

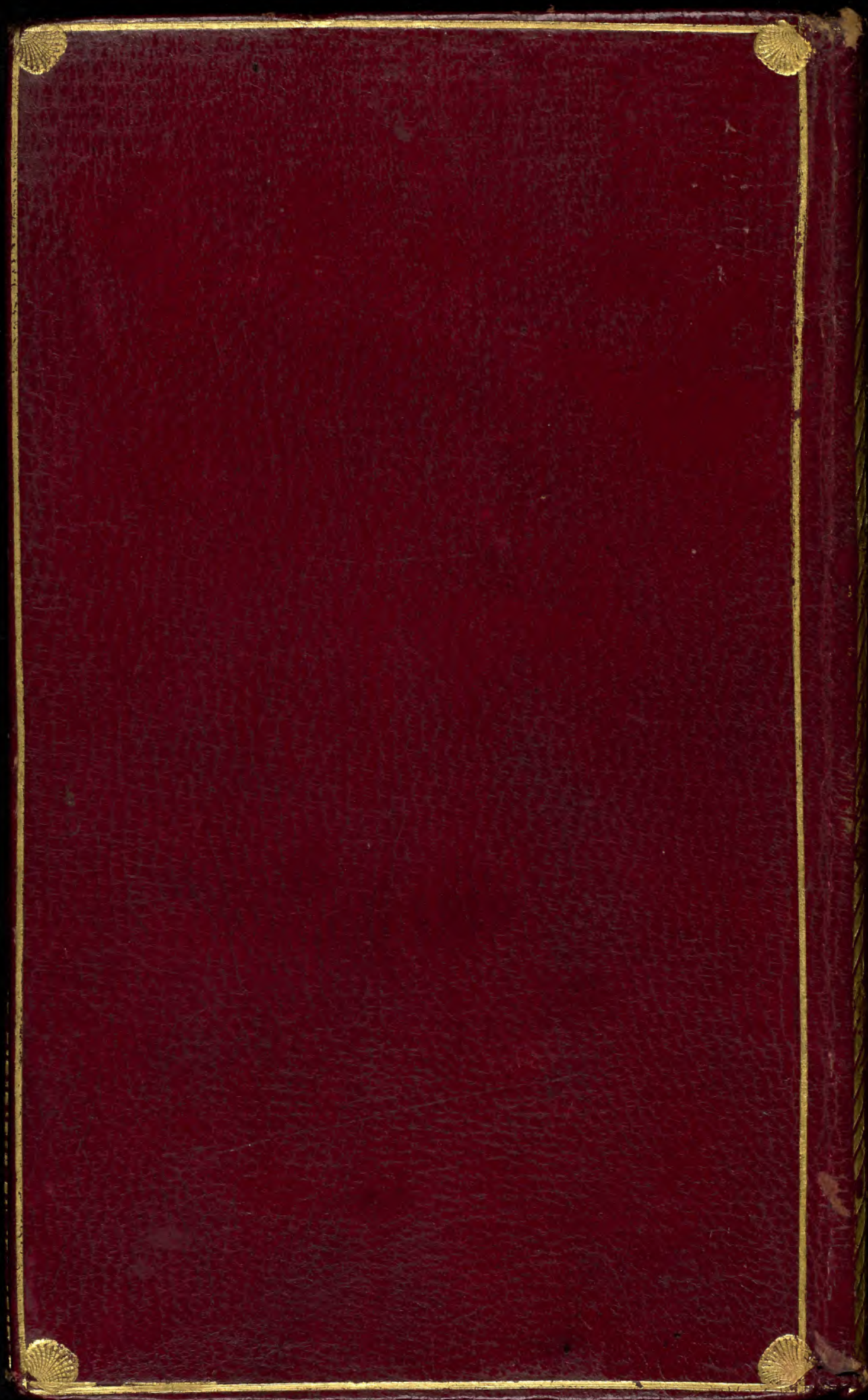






Admiral  
Sir Thomas Cochrane, G.C.B.













BRITISH  
POETS



4



MILTON















*Admiral*  
*Sir Thomas Cochrane, G.C.B.*

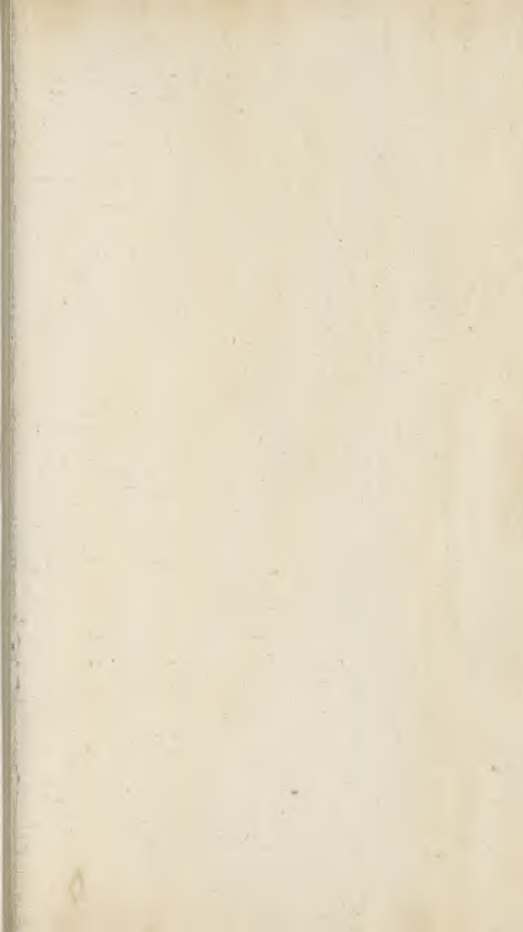






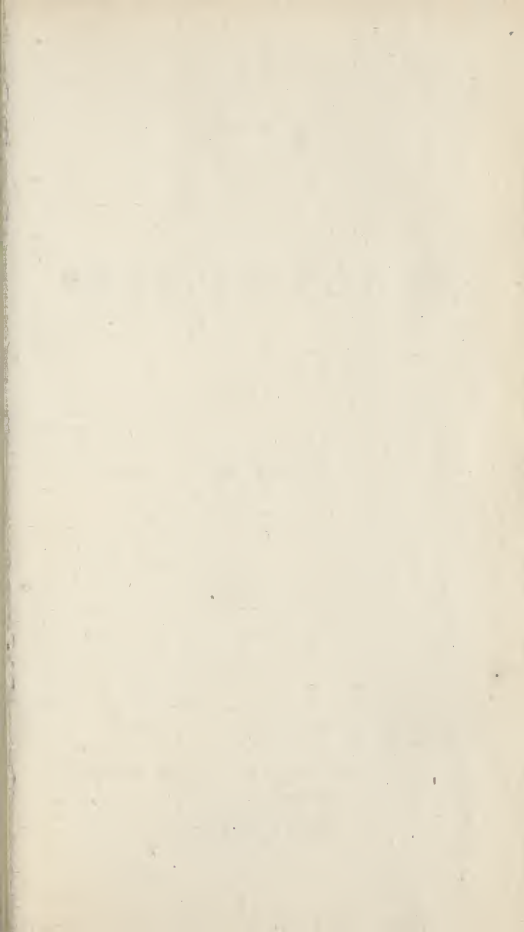
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T H E  
BRITISH POETS.

V O L. IV.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,  
and J. BALFOUR.

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M, DCC, LXXIII.





P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The A U T H O R

J O H N M I L T O N.

V O L. IV.

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P O E M S

O N

S E V E R A L

O C C A S I O N S.

By J O H N M I L T O N.

----Baccare frontem

Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

VIRGIL. Eclog. 7.

VOL. IV.

A



## L Y C I D A S.

*In this Monody the Author bewails a learned friend unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the 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,  
 Compells me to disturb your season due :  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not float upon his watry 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 fable shroud.  
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
We drove a field, and both together heard  
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,  
'Toward heav'n's descent had stop'd his westering wheel:  
Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,  
'Temper'd to th' oaten flute,  
Rough satyrs danc'd, and fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
And old Damœtas 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 you 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 wisard stream :  
Ay 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 inchanting son,  
Whom universal nature did lament,  
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
His goary visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with 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 Neæra's hair ?  
Fame is the spur that the clear sp'rit 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 glittering foil  
Set off to the 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 Arethuse, 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 ev'ry gust of rugged winds  
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 reft (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 miter'd 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 shepherd's feast,



And shove away the worthy bidden guest; [hold  
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to  
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least  
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!  
What reck's it them? what need they? they are sped;  
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But swell'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 freak'd with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And ev'ry flower that sad embroidery wears:  
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,

And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies;  
For so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
Wash far away, where-e'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 toward 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 the waves,  
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.

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 drop'd into the western bay ;  
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :  
To morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

### *L' Allegro.*

**H**ENCE loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn [holy,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-  
Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night raven sings ;

There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come thou Goddess fair and free,

In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing mirth,

Whom lovely Venus at a birth

With two sister graces more

To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;

Or whether (as some fages sing)  
The frolic wind that breaths the spring,  
Zephir with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a Maying,  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buckfom, blithe, and debonnair.  
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek ;  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe,  
And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free ;  
To hear the lark begin his sight,  
And singing startle the dull night ;  
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine :



While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before :  
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
'Through the high wood echoing shrill :  
Some time walking not unseen  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
While the plow-man near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
Whilst the landskip round it measures ;  
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest,  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
'The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney-smokes,  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their favoury dinner set  
Of herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;  
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
Or if the earlier season lead  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The up-land hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks found  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holy-day,  
Till the live-long day-light fail;  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How Fairy-Mab the junkets eat;  
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,  
And he by frier's lanthorn led;  
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
'That ten day-labourers could not end;  
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,

And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his mattin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
Towred cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask and antique pageantry,  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Johnson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
And ever against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs;  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that ty  
The hidden soul of harmony;

That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumbers on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.  
 These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

*Il Penseroso.*

**H**ENCE vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of folly without father bred,  
 How little you bested,  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,  
 Or likeliest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
 But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,  
 Hail divinest Melancholy,  
 Whose faintly visaged is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view,  
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;  
 Black, but such as in esteem,  
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseech,  
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
 To set her beauties praise above



The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended :  
Yet thou art higher far descended,  
The bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore  
To solitary Saturn bore;  
His daughter she, (in Saturn's reign  
Such mixture was not held a stain.)  
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.  
Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train  
And sable stole of Cypress lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :  
There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast,  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast :  
And join with thee calm peace and quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Ay round about Jove's altar sing.  
And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;  
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation,  
And the mute Silence hift along,  
'Lefs Philomel will deign a fong,  
In her sweeteft, faddeft plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;  
Sweet bird, that fhunn'ft the noife of folly,  
Moft mufical, moft melancholy !  
'Thee chauntrefs of the woods among  
I woo to hear thy even-fong ;  
And miffing thee, I walk unfeen  
On the dry fmooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wand'ring moon,  
Riding near her higheft noon,  
Like one that had been led aftray  
Through the heav'n's wide pathlefs way ;  
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft on a plat of rifing ground,  
I hear the far-off curfeu found,  
Over fome wide-water'd ſhore,  
Swinging flow with fullen roar ;  
Or if the air will not permit,  
Some ftill removed place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all refort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the belman's drowfy charm,  
'To blefs the doors from nightly harm :

Or let my lamp at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,  
Where I may oft out-watch the bear,  
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
Th' immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:  
And of those daemons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.  
Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy  
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine,  
Or what (though rare) of later age,  
Ennobl'd hath the buskin'd stage.  
But, O sad virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes, as warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made hell grant what love did seek.  
Or call up him that left half-told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride;  
And if aught else great bards beside

In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of turneys and of trophies hung;  
Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.  
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil suited morn appear,  
Not trickt and frounted as she was wont,  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kercheft in a comely cloud.  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a show'r still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rusling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the caves.  
And when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me Goddes bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves  
Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rood ax with heaved stroke,  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no prophaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honied thigh  
That at her flowr'y work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such comfort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream



Of lively potraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eye-lids laid.  
And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen genius of the wood.  
But let my due feet never fail  
To wake the studious cloisters pale,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antic pillars massy proof,  
And storried windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full voic'd quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into extasies,  
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.  
And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heav'n doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew ;  
Till old experience do atttain  
To something like prophetic strain.  
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will chuse to live.

## A R C A D E S.

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

## I. S O N G.

LOOK nymphs, and shepherds look,  
What sudden blaze of majesty  
Is that which we from hence descry,  
Too divine to be mistook :

This, this is she

To whom our vows and wishes bend,  
Here our solemn search hath end.  
Fame, that her high worth to raise,  
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
We may justly now accuse  
Of detraction from her praise ;

Less than half we find express,

Envy bid conceal the rest.

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

Sitting like a goddess bright,

In the center of her light.

Right she the wife Latona be,  
 Or the towred Cybele,  
 Mother of a hundred gods;  
 Who dares not give her odds.

Who had thought this clime had held  
 A diety so unparallel'd?

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

GEN. Stay gentle swains, for, though in this disguise,  
 See bright honour sparkle through your eyes;  
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice  
 Crole under seas to meet his Arethuse;  
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
 Your silver-buskin'd nymphs as great and good,  
 Know this quest of yours, and free intent  
 As all in honour and devotion meant  
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,  
 And with a l' helpful service will comply  
 To further this night's glad solemnity;  
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold  
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;  
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone  
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:  
 Or know by lot from Jove I am the power  
 To live this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.

And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill.  
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,  
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,  
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.  
When ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round  
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,  
And early ere the odorous breath of morn  
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassell'd horn  
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
With puissant words, and murmurs made to blefs;  
But else in deep of night, when drowfiness  
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I  
'To the celestial Sirens harmony,  
That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres  
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
Such sweet compulsion doth in musicly,  
To lull the daughters of necessity,  
And keep unsteady nature to her law,  
And the low world in measur'd motion draw  
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;  
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze  
The peerless height of her immortal praise,  
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
Inimitable sounds : Yet as we go  
What-e'er the skill of lesser gods can show,

I will assay, her worth to celebrate,  
And so attend ye toward her glittering state ;  
Where ye may all that are of noble stem  
Approach and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

## II. S O N G.

O'ER the smooth enamel'd green,  
Where no print of step hath been,  
Follow me as I sing,  
And touch the warbled string,  
Under the shady roof  
Of branching elm star-proof.

Follow me,  
I will bring you where she sits,  
Clad in splendor as befits  
Her Deity.

Such a rural queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen.

## III. S O N G.

NYMPHS and shepherds dance no more  
By sandy Ladon's lillied banks,  
On old Lycaeus or Cyllene hoar  
Trip no more in twilight ranks,  
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,  
A better foil shall give ye thanks.

From the stony Maenalus  
Bring your flocks, and live with us,  
Here ye shall have greater grace,  
To serve the lady of this place.  
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.

Such a rural queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen.



ON THE  
MORNING  
OF  
CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

**T**HIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,  
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he wont at heav'n's high council-table  
To sit the midst of trinal unity,  
He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heav'nly muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now while the heav'n by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

## IV.

See how from far upon the eastern rode  
 The star-led wifards haste with odors sweet :  
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;  
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
 And join thy voice unto the angel quire,  
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

*The H Y M N.*

## I.

**I**T was the winter wild,  
 While the heav'n-born child  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;  
 Nature in awe to him  
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathize :  
 It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

## II.

Only with speeches fair  
 She woo's the gentle air,  
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,  
 And on her naked shame,  
 Pollute with sinful blame,  
 The faintly vail of maiden white to throw.  
 Confounded that her Maker's eyes  
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

## III.

But he her fears to cease,  
 Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace ;  
 She crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding

Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,  
And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

## IV.

No war, or battle's sound  
Was heard the world around :

The idle spear and shield were high up hung,  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

## V.

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
The winds with wonder whist  
Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

## VI.

The stars with deep amaze  
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence ;  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go.

## VII.

And though the shady gloom  
Had giv'n day her room,

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

The new-enlightn'd world no more should need ;  
He saw a greater sun appear  
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

## VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or e'er the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
Full little thought they then,  
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below ;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

## IX.

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger struck,  
Divinely warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took :  
The air such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly close.

## X.

Nature that heard such sound  
Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won

To think her part was done,  
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all heav'n and earth in happier union.

## XI.

At last surrounds their sight  
 A glob of circular light,  
 That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd;  
 The helmed cherubim  
 And sworded seraphim,  
 Are seen in glitt'ring ranks with wings display'd,  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
 With unexpressive notes to heav'n's new-born heir.

## XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

## XIII.

Ring out ye crystal spheres,  
 Once bless our human ears,  
 (If ye have power to touch our senses so)  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time,  
 And let the base of heav'n's deep organ blow,  
 And with your ninefold harmony  
 Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.



## XIV.

For if such holy song  
 Enwrap our fancy long,  
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,  
 And speckl'd vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
 And leprous sin will melt from earthly mold,  
 And hell itself will pass away,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

## XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then  
 Will down return to men,  
 Orb'd in a rainbow, and like glories wearing  
 Mercy will sit between,  
 Thron'd in celestial sheen,  
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;  
 And heav'n as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

## XVI.

But wisest fate says no,  
 This must not yet be so,  
 The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss;  
 So both himself and us to glorify:  
 Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, [deep,  
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro' the

## XVII.

With such a horrid clang  
 As on mount Sinai rang,  
 While the red fire and smould'ring clouds out-brake:  
 The aged earth aghast,

With terror of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the center shake ;

When at the world's last session, [throne.

The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss

Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy day

Th' old dragon under ground

In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,

And wroth to see his kingdom fail,

Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,

No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine

Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance, or breathed spell,

Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,

And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;

From haunted spring, and dale

Edg'd with pop'lar pale,

The parting genius is with sighing sent;

With flow'r-inwov'n tresses torn

[mourn.

The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

## XXI.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The lars and lemures mourn with midnight plaint;  
In urns and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the flamins at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted feat.

## XXII.

Peor and Baalim  
Forfake their temples dim,  
With that twice batter'd god of Palestine,  
And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heav'n's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers holy shine;  
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn, [mourn.  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz

## XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue;  
In vain with cymbals ring  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

## XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green,  
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud;  
Nor can he be at rest

Within his sacred chest,  
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;  
 In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark  
 The fable-stoed forcerers bear his worship'd ark.

## XXV.

He feels from Judah's land  
 The dreaded infant's hand,  
 The rays of Bethlem blind his dusky eyn;  
 Nor all the gods beside,  
 Longer dare abide,  
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :  
 Our babe, to shew his Godhead true,  
 Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

## XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale,  
 Troop to th' infernal jail,  
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,  
 And the yellow-skirted fays [maze.  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd

## XXVII.

But see the virgin blest  
 Hath laid her babe to rest,  
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending :  
 Heav'n's youngest teemed star  
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,  
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :  
 And all about the courtly stable  
 Bright harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

Anno aetatis 17.

*On the death of a fair Infant, a Nephew of  
his, dying of a Cough.*

I.

**O** Fairest flow'r no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,  
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;  
For he being amorous on that lovely dye  
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kifs,  
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

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

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,  
Through middle empire of the freezing air  
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far :  
'There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.  
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,  
But all unawares with his cold-kind embrace  
Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair bidding place.



## IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate ;  
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
 Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,  
 Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand,  
 Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land ;

But then transform'd him to a purple flower :  
 Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

## V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,  
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
 Hid from the world in a low delved tomb ;  
 Could heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom ?

Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine,  
 Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

## VI.

Resolve me then, oh soul most surely blest,  
 (If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear)  
 Tell me bright spirit, where-e'er thou hoverest,  
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,  
 Or in the Elysian fields, (if such there were)

O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,  
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

## VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof  
 Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall ;  
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof  
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?  
 Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall

Of sheeny heav'n, and thou some goddess fled  
 Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head ?

## VIII.

Or wert thou that just maid who once before  
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,  
And cam'st again to visit us once more?  
Or wert thou that sweet smiling youth?  
Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth?

Or any other of that heav'nly brood  
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

## IX.

Or wert thou of the golden winged host,  
Who having clad thyself in human weed,  
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,  
And after short abode fly back with speed,  
As if to shew what creatures heav'n doth breed,  
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
To scorn the sordid world, and unto heav'n aspire?

## X.

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

## XI.

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child  
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,  
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;  
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
And render him with patience what he lent:

This if thou do, he will an offspring give, [live.  
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to

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

**H**A I L native language, that by sinews weak  
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,  
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant lips,  
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,  
Where he had mutely sat two years before :  
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
That now I use thee in my latter task :  
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee :  
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,  
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst :  
And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.  
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,  
For this same small neglect that I have made :  
But haste thee strait to do me once a pleasure,  
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,  
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimmings slight,  
Which take our late fantastics with delight,  
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire,  
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire :  
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;  
And weary of their place do only stay  
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;

That so they may without suspect or fears,  
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;  
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,  
Thy service in some graver subject use,  
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:  
Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
Above the wheeling poles, and at heav'n's door  
Look in, and see each blissful deity  
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
Immortal nectar to her kingly fire:  
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,  
And misty regions of wide air next under,  
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,  
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,  
In heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves;  
Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
When beldame nature in her cradle was;  
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,  
Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,  
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest  
Are held with his melodious harmony  
In willing chains and sweet captivity:  
But fy, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!  
Expectance calls thee now another way,  
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
To keep in compass of thy predicament:  
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,  
That to the next I may resign my room.

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

GOOD luck befriend thee, son; for at thy birth  
The fairy ladies danc'd upon the hearth;  
'Thy drousy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
And sweetly singing round about thy bed,  
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.  
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still  
From eyes of mortals walk invisible:  
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,  
For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
That far events full wisely could presage,  
And in time's long and dark prospective glass  
Forefaw what future days should bring to pass;  
Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)  
Shall subject be to many an accident.  
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,  
Yet every one shall make him underling,  
And those that cannot live from him asunder,  
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,  
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,  
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;  
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.  
'To find a foe it shall not be his hap,  
And peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap;

Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door  
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar :  
 Yea it shall be his natural property  
 To harbour those that are at enmity.  
 What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
 Your learned hands, can loose this gordian knot ?

*The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose,  
 then Relation was called by his name.*

RIVERS arise ; whether thou be the son  
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphy Dun,  
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads  
 His thirty arms along the indented meads,  
 Or fullen mole that runneth underneath,  
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maidens death,  
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,  
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,  
 Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythians name,  
 Or Medway smooth, or royal towred Thame.  
*(The rest was prose.)*

*The P A S S I O N.*

I.

ERE while of music, and ethereal mirth,  
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,  
 And joyous news of heav'nly infant's birth,  
 My muse with angels did divide to sing ;  
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,



In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light  
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

## II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,  
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,  
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and woe then so,  
Which he for us did freely undergo :

Most perfect Heroe, try'd in heaviest plight  
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight !

## III.

He sov'reign priest stooping his regal head,  
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,  
His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies ;  
O what a mask was there, what a disguise !

Yet more ; the stroke of death he must abide,  
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethrens side.

## IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,  
To this horizon is my Phoebus bound ;  
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,  
And former sufferings, elsewhere are found ;  
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound ;

Me softer airs besit, and softer strings  
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

## V.

Befriend me Night, best patroness of grief,  
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
That heav'n and earth are colour'd with my woe ;  
My sorrows are too dark for day to know :

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wainish white.

## VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood,  
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,  
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,  
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood ;

There doth my soul in holy vision sit  
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

## VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
That was the casket of heaven's richest store,  
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,  
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score  
My plaining verse as lively as before ;

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

## VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,  
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,  
And I (for grief is easily Leguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud  
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had,  
when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was  
begun, left it unfinished.*

*On TIME.*

**F**LY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,  
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;  
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
 And merely mortal dross ;  
 So little is our loss,  
 So little is thy gain.  
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,  
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,  
 Then long eternity shall greet our bliss  
 With an individual kiss ;  
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
 When every thing that is sincerely good  
 And perfectly divine,  
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine  
 About the supreme throne  
 Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone  
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,  
 Then all this earthly grossness quit,  
 Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
 Triumphant over death, and chance, and thee, O Time.

*Upon the Circumcision.*

**Y**E flaming powers, and winged warriors bright  
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,  
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds ear,

So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along  
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;  
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear  
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow :  
 He who with all heav'n's heraldry whilene  
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;  
 Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize !

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

*At a solemn Music.*

**B**LEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,  
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ

Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,  
 And to our high-rai'd phantasy present  
 That undisturbed song of pure consent,  
 Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne  
 To him that sits thereon  
 With faintly shout, and solemn jubilee,  
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row  
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,  
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires,  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly ;  
 That we on earth with undiscording voice  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;  
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O may we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with heav'n, till God ere long  
 To his celestial consort us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

*An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.*

THIS rich marble doth inter  
 The honour'd wife of Winchester,

A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,  
Besides what her virtues fair  
Added to her noble birth,  
More than she could own from earth.  
Summers three times eight save one  
She had told, alas too soon,  
After so short time of breath,  
To house with darkness, and with death.  
Yet, had the number of her days  
Been as compleat as was her praise,  
Nature and fate had had no strife  
In giving limit to her life.  
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,  
Quickly found a lover meet;  
The virgin quire for her request  
The God that sits at marriage-feast;  
He at their invoking came,  
But with a scarce-well-lighted flame;  
And in his garland as he stood,  
Ye might discern a cypress bud.  
Once had the early matrons run  
To greet her of a lovely son,  
And now with second hope she goes,  
And calls Lucina to her throws;  
But whether by mischance or blame  
Atropos for Lucina came;  
And with remorseless cruelty  
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:  
The hapless babe before his birth  
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,  
And the languish'd mother's womb  
Was not long a living tomb.



So have I seen some tender slip,  
Sav'd with care from winter's nip,  
'The pride of her carnation train,  
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,  
Who only thought to crop the flow'r  
New shot up from vernal show'r ;  
But the fair blossom hangs the head  
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,  
And those pearls of dew she wears,  
Prove to be presaging tears,  
Which the sad morn had let fall  
On her hast'ning funeral.  
Gentle lady, may thy grave  
Peace and quiet ever have;  
After this thy travel fore  
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,  
'That to give the world increase,  
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease ;  
Here, besides the sorrowing  
That thy noble house doth bring,  
Here be tears of perfect moan  
Wept for thee in Helicon,  
And some flowers, and some bays,  
For thy herse, to strew the ways,  
Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
Devoted to thy virtuous name ;  
Whilst thou, bright saint, high sit'st in glory,  
Next her much like to thee in story,  
'That fair Syrian Shepherdess,  
Who after years of barrenness,  
'The highly favour'd Joseph bore  
'To him that serv'd for her before ;

And at her next birth, much like thee,  
Through pangs fled to felicity,  
Far within the bosom bright  
Of blazing majesty and light.  
There with thee, new welcome faint,  
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG. *On May Morning.*

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.  
Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth and youth and warm desire,  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

*On SHAKESPEAR. 1630.*

WHAT needs my Shakespear, for his honour'd  
The labour of an age in piled stones, [bones,  
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid,  
Under a stary-pointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.<sup>1</sup>  
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art  
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;  
 And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

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

**H**ERE lies old Hobson ; Death hath broke his girt,  
 And here alas ! hath laid him in the dirt :  
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,  
 Death was half glad when he had got him down ;  
 For he had any time this ten years full,  
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.  
 And surely death could never have prevail'd,  
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd ;  
 But lately finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
 In the kind office of a chamberlin  
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,  
 Pull'd of his boots, and took away the light :

If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
Hobson has slept, and's newly gone to bed.

*Another on the same.*

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove  
That he could never die while he could move ;  
So hung his destiny, never to rot  
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,  
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay  
Until his revolution was at stay.  
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time :  
And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,  
His principles being ceas'd, he ended strait.  
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
And to much breathing put him out of breath ;  
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,  
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.  
Meerly to drive the time away, he sicken'd,  
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd ;  
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,  
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,  
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood bearers,  
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.  
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light :  
His leisure told him that his time was come,  
And lack of load, made his life burdensome,  
That even to his last breath (there be that say't)

As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight;  
 But had his doings-lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal carrier.  
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase :  
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,  
 Only remains his superscription.

*On the new Forcers of Conscience under the Long  
 P A R L I A M E N T.*

**B**ECAUSE 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 envy'd, not abhorr'd,  
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword  
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,  
 And ride 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 Scots 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 wholsome and preventive shears  
 Clip your phylacteries, though bank your ears,  
 And succour our just fears,

When they shall read this clearly in your charge,  
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

## AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhae illecebris tanquam e naufragio  
enataverat ; cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse mi-  
seros.

Q U I S 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 acquora ventis  
Emirabitur insolens !

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,  
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem  
Sperat, nescius aurae  
Fallacis. Miseri quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabula facer  
Votiva paries indicat uvida  
Suspendisse potenti  
Vestimenta maris deo.



## The Fifth ODE of Horace, Lib. I.

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 odors  
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou  
In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he  
On faith and changed gods complain; and seas  
Rough with black winds and storms  
Unwonted shall admire!

Who now 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 sea.

## S O N N E T S.

## S O N N E T 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  
Foretell 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.

## S O N N E T II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora  
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,  
Bene e colui d'ogni valore scarco  
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,  
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuori  
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,

Ei don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,  
 La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.  
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti  
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno  
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
 Le'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;  
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti  
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

## S O N N E T III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di fera,  
 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 insu la lingua snella  
 Desti il fior novo di strania favella,  
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
 Canto dal mio buon popol non inteso  
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.  
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l' altrui peso  
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.  
 Deh! fofs' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno  
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

## C A N Z O N E.

**R** Idonfi donne e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana

Verfeggiando d' amor, e come t' ofi ?  
Dinne, fe la tua fpeme fia mai vana,  
E de penſieri lo miglior t' arrivi ;  
Coſi 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.

## S O N N E T IV.

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

## S O N N E T 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 pria)  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
 Che force amanti nelle lor parole  
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:  
 Parte rinci iusa, e turbida si ccla  
 Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco  
 Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'inghiela;  
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovoſe  
 Finche mia Alba rivien colmo di roſe.

## S O N N E T VI.

Giovane piano, e ſemplicetto amante  
 Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo in dubbio ſono,  
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono  
 Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante  
 L' hebbi fedele, intrepido, conſtante,  
 De penſieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;  
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e ſcocca il tuono,  
 S' arma di ſe, e d'intero di amante,  
 Tanto del force e d'invidia ſicuro,  
 Di timori, e ſperanze al popol uſe  
 Quanto de ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,  
 E di cetta ſonoſa, e delle muſe :

Sol troverete in tal parte men duro  
Ove amor mise l'infanabil ago.

## S O N N E T VII.

*On his being arriv'd to his 23d Year.*

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 ev'n  
To that same lot, however mean or high,  
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;  
All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

## S O N N E T VIII.

*To the Soldier to spare his Dwelling-place.*

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 Muses 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 power  
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

## S O N N E T IX.

*To a 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.



## S O N N E T X.

*To the Lady Margaret Ley, Daughter to the Earl of  
Marlborough.*

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 Chaeronea, 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.

## S O N N E T XI.

*On the Reception his Book of Divorce met with.*

A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,  
And woven close, both matter, form and stile;  
The subject new: It walked 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 first 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 ours, O foul of Sir John Cheek,  
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,  
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward  
[Greek.

## S O N N E T 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 moon 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.

## S O N N E T 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 exempts thee from the throng,  
With praise enough for envy to look wan;  
'To after age thou shalt be writ the man, [tongue.  
That with smooth air could'st humour best our  
Thou honour'st verse; and verse must lend her wing  
To honour thee, the priest of Phoebus' quire,  
That tun'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.

## S O N N E T XIV.

*An Elegy.*

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,  
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
Of death, call'd life, which us from life doth sever.  
Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour  
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
But as faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.

Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best,  
 Thy hand maids, clad them o'er 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.

## S O N N E T XV.

*On 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 valour 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 acts of 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.

## S O N N E T XVI.

*On Sir Henry Vane 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  
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe : [done :  
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans  
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

## SONNET XVII.

To O. 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 plow'd,  
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud  
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursu'd,  
 While Darwen streams with blood of Scots imbru'd,  
 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,  
 Threatning to bind our souls with secular chains :  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

## S O N N E T XVIII.

*On the late Massacre in Piemont.*

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 worshipp'd stocks and stones,  
Forget not : In thy book record their groans  
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, 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.

## S O N N E T XIX.

*On Cyriac Skinner.*

Cyriac, this three years day, these eyes, tho' clear,  
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of sight, their seeing have forgot,  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon, or stars 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, t'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  
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide. [mask,

## SONNET XX.

*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.

*To Mr Lawrence, Son of the President of Cromwell's  
 Council.*

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 fullen day, what may be won  
 From the hard season gaining? time will run  
 On smother, till Favonius re-inspire  
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
 The lilly 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.

## S O N N E T XXII.

*On Cyriac Skinner.*

Cyriac, whose Grandfire 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 chearful hour, refrains.

## SONNET XXIII.

*On his deceased Wife.*

Methought I saw my late espoused faint  
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,  
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
 Rescu'd 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.

*Brutus taking with him Geryon the Diviner in the in-ward shrine of the Temple of the Goddess Diana, utters his Requests thus :*

*Diva potens nemorum, &c.*

GODDESS of shades, and Huntress, who at will  
 Walk'st on the lowring spheres, and thro' the deep,  
 On thy third reign the earth look now, and tell  
 What land, what seat of rest thou bidst me seek,  
 What certain seat, where I may worship thee  
 For aye, with temples vow'd and virgin quires.

*To whom sleeping before the altar, Diana in a Vision  
that night, thus answered :*

Brute, *sub occasum solis*, &c.

Brutus, far to the west in the ocean wide  
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,  
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,  
Now void, it fits thy people ; thither bend  
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,  
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,  
And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might  
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

*Dante in the 19th Canto of Inferno.*

Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause,  
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains  
That the first wealthy Pope received of thee.

*In the 20th Canto of Paradise.*

Founded in chaste and humble poverty,  
'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy horn.  
Impudent whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope ?  
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth ?  
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

*Ariosto, Cant. 34.*

And to be short, at last his guide him brings  
Into a goodly valley, where he sees

A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd,  
 Things that on earth were lost, or was abus'd.

Then pass'd he to a flow'ry mountain green,  
 Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously;  
 This was that gift (if you the truth will have)  
 That Constantine to good Silvester gave.

HORACE to Quintius.

Whom do we count a good man? whom but he  
 Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,  
 Who judges in great suits and controversies,  
 Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?  
 But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood  
 Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

*Four Greek Lines out of Euripides.*

This is true liberty, when free-born men  
 Having to advise the public, may speak free,  
 Which he who can, and will, deserves his praise;  
 Who either can, or will, may hold his peace:  
 What can be juster in a state than this?

H O R A C E.

-----*Valet ima summis*

*Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,*

*Obscura promens, &c.*

POEMS ON

The power that did create, can change the scene  
Of things; make mean of great, and great of mean;  
The brightest glory can eclipse with night;  
And place the most obscure in dazzling light.

H O R A C E.

*Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythae,  
Regumque matres barbarorum, et  
Purpurei metuunt Tyranni.  
Injurioso ne pede proruas  
Stantem Columnam, neu populus frequens  
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma  
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.*

All barbarous people, and their princes too,  
All purple tyrants honour you;  
The very wandring Scythians do.  
Support the pillar of the Roman state,  
Let all men be involv'd in one man's fate.  
Continue us in wealth and peace;  
Let wars and tumults ever cease.

C A T U L L U S.

*Tanto pessimus omnium Poeta,  
Quanto tu optimus omnium Patronus.*

The worst of poets I myself declare,  
By how much you the best of Patrons are.

## On S A L M A S I U S.

*Quis expedit Salmasio suam Hundredam?*

*Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?*

*Magister artis venter, et Jacobei*

*Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.*

*Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,*

*Ipse, Antichristi modo qui primatum Papae*

*Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,*

*Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium Melos.*

English'd.

Who taught Salmasius, that French chattering pyc,

To aim at English, and Hundreda cry?

The starving rascal, flush'd with just a hundred

English Jacobus's, Hundreda blundered,

An outlaw'd king's last stock----A hundred more

Wou'd make him pimp for the antichristian Whore;

And in Rome's praise employ his poison'd breath,

Who threaten'd once to stink the Pope to death.

## P S A L M I.

*Done into V E R S E, 1653.*

**B**LESS'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 sate. 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 watry streams, and in his season knows  
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,  
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.  
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd  
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
 In judgment, or abide their 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.

P S A L. II. *done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzette.*

**W** H Y 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 ye rebell)  
 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 fere,  
 Happy all those who have him in their stay.

P S A L. III. Aug. 9. 1653.

*When he fled from Absalom.*

L O R D, how many are my foes ?  
                     How many those  
 That in arms against me rise !  
                     Many are they  
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,  
 No help for him in God there lies.  
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,  
                     Thee through my story  
                     Th' exalter of my head I count ;  
                     Aloud I cry'd  
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd,  
 And heard me from his holy mount.  
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,  
                     For my sustain  
 Was the Lord. Of many millions  
                     The populous rout

I fear not, though incamping round about  
They pitch against me their pavilions.

Rise, Lord, save me, my God, for thou

Hast smote ere now

On the cheek-bone all my foes,

Of men abhorr'd

Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the  
Thy blessing on thy people flows. [Lord ;

P S A L. IV. Aug. 10. 1653.

**A**NsWER me when I call,  
God of my righteousness,

In straits and in distress

Thou didst me disenthral

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 chuse 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 shew 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-e'er I lie;  
 As in a rocky cell  
 Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. Aug. 12. 1653.

**J**EHOVAH 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 prayers, and watch till thou appear.

For thou art not a God that takes  
In wickedness delight,  
Evil with thee no biding makes,  
Fools or mad-men stand not within thy sight.  
All workers of iniquity  
Thou hat'st; and them unblest  
Thou wilt destroy that speak a 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 towards thy holy temple worship low.  
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,  
Lead me because of those  
That do observe if I transgress,  
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.  
For in his falt'ring mouth unstable  
No word is firm or sooth;  
Their inside, troubles miserable;  
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.  
God, find them guilty, let them fall  
By their own counsels quell'd;  
Push them in their rebellions all  
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.  
Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
Their joy, while thou from blame  
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing  
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
For thou Jehovah wilt be found  
To bless the just man still,  
As with a shield thou wilt surround  
Him with thy lasting favour and good-will.

P S A L. VI. *Aug. 13. 1653.*

**L** O R D, in thine anger do not reprehend me,  
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,  
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me:  
For all my bones, that even with anguish 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.

P S A L. VII. *Aug. 14, 1653.*

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

**L** O R D my God, to thee I fly,  
Save me and secure me under  
Thy protection while I cry,

Left as a lion (and no wonder)  
He haste to tear my soul afunder,  
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 lets,  
And not freed my foe for naught ;

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 out-spread  
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' assemblies of each nation  
Will surround thee, seeking right,  
Thence to thy glorious habitation  
Return on high, and in their sight,  
Jehovah judgeth most upright  
All people from the 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 power that do amiss.

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

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

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

P S A L. VIII. Aug. 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 t' oppose.

When I behold thy heav'ns, thy fingers 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 rememb'rest 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, whercin all, but  
 what is in a different Character, are the very words  
 of the text, translated from the Original.*

P S A L. LXXX.

1 **T**HOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep  
 Give ear in time of need,

Who leade'st like a flock of sheep  
 Thy loved Joseph's seed,

That sitt'st between the cherubs bright  
 Between their wings out-spread,

Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,  
 And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
 And in Manasse's sight,

Awake \* thy strength, come, and be seen \* *Gnorerat.*  
 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 \* *Gnashanta.*  
 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 † *Shalish.*  
*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. † *Jilgnagu.*
- 7 Return us, and *thy grace divine*  
 O God of Hosts *vouchsafe,*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,  
*Thy free love made it thine,*  
 And drov'st out nations, *proud and haught,*  
 To plant this *lovely vine.*
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,  
 And root it deep and fast,  
 That it *began to grow apace,*  
*And fill'd the land at last.*
10. With her *green shade* that cover'd all,  
 The hills were *over-spread,*  
 Her 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 brouze and make their food  
*Her grapes and tender shoots*.  
 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down  
 From heav'n, thy seat divine;  
 Behold *us*, but *without a frown*,  
 And visit this *thy* Vine.  
 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand  
 Hath set, and planted *long*,  
 And the young branch, that for 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*,  
 Quick'n 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.

## P S A L. LXXXI.

- T**O 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 *Ægypt 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 fore 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 † *Be Sether ragnam*  
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 antient stock of Israel,*  
If thou wilt list to me,

9 Throughout the land of thy abode  
No alien god shall be,  
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god  
In honour bend thy knee.

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought  
Thee out of *Ægypt land,*  
Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*  
Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not bear,  
*Nor* hearken to my voice ;  
And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear,*  
Mislik'd me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will,  
And to their wand'ring mind ;  
Their own conceits they follow'd still,  
Their own devices blind.

13 O that my people would *be wise,*  
To serve me *all their days,*

- And O that Israel would *advise*  
*To walk my righteous ways.*
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,  
*That now so proudly rise,*  
 And turn my hand against *all those*  
*That are thine enemies.*
- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*  
*To bow to him and bend,*  
 But *they, his people, should remain,*  
*Their time should have no end.*
- 16 And he would feed them *from the flock*  
*With flow'r of finest wheat,*  
 And satisfy them from the rock  
*With honey for their meat.*

## P S A L. LXXXII.

- † Bāgnadath-el.
- 1 G O D in the † great † assembly stands  
*Of kings and lordly states,*
- \* Among the Gods, \* on both his hands \* Bekerev  
 He judges and debates,
- 2 How long will ye † pervert the right † Tishpheta  
 With † judgment false and wrong, gnavel  
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*  
*Who thence grow bold and strong?*
- 3 † Regard the † weak and fatherless, † Shiphtu-dal.  
 † Dispatch the † poor man's cause,  
 And \* raise the man in deep distress  
 By \* just and equal laws. \* Hatzdiku.

- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
And rescue from the hands  
Of wicked men the low estate  
Of him *that help demands*.
- 5 They know not, nor will understand,  
In darkness they walk on,  
The earth's foundations all are \* mov'd,  
And \* out of order gone. \* *Jinmotu.*
- 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, † *Shiphta.*  
For thou art he who shalt by right  
The nations all possess. .

## P S A L. LXXXIII.

- 1 **B**E 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, † *Jehemajun.*  
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*  
Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they \* contrive \* *Jagnarimu.*  
† Their plots and counsels deep, † *Sod.*  
† Them to ensnare they chiefly strive, † *Jithjagnatsu*  
† Whom thou dost hide and keep. *gnal. † Tsephuncca.*



- 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 † *Lev jachdan.*  
 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 Amalec,  
 The Philistins, and they of Tyre,  
*Whose bounds the sea doth check.*
- 8 With them great Assur 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 Zalumna 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, † *Neoth Elobim bears both.*
- 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. † *They seek thy*
- 17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be, *Name, Heb.*  
 Troubl'd and asham'd for ever,  
 Ever confounded, and so die  
 With shame, *and scape 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.*

## P S A L. LXXXIV.

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 even 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*  
*Towards 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 blest,*  
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 ever more.*
- 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.

## P S A L. LXXXV.

- 1 **T**H Y land to favour graciously  
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack,  
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
 Returned Jacob back.
- 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive  
 That wrought thy people woe,  
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*  
 Hast hid *where none shall know.*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,  
 And *calmly* didst return  
 From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd,  
 † Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*  
 Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,  
 Turn us, and us restore,  
 Thine indignation cause to cease  
 Tow'rd 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, † *Heb. turn to quicken us.*  
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 streight* and hear,  
For to his people he speaks peace,  
And to his saints *full dear,*  
To his dear saints he will speak peace,  
But let them never more  
Return to folly, *but surcease*  
*To trespass as before.*
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear  
Salvation is at hand,  
And glory shall *ere long appear*  
To dwell within our land.
- 10 Mercy and truth *that long were miss'd*  
Now *joyfully* are met,  
Sweet peace and righteousness have kiss'd,  
*And hand in hand are set.*
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a 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.

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

## P S A L. LXXXVI.

1 T H Y 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 trode  
 Thy ways, and love the just,  
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,  
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.

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

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.*

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.

Unto my supplication, Lord,

Give ear, and to the cry

Of my *incessant* prayers 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 ever more.
- 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 foul*.
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,  
And violent men are met  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set.

- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,  
Readiest thy grace to shew,  
Slow to be angry, and *art still*  
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 hand-maid's son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford  
And let my foes *then* see,  
And be asham'd, because thou, Lord,  
Dost help and comfort me.

## P S A L. LXXXVII.

- A MONG the holy mountains *high*  
Is his foundation fast,  
There seated is 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 Ethiop's 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 enroll,  
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,  
*With sacred songs are there ;*  
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*  
*And all my fountains clear.*

## P S A L. LXXXVIII.

- 1 **L** O R D 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 cloy'd with woes and trouble sore  
 Surcharg'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 :
- † Heb. *A man without manly strength.*

- 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 barr'd.*
- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*  
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,  
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,  
 In horrid deeps to *mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,  
 Full sore doth press on me ;
- † Thou break'st upon me all thy waves, † *The Hebr.*  
 † And all thy waves break me. *bears both.*
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
 And mak'st me odious,  
 Me to them odious, *for they change*,  
 And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,  
 Mine eye grows dim and dead,  
 Lord, all the day I thee 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 loathsome 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 darknefs can thy mighty hand  
     Or wondrous afts 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 prayer doth hie  
     Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my foul forsake,  
     And hide thy face from me ?
- 15 That am already bruis'd, and ‡ shake  
     With terror sent from thee ? ‡ Heb. *Præ concussione.*  
 Bruis'd, and afflicted, and so low  
     As ready to expire,  
 While I thy terrors undergo  
     Astonish'd with thine ire.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,  
     Thy threatnings cut me through :
- 17 All day they round about me go,  
     Like waves they me 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 darknefs are.

A Paraphrase on *Psalms* 114.

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

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son  
 After long toil their liberty had won,

And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,  
 Led by the strength of the 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-becurled 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 skip like rams  
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.  
 Why fled the ocean? and why skip'd the mountains?  
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?  
 Shake earth, and at the presence be aghast  
 Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,  
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

## P S A L M 136.

**L**ET us with a gladfome mind  
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind;  
 For his mercies ay 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 Ægypt 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 Erythraean 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 over-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 ay endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMAT A.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis  
vigefimum confcripfit.



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**H**AEC quae sequuntur de Auctore testimonia, tam-  
 etsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra  
 se esse dicta, eo quod praeclaro ingenio viri, nec non  
 amici, ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius vir-  
 tutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affin-  
 gant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem  
 non esse notam; cum alii praesertim ut id faceret mag-  
 nopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam  
 totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus aequo est  
 non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum  
 cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori  
 ducat, negare non potest.

*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolita-  
 nus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.*

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

*Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum, triplici Poeseos laurea  
 coronandum, Graeca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrus-  
 ca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.*

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

*Ad Joannem Miltonum.*

**G**RÆCIA Maconidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,  
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

*Selvaggi.*

*Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.*

O D E.

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

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

Del Ocean profondo  
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede  
Separata dal mondo,  
Pero che il suo valor l' umana eccede:  
Questa feconda fa produrre Eroi,  
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tranoi.

Alla virtù sbandita

Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,

Quella gli e sol gradita,

Perche in lei fan trovar gioia, e diletto ;

Ridillo, tu Giovanni, e mostra in tanto

Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido

Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama ;

Ch' udio d'Helena il grido

Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,

E per poterla effigiare al paro

Dalle piu belle Idee trasse il piu raro.

Così l' Ape Ingegnosa

Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato,

Dal giglio e dalla rosa,

E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;

Formano un dolce suon diverse chorde,

Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amenta

Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti

Le peregrine piante

Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;

Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,

E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu dègni.

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 sceglia  
 Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l' Idea.

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

Nell' altera Babelle  
 Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,  
 Che per varie favelle  
 Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano :  
 Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo 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' a Ingegni sovrumani  
 Tropo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e ferra,  
 Chiaramente conosci, e giunge al fine  
 Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,  
 Fermisi immoto, e in un fermìn si gl' anni,  
 Che di virtù immortale  
 Scorrin di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;

Che s'opre degne di poema o storia  
Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

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

Io che in riva del Arno  
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro  
So che fatico indarno,  
E ad amirar, 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  
Florintino.

J O A N N I M I L T O N I

L O N D I N E N S I,

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,

**V**IRO qui multa peregrinatione, studia cuncta orbis  
terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia u-  
bique ab omnibus apprehenderet :

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic re-  
viviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacun-  
da; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus po-  
pulorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat.

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, 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 ardor gloriae ; in ore eloquentia ; harmonicos coelestium sphaerarum sonitus astronomia duce audienti, characteres mirabilium naturae, 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 famae non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis fatis est : Reverentiae et amoris ergo, hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert CAROLUS DATUS, Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantae virtutis amator.

## E L E G I A R U M

## L I B E R P R I M U S.

## E L E G I A P R I M A.

## A D C A R O L U M D E O D A T U M.

**T**ANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;  
Pertulit occidua Devæ Castrensis ab ora,  
Vergivium pronò qua petit æne salum.  
Multum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas  
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,  
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem  
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.  
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thæmæsis alluit unda,  
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.  
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,  
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.  
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,  
Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!  
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,  
Cæteraque ingenio non fubeunda meo.  
Si fit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,  
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi;  
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recusò,  
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.  
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;



Non tunc 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 festum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus haeres,  
Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest,  
Sive decennali foecundus lite patronus  
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;  
Saepe vaser gnato succurrit servus amanti,  
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;  
Saepe novos illic virgo mirata calores,  
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.  
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragoedia sceptrum  
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,  
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,  
Interdum et lachrymis dulcis amaror inest:  
Seu puer infelix indelibata relinquit  
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit,  
Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,  
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens:  
Seu moeret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,  
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.  
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,  
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.  
Nos quoque lucus habet vicina consitus ulmo,  
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.  
Saepius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammās  
Virgineos videas praeteriisse choros.  
Ah quoties dignae stupui miracula formae,  
Quae posset senium vel reparare Jovis!

Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,  
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus!  
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quae brachia vincant,  
Quaeque fluit puro nectare tincta via!  
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,  
Aurea quae fallax retia tendit Amor!  
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina fardet  
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!  
Cedite laudatae toties Heroides olim,  
Et quaecunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.  
Cedite Achaemeniae turrita fronte puellae,  
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.  
Vos etiam Danaae fasces submitte Nymphae,  
Et vos iliacae, Romuleaeque nurus.  
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas  
Jactet, et Aufoniis plena theatra stolis.  
Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis,  
Extera sat tibi sit foemina posse sequi.  
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis,  
Turriterum late conspicienda caput,  
Tu nimium felix intra tua moenia claudis  
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.  
Non tibi tot coelo scintillant astra sereno,  
Endymioneae turba ministra deae,  
Quot tibi conspicuae formaeque auroque puellae  
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.  
Creditor huc geminis venisse investa columbis  
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,  
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,  
Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.  
Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia caeci,  
Moenia quam subito relinquere fausta paro;

Et vitare procul malefidae infamia Circes  
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.  
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,  
 Atque iterum raucae murmur adire scholae.  
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia Secunda, Anno Aetat. 17.

*In obitum Praeconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.*

**T**E, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas  
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,  
 Ultima praeconum praeconem te quoque saeva  
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.  
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis,  
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,  
 O dignus tamen Haemonio juvenescere succo,  
 Dignus in Aesonios vivere posse dies,  
 Dignus quem Stygiis medica revocaret ab undis  
 Arte Coronides, saepe rogante dea.  
 Tu si iussus eras acies accire togatas,  
 Et celer a Phoebos nuncius ire tuo,  
 Talis in Iliaca stabat Cyllenius aula  
 Alipes, aetherea missus ab arce patris;  
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei  
 Rettulit Atridae iussa severa ducis.  
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni  
 Saeva nimis Musis, Palladi saeva nimis,  
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terrae!  
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.  
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,  
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.

Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegeia tristes,  
Personet et totis naenia moesta scholis.

Elegia Tertia, Anno Aetatis 17.

*In obitum Praefulis Wintoniensis.*

**M**Oestus eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,  
Haerebantque animo tristitia plura meo,  
Protinus en subiit funestae cladis imago  
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina 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, fratrisque verendi  
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogi;  
Et memini heroum quos vidit ad aethera raptos,  
Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.  
At te praecipue luxi dignissime Praesul,  
Wintoniaeque olim gloria magna tuae;  
Delicui 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 tua marcescant lilia tabo,  
Et crocus, et pulchrae Cypridi sacra rosa,  
Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus  
Miretur lapsus praetereuntis aquae?  
Et tibi succumbit liquido quae plurima coelo  
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis;

Et quae mille nigris errant animalia silvis,  
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.  
Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas;  
Quid juvat humana tingere caede manus?  
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,  
Semideamque animam caede fugasse sua?  
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,  
Et Tartessiaco submerferat aequore currum  
Phoebus, ab eo littore mensus iter.  
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,  
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos:  
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,  
Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.  
Illic punicea 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 terrae Gangetidis oris  
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.  
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras  
Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,  
Ecce mihi subito Praeful Wintonius astat,  
Siderium nitido fulsit in ore jubar;  
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,  
Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.

Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
 Intremuit laeto florea terra sono.  
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt coelestia pennis,  
 Plura triumphali personet aethra tuba.  
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,  
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;  
 Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,  
 Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.  
 Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmae,  
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.  
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleia pellice somnos,  
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

Elegia quarta, Anno Aetatis 18.

*Ad Thomam Junium Praeceptorem suum, apud Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgae agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.*

CURRE per immensum subito mea littera pontum  
 I, pete Tueticos laeve per aequor agros;  
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,  
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.  
 Ipse ego Sicanio fraenantem carcere ventos,  
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos;  
 Caeruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.  
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,  
 Vesta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;  
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras  
 Gratus Eleusina missus ab urbe puer.  
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,  
 Ditis ad Hamburgae moenia flecte gradum,

Dicitur occiso quae ducere nomen ab Hama,  
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.  
Vivit ibi antiquae clarus pietatis honore  
Praeful Christicolas pascere doctus oves ;  
Ille quidem est animae plusquam pars altera nostrae,  
Dimidio vitae vivere cogor ego.  
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti  
Me faciunt alia parte carere mei !  
Charior ille mihi, quam tu doctissime Graium  
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;  
Quamque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,  
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.  
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreius Heros  
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.  
Primus ego Aonios illo praeceunte recessus  
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,  
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,  
Castalio sparsi laeta ter ora mero.  
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Aethon,  
Induxitque auro lanca terga novo,  
Eisque novo terram sparsisti Chlora 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,  
Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.  
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,  
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,  
Forsitane aut veterum praelarga volumina patrum  
Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,  
Coelestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,

Grande salutiferae religionis opus.  
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,  
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.  
Haec quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos.  
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui :  
Haec tibi, si teneris vacat inter praelia Musis,  
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.  
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit fera, salutem ;  
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.  
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit  
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.  
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,  
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit ?  
Arguitur tardus merito, noxamque fatetur,  
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.  
Tu modo da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,  
Crimina diminui, quae patuere, solent.  
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes  
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue Leo.  
Saepe farissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis  
Supplicis ad moestas deliquere preces.  
Extensaeque 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 nuncia vera malorum !  
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,  
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.  
Te circum late campos populatur Enyo,  
Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat ;  
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,



Illuc Ordyfios Mars pater egit equos.  
Perpetuoque comans jam deflorefcit oliva,  
Fugit et aerifonam Diva perofa tubam,  
Fugit Io terris, et jam non ultima virgo  
Creditur ad fuperas jufta volaffe domos.  
Te tamen interea belli circumfonat horror,  
Vivis et ignoto folus inopſque folo;  
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,  
Sede peregrina quaeris egenus opem.  
Patria dura parens, et faxis faevior albis  
Spumea quae pulfat littoris unda tui:  
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,  
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,  
Et finis ut terris quaerant alimenta remotis  
Quos tibi proſpiciens miſerat ipſe Deus,  
Et qui laeta ferunt de coelo nuncia, quique  
Quae via poſt cineres ducat ad aſtra, docent?  
Digna quidem Stygiis quae vivas clauſa tenebris,  
Aeternaque animae digna perire fame!  
Haud aliter vates terrae Theſbitidis olim  
Preſſit in aſſucto devia teſqua pede,  
Deſertaſque Arabum falebras, dum regis Achabi  
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.  
Talis et horriſono laceratus membra flagello,  
Paulus ab Æmathia pellitur urbe Cilix.  
Piſcoſaeque ipſum Gergeſſae civis Ieſum  
Finibus ingratus juſſit abire ſuis.  
At tu fume animos, nec ſpes cadat anxia curis,  
Nec tua concutiat decolor oſſa metus.  
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obſitus armis,  
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,  
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,

Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.  
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub aegide tutus,  
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi ;  
Ille Sionaeae qui tot sub moenibus arcis  
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros ;  
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras  
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,  
Terruit et densas pavidum 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 ruentum,  
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.  
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,  
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala ;  
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,  
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno Aetatis 20.

*In adventum Veris.*

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolvibile gyro  
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos ;  
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,  
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virefcit 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 furor, et sonitus me facer intus agit.  
Delius ipse venit, video Peneide lauro  
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.  
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua coeli,  
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;  
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,  
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum;  
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,  
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara caeca meos.  
Quid tam grande sonat disento spiritus ore?  
Quid parit haec rabies, quid facer iste furor?  
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;  
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.  
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis  
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:  
Urbe ego, tu sylva simul incipiamus utrique,  
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.  
Veris Io rediere vices, celebremus honores  
Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.  
Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,  
Flectit ad Arctoeas aurea lora plagas.  
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacae,  
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.  
Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum coeleste Bootes  
Non longa sequitur sessus ut ante via;  
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto  
Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.  
Nam dolus, 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 certe caruisti nocte puella  
Phoebe tua, celeres quae retineret equos.  
Laeta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque refumit  
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,  
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur  
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.  
Defere, Phoebus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,  
Quid juvat effoeto procubuisse toro?  
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,  
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.  
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore satetur,  
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.  
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,  
Et cupit amplexus Phoebe subire tuos;  
Et cupit, et digna est, quid enim formosius illa,  
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,  
Atque Arabum spirat menses, et ab ore venusto  
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis!  
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,  
Cingit ut Idaeam pinea turris Opim;  
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,  
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.  
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos  
Taenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.  
Aspice Phoebe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,  
Mellitaeque movent flamina verna preces.  
Cinnamea Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,  
Blanditiaeque tibi ferre videntur aves.  
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quaerit amores  
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,  
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus.

Praebet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.  
Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt  
Munera, (muneribus saepe coemptus amor)  
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub aequore vasto,  
Et superinjectis montibus addit opes.  
Ah quoties cum tu, clivoso fessus Olympo,  
In vespertinas praecipitaris aquas,  
Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem, Phoebe, diurno,  
Hesperiiis recipit caerulea mater aquis?  
Quid tibi cum Tethy? quid cum Tartesside lympha?  
Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?  
Frigora, Phoebe, mea melius captabis in umbra,  
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.  
Mollior egelida veniet tibi somnus in herba,  
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.  
Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans  
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.  
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeleia fata,  
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;  
Cum tu, Phoebe, tuo sapientius uteris igni,  
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.  
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;  
Matris in exemplum caetera turba ruunt.  
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,  
Languentesque fovit solis ab igne faces.  
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,  
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.  
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,  
Quaque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.  
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,  
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.

Marmoreas juvenes clamant, Hymenace, per urbes,  
Littus Io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant.  
Cultior ille venit tunicaque decentior apta,  
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.  
Egrediturque frequens ad amoeni gaudia veris  
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. [num,  
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus u-  
Ut sibi quem cupiat det Cytherea virum.  
Nunc quoque septena modulatur arundine pastor,  
Et sua quae jungat carmina Phyllis habet.  
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,  
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.  
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,  
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa deos.  
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,  
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,  
Sylvanusque sua Cyparissi fronde revinctus,  
Semicaperque deus, semideusque caper.  
Quaeque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,  
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.  
Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Maenalius Pan,  
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;  
Atque aliquam cupidus praedatur Oreada Faunus,  
Consult in trepidos dum sibi nympa pedes;  
Jamque latet, latitanisque cupit male tecta videri,  
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.  
Dii quoque non dubitant coelo praeponere sylvas,  
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.  
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,  
Nec vos arborea dii, precor, ite domo.  
Te referant miseris, te Jupiter, aurea terris  
Saecla, quid ad nimbos, aspera tela, redis?

Tu saltem lente rapidos age, Phoebe, jugales  
 Qua potes, et sensim tempora veris eant ;  
 Brumaque productas tarde ferat hispida noctes,  
 Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

Elegia Sexta.

*Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem,*

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

**M**ITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,  
 Qua tu distento forte carere potes.  
 At tua quid nostram prolecat Musa camoenam,  
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras ?  
 Carmine scire velis quam te redamemque colamque,  
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.  
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,  
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.  
 Quam bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,  
 Festaque coelifugam quae coluere deum,  
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,  
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos !  
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin ?  
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.  
 Nec puduit Phoebum virides gestasse corymbos,  
 Atque hederam lauro praeposuisse suae.

Saepius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euoe  
Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.  
Naso Corallacis mala carmina misit ab agris :  
Non illic epulae, non fata vitis erat.  
Quid nisi yina rosasque, racemiferumque Lyaeum,  
Cantavit brevibus Teia Musa modis ?  
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,  
Et redolet sumptum pagina quaeque 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 fovet.  
Massica foecundam despumant pocula venam,  
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.  
Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phoebum  
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.  
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te  
Numine composito tres peperisse deos.  
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi coelato barbitos auro  
Insonat arguta molliter icta manu ;  
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
Virgineos tremula quae regat arte pedes.  
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,  
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.  
Crede mihi dum pfallit ebur, comitataque plectrum  
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,  
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phoebum,  
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,  
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem  
Irruet in totos 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 convivium larga poetis,  
Saepius et veteri commaduisse mero.  
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove coelum,  
Heroesque pios, semideosque duces,  
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,  
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
Ille quidem parce Samii pro more magistri  
Vivat, et innocuos praebet herba cibos;  
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,  
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.  
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,  
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.  
Qualis veste nitens sacra et lustralibus undis  
Surgis ad insensos augur iture deos.  
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem  
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,  
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque  
Orpheon edomitae sola per antia feris:  
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus,  
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
Et per monstrificam Perseiae Phoebados aulam,  
Et vada foemineis insidiosa sonis,  
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro  
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,  
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.  
At tu si quid agam scitabere, (si modo saltem  
Esse putas tanti noscere si quid agam)

Paciferum canimus coelesti semine regem,  
Fauſtaque ſacratis ſaecula pacta libris,  
Vagitumque Dei, et ſtabulantem paupere teſto  
Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit,  
Stelliparumque polum, modulanteſque aethere turmas,  
Et ſubito elifos ad ſua fana deos.  
Dona quidem dedimus Chriſti natalibus illa,  
Illa ſub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.  
Te quoque preſſa manent patriis meditata cicutis;  
Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis inſtar eris.

Elegia Septima, Anno Aetatis Undevigeſimo.

**N**ondum blanda tuas leges Amathuſia noram,  
Et Paphio vacuum peſtus ab igne fuit.  
Saepe Cupidineas, puerilia tela, ſagittas,  
Atque tuum ſprevi maxime numen, Amor.  
Tu puer imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas,  
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci:  
Aut de paſſeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,  
Haec ſunt militiae digna trophaea tuae.  
In genus humanum quid inania dirigiſ arma?  
Non valet in fortes iſta pharetra viros.  
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim deus ullus ad iras  
Promptior) et duplici jam ſerus igne calet.  
Ver erat, et ſummae radians per culmina villae  
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:  
At mihi adhuc refugam quaerebant lumina noctem,  
Nec matutinum ſuſtinuere jubar.  
Aſtat Amor lecto, piſtis Amor impiger alis,

Prodidit adstantem mota pharetra deum ;  
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,  
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit..  
Talis in aeterno juvenis Sigcius Olympo  
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;  
Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas  
Thiodamantaeus Naide raptus Hylas.  
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,  
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.  
Et miser exemplo sapiisses tutius, inquit,  
Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris :  
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.  
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum  
Edomui Phoebum, cessit et ille mihi ;  
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur  
Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.  
Me nequit adductum curvare peritius 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,  
Herculeaeque manus, Herculeusque comes.  
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
Haerebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.  
Caetera quae dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,  
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.  
Nec te stulte tuae poterunt defendere Musae,  
Nec tibi Phoebaeus 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 modo qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
Et modo villarum proxima rura placent.  
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum  
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.  
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat;  
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Poebus habet?  
Haec ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis agor.  
Lumina luminibus male providus obvia misi,  
Neve oculos potui continuissè meos.  
Unam forte aliis supereminuissè notabam,  
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.  
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
Sic regina deum conspicienda fuit.  
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,  
Solut et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.  
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multaeque sagittae,  
Et facis a tergo grande pendit onus.  
Nec mora, nunc ciliis haesit, nunc virginis ori,  
Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:  
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.  
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,  
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.  
Interea misero quae jam mihi sola placebat,  
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.  
Ast ego progredior tacite querebundus, et excors,  
Et dubius volui saepe referre pedem.  
Findor, et haec remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,  
Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.  
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia coelum,

Inter Lemniacos praecipitata focos.  
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum.  
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiarus equis.  
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores  
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.  
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos  
 Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui!  
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,  
 Forte nec ad nostras sordeat 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 certe 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 meos tandem, verum nec deme furores,  
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:  
 Tu modo da facilis, posthaec mea siqua futura est,  
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

**H**AEC ego mente olim laeva, studioque supino  
 Nequitiae posui vana trophaea meae.  
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,  
 Indocilisque aetas prava magistra fuit;  
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos  
 Praebuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.  
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.  
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,  
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

*In Proditionem Bombardicam.*

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos  
Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,  
Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,  
Et pensare mala cum pietate scelus?  
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria coeli,  
Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.  
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis  
Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

*In Eandem.*

Siccine tentasti coelo donasse Jacobum  
Quae septemgemino Bellua monte lates?  
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,  
Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.  
Ille quidem sine te consortia ferus adivit  
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.  
Sic potius foedos in coelum pelle cucullos,  
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana deos:  
Namque hac aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,  
Crede mihi coeli vix bene scandet iter.

*In Eandem.*

Purgatorem animae derisit Iacobus ignem,  
Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus.  
Frenduit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,  
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax:

Et nec inultus, ait, temnes mea sacra, Britanne,  
 Supplicium, spreta religione, dabis :  
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
 Non nisi per flammās triste patebit iter.  
 O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis !  
 Nam prope, Tartareo sublimē rotatus ab igni,  
 Ibat ad aethereas umbra perusta plagas.

*In Eandem.*

**Q**U E M modo Roma suis devoverat impia diris,  
 Et Styge damnarat Taenarioque sinu,  
 Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque deos.

*In Inventorem Bombardae.*

**I** Apetionidem laudavit caeca vetustas,  
 Qui tulit aetheream solis ab axe facem ;  
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,  
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

*Ad Leonoram Romae Canentem.*

**A** ngelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)  
 Obtigit aethereis ales ab ordinibus.  
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major ?  
 Nam tua praesentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.  
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia coeli,  
 Per tua secreto guttura serpit agens ;

Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
 Sensim immortalī assuescere posse sono.  
 Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,  
 In te una loquitur, caetera mutus habet.

*Ad eandem.*

**A**ltera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poetam,  
 Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.  
 Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius aevo  
 Perditus, et propter te Leonora foret !  
 Et te Pieria sensisset voce canentem  
 Aurea maternae fila movere lyrae,  
 Quamvis Dircaeo torfisset lumina Pentheo  
 Saevior, aut totus desipuisset iners,  
 Tu tamen errantes caeca vertigine sensus  
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tua ;  
 Et poteras aegro spirans sub corde quietem  
 Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

*Ad eandem.*

**C**redula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,  
 Claraque Parthenopes sana Acheloiados,  
 Littoreamque tua defunctam Naiada ripa  
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo ?  
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amoena Tiberidis unda  
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.  
 Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,  
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.



*Apologus de Rustico et Hero.*

**R**usticus ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis  
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino :  
 Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus  
     Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.  
 Haftenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis aevo,  
     Mota solo assueto, protenus aret iners.  
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,  
     Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.  
 Atque ait, heu quanto fatius fuit illa Coloni  
     (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo !  
 Possem ego avaritiam fraenare, gulamque voracem :  
     Nunc periire mihi et foetus et ipse parens.

## S Y L V A R U M L I B E R.

Anno Ætatis 16.

*In Obitum Procancellarii medici.*

**P**arere fati discite legibus,  
 Manusque Parcae jam date supplices,  
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
     Iapeti colitis nepotes.  
 Vos si relicto mors vaga Taenaro  
 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

Æmathia jacuisset Oeta.

Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidae  
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut

Quem larva Pelidis peremit

Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si triste fatum verba Hecateia

Fugare possint, Telegoni parens

Vixisset infamis, potentique

Ægiali soror usa virga.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant

Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,

Non gnarus herbarum Machaon

Eurypyli cecidisset hasta.

Laesisset et nec te Philyreie

Sagitta echidnae perlita sanguine,

Nec tela te fulmenque avitum

Caese puer genitricis alvo.

Tuque O alumno major Apolline,

Gentis togatae cui regimen datum,

Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,

Et mediis Helicon in undis,

Jam praefuisses palladio gregi

Laetus, superstes, nec sine gloria,

Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis

Horribiles barathri recessus.

At fila rupit Persephone tua

Irata, cum te viderit artibus

Succoque pollenti tot atris

Faucibus eripuisse mortis.  
 Colende Praefes, membra precor tua  
 Molli quiescant cespice, et ex tuo  
     Crescant rosae, calthaeque busto,  
     Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.  
 Sit mite de te iudicium Aëci,  
 Subrideatque Aëtnaea Proserpina,  
 Interque felices perennis  
     Elysio spatere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Aëtatis 17.

JAM pius extrema veniens Jacobus ab arcto  
 Teucrigenas populos, lateque patentia regna  
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile foedus  
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :  
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat  
 In folio, occultique doli securus et hostis :  
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,  
 Eumenidum pater, aethereo vagus exul Olympo,  
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,  
 Participes regni post funera moesta futuros ;  
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aere diras,  
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,  
 Armata et invictas in mutua viscera gentes ;  
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,  
 Et quoscunque videt purae virtutis amantes,  
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister  
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,  
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes

Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris  
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia praedam  
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.  
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes  
Cinctus caeruleae fumanti turbine flammae.  
Jamque fluentifonis albentia rupibus arva  
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,  
Cui nomen deberat quondam Neptunia proles,  
Amphitryoniadem qui non dubitavit atrocem  
Acquore tranato furiali poscere bello,  
Ante expugnatae crudelia saecula Trojae.

At simul hanc opibusque et festa 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 Aetna  
Efflat tabifico monstroius ab ore Typhoeus.  
Ignescent oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo  
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis.  
Atque pererrato solum hoc lachrymabile mundo  
Inveni, dixit, gens haec mihi sola rebellis,  
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.  
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,  
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.  
Haec tenus; et piceis liquido natat aere pennis;  
Qua volat, adversi praecursant agmine venti,  
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,  
Et tenet Ausoniae fines, a parte sinistra  
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,  
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non

Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem ;  
Hinc Mavortigenae consistit in arce Quirini.  
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,  
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,  
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum  
Evehitur, praeceunt submissò poplite reges,  
Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum ;  
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia caeci,  
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.  
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia taedis  
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum  
Saepe 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 cava responSAT rupe Cithaeron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,  
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,  
Praecipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,  
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchaetemque ferocem,  
Atque Acherontaeo prognatam patre Siopen  
Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.  
Interca regum domitor, Phlegetontius haeres  
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter  
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)  
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,  
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,  
Praedatorque hominum falsa sub imagine tectus  
Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,  
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo  
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus  
Vertice de naso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,

Annabeco lumbos constrinxit fune falaces,  
Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.  
Falis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo  
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
Hylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.  
Subdolus at tali serpens velatis amictu  
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;  
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?  
Memor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!  
Cum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex  
Midet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,  
Cumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:  
Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Caesar adorat,  
Qui referata patet convexi janua coeli,  
Surgentes animos, et factus frangi procaces,  
Sacriligique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,  
Et quid Apostolicae possit custodia clavis;  
Et memor Hesperiae disiectam ulciscere classem,  
Iberaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,  
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa proboscac,  
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.  
Et tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,  
Prescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,  
Pyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,  
Et magna Aventino Ponet fulgentia colle:  
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,  
Et craque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,  
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.  
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte laceffes,  
Peritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,  
Quelibet haereticis disponere retia fas est;

Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris  
Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,  
Grandaevosque patres trabea, canisque verendos;  
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,  
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne  
Ædibus injecto, qua convenere, sub imis.  
Protinus ipse igitur quoscumque habet Anglia fidos  
Propositi, factique mone, quisquamne tuorum  
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papae?  
Percussosque metu subito, casuque stupentes  
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel saevus Iberus.  
Saecula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.  
Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas  
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.  
Dixit et adscitos ponens malefidus amicus  
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illaetabile, Lethen.  
Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;  
Moeσταque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati  
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;  
Cum somnos pepulit stellatae janitor aulae,  
Nocturnos vius, et somnia grata revolvens.  
Est locus aeterna septus caligine noctis,  
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,  
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis,  
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.  
Hic inter caementa jacent praeruptaque saxa,  
Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;  
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,  
Jurgiaque, et stimulus armata Calumnia fauces,  
Et Furor, atque viae moriendi mille videntur,

Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,  
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes,  
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.  
Ipsi etiam pavidè latitant penetralibus antri  
Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,  
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris  
Diffugiunt fontes, et retro lumina vortunt ;  
Hos pugiles Romae per saecula longa fideles  
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.  
Finibus occiduis circumfufum incolit aequor  
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit  
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo :  
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,  
Tartareoque leves diffilentur pulvere in auras  
Et rex et pariter satrape, scelerata propago,  
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine verae  
Confilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.  
Finierat, rigidi cupide paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine coelos  
Despicit aetherea dominus qui fulgurat arce,  
Vanaque perversae ridet conamina turbae,  
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, qua distat ab Aside terra  
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas ;  
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famae  
Aerea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris  
Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossae.  
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestrae,  
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros :  
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros ;  
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulcralia bombis  
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,



Dum Canis aestivum coeli petit ardua culmen.  
Ipſa quidem ſumma ſedet ultrix matris in arce,  
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,  
Quæ ſonitum exiguum trahit, atque leviffima captat  
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.  
Nec rot Ariſtoride ſervator inique juvencae  
Iſidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,  
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia ſomno,  
Lumina ſubjectas late ſpectantia terras.  
Iſtis illa ſolet loca luce carentia ſaepe  
Perluſtrare, etiam radianti impervia ſoli.  
Millenisque loquax auditaque viſaque linguis  
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax  
Nunc minuit, modo confectis ſermonibus auget.  
Sed tamen a noſtro meruiſti carmine laudes  
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorafſe pigebit  
Carmine tam longo, ſervati ſcilicet Angli  
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus aequa.  
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
Fulmine præmiſſo alloquitur, terraque tremente :  
Fama files ? an te latet impia Papiſtarum  
Conjurata cohors in meque meoſque Britannos,  
Et nova ſceptigero caedes 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 Temefæo ex ære ſonoram.  
Nec mora jam pennæ cedentes remigat auras,  
Atque parum eſt curſu celeres prævertere nubes,  
Jam ventos, jam ſolis equos poſt terga reliquit :  
Et primo Angliacas ſolito de mora 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 caecis  
 Infidiis loca structa filet; stupuere relatis,  
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellae,  
 Effoetique senes pariter, tantaeque ruinae  
 Sensus ad aetatem subito penetraverat omnem.  
 Attamen interea populi miserefcit ab alto  
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolum; capti poenas raptantur ad acres;  
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;  
 Compita laeta focis genialibus omnia fumant;  
 Turba cohors juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris  
 Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

*Anno aetatis 17. In obitum Praefulis Eliensis.*

**A** Dhuc madentes rore squalabant genae,  
 Et sicca nondum lumina  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,  
 Quem nuper effudi pius,  
 Dum moesta charo iusta persolvi rogo  
 Wintoniensis praefulis.  
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali  
 Cladisque vera nuncia)  
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,  
 Populosque Neptuno fatos,  
 Cessisse morti, et ferreis fororibus  
 Te generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illa fuisti in insula

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Quae nomen Anguillae tenet.  
Tunc inquietum pectus ira protinus  
Ebulliebat fervida,  
Tumulis potentem saepe devovens deam :  
Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
Concepit alto diriora pectore,  
Graiusque vates parcius  
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,  
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.  
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,  
Et imprecor neci necem,  
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos  
Leni, sub aura, flamine :  
Caecos furores pone, pone vitream  
Bilemque et irritas minas :  
Quid temere violas non nocenda numina,  
Subitoque ad iras percita ?  
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
Mors atra noctis filia,  
Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,  
Vastove nata sub Chao :  
Ast illa coelo missa stellato, Dei  
Messes ubique colligit ;  
Animasque mole carnea reconditas  
In lucem et auras evocat ;  
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horae diem  
Themidos Jovisque filiae ;  
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris ;  
At justa raptat impios  
Sub regna furvi luctuoso Tartari,  
Sedesque subterraneas.  
Hanc ut vocantem lactus audiivi, cito

Foedum reliqui carcerem,  
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites  
 Ad astra sublimis feror :  
 Vates ut olim raptus ad coelum senex  
 Auriga currus ignei.  
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi  
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,  
 Non ensis Orion tuus.  
 Praetervolavi fulgidi solis globum,  
 Longeque sub pedibus deam  
 Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos  
 Fraenis dracones aureis.  
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,  
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,  
 Velocitatem saepe 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  
 Amoenitates illius loci ? mihi  
 Sat est in aeternum frui.

*Naturam non pati senium.*

**H**EU quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa pro-  
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem ! [fundis  
 Quae vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni

Affimilare suis, nulloque solubile faeclo  
Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obsita rugis  
Naturae facies, et rerum publica mater  
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab aevo?  
Et se falsa senem male certis passibus ibit  
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas  
Annorumque aeterna fames, squalorque situsque  
Sidera vexabunt? an et insatiabile Tempus  
Efuriet Coelum, rapietque in viscera patrem?  
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces  
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et temporis isto  
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?  
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo  
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu  
Stridat uterque polus, superaue ut Olympius aula:  
Decidat, horribilisque resecta Gorgone Pallas:  
Qualis in Aegeam proles Junonia Lemnon  
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine coeli?  
Tu quoque Phoebe tui casus imitabere nati  
Praecipiti curru, subitaque ferere ruina  
Prontus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,  
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.  
Tunc etiam aerei divulgus sedibus Haemi  
Diffultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro  
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,  
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris  
Consuluit rerum summae, certoque peregit  
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo  
Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem.  
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;

Raptat et ambitos fœcia vertigine coelos.  
'Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim  
Fulmineum rutilat cristata casside Mavors.  
Floridus æternum Phoebus juvenile coruscat,  
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras  
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amica  
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.  
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis  
Aethereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo  
Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua coeli;  
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.  
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,  
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis:  
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore  
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.  
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,  
Stringit et armiteros æquali horrore Gelonos  
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.  
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
Rex maris, et rauca circumstrepit æquora concha  
Occani Tubicen, nec vasta mole minorem  
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balcarica cete.  
Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti  
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,  
Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille decorem  
Phoebe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim  
Terra datum scelerei celavit montibus aurum  
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum  
Ibit cunctarum series iustissima rerum,  
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late  
Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina coeli;  
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

*De Idea Platonica, quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.*

**D**icite sacrorum praefides nemorum deae,  
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis  
Memoria mater, quaeque in immenso procul  
Antro recumbis otiosa Aeternitas,  
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,  
Coelique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,  
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine  
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
Aeternus, incorruptus, aequaevus polo,  
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?  
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubae  
Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;  
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,  
Tamen scorsus extat ad morem unius,  
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;  
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes  
Coeli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
Citimumve terris incolit Lunae globum ::  
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens.  
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethæas aquas :  
Sive in remota forte terrarum plaga  
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput  
Atlante major portitore siderum.  
Non cui profundum caecitas lumen dedit  
Dircaeus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;  
Non hunc silenti nocte Pleiones nepos  
Vatum sagaci praepes 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  
(Haec monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)  
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuae  
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,  
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

*Ad Patrem.*

**N**UNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes  
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;  
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis  
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.  
Hoc utcumque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen  
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi  
Aptius a nobis quae possunt manera donis  
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint  
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis  
Esse queat, vacuis quae redditur arida verbis.  
Sed tamen haec nostros ostendit pagina census,  
Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus ista,  
Quae mihi sunt nullae, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,  
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,  
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbrae.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,  
Quo nihil aethereos ortus, et femina coeli,



Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,  
Sancta Prometheae retinens vestigia flammae.  
Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen  
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,  
Et triplici duos Manes adamante coercet.  
Carmines sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
Phaebades, et tremulae pallentes ora Sibyllae;  
Carmina sacrificus solennes pangit ad aras,  
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;  
Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
Consultit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.  
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,  
Aeternaeque morae stabunt immobilis aevi,  
Ibimus auratas per coeli templa coronis,  
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,  
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.  
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,  
Nunc quoque sydereis intercinit ipse choreis  
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;  
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens  
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;  
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.  
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
Cum nondum luxus, vastaeque immensa vorago  
Nota gulae, et modico spumabat coena Lyaco.  
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates  
Aesculea intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,  
Heronumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,  
Et chaos, et positi late fundamina mundi,  
Reptantesque Deos, et alentes numina glandes,  
Et nondum Aetneo quaesitum fulmen ab aëtro.  
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,

Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,  
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures  
Carmine, non cithara, simulachraque functa canendo  
Compulit in lachrymas; habet has a carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas;  
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus  
Munere, mille sonos numeros componos ad aptos,  
Miliibus et vocem modulis variare canoram  
Doctus, Arionii meritos sis nominis haeres.  
Nunc tibi quod mirum, si me genuisse poetam  
Contigerit, charo si tam prope sanguine juncti  
Cognatas artes, studiumque affini sequamur?  
Ipse volens Phoebus se dispertire duobus,  
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,  
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camoenas,  
Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas  
Qua via lata patet, qua pronior area lucri,  
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:  
Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis  
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.  
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
Abductum Aoniae jucunda per otia ripae  
Phoebaeo lateri comitem sinus ire beatum.  
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,  
Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu  
Cum mihi Romuleae patuit facundia linguae,  
Et Latii veneres, et quae Jovis ora decebant  
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabulo Graiis,  
Addere suavisti quos jactat Galia flores,

Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam  
Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,  
Quaeque Palestinus loquitur mysteria vates.  
Denique quicquid habet coelum, subjectaque coelo  
Terra parens, terraeque et coelo interfluvius aer,  
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,  
Per te nosse licet, per te si nosse libebit.  
Dimotaque venit spectanda scientia nube,  
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis male sanus avitas  
Austriaci gazas, Peruanaque regna praecoptas.  
Quae potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, coelo?  
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,  
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,  
Atque Hyperionici currus, et fraena dici,  
Et circum undantem radiata luce tiaram.  
Ergo ego jam doctae pars quamlibet ima catervae  
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo,  
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertī,  
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.  
Este procul vigiles curae, procul este querelae,  
Invidiaeque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,  
Saeva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;  
In me triste nihil foedissima turba potestis,  
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus  
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab icu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non aequa merenti  
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
Sit memorasse fatis, repetitaque munera grato  
Percensere animo, fidaeque 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, fero servabitis aevo.

## P S A L. CXIV.

**Ι**Σραηλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φυλ' Ἰακώβ·  
 Αἰγυπτίον λιπέ δῆμον, ἀπεχθεὰ, βαρβαρο-  
 Δὴ τότε μὲνον ἐν ὅσιον γένος υἱὲς Ἰσὰκ. [Φωνόν·  
 Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασιλεύεν.  
 Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπαδὴν φυλὰδ' ἐρρώησε θαλάσσοι  
 Κυματὶ εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὃδ' ἀρ' ἐστὺ φελιχθῇ.  
 Ἱερὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροεῖδα πῶλιν.  
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρεσίᾳ κλονεόντο,  
 Ὡς κρείοι ζυγίγωντες εὐτραφέων ἐν ἀλῇ.  
 Βαιοτέραι δ' αἶμα πασαι ἀνασκιρτήσαν ἐρίπναι,  
 Οἷα παραι ζυγίγῃ φιλή ὑπο μήτερι ἀρνες.  
 Τίπτε ζυγ' αἶνα θαλάσσοι πελώρ φυλὰδ' ἐρρώησας  
 Κυματὶ εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἀρ' ἐστὺ φελιχθῇ  
 Ἱερὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροεῖδα πῶλιν;  
 Τίπτε ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρεσίᾳ κλονεέσθαι  
 Ὡς κρείοι ζυγίγωντες εὐτραφέων ἐν ἀλῇ;  
 Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἀρ' ὑμεῖς ἀνασκιρτήσῃ ἐρίπναι,

Οἶα παρὰι Κυρίγῃ φίλῃ ὑπομήτρι ἀγνῆς;  
 Σειο γαῖα τρεῖς αὖ Θεὸν μέγ' ἐκλυπεονία,  
 Γαῖα Θεὸν τρεῖς αὖ ὑπάλον Γεῖας Ἰσσακίδαο,  
 Ὃς τε καὶ ἐκ Κυριαδῶν πόλεμ' ἔχει μορμυρονίας,  
 Κρηνηνὴν αἰετὸν πείρης ἀπο δακρυοεσσης.

PHILOSOPHUS *ad regem quendam, qui  
 eum ignotum et insontem inter reos for-  
 te captum inscius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ  
 θανάτῳ πορευόμενος haec subito misit.*

ὦ ἀνὰ εἰ ολεσῆς με τὸν ἐννομον, οὐδὲ τιν' ἀνδρῶν  
 Δεινὸν ὅλως δρασάνα, Σοφωτάλον ἰσθὶ καρηνᾷ  
 Ρηϊδίῳ ἀρελοῖο, τὸ δ' ὑπέρρον αὐτὶ νοήσεις,  
 Μαψιδίῳ δ' ἀρ' ἐπεῖτα τέον πρὸς θυμὸν οδυρῆ,  
 Τοῖον δ' ἐκ πολίος περιωνυμὸν ὠλκαρ ολεσσας.

*In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.*

Ἀμαθὲ γέγραπθαι χεὶρὶ τηδε μὲν εἰκονᾷ  
 Φαιῆς ταχ' ἂν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφύει βλεπων.  
 Τὸν δ' ἐκλυπῶλον ἐκ ἐπιγνοῖες φίλοι  
 Γελάτε Φαυλοῦ δυσμειμημα ζῶγχαρυν.

*Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum Ægrotantem.*

## S C A Z O N T E S.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,  
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,  
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,  
Quam cum decentes flava Deiope furas  
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,  
Adestum, et hæc si's verba pauca Salsillo  
Refer, Camoena nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
Quamque ille magnis practulit immerito divis.  
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
Diebus hiscè qui suum linquens nidum  
Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,  
Infanientis impotensque pulmonis,  
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,)   
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
Visum superba cognitas urbes fama,  
Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,  
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,  
Habitumque fessò 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 divum munus, O salus Hebes  
Germana ! tuque Phoebe, morborum terror,

Pythone caeso, sive tu magis P'aeon  
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.  
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso  
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,  
 Si quid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,  
 Levamen aegro ferte certatim vati.  
 Sic ille charis redditus rursum Musis,  
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.  
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos  
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium aeternum,  
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.  
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus  
 Spei favebit annuae colonorum :  
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,  
 Nimium sinistro laxis irruens loro :  
 Sed fraena melius temperabit undarum,  
 Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

## M A N S U S.

*Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii  
 laude, tum literarum 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 prin-  
 cipes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus, Gerusa-  
 lemme conquistata, lib. 20.*

Fra cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi  
 Risplende il Manso-----

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

**H**Aec quoque Manse tuae meditantur carmina laudi  
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phoebi,  
Quandoquidem ille alium haud aequo est dignatus ho-  
Post Galli cineres, et Mecaenatis Hetrusci. [nore,  
Tu quoque, si nostrae tantum valet aura Camoenae,  
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.  
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso  
Junxit, et aeternis inscripsit nomina chartis.  
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inficia Musa Marinum  
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,  
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;  
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.  
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates  
Ossa tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.  
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,  
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex aere poetam.  
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant  
Officia in tumulto: cupis integros rapere Orco,  
Qua potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:  
Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam  
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervae;  
Emulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam  
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri,  
Ergo ego te, Clivus et magni nomine Phoebi,  
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per aevum,  
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.  
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,



Quae nuper gelida vix enutrita sub Arcto  
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.  
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos  
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,  
 Qua Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis  
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.  
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.  
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phoebus,  
 Qua plaga septeno mundi fulcata Trione  
 Brumalem patitur longa sub nocte Booten.  
 Nos etiam colimus Phoebum, nos munera Phoebus,  
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,  
 Halantemque crocum, (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)  
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.  
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum  
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant.)  
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu  
 Delo in herbofa Graiae de more puellae,  
 Carminibus lactis memorat Corineida Loxo,  
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicoma Hecaerge,  
 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 viro-  
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu. [rum,  
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates  
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas :  
 At non sponte domum tamen idem et regis adivit  
 Rura Pheretiadae coelo fugitivus Apollo ;  
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes ;  
 Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,

Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,  
Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta  
Peneium prope rivum : ibi saepe sub ilice nigra,  
Ad citharae strepitum, blanda prece victus amici,  
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.  
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro neque fixa sub imo  
Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trahinia rupes,  
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, sylvas,  
Emotaeque suis properant de collibus orni,  
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.  
Diis dilecte senex ! te Jupiter aequus oportet  
Nascentem, et miti lustrarit lumine Phoebus,  
Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu  
Diis superis poterit magno fuisse Poetae.  
Hinc longaeva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
Vernat, et Aesonios lucratur vivida fusos,  
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,  
Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.  
O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum,  
Phocaeos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,  
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,  
Arcturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem ;  
Aut dicam invictae sociali foedere mensae  
Magnanimos heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit!)  
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.  
Tandem ubi non tacitae permensus tempora vitae,  
Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,  
Ille mihi lecto madidis adstaret ocellis,  
Adstanti sat erit si dicam, Sim tibi curae;  
Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos  
Curaret parva componi molliter urna.  
Forfitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,

Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
 Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.  
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si praemia certa bonorum,  
 Ipse ego coelicolum semotus in aethera divum,  
 Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,  
 Secreti haec aliqua mundi de parte videbo,  
 (Quantum fata sinunt) et tota mente serenum  
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,  
 Et simul aethereo plaudam mihi laetus Olympo.

## E P I T A P H I U M

## D A M O N I S.

## A R G U M E N T U M.

*Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem viciniae pastores, eadem studia secuti a pueritia, amici erant ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus, ex urbe Hetruriae Luca paterno genere oriundus, cactera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque caeteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.*

**H**lmerides Nymphae (nam vos et Daphnin et Hy-  
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis) [lan,  
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen :  
 Quas miser effudit voces, quae murmura Thyrsis,  
 Et quibus assiduus exercuit antra querelis,  
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,

Dum sibi praereptum queritur Damona, neque altam  
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.  
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,  
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,  
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,  
Necdum aderat Thyrsis ; pastorem scilicet illum  
Dulcis amor Musae Thusca retinebat in urbe.  
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ  
Cura vocat, simul assueta seditque sub ulmo,  
Tum vero ~~anissum~~ tum denique sentit amicum,  
Coepit et immensum sic exoncrare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina coelo,  
Postquam te inmiti rapuerunt funere Damon !  
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?  
At non ille, animas virga qui dividit aurea,  
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Quicquid erit, certe, nisi me lupo ante videbit,  
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit  
Inter pastores : Illi tibi vota secundo  
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes  
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit ;  
Siquid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,  
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Haec tibi certa manent, tibi erunt haec praemia Da-  
At mihi quid tandem fiet modo ? quis mihi fidus [mon-  
Haerebit lateri comes, ut tu saepe solebas,

Frigoribus duris, et per loca foeta pruinis,  
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis ?  
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones,  
 Aut avidos terrere lupos praesepibus altis ;  
 Quis fando sopire diem cantuque solebit ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit  
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni  
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus au-  
 Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo ? [ster

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Aut aestate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
 Cum Pan aesculea somnum capit abditus umbra,  
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphae,  
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,  
 Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,  
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores ?

Ite domum impasti, domino non jam vacat, agni.  
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
 Sicubi ramosae densantur vallibus umbrae,  
 Hic ferum expecto, supra caput imber et Eurus  
 Triste sonant, fractaeque agitata crepuscula sylvae.

Ite domum impasti, domino non jam vacat agni.  
 Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis  
 Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit !  
 Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,  
 Nec myrteta juvant ; ovium quoque taedet, at illae  
 Moerent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

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

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

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mopsus ad haec, nam me redeuntem forte notarat  
(Et callebat avium linguas et sidera Mopsus)  
Thyrſi quid hoc? dixit, quae te coquit improba bilis,  
Aut te perdit amor, aut te male fascinat astrum,  
Saturni grave faepe fuit paſtoribus astrum,  
Intimaque obliquo figit praecordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mirantur Nymphae, et quid te Thyrſi futurum est?  
Quid tibi vis? aiunt; non haec solet eſſe juventae  
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, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Aegle  
Docta modos, citharaeque ſciens, ſed perdita faſtu.  
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;  
Nil me blanditiae, nil me ſolantia verba,  
Nil me, ſiquid adceſt, movet, aut ſpes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hei mihi quam ſimiles ludunt per prata juvenci,  
Omnes unanimi ſecum ſibi lege ſodales,  
Nec magis hunc alio quiſquam ſecernit amicum.  
De grege, ſi denſi veniunt ad pabula thoës,  
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;  
Lex eadem pelagi, deſerto in littore Proteus  
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum:  
Paſſer habet ſemper quicum ſit, et omnia circum:  
Farra libens volitet, ſero ſua teſta reviſens,

Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco  
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,  
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.  
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis  
Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore discors,  
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,  
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,  
Illum inopina dies qua non speraveris hora  
Surripit, aeternum linquens in saecula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
Ire per aereas rupes, Alpemque 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,  
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,  
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes?  
Ah certe extremum licuisset tangere dextram,  
Et bene compositos placide morientes ocellos,  
Et dixisse, Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,  
Pastores Thufci, Musis operata juvenus,  
Hic Charis atque Lepos, et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,  
Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.  
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni  
Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,  
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
Et potui Lycidae certantem audire Menalcam.  
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum

Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra  
Fiscellae, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutae,  
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.  
Haec mihi tum laeto dictabat roscida luna,  
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hoedos.  
Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,  
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,  
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!  
Et quae tum facili sperabam mente futura  
Arripui voto levis, et praesentia sinxi,  
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,  
Imus? et arguta paulum recubamus in umbra,  
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?  
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, fuccos, [thi,  
Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacin-  
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum.  
Ah pereant herbae, pereant artesque medentum,  
Gramina, postquam ipse nil profecere magistro.  
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
Fistula, ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte,  
Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,  
Diffiluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra  
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim  
Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedit silvae.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per aequora puppes  
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniae,  
Ærennumque Arvigarumque duces, priscumque Belinum,



Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;  
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iogernem,  
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlois arma,  
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,  
Tu procul annosa pendebris fistula pinu  
Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camoenis,  
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,  
Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi fatis ampla  
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in aevum  
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)  
Si me flava comas legat Ufa, et potor Alauni,  
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantae,  
Et Thamefis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis  
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Haec tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri,  
Haec, et plura simul, tum quae mihi pocula Manus;  
Manus Chalcidicae non ultima gloria ripae,  
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,  
Et circum gemino caelaverat argumento:  
In medio rubri maris unda; et odoriferum ver,  
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvae,  
Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris  
Caeruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis  
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.  
Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,  
Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictaeque in nube pharetrae,  
Arma corusca, faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;  
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi  
Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens  
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbis

Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus ;  
Hinc mentes ardere sacrae, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,  
Tu quoque in his certe es, nam quo tua dulcis abiret  
Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus ?  
Nec te Lethæo fas quæcivisse sub orco,  
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymae, nec flebimus ultra :  
Ite procul lacrymae, purum colit aethera Damon,  
Aethera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum ;  
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,  
Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat :  
Ore sacro. Quin tu coeli post jura recepta  
Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,  
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive aequior audis  
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti  
Coelicolæ norint, silvisque vocabere Damon.  
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus  
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,  
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores ;  
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,  
Lactaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmae  
Aeternum perages immortales hymenæos ;  
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,  
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia Thyrso.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad JOANNEM ROUSIUM Oxoniensis Academiae Bibliothecarium.

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

*Strophe 1.*

GEmelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
Fronde licet gemina,  
Munditieque nitens non operosa,  
Quam manus attulit  
Juvenilis olim,  
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetae ;  
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,  
Nunc Britannica per vireta ludit  
Insons populi, barbitoque 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

Caerulei patris,  
Fontes ubi limpidi  
Aonidum, thyaſuſque facer  
Orbi notus per immenſos  
Temporum lapſus redeunte coelo,  
Celeberque futurus in aevum ;

*Strophe 2.*

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo,  
Pristinam gentis miſeratus indolem,  
(Si fatis noxas luimus priores,  
Mollique luxu degener otium)  
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
Almaque revocet studia ſanctus,  
Et relegatas ſine ſede Muſas  
Jam pene totis finibus Angligenum ;  
Immundaſque volucres  
Unguibus imminentes  
Figat Apollinea pharetra,  
Phineamque abigat peſtem procul amne Pegaeo:

*Antistrophe.*

Quin tu, libelle, nuncii licet mala  
Fide, vel oſcitantia,  
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
Seu quis te teneat ſpecus,  
Seu qua te latebra, forſan unde viſi  
Callo tereris inſtitoris infulſi,  
Laetare felix, en iterum tibi  
Spes nova fulget poſſe profundam  
Fugere Lethen, vehique ſuperam  
In Jovis aulam remige penna ;

*Strophe 3.*

Nam te Rousius fui  
 Optat peculi, numeroque iusto  
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,  
 Rogatque venias ille cujus inciſa  
 Sunt data virum monumenta curae :  
 Teque adytis etiam ſacris  
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipſe praefidēt  
 Aeternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,  
 Quaeforſque gazae nobilioris,  
 Quam cui praefuit Ion  
 Clarus Erechtheides  
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis  
 Fulvoſque tripodas, donaque Delphica,  
 Ion Actaea genitus Creuſa.

*Antistrophe.*

Ergo tu viſere lucos  
 Muſarum ibis amoenos,  
 Diamque Phoebi ruriſus ibis in domum,  
 Oxonia quam valle colit,  
 Delo poſthabita,  
 Biſidoque Parnaffi jugo :  
 Ibis honeſtus,  
 Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem  
 Naſtus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.  
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina  
 Authorum, Graiae ſimul et Latinae  
 Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

*Epodos.*

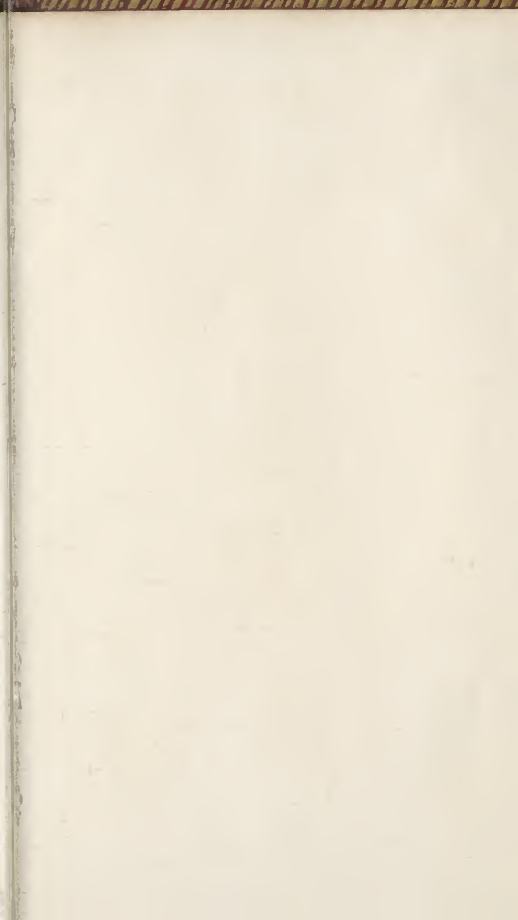
Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,  
 Quicquid hoc ſterile fudit ingenium, .

Jam fero placidam sperare jubeo  
Perfunctam invidia requiem, sedesque beatas  
Quas bonus Hermes  
Et tutela dabit solers Rousi,  
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longe  
Turba legentum prava faceffet :  
At ultimi nepotes,  
Et cordatior aetas  
Judicia rebus aequiora forsitan  
Adhibebit integro sinu.  
Tum livore sepulto,  
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet  
Rousio favente.

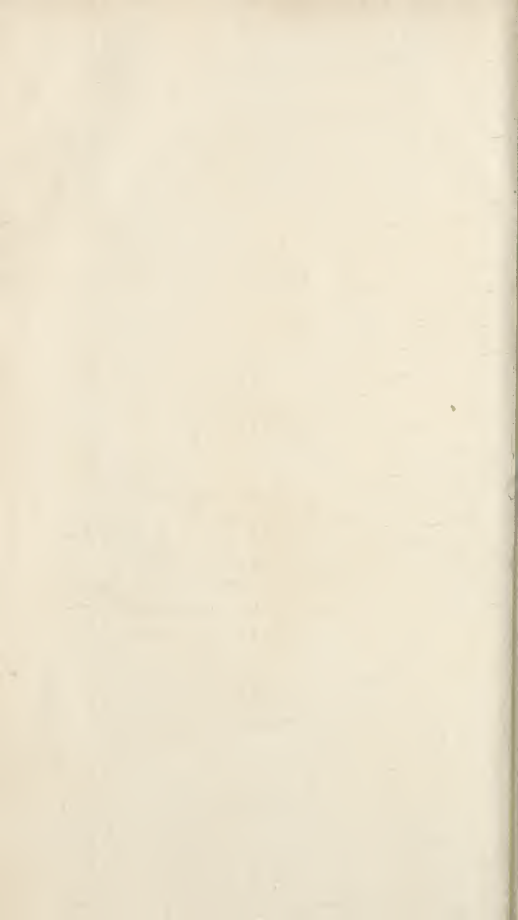
Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistro-  
phis, una demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes  
nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exacte re-  
spondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commode legendi po-  
tius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem  
spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici  
Monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατα  
σχεσιν*, partim *απολελυμενα*. Phaleucia quae sunt,  
Spondaeum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in se-  
cundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

T H E E N D.

















X







