THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.
XVI.

A

MASK

PRESENTED

AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634,

BEFORE

THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.
THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, AFTERWARDS IN THE
HABIT OF THYRSIS.

COMUS WITH HIS CREW.
THE LADY.
FIRST BROTHER.
SECOND BROTHER.
SABRINA THE NYMPH.

THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE,

THE LORD BRACKLY.
MR. THOMAS EGERTON HIS BROTHER.
THE LADY ALICE EGERTON.
A

MASK.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.
THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT DESCENDS OR ENTERS.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives
After this mortal change to her true servants,
Amongst the enthron'd Gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opens the palace of eternity:
To such my errand is; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
   But to my task. Neptune besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary Gods
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding honour of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrregular shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe
The daughter of the sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clust'ring 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 frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbrow'd
Exceals his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
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 countenance,
Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, 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 than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual stie.
Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this advent'rous 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 sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.
COMEUS ENTERS WITH A CHARMING ROD IN ONE HAND, HIS GLASS IN THE OTHER; WITH HIM A ROUT OF MONSTERS, HEADED LIKE SUNDAY SORTS OF WILD BEASTS, BUT OTHERWISE LIKE MEN AND WOMEN, THEIR APPAREL GLISTERNING; THEY COME IN MAKING A RIOTOUS AND UNNULY NOISE, WITH TORCHES IN THEIR HANDS.

COMEUS.

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 stream,
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful 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 deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice morn on th' Indian steep
From her cabin loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic 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; Some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of pow'r to cheat the eye with bear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course;
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unpleasurable,
Wind me into the easy hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may her business here.

THE LADY ENTERS.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, 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 grey-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phoebus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; tis likelyest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And aery tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, conscience.—
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
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, to' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.
Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave.
POEMS.

Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

COMUS.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who as they sung would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause;
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself,
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder, Whom certain these rough shades did never breed, Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

LADY.
Nay gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise That is address'd to unattending ears; Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift How to regain my sever'd company, Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COMUS.
What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

LADY.
Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COMUS.
Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

LADY.
They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COMUS.
By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LADY!
To seek it'h' valley some cool friendly spring.
COMUS.
And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

LADY.
They were but twain, and purpose'd quick return.

COMUS.
Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

LADY.
How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COMUS.
Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LADY.
No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COMUS.
Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LADY.
As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

COMUS.
Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i’th’ plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I past, I worship’d; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
To help you find them.

LADY.

Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COMUS.

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LADY.

To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot’s art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis’d feet.

COMUS.

I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg’d,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch’d pallet rouse; if otherwise
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

LADY.
Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

THE TWO BROTHERS.
ELDER BROTHER.
Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some 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.

SECOND BROTHER.

Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of past'ral 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 cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister,
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
What, if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

ELDER BROTHER.

Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms 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.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

SECOND BROTHER.

'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsum'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

Elder Brother.

I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt or controversy:
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
POEMS.

That I incline to hope, rather than 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.

SECOND BROTHER.

What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

ELDER BROTHER.

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 complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage, fierce bandite, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity;
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unbleanch'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unladen ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed 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 o' th' woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freeze'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd 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 lackey 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 converse 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 soul's 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 charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
Ling'ring, and sitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

SECOND BROTHER.

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 surfeit reigns.

ELDER BROTHER.

List, list, I hear
Some far off halloo break the silent air.

SECOND BROTHER.

Methought so too; what should it be?
ELDER BROTHER.

For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

SECOND BROTHER.

Heav'n keep my sister. Again, again, and near;
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

ELDER BROTHER.

I'll halloo;
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 halloo I should know, what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

SPIRIT.

What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.

SECOND BROTHER.

O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

ELDER BROTHER.

Thyrais? whose artful strains have oft delay'd
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
Slippt from the fold, or young kid los his dam,
POEMS.

Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPIRIT.

O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; 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?

ELDER BROTHER.

To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

SPIRIT.

Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.

ELDER BROTHER.

What fears, good Thyris? Prithee briefly show.

SPIRIT.

I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'ly muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras and incantated isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel 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 mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Charácter'd in the face; this have I learnt
Tending my flocks hard by 'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-bespren, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,
WRAPT in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
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'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy flighted 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 ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death: but O! ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd lady, your dear sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapless nightingale thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
Where that damn'd wizard hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent lady his wish'd prey,
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not.

SECOND BROTHER.

O night and shades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?

ELDER BROTHER.

Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not inthral'd;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
POEMS.

And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's on.
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heaven
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

SPIRIT.

Alas! good ventrous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
Far other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

ELDER BROTHER.

Why prithee, shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

SPIRIT.

Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken ev'n to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it hemony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sovereign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,  
Or ghastly furies apparition;  
I purs'd 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 necromancer's hall;  
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,  
And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,  
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew  
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,  
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.  

ELDER BROTHER.  
Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,  
And some good angel bear a shield before us.  

THE SCENE CHANGES TO A STATELY PALACE, SET OUT WITH ALL  
MANNER OF DELICIOUSNESS: SOFT MUSIC, TABLES SPREAD WITH  
ALL DAINTIES. COMUS APPEARS WITH HIS RABBLE, AND THE LADY  
SET IN AN ENCHANTED CHAIR, TO WHOM HE OFFERS HIS GLASS,  
WHICH SHE PUTS BY, AND GOES ABOUT TO RISE.  

COMUS.  
Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,  


POEMS.

Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or as Daphne was
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LADY.

Fool, do not boast,
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanc'l'd, while Heav'n sees good.

COMUS.

Why are you vex'd, lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far: see here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spi'rits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthe, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such pow'r 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 subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

LADY.

'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 ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery!
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits fit to insnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

VOL. III.
O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwrithing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutcht th' all-worship'd ore, and precious gems
To store her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th'all-giver would be' unthank'd, 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 Nature's 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 darkt with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o’erfraught would swell, and th’ unsought diamonds,
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur’d to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List lady, be not coy, and be not cozen’d
With that same vaunted name virginity.
Beauty is Nature’s coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in th’ enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish’d head.
Beauty is Nature’s brag, and must be shown
In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife’s wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur’d lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

LADY.

I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obluding false rules pranked in Reason's garb.
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she good cateress
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance:
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and besemiing share
Of that which newly pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit incumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad pow'r of chastity,
Pain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt 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 magic structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COMUS.

She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To some of Satan's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, 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 settlings of a melancholy blood:
But this will cure all straight, 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 ROYAL MAJESTY SIGNS 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 snatch't his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of disceiving power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, 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 Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
Commended by fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
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 layers strow'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 maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals:
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbled song,
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

Song.

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 honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
    Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace,
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,
POEMS.

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 nympha that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

SARRINA RISES, ATTENDED BY WATER-NYMTHS, AND SINGS.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkis blue, and em'rald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here.

SPIRIT.

Goddess dear,
We implore thy pow'rful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest enchanter vile.

SABRINA.

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 finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous 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.
SPIRIT.

Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tow'r and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh, and cinnamon.

Come, lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside
All the swains that near abide,
With jigs, and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer;
Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

THE SCENE CHANGES, PRESENTING LUDLOW TOWN AND THE PRESIDENT'S CASTLE; THEY COME IN COUNTRY DANCERS, AFTER THEM THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, WITH THE TWO BROTHERS AND THE LADY.

SONG.

SPIRIT.

Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sun-shine holiday;
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns, and on the leas.
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 victorious dance
O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring:
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys sling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
POEMS.

Quickly to the green earth's 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 Virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feebler were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

XVII.

LYCIDAS.

IN THIS MONODY THE AUTHOR BEWAILS A LEARNED FRIEND, UNFORTUNATELY DROWNED IN HIS PASSAGE FROM CHESTER ON THE IRISH SEAS, 1637, AND BY OCCASION FORETELS THE RUIN OF OUR CORRUPTED CLERGY, THEN IN THEIR HEIGHT.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,
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 rhime.
He must not float upon his watery bier
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 coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, 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 evening, bright,
Tow'rd Heav'n's descent had slop'd his west'ring wheel.
POEMS.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fawns with cloved heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ah me! I fondly dream
Had ye been there: for what could that have done?
What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nymph's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
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,
Phoebus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist'ring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
    O fountain Arethusa, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds;
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
    Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r 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 massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove 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 faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes.
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freckt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strow the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks tow'r'd Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless 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 on high,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks 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.
POEMS.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric 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 blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

——

XVIII.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

QUIS MULTE GRACILIS TE PUEB IN ROSEA,
RENDERED ALMOST WORD FOR WORD WITHOUT RHYME, ACCORDING TO
THE LATIN MEASURE, AS NEAR AS THE LANGUAGE WILL PERMIT.

What slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? Oh how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea.

AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

NORATIUS EX PYRRHAE ILLECEBRIS TANQUAM E NAUPRAGIO EMATA-
VERAT, CUIUS AMORE IRRETITOS, AFFIRMAT ESSE MISEROS.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris aequora ventis
Emirabitur insolens!
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuum semper amabilem
POEMS.

Sperat, nescius aurea
Fallacis. Miseri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

XIX.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE
UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhor'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And hide us with a classic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be nam'd and printed Heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your pylacteries, though balk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.
SONNETS.

I.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.
II.

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

III.

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

**CANZONE.**

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

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

V.

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti prìa)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:
VI.

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

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew' th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu' th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bow'r:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple' and tow'r
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the pow'r
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heav'nly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, 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 feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.
TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good earl, once president
Of England's council, and her treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till sad the breaking of that parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.

Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY
WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
And woven close, both matter, form and style;
The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,
Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
A title page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-End Green. Why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp,
Thy age, like our's, O soul of sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge and king Edward Greek.

XII.

ON THE SAME.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs:
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny;
Which after held the sun and morn in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we see
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRS.

Harry, whose tuneful and well measur'd song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempt's thee from the throng,
With praise enough for envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue.

Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phæbus' quire,
That turn'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of purgatory.
POEMS.

XIV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHARINE
THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED
16 DECEMBER 1646.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
   Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
   Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
   Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour
   Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
   But as faith pointed with her golden rod,
   Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and faith who knew them best
   Thy hand-maids, clad them over with purple beams
   And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
   And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
   Before the judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
   And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
   Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
   And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
   And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise.
Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
While avarice and rapine share the land.

XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war: new foes arise
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.
POEMS.

XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANÉ THE YOUNGER.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
Then to advise how war may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage : besides to know
Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have done:
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labour; light deny'd,
I fondly ask: But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.
POEMS.

XX.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily' and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII.

TO THE SAME.

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

XXIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

I thought I saw my late espoused saint
   Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
   Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
   Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
   Purification in the old law did save,
   And such, as yet once more I trust to have
   Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
   Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
   Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
   But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
   I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.
PSALMS.

PSALM I.

DONE INTO VERSE 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By wary streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.
PSALM II.

DONE AUGUST 8, 1653. TERZETTE.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand
With pow'r, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: He who in Heav'n doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
Anointed have my King (though he rebel)
On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath said
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
With iron sceptre bruis'd, and them disperse
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length ye Kings averse,
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear
In anger and ye perish in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM III.
AUGUST 9, 1658.

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM.

Lord how many are my foes!
How many those
That in arms against me rise!
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my shield, my glory,
Thee through my story
Th', exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
For my sustein
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch against me their pavilions.
Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou
Hast smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhor'rd
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

**PSALM IV.**

**AUGUST 10, 1653.**

*Answer me when I call,*
God of my righteousness,
In straits and in distress
Thou didst me disithrall
And set at large; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in scorn,
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity,
To love, to seek, to prize
Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to choose he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say
Who yet will show us good?
Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put,
Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep,
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where'er I lie;
As in a rocky cell
    Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V.
AUGUST 19. 1653.

Jehovah to my words give ear,
    My meditation weigh,
The voice of my complaining hear
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
    Jehovah thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear,
    I' th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.
    For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight,
    Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
    All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
    Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
'The bloody' and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy house; I in thy fear
Will tow'rdst thy holy temple worship low.
Lord lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress,
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his faultring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellious all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defeas'd them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.
PSALMS.

PSALM VI.

AUGUST 18, 1653.

Lord in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
For all my bones, that ev'n with anguish ache,
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, restore
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.
PSALMS.

PSALM VII.

AUGUST 14, 1653.

UPON THE WORDS OF CHUSH THE BENJAMITE AGAINST HIM.

LORD my God to thee I fly,
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

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

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonour foul,
Rise Jehovah in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury' assuage;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command which I desire.

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

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

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies,
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of heart at last.
God is a just judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended;  
If the unjust will not forbear,  
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended  
Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death, that waits him near.  

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

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

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
According to his justice raise,  
And sing the name and deity  
Of Jehovah the most high.
PSALM VIII.

AUGUST 14, 1653.

O JEHovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set.
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

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

When I behold thy Heav'n, thy finger's art,
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou rememberest yet,

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

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,
Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fish that through the wet
Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

APRIL, 1648. J. M.

NINE OF THE PSALMS DONE INTO METRE, WHEREIN ALL, BUT WHAT
IS IN A DIFFERENT CHARACTER, ARE THE VERY WORDS OF
THE TEXT, TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL.

PSALM LXXX.

1 Thou shepherd that dost Israel keep
   Give ear in time of need,
   Who leadest like a flock of sheep
   
   Thy loved Joseph's seed.
That sit'st between the Cherubs bright,
   
   Between their wings out-spread,
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
   
   And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
   And in Manasseh's sight,
   Awake thy strength, come, and be seen
   
   To save us by thy might.

3 Turn us again, thy grace divine
   
   To us O God vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
   
   And then we shall be safe.
4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
How long wilt thou declare  
Thy smoking wrath, and angry brow  
Against thy people's prayer!

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,  
Their bread with tears they eat,  
And mak'st them largely drink the tears  
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey  
To every neighbour foe,  
Among themselves they laugh, they play,  
And flouts at us they throw.

7 Return us, and thy grace divine  
O God of Hosts vouchsafe,  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.

8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,  
Thy free love made it thine,  
And drov'st out nations, proud and haut,  
To plant this lovely vine.

9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place,  
And root it deep and fast;  
That it began to grow apace,  
And fill'd the land at last.
10 With her green shade that cover'd all,  
The hills were overspread,  
    Her boughs as high as cedars tall  
         Advanc'd their lofty head.  
11 Her branches on the western side  
    Down to the sea she sent,  
    And upward to that river wide  
    Her other branches went.  
12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,  
    And broken down her fence,  
    That all may pluck her, as they go  
          With rudest violence?  
13 The tusked boar out of the wood  
    Up turns it by the roots,  
    Wild beasts there browse, and make their food  
         Her grapes and tender shoots.  
14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down  
    From Heav'n, thy seat divine,  
    Behold us, but without a frown,  
         And visit this thy vine.  
15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand  
    Hath set, and planted long;  
    And the young branch, that for thyself  
         Thou hast made firm and strong.  
16 But now it is consum'd with fire,  
    And cut with axes down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.

17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy good hand be laid,
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.

18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame,
Quicken us thou, then gladly we
Shall call upon thy name.

19 Return us, and thy grace divine
Lord God of Hosts vouchsafe,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 To God our strength sing loud, and clear,
Sing loud to God our King,
To Jacob's God, that all may hear,
Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring,
The cheerful psaltery bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.
3 Blow, as is wont, in the new moon
    With trumpets lofty sound,
    Th' appointed time, the day whereon
    Our solemn feast comes round.
4 This was a statute giv'n of old
    For Israel to observe,
    A law of Jacob's God, to hold,
    From whence they might not swerve.
5 This he a testimony ordain'd
    In Joseph, not to change,
    When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
    The tongue I heard was strange.
6 From burden, and from slavish toil,
    I set his shoulder free:
    His hands from pots, and miry soil,
    Deliver'd were by me.
7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
    On me then didst thou call,
    And I to free thee did not fail,
    And led thee out of thrall.
    I answer'd thee in thunder deep
    With clouds encompass'd round;
    I try'd thee at the water steep
    Of Meriba renown'd.
8 Hear, O my people, hearken well,
    I testify to thee,
Thou ancient flock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me,
Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien god shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
In honour bend thy knee.
I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I, besought,
Will grant thy full demand.
And yet my people would not hear,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, whom I lov'd so dear,
Mislak'd me for his choice.
Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wand'ring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.
O that my people would be wise,
To serve me all their days,
And O that Israel would advise
To walk my righteous ways.
Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against all those
That are their enemies.
PSALMS.

15 Who hate the Lord should then be fain
   To bow to him and bend,
   But they, his people, should remain,
   Their time should have no end.
16 And he would feed them from the shock
   With flour of finest wheat,
   And satisfy them from the rock
   With honey for their meat.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 God in the great assembly stands
   Of kings and lordly states,
   Among the Gods, on both his hands
   He judges and debates.
2 How long will ye pervert the right
   With judgment false and wrong
   Favouring the wicked by your might,
   Who thence grow bold and strong?
3 Regard the weak and fatherless,
   Dispatch the poor man's cause,
   And raise the man in deep distress
   By just and equal laws.
4 Defend the poor and desolate,
   And rescue from the hands
   Of wicked men the low estate
   Of him that help demands.
5 They know not, nor will understand,  
    In darkness they walk on,  
    The earth's foundations all are mov'd,  
    And out of order gone.  

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

7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
    As other princes die.  

8 Rise God, judge thou the earth in might,  
    This wicked earth redress,  
    For thou art he who shalt by right  
    The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 Be not thou silent now at length,  
    O God hold not thy peace,  
    Sit thou not still O God of strength,  
    We cry, and do not cease.  

2 For lo thy furious foes now swell,  
    And storm outrageously,  
    And they that hate thee proud and fell  
    Exalt their heads full high.  

3 Against thy people they contrive  
    Their plots and counsels deep,  
    Them to insnare they chiefly strive,  
    Whom thou dost hide and keep.
4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
   Till they no nation be,
   That Israel's name for ever may
   Be lost in memory.
5 For they consult with all their might,
   And all as one in mind
   Themselves against thee they unite,
   And in firm union bind.
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
   Of scornful Ishmael,
   Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
   That in the desert dwell,
7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,
   And hateful Amalek,
   The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
   Whose bounds the Sea doth check.
8 With them great Ashur also bands
   And doth confirm the knot:
   All these have lent their armed hands
   To aid the sons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
   That wasted all the coast,
   To Sisera, and as is told
   Thou didst to Jabin's host,
   When at the brook of Kishon old
   They were repuls'd and slain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
   As dung upon the plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
     So let their princes speed,
   As Zeba, and Zalmunna bled,
     So let their princes bleed.
12 For they amidst their pride have said,
     By right now shall we seize
   God's houses, and will now invade
     Their stately palaces.
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
     No quiet let them find,
   Giddy and restless let them reel
     Like stubble from the wind.
14 As when an aged wood takes fire
     Which on a sudden strays,
   The greedy flame runs higher and higher
     Till all the mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
     And with thy tempest chase;
16 And till they yield thee honour due;
     Lord fill with shame their face.
17 Asham'd, and troubled let them be,
     Troubled, and sham'd for ever,
   Ever confounded, and so die
     With shame, and escape it never.
18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
        Jehovah is alone,
Art the most high, and thou the same
O'er all the earth art one.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
        O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are,
        Where thou dost dwell so near!

2 My soul doth long and almost die
        Thy courts O Lord to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
        O living God, for thee.

3 There ev'n the sparrow freed from wrong
        Hath found a house of rest.
The swallow there, to lay her young
        Hath built her brooding nest,
Ev'n by thy altars; Lord of Hosts,
        They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts
        Toward thee, my King, my God.

4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
        Where thee they ever praise,
5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
    And in their hearts thy ways.
6 They pass through Baca's thirsty vale
    That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry dale
    Where springs and show'rs abound.
7 They journey on from strength to strength
    With joy and gladsome cheer,
    Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of Hosts hear now my prayer,
    O Jacob's God give ear,
9 Thou God our shield look on the face
    Of thy anointed dear.
10 For one day in thy courts to be
    Is better, and more blesst,
    Than in the joys of vanity
    A thousand days at best.
I in the temple of my God
    Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, and rich abode,
    With sin for evermore.
11 For God the Lord both sun and shield
    Gives grace and glory bright,
No good from them shall be withheld
    Whose ways are just and right.
12 Lord God of Hosts that reign'st on high,
    That man is truly blest,
Who only on thee doth rely,
    And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 Thy land to favour graciously
    Thou hast not Lord been slack,
Thou hast from hard captivity
    Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
    That wrought thy people woe,
And all their sin, that did thee grieve,
    Hast hid where none shall know.
3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
    And calmly didst return
From thy fierce wrath which we had prov'd
    Far worse than fire to burn.
4 God of our saving health and peace,
    Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to cease
    Toward us, and chide no more.
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
    For ever angry thus,
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
    From age to age on us?
6 Wilt thou not turn, and hear our voice,
And us again revive,
That so thy people may rejoice
By thee preserv'd alive.
7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy shew,
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
8 And now what God the Lord will speak,
I will go straight and hear,
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints full dear,
To his dear saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, but sucease
To trespass as before.
9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall ere long appear
To dwell within our land.
10 Mercy and Truth that long were miss'd
Now joyfully are met,
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
11 Truth from the earth, like to a flow'r,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r
Look down on mortal men.

12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good,
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits to be our food.

13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His royal harbinger,
Then will he come, and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 Thy gracious ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me I thee pray;
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, and sad decay.

2 Preserve my soul, for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just,
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who still in thee doth trust.

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O make rejoice
Thy servant's soul; for Lord to thee
I lift my soul and voice.

5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou alone
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
   Give ear, and to the cry
   Of my incessant pray'r's afford
   Thy hearing graciously.
7 I in the day of my distress
   Will call on thee for aid;
   For thou wilt grant me free access,
      And answer what I pray'd.
8 Like thee among the gods is none,
   O Lord, nor any works
   Of all that other gods have done
   Like to thy glorious works.
9 The nations all whom thou hast made
   Shall come, and all shall frame
   To bow them low before thee, Lord,
   And glorify thy name.
10 For great thou art, and wonders great
   By thy strong hand are done,
      Thou in thy everlasting seat
      Remainest God alone.
11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way most right,
   I in thy truth will bide,
   To fear thy name my heart unite,
      So shall it never slide.
12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
    Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
    Thy name for evermore.
13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
    And thou hast free'd my soul,
Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free,
    From deepest darkness soul.
14 O God the proud against me rise,
    And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
    No fear of thee have set.
15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
    Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and art styl'd
    Most merciful, most true.
16 O turn to me thy face at length,
    And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
    And save thy handmaid's son.
17 Some sign of good to me afford,
    And let my foes then see,
And be aham'd, because thou Lord
    Dost help and comfort me.
PSALM LXXXVII.

1 Among the holy mountains high
   Is his foundation fast,
   There seated in his sanctuary,
   His temple there is plac’d.

2 Sion’s fair gates the Lord loves more
   Than all the dwellings fair
   Of Jacob’s land, though there be store,
   And all within his care.

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

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

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

6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
   That ne’er shall be out-worn,
   When he the nations doth inroll,
   That this man there was born.
PSALMS.

7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
   With sacred songs are there,
In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,
   And all my fountains clear.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 Lord God that dost me save and keep,
   All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee weep,
   Before thee prostrate lie.

2 Into thy presence let my pray'r
   *With sighs devout ascend,*
And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
   Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For clow'd with woes and trouble store
   Such charg'd my soul doth lie,
My life at death's uncheerful door
   Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
   Down to the dismal pit,
I am a man, but weak alas,
   And for that name unfit.

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

12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy justice in the gloomy land
Of dark oblivion?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
And up to thee my pray'r doth rise,
Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me?

15 That am already bruised, and shake
With terror sent from thee?
Bruised, and afflicted, and so low
As ready to expire,

While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire,

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatenings cut me through:

17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,
And sever'd from me far:
They fly me now whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.
A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PSALM WERE DONE BY THE AUTHOR AT FIFTEEN YEARS OLD.

When the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-beclouded head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied mountains skipt like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains?
Shake Earth, and at the presence be aghast
Of him that ever was, and aye shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint stones gush.
PSALM CXXXVI.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
    For his mercies aye endure,
    Ever faithful, ever sure.

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

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

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

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

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.
    For his, &c.
Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light.
   For his, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass.
   For his, &c.
But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.
    For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.
    For his, &c.

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

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

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

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell.
    For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.
    For his, &c.
And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.
For his, &c.

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

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
JOANNIS MILTONI,
LONDINENSIS,
POEMATA.

QUORUM PLEDAQUE INTRA ANNUM ETATIS
VIGESIMUM CONScripsit.
Hæc quæ sequuntur de authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, et quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimias laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS
MARCHIO VILLENSIS, NEapolitanus,
AD
JOANNEM MILTONIUM, ANGLUM.
Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si piiets sic,
Non Anglus, veràm hercle angelus ipse fores.
AD
JOANNEM MILTONEM, ANGLUM,
TRIPLICI POESEOS LAUREA CORONANDUM, GRECA
NIMIRUM, LATINA, ATQUE HETRUSCA,
EPIGRAMMA
JOANNIS SALSILLI, ROMANI.

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

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

GRACIA Meconidem jactet sibi, Romae Maronem,
Anglia! Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

AL
SIGNIOR GIO. MILTONI.
NOBILE INGLESE.

ODE.

ERGIMI all' Etra o Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronda eterna in Pindo, e in Elica
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.
Babelle

ar confuse Giove in vano,

caravelle

trofeo cadde sul piano:

t all Anglia il suo più degno Idioma
cia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

carcani

natura e in cielo e in terra
sovrumani

t al' hor gli chiude, e serra,

conosci, e giungi al fine

tiude al gran confine.

po l'ale,

e in un fermin si gl' anni,

ortale

ingiuriosi a i danni;

li poema e storia

presenti alla memoria.

ra

uo dolce canto,


tiene il vanto;

concesso

c Permesso.
Cosi l’ Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Del 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 amenta
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedi esti i Regni,
E dell’ Italia ancor gi’ Eroi piu degni.

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

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appressar l’arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell’ opre loro.
Nell' altera Babel
Per te il parlar confuso Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde sùl piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il suo più degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à ingegni sovrumanì
Troppa avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il tempo l'ale,
Fermisi immoto, è in un fermin si gl’ anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di poema e storia
Furono gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammì tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandosi all'Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto;
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno parreggiar Permesso.
I o che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo mesto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

DEl SIG. ANTONIO FRANCINI, GENTILHUOMO
FIORENTINO.

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSIS,

JUVENI PATRIA, VIRTUTIBUS EXIMIO.

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio curis orbis terrarum loca perspexit; ut erris, Ulysses omissa ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in ejus ora, linguae jam, dependit ut sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure earum, percalcat, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos, intelligat:
Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commodo, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardur gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos coelstium sphærarum sonitus astronomia duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?

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

TANTO HOMINI SERVUS, TANTE VIRTUTIS AMATOR.
ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMA.

ELEGIA PRIMA

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM.

Tandem, chare, tuse mihi pervenere tabellae,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit occidua Devae Cestrensis ab orae
Vergivium pronum qua petit amne salum.
Multum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque sidele caput,
Quo dque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs resfluam Thamessis alluit unda,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum.
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbraque negantia molles,
Quam male Phoebicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas preferre magistri
Ceteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates.
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso
Lettus et exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano siebilis exul agro;
Non tune Ionio quicquam cessisset 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 fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hieres;
Seu procul, aut posita casside miles adest,
Sive decennali fecundus lite patronus.
Detonat inculto barbaro verba foro!
Saepe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Saepe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor nescit, data quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragedia sceptrum
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat;
Et dolet et specto, iuvat et spectasse dolendo,
Interdum et lacrymis duleis amor inest:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit.
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu feras e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ulterior
Conscia funerea pectora torre movens,
Seu maren Pelopidea domus, seu nobilis Lli,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub lecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris cont.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinar consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammis
Virgineos vides præterisse choros.
Ah quoties dignax stupax miracula formæ
Quæ possess senium vel reparare Jovis !
Ah quoties vidi superna lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus ;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor ;
Pellacesque genas, ad quos hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, et ipse sunt floris, Adonis rubor.
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quaque vagum exilis amica Jovem.
Cedite Achaemenis turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quæ Suria colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danae fasces submittite Nymphae,
Et vos Iliacae, Romuleaque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas
Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis.
Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
Endymionæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi conspicues formaque aurique puella
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse inventa columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, et roseam post habitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum puæri sinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm subito linquare sausta paro;
Et vitare procul malesidæ infamia Circæ
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum ruæce murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.
ELEGIA SECUNDA,
ANNO ÆTATIS 17.
IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI
CANTABRIGIENSIS.

Te, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favit ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sœpe rogante dea.
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula
Alipes, ætherea missus ab arce Patris.
Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atride jussa severa ducis.
Magna sepulchorum regina, satelles Averni
Sœva nimir Musis, Palladi sœva nimir,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ?
Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegëia tristes,
Personet et totis mœnia mœsta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA,
ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

Mœstus eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sedebam,
Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libilita solo;
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres.
Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratriisque verendi
Intempestivis ossa cremata regis:
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi dignissime Præsul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tææ;
Delicuis fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,
Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa,
Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus præteruentis aque?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invita, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam sede fugisse suâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currun
Phœbus, ab eō littore mensus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
Condistanter oculos noxque soporque meos:
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
Heu nequirit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent,
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racimiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt coelestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat ēthera tubā.
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
Hosque aliquid placido misit ab ore sonos;
Nate veni, et patri felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, et aligere tetigerunt nabloa turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaeleiâ pellice somnos,
Talia contingant somnia sêpe mihi.

ELEGIA QUARTA,
ANNO ÆTATIS 18.
AD THOMAM JUNIUM, PRAECEPTOREM SUUM, APUD MERCATORES
ANGlicos, HAMBURGAE AGENTES, PASTORIS MUNERE
FUNGENTEM.

Curre per immensum subitô mea littera pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos lâve per sæquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio fœnans carcer e ventos
Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleámque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
Aut queis Tríptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavère videbís arenas
Ditis ad Hamburgae mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ
Cimbrica quæm fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquae clarus pietatis honore
Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidia vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt alia parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrœius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aönios illo præeunte recessus
Lustrabam, et bifi sacra vireta jugi,
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castalia sparsi læta ter ora mero.
Flammæus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Bisque novo terram sparsiâsi Chlori senilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguae dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum praeverte sonorum,
Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
Forsitan aut veterum praelarga volumina patrum
  Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
Cælestive animas saturatem rore tenellas,
  Grande salutifere religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
  Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos
  Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Mysis,
  Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
  Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recept
  Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
  Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
  Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
  Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
  Vultifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
  Supplieis ad moestas deliciure preces.
Extensaque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
  Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et sata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat;
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuoque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinâ quaeris egenus opem.
Patria dura parenst, et saxis sævior albis
Spumea quæ pulsat litoris unda tuí,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et sinis ut terris quærant aliqua remotis
Quos tibi prospiens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui lesta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quae vivas clausa tenbris,
Æternâque anime digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassueto devia tessa pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis et hortisono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathià pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iæsum
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus vijolabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mænibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Misiit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentām,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virūm.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pictore vince mala;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA,
ANNO ETATIS 20.

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt;
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furo, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua osli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
Perque umbras, perque antra f eror penetralia vat um
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deùm;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olym po,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Instïtuis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores:
Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol Âthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opa cæ,
Horrida cum tenebris ëxulat illa suis.
Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cæleste Bootes
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis aatri a toto
Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
Nam dolos, et caedes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ
Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Laeta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramique resumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
Quid juvat effasto procubuisse toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava vercundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis!
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Ídæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos iatexit flore capillos,
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos
Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnameæ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alæ
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærít amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus sœpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi ostentat quâscunque sub sequare vasto,
Et superinjunctis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympos
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, cursu langdentes Phœbe diurno
Hesperiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,
Día quid immundo perluis ora sah?
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue bore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quâque jaces circump mulcebit lene susurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semellëia fata,
Nec Phaeton teo sumidus axis equo;
Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparator Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
Littus io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Punicum redolit vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad ameni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
unum,
Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympe,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitans celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanusque sua cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
Quaeque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
Per juga, per solos expatientur agros.
Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus praedatur Oreada Faunus,
Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitans coelo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet,
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dix precor ite domo.
Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phæbe jugales
Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.
ELEGIA SEXTA.

AD
CAROLUM DEODATUM.

RURI COMMORANTEM,

QUI CUM IDIBUS DECEMB. SCRIPTISSET, EI SUA CARMINA EXCUSARI
POSTULASSET SI SOLITO MINUS ESSENT BONA, QUOD INTER LAVI-
TIAS QUIBVS ERAT AB AMICIS EXCEPTUS, HAUD SATIS FELICEM
OPERAM MUSIS DARE SE POSSE AFFIRMASSET, HOC RARIUS RESON-
SUM.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tu distento fortè carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camoenam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque cólamque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
Festaque coelificam quae coluere Deum,
Deliciasque referis, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per tepidos Gallica musta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro preposuisse sue.
Saepeus Aoniis clamavit collibus. Eucas
Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naso Coralleis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyceum
Cantavit brevibus Tæia Musa modis?
Findaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque sovet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi celato barbitos auro
Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitaatque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos;
Percepies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irruet in toto lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
Liber adest, elegis, Eratoque; Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpurea matre tenellus Amor,
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sapius et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cælum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
Vivat, et innocuos praebat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocala fonte bibat.
Additur huic acelerisque vacans, et casta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus:
Qualis veste nitens sacrè, et lustrabibus undis.
Surgis ad infensus augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse serunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
    Orpheon edomitis sola per antra fasis;
Sic dapsis exigus, sic rivi potor Homerus
    Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum.
Et per monstricam Perseis Phæbados aulam,
    Et vada femineis insidiosa sonis,
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro
    Dictur umbrarum detinuiisse greges.
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,
    Spirit et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem:
At tu siquid agam seistabere (si modò saltum
    Esse putas tanti nostre siquid agam)
Paciferum canimus celesti semine regem,
    Faustaque sacratis secula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
    Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,
Stelliparumque pulm, modulantesque æthere turmas,
    Et subitò elios ad sua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
    Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicitis,
    Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.
ELEGIA SEPTIMA,
ANNO ETATIS 19.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathusia nōram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit,
Sēpe cupidines, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi maxīme numen Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hec sunt militiae digna trophaeae tuae.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista phætra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et summe radians per culmina villae
Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis amor impiger alis,
Prodidit astantem mota phætra Deum:
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid pueru dignum et Amore fuit.
Talis in eterno juvenis Sigeius Olympos
Miscet amatoris pocula plena Jovi:
POEMATA.

Aut qui formosas pellext ad oscula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiûs, inquit,
Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
Inter et experts vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phæbum, cessit et ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Penêidos, ipse fatetur
Certiús et graviús tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiûs arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Hercoleæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Harebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliûs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te stulte tuae poterunt defendere Musæ,
Nec tibi Phosbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modò quà nostri spiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placett.
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba deorum
Splendida per medias itqec reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phoebus habet.
Haec ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè probidas obvia missi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam fortè aliis superemunuisse notabam,
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venüs optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina Deém conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor obiectit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus et hos nobis texit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Insilit hinc 'labiis, insidet inde genus:
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hœi mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda fuores,
Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
   Ablata est oculis non reeditura meis.
Ast ego progreder tacite querebundus, et excors,
   Et dubius volui sepe referre pedem.
Findor, et hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
   Raptaque tam subitò, gaudia fieri juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia casum,
   Inter Lemniacos precipitata focos.
Talis et abruptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
   Vectus ab attonitis Amphitaurus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, et laetu victus? amores
   Nec licet inceptos ponere, nave sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
   Vultus, et coràm tristia verba loqui;
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creatu,
   Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
   Ponar-in exemplo primus et unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
   Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
   Nate dea, jaculis nec minus igne potens.
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
   Solus, et in superis tu mihi summus eris.
Deme mœus tandem, verum nec deme furores,
   Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da faeulis, posthæc mea sigua futura est,
Cuspis amatus sigat ut una duos.

Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
Nequitiae posui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
Indocilisque estas prava magistra fuit.
Donec Socraticos umbrosâ 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 Diomedæam vim timet ipsa Venus.

IN PRODUCTIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

Cur simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
Ausus es infundum per siftæ Fauæ nefas,
Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo currâ flammosilisque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Ionïanios turbine raptus agros.
IN EANDEM.

Siccingentasticælo donasse Iacobum
Queseptemgeminobellumontelates?
Nimelioratuumpoteritdaremunera numen,
Parce precordonisinsidiosatuis:
Illequidemsinet consortiaseerusadivit
Astra, nec infernipulveriusus ope.
Sic potiusfædos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Etquothaberbrutos Roma profana Deos,
Namquehac aut alià nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi cœlivix bene scandet iter.

---

IN EANDEM.

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sinesuperùmmnon adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
Movitet horrificum cornuadena minax.
Et nec inultusatatemea sacrabritannæ,
Supplicium spretareligionedabìs.
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammastristepatebit iter.
O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

IN EANDEM.
Quem modò Roma suit devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnārat Tænarioque sinu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.
Iapetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem:
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trisidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

AD
LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.
Angelus unicusque suus (sic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
POEMATA.

Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens texta conli
Per tua secretò gutturá serpít agens;
Serpit agens, facilique docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono...
Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque füsus,
In te unà loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

AD EANDEM.

ALÆRA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore ferens.
Ah miser ille tuo quantò felicius ævo
Perditus, et propter te Leonora foret!
Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
Anreæ maternæ filæ movere lyrae,
Quamvis Dirceæ torsiesset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipisset iners,
Tu tamen errantes eæcæ vertigine sensus
Voce cædom poteras compositisse tua;
Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quistem
Flexanimo cantu restituisset sibi.
AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpore Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
illa quidem vivitque, et amanâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secuudis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis sævo,
Mota solo assueto, protervus arret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulumque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi et foetus et ipse parens.

ELEGiarum finis.
SYLVARUM LIBRA.

ANNO ÆTATIS 16.

IN

OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI.

Parere fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcae jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iapeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relictum mors vaga Tenebre
Semel vocarit flebilis, heu morae
Tentantur incassum dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Octâ.
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile sædus
Sceptrum Caledoniæ conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis;
Cum feras ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympos,
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera maesta futuros;
Hic tempesates medio ciet aère diras,
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupid adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
Insequitur trepidam desertæ per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes
Cinctus caeruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ.
At simul hanc opibusque et festà pace beatam
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphæus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis.
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens haec mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque iugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitura fulgent.
Jamque pruinossas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec nou
Te furtiva Tbris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscule lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque Deōs portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehirur, praeuent submissso poplite reges,
Et mendicantum series longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro):fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavat responsat rupé Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni moræ peractis,
Nox senis amplēxus Erēbi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchestamque ferocem,
Atque Achierontae prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et liisutis’ hortentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlégetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (néquē enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molis sine pellice nōctes)
At vix compositos somnus cladebat ocellos;
Cum niger umbrarum dūminus, rectorque silentum,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constringit fune salaces,
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama est, vastà Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solyit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridel Hyperboreo gens barbar a nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spermunt tua jura Britannii:
Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua coeli,
Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilégique sciant, tua quid maledicto possit,
Et quid Apostolicae possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiae disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Relliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacessest,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quaelibet haereticis disponere retia fas est;
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævosque patres trabet, canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conspargere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, qua convenere, sub imis.
Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi, factique mone, quisquamne tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
Perculsosque metu subito, castique stupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atroc, vel saevus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quoque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
Dixit et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandum, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
POEMATA.

Jam rosa Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœstaque adhuc nigrì deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum somnos pepulit stellatae janitor aulae,
Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus ëternæ septus caligine noctis,
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotesque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.

Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,
Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortus semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, et stimuli armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ mortiendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguisique locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidì latitant penetrabilis antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, scopolosum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt sones, et retrò lumina vortunt,
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longe fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumsus incolit æquor
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves diffientur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter satrape, scelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine verae
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo slectens curvamine caelus
Despicit ætherea dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quæ distat ab Aside terra
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famee
Ærea, latæ, sonans, rutilis vicinior astra
Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossa.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestrae,
Amplaque per tenues translucet atra muros:
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
Qualiter instrepitant circum multcelia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis aestivum coelis petit ardua culmen.
Ipsa quidem summa sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum tradit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvence
Isidos, immitti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sese
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque meudax
Nunc minuit, modo conflictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullam,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit.
Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus aqua.
Te Deus, aeternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine premisso alloquitur, terraque tremente:
Fama siles? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigo cadet meditata Iacobo?
Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et satis ante fugax stridentes induit alas,
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesseo ex e re sonorum.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celere praevertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:
Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Insidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effetisque senes pariter, tantæque ruine
Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miserecíst ab alto
Æthereus pater, et crudelibus obstítit ausis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrít celebratior anno.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina
Adhuc líquentís imbre turgebant salis,
Quem nuper effúdi pius,
Dum moestá charo justa persolvi rogo
Wintoniensis Præsulis.
POEMATA.

Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,
Populosque Neptuno satos,
Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Grauisque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videro attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
Caecos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque et irritas minas,
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus uniser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao:
Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei
Messes ubique colligit;
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat;
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Jovisque filias;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatileaque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
Auriga currus ignei.
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis Orion tuus.
Pretervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
Longéque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
Stratum smaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat est in æternum frui.

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

Hu quãm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
Quæ vegana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
Consilium fati perituri—atligat horis.
   Ergone marcescet sulcantis obsita rugis
Nature facies, et serum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum stercescet ab ævo?
Et se fassa senem male certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
Annorumque æterna fames, aequalorque situsque
Sidera vexabunt? an et insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Coelum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyroque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obviis ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympus aulâ
Decidat, horribilisque résectâ Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine celi?
Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, et extinctâ fuinabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito serralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam ærei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Dissolutat apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternalque bella.
At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
Consuluit rerum summae, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine coelos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatá casside Mavors.
Floridus aeternum Phæbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effoetas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper annicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua caeli,
Temporis et gemino dispersit regna colore.
Fulget obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cœruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmur Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi sæclī vigor ille vetusti
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem.
Et puer ille suum tenet et puer ille decorem
Phæbe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditiō olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum.
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in sēvum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latē
Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cēli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM
ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT.

Dicite sacrorum prēsides nemorum deae,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mata, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deūm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubœ
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsūs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Poemata.

Coli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimúmve terris incolit lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
Incedet ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et iis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
Atlante major portitore siderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dirceus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Pléiones nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxit scholis)
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tue
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.
AD PATREM.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irrigas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
Aptiüs à nobis quæ possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia dónis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostrós ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacrí Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil setwereos ortus, et semina coeli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flamnæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobiles ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templæ coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquæ sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexæ sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortalæ melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
Torrída dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare soebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota Gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
Æsculæâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et caos, et posti latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Æneas quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vobis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensuque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres deset iste choros, non Orphaei cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functâ cæstendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laides.

Nec tu pérge precor sacras contamnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque putà, quorum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sinos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii merito sìs nominis haeres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phoebus sè dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tememus.

Tu tamen ut similes teneras odisse Camenæas,
Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ira jubebas.
Quà via lata patet, quà prōnior area lucrī,
Certaeque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentia
Jura, nec insulsia damnas clamoribus aureas.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescre mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu; accession alia
Abductum Aonie jucunda per otia ripa
Phoebæo lateri comitem sinis ire bestium.
Officium chari. taceo commune parenti,
Me poiscunt magi, tua. pater optime sumptu
Cum mihi Romulea patuit. facundia linguae,
Et Latii venes, et, quae Jovis oda, decebat
Grandia magniloquia elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere suasisti, quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus. Italus ore loquelas
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quaque Palestina loquitur mysteria vates,
Denique quicquid, habet caelum, subjectaque caelo
Terra parena, terraeque et caelo interfluis aer,
Quicquid et. unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
Dimotique venit spectanda scientia nube
Nudaque conspicuus inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velit, ni sit libasse molestum.

I nunc. confer opes quisquis maecas an avitas
Austriaci gazas, Peruanaque regna praeputas.
Quae potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, caelo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
Pullica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatæ luce tiam.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Este procul vigiles curae, procul este querelæ,
Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiseros extende calumnia rictus;
In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non sequa merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Percensere animo, fideæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis sævo.
PSALM CXIV.

Ἰσραήλ ὅτε παιδείς, ὦ τ' αγγελαὶ φῦς Ιακώβου
'Ἀγρότων λυκεῖ δήμων, αὐταχθαί, βαρβαρίσθαντο,
Δὴ τὸ τῆς μοίρας τοὺς ὅσιον γένος διὸς Ἰσραήλ:
'Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖς μέγα κρέων βασιλέων'
Ἐδε, καὶ ἐντοπάθην φύγα ἔβρωσε, θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλικρίνη ρωθεὶ, ὥστε ἐκτυφεῖτο
'Ιδι, Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυρεῖδεα σκῆνην.
'Ἐκ δὲ ὣρεα σκαρφαμένων ἀπειρόνια κλονέων,
'Ὡς κρῶι σφραγιστεὶς ἐντραφέρ' ἐν ἀλαῷ.
Βασίλειται δ' ἄμα πᾶσαι διακυρησαν ἔρναι,
'Ὅτα ναραί σύργου φίλη ὕπαι συνεργὰ ἄρνες.
Τέωτεύκους αὐς ἀράγεα πέλαρ φύγας ἐβρωσασάς,
Κύματι εἰλικρίνῃ ρωθεὶ τὶ δ' ἀπ' ἐκτυφεῖτον
'Ιδι, Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυρεῖδεα σκῆνην;
Τιττ' ὄρεα σκαρφαμένων ἀπειρόνια κλονέοντε,
'Ὡς κρῶι σφραγιστεὶς ἐντραφέρ' ἐν αλαῷ
Βασίλειται τὶ δ' ἀπ' ὅρμας ἀνακυρησαν ἔρναι,
'Ὅτα ναραί σύργου φίλη ὕπαι συνεργὰ ἄρνες;
Σέες γαῖα τρ' όσα τὰ θεὸν κογαὶ ἐκκυμωντα
Γαῖα τείρων τείρων' νυκτῶν σέβας Ἰσραήλας,
'Ὅτα καὶ τ' ὅ σκηλιά δοκειοίς χρέο μοιρᾶσθαι,
Κράφτῃ ἀλώνων πέτρας ἀπ' δακρυνόμενης.
PHILOSOCHRUS AD REDEM QUEMQUE, QUI SUM IGNOTUM ET INSONTEM
INTER REGES FORTE CAPITUM INSCIUS DAMNAVERAT, IRII SEVATUM
PARENTEM HAC SUBITO MISIT.

'Ω ó sty, el ἔλεγης με τῶν ἔτομων, οτίδε τοι ἄδειράν
Δεινῶν ἄλως δράσατε, σοφότατε ἢτι κάρχην
Ῥηθιώς αφέλεσθε, τὰ δ' ὕστεραν οὐδείς νύστης,
Μαφιῶς δ' αὔρ έκπετα τέως ἁριστόν ὕψωτη,
Τωδ' δ' έκ πάλιν χορὸνομιν ἀκαρπ ὅλεστας.

IN EFFIGIEI EJUS SCULPTOREM.

'Αμαθεὶς γραφόθε ζείρι τούτῳ μὲν εἰσκανάν
Φανῆς τάς' ἀν, πρὸς ἐνδος ἐπόσφοδρ διάκριν.
Τωδ' έκτυποτέν εἰς 'εποικότες φύλοι
Γελάτε φασίνιν δισμερήμενο γραφάκιν.
AD SALSILLUM POETAM ROMANUM
ÆGROTANTEM.

SCAZONTES.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quam cùm decentes flava Déiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adesdum et hæc verba paucæ Salsillo
Refer, Camæna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis praetulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (peessimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feras Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superbæ cognitas urbes famâ
Viroque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum;
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 divûm munus, O salus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandi sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursûm Musis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebît cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tumidusque et ipse Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges
Nimiûm sinistro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.
MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis. vir ingenii laude, tum litterarum studio, nec non et bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniae principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Gerusalemne Conquistata, lib. 20.

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

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

Hæc quoque Manse tæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusi.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulcioloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dicit se gaudet alumnam,
Dum canit Assyrios divid prolixus amore;
Mollis et Ausonias stupescit carmine nymphas.
Hic itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara sefelli amici,
Vidimus arrientem operoso ex ære poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Ammorum genus, et varia sub sorte peractum
Describis vitam, moresque, et dures Minerve;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altum
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Clias et magni nomine Phoebi,
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per sevum
Missus Hyperboro juvenis peregrinus ab urbe.
Nec tu longinquum bonus aspernabere Musam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix exsutius sub Austo;
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantem flumine cygnes
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras.
Quà Thamesis lato puris argentibus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin et in hæs quosdam pervenit Titurus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nee inutilè Phæbo,
Qua plagâ septens mundi salcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phæbum, nos munera Phæbo
Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas,
(Gens Draides antiqua sacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque-gesta canebant).
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graice de more puellâ
Carminibus leitis memorant Corinœda Loxo,
Patidicanque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecærige,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque vino-
rum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
Cynthius, et famulus venisse ad limina Musas :
At non sponte domum tam idem, et regis adivit
Rura Phereciadâ ceelo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;
Tantùm ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irrigus inter saltus frondosaque tecta.
Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetere loco, nutat Trachinia rupe,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
Emotaque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces,
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poëtas.
Hinc longëva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores.
Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nòrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mense
Magnanimos Heroes, et (O modo spiritus adsit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacite permensus tempora vitæ,
Annumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
Astanti sat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus lventi morte solutos
Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia myrtri aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certe bonorum,
Ipse ego cælicolâm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quod labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata sinunt) et tota mente serenûm
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul ætheræo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.
EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon euisdem viciniae pastores, eadem studia sequisti à puero amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis maximum acceptit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse competerens, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis antem sub personâ hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriae Luca paterno gênerè ortundus; cætera Anglias; ingenio, doctrina; clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum vivet, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDNS nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)

Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduus exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi præceptum queritur Damonæ, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damonæ sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Muse Thusa retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relicti
Cura vocat, simul assuetà sedetque sub ulmo,
POEMATA.

Tum verò amissum-tum denique sentit amicum,
Coepit et imminuit sic exonerare dolorem:
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vocat, agni.
Hei mihi! quae terris, quae dicam numina ocula,
Postquam te immittit rapuerunt funere, Damon!
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgä qui dividit aurea,
Ista velit, dignunque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,
Inaeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabique tuis tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores; Illi tibi vota secundo
Solve re post Daphnin, post Daphnin dieere laudes,
Gaudebunt, dum: rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piámque,
Palladiásque artes, sociúmque habuisse canorum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hae tibi certa manent, tibi erunt haec præmia, Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hæredit lateri comes, ut tu sepe solebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido substræle, siti merientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminós ira leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præseptibus altis;  
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?
  Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit  
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
Dulcibus alloquis, grato cùm sibilat igni  
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus  
auster
Miscet cuncta fores, et desuper intonat ulmo?
  Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Aut estate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
Cum Pan ësculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,  
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphae,  
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;  
Quis mihi blanditiásque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,  
Cecropiosque sales referat, cultosque lepores?
  Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbre,  
Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber et Eurus  
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.
  Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis  
Involvuntur, et ipsa siti seges alta fatiscit!  
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva tacemo,  
Nec myrtera juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,

"Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;"
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

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

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphae, et quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aient, non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
Jure petit; bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Aegle,
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti!
Nil me blainditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juveni,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi legè sodales!
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilesque volucrum.
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
Farra libens volitat, serò sua tecta revisens,
Quem si sors letho objectit, seu milvus adunco,
Fata tulit, rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, quà non speraveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnun.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpenque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit;)
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
POEMATA.

195

Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, stviosque sonantes!
Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse, "vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminiisse pigebit,
Pastores Thuscì, Musis operata juvenus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscùs tu quoque
Damon,
Antiquà genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeunque nenus, qua mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violàs, nunc summas carpere myrutos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm
Dispicui; nam sunt et apud-me munera vestra
Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincula cicutæ:
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hec mihi tum lato dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hæcidos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et que tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et presentia sinxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? et argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborâmque, humilèsque crocos, f oliúmque ha-
cinthi,
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentûm.
Ah pereant herbes, pereant artesque medentûm,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecerâre magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
Dissiluere tamen raptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos ceditè; sylvæ.
Ité domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per œquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogenâse,
Brennumque Arvigarûmque duces, priscûmque Beli-
num,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraudâ Iögernen,
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlûis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
Tu procul annosa pendebis, fistula, pinu
Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camoenis
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
Merce, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in oevum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbii)
Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
Vorticebusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thamessis meas ante omnes, et fusca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, et plura simul, tum que mihi pocula Mansus,
Mansus, Chalcidice non ultima gloria ripæ,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento :
In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,
Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pha-
retæ,
Arma coruscæ faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circūm flammantia lumina torquens,
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbēs
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes arderē sacre, formēque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spēs lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certē es, nam quōd tua dulcis abirēt
Sanctāque simplicitas, nam quōd tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethāe fas quēsevisse – b orco,
Nec tibi conveniant lacrymēs, nec ālebimus ultrā,
Ite procul lacrymēs, purum colit āēthera Damon,
Āēthera purus habet, pluviōm pede repulit arcum;
Herōumque animas inter, divōsque perennes,
Āēthereos haurit laticēs et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cēlī post jūra recepta,
Dexter adēs, placidēaque fave quicumque vocaris,
Seu tu, noster eris Damon, sive āquior audis
Diodotus, quo te diūino nomine cunctī
Coticole nōrīnt, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
Quōd tibi purpureus pudor, et sīne labe juvenūm
Grata fuit, quōd nullā torī libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virgīnēi servantur homōres;
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lētāque frondēntis gestans umbracula palmēs
Āēternum perages immortales hymēnēos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
Festa Sionēoe bacchantur et Orgia Thyrso.
POEMATA.

JAN. 28, 1646.

AD
JOANNEM ROUSIUM,
OXONIENSIS ACADEMIE BIBLIOTHECARUM.

DE LIBRO POEMATUM AMISSO, QUEM ILLIS HIBI DÉNGU MISTI ĒSTU
LABAT, UT CUM ALIIS NOSTRIIS IN BIBLIOTHECA PUBLICA
REPONERET, ODE.

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poëte:
Dum vagus Ausoniae nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannicae per viéreá lusit
Insonis populi, barbitóque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

ANTISTROPHE.

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

STROPEH II.
Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,
Molique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenum;
Immundasque volucres
Unguibis imminentes
Figit Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phinéamque abigit pestem procul amne Pegaséo.

ANTISTRÔPEH.
Quin tu, libelle, cuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Poëmata.

Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo teréris insuloris insulti,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget, posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam, remige penæ:

Strophe III.

Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat pecult, numeróque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritar abesse,
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virum monumenta curæ:
Téque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet
Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
Quæstorque gææ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iön,
Clarus Erechtheides,
Opulenta dei per templo parentis,
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Iön Actææ genitus Creusâ.

Antistrophe.

Ergo, tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos;
Diamque Phæbi rursus ibis in domum
Oxoniā quam valle colit
Delo posthabitā,
Bifidōque Parnassi jugo:
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legēris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiae simul et Latinae
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus,

EPODOS.
Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam serō placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiā requiem, sedesque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes,
Et tutela dabit solers Roūsi,
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
longè
Turba legentum prava facesset;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
Adhibebit integro sinu.
Tum, livore sepulta,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
Roūsio favente.
Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidēmque Antistrophis, unā demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exacte respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodē legendi potius, quām ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Aliquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατα σχέσιν, partim ἀπολειμμένα. Phaleucia quae sunt, Spondeum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

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AD

CHRISTINAM,

SUECORUM REGINAM NOMINE CROMWELLI.

Bellipotens Virgo, septem Regina Trionum,
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli,
Cernis quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortiā jussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.
LATIN
AND
ITALIAN POEMS
OF
MILTON,
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,
BY
COWPER.
ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

TO CHARLES DEODATI.

At length, my friend, the far-sent letters come,
Charged with thy kindness, to their destin'd home,
They come, at length, from Deva's Western side,
Where prone she seeks the salt Vergivian tide.
Trust me, my joy is great that thou shouldst be,
Though born of foreign race, yet born for me,
And that my sprightly friend, now free to roam,
Must seek again so soon his wonted home.
I well content, where Thames with refluent tide
My native city laves, meantime reside,
Nor zeal nor duty, now, my steps impel
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell.
Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
That, to the musing bard, all shade deny.
'Tis time, that I, a pedant's threats disdain,
And fly from wrongs, my soul will ne'er sustain.
If peaceful days, in letter'd leisure spent,
Beneath my father's roof, be banishment,
Then call me banish'd, I will ne'er refuse
A name expressive of the lot I chuse.
I would, that, exiled to the Pontic shore,
Rome's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing more.
He then had equall'd even Homer's lays,
And Virgil! thou hadst won but second praise;
For here I woo the muse; with no controul,
And here my books—my life—absorb me whole.
Here too I visit, or to smile, or weep,
The winding theatre's majestic sweep;
The grave or gay colloquial scene recruits
My spirits, spent in learning's long pursuits;
Whether some senior shrewd, or spendthrift heir,
Suitor, or soldier, now unarm'd, be there,
Or some coif'd brooder o'er a ten years' cause,
Thunder the Norman gibb'rish of the laws.
The lacquey, there, oft dupes the wary sire,
And, artful, speeds th' enamour'd son's desire.
There, virgins oft, unconscious what they prove,
What love is, know not, yet, unknowing, love.
Or, if impassion'd Tragedy wield high
The bloody sceptre, give her locks to fly
Wild as the winds, and roll her haggard eye,
I graze, and grieve, still cherishing my grief,
At times, e'en bitter tears! yield sweet relief.
As when from bliss untasted torn away,
Some youth dies, hapless, on his bridal day,
Or when the ghost, sent back from shades below,
Fills the assassin's heart with vengeful woe.
When Troy, or Argos, the dire scene affords,
Or Creon's hall laments its guilty lords.
Nor always city-pent, or pent at home,
I dwell; but, when spring calls me forth to roam,
Expatiate in our proud suburban shades
Of branching elm, that never sun pervades.
Here many a virgin troop I may descry,
Like stars of mildest influence, gliding by.
Oh! forms divine! Oh looks that might inspire
E'en Jove himself, grown old, with young desire!
Oft have I gaz'd on gem-surpassing eyes,
Out-sparkling every star, that gilds the skies.
Necks whiter than the ivory arm bestow'd
By Jove on Pelops, or the milky road!
Bright locks, Love's golden snare! these falling low,
Those playing wanton o'er the graceful brow!
Cheeks too, more winning sweet than after show'r
Adonis turn'd to Flora's fav'rite flower!
Yield, heroines, yield, and ye who shar'd th' embrace
Of Jupiter in ancient times, give place!
Give place, ye turbann'd fair of Persia's coast!
And ye, not less renown'd, Assyria's boast!
Submit, ye nymphs of Greece! ye, once the bloom
Of Ilion! and all ye, of haughty Rome,
Who swept, of old, her theatre with trains
Redundant, and still live in classic strains!
To British damsels beauty's palm is due,
Aliens! to follow them is fame for you.
Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
Whose towering front the circling realm commands,
Too blest abode! no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.
The virgin multitude that daily meets,
Radiant with gold and beauty, in thy streets,
Out numbers all her train, of starry fires,
With which Diana gilds thy lofty spires.
Fame says, that wafted hither by her doves,
With all her host of quiver-bearing loves,
Venus, preferring Paphian scenes no more,
Has fix'd her empire on thy nobler shore.
But lest the sightless boy enforce my stay,
I leave these happy walls, while yet I may.
Immortal Moly shall secure my heart
From all the sorcery of Circean art,
And I will e'en repass Cam's reedy pools
To face once more the warfare of the schools.
Meantime accept this trifle! rhymes though few,
Yet such, as prove thy friend's remembrance true!

ELEGY II.

ON THE DEATH OF THE UNIVERSITY BEADLE
AT CAMBRIDGE.

Composed by Milton, in the 17th year of his Age.

There, whose refulgent staff, and summons clear,
Minerva's flock long time was wont t' obey,
Although thyself an herald, famous here,
The last of heralds, Death, has snatch'd away.
He calls on all alike, nor even deigns
To spare the office, that himself sustains.

Thy locks were whiter than the plumes display'd
By Leda's paramour in antient time,
But thou wast worthy ne'er to have decay'd,
Or Æson-like to know a second prime,
Worthy, for whom some goddess should have won
New life, oft kneeling to Apollo's son.
Commission'd to convene, with hasty call,
   The gowned tribes, how graceful wouldst thou stand!
So stood Cyllenius erst in Priam's hall,
   Wing-footed messenger of Jove's command!
And so Eurybates, when he address'd
To Peleus' son, Atrides' proud behest.

Dread queen of sepulchres, whose rig'rous laws
   And watchful eyes, run through the realms below,
Oh, oft too adverse to Minerva's cause!
   Too often to the muse not less a foe!
Chuse meaner marks, and with more equal aim
Pierce useless drones, earth's burthen, and its shame!

Flow, therefore, tears for him, from ev'ry eye,
   All ye disciples of the muses, weep!
Assembling, all, in robes of sable dye,
   Around his bier, lament his endless sleep!
And let complaining elegy rehearse,
In every school, her sweetest, saddest verse,
ELEGY III.

ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Composed in the Author's 17th Year.

Silent I sat, dejected, and alone,
Making, in thought the public woes my own,
When, first, arose the image in my breast
Of England's suffering by that scourge, the Pest!
How death, his fun'ral torch and scythe in hand,
Entering the lordliest mansions of the land,
Has laid the gem-illumin'd palace low,
And levell'd tribes of nobles at a blow.
I next deplor'd the fam'd paternal pair,
Too soon to ashes turn'd, and empty air!
The heroes next, whom snatch'd into the skies,
All Belgia saw, and follow'd with her sighs,
But thee far most I mourn'd, regretted most,
Winton's chief shepherd, and her worthiest boast!
Pour'd out in tears I thus complaining said:
"Death, next in pow'r to him, who rules the dead!
Is't not enough that all the woodlands yield
To thy fell force, and ev'ry verdant field,
That lilies, at one noisome blast of thine,
And ev'n the Cyprian queen's own roses, pine,
That oaks themselves, although the running rill
Suckle their roots, must wither at thy will,
That all the winged nations, even those,
Whose heav'n-directed flight the future shows,
And all the beasts, that in dark forests stray,
And all the herds of Proteus are thy prey.
Ah envious! arm'd with pow'rs so unconfin'd!
Why stain thy hands with blood of human kind?
Why take delight, with darts that never roam,
To chase a heav'n-born spirit from her home?"

While thus I mourn'd, the star of evening stood,
Now newly ris'n above the western flood,
And Phœbus from his morning-goal again
Had reach'd the gulphs of the Iberian main.
I wish'd repose, and on my couch reclin'd
Took early rest, to night and sleep resign'd:
When—Oh for words to paint what I beheld!
I seem'd to wander in a spacious field,
Where all the champain glow'd with purple light
Like that of sun-rise on the mountain height;
Flow'rs over all the field, of ev'ry hue
That ever Iris wore, luxuriant grew.
Nor Chloris, with whom am'rous Zephyrs play,
E'er dress'd Alcinous' garden half so gay.
A silver current, like the Tagus, roll’d
O’er golden sands, but sands of purer gold,
With dewy airs Favonius fann’d the flow’rs,
With airs awaken’d under rosy bow’rs.
Such, poets feign, irradiated all o’er
The sun’s abode on India’s utmost shore.

While I, the splendour, and the mingled shade
Of fruitful vines, with wonder fix’d survey’d,
At once, with looks, that beam’d celestial grace,
The seer of Winton stood before my face.
His snowy vesture’s hem descending low
His golden sandals swept, and pure as snow
New-fallen shone the mitre on his brow.
Where’er he trod a tremulous sweet sound
Of gladness shook the flow’ry scene around:
Attendant angels clap their starry wings,
The trumpet shakes the sky, all æther rings,
Each chants his welcome, folds him to his breast
And thus a sweeter voice than all the rest:
“Ascend, my son! thy Father’s kingdom share!
My son! henceforth be freed from ev’ry care!”

So spake the voice, and at its tender close
With psaltry’s sound th’ angelic band arose.
Then night retir'd, and chas'd by dawning day
The visionary bliss pass'd all away.
I mourn'd my banish'd sleep, with fond concern;
Frequent to me may dreams like this return!

ELEGY IV.
TO HIS TUTOR THOMAS YOUNG, CHAPLAIN TO THE ENGLISH FACTORY
AT HAMBURGH.

Written in the Author's 16th Year.

Hence my epistle—skim the deep—fly o'er
Yon smooth expanse to the Teutonic shore!
Haste—lest a friend should grieve for thy delay—
And the gods grant, that nothing thwart thy way:
I will myself invoke the king, who binds,
In his Sicanian echoing vault, the winds,
With Doris and her nymphs, and all the throng
Of azure gods, to speed thee safe along.
But rather, to insure thy happier haste,
Ascend Medea's chariot, if thou may'st;
Or that, whence young Triptolemus of yore
Descended, welcome on the Scythian shore.
The sands, that line the German coast, descried,
To opulent Hamburgha turn aside!
So call'd, if legendary fame be true,
From Hama, whom a club-arm'd Cimbrian slew!
There lives, deep-learn'd and primitively just,
A faithful steward of his Christian trust,
My friend, and favorite inmate of my heart,
That now is forc'd to want its better part!
What mountains now, and seas, alas! how wide!
From me this other dearer self divide,
Dear, as the sage renown'd for moral truth
To the prime spirit of the Attic youth!
Dear, as the Stagyrte to Ammon's son,
His pupil, who disdain'd the world he won!
Nor so did Chiron, or so Phœnix shine
In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.
First led by him thro' sweet Aonian shade
Each sacred haunt of Pindus I survey'd;
And favor'd by the muse, whom I implor'd
Thrice on my lip the hallow'd stream I pour'd.
But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot roll'd
To Aries, has new ting'd his fleece with gold,
And Chloris twice has dress'd the meadows gay,
And twice has summer parch'd their bloom away,
Since last delighted on his looks I hung,
Or my ear drank the musick of his tongue:
Fly, therefore, and surpass the tempest's speed;
Aware thyself, that there is urgent need!
Him, entering, thou shalt hapy seated see  
Beside his spouse. his infants on his knee.  
Or turning, page by page, with studious look,  
Some bulky father, or God's holy book.  
Or minist'ring (which is his weightiest care)  
To Christ's assembled flock their heavenly fare.  
Give him, whatever his employment be,  
Such gratulation, as he claims from me!  
And, with a down-cast eye, and carriage meek,  
Addressing him, forget not thus to speak!

"If, compass'd round with arms thou canst attend  
To verse, verse greets thee from a distant friend.  
Long due, and late, I left the English shore;  
But make me welcome for that cause the more!  
Such from Ulysses, his chaste wife to cheer,  
The slow epistle came, tho' late, sincere.  
But wherefore this? why palliate I the deed,  
For which the culprit's self could hardly plead?  
Selfcharg'd, and self-condemn'd, his proper part  
He feels neglected, with an aching heart;  
But thou forgive—delinquents, who confess,  
And pray forgiveness, merit anger less;  
From timid foes the lion turns away,  
Nor yawns upon, or rends a crouching prey,  
Even pike-wielding Thracians learn to spare,  
Won by soft influence of a suppliant prayer;
And heav'n's dread thunderbolt arrested stands
By a cheap victim, and uplifted hands.
Long had he wish'd to write, but was withheld,
And, writes at last, by love alone compell'd.
For Fame, too often true, when she alarms,
Reports thy neighbouring-fields a scene of arms;
Thy city against fierce besiegers barr'd,
And all the Saxon chiefs for fight prepar'd.
Enyo wastes thy country wide around,
And saturates with blood the tainted ground;
Mars rests contented in his Thrace no more,
But goads his steeds to fields of German gore.
The ever verdant olive fades and dies;
And peace, the trumpet-hating goddess, flies,
Flies from that earth which justice long had left,
And leaves the world of its last guard bereft.

"Thus horror girds thee round. Meantime alone
Thou dwell'st, and helpless in a soil unknown;
Poor, and receiving from a foreign hand
The aid denied thee in thy native land.
Oh, ruthless country, and unfeeling more
Than thy own billow-beaten chalky shore!
Leav'st thou to foreign care the worthies, given
By Providence, to guide thy steps to heav'n?
His ministers, commission'd to proclaim  
Eternal blessings in a Saviour's name!  
Ah then most worthy, with a soul unfed,  
In Stygian night to lie for ever dead!  
So once the venerable Tishbite stray'd  
An exile'd fugitive from shade to shade,  
When, flying Ahab, and his fury wife,  
In lone Arabian wilds, he shelter'd life;  
So, from Philippi, wander'd forth forlorn  
Cilician Paul, with sounding scourges torn;  
And Christ himself, so left, and trod no more  
The thankless Gergesene's forbidden shore.

"But thou take courage! strive against despair!  
Quake not with dread, nor nourish anxious care!  
Grim war indeed on ev'ry side appears,  
And thou art menac'd by thousand spears;  
Yet none shall drink thy blood, or shall offend  
Ev'n the defenceless bosom of my friend.  
For thee the Ægis of thy God shall hide,  
Jehovah's self shall combat on thy side.  
The same, who vanquish'd under Sion's tow'rs  
At silent midnight, all Assyria's pow'rs,  
The same, who overthrew in ages past,  
Damascus' sons that laid Samaria waste!"
Their king he fill'd and them with fatal fears
By mimic sounds of clarions in their ears.
Of hoofs, and wheels, and neighings from afar
Of clashing armour, and the din of war.

Thou, therefore, (as the most afflicted may)
Still hope, and triumph, o'er thy evil day!
Look forth, expecting happier times to come,
And to enjoy, once more thy native home!"

ELEGY V.

Written in the Author's 80th year.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Time, never wand'ring from his annual round,
Bids Zephyr breathe the spring, and thaw the ground;
Bleak winter flies, new verdure clothes the plain.
And earth assumes her transient youth again.
Dream I, 'or also to the spring belong
Increase of genius, and new pow'rs of song?
Spring gives them, and, how strange soe'er it seems,
Impels me now to some harmonious themes,
Castalia's fountain, and the forked hill
By day, by night, my raptur'd fancy fill,
My bosom burns and heaves, I hear within
A sacred sound, that prompts me to begin.
Lo! Phœbus comes, with his bright hair he blends
The radiant laurel wreath: Phœbus descends;
I mount, and, undepress'd by cumbrous clay,
Through cloudy regions win my easy way:
Rapt through poetic shadowy haunts I fly:
The shrines all open to my dauntless eye,
My spirit searches all the realms of light,
And no Tartarean gulpha elude my sight.
But this extatic trance—this glorious storm
Of inspiration—what will it perform?
Spring claims the verse, that with his influence glows,
And shall be paid with what himself bestows.

Thou, veil'd with op'ning foliage, lead'st the throng
Of feather'd minstrels, Philomel! in song:
Let us, in concert, to the season sing,
Civic, and sylvan heralds of the spring!

With notes triumphant Spring's approach declare!
To Spring, ye Muses, annual tribute bear!
The Orient left, and Æthiopia's plains,
The sun now northward turns his golden reins;
Night creeps not now; yet rules with gentle sway,
And drives her dusky horrors swift away;
Now less fatigu'd, on his ætherial plain
Bootes follows his celestial wain;
And now the radiant sentinels above,
Less num'rous, watch around the courts of Jove,
For, with the night, force, ambush, slaughter fly,
And no gigantic guilt alarms the sky.
Now haply says some shepherd, while he views,
Recumbent on a rock, the redd'ning dews,
This night, this surely, Phæbus miss'd the fair,
Who stops his chariot by her am'rous care.
Cynthia, delighted by the morning's glow,
Speeds to the woodland, and resumes her bow;
Resigns her beams, and, glad to disappear,
Blesses his aid, who shortens her career.
Come—Phæbus cries—Aurora come—too late
Thou linger'st, slumb'ring, with thy wither'd mate!
Leave him, and to Hymettus' top repair!
Thy darling Cephalus expects thee there.
The goddess, with a blush, her love betrays,
But mounts, and driving rapidly, obeys.
Earth now desires thee, Phæbus! and t'engage
Thy warm embrace, casts off the guise of age;
Desires thee, and deserves; for who so sweet,
When her rich bosom courts thy genial heat?
Her breath imparts to ev'ry breeze, that blows,
Arabia's harvest, and the Paphian rose.
Her lofty front she diadems around
With sacred pines, like Ops on Ida crown'd!
Her dewy locks, with various flow'rs new blown,
She interweaves, various, and all her own,
For Proserpine, in such a wreath attir'd,
Tænarian Dis himself with love inspir'd.
Fear not; lest, cold and coy, the nymph refuse!
Herself, with all her sighing Zephyrs, sues;
Each courts thee, fanning soft his scented wing,
And all her groves with warbled wishes ring.
Nor unendow'd and indigent, aspires
The am'rous Earth to engage thy warm desires,
But, rich in balmy drugs, assists thy claim.
Divine Physician; to that glorious name.
If splendid recompense, if gifts can move
Desire in thee (gifts often purchase love)
She offers all the wealth, her mountains hide,
And all that rests beneath the boundless tide.
How oft, when headlong from the heav'ly steep,
She sees thee playing in the western deep,
How oft she cries—"Ah Phœbus! why repair
Thy wasted force, why seek refreshment there?
Can Tethys win thee? wherefore shouldst thou love
A face so fair in her unpleasant wave?
Come, seek my green retreats, and rather chuse
To cool thy tresses in my-chrystal dews,
The grassy turf shall yield thee sweeter rest;
Come, lay thy evening glories on my breast,
And breathing fresh, through many a humid rose,
Soft whispering airs shall lull thee to repose!
No fears I feel like Semele to die,
Nor let thy burning wheels approach too nigh,
For thou can'st govern them, here therefore rest,
And lay thy evening glories on my breast!"

Thus breathes the wanton earth her am'rous flame,
And all her countless offspring feel the same;
For Cupid now through every region strays,
Bright'ning his faded fires with solar rays,
His new-strung bow sends forth a deadlier sound,
And his new pointed shafts more deeply wound;
Nor Dian's self escapes him now untried,
Nor even Vesta at her altar-side;
His mother too repairs her beauty's wane,
And seems sprung newly from the deep again.
Exulting youths the Hymeneal sing,
With Hymen's name roofs, rocks, and vallies, ring;
He, new-attir'd, and by the season, drest,
Proceeds, all fragrant, in his saffron vest.
Now, many a golden-cinotur'd virgin roves
To taste the pleasures of the fields and groves,
All wish, and each alike, some fav'rite youth
Hers, in the bonds of Hymeneal truth.
Now pipes the shepherd through his reeds again,
Nor Phillis wants a song, that suits the strain,
With songs the seaman hails the starry sphere,
And dolphins rise from the abyss to hear;
Jove feels himself the season, sports again
With his fair spouse, and banquets all his train.
Now too the Satyrs, in the dusk of eve,
Their mazy dance through flowery meadows weave,
And neither god nor goat, but both in kind,
Sylvanus, wreath'd with cypress, skips behind.
The Dryads leave their hollow sylvan cells
To roam the banks, and solitary dells;
Pan riots now; and from his amorous chase,
Ceres and Cybele seem hardly safe,
And Faunus, all on fire to reach the prize,
In chase of some enticing Oread, flies:
She bounds before, but fears too swift a bound,
And hidden lies, but wishes to be found.
Our shades entice th' immortals from above,
And some kind pow'r presides o'er every grove;
And long, ye pow'rs, o'er every grove preside,
For all is safe, and blest, where ye abide!
Return, O Jove! the age of gold restores—
Why chuse to dwell, where storms and thunder roar?
At least, thou, Phoebus! moderate thy speed!
Let not the vernal hours too swift proceed,
Command rough Winter back, nor yield the pole
Too soon to Night's encroaching, long control!

ELEGY VI.

TO

CHARLES DEODATI,

Who, while he spent his Christmas in the country, sent the author a poetical epistle, in which he requested that his verses, if not so good as usual, might be excused on account of the many feasts, to which his friends invited him, and which would not allow him leisure to finish them, as he wished.

With no rich viands overcharg'd, I send
Health, which perchance you want, my pamper'd friend,

But wherefore should thy muse tempt mine away
From what she loves from darkness into day?
Art thou desirous to be told how well
I love thee, and in verse? verse cannot tell.
For verse has bounds, and must in measure move;
But neither bounds nor measure knows my love.
How pleasant, in thy lines describ'd, appear
December's harmless sports, and rural cheer!
French spirits kindling with cuerulean fires,
And all such gambols, as the time inspires!

Think not that wine against good verse offends;
The Muse and Bacchus have been always friends,
Nor Phæbus blushes sometimes to be found
With ivy, rather than with laurel crown'd.
The Nine themselves oftimes have join'd the song,
And revels of the Bacchanalian throng;
Not even Ovid could in Scythian air
Sing sweetly—why? no vine would flourish there.
What in brief numbers sung Anacreon's muse?
Wine, and the rose, that sparkling wine bedews.
Pindar with Bacchus glows—his every line
Breathes the rich fragrance of inspiring wine,
While, with loud crash o'erturn'd, the chariot lies
And brown with dust the fiery courser flies.
The Roman lyrist steep'd in wine his lays
So sweet in Glycera's, and Chloe's praise.
Now too the plenteous feast, and mantling bowl
Nourish the vigour of thy sprightly soul;
The flowing goblet makes thy numbers flow,
And casks not wine alone, but verse, bestow.
Thus Phæbus favors, and the arts attend,
Whom Bacchus, and whom Ceres, both befriend.
What wonder then, thy verses are so sweet,
In which these triple powers so kindly meet.
The lute now also sounds, with gold in-wrought,
And touch'd, with flying fingers, nicely taught,
In tap'stried'halls, high roof'd, the sprightly lyre
Directs the dancers of the virgin choir.
If, dull repletion fright the Muse away,
Sights, gay as these, may more invite her stay;
And, trust me, while the iv'ry keys resound,
Fair damsels sport, and perfumes steam around,
Apollo's influence, like æthereal flame,
Shall animate, at once, thy glowing frame,
And all the Muse shall rush into thy breast,
By love and music's blended pow'rs possest.
For num'rous pow'rs light Elegy befriend,
Hear her sweet voice, and at her call attend;
Her, Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, all approve,
And, with his blushing mother, gentle Love.
Hence to such bards we grant the copious use
Of banquets, and the vine's delicious juice.
But they, who demi-gods, and heroes praise,
And feats perform'd in Jove's more youthful days,
Who now the counsels of high heaven explore,
Now shades, that echo the Cerberean roar,
Simply let these, like him of Samos live,
Let herbs to them a bloodless banquet give;
In beechen goblets let their bev'rage shine,
Cool from the chrystal spring, their sober wine!
Their youth should pass, in innocence, secure
From stain licentious, and in manners pure,
Pure as the priest, when robd in white he stands,
The fresh lustration ready in his hands.
Thus Linus liv'd, and thus, as poets write,
Tiresias, wiser for his loss of sight!
Thus exil'd Chalcas, thus the bard of Thrace,
Melodious tamer of the savage race!
Thus train'd by temp'rance, Homer led of yore,
His chief of Ithaca from shore to shore,
Through magic Circe's monster-peopled reign,
And shoals insidious with the siren train;
And through the realms, where grizzly spectres dwell,
Whose tribes he fetter'd in a gory spell:
For these are sacred bards, and from above,
Drink large infusions from the mind of Jove!

Would'st thou (perhaps 'tis hardly worth thine ear)
Would'st thou be told my occupation here?
The promis’d King of Peace employs my pen,
Th’ eternal cov’nant made for guilty men,
The new-born Deity with infant cries.
Filling the sordid hovel, where he lies;
The hymning angels, and the herald star,
That led the Wise, who sought him from afar,
And idols on their own unhallow’d shore
Dash’d at his birth, to be rever’d no more!

This theme on reeds of Albion I rehearse:
The dawn of that blest day inspir’d the verse;
Verse, that, reserv’d in secret, shall attend
Thy candid voice; my critic, and my friend!

ELEGY VII.

Composed in the Author’s 19th Year.

As yet a stranger to the gentle fires,
That Amathusia’s smiling queen inspires,
Not seldom I derided Cupid’s darts,
And scorn’d his claim to rule all human hearts.
"Go, child," I said, "transfix the tim’rous dove!
An easy conquest suits an infant love;"
Enslave the sparrow, for such prize shall be  
Sufficient triumph to a chief like thee!  
Why aim thy idle arms at human kind?  
Thy shafts prevail not 'gainst the noble mind."

The Cyprian heard, and, kindling into ire,  
( None kindles sooner ) burn'd with double fire.

It was the spring, and newly risen day  
Peep'd o'er the hamlets on the first of May;  
My eyes too tender for the blaze of light,  
Still sought the shelter of retiring night,  
When Love approach'd, in painted plumes array'd;  
Th' insidious god his rattling darts betray'd,  
Nor less his infant features, and the sly,  
Sweet intimations of his threat'ning eye.  

Such the Sigeian boy is seen above,  
Filling the goblet for imperial Jove;  
Such he, on whom the nymphs bestow'd their charms,  
Hylas, who perish'd in a Naiad's arms.  
Angry he seem'd, yet graceful in his ire,  
And added threats, not destitute of fire,  
" My power," he said, " by others pain alone,  
'Twere best to learn; now learn it by thy own.
With those, who feel my power, that pow'r attest!
And in thy anguish be my sway confest!
I vanquish'd Phæbus, though returning vain
From his new triumph o'er the Python slain,
And, when he thinks on Daphne, even he
Will yield the prize of archery to me.
A dart less true the Parthian horseman sped,
Behind him kill'd, and conquer'd as he fled:
Less true th' expert Cydonian, and less true
The youth, whose shaft his latent Procris slew.
Vanquish'd by me see huge Orion bend,
By me Alcides, and Alcides' friend.
At me should Jove himself a bolt design,
His bosom first should bleed tranfix'd by mine.
But all thy doubts this shaft will best explain,
Nor shall it reach thee with a trivial pain,
Thy Muse, vain youth! shall not thy peace ensure,
Nor Phæbus' serpent yield thy wound a cure."

He spoke, and, waving a bright shaft in air,
Sought the warm bosom of the Cyprian fair.

That thus a child should bluster in my ear,
Provok'd my laughter, more than mov'd my fear.
I shunn'd not, therefore, public haunts, but stray'd
Careless in city, or suburban shade,
And passing, and repassing, nymphs, that mov'd
With grace divine, beheld where'er I rov'd.
Bright shone the vernal day, with double blaze,
As beauty gave new force to Phœbus' rays.
By no grave scruples check'd, I freely eyed
The dang'rous show, rash youth my only guide,
And many a look of many a fair unknown
Met full, unable to controul my own.
But one I mark'd (then peace forsook my breast)
One—Oh how far superior to the rest!
What lovely features! such the Cyprian queen
Herself might wish; and Juno wish her mien.
The very nymph was she, whom when I dar'd
His arrows, Love had even then prepar'd!
Nor was himself remote, nor unsupplied
With torch well-trimm'd, and quiver at his side;
Now to her lips he clung, her eye-lids now,
Then settled on her cheeks, or on her brow.
And with a thousand wounds from ev'ry part
Pierc'd, and transpierc'd, my undefended heart.
A fever, new to me, of fierce desire
Now seiz'd my soul, and I was all on fire,
But she, the while, whom only I adore,
Was gone, and vanish'd, to appear no more.
In silent sadness I pursue my way;
I pause, I turn, proceed, yet wish to stay,
And while I follow her in thought, bemoan
With tears, my soul's delight so quickly flown.
When Jove had hurl'd him to the Lemnian coast,
So Vulcan sorrow'd for Olympus lost,
And so Oeclides, sinking into night,
From the deep gulph look'd up to distant light.

Wretch that I am, what hopes for me remain;
Who cannot cease to love, yet love in vain?
Oh could I once, once more behold the fair,
Speak to her, tell her, of the pangs I bear,
Perhaps she is not adamant, would show
Perhaps some pity at my tale of woe.
Oh inauspicious flame—tis mine to prove
A matchless instance of disastrous love.
Ah spare me, gentle pow'r!—If such thou be,
Let not thy deeds, and nature disagree.
Spare me, and I will worship at no shrine
With vow and sacrifice, save only thine.
Now I revere thy fires, thy bow, thy darts:
Now own thee sov'reign of all human hearts.
Remove! no—grant me still this raging woe!
Sweet is the wretchedness, that lovers know:
But pierce hereafter (should I chance to see
One destin'd mine) at once both her, and me.
Such were the trophies, that in earlier days,
By vanity seduc'd, I toil'd to raise,
Studious, yet indolent, and urg'd by youth,
That worst of teachers! from the ways of truth;
Till learning taught me, in his shady bow'r,
To quit love's servile yoke, and spurn his pow'r.
Then, on a sudden, the fierce flame supprest,
A frost continual settled on my breast,
Whence Cupid fears his flames extinct to see,
And Venus dreads a Diomede in me.

ON THE INVENTOR OF GUNS.

Praise in old time the sage Prometheus won;
Who stole ethereal radiance from the sun;
But greater he, whose bold invention strove
To emulate the fiery bolts of Jove.

The Poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated, both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton's day, would be extremely unseasonable now.
TO LEONORA

SINGING AT ROME.*

Another Leonora once inspir'd
Tasso, with fatal love to phrenzy fir'd,
But how much happier, liv'd he now, were he,
Pierc'd with whatever pangs for love of thee!
Since could he hear that heavenly voice of thine,
With Adriana's lute of sound divine,
Fiercer then Pentheus' though his eye might roll,
Or idiot apathy benumb his soul,
You still, with medicinal sounds, might cheer
His senses wandering in a blind career;
And sweetly breathing through his wounded breast,
Charm, with soul-soothing song, his thoughts to rest.

TO THE SAME.

Naples, too credulous, ah! boast no more
The sweet-voic'd Siren buried on thy shore,
That, when Parthenope deceas'd, she gave
Her sacred dust to a Chalcidic grave.

* I have translated only two of the three poetical compliments addressed to Leonora, as they appear to me, far superior to what I have omitted.
For still she lives, but has exchanged the hoarse
Pausilipo for Tiber's placid course,
Where, idol of all Rome, she now in chains,
Of magic song, both gods, and men detains.

THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

A FABLE.

A peasant to his lord pay'd yearly court,
Presenting pippins of so rich a sort
That he, displeas'd to have a part alone,
Remov'd the tree, that all might be his own.
The tree, too old to travel, though before
So fruitful, wither'd, and would yield no more.
The 'squire, perceiving all his labour void,
Curs'd his own pains, so foolishly employ'd,
And "Oh," he cried, "that I had liv'd content
With tribute, small indeed, but kindly meant!
My av'rice has expensive prov'd to me,
Has cost me both my pippins, and my tree."
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE
DEATH OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,
A PHYSICIAN.

Learn, ye nations of the earth,
The condition of your birth,
Now be taught your feeble state!
Know, that all must yield to Fate!

If the mournful rover, Death,
Say but once—"resign your breath!"
Vainly of escape you dream,
You must pass the Stygian stream.

Could the stoutest overcome
Death's assault, and baffle doom,
Hercules had both withstood,
Undiseas'd by Nessus' blood.
Ne'er had Hector press'd the plain
By a trick of Pallas slain,
Nor the chief to Jove allied
By Achilles' phantom died.

Could enchantments life prolong,
Circe, sav'd by magic song,
Still had liv'd, and equal skill
Had preserv'd Medea still.

Dwelt in herbs, and drugs, a pow'r
To avert man's destin'd hour,
Learn'd Machaon should have known
Doubtless to avert his own.

Chiron had surviv'd the smart
Of the hydra-tainted dart,
And Jove's bolt had been, with ease,
Foil'd by Asclepiades.

Thou too, sage! of whom forlorn
Helicon and Cirrha mourn,
Still had'st fill'd thy princely place,
Regent of the gowned race.
Hadst advanc'd to higher fame
Still, thy much-ennobled name,
Nor in Charon's skiff explor'd
The Tartarean gulph abhor'd.

But resentful Proserpine,
Jealous of thy skill divine,
Snapping short thy vital thread
Thee too number'd with the dead.

Wise and good! untroubled be
The green turf, that covers thee!
Thence, in gay profusion, grow
All the sweetest flow'rs that blow!

Pluto's consort bid thee rest!
Æacus pronounce thee blest!
To her home thy shade consign!
Make Elysium ever thine!
ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ELY.

Written in the Author's 17th Year.

My lids with grief were tumid yet,
And still my sullied cheek was wet
With briny dews, profusely shed
For venerable Winton dead;
When Fame, whose tales of saddest sound
Alas! are ever truest found,
The news through all our cities spread
Of yet another mitred head
By ruthless fate to death consign'd,
Ely, the honour of his kind!

At once, a storm of passion heav'd
My boiling bosom, much I griev'd
But more I rag'd, at ev'ry breath
Devoting Death himself to death.
With less revenge did Naso teem,
When hated Ibis was his theme:
With less, Archilochus, denied
The lovely Greek, his promis'd bride.

But lo! while thus I execrate,
Incens'd, the minister of fate,
Wond'rous accents, soft, yet clear,
Wafted on the gale I hear.
"Ah, much deluded! lay aside
Thy threats, and anger misapplied!
Art not afraid with sounds like these
T' offend, where thou canst not appease?
Death is not (wherefore dream'st thou thus?)
The son of Night, and Erebus:
Nor was of fell Erynnis born
On gulphs, where Chaos rules forlorn:
But sent from God; his presence leaves,
To gather home his ripen'd sheaves,
To call encumber'd souls away
From fleshly bonds to boundless day,
(As when the winged hours excité,
And summon forth the morning-light)
And each to convoy to her place
Before th' Eternal Father's face.
But not the Wicked—them, severe
Yet just, from all their pleasures here
He hurries to the realms below,
Terrific realms of penal woe!
Myself no sooner heard his call,
Than, scaping through my prison-wall,
I bade adieu to bolts and bars,
And soar'd, with angels, to the stars,
Like him of old, to whom 'twas giv'n
To mount, on fiery wheels, to Heav'n.
Bootes' waggon, slow with cold,
Appall'd me not; nor to behold
The sword, that vast Orion draws,
Or ev'n the Scorpion's horrid claws.
Beyond the Sun's bright orb I fly,
And, far beneath my feet, descry
Night's dread goddess, seen with awe,
Whom her winged dragons draw.
Thus, ever wond'ring at my speed,
Augmented still as I proceed,
I pass the planetary sphere,
The Milky Way—and now appear
Heav'n's chrystal battlements, her door
Of massy pearl, and em'rald floor.

But here I cease. For never can
The tongue of once a mortal man
In suitable description trace
The pleasures of that happy place;
Suffice it, that those joys divine
Are all, and all for ever, mine!
NATURE UNIMPAIRED BY TIME.

Ah, how the human mind wearies herself
With her own wand'rings, and involv'd in gloom
Impenetrable, speculates amiss!
Measuring, in her folly, things divine
By human; laws inscrib'd on adamant
By laws of man's device, and counsels fix'd
For ever, by the hours, that pass, and die.

How?—shall the face of nature then be plough'd
Into deep wrinkles, and shall years at last
On the great Parent fix the sterile curse?
Shall even she confess old age, and halt
And, palsy-smitten shake her starry brows?
Shall foul Antiquity with rust and drought,
And Famine, vex the radiant worlds above?
Shall Time's unsated maw crave and ingulp
The very Heav'n, that regulate his flight?
And was the Sire of all able to fence
His works, and to uphold the circling worlds,
But, through improvident, and heedless haste,
Let slip th' occasion?—so then—all is lost—
And in some future evil hour, you arch
Shall crumble, and come thund'ring down, the poles
Enjoy'st, O Earth! Narcissus still is sweet,
And, Phœbus! still thy favorite, and still
Thy fav'rite, Cytherea! both retain
Their beauty, nor the mountains, ore-enrich'd
For punishment of man, with purer gold
Teem'd ever, or with brighter gems the deep.

Thus, in unbroken series all proceeds;
And shall, till wide involving either pole,
And the immensity of yonder heav'n,
The final flames of destiny absorb.
The world, consum'd in one enormous pyre!

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ON THE PLATONIC IDEA,

AS IT WAS UNDERSTOOD BY ARISTOTLE.

Yz sister pow'rs, who o'er the sacred groves
Preside, and thou, fair mother of them all,
Mnemosyne! and thou, who in thy grot
Immense reclin'd at leisure, hast in charge
The archives, and the ord'rances of Jove,
And dost record the festivals of heav'n.
Eternity!—Inform us who is he,
That great original by nature chos'n.
To be the archetype of human kind,
Unchangeable, immortal, with the poles
Themselves cœval, one, yet ev'ry where,
An image of the god, who gave him being?
Twin-brother of the goddess born from Jove,
He dwells not in his father's mind, but though
Of common nature with ourselves, exists
Apart, and occupies a local home.
Whether, companion of the stars, he spend
Eternal ages, roaming at his will
From sphere to sphere the tenfold heav'ns, or dwell
On the moon's side, that nearest neighbours earth,
Or torpid on the banks of Lethe sit
Among the multitude of souls ordain'd
To flesh and blood, or whether (as may chance)
That vast and giant model of our kind
In some far distant region of this globe
Sequester'd stalk, with lifted head on high
O'er tow'ring Atlas, on whose shoulders rest
The stars, terrific even to the gods.
Never the Theban seer, whose blindness prov'd
His best illumination, him beheld
In secret vision; never him the son
Of Pleione, amid the noiseless night
Descending, to the prophet-choir reveal'd;
Him never knew th' Assyrian priest, who yet.
The ancestry of Ninus chronicles,
And Belus, and Osiris far renown'd;
Nor even thrice great Hermes, although skill'd
So deep in myst'ry, to the worshippers
Of Isis show'd a prodigy like him.

And thou, who hast immortaliz'd the shades
Of Academus, if the schools receiv'd
This monster of the fancy first from thee,
Either recall at once the banish'd bards
To thy republic, or thyself evinc'd
A wilder fabulist, go also forth.

TO HIS FATHER.

Oh that Pieria's spring would thro' my breast
Pour its inspiring influence, and rush:
No rill, but rather an o'erflowing flood!
That, for my venerable Father's sake
All meaner themes renounc'd, my muse, on wings
Of duty borne, might reach a loftier strain.
For thee, my Father! howsoe'er it please,
She frames this slander work, nor know I aught,
That may thy gifts more suitably requite;
POEMS.

Though to requite them suitably would ask,
Returns much nobler, and surpassing far
The meagre stores of verbal gratitude:
But, such as I possess, I send thee all,
This page presents thee in their full amount
With thy son's treasures, and the sum is nought;
Nought, save the riches that from airy dream
In secret grottos, and in laurel bowers,
I have, by golden Clio's gift, acquir'd.

Verse is a work divine; despise not thou
Verse therefore; which evinces (nothing more)
Man's heavenly source, and which, retaining still
Some scintillations of Promethean fire,
Bespeaks him animated from above.
The Gods love verse; the infernal Pow'rs themselves
Confess the influence of verse, which stirs
The lowest deep, and binds in triple chains
Of adamant both Pluto and the Shades.
In verse the Delphic priestess, and the pale
Tremulous Sybil, make the future known,
And he who sacrifices, on the shrine
Hangs verse, both when he smites the threat'ning bull,
And when he spreads his reeking entrails wide
To scrutinize the Fates envelop'd there.
We too, ourselves, what time we seek again
Our native skies, and one eternal now
Shall be the only measure of our being,
Crown'd all with gold, and chaunting to the lyre
Harmonious verse, shall range the courts above,
And make the starry firmament resound.
And even now, the fiery spirit pure
That wheels yon circling orbs, directs, himself,
Their mazy dance with melody of verse
Unutterable, immortal, hearing which
Huge Ophiuchus holds his hiss suppress'd,
Orion soften'd, drops his ardent blade,
And Atlas stands unconscious of his load.
Verse grac'd of old the feasts of kings, ere yet
Luxurious dainties, destin'd to the gulph
Immense of gluttony, were known, and ere
Lyceus delug'd yet the temp'rate board,
Then sat the bard a customary guest
To share the banquet, and, his length of locks
With beechen honours bound, propos'd in verse
The characters of heroes, and their deeds,
To imitation; sang of Chaos old,
Of nature's birth, of gods that crept in search
Of acorns fall'n, and of the thunder bolt
Not yet produc'd from Etna's fiery cave.
And what avails, at last, tune without voice.
Devoid of matter? Such may suit perhaps
The rural dance, but such was ne'er the song
Of Orpheus, whom the streams stood still to hear
And the oaks follow'd. Not by chords alone
Well touch'd, but by resistless accents more
To sympathetic tears the ghosts themselves
He mov'd: these praises to his verse he owes.

Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
The sacred Nine, and to imagine vain
And useless, pow'rs, by whom inspir'd, thyself
Art skilful to associate verse with airs
Harmonious, and to give the human voice.
A thousand modulations, heir by right
Indisputable of Arion's fame.
Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
Of thine delight in verse, if so conjoin'd
In close affinity, we sympathize
In social arts, and kindred studies sweet?
Such distribution of himself to us
Was Phœbus' choice; thou hast thy gift, and I
Mine also, and between us we receive,
Father and son, the whole inspiring god.

No! howsoe'er the semblance thou assume
Of hate, thou hatest not the gentle Muse,
My Father! for thou never bad'st me tread:  
The beaten path, and broad, that leads right on  
To opulence, nor did'st condemn thy son  
To the insipid clamours of the bar,  
To laws voluminous, and ill observ'd;  
But, wishing to enrich me more, to fill  
My mind with treasure, led'st me far away  
From city-din to deep retreats, to banks  
And streams Aonian, and with free consent,  
Didst place me happy at Apollo's side.  
I speak not now, on more important themes  
Intent, of common benefits, and such  
As nature bids, but of thy larger gifts  
My Father! who, when I had open'd once  
The stores of Roman rhetorick, and learn'd  
The full-ton'd language of the eloquent Greeks,  
Whose lofty music grac'd the lips of Jove,  
Thyself didst counsel me to add the flow'rs,  
That Gallia boasts, those too, with which the smooth  
Italian his degen'rate speech adorns,  
That witnesses his mixture with the Goth;  
And Palestine's prophetic songs divine.  
To sum the whole, whate'er the heav'n contains;  
The earth beneath it, and the air between,  
The rivers and the restless deep, may all  
Prove intellectual gain to me, my wish
Concurring with thy will; science herself,
All cloud remov'd, inclines her beauteous head,
And offers me the lip, if, dull of heart,
I shrink not, and decline her gracious boon.

Go now, and gather dross, ye sordid minds,
That covet it; what could my Father more?
What more could Jove himself, unless he gave
His own abode, the heav'n, in which he reigns?
More eligible gifts than these were not
Apollo's to his son, had they been safe,
As they were insecure, who made the boy
The world's vice-luminary, bade him rule
The radiant chariot of the day, and bind
To his young brows his own all-dazzling-wreath.
I therefore, although last and least, my place
Among the learned in the laurel grove
Will hold, and where the conqu'ror's ivy twines,
Henceforth exempt from the unletter'd throng
Profane, nor even to be seen by such.
Away then, sleepless Care, Complaint, away!
And Envy, with thy "jealous leer malign!"
Nor let the monster Calumny shoot forth
Her venom'd tongue at me. Detested foes!
Ye all are impotent against my peace,
For I am privileg'd, and bear my breast
Safe, and too high, for your viperean wound.
But thou! my Father! since to render thanks
Equivalent, and to requite by deeds
Thy liberality, exceeds my power,
Suffice it, that I thus record thy gifts,
And bear them treasur'd in a grateful mind!
Ye too, the favourite pastime of my youth,
My voluntary numbers! if ye dare
To hope longevity, and to survive
Your master's funeral, not soon absorb'd
In the oblivious Lethæan gulph,
Shall to futurity perhaps convey
This theme, and by these praises of my sire
Improve the Fathers of a distant age!

TO SALSILLUS,
A ROMAN POET, MUCH INDISPOSED.

The original is written in a measure called Saxon, which signifies limping, and the measure is so denominated, because, though in other respects Iambic it terminates with a Spondee, and has consequently a more tardy movement.
The reader will immediately see that this property of the Latin verse, cannot be imitated in English.

My halting Muse, that dragg'st by choice along
Thy slow, slow step, in melancholy song,
And lik'st that pace, expressive of thy cares,
Not less than Diopeia's sprightlier airs,
When, in the dance, she beats, with measur'd tread,
Heav'n's floor, in front of Juno's golden bed;
Salute Salsillus, who to verse divine
Prefers, with partial love, such lays as mine.
Thus writes that Milton then, who wafted o'er
From his own nest, on Albion's stormy shore,
Where Eurus, fiercest of the Æolian band,
Sweeps, with ungovern'd rage, the blasted land,
Of late to more serene Ausonia came
To view her cities of illustrious name,
To prove, himself a witness of the truth,
How wise her elders, and how learn'd her youth.
Much good, Salsillus! and a body free
From all disease, that Milton asks for thee,
Who now endur'st the languor, and the pains,
That bile inflicts, diffus'd through all thy veins,
Relentless malady! not mov'd to spare
By thy sweet Roman voice, and Lesbian air!

    Health, Hebe's sister, sent us from the skies,
    And thou, Apollo, whom all sickness flies,
    Pythius, or Pœan, or what name divine
    Soe'er thou chuse, haste, heal a priest of thine!
    Ye groves of Faunus, and ye hills, that melt
    With vinous dews, where meek Evander dwelt!
If aught salubrious in your confines grow,
Strive which shall soonest heal your poet's woe,
That, render'd to the Muse he loves, again
He may enchant the meadows with his strain.
Numa, reclin'd in everlasting ease,
Amid the shade of dark embow'ring trees,
Viewing with eyes of unabated fire
His lov'd Ægeria, shall that strain admire:
So sooth'd the tumid Tiber shall revere
The tombs of kings, nor desolate the year,
Shall curb his waters with a friendly rein,
And guide them harmless, till they meet the main.

TO GIOVANNI BATTISTA MANSO,
MARQUIS OF VILLA.

MILTON'S ACCOUNT OF MANSO.

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, is an Italian nobleman of the highest estimation among his countrymen, for genius, literature, and military accomplishments. To him Torquato Tasso addressed his Dialogues on Friendship, for he was much the friend of Tasso, who has also celebrated him among the other princes of his country, in his poem entitled, Gerusalemme Conquistata, Book xx.
Fra cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi,
Risplende il Manso.

During the Author's stay at Naples, he received at the hands of the Marquis a thousand kind offices and civilities, and, desirous not to appear ungrateful, sent him this poem a short time before his departure from that city.

These verses also to thy praise the Nine,
Oh Manso! happy in that theme design,
For, Gallus, and Mæcenas gone, they see
None such besides, or whom they love as thee,
And, if my verse may give the meed of fame,
Thine too shall prove an everlasting name.
Already such, it shines in Tasso's page
(For thou wast Tasso's friend) from age to age,
And, next, the Muse consign'd, (not unaware
How high the charge,) Marino to thy care,
Who, singing, to the nymphs; Adonis' praise,
Boasts thee the patron of his copious lays.
To thee alone the poet would entrust
His latest vows, to thee alone his dust;
And thou with punctual piety hast paid,
In labour'd brass, thy tribute to his shade.
Nor this contented thee—but lest the grave
Should aught absorb of their's, which thou could'st save,
All future ages thou hast deign'd to teach
The life, lot, genius, character of each,
Eloquent as the Carian sage, who true
To his great theme, the life of Homer drew.

I, therefore, though a stranger youth, who come
Chill'd by rude blasts, that freeze my Northern home,
Thee dear to Clio, confident proclaim,
And thine, for Phœbus' sake, a deathless name.
Nor thou, so kind, wilt view with scornful eye
A muse scarce rear'd beneath our sullen sky,
Who fears not, indiscreet as she is young,
To seek in Latium hearers of her song.
We too, where Thames with his unsullied waves
The tresses of the blue-hair'd Ocean laves,
Hear oft by night, or, slumb'ring, seem to hear,
O'er his wide stream, the swan's voice warbling clear.
And we could boast a Tityrus of yore,
Who trod, a welcome guest, your happy shore.

Yes—dreary as we own our Northern clime,
E'en we to Phœbus raise the polish'd rhyme,
We too serve Phœbus; Phœbus has receiv'd,
(If legends old may claim to be believ'd)
Nor sordid gifts from us, the golden ear,
The burnish'd apple, ruddiest of the year,
The fragrant crocus, and to grace his fane,
Fair damsels chosen from the Druid train;
Druids, our native bards in ancient time,
Who gods and heroes prais'd in hallow'd rhyme!
Hence, often as the maids of Greece surround
Apollo's shrine with hymns of festive sound,
They name the virgins, who arriv'd of yore,
With British off'ring's, on the Delian shore,
Loxo, from giant Corineus sprung,
Upis, on whose blest lips the future hung,
And Hecaerge, with the golden hair,
All deck'd with Pictish hues, and all with bosoms bare.

Thou, therefore, happy sage, whatever clime
Shall ring with Tasso's praise in after-time,
Or with Marino's, shalt be known their friend,
And with an equal flight to fame ascend.
The world shall hear how Phœbus, and the Nine,
Were inmates once, and willing guests of thine.
Yet Phœbus, when of old constrain'd to roam
The earth, an exile from his heavenly home.
Enter'd, no willing guest, Admetus' door,
Though Hercules had ventur'd there before;
But gentle Chiron's cave was near, a scene
Of rural peace, cloth'd with perpetual green,
And thither, oft as respite he requir'd
From rustic clamours loud, the god retir'd:
There, many a time, on Peneus' bank reclin'd
At some oak's root, with ivy thick entwin'd,
Won by his hospitable friend's desire,
He sooth'd his pains of exile with the lyre.
Then shook the hills, then trembled Peneus' shore,
Nor Æta felt his load of forests more;
The upland elms descended to the plain,
And soften'd lynxes wonder'd at the strain.
Well may we think, O dear to all above!
Thy birth distinguish'd by the smile of Jove,
And that Apollo shed his kindliest pow'r,
And Maia's son, on that propitious hour,
Since only minds so born can comprehend
A poet's worth, or yield that worth a friend.
Hence, on thy yet unfaded cheek appears
The ling'ring freshness of thy greener years,
Hence, in thy front, and features, we admire
Nature unwither'd, and a mind entire.
Oh might so true a friend to me belong,
So skill'd to grace the votaries of song,
Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
The kings, and heroes of my native clime,
Arthur the chief, who even now prepares,
In subterraneous being, future wars,
With all his martial knights, to be restor'd,
Each to his seat, around the fed'ral board,
And oh! if spirit fail me not, disperse
Our Saxon plund'rrers, in triumphant verse!
Then, after all, when with the past content,
A life I finish, not in silence spent,
Should he, kind mourner, o'er my death-bed bend
I shall but need to say—"Be yet my friend!"
He, too, perhaps, shall bid the marble breathe
To honour me, and with the graceful wreath
Or of Parnassus, or the Paphian isle,
Shall bind my brows—but I shall rest the while.
Then also, if the fruits of Faith endure,
And Virtue's promis'd recompense be sure,
Born to those seats, to which the blest aspire
By purity of soul, and virtuous fire,
These rites, as Fate permits, I shall survey
With eyes illumin'd by celestial day,
And, ev'ry cloud from my pure spirit driv'n,
Joy in the bright beatitude of Heav'n!
ON THE DEATH OF DAMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thyris and Damon, shepherds and neighbours, had always pursued the same studies, and had, from their earliest days, been united in the closest friendship. Thyris, while traveling for improvement, received intelligence of the death of Damon, and after a time, returning and finding it true, deplores himself, and his solitary condition, in this poem.

By Damon is to be understood Charles Deodati, connected with the Italian city of Lucca by his father's side, in other respects an Englishman: a youth of uncommon genius, erudition, and virtue.

Ye Nymphs of Himera (for ye have shed
Erewhile for Daphnis, and for Hylas dead,
And over Bion's long-lamented bier,
The fruitless meed of many a sacred tear)
Now through the villas lav'd by Thames, rehearse
The woes of Thyris in Sicilian verse,
What sighs he heav'd, and how with groans profound
He made the woods, and hollow rocks resound,
Young Damon dead; nor even ceas'd to pour
His lonely sorrows at the midnight hour.

The green wheat twice had nodded in the ear,
And golden harvest twice enrich'd the year,
Since Damon's lips had gasp'd for vital air
The last, last time, nor Thyrsis yet was there;
For he, enamour'd of the Muse, remain'd
In Tuscan Fiorenza long detain'd,
But, stor'd at length with all, he wish'd to learn,
For his flock's sake now hasted to return,
And when the shepherd had resum'd his seat.
At the elm's root, within his old retreat,
Then 'twas his lot, then all his loss to know,
And, from his burthen'd heart, he vented thus his woe,

"Co, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Alas! what deities shall I suppose
In heaven or earth, concern'd for human woes,
Since, Oh my Damon! their severe decree
So soon condemns me to regret of thee!
Depart'st thou thus, thy virtues unrepaid
With fame and honour, like a vulgar shade!
Let him forbid it, whose bright rod controuls,
And sep'rates sordid from illustrious souls
Drive far the rabble, and to thee assign
A happier lot, with spirits worthy thine!"
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Whate'er befal, unless my cruel chance
The wolf first gave me a forbidden glance,
Thou shalt not moulder undeplor'd, but long
Thy praise shall dwell on ev'ry shepherd's tongue:
To Daphnis first they shall delight to pay;
And, after him, to thee the votive lay,
While Pales shall the flocks, and pastures, love,
Or Faunus to frequent the field, or grove,
At least, if ancient piety, and truth,
With all the learned labours of thy youth,
May serve thee aught, or to have left behind
A sorrowing friend, and of the tuneful kind.

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares than those of feeding you.
Yes, Damon! such thy sure reward shall be;
But ah, what doom awaits unhappy me?
Who, now, my pains and perils shall divide,
As thou wast wont, for ever at my side,
Both when the rugged frost annoy'd our feet,
And when the herbage all was parch'd with heat;
Whether the grim wolf's ravage to prevent,
Or the huge lion's, arm'd with darts we went?
Whose converse, now, shall calm my stormy day,
With charming song, who now beguile my way?

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
In whom shall I confide? Whose counsel find
A balmy med'cine for my troubled mind?
Or whose discourse, with innocent delight,
Shall fill me now, and cheat the wint'ry night,
While hisses on my hearth, the pulpy pear,
And black'ning chesnuts start and crackle there,
While storms abroad the dreary meadows whelm,
And the wind thunders thro' the neighb'ring elm.

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts
are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Or who, when summer suns their summit reach,
And Pan sleeps hidden by the shelt'ring beech,
When shepherds disappear, nymphs seek the sedge,
And the stretch'd rustic snores beneath the hedge,
Who then shall render me thy pleasant vein
Of Attic wit, thy jests, thy smiles again?
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Where glens and vales are thickest overgrown
With tangled boughs, I wander now alone,
Till night descend, while blust'ring wind and show'r
Beat on my temples through the shatter'd bow'r.

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Alas! what rampant weeds now shame my fields,
And what a mildew'd crop the furrow yields!
My rambling vines, unwedded to the trees,
Bear shrivell'd grapes, my myrtles fail to please,
Nor please me more my flocks; they, slighted, turn
Their unavailing looks on me, and mourn.

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Ægon invites me to the hazel grove,
Amyntas, on the river's bank to rove,
And young Alphesibæus to a seat
Where branching elms exclude the mid-day heat."
'Here fountains spring—here mossy hillocks rise:
'Here Zephyr whispers, and the stream replies.'—
Thus each persuades, but, deaf to ev'ry call,
I gain the thickets, and escape them all.

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Then Mopsus said, (the same who reads so well
The voice of birds, and what the stars foretell,
For he by chance had notion'd my return)
'What means thy sullen mood, this deep concern?
Ah Thyrsis! thou art either craz'd with love,
Or some sinister influence from above;
Dull Saturn's influence oft the shepherds rue;
His leaden shaft oblique has pierc'd thee through.'

"Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
The nymphs amaz'd, my melancholy see,
And, 'Thyrsis! cry—' what will become of thee?
What would'st thou, Thyrsis? such should not appear
The brow of youth, stern, gloomy, and severe;
Brisk youth should laugh, and love—ah shun the fate
Of those, twice wretched mopes! who love too late!'
"Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ægle with Hyas came, to soothe my pain,
And Baucis' daughter, Dryope the vain,
Fair Dryope, for voice and finger neat
Known far and near, and for her self-conceit;
Chloris too came, whose cottage on the lands,
That skirt the Idumanian current, stands;
But all in vain they came, and but to see
Kind words, and comfortable, lost on me.

"Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah blest indiff'rence of the playful herd,
None by his fellow chosen, or preferr'd!
No bonds of amity the flocks enthral,
But each associates, and is pleas'd with all;
So graze the dappl'd deer in num'rous drovés,
And all his kind alike the zebra loves;
The same law governs, where the billows roar,
And Proteus' shoals o'erspread the desert shore;
The sparrow, meanest of the feather'd race,
His fit companion finds in ev'ry place,
With whom he picks the grain, that suits him best,
Flirts here and there, and late returns to rest,
And whom if chance the falcon make his prey,
Or hedger with his well aim'd arrow slay,
For no such loss the gay survivor grieves;
New love he seeks, and new delight receives.
We only, an obdurate kind, rejoice,
Scorning all others, in a single choice,
We scarce in thousands meet one kindred mind,
And if the long-sought good at last we find,
When least we fear it, Death our treasure steals,
And gives our heart a wound, that nothing heals.

"Go, go, my lambs, unpastur'd as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah, what delusion lur'd me from my flocks,
To traverse Alpine snows, and rugged rocks!
What need so great had I to visit Rome,
Now sunk in ruins, and herself a tomb?
Or, had she flourish'd still as when, of old,
For her sake Tityrus forsook his fold,
What need so great had I t' incur a pause
Of thy sweet intercourse for such a cause,
For such a cause to place the roaring sea,
Rocks, mountains, woods, between my friend and me?
Else, had I grasp'd thy feeble hand, compos'd
Thy decent limbs, thy drooping eye-lids clos'd,
And, at the last, had said—'Farewell—ascend—
Nor even in the skies forget thy friend!' "
"Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Although well-pleas'd, ye tuneful Tuscan swains!
My mind the mem'ry of your worth retains,
Yet not your worth can teach me less to mourn.
By Damon lost.—He too was Tuscan born,
Born in your Lucca, city of renown!
And wit possess'd, and genius, like your own.
Oh how elate was I, when stretch'd beside
The murm'ring course of Arno's breezy tide,
Beneath the poplar grove I pass'd my hours,
Now cropping myrtles, and now vernal flow'rs,
And hearing, as I lay at ease along,
Your swains contending for the prize of song!
I also dar'd attempt (and, as it seems,
Not much displeas'd attempting) various themes,
For even I can presents boast from you,
The shepherd's pipe, and ozier basket too,
And Dati, and Francini, both have made
My name familiar to the beechen shade,
And they are learn'd, and each in ev'ry place
Renown'd for song, and both of Lydian race.
"Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare,
My thoughts are all now due to other care,
While bright the dewy grass with moon-beams shone,
And I stood hurding in my kids alone,
How often have I said (but thou hadst found
Ere then thy dark cold lodging under ground)
Now Damon sings, or springes sets for hares,
Or wicker work for various use prepares!
How oft, indulging fancy, have I plann'd
New scenes of pleasure, that I hop'd at hand,
Call'd thee abroad as I was wont, and cried—
What hoa! my friend—come, lay thy task aside,
Haste, let us forth together, and beguile
The heat, beneath yon whisp'ring shades awhile,
Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,
Or where Cassibelan's grey turrets stood!
There thou shalt cull me simples, and shalt teach
Thy friend the name, and healing pow'rs of each,
From the tall blue-bell to the dwarfish weed,
What the dry land, and what the marshes breed,
For all their kinds alike to thee are known,
And the whole art of Galen is thy own.
Ah, perish Galen's art, and wither'd be
The useless herbs, that gave not health to thee!
Twelve evenings since, as in poetic dream
I meditating sat some statelier theme,
The reeds no sooner touch'd my lip, though new,
And unassay'd before, than wide they flew,
Bursting their waxen bands, nor could sustain
The deep-ton'd music of the solemn strain;
And I am vain perhaps, but I will tell
How proud a theme I chuse—ye groves farewell!

"Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Of Brutus; Dardan chief, my song shall be,
How with his barks he plough'd the British sea,
First from Rutupia's tow'ring headland seen;
And of his consort's reign, fair Imogen;
Of Brennus, and Belinus, brothers bold,
And of Arviragus, and how of old
Our hardy sires th' Armorican controll'd,
And of the wife of Gorlois, who, surpris'd
By Uther, in her husband's form disguis'd,
(Such was the force of Merlin's art) became
Pregnant with Arthur of heroic fame.
These themes I now revolve—and oh—if Fate
Proportion to these themes my lengthen'd date,
Adieu my shepherd's reed—yon pine-tree bough
Shall be thy future home, there dangle thou
Forgotten and disus'd, unless ere long
Thou change thy Latian for a British song;
POEMS.

A British?—even so—the pow’rs of man
Are bounded; little is the most he can;
And it shall well suffice me, and shall be
Fame, and proud recompense enough for me,
If usa, golden-hair’d, my verse may learn,
If Alain bending o’er his chrystal urn,
Swift-whirling Abra, Trent’s o’ershadow’d stream,
Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,
Tamar’s o’re-tinctur’d flood, and, after these,
The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcades.

"Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
All this I kept in leaves of laurel-rind
Enfolded safe, and for thy view design’d,
This—and a gift from Manso’s hand beside,
(Manso, not least his native city’s pride)
Two cups, that radiant as their giver shone,
Adorn’d by sculpture with a double zone.
The spring was graven there; here slowly wind
The Red-sea shores with groves of spices lin’d;
Her plumes of various hues amid the boughs
The sacred, solitary Phœnix shows,
And watchful of the dawn, reverts her head,
To see Aurora leave her wat’ry bed.
In other part, th' expansive vault above,
And there too, even there, the God of Love;
With quiver arm'd he mounts, his torch displays
A vivid light, his gem-tipt arrows blaze,
Around, his bright and fiery eyes he rolls,
Nor aims at vulgar minds, or little souls,
Nor deigns one look below, but aiming high
Sends every arrow to the lofty sky,
Hence forms divine, and minds immortal, learn
The pow'r of Cupid, and enamour'd burn.

"Thou also Damon (neither need I fear
That hope delusive) thou art also there;
For whither should simplicity like thine
Retire, where else such spotless virtue shine?
Thou dwell'st not (thought profane) in shades below,
Nor tears suit thee—cease then my tears to flow!
Away with grief! on Damon ill bestow'd!
Who, pure himself, has found a pure abode,
Has pass'd the show'ry arch; henceforth resides
With saints and heroes, and from flowing tides
Quaffs copious immortality, and joy,
With hallow'd lips!—Oh! blest without alloy,
And now enrich'd with all, that faith can claim,
Look down, entreated by whatever name,
If Damon please thee most (that rural sound
Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around)
Or if Diodatus, by which alone
In those ethereal mansions thou art known.
Thy blush was maiden, and thy youth the taste
Of wedded bliss knew never, pure and chaste,
The honours, therefore, by divine decree
The lot of virgin worth are given to thee;
Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,
And the green palm-branch waving in thy hand,
Thou in immortal nuptials shalt rejoice,
And join with seraphs thy according voice,
Where rapture reigns, and the extatic lyre
Guides the blest orgies of the blazing quire."
AN ODE

Addressed to Mr. John House, Librarian of the University of Oxford, on a lost volume of my Poems, which he desired me to replace, that he might add them to my other works deposited in the library.

This Ode is rendered without rhyme, that it might more adequately represent the original, which, as Milton himself informs us, is of no certain measure. It may possibly, for this reason, disappoint the reader, though it cost the writer more labour than the translation of any other piece in the whole collection.

STROPHAE.

My two-fold book! single in show,
But double in contents,
Neat, but not curiously adorn'd,
Which, in his early youth,
A poet gave, no lofty one in truth,
Although an earnest wooer of the Muse—
Say while in cool Ausonian shades,
Or British wilds he roam'd,
Striking by turns his native lyre,
By turns the Daunian lute,
And stepp'd almost in air,—

ANTISTROPHAE.

Say, little book, what furtive hand
Thee from thy fellow-books convey'd,
What time, at the repeated suit
Of my most learned friend,
POEMS.

I sent thee forth, an honour'd traveller,
From our great city to the source of Thames,
Cærulean sire!
Where rise the fountains, and the raptures ring,
Of the Aonian choir,
Durable as yonder spheres,
And through the endless lapse of years
Secure to be admir'd?

STROPE II.
Now what God, or Demigod,
For Britain's antient Genius mov'd
(If our afflicted land
Have expiated at length the guilty sloth
Of her degenerate sons)
Shall terminate our impious feuds,
And discipline, with hallow'd voice, recall?
Recall the Muses too,
Driv'n from their antient seats
In Albion, and well nigh from Albion's shore,
And with keen Phœbean shafts
Piercing the unseemly birds,
Whose talons menace us,
Shall drive the Harpy race from Helicon afar?

ANTISTROPHE.
But thou, my book, though thou hast stray'd,
Whether by treach'ry lost,
Or indolent neglect, thy bearer’s fault,
From all thy kindred books,
To some dark cell, or cave forlorn,
Where thou endur’st, perhaps,
The chafing of some hard untutor’d hand,
Be comforted—
For lo! again the splendid hope appears
That thou may’st yet escape
The gulphs of Lethe, and on oary wings
Mount to the everlasting courts of Jove!

STROPHE III.
Since Rouse desires thee, and complains
That, though by promise his,
Thou yet appear’st not in thy place
Among the literary noble stores,
Giv’n to his care,
But, absent, leav’st his numbers incomplete.
He, therefore, guardian vigilant
Of that unperishing wealth,
Calls thee to the interior shrine, his charge,
Where he intends a richer treasure far.
Than Iön kept (iön, Erectheus’ son
Illustrious, of the fair Creüsa born)
In the resplendent temple of his God,
Tripods of gold, and Delphic gifts divine.
POEMS.

ANTISTROPE.
Haste, then, to the pleasant groves,
The Muses' fav'rite haunt;
Resume thy station in Apollo's dome,
Dearer to him
Than Delos, or the fork'd Parnassian hill!
Exulting go,
Since now a splendid lot is also thine,
And thou art sought by my propitious friend;
For there thou shalt be read
With authors of exalted note,
The antient glorious lights of Greece and Rome.

EPODE.
Ye, then, my works, no longer vain,
And worthless deem'd by me!
Whate'er this steril genius has produc'd
Expect, at last, the rage of envy spent,
An unmolested happy home,
Gift of kind Hermes, and my watchful friend!
Where never flippant tongue profane
Shall entrance find,
And whence the coarse unletter'd multitude
Shall babble far remote.
Perhaps some future distant age,
Less ting'd with prejudice, and better taught,
POEMS.

Shall furnish minds of pow'r
To judge more equally.
Then, malice silenc'd in the tomb,
Cooler heads and sounder hearts.
Thanks to Rouse, if aught of praise
I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim.

TO CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,
WITH CROMWELL'S PICTURE.

Christina, maiden of heroic mien!
Star of the North! of northern stars the queen!
Behold what wrinkles I have earn'd, and how
The iron casque still chafes my veter'ran brow,
While following fate's dark footsteps, I fulfil
The dictates of a hardy people's will.
But soften'd, in thy sight, my looks appear,
Not to all Queens or Kings alike severe.
II.

Fair Lady! whose harmonious name the Rhine,
Through all his grassy vale, delights to hear,
Base were indeed the wretch, who could forbear
To love a spirit elegant as thine,
That manifests a sweetness all divine,
Nor knows a thousand winning acts to spare,
And graces, which Love's bow and arrows are,
Temp'ring thy virtues to a softer shine.
When gracefully thou speak'st, or singest gay,
Such strains, as might the senseless forest move,
Ah then—turn each his eyes, and ears, away,
Who feels himself unworthy of thy love!
Grace can alone preserve him, ere the dart,
Of fond desire yet reach his inmost heart.
III.

As on a hill-top rude, when closing day
Imbrowns the scene, some past'ral maiden fair
Waters a lovely foreign plant with care,
Borne from its native genial airs away,
That scarcely can its tender bud display,
So, on my tongue these accents, new, and rare,
Are flow'rs exotic, which Love waters there,
While thus, O sweetly scornful! I essay
Thy praise, in verse to British ears unknown,
And Thames exchange for Arno's fair domain;
So Love has will'd, and oftimes Love has shown
That what he wills, he never wills in vain.
Oh that this hard and steril breast might be,
To Him, who plants from Heav'n, a soil as free!
CANZONE.

They mock my toil—the nymphs and am'rous swains—
And whence this fond attempt to write, they cry,
Love-songs in language, that thou little know'st?
How dar'st thou risk to sing these foreign strains?
Say truly. Find'st not oft thy purpose cross'd,
And that thy fairest flow'rs, here fade and die?
Then with pretence of admiration high—
Thee other shores expect, and other tides,
Rivers, on whose grassy sides
Her deathless laurel leaf, with which to bind
Thy flowing locks, already Fame provides;
Why then this burthen, better far declin'd?

Speak Muse! for me.—The fair one said, who guides
My willing heart, and all my fancy's flights,
"This is the language, in which love delights."
IV.

TO CHARLES DEODATI.

CHARLES—and I say it wond’ring—thou must know
That I, who once assum’d a scornful-air,
And scoff’d at love, am fallen in his snare,
(Full many an upright man has fallen so)
Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
Of golden locks, or damask cheek; more rare
The heart-felt beauties of my foreign fair;
A mien majestic, with dark brows, that show
The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind;
Words exquisite, of idioms more than one,
And song, whose fascinating pow’r might bind,
And from her sphere draw down the lab’ring Moon,
With such fire-darting eyes, that should I fill
My ears with wax, she would enchant me still.
V.

Lady! it cannot be, but that thine eyes
Must be my sun, such radiance they display,
And strike me ev'n as Phæbus him, whose way
Through torrid Lybia's sandy desert lies.
Meantime, on that side steamy vapours rise
Where most I suffer. Of what kind are they,
New as to me they are, I cannot say,
But deem them, in the lover's language—sighs.
Some, though with pain, my bosom close conceals,
Which, if in part escaping thence, they tend
To soften thine, thy coldness soon congeals.
While others to my tearful eyes ascend,
Whence my sad nights in show'rs are ever drown'd,
Till my Aurora comes, her brow with roses bound.
VI.

ENAMOUR'D, artless, young, on foreign ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
To thee, dear Lady, with an humble sigh
Let me devote my heart, which I have found
By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
Good, and addicted to conceptions high:
When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
It rests in adamant self-wrapt around,
As safe from envy, and from outrage rude,
From hopes and fears, that vulgar minds abuse,
As fond of genius, and fix'd fortitude,
Of the resounding lyre, and every Muse.
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierc'd by Love's immedicable dart.

THE END.
# INDEX:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Introduction</th>
<th>Vol. I. Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Life of Milton</td>
<td>xxxix</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paradise Lost, Book I. to X.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paradise Lost, Book X to XII.</td>
<td>Vol. II. 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samson Agonistes</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Death of an Infant</td>
<td>291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At a Vacation Exercise in the College</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Morning of Christ's Nativity</td>
<td>299</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Hymn</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Passion</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Fame</td>
<td>313</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upon the Circumcision</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At a Solemn Music</td>
<td>315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester</td>
<td>316</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song. On May Morning</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Shakespeare</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the University Carrier</td>
<td>321</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Another on the Same</td>
<td>322</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L'Allegro</td>
<td>323</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Il Penseroso</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arcades</td>
<td>336</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Mask presented at Ludlow Castle</td>
<td>Vol. III. 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lycidas</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Fifth Ode of Horace. Lib. I.</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad Pyrrha. Ode V.</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the New Forces of Conscience under the long Parliament</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SONNETS.**

<p>| To the Nightingale       | 59            |
| Italian Sonnet           | 60            |
| Translation              | 283           |
| Italian Sonnet           | 60            |
| Translation              | 284           |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Volume</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Landatory Pieces on Milton</td>
<td></td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad Carolum Deodatum</td>
<td></td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>2.77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Obitum Presconis Academici Castabrigiensis</td>
<td></td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>51.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis</td>
<td></td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad Thomam Junium Preceptorem suum</td>
<td></td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Adventum Veris</td>
<td></td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>991</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad Carolum Deodatum</td>
<td></td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anno Ætatis 19</td>
<td></td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Proditionem Bombardicam</td>
<td></td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In eandem</td>
<td></td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In eandem ib</td>
<td></td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In eandem ib</td>
<td></td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Inventorem Bombardæ</td>
<td></td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>286</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad Leonoram Romeæ canentem</td>
<td></td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad eandem</td>
<td></td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad eandem</td>
<td></td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apologus de Rustico et Hero</td>
<td></td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Obitum Procancellarii Medici</td>
<td></td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In quintum Novembris</td>
<td></td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis</td>
<td></td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Naturam non pati Senium</td>
<td></td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>De Idea Platonica</td>
<td></td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad Patrem</td>
<td></td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td></td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psalm 114</td>
<td></td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philosophus ad quendam Regem</td>
<td></td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Article</td>
<td>Page</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Effigie ejus sculptorem</td>
<td>182</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad Saleillum</td>
<td>183</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td>256</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mansus</td>
<td>185</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td>258</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epitaphium Damonicum</td>
<td>190</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td>264</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad Joannem Rousium</td>
<td>199</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td>278</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ad Christianam</td>
<td>303</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Translation</td>
<td>282</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>