

MICROFILMED — 1986

POEMS, &c.

UPON

Several Occasions.

BY

Mr. JOHN MILTON:

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

With a small Tractate of
EDUCATION
To Mr. HARTLIB.

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ERRATA.



E R R A T A.

PAge 21. at the end of the Elegie should have come in the Verses *at a Vacation Exercise*, which follow afterwards, from pag. 64. to p. 68, p. 56. line 8. after *is* r. *it*, ib. l. 9. for *Colikto* r. *Colkitto*, p. 59. l. 4. for *so* r. *sov*, p. 69. l. 17. for *bank* r. *bank*, p. 90. l. 9. for *Heccat* r. *Hecat*, p. 91. l. 19. leave out the Comma after *May*, and for *here* r. *hear*, p. 128. l. 3. leave out *that*. In the second part p. 43. l. 1. for *Canentam* r. *Canentem*, ibid. l. 4. for *desipulisset* r. *desipuisset*, p. 49. l. 2. for *Adamantius* r. *Adamantinus*, ibid. l. 9. for *Notat* r. *Natat*, p. 52. l. 2. for *Reliquas* r. *Reliquias*, p. 53. l. 17, 18. a Comma after *Manes*, none after *Exululat*. Some other Errors and mispointings the Readers judgement may correct.

(1)

ON THE
M O R N I N G
O F
Christ's Nativity.

I.

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

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high 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.

A

III. Say

(2)

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

IV.

(bright?)

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

The Hymn.

I.

It was the Winter wilde,
 While the Heav'n-born-childe,
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff't her gawdy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:

(3)

It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
 She woo's the gentle Air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinfull blame,
 The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,
 Confounded, that her Makers eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

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

IV.

No War, or Battels sound
 Was heard the World around

(4)

The idle Spear and Shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And Kings fate still with awfull eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V.

But peacefull was the night
Wherein the Prince of light

His raign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,

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

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

VII

(5)

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame,

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

VIII.

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

Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty *Pan*

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

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbl'd voice
Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blisfull rapture took:

A 3

The

(6)

The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round

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

XI.

At last surrounds their fight
A Globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shame-fac't night atray'd,
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
Harping in loud and solemn quite,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,

But

(7)

But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His Constellations set,
And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystall sphears,
Once bless our humane ears,

(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;

And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' Angelike symphony.

XIV

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,

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

A 4

XV.

(8)

XV.

Yea Truth, and Justice then
Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a Rain-bow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in Celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tiffued clouds down steering,
And Heav'n as at some Festivall,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate sayes no,
This must not yet be so,

The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;

So both himself and us to glorifie:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, (deef.
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang

While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth agast
With terrour of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the center shake;

When

(9)

When at the worlds last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our blifs
Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his fouled tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dum,
No voice or hideous humm

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shreik the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,

A voice

(10)

A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted Spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

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

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

XXIII.

(11)

XXIII.

And sullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in shadows dred,
His burning Idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisly King,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dredded Infants hand,
The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:

Our

(12)

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,
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze,

XXVII.

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

A Para

(13)

A Paraphrase on Psalm 114.

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

When the blest seed of Terah's faithful Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian Fields to Canaan Land,
Led by the strength of the 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, Jordans clear streams recoil,
As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
Why turned Jordan toward his Chrystal Fountains?
Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
That glassy flouds from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Psalm

(14)

Psalm 136.

Let us with a gladfom mind

Praise the Lord, for he is kind.

For his mercies ay endure,

Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,

For of gods he is the God;

For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,

Who doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.

For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make

Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.

For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create

The painted Heav'ns so full of state.

For his, &c.

Who did the solid Earth ordain

To rise above the watry plain.

For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might,

Did fill the new-made world with light.

For his, &c.

And

(15)

And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,

All the day long his course to run.

For his, &c.

The horned Moon to shine by night,

Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,

Smote the first-born of Egypt Land.

For his, &c.

And in despight of Pharaoh fell,

He brought from thence his Israel.

For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,

Of the Erythraean main.

For, &c.

The fouds stood still like Walls of Glas,

While the Hebrew Bands did pass.

For, &c.

But full soon they did devour

The Tawny King with all his power.

For, &c.

His

His chosen people he did bless
In the wastfull Wilderness.

For, &c.

In bloody battel he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For, &c.

He foild bold *Scor* and his host
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast.

For, &c.

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

For, &c.

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

For, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in in our misery.

For, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For, &c.

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

For, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worth:

For, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies ay endure,

Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Anno ætatis 17.

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

I.

O Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timeleslie,
Summers chief honour if thou hadst out-lasted,
Bleak winters force that made thy blossome drie;
For he being amorous on that lovely die

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss
But kill'd alas, and then bewayl'd his fatal blifs.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioter
By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer,

B

(18)

If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,
Through middle empire of the freezing aire
He wanderd long, till thee he spy'd from farr,
There ended was his quest, there ceast his care.
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chaire,

But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

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

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

V.

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead
Or that thy coarfe corrupts in earths dark wombe,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,

Hid

(19)

Hid from the world in a low delved tombe;
Could Heav'n for pittie thee so strictly doom?

Oh no? for something in thy face did shine
Above mortalitie that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where e're thou hoverest
Whether above that high first-moving Spheare
Or in the Elisian fields (if such there were.)

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

VII.

Wert thou some Starr which from the ruin'd rooffe
Of shak't Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which carefull *Jove* in natures true behoofe
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late earths Sonnes besiege the wall

Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

VIII.

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

C 2

Or

(20)

Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth!
Or that cown'd Matron sage white-robed truth?
Or any other of that heav'nly brood
Let down in clowdie throne to do the world some good.

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoast,
Who having clad thy self in humane weed,
To earth from thy præfixed seat didst poast,
And after short abode fire 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 flake 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

(21)

Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do he will an off-spring give,
That till the worlds last-end shall make thy name to live.

The Passion.

I.

ERe-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth,
My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

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

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my Harp to notes of saddest wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did sease er'e long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,
Which he for us did freely undergo.

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

B 3

III. He

III.

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

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving vers,
 To this Horizon is my *Phæbus* bound,
 His Godlike acts ; and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings other where are found ;
 Loud o're the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth sound ;
 Me softer airs betit, and softer strings
 Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,
 Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
 That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo ;
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know :

The leaves should all be black wheron I write,
 And letters where my tears have wash't a wannish white.

VII. See

VI.

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

In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstasick fit,

VII.

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

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

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewles wing,
 Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unbosom all their Echoes mildè,
 And I (for grief is easily beguild)

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

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

On Time.

Fly envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
 And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more then what is false and vain,
 And meerly mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
 About the supreme Throne
 Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
 Then all this Earthy grossness quit,
 Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee O *Time*.

*Upon**Upon the Circumcision.*

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
 That erst with Musick, and triumphant song
 First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
 So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow,
 He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whilear
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His Infancy to lease!
 O more exceeding love or law more just?
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we by rightful doom remediles
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes;
 And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
 Intirely satisfi'd,

And

And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart
 This day, but O ere long
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

Blest pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-rais'd phantasie present,
 That undisturbed Song of pure concent,
 Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
 And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
 Hymns devout and holy Psalms

Singing

Singing everlastingly ;
 That we on Earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In 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 endles morn of light.

An Epitaph on the Marchioness of *Winchester*.

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

After

After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death,
 Yet had the number of her days
 Bin as compleat as was her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
 Quickly found a lover meet ;
 The Virgin quire for her request
 The God that sits at marriage feast ;
 He at their invoking came
 But with a scarce-wel-lighted flame ;
 And in his Garland as he stood,
 Ye might discern a Cypress bud.
 Once had the early Matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes,
 And calls *Lucina* to her throws ;
 But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for *Lucina* came ;
 And with remorseles cruelty,
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree :
 The haples Babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,

And

And the languisht Mothers Womb
 Was not long a living Tomb.
 So have I seen some tender slip
 Sav'd with care from Winters nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck't up by som unheedy swain,
 Who onely thought to crop the flowr
 New shot up from vernal showr ;
 But the fair blossom hangs the head
 Side-ways as on a dying bed,
 And those Pearls of dew she wears,
 Prove to be presaging tears
 Which the sad morn had let fall
 On her hast'ning funerall.
 Gentle Lady may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have ;
 After this thy travel sore
 Sweet rest sease thee evermore,
 That to give the world encrease,
 Shortned hast thy own lives lease ;
 Here, besides the sorrowing
 That thy noble House doth bring,
 Here be tears of perfect moan
 Weept for thee in *Helicon*,

And

And some Flowers, and some Bays,
 For thy Hears to strew the ways,
 Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
 Devoted to thy vertuous name;
 Whilst thou bright Saint high sit'st in glory:
 Next her much like to thee in story,
 That fair *Syrian* Shepherdess,
 Who after yeers of barrenness,
 The highly favour'd *Joseph* bore
 To him that serv'd for her before,
 And at her next birth much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the boosom bright
 Of blazing Majesty and Light,
 There with thee, new welcom Saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG.

SONG.

On May Mornine.

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

On Shakespear. 1630.

What needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd Bones,
 The labour of an age in piled Stones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid*?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.

For

For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
 Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
 Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
 Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;
 And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
 That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

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

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

But

But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his joutneys end was come,
 And that he had tane up his latest
 In the kind office of a Chamberlin
 Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light:
 If any ask for him, it shall be sed,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gon to bed.

Another on the same.

Here lieth one who did most truly prove,
 That he could never die while he could move;
 So hung his destiny never to rot
 While he might still jogg on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphear-metal, never to decay
 Untill his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
 And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,
 His principles being ceast, he ended strait,
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;

C

Nor

... were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hastned on his term,
 Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd,
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
 If I may not carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
 For one Carrier put down to make six bearers,
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He di'd for heaviness that his Cart went light,
 His leasure told him that his time was com,
 And lack of load, made his life burdensom,
 That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)
 As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight;
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal Carrier.
 Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
 In cours reciprocal, and had his fate
 Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
 Only remains this superscription.

L' Allegro.

L' Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy
 Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,
 In *Stygian* Cave forlorn.
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-Raven sings;
 There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
 As ragged as thy Locks,
 In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.
 But com thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphrosyne*,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
 With two sifter Graces more
 To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
 Or whether (as some Sager sing)
 The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring.
Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
 As he met her once a Maying,
 There on Beds of Violets blew,
 And fresh-blown Roses waht in dew,

'T'w'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So beauteous, blith, and debonair.
 Haste thee on, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrincled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Com, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastick toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crue
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreproved pleasures free;
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-towre in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to com in spight of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,

Though

Through the sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
 Or the twisted Eglantine.
 While the Cock with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
 And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
 Stoutly struts his Dames before,
 Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn
 Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
 From the side of som Hoar Hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.
 Som time walking not unseen
 By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
 Right against the Eastern gate,
 Where the great Sun begins his state,
 Roab'd in flames, and Amber light,
 The clouds in thousand Liveries dight,
 While the Plowman neer at hand,
 Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower whets his fithe,
 And every Shepherd tells his tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
 Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,

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

To many a ye .h, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
 And young and old com forth to play
 On a Sunshine Holyday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail,
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,
 She was pincht, and pull'd she sed,
 And by the Friars Lanthorn led
 Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,
 To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
 His shadowy Flae hath thresh'd the Corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
 Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep,
 Towred Cities please us then,
 And the busie humm of men,

Where throngs of Knights and Barons
 In words of Peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of *Orpheus*, 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 *Jonsons* learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespear* fancies childe,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
 And ever against eating Cares,
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
 Married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running;

Untwisting

Untwisting? the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony.
 That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt *Elysian* flowres, and hear
 Such 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.

Hence vain deluding joyes,
 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 likest hovering dreams
 The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.

But

Hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose Saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the Sense of human sight;
 And therefore to our weaker view,
 O're laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.
 Black, but such as in esteem,
 Prince *Memnon's* sister might beseeem,
 Or that starr'd *Ethiops* Queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above
 The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended,
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,
 To solitary *Saturn* bore;
 His daughter she (in *Saturn's* reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
 Compensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestick train,

And

And sable stole of *Cipres* Lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Com, but keep thy wonted state,
 With eev'n step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thy self to Marble, till
 With a sad Leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing.
 And adde to these retired leasures;
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;
 But first, and chieftest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less *Philomel* will deign a Song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,

While

The *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
 Gentle 'ere th'acustom'd Oke;
 Sweet Bird that in m'ft the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most Melancholy!
 Thee Chauntrefs oft the Woods among,
 I woo to hear thy Even-Song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
 To behold the wandring Moon,
 Riding neer her highest noon,
 Like one that had bin led astray
 Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off *Curses* found,
 Over some wide-water'd shoar,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or if the Ayr will not permit,
 Som still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth.
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,

Or

Or the Belmans drowfie charm,
 To bless the dores from nightly harm:
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely Tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
 With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphear.
 The spirit of *Plato* to unfold
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forfook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
 And of those *Demons* that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With Planet, or with Element.
 Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
 In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
 Presenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine.
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.
 But, O sad *Virgin*, that thy power
 Might raise *Musens* from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string,

Drew

Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek,
 Or call up his that left half told
 The story of *Cambujan* bold,
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,
 And who had *Canace* to wife,
 That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glafs,
 And of the wondrous Hors of Brafs,
 On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
 And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,
 In sage and solemn tunes have fung,
 Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
 Of Forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant then meets the ear,
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
 Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
 With the Attick Boy to hunt,
 But Cherche't in a comely Cloud,
 While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rusling Leaves,
 With minute drops from off the Eaves.

And

And when the Sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me Goddess bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
 Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
 Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some Brook,
 Where no prophaner eye may look,
 Hide me from Day's garish eie,
 While the Bee with Honied thie,
 That at her flowry work doth sing,
 And the Waters murmuring
 With such confort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
 And let som strange mysterious dream,
 Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
 Of lively portrature display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet musick breath
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by som spirit to mortals good,
 Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood.

But

But let my due feet never fail,
 To walk the studious Cloysters pale.
 And love the high embowed Roof,
 With antick Pillars massy proof,
 And storied Windows richly dight,
 Casting a dimm religious light.
 There let the pealing Organ blow,
 To the full voic'd Quire below,
 In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peacefull hermitage,
 The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every Herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like Prophetic strain.
 These pleasures *Melancholy* give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

I.

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

II.

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

D

Ei

E i don', che son d'amor fiette ed arco.

La onde l'alta tua speme s'infiora.

Quando tu venga parli, o lieta canti

Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,

Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi

L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;

Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti

Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera

L'avezza giovinetta pastorella

Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella

Che mal si spande a disusata spera

Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,

Cosi amor meco insu la lingua snella

Desto il fior novo di strana 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.

Deb! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno

A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

Canzone.

Canzone.

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'osi?

Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,

E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;

Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi

Altri lidi t'aspettan, & altre onde

Nelle cui verdi sponde

Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma

L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi

Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?

Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi

Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore

Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

Di dati, e te'l diro con maraviglia,

Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar solea

E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea

Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.

Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia

M'abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea

Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,

Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia

D a

Que

*Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua pin d' una,
 E' l' cantar che di mezzo l' hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi sia poco.*

V.

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

VI.

*Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me stesso indubbio sono,*

Madonna

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

VII.

*How soon hath time the fittle thief of youth,
 Soln on his wing my three and twentieth yeer!
 My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
 And inward ripenes doth much less appear,
 That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n,
 To that same lot, however mean or high,*

Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
 , if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great task Masters eye.

VIII.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless dores may cease,
 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're Lands and Seas,
 What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
 The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
 The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
 Went to the ground: And the repeated air
 Of sad *Electra's* Poet had the power
 To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruine bare.

IX.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
 Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,
 The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*,

Chosen

Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
 And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen.
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixt and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
 And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
 Of *Englands* Counsel, and her Treasury,
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee.
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At *Cheronea*, fatal to liberty
 Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,
 Though later born, then to have known the dayes
 Wherin your Father flourish'd, yet by you,
 Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble vertues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

D 4

XI. A

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*;
 And wov'n close, both matter, form and stile;
 The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,
 Numbring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
 Cries the stall-reader, bless us! what a word on

A title page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mil-
 End Green, Why is harder Sirs then Gordon,
 Coliktto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
 That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.
 Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
 Hated not Learning wors then Toad or Asp; (Greek.
 When thou taught'st *Cambridge*, and King *Edward*

XII. *On the same.*

I did but prompt the age to quit their cloggs
 By the known rules of antient libertie,
 When strait a barbarous noise environs me
 Of Owles and Cuckoes, Affes, Apes and Doggs.
 As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs
 Raild at *Latona's* twin-born progenie
 Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs;

That

That bawle for freedom in their senceless mood
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.
 Licence they mean when they cry libertie;
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
 But from that mark how far they roave we see
 For all this wast of wealth, and los of blood.

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.

XIII.

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

X IV. When

Whe. Faith and Love which parted from thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
 Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth sever.

Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
 But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and blifs for ever.

Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

On the late Massacher in Piemont.

XV.

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
 When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,
 Forget not: in thy book record their groanes
 Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold

Slain

Slayn by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd
 Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their
 The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes so
 O're all th' *Italian* fields where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
 A hunder'd-fold; who having learnt thy way
 Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

XVI.

When I consider how my light is spent,
 E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one Talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, least he returning chide,
 Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
 I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
 Bear his milde y oak, they serve him best; his State
 Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:
 They also serve who only stand and waite.

XVII.

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

XVIII.

Cyriack, whose Grandfire on the Royal Bench
 Of Brittish *Themis*, with with no mean applause
 Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,
 Which others at their Barr so often wrench;
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth, that after no repenting drawes;
 Let *Euclid* rest and *Archimedes* pause,
 And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.

To

To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way,
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XIX.

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

The

The Fifth Ode of Horace. Lib. I.

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

WHat slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
 Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bindst thou
 In wreaths thy golden Hair,
 Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he
 On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
 Rough with black winds and storms
 Unwonted shall admire:
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
 Who alwayes vacant alwayes amiable
 Hopes thee; of flattering gales
 Unmindfull. Hapless they
 To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of Sea.

AD PYRRHAM. Ode V.

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

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

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

HAil native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish tripp s,
 Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant-lipps,
 Driving dum silence from the portal dore,
 Where he had mutely fate two years before :
 Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task :
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
 I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee :
 Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst :
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aide
 For this same small neglect that I have made :
 But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
 And from thy wardrope bring thy chieftest treasure ;
 Not those new fangled toys, and trimming flight
 Which takes our late fantasticks with delight,

But

But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire
 Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire :
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about
 And loudly knock to have their passage out ;
 And wearie of their place do only stay
 Till thou hast deck't them in thy best aray ;
 That so they may without suspect or fears
 Fly swifly to this fair Assembly's ears ;
 Yet I had rather if I were to chuse,
 Thy service in some graver subject use,
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound :
 Such where the deep transported mind may soare
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns dore
 Look in, and see each blisful Deitie
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
 Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings
 To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
 Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire :
 Then passing through the Spherse of watchful fire,
 And mistie Regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
 May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
 In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves ;

E.

Then

Then sing of secret things that came to pass
 When old Nature in her cradle was ;
 And last of Kings and Queens and Hero's old,
 Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told
 In solemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feast,
 While sad *Ulysses* soul and all the rest
 Are held with his melodious harmonic
 In willing chains and sweet captivitie.
 But fie my wandring Muse how thou dost stray !
 Expectance calls thee now another way,
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy Predicament :
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
 That to the next I may resign my Roome.

Then Ens is represented as Father of the 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 Faery Ladies daunc't upon the hearth ;
 Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie
 Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie ;

And

And sweetly singing round about thy Bed
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible,
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A *Sybil* old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage,
 And in times long and dark Prospective Glass
 Fore-saw what future dayes should bring to pass,
 Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
 Shall subject be to many an Accident.
 O're all his Brethren he shall Reign as King,
 Yet every one shall make him underling,
 And those that cannot live from him asunder
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them ;
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing.
 To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap ;
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his dore
 Devouring war shall never cease to roare :

Yea it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

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

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

The rest was Prose.

On

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

BEcause you have thrown of your Prelate Lord,
 And with stiff Vowes renounc'd his Liturgie
 To seise the widdow'd whore Pluralitie
 From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhor'd,
 Dare ye for this adjure the Civill Sword
 To force our Consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
 Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford*?
 Men whose Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent
 Would have been held in high esteem with *Paul*
 Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks
 By shallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d' ye call:
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
 Your plots and packing wors then those of *Trent*,

That so the Parliament

May with their wholsom and preventive Shears
 Clip your Phylacteries, though 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.

A R C A D E S.

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

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,
Heer our solemn search hath end.

Fame that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse

Of detraction from her praise,

Less then half we find exprest,

Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,

Shooting

Shooting her beams like silver threads,

This this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright,

In the center of her light.

Might she the wise *Latona* be,

Or the towred *Cybele*,

Mother of a hundred gods;

Juno dare's not give her odds;

Who had thought this clime had held

A deity so unparalel'd?

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

G*En.* Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,

Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung

Of that renowned flood, so often sung,

Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret fluse,

Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse*;

And ye the breathing *Roses* of the Wood,

Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,

I know this quest of yours, and free intent

Was all in honour and devotion ment

To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine,
 Who with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this nights glad solemnity ;
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold
 What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold ;
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have fate to wonder at, and gaze upon :
 For know by lot from *Jove* I am the powr
 Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bowr,
 To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove.
 With Ringlets quaint; and wanton windings wove,
 And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,
 Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.
 And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew,
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
 Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
 Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When Ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd groun'd,
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tasseld horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout

With

With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless,
 But els in deep of night when drowfines
 Hath lock't up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,
 That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,
 To lull the daughters of *Necessity*,
 And keep unsteddy Nature to her law,
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear ;
 And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
 The peerles height of her immortal praise,
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
 What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state ;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm.

2. SONG.

2. S O N G.

O'Re the smooth enamel'd green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string.

Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm-Star-proof.

Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits
Clad in splendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

3. S O N G.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks,
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,

Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
A better soyl shall give ye thanks:
From the stony *Mænalus*,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us.

Here

Here ye shall have geater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.

Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Mistress were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen,

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 ruine of our corrupted Clergie then in their height.

YEt once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fear,
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compells me to disturb your season due:
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew

Himself

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not flote upon his watry bear
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of som melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud,
 For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock; by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a field, and both together heard
 What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright,
 Toward Heav'ns descent had stop'd his westering wheel.
 Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
 Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fawns* with clov'n heel,

From

From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old *Dametas* lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
 Now thou art gon, and never must return!
 Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
 With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.
 The Willows, and the Hazle Copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.
 As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
 Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
 Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
 When first the White Thorn blows;
 Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, ly,
 Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
 Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream:
 Ay me, I fondly dream!
 Had ye bin there---for what could that have don?
 What could the Muse her self that *Orphens* bore,

The

The Muse her self for her enchanting sort
Whom Universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To end the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,
Were it not better don as others use,
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neara's* hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th'abhorred shears,
And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging *Jove*;

As

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

O Fountain *Aresbuse*, and thou honour'd froud,
Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oar proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in *Neptune's* plea,
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon Winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked Promontory;
They knew not of his story,
And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures uim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.

Ah!

Ah; Who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
 Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain,
 (The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
 He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Anow of such as for their bellies sake,
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least
 That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,

But

that two-handed engine at the door,
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
 Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; Return *Sicilian* Muse,
 And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their Bells, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showres,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
 Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
 The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,
 The glowing Violet.
 The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine,
 With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid *Amarantus* all his beauty shed,
 And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.

F

Ay

Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Sea
 Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
 Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the haples youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
 For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry 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 Lock's he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There

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



A
M A S K

P R E S E N T E D

At LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634. &c.

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEfore the starry threshold of *Joves* Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shape
Of bright aereal Spirits live insphar'd

In Regions milde of calm and serene Air,
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being
Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.
Yet som there be that by due steps aspire

To

To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That ope's the Palace of Eternity :

To such my errand is, and but for such,
I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. *Neptune* besides the sway
Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather *Jove*,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles

That like to rich, and various gemms inlay
The unadorned boosom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns,
And weild their little tridents, but this Ile
The greatest, and the best of all the main
He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust, and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms :
Where his fair off-spring nurs't in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Fathers state,
And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way

F 3

Lies

Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandring Passinger.
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that by quick command from Sovcran *Jove*
 I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;
 And listen why, for I will tell you now
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song
 From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bowr.

Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape,
 Crush't the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine
 After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd
 Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds list'd,
 On *Circes* Iland fell (who knows not *Circe*
 The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
 This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
 With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
 Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
 Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
 Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields,

At

At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,
 Excells his Mother at her mighty Art,
 Offring to every weary Traveller,
 His orient Liquor in a Crystal Glas,
 To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th'express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 Into som brutish form of Woolf, or Bear,
 Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were,
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely then before
 And all their friends, and native home forget
 To roule with pleasure in a sensual stie.
 Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
 Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,
 I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do: But first I must put off
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris* Wooff,
 And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,

F 4

That

That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth dittied Song,
 Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving Woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his Mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present ayd
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hatefull steps, I must be viewles now.

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

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold.

Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded Car of Day,
 His glowing Axle doth allay
 In the steep *Atlantick* stream,
 And the slope Sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky Pole,
 Pacing toward the other gole
 Of his Chamber in the East.
 Mean while welcom Joy, and Feast,

Midnight

Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Tipsie dance, and Jollity.
 Braid your Locks with rosie Twine
 Dropping odours, dropping Wine:
 Rigor now is gon to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sower Severity,
 With their grave Saws in slumber lie.
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the Starry Quire,
 Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,
 Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
 The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove
 Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
 And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
 By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
 The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
 Com let us our rights begin,
 'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin

Which

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

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,
 Of som chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,
 Our number may affright: Some Virgin sure

(For

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

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now, me thought it was the sound
 Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,

Such

Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesom Pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds,
 When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
 In wanton dances they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late Wassailers; yet O where els
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
 My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
 Stept as they se'd to the next Thicket side
 To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n
 Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phaebus* wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
 They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,
 And envious darknes, e're they could return,
 Had stole them from me, els O theevish Night
 Why shouldst thou, but for som felonious end,

In

In thy dark Lantern thus close up the Stars,
 That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely Traveller?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
 Was rise, and perfet in my list'ning ear,
 Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory
 Of calling shäpes, and beckning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
 On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion Conscience.-----
 O welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish't form of Chastity,
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glisring Guardian if need were
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.

Was

Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen

Within thy airy shell

By slow Meander's margent green,

And in the violet imbroider'd vale

Where the love-lorn Nightingale

Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair

That liketh thy Narcissus are?

O if thou have

Hid them in som flowry Cave,

Tell me but where

Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphæar,

So maist thou be translated to the skies,

And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.

Com.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould
 Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that brest,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testifie his hidd'n residence;
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night
 At every fall smoothing the Raven doune
 Of darknes till it smil'd: I have oft heard
 My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
 Amid't the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*
 Culling their potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in *Elysium*, *Scylla* wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self,
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking blifs
 I never heard till now. Ile speak to her
 And she shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
 Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine

Dwell'st

Dwell'tt here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

La. Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise
 That is addrest to unattending Ears,
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darkness, and this leavie Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from neer-usherings guides?

La. They left me weary on a grassie turf.

Co. By falsehood, or discourtesie, or why?

La. To seek i'th vally som cool friendly Spring.

Co. And left your fair side all unguarded Lady?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

La. How easie my misfortune is to hit!

Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

La. No less then if I should my brothers loose.

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

La. As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe

In

In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swink't hedger at his Supper fate;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,
 Their port was more then human, as they stood;
 I took it for a faëry vision
 Of som gay creatures of the element
 That in the colours of the Rainbow live
 And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,
 And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek
 It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
 To help you find them. *La.* Gentle villager
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
 In such a scant allowance of Star-light,
 Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art,
 Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet.
Co. I know each lane, and every alley green
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wilde Wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,

G

Or

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

The two Brothers:

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon
 That wontst to love the travellers benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness, and of shades;
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, som gentle taper

Though

Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole
 Of som clay habitation visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
 And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*,
 Or *Tyrian* Cynosure. 2. *Bro.* Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
 The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the Lodge, or Village Cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
 'Twould be som solace yet som little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innumerable bowes.
 But O that haples virgin our lost sister
 Where may she wander now, whether betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
 Perhaps som cold bank is her boulder now
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears,
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or while we speak within the direful grasp
 Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace Brother, be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion?
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipl'd in vertues book,
 And the sweet peace that goodnes boosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.
 Vertue could see to do what vertue would
 By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
 Were in the flat Sea sunk. And Wisdoms self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
 That in the various busle of resort
 Were all to ruff'd, and somtimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own cleer brest
 May sit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts
 Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

2. Bro.

2. Bro. Tis most true
 That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a Senat house,
 For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
 His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unshun'd heaps
 Of Misers treasure by an out-laws den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wilde surrounding wast.
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not,
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest som ill greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,

G 3

Infer,

Inferr, as if I thought my sisters state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversie:
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
 That I encline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

2. Bro. What hidden strength,

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

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity;

She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,

And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
 May trace huge Forrests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
 Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
 Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,

No savage fierce, Bandite, or Mountaneer

Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,

Yea there, where very desolation dwells

By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,

She may pass on with unblench't majesty,

Be

Be it not don in pride, or in presumption.

Som say no evil thing that walks by night

In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,

Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,

That breaks his magick chains at *curfew* time,

No Goblin, or swart Faëry of the mine,

Hath hurtfull power o're true Virginity.

Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call

Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*

To testifie the arms of Chastity?

Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dred bow

Fair silver-shafted *Queen* for ever chaste,

Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness

And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought

The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men

Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen oth' Woods.

What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* sheild

That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,

Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?

But rigid looks of Chast austeritey,

And noble grace that dash't brute violence

With sudden adoration, and blank aw.

So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,

That when a soul is found sincerely so,

G 4

A

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

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

And

And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfet rains. *Eld. Bro.* List, list, I hear
 Som far of hallow break the silent Air.

2. Bro. Me thought so too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain

Either som one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at worst,
 Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

2. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister, agen, agen, and neer,
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. Ile hallow,
 If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak;
 Com not too neer, you fall on iron stakes else.

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

2. Bro. O brother, 'tis my father Shepherd sure.

Eld. Bro. *Thyrsis*? Whose artful strains have oft delaid
 The hudling brook to hear his madrigal,
 And sweetn'd every muskrose of the dale,
 How cam'st thou here good Swain? hath any Ram
 slipt from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,

Or

Or straggling Weather the pen't flock forlook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd Masters heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering Woolf, not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But O my Virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

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

Spir. Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.

El. Bro. What fears good *Thyrsis*? Prethee briefly shew.

Spir. He tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage Poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal vers
Of dire *Chimera*'s and enchanted Isles,
And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navil of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwells
Of *Bacchus*, and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,

Deep

Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer,
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likenes of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learn't
Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres,
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells
To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'n their supper on the favoury Herb
Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sate me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy

To

To meditate upon my rural minstrelle,
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
 And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance
 At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsie frightened steeds
 That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep;
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
 Was took e're she was ware, and wist she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displac't. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
 And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haste
 Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place

Where

Where that damn'd wifard hid in sly disguise
 (For so by certain signes I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his wish't prey,
 Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him som neighbour villager;
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't
 Ye were the two she mean't, with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But further know I not. 2. *Bro.* O night and shades,
 How are ye joyn'd with Hell in tripple knot
 Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin
 Alone, and helpless! is this the confidence
 You gave me Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely, not a period
 Shall be unaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on it self shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last

Gather'd

Gather'd like scum, and fetl'd to it self
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,
 And earths base built on stubble. But com let's on,
 Against th'opposing will and arm of Heav'n
 May never this just sword be lifted up,
 But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
 With all the greisly legions that troop
 Under the footy flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydra's*, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, Ile find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas good ventrous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead,
 Far other arms, and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
 And crumble all thy finew.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee Shepherd
 How curst thou then thy self approach so near

As

As to make this Relation?

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

'Gainst

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

Eld. Bro. *Tbyrsis* lead on apace, Ile follow thee,
 And som good angel bear a shield before us.

The

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

Comus. Nay Lady sit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaster,
 And you a statue, or as *Daphne* was
 Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*,

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

Co. Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
 Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
 Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.
 And first behold this cordial Julep here
 That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
 With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.
 Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Tbone*,

In *Egypt* gave to *Jove-born Helena*
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst
 Why should you be so cruel to your self;
 And to those dainty limms which nature lent
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
 But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted, but fair *Virgin*
 This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not false traitor,
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies,
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,

And

And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
 With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
 Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishnes of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge Doctors of the *Stoick Furr*,
 And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick Tub*,
 Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth,
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
 To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
 She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
 To store her children with; if all the world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,

H 2

Th'all-

Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility; (plumes,
 Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with
 The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
 The Sea o'refraught would swell, & th'unsought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,
 And so bestudd with Stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameles brows.
 Lill Lady be not coy, and be not cosen'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginity,
 Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoorded,
 But must be currant, and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partak'n blifs,
 Unfavoury in th'injoyment of it self
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
 Beauty is natures brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities

Where

Where most may wonder at the workm...
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; course complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to teize the huswifes wooll,
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the the Morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be adviz'd, you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
 Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes
 Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb.
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And vertue has no tongue to check her pride:
 Impostor do not charge most innocent nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance she good caters
 Means her provision only to the good
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
 If every just man that now pines with want
 Had but a moderate and beseeming share
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury

H 3

Now

Now heaps upon som few with vast excess,
 Natures full blessings would be well dispenc't
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encomber'd with her store,
 And then the giver would be better thank't,
 His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony
 Ne're looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said anow? To him that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity;
 Fain would I somthing say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness then this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't;
 Yet should I try, the uncontroled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits

To

To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.

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

H 4

The

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

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

There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,
 Whilom she was the daughter of *Loarine*,
 That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute*.
 The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdam *Gwendolen*,
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course,

The

The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged *Nereus* Hall,
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil*,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till she reviv'd,
 And underwent a quick immortal change
 Made Goddess of the River; still she retains
 Her maid'n gentleness, and oft at Eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signes
 That the shrewd meddling Elfe delights to make,
 Which she with pretious viol'd liquors heals.
 For which the Shepherds at their festivals
 Carrol her goodnes lowd in rustick layes,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy *Daffadils*.
 And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
 If she be right invok't in warbled Song,
 For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a Virgin such as was her self

In hard besetting need, this will I try
And adde the power of som adjuring verse.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair

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

Listen and save.

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

By

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

Listen and save.

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

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

Spir.

Spir. Goddess dear
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true Virgin here distressed,
 Through the force, and through the wile
 Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd 'tis my office best
 To help insnared chastity
 Brightest Lady look on me,
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops that from my fountain pure,
 I have kept of pretious cure,
 Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
 Next this marble venom'd seat
 Smear'd with gumms of glutenous heat
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;
 And I must haste ere morning hour
 To wait in *Amphitrite's* bower,

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

Spir. Virgin, daughter of *Lochrine*
 Sprung of old *Anchises* line

May

May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumbled down the snowy hills:
 Summer drouth, or singed air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet *Octobers* torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,
 May thy billows rowl ashoar
 The beryl, and the golden ore,
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tower and terras round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With Groves of myrthe, and cinnamon.
 Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Lest the Sorcerer us entice
 With som other new device.
 Not a waste, or needles sound
 Till we com to holier ground,
 I shall be your faithfull guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide,
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Fathers residence,

Wher.

Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish't presence, and beside
 All the Swains that there abide,
 With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and chere;
 Com let us haste, the Stars grow high,
 But night fits monarch yet in the mid sky.

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

S O N G.

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

This

This second Song presents them to their
 Father and Mother.

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

The dances ended, the Spirit Epilognizes.

*Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that ly
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid air
 All amidst the Gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree:
 Along the crisped shades and bowres
 Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,*

The

The Graces, and the roſie-boſom'd HowRE,
 Thither all their bounties bring,
 That there eternal Summer dwels,
 And Weſt winds, with muſky wing
 About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and *Caffia*'s balmy ſmels.
Iris there with humid bow,
 Waters the odorous banks that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hew
 Then her purſ'd ſcarf can ſhew,
 And drenches with *Elyſian* dew
 (Liſt mortals if your ears be true)
 Beds of *Hyacinth*, and *Roſes*
 Where young *Adonis* oft reſoſes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In ſlumber ſoft, and on the ground
 Sadly ſits th' *Aſſyrian* Queen;
 But far above in ſpangled ſheen
 Celeſtial *Cupid* her fam'd Son advanc't,
 Holds his dear *Pyiſche* ſweet intranc't
 After her wandring labours long,
 Till free conſent the gods among
 Make her his eternal Bride,
 And from her fair unſpotted ſide

Two bliſful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy; ſo *Jove* hath ſworn.
 But now my task is ſmoothly don,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earths end,
 Where the bow'd welkin ſlow doth bend,
 And from thence can ſoar as ſoon
 To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
 Love vertue, ſhe alone is free,
 She can teach ye how to clime
 Higher then the Spheary chime;
 Or if Vertue feeble were,
 Heav'n it ſelf would ſtoop to her.

PSAL. I. Done into Verse, 1653.

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

PSAL.

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

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
 muse a vain thing, the Kings of th' earth up-
 With power, and Princes in their Congregations (stand
 Lay deep their plots together through each Land,
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I saith hee
 anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
 On Sion my holi' hill. A firm decree
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath say'd
 Thou art my Son I have begotten thee
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earths utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
 With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them disperse
 Like to a potters vessel shiver'd so.

And now be wise at length ye Kings averse
 Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear
 In anger and ye perish in the way
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSAL. 3. Aug. 9. 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

Lord how many are my foes
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,
 No help for him in God there lies.
 But thou Lord art my shield my glory,
 Thee through my story
 Th' exalter of my head I count
 Aloud I cry'd
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
 And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay

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

PSAL. IV. Aug. 10. 1653.

A nswer me when I call
 God of my righteousness
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disintrall
 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

I 3

Still

Still to love vanity,
 To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?
 Yet know the Lord hath chose
 Chose to himself a part
 The good and meek of heart
 (For whom to chuse he knows.)
 Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voyce what time to him I crie.
 Be aw'd, and do not sin,
 Speak to your hearts alone,
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust.
 Many there be that say
 Who yet will shew us good?
 Talking like this worlds brood;
 But Lord, thus let me pray,
 On us lift up the light
 Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.

Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put
 Then when a year of glut

Their

Their stores doth over-cloy
 And from their plenteous grounds
 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds
 In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where ere I lie
 As in a rocky Cell
 Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. Aug. 12. 1653.

Jehovah to my words give ear
 My meditation waigh
 The voyce of my complaining hear
 My King and God for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah thou my early voyce
 Shalt in the morning hear
 Ith' morning I to thee with choyce
 Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear.
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight
 Evil with thee no biding makes
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.

All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly
 The bloodi' and guileful man God doth detest.
 But I will in thy mercies dear
 Thy numerous mercies go
 Into thy house; I in thy fear
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low
 Lord lead me in thy righteousness
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe If I transgress
 Set thy wayes right before, where my step goes.
 For in his faltring mouth unstable
 No word is firm or sooth
 Their inside, troubles miserable;
 An open grave their throate, their tongue they smee
 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
 d shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.

For

For thou Jehovah wilt be found
 To bless the just man still,
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will

PSAL. VI. Aug. 13. 1653.

Lord in thine anger do not reprehend me
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
 Pity me Lord for I am much deject
 Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me;
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore
 And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
 Wearied I am with fighting out my dayes,
 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
 Ith' mid'st of all mine enemies that mark.
 Depart all ye that work iniquitie.

Depart

Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping.

The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prai'r
My supplication with acceptance fair

The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't

With much confusion; then grow red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came
And in a moment shall be quite abash't.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

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

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,

Or

Or to him have render'd less,
And not fre'd my foe for naught;

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

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

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

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness
And the innocence which is

Upon

Upon me: cause at length to cease
 Of evil men the wickedness
 And their power that do amis,
 But the just establish fast,
 Since thou art the just God that tries
 Hearts and reins. On God is cast
 My defence, and in him lies
 In him who both just and wise
 Saves th' upright of Heart at last.

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

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

His

His mischief that due course doth keep,
 Turns on his head, and his ill trade
 Of violence will undelay'd
 Fall on his crown with ruine steep.

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

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 Heavens thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,
 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes
 To stint th' enemy, and slack th'avengers brow
 That bends his rage thy providence to oppose
 When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
 The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast set,
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
 O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And

And think'st upon him; 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're the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forrest meet.
 Fowl of the Heavens, and Fish that through the wet
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide. And know no dearth.
 O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth.

April.

April. 1648. J. M.

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

PSAL. LXX X.

1 **T**Hou Shepherd that dost Israel keep
 Give ear *in time of need,*
 Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Josephs feed,
 That sitt'st between the Cherubs bright
Between their wings out-spread
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread

2 In Ephraims view and Benjamins,
 And in Manasse's fight
 Awake * thy strength, come, and be seen * *Gnoreria.*
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

- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy * smoking wrath, and angry brow * *Snashanta.*
Against thy peoples praise.
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them * largely drink the tears * *Shalish.*
Wherwith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey
To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they * laugh; they * play,
And * flouts at us they throw * *Jilnagu.*
- 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 shine,
And drov'st out Nations proud and haught
To plant this lovely Vine.
- 9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place
And root it deep and fast
That it began to grow apace,
And fill'd the land at last.

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

- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
 And cut *with Axes* down,
 They perish at thy 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 thy self hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
 To *wayes of sin and shame*,
 Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* wee
 Shall call upon thy Name.
 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
 Lord God of Hosts *voutsafe*,
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.

 PSAL. LXXXI.

I **T**O God our strength sing loud, *and clear*
 Sing loud to God *our King*,
 To Jacobs God, *that all may hear*
 Loud acclamations ring.

- 0 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song
 The Timbrel hither bring
 The *cheerfull* Psaltry bring along
 And Harp *with pleasant string*,
- 3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new Moon
 With Trumpets *lofty sound*,
 Th' appointed time, the day wheron
 Our solemn Feast *comes round*.
- 4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*
 For Israel *to observe*
 A Law of Jacobs God, *to hold*
 From whence they might not *swerve*.
- 5 This he a Testimony ordain'd
 In Joseph, *not to change*,
 When as he pass'd through *Ægypt land* ;
 The Tongue I heard, was strange.
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toyle*
 I set his shoulder free ;
 His hands from pots, *and mirie soyle*
 Deliver'd were *by me*.
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assaile,
 On me then didst thou call,
 And I to free thee *did not faile*,
 And led thee out of thrall.

answer'd thee in * thunder deep * *Be Sether ragnam.*
 With clouds encompass'd round ;
 I tri'd thee at the water steep
 Of Meriba renown'd.
 8 Hear O my people, *heark'n well,*
 I testifie to thee
Thou antient stock of Israel,
 If thou wilt list to mee,
 9 Through out the land of thy abode
 No alien God shall be
 Nor shalt thou to a forein God
 In honour bend thy knee.
 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
 Thee out of Ægypt land
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*
 Will grant thy full demand.
 11 And yet my people would not *hear,*
 Nor hearken to my voice ;
 And Israel *whom I lov'd so dear*
 Mislik'd me for his choice.
 12 Then did I leave them to their will
 And to their wandring mind ;
 Their own conceits they follow'd still
 Their own devises blind.

13 O that my people would *be wise*
 To serve me *all their daies,*
 And O that Israel would *advise*
 To walk my *righteous waies.*
 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes
That now so proudly rise,
 And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies.
 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
 To bow to him and bend,
 But *they, his People, should remain,*
 Their time should have no end.
 16 And we would feed them *from the shock,*
 With flowr of finest wheat,
 And satisfie them from the rock
 With Honey *for their Mest.*

PSAL. LXXVII.

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

2 How long will ye * pervert the right
With * judgment false and wrong
Favouring the wicked *by your might.*

Who thence grow bold and strong

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

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

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

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

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

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

* *Tiskphein*
gnavel.

* *Shiphu-dal.*

† *Hatzdiku.*

* *Jimmotu.*

* *Shiphu.*

PSAL. LXX XIII.

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

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

3 Against thy people they † contrive
† Their Plots and Counsels deep,
* Them to ensnare they chiefly strive * *Jithjagnatsugnal.*
* Whom thou dost hide and keep. * *Tsephuneca.*

4 Come let us cut them off say they,
Till they no Nation be
That Israels name for ever may
Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult † with all their might, † *Lev jachdan.*
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite
And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael,

* *Jebemajun.*

† *Jagnarimu.*

† *Sod.*

* *Tsephuneca.*

† *Lev jachdan.*

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

Gods

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

PSAL.

PSAL. LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The pleasant Tabernacles are!
Where thou do'st dwell so near.
- 2 My Soul doth long and almost die
 Thy Courts O Lord to see,
 My heart and flesh aloud do crie,
 O living God, for thee.
- 3 There ev'n the Sparrow *freed from wrong*
 Hath found a house of rest,
 The Swallow there, to lay her young
 Hath built her *brooding* nest,
 Ev'n by thy Altars Lord of Hosts
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coasts
Toward thee, My King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside
 Where thee they ever praise,
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
 And in their hearts thy waies.
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirstie* Vale,
That dry and barren ground

As

- As through a fruitfull watry Dale
 Where Springs and Showrs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladfom cheer
Till all before our God at length
 In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts hear *now* my praier
 O Jacobs God give ear,
- 9 Thou God our shield look on the face
 Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*
 Is better, *and more blest*
 Then *in the joyes of Vanity,*
 A thousand daies *at best*.
- I in the temple of my God
 Had rather keep a dore,
 Then dwell in Tents, *and rich abode*
 With Sin *for evermore*.
- 11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
 Gives grace and glory *bright,*
 No good from them shall be with-held
 Whose waies are just and right.
- 12 Lord God of Hosts *that raign'st on high,*
 That man is *truly blest,*

Who

Who *wly* on thee doth relie,
And in thee only rest.

PSAL. LXXXV.

- 1 **T**hy 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.
Far worse then fire to burn. *The burning heat*
- 4 God of our saving health and peace, *of thy wrath.*
Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, *and chide no more*.
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?

- 6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice* * Heb *Turn*
And us again * revive, *to quicken us.*
That so thy people may rejoyce
By thee preserv'd alive.
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness Lord,
To us thy mercy shew
Thy saving health to us afford
And life in us renew.
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak
I will go *strait* and hear,
For to his people he speaks peace
And to his Saints *full dear*,
To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand
And glory shall *ere long* appear
To dwell within our Land.
- 10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
Now *joyfully* are met
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd
And hand in hand are set.

11 Truth from the earth *like to a flower*
 Shall bud and blossom *then*,
 And Justice from her heavenly bowr
 look down *on mortal men*.

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

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

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

PSAL. LXXXVI.

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

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

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

3 Pitty

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

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

- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy hand-maids Son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then see*
And be asham'd, because thou Lord
Do'st help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

- 1 **A**mong the holy Mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast,
There Seated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac't.
- 2 Sions *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
Then all the dwellings *faire*
Of Jacobs *Land*, though there be store,
And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud Kings*
Did our forefathers yoke,

I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
 And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends,*
 Lo this man there was born :
 5 But *wise that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion last
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast.
 6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle
 That ne're shall be out-worn
 When he the Nations doth enrowle
 That this man there was born.
 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance
With sacred Songs are there,
In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance
And all my fountains clear.

 PSAL. LXX XVIII.

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

2 Into

2 Into thy presence let my praier
With sighs devout ascend
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
 Thine ear with favour bend.
 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
 Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,
 My life *at deaths uncherful dore*
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
 4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal pit*
 I am a * man, but weak alas * Heb. *A man without*
 And for that name unfit. *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're
 Deaths *hideous house hath barr'd.*
 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
 Hast set me *all forlorn,*
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round,*
 In horrid deeps *to mourn.*

L. 2

7 Thy

7 Thy wrath from which no shelter saves
Full fore doth press on me ;

* Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,

* And all thy waves break me.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,

And mak'st me odious,

Me to them odious, for they change,

And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great

Mine eye grows dim and dead,

Lord all the day I thee entreat,

My hands to thee I spread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,

Shall the deceas'd arise

And praise thee from their 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 darkness can thy mighty hand

Or wondrous acts be known,

Thy justice in the gloomy land

Of dark oblivion ?

* The Hebr.
bears both.

13 But I to thee O Lord do cry

E're yet my life be spent,

And up to thee my praier doth hie

Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou Lord my soul forsake,

And hide thy face from me,

15 That am already bruis'd, and † shake

With terror sent from thee ;

Bruz'd, and afflicted and so low

As ready to expire,

While I thy terrors undergo

Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow

Thy threatnings cut me through.

17 All day they round about me go,

Like waves they me persue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd

And sever'd from me far.

They fly me now whom I have lov'd,

And as in darkness are.

F I N I S.

† Heb. Præ
Concussione.

Joannis Miltoni
LONDINENSIS
POEMATIA:


Quorum pleraque intra Annum
ætatis Vigefimum Confcipfit.

Nunc primum Edita.



LONDINI,
Excudebat W. R. Anno 1673.




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

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

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

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

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

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

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

Al

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

Q D E.

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

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

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

Alla

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

*Lungi dal Patrio lido
 Spinse Zeus 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 priu 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 amante
 Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti*

Le

*Le peregrine piante
 Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;
 Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
 E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.*

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

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

*Nell' altera Babelle
 Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
 Che per varie favelle
 Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano :*

Cb'

*Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.*

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

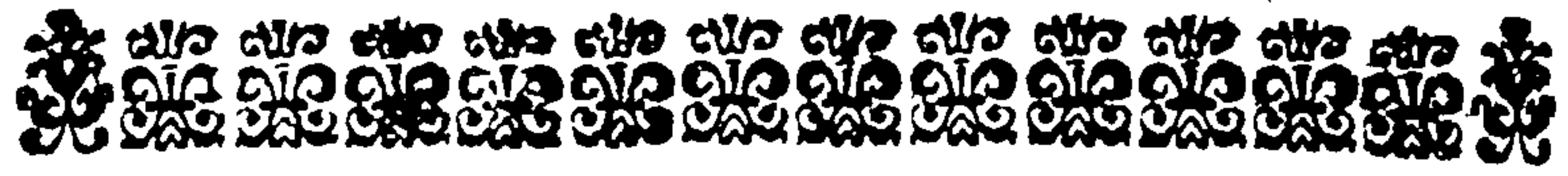
*Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un sermìn si gl' anni,
Che di virtu immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema e storia
Faron gia, l' hai presenti alla memoria.*

*Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' in alz indoti all' Etra
Di farti buono ce' este ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dira che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.*

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

*Del sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo
Fiorentino.*

70 ANNI



JOANNI MLTONI LONDINENSI.

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,

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

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomatica omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda;

Et jure ea percallet ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos, intelligat.

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

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

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

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

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

Elegiarum



ELEGIARUM

Liber Primus.

Elegia prima ad *Carolus Diodatum.*

Tandem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas,
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
Vergivium pronò quâ petit amne salum.

Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs restuâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
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,
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.

M

Si

Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
 Et vaivium curis otia grata sequi,
 Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemve recuso,
 Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
 Non tunc Jonio quicquam cessisset Homero
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
 Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Musis,
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
 Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
 Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,
 Sive decennali foecundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro,
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique Patris;
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
 Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,
 Et dolet, & specto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
 Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:

Seu

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
 Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,
 Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,
 Seu mæret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
 Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sydera flammæ
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis;
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
 Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.
 Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
 Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroïdes olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.

M 2

Cedite

Cecite Achæmeniaë turritâ fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
 Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpêia Musa columnas
 Jactet, & Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit scemina posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auróque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias,
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, & roseam posthabitura Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,
 Mœnia quàm subito linquere fausta paro;
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.

Stat

Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno ætatis 17.

*In obitum Præconis Academici
 Cantabrigiensis.*

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.

M 3

Talis

Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Attidæ iussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegèia tristes,
 Personet & totis nœnia mœsta scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.

Mœstus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis Imago
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore tures
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.

Et

Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
 Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
 Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
 Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ,
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

Elegia quarta. Anno ætatis 18.

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

Curre per immensum subito mea littera pontum,
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros,
 Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstet eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
 Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos;
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.

At

A tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales,
 Vect. quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
 Cimbrica, quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
 Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
 Charior ille mihi quam tu doctissime Graium
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.
 Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
 Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
 Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparfi læta ter ora mero.

Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
 At te præcipuè luxi dignissime præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
 Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar,
 Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa,
 Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
 Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ?
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiaco submerferat æquore currum
 Phœbus, ab eöo littore mensus iter.

Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
 Considerant oculos noxque soporque meos.
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
 Ditiore Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
 Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
 Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
 Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono.

Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanæ terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlori senilem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes :
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
 Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
 Invenies dulci cum conjugē forte sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
 Forsitan aut veterum prælargæ volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.
 Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam, sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui :
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem ;
 Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
 Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.

Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit.
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
 Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
 Supplicis ad moestas deliquere preces.
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
 Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
 Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat.
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
 Illuc Odryfios Mars pater egit equos.
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
 Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,

Fugit

Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
 Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis & ignoto solus inopsque solo;
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria dura parens, & saxis sævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fætus;
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
 Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
 Talis & horrifono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Jesum
 Pinibus ingratus jussit abire suis.

At

At tu fume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obfitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
 Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;
 Ille Sionæ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte filente viros;
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
 Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 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 miseri) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre locos.

Elegia

Elegia quinta, Anno ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

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

Quid

Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?

Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?

Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;

Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.

Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis

Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus;

Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,

Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores

Veris, & hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.

Jam sol Æthiopus fugiens Tithoniaque arva,

Flectit ad Arctôas aurea lora plagas.

Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ

Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.

Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cæleste Boôtes

Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ,

Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto

Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.

Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,

Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.

Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,

Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,

Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ

Phoebe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.

Læta

Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit

Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,

Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur

Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.

Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,

Quid juvat effoeto procubuisse toro?

Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,

Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.

Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,

Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.

Exiit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,

Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;

Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,

Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,

Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto

Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis.

Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,

Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;

Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,

Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.

Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos

Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.

Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,

Mellitæque movent flamina verna preces.

N

Cinnamêa

Cinnamēa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alā,
 Blanc' tiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
 Præbet, & hinc tuculos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
 Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
 Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
 Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno
 Hesperiiis recipit Cærule mater aquis?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
 Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
 Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
 Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,
 Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
 Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
 Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo;

Cum

Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,
 Huc ades & gremio lumina pone meo.
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
 Litus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
 Natvia nocturno placat sua sydera cantu,
 Delphinâsque leves ad vada summa vocat.

N 2

Iupiter

Jupiter ipse alto cum conjugè ludit Olympo,
 Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
 Sylvanusque suâ Cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
 Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes,
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
 Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
 Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
 Nec vos arboreâ dii precor ite domo.
 Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris
 Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
 Quà potes, & sensim tempora veris eant.
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
 Ingruat & nostro serior umbra polo.

Elegia sexta.

*Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri com-
 morantem.*

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

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Quâ tu dissentio forte carere potes.
 At tua quid nostram prolestat Musa camœnam,
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebræ?
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamèinque colamque,
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
 Quàm benè solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim
 Festaque coelifugam quæ coluere Deum,
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustraque per lepidos Gallica musta focos.
 Quid queretis refugam vino dapibusque poësin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.

N:c pudit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euce
 Mistâ Thyonêo turba novena choro.
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
 Non illic epulæ non fata vitis erat.
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum
 Cantavit brevibus Têia Musâ modis,
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Evan,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum.
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
 Et volat Eléo pulvere fuscus eques.
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
 Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
 Massica foecundam despumant pocula venam,
 Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.
 Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phœbum
 Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
 Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
 Insonat argutâ molliter ic̄ta manu;

Auditorque

Auditorque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivium larga poetis,
 Sæpius & veteri commaduisse mero.
 At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove coelum,
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
 Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.

N 4

Additur

Ad ditur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juvenus,

Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.

Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus undis

Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.

Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem

Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,

Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque

Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;

Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus

Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,

Et per Monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,

Et vada foemineis insidiosa sonis,

Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro

Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.

Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,

Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.

At tu si quid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem

Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)

Paciferum canimus cælesti femine regem,

Fausta que sacratis sæcula pacta libris,

Vagiturque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tecto

Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit.

Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,

Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.

Dona

Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa

Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.

Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,

Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

Elegia septima, Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.

Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,

Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen, Amor.

Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,

Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.

Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,

Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ:

In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?

Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.

Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.

Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ

Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:

At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem

Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.

Astat

Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodiit astantem mota pharetra Deum :
 Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero, dignum & Amore fuit.
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas ;
 Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares,
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
 Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutius, inquit,
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
 Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
 Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi ;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certius & gravius tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eqnes.
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.

Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
 Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
 Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat,
 Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
 Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
 Auçtaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
 Fallor ? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia mihi
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
 Unam forte aliis supereminuisse 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,
 Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
 Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
 Infilit 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 intùs, flammaque totus eram.
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
 Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere iuvat.
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia coelum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
 Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiarus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus, amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, & coràm tristia verba loqui!

Forfitan

Forfitan & duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras furdeat illa preces.
 Crede mihi nullus sic infelicitè arsit,
 Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
 Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
 Et tua fumabuunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
 Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

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

In

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
 Fallor? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus;
 Scilicet hos alii missurus ad atria cæli,
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liquit Jördanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

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

*In**In eandem.*

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iâcobus ignem,
 Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
 Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ
 Movit & horrificum corona dena minax.
 Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,
 Supplicium spretâ religione dabis.
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammâ triste patebit iter.
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

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

In

In inventam Bombardæ.

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

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

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

Ad eandem.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
 Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.
 Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
 Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!

Et

Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentam
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
 Quamvis Dirçæo torfisset lumina Pentheo
 Sævior, aut totus desipulisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
 Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituisset sibi.

Ad eandem.

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

O

Apologus



Apologus de Rustico & Hero.

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

Elegiarum Finis.



Sylvarum Liber.

Anno ætatis 16. In obitum
 Procancellarii medici.

Parere fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iâpeti colitis nepotes.
 Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
 Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
 Tentantur incassum dolique ;
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
 Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
 Nessi venenatus cruore
 Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
 Quem larva Pelidis peremit
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si triste fatum verba Hecatēia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique
 Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
 Numenque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes medentūm, ignotaque gramina,
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.
 Læsisset & nec te Philyreie
 Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
 Cæse puer genitricis alvo.
 Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,
 Jam præsuisses Palladio gregi
 Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,
 Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.
 At fila rupit Persephone tua
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus
 Succoque pollenti tot atris
 Fausibus eripuisse mortis.

Colende

Colende præses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo
 Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysi spatere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno
 ætatis 17.

JAm pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile foedus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat
 In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis:
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernaque fideles,
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,

O 3

Illic

Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 Armat & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
 Infidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Noctæ sub illuni, & somno nictantibus astris.
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
 Jamque fluentisonis albertia rupibus arva
 Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Troiæ.

At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur.
 Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna

Efflat

Efflat tabifico monstruosus ab ore Tiphœus.
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantius ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, iستاque cuspide cuspis.
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tantamina possunt;
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta,
 Hactenus; & piceis liquido notat aëre pennis;
 Quâ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
 Densantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistrâ
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
 Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
 Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantum series longissima fratrum;
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
 Cimneriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.

O 4

Templa

Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.

Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēque ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo progenera patre Siopen
 Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres

Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentium,
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
 Assitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Sarmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces.

Tarda

Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
 Talis uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
 Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
 Cui referata patet convexi janua cæli,
 Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
 Et memor Hesperix disjectam ulciscere classem,
 Merisque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
 Thermodoontæa nuper regnante puella.
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
 Tyrrenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,
 Signaque

Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle :
 Reliquas veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
 Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceffes,
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est ;
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
 Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
 Grandævofque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos ;
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
 Propofiti, factique mone, quisquâ mne tuorum
 Audebit summi non jussa faceffere Papæ.
 Perculfofque metu subito, cafumque ftupentes
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
 Sæcula fic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque fecundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina factis.
 Dixit & adfcitos ponens malefidus amictus
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras ;
 Mæftaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis ;
 Cum fomnos pepulit ftellatæ janitor aulæ
 Nocturnos vifus, & fomnia grata revolvens.
 Est locus æternâ feptus caligine noctis
 Vafte ruinofe quondam fundamina tecti,
 Nunc torvi fpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,
 Offa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro ;
 Hic Dolus intortis femper fedet ater ocellis,
 Jurgiaque, & ftimulis armata Calumnia fauces.
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur
 Et timor, exanguifque locum circumvolat Horror,
 Perpetuoque leves per muta fientia Manes
 Exululat, tellus & fanguine confcia ftagnat.
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetrabilibus antri
 Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque fequente per antrum
 Antrum horrens, fcopulofum, atrum feralibus umbris
 Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
 Evocat antiftes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

Finibus

Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
 Gens exota mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo :
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leves disilentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex & pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
 Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terra
 Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mareotidas undas ;
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros ;
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros ;
 Qualiter instrepitant circùm multætralia bombis
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen

Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
 Nec tot Aristoride fervator inique juvencæ
 Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia solis
 Millenisque loquax auditaque vifaque linguis
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.
 Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
 Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmissis alloquitur, terræque tremente :
 Fama files? an te latet impia Papistarum
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iacobo :
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,

Et satis antè fugax stridentes induit alas,
 Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis ;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit :
 Et primò Angliacas solito de more per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Infidiis loca structa filet ; stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
 Effæti que senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm ; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres ;
 At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores ;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratio anno.

Anno

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum.
 Præfulis Eliensis.

A Dhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina ;
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mæsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis præfulis.
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniaë,
 Populosque Neptuno fatos,
 Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus
 Te generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
 Quæ nomen Anguillaë tenet.
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
 Ebullicbat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,
 Graiusque vates parciùs

Turpem

Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
 Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :
 Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque & irritas minas,
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
 Subitoque ad iras percita.
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
 Mors atra Noctis filia,
 Erebove patre creta, sivè Erinnye,
 Vastove nata sub Chao :
 Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei
 Messes ubique colligit ;
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
 In lucem & auras evocat :
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
 Themidos Jovisque filiaë ;
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris ;
 At justa raptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
 Sedesque subterraneas

Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
 Foedum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror :
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
 Auriga currus ignei,
 Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis Orion tuus.
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
 Longèque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos
 Frænis dracones aureis.
 Erraticorum syderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, & regiam ChrySTALLINAM, &
 Stratum smaragdîs Atrium.
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
 Oriundus humano patre
 Amœnitates illius loci, mihi
 Sat est in æternum frui,

Naturam non pati senium.

Heu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisq; immersa profun-
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem! (dis

Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
 Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque fixusque
 Sidera vexabunt? an & infatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, & temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius icu
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ
 Decidat, horribilisque reiectâ Gorgone Pallas.

Qualis

Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli.
 Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
 Pronus, & exinctâ sumabit lampade Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
 Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
 Raptat & ambit os sociâ vertigine cælos.
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
 Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat;
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
 Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
 Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
 Ethereum pæcus albenti qui cogit Olympo

P 2

Mane

Mane vocans, & serus agens in pascua coeli,
 Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitòque fragore
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Egæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetustæ
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem
 Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cæli;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

*De Idea Platonica quemadmodum
 Aristoteles intellexit.*

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

Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et iis tremendus erigit celsum caput
 Atlante major portitore syderum.
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Plêiones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Ofridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxit scholis)
 Jam jam pœtas urbis exules tuæ
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora

Volvere

Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rictum ;
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptius à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.
 Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cæli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
 Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Imaciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duos Manes adamante coerces.
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phœbades, & tremulæ pallantes ora Sibyllæ ;
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras

P 4

Aurea

Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
 Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consultit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
 Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
 Ibinus auratis per cæli templa coronis,
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
 Spiritus & rapidos qui circumdat igneus orbis,
 Nunc quoque sydereis intercinat ipse choreis
 Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ; & modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
 Æsculcâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,

Verborum

Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Orphea cantus
 Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque sancta canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur:
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse camœnas,
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Quâ via lata patet, quâ pronior area lucri,
 Certa que condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custodita que gentis
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
 Me procul urbano strepitu, scessibus altis

Ab-

Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
 Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
 Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu
 Cùm mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suafisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
 Denique quicquid habet coelum, subjectaque coelo
 Terra parens, terræque & coelo interfluis aer,
 Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malefanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perûanaque regna præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donâset ut omnia, coelo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato

Atque

Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ lucē tiaram.
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertī,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus;
 In me triste nihil sædissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab icu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sit memorâsse fatis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

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

PSALM.



PSALM CXIV.

ΙΣραήλ ὅτε παύσεις, ἔτι ἀγλαὰ οὐλ' Ἰακώβω
 Λιγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθία, βαρβαρόφωνον,
 Δὴ τότε μένον ἔην ἔσπον γίνεσθαι Ἰσραὴλ.
 Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μίγα κρείων βασιλεύσεν.
 Εἶδε κ' ἐντροπαίδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησα θάλασσα
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίω, ὅδ' ἄρ' ἰσυφελίχθῃ
 Ἰερὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
 Ὡς κελὶ σφειρόντες εὐτραφεῶς ἐν ἀλωῇ.
 Βαιότεραι δ' ἄμα πάσαι ἀναστρέψαντες ἐρίπναι,
 Ὅτι παραὶ σύριγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρῃ ἄρνε.
 Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας;
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίω; τί δ' ἄρ' ἰσυφελίχθῃ
 Ἰερὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;
 Τίπτε ὄρεα σκαθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέουσι
 Ὡς κελὶ σφειρόντης εὐτραφεῶς ἐν ἀλωῇ;
 Βαιότεραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὑμῖς ἀναστρέψαντες ἐρίπναι,
 Ὅτι παραὶ σύριγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρῃ ἄρνε,
 Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
 Γαῖα θεὸν τρέουσα ὑπάτον σέβας Ἰσακίδου
 Ὡς τε κ' ἐκ σπλάδων ποταμῶν χεῖ μαρμύροντας,
 Ἐρήνηντ' ἀεναον πέτρης δ' ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσας.

Philosophus

*Philosophus ad regem quendam qui eum ignotum & in
 tem inter reos forte captum, inscius damnaverat
 τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ περιέμενον & hæc subito misit.*

Ὡς ἀνα εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τ' ἔννομον, εἰδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
 Δεινὸν ὅπως δέσσαντα, σφρώτατον ἴσθι κέρηνον
 Ρηιδιώε ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὐθι νόησεις,
 Μαψιδίως δ' ἀρ' ἔπειτα πτόν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῆς
 Τοῖόν δ' ἐκ πόλιος πειώνυμον ἀληθερ ὀλέσας.

In Effigei Ejus Sculptorem

Ἄμαθι γράφου χερὶ τιώθι μὴ εἰκόνα
 Φαίης τάχ' ἀε, πρὸς εἶδ' αὐτοῦς κλίπων
 Τὸν δ' ἐκλυποτὸν ἐκ ὀπηγόντες φίλοι
 Γελάτῃ φαύλε δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

Ad Salsillum poetam Romanum egrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudium,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cum decentes flava Dæiope furas
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
 Adesdum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo

Refer,

Refr, camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamquo ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linguens nidum
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Infanientis impotensque pulmonis
 Pernix anhela sub Jovè exerêet flabra)
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
 Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitûs sanum;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
 Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
 O dulce divûm munus, O salus Hebes
 Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
 Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.

Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
 Tumidusque & ipse Tibris hinc delinitus
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges
 Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro:
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
 Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

Mansus.

Mansus.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis vir ingenti laude, tum literarum studio, nec non & 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 Campanie principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.

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

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

HÆc quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus ho-
Post galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetrusci. (nove;
Tu quoque si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marini
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,

Dum

Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;
Mollis & 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 ære poetam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, & variâ sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Clius & magni nomine Phœbi
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum
Missus Hyperborco juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere musam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
Quâ Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras,

Q

Sed

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quà plaga septimo mundi sulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
 Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
 Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinéida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates
 Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas :
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
 Rura Pheretiadæ coelo fugitivus Apollo ;
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes ;

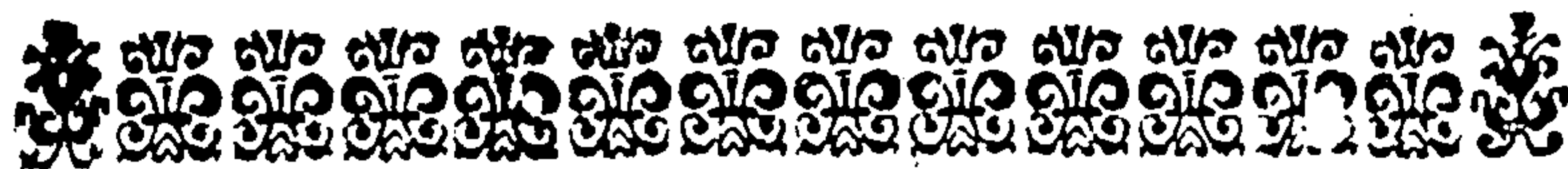
Tantum

Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta
 Peneium prope rivum : ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
 Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo,
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
 Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
 Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
 Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
 Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
 Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vicens, & adultum mentis acumen.
 O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum
 Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem ;
 Ant dicam invictæ sociali foedere mensæ,

Q²

Magnanimos

Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus ad sit)
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
 Annorumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
 Astanti sat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ ;
 Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
 Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.
 Forfitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in-æthera divûm,
 Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
 Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
 (Quantum fata sinunt) & totâ mente serenûm
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.



EPITAPHIUM

DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniae
 Pastores, eadem studia sequuti
 a pueritia amici erant, ut qui
 plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa pro-
 fectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium
 accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem
 ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudi-
 nem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis au-
 tem sub persona hîc intelligitur Carolus
 Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno
 genere oriundus, cætera Anglus ; ingenio,
 doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus,
 dum viveret, juvenis egregius.



EPITAPHIUM

DAMONIS.

Himerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hy-
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis) (lan)

Dicite Sicelicum Thamefina per oppida carmen :

Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,

Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,

Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,

Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam

Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola perrerans.

Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,

Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,

Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,

Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum

Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.

Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relicti

Cura vocat, simul affuerat seditque sub ulmo,

Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,

Coepit

Coepit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,

Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon;

Siccine nos linqvis, tua sic sine nomine virtus

Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?

At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,

Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,

Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè 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:

Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,

Palladiasque artes, sociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi si lus

Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas

Frigoribus duris, & per loca foeta pruinis,

Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?

Q. 4

Sive

Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones
 Aut avi os terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

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

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

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat agni.
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
 Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!

Innuba

Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
 Moerent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

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

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

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

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle

Docta

Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
 Venit Idæ manii Chloris vicina fluenti;
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
 De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
 Agmina Phœnarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
 Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
 Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
 Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Heu

Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam!
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam?
 Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum videret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes.
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata Juventus,
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thuscus tu quoque Damon.
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm
 Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
 Fiscellæ; calathique & cerea vincla cicutæ,
 Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos

Et

Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et studiū noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.
Ah quoties dixi, cū te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus;
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? & argutâ paulūm recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborūmque, humilésque crocos, foliūmque hyacinthi.
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentūm,
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentūm
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admōram labra cicutis,
Dissilueret tamen rupta compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ.

Ite

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennūmque Arviragūmque duces, priscūmque Belinū
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jögernen
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlōis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
Tu procul annosa pendebris fistula pinu
Multūm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camoenis
Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitūsque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Usa, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibūsque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
Et circūm gemino cælaverat argumento:

In

In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver
 Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama silvæ,
 Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris
 Cærulcùm fulgens diversicoloribus alis
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus,
 Quis putet? hic quoq; Amor, pictæq; in nube pharetræ,
 Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tenues animas, pectûsque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem
 Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctâque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
 Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
 Heroûmque animas inter, divósque perennes,
 Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
 Ore Sacro. Quin tu coeli post jura recepta
 Dexter ades, placidûsque fave quicumque vocaris,

Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Coelicolæ nôrint, sylvísque vocabere Damon.
 Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
 Letâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrsos.

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 geminâ,
 Munditiêque nitens non operosâ,
 Quam manus attulit
 Juvenilis olim,
 Sedula tamen haud nimii Poetæ;
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras
 Nunc Britannica per vireta ludit
 Insons populi, barbitôque devius
 Indulsi patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antistrophe.

Antistrophe.

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

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem
 (Si satis noxas luimus priores
 Mollique luxu degener otium)
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenum;

R

Immuna

Immundasque volucres,
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
 Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.

Antistrophe.

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

Strophe 3.

Nam te Rotius sui
 Optat peculi, numeroque iusto
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
 Sunt data virum monumenta curæ:
 Téque adytis etiam sacris

Voluit

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

Antistrophe.

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

R 2

Epodos.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Roûsi,
 Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
 Turba legentum prava faceffet;
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
 Roûsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophiis, totidémque Antistrophiis unâ demum epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *χίον* partim *σπολιλυρία*. Phalæcia, quæ sunt, spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quòd idem in secundo loco Câtullus ad libitum fecit.



O F
 EDUCATION.

To Master *Samuel Hartlib*.

Written above twenty Years since.

Mr. *Hartlib*,



I Am long since perswaded, that to say, or do ought worth memory and imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us, then simply the love of God, and of mankind. Nevertheless to write now the reforming of Education, though it be one of the greatest and noblest designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this Nation perishes, I had not yet at this time been induc't, but by your earnest entreaties, and serious conjurements; as having my mind for the present half diverted in the pursuance of some other assertions, the knowledge and the use of which, cannot but be a great furtherance both to the enlargement of truth, and

honest living, with much more peace. Nor should the laws of any private friendship have prevail'd with me to divide thus, or transpose my former thoughts, but that I see those aims, those actions which have won you with me the esteem of a person sent hither by some good providence from a far country to be the occasion and the incitement of great good to this Island. And, as I hear, you have obtain'd the same repute with men of most approved wisdom, and some of highest authority among us. Not to mention the learned correspondence which you hold in forreign parts, and the extraordinary pains and diligence which you have us'd in this matter both here, and beyond the Seas; either by the definite will of God so ruling, or the peculiar sway of nature, which also is Gods working. Neither can I think that so reputed, and so valu'd as you are, you would to the forfeit of your own discerning ability, impose upon me an unfit and over-ponderous argument, but that the satisfaction which you profess to have receiv'd from those incidental Discourses which we have wander'd into, hath prest and almost constrain'd you into a persuasion, that what you require from me in this point, I neither ought, nor can in conscience deferre beyond this time both of so much need

at

at once, and so much opportunity to try what God hath determin'd. I will not resist therefore, whatever it is either of divine, or humane obligation that you lay upon me; but will forthwith set down in writing, as you request me, that voluntary *Idea*, which hath long in silence presented it self to me, of a better Education, in extent and comprehension far more large, and yet of time far shorter, and of attainment far more certain, then hath been yet in practice. Brief I shall endeavour to be; for that which I have to say, assuredly this Nation hath extream need should be done sooner then spoken. To tell you therefore what I have benefited herein among old renowned Authors, I shall spare; and to search what many modern *Janua's* and *Didactics* more then ever I shall read, have projected, my inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few observations which have flowr'd off, and are, as it were, the burnishing of many studious and contemplative years altogether spent in the search of religious and civil knowledge, and such as pleas'd you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end then of Learning is to repair the ruines of our first Parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love

him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the neerest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith makes up the highest perfection. But because our understanding cannot in this body find it self but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is necessarily to be follow'd in all discreet teaching. And seeing every Nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of Learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the Languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after Wisdom; so that Language is but the Instrument conveying to us things usefull to be known. And though a Linguist should pride himself to have all the Tongues that *Babel* cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the Words & Lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteem'd a learned man, as any Yeoman or Tradesman competently wise in his Mother Dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made Learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; first we do amis to spend seven or eight years meerly in scraping together so much

much miserable Latine and Greek, as might be learnt otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to Schools and Universities, partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of Children to compose Theams, Verses and Orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment and the final work of a head fill'd by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims, and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the Nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit: besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek *idiom*, with their untutor'd *Anglicisms*, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well continu'd and judicious conversing among pure Authors digested, which they scarce taste, whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lesson'd thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things, and Arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and

and most profitable way of learning Languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein: And for the usual method of teaching Arts, I deem it to be an old error of Universities not yet well recover'd from the Scholastick grossness of barbarous ages, that in stead of beginning with Arts most easie, and those be such as are most obvious to the sence, they present their young unmatriculated Novices at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of Logick and Metaphysics: So that they having but newly left those Grammatick flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate to be tost and turmoil'd with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of Learning, mockt and deluded all this while with ragged Notions and Babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several wayes, and hasten them with the sway of friends either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous Divinity; Some allur'd to the trade of Law, grounding their
 purposes

purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to State affairs, with souls so unprincipld in vertue, and true generous breeding, that flattery, and Court shifts and tyrannous Aphorisms appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery, if, as I rather think, it be not fain'd. Others lastly of a more delicious and airie spirit, retire themselves knowing no better, to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their daies in feast and jollity; which indeed is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the fruits of mispending our prime youth at the Schools and Universities as we do, either in learning meer words or such things chiefly, as were better unlearnt.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct ye to a hill side, where I will point ye out the right path of a vertuous and noble Education; laborious indeed at the first ascent; but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly
 prospect,

prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the Harp of *Orpheus* was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more adoe to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubbs from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, then we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefulest Wits to that asinine feast of fowthistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call therefore a compleat and generous Education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices both private and publick of Peace and War. And how all this may be done between twelve, and one and twenty, less time then is now bestow'd in pure trifling at Grammar and *Sophistry*, is to be thus order'd.

First to find out a spacious house and ground about it fit for an *Academy*, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be attendants, all under the government of one, who shall be thought of desert sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct, and oversee it done. This place should be at once both School and University, not needing a remove to any other house of Schollership, except it be

be some peculiar Colledge of Law, or Physick, where they mean to be practitioners; but as for those general studies which take up all our time from *Lilly* to the commencing, as they term it, Master of Art, it should be absolute. After this pattern, as many Edifices may be converted to this use, as shall be needful in every City throughout this Land, which would tend much to the encrease of Learning and Civility every where. This number, less or more thus collected, to the convenience of a foot Company, or interchangeably two Troops of Cavalry, should divide their daies work into three parts, as it lies orderly. Their Studies, their Exercise, and their Diet.

For their Studies, First they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good Grammar, either that now us'd, or any better: and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashion'd to a distinct and clear pronuntiation, as near as may be to the *Italian*, especially in the Vowels. For we *Englishmen* being far Northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air, wide enough to grace a Southern Tongue; but are observ'd by all other Nations to speak exceeding close and inward: So that to smatter Latine with an English mouth, is as ill a hearing as Law-French.

French. Next to make them expert in the usefulest points of Grammar, and withall to season them, and win them early to the love of vertue and true labour, ere any flattering seducement, or vain principle seise them wandering, some easie and delightful Book of Education would be read to them; whereof the Greeks have store, as *Cebes*, *Plutarch*, and other Socratic discourses. But in Latin we have none of classic authority extant, except the two or three first Books of *Quintilian*, and some select pieces elsewhere. But here the main skill and groundwork will be, to temper them such Lectures and Explanations upon every opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, enflam'd with the study of Learning, and the admiration of Vertue; stirr'd up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy Patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. That they may despise and scorn all their childish, and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly, and liberal Exercises: which he who hath the Art; and proper Eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual perswasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible diligence and courage

rage: infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardor, as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men. At the same time, some other hour of the day, might be taught them the rules of Arithmetick, and soon after the Elements of Geometry even playing, as the old manner was. After evening repast, till bed-time their thoughts will be best taken up in the easie grounds of Religion, and the story of Scripture. The next step would be to the Authors *Agriculture*, *Cato*, *Varro*, and *Columella*, for the matter is most easie, and if the language be difficult, so much the better, it is not a difficulty above their years. And here will be an occasion of inciting and inabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their Country, to recover the bad Soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good: for this was one of *Hercules* praises. Ere half these Authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard, and daily) they cannot chuse but be masters of any ordinary prose. So that it will be then seasonable for them to learn in any modern Author, the use of the Globes, and all the Maps; first with the old names, and then with the new: or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural Philosophy.

lofophy. And at the ſame time might be entering into the Greek tongue, after the ſame manner as was before preſcrib'd in the Latin; whereby the difficulties of Grammar being ſoon overcome, all the Historical Phyſiology of *Ariſtotle* and *Theophraſtus* are open before them, and as I may ſay, under contribution. The like acceſs will be to *Vitruvius*, to *Seneca's* natural queſtions, to *Mela*, *Ceſus*, *Pliny*, or *Solinus*. And having thus paſt the principles of *Arithmetick*, *Geometry*, *Aſtronomy*, and *Geography* with a general compact of Phyſicks, they may deſcend in *Mathematicks* to the inſtrumental ſcience of *Trigonometry*; and from thence to Fortification, Architecture, Enginry, or Navigation. And in natural Philoſophy they may proceed leiſurely from the History of Meteors, Minerals, plants and living-Creatures as far as Anatomy. Then alſo in courſe might be read to them out of ſome not tedious Writer the Inſtitution of Phyſick; that they may know the tempers, the humours, the ſeaſons, and how to manage a crudity: which he who can wiſely and timely do, is not only a great Phyſitian to himſelf, and to his friends, but alſo may at ſome time or other, ſave an Army by this frugal and expenſeleſs means only; and not let the healthy and ſtout bodies of young men rot away

away under him for want of this diſcipline; which is a great pity, and no leſs a ſhame to the Commander. To ſet forward all theſe proceedings in Nature and Mathematicks, what hinders, but that they may procure, as oft as ſhall be needful, the helpful experiences of Hunters, Fowlers, Fiſhermen, Shepherds, Gardeners, Apothecaries; and in the other ſciences, Architects, Engineers, Mariners, Anatomifts; who doubtleſs would be ready ſome for reward, and ſome to favour ſuch a hopeful Seminary. And this will give them ſuch a real tincture of natural knowledge, as they ſhall never forget, but daily augment with delight. Then alſo thoſe Poets which are now counted moſt hard, will be both facil and pleaſant, *Orpheus*, *Hefiod*, *Theocritus*, *Aratus*, *Nicander*, *Oppian*, *Dionyſius*, and in Latin *Lucretius*, *Manilius*, and the rural part of *Virgil*.

By this time, years and good general precepts will have furniſht them more diſtinctly with that act of reaſon which in *Ethics* is call'd *Proaireſis*: that they may with ſome judgement contemplate upon moral good and evil. Then will be requir'd a ſpecial reinforcement of conſtant and ſound endoctrinating to ſet them right and firm, inſtructing them more amply in the knowledge of Vertue and the hatred of

Vice: while their young and pliant affecti-
 ons are led through all the moral works of
Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Plutarch, Laertius, and
 those *Locrian* remnants; but still to be reduc't
 in their nightward studies wherewith they
 close the dayes work, under the determinate
 sentence of *David* or *Salomon*, or the Evanges
 and Apostolic Scriptures. Being perfect in the
 knowledge of personal duty, they may then
 begin the study of Economics. And either
 now, or before this, they may have easily learnt
 at any odd hour the *Italian* Tongue. And
 soon after, but with wariness and good anti-
 dote, it would be wholesome enough to let
 them taste some choice Comedies, Greek, Latin,
 or *Italian*: Those Tragedies also that treat of
 Household matters, as *Trachinæ, Alceſtis*, and
 the like. The next remove must be to the
 study of *Politicks*; to know the beginning,
 end, and reasons of Political Societies; that
 they may not in a dangerous fit of the Com-
 mon-wealth be such poor, shaken, uncertain
 Reeds, of such a tottering Conscience, as many
 of our great Counsellors have lately shewn
 themselves, but stedfast pillars of the State.
 After this they are to dive into the grounds of
 Law, and legal Justice; deliver'd first, and
 with best warrant by *Moses*; and as far as hu-
 mane

mane prudence can be trusted; in those ex-
 toll'd remains of Grecian Law-givers, *Lycurgus*,
Solon, Zaleucus, Charondas, and thence to all the
Roman Edicts and Tables with their *Justinian*;
 and so down to the *Saxon* and common Laws
 of *England*, and the Statutes. Sundayes also and
 every evening may be now understandingly
 spent in the highest matters of *Theology*, and
 Church History ancient and modern: and ere
 this time the Hebrew Tongue at a set hour
 might have been gain'd, that the Scriptures
 may be now read in their own original; where-
 so it would be no impossibility to add the
Chaldey, and the *Syrian* Dialect. When all
 these employments are well conquer'd, then
 will the choise Histories, *Heroic Poems*, and
Attic Tragedies of stateliest and most regal ar-
 gument, with all the famous Political Ora-
 tions offer themselves; which if they were not
 only read; but some of them got by memory,
 and solemnly pronounc't with right accent,
 and grace, as might be taught, would endue
 them even with the spirit and vigor of *De-
 mosthenes* or *Cicero*, *Euripides*, or *Sophocles*.
 And now lastly will be the time to read with
 those organic arts which inable men to
 discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly,
 and according to the fixed stile of lofty, mean,
 § 2 or

or lowly. Logic therefore so much as is useful, to be referr'd to this due place with all her well coucht Heads and Topics; untill it be time to open her contracted palm into a gracefull and ornate Rhetorick taught out of the rule of *Plato, Aristotle, Phalereus, Cicero, Hermogenes, Longinus*. To which Poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less suttle and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of Grammar; but that sublime Art which in *Aristotles Poetics, in Horace, and the Italian Commentaries of Castelvetro, Tasso, Mazzoni, and others*, teaches what the laws are of a true *Epic Poem*, what of a *Dramatic*, what of a *Lyric*, what *Decorum* is, which is the grand master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our comm. Rimers and Play-writers be, and shew them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of Poetry both in divine and humane things. From hence and not till now will be the right season of forming them to be able Writers and Composers in every excellent matter; when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things.

things. Or whether they be to speak in Parliament or Counsel, honour and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then also appear in Pulpits other Visages, other gestures, and stuff otherwise wrought then what we now sit under, oft times to as great a trial of our patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the Studies wherein our noble and our gentle Youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one and twenty; unless they rely more upon their ancestors dead, then upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so suppos'd they must proceed by the stiddy pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memories sake to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been taught, untill they have confirm'd, and solidly united the whole body of their perfected knowledge, like the last embattelling of a Roman Legion. Now will be worth the seeing what Exercises and Recreations may best agree, and become these Studies.

Their Exercise.

The course of Study hitherto briefly describ'd, is what I can guess by reading,

to those ancient and famous Schools of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Isocrates*, *Aristotle* and such others, out of which were bred up such a number of renowned Philosophers, Orators, Historians, Poets and Princes all over *Greece*, *Italy*, and *Asia*, besides the flourishing Studies of *Cyrene* and *Alexandria*. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which *Plato* noted in the Common-wealth of *Sparta*; whereas that City train'd up their Youth most for War, and these in their Academies and *Lycæum*, all for the Gown, this institution of breeding which I here delineate, shall be equally good both for Peace and War. Therefore about an hour and a half ere they eat at Noon should be allow'd them for exercise and due rest afterwards: But the time for this may be enlarg'd at pleasure, according as their rising in the morning shall be early. The Exercise which I commend first, is the exact use of their Weapon, to guard and to strike safely with edge, or point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, which being temper'd with seasonable Lectures and Precepts to them of true Fortitude and Patience, will turn into a
 native

native and heroick valour, and make them hate the cowardise of doing wrong. They must be also practiz'd in all the Locks and Gripes of Wrestling, wherein English men were wont to excell, as need may often be in fight to tugg or grapple, and to close. And this perhaps will be enough, wherein to prove and heat their single strength. The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and composing their travail'd spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of Musick heard or learnt; either while the skilful *Organist* plies his grave and fancied descant, in lofty fugues, or the whole Symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well studied chords of some choice Composer; sometimes the Lute, or soft Organ stop waiting on elegant Voices either to Religious, martial, or civil Ditties; which if wise men and Prophets be not extreamly out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustick harshness and distemper'd passions. The like also would not be unexpedient after Meat to assist and cherish Nature in her first concoction, and send their minds back to study in good

tune and satisfaction. Where having follow'd it close under vigilant eyes till about two hours before supper, they are by a sudden alarm or watch word, to be call'd out to their military motions, under skie or covert, according to the season, as was the Roman wont; first on foot, then as their age permits, on Horseback, to all the Art of Cavalry; That having in sport, but with much exactness, and daily muster, serv'd out the rudiments of their Soldiership in all the skill of Embattelling, Marching, Encamping, Fortifying, Besieging and Battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern stratagems, *Tactics* and warlike maxims, they may as it were out of a long War come forth renowned and perfect Commanders in the service of their Country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful armies, suffer them for want of just and wise discipline to shed away from about them like sick feathers, though they be never so oft suppli'd: they would not suffer their empty and unrecrutable Colonels of twenty men in a Company to quaff out, or convey into secret hoards, the wages of a delusive list, and a miserable remnant: yet in the mean while to be over-master'd with a score or two of drunkards, the only souldery left about them, or
 else

else to comply with all rapines and violences. No certainly, if they knew ought of that knowledge that belongs to good men or good Governours, they would not suffer these things. But to return to our own institute, besides these constant exercises at home, there is another opportunity of gaining experience to be won from pleasure it self abroad; In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and fullness against nature not to go out, and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with Heaven and Earth. I should not therefore be a perswader to them of studying much then, after two or three year that they have well laid their grounds, but to ride out in Companies with prudent and staid Guides, to all the quarters of the Land: learning and observing all places of strength, all commodities of building and of soil, for Towns and Tillage, Harbours and Ports for Trade. Sometimes taking Sea as far as to our Navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical knowledge of sailing and of Sea-fight. These ways would try all their peculiar gifts of Nature, and if there were any secret excellence among them, would fetch it out, and give it fair opportunities to advance it self by, which could
 not

not but mightily redound to the good of this Nation and bring into fashion again those old admired Vertues and Excellencies, with far more advantage now in this purity of Christian knowledge. Nor shall we then need the *Monseurs* of *Paris* to take our hopefull Youth into their slight and prodigal custodies and send them over back again transform'd into Mimicks, Apes and Kickshees. But if they desire to see other Countries at three or four and twenty years of age, not to learn Principles but to enlarge Experience, and make wise observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honour of all men where they pass, and the society and friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent. And perhaps then other Nations will be glad to visit us for their Breeding, or else to imitate us in their own Country.

Now lastly for their Diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same House; for much time else would be lost abroad, and many ill habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate I suppose is out of controversie. Thus *Mr. Hartlib*, you have a general view in writing, as your desire was, of that which at se-

veral

veral times I had discours'd with you concerning the best and Noblest way of Education; not beginning as some have done from the Cradle, which yet might be worth many considerations, if brevity had not been my scope, many other circumstances also I could have mention'd, but this to such as have the worth in them to make trial, for light and direction may be enough. Only I believe that this is not a Bow for every man to shoot in that counts himself a Teacher; but will require sinews almost equal to those which *Homer* gave *Ulysses*, yet I am withall perswaded that it may prove much more easie in the assay, then it now seems at distanee, and much more illustrious: howbeit not more difficult then I imagine, and that imagination presents me with nothing but very happy and very possible according to best wishes; if God have so decreed, and this age have spirit and capacity enough to apprehend.

T H E E N D.

A Catalogue of some Books printed, for and sold by Tho. Dring at the Blew Anchor over against Fetter lane in Fleet-street.

LAW BOOKS.

1 **T**he Statutes at large by Ferdinando Pulton, and continued to the year 1670. by T. Manby of Lincolns Inn Esq; in Folio, Price 50. s.

2 A Collection of Entries, &c. by W. Rastal Esq; newly amended and much enlarged with many good Presidents of late times, whereof divers are upon sundry Statutes, and noted in the end of the Table, in fol. price 3. l.

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