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 Crystall Fountains?
Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
Of him that ever was, and ay shall la'n,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Psalm 136.

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

Let us blize his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For, &c.
O let us his praises tell,
That doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.

For, &c.

That with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.

For, &c.

That by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.

For his, &c.

That did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.

For his, &c.

That 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 cours 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,
mote the first-born of Egypt Land.

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

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

The floods flood 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 Wildernes.  
For, &c.

In bloody battail he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown.  
For, &c.

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

And large-lim'd Og he did subdue,  
With all his over hardy crew.  
For, &c.
And to his servant Israel,
He gave their Land therin 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 mortall ey.

For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

---

The Passion.

I.

Ere-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherwith the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring.
(17)
And joyous news of heav'ly Infant's birth,
My muse with Angels did divide to sing
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In Wintry solstice like the short'n'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.
For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And let my Harpe to notes of saddest wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did faire ere 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 sovr'an Priest stooping his regall head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-roost 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 Brethren side.

IV.
These latter scenes confine my roving vers,
To this Horizon is my Phaeton 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 wher’on I write,
And letters where my tears have wash’d a wannish white.

VI.
See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheel,
That whirl’d the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
My spirit som transporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the Towers of Salem flood,
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltles blood;
There doth my soul in holy vision fit
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 flore.
And here though grief my feeble hands up-locked,
Yet on the softened 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 viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unboosom all thir Echoes wilde,
And I (for grief is easily beguiled)
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 satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinish'd.

On Time.

Fly envyus 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 than what is false and vain,
And meanly 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 fight alone,
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy grovnes 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 Warriors 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 lift'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 whileare
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His Infancy to cease!
O more exceeding love or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightfull doom remedies
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
Entirely satisfy'd,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
And seales 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.

Left pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's 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 phantastie present,
That undisturbed Song of pure content,
Ay sung before the laphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits theron
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 everlasting;
That we on Earth with undiscred voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;

As
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 perfect 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 confort 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 darknes, and with death.

Yet
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 remorseless cruelty,
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapless 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
Say'd with care from Winters nip.
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck't up by some unheedy swain,
Who onely thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernall shower,
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 travail sore
Sweet rest sease thee evermore,
That to give the world encreas,
Shortned haft thy own lives sease,
Here besides the sorrowing
That thy noble House doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Weep for thee in Helicon,
And some Flowers, and some Bays,
For thy Hears to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Càme,
Devoted to thy vertuous name;
Whilst thou bright Saint high sit't in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian Shepherdess,
Who after yeers of barrennes,
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 bosom 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
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 Shakespeare. 1630.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
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 toth'shame of slow-endevouring 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 sick'n'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,
A here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or els the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here fluck 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 cours 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 said,
Hobson has sup't, and's newly gon to bed.

Another
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 troe,
Made of sphair-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 waignt,
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.
Merefly to drive the time away he trick'd,
Faintted, and died, nor would with Ale be quick'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed outstret Chu'd,
If I may not carry, sure he ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow though the cross Doctors all stood bearers,
For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
His leisure told him that his time was com,  
And lack of load, made his life burdensome:  
That even to his last breath (ther be that Ly't)  
As he were press to death, he cry'd more weight.  
But had his doings lasted as they were,  
He had bin an immortall 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,  
Onely 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 som uncouth cell,  
Wher 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 Gimmerian desert ever dwell.  

But
But com thou Goddes faire 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 waiht in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So bucksmom, 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 wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Com, and trip it as ye 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 true
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 come 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 darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft lifting how the Hounds and horn,
Chearly rouse the slumbering 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,  
Wher the great Sun begins his state,  
Rob’d in flames, and Amber light;  
The clouds, in thousand Liveries dight.  
While the Plowman neer at hand,  
Whistles oer the Furrow’d Land,  
And the Milkmaid fingeth blithe,  
And the Mower whets his stithe,  
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,  
Rufset Lawns, and Fallows Gray,  
Where the nibling flocks do grey,  
Mountains on whose barren brest  
The labouring clouds do often rest;  
Meadows trim with Daisies ride,  
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.  
Towers, and Battlements it sees  
Boosom’d high in tufted Trees,  
Wher perhaps form 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 Herbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis 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,
Sometimes 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 pinch'd, and pull'd the seed;
And he by Friars Lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his Cream-bowle duly fat,
When in one night, e'ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy Flare hath thresh'd the Corn.
That ten day, labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the LubbarFend.
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 don the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.
Towred Cities please us then,
And the busie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons hold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
Rain influence, and judge the prize
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 youthfull Poets dream
On Summer eeyes by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson learned Sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare fancies child.
Warble his native Wood-notes wild,
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 sunning,
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 heart Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strings 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 joyes:
Dwell in some idle brain,
    And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
    As the gay moths that people the Sun Beams,
Or likest hovering dreams
    The fickle Pensioners of Morpheus train.
But hail thou Goddes, sage and holy,
    Hail divinest Melancholy.
Whose Saintly visage is too bright
    To hit the Sense of human sight;
And thencefore to our weaker view,
    O'er laid with black staid Wildoms hue.
Black, but such as in esteem,
    Prince Memnon's siter might be seen.
Or that Starr'd Ethiope Queen that strove
    To set her beauties praise above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Thee bright-hair'd Vestal long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
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, steady, 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 even step, and musing gate,
And looks commencing 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 Jove's Altar sing.
And adde to these retired leasure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefeft, 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 daign 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'd 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 wandering Moon,
Riding neer her highest noon,
Like one that had bin led astray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathles way;

C
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 Curfew 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 Relmans drostie charm,
To bless the dores from nightly harm;
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely Tower,
Where I may oft o'er-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unspear
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 Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under-ground,
Whose power hath a true content
With Planet, or with Element.
Sometime let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebs, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Byskind Rage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Museus 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 Algarfje,
And who had Calace to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,
On which the Tatar King did ride;
And if ought els, great Bards beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung.
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
(42)
Of Forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than 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 Chérchét in a comly Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruffling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves,
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddes 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 som Brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the Bee with Honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth sing,
And the Waters murmuring
With such comfort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.

And as I wake, sweet musick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some 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 clear,
As may with sweetnes, 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 somthing like Prophetic strain.
These pleasures melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

SONNETS.

I.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'ft at eve, when all the Woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart doft 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 Love'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 some Grove by:
As thou from yeer to yeer hatt sung too late.
For my relief, yet had I no reason why.
Whether the Mule, or Love call thee his mate.
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

I I.
Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco
Ben è colui d'ogni valore scarso
Quai tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
De suoi atti soavi giamai parco,
E i doni, che son d'amor facette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.
Quando tu vaghe 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 trova indegna;
Gratia sola di su gli veglia, inanti
Che 'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.
Quai in cotta affer, al imbrunir di sera
L'auera giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande e difusa siera.
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Cosi Amor meco insu la lingua fnella
Desta il sor novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, verosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
E il bel'Amigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Seppi ch'Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! fos' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

Canzone.

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
M'accostanodo attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiaendo d'amor, e come t'osi?
Dinne, se la tua spera sia mai vana,
E de pensierl lo miglior t'arrivi;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivè
Altri lidi t'aspettan, e albre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d'etere frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
Canzon dirosti, etu per me rispondi

Dice
Dice mia Donna, il suo dir, è il mio cuore
Questa è lingua di cui si vanza Amore.

IV.
Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amar spreggiar soléa
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
Gia caddi, o'huom dabbentalbor s'impiglia.
Netrecce d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nuova 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'hemisfero
Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.
Per certo i bei vostr'occhi Donna mia
Esser non può che non siano mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ci suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia.
Mentre un caldo vapore (ne sembi 'pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle loro parole
Chiaman sospiro, io non so che si sia e
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 a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me sol far piuose
Finche mia Alba rivi en colma di rose.

VI.
Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'umil dono
Fardò devoto; io certo a prove tante
L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, esco a il tuono,
S'arma di fe, e d'interno diamante,
Tanto del forse, e d'invidia oscuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol usato
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alzo vetere vagò,
E di coda sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII.
VII.

How soon hath Time the little thief of youth,
Stole on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days flew on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'd.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That from more timely-happy spirits indu'd.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure e'en,
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 Master's eye.

VIII.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms;
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may cease,
If ever deed of honour did thee please,
Guard them, and him within protection!
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy Name o're Lands and Seas,
What ever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
The great Ethanian 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 hevenly Truth,
The better part with Mary, and the 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,
Haft gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.
X.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of England's 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 Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Charonéa, fatal to liberty
Kil'd with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, then to have known the dayes
Wherin your Father flourish'd, 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 posses them, Honour'd Margaret:

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 desire
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 express,

Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreds,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads,
This this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddes bright,
In the center of her light.

Might she the wife Latona be,
Or the towred Cybele,
Mother of a hunderd gods;
Juno dare's not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparalel'd?
As they come 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 sluice,
Stole under Seas to meet his Arethusa;
And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,
Fair silver-buskind 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 neer behold
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have fate to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from Jove I am the pow'r
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bower,
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 Eev'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 slumbering leaves, or restless horn
Shakes the high thickets, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless,
But else in deep of night when drowsines
Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens harmony,
That fit upon the nine enfolded Spheres,
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 grosse unpurged ear,
And yet such musick worthiuest 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 enameld 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,

D 4  I will
I will bring you where she fits,
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 Lycaeus or Cyllene hoar,
    Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
    A better toyl shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænæus,
    Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
    Though Syrinx your Pan's Mistres were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her,
    Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

Lycidas.
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 foretels the ruine of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-fear,
I come 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,
Compels 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 some 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 soy excuse,
So may som gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurt upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, thade, 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'n's descent had hop'd his westering wheel.

Mean while the Rural ditties were not more,
Temper'd to th'Oaten Flute,
Rough Satyrs dance'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damaser 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 Copse 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 wardrobe wear.
When first the White thorn blows;
Such, Lyceids, thy lost to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lyceids?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bard, the famous Druids ly,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deus spreads her wizard 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 enchanting son
Whom Universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary vilage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lethian shore.

Alas! What boots it with unceasant care
To tend the homely sighted Shepherds trade.
And strictly meditate the thankles Muse,
Were it not better don as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nearch'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,
Phæbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening soil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witnes of all judging:love;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain Arethusa, 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 Oate proceeds,
And listen 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 Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatall and perfidious Bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curles dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing low,
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 rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,

The Pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two masy Keyes he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron shutts 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 shearer’s feast,
And shooe away the worthy bidden guest.

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn’d ought else the least
That to the faithfull Herdmans art belong:!

What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they lift, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their stranell 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 soul contagion spread:

Besides what the grim Wolfs with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing fed,
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 Bels, and flourrets of a thousand hues:
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
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 showres.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Geffamine,
The white Pink, and the Panifie breakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet.
The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To shew the Laureat Herse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts daily with false furniſhe.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurld,
Whether beyond the flormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moift vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount

Looks
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 floor,  
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 groyes, and other streams along.  
With Neith 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;  
Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shal 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 tops 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 MASK
Of the same
AUTHOR
Presented
At LUDLOW-Castle,
1634.
Before
The Earl of BRIDGWATER
Then President of WALES.

Anno Dom. 1645.
To the Right Honourable,  
John Lord Vicount Bracly,  
Son and Heir apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c.

My Lord,

His Poem, which receiv'd its first occasion of Birth from your Self, and others of your Noble Family, and much honour from your own Person in the performance, now returns again to make a final Dedication of it self to you. Although not openly acknowledg'd by the Author, yet it is a legitimate off-spring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often Copying of it hath tir'd my Pen to give my severall friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the publike view; and now
now to offer it up in all rightfull devotion to those fair Hopes, and rare Endowments of your much-promising Youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live sweet Lord to be the honour of your Name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long oblig'd to your most honour'd Parents, and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all reall expression.

Your faithfull, and most humble Servant

H. Lawes.
The Copy of a Letter Written
By Sir Henry Wotton,
To the Author, upon the
following Poem.

From the College, this 13. of April, 1638.

SIR,

It was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here, the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer then to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your further stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold in our vulgar place to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again, joyntly with your said learned Friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together som good Authors of the antient time: Among which, I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charg'd me with new Obligations, both for a very kinde Letter from you dated the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therwith. Wherin I should much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your Songs and Odes, wherunto I must plainly
plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language: Ipsamolitics. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly forever) the true Artificer, for the work it self, I had view'd som good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, Printed at Oxford, wherunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader Con la bocca dolce.

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more priviledge of Discours with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way, thencefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his Gouvernour, and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice som time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best Line will be thorow the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by Sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as Diurnal as a Gravesend Barge: I halfeen as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tauled in the House of one Alberto Scipioni an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times
times, having bin Steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his Family were strangled, save this only man that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest: With him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. Signor Arrigo mio (says he) i penseri stretti, e il viso sciolto will go safely over the whole World; of which Delphian Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgement doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

Your Friend as much at command as any of longer date

Henry Wooster.

Postscript.

SIR, I have expressly sent this my Foot-boy to prevent your departure without som acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having myself through som busines, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for som fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the Cradle.
The Persons.

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.

Comus with his crew.
The Lady.
1. Brother.
2. Brother.
Sabrina the Nymph.

The chief persons which presented were

The Lord Bracly,
Mr. Thomas Egerton his Brother,
The Lady Alice Egerton.
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 aëreal Spirits live insphear'd
In Regions milde of calm and serene Ayr,
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd,
Confined, 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 soon 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 fall-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 bosoms of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to severall governmeht,
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 front: 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'd 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 dispatch't for their defence, and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell ye now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song
From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bower.

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 Tyrrhen's shore, as the winds list'd,
On Circes Island fell (who knows not Circe
The daughter of the Sun? Who's charmed Cup
Whoever tast'd, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustering 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 imbowl'd,
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
Offering to every weary Travailer,
His orient liquor in a Crystal Glass,
To quench the drouth of Phæbus, which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into som' brutish form of Wooll, 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 Love,
Chances to passe 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 Woof,
And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his lost Pipe, and smooth-dittied Song,
Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
And hush the waving Woods, nor of lette faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch,
Likeliest, and neerest 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 Mon-
sters headed like sundry sorts of wilde Beasts,
bus otherwise like Men and Women; their Ap-
parel glistring, they com in making a riotous
and unruly noife, 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 Atlantic dream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other pole
Of his Chamber in the East.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipple dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with rose Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sourse Severity,
With their grave Saws in Slumber ly.
We that are of purer fire;
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchfull Spheres,
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 Daffles trim;
Their merty wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ssLove.
Com let us our rights begin,
Tis onely day-light that makes Siq
Which these dun shades will ne're report.
Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport
Dark vail'd Cottyto, 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 darknes spects her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the ayr,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,
Wherin thou rid'dt with Heret, and hefriend
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 sleep
From her cabin'd loop hole peep,
And to the tel-tale Sun discovery
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 some chaste footing near about this ground,
Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,
Our number may affright! Som 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 dazzling Spells into the spongy ayr,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, left 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'd words of glozing courtesie
Baited with reasons not un plausible
Wind me into the easie-hearted man,
And hugg him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,
I shall appear som harmles Villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,
But here she comes, I fairly step aside
And hearken, if I may, her busines here.

_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 jocund Flute, or gamesom Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unleter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amidst. I should be loath
To meet the rudenesse, 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, resolvling 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 Eve'n
Like a lad Votarist in Palmers weed
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phaethon's 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 wandering steps too far,
And envious darknes, ere 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 Travailer?
This is the place, as well as I may guess;
Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rise, and perfect 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,

"welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,"

(84)
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity,
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things ill
Are but as flabby officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistening Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unaffail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a fable 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
H'll 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 cell
By flow Meander's margent green,
And in the violes-embroider'd vale
Where the love-born Nightingale
Nightly so thee her sad Song mourneth well.
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Paine
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flowry Cave,
Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Pary, Daughter of the Sphair,
So maist thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould
Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify 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 doun
Of darknes till it smil'd: I have oft heard
My Mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades
Culling their Potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,
Who as they sung, would take the prision'd soul,
And lap it in Eljsum, 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 madness rob'd it of itself,
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 rurall shrine
Dwell it 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 address to unattending Ears,
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my fever'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 leavy Labyrinth.
_Co._ Could that divide you from neer-ushering guides?
_La._ They left me weary on a grassie terf.
_Co._ By falsliood, or discourtesie, or why?
_La._ To seek i'th valley soin cool friendly, Spring.
Co. And left your fair side all unguarded Lady!
La. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.
Co. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.
La. How easy 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 face;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of you small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,
Their port was more then human, as they stood;
I took it for a faery 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-struck,
And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek
It were a journey like the path to Heavn,
To help you find them. La. Gentle villagers
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due west it rises from this thrybby point.
(89)

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-practis'd foot.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild Wood,
And every bosky boarne from side to side
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood.
And if your stray attendance be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
From her thaine's 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 courtesy.
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, then in tapistry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it first was name'd,
And yet it most pretended: In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it,
Eie me Blest Providence, and fayre my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on.
The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye saintstars, and thou fair Moon
That wontst to love the travellers benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud;
And disinherit Chaos, that rains here
In double night of darkness, and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite dam'd up
With black usurping mists, from gentle taper
Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole
Of some 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 happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their wattled 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 some solace yet, some little cheered
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
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 direfull 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 forefall 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 unprinipi'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 Wildoms 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 busle of resort
Were all to ruffle, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts
Benightened 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 haint of men, and heads,
And fits as safe as in a Sectar house,
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dist,
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 unchastened eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Inconscience.
You may as well spoil but the unsat'd heaps
Of Mifiers treasure by an out-laws den,
(93)
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 walk.
Of night, or lonelines it recks me not,
I fear the drede events that dog them both,
Left son ill greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

_Eld. Bro._ I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt, or controversy;
Yet where an equall 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 feel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, Bandite, or mountaineer
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 unladen ghost,
That breaks his magick chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart Faery of the mine,
Hath hurtfull power o're true virginity.
Do ye beleve 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 drey 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 'Wood.
What was that shak'y-headed Gorgon sheild
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd Virgin.
Wherewith 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 awe.
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 clear 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 lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in Charnell vaults, and Sepulchers
Linger ing, and fitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link't itself 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 sunset reigns. Eld. Bro. Lift, lift, I hear
Som far off 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-sounder'd hate,
Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at work,
Som roaving Rober calling to his fellows.

2. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister, a gen a gen and aet,
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. Ille 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 near, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? speak again.


El. Bro. Thyris? Whose artful strains have oft delaid The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale, How cam'st thou here good Swain? hath any ram slip't from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam, Or straggling weather the pen's flock forsook? How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd masters hear, 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.
El. Bro. What seems good Thanis Prethee briefly shew.

Sp. I'll 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 enchanted 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 dwells

Of Bacchus, and of Circe born, great Comus,

Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,

And here to every thirsty wanderer,

By fly 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, unsmouldering reasons mintage

Character'd in the face; this have I learnt

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 guilefull 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 fate me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
Wraapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy
To meditate my rural minstrelie,
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 unusuall stop of sudden silence
Gave respit to the drowsie frightened steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd Perfumes,
And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took e're she was ware, and wish't she might
Deny her nature, and be never more

Still
Still to be so displac' t. I was all eare,
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 haft
Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place
Where that damn'd wizard hid in fly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prævent,
The aiding innocent Lady his wish't prey,
Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
Supposing him som neighb'or villager;
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guesst
Ye were the two she mean't, with that I sprung
Into swifft flight, till I had found you here,
But furder know I not.  2. Bro. O night and shades,
How are ye joyn'd with hell in triple knot
Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
Lean on it safely, not a period
Shall be unfaid 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 affail'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 itself shall back recoy,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to itself
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-confum'd, if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rott'ness,
And earth's 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 gist
With all the greisly legions that troop
Under the footy flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydra's, or all the monstrous forms
Twixt Africa, and Jude, Ile find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back.
Or drag him by the curls, to a soul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Sp. Alas good ventrous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
But here thy sword can do thee little stead,
Farr 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 finews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee Shepherd
How durft thou then thy self approach to neer
As to make this relation?

Sp. 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 skil'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 gras.
Would sit, and hearken even to extasie.
And in requitall ope his leather'n 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 call'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Countrey, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soyl;
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swayn
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more medicinal is it then that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it Harmony, and gave it me,
And bid me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp
Or gaitly 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 lushtious liquor on the ground.
But sease his wand, though he and his curt crew
Feisce signe of battail make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smock,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. Thryss lead on apace, Ile follow thee,
And som good angel bear a sheild before us.

The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with
all manner of deliciousnesse: soft Musick, Tables
sprad with all dainties. Comus appears with his
rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted Chair, to
whom he offers his Glafs, which she passes by, and
goes about to arise.

Comus. Nay Lady fit; 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
Withall thy charms, although this corporal rinde;
Thou haste immannac'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Co. Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwel no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
Sorrow flies farr: See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,

When
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 Melena.
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 yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants 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 subliff,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been sir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin.
This will restore all soon.

Le. 'Twill not false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,
These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,
Haft thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood, 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 the 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 foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoick Purr,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynick Tub,
Praising the lean and fallow 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 fete 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 loyas
She hutch't th'all-worship't 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'reffaught would swell, & th'unfought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forhead of the Deep,
And so bespout with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last
To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
Lift Lady be not coy, and be not cozen'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,
Unfavoury in th' enjoyment of it self
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languisht head.
Beauty is nature's 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-tintur'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.

L. 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 cheek her pride:
Imposter do not charge most innocent nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance, she good cateress
Means her provision onely 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 some few with vast excels,
Natures full blessings would be well dispenc'd
In unsuperfluous even 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 anough? 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 haft nor Eare, nor Soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the saxe
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick
That hath so well been taught her dazzling 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 scatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.

...She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some 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 some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And feelings of a melancholy blood;
But this will cure all strait, 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 signe of resistance, but are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spirit. 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 delivering 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,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibæus old I learnt
The footest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.

There is a gentle Nymph not farr 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.
She guiltless damsell flying the mad pursuitt
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 preitious 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 add the power of some adjuring verse:

\[ S O N G. \]

Sabrina fair
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies 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 majestic pace,
By hoary Nereus wrincled look,
And the Carpathian wizards hook,
By scaly Tritons winding shell,
And old tooth-saying Glauce's 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 rosy head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-Nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stays,
Thick set with Agat, and the Austrian sheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emerald green
That in the channell strays,
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 distress'd,
Through the force, and through the will
Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity;
Brightest Lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast,
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers' tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd feat
Smear'd with gums 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 bow'r.

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

Spir. Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchises line.

H 2 May
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 October's 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 terrails round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of myrthe, and cinnamon.

Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Left the Sorcerer us intice
With som other new device,
Not a waste, or needles found
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 fits 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, enongh your play,
Till next Sun-shine holiday,
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to betrod
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 try'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 victorius dance  
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit Epilogues.  

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 ayr  
All amidst the Gardens fair  
Of Heberus, and his daughters three  
That sing about the golden tree:  
Along the crisped shades and downes  
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring.
The Graces, and the rosy-bofom'd Howres,
'Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And West winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and Caffia's balmy smels.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Then her purpl'd scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elyssan dew
(Lift mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of Hyacinth, and roses
Where young Adonis oft repose,
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 advance;
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranct
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 love 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.
Joannis Miltoni

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA.

Quorum pleraque intra
Annum ætatis Vigésimum
Conscriptit.

Nunc primum Edit.

LONDINI,

Typis R. R. Prostant ad Insignia Principis,
in Coemeterio D. Pauli, apud Humphredum
Moseley. 1645.
Hæc quæ sequuntur de Author re testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quàm supra se esse dicta, eò quod preclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; Cum alii præfer tim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi 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.

T mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic, Non Anglus, verum hercè Angelus ipse fores.

Ad Ioannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poepeon laureat coronandum Graciam nimirum, Latina, atque Etruscam, Epigramma Ioannis Salsiti Romani.

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

Ad Ioannem Miltonum.

Gracia Mæonidem, jacet sibi Roma Maronem, Anglia Miltonum jacet utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

ODE.

Ergimi al’ Etra o Clio
Perche di stelle intrecciaro corona
Non piu del Biondo Dio
La Fronda eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Dien si a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
Aceleste virtu celesti preci.
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 cetera un dardo forte
Virtu m’adatti, e feriala morse.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l’umano eccede:
Questa seconda fa produrre Eroi,
Ch’hanno a ragion del sforzumano tra noi.
(6)

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

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeus l'indafrre ardente brama;
Ch'audio d'Helena il grido
Con aurca tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il priù raro.

Così l'Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiate
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
"Ailton dal Giel nasio per varie parti"
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell'Italia ancor gl'Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confine
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L'ottimo dal miglior dopo sceglier
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l'idea.

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

Nell'altera Babelle
Per se il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Disfetta trofico cadde sul piano.
Ch’ Odal oltre all’ Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma,
I piu profondi arcani
Ch’ occultà la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch’à Ingegni savvumani
Troppa avara tal’bar gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della molral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l’ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermarti gl’anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Sorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s’opre degne di Poema o storia
Furon gia, l’hai presenti alla memoria.

Dami tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch’io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch’ inalzandoti all’ Estra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl’è concessa
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.
Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar suo merto alto, e preclaro
Sosubatico 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 gentilhuome

Fiorentino.

Joanni
JOANNI MILTONI
LONDINIENSII.

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,

V

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

Polyglotto, in cujus ore lingua jam deperdita sive reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percalceur aus admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos, intelligat.

Ili, cujus animi dotes corporisque, sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed valetude vocem laudatoribus admissa.

Cui in Memoria totus Orbis: In intellectu Sapientia, in voluntate arbor Gloriae. in ore Eloquencia: Harmoni cos celestium Sphararum sonitus Astronomia Duce audieuti, Characteres mirabilium naturae per quos Dei magnitudo describatur magistra Philosophia legenti; Antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite affidua autorum Lectione.

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Ili in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Fama non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, Reverentia et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitis admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datis Patricius Florentinus.

Tanto homini servus, tanta virtutis amator.

Elegiarum
ELEGIIARUM
Liber primus.

Elegia prima ad Carolum Diodatum.

Andem, charæ, tuae mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit & voces nuntia charta tuas,
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.
Multum crede juvat terras ahUIste remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinquæ sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jufla 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 melaris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molle
Quam male Phoebiosolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri
Ceteraque ingenio non subeunda meo,
Si fit hoc exilium patrios adisse penates,
    Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,
    Latus & exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Jonio quicquam cestisset Homero
    Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
    Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc fesfum finuosi pompa theatri,
    Et vocat ad plausus garrulà scena suos.
Seu catus auditor senior, seu prodigus hares,
    Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest,
'Sive decennali foecundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbaro 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 furiofa Tragoedia sceptrum
Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,
    Et dolet, & speço, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amorin est:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu sers e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
Conscia funereoe pectora torre movens,
Seu maret Pelopeia domus, feu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nos tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sepius hic blandas spirantia sydera . ammas
Virgineos vides prateriisse choris.
Ah quoties dignae stupui miracula formae
Quae posset senium vel reparare Iovis;
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quae brachia vincant,
Quaeque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quae fallax retia tendit Amor.
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina forset
Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.
Cedite laudatae toties Heroides olim,
Et quaeunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Aehemenis turritā-fronte puellae,
Et quot Sulpha colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliace, Romulesque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpēia Mula columnas
Jacet, & Auloniae plena theatra stolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera lat tibi sit femina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua moenia claudis
Quicquid formosī pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot caelo scintillant astra sereno
Endymione terba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi conspicius formaque aurōque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur hue geminis venisse inexta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & rosem posthabitura Cypros.
Ait ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
Moeniā quàm subito linquere faulta para;
Et vitare procul malefida infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Caini remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucae murmurs adire Schola.
Interea fidi parvae cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Praeconis Academicici
Cantabrigiensis.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima praecomum praecomem te quoque saxa
Mors rapit, officio nec savet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plenus
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
O dignus tamen Harmonio juvenescere sacro,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sêpe rogante dea.
Tu si justus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer a Phoebœ nuntius ire tuo
Talis in Æliacâ stabat Cylenius aula
Alipes, ætherea missus ab arce Patris.

Talis
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Retrulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni
Sava nimirum Musis, Palladi savâ nimirum.
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem est telis isla petenda tuis.
Veñibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegéia tristes,
Perfonet & totis nenia moesta scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Praesulis Wintoniensis.

Oestus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
Hærebatque animo tristia plura meo,
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turre
Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulfavitque auro gravidos & jaspite muros,
Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad athera raptos,
Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
Att equa luxi dignissime prætul,
Wintoneaquæ olim gloria magna tuae;
Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebat;
Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne latis quod sylva tuas per sentiat iras;
Et quod in herbofos jus tibi detur agros;
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchra Cypridi sacra rosa,
Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima caelo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus,
Invidia, tanta tibi cum sit conceda potestas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuiffe sagittas,
Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
Phoebus ab eōo 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 referrere meum.
Illae puniceae radiabant omnia luce,
   Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
Ac ve'ati 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 terrae Gangetidis oris
   Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiteris dum densis vitibus umbras
   Et pellucientes misor ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito prae fel Wintonius aetat,
   Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore jubare;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
   Infusa divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amis.
   Intrmuit lato florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmæs plaudunt caelo sita pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthera tuba.
Quisque novum amplexu comitent cantuque salutat;
Hosque aliquis placido mîsit ad ore sonos;
Nate veni, & patri fi lei capo gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, laboré vaca.
Dixit, & aligera têtigerunt nablea turma,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulla quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaeleâ pellice somnos,
Talia contingant somnia fæpo mihí.

Elegia quartâ. Anno ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem
sum apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburga
agentes Pastoris munere fungentem.

Urre per immensum subitâ mea litterâ ponte,
I, pete: Tontonicos lævē per æquor agros,
Segnes rumpâ moras, & nil, precor, obtulì et têntit,
Et festinantis nil remore curtiter.
Ipsè ego Sicanio: frâmantem carcerâ ventos
Aolon, & viridès collicitabo Deos;
Cerneamque suis comitatâm Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viânt.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecla quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.
Aut quibus Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleusina missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
Ditis ad Hamburge moenia scele gradum,
Dicitur occiso que ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci,
Vivit ibi antiquae clarus pietatis honor.
Præfult Christicolas pastere doctus oves,
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjeös
Me faciunt alia parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi quam tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.
Quæmque Stagirites generoso magnum alumnus,
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo praecunte recessus
Lufrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pierioque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Caftalia sparsi lata ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanae terga novo.
Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chliorfenilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut lingua dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, carituque Eorum praeverte sonorum,
Quam fit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
Forstian aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Verfantem, aut vera biblia sacra Dei.
Celestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutisera religionis opus.
Utque folet, multam, fit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adefser, herum.
Hac quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
Hac tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Mufis
Mitte ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit serra, salutem
Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera sult, quam casta recepti
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
Aft ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit.
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deserviisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rectus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe carissimi crudelis pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad moestas deliquere preces.
Extensaque manus avertunt fulminis iactus,
Placet & iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra duce passus Amor:
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculentò milite tинги,
Et jam Saxonicos arma paraṣse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et fata carne virum jam crur arva rigas.
Germanique suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos.
Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit olivas,
Fugit & arisonam Diva perola tubam.

Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumssonat horror,
Vivis & ignoto solus inopisque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, & faxis sævior altis
Spumea quæ pulsat litoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fætus,
Siccine in externam terræ cogis humum,
Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui laxa ferunt de caelo nuntia, quique
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygii quæ viva clausa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Prestit inassueto devia telqua pede,
Desertaque Arabum fælebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis & horribono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Pilcoæque ipsum Gergeffæ civis Jēfūa
Finibus ingratus jussis abire sui.
At tu fume 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 culpis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionæ qui tot sub moenibus arcis
Affyrius fudit nocte silentem viros,
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Mist ab antiquis priscis Damascus agris,
Terruit & denfas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum squatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum,
Et tu (quod superest miséri) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares,

Elegia
Elegia quinta, Anno ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepentes novos.
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventum,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigerit ab illo
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Caflalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat.
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt.
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, & sonitus me facer intus agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua coeli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum.
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara caeca meos.

Ouid
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid fæcer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adopertanovellis
Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus.
Urbe ego, tu selvam simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, & hoc subeat Mula quotannis opus.
Jam folÆtiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flecit ad Aratoas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve nostis iter, brevis est mora nostis opacæ
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jamque Lycaonius planisram cælestis Boötes
Non longâ se quitur felius ut ante viæ,
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria totæ
Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.
Nam dolus & cædes, & vis cum nocta recellë,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere felis.
Forte al quis scopolii recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscidia cum primo sole rubescit humus,
Hæc ait, hæ certè caruisti nocte puellà
Phœbe tua, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Leta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Desere, Phoebus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
Quid juvat effeeto procubuisse toro?
Te manet Aεolides viridi-venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore factetur,
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phoebae subire tuos;
Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illa,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosos sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat meutes, & ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosas.
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Ideam pinæa turris Opim:
Et vario madid0s intexit flore capillos,
Floribus & viva est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos
Tanario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Alpice Phoebæ tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preees.
Cinnamea Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,
Blanditasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quaerit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in ulus
Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus fæpe coemptus Amor)
illa tibi ostenst quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjeectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympos
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, curfu languentem Phœbe diurno
Hesperiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethey? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,
Dia quid immundo perluiss ora falò?
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibifomnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Quáque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurran
da aura per humanæ corpora fusa rosas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeléia fata,
Nec Phaëton téo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu Phoebe tuo sapientius uteris igni,
Hucades & gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cetera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque sovet solis ab igne faces.
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corrosca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasfe Dianam,
Quaque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenae per urbes,
Littus io Hymen, & cava lassa sonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineas auro cinctâ puella finis.
Votum est cuique sium, votum est tamen omnibus unum
Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pañor,
Et sua quaæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sydera cantu,
Delphinaisque leves ad vada summa vocat.

Jupiteæ
Jupiter ipse alto sum coniuge ludie Olympo,
Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.

Nunc etiam Satyri sum serra crepuscula surgunt;
Pervolitant celeri florea rura cherio,
Sylvanusque sua Cypris fronde revinditas,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusique caper.
Queque sub arborebus Dryades latuere vetustis
Per jugo, per solos et patiuntur agros.

Per lata luxuriant fruticetaque Matalitus Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix fibi tuta Ceres,
Atque aliquam cupidus praedatur Oreada Paimus.

Consulit in trepidos dum fibi Nympha pedes,
Jamque later, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.

Dii quoque non dubitant exo prasponere sylvas;
Et sua quisque fibi numina lucus habet.

Et sua quisque diea fibi numina lucus habet

Nec vos arboreae dii precor ite domo.

Te referant misiris te Jupiter aurea terris
Sacra, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?

Tu saltem lente rapidos age Phoebe jugales
Qua potes, & sensim tempora veris cant.

Brumaque productas tarde ferat hispida noctes,

Ingruat & nostra densior umbra polo.

Elegia
Elegia sexta.
Ad Carolum Diodatum ruris commorantem.

 Qui cum idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari posset, si sola minis essent bona, quod inter lauditias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis, felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabant, hunc habuit responsum.

Itto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Quá tu distento forte carere potes.
At tua quid nostram proleget Musa camoenam.
Nec finit optatas posse se qui tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quàm te redamémque colámque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas,
Nam neque nofiter amor modulis includitur arcís,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quam bene solennes epulas, hilarerique Decembrinam
Festaque coelis fugam qua coluere Deum,
Deliciasque referis, hiberni gaudia ruris,
Hautaque per lepidos Gallica mufa focos.
Quid queres refugam vino dapibusque poeun?
Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.

Nec
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauto præposuisse sue.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euæ
Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Nos Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic epula non fata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum
Cantavit brevibus Teia Mufa modis.
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum.
Dum gravis everfo currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Eléo pulvere fulcus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Jaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen,
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque sovet.
Massica foecundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis & ex ipso condita metra eado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbun
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thresia tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat argutæ molliter ista manu;
Auditurque
Auditurque ethelys suspensa tæcia circum,
Virgineos tremulát Quant regas arte pedes.
Illa tuas altera teneant spectacula Mufas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pelit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Impet odoratos festa chorea cholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phoebum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia finus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos ;
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venuleque,
Et cum purpurea matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sapius & veteri commaduiffe mero.
At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove calum,
Heroasque pios, femideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum;
Nunc latrata sero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parce Samii pro more magistri
Vivat, & innocuos praebat herba cibos;
Sset prope fagineo pellucida limpha catillo,
Sobriaque est puro poca fons bibat.
Additum huic scelestiique vacans, & casta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.
Qualis veste nitens sacré, & lustralibus undis
Surgis ad infernos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu visisse serunt 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 Homerius
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstificam Perseie Phoebados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detineisse græges.
Diœ etenim facer est vates, divumque facerdos,
Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
At tu liquid agam, scitabere (si modo saltem
Esse putas tanti nosee, liquid agam)
Paciferum animus celesti semine regem,
Faustaque sacritis secula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, & flabulantem paupere tecto
Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit.
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
Et subitœ elisos ad sua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa;
Ilia sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque presse manent patriis meditata cicitis;
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

Elegia septima, Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathusia noram;
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sépecupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen, Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfuge columbas,
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.

Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos;
Hæc sunt militiae digna trophaea tuae.

In genus humanum quid inanitas dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cypris, (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 quaebant lumina nostera
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Atlat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:
Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero, dignum & Amore suit.
Talis in ærerno juvenis Sigeius Olympos
Miscet amatoris pocula plena Jovi;
Aut qui formolas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas;
Addideratque iras, sed & has denuisse putares,
Addideratque truces, nec fine felle minas.
Et mifer exemplo sapuisses tutiús, inquit,
Nunc mea quid possit dexteræ testis eris.
Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego si necis strato Pythone superbam
Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Penelidos, ipse factetur
Certius & gravius tela nocere mea.
Menequit adduxit curvare peritius arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques.
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
Insicius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeæque corae.
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliäs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te sulte tue poterunt defendere Musæ,
Nec tibi Phœbus porrigit anguis opem.
Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolut in tepidos Cypridos ille finnis.
At mihi rius tonit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi desperso non metus ullus erat.
Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequentas, facieque simillima turba deearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Audæque lacce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
Fallor quæ radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula, grata severus,
Impetus & quœ me fort juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuasse meos.
Unam forte alii supereminuisse notabam,
Principium nostrî lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina Deäm conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objectit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus & hos nobis texuit ante dolos.
Nec procul ipse vaser latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc cilliæ hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Insit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat.
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda surores,
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
Ait ego progradior tacite querebundus, & excors,
Et dubius volui pace referre pedem.
Findor, & hac remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tæm subito gaudia fiere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia coelum,
Inter Lemniacos precipitata focos.
Talis & abruptum solem respexit, ad Orcum.
Veëtus ab attonitis Amphiarœus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus, amores
Neclieét inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, & coram trisilia 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,
Pugnet officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arces,
Nate dea, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
Et tua sumabunt nostris altaria donis,
Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores,
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da facilis, posthanc mea siqua futura est,
Culpis amatureos sigat ut una duos.

Hæc ego mente olim lavâ, studioque supino.
Nequitiae posui vana trophæa meæ,
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impuls error,
Indocilisque ætis 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.

C 4
In proditionem Bombardicam.

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapalique Britannos
Austus es infandum peride Fauce nefas,
Favlor; an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare malam cum pietate sceles;
Scilicet hos altii milliurus ad atria cali,
Sulphureo curru flammivolique rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Jordanius turbinae raptus agros.

In eandem.

Sic cine tentasti calo donasse Jacobum
Qua septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te confortia ferus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulvis usus ope.
Sic potius foedos in calum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos.
Namque haec aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi cali vix bene scandet iter.
(41)

In eandem.

Purgatorem animae derisit Iacobus ignem.
Et fine quo superum non adeunda domus.
Frenuit hoc trinâ monstram Latiale coronam
Movit & horribicûm cornua dena minax.
Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,
Supplicium spretâ religione dabis,
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arcès,
Non nisi per flammâs triste patebit iter.
O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix cariturn suis !
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad ætheras umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

Quem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris.
Et Styge damnarat Tænarioque finu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos eyehere usque Deos.

In inventorem Bombaraæ.

Apetionidem laudavit cada vetustas,
Qui tulum ætheream solis ab axe facem ;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et tristidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Rome canentem.

Angelus unicique Deus (sic credite gentes)
Obigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi sic gloria major,
Nam tua praesentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certæ mens tertia coeli
Pertua secretò guttura serpit agentes;
Serpit agentes, facibile loco docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortali assuecere posse fono.
Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque susus,
In te una loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
Cujus ab infano cessit amore suens.
Ah miser ille tuo quantò felicius ævo
Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!
Et te Pieria sensisset voce canentem.
Aurea materna filæ movere lyra,
Quamvis Diræo torquiset lumina Pentheos.
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
Et poteras aegro spirans sub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

Ad eandem.

Redula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jaetâ,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloiâdâs,
Littorea quæ tua defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
Illæ quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Paufilîpi.
Illic Romulidûm studio ornata secundis,
Arque homines cantu detinet arque Deos.

Elegiarum Finis.
Sylvarum Liber.

Anno ætatis 16. In obitum Procancellarii medici.

Aere fari discite legibus.
Manusque Parcae jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Japeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relictum mors vagà Tanaeo
Semel vocat flebilis, heu morze
Tentantur incessum doliqve;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non fersus Hercules
Neve venenatus eruore
Æmathia jacisset Oeta.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invdae
Vidisset occasum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremìt
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste fatum verba Hecatēia
Fugare possint, Telegoni pares
Vixisset infamis, potentique.
Ægiali soror ula virgā.
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes necentum, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypylī cecidisset hastā.
Lasisset & nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnā perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum.
Cæfè puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togae cui regimen datum,
Frondosa quem nunc Cirra liger,
Et mediis Helicon in undis;
Jam praefuisse Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes, nec fine gloria,
Nec puppe lustrās Charontis
Horribiles batrachi receffus,
At fila rupio Persephone tua
Irata, cum te videris aribus
Succoque pollentī tot atris
Faucibus eripuisset mortis.

Colende
Colende præses, membra precor tue
Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo
Crescant rosæ, calthaque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætna Proserpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno
atatis 17.

Jam pius extremâ veniens Æcubus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latæque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile foedus
Sceptra Caledoniiis 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,
Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernalique siletes,
Participes regni post funera moæta futuros;
Hic tempestatès medio ciet aère diras.

Illie
Illic unanimes odium fruuit 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 seceli corrupere pectus,
Infidiasque locat tacitas, caelestisque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, & somno nigantibus affris.
Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
Cinclus caeruleus fumanti turbine flammas.
Jamque fluentis onis albellia rupibus arva
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marinó,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubiravit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatae crudelia fæcula Troiae.
At simul hanc opibusque & festá pace beatam
Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerant em numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur.
Qualia Trinacriá trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Iflat tabifco monstrosus ab ore Typhoeus.
Ignescunt oculi, fridetque adamantis ordo
Dentis, ut armorum frasar, ictaque cuspipee cuspis.
Atque pererrare solam, hoc lacrymahilo mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens, haec mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea & quicquam tentaminca possunt;
Non feret hoc impone dict, non ibit inuska,
Maetnus; & piceis liquido natat aere pennis;
Qua volat, adversi praecursant agmine venu;
Denfantur nubes; & crebra sonituba fulgent.

Jamque pruinofas vexox superaverat alpes,
Et tenet Auloniae fines, a parte finisera
Nimbifer Appenninicus erat, prisciique Sabini,
Dextra veneficia, infamis Hetrua, nec non
Te sirtiva Tibris. Theridi videt ocella dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenae confisit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam fera crepuscula lucem;
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur, praecunt summillo poplite reges;
Et mendicantum serie longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia ceci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, victamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat facer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius; Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho;
Dum tremit attontibus viribus Asopus in undis;
Et procul ipse cavat responat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solemni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipiæque impellit equos stimulante flagello;
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque feroæm;
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hirsutis horreatem Phrica capillis.

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli fine pellice noctes)
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos;
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentium;
Predatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine testus
Astitit, assumptis miueunt tempora canis;
Barba sinus promissa tegit; cineracea longø
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces;
Tarda feminratis figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, ut \\nTetra vagabatur folus per lustra ferarum, 
Sylvestrique tuit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.
Subdolus at cali Serpens vestitus amica
Solvit in has fallax ora excrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiam te tuos saper opprimit artus
Immemor O-fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum,
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britannii;
Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Caesar adorat,
Cui referata patet convexa Janua cali,
Turgentes animos, & fastus frangit procaces,
Sacrilegique feiunt, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicae possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperia disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum late vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosse,
Thermodoventea nuper regnante puella.
At tu si tenero mavis torpeferere lecto
Crescentesque negas hosti confundere vices,
Tyrrenenum impelbit numeroso milite Pontum.
Signaque Aventino ponte fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum frangeret, flammosque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis;
Cujus gaudebant soles dase basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte lacesces;
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraudem,
Quelibet haereticis disponere retia fases.
Jamque ad consilium extemis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandiosoque patres trabea, canisque verendos;
Hosti tu membratim poteris consperringere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitradi pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quæ conventere, sub imis.
Protinus ipse igitur quoscumque habet Anglia fidus
Propositi, factique monere, quisquam tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ.
Perculloque metu subito, casisque stupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atroc, vel flagus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligerous iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fasibus.
Dixit & adscitios ponens malendus amicus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illergabile, Lethen.
Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Maestaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambrosias montana cacumina guttis;
Cum somnos pepulit stellata janitor aulae
Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina testi,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodöxeque bilinguis
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cœmenta jacent semistraetae laxe,
Olla inhumata virum, & tragoeta cadaver niterto;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & stimuli armata Calunnia fauces,
Et Furo, atque vix moriendi mille videntur]
Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululant, tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetrabilis antri
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum
Antrum horrens, scopusolum, atrum ferialibus umbris
Diffugient fontes, & retro lumina vortunt,
Hos pugiles Romae per lœcula longa sideles
Evocat antisfes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

Finibus
(53)

Finibus occiduis circumfulsum incolit æquor
Gen. exoxa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitús nostro conjungere mundo;
Illec, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressú,
Tartareoque leves diffpientur pulvere in auras
Et rex & pariter satrapæ, fcelelata propagó
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veré
Confilii socios adhibéte, operísque ministros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine célos
Despícit æthereá dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ríder conamina turbæ,
Atque fui causam populi volet ipse tuéri.

Et sé ferunt spatiúm, quà díctat ab Aide terra
Fertílis Europe, & spectat Mareotídas undas;
Hic turris posita est Títanidos ardúa Famæ
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior aéris
Quàm superímpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ófis
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestrá,
Amplaque per tenues translúcent atria muros;
Excítat hie varios plebs agglomerata sufíuros;
Qualiter inspírant circum mulétralia bombís
Agminæ mísícarum, aut texto per ovíad ãunco,
Dum Canis æstivum celi petít ardua culmen

Isa
Ipsa quidem summă sedet utrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Quaes sonium exiguum trahit, arque levissima capitae
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinis orbis.
Nec tot Aristoride servator inique juvencae
Hidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjicitas late spectantia terras.
Ihis illa solet loca luce carentia sápe
Perlustrare, etiam radiante impervia soli:
Millenisque loquax auditaque vitaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit; modo conficiis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a nostro meroisti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non alius veracious ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nesci memoraße pigebie
Carminetam longo, servati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus aqva.
Te Deus externos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmissis alloquitur, terraque tremente:
Fama files an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Jâcobo:
Et plura, illa natim senit mandata Tonantis,
(55)

Et fatis antè fugax stridentes induit alas,
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temelxoe ex are sonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque param est curfuceleres prævertere nubes;
Jam ventos, jam folis equos post terga reliquit.
Et primò Angliacas solito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat.
Preditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu.
Authoresque addit sealeris, nec garrula cæcis
Insidiis loca structa filet; stupere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellas,
Effatique senes pariter, tantæque ruine.
Sensus ad ætatem subìtò penetraverat omnem
Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
Æthereus pater, & crueñibus obstitit ausis
Papicolum; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;
Compita lata focis genialibus omnia fumant,
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembri
Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.
Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Praefulis Eliensis.

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant gene,
Et sicca nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum malfa charo iueta persolvi rogo
Wintoniensis praefulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britannia,
Populosoque Neptuno fatos,
Cellisse morti, & ferreis fororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex factorum illa suiti in insula
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum peëtus ira protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Nafo in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora peëtore,
Grainisque vates parciûs
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videt arctonitus sonos
Leni, sub auro, flamine:
Caecos suores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas,
Quid te meret violas non nocenda numina.
Subitoque ad iras percita.
Non est, ut arbitraris alius miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vaslovè nata sub Chao:
Aft illa calo misa stellato, Dei
Messes ubique colligit;
Animalique mole carneá reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat:
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horae diem
Themidos Jovisque filiæ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna survi luctuosa Tartari,
Sedfsque subterraneas
(58)

Hanc ut vocantem letus audivi, cito
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque sauus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror:
Vates ut olim rarius ad coelum senex
Auriga currus ignem,
Non me Boötes terríne lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis Orion tuas.
Prætervolavi fulgidi folis globam,
Longeque sub pedibus deam
Vidi trisformem, dum coercebant suos
Francis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum styderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sapem miratus novam,
Donee nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, & regiam Crystallinam, &
Stratum smaragdis Atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat:
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci, mihi
Saeft in æternum frui.
Naturam non pati senium.

Eu quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immensae profundis
Oedipodioniam volvit sub pede nostro domo
Quae vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, & incisae leges adamanti perenni
Affamigito suis, nulloque solubile secolo
Consilium fati peritum alligat horis,

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obtusa rugis
Natura facies, & rerum publica mater
Omniparum contrata uterum sterilesceet ab ævo?
Et se fassa fenem male certis pastibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput num tetra vetustas
Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque vitulque
Sidera vexabunt an & insatiable Tempus
Esuri et Cælum, rapietque in viscera-patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudent Jupiter arcès
Hoc contra munisse nefas, & Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gerofque dedisse perennæ?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata sunt, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superaque ut Olympius aula
Decidat, horribiliisque retecta Gorgone Pallas.
(60)

Qualis in Αεξαμ proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata saero cecidit de limine cali.
Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati
Precipiti curru, subitaque serere ruinâ
Pronus, & extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia fibila ponto.
Tunc etiam æcrei divulgis sedibus Hæmi
Disulfabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
In superos quibus uisus erat, fraternaque bella.

At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius alris
Consuluit rerum summA, certoque peregic
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat, & ambitos sociâ vertigine calos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristiata cæsfae Mavors.
Floridus æternum Phoebus juvenile coruscat,
Nec sovet effceras loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per sigma rotarum,
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis

†thereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olymopo
Mane voeans, & ferus agens in pascua cali,
Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Caeruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa sident, solitoque fragore
Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmur Curus.
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & rauçã circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
Ægæona ferunt dorfo Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi sœlii vigor ille vetuisti
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuisque & Cypri tusus, nec dictior olim
Terra datum sceleti celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
Donec flammas orbem popubabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cali,
Ingentique rego flagrabit machina mundi.
De Idea Platonica quemadmodum
Aristoteles intellexit.

Dicite sacrorum praefides nemorum dea,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quaeque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa æternitas,
Monumenta servans, at ratas leges Jovis,
Cælque factos atque ephemeridas Deum,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solvers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquus poelo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innub æ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura fit communior,
Tamen feoritus extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci,
Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
Cali pererrat ordines decempricus,
Cælimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus aditus sedens
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas.
Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit cellum caput
Atlante major portitore syderum.
Non cui profundum cæsitas lumen dedit
Dirceus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Pléiones nepos
Vatum fagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, liceet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Ninì,
Prisciunque Belon, inclytumque Osridem.
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 tuae
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

Unc mea Pierios cupiam per pœstora fontes
Irrigas torquite vias, totumque per ora
Volvere
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum,
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipifi
Aptius a nobis quae possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, sedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quae redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen haec nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus illo]
Quae mihi sunt nullae, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio
Quas mihi femoro somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta laetri Parnassides umbrae.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & femina cali,
Nil magis humæam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammat.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplex duro Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine sepoffiti retegunt arcana futuri
Phoebades, & tremula pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina sacrificis sollemnes pangit ad aras

Aurea
Aurea seua sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata sagax sumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in exitis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobiles xvi,
Ibimus auratis per cali templar coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquio sociantes carmina pleator
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabant.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes.
Nunc quoque sydereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compelsit fibila serpens,
Demiilioque ferox gladio mansueticit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurus Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solent,
Cum nondum luxus, vastaque immeo vorago
Nota gula, & modico spumabat coena Lyseo.
Tum de more sedens feeta ad convivia vates
Æsculeà intonso redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, & polivi latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum ætnæo queècum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabie.
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non cithara, simulachraque juncta canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor facias contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Docet, Arionii merito sis nominis hares.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me gessisse poëbam
Contigerit, charo si tam prope languine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur:
Ipse volens Phoebus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti.
Dividiumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse camoenas,
Nón odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quâ pronior area luceri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec infalsis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, fecessibus altis.
Abduclum Aoniz jucunda per otia ripae
Phoebeo lateri comitem finis ire beatum,
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu
Cum mihi Romuleae patuit facundia lingua.
Et Latii veneres, & qua Jovis ora decent
Grandia maguloquis elata vocabula Graiiis;
Addere suaisti quos jactat Gallia flores;
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquela
Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quaque Palatinus loquitur mysteria vate;
Denique quicquid habet caelum, subjectaque coelo,
Terra parens, terraque & coelo interfluus aer,
Quicquid &unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nosse licet, per te; si nosse libebit,
Dimotaque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Nisi fugisse velim, nisi sit libatse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malefanus auitas
Austriaci gazas, Peri anaque regna praoptas,
Quae potuit majora pater tribuisset; vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, coelo,
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta suissent,
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
Et circum undatem radiatæ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervae
Victories hederas inter, lauroque sedebo,
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscæbor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Est procul vigiles curæ, procul est querelex,
Invidiaeque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
Saxa nec anguiseros extende Calumnia rictus;
In me triste nihil xadissima turba potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; sequaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ichu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non a qua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorasse fatis, 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 spissæ rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forfitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ayo.
Psalm 114.

I sede in te, pueri, et exultet fili Iacobi,
Agitavit super eum Iesus, exultavit, barbara erat.
De tue munere tibi est quia tu in India.
En aethio nec non maga xeran batheven.
Et tenebuntur filii ejus in sua gloria.
Kymant lumine robius, sed aegris sufragibus
Et Gerusalem potest armururum sua magna.
En tenebuntur filii ejus en sua gloria.
O nunc nunc filiae filii ejus in sua gloria.
Tint tenebuntur filii ejus in sua gloria.
Kymant lumine robius.
Et Gerusalem potest armururum sua magna.
En tenebuntur filii ejus in sua gloria.
O nunc nunc filiae filii ejus in sua gloria.
E verum que adoramus.
Onde, quia siveceus, sed aegris sufragibus.
Et tenebuntur filii ejus in sua gloria.
O nunc nunc filiae filii ejus in sua gloria.
Hodie theon theon ut atum siveceus.
Onde, quia siveceus, sed aegris sufragibus.
Et tenebuntur filii ejus in sua gloria.
O nunc nunc filiae filii ejus in sua gloria.
Hodie theon theon ut atum siveceus.
Philosophus ad regem quendam qui cum ignotum & insontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat, tue in desper.

Hec subito misit.

Ω αυτα ει δεηται με τον θνον, ή μ’ ανερβην
δειναν τιταν δειπνον, σφατατω ειτε καρνον
Φυλλον ευιδον, τι δ' εσθεν, τι δι νοησιν,
Μας λυτους αν' επιτα χείρω μαλα πολλον οδουν
Τοιον ει ει πολλα περισσουν αλμπον αλασως.

Ad Salsillum poetam Romanum agratantem.

SCAZONTES.
Multa gressum qua volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu.
Nec lentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quam cum decentes flava Dēiope fūras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum.
Adesdum & hæc s'is verba paucâ Salsillo
Refer, cam̄ena nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit imperitò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Miltio,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
Polique trahum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
Sanientis impotentisque pulmoniš
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superba cognitas urbes fama
Viroisque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsilla,
Habitumque feffo corpori penitūs fanum;
Cui nunc profunda-bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divūm munus, Osalus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Pheobe morborum terror
Pythone caso, pute tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus facerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Euandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursūm Musis
Vicina dulci prata mulebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur Iucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tumidusque & ipse Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annus colonorum:
Nec in sepulchris ibit obfessum reges
Nimium sinistro laxus irruens lora:
Sed frana melius temperabit undarum,
Ad asque curvi solid regna Portumni.

Mansus.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis vir
ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non &
bellicea virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est.
Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Ami-
citica scripta; erat enim Tassi amiciissimus; ab
quo etiam inter Campania principes celebratur,
in illo poemate cui titulus Jerusalemme con-
quista, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
Risplende il Manso —

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevo-
leniâ prosecutus est, multisque ei detulit huma-
ritis officia. Ad hunc itaque bospes ille anto-
quam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se
offenderes, hoc carmen misit.

Æc quoque Mansì tuae meditatur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Mansì chorò notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud ex quo est dignatus honorè,
Post Gallì cineres, & Mecenatis Hetrulci.
Tu quoque si nostra tantam valet auræ Camœna,
Vïtrices hederas inter, lauroque sèdebas.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso!
Junxit, & aeternis inscriptit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulcioloquum non incia Mula Marinum.
Tradidit, ille tuum dici te gaudet alumnun.
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;
Mollis & Auvonias stupefecit carmine nymphas,
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Offa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefollit amici,
Vidimus arriendenta operoso ex are poetam.
Nec fatis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant.
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Qua pates, atque aidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, & variâ sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervae;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam sacundus Homerii.
Ergo ego te Chius & magni nomine Phoebi
Manfe pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab æxe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus asperrabere Mutam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos...
Credimus obscuras noctibus sensisse per umbras.
Qua Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceanis glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phoebus.
Qua plaga septem mundi fulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longa sub nocte Booten.
Nos etiam colimus Phoebum, nos munera Phoebus
Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canisfris,
Halantenque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
Mifimus, & leetas Druideum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosa Graia de more puella
Carminibus latis memorant Corineida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicoma Hecaerge
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora suco.
Fortunae senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui sucrcept fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plautumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habiass e penates

Curtius.
Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Mulas:
At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ caelo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden succeperat hospes;
Tantùm ubi clamatos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguis inter saltus frondosaeque tecta
Peneium prope rivum; ibi sæpe sub ilice nigræ
Ad citharae strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo,
Saxa æterae loco, mutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
Emotæque suis properant de collibus omni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, & miti lustratir lumine Phæbus,
Atlantique nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senesâtus
Vernat, & æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis æucson.
O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum
(76)

Phoebæos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,
Si quando indigenous revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ sociali foedere mentæ,
Magnanimos Heros, & (O modo spiritus ad sit)
Prægam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges,
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque satis cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astarte ocellis,
Astarti sat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liveati morte solutos
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.
Forsitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Neæs aut Paphiæ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego calicolum semotus in æthera divum,
Quod labor & mens pura vehunt, arque ignea virtus
Secreti hæc alius mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata sinunt) & totæ mente serenùm
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus
Et simul æthereo plandum mihi laus Olympo.

Epitaphium
EPITAPHIUM 
DAMONIS. 

ARGUMENTUM. 

Thyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniae Pastores, eadem studia sequuti a pueritiae amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & remita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriae Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimi &que cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.
Hymenides nymphae (nam vos & Daphnii & Hy.)
Et plorata diu meministi fata Bionis) (Ian,
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen;
Quas miser effudit voce, quae murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus asidiis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi praeruptum queritur Damonia, neque altam
Lustibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo stimma dies tulerat Damona sub umbra;
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis, pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musae Thusea retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque reliqui
Cura vocat; simul assuetas seditque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Coepit
Coepit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quœ terris, quœ dicam numina coelo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon;
Siccine nos disquis, tua sic fine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aures;
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pocus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulcro,
Constabirque tuus tibi honos, longūmque vigebit
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo
Solyere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere landes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piúmque;
Palladiáque artes, sociúmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damos.
At mihi quid tandem siet modò? quis mihi fidus.
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sèpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca facta pruínis,
Aut rapido sub sole; siti morientibus herbis?

Sive
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pecúra cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcisibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus aufer
Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut aestate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculea somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphae.
Pastoresque latent, sertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiâisque tuas, quis tum mihi ruras,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus obero,
Sicubi ramola densabant vallibus umbrâ,
Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus
Triste sonant, fracta que agitata crepuscula silvâ.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quàm culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
involvuntur, & ipsa sita seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,
Nec myrtae juvante; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphefibœs ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina mulso,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat
(Æt callebat avium linguas, & sydera Mopsus)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nympheæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? ajunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vulutisque severi,
Illæ choros, lusœque 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

Docia
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fatu,
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 jovenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam sceñnit amicum.
De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula theos,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, desertto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
Farra libens voliteth, sero sua teeta revisens,
Quem si fors lecho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu fravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors.
Vix sibi quiesce parem de millibus inventunum,
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris hora
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnuni.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quidem ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aèreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam?
Quamvis illa foret, qualum dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas & ovæ & rura reliquit;
Et te tam dulci poßem caruisse sodalē,
Poßem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviósque sonantes.
Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse vale; nostri memor ibis ad altra.

Ite domum impati, domino jam non vacat; agni:
Quamquæm etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit
Pastores Thufci, Mufis operata juventus;
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thufcis tu quoque Damòn,
Antiquà 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 summam carpere mûrtos;
Et potui Lycidae certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipsè etiam tentare ausus sum, nec putò multùm
Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
Fiscellæ, calathique & cereà vincla cicuta,
Quin & nostra suas donecunt nominà sages
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et studios noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum lato dictabat roseida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hoëdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habeat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod fit in usus;
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, & praësentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat.
Imus? & argutâ paulum recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurre medieos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborumque, humileisque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum.
Ah percaeunt herbas, pereant artesque medentum
Gramina, postquam-ipsi nil profecerè magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimá jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis
Diffilueretamen rupta compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ.
Ite domum impaelli, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per aequorapuppus
Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniz,
Brennûmque Arviragûmque duces, priscûmque Belinum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos ;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jögermen
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorliis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
Multûm oblita mini, aut patriis mutata carneenis
Britonicum strides, quid enim : omnia non licet uni
Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi sati ampla
Mercæs, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in Ævum
Tum licet, externo penitûsque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Ufa, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thamesis meas ante omnes, & sursa metalli
Tamara, & extremis me dicant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impaelli, domino jam non vacat, agni,
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, & plura simul, tum qua mihi pocula Mansis,
Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
Bina dedit, misum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
Et circum gemino calorvat argumento :
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver
Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama silve,
Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Aurora vitreis surgentem respicet undis:
Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus;
Quis putet hic quoque Amor, pietæque in nube pharetræ,
Arma corusca facies, & spicula tinctæ pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in eretum spargit sua tela per orbæ
Impiger, & prænos nunquam collimat ad iœus,
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit ipse lubrica Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctæque simplicitæ, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæos quæstivisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra;
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede repulit arcum';
Heroumque animas inter, divòsque perennæs,
Ætheros haurit latices & gaudia potat
Ore Sacro. Quin tu coeli post jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris;
Seu tu nostro eris Damon, sive aequior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Coelicae norint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
Etiam tibi virginei servauntur honores,
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Letaque frondentis gestans umbra palme
Aeternum perages immortales hymenios;
Cantus ubi, choreisque funit lyra mita beatis,
Festis Sionis bacchantur & Orgia Thyrsi.

FINIS.