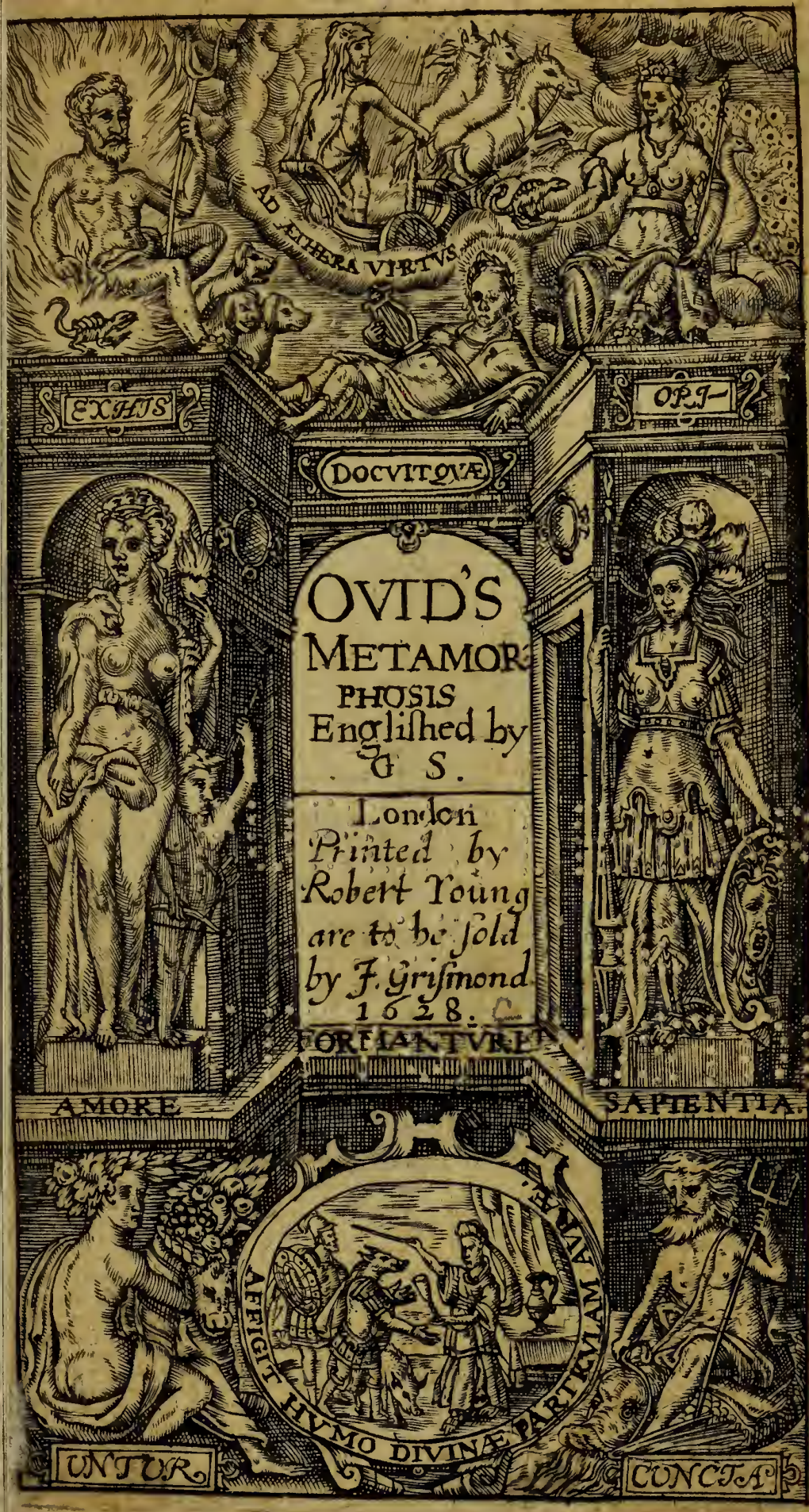
AD ÆTHERA VIRTVS
EXHIS
OPI-
DOCVIT QVÆ
OVID'S
METAMOR-
PHOSIS
Englished by
G S.
London
Printed by
Robert Young
are to be sold
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1628.
FORMANTVR
AMORE
SAPIENTIA
AFFIGIT HVMO DIVINÆ PARTICVLAM AVRAE
VNTVR
CVNCTA

Bts

Dec. 8, 1853.

To the most High & Mightie Prince CHARLES, King of *Great Britaine, France*, and IRELAND.

SIR,

YOur Gracious acceptance of the first fruites of my Trauels, when You were our Hope, as now our Happinesse; hath actuated both Will and Power to the finishing of this Peece: being limn'd by that vnperfect light which was snatcht from the howers of night and repose. For the day was not mine, but dedicated to the seruice of your Great Father, and your selfe: which, had it proued as fortunate as faithfull, in me, and others more worthy; we had hoped, ere many yeares had turned about, to haue presented You with a rich and wel-peopled Kingdome; from whence now, with my selfe, I onely bring this Composure:

Inter victrices Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.

It needeth more than a single denization, being a double Stranger. Sprung from the stocke of the

ancient Romanes; but bred in the New-world, of the rudeneſſe whereof it cannot but participate; eſpecially hauing Warres and Tumults to bring it to light in ſtead of the Muſes. But how euer vnperfect, Your fauour is able to ſupply; and to make it worthy of life, if you iudge it not vnworthy of your Royall Patronage. Long may you liue to be, as you are, the Delight and Glorie of your People: and ſlowly, yet ſurely, exchange your mortall Diadem for an immortall. So wiſhes

Your Maieſties

moſt humble

Seruant,

GEORGE SANDYS.

THE LIFE OF OVID.

PVBLIVS OVIDIVS NASO, descended of the ancient Family of the *Nasones*, who had preserued the dignitie of Roman Knights from the first originall of that Order, was borne at *Sulmo*, a Citie of the *Peligni*, on the 14. of the Calends of April, in the Consul-ships of *Hirtius* and *Pansa*, both slaine at the battell of *Mutina* against *Marcus Antonius*. While yet a boy, his quicke wit and ready apprehension gaue his parents an assurance of a future excellencie: in so much as his father *Lucius* sent him to *Rome* (together with his brother, a yeere elder than he, and borne on the same day) to bee instructed by *Plotius Grippus*, that Art might perfect the accomplishments of nature. In his first of youth he was much addicted vnto poetrie, wherein hee had

an excellent grace and naturall facilitie. But continually reproued by his father for following so vnprofitable a studie, with an ill will he forsooke the pleasant walkes of the Muses to trauel in the rugged paths of the Law, vnder *Aurelius Fuscus* and *Porcius Latro*; of whose eloquence and learning he was a great Admirer. Neither attained he therin to a vulgar commendation; being numbred by *Marcus Annæus Seneca* among the principall Orators of those times. His prose was no other than dissolued verse: his speech wittie, briefe, and powerful in perswasion. Hauing past through diuers offices of Iudicature, and now readie to assume the habit of a Senator: his elder brother and father being dead, impatient of toyle, and the clamours of litigious Assemblies, hee retired himselfe from all publick affaires to affected vacancie and his former abandoned studies. Yet such was the mutuall affection betweene him and *Varro*, that he accepted of Command, & serued vnder him

him in the wars of *Asia*: from whence he returned by *Athens*, where he made his aboad, vntill hee had attained to the perfection of that language. Hee was of a meane ſtature, ſlender of body, ſpare of diet; and, if not too amorous, euery way temperate. He drunk no wine but what was much alayed with water: An Abhorrer of vnnaturall Luſts, from which it ſhould ſeem that age was not innocent: neat in apparell; of a free, affable, and courtly behauiour; whereby he acquired the friendſhip of many, ſuch as were great in learning & nobilitie; among whom not a few of Conſular dignitie: and ſo honoured by diuers, that they wore his picture in rings cut in preciouſtones. A great Admirer, and as much admired, of the excellent Poets of thoſe times, with whom hee was moſt familiar and intimate. Being perſwaded by ſome of them to leaue out three verſes of thoſe many which hee had written, hee gaue his conſent, ſo that of all he might except three only:

whereupon they priuately writ those which they would haue him abolish, and he on the other side those which he excepted; whenboth their papers, being showne, presented the same verses; the first and second recorded by *Pedo Albinovanus*, who was one of the arbiters, (*bouem.*

Semi-bouemque virum, semi-virumque
Sed gelidum Borean, egelidumq; Notũ.

whereby it appeareth that his admirable wit did not want an answerable iudgement in suppressing the libertie of his verse, had he not affected it. An ample patrimonie he had in the territories of *Sulmo*; with a house and a temple in the citie, where now stands the Church of *Sancta Maria de Tumba*: and where now stands the Church of *Sancta Maria de Consolatione* he had an other in *Rome*, not farre from the Capitoll; with pleasant Hort-yards betweene the wayes of *Flaminia* and *Claudia*, wherein hee was accustomed to recreate himselfe with his Muses. Hee had had three wiues: whereof the

the firſt being giuen him in his youth, as neither worthie nor profitable, ſoone after (according to the cuſtome of the *Romans*) he diuorced: nor liu'd he long with the ſecond, although nobly borne, and of behauiour inculpable. The chaſtitie and beauty of the third he often extolleth; whom hee inſtructed in poetrie, and to his death entirely affected. Neither was her affection inferior to his; liuing all the time of his baniſhment like a ſorrowfull widow, and continuing to the end exemplarie faithfull. But in this euery-way happy condition, when his age required eaſe, and now about to imploy his beloued vacancie in the reuiew and poliſhing of his former labours, he was baniſhed, or rather confined to *Tomos* (a citie of *Sarmatia* bordering on the Euxine Sea) by *Auguſtus Cæſar*, on the fourth of the Ides of December, and in the one and fiftieth yeere of his age, to the generall griefe of his friends & acquaintance: who ſailed into *Thrace* in a ſhip of his

owne, and by land performed the reſt of his voyage. The cauſe of this his ſo cruell and deplored exile is rather coniectured than certainely knowne. Moſt agree that it was for his too much familiaritie with *Iulia* the daughter of *Auguſtus*, masked vnder the name of *Corinna*. Others, that hee had vnfortunately ſeene the inceſt of *Cæſar*: which may be inſinuated, in that he complaines of his error, and compares himſelf to *Actæon*. But the pretended occaſion was for his compoſing of the Art of Loue, as intolerably laſciuious, and corrupting good manners. A pretence I may cal it, ſince vnlikely it is that he ſhould baniſh him in his age for what he writ whē hardly a man, & after ſo long a conniuance. Yet *Auguſtus*, either to conceale his owne crime or his daughters, would haue it ſo thought: neither would OVID reueale the true cauſe, leſt hee ſhould further exaſperate his diſpleaſure. After he had long in vaine ſolicited his repeale by the mediation of

Germanicus

Germanicus Cæsar, and others that were neere vnto the Emperour; or at least to bee remoued to a more temperate Clime; his hopes (as he writes) forsaking the earth with *Augustus*, he dyed at *Tomos* in the fifth yeere of the raigne of *Tiberius*; hauing liued seuen yeeres in banishment. As *Tibullus* and hee were borne in one day, so he and *Liuie* dyed on an other; that his birth and death might bee nobly accompanied. He had so wonne the barbarous *Get's* with his humanitie and generous actions (hauing also written a booke in their language) that they honoured him in his life with triumphant garlands, and celebrated his funerals with vniuersall sorrow; erecting his tombe before the gates of their citie, hard by a lake which retaineth his name to this day. His sepulchre was found in the yeere, MDVIII. with a magnificent couerture presenting this Epitaph.

FATVM

Here lies that liuing Poet, by the rage
Of great Augustus *banished from* Rome:
Who in his countrie sought t' interre his Age;
But vainly, Fate hath lodg'd him in this tomb.

Isabella Queene of *Hungarie*, in the yeere MDXL. shewed to *Bargæus* a pen of siluer, found not long before vnder certaine ruines, with this inscription; *OVIDII NASONIS CALAMVS*: which she highly esteemed, and preserued as a sacred relique. Of the bookes which he writ, since most of them are extant among vs, I will onely recite these following verses of *Angelus Politianus*.

(things,
Metamorphosis. 1 *From times first birth he chants the change of*
De Arte, & Amorum. 2 *The flames of Loue in Elegiacks sings,*
In Ibin. 3 *With curses doubtful* Ibis *he insnares,*
Epist. Heroidum. 4 *Epistles dictates fraught with Louers cares,*
Trist. & de Ponto. 5 *In Swan-like tunes deplores his sad exile,*
Fasti. 6 *His verse the* Roman *Festiuals compile,*
Halieutica. 7 *Of fishes sings vnknowne to* Latin *eares,*
Phaenomena. 8 *Cõputes the stars that glide in heauenly spheres,*
Epigrammata. 9 *His paper fils with epigrammick rimes,*
De deae trag. 10 *The tragick stage on high cothurnals climes,*
Rivales Poetas. 11 *Whips Poetasters that abuse the times,*

Yet

Yet leaues he out the *Remedie of Loue*, legitimate Poem (except he make it n appendix to the *Art*) and his *Con-olation to Liuia* for the death of *Dru-us*: which *Seneca* hath excerped and prinkled among his seuerall *Consola-ions*. Among such a multiplicitie of rguments our gentle Poet did neuer vrite a virulent verse, but onely a-ainst *Cornificus*; (maskt vnder the ame of *Ibis*) who solicited his wife n his absence, and laboured against he repeale of his banishment. Con-erning his Metamorphosis, it should eeme that he therein imitated *Par-benius* of *Chios*, who writ on the same rgument: as the *Latin* Poets euen ge-erally borrowed their inuentions rom the *Gracian Magazins*. I will onclude with what himselfe hath vritten of this Poem, wherein I haue mployed my vacant howres: with vhat successe, I leaue to the censure f others, which perhaps may proue esse rigid than my owne.

Trist. lib. 1. Elegia. 6.

I thanke your loue: my verse farre liuelier then
My picture shew me; wherefore those peruse.
My verse, which sing the changed shapes of men
Though left vnperfect by my banisht Muse.
Departing, these I sadly with my hand
Into the fire, with other riches, threw.
Her sonne so Thestias *burning in his brand,*
A better sister than a mother grew:
So I, what should not perish with me, cast
Those bookes, my issue, in the funerall flame:
In that I did my Muse and verse distast;
Or that as yet vnpolished and lame.
But since I could not so destroy them quite;
For sundrie copies it should seeme there be:
Now may they liue, nor lazily delight
The generous Reader; put in mind of me.
Yet they with patience can by none be read,
That know not how they vncorrected stand:
Snatcht from the forge, ere throughly anuiled;
Deprived of my last life-giuing hand.
For praise I pardon craue: though highly grac'd
If, Reader, they be not despisd by thee:
Yet in the front be these sixe verses plac'd;
If with thy liking it at least agree.
Who *meets this Orphan-volume, poor in worth*
Within your Citie harborage afford.
To winne more fauour, not by him set forth;
But rauisht from the funerall of his Lord.
This therfore which presents it's owne defect,
At pleasure with a friendly hand correct.

OVID

OVID DEFENDED.

SInce diuers, onely wittie in reprooving, haue prophaned our Poet with their astidious censures: wee, to vindicate his worth from detraction, and preuent preiudicacie, haue here reuiued a few of those infinite testimonies, which the cleerest iudgements of all Ages haue giuen him. I will begin with the censure of that accurate Orator

MARCVS ANNÆVS SENECA, Controu. 10.

One of his frequent and admiring Auditors. NASO *had a constant, becomming, and amiable wit. His Prose appeared no other than dissolued Verses*: And a little after. *Of his words no Prodigall, except in his Verse: wherein, hee was not ignorant of the fault, but affected it: and often would say, that a Mole misse-became not a beautifull face, but made it more louely.* Amongst the excellent of his time, wee may esteeme

VELLEIVS PATERCVLVS, Hist. lib. 2.

who writeth thus in his history. *It is almost*

most a folly, to number the wits that are euer in our eyes. Amongst these, of our Age the most eminent are, Virgil *the Prince of Verse,* Rabirius, Liuie *imitating* Salust, Tibullus, *and* NASO *in the forme of his absolute Poem.* Nor doth

Natur. Quæst. li. 3.

LVCIVS ANNAEVS SENECA

degenerate from his Fathers opinion: who to that Verse, by him thus dissolued, *The Rocks appeare like Ilands, and augment the dispersed* Cyclades, annexeth this, *as saith the wittiest of all Poets.* A constant Imitor of his, through all his Philosophie; but especially in his Tragedies. Whereupon, some haue coniectured that *Seneca's* Medea belongeth to OVID. Whereof

Lib. 10.

QVINTILIAN

thus censures. OVID'S Medea *seemeth to me to expresse how much that man could haue performed, would hee rather haue restrayned than cherished his inuention.* And

Dial. de Orat.

CORNELIVS TACITVS,

Neither is there any composition of Asinius, *or* Messala *so illustrious, as* OVID'S Medea. The wittie

MAR-

or the most part links him to incom-
arable *Virgil: as in this Epigram;*

ou'r more than mad! those, who you see so bare, Lib.3.
ith OVID's *selfe, or* Virgil *may compare.* Epig.38.

And in that to *Instantius.*

ould you adde spirit to my fainting Muse, Lib.1.
nd read immortall Verses? loue infuse, Epig. 71.
te, Mantua; Sulmo *mee should stile diuine;*
ere but Alexis, or Corinna *mine.*

Recorded by

STATIVS PAMPINIVS, Sylua.1.1.

mongst the best Poets.

hat honoured Day the old Callimachus,
hiletas, Vmbrian Propertius,
repare to celebrate with one consent;
nd NASO, *chearfull, though in banishment,*
With rich Tibullus.

Nor is hee onely approued by pro-
hane Authors. Thus learned

LACTANTIVS, Instit.diu.

VID, *in the beginning of his excellent* lib.1.
oem, confesseth that God (not disguizing
is Name) ordayned the World; who calls
m the Creator thereof, and Maker of
l things. In the following booke.
hich that ingenious Poet hath admira-
y described. And

S. HIE-

In Ose. cap.2.

S. HIEROME;

Semiramis, *of whom they report mar wonders, erected the walls of* Babylon *as testifies that renowned Poet in th fourth booke of his Metamorphosis.* Nc is he forgot by

De Ciuit. Dei.

S. AVGVSTINE.

And Naso, *that excellent Poet.* Nov descend wee to those, whom late times haue preferred for learning an iudgement. Thus sings the hig prais'd

In Nutricia.

ANGELVS POLITIANVS.

'Tis doubtfull, whether He, whom Sulmo *bore,*
The World-commanding Tyber *honour'd more,*
Than his foule exile thee defam'd, O Rome!
Whom Getick *sands* (*alas!*) *but halfe intombe.*
Perhaps obserued by Augustus *Spyes*
To looke on Iulia *with too friendly eyes.*

In Ciceroniano Dialogo.

ERASMVS

crownes him with the perfection o Eloquence. And the Censurer of al Poets,

Poetices. lib.5.& 6.

IVLIVS CÆSAR SCALIGER,

thus writes, when hee comes to cen sure our Author. *But now wee arriu where the height of wit, and sharpnesse o iudgement, are both to bee exerciz'd. For*

whe

who can commend OVID *sufficiently? much lesse, who dares reprehend him? Notwithstanding, I will say something; not in way of detraction, but that we also may be able to grow with his greatnesse.* Then speaking of his Metamorphosis. *Bookes deserving a more fortunate Author; that from his last hand they might haue had their perfection: which hee himselfe bewaileth in luculent Verses. Yet are there, in these, well-nigh an infinite number, which the wit of an other, I beleeue, could neuer haue equall'd.* And thus exclaimes against *Cæsar* in the person of OVID.

Tyrant, with me I would thou hadst begun:
Nor thy black slaughters had my fate fore-run.
If my licentious Youth incenst thee so;
Thy owne condemnes thee: into exile goe.
Thy Cabinets are stain'd with horrid deeds;
And thy foule guilt all monstrous names exceeds.
Diuine wit, innocence, nor yet my tongue,
Next to Apollo's, *could preuent my wrong.*
I smooth'd th'old Poets with my fluent vaine;
And taught the New a far more numerous strain.
When thee I prais'd, then from the truth I sweru'd
And banishment for that alone deseru'd.

In Heroibus.

STEPHA-

Præfat.in Horatium.

STEPHANVS.

NASO, *in his Metamorphosis, may well b called the Poet of Painters; in that tho witty descriptions afford such lively pat ternes for their pencils to imitate.* No may wee omit the Testimonie of

Disputat. de fabula.

MARCVS ANTONIVS TRITONIVS, *This Diuine worke is necessary, and to be desired of all, that are addicted to Poetri both for the gracefulnesse of speech, th admirable art of the Poet, and delight full varietie of the Subiect. Neither wa there euer any, that diligently collected, o learnedly, elegantly and orderly expressea the fables, but* OVID; *who composed ou of* Orpheus, Hesiod, Homer, *and other the most ancient Poets, so excellent and noble a Work, that therein the Learning of the* Latines *may worthily glorie.* And thus

Variar. lect. lib. 2. ca. 18.

BERNARDVS MARTINVS, *I conceiue the Poet of* Sulmo *did follow the industrie and aduice of* Zeuxes, *in the composure of that admirable worke of his Metamorphosis. For as that excellent Painter, about to draw the picture of*

Helena,

lelena, *had assembled together the most*
ure & beautifull Virgins of Greece; *that*
y examining their seuerall perfections
nd graces hee might expresse all in one
ith his curious pencill: so hee out of the
innumerable volumes of the Græcian Po-
s, first gathered these multiplicities of
bles, composing the diffused and vari-
sly dispersed into one bodie: and then
ligently noting what in euery author was
egant and beautifull, transferd the same
his owne, that nothing might be wanting
the inriching and adorning of his so
ume a Poem. I must not omit this te-
imonie of the learned

ANTONIVS MVRETVS. Orat.3. vloum.2.

he Metamorphosis, a diuine Poem; shi-
ng through-out, with all the lustres of
nceit and eloquence. Nor this of

HERCVLES CIOFANVS; Præfat.obseru.in Metam.

that a Citizen of *Sulmo. A wittie*
rke, repleat with solid and manifold
rning. Who peruse it diligently, shall
de such admirable fluencie, such fulnesse,
great a grauitie of words and sentences;
at few or none amongst the Latin Poets

can

can bee ſaid to tranſcend him. What ſhoul
I ſay of that ſingular, and well-nigh di
uine contexture of Fable with Fable? ſ
ſurpaſsing, that nothing can bee ſpoken o
done, more artificially, more excellently
or, indeed, more gracefully. Who handlin
ſuch diuerſitie of matter, ſo cunningl
weaues them together, that all appeare bu
one Series. Planudes, *well knowing tha*
Greece had not a Poem ſo abounding wit
delight and beautie, tranſlated it into tha
language. What ſhould I ſay more? A
Arts, which Antiquitie knew, are here ſ
fully delineated, that a number, expert i
both tongues, of prime vnderſtanding an
iudgements, admire it beyond all expreſsi
on. The firſt that writ a Commentari
on this booke (whereof fiftie thou
ſand were vented, and that in his lif
time) was

RAPHAEL REGIVS:

In præfat. Comment.

who thus in his Preface. *There is no*
thing appertaining to the knowledge an
glorie of warre, whereof wee haue not fa
mous examples in the Metamorphoſis o
OVID; (*not to ſpeake of ſtratagems, no*
th

the Orations of Commanders) described with such efficacie and eloquence, that often, in reading, you will imagine your selfe embroiled in their conflicts. Neither shall you finde any Author, from whom, a ciuill life may gather better instruction.

IACOBVS MICYLLVS.

In principio Additionum.

Hardly shall you find a Poem, which flowes with greater facilitie. For what should I speake of Learning? Herein, so great, so various, and abstruse; that many places haue neither beene explained, nor yet vnderstood; no, not by the most knowing: requiring rather a resolution from the Delian *Oracle, &c.*

Let the ingenuous, that affect not error, now rectifie their owne by the iudgements of these. But, incurable Criticks, who warre about words, and gall the sound to feed on their sores, as not desiring their sanitie, I forbeare to dissuade, and deliuer them vp to the censure of

Agrippa.

QVOD OLIM FACIEBAT VOTVM GERMANICO OVIDIVS, IDEM AVGVSTISSIMO CAROLO Interpretis ſui nomine faciunt

OVIDIANI MANES.

EXcipe pacato, Cæſar Brittannice, *vultu*
Hoc opus, & timida dirige nauis iter.
Officioque, leuem non auerſatus honorem,
Huic tibi deuoto, numine dexter ades.
Huic te da placidum, dederis in carmine vires:
Ingenium vultu ſtatque caditque tuo.
Pagina indicium docti ſubitura monetur
Principis, vt Clario miſſa legenda Deo.

THE MINDE OF THE FRONTISPEECE, And Argument of this WORKE.

Fire, Aire, Earth, Water, all the Opposites
That stroue in *Chaos*, powrefull *Loue* vnites;
And from their Discord drew this Harmonie
That smiles in *Nature*: who, with rauisht eye,
Affects his owne-made *Beauties*. But, our *Will*,
Desire, and *Powres Irascible*, the skill
Of *Pallas* orders; who the *Mind* attires
With all *Heroick Vertues*: This aspires
To *Fame* and *Glorie*; by her noble Guide
Eternized, and well-nigh Deifi'd.
But who forsake that faire *Intelligence*,
To follow *Passion*, and voluptuous *Sense*;
That shun the Path and Toyles of *Hercules*:
Such, charm'd by *Circe's* luxurie, and ease,
Themselues deforme: 'twixt whom, so great an ods;
That these are held for Beasts, and those for Gods.

PHOEBVS APOLLO (sacred Poesie)
Thus taught: for in these ancient Fables lie
The mysteries of all Philosophie.

Some Nrtures secrets shew; in some appeare
Distempers staines; some teach vs how to beare
Both Fortunes, bridling Ioy, Griefe, Hope, and Feare;

These Pietie, Deuotion those excite;
These prompt to Vertue, those from Vice affright;
All fitly mingling Profit with Delight.

This Course our Poet steeres: and those that faile,
By wandring Stars, not by his Compasse, faile.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The first Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe World, form'd out of Chaos. *Man is made.*
The Ages change. The Giants Heauen inuade.
Earth turnes their blood to men. Ioue's *flames confound*
Lycaon, *now a Wolfe. The World is drown'd.*
Man-kind, cast stones restore. All quickning Earth
Renews the rest, and giues new Monsters birth.
Apollo, Python *kills; hart-wounded, loues*
Lust-flying Daphné: *She a Laurel proues*
Ioue, Iõ *made a Cow, to maske foule deeds.*
Hermes, *a Heards-man.* Syrinx, *chang'd to Reeds.*
Dead Argus *eyes adorn the Peacock's traine.*
The Cow, to Iõ, Ioue *transform's againe.*

OF formes, to other bodies chang'd, I sing.
Assist, you God, (from you these wonders spring.)
And, from the Worlds first fabrick to these times,
educe my neuer discontinued Rymes.
The Sea, the Earth, al-couering Heauen vnfram'd,
ne face had nature, which they *haos* nam'd:
a vndigested lump; a barren load,
here iarring seeds of things ill-ioyn'd aboad.
Titan yet the World with light adornes;
r waxing *Phœbe* fill'd her waned hornes:

Nor hung the selfe-poiz'd Earth in thin Ayre plac't;
Nor *Amphitrite* the vast shore imbrac't.
With Earth, was Ayre and Sea: the Earth vnstable,
The Ayre was darke, the Sea vn-nauigable:
No certaine forme to any one assign'd:
This that resists. For, in one body ioyn'd,
The Cold and Hot, the Drie and Humid fight:
The Soft and Hard, the Heauy with the Light.
But God, the better Nature, this decides:
Who Earth from Heauen, the Sea from earth diuides:
And purer Heauen extracts from grosser Ayre.
All which vnfolded by his prudent care
From that blinde Masse; the happily dis-ioyn'd
With strifelesse peace he to their seats confin'd.
Forth-with vp-sprung the quicke and waightlesse Fire,
Whose flames vnto the highest Arch aspire:
The next, in leuitie and place, is Ayre:
Grosse Elements to thicker Earth repayre
Selfe-clog'd with waight: the Waters, flowing round,
Possesse the last, and solid *Tellus* bound.
What God soeuer this diuision wrought,
And euery part to due proportion brought;
First, lest the Earth vnequall should appeare,
He turn'd it round, in figure of a Sphere;
Then Seas diffus'd; commanding them to rore
With ruffling Winds, and giue the Land a shore.
To those he addeth Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense;
And Riuers, whom their winding borders fence:
Of these, not few Earth's thirstie iawes deuour;
The rest, their streames into the Ocean pour;
When, in that liquid Plaine, with freer waue,
The fomy Cliffs, in stead of Banks, they laue:

Bids Trees increase to Woods, the Plaines extend,
The rocky Mountaynes rise, and Vales descend.
Two equall Zones, on either side, dispose
The measur'd Heauens; a fifth, more hot than those.
As many Lines th'included Globe diuide:
I'th'midst vnsufferable beames reside;
Snow clothes the other two: the temperate hold
'Twixt these their seats, the heat well mixt with cold.
As Earth, as Water, vpper Ayre out-waighs;
So much doth Ayre Fire's lighter balance raise.
There, he commands the changing Clouds to stray;
There, thundering terrors mortall mindes dismay;
And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow:
Yet not permitted euery way to blow;
Who hardly now to teare the World refraine
(So Brothers iarre!) though they diuided raigne.
To *Persis* and *Sabæa*, *Eurus* flies;
Whose fruits perfume the blushing Mornes vp-rise:
Next to the Euening, and the Coast that glowes
With setting *Phœbus*, flowry *Zeph'rus* blowes:
In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his raigne,
Beneath *Boötes* and the frozen Waine:
The Land to this oppos'd, doth *Auster* steep
With fruitfull showrs, and clouds which euer weep.
Aboue all these he plac't the liquid Skies;
Which, void of earthly dregs, did highest rise.
Scarce had he all thus orderly dispos'd;
When-as the Starres their radiant heads disclos'd
(Long hid in Night) and shone through all the skie.
Then, that no place should vnpossessed lie,
Bright Constellations, and fair-figured Gods,
In heauenly Mansions fixt their blest abodes:

The glittering Fishes to the Flouds repayre;
The beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Ayre.
The nobler Creature, with a minde possest,
Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.
That Maker, the best World's originall,
Either man fram'd of seed Cœlestiall;
Or Earth, which late he did from Heauen diuide,
Some sacred seeds retayn'd, to Heauen ally'd:
Which with the liuing streame *Promethous* mixt;
And in that artificiall structure fixt
The forme of all th' all-ruling Deities.
And where as others see with downe-cast eyes,
He with a loftie looke did Man indue,
And bade him Heauens transcendent glories view.
So, that rude Clay, which had no forme afore,
Thus chang'd, of Man the vnknowne figure bore.
The *Golden Age* was first; which vncompeld,
And without rule, in Faith and Truth exceld.
As then, there was nor punishment nor feare;
Nor threatning Lawes in brasse prescribed were;
Nor suppliant crouching prisoners shooke to see
Their angrie Iudge: but, all was safe and free.
To visit other Worlds, no wounded Pine
Did yet from Hills to faithlesse Seas decline.
Then, vnambitious Mortals knew no more,
But their owne Countrie's Nature-bounded shore.
Nor Swords, nor Armes were yet: no trenches round
Besieged Townes, nor strifefull Trumpets sound:
The Souldier, of no vse. In firme content
And harmelesse ease, their happy dayes were spent.
The yet-free Earth did of her owne accord
(Vntoane with ploughs) all sorts of fruit afford.

Content with Natures vn-enforced food,
They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,
Sowre Cornels, what vpon the Bramble growes,
And Acorns, which *Ioue's* spreading Oke bestowes.
'Twas alwayes Spring: warme *Zephyrus* sweetly blew
On smiling Flowres, which without setting grew.
Forth-with the Earth corne, vnmanured, beares;
And euery yeere renewes her golden Eares:
With Milke and Nectar were the Riuers fill'd;
And yellow Hony from greene Elms distill'd.
But, after *Saturne* was throwne downe to Hell,
Ioue rul'd; and then the *Siluer Age* befell:
More base than Gold, and yet than Brasse more pu[illegible]
Ioue chang'd the Spring (which alwayes did indure)
To Winter, Summer, Autumne hot and cold:
The shortned Springs the year's fourth-part vphold.
Then, first the glowing Ayre with feruor burn'd:
The Raine to ycicles by bleake winds turn'd.
Men houses built; late hous'd in Caues profound,
In plashed Bowres, and Sheds with Osiers bound.
Then, first was Corne into long furrowes throwne:
And Oxen vnder heauie yokes did grone.
Next vnto this succeeds the *Brazen Age*;
Worse natur'd, prompt to horrid warre, and rage:
But yet not wicked. Stubborne *Yr'n* the last.
Then, blushlesse Crimes, which all degrees surpast,
The World surround. Shame, Truth, and Faith depart.
Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art.
Force, Treason, and the wicked Loue of gayn.
Their sailes, those winds, which yet they knew not, strayn:
And ships, which long on loftie Mountaynes stood,
Then plow'd th' vnpractiz'd bosome of the Flood.

The Ground, as common earst as Light, or Ayre,
By limit-giuing Geometrie they share.
Nor with rich Earth's iust nourishments content,
For treasure they her secret entrailes rent;
The powerfull Euill, which all power inuades,
By her well hid, and wrapt in *Stygian* shades.
Curst Steel, more cursed Gold she now forth brought:
And bloody-handed Warre, who with both fought.
All liue by spoile. The Host his Guest betrayes;
Sons, Father-in-lawes: 'twixt Brethren loue decayes.
Wiues husbands, husbands wiues attempt to kill:
And cruell Step-mothers pale poysons fill.
The Sonne his Fathers hastie death desires:
Foild Pietie, trod vnder foot, expires.
Astræa, last of all the heauenly birth,
Affrighted leaues the blood-defiled Earth.
And that the Heauens their safetie might suspect,
The Giants now cœlestiall Thrones affect;
Who to the skies congested Mountaines reare.
Then *Ioue* with thunder did *Olympus* teare;
Steep *Pelion* from vnder *Ossa* throwne.
With their owne waight their monstrous bodies grone;
And with her Childrens blood the Earth imbru'd:
Which shee, scarce throughly cold, with life indu'd;
And gaue thereto, t'vphold her Stocke, the face
And forme of Man; a God-contemning Race,
Greedie of slaughter, not to be withstood;
Such, as well shews, that they were borne of blood.
Which when from Heauen *Saturnius* did behold;
He sigh't; reuoluing what was yet vntold,
Of fell *Lycaon's* late inhumane feast.
Iust anger, worthy *Ioue*, inflam'd his breast.

A Synod call'd, the ſummoned appeare.
There is a way, well ſeene when skies be cleare,
The *Milkie* nam'd: by this, the Gods reſort
Vnto th'Almightie Thunderers high Court.
With euer-open dores, on either hand,
Of nobler Deities the Houſes ſtand:
The Vulgar dwell diſperſt: the Chiefe and Great
In front of all, their ſhining Manſions ſeat.
This glorious Roofe I would not doubt to call,
Had I but boldnes lent me, Heauen's *White-hall.*
All ſet on Marble ſeats; He, leaning on
His Iuory Scepter, in a higher Throne,
Did twice or thrice his dreadfull Treſſes ſhake:
The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though fixed) quake;
Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, ſpake:
I was not more perplext in that ſad Time,
For this Worlds Monarchie, when bold to clime,
The Serpent-footed Giants durſt inuade,
And would on Heauen their hundred-hands haue laid,
Though fierce the Foe, yet did that Warre depend
But of one Body, and had ſoone an end.
Now all the race of man I muſt confound,
Where-euer *Nereus* walks his wauy Round:
And this I vow by thoſe infernall Floods,
Which ſlowly glide through ſilent *Stygian* woods.
All cures firſt ſought; ſuch parts as health reiect
Muſt be cut off, leaſt they the ſound infect.
Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Syluans, Satyres, Faunes,
Who haunt cleare Springs, high Mountayns, Woods, and (Lawnes
(On whom ſince yet we pleaſe not to beſtow
Cœleſtiall dwellings) muſt ſubſiſt below.
Thinke you, you Gods, they can in ſafetie reſt,

When me (of lightning, and of you possest,
Who both at our Imperiall pleasure sway)
The sterne *Lycaon* practiz'd to betray?
All bluster, and in rage the wretch demand.
So, when bold Treason sought, with impious hand,
By *Cæsar's* bloud t'out-race the Roman name;
Man-kind, and all the World's affrighted Frame,
Astonisht at so great a ruine, shooke.
Nor thine, for Thee, lesse thought, *Augustus*, tooke,
Than they for *Iouc*. He, when he had suppreſt
Their murmur, thus proceeded to the rest.
He hath his punishment; remit that care:
The manner how, I will in briefe declare.
The Times accus'd, (but as I hop't bely'd)
To trie, I downe from steep *Olympus* slide.
A God, transform'd like one of humane birth,
I wandred through the many-peopl'd Earth.
'Twere long to tell, what crimes of euery sort
Swarm'd in all parts: the truth exceeds report.
Now past den-dreadfull *Mænalus* confines,
Cyllene, cold *Lycæus* clad with Pines,
There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when Doubtfull-light
Drew on the deawy Charriot of the Night,
I entred his vnhospitable Court.
The better Vulgar to their pray'rs resort,
When I by signes had showne a Gods repayr.
Lycaon first derides their zealous pray'r;
Then said, We straight the vndoubted truth will trie,
Whether he be immortall, or may die.
In dead of night, when all was whist and still,
Me, in my sleepe, he purposeth to kill.
Nor with so foule an enterprize content,

An

An Hostage murders, from *Molossus* lent:
Part of his seuer'd scarce-dead limbs he boyles;
An other part on hissing Embers broyles;
This set before me, I the house ore-turn'd
With vengefull flames, which round about him burn'd.
He, frighted, to the silent Desart flies;
There howles, and speech with lost indeuour tries.
His selfe-like iawes still grin: more than for food
He slaughters beasts, and yet delights in bloud.
His armes to thighs, his clothes to bristles chang'd;
A Wolfe; not much from his first forme estrang'd:
So horie hair'd; his lookes so full of rape;
So fiery ey'd; so terrible his shape.
One house that fate, which all deserue, sustaines:
For, through the World the fierce *Erinnys* raignes.
You'ld thinke they had conspir'd to sinne. But, all
Shall swiftly by deserued vengeance fall.
Ioue's words apart approue, and his intent
Exasperate: the rest giue their consent.
Yet all for Mans destruction grieu'd appeare:
And aske what forme the widowed Earth shall beare?
Who shall with odours their cold Altars feast:
Must Earth be onely by wilde beasts possest?
The King of Gods re-comforts their despaire;
And biddeth them impose on him that care:
Who promis'd, by a strange originall
Of better people, to supply their fall.
And now about to let his lightning flie,
He fear'd lest so much flame should catch the skie,
And burne heauens Axeltree, Spindes, by doome,
Of certaine Fate, he knew the time shou'd come,
When Sea, Earth, rauisht Heauen, the curious Frames

Of this World's masse, should shrinke in purging flame.
He therefore those *Cyclopean* darts reiects;
And different-natur'd punishments elects:
To open all the Flood-gates of the skie,
And Man by inundation to destroy.
Rough *Boreas* in *Æolian* prison laid;
And those drie blasts which gathered Clouds inuade;
Out flyes the South, with dropping wings; who shrouds
His terrible aspect in pitchy clouds.
His white hair streams, his swolne Beard big with showres;
Mists bind his brows, Rain from his bosom poures.
As with his hands the hanging clouds he crusht;
They roar'd, and downe in showres together rush't.
All-colour'd *Iris*, *Iuno's* messenger,
To weeping Clouds doth nourishment confer.
The Corne is lodg'd, the Husband-men despaire;
Their long yeares labour lost, with all their care.
Ioue, not content with his æthereall rages.
His Brother's auxiliarie flouds ingages.
The Streames conuented; 'Tis too late to vse
Much speech, said *Neptune*; all your powres effuse;
Your dores vnbarre, remoue what-ere restraines
Your liberall Waues, and giue them the full raynes.
Thus charged, they returne; their Springs vnfold;
And to the Sea with head-long furie rol'd.
He with his Trident strikes the Earth: Shee shakes;
And way for Water by her motion makes.
Through open fields now rush the spreading Floods;
And hurry with them Cattell, People, Woods,
Houses, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.
What such a force, vn-ouerthrowne, oppos'd,
The higher-swelling Water quite deuoures;

Which

Which hides the aspiring tops of swallowed towres.
Now Land and Sea no different visage bore:
For, all was Sea, nor had the Sea a shore.
He, takes a Hill: He, in a Boat deplores;
And, where He lately plow'd, now strikes his Oares.
O're Corne, o're drowned Villages He sailes:
He, from high Elmes intangled Fishes hales.
In Fields they anchor cast, as Chance did guide:
And Ships the vnder-lying Vineyards hide.
Where Mountayne-louing Goats did lately graze,
The Sea-calfe now his vgly body layes.
Groues, Cities, Temples, couer'd by the Deep,
The Nymphs admire; in woods the Delphins keep,
And chace about the boughs: the Wolfe doth swim
Amongst the Sheepe: the Lyon (now not grim)
And Tygres tread the Waues. Swift feet no more
Auaile the Hart; nor wounding tuskes the Bore.
The wandring Birds, hid Earth long sought in vaine,
With weary wings descend into the Mayne.
Licentious Seas o're drowned Hills now fret:
And vnknowne surges Ayerie Mountaynes beat.
The Waues the greater part deuoure: the rest,
Death, with long-wanted sustenance, oppreſt.
The Land of *Phocis*, fruitfull when a Land,
Diuides *Aönia* from th' *Actæan* strand;
But now a part of the insulting Mayne,
Of sudden-swelling waters a vast Playne,
There, his two heads *Parnassus* doth extend
To touched Stars; whose tops the Clouds transcend.
On this *Deucalion's* little Boat was throwne:
With him, his Wife; the rest all ouer-flowne.
Corycian Nymphs, and Hill-gods he adores;

And

And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.
None was there better, none more iust than Hee:
And none more reuerenc't the Gods than Shee.
Iouc, when he saw that all a Lake was growne,
And of so many thousand men but one;
One, of so many thousand women, left;
Both guiltlesse, pious both; of all bereft:
The clouds (now chac't by *Boreas*) from him throwes:
And Earth to Heauen, Heauen vnto Earth he showes.
Nor Seas persist to rage: their awfull Guide
The wilde waues calmes, his Trident laid aside;
And calls blew *Triton*, riding on the Deep
(Whose mantle Nature did in purple steep)
And bids him his lowd-sounding shell inspire,
And giue the Flouds a signall to retire.
He his wreath'd trumpet takes (as giuen in charge)
That from the turning bottom growes more large:
To which when he giues breath, 'tis heard by all,
From farre-vprising *Phœbus* to his Fall.
When this the watery Deitie had set
To his large mouth, and sounded a retreat;
All Flouds it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew:
And all the Flouds, that heard the same, with-drew.
Seas now haue shores: full streames their channels keep:
They sink, and hils aboue the waters peep.
Earth re-ascends: as waues decrease, so grow
The formes of things, and late-hid figures show.
And after a long day, the trees extend
Their bared tops; with mud their branches bend.
The World's restor'd. Which when in such a state,
So deadly silent, and so desolate,
Deucalion saw: with teares which might haue made

An other Floud, he thus to *Pyrrha* said.
O Sister! O my Wife! the poore Remaines
Of all thy Sex; which all, in one, containes!
Whom humane Nature, one paternall Line,
Then one chaste Bed, and now like dangers ioyne!
Of what the Sunne beholds from East to West,
We two are all: the Sea intombs the rest.
Nor yet can we of life be confident;
The threatning clowds strange terrors still present.
O what a heart would'st thou haue had, if Fate
Had ta'ne me from thee, and prolong'd thy date!
So wilde a feare, such sorrowes, so forlorne
And comfortlesse, how couldest thou haue borne!
If Seas had suckt thee in, I would haue follow'd
My Wife in death, and Sea should me haue swallow'd.
O would I could my Father's cunning vse!
And soules into well-modul'd Clay infuse!
Now, all our mortall Race we two contayne;
And but a pattern of Man-kind remaine.
This said, both wept; both, pray'rs to heauen addresse;
And seeke the Oracle in their distresse.
Forth-with descending to *Cephisus* Floud,
Which in known banks now ran, though thick with mud;
They on their heads and garments water throw;
And to the Temple of the Goddesse goe;
At that time all defil'd with mosse and mire;
The vnfrequented Altar without fire.
Then, humbly on their faces prostrate lay'd,
And kissing the cold stones, with feare thus pray'd.
If Powres diuine to iust desires consent,
And Angry Gods doe in the end relent;
Say, *Themis*, how shall we our Race repaire?

O,

O, helpe the drown'd in Water and Despayre!
The Goddesse, with compassion mou'd, reply'd;
Goe from my Temple: both your faces hide;
Let Garments all vnbraced loosely flow;
And your Great-Parents bones behinde you throw.
Amaz'd! first *Pyrrha* silence breakes, and said;
By me the Goddesse must not be obay'd;
And, trembling, pardon craues: Her Mothers ghost
She feares would suffer, if her bones were tost.
Meane-while they ponder and reiterate
The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.
Then, *Promethides*, *Epimethida*
Thus recollecteth; lost in her dismay:
Or we the Oracle misse-vnderstand
(The righteous Gods no wicked thing command)
Or Earth is our Great-Mother: and the stones,
Therein contain'd, I take to be her bones.
These, sure, are those we should behinde vs throw.
Although *Titania* thought it might be so,
Yet she misse-doubts. Both with weake faith rely
On ayding Heauen. What hurt was it to try?
Departing with heads vail'd, and clothes vnbrac't,
Commanded stones they o're their shoulders cast.
Did not Antiquitie auouch the same,
Who would beleeu't! the stones lesse hard became.
And as their naturall hardnesse them forsooke;
So by degrees they Mans dimensions tooke;
And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increast:
And, yet not manifestly Man exprest;
But, like rough hewne' rude marble Statues stand,
That want the Workemans last life-giuing hand.
The Earthy parts, and what had any iuyce,

Were

Were both conuerted to the body's vse.
The vnflexible and solid, turne to bones:
The veines remaine, that were when they were stones.
Those, thrown by Man, the forme of men indue:
And those were Women, which the Woman threw.
Hence we, a hardy Race, inur'd to paine:
Our Actions our Originall explaine.
All other creatures tooke their numerous birth
And figures, from the voluntary Earth.
When that old humour with the Sunne did sweat,
And slimy Marishes grew big with heat;
The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mothers wombe,
From quickning Earth both growth and forme assume.
So, when seuen chanel'd *Nile* forsakes the Plaine,
When ancient bounds retiring streames containe,
And late-left slime æthereall feruours burne,
Men various creatures with the gleabe vp-turne:
Of those, some in their very time of birth;
Some lame; and others halfe aliue, halfe earth.
For, Heat and Moysture, when they temperate grow,
Forth-with conceiue; and life on things bestow.
From striuing Fire and Water all proceede;
Discording Concord euer apt to breede.
So, Earth by that late Deluge muddy growne,
When on her lap reflecting *Titan* shone,
Produc't a World of formes; restor'd the late;
And other vnknowne Monsters did create.
Huge *Python*, thee, against her will, she bred;
A Serpent, whom the new-borne People dread;
Whose bulk did like a mouing Mountaine show.
Behold! the God that beares the Siluer Bow
(Till then, inur'd to strike the flying Deere,

Or swifter Roe, who euery shadow feare)
That terror with a thousand arrowes slew;
And through black wounds the clotted poyson drew.
Then, least the well-deserued memorie
Of such a Praise, in future times should die;
He instituteth celebrated Games
Of free contention; which he *Pythia* names.
Who ran, who Wrastled best; or Rak't the ground
With swiftest Wheeles, the Oken Garland crown'd.
The Laurel was not yet: all sorts of Boughes
Phœbus then bound about his radiant Browes.
Peneian Daphne was his first belou'd:
Not Chance, but *Cupid*'s wrath, that fury mou'd.
Whom *Delius* (proud of his late Conquest) saw,
As he his pliant Bowe began to draw;
And said: Lasciuious Boy, how ill agree
Thou and these Armes! too Manly far for thee.
Such suit our shoulders; whose strong arme confounds
Both Man and Beast, with neuer-missing wounds;
That *Python*, bristled with thick Arrowes, queld,
Who o're so many poyson'd Akers sweld.
Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame
Desires we know not; nor our prayses claime.
Then, *Venus* sonne; Selfe-praysed euer bee:
All may thy Bowe transfixe, as mine shall thee.
As much as *Ioue* excelleth humane powr's;
So much thy glory is exceld by ours.
With that, he breaks the Ayre with nimble wings;
And to *Parnassus* shadie summit Springs;
Two different arrowes from his Quiuer drawes:
One, hate of Loue, the other Loue doth cause.
What caus'd, was sharpe, and had a golden Head:

But what repulst, was blunt, and tipt with Lead.
The God this in *Peneia* fixt; that strucke
Apollos bones and in his Marrow stucke.
Forth-with he loues: a Louers name she flyes:
And emulating vn-wed *Phœbe*, ioyes
In spoyles of saluage Beasts, and syluan Lares;
A fillet binding her neglected haires.
Her, many sought: but she, auerse to all,
Vnknowne to Man, nor brooking such a thrall,
Frequents the pathlesse Woods; and hates to proue,
Nor cares to heare, what *Hymen* is, or Loue.
Oft said her Father; Daughter, thou do'st owe
A Son-in-law, who Nephews may bestowe.
But she, who Marriage as a Crime eschew'd
(Her Face with blushing shame fac'tnes imbew'd)
Hung on his necke with fawning armes, and said,
Deare Father, giue me leaue to liue a Maid:
This boone *Diana's* did to her afford.
He, too indulgent, gaue thee his accord:
But thee, thy excellencie countermands;
And thy owne beautie thy desire with-stands.
Apollo loues, and faine would *Daphne* wed:
What he desires, he hopes; and is misse-led
By his owne Oracles. As stubbles burne,
As hedges into sudden blazes turne,
Fire set too neere, or left by chance behinde
By passengers, and scattered with the winde:
So springs he into flames: a fire doth moue
Through all his veins: hope feeds his barren loue.
He on her shoulders sees her haire vnrest:
O what, said he, if these were neatly drest!
He sees her Eyes, two Starres! her Lips which kisse

Their

Their happy Selues, and longs to taste their blisse:
Admires her fingers, hands, her armes halfe-bare;
And Parts vnseene conceiues to be more rare.
Swifter than following Winds, away she runs;
And him, for all this his intreatie, shuns.
Stay Nymph, I pray thee stay; I am no Fo:
So Lambs from Wolues, Harts flye from Lyons so;
So from the Eagle springs the trembling Doue:
They, from their deaths: but my pursute is Loue.
Wo's me, if thou shouldst fall, or thornes should race
Thy tender legs, whilst I enforce the chace!
These roughs are craggy: moderate thy haste,
And trust me, I will not pursue so fast.
Yet know, who't is you please: No Mountanere,
No home-bred Clowne; nor keepe I Cattell here.
From whom thou fly'st thou know'st not (silly foole!)
And therefore fly'st thou. I in *Delphos* rule.
Iônian Claros, Lycian Patara,
And Sea-girt *Tenedos* doe me obay.
Ioue is my Father. What shall be, hath beene,
Or is; by my instructiue rayes is seene.
Immortall Verse from our inuention springs;
And how to strike the well concording-strings,
My shafts hit sure: yet He one surer found,
Who in my emptie bosome made this wound.
Of herbs I found the vertue; and through all
The World they Me the great Physician call.
Aye me, that herbs can Loue no cure afford!
That Arts, relieuing all, should faile their Lord!
More had he said, when she, with nimble dread,
From him, and his vnfinisht court-ship fled.
How gracefull then! the Wind that obuious blew,

Too

Too much betray'd her to his amorous view;
And play'd the Wanton with her fluent haire,
Her Beauty, by her flight, appear'd more rare.
No more the God will his intreaties loose;
But, vrg'd by Loue, with all his force pursues.
As when a Hare the speedy Gray-hound spyes;
His feet for prey, shee hers for safetie plyes;
Now beares he vp; now, now he hopes to fetch her;
And, with his snowt extended, straines to catch her;
Not knowing whether caught or no, she slips
Out of his wide-stretcht iawes, and touching lips.
The God and Virgin in such strife appeare:
He, quickned by his hope; She, by her feare,
But, the Pursuer doth more nimble proue:
Enabled by th' industrious wings of loue.
Nor giues he time to breathe: now at her heeles,
His breath vpon her dangling haire shee feeles.
Cleane spent, and fainting, her affrighted bloud
Forsakes her cheeks. Shee cryes vnto the Floud.]
Helpe Father, if your streames contayne a Powre!
May Earth, for too well pleasing; me deuour:
Or, by transforming, O destroy this shape,
That thus betrayes me to vndoing rape.
Forth-with, a numnesse all her lims possest;
And slender filmes her softer sides inuest.
Haire into leaues, her Armes to branches grow:
And late swift feet, now roots, are lesse than slow.
Her gracefull head a leauy top sustaines:
One beauty throughout all her forme remaines.
Still *Phœbus* loues. He handles the new Plant;
And feeles her Heart within the bark to pant:
Imbrac't the bole, as he would her haue done

And

And kist the boughs: the boughes his kisses shun.
To whom the God: Although thou canst not bee
The Wife I wisht, yet shalt thou be my Tree,
Our Quiuer, Harp, our Tresses neuer shorne,
My Laurell, thou shalt euermore odorne;
And Browes triumphant, when they *Iõ* sing,
And to the Capitol their Trophees bring.
Thou shalt defend from Thunders blasting stroke,
Augustus doores, on either side the Oke.
And, as our vn-cut haire no change receiues;
So euer flourish with vnfading leaues.
Here *Paean* ends. The Laurell all allowes:
In signe whereof her gratefull head shee bowes.
A pleasant Groue within *Æmonia* grows,
Call'd *Tempe*; which high ragged Cliffs inclose.
Through this, *Peneus*, pour'd from *Pindus*, raues,
And from the bottom rowles, with foming waues;
That by steep down-fals tumbling from on hie,
Ingender mists, which smoke-like, vpward flie,
That on the deawy tops of Trees distill,
And more than neighboring woods with noyses fill.
Here, in a Caue, his Court and residence
The great Floud keepes: here iustice doth dispence
To streams, and gentle Nymphs that streams frequent.
The Floods, that natiue were, with one consent
First thither came; as yet, at selfe-debate,
Whether to comfort, or congratulate.
Coole *Sperchius*, slow *Amphrysus*, *Apidan*.
Swift *Æas*, *Enipe*, that troubled ran.
Then, forth-with those, who (as their sourses bend)
To Seas, their Waues (with wandring, weary) send.
All but old *Inachus*: who in his Caue's

Obscure

Obſcure receſſe, with teares augments his waues:
For *Io*, mournes as loſt; nor yet knowes hee
Whether aboue or vnder earth ſhe bee:
But her, whom he not any-where could find,
He thinks is no where: feare diſtracts his mind.
As from her Fathers ſtreames the Nymph return'd,
Saturnius, ſeeing her, in paſſion burn'd.
O Virgin, worthy *Ioue*! whoſe bed muſt bleſſe
What God I know not; though a Man, no leſſe:
Here in theſe Woods, ſaid he, or theſe repoſe,
Whil'ſt thus the world with fainting feruor glowes.
Nor feare among the Saluages to venture:
A God protecting, thou maiſt ſafely enter.
Nor one of vulgar ranke; but, He that beares
Heauens Scepter, and the clouds with thunder teares,
O, flie not! for ſhe fled. The Paſtures paſt
Of *Lerna*, and *Lyrcæu's* gloomy waſt,
He in the Aire a ſable cloud diſplai'd,
Caught, and deviginat's the ſtrugling Maid.
Meane-while, with wonder *Iuno* doth ſuruay
Thoſe duskie Clouds, that made a Night of Day.
And, finding that they neither tooke their birth
From vap'rous ſtreames, nor from the humid Earth,
For her miſt Husband ſearcheth Heauen: as one,
To whom his ſtealths ſo often had beene knowne.
Whom when ſhe could not finde; Deceiu'd am I,
Or wrong'd, ſhe ſaid. Downe from the enamel'd skie
Shee ſlides to Earth. The foggy Clouds with-draw
At her command. Her comming *Ioue* fore-ſaw,
And chang'd *Inachides* into a Cow;
Whoſe forme euen *Iuno* prais'd; demanding how
Shee thither came? Whoſe was ſhe? of what herd?

As

As ignorant of what ſhe more than fear'd.
Ioue faynes (her importunitie to ſhift)
Her borne of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the gift.
What ſhould he doe? be cruell to his Loue;
Or by denying her, ſuſpition moue?
Shame that perſwades; and Loue doth this diſſwade:
But, ſtronger Loue Shame vnder foot had layd;
Yet doubts, if he ſhould ſuch a thing deny
His Wife and Siſter, 't would the fraud deſcry.
Obtayn'd; not forth-with feare the Goddeſſe left;
Diſtruſting *Ioue*, and iealous of his theft,
Vntill deliuered to *Argus* guard.
A hundred eyes his head's large circuit ſtarr'd;
Whereof, by turnes, at once two onely ſlept;
The other watcht, and ſtill their Stations kept.
Which way ſo-ere he ſtands, he *Iô* ſpyes:
Iô, behind him, was before his eyes.
By day, ſhe graz'd abroad: *Sol* vnder ground,
He hous'd her, in vnworthy halter bound.
On leaues of Trees, and bitter herbs ſhe fed.
Poore ſoule! the Earth, not alwayes greene, her bed;
And of the Torrent drinks. With hands Vp-heau'd
Shee thought to beg for pity: how deceiu'd!
Who low'd, when ſhe began to make her mone;
And trembled at the voyce which was her owne.
Vnto the banks of *Inachus* ſhee ſtray'd;
Her Fathers banks, where ſhe ſo oft had play'd:
Beholding in his ſtreame her horned head,
She ſtarts; and from her ſelfe, ſelfe-frighted, fled.
Her Siſters, nor old *Inachus*, her knew:
Which way ſo-ere they went, ſhe would purſue,
And ſuffer them to-ſtroke her; and doth moue

Their wonder with her ſtrange expreſſed loue.
He brought her Graſſe: She gently lickt his hands,
And kiſt his palmes; nor, longer, teares withſtands.
And had ſhee then had words, ſhee had diſplay'd
Her Name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his ayde.
For words, ſhe letters with her foot impreſt
Vpon the Sand, which her ſad change profeſt.
Wo's me! cry'd *Inachus*: his armes he throwes
About her ſnowy Necke. O, woe of woes!
Art thou my daughter, throughout all the Round
Of Earth ſo ſought; that now, vnſought, art found!
Leſſe was thy loſſe: leſſe was my miſerie.
Dumbe wretch (alas!) thou canſt not make reply;
Yet, as thou canſt thou doſt: thy lowings ſpeake,
And deep-fetcht ſighes that from thy boſom breake.
I, ignorant, prepar'd thy marriage bed:
My hopes, a Sonne-in-law, and Nephewes fed.
Now, from the Heard, thy iſſue muſt deſcend:
Nor can the length of time my ſorrowes end;
Accurſt in that a God. Deaths ſweet reliefe
Hard fates denie to my immortall griefe.
This ſaid: his Daughter (in that ſhape belou'd)
The Star-ey'd *Argus* farre from thence remou'd;
When, mounted on a hill, the warie Spie
Suruayes the Playnes that round about him lie.
The King of Gods thoſe ſorrowes ſhe indur'd:
Could brooke no longer, by his fault procur'd:
But, calls his ſonne, of fulgent *Pleias* bred;
Commanding him to cut off *Argus* head.
He wings his heeles, puts on his Felt, and takes
His drowſie Rod; the Towre of *Loue* forſakes;
And, winding, ſtoops to Earth. The changed God

His

His Hat and Wings layes by; retaynes his Rod:
With which he driues his Gotes (like one that feeds
The bearded Heard) and sings t'his slender Reeds.
Much taken with that Art, before vnknowne,
Come, sit by me, said *Argus*, on this stone.
No place affordeth better Pastorage,
Or shelter from the Sunnes offensiue rage.
Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obay;
And with discourse protracts the speedy Day:
Then, singing to his Pipes soft melody,
Endeuors to subdue each wakefull eye.
The Herdſ-man striues to conquer vrgent sleepe:
Though seiz'd on halfe, the other halfe doe keepe
Obseruant watch. He askes who did inuent
(With that, he yawn'd) that late-found Instrument.
Then, thus the God his charmed eares inclines:
Amongst the *Hamadry'd's* and *Naiacrines*
(On cold *Arcadian* Hils) for beautie fam'd,
A *Naias* dwelt; the Nymphs, her *Syrinx* nam'd.
Who oft deceiu'd the Satyres that pursu'd,
The rurall Gods, and those whom woods include:
In exercises, and in chast desire,
Diana like: and such in her attire.
You either in each other might behold:
Her Bow was Horne; *Diana's* was of Gold:
Yet oft mistooke. *Pan* crown'd with Pines, returning
From steep *Lycæus*, saw her; and, loue-burning,
Thus said: Faire Virgin, grant a Gods request;
And be his Wife. She would not heare the rest;
But fled from the despis'd as from her shame,
Till to smooth *Ladon's* sandy banks shee came.
There stopt; implores the liquid Sisters aid,

To change her shape, and pitty a forc't Maid.
Pan, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* claspt
Betweene his arms, Reeds for her body graspt.
He sighs: they, stir'd there-with, report againe
A mournefull sound, like one that did complaine.
Rapt with the musick; Yet, O sweet (said he)
Together euer thus conuerse will we.
Then, of vnequall wax-ioyn'd Reeds he fram'd
This seuen-fold Pipe: of her 't was *Syrinx* nam'd.
The sly *Cyllenius*, thus discoursing, spyes
How leaden sleep had seal'd-vp all his eyes.
Then, silent, with his Magick rod he strokes
Their languisht lights, which sounder sleep prouokes,
And with his Fawchion lops his nodding head:
Whose bloud besmear'd the hoarie Rock with red.
There lyes he; of so many lights, the light
Put forth: his hundred eyes set in one night.
Yet, that those starry iewels might remayne,
Saturnia fixt them in her Peacocks trayne.
Inflam'd with anger, and impatient haste,
Before sad *Io's* eyes and thoughts shee plac't
Erynnis Snakes, and through the World doth driue
The conscience-stung affrighted Fugitiue.
Thou, *Nile*, to her long toyle an end didst yeeld.
Approaching thee, shee on thy margent kneel'd;
Her looks (such as shee had) to heauen vp-throwes:
With tears, sighs, sounds (expressing worldlesse woes)
Shee seemed *Ioue* t' accuse, as too ingrate,
And to implore an end of her hard fate.
He clips his Wife; and her intreats to free
She vniustly plagu'd. Be confident (said he)
Shee neuer more shall cause thy griefe, or feare:

His vow he bids the *Stygian* Waters heare.
Appeas'd; the Nymph recouer'd her first looke;
So faire, so sweet! the haire her skin forsooke:
Her horns decrease: large eyes, wide iawes, contract:
Shoulders and hands againe become exact:
Her hooues to nailes diminish: nothing now
But that pure White, retaynes shee of the Cow.
Then, on her feete her body she erects
Now borne by two. Her selfe she yet suspects;
Nor dares to speake alowd, lest she should heare
Her selfe to low; but softly tries with feare.
Now, shee, a Goddesse, is ador'd by those
That linnen weare, where sacred *Nilus* flowes.
Hence sprung *Ioue's Epaphus*, no lesse diuine;
Whose Temples next vnto his Mother's ioyne.
Equall in yeeres, nor equall spirit wants
The Sunne-got *Phaëton*: who proudly vants
Of his high Parentage; nor will giue place.
Inachides puts on him this disgrace:
Foole, thou thy Mother trusts in things vnknowne;
And of a Father boasts that's not thy owne.
Vext *Phaëton* blusht: his shame his rage repels:
Who straight to *Clymene* the slander tels:
And Mother, said he, to your griefes increase;
I free, and late so fiery, held my peace;
Asham'd that such a tainture should be lay'd
Vpon my bloud, that could not be gayn-said.
But, if I be descended from aboue;
Giue proofe thereof, and this reproach remoue.
Then hangs about her necke: by her owne Head,
By *Merope's*, her Sisters nuptiall bed,
Intreats her to produce some certaine gage,

That might assure his question'd parentage.
Mou'd with her sonnes intreaty, more inflam'd
With indignation to be so defam'd,
She casts her armes to heauen: and looking on
His radiant Orbe, thus said: I sweare my son,
By yon'faire Taper, that so bright appeares
With far-proiected beames; who sees, and heares:
That Sun whom thou behold'st, who light and heat
Affords the informed World, did thee beget.
If not, may he to me deny his sight:
And to my eyes let this be his last light.
Nor far-remoued doth his Palace stand;
His first-vprise confines vpon our Land:
If that thy heart doe serue thee, thither goe;
And there thy Father, of thy Father, know.
Hereat, ioy'd *Phaëton* enlightned grew;
Whose towring thoughts no lesse than Heauen pursew.
His *Æthiopia* past, and *Ind* which fries
With burning beames, he climes the Sun's vprise.

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.

The second Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

RAsh Phaeton *fires the World. His sisters mourne*
His Tragedie; who into Poplars turne;
Their teares to Amber; Cygnus, *to a Swan.*
Ioue, Phœbe-*like*, Calisto *found a Man.*
Her, Iuno *made a Beare: Shee, and her son,*
Aduanced starres, that still the Ocean shun.
Coronis, *now a Crowe, flies* Neptune's *frights*
Nictimine *is made the Bird of Night.*
The too-officious Rauen, late so fayre,
Is plum'd with black. Ocyroë *growes a Mare.*
Phœbus, *a Heardsman:* Mercury, *twice such;*
Who turnes betraying Battus *into Tuch.*
Enuious Aglauros, *to a Statue, full*
Of her minde's spots. Loue Ioue *conuerts t' a Bull.*

SOl's loftie Palace on high Pillars rais'd,
Shone all with gold, and stones that flame-like blaz'd
The roofe of Iuory, diuinely deckt:
The two-leau'd siluer-doores bright rayes proiect.
The workmanship more admiration crau'd:
For, curious *Mulciber* had there ingrau'd
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orbed Ground,
The arched Heauens. Blew Gods the billowes crown'd;

Shape-changing *Proteus*, *Triton* shrill; the tall
Big-brawn'd *Ægeon* mounted on a Whale.
Gray *Doris*, and her daughters, heauenly-faire:
Some sit on Rocks, and drie their Sea-greene haire;
Some seeme vpon the dancing Waues to glide;
Others on backs of crooked Fishes ride:
Amongst them all, no two appeare the same;
Nor differ more than sisters well became.
The Earth had saluage Beasts, Men, Cities, Woods,
Nymphs, Satyres, rurall Gods, and crystall Floods:
Aboue all these, Heauen's radiant Image shines,
On both sides deckt with six refulgent Signes.
To this, bold *Phaëton* made his ascent;
And to his doubted Father's presence bent;
Yet forc't to stand aloofe: for, mortall sight
Could not indure t' approach so pure a light.
Sol cloth'd in purple, sits vpon a Throne,
Which cleerly with tralucent Emralds shone.
With equall-raigning Houres, on either hand,
The Dayes, the Moneths, the Yeers, the Ages stand:
The fragrant Spring with flowrie chaplet crown'd:
Wheat-eares, the browes of naked Summer bound:
Rich Autumn smear'd with crusht *Lyæus* blood;
Next, hoary-headed Winter quiuering stood.
Much daunted at these sacred nouelties,
The fearefull Youth all-seeing *Phœbus* spies;
Who said, What hither drew thee *Phaëton*,
Who art, and worthily, my dearest Son?
He thus reply'd: O thou refulgent Light,
Who all the World reioycest with thy sight!
O Father! if allow'd to vse that name,
Nor *Clymene* by thee disguise her shame;

Produc

Produce ſome ſigne, that may my birth approue,
And from my thoughts theſe wretched doubts remoue.
He, from his browes, his ſhining rayes diſplac't;
And, bidding him draw-neere, his neck imbrac't.
By merit, as by birth, to thee is due
That name, ſaid he; and *Clymene* was true.
To cleere all doubts; aske what thou wilt, and take
Thy granted wiſh. Beare witneſſe thou dark Lake,
The oath of Gods, vnto our eyes vnknowne.
Theſe words no ſooner from his lips were flowne,
But he demands his Chariot, and the ſway
Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.
The God repents him of the oath he made;
And, ſhaking his illuſtrious Treſſes, ſaid:
Thy tongue hath made mine errre, thy birth vnbleſt.
O, would I could break promiſe! this requeſt,
I muſt confeſſe, I onely would denie:
And yet, diſſwade I may. Thy death doth lie
Within thy wiſh. What's ſo deſir'd by thee,
Can neither with thy ſtrength nor youth agree.
Too great intentions ſet thy thoughts on fire.
Thou, mortall, do'ſt no mortall thing deſire;
Through ignorance, affecting more than they
Dare vndertake, who in *Olympus* ſway.
Though each himſelfe approue; except me, none
Is able to ſupply my burning Throne.
Not that dread Thunderer, who rules aboue,
Can driue theſe wheeles: and who more great than *Ioue*?
Steep is the firſt aſcent; which in the prime
Of ſpringing Day, freſh Horſes hardly clime.
At Noone, through higheſt skies their courſe they beare:
Whence Sea and Land euen We behold with feare.

Then downe the Hill of Heauen they ſcoure amaine
With deſperate ſpeed, and need a ſteady reigne;
That *Thetis*, in whoſe wauy bowres I lie,
Each euening dreads my down-fall from the skie.
Beſides; the Heauens are daily hurried round,
That turn the Starres, to other motions bound.
Againſt this violence, my way I force,
And counter-run their all-o're-bearing courſe.
My Charriot had: can thy fraile ſtrength aſcend
The obuious Poles, and with their force contend?
No Groues, no Cities, fraught with Gods, expect;
No marble Fanes, with wealthy offrings deckt.
Through ſaluage ſhapes, and dangers lyes thy way:
Which could'ſt thou keep, and by no error ſtray,
Betweene the Buls ſharp horns yet muſt thou goe;
By him that draws the ſtrong *Æmonian* bowe;
The deathfull Scorpion's far-out-bending clawes;
The ſhorter Crab's; the roaring Lyon's iawes.
Nor eaſie is't thoſe fiery Steeds to tame:
Who from their mouthes and noſthrils vomit flame.
They, heated, hardly of my rule admit;
But, head-ſtrong, ſtruggle with the hated bit.
Then, leſt my bountie, which would ſaue, ſhould kill;
Beware: and whil'ſt thou maiſt, reforme thy will.
A ſigne thou crau'ſt, that might confirme thee mine:
I, by dehorting, giue a certaine ſigne;
Approu'd a Father, by Paternall feare:
Look on my looks, and reade my ſorrows there.
O, would thou could'ſt deſcend into my breſt;
And apprehend my vexed Soules vnreſt!
And laſtly, all the wealthy World behold,
Of all that Heauen enrich, rich Seas infold,

Or

Or on the pregnant-bosom'd Earth remayne,
Aske what thou wilt; and no repulse sustaine.
To this alone, I giue a forc't consent:
No honour, but a true-nam'd punishment.
Thou, for a blessing, beg'st the worst of harms.
Why hang'st thou on my neck with fawning arms?
Distrust not; we haue sworn: but aske, and take
What thou canst wish: yet, wiser wishes make.
In vaine dehorted; he, his promise claym'd;
With glory of so great a charge inflam'd.
The wilfull Youth then lingring *Phœbus* brought
To his bright Chariot, by *Vulcan* wrought.
The Beam and Axeltree of massie gold;
On Siluer Spokes the golden Fellies rol'd:
Rich Gems and Crysolites the Harnesse deckt;
Which, *Phœbus* beames, with equall light, reflect.
Whil'st this, admiring *Phaëton* suruayes,
The wakefull Morning from the East displayes
Her purple doores, and odoriferous bed,
With plentie of deaw-dropping Roses spred.
Cleare *Lucifer* the flying Starres doth chace;
And, after all the rest, resignes his place.
When *Titan* saw the Dawning ruddy grew,
And how the Moon her siluer horns with-drew:
He bade the light-foot Houres, without delay
To ioyn his Steeds. The Goddesses obay:
Who, from their loftie Mangers, forth-with led
His fierie Horses, with *Ambrosia* fed.
With sacred Oyle anoynted by his Syre,
Of vertue to repulse the rage of fire,
He crowns him with his Rayes; Then, thus began
With doubled sighs, which following woes fore-ran.

Let not thy Father still aduise in vaine.
Sonne, spare the whip, and strongly vse the raigne.
They, of their owne accord will run too fast.
'Tis hard, to moderate a flying haste.
Nor driue along the fiue directer Lines.
A broad and beaten path obliquely windes,
Contented with three Zones: which doth auoid
The distant Poles: the track thy wheeles will guide.
Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high;
That temperate warmth may heauen and earth supply.
A loftie course will heauen with fire infest;
A lowely, earth: the safer Meane is best.
Nor to the folded Snake thy Chariot guide:
Nor to the Altar on the other side:
Betweene these driue. The rest I leaue to Fate;
Who better proue, than thou, to thy owne state.
But, while I speak, behold, the humid Night
Beyond th' *Hesperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flight.
Aurora's splendor re-inthrone's the Day:
We are expected, nor can longer stay.
Take vp the reignes, or, while thou maist, refuse;
And not my Chariot, but my counsell vse;
While on a firme foundation thou dost stand,
Not yet possest of thy ill-wisht Command.
Let me the World with vsuall influence cheare:
And view that light which is vnsafe to beare.
The generous and gallant *Phaëton*,
All courage, vaut's into the blazing Throne:
Glad of the reignes, nor doubtfull of his skill;
And giues his Father thanks against his will.
Meane while, the Sunnes swift Horses, hot *Pyrõus*,
Strong *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eõus*,

Neighing

Neighing alowd, inflame the Ayre with heat;
And, with their thundring hooues, the barriers beat.
Which when hospitious *Thetis* once with-drew,
(Who nothing of her Nephew's danger knew)
And gaue them scope; they mount the ample skie,
And cut the obuious Clouds with feet that flie.
Who, rays'd with plumed pinions, leaue behinde
The glowing East, and slower Easterne-winde.
But, *Phœbus* Horses could not feele that fraight:
The Chariot wanted the accustom'd waight.
And as vnballac't ships are rockt and tost
With tumbling Waues, and in their sacerage lost:
So, through the Ayre the lighter Chariot reeles;
And ioults, as emptie, vpon iumping Wheeles.
Which when they found, the beaten path they shun;
And, straggling, out of all subiection run.
He knowes not how to turne, nor knowes the way;
Or had he knowne, yet would not they obay.
The cold, now hot, *Triones* sought in vaine
To quench their heat in the forbidden Maine.
The Serpent, next vnto the frozen Pole,
Benum'd, and hurtlesse, now began to rowle
With actuall heat; and long forgotten ire
Resumes, together with æthereall fire.
'Tis said, that thou *Boôtes* ranst away,
Though slow, though thee thy heauy Waine did stay.
But, when from top of all the arched skye,
Vnhappy *Phaëton* the Earth did eye:
Pale sudden feare vn-nerves his quaking thighs;
And, in so great a light, benights his eyes.
He wisht those Steeds vnknowne; vnknown his birth;
His sute vngranted: now he couets earth;

To

To be the sonne of scorned *Merope*.
Rapt as a ship vpon the high-wrought Sea,
By saluage tempests chac't; which in despaire
The Pilot leaueth to the Gods, and Pray'r.
What should he doe? much of the heauen behinde;
Much more before: both measur'd in his minde.
The neuer-to-be entred West suruay's;
And then the East. Lost in his owne amaze,
And ignorance, he can nor hold the reignes,
Nor let them goe; nor knowes his Horses names:
But stares on terror-striking skies (possest
By Beasts and Monsters) with a panting brest.
There is a place, in which the Scorpion bends
His compast clawes; who through two Signes extends.
Whom when the Youth beheld, stew'd in black sweat
Of poyson, and with turn'd-vp taile to threat
A mortall wound; pale feare his senses strooke,
And slackned reignes let's fall, from hands that shooke.
They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,
With vn-controlled error scoure the skie
Through vnknowne ayrie Regions; and tread
The way which their disordred fury led.
Vp to the fixed Starres their course they take;
And stranger Spheres with smoking Chariot rake:
Now clime: now, by steep Præcipies descend:
And neerer Earth their wandring race extend.
To see her brother's Steeds beneath her owne
The Moon admires! the Clouds like Comets shone.
Inuading fire the vpper Earth assayl'd;
All chapt and con'd; her pregnant iuyce exhal'd.
Trees feed their ruin: Grasse, gray-headed turns:
And Corne, by that which did produce it, burns.

But this was nothing. Cities with their Towres,
Realmes with their People, funerall fire deuoures.
The Mountayns blaze: High *Athos*, but too high;
Fount-fruitfull *Ida*, neuer till then drie;
Oete, old *Tmolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*
Muse-haunted *Aelicon*, *Oeàgrian AEmus*.
Loud *Eetna* roreth with her doubled fires:
Parnassus grones beneath two flaming spires.
Steep *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glowe;
And *Rhodope*, no longer cloath'd with snowe.
The *Phrygian Dindyma*, in cinders mourns:
Cold *Caucasus* in frosty *Scythia* burns.
High *Mycale*, diuine *Cytharon*, wast;
Pindus, and *Ossa* once on *Pelion* cast,
More great *Olympus* (which before did shine)
The ayrie *Alpes*, and cloudie *Appenine*.
Then *Phaëton* beheld on euery side
The World on fire, nor could such heat abide;
And, at his deadly-drie and gasping iawes,
The scalding Ayre, as from a furnace, drawes;
His Chariot, redder than the fire it bore;
And, being mortall, could indure no more
Such clowds of ashes, and ejected coles.
Muffled in smoake which round about him rowles,
He knowes not where he is, nor what succeeds;
Dragg'd at the pleasure of his frantick Steeds.
Men say, the *AEthiopians* then grew swart;
Their blood exhaled to the outward part.
A sandie Desert *Lybia* then became,
Her full veins emptied by the thirsty flame.
With hair vnbound and torn, the Nymphs, distraught,
Bewaile their Springs: *Bœotia Dirce* sought;

Argos,

Argos, *Amymone* : *Ephyrè*, faire
Pirene mist: Nor streames securer are.
Great *Tanais* in boyling chanell fumes;
Teuthranian Caycus with heat consumes;
Ismenus, old *Peneus*, *Erymanthus*,
Yellow *Lycormas*; to be twice-burnt, *Zanthus*.
Mæander, running in a turning maze,
Mygdonian Melas, and *Eurotas* blaze;
Euphrates, late inuesting *Babylon*;
Orontes, *Phasis*, *Ister*, *Thermodon*,
Ganges, *Alphéus*, *Sperchius* lately cold,
And *Tagus* flowing with dissolued gold.
The Swans, that rauisht with their melodie
Mæonian banks, now in *Cayster* frie.
To farthest Earth affrighted *Nilus* fled;
And there conceal'd his yet vnfound-out head,
Whil'st his seuen dustie chanels streamlesse lie.
Ismarian Hebrus, *Strymon* now are drie.
Hesperian streames, *Rhene*, *Rhodanus*, the *Po*,
And Scepter destinated *Tyber* glow.
Earth cracks: to Hell the hated light descends;
And frighted *Pluto*, with his Queene, offends.
The Ocean shrinks, and leaues a field of Sand;
Where new discouered Rocks, and Mountaines stand,
That multiply the scattred *Cyclades*,
Late couer'd with the deepe and awfull Seas,
The Fishes to the bottom diue: nor dare
The sportlesse Dolphins tempt the sultrie Aire.
Long boyl'd aliue, the monstrous *Phocæ* die,
And on the brine with turn'd-vp bellies lie.
With *Doris* and her daughters, *Nereus* raues;
Who hide themselues beneath the scalding waues.

Thrice

Thrice wrathfull *Neptune* his bold arme vp-held
Aboue the Floods: whom thrice the fire repel'd.
Yet foodfull *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,
Amidst the Seas, and Fountaines now vnfound
(Selfe-hid within the womb where they were bred)
Neck-high aduanceth her all-bearing head.
(Her parched fore-head shaddowed with her hand)
And, shaking, shooke what-euer on her stand:
Where-with, a little shrunke into her breft,
Her sacred tongue her sorrowes thus expreft:
If such thy will, and I deserue the same,
Thou chiefe of Gods, why sleeps thy vengefull flame?
Be't by Thy fire, if I in fire must frie:
The Author lessens the calamitie.
But, whilst I striue to vtter this, I choke.
View my sing'd haire, mine eyes half-out with smoke!
The sparkling cinders on my vissage throwne!
Is this my recompence? the fauour showne
For all my seruice? for the fruit I haue borne?
That thus I am with plough and harrowes torne?
Wrought-out through-out the yeare? that man and beast
Sustayne with food? and you with incense feast?
But, say I merit ruine, and thy hate:
What hath thy brother done (by equall Fate
Elected to the wauy Monarchie),
That Seas should sinke, and from thy presence flie?
If neither he, nor I thy pittie moue,
Pitty thy Heauen. Behold! the Poles aboue
At either end do fume: and should they burne,
Thy habitation would to ruine turne.
Distressed *Atlas* shoulders shrinke with payne,
And scarce the glowing Axeltree sustayne.

If Sea, if Earth, if Heauen ſhall fall by fire,
Then all of vs to *Chaos* muſt retire.
O ! quench theſe flames : the miſerable ſtate
Of things releeue, afore it be too-late.
This ſaid, her voyce her parched tongue forſook,
Nor longer could the ſmothering vapors brook ;
But, down into her-ſelfe with-drew her head,
Neere to the infernall Cauerns of the Dead.
Ioue calls the Gods to witneſſe, and who lent
The ſtrayning Chariot ; ſhould not he preuent,
That All would periſh by one deſtinie ;
Then mounts the higheſt Turret of the skie,
From thence inur'd to cloud the ſpacefull Earth,
And giue the flame fore-running thunder birth.
But, there, for waſted clouds he ſought in vaine,
To ſhade or coole the ſcorched Earth with raine.
He thunders ; and, with hands that cannot erre,
Hurls lightning at the audacious Charioter.
Him ſtrooke he from his ſeat, breath from his breſt,
Both at one blow, and flames with flames ſuppreſt.
The frighted horſes, plunging ſeuerall wayes,
Breake all their tire : to whom the bit obayes ;
The reignes, torne beame, crackt ſpokes, diſperſt abroad,
Scorcht Heauen was with the Chariots ruines ſtrow'd.
But, ſoule-leſſe *Phaëton*, with blazing haire,
Shot head-long through a long deſcent of Aire ;
As when a falling ſtarre glides through the skie,
Or ſeemes to fall to the deceiued eye.
Whom great *Eridanus* (farre from his place
Of birth) receiu'd, and quencht his flagrant face :
Whoſe Nymphs interr'd him in his Mothers womb ;
And fixt this Epitaph vpon his Tomb :

Here

Here *Phaëton* lyes: who though he could not guide
His Fathers Steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.
Phœbus with griefe with-drew. One day did runne
About the World, they say, with-out the Sunne,
Which flamie funerals illuminate;
That good, deriued from a wretched Fate.
When *Clymene* had said what could be said
In such a griefe; halfe-soul'd, in black array'd,
She fils the Earth she wanders through, with grones,
First seeking his dead corps, and then his bones.
Interr'd in forren Lands shee found the last:
Her feeble-lims vpon the place shee cast,
And bath'd his name in teares, and strictly prest
The carued Marble with her bared brest.
Nor lesse th'*Heliades* lament; who shead
From drowned eyes vaine offerings to the dead:
Who with remorselesse hands their bosoms teare;
And wayling, call on him that cannot heare.
With ioyned horns foure Moons their orbs had fil'd,
Since they their customarie plaints vpheld:
When *Phaëthusa*, thinking to haue cast
Her selfe on Earth, cry'd, ah! my feet stick fast!
Lampetie, pressing to her sisters ayd,
As suddenly with fixed roots was stayd.
A third, about t'haue torne her scattered haire,
Tore-off the leaues which on her crowne she bare.
This, grieueth at her stiffe and senselesse thighes:
Shee, that her stretcht-out arms in branches rise.
And whil'st with wonder they themselues behold,
The creeping barke their tender parts infold;
Then, by degrees, their bellies, brests, and all
Except their mouthes; which on their mother call.

What

What should shee doe? but run to that, to this,
As furie draue; and snatch a parting kisse?
But yet, not so suffiz'd, shee stroue to take
Them, from themselues, and down the branches brake:
From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.
O pitty, Mother! (still the wounded cry'd)
Nor teare vs in our Trees! O! now adieu!
With that, the barke their lips together drew.
From these cleere dropping trees, tears yearly flow:
They, hardned by the Sunne, to Amber grow;
Which, on the moysture-giuing Riuer spent,
To *Roman* Ladies, as his gift, is sent.
Sthenelian Cygnus at that time was there,
A-kin to *Phaëton*; in loue, more neere.
He, leauing State (who in *Liguria* raign'd,
Which Cities great and populous contayn'd)
Fild with complaints the Riuer-chiding floods,
The sedgie banks, and late augmented Woods.
At length, his voice grew small: white plume contends
In whiteneſſe with his haire: his neck ascends.
Red films vnite his toes: armes turne to wings:
His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that sadly sings.
Becomme a Swan, remembring how vniust
Ioue's lightning was, nor Heauen, nor him will trust.
Whom Lakes and Ponds (detesting fire) delight;
And Floods, to Flames in nature opposite.
The wofull Father to dead *Phaëton*,
Him-selfe neglecting (all his lustre gon,
As when eclipst) day, light, his owne life hates;
And loued griefe, with anger aggrauates.
Refusing to illuminate the Earth.
Enough, too much my toile! born with the birth

Of Time; (as restlesse;) without end, regard,
Or honour: recompenc't with this reward!
Some other now may on my Chariot sit.
If all of you confesse your selues vnfit;
Let *Ioue* ascend: that he (when he shall trie)
At length may lay his murdering thunder by.
Then will he finde, that he, who could not guide
Those fire-hoou'd Steeds, deseru'd not to haue dy'd.
The Gods stand round about him, and request
That endlesse Night might not the World inuest.
Euen *Ioue* excus'd his lightning, and intreats:
Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.
Displeased *Phœbus*, hardly reconcil'd,
Takes-vp his Steeds, as yet with horror wild.
On whom he vents his spleen: and, though they run,
He lashes, and vpbraids them with his Son.
The Thunderer then walks the ample Round
Of Heauens high walls, to search if all were sound.
When finding nothing there by fire decay'd;
He Earth, and humane industries suruay'd.
Arcadia chiefely exerciz'd his cares;
There, Springs and streames, that durst not run, repaire's;
The Fields with grasse, the Trees with leaues indue's,
And withered Woods with vanisht Shades renew's.
Oft passing to and fro, a *Nonacrine*
The God inflam'd; her beautie, more diuine!
'Twas not her Art to spin, nor with much care
And fine varietie to trick her haire;
But, with a zone, her looser garments bound,
And her rude tresses in a fillet wound:
Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bowe:
A Squire of *Phœbe's*. *Mænalus* did knowe

None

None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:
But, Fauorites in fouour last not long.
The parted Day in equall balance held,
A Wood shee entred, as yet neuer feld.
There from her shoulders shee her Quiuer takes,
Vnbends her Bowe; and, tyr'd with hunting, makes
The flowry-mantled Earth her happy bed;
And on her painted Quiuer layes her head.
When *Ioue* the Nymph without a guard did see
In such a positure; This stealth, said hee,
My Wife shall neuer know: or, say shee did;
Who, ah, who would not for her sake be chid!
Diana's shape and habit them indew'd,
He said; My Huntresse, where hast thou pursew'd
This morning's chace? Shee, rising, made reply;
Haile Pow'r, more great than *Ioue* (though *Ioue* stood by)
In my esteem——He smil'd: and gladly heard
Him-selfe, by her, before Himselfe preferr'd;
And kist. His kisses too intemperate grow;
Not such as Maids on Maidens do bestow.
His strict imbracements her narration stay'd;
And, by his crime, his owne deceit betray'd.
Shee did what Woman could to force her Fate:
(Would *Iuno* saw! it would her spleene abate)
Although, as much as Woman could, shee stroue;
What Woman, or, who can contend with *Ioue*!
The Victor hies him to th'æthereall States.
The Woods, as guiltie of her wrongs, shee hates;
Almost forgetting, as from thence shee flung,
Her Quiuer, and the Bowe which by it hung.
High *Mænalus Dictynna* with her traine
Now entring, pleased with the quarry slaine,

Beheld,

Beheld, and call'd her: call'd vpon, ſhee fled;
And in her ſemblance *Iupiter* doth dread.
But, when ſhee ſaw the attending Nymphs appeare;
Shee troops amongſt them, and diuerts her feare.
Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!
With eyes ſcarce euer rais'd, ſhee hangs the head:
Nor perks ſhee now, as ſhee was wont to do,
By *Cynthia's* ſide, nor leads the ſtarry crew.
Though mute ſhee bee, her violated ſhame
Selfe-guiltie bluſhes ſilently proclaime.
But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid
Had ſoone eſpy'd: they ſay, her ſly Nymphs did.
Nine Creſcents now had made their Orbs compleat;
When, faint with labour, and her brothers heat,
Shee takes the ſhades; cloſe by the murmuring
And ſiluer current of a fruitfull Spring.
The place much prays'd, the ſtreame as coole as cleere
Her faire feet glads. No Spyes, ſaid ſhee, be here:
Here will wee our diſrobed bodies dip.
Caliſto bluſht: the reſt their faire lims ſtrip.
And her perforce vncloth'd, that ſought delayes;
Who, with her body, her offence diſplayes.
They, all abaſht, yet loth to haue it ſpy'd,
Striuing her belly with their hands to hide;
Auant, ſaid *Cynthia*; get thee from our trayne;
Nor, with thy lims, this ſacred Fountaine ſtayne.
This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;
Whoſe thoughts, to fitter times, reuenge defer:
Nor long delaye's; for, *Arcas* (which more ſcorne
And griefe prouok't) was of the Lady borne.
Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;
Muſt thou be fruitfull too, to blaze my ſhame,

And

And propagate the wrong? and must he be
A liuing infamy to *Ioue* and me?
I'le not indur't: That so selfe-pleasing shape,
W hich drew my husband to thy willing rape,
I sure shall spoile. This said, her haire she wound
About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.
Her hands, for pitty heau'd (so smooth, so faire!)
Grew forth-with rough, aud horrid with black haire.
Her daintie hands (which, swift deformity
Conuerts to pawes) the place of feet supply.
The mouth, so prais'd by *Ioue* (that late to sin
Entic't a God) now horribly doth grin.
And, lest shee might too powrefully beseech,
Shee instantly bereft her of her speech:
In stead whereof, a noyse ascends her hoarse
And rumbling throte, which terror doth inforce;
Although a Beare, her minde shee still possest,
And with continuall grones her griefe expreft;
With pawes stretcht vp to heauen, accus'd her fate:
And whom she could not call, she thought ingrate.
How oft, affraid to keepe the Wood's alone,
Sought she the house and fields that were her owne!
How often, chaced by the following crie,
Th'affrighted Huntresse from her hounds did flie!
Oft shee (the Wood's wild foragers espy'd)
Forgetting what shee was, her selfe would hide:
A Beare; yet trembles at the sight of Beares;
And Wolues (her Father then amongst them) feares.
When (lo!) *Lycaon's* Grand-child thither drew,
Thrice fiue yeares old, nor of his Mother knew;
While he pursues the chace and saluage spoyles
(The *Erymanthian* Woods begirt with toyles)

Her he encounters. *Arcas* ſeene, ſhee ſtay'd,
And would haue ta'ne acquaintance. He, affraid,
Stared vpon her with a conſtant eye;
And backward ſtept, as ſhee approched nye.
About to wound her vndefended breſt:
The King of Gods, who did the fact deteſt,
With them, the crime with-drew, and both conuai'd
To heauen; now neighbouring Conſtellations made.
Saturnia ſweld to ſee her Riuall ſhine
Amongſt the Starres. Shee ſtoops to *Neptune's* brine;
Gray *Thetis* and the old *Oceanus*
(Grac't by the Deities) accoaſting thus:
Aske you why I, the Queene of Gods, am come
From bleſt aboads? Another holds my roome.
When Nights blacke mantle ſhall the World infold;
My wounds (thoſe honour'd Stars) you may behold;
There, where the ſhorteſt Circle, at the end
Of all the turning Axeltree, doth bend.
Who would not iniurie the wife of *Ioue*,
When our worſt puniſhments preferments proue?
How great our act! how is our powre diſplay'd!
Vnform'd a Woman, and a Goddeſſe made.
Thus we the guiltie ſcourge! Thus, thus we our
Reuenge aduance! ſuch, and ſo great our powre!
Let him vnbeaſt the beaſt (as heretofore
Phoronida) and her proud ſhape reſtore.
Why doth he not *Lycaon's* daughter wed,
Reiecting me, and place her in his bed?
But, you who once my carefull Nurſes were,
If my indignities doe touch you neere,
Command you that the ſeuen *Triones* keepe
Their lazie Waine out of your ſacred Deepe.

From

From thence, those stars, the price of whordome, driue;
Nor let th'impure in your pure Surges diue.
They both assent. Her Peacocks to the skyes
Their Goddesse draw; late stucke with *Argus* eyes.
Thou too, thou prating Rauen, turn'd as late
From white to blacke, by well-deserued Fate.
(The spotlesse siluer Doue was not more white,
Nor Swans which in the running brookes delight:
Nor yet that vigilant Fowle, whose gaggling shall
Hereafter free th'attempted Capitoll.)
Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee vndoe:
[illegible] white, is now of sable hew.
[illegible], *Coronis*, of *Larissa*, bare
[illegible] *Emonian* Dames for matchlesse faire,
[illegible] *Delphian*, was belou'd by thee;
As long as chaste, or from detection free.
But, *Phœbus* Bird her scapes did soone descrie:
Nor could they charme th'inexorable Spie:
Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crowe pursewes
(As talkatiue as he) to know the newes;
And, knowing, said: Thy selfe thou dost ingage
By thanklesse seruice: slight not my presage.
Know what I was, and am: through all my time
My actions sift: thou'lt find my faith my crime.
For, *Pallas*, on a day, in chest compos'd
Of *Attick* Osiars, priuately inclos'd
Her *Erichthonius* (whom no Woman bare)
Committed to the custodie and care
Of three faire Virgin Nymphs, that daughters were
To prudent *Cecrops*, who two shapes did beare:
Nor told what it contayn'd; but, charg'd that they
Her secrets should not to themselues betray.

These

Theſe from an Elme I (vnſpy'd) eſpy.
Faire *Herſe* and *Pandroſa* faithfully
Performe their charge. *Aglauros* then did call
Her fearfull ſiſters, and vntyes with-all
The wicker Cabinet ; whoſe twigs contayne
An infant, rayſed on a Dragon's trayne.
This, I my Goddeſſe told ; and for reward,
Am now caſhiered from *Minerua's* Guard,
The Bird of Night preferd. Beware by mee:
Nor too officiouſly tell all you ſee.
Perhaps, you thinke, I to that place aſpir'd
Vithout her grace : vnſought-to, or deſir'd :
hould you aske *Pallas*, and her anger by ;
hough more than angrie, his ſhee would deny.
Ie had King *Coronêus*, great in fame.
hrough happy *Phocis*, by a royall Dame.
ich ſuters I (deſpiſe me not) had ſtore :
ſy beauty wrackt me. Walking on the ſhore,
s leaſurely as now I vſe to goe,
old *Neptune* ſaw me, and with luſt did glowe.
he time, his prayr's, and prayſes ſpent in vaine;
hat would not yeeld, he offers to conſtraine ;
nd follows me that fled. The harder ſtrand
hind me left: and tyr'd with yeelding ſand,
o Gods and Men I crie. No humane aid
as then at hand : a Maid releeues a Maid.
r, as to heauen my trembling armes I threw;
y armes cole-black with houering feathers grew.
y Robe I from my ſhoulders thought to throwe:
t, that was plume, and to my skin did growe.
ith hands to beat my naked breſt, I trie :
t, neither breſt to beat, nor hands, had I,

Running, in sand I sunke not as before;
But, me the scarce-toucht Earth, vnburden'd bore.
Forth-with, I lightly through the Ayre ascend;
And on *Minerua*, without blame, attend.
But, what was this; when shee, whose wicked deeds
Vnwoman'd her, in our lost grace succeeds?
For, know (no more than through all *Lesbos* spred)
Nyctimene defil'd her Fathers bed.
Though now a Bird; yet, full of guilt, the sight,
The Day, she shuns, and masks her shame in Night.
About her, all our winged troops repayre;
And, with inuectiues, chace her through the Ayre.
To her, the Rauen: Mischiefe thee surprise
For staying me. Vaine Omen's I despise;
Then, forward flew; and told the hurtfull truth
Of lost *Coronis*, and th' *AEmonian* Youth.
The Harp drops from his hand: and from his head
The Laurell fell: his chearefull colour fled.
Transported with his rage, his bow he tooke,
And with ineuitable arrow strooke
That breast, which he so oft to his had ioyn'd:
Shee shreeks; and from the deadly wound doth wind
The biting steele, pursu'd with streames of blood,
That bath'd her pure white in a crimson Flood:
And said; Though this be dew, yet, *Phœbus*, I
Might first haue teem'd: now, two in one must die.
Shee faints: forc't life in her blood's torrent swims:
And stifning cold benums her senseless lims.
His crueltie, to her he lou'd, too late,
He now repenteth, and himselfe doth hate,
Who lent an eare, whom rage could so incense:
He hates his Bird, by whom he knew th'offence;

Hee hates his Art, his Quiuer, and his Bowe;
Then, takes her vp, and all his skill doth ſhowe.
But (ah!) too late to vanquiſh Fate he tries;
And ſurgerie, without ſucceſſe, applies.
Which when he ſaw, and ſaw the funerall pyle
Prepared to deuour ſo deare a ſpoyle;
Since no cœleſtiall eye may ſhed a teare,
He fetcht a grone, that made Earth grone to heare:
And now vncar'd-for odours powr'd vpon her;
And vndue death with all due rites doth honour.
But, *Phœbus*, not induring that his ſeed
(And that by her) the greedie Fire ſhould feed,
Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame;
And to the two-ſhap't *Chiron* brought the ſame.
The white-plum'd Rauen, who reward expects,
He turnes to blacke; and [illegible] his truth reiects.
It pleas'd the Halfe-horſe to be ſo imploy'd;
Who in his honorable trouble ioy'd.
Behold: the *Centaur's* daughter with red haire,
Whom formerly the Nymph *Cariclo* bare
By the ſwift Riuer, and *Ocyroë* nam'd;
Who had her Father's healthfull Art diſclaym'd,
To ſing the depth of Fates: Now, when her breſt
Was by the prophecying rage poſſeſt,
And that th'included God inflam'd her mind;
Beholding of the Babe, ſhe thus diuin'd:
Health giuer to the World, grow Infant, grow;
To whom mortalitie ſo much ſhall owe.
Led Soules thou ſhalt reſtore to their aboads;
And once againſt the pleaſure of the Gods.
To doe the like, thy Grand-ſires flames denie:
And thou, begotten by a God, muſt die.

Thou, of a bloodlesse corps, a God shalt bee:
And Nature twice shall be renew'd in thee.
And you, deare Father, not a Mortall now;
To whom the Fates eternitie allow;
Shall wish to die, then when your wound shall smart
With Serpents blood, and slight your helplesse Art.
Relenting Fates will pitty you with death,
Against their Law, and stop your groning breath.
Not all yet said, her sighes in stormes arise;
And ill-aboding teares burst from her eyes.
Then, thus: My Fates preuent me: lo, they tie
My faltering tongue; and farther speech denie.
Alas! these Arts not of that valew be,
That they should draw the wrath of Heauen on me!
O, rather would I nothing had fore-knowne!
My lookes seeme now not humane, nor my owne.
I long to feed on grasse: I long to run
About the spacious fields. Woe's me, vndon!
Into a Mare (my kindred's shape) I grow:
Yet, why throughout? my Father but halfe so.
The end of her complaint you scarce could heare
To vnderstand: her words confused were.
Forth-with, nor words, nor neighings, she expreſt;
Her voyce yet more inclining to the beast:
Then, neigh'd out-right. Within a little space,
Her down-thrust armes vpon the Meadow pase.
Her fingers ioyne: one hoofe fiue nayles vnite:
Her head and neck enlarge, not now vpright:
Her trayling garment to a trayne extends:
Her dangling haire vpon her crest descends:
Her voyce and shape at once transform'd became:
And to the Prodigie they giue a name.

Old *Chiron* weeps; and *Phœbus*, vainly cryes
On thee to change the changelesse Destinies.
Admit thou could'st: thee, from thy selfe expel'd,
Then *Elis*, and *Messenian* pastures held.
It was the time when, cloth'd in Neat-herds weeds,
Thou play'dst vpon vnequall seuen-fold Reeds:
Whil'st thee thy Pipe delights, whil'st cares of loue
Thy soule possesse, and other cares remoue;
Without a guard the *Pylian* Oxen stray:
Obserued by the craftie sonne of *May*,
Forthwith he secretly conueighs them thence,
In vntract Woods concealing his offence.
None saw but *Baltus*, in that Country bred;
Who wealthy *Neleus* famous horses fed.
Him onely he misdoubts: then, (t'ane a-part)
Stranger, said *Mercury*, what ere thou art;
If any for this Herd by chance inquire,
Conceale thy knowledge: and receiue, for hire,
This white-hair'd Cow. Hee tooke her, and reply'd,
Be safe; thy theft shall sooner be discry'd
By yonder stone, than me; and shew'd a stone.
Jove's sonne departs, and straight returns vnknowne
(A seeming Clowne in forme and voice) who said:
Saw'st thou no cattel through these fields conuay'd?
Detect the theft; in their recouerie ioyne:
And, lo, this Heefer, with her Bull, is thine.
He (the reward redoubl'd) answer'd: There
Beneath those hills, beneath those hills they were.
Then, *Hermes*, laughing lowd; What, knaue, I say,
Lie to my selfe; me to my selfe betray?
Then, to a Touch-stone turn'd his periur'd breast;
Those nature now is in that name exprest.

Hence, he, who beares the Caduceus ſprings
Through boundleſſe ayre; & views, frō ſtretcht-out wings,
Munychian fields, *Minerua's* loued ſoyle,
Lycæum, exerciz'd with learned toyle.
By chance, vpon that day it did befall,
When to her Fane, prepar'd for feſtiuall,
In crowned baskets on their ſhining haire,
The Virgin-trayne her ſacrifices bare:
Returning; theſe the winged God doth view;
Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.
As when a greedie Kite freſh entrailes ſpies,
Fearing to ſtoop for thoſe that ſacrifice,
Strikes circles through the Ayre, nor far remoues;
But, with fixt eyes reuerts to what he loues:
So, ſwift *Cyllenius* o're the *Attick* towres,
In ayrie windings circularly ſcowres.
As *Lucifer* out-ſhines each other Starre;
As ſiluer *Phœbe*, *Lucifer*; ſo farre
Did *Herſe* all the other Virgins ſtayne;
The glory of that pomp, and of her trayne.
Loue-ſtruck, he burnes as in the Ayre he hung.
A bullet by *Balarian* Slinger flung,
Increaſeth ſo in feruor as it flyes;
And findes the fire it had not, in the skyes.
From Heauen, he ſtoops to more affected Earth:
Not now diſguis'd like one of humane birth;
Such confidence his beaureous parts impart;
Which, though diuine, he ſtriues to grace by Art.
He curls his haire; his mantle, vrought with gold,
He in the moſt becomming garb doth fold;
And his fine feet adorns: then, in his hand
Takes his ſleep-cauſing and expelling wand.

Three

Three roomes there were within the faire contect
Of *Cecrop's* houſe, with Iuory arches deckt.
Pandroſa and *Aglauros* on each ſide
Of *Herſe* lay; *Aglauros* firſt eſpy'd
The ſly-approching *Mercurie*: his name
Shee boldly asks, and why he thither came.
To whom, *Pleiones* nephew: He am I
Who on *Ioue's* errands (*Ioue*, my Father) flie.
And to be plaine; to *Herſe* faithfull proue:
And be an Aunt vnto our fruitfull loue.
Thy ſiſter's beauties this repaire inforce:
I pray thee of a Louer take remorſe.
So ſtar'd ſhe on him, and as much amaz'd;
As when ſhee on *Minerua's* ſecrets gaz'd:
Who askes a maſſe of treaſure for her hire;
And, till 'twere payd, conſtrayn'd him to retire.
Warres angrie Goddeſſe caſt on her a looke
That darted fire; and fetcht a ſigh which ſhooke
Her boſom, with the *Ægis* which ſhee wore:
Who cals to minde, how ſhee, not long afore,
Profanely did, againſt her faith, diſcouer
The *Lemnian* iſſue, borne without a Mother:
Now to her ſiſter, to the God ingrate;
And by ſo baſe a meanes t' inrich her ſtate.
Forth-with to *Enuie's* caue her courſe ſhee bent,
Furr'd with black filth, within a deepe deſcent
Between two hils; where *Phœbus* neuer ſhowes
His chearfull face; where no winde euer blowes:
Repleat with ſadneſſe, and vnactiue cold;
Deuoid of fire, yet ſtill in ſmoake enrowl'd.
Whither when as the fear'd in battell came,
Shee ſtaid before the houſe (that hatefull frame

Shee might not enter), and the darke doore strooke
With her bright lance; which straight in sunder broke.
There saw shee *Enuie* lapping Vipers blood;
And feeding on their flesh, her vices food:
And, hauing seen her, turn'd-away her eyes.
The Catiffe slowly from the ground doth rise
(Her halfe-deuoured Serpents laid-aside)
And forward creepeth with a lazie stride.
Viewing her forme so faire; her armes, so bright;
Shee gron'd, and sigh't at such a chearfull sight.
Her body more than meger; pale her hew;
Her teeth all rusty; still shee looks askew;
Her brest with gall, her tongue with poyson sweld:
Shee only laught, when shee sad sights beheld.
Her euer-waking cares exil'd soft sleep:
Who looks on good successe, with eyes that weep;
Repining, pines: who, wounding others, bleeds:
And on her selfe reuengeth her misdeeds.
Although *Tritonia* did the Hag detest;
Yet briefely thus her pleasure shee exprest:
Aglauros, one of the *Cecropides*,
Doe thou infest with thy accurst disease.
This said; the hastie Goddesse doth aduance
Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.
Enuie pursues her with a wicked eye,
Much grieu'd at her preuayling industrie.
Wrapt in darke clouds, which way so ere she turns,
The Corne she lodges, flowry pastures burns,
Crops what growes high; Towns, Nations, with her breath
Pollutes; and Vertue persecutes to death.
When shee the faire *Atheuian* towres beheld,
Which so in wealth, in learned Arts exceld,

And

And feastfull Peace; to crie shee scarce forbeares,
In that shee saw no argument for teares.
When shee *Aglauros* lodging entred had,
Shee gladly executes what *Pallas* bade:
Her cancred hand vpon her breſt shee lay'd,
And crooked thornes into her heart conuay'd,
And breath'd in banefull poyson; which shee sheads
Into her bones, and through her liuer spreads.
And that her enuy might not want a cause:
The God in his diuineſt forme shee drawes;
And with it, sets before her wounded eyes
Her happy sister, and their nuptiall ioyes:
Augmenting all. These secret woes excite,
And gnaw her soule. Shee sighes all day, all night;
And with a slow infection melts away,
Like Ice before the Sunnes vncertaine ray.
Faire *Herse's* happy state such heart-burne breeds
In her black bosom, as when spiny weeds
Are set on fire: which without flame consume:
And seem (so small their heat) to burne with fume.
Oft shee resolues to die, such sights to shun:
Oft, by disclosing, to haue both vndon.
Now sits shee on the threshold, to preuent
The Gods acceſſe; who with loſt blandiſhment,
And his beſt Art, perswades. Quoth shee; forbeare,
Cannot be remou'd, if you stay here.
To this bargain, he reply'd, will stand;
The doore then forces with his figured wand.
Striuing to rise, to second her debate,
Her hips could not remoue, preſt with dull waight;
Gaine shee struggl'd to haue stood on end:
But, those vnsupple sinewes would not bend.

Incroching cold now enters at her nayles:
And lack of bloud her veines blew branches pale's.
And as a Canker, slighting helpelesse Arts,
Creeps from th'infected to the sounder parts:
So by degrees the winter of wan Death
Congeales the path of life, and stops her breath:
Nor stroue she: had she stroue to make her mone,
Voyce had no way; her neck and face now stone.
There shee a bloudlesse Statue sate, all freckt:
Her spotted minde the Marble did infect.
When *Atlantiades*, on her, prophane
Of tongue and heart, this sharp reuenge had ta'ne;
He from the Citie, nam'd by *Pallas*, flew
On mounting wings, and vnto heauen with-drew.
With whom, *Ioue* thus (his loue concealing) ioynes:
Thou, faithfull Minister to my designes,
Shoot swiftly through the Ayre vnto that Land,
Whose Northern coasts beneath thy Mother stand,
Which those Inhabitants *Sidonia* name:
Behold, yon royall Herd: conduct the same,
From not farre distant Mountaines, to the shore.
This he dispatcht, with speed that went before
A humane thought. There, oft the princely Maid,
Accompany'd with *Tyrian* Virgins, play'd.
Loue and high Maiestie agree not well;
Nor will together in one bosom dwell.
That Powre, from whom, what ere hath being, springs;
That King of Gods, who three-fork't lightning flings;
Whose nod the World's vnfixt foundation shakes,
The figure of a soulelesse Bull now takes:
And, lowing, walks vpon the tender grasse
Amongst the Herd; though he in forme surpasse.

His

His colour whiter than vntrodden ſnow,
Before ſtill-moyſt and thawing *Auſter* blow.
The fleſh, in ſwelling rowles, adornes his necke:
His broad-ſpred breſt, long dangling dew-laps deck.
His hornes, though ſmall, yet ſuch as Art inuite
To imitate, than ſhining gemmes more bright:
His eyes no wrath, his browes no terror threat;
His whole aſpect with ſmiling peace repleat.
The beaſt, *Agenor's* daughter doth admire,
So wondrous beautifull, ſo void of ire.
Though ſuch, at firſt ſhe his approach did dread,
Yet forthwith toucht; and then with flowres him fed.
The Louer ioyes: till he his hopes might feaſt,
He kiſt her hands; ah, ſcarce defers the reſt!
Now, on the ſpringing graſſe, he friſks and playes:
His ſides now on the golden ſands he layes.
Her feare ſubdu'd, ſhee ſtrokes his proffred breſt:
Her Virgin-hands his hornes with garlands dreſt.
The royall Maid, who now no courage lackt,
Aſcends the Bull, not knowing whom ſhee backt.
He, to the Sea approaching, by degrees
Firſt dips therein his hoofs, anon his knees;
Then, ruſhing forward, beares away the prize.
Shee ſhreeks, and to the ſhore reuerts her eyes:
One hand his horne, the other held behind;
Her lighter garments ſwelling with the wind.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The third Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

Arm'd troops from Dragons' late-sowne teeth arise.
By his owne Hounds the Hart Actæon *dyes.*
Iuno, *a Beldame:* Semele *doth frie*
In wisht imbraces. Bacchus *from* Ioue's *thigh*
Takes second birth. The wise Tiresias *twice*
Doth change his sex. Scorn'd Eccho pines t'a voice:
Selfe-lou'd Narcissus *to a Daffadill.*
Bacchus, *a Boy. The* Tyrrhen's *ship stands still,*
With Iuy mor'd. Strange shapes the Saylers fright:
Who Dolphines turne, and still in ships delight.

AND now the God ariuing with his Rape
At sacred *Creet*, resumes his heauenly shape.
The King his sonne to seeke his daughter sene,
re-doomed to perpetuall banishment,
cept his fortune to his wish succeed,
w pious, and how impious in one deed!
th wandred-through (*Ioue's* thefts who can exquire?)
shuns his Country, and his Fathers ire:
th *Phœbus* Oracle consults, to know
at Land the Fates intended to bestow.
o, thus: In desart fields obserue a Cow,
never yoak'd, nor seruile to the plow.

Follow her slow conduct, and where shee shall
Repose, there build: the place *Bœotia* call.
Scarce *Cadmus* from *Castalian* Caue descended,
When he a Heefer saw, by no man tended,
Her neck vngall'd with groning seruitude.
The God ador'd, he foot by foot pursew'd.
Cephisus floud, and *Panope* now past,
Shee made a stand; to heauen her fore-head cast,
With loftie horns most exquisitely faire;
Then, with repeated lowings fild the Ayre:
Looks back vpon the company shee led;
And, kneeling, makes the tender grasse her bed.
Thanks-giuing *Cadmus* kist the vnknowne-ground;
The stranger fields and hills saluting round.
About to sacrifice to heauen's high King,
He sends for water from the liuing Spring.
A Wood there was, which neuer Axe did hew;
In it, a Caue, where Reeds and Osiers grew,
Roofst with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.
The lurking Snake of *Mars* this Hold possest;
Bright scal'd, and shining with a golden crest;
His bulk with poyson swolne; fire-red his eyes:
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth comprise.
This fatall Well th'vnlucky *Tyrians* found;
Who with their down-let Pitcher,, rays'd a sound.
With that, the Serpent his blew head extends;
And suffering Ayre with horrid hisses rends.
The water from them fell: their colour fled:
Who all, astonisht, shook with sudden dread.
Hee wreaths his scaly foldes into a heape;
And fetcht a compasse with a mightie leape:

The

Then, bolt-vpright his monſtrous length diſplayes
More than halfe way; and all the Woods ſuruayes.
Whoſe body, when all ſeene, no leſſe appeares,
Than that, which parts the two Cœleſtiall Beares.
Whether the *Tyrians* ſought to fight, or flie,
Or whether they through feare could neither trie;
Some craſht he 'twixt his iawes; ſome claſpt to death;
Some kils with poyſon; others with his breath.
And now the Sunne the ſhorteſt ſhadowes made;
Then, *Cadmus*, wondring why his ſeruants ſtay'd,
Their foot-ſteps trac't. A hide the Hero's wore,
Which late he from a ſlaughtred Lyon tore:
His Arms a dart, a bright ſteele-pointed Speare;
And ſuch a minde as could not ſtoope to feare.
When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd
The bodies of the ſlaine with bloud imbrew'd;
Th'inſulting victor quenching his dire thirſt
At their ſuckt wounds; he ſigh't, as heart would burſt:
Then ſaid, I will reuenge, O faithfull Mates,
Your murders, or accompany your Fates.
With that, he lifteth vp a mighty ſtone,
Which with a more than manly force was throwne.
What would haue batter'd downe the ſtrongeſt wall,
And ſhiuered towres, doth giue no wound at all.
The hardneſſe of his skin, and ſcales that grow
Vpon his armed back, repell the blowe.
And yet that ſtrong defence could not ſo well
The vigour of his thrilling Dart repell;
Which through his winding back a paſſage rends:
There ſticks: the ſteele into his guts deſcends.
Rabid with anguiſh, hee retorts his looke
Vpon the wound; and then the iaueling tooke

Betweene

Betweene his teeth; it euery way doth winde:
At length, tugg'd out, yet leaues the head behind.
His rage increast with his augmenting paines:
And his thick-panting throte swels with full veines.
A cold white froth surrounds his poys'nous iawes:
On thundring Earth his trayling scales he drawes:
Who from his black and *Stygian* maw eiect's
A blasting breath, which all the grasse infects.
His body, now he circularly bends;
Forthwith into a monstrous length extends:
Then rusheth on, like showr-incensed Floods;
And with his breast ore-beares the obuious Woods.
The Prince gaue way; who with the Lyon's spoyle
Sustayn'd th' assault; and forc't a quick recoyle,
His Lance fixt in his iawes. What could not feele,
He madly wounds; and bites the biting steele.
Th' inuenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,
Conuerts the grasse into a duskie red:
Yet, slight the hurt, in that the Snake with-drew;
And so, by yeelding, did the force subdew.
Till *Agenorides* the steele imbrew'd
In his wide throte, and still his thrust pursew'd;
Vntill an Oke his back-retrait with-stood:
There, he his neck transfixt: with it, the Wood.
The Tree bends with a burden so vnknowne;
And, lashed, by the Serpents taile, doth grone.
While he suruay'd the hugeneffe of his foe,
This voyce he heard (from whence he did not know)
Why is that Serpent so admir'd by thee?
Agenor's sonne, a Serpent thou shalt bee.
He speechlesse grew: pale feare repeld his blood;
And now vncurled haire like bristles stood.

Behold!

Behold! mans Fautresse, *Pallas* (from the sky
Descending to his needfull aide) stood by:
Who bade him in the turn'd-vp furrowes throw
The Serpents teeth; that future men might grow.
He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:
And therein sow'd the seeds of humane birth.
Lo (past beliefe!) the Clods began to moue:
And tops of Lances first appear'd aboue:
Then, Helmets, nodding with their plumed Crests;
Forth-with, refulgent Pouldrons, plated Brests;
Hands, with offensiue weapons charg'd, insew:
And Target-bearing troops of Men vp-grew.
So in our Theater's solemnities,
When they the Arras rayse, the Figures rise:
Afore the rest, their faces first appeare;
By little and by little then they reare
Their bodies, with a measure-keeping hand,
Vntill their feet vpon the border stand.
Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the sight
Of such an Host, addrest him to the fight.
Forbeare (a new-borne Souldier cry'd) t' ingage
Thy better fortune in our ciuill rage!
With that, he on his earth-bred brother flew:
At whom, a deadly dart another threw.
For he that kild him, long suruiues his death;
But, through wide-wounds expires his infant breath.
Slaughter, with equall furie, runs through all:
And by vnciuill ciuill blowes they fall.
The new-sprung Youth, who hardly life possest,
Now panting, kick their Mother's bloudy brest.
But fiue suruiu'd: of whom, *Echion* one;
His Armes to Earth by *Pallas* counsell throwne,

He

He craues the loue he offers. All accord
As Brothers ſhould, and what they take afford.
Sidonian Cadmus theſe aſſiſt, to build
His loftie walls; the Oracle fulfild.
Now flouriſht *Thebes*: now did thy exile prouc
In ſhew a bleſſing; thoſe that rule in loue
And warre, thy Nuptials with their daughter grace:
By ſuch a Wife to haue ſo faire a race;
So many ſonnes and daughters; nephewes too
(The pledges of their peacefull beds) inſew;
And they now growne to excellence and powre.
But, Man muſt cenſur'd be by his laſt houre:
Whom truly we can neuer happy call,
Afore his death; and cloſing funerall.
In this thy euery way ſo proſperous ſtate,
Thy firſt miſſe-hap ſprung from thy Nephew's fate,
Whoſe browes vnnaturall branches ill adorne;
By his vngratefull dogs in pieces torne.
Yet fortune did offend in him; not he:
For, what offence may in an error be?
With purple bloud, ſlaine Deare the Hills imbrew:
And now high Noon the ſhades of things withdrew;
While Eaſt and Weſt the equall Sunne partake:
Thus, then, *Hyantius* to his Partners ſpake,
That trod the Mazes of the pathleſſe Wood:
My Friends our nets and iauelins reake with blood:
Enough hath beene the fortune of this day:
To morrow, when *Aurora* ſhall diſplay
Her roſie cheeks, we may our ſports renew.
Now, *Phœbus*, with inflaming eye doth view
The crannyed Earth: here let our labour end:
Take vp your toyles. They gladly condeſcend.

A vale there was with Pines and Cypresse crown'd,
Gargaphie call'd; for *Dian's* loue renown'd.
A shady Caue possest the inward part,
Not wrought by hands; there, Nature witty Art
Did counterfet: a natiue Arch shee drew,
With Pumice and light Topases, that grew.
A bubbling Spring, with streams as cleere as glasse
Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted grasse.
The weary Huntresse vsually here laues
Her Virgin lims, more pure than those pure waues.
And now her Bowe, her Iau'lin, and her Quiuer;
Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliuer:
Her light impouerisht Robes another held:
Her Buskins two vntie. The better skil'd
Armenian Crocale, her long haire wound
In pleited-wreathes: yet was her owne vnbound.
Heat *Hyale*, *Niphe*, *Rhanis*, *Psecas* (still
Imploy'd) and *Phiale* the Lauers fill.
While here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guise)
To *Cadmus* Nephew, tyr'd with exercise,
And wandring through the Woods, approcht this Groue
With fatall steps, so Destinie him droue!
Entring the Caue with skipping Springs bedeaw'd:
The Nymphs, all naked, when a Man they view'd,
Clapt their resounding brests, and fild the Wood
With sudden shreeks: like Iuory pales they stood
About their Goddesse: but shee, far more tall,
By head and shoulders ouer-tops them all.
Such as that colour, which the Clouds adorns,
Shot by the Sunne-beam's; or the rosie Morn's:
Such flusht in *Dians* cheeks, being naked tane.
And though inuiron'd by her Virgin trayne,

Shee

She side-long turnes, looks back, and wisht her bow:
Yet, what shee had, shee in his face doth throw.
With vengefull Waters sprinkled; to her rage
These words she addes, which future Fate presage:
Now, tell how thou hast seene me disarray'd;
Tell if thou canst: I giue thee leaue. This said,
Shee to his neck and eares new length imparts;
This Browe th' antlers of long-liuing Harts:
His legges and feet with armes and hands supply'd;
And cloth'd his body in a spotted hide.
To this, feare added. *Autonoëius* flyes,
And wonders at the swiftnesse of his thighes.
But, when his looks he in the Riuer view'd,
He would haue cry'd, Woe's me! no words insew'd:
His words were grones. He frets, with galling teares,
Checks not his owne; yet his owne mind he beares.
What should he doe? Goe home? or in the Wood
For euer lurke? Feare, this; shame that withstood.
While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Master view:
Black-foot and *Tracer*, opening first, pursew:
Sure *Tracer*, *Gnossus*; *Black-foot Sparta* bare.
Then all fell in, more swift than forced Ayre:
Spie, *Rauener*, *Cline-cliffe*; these *Arcadia* bred:
Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirlwind*, eager *Follow-dread*;
Hunter, for sent; for speed, *Flight* went before;
Fierce *Saluage*, lately ganched by a Bore;
Greedy, with her two whelps; grim Wolf-got *Ranger*;
Stout *Shepheard*, late preseruing flocks from danger;
Gaunt *Catch*, whose race from *Sicyonia* came;
Patch, *Coursir*, *Blab*, rash *Tyger* neuer tame;
Blanch, *Mourner*, *Royster*, *Wolfe* surpassing strong;
And *Tempest*, able to continue long:

Swift,

Swift, with his brother *Churle*, a *Cyprian* hound;
Bold *Snatch*, whose sable brows a white star cround;
Cole, shag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,
Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Creet*:
White-tooth, and *Ring-wood* (others not t'expresse.)
O're Rocks, o're Crags, o're Cliffs that want accesse,
Through streightned wayes, and where there was no way,
The well-mouth'd hounds pursue the princely prey.
Where oft he wont to follow, now he flyes;
Flyes from his family! in thought he cryes,
I am *Actæon*, seruants, know your Lord!
Thoughts wanted words. High skyes the noyse record.
First, *Collier* pincht him by the haunch: in flung
Fierce *Kill-deare*; *Hill-bred* on his shoulder hung.
These came forth last; but crost a nearer way
A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay,
In rush the rest; who gripe him with their phangs.
Now is no roome for wounds. Grones speake his pangs,
Though not with humane voyce, vnlike a Hart:
In whose laments the knowne Rocks beare a part.
Pitcht on his knees, like one who pitty craues,
His silent looks, in stead of Armes, he waues.
With vsuall showts their Dogs the Hunters cheare;
And seeke, and call *Actæon*. He (too neare!)
Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all
For being absent at his present fall.
Present he was, that absent would haue beene;
Nor would his cruell hounds haue felt, but seene.
Their snowts they in his body bathe; and teare
Their Master in the figure of a Deare:
Nor, till a thousand wounds had life disseis'd,
Could quiuer-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.

'Twas censur'd variously: for, many thought
The punishment farre greater than the fau't.
Others so sowre a chastitie commend,
As worthy her: and both, their parts defend.
Ioue's wife not so much blam'd or prays'd the deed;
As shee reioyceth at the wounds that bleed
In *Cadmus* Family; who keeps in mind
Europa's rape, and hateth all the kind.
Now new occasions fresh displeasure moue:
For *Semele* was great with child by *Ioue*.
Then, thus shee scolds: O, what amends succeeds
Our lost complaints! I now will fall to deeds.
If we be more than titularly great;
If we a Scepter sway; if Heauen our seat;
If *Ioue's* fear'd Wife and Sister (certainly,
His Sister) torment shall the Whore destroy.
Yet, with that theft perhaps she was content,
And quickly might the iniurie repent:
But, shee conceiues, to aggrauate the blame,
And by her Belly doth her crime proclaime.
Who would by *Iupiter* a Mother proue,
Which hardly once, hath hapned to our loue:
So confident is beautie! Yet shall he
Deceiue her hopes: nor let me *Iuno* be,
Vnlesse, by her owne *Ioue* destroyed, shee make
A swift descent vnto the *Stygian* Lake.
Shee quits her Throne, and in a yellow clowd
Approach't the Palace; nor dismist that shrowd,
Till shee had wrinkl'd her smooth skin, and made
Her head all gray: while creeping feet conuay'd
Her crooked limbs; her voice small, weake, and hoarse,
Beröe-like, of *Epidaure*, her Nurse.

Lon

Long-talking; at the mention of *Ioue's* name,
Shee ſigh't, and ſaid; Pray heauen, he proue the ſame!
Yet much I feare: for many oft beguile
With that pretext, and chaſteſt beds defile.
Though *Ioue*; that's not enough. Giue he a ſigne
Of his affection, if he be diuine.
Such, and ſo mightie, as when pleaſure warmes
His melting boſome, in high *Iuno's* armes;
With thee, ſuch and ſo mightie, let him lie,
Deckt with the enſignes of his deitie.
Thus ſhee aduiz'd the vnſuſpecting Dame;
Who begs of *Ioue* a boone without a name.
To whom the God: Chooſe, and thy choyce poſſeſſe;
Yet, that thy diffidencie may be leſſe,
Witneſſe that Powre, who through obſcure aboads
Spreads his dull-ſtreams: the feare, and God of Gods.
Pleas'd with her harm, of too much powre to moue!
To periſh by the kindneſſe of her Loue:
Such be to me, ſhe ſaid, as when the Invites
Of *Iuno* ſummon you to *Venus* Rites.
Her mouth he ſought to ſtop: but, now that breath
Was mixt with ayre which ſentenced her death.
Then, fetch't a ſigh, as if his breſt would teare
(For, ſhee might not vnwiſh, nor he vnſweare)
And ſadly mounts the skie; who with him tooke
The Clouds, that imitate his mournefull looke;
Thick ſhowrs and tempeſts adding to the ſame,
With thunder and incuitable flame.
Whoſe rigor yet he ſtriueth to ſubdew:
Not armed with that fire which ouerthrew
The hundred-handed Giant; 't was too wilde;
There is another lightning, far more milde,

By

By *Cyclops* forged with lesse flame and ire:
Which, deathlesse Gods doe call the Second fire.
This, to her Father's house, he with him tooke:
But (ah!) a mortall body could not brooke
Æthereall tumults. Her successe shee mournes;
And in those so desir'd imbracements burnes.
Th' vnperfect Babe, which in her wombe did lie,
Was ta'ne by *Ioue*, and sew'd into his thigh,
His Mother's time accomplishing: Whom first,
By stealth, his carefull Aunt, kinde *Ino*, nurst:
Then, giuen to the *Nyseides*, and bred
In secret Caues, with milke and honey fed.
While this on earth befell by Fates decree
(The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)
Ioue, waightie cares expelling from his brest
With flowing Nectar, and dispos'd to iest
With well-pleas'd *Iuno*, said: In *Venus* deeds,
The Femal's pleasure farre the Male's exceeds.
This shee denyes; *Tiresias* must decide
The difference, who both delights had try'd.
For, two ingendring Serpents once he found,
And with a stroke their slimy twists vnbound;
Who straight a Woman of a man became:
Seuen Autums past, he in the eighth the same
Refinding, said: If such your powre, so strange,
That they who strike you must their nature change;
Once more I'le trie. Then, struck, away they ran:
And of a Woman he became a Man.
He, chosen Vmpire of this sportfull strife,
Ioue's words confirm'd. This vext his froward wife
More than the matter crau'd. To wreak her spite,
His eyes shee muffled in eternall night.

Th' omni

Th'omnipotent (ſince no God may vndoe
An others deed) with Fates which ſhould inſew
nform'd his Intellect; and did ſupply
His body's eye-ſight, with his mindes cleere eye.
He giuing ſure replyes to ſuch as came,
Through all th' *Aonian* City's ſtretcht his fame.
First, blew *Liriope* ſad triall made
How that was but too true which he had ſaid:
Vhom in times paſt *Cephiſus* flood imbrac't
Within his winding ſtreams, and forc't the chaſte.
The louely Nymph (who not vnfruitfull prou'd)
rought forth a Boy, euen then to be belou'd,
Narciſſus nam'd. Enquiring if old age
hould crowne his Youth; He, in obſcure preſage,
Made this reply: Except himſelfe he know.
ong, they no credit on his words beſtow:
et did the euent the prophecie approue,
n his ſtrange ruine, and new kind of loue.
Now, he to twentie added had a yeare:
Now in his looks both Boy and Man appeare.
Many a loue-ſick Youth did him deſire;
nd many a Maid his beautie ſet on fire:
et, in his tender age his pride was ſuch,
hat neither Youth nor Mayden might him touch.
The vocall Nymph, this louely Boy did ſpy
(Shee could not proffer ſpeech, nor not reply)
Then buſie in purſuite of ſaluage ſpoyles,
e draue the Deere into his corded toyles.
Echo was then a Body, not a Voyce:
et then, as now, of words ſhee wanted choyce;
t onely could reiterate the cloſe
Feuery ſpeech. This *Iuno* did impoſe.

For,

For, often when ſhe might haue taken *Ioue*,
Compreſſing there the Nymphs, who weakly ſtroue;
Her long diſcourſes made the Goddeſſe ſtay,
Vntill the Nymphs had time to run-away.
Which when perceiu'd; ſhe ſaid, For this abuſe
Thy tongue henceforth ſhall bee of little vſe.
Thoſe threats are deeds: Shee yet ingeminates
The laſt of ſounds, and what ſhee heares relates.
Narciſſus ſeene, intending thus the chaſe;
Shee forth-with glowes, and with a noyſeleſſe paſe
His ſteps purſues; the more ſhe did purſew,
More hot (as neerer to her fire) ſhee grew:
And might be likened to a ſulph'rous match;
Which inſtantly th'approched flame doth catch.
How oft would ſhee haue woo'd him with ſweet words!
But, Nature no ſuch libertie affords:
Begin ſhe could not, yet full readily
To his expected ſpeech ſhee would reply.
The Boy, from his Companions parted, ſaid;
Is any nigh? I, *Eccho* anſwer made.
He, round about him gazed (much appall'd)
And cry'd out, Come. Shee him, who called, call'd.
Then looking back; and ſeeing none appear'd,
Why ſhunſt thou mee? The ſelfe-ſame voyce he heard,
Deceiued by the Image of his words;
Then let vs ioyne, ſaid he: no ſound accords
More to her wiſh: her faculties combine
In deare conſent, who anſwer'd, *Let vs ioyne*!
Flattering her ſelfe, out of the Woods ſhe ſprung;
And would about his ſtruggling neck haue hung.
Thruſt backe; he ſaid, Life ſhall this breſt forſake,
Ere thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleaſure take.

On me thy pleasure take, the Nymph replyes
To that disdainfull Boy, who from her flyes.
Despiz'd; the Wood her sad retreat receaues:
Who couers her ashamed face with leaues;
And sculks in desert Caues. Loue still possest
Her soule; through griefe of her repulse, increast.
Her wretched body pines with sleeplesse care:
Her skin contracts: her bloud conuerts to ayre.
Nothing was left her now but voyce and bones:
The voyce remaynes; the other turne to stones.
Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountaynes neuer found,
Shee's heard of all: and all is but a Sound.
Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in mountaines born,
And sedgy brooks, the Boy had kild with scorn.
Thus many a Youth he had afore deceiu'd:
When one thus prai'd: with hands to heau'n vpheau'd;
So may he loue himselfe, and so despaire!
Rhamnusia condescends to his iust pray'r.
A Spring there was, whose siluer Waters were,
As smooth as any mirror, nor lesse cleare:
Which neither Herdsmen, tame, nor saluage Beast,
Nor wandring Fowle, nor scattered leaues molest;
Girt round with grasse, by neighboring moysture fed,
And Woods, against the Sunnes inuasion spred.
He, tyr'd with heat and hunting, with the Place
And Spring delighted, lyes vpon his face.
Quenching his thirst, another thirst doth rise;
Ays'd by the forme which in that glasse he spyes.
The hope of nothing doth his powres inuade:
And for a body he mistakes a shade.
Himselfe, himselfe distracts: who pores thereon
So fixedly, as if of *Parian* stone.

Beholds his eyes, two starres! his dangling haire
Which with vnshorn *Apollo's* might compare!
His fingers worthy *Bacchus*! his smooth chin!
His Iuory neck! his heauenly face! where-in
The linked Deities their Graces fix!
Where Roses with vnsullied Lillyes mix!
Admireth all; for which, to be admir'd:
And vnconsiderately himselfe desir'd.
The prayses, which he giues, his beautie claym'd.
Who seeks, is sought: th' Inflamer is inflam'd.
How often would he kisse the flattering spring!
How oft with downe-thrust arms sought he to cling
About that loued necke! Those cous'ning lips
Delude his hopes; and from himselfe he slips.
Not knowing what, with what he sees he fryes:
And th' error that deceiues, incites his eyes.
O Foole! that striu'st to catch a flying shade!
Thou seek'st what's no-where: Turn aside, 'twill vade.
Thy formes reflection doth thy sight delude:
Which is with nothing of its owne indu'd.
With thee it comes; with thee it stayes; and so
'Twould goe away, hadst thou the power to go.
Nor sleep, nor hunger could the Louer rayse:
Who, lay'd along, on that false forme doth gaze
With looks, which looking neuer could suffice;
And ruinates himselfe with his owne eyes.
At length, a little lifting vp his head;
You Woods, that round about your branches spred,
Was euer so vnfortunate a Louer!
You know, to many you haue beene a couer;
From your first growth to this long distant day
Haue you knowne any, thus to pine away!

I like, and ſee, but yet I cannot find
The lik't, and ſeene. O Loue, with error blind!
What grieues me more: no Sea, no Mountayn ſteep,
No wayes, no walls, our ioyes a-ſunder keep:
Whom but a little water doth diuide,
And he himſelfe deſires to be inioy'd.
As oft as I to kiſſe the floud decline,
So oft his lips aſcend, to cloſe with mine.
You'ld thinke we toucht: ſo ſmall a thing doth part
Our equall loues! Come forth, what ere thou art.
Sweet Boy, a ſimple Boy beguile not ſo:
From him that ſeeks thee, whither would'ſt thou go?
My age nor beautie merit thy diſdaine:
And me the Nymphs haue often lou'd in vaine.
Yet in thy friendly ſhewes my poore hopes liue;
Still ſtriuing to receiue the hand I giue:
Thou ſmil'ſt my ſmiles: when I a teare let fall,
Thou ſhedd'ſt an other; and conſent'ſt in all.
And, lo, thy ſweetly-mouing lips appeare
To vtter words, that come not to our eare.
Ah, He is I! now, now I plainly ſee:
Nor is't my ſhadow that bewitcheth me.
With loue of me I burne; (O too too ſure!)
And ſuffer in thoſe flames which I procure.
Shall I be woo'd, or wooe? What ſhall I craue?
Since what I couet, I already haue.
Too much hath made me poore! O, you diuine
And fauoring Powres, me from my ſelfe diſ-ioyne!
Of what I loue, I would be diſpoſſeſt:
This, in a Louer, is a ſtrange requeſt!
Now, ſtrength through griefe decayes: ſhort is the time
I haue to liue; extinguiſht in my Prime.

Nor grieues it me to part with well-mist breath;
For griefe will find a perfect cure in death:
Would he I loue might longer life inioy!
Now, two ill-fated Louers, in one, die.
This said; againe vpon his Image gaz'd;
Teares on the troubled water circles rais'd:
The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.
With that, he cry'd (perceiuing it to vade)
O, whither wilt thou! stay: nor cruell proue,
In leauing me, who infinitely loue.
Yet let me see, what cannot be possest;
And, with that emptie food, my fury feast.
Complaining thus, himselfe he disarrayes;
And to remorselesse hands his breft displayes:
The blowes that solid snow with crimson stripe;
Like Apples party-red, or Grapes scarce ripe.
But, in the water when the same appeare,
He could no longer such a sorrow beare.
As Virgin wax dissolues with feruent heat;
Or morning frost, whereon the Sun-beams beat:
So thawes he with the ardor of desire;
And, by degrees, consumes in vnseene fire.
His meger cheeks now lost their red and white;
That life, that fauour lost, which did delight.
Nor those diuine proportions now remaine,
So much by *Eccho* lately lou'd in vaine.
Which when shee saw; although she angry were,
And still in minde her late repulse did beare;
As often as the miserable cry'd,
Alas! Alas, the wofull Nymph reply'd.
And euer when he struck his sounding breft,
Like sounds of mutuall sufferance expreft.

His laſt words were, ſtill hanging o're his ſhade;
Ah, Boy, belou'd in vaine! ſo *Eccho* ſaid.
Farewell. Farewell, ſigh't ſhe. Then downe he lyes:
Deaths cold hand ſhuts his ſelfe-admiring eyes:
Which now eternally their gazes fix
Vpon the Waters of infernall *Styx*.
The wofull *Naiades* lament the dead;
And their clipt haire vpon their brother ſpred.
The wofull *Dryades* partake their woes:
With both, ſad *Eccho* ioynes at euery cloſe.
The funerall Pyle prepar'd, a Herſe they brought
To fetch his body, which they vainely ſought.
In ſtead whereof a yellow flowre was found,
With tufts of white about the button crown'd.
This, through *Achaia* ſpred the Prophets fame;
Who worthily had purchas't a great name.
But, proud *Echion's* ſonne, who did deſpiſe
The righteous Gods, derides his prophecies;
And twits *Tireſias* with his rauiſht ſight.
He ſhook his head, which age had cloth'd in white;
And ſaid, 'T were well for thee, hadſt thou no eyes
To ſee the *Bacchanal* ſolemnities.
The time ſhall come (which I preſage is neere)
When *Semeleian Liber* will be here:
Whom if thou honour not with Temples due;
Thy Mother, and her ſiſters ſhall imbrue
Their furious hands in thy effuſed blood;
And throw thy ſeuered lims about the Wood.
'Twill be; thy malice cannot but rebell:
And then thoul't ſay; The blinde did ſee too well.
His mouth proud *Pentheus* ſtops. Beliefe ſucceeds
Fore-running threats: and words are ſeal'd by deeds.

Liber is come; the fields with clamor sound:
They in his Orgies tread a frantick Round.
Women with Men, the base, and nobler sort,
Together to those vnknowne Rites resort.
You sonnes of *Mars*, you of the Dragons race
(Said he) what furie doth your minds imbase?
Is Brasse of such a powre, which drunkards beat,
Or sound of Hornes, or Magicall deceit;
That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight,
Nor death, with all his terrors, could affright;
Lowd Women, wine-bred rage, a lustfull crew
Of Beasts, and Kettle-drums, should thus subdew?
At you, graue Fathers, can I but admire!
Who brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,
And fixt them here: now from that care so farre
Estranged, as to lose them without warre!
Or you, who of my able age appeare;
Whose heads should helmets, and not garlands, weare!
Not leauy Iauelins, but good Swords adorne
The hands of Youth. O you, so nobly borne;
That Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,
Whose single valour such a number slue.
He, in defending of his Fountayne, fell:
Doe you th' Inuaders of your fame repell.
He slue the strong: doe you the weake destroy;
And free your Country from foule infamy.
If Destinies decree that *Thebes* must fall;
May men, may warlike engines raze her wall:
Let sword and fire our famisht liues assault:
Then should we not be wretched through our fault,
Nor striue to hide our guilt; but, Fortune blame;
And vent our pittyed sorrowes without shame.

Now,

Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight:
Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Arms delight;
But haire perfum'd with Myrrhe, soft Anadems,
And purple Robes inchac't with gold and gems:
Who shall confesse (if you your aid denie)
His forged Father, and false Deitie.
What? had *Acrisius* vertue to withstand
Th' Impostor, chaced from the *Argive* strand?
And shall this vagabond, this forainer,
Me *Pentheus*, and the *Theban* State deterre?
Goe (said he to his seruants) goe your way,
And drag him hither bound: preuent delay.
Him *Cadmus*, *Athamas*, and all dissuade;
By opposition, more intemperate made.
Furie increaseth, when it is with-stood:
And then good counsell doth more harme than good.
So haue I seen an vnstopt torrent glide
With quiet waters, scarcely heard to chide:
But, when faln Trees, or Rocks, impeacht his course;
To fome, and roare with vncontrolled force.
All bloudy they returne. Where is, said hee,
This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of vs did see,
Reply'd they; This his minister we found
(Presenting one with hands behinde him bound)
A *Lydian*, zealous in those mysteries.
On whom fierce *Pentheus* looks, with wrathfull eyes:
Who hardly could his punishment deferre.
Then, thus: Thou wretch, that others shalt deterre,
Declare thy Name, thy Nation, Parentage;
And why thou followest this new-fangled Rage.
He in whom innocency feare o're-came;
Made this reply: *Acetes* is my name:

My life I owe to the *Mæonian* earth;
To none, my fortunes; borne of humble birth.
No land my Father left me to manure,
Nor Herds, nor bleating Flocks: himselfe was poore.
The tempted Fish, with hook and line he caught:
His skill was all his wealth: His skill he taught;
And said, My heire, successor to my Art,
Receiue the riches which I can impart.
He, dying, left me nothing; and yet all:
The Sea may I my patrimony call.
Yet, lest I still should on those Rocks abide,
To nauigation I my time apply'd;
Obseru'd th' *Olenian Kids*, that raine portend;
The *Hyades*, who weepe when they descend;
Taygeta, and *Arcturus*; the resorts
Of seuerall windes; and harbour-giuing Ports.
For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* shores:
And, there arriued, with industrious Oares.
Leaping a-shore, I made the beach my bed.
When aged Night *Aurora's* blushes fled,
I rose; and bade my men fresh water bring:
Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.
Then, from a Hill obseru'd the windes accord;
My Mates I cald, and forth-with went abord.
All here, the Master's Mate *Opheltes* cryes;
And thinking he had light vpon a prize,
Along the shore a louely Boy conuay'd,
Adorned with the beautie of a Maid.
Heauy with wine and sleepe, he reeled so,
That, though supported, he could hardly goe.
When I beheld his habit, gait and feature,
I could not thinke it was a humane Creature.

Fellowe

Fellowes, I doubt (nay, without doubt) ſaid I,
This excellence includes a Deitie.
O, be propitious, who-ſo-'ere thou art;
And to our induſtrie ſucceſſe impart;
And pardon theſe who haue offended thus.
Then, *Dictys* ſaid: Forbeare to pray for vs:
(Than he, none could the top ſaile-yard beſtride
With lighter ſpeed; nor thence more nimbly ſlide)
This, *Libys*, ſwart *Melanthus* (who the Prow
Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow;
Epopeus the Boats-man, ſo all ſay;
Bewitched with the blind deſire of prey.
This ſhip, ſaid I, you ſhall not violate
With ſacriledge of ſo diuine a weight;
Wherein I haue moſt int'reſt, and command:
And on the hatches their aſcent with-ſtand.
Whereat, the deſperate *Lycabas* grew wild;
Who for a bloudy murder was exil'd
From *Tuſcany*. Whil'ſt I alone reſiſt,
He tooke me ſuch a buffet with his fiſt,
That downe I fell; and had falne ouer-board,
If I (though ſenſeleſſe) had not caught a cord.
The wicked Company the fact approue.
Then, *Bacchus* (for, 'twas he) began to moue,
As if awaked with the noyſe they made
(His wind-bound ſenſes now diſcharg'd) and ſaid:
What clamor's this? What doe you? Sailers, whither
Meane you to beare me? Ah, how came I hither!
Feare not, ſaid *Proreus*: name where thou would'ſt be;
And to that Harbor we will carry thee.
Then, Friends, *Lyæus* ſaid, for *Naxos* ſtand:
Naxos my home; an hoſpitable Land.

By

By Seas, by all the Gods, by what auayles,
They sweare they will, and bade me hoyse-vp sayles.
Which trim'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board side;
What do'st thou mad-man, foole? *Opheltes* cry'd.
Each feares his losse. Some whisper in mine eare:
Most say by signes, Vnto the Lar-board steere.
Amaz'd: Some other hold the Helme, said I;
I'le not be tainted with your periurie.
All chafe and storme. What? said *Ethalion*,
Is all our safetie plac't in thee alone?
With that, my office he vpon him tooke;
And *Naxos* (altering her course) forsooke.
The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)
From th' vpper deck the Sea suruayed round;
Then, seem'd to crie. Sirs, this is not, said he,
That promis't shore, the Land so wisht by me.
What is my fault? what glory in my spoyle,
If men a Boy, if many one beguile?
I wept afore: but, they my teares deride;
And with laborious Oares the waues diuide.
By him I sweare (than whom none more in view)
That what I now shall vtter, is as true,
As past beliefe. The ship in those profound
And spacefull Seas, so stuck as on drie ground.
They, wondring, ply'd their Oares; the sayles display'd,
And striue to run her with that added aide.
When Iuy gaue their Oares a forc't restraint;
Whose creeping bands the sayles with Berryes paint,
He, head-bound with a wreath of clustred Vines,
A Iauelin shook, clasp't with their leauy twines,
Stern Tygers, Lynxes (such vnto the eye)
And spotted Panthers, round about him lye.

All, ouer-boord now tumble; whether 'twere
Out of infused madnesse, or for feare.
Then, *Medon* first with spiny fins grew blacke;
His forme depressed, with a compast back.
To whom said *Lycabas*; ô more than strange!
Into what vncouth Monster wilt thou change!
As thus he spake, his mouth became more wide;
His nose more hookt: scales arme his hardned hide.
While *Libys* tugg'd an Oare that fixed stands,
His hands shrunke vp; now finns, no longer hands.
An-other by a cable thought to hold;
But, mist his armes. He fell: the Seas infold
His maymed body: which a tayle eft-soone
Receiues, reuersed like the horned Moone.
They leap aloft, and sprinkle-vp the Flood;
Now chace aboue; now vnder water scud:
Who like lasciuious Dancers friske about;
And gulped Seas, from their wide nosthrils spout.
Of twenty Saylers, onely I remayn'd:
So many men our Complement contayn'd.
The God my minde could hardly animate;
Trembling with horror of so dire a Fate.
Suppresse, said he, these tumults of thy feare;
And now thy course for sacred *Dia* beare.
Arriued there, with his implor'd consent,
I Orders tooke; and thus his Feasts frequent.
Our eares are tyr'd with thy long ambages:
Which wrath, said he, would by delay, appease.
Goe, seruants, take him hence: let his forc't breath
Expire in grones: and torture him to death.
In solid prison pent; while they prouide
Whips, Racks, and Fire, the doores flie open wide.

And of themselues, as if dissolu'd by charmes,
The fetters fall from his vnpinion'd armes.
But now, not bidding others, *Pentheus* flings
To high *Cytheron's* sacred top, which rings
With frantick songs, and shrill-voic't *Bacchanals*,
In *Liber's* celebrated Festiuals.
And as the warlike Courser neighs and bounds,
Inflam'd with furie, when the Trumpet sounds:
Euen so their far-heard clamours set on fire
Sterne *Pentheus*, and exasperate his ire.
In midst of all the spacious Mountayne stood
A perspicable Champain, fring'd with wood.
Here, first of all, his Mother him espyes,
Viewing those holy Rites with prophane eyes.
Shee, first, vpon him frantickly did runne:
And first her eger Iauelin pearc't her sonne.
Come, sisters, cry'd shee, this is that huge Bore
Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds must gore.
With that, in-rush the sense-distracted Crew:
And altogether the amaz'd pursew.
Now trembled he; now, late-breath'd threats suppreſt:
Himselfe he blames, and his offence confest.
Who cry'd, Helpe Aunt *Autonoë*; I bleed:
O let *Actæon's* ghost soft pitty breed!
Not knowing who *Actæon* was, shee lops
His right hand off: the other *Ino* crops.
The wretch now to his Mother would haue throwne
His suppliant hands: but, now his hands were gone.
Yet lifting vp their bloody stumps, he said,
Ah, Mother, see! *Agaue*, well appay'd,
Shouts at the sight, casts vp her neck, and shakes
Her staring haire. In cruell hands shee takes.

His head, yet gaſping: *Io* ſing, ſaid ſhee,
Io my Mates! this ſpoyle belongs to mee.
Not leaues, now wither'd, nipt by Autumn's froſt,
So ſoone are rauiſht from high Trees, and toſt
By Scattering windes, as they in peeces teare
His minced lims. Th'*Iſmenians*, ſtruck with feare,
His Orgies celebrate; his prayſes ſing;
And incenſe to his holy Altars bring.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The fourth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

DErceta, *a Fish.* Semiramis *a Doue.*
Transforming Nais *equall Fate doth proue.*
White berries Louers blood with black defiles.
Apollo, *like* Eurynome, *beguiles*
Leucothoë, *buried quick for that offence:*
Who, Nectar-sprinkled, sprouts to Frankincense.
Grieu'd Clitie, *turn'd t'a Flowr, turns with the Sun.*
Daphnis, *to stone. Sex changeth* Scytheon.
Celmus, *a Load-stone.* Curets *got by showrs.*
Crocus, *and* Smilax *turn'd to little flowrs.*
In one Hermaphrodite, *two bodies ioyne.*
Mineides, *Bats. Sad* Ino *made diuine,*
With Melicert. *Who* Iuno's *fact vpbray'd,*
Or Statues, or Cadmean *Fowles are made.*
Hermione *and* Cadmus, *worne with woe,*
Proue hurtlesse Dragons. Drops to Serpents growe.
Atlas, *a Mountaine.* Gorgon-*toucht Sea-weeds*
To Corall change. From Gorgon's *blood, proceeds*
Swift Pegasus: Crysaor *also takes*
From thence his birth. Fair haires conuert to Snakes.

BVt yet, *Alcithoë Minëides*
The honour'd Orgies of the God displease.
Her sisters share in that impietie;
Who *Bacchus* for the sonne of *Ioue* denie.

And

And now his Priest proclaimes a solemne Feast;
That Dames and Maids from vsuall labour rest;
That wrapt in skins, their haire-laces vnbound,
And dangling Tresses with wilde Iuy crown'd,
They leauy Speares assume. Who prophesies
Sad haps to such as his command despise.
The Matrons and new-marryed Wiues obay:
Their Webs, their vn-spun Wooll, aside they lay;
Sweet odours burne; and sing: *Lyæus*, *Bacchus*,
Nysæus, *Bromius*, *Euan*, great *Iacchus*:
Fire-got, Sonne of two Mothers, The twice-borne,
Father *Eleleus*, *Thyon* neuer shorne,
Lenæus, planter of life cheering Vines;
Nyctileus: with all names that *Greece* assignes
To thee. ô *Liber*! Still dost thou inioy
Vnwasted Youth; eternally a Boy!
Thou'rt seen in heauen; whom all perfections grace;
And, when vnhorn'd, thou hast a Virgins face.
Thy conquests through the Orient are renown'd,
Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.
Proud *Pentheus*, and *Lycurgus*, like prophane,
By thee (ô greatly to be fear'd!) were slaine:
The *Thuscans* drencht in Seas. Thou hold'st in awe
The spotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.
Light *Bacchanals*, and skipping Satyrs follow,
Whil'st old *Sylenus*, reeling still, doth halloo;
Who weakly hangs, vpon his tardie Asse.
What place so-e're thou entrest, sounding brasse,
Lowd Sack-buts, Tymbrels, the confused cryes
Of Youths and Women, pierce the marble skyes.
Thy presence, we, *Ismenides*, implore:
Come, ô come pleas'd! Thus they his Rites restore.

Yet,

Yet, the *Menêides* at home remaine:
And with their plyed task's his Feast prophane:
Who either weaue, or at their distaffs spin;
And vrge their Maids to exercise their sin.
One said, as shee the twisted thread out-drew;
While others sport, and forged Gods pursew,
Let vs, whom better *Pallas* doth inuite,
Our vsefull labour season with delight,
And stories tell by turnes; that, what long yeares
Denie our eyes, may enter at our eares.
They all agree; and bade the eldest tell
Her storie first. Shee paus'd, not knowing well
Of many which to choose: T'insist vpon
The Sad *Dercetis*, of fam'd *Babylon*
(Who, as the *Palestines* beleeue, did take
A scaly forme, inhabiting a Lake)
Or of her daughter speake, with wing'd ascent
High-pearcht on towres: who there her old age spent:
Or of that *Nàis*; who with charmes most strange,
And weeds too pow'rfull, humane shapes did change,
Into mute Fishes, till a Fish shee grew:
Or of the Tree whose berries chang'd their hew;
The white to black, by bloods aspersion, growne:
This pleaseth best; as being most vnknowne.
— Who thus began; and draws the following woll.
Young *Pyramus* (no Youth so beautifull
Through all the East) and *Thisbe* (who for faire
Might with th'immortall Goddesses compare)
Ioyn'd houses, where *Semiramis* inclos'd
Her stately towne, with walls of brick compos'd.
This neighbourhood their first acquaintance bred:
That, grew to loue; Loue sought a nuptiall bed:

But

But Parents, who could not with-ſtand, with-ſtood
Their ioynt deſires, and like incenſed blood.
Signes onely vtter their vnwitneſt loues:
But hidden fire the violenter proues.
A cranny in the parting wall was left;
By ſhrinking of the new-layd morter, cleft:
This, for ſo many Ages vndeſcry'd
(What cannot Loue finde out!) the Louers ſpy'd.
By which, their whiſpering voyces ſoftly trade,
And Paſſion's amorous embaſſie conuay'd.
On this ſide, and on that, like Snailes they cleaue;
And greedily each others breath receaue.
O enuious walls (ſaid they) who thus diuide
Whom Loue hath ioyn'd! O, giue vs way to ſlide
Into each others armes! if ſuch a bliſſe
Tranſcend our Fates, yet ſuffer vs to kiſſe!
Nor are w'ingrate: much we confeſſe we owe
To you, who this deare libertie beſtowe.
At Night they bid farewell. Their kiſſes greet
The ſenſeleſſe ſtones, with lips that could not meet.
When from th'approching Morn the ſtars withdrew,
And that the Sunne had drunke the ſcorched dew,
They at the vſuall Station meet againe;
And with ſoft murmurs mutually complaine.
At laſt, reſolue in ſilence of the Night
To ſteale away, and free themſelues by flight;
And with their houſes, to forſake the Towne.
Yet, leſt they ſo might wander vp and downe;
To meete at *Ninus* tombe they both agree,
Vnder the ſhelter of a ſhady Tree.
There, a high Mulberry, full of white fruit;
Hard by a liuing Fountayne fixt his Root.

Th

The Sun, that seem'd too slow, his steeds bestowes
In restfull Seas: from Seas, wisht Night arose.
Then *Thisbe* in the darke the doores vnbarr'd;
And slipping forth, vnmissed by her guard,
Comes maskt to *Ninus* tomb: there in the cold
Sits vnderneath that Tree: Loue made her bold.
When (Io!) a Lyonesse, smear'd with the blood
Of late-slaine Beeues, approcht the neighbor flood,
To quench her thirst. Far-off by Moon-light spy'd,
Swift feare her flight into a Caue doth guide.
Flying, her mantle from her shoulders fell:
The fatall Lionesse, as from the Well
Vp to the rocky Mountaine shee with-drawes,
Found it, and tore it with her bloody iawes.
When *Pyramus*, who came not forth so soone,
Perceiued by the glimpses of the Moone
The footing of wilde Beasts: his looke grew pale.
But, when he spy'd her torne and bloody vaile;
One night (said he) two louers shall destroy!
Shee longer life deserued to inioy.
The guilt is mine: 'twas I (poore soule!) that slue thee
Who to a place so full of danger drew thee,
Nor came before. You Lyons, ô descend
From your aboads! a wretch in peeces rend,
Condemned by his selfe-pronounced doom:
And make your entrailes my opprobrious tomb!
But Cowards wish to die. Her mantle hee
Carryes along vnto th'appointed Tree.
There hauing kist, and washt it with his eyes;
Take from our blood, said he, the double dyes.
With that, his body on his sword he threw:
Which, from the reaking wound, he dying drew.

Now

Now, on his back, vp-ſpun the blood in ſmoke:
As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,
The waters at a little breach break out,
And hiſſing, through the aëry Region ſpout.
The Mulberries their former white forſake;
And from his ſprinkling blood their crimſon take.
Now ſhe, who could not yet her feare remoue,
Returns, for feare to diſappoint her Loue.
Her eger ſpirit ſeeks him through her eyes;
ongs to tell of her eſcap't ſurpriſe.
ace and figure of the Tree ſhe knew;
ubts, the berries hauing chang'd their hew.
aine; ſhe his panting lims deſcry'd,
ruck the ſtayned earth; and ſtarts aſide.
s not paler than her changed looke:
e the lightly breath'd-on Sea ſhe ſhooke.
en ſhe knew 'twas he (now diſpoſſeſt
Of her amaze) ſhee ſhreeks, beats her ſwoln breſt,
Puls off her haire; imbraces, ſoftly reares
His hanging head, and fils his wound with teares.
Then, kiſſing his cold lips: Woe's me (ſhe ſaid)
What curſed Fate hath this diuiſion made!
O ſpeake, my *Pyramus*! ô looke on mee!
Thy deare, thy deſperate *Thisbe* calls to thee!
At *Thisbe's* name he opens his dim eyes;
And hauing ſeen her, ſhuts them vp, and dyes.
But when his emptie ſcabbard ſhee had ſpy'd,
And her known Robe; Vnhappy man! ſhe cry'd,
Theſe wounds from loue, from thine own hand proceed!
Nor is my hand too weake for ſuch a deed:
My loue as ſtrong. This, this ſhall courage giue
To force that life which much diſdains to liue.

In death I'le follow thee! instyl'd by all,
The wretched Cause, and partner of thy Fall.
Whom Death (that had (alas!) alone the might
To pull thee from me!) shall not dis-vnite.
O you, our wretched Parents (thus seuere
To your owne blood!) my last Petition heare:
Whom constant loue, whom death hath ioyn'd, interre
Together in one envi'd Sepulcher.
And thou, ô Tree, whose branches shade the slaine;
Of both our slaughters beare the lasting staine:
In funerall habit: euer clothe your brood;
A liuing monument of our mixt blood.
This said, his sword, yet reeking, shee reuers't,
And with a mortall wound her bosom peare't.
The easie Gods vnto her wish accord;
Their Parents also her desire afford:
The late-white Mulberryes in black now mourne;
And what the fire had left, lay in one vrne.
Here ended she. Some intermission made,
Leucothoë, her sisters silent, said:
This Sunne, who all directeth with his light,
Weake Loue hath tam'd: his loues we now recite.
He first discouer'd the adulterie
Of *Mars* and *Venus* (nothing scapes his eye)
And in displeasure told to *Iuno's* sonne
Their secret stealths, and where the deed was done.
His spirits faint: his hands could not sustaine
The worke in hand. Forthwith, he forg'd a chaine,
With nets of brasse, that might the eye deceaue,
(Lesse curious far the webs which Spiders weaue)
Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close:
This, he about the guiltie bed bestowes.

No

No sooner these Adulterers were met,
Than caught in his so strangely forged net;
Who, strugling, in compeld imbracements lay.
The Iuory doores then *Vulcan* doth desplay;
And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound:
Yet one, a wanton, wisht to be so found.
The heauenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told
Through all the Round, and mirth did long vphold.
Venus, incenst, on him who this disclos'd
A memorable punishment impos'd.
And he, of late so tyrannous to Loue,
Loue's tyrannie in iust exchange doth proue.
Hyperion's sonne, what boots thy pearcing sight!
Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light!
For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,
Art now thy selfe inflam'd with new desires.
Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoë* view;
And giue to her, what to the World is dew.
Now, in the East thou hastnest thy vp-rise:
Now, slowly sett'st; euen loth to leaue the skyes.
And, while that Obiect thus exacts thy stay,
Thou addest houres vnto the Winters day.
Oft, in thy face thy mindes disease appeares;
Affrighting all the darkned World with feares.
Not *Cynthia's* interposed Orbe doth moue
These pale aspects; this colour springs from loue.
Shee all thy thoughts ingrost: nor didst thou care
For *Clymene*, for her who *Circes* bare,
For *Rhodos*, *Clytie*, who in loue abounds,
Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds.
All, all were buried in *Leucothoë*;
Borne in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.

As ſhee in beautie farre ſurpaſt all other:
So much the Daughter farre ſurpaſt the Mother.
Great *Orchamus* was Father to the Maid:
Who, ſeuenth from *Belus Priſcus*, *Perſia* ſway'd.
In low *Hiſperian* Vales thoſe paſtures are
Where *Phœbus* horſes on *Ambroſia* fare.
There, tyred with the trauels of the day,
They renouate what labour doth decay.
Now, while cœleſtiall food their hunger feeds,
And Night in her alternate raigne ſucceeds;
In figure of *Eurynome*, the God
Approcht the chamber, where his life aboad.
He, ſpinning by a lamp, *Leucothoê* found,
With twice ſix hand-maids, who inclos'd her round.
Then kiſſing her (her Mother now by Art)
Haue, ſaid he, a ſecret to impart:
Maids, preſently with-draw. They all obay'd,
He, after he had cleer'd the chamber, ſaid:
The tardie Yeare I meaſure: I am he
Who ſee all Obiects, and by whom all ſee;
The World's cleere eye: by thy fair ſelfe, I ſweare,
I loue thee aboue thought. Shee ſhooke for feare;
Her ſpindle and her diſtaffe from her fell:
And yet that feare became her wondrous well.
Then, his owne forme and radiancy, he tooke:
Though with that vnexpected preſence ſtrooke;
Yet, vanquiſht by his beautie, her complaint
Shee laid-aſide, and ſuffred his conſtraint.
His *Clytie* vext (his loue obſeru'd no meaſure)
Who in the furie of her fell diſpleaſure,
Vulg'd the quickly-ſpreading infamy:
And to her father doth the fact deſcry.

Who sterne and sauage, shuts vp all remorse,
From her that su'd, subdew'd, she said, by force;
And *Sol* to witnesse calls. He his dishonour
Interres aliue, and casts a Mount vpon her.
Hyperion's sonne this batters with his rayes:
And for her re-ascent a breach displayes.
Yet could not she aduance her heauy head:
But life, too hasty, from her body fled.
Neuer did *Phœbus* with such sorrow mourne
Since wretched *Phaëton* the World did burne:
Yet striues he with his influence to beget
In her cold lims a life-reuoking heat.
But, since the Fates such great attempts withstood;
He steeps the place and body in a floud
Of fragrant Nectar: much bewailes her end:
And sighing, said; Yet shalt thou heauen ascend.
Forthwith, her body thawes into a deaw:
Which, from the moystned earth, an odour threw.
Then through the hill a shrub of Frankincense
Thrust vp his crowne, and tooke his root from thence.
Though loue might *Clytie's* sorrow haue excus'd;
Sorrow, her tongue; Daye's King her bed refus'd.
She, with distracted passion, pines away,
Detesteth company; all night, all day,
Disrobed, with her ruffled haire vnbound,
And wet with humour, sits vpon the ground:
For nine long dayes all sustenance forbeares;
Her hunger cloyd with deaw, her thirst with teares.
Nor rose but, riuets on the God her eyes;
And euer turnes her face to him that flyes.
At length, to earth her stupid body cleaues:
Her wan complexion turns to bloodlesse-leaues,

Yet ſtreak't with red: her periſht lims beget
A flowre, reſembling the pale Violet;
Which, with the ſun, though rooted faſt, doth moue;
And, being changed, changeth not her loue.
Thus ſhe. This wondrous ſtory caught their eares:
To ſome the ſame impoſſible appeares;
Others, that all is poſſible, conclude,
To true-ſtyl'd Gods: but, *Bacchus* they extrude.
All whiſt, *Alcithoê*, call'd-vpon, doth run
Her ſhettle through the web; and thus begun.
T'omit the paſtorall loues, to few vnknowne,
Of young *Idæan Daphnis*; turn'd to ſtone
By that vext Nymph; who could not elſe aſſwage
Her ialouſie: ſuch is a louer's rage!
And *Scython* who his nature innouates,
Now male, now female, by alternate Fates;
With *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant,
Who of his faith to little *Ioue* might vant;
The ſhorne *Curetes*, got by falling ſhowres;
Crocos and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowres,
Ouer-paſſe; and will your eares ſurprize
With ſweet delight of vnknowne nouelties.
Then, know, how *Salmacis* infamous grew;
Whoſe too ſtrong waues all manly ſtrength vndo,
And mollifie, with their ſoule-ſoftning touch:
The cauſe vnknown; their nature knowne too much.
Th'*Idæan* Nymphs nurſt, in ſecure delight,
The ſonne of *Hermes* and faire *Aphrodite*.
His father and his mother in his looke
You might behold: from whom, his name he tooke.
When Summers fiue he thrice had multiply'd;
Leauing the fount-full Hills of foſter *Ide*,

He wandred through ſtrange Lands, pleas'd with the ſight
Of forren ſtreames; toyle leſs'ning with delight.
The *Lycian* Cities paſt, he treads the grounds
Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds:
There lighted on a Poole, ſo paſſing cleer,
That all the glittering bottom did appear;
Inuiron'd with no mariſh-louing Reeds,
Nor piked Bull-ruſhes, nor barren weeds:
But, liuing Turf vpon the border grew;
Whoſe euer-Spring no blaſting Winter knew.
A Nymph this haunts, vnpractiz'd in the chace,
To bend a Bow, or run a ſtrife-full race.
Of all the Water-Nimphs, this Nymph alone
To nimble-footed *Dian* was vnknowne.
Her ſiſters oft would ſay; Fie, *Salmacis*,
Fie lazie ſiſter, what a ſloth is this!
Vpon a Quiuer, or a Iauelin ſeaze;
And with laborious hunting mix thine eaſe.
On Quiuer, nor on Iauelin, would ſhe ſeaze;
Nor with laborious hunting mix her eaſe.
But now in her owne Fountayne bathes her faire
And ſhapefull limbs; now kembs her golden haire:
Her ſelfe oft by that liquid mirror dreſt;
There taking counſell what became her beſt:
Her body in tranſparant Robes array'd,
Now on ſoft leaues, or ſofter moſſe diſplay'd:
Oft gathers flowres; ſo, when ſhe ſaw the Boy:
Whom ſeen, forthwith ſhee couets to inioy;
And yet would not approch, though big with haſte,
Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac't;
Her loue-inueighling lookes ſet to inſnare;
Who merited to be reputed faire.

Swe

Sweet Boy, ſaid ſhe, well worthy the aboad
Of bleſt cœleſtialls! if thou be a God,
Then art thou *Cupid*! if of humane race,
Happy the Parents, whom thy perſon grace!
Thy ſiſter, if thou haſt a ſiſter, bleſt!
Thy Nurſe, much more, who fed thee with her breſt!
But (ô!) no leſſe than deifi'd is ſhee
Whom mariage ſhall incorporate to thee!
If any ſuch; let me this treaſure ſteale:
If not, be't I; and our dear Nuptials ſeale.
This ſaid, ſhe held her peace. He bluſht for ſhame;
Not knowing loue: whom ſhamefac'tneſſe became.
So Apples ſhow vpon the ſunny ſide;
So Iuory, with rich Vermillion dy'd:
So pure a red the ſiluer Moone doth ſtaine,
When auxil'ary braſſe reſounds in vaine.
Shee earneſtly intreats a ſiſters kiſſe:
And now, aduancing to imbrace her bliſſe,
He, ſtruggling, ſaid; Laſciuious Nymph, forbeare;
Or I will quit the place, and leaue you heare.
Faire Stranger, timorous *Salmacis* reply'd,
'Tis freely yours; and therewith ſtept aſide:
Yet, looking back, amongſt the ſhrubby Trees
She cloſely ſculks, and crouches on her knees.
The vacant Boy, now being left alone,
Imagining he was obſeru'd by none,
Now here, now there, about the margent trips;
And, in th'alluring waues his ankles dips.
Caught with the Water's flattering temp'rature,
He ſtreight diſrobes his body; ô, how pure!
His naked beautie *Salmacis* amaz'd:
Who with vnſatisfied longing gaz'd.

Her sparkling eyes shoot flames through this sweet error;
Much like the Sunne reflected by a mirror.
Now, she impatiently her hope delayes;
Now, burns t'imbrace: now, halfe-madde, hardly stayes.
He swiftly from the banke on which he stood,
Clapping his body, leaps into the flood;
And, with his rowing armes, supports his lims:
Which, through the pure waues, glister as he swims.
Like Iuory statues, which the life surpasse;
Or like a Lilly, in a crystall glasse.
He's mine! the Nymph exclaim'd: who all vnstript;
And, as she spake, into the water skipt:
Hanging about the neck that did resist;
And, with a mastring force, th'vnwilling kist:
Now, puts her hand beneath his scornfull brest;
Now euery way inuading the distrest:
And wraps-about the subiect of her lust,
Much like a Serpent by an Eagle truss't;
Which to his head and feet, infettered, clings;
And wreaths her tayle about his stretcht-out wings.
So clasping Iuy to the Oke doth grow;
And so the *Polypus* detaines his foe.
But *Atlantiades*, relentlesse coy,
Still struggles, and resists her hop't-for ioy.
Inuested with her body: foole, said shee,
Struggle thou may'st; but neuer shalt be free.
O you, who in immortall thrones reside,
Grant that no day may euer vs diuide!
Her wishes had their Gods. Euen in that space
Their cleauing bodies mix: both haue one face.
As when wee two diuided scions ioyne,
And see them grow together in one rine:

So

So they, by ſuch a ſtrict imbracement glew'd,
Are now but one, with double forme indew'd.
No longer he a boy, nor ſhe a maid;
But neither, and yet either, might be ſaid.
Hermaphroditus at himſelfe admires:
Who halfe a female from the ſpring retires,
His manly limbs now ſoftned; and thus prayes,
With ſuch a voyce as neither ſex betrayes:
Swift *Hermes*, *Aphrodite*! him ô heare
Who was your ſonne! who both your names doth beare!
May euery man, that in this water ſwims,
Returne halfe-woman, with infeebled limbs.
His gentle parents ſigne to his requeſt;
And with vnknowne receits the ſpring infeſt.
Here, they conclude: yet giue their hands no reſt;
But *Bacchus* ſlight, and ſtill prophane his Feaſt.
Then, ſuddenly harſh inſtruments ſurprize
Their charged eares, not extant to their eyes:
Sweet Myrrhe and Saffron all the houſe perfume.
Their webs (paſt credit!) flouriſh in the loome:
The hanging wooll to green-leau'd Iuy ſpreads;
Part, into vines: the equall twiſted threads
To branches run: buds from the diſtaffe ſhoote;
And with that purple paint their bluſhing fruit.
Now to the day ſucceeds that doubtfull light;
Which neither can be called day, nor night.
The building trembles: torches of fat Pines
Appeare to burne; the roome with flaſhes ſhines;
Fill'd with fantaſticall reſemblances
Of howling beaſts, whom blood and ſlaughter pleaſe.
The Siſters, to the ſmoaky roofe retire;
And, there diſperſt, auoid both light and fire.

Thus, while they corners seeke, thin films extend
From lightned lims, with small beams inter-pend.
But how their former shapes they did forgoe,
Concealing darknesse would not let them know.
Nor are these little Light-detesting things
Born-vp with feathers, but transparant wings.
Their voyce befits their bodies; small, and faint:
Wherewith they harshly vtter their complaint.
These houses haunt, in night conceale their shame;
And of the loued Euening take their name.
All *Thebes* now feared *Bacchus* celebrates:
Whose wondrous powr his boasting Aunt relates.
She onely, of so many sisters, knew
No griefe as yet, but what from them she drew.
A happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,
Nurse to a God: these caus'd her to surpasse
The bounds of her felicities; and made
Vext *Iuno* storm; who to her selfe thus said;
What? could that Strumpets brat the form deceise
Of poore *Maonian* Saylers, drencht in Seas?
A Mother vrge to murther her owne son?
And wing the three *Minēides* that spun?
Can I but vn-reuenged wrongs deplore?
Must that suffize? and is our powre no more?
He teacheth what to doe; learne of thy Foe:
What furie can, the wounds of *Pentheus* show
More than too-much. Why should not *Ino* tread
The path which late her franticke sisters lead?
A steepe darke Caue, with deadly Ewe repleat,
Through silence leads to hell's infernall seat.
By this, dull *Styx* ejects a blasting fume:
Here ghosts descend, whose bodies earth inhume;

Amongst

Amongst those thorns, stiffe Cold, and Palenesse dwell.
The new-come ghosts nor know the way to Hell;
Nor where the roomy *Stygian* Citie stands;
Or that dire Palace where black *Dis* commands.
A thousand entries to this Citie guide:
The gates still open stand, on euery side.
And as all Riuers run into the Deep:
So all vnhoused Soules doe thither creep.
Nor are they pestered for want of roome:
Nor can it be perceiu'd that any come.
Here shadowes wander from their bodies pent:
Some plead; and some the Tyrants Court frequent;
Some in life-practiz'd Arts imploy their times:
Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.
Saturnia stooping from her Throne of Ayre
(Her hate immortall!) thither makes repayre.
As soone as shee had entered the gate,
The threshold trembl'd with her sacred waight.
Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddesse dreads,
And barketh thrice at once, with his three heads.
Shee calls the Furies, Daughters to old Night;
Implacable, and hating all delight.
Before the doors of Adamant they sit;
And there with combs their snaky curles vnknit.
When they through gloomy darknesse did disclose
That forme of Heauen, the Goddesses arose.
The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.
Here *Tityus*, for attempted Rape defam'd,
Had his vast body on nine Acres spread:
And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.
From *Tantalus*, deceitfull water slips:
And catcht-at fruit auoids his touched lips.

Thou euer seekest, or roul'st vp in vaine
A stone, ô *Sisyphus*, to fall againe.
Ixion, turn'd vpon a restlesse wheele,
With giddy head pursews his flying heele.
The *Belides*, whom Kins-men's blood accuse,
For euer draw the Water, which they loose.
On all, *Saturnia* frowns; but most of all
At thee *Ixion*; then, a looke lets fall
On *Sisyphus*: And why (said shee) remaines
This brother onely in perpetuall paines;
When haughtie *Athamas*, whose thoughts despise
Both *Ione* and me, abides in constant ioyes?
Then tells the cause of her approch, her hate,
And what shee would: the fall of *Cadmus* state;
That *Athamas* the Furies would distract,
And vrge him to some execrable fact.
Importunately shee soliciteth,
Commands, intreats, and promist, with one breath.
Incenst *Tisiphone* her Tresses shakes;
And, tossing from her face the hissing Snakes,
Thus said: You need not vse long ambages;
Suppose all done already, that may please:
Forsake this lothsome Kingdome, and repayre
To th'vpper world's more comfortable ayre.
Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to heauen with-drew:
Whom first *Thaumantian Iris* purg'd with deaw.
Forthwith, *Tisiphone* her garment takes,
Dropping with blood, and girt with knotted Snakes.
About her head a bloody torch she shooke;
And swiftly those accurst aboads forsooke.
Still-sighing Sorrow, Horror, trembling Feare,
And gastly Madnesse, her associats were.

The

The entred Palace gron'd: pale poyson soyles
The polisht doores: the frighted Sunne recoyles.
Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, strucke with dread
And monstrous apparitions, sought t'haue fled:
But sterne *Erinnys* their escape withstands;
And stretching-out her viper-grasping hands,
Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpents hist:
Some, falling on her shoulders, there vntwist;
Others, vpon her vgly brest descend,
Spet poyson, and their forked tongues extend.
Two Adders from her crawling haire shee drew;
And those at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw:
These vp and down about their bosoms roule;
And with infus'd infection sad the Soule.
No wound vpon their bodies could be found:
It was the mind that felt the desperate wound.
She brought besides, from her abhorred home,
The surfet of *Echidna*, with the fome
Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, still-wandring Error,
Obliuion, Mischiefe, Teares, infernall Terror,
Distracted Fury, an Affection fixt
On murder; altogether ground, and mixt
With blood yet reeking; boyl'd in hollow brasse,
And stird with Hemlocke. While sad *Athamas*
And *Ino* quake, she pours into their brests
The ragefull poyson; which their peace infests.
Her flamy torch then whisking in a round
(Whose circularie fire her conquest crown'd)
To *Pluto's* emptie regiment she makes
A swift descent; and there vngirts her Snakes.
Forthwith, *Æolides* with poyson boyles.
Io, my Mates, he cryes, here pitch your toyles;

Here,

Here, late a Lyoneſſe by me was ſeen
With her two whelps. With that, purſues the Queen
And from her breſt *Clearchus* ſnatcht: The Child
Stretcht forth his little arms, and on him ſmil'd:
Whom like a ſling about his head he ſwings;
And cruelly againſt the pauement flings.
The Mother, whether with her griefe diſtraught,
Or that the poyſon on her ſenſes wrought,
Runs howling with her haire about her eares;
And in bare arms her *Melicerta* beares;
Cryes Euohe *Bacchus*! *Iuno* laught, and ſaid;
Thus art thou by thy Foſter-child repay'd.
There is a Rock that ouer-looks the Mayne,
Hollow'd by fretting Surges, ſconſt from rayne;
Whoſe craggy brow to vaſter Seas extends.
This, *Ino* (fury adding ſtrength) aſcends;
Deſcending head-long, with the load ſhe beares;
And ſtrikes the ſparkling waues, that fall in teares.
Then, *Venus*, grieuing at her Neece's Fate,
Her Vncle thus intreats: O thou, whoſe State
Is next to *Ioue's*; great Ruler of the Flood;
My ſute is bold; yet pitty thou my blood,
Now toſſed in the deepe *Iónian* Seas:
And ioyne them to thy watrie Deities.
Some fauour of the Sea I ſhould obtaine,
That am ingender'd of the ſomy Maine:
Of which, the acceptable name I beare.
Neptune affords a fauourable eare;
Who what was mortall from their beings tooke;
Then gaue to either a Maieſticke looke;
In all their faculties diuinely fram'd:
And her, *Leucothea*; him, *Palemon* nam'd.

The

The *Theban* Ladies, who her steps pursew'd,
Her last on the first Promontorie view'd.
Then, held for dead; with haire, and garments rent,
They beat their brests; and *Cadmus* House lament.
Of litttle Iustice, and much Crueltie,
All, *Iuno* tax. Indure (shee said) shall I
Such blasphemies? I'le make you monuments
Of my reuenge. Threats vsher their euents.
When one, of all the most affectionate,
Cry'd, O my Queene, I will partake thy Fate!
And thought to leape into the roring Flood;
But could not moue: her feete fast fixed stood.
Another, who her bosome meant to beat;
Perceiu'd her stiff'ned armes to lose their heat.
By chance, her hand This stretcheth to the Maine,
Nor could her hand, now stone, vnstretch againe.
As She her violated Tresses tare,
Her fingers forthwith hardned in her haire.
Their Statues now those seuerall gestures beare,
Wherein they formerly surprised were.
Some, Fowles became; now cald *Cadmēides*;
Who with their light wings sweepe those gulphy Seas.
Little knew *Cadmus*, that his Children raign'd
In sacred Seas, and deathlesse States retayn'd.
Subdew'd with woes, with tragicall euents,
That had no end, and many dire ostents,
He leaues his Citie; as not through his owne,
But by the fortune of the place o're-throwne:
And with his wife *Hermione*, long tost,
At length arriueth at th' *Illyrian* Coast.
Now spent with griefe and age, whil'st they relate
Their former toyles, and Familie's first fate:

And

And was that Serpent sacred, which I slew
(Said he) whose teeth into the Earth I threw
(An vncouth seed) when I from *Sidon* came?
If this, the vengefull Gods so much inflame,
May I my belly Serpent-like extend!
His belly lengthned, ere his wish could end.
Tough scales vpon his hardned out-side grew;
The black, distinguished with drops of blew.
Then, falling on his breast, his thighs vnite;
And in a spiny progresse stretch out-right.
His armes (for, armes as yet they were) he spreads:
And teares on cheeks, that yet were humane, sheds.
Come, O Sad Soule, said he; thy husband touch;
Whil'st I am I, or part of me be such.
Shake hands, while yet I haue a hand to shake;
Before I totally endue a Snake.
His tongue was yet in motion; when it cleft
In two, forthwith of humane speech bereft.
He hist, when he his sorrowes sought to vent;
The onely language now which Nature lent.
His Wife her naked bosom beats, and cryes,
Stay *Cadmus*, and put off these prodigies.
O strange! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, breast,
Thy colour, face, and (while I speake) the rest!
You Gods, why also am not I a Snake?
He lick't her willing lips euen as she spake;
Into her well-knowne bosom glides; her waste,
And yeelding neck, with louing twines imbrac't.
Amazement all the standers-by possest;
While glittering combs their slippery heads inuest.
Now are they two: who crept, together chayn'd,
Till they the couert of the Wood attayn'd.

These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,
Do hurt to no man, nor mans presence feare.
Yet were those sorrowes by their daughters sonne
Much comforted, who vanquisht *India* won:
To whom th' *Achaians* Temples consecrate;
Diuinely magnifi'd through either State.
Alone *Acrisius Abantiades*,
Though of one Progenie, dissents from these:
Who, from th' *Argolian* Citie, made him flie;
And manag'd armes against a Deitie.
Nor him, nor *Perseus* he for *Ioue's* doth hold;
(Begot on *Danaē* in a showre of gold)
Yet straight repents (so preualent is truth)
Both to haue forc't the God, & doom'd the Youth.
Now is the one inthroned in the skyes:
The other through Ayr's emptie Region flyes;
And beares along the memorable spoyle
Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toyle.
And as he o're the *Lybian* Deserts flew,
The bloud, that drop't from *Gorgon's* head, streight grew
To various Serpents, quickned by the ground:
With these, those much infested Climes abound.
Hither and thither, like a cloud of rayne
Borne by crosse windes, he cuts the ayrie Mayne;
Far-distant earth beholding from on high;
And ouer all the ample World doth flie:
Thrice saw *Arcturus*, thrice to *Cancer* prest;
Oft hurried to the East, oft to the West.
And now, not trusting to approched night,
Vpon th' *Hesperian* Continent doth light:
And craues some rest, till *Lucifer* displayes
Aurora's blush, and shee *Apollo's* rayes.

Huge

Huge-ſtatur'd *Atlas Iapetoni des*
Here ſway'd the vtmoſt bounds of Earth and Seas;
Where *Titan's* panting ſteeds his Chariot ſteepe,
And bathe their fierie feet-locks in the Deepe.
A thouſand Heards, as many Flocks, he fed.
In thoſe large Paſtures, where no neighbours tread.
Here to their tree the ſhining branches ſute;
To them, their leaues; to thoſe, the golden fruit.
Great King, ſaid *Perſeus*, if high birth may moue
Reſpect in thee, behold the ſonne of *Ioue*:
If admiration, then my Acts admire;
Who reſt, and hoſpitable Rites deſire;
He, mindfull of this prophecie, of old
By ſacred *Themis* of *Parnaſſus* told;
In time thy golden fruit a prey ſhall proue,
O *Iaphets* ſonne, vnto the ſonne of *Ioue*.
This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd
With ſolid Cliffs, that all acceſſe oppos'd:
The Guard whereof a monſtrous Dragon held;
And from his Land all Forrainers expeld.
Be gone, ſaid he, for feare thy glories prooue,
But counterfeit; and thou no ſonne to *Ioue*;
Then addes vnciuill violence to threats.
With ſtrength the other ſeconds his intreats:
In ſtrength inferiour; Who ſo ſtrong as he?
Since courteſie, nor any worth in me,
Vext *Perſeus* ſaid, can purchaſe my regard;
Yet from a gueſt receiue thy due reward.
With that, *Meduſa's* vgly head he drew,
His owne reuerſed. Forthwith, *Atlas* grew
Into a Mountayne equall to the man:
His haire and beard to woods and buſhes ran;

His

His armes and ſhoulders into ridges ſpred;
And what was his, is now the Mountaynes head:
Bones turne to ſtones; and all his parts extrude
Into a huge prodigious altitude.
(Such was the pleaſure of the euer-bleſt)
Whereon the heauens, with all their tapers, reſt.
Hippotades in hollow rocks did cloſe
The ſtrife-full Windes: Bright *Lucifer* aroſe
And rous'd-vp Labour. *Perſeus*, hauing ty'd
His wings t' his feet, his fauchion to his ſide,
Sprung into ayre: below, on either hand
Innumerable Nations left: the Land
Of *Æthiop*, and the *Cephen* fields ſuruay'd;
There, where the innocently wretched maid
Was for her mothers proud impietie,
By vniuſt *Ammon* ſentenced to die.
Whom when the Heros ſaw to hard rocks chain'd;
But that warm tears from charged eye-ſprings drain'd,
And light winds gently fann'd her fluent haire,
He would haue thought her marble: Ere aware
He fire attracteth; and, aſtoniſht by
Her beautie, had almoſt forgot to fly.
Who lighting ſaid; O faireſt of thy kinde
More worthy of thoſe bands which Louers bind,
Than theſe rude gyues) the Land by thee renownd,
Thy name, thy birth declare; and why thus bound.
At firſt, the ſilent Virgin was affrayd
To ſpeake t' a man; and modeſtly had made
A viſard of her hands; but, they were ty'd:
And yet abortiue teares their fountaines hide.
Still vrg'd, leſt ſhe ſhould wrong her innocence,
As if aſham'd to vtter her offence,

Her

HerCountrie ſhee diſcouers; her owne name;
Her beauteous Mothers confidence, and blame.
All yet vntold, the Waues began to rore:
Th' apparant Monſter, (haſt'ning to the ſhore)
Before his breſt, the broad-ſpred Sea vp-beares.
The Virgin ſhreeks. Her Parents ſee their feares.
Both mourne; both wretched (but, ſhee iuſtly ſo:)
Who bring no aid, but extaſies of woe,
With teares that ſute the time: Who take the leaue
They loathe to take; and to her body cleaue.
You for your griefe may haue, the ſtranger ſaid,
A time too long: ſhort is the houre of aid.
If freed by me, *Ioue's* ſonne, in fruitfull gold
Begot on *Danaë* through a brazen Hold;
Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the ſnakie haire;
And boldly glide through vn-incloſed aire:
If for your ſonne you then will me prefer;
Adde to this worth, That in deliuering her;
I'le trie (ſo fauour me the Powres diuine)
That ſhee, ſau'd by my valour, may be mine.
They take a Law, intreat what he doth offer:
And further, for a Dowre their Kingdome proffer.
Lo! as a Gally with fore-fixed prow
(Row'd by the ſweat of ſlaues) the Sea doth plow:
Euen ſo the Monſter furroweth with his breſt,
The foming floud; and to the neere Rocke preſt:
Not farther diſtant, than a man might fling
A way-inforcing bullet from a ſling.
Forth-with, the youthfull iſſue of rich ſhowrs,
Earth puſhing from him, to the blew skye towrs.
The furious Monſter eagerly doth chace
His ſhadow, gliding on the Seas ſmooth face.

And as *Ioue's* bird, when ſhee from high ſuruayes
A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rayes;
Deſcends vnſeene, and through his necks blew ſcales
(To ſhun his deadly teeth) her talons naile's:
So ſwiftly ſtoops high-pitcht *Inachides*
Through ſinging ayre: then on his backe doth ſeaze;
And neere his right fin ſheaths his crooked ſword
Vp to the hilts; who deeply wounded, roar'd:
Now capers in the ayre, now diues below
The troubled waues; now turn's vpon his foe:
Much like a chafed Bore, whom eager hounds
Haue at a Bay, and terrifie with ſounds.
He, with ſwift wings, his greedy iawes auoids;
Now, with his fauchion wounds his ſcaly ſides;
Now, his ſhell-rough-caſt back; now, where the taile
Ends in a Fiſh, or parts expos'd t'aſſaile.
A ſtreame mixt with his bloud the Monſter flings
From his wide throat; which wets his heauy wings:
Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely
On their ſupport. He ſees a rock hard by,
Whoſe top aboue the quiet waters ſtood;
But vnderneath the winde-incenſed flood.
There lights; and, holding by the rocks extent,
His oft-thruſt ſword into his bowels ſent.
The ſhore rings with th' applauſe that fills the skye.
Then, *Cepheus* and *Caſsiope*, with ioy,
Salute him for their ſon; whom now they call
The Sauiour of their Houſe, and of them all:
Vp came *Andromeda*, freed from her chaines;
The cauſe, and recompence of all his paines.
Meane-while, he waſheth his victorious hands
In cleanſing waues. And leſt the beachy Sands

Should

Should hurt the snaky head, the ground he strew
With leaues and twigs that vnder water grew:
Whereon, *Medusa's* vgly face he layes.
The greene, yet iuicy, and attractiue sprayes
From the toucht Monster stiffning hardnesse tooke;
And their owne natiue pliancy forsooke.
The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder trie
On other Sprigs, and in the issue ioy:
Who sow againe their Seeds vpon the Deepe.
The Corall now that propertie doth keepe,
Receiuing hardnes from felt ayre alone:
Beneath the Sea a twig, aboue a stone.
Forth-with, three Altars he of Turf erects,
To *Hermes*, *Ioue*, and Her who warre affects:
Minerua's on the right; on the left hand
Stood *Mercurie's*: *Ioue's* in the midst did stand.
To *Mercurie*, a Calfe they sacrifice;
To *Ioue*, a Bull; a Cow, to *Pallas* dyes:
Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward
Of so great worth; with Dow'r, of lesse regard.
Now, Loue and *Hymen* vrge the Nuptiall Bed:
The sacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed;
The house hung round with Garlands; euery where
Melodious Harps and Songs salute the eare;
Of iocond mirth the free and happy signes:
With Dores display'd, the golden Palace shines.
The *Cephen* Nobles, and each stranger Guest,
Together enter to this sumptuous Feast.
The Banquet done, with generous wines they cheare
Their heightned spirits: *Perseus* longs to heare
Their fashions, manners, and originall;
Who, by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all.

Th

This told; he said: Now tell, O valiant Knight,
By what felicitie of force or sleight,
You got this purchase of the snaky haires.
Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,
How vnder frosty *Atlas* cliffy side
There lay a Plaine, with Mountaines fortify'd:
In whose accesse the *Phorcides* did lye;
Two sisters; both of them had but one eye:
How cunningly his hands thereon he lay'd,
As they from one another it conuay'd.
Then through blind wasts, and rocky forrests came
To *Gorgon's* house: the way vnto the same,
Beset with formes of men and beasts, alone
By seeing of *Medusa* turn'd to stone:
Whose horrid shape securely he did eye,
In his bright target's cleere refulgency.
And how her head he from her shoulders tooke,
Are heauy sleepe her snakes and her forsooke.
Then told of *Pegasus*, and of his brother,
Sprung from the bloud of their new-slaughtred mother:
Adding the perils past in his long way;
What seas, what soyles, his eyes below suruay;
And to what starres his lofty pitch ascends:
Yet long afore their expectation ends.
One Lord among the rest would gladly know,
Why Serpents onely on her head did grow.
Stranger, said he, since this that you require
Deserues the knowledge, take what you desire:
Her passing beautie was the onely scope
Of mens affections, and their enuied hope:
Yet was not any part of her more rare
(So say they who haue seene her) than her haire.

Whom

Whom *Neptune* in *Minerua's* Fane compreſt.
Ioue's daughter, with the *Ægis* on her breſt,
Hid her chaſte bluſhes: and due vengeance takes,
In turning of the *Gorgon's* haire to Snakes.
Who now, to make her enemies affrayd,
Beares in her ſhield the Serpents which ſhe made.

OVID'

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.

The fifth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Gorgon *scene*, Cepheni *Statues growe:*
So Phineus, Prætus, Polydect, *the foe*
To Perseus *prayse. The fountayne* Hippocrene
By Horse-hoofe rays'd. The Muses into Nine
Rape-flying Birds: Pierides, *to Pyes.*
The Gods, by Typhon *chac't, themselues disguise.*
Sad Cyane *into a Fountayne flowes.*
Th' ill-nurtur'd Boy a spotted Stellion growes.
Lou'd Arethusa *thawes into a spring.*
Ascalaphus *an Owle Light feathers wing*
The sweet-tongu'd Syrens, *who on Waters mourne.*
Stern Lyncus Ceres *to a* Lynx *doth turne.*

VVHil'st the *Danaëan* Heros this relates,
Amidst th' assembly of the *Cephen* States;
Exalted voyces through the Palace ring:
Not like to theirs who at a marriage sing;
But such as menace warre. The nuptiall Feast,
Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life exprest
A peacefull Sea, whose brow no frown deformes,
Streight ruffled into billowes by rude stormes.
First *Phineus*, the rash Author of this warre,
Shaking a Lance, began the deadly iarre.
Lo, I the man, that will vpon thy life
Reuenge, said he, the rapture of my wife.

Nor

Nor ſhall thy wings, nor *Ioue* inforged gold,
Worke thy eſcape. About to throw: O hold!
Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: What wilt thou do?
What furie, frantick brother, tempts thee to
So foule a fact? Is this the recompence
For ſuch high merit? for her life's defence?
Not *Perſeus*, but th' incens't *Nereides*,
But horned *Hammon*, and the wrath of Seas
(That Orke that ſought my bowels to deuoure)
Haue ſnatcht her from thee; rauiſht in the houre
Of her expoſure. But thy crueltie
Perhaps was well content that ſhe ſhould die,
To eaſe thy loſſe with ours. May't not ſuffize,
That ſhee was bound in chaynes before thine eyes;
That thou, her Vncle, and her Husband, brought
Her perill no preuention, nor none ſought;
But that anothers aid thou muſt enuy,
And claime the Tropheys of his victory?
Which, if of ſuch eſteeme, thou ſhouldſt haue ſtrain'd
T'haue forc't them from thoſe Rocks, where lately chaind
Let him, who did, enioy them: nor exact
What is his dew by merit and compact.
Nor thinke, we *Perſeus* before thee prefer;
But him, before ſo abhorr'd a ſepulcher.
He, without anſwer, rowling to and fro
His eyes on either, doubts at which to throwe:
And pauſing, his ill-aymed lance at length
At *Perſeus* hurles, with rage-redoubled ſtrength,
Fixt in the bed-ſtock; vp fierce *Perſeus* ſtarts,
And his retorted Speare at *Phineus* darts:
Who ſuddenly behind an Altar ſtept;
An Altar vengeance from the wicked kept;

nd yet in *Rhœtus* brow the weapon ſtuck.
le fell : the ſteele out of his ſcull they pluck:
/ho ſpurnes the earth, and ſtaynes the board with blood,
/ith that, the multitude, with fury wood,
heir Lances fling, and ſome there be who crie,
hat *Cepheus*, and his ſonne in law, ſhould die.
ut *Cepheus* wiſely quits the clamorous Hall:
/ho Faith and Iuſtice doth to record call,
/ith all the hoſpitable Gods; that hee
/as from this execrable vp-rore free.
he warlike *Pallas*, preſent, with her ſhield
rotects her Brother, and his courage ſteel'd.
oung *Indian Atys* by ill hap was there;
/hom *Ganges*-got *Limniace* did beare
her cleare Waues: his beautie excellent,
hich care and coſtly ornaments augment:
ho ſcarce had fully ſixteene Summers told:
lad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.
out his neck he wore a carquenet:
s haire with Riband bound, and odors wet.
though he cunningly a Dart could throwe:
t with more cunning could he vſe his Bowe.
hich now a-drawing with a tardy hand;
uick *Perſeus* from the Altar ſnatcht a Brand,
d daſht it on his face: ont-ſtart his eyes;
d through his fleſh the ſhiuered bones ariſe.
hen *Syrian Lycabas* his *Atys* view'd,
aking his formleſſe looks, with bloud imbrew'd:
him in ſtricteſt bonds of friendſhip ty'd,
d one who could not his affection hide:
er he had his tragedie bewail'd;
o through the bitter wound his ſoule exhal'd:

He took the Bowe, which erst the Youth did bend;
And said; With me, thou Murderer contend;
Nor longer glory in a Boye's sad fate,
Which staines thy actions with deserued hate.
Yet speaking, from the string the arrow flew:
Which tooke his plighted robe, as he with-drew.
Acrisioniades vpon him prest;
And sheath'd his Harpy in his groning brest.
Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes
That swim in night; and on his bosome lyes:
Then chearfully expires his parting breath:
Reioycing to be ioyn'd to him in death.
Phorbas the *Syênit*, *Methion's* son
With him the *Libyan Amphimedon*;
Eager of combate, slipping in the blood
That drencht the pauement, fell: his sword withstood
Their re-ascent, which through the short-ribs smote
Amphimedon, and cut the others throte.
Yet *Perseus* would not venture to inuade
The Halbertere *Eritheus* with his blade;
But in both hands a Goblet high imbost
And massie, tooke; which at his head he tost:
Who vomits clotted bloud; and, tumbling downe,
Knocks the hard pauement with his dying crowne.
Then *Polydæmon* (sprung from Goddesse-borne
Semiramis) *Phlegyas*, the vnshorne
Elyce, *Clytus*, *Scythian Abaris*,
And braue *Lycetus* (old *Sperchesius* blisse)
Fell by his hand: whose feet in triumph tread
Vpon the slaughtred bodies of the dead.
But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe
In close assault, far-off a dart doth throw:

Whi

Which led by error, did on *Ida* light;
A Neuter, who in vaine forbare to fight.
:e,ste[illegible]rowning,thus to *Phineus* spake:
ɔin[illegible]me an vnwilling partie make,
Receiue the enemie whom you haue made;
That,by a wound,a wound may be repay'd.
About to hurle the Dart,drawne from his side;
With losse of bloud he faints,and falling dy'd.
Then,great *Odytes* fell by *Clymen's* sword;
Next to the King,the greatest *Cephen* Lord:
Lypsæus slew *Protenor*; *Lyncedes*
Lypsæus. Old *Emathion* fell with these;
Who fear'd the Gods,and fauoured the right.
He,whom old age exempted from the fight,
Fights with his tongue,himselfe doth interpose,
And deeply execrates their wicked blowes.
Promis,as he imbrac't the Altar,lopt
His shaking head; which on the Altar dropt:
Whose halfe-dead tongue yet curses; & expires
His righteous soule amidst the sacred Fires.
Then *Broteas* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* slew;
Who from one womb at once their being drew:
Inuincible with hurle-bats,could they quell
The dints of swords.Neere these *Alphytus* fell,
The Priest of *Ceres*,with a Miter crown'd;
Which to his temples a white fillet bound.
And thou *Lampetides*, whose pleasant wit,
Testing discord,in soft peace more fit
To sing vnto thy tunefull Lire; now prest
With Songs to celebrate the nuptiall Feast:
Then *Pettalus*,at him who stood far off
With his defenseleſſe Harp; strikes with this scoff;

Goe sing the rest vnto the Ghosts below:
And pearc't his Temples with a deadly blow.
His dying fingers warble in his fall:
And then, by chance, the Song was tragicall.
This, vnreueng'd, *Lycormas* could not brooke;
But from the door's right side a Leauer tooke,
And him between the head and shoulders knocks:
Downe falls he, like a sacrificed Ox.
Ciniphean Palates then sought to seaze
Vpon the left: when fierce *Marmorides*
His hand nayl'd to the door-post with a Speare:
Whose side stern *Abas* pierc't as he stuck there.
Nor could he fall; but, giuing vp the ghost,
Hung by the hand against the smeared post.
Melaneus then, of *Perseus* partie, fell;
And *Dorilas*, whose riches did excell:
In *Nasœmonia* none than he more great
For large Possessions, and huge hoards of Wheat.
The steel stuck in his groine, which death pursew'd:
Whom *Halcyoneus* of *Bactria* view'd
(The Author of the wound) as he did roule
His turn'd-vp eyes, and sighed-out his soule:
For all thy land, said he, by this diuorce
Receiue thy length; and left his bloudlesse corse.
The Speare, reuengefull *Abanti'des* drew
From his warm wound; and at the Thrower threw:
Which in the middle doth his nares diuide;
And, passing through, appear'd on either side.
Whilst Fortune crown'd him, *Clytius* he confounds
And *Danus*, of one womb, with different wounds:
Through *Clytius* thighs a ready Dart he cast;
An other 'twixt the iawes of *Danus* past.

Mindesia

Mindesian Celadon and *Aster* slew,
His Father doubtfull, gotten on a Iew:
Echion, late well seene in things to come,
Now ouer-taken by an vnknowne doome:
Thoactes, *Phineus* Squire, his fauchion try'd:
And fell *Agyrtes*, that fould parricide.
Yet more remayn'd than were already spent:
For, all of them, to murder one, consent.
The bold Conspirators on all sides fight;
Impugning promise, merit, and his right.
The vainely-pious Father sides with th'other;
With him, the frighted Bride, and pensiue Mother;
Who fill the Court with out-cryes; by the sound
Of clashing Armes, and dying screeches drown'd.
Bellona the polluted floore imbrews
With streams of bloud, and horrid warre renewes.
Salse *Phineus*, with a thousand, in a ring
Begirt the Heros: who their Lances sling
As thick as Winters haile; that blinde his sight,
Sing in his eares, and round about him light.
His guarded back he to a pillar sets;
And with vndaunted force confronts their threats.
Thaonian Molpeus prest to his left side:
The right, *Nabathean Ethemon* ply'd.
As when a Tyger, pincht with famine, heares
Two bellowing Herds within one Vale; forbeares,
Nor knowes on which to rush, as being loth
To leaue the other, and would fall on both:
So *Perseus*, which to strike, vncertayne proues;
Who daunted *Molpeus* with a wound remoues;
Contented with his flight, in that the rage
Of fierce *Ethemon* did his force ingage:

Whilst his neck vncircumspectly stroke,
And his keene sword against the pillar broke.
The blade from vnrelenting stone rebounds;
And in his throte th' vnhappy owner wounds.
Yet was not that enough to work his end;
Who fearfully doth now his armes extend
For pitty vnto *Perseus*, all in vaine;
Who thrust him through with his *Cyllenian* skeine.
But, when he saw his valour ouer-sway'd
By multitude: I must, said he, seek ayd
(Since you your selues compell me) from my foe;
Friends turn your backs: then *Gorgons* head doth show.
Some others seek, said *Thessalus*, to fright
With this thy Monster; and with all his might
A deadly dart indeuour'd to haue throwne:
But in that positure became a stone.
Next, *Amphix*, full of spirit, forward prest;
And thrust his sword at bold *Lyncides* brest:
When, in the passe, his fingers stupid grow;
Nor had the power of mouing to or fro.
But *Nileus* (he who with a forged stile
Vanted to be the sonne of seuen-fold *Nile*,
And bare seuen siluer Riuers in his shield,
Distinctly wauing through a golden field)
To *Perseus* said: Behold, from whence we sprung!
To euer-silent shadowes beare a-long
This comfort of thy death, that thou didst die
By such a braue and high-borne enemie.
His vtterance faultred in the latter clause:
The yet vnfinisht sound stuck in his iawes;
Who gaping stood as he would something say:
And so had done, if words had found a way.

These

These *Eryx* blames; 'Tis your faint soules that dead
Your powres, said he, and not the *Gorgon's* head.
Rush on with me, and prostrate with deep wounds
This Youth, who thus with Magick Armes confounds.
Then rushing on, the ground his foot-steps stay'd;
Now mutely fixt: an armed Statue made.
These suffer'd worthily. One, who did fight
For *Perseus*, bold *Aconteus*, at the sight
Of *Gorgon's* snakes abortiue marble grew.
On whom *Astyages* in fury flew,
As if aliue, with his two-handed blade;
Which shrilly twang'd; but no incision made:
Who, whil'st he wonders, the same nature tooke;
And now his Statue hath a wondring looke.
It were too tedious for me to report
Their names, who perisht of the vulgar sort.
Two hundred scap't the furie of the fight:
Two hundred turne to stone at *Gorgon's* sight.
Now *Phineus* his vniust commotion rewes:
What should he doe? the senseleſſe shapes he views
Of his knowne friends, which differing figures bore;
And doth by name their seuerall ayd implore.
And yet not trusting to his eyes alone,
The next he toucht; and found it to be stone.
Then turns aside: and now, a Penitent,
With suppliant hands, and armes obliquely bent;
O *Perseus*, thine said he, thine is the day!
Remoue this Monster. Hence, O hence conuay
Medusa's vgly looks, or what more strange,
Which humane bodyes into marble change!
Not hate, not thirst of rule begot this strife:
I onely fought to re-obtaine my Wife.

Thine is the plea of Merit; mine, of Time:
Yet, in contending I confesse my crime.
For life (O chiefe of men!) I onely sew:
Afford me that: the rest I yeeld to you.
Thus he; nor daring to reuert his eyes
On him whom he intreats: who thus replyes.
Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,
(A gift of worth to such a fearefull Lord)
Take courage, and perswade thy selfe I will:
No wounding sword thy bloud shall euer spill.
Moreouer, that I may thy wish preuent,
Here will I fix thy lasting monument:
That thou by her thou lou'st maist still be seene;
And with her Spouse's image cheare our Queene.
Then, on that side *Phorcynis* head doth place,
To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.
And as from thence his eyes he would haue throwne,
His neck grew stiffe: his teares congeale to stone.
With fearfull suppliant looks, submissiue hands,
And guiltie countenance, the Statue stands.
Victorious *Abantiades* now hyes
T' his natiue Citie, with the rescu'd prize:
There, vengeance takes on *Prœtus*, aud restor'd
His Grand-father, whose wrongs redresse implor'd.
For *Prœtus* had by force of Armes expeld
His brother; and vsurped *Argos* held.
But him, nor Arms, nor Bulwarks, could protect
Against the snaky Monsters grim aspect.
Yet not the vertue of the Youth, which shone
Through so great toyle, nor sorrowes vnder-gone;
With thee, O *Polydectes*, King of small
Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could preuaile at all.

End-

Endlesse thy wrath, thy hate inexorable:
Detracting; and condemning for a fable
Medusa's death. The moued Youth replyes:
The truth your selfe shall see; Friends, shut your eyes.
Then, represents *Medusa* to his view:
Who presently a bloudlesse Statue grew.
Thus long *Tritonia* to her brother cleaues:
Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaues
(*Scyros* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand side)
And o're the toyling Seas her course apply'd
To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helecon*; there stay'd:
And thus vnto the learned Sisters said.
The fame of your new Fountaine, rays'd by force
Of that swift-winged *Medusæan* horse,
Me hither drew, to see the wondrous Flood:
Who saw him issue from his Mothers blood.
Goddesse, *Vrania* answered, what cause
So-euer you to this our Mansion drawes,
You are most wel-come. What you heard is true:
And from that *Pegasus* this Fountaine grew.
Then *Pallas* to the sacred Spring conuay'd,
Shee admires the waters by the horse-hoofe made;
Suruay's their high-grown groues, coole caues, fresh bowrs;
And meadowes painted with all sorts of flowers:
Then happy stiles shee the *Mæonides*,
Both for their Arts, and such aboads as these.
O heauenly Virgin, one of them reply'd,
Most worthy our Societie to guide,
If so your actiue vertue did not moue
To greater deeds: deseru'dly you approue
Our studies, pleasant seat, and happie state,
Were we secure from what we chiefly hate.

But nothing is vnlawfull to the lewd:
And Maids by nature are with feare indu'd.
The dire *Pyreneus* still inuades my sight:
Nor haue I yet recouer'd that affright.
He, *Daulis* with all *Phocis*, had obtain'd
By *Thracian* Armes; and there vniustly raign'd:
Bound for *Parnassus* Temple, vs he spies;
And with false zeale adores our Deities.
Mænides, said he, (he knew vs well)
While sad stars gouerne, and showrs fall (then fell
By chance a mightie shower) vouchsafe I pray
Beneath the shelter of my roofe to stay:
The Gods haue entred humble Cottages.
Vrg'd by the weather, and such words as these
We to his importunitie assent;
And yet no farther than the Lobby went.
It now held vp: the vanquisht South-winds flie
Before the North; which purge the duskie skie.
Prest to depart; he shuts the doores; prepares
To offer force: with wings we scape his snares.
He presently the highest tower ascends;
And, as he would haue flowne, his body bends:
The way you goe, said he, will I pursew;
And from the battlements himselfe he threw:
Who falling, strik[illegible] the earth with dasht-out braines;
Which with his wicked bloud, he dying, staines.
The Muse yet spake: when, wings were heard to clatter;
And from high trees saluting voyces chatter.
Ioue's daughter wo[illegible]ders, and inquires from whence
Those voyces cam[illegible], including humane sense.
Not men, but nine all-imitating Pies;
Bewayling their deserued destinies.

The

The Goddesse to th'admiring Goddesse said:
They, foyl'd by vs, by vs were thus repay'd.
Pierus, who rich *Pella* held by lot,
These on *Pæonian Euippe* got.
Nine times shee on *Lucina* call'd alowd:
The foolish sisters, of their number prowd,
Through all *Æmonia* and *Achaia* came;
And thus vnciuilly their strife proclaime.
Thespiades, th' vnlearned multitude
No more with your vaine harmonie delude;
But cope with vs (if hope excite your will)
As many; yet vnmatcht, for voyce or skill.
Surrender you to vs, if we excell,
Hyantian Aganip, and *Gorgon's* Well:
Th' *Emathian* Woods to snowy *Pæone*
Shall pay our losse. The Nymphs our iudges be.
A shame it was to striue: more shame it were
To yeeld. The Nymphs by their owne riuers sweare:
And sit on benches made of liuing stone.
Then, vn-elected, rudely stept forth one;
Who sung the Giants warre: their fayned acts
Shee magnifies; and from the Gods detracts.
How *Typhon*, from earths gloomy entrailes rais'd,
Struck all their powr's with feare: who fled amaz'd,
Till *Ægypts* scorched soyle the weary hides;
And wealthy *Nile*, who in seuen chanels glides.
That thither Earth-born *Typhon* them pursu'd.
When as the Gods concealing shapes indu'd.
Ioue turn'd himselfe, shee said, into a Bull:
Whence *Libyan Hammon* hath a horned scull.
Bacchus a Gote, *Apollo* was a Crowe,
Phœbe a Cat, *Ioue's* wife a Cow of snowe:

Venus a Fish, a Stork did *Hermes* hide:
And still her voyce vnto her Harp apply'd.
Then call they vs. But, ours perhaps to heare,
Nor leisure serues you, nor is't worth your eare.
Doubt not, said *Pallas*, orderly repeat
Your long'd-for Verse; and takes a shady seat.
Then shee; On one we did the taske impose:
Calliope, with Ivy crown'd, vp-rose;
Who with her thumb first turn'd the quauering strings,
And then this Ditty to the musique sings.
The gleab, with crooked plough, first *Ceres* rent;
First gaue vs corne, a better nourishment;
First Lawes prescrib'd; all from her bountie sprung.
By me, the Goddesse *Ceres* shall be sung.
Would We could Verses, worthy her, reherse:
For shee is more than worthy of our Verse.
Trinacria was on wicked *Typhon* throwne;
Who vnderneath the Ilands waight doth grone;
That durst affect the Empire of the skyes:
Oft he attempteth but in vaine, to rise.
Ausonian Pelorus his right hand
Down waighs; *Pachyne* on the left doth stand;
His legs are vnder *Lilybæus* spred;
And *Ætna's* bases charge his horrid head:
Where, lying on his back, his iawes expire
Thick clowds of dust, and vomit flakes of fire.
Oft times he struggles with his load below:
And Townes, and Mountaynes labours to ore-throw.
Earth-quakes therewith: the King of shadowes dreads,
For feare the ground should split aboue their heads,
And let-in Day t'affright the trembling Ghosts.
For this, he from his silent-Empire posts,

Drawne

Drawne by black horses; tracing all the Round
Of rich *Sicilia*; but, no breaches found.
Him *Erycina* from her Mount suruay'd
(Now feareless) and, her sonne imbracing, said.
My Armes, my strength, my glorie; for my sake,
O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take;
And fix thy winged arrowes in his heart,
Who rules the triple world's inferior part.
The Gods, euen *Ioue* himselfe; the God of waues;
And who illustrates earth haue beene thy slaues.
Shall Hell be free? Thine, and thy mother's Sway
Inlarge, and make th'internall Powr's obey.
Yet we (such is our patience!) are dispis'd
In our owne heauen; and all our force vnpriz'd.
Seest thou not *Pallas*, and the Queen of Night,
Far-darting *Dian*; how my worth they slight?
And *Ceres* daughter will a Maid abide,
Ere we permit; for shee affects their pride.
But, if thou fauour our ioynt Monarchy,
Thy Vncle to the Virgin-Goddesse tie.
Thus *Venus*. He his Quiuer doth vnclose;
And one, out of a thousand arrows, chose
At her Arbitriment: a sharper head
None had; more ready, or that surer sped.
Then bends his Bowe: the string t'his eare arriues,
And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow driues.
Not far remou'd from *Enna's* high-built wall,
A Lake there is, which men *Pergusa* call.
Cäyster's slowly-gliding waters beare
Far fewer singing Swans than are heard there.
Woods crown the Lake, and clothe it round about
With leauy veils, which *Phœbus* beames keep-out,

The.

The trees create fresh ayr, th'Earth various flowres:
Where heat nor cold th'eternall Spring deuoures.
Whil'st in this groue *Proserpina* disports,
Or Violets pulls, or Lyllyes of all sorts;
And while she stroue with childish care and speed
To fill her lap, and others to exceed;
Dis saw, affected, carryed her away,
Almost at once. Loue could not brooke delay.
The sad-fac't Goddesse cryes (with feare appall'd)
To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.
And as she tore th'adornment of her haire,
Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap shee bare.
And such was her sweet Youth's simplicitie,
That their losse also made the Virgin crie.
The Rauisher flies on swift wheeles; his horses
Excites by name, and their full speed inforces:
Shaking for haste the rust-obscured raignes
Vpon their cole-black necks, and shaggy maines.
Through Lakes, through *Palicine*, which expires
A sulphrous breath, through earth ingendring fires,
They passe to where *Corinthian Bacchides*
Their Citie built betweene vnequall Seas.
The Land 'twixt *Arethusa* and *Cyane*
With stretcht-out hornes begirts th'included Sea.
Here *Cyane* who gaue the Lake a name,
Amongst *Sicilian* Nymphs of speciall fame,
Her head aduanc't: who did the Goddesse know?
And boldly said, You shall no farther goe;
Nor can you be vnwilling *Ceres* son:
What you compell, perswasion should haue won.
If humble things I may compare with great;
Anapis lou'd me: yet did he intreat,

And

And me, not frighted thus, espous'd. This said,
With out-stretcht armes his farther passage staid.
His wrath no longer *Pluto* could restraine;
But giues his terror-striking steeds the raigne;
And with his Regall mace, through the profound
And yeelding water, cleaues the solid ground:
The breath t'infernall *Tartarus* extends:
At whose darke iawes the Chariot descends.
But *Cyane* the Goddesse Rape laments;
And her owne iniur'd Spring; whose discontents
Admit no comfort: in her heart shee beares
Her silent sorrow: now, resolues to teares;
And with that Fountayne doth incorporate,
Whereof th'immortall Deitie but late.
Her softned members thaw into a dew:
Her nailes lesse hard, her bones now limber grew.
The slendrest parts first melt away: her haire,
Fine fingers, legs, and feet; that soone impaire,
And drop to streames: then, arms, back, shoulders, side,
And bosom, into little Currents glide.
Water, in stead of blood, fils her pale veines:
And nothing now, that may be graspt, remaines.
Mean-while, through all the earth, and all the Maine,
The fearfull Mother sought her childe in vaine.
Not deawy-hayr'd *Aurora*, when shee rose,
Nor *Hesperus*, could witnesse her repose.
Two pitchy Pines at flaming *Ætna* lights;
And restlesse, carries them through freezing Nights:
Againe, when Day the vanquisht Starres suppreſt,
Her vanisht comfort seeks from East to West.
Thirsty with trauell, and no Fountayne nye,
A cottage thatcht with straw, inuites her eye.

At th'humble gate ſhe knocks: An old wife ſhowes
Her ſelfe thereat; and ſeeing her, beſtowes
The water ſo deſir'd; which ſhee before
Had boyl'd with barly. Drinking at the doore,
A rude hard-fauour'd Boy beſide her ſtood,
Who laught, and cald her greedy-gut. Her blood
Inflam'd with anger, what remayn'd ſhee threw
Full in his face; which forthwith ſpeckled grew.
His armes conuert to legs; a taile withall
Spines from his changed ſhape: of body ſmall,
Leſt he might proue too great a foe to life:
Though leſſe, yet like a Lizard: th'aged wife
(That wonders, weeps, and feares to touch it) ſhuns,
And preſently into a creuiſe runs.
Fit to his colour they a name elect;
With ſundry little ſtars all-ouerſpeckt.
What Lands, what Seas, the Goddeſſe wandred through
Were long to tell: Earth had not roome enough.
To *Sicil* ſhee returns: where ere ſhee goes,
Inquires; and came where *Cyane* now flowes.
Shee, had ſhee not beene changed, all had told;
Now, wants a tongue her knowledge to vnfold:
Yet, to the mother, of her daughter gaue
A ſure oſtent: who bore vpon a waue
Perſephone's rich zone; that from her fell,
When, through the ſacred Spring, ſhe ſunke to hell.
This ſeen, and knowne; as but then loſt, ſhee tare,
Without ſelfe-pitty, her diſ-ſheueled haire;
And with redoubled blowes her breſt inuades:
Nor knowes what Land t'accuſe, yet all vpbraids;
Ingrate, vnworthy with her gifts t'abound:
Trinacria chiefly; where the ſteps ſhee found

Of her misfortunes. Therefore there ſhee brake
The furrowing plough; the Oxe and owner ſtrake
Both with one death; then, bade the fields beguile
The truſt impos'd, ſhrunk ſeed corrupts. That ſoile,
So celebrated for fertilitie,
Now barren grew: corne in the blade doth die.
Now, too much drouth annoys; now, lodging ſhowres:
Stars ſmitch, winds blaſt. The greedy fowle deuoures
The new-ſowne graine: Kintare, and Darnell tire
The fetter'd Wheat; and weeds that through it ſpire.
In *Elean* waues *Alphæus* Loue appeard;
And from her dropping haire her fore-head clear'd:
O Mother of that far-ſought Maid, thou friend
To life, ſaid ſhe; here let thy labour end:
Nor be offended with thy faithfull Land;
That blameleſſe is, nor could her rape with-ſtand.
I, here a gueſt, not for my Country plead:
My Country *Piſa* is, in *Elis* bred;
And, as an Alien, in *Sicania* dwell:
But yet no Country pleaſeth me ſo well.
I, *Arethuſa*, now theſe Springs poſſeſſe:
This is my ſeat: which, courteous Goddeſſe, bleſſe.
Why I affect this place, t'*Ortygia* came
Through ſuch vaſt Seas; I ſhall impart theſame
To your deſire; when you, more fit to heare,
Shall quit your care, and be of better cheare.
Earth giues me way: through whoſe darke cauerns roll'd,
I here aſcend; and vnknowne ſtars behold.
While vnder ground by *Styx* my waters glide,
Your ſweet *Proſerpina* I there eſpy'd:
Full ſad ſhee was: euen then you might haue ſeen
Feare in her face: and yet ſhee is a Queen;

And

And yet shee in that gloomy Empire swayes;
And yet her will th'infernall King obayes.
Stone-like stood *Ceres* at this heauy newes;
And, staring, long continued in a muse.
When griefe had quickned her stupiditie,
Shee tooke her Chariot, and ascends the skie:
There, veiled all in clouds, with scattered haire,
Shee kneeles to *Iupiter*, and made this pray'r.
Both for my blood and thine, ô *Ioue*, I sew:
If I be nothing gracious, yet doe you
A Father to your Daughter proue; nor be
Your care the lesse, because shee sprung from me.
Lo, she at length is found, long sought through all
The spacious World; if you a Finding call
What more the losse assures: but if, to know
Her being, be to Finde, I haue found her so.
And yet I would the iniurie remit,
So he the stolne restore: 'Twere most vnfit
That holy *Hymen* should thy daughter ioyne
To such a Thiefe; although shee were not mine.
Then *Ioue*: The pledge is mutuall, and these cares
To either equall: Yet this deed declares
Much loue, mis-called Wrong: nor should we shame
Of such a sonne, could you but thinke the same.
All wants suppose, can he be lesse than great,
And be *Ioue's* brother? What, when all compleat?
I, but preferr'd by lot? Or if you burne
In endlesse spleen; Let *Proserpine* returne:
On this condition, That shee yet haue ta'ne
No sustenance: so Destinies ordaine.
To fetch her daughter, *Ceres* postes in haste:
But, Fates with-stood: the Maid had broke her fast.

For

For, wandring in the Ort-yard, ſimply ſhee
Pluckt a Pomegranet from the ſtooping Tree;
Thence tooke ſeuen grains and eats them one by one:
Obſerued by *Aſcalaphus* alone;
Whom *Acheron* on *Orphne* erſt begot
In pitchy Caues: a Dame of ſpeciall note
Amongſt th'*Auernal* Nymphs. This vtter'd, ſtayd
The ſighing Queene of *Erebus*; who made
The Blab a Bird: with waues of *Phlegeton*
His face beſprinkles; plume appeares thereon,
Crookt beake, and broader eyes: the ſhape he had
He loſt, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.
His head or'e-ſiz'd, his long nailes talons proue;
His winged armes for lazineſſe ſcarce moue:
A filthy, euer ill-preſaging Fowle,
To Mortals ominous: a ſcreeching Owle.
Yet was the puniſhment no more than due
To his offence. But how offended you
Acheloides, that wings and clawes diſgrace
Your goodly formes, yet keepe your Virgin-face?
Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathleſſe Powers
Were with the Goddeſſe when ſhee gather'd flowrs?
Whom when through all the Earth you ſought in vaine,
You wiſht for wings to ſwim vpon the Maine;
That pathleſſe Seas might teſtifie your care:
The eaſie Gods conſented to your pray'r.
Streight, golden feathers on your backs appeare:
But, leſt that muſick, fram'd to inchant the eare,
And ſo great gifts of ſpeech ſhould be prophan'd;
Your Virgin-lookes, and humane voyce remayn'd.
But *Ioue*, his ſiſter's diſcontent to cheare,
Between her and her Brother parts the yeare,

The

The Goddesse now in either Empire swayes:
Six months with *Ceres*, six with *Pluto* stayes.
Proserpina then chang'd her minde, and looke
(Late such as sullen *Dis* could hardly brooke)
And clear'd her browes; as *Sol*, obscur'd in shrowds
Of exhalations, breaks through vanquisht clowds.
Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arethusa* tell
Her cause of flight: and why a sacred Well.
Th'obsequious waters left their murmuring:
The Goddesse then aboue the Crystall Spring
Her head aduanc't; and, wringing her green haires,
Shee thus *Alpheus* ancient loue declares.
I, of *Achaia* once a Nymph: none more
The chace affected, or t'intoyle the Bore.
By beautie though I neuer sought for fame;
Though masculine, of faire I bare the name,
Nor tooke I pleasure in my prayſed face,
Which others valew as their only grace:
But, simple, was ashamed to excell;
And thought it infamy to please too-well.
As from *Stymphalian* woods I made retreat
('Twas hot, and labour had increast the heat)
When well-nigh tyr'd; a silent streame I found,
All eddilesse, perspicuous to the ground:
Through which you euery pebble might haue seen;
And ran, as if it had no Riuer been.
The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fed
By bordering streames, their gratefull shadow spread.
In this coole Rivulet my foot I dipt;
And by and by into the middle skipt:
Where, while I swim, and labour to and fro
A thousand wayes, with armes that swiftly row,

I from the bottom heard an vnknowne tongue;
And frighted, to the hither margent ſprung.
Whither ſo faſt, ô *Arethuſa*! twice
Out cry'd *Alpheus*, with a hollow voyce.
Vnclothed as I was, I ran away
(For, on the other ſide my garments lay)
The faſter followed he, the more did burne;
Who naked, ſeeme the readier for his turne.
As trembling Doues the eger Hawkes eſchew;
As eger Hawkes the trembling Doues purſew;
I fled, He followed. To *Orchomenus*,
Pſophis, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Mænalaus*,
Cold *Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I
My flight maintayned; nor could he come ny:
But, far vnable to hold out ſo long;
He, patient of much labour, and more ſtrong.
And yet o're Plaines, o're woody hills I fled,
And craggy Rocks, where foot did neuer tread.
The Sunne was at our backs: before my feet
I ſaw his ſhadow; or my feare did ſee't.
How-ere his ſounding ſteps, and thick drawne breath
That fann'd my haire, affrighted me to death.
Starke tyr'd, I cry'd: Ah caught! help (ô forlorne!
Diana helpe thy Squire, who oft haue borne
Thy Bowe and Quiuer! Mou'd at my requeſt,
With muffling clowds ſhe couer'd the diſtreſt.
The Riuer ſeeks me in that pitchy ſhrowd,
And ſearches round about the hollow clowd;
Twice came to where *Diana* me did hide;
And twice he *Iô Arethuſa* cry'd.
Then what a heart had I! the Lamb ſo feares
When howling Wolues about the Fold ſhe heares:

So

So heartlesse Hare, when trayling Hounds draw nye
Her sented forme; nor dares to moue an eye.
Nor went he on, in that he could not trace
My further steps; but guards the clowd and place.
Cold sweats my then-besieged lims possest:
In thin thick-falling drops my strength decreast.
Where-ere I step, streames run; my haire now fell
In trickling deaw; and, sooner than I tell
My destinie, into a Flood I grew.
The Riuer his beloued waters knew;
And, putting off th'assumed shape of man,
Resumes his owne; and in my Current ran.
Chaste *Delia* cleft the ground. Then, through blind caues,
To lou'd *Ortygia* she conducts my waues;
Affected for her name: where first I take
Reuiew of day. This, *Arethusa* spake.
The fertill Goddesse to her Chariot chaines
Her yoked Dragons, checkt with stubborn raignes:
Her course, 'twixt heauen and earth, to *Athens* bends;
And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot sends.
Part of the seed shee gaue, shee bade him throw
On vntill'd earth; part on the till'd to sow.
O're *Europe*, and the *Asian* soyle conuay'd,
The Youth to *Scythia* turnes; where *Lyncus* sway'd.
His Court he enters. Askt what way he came,
His cause of comming, Countrie, and his Name:
Triptolemus men call me, he reply'd;
And in renowmed *Athens* I reside.
No ship through toyling Seas me hither bare;
Nor ouer-land came I; but through the ayre.
I bring you *Ceres* gift: which sowne in fields,
Corn-bearing crops (a better feeding) yeelds.

Th

The barbarous King enuies it: and, that he
The Author of ſo great a good might be;
Giues entertaynment: but, when ſleep oppreſt
His heauy eyes, with ſteele attempts his breſt.
Whom *Ceres* turn's t'a *Lynx*: and home-wards makes
The young *Mopſopian* driue her ſacred Snakes.
Our Chiefe concluded here her learned Layes.
The Nymphs, with one conſent, giue vs the Bayes:
The vanquiſht raile. To whom the Muſe: Since you
Eſteeme it nothing to deſerue the due
To your contention, but muſt adde foule words
To your ill deeds; nor this your pride affords
Our patience roome: we'll wreak it on your heads,
And tread the path which Indignation leads.
The *Pæons* laugh, and our ſharp threats deſpiſe.
About to ſcould, and with diſgracefull noyſe
To clap their hands; they ſaw the feathers ſprout
Beneath their nailes, and clothe their armes throughout;
Hard nebs in one another's faces ſpie;
And now, new birds, into the Forreſt flie.
Theſe Syluan Scoulds, as they their armes prepare
To beat their boſoms; mount, and hang in ayre.
Who yet retayne their ancient eloquence;
Full of harſh chat, and prating without ſenſe.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The ſixth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

PAllas, *an old-wife. Hautie thoughts o're-throw*
Hæmus *and* Rhodope; *who Mountaines grow.*
The Pigmy, *a Crane.* Antigone *becoms,*
A Storke. A ſtatue Cyneras *intombs:*
His impious daughters, ſtones. In various ſhapes
The Gods commit adulteries and rapes.
Arachne, *a Spider.* Niobe *yet drownes*
Her marble cheekes in teares. Vnciuill Clownes
Are curſt to Frogs. From teares deare Marſyas *flowes.*
His iuory ſhoulder new-made Pelops *ſhowes.*
Progne, *a Swallow; ſign'd with murders ſtaines,*
Sad Philomel *to ſecret might complaines.*
Rage to a Lapwing turnes th' Odryſian *king.*
Calais *and* Zetes *natiue feathers wing.*

T*Ritonia* to the Muſe attention lends:
Who both her Verſe, and iuſt reuenge commends.
Then ſaid t'her ſelfe: To praiſe is of no worth:
et our reuenged Powre our praiſe ſet forth.
ıtends *Arachnes* ruine. She, ſhe heard,
efore her curious webs, her owne prefer'd.
or dwelling, nor her nation fame impart
nto the Damſell, but excelling Art.

Deriu'd from *Colophonian Idmons* side;
Who thirstie Wooll in *Phocian* purple dide.
Her mother (who had pay'd her debt to fate)
Was also meane, and equall to her mate.
Yet through the *Lydian* townes her praise was spred;
Though poore her birth, in poore *Hypæpa* bred.
The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their Vines forsooke;
The sleeke *Pactolian* Nymphs their streames; to looke
On her rare workes: nor more delight in viewing
The don (don with such grace) than when a doing.
Whether she orbe-like roule the ruder wooll;
Or, finely finger'd, the selected cull;
Or draw it into clowd-resembling flakes;
Or equall twine with swift-turn'd spindle makes;
Or with her liuely-painting needle wrought:
You might perceiue she was by *Pallas* taught.
Yet such a Mistresse her proud thoughts disclame:
Let her with me contend; if foyld, no shame
(Said she) nor punishment will I refuse.
Pallas, forth-with, an old-wiues shape indues:
Her haire all white; her lims, appearing weake,
A staffe supports: who thus began to speake.
Old Age hath somthing which we need not shun:
Experience by long tract of time is won.
Scorne not aduice: with dames of humane race
Contend for fame, but giue a Goddesse place.
Craue pardon, and she will thy crime remit.
With eyes confessing rage, aud eye-brows knit,
(Her labour-leauing hands scarce held from strokes)
She, masked *Pallas* with these words prouokes.
Old foole, that dot'st with age; to whom long-life
Is now a curse: thy daughter, or sons wife,

(If thou haſt either) taught be they by this:
My wiſedom, for my ſelfe, ſufficient is.
And leaſt thy counſell ſhould an intreſt clame
In my diuerſion, I abide the ſame.
Why comes ſhe not? why tryall thus delayes?
She comes, ſaid *Pallas*, and her ſelfe diſplayes.
Nymphs, and *Mygdonian* dames the Powre adore:
Onely the maid her ſelfe vndaunted bore:
And yet ſhe bluſht; againſt her will the red
Fluſht in her cheeks, and thence as ſwiftly fled.
Euen ſo the purple Morning paints the skyes:
And ſo they whiten at the Suns vpriſe.
Who now, as deſperately obſtinate,
Praiſe ill affecting, runs on her owne fate.
No more *Ioues* daughter labors to diſſwade;
No more refuſeth; nor the ſtrife delayde.
Both ſettle to their tasks apart: both ſpread
At once their warps, conſiſting of fine thred,
Ty'd to their beames: a reed the thred diuides,
Through which the quick-returning ſhuttle glides,
Shot by ſwift hands. The combs inſerted tooth
Betweene the warp ſuppreſt the riſing woofe:
Strife leſs'ning toyle. With skirts tuckt to their waſte,
Both moue their cunning armes with nimble haſte.
Here crimſon, dyde in *Tyrian* braſſe, they weaue:
The ſcarce diſtinguiſht ſhadowes ſight deceaue.
So watry clowds, ſhot by *Apollo*, ſhowe;
The vaſt sky painted with a mightie Bowe:
Where, though a thouſand ſeuerall colours ſhine,
No eye their cloſe tranſition can define:
What touch, the ſame ſo neerely repreſents;
And by degrees, ſcarce ſenſible, diſſents.

Through-out imbellished with ductil gold:
And both reuiu'd antiquities vnfold.
Pallas, in *Athens*, *Marse's* Rock doth frame:
And that old strife about the Citties name.
Twice six Cœlestials sit inthron'd on hie,
Repleat with awe-infusing grauitie:
Ioue in the midst. The suted figures tooke
Their liuely formes: *Ioue* had a regall looke.
The Sea-god stood, and with his Trident strake
The cleauing rock, from whence a fountaine brake:
Whereon he grounds his clame. With speare and shield
Her selfe she armes: her head a murrion steild:
Her brest her *Ægis* guards. Her lance the ground
Appeares to strike; and from that pregnant wound
The hoary oliue, charg'd with fruit, ascends.
The Gods admire: with victory she ends.
Yet she, to show the Riuall of her prayse
What hopes to cherish for such bold assayes,
Add's foure contentions in the vtmost bounds
Of euery angle, wrought in little Rounds.
One, *Thracian Rhodope* and *Hæmus* showes,
Now mountaines, topt with neuer-melting snowes,
Once humane bodyes: who durst emulate
The blest Cœlestialls both in stile and state.
The next containes the miserable doome
Of that *Pygmæan* matron, ouer-come
By *Iuno*; made a Crane, and forc't to iar
With her owne nation in perpetuall war.
A third presents *Antigone*, who stroue
For vnmatcht beautie with the wife of *Ioue*.
Not *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her sire,
Preuail'd with violent *Saturnia's* ire.

Turn'd

Turn'd to a Stork; who, with white pinions rais'd,
Is euer by her creaking bill selfe-prais'd.
In the last circle *Cynaras* was plac't;
Who, on the temples staires, the formes imbrac't
Of his late daughters, by their pride o're-throwne:
And seemes himselfe to be a weeping stone.
The web a wreathe of peacefull oliue bounds:
And her owne tree her work both ends and crownes.
Arachne weaues *Europa's* rape by *Ioue*:
The Bull appeares to liue, the Sea to moue.
Back to the shore she casts a heauy eye;
To her distracted damsels seemes to cry:
And from the sprinkling waues, that skip to meet
With such a burden, shrinks her trembling feet.
Asteria there a struggling Eagle prest:
A Swan here spreads his wings o're *Leda's* brest.
Ioue, Satyr-like, *Antiope* compels;
Whose fruitfull womb with double issue swels:
Amphitryo for *Alcmena's* loue became:
A showre for *Danaë*; for *Ægina* flame:
For beautifull *Mnemosyne* he takes
A pastors forme; for *Deois*, a snakes.
Thee also, *Neptune*, like a lustfull Stere,
She makes the faire *Æolian* Virgin beare:
To get th' *Aloides* in *Enipe's* shape:
Now turn'd t'a Ram in sad *Bisaltis* rape.
The gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthning Seede,
The snake-hair'd mother of the winged Steede,
Found thee a Stalion: thee *Malantho* findes
A Delphin. She to euery forme assignes
Life-equald looks; to euery place their sites.
Here *Phœbus* in a Heards-mans shape delights;

A Lyon's now; now falcons wings displayes:
Macarian Issa shepheard-like betrayes.
Liber, a grape, *Erigone* compreſt:
And *Saturne*, horſe-like, *Chiron* gets, halfe-beaſt.
A ſlender wreathe her finiſht web confines;
Flowres intermixt with claſping iuy twines.
Not *Pallas* this, not Enuy this reproues:
Her faire ſucceſſe the vext Virago moues;
Who teares the web, with crimes cœleſtiall fraught:
With ſhuttle from *Cytorian* mountaines brought,
Arachne thrice vpon the fore-head hits.
Her great heart brooks it not. A cord ſhe knits
About her neck. Remorſefull *Pallas* ſtay'd
Her falling waight: Liue wretch, yet hang, ſhe ſaid.
This curſe (leaſt after times thy pride ſecure)
Still to thy iſſue, and their race, indure.
Sprinkled with *Hecate's* baneſull weeds, her haire
She forthwith ſheds: her noſe and eares impaire;
Her head growes little; her whole body ſo;
Her thighs and legs to ſpiny fingers grow:
The reſt all belly. Whence a thred ſhe ſends:
And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.
All *Lydia* ſtorms; the fame through *Phrygia* rung:
And gaue an argument to euery tongue.
Her, *Niobe* had knowne; when ſhe, a maid,
In *Sipylus*, and in *Mæonia* ſtaid,
Yet ſlights that home example: ſtill rebels
Againſt the Gods; and with proud language ſwels.
Many things ſweld her. Yet *Amphion's* towne,
Their high deſcents; nor glory of a crowne,
So pleas'd her (though ſhe pleas'd her ſelfe in all)
As her faire race. We *Niobe* might call

The

The happieſt mother that yet euer brought
Life vnto light; had not her ſelfe ſo thought.
Tireſian Manto, in preſages skild,
The ſtreets, inſpir'd by holy fury, fild
With theſe exhorts: *Iſmenides*, prepare:
To great *Latona*, and her Twins; with prayer
Mix ſweet perfumes; your brows with Laurel bind:
By me *Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind
About their temples the commaunded Bay:
And ſacred fires, with intenſe feeding, pray.
Behold, the Queene in height of ſtate appeares:
A *Phrygian* mantle, weau'd with gold, ſhe weares:
Her face, as much as rage would ſuffer, faire.
She ſtops; and ſhaking her diſheueled haire,
The godly troope with hauty eyes ſuruayes.
What madneſſe is it Here-ſay Gods (ſhe ſayes)
Before the ſeene Cœleſtials to prefer?
Or while I Altars want, to worſhip her?
Me *Tantalus* begot, alowd to feaſt
In heauenly bowres; my mother not the leaſt
Pleias; greateſt *Atlas* ſire to thoſe,
On whoſe high ſhoulders all the ſtars repoſe.
Ioue is my other Grandfather; and he
My father in law: a double grace to me.
Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdomes me obay:
My husbands harp-rais'd walls we ioyntly ſway.
Through-out my Court behold in euery place
Infinite riches! adde to this, a face
Worthy a Goddeſſe. Then, to crowne my ioyes,
Seuen beauteous daughters, and as many boyes:
All theſe by marriage to be multiply'd.
Say now, haue we not reaſon for our pride?

How dare you then *Latona*, *Cœus* birth
Before me place? to whom the ample Earth
Deny'd a little spot t'vnlade her wombe?
Heauen, Earth, nor Seas, afford your Goddesse roome:
A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbor gaue.
Thou wandrest on the land, I on the waue,
It said; and granted an vnstable place.
She brought forth two; the seuenth part of my race:
Happy! who doubts? I happy will abide:
Or who doubts that? with plentie fortifi'd.
My state too great for fortune to bereaue:
Though much she rauish, she much more must leaue.
My blessings are aboue low feare. Suppose
Some of my hopefull sons this people lose,
They cannot be reduc't to such a few.
Off with your bayes; these idle Rites eschew.
They put them off; the sacrifice forbore:
And yet *Latona* silently adore.
As far as free from barrennesse, so much
Disdaine and griefe th'inraged Goddesse touch.
Who on the top of *Cynthus* thus begins
To vent her passion to her sacred Twins.
Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone;
(Excepting *Iuno*, second vnto none)
Am question'd if a Goddesse: and must loose,
If you assist not, all religious dews.
Nor is this all: that curst *Tantalian* Seede
Adds foule reproches to her impious deede.
She dares her children before you prefer;
And calls me childlesse: may it light on her!
Whose wicked words her fathers tongue declare.
About to second her report with praier;

Peace,

Peace, *Phœbus* ſaid, complaint too long delayes
Conceau'd reuenge: the ſame vext *Phœbe* ſayes.
Then ſwiftly through the yeilding ayre they glide
To *Cadmus* towres; whom thickned vapors hide.
A ſpacious plaine before the citty lies,
Made duſty with the daily exerciſe
Of trampling hooues; by ſtrife-full chariots trackt.
Part of *Amphions* actiue ſons here backt
High-bounding ſteeds; whoſe rich caparison
With ſcarlet bluſht, with gold their bridles ſhone.
Iſmenus loe, her pregnant wombs firſt ſpring,
As with his ready horſe he beats a Ring,
And checks his fomy iawes; ay me! he cryes;
While through his groning breſt an arrow flyes:
His bridle ſlackning with his dying force,
He leaſurely ſinks ſide-long from his horſe.
Next, *Siphilus* from claſhing quiuer flies
With ſlackned raignes: as when a Pilot ſpies
A growing ſtorme; and, leaſt the gentle gaile
Should ſcape beſides him, claps on all his ſaile.
His haſte th'vneuitable bowe o're-took,
And through his throte the deadly arrow ſtrook.
Who, by the horſes mane and ſpeedy thighes
Drops headlong, and the earth in purple dies.
Now *Phœdimus*; and *Tantalus*, the heire
This Grand-ſires name; that labour done, prepare
To wraſtle. Whilſt with oyled lims they preſt
Each others power, cloſe graſping breſt to breſt;
A ſhaft, which from th'impulſiue bow-ſtring flew,
Them, in that ſad Coniunction ioyntly ſlew.
Both grone at once, at once their bodyes bend
With bitter pangs, at once to earth deſcend:

Their rowling eyes together set in death;
Together they expire their parting breath.
In rusht *Alphenor* (bleeding in their harmes)
And rais'd their heatlesse corses in his armes:
But in that pious duetie fell. The threds
Of life, his siuers, wrathfull *Delius* shreds.
Part of his lungs claue to th'extracted head:
And with his blood his troubled spirit fled.
But vnshorne *Damasichthon* slaughtred lies
Not by a single wound: shot where the thighs
Knit with the ham-strings in the knotty ioynt,
Striuing from thence to tug the fatall poynt,
An other in his neck the wings imbrew'd.
Thick-gushing blood th'eiected shaft pursew'd:
Which spinning vpward cleft the passiue ayre.
Last *Ilioneus*, with succesleſſe prayer,
His hands vp-heaues: You Gods in generall,
Said he (and ignorantly pray'd to all)
O pitty me! The Archer had remorce;
But now irremoeable was that force:
And yet his life a little wound dispatcht,
His heart but onely with the arrow scratcht.
Ill newes, the peoples griefe, her housholds teares
Present their ruine to their mothers eares:
Who wonders how the Gods their liues durst touch;
And swels with anger that their powre was such.
For sad *Amphion*, wounding his owne breast,
Had now his sorrow, with his soule, releast.
How different is this *Niobe* from that!
Who scorn d *Latona's* sacrifice of late,
And proudly pac't the streets; enuy'd by those
That were her friends; now pittied by her foes!

Frantick,

Thence also, frighted from her painefull bed,
With her two infant Deities she fled.
Now in *Chimera*-breeding *Lycia* (fir'd
By burning beames) and with long trauell tyr'd,
Heat-raised thirst the Goddesse sore oppreſt:
By their exhausting of her milk increast.
By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes
A Lake of shallow water she descries:
Where Clownes were then a gathering picked weeds,
With shrubby osiers, and plash-louing reedes.
Approcht; *Titania* kneeles vpon the brink:
And of the cooling liquor stoops to drinke.
The Clownes with-stood. Why hinder you, said she,
The vse of water, that to all is free?
The Sun, aire, water, Nature did not frame
Peculiar; a publick gift I clame.
Yet humbly I intreat it: not to drench
My weary lims, but killing thirst to quench.
My tongue wants moysture, & my iawes are dry:
Scarce is there way for speech. For drink I dye.
Water to me, were Nectar. If I liue,
'Tis by your fauour: life with water giue.
Pitty these babes: for pitty they aduance
Their little armes! their armes they stretcht by chance.
With whom would not such gentle words preuaile?
But they, perseuering to prohibit, raile;
We place with threats command her to forsake.
Shen with their hands and feet disturbe the lake:
A clapping with malicious motion, moue
The woubled mud; which rising, flotes aboue.
Forsakes ncht her thirst: no more *Latona* sues
Her eye-base slaues: but Goddesse-like doth vse

Her dreadfull tongue; which thus their fates imply'd:
May you for euer in this lake reside!
Her wish succeeds. In loued lakes they striue;
Now sprawle aboue, now vnder water diue;
Oft hop vpon the banke, as oft againe
Back to the water: nor can yet restraine
Their brawling tongues; but setting shame aside,
Though hid in water, vnder water chide.
Their voyces still are hoarce: the breath they fetch
Swels their wide throtes; their iawes with railing stretch.
Their heads their shoulders touch; no neck betweene,
As intercepted. All the back is greene:
Their bellies (euery part o're-sizing) white.
Who now, new Frogs, in slimy pooles delight.
Thus much, I know not by what *Lycian*, said:
An other mention of a Satyre made,
By *Phœbus*, with *Tritona's* reede, o're-come:
Who for presuming felt a heauy doome.
Why doe you (oh!) me from my selfe distract?
(Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: Alas! this fact
Deserues not such a vengeance! Whilst he cry'd;
Apollo from his body stript his hide.
His body was one wound, bloud euery way
Streames from all parts: his sinewes naked lay.
His bare veines pant: his heart you might behold;
And all the fiuers in his brest haue told.
For him the Faunes, that in the forrests keepe;
For him the Nymphs, and german Satyres weepe:
His end, *Olympus* (famous then) bewailes;
With all the shepheards of those hills and dales.
The pregnant Earth conceiueth with their teares;
Which in her penetrated womb she beares,

Till

Till big with waters: then discharg'd her fraught.
This purest *Phrygian* Streame a way out sought
By down-falls, till to toyling seas he came:
Now called *Marsyas* of the Satyres name.
The Vulgar, these examples told, returne
Vnto the present: for *Amphion* mourne,
And his poore issue. All the mother hate,
Pelops alone laments his sisters fate.
While with torne garments he presents his woes,
The iuory peece on his left shoulder showes.
This fleshy was, and coloured like the right.
Slaine by his sire, the Gods his lims vnite:
His scattered parts all found; saue that alone
Which interpos'd the neck and shoulder bone.
They then with Iuory supply'd th' vnfound:
And thus restored *Pelops* was made sound.
The neighboring princes meet: the Cities neare
Intreat their kings the desolate to cheare.
Pelops Mycænæ, Sparta, th' *Argiue* State;
And *Calydon*, not yet in *Dian's* hate;
Fertill *Orchomenos*; *Corinthus* fam'd
For high-priz'd brasse; *Messene*, neuer tam'd;
Cleonæ; *Patræ*; *Pylos*, *Nelius* crowne;
And *Trœzen*, not then knowne for *Pittheus* towne;
With all that two-sea'd *Isthmos* Streights include:
And all without, by two-sea'd *Isthmos* view'd.
Athens alone (who would beleeu't?) with-held:
Thee, from that ciuill office, war compeld.
Th' inhabitants about the *Pontick* coast
Had then besieg'd thee with a barbarous hoast:
Whom *Thracian Tereus*, with his Aids, o'rethrew;
And by that victorie renowned grew.

Potens:

Potent in wealth,and people; from the loynes
Of *Mars* deriu'd: *Pandion Progne* ioynes
To him in marriage. This,nor *Iuno* bleſt;
Nor *Hymen*,nor the Graces grac't that feaſt.
Eumenides the nuptiall tapers light
At funerall fires; and made the bed that Night.
Th' ill-boading Owle vpon the roofe was ſet.
Progne and *Tereus* with theſe omens met:
Thus parents grew.The *Thracians* yet reioyce;
And thanke the Gods with harmonie of voyce.
The marriage day,and that of *Itys* birth,
They conſecrate to vniuerſall mirth.
So lyes the good vnſeene. By this the Sun,
Conducting Time,had through fiue Autumns run:
When flattering *Progne* thus allures her Lord.
If I haue any grace with thee,afford
This fauour,that I may my ſiſter ſee:
Send me to her,or bring thou her to me.
Promiſe my father that with ſwifteſt ſpeede
She ſhall returne.If this attempt ſucceede,
The ſumme of all my wiſhes I obtaine.
He bids them lanch his ſhips into the maine:
Then makes th' *Athenian* port with ſailes and oares;
And lands vpon the wiſht *Pyræan* ſhores.
Brought to *Pandion's* preſence,they ſalute.
The King with bad preſage begins his ſute.
For loe,as he his wifes command recites,
And for her quick returne his promiſe plights,
Comes *Philomela*; clad in rich array;
More rich in beauty. So they vſe to ſay
The ſtately *Naiades*,and *Dryad's* goe
In Syluan ſhades; were they apparrel'd ſo.

This

This ſight in *Tereus* ſuch a burning breeds,
As when we fire a heape of hoary reeds;
Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd ſtubble thruſt.
Her face was excellent: but in-bred luſt
Inrag'd his bloud; to which thoſe Climes are prone:
Stung by his countries fury, and his owne.
He ſtreight intends her women to intice,
And bribe her Nurſe to proſecute his vice;
Her ſelfe to tempt with gifts; his crowne to ſpend:
Or rauiſh, and by warre his rape defend.
What dares he not, thruſt on by wilde deſire?
Nor can his breſt containe ſo great a fire.
Rackt with delay, he *Progne's* ſute renewes:
And for himſelfe in that pretention ſues.
Loue made him eloquent. As oft as he
Exceeded, he would ſay, Thus charged ſhe.
And mouing teares (as ſhe had ſent them) ſheds.
O Gods! how dark a blindneſſe ouer-ſpreds
The ſoules of men! whilſt to his ſin he climes,
They think him good; and praiſe him for his crimes.
Euen *Philomela* wiſht it! with ſoft armes
She hugs her father, and with winning charmes
Of her liues ſafety, her deſtruction preſt:
While *Tereus* by beholding pre-poſſeſt.
Her kiſſes and imbraces heat his blood;
And all afford his fire and fury food.
And wiſht, as oft as ſhe her ſire imbrac't,
He were her ſire: nor would haue been more chaſt.
He, by their importunities is wrought.
She, ouer-ioy'd, her father thanks: and thought
Her ſelfe and ſiſter in that fortunate,
Which drew on both a lamentable fate.

The

The labour of the Day now neere an end,
From steep *Olympus Phœbus* Steeds descend.
The boards are princely seru'd: *Lyæus* flowes
In burnisht gold. Then take their soft repose.
And yet th' *Odrysian* King, though parted, fries:
Her face and graces euer in his eyes.
Who parts vnseene vnto his fancy faines;
And feeds his fires: Sleep flies his troubled braines.
Day vp: *Pandion* his departing son
Wrings by the hand; and weeping, thus begun.
Deare Son, since Pietie this dew requires;
With her, receiue both your and their desires.
By faith, aliance, by the Gods aboue,
I charge you guard her with a fathers loue:
And suddenly send back (for all delay
To me is death) my ages onely stay.
And daughter ('tis enough thy sister's gone)
For pitty leaue me not too long alone.
As he impos'd this charge, he kist with-all:
And drops of teares at euery accent fall.
The pledges then of promis'd faith demands
(Which mutually they giue) their plighted hands.
To *Progne*, and her little boy, said he,
My loue remember, and salute from me.
Scarce could he bid farewell: sobs so ingage
His troubled speech; who dreads his soules presage.
As soone as shipt; as soone as actiue ores
Had mou'd the surges, and remou'd the shores;
Shee's ours! with me my wish I beare! he cryes.
Exults; and barbarous, scarce defers his ioyes:
His eyes fast fixt. As when *Ioues* eagle beares
A Hare t'her ayery, trust in rapefull scares:

And

And to the trembling prisoner leaues no way
For hoped flight; but still beholds her pray.
The Voyage made; on his owne land he treads:
And to a Lodge *Pandions* daughter leads;
Obscur'd with woods: pale, trembring, full of feares;
And for her sister asking now with teares.
There mues her vp; his foule intent makes knowne:
Inforc't her; a weake Virgin, and but one.
Helpe father! sister helpe! in her distresse
She cries; and on the Gods, with like successe.
She trembles like a lamb, snatcht from the phange
Of some fell wolfe; that dreads her former pangs:
Or as a doue, who on her gorget beares
Her blouds fresh staines, and late-felt talents feares.
Restor'd vnto her mind, her ruffled haire,
As at a wofull funerall she tare;
Her armes with her owne fury bloudy made:
Who, wringing her vp-heaued hands, thus said.
O monster! barbarous in thy horrid lust!
Trecherous Tyrant! whom my fathers trust,
Impos'd with holy teares; my sisters loue;
My virgin state; nor nuptiall ties, could moue!
O what a wild confusion hast thou bred!
I, an adultresse to my sisters bed;
Thou husband to vs both; to me a foe;
To all a punishment; and iustly so.
Why mak'st thou not thy villanies compleat;
By forcing life from her abhorred seat?
O would thou hadst, e're I my honour lost!
Then had I parted with a spotlesse ghost.
Yet, if the Gods haue eyes; if their Powers be
Of any powre; nor all decay with me;

Thou

Thou shalt not scape due vengeance. Sense of shame
I will abandon; and thy crime proclaime:
To men, if free; if not, my voice shall breake
Through these thick walls; and teach the woods to speake:
Hard rockes resolue to ruth. Let heauen this heare;
And Heauen-thron'd Gods: if there be any there!
These words the saluage Tyrant moues to wroth:
Nor lesse his feare: a like prouok't by both.
Who drawes his sword: his cruell hands he winds
In her loose haire: her armes behind her binds.
Her throte glad *Philomela* ready made:
Conceiuing hope of death from his drawne blade.
Whilst she reuiles, inuokes her father; sought
To vent her spleene; her tongue in pincers caught,
His sword deuideth from the panting root:
Which, trembling, murmurs curses at his foot.
And as a serpents taile, disseuer'd, skips:
Euen so her tongue; and dying sought her lips.
After this fact (if we may Rumor trust),
He oft abus'd her body with his lust.
Yet home to *Progne*, in the end, retires:
Who for her sister hastily inquires.
He funeralls belyes, with fained griefe:
And by instructed teares begets beliefe.
Progne her royall ornaments reiects;
And puts on black: an emptie tombe erects;
To her imagin'd Ghost oblations burnes:
Her sisters fate, not as she should, she mournes.
Now through twelue Signes the yeere his period drew.
What should distressed *Philomela* doe?
A guard restraind her flight; the walls were strong;
Her mouth had lost the index of her tongue.

The

he wit that miſerie begets is great:
reat ſorrow addes a quickneſſe to conceit.
woofe vpon a *Thracian* loome ſhe ſpreds;
nd inter-weaues the white with crimſon threds;
hat character her wrong. The cloſely wrought,
s cloſely to a ſeruant gaue; beſought
o beare it to her Miſtreſſe: who preſents
he Queene therewith; not knowing the contents.
he wife to that dire Tyrant this vnfolds:
nd in a wofull verſe her ſtate beholds.
ne held her peace: 'twas ſtrange! griefe ſtruck her mute.
o language could with ſuch a paſſion ſute.
or had ſhe time to weepe. Right, wrong, were mixt
n her fell thoughts: her ſoule on vengeance fixt.
It was that time; when, in a wilde diſguiſe,
thonian matrons vſe to ſolemniſe
æus three-yeares Feaſt. Night ſpreds her wings:
r night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings.
r night th'impatient Queene a iauelin takes,
nd now a Bacchanal, the Court forſakes.
ncs ſhade her browes: the rough hide of a Deare
hogs at her ſide: her ſhoulder bare a ſpeare.
urried through woods, with her attendant froes,
errible *Progne*, frantick with her woes,
ny milder fury, *Bacchus*, counterfets.
length vnto the deſart cottage gets:
owles; *Euohe*, cries: breakes ope the doores, and tooke
er ſiſter thence: with iuy hides her looke:
habit of a Bacchanal arrayd:
nd to her citie the amaz'd conuayd.
at hated roofe when *Philomela* knew;
e poore ſoule ſhooke; her viſage bloudleſſe grew.

Progne

Progne with-drawes; the sacred weeds vnlos'd;
Her wofull sisters bashfull face disclos'd :
Falls on her neck. The other durst not raise
Her down-cast eyes: her sisters wrong suruayes
In her dishonour. As she stroue t'haue sworne
With vp-rais'd lookes; and call the Gods t' haue borne
Her pure thoughts witnesse, how she was compeld
To that loth'd fact; she hands, for speech, vpheld.
Sterne *Progne* broiles; her bosome hardly beares
So vast a rage: who chides her sisters teares.
No teares, said she, our lost condition needs:
But steele; or if thou hast what steele exceeds.
I, for all horrid practices, am fit:
To wrap this roofe in flame, and him in it:
His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,
T'extirp; or with a thousand wounds, diuorce
His guiltie soule? The deed I intend, is great:
But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat
Came *Itys* in, and taught her what to doe.
Beheld with cruell eyes; Ah, how I view
In thee, said she, thy father! and began
Her tragick Scene: with silent anger wan.
But when her sonne saluted her, and clung
Vnto her neck; mixt kisses, as he hung,
With childish blandishments; her high-wrought bloud
Began to calme, and rage distracted stood.
Teares trickl'd from her eyes by strong constraint.
But when she found her resolution faint
With too much pittie; her sad sister viewes,
And said, while both, her eyes by turnes peruse.
Why flatters he? why tongueless weepes the other?
Why sister calls not she, whom he calls mother?

Degen

)egenerate! thinke whose daughter; to whom wed:
ll pietie is sinne to *Tereus* bed.
hen *Itys* trailes: as when by *Ganges* flouds
Tigresse drags a Fawne through silent woods.
etiring to the most sequestred roome:
Vhile he, with hands vp-heau'd, fore-sees his doome,
lings to her bosom; mother! mother! cry'd;
he stabs him: nor once turn'd her face aside.
lis throte was cut by *Philomela*'s knife:
lthough one wound suffiz'd to vanquish life.
lis yet quick lims, ere all his soule could passe,
hee piece-meale teares. Some boyle in hollow brasse,
ome hisse on spits. The pauements bluht with blood.
rogne inuites her husband to this food:
nd faines her Countries Rite; which would afford
Vo attendant, nor companion, but her Lord.
Vow *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-sires throne,
Vith his sons carued entrailes stuffes his owne:
nd bids her (so Soule-blinded!) call his boy.
rogne could not disguise her cruell ioy:
n full fruition of her horrid ire,
hou hast, said she, within thee thy desire.
ie looks about: asks where. And while againe
le asks, and calls: all bloudy with the slaine,
orth, like a Fury, *Philomela* flew;
nd at his face the head of *Itys* threw.
Vor euer more than now desir'd a tongue;
'expresse the ioy of her reuenged wrong.
le, with lowd out-cryes, doth the boord repell;
nd cites the Furies from the depth of hell.
Vow from his rising stomack striues to cast
h' abhorred food: now weeps, with griefe agast:

And

And calls himselfe his sons vnhappy tombe.
Then drawes his sword; and through the guilty roome
Pursues the Sisters; who appeare with wings
To cut the ayre: and so they did. One sings
In woods, the other neare the house remaines:
And on her brest yet beares her murders staines.
He, swift with griefe and fury, in that space
His person chang'd. Long tufts of feathers grace
His shining crowne; his sword a bill became;
His face all arm'd: whom we a Lapwing name.
This killing newes, ere halfe his age was spent,
Pandion to th' infernall Shadowes sent.
Erichtheus his throne and scepter held:
Who, both in iustice, and bold armes exceld.
To him his wife foure sons, all hopefull, bare:
As many daughters: two, surpassing faire.
Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made:
But *Thract* and *Tereus*, *Boreas* nuptiall stayd.
The God belou'd *Orithya* wanted long;
While he put off his powre, to vse his tongue.
His sute reiected; horridly inclind
To anger (too familiar with that Wind.)
I iustly suffer this indignity:
For why, said he, haue I my armes laid by?
Strength, violence, high rage, and awfull threats.
'Tis my dishonour to haue vs'd intreats.
Force me befits. With this, thick clouds I driue;
Tosse the blew billowes, knotty Okes vp-riue;
Congeale soft snow, and beat the earth with haile.
When I my brethren in the ayre assaile,
(For that's our field) we meet with such a shocke,
That thundring skyes with our incounters rock,

And clowd-ſtruck lightning flaſhes from on high.
When through the crannies of the earth I flye,
And force her in her hollow caues, I make
The Ghoſts to tremble, and the ground to quake.
Thus ſhould I haue wood; with theſe my match haue made
Erichtheus ſhould haue been compeld, not pray'd.
Thus *Boreas* chafes; or no leſſe ſtorming, ſhooke
His horrid wings; whoſe ayery motion ſtrooke
The earth with blaſts, and made the Ocean rore.
Trayling his dusky mantle on the flore,
He hid himſelfe in clouds of duſt, and caught
Belou'd *Orithya*, with her feare diſtraught.
Flying, his agitated fires increaſt:
Nor of his ayerie race the raignes ſuppreſt
Till to the walled *Cicones* he came.
Two goodly Twins th' eſpous'd *Athenian* Dame
Gaue to the Icie author of her rape:
Who had their fathers wings and mothers ſhape.
Yet not ſo borne. Before their faces bare
The manly enſignes of their yellow haire,
Calaïs and *Zetes* both vnplumed were.
But as the downe did on their chins appeare;
So, foule-like, from their ſides ſoft feathers bud.
When youth to action had inflam'd their blood;
In the firſt veſſell, with the flowre of *Greece*,
Through vnknowne ſeas, they ſought the Golden Fleece;

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The seuenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

MEn, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their yeares
By odors cast. A seire branch Oliues beares.
Drops sprout to Flowres. Old Aeson *yong became,*
So Libers *Nurses. An old Sheepe a Lambe.*
Cerambus *flies. A Snake, a snake-like Stone.*
An Oxe, a Stag. Sad Mera *barks vnknowne.*
Hornes front the Coân *dames. The* Telchines
All change. A Doue-turn'd Maid, The hard to please,
Becomes a Swan. *His mother* Hyrie *weepes*
Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe *keepes*
Her son-sought Life. A King and Queene estrang'd
To flightfull Foule. Cephisus *Nephew changd*
Into a Seale. Eumélus *daughter flies*
Through traceless regions. Men from Mushrumps rise,
Phinius *and* Periphas *light wings assume.*
So Polyphemons *neece. From* Cerberus *spume*
Springs Aconite. Iust Earth a graue denies
To Scyrons *bones; which now in rocks arise.*
Arne, *a Chough. Stout* Myrmidons *are borne*
Of toyling Ants. The late reiected Morne
Masks Cephalus. *The Dog, that did pursue,*
And Beast pusi'de; two marble Statues grew.

VIth *Pagasean* keele the *Minyæ* plow
The curling waues; and *Phineus* see; who now

In endlesse night his needy age consumes.
The youthfull sons of *Boreas*, rais'd with plumes,
Those greedy *Harpyes*, with the virgin face,
Far-off from his polluted table chace.
They, vnder *Iason*, hauing suffer'd much;
At length the banks of slimy *Phasis* touch.
Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minyæ* aske:
And from the King receiue a dreadfull taske.
Meane-while *Æêtias* fries in secret fires:
Who strugling long with ouer-strong desires,
When reason could not such a rage restraine;
She said: *Medea*, thou resists in vaine.
Some God, vnknowne, with-stands. What will this proue!
Or is it such as others fancie, loue?
Why seeme the Kings commands so too seuere?
And so, in truth they be. Why should I feare
A strangers ruine, neuer seene before?
Whence spring these cares? Why feare I more and more?
These furies from thy virgin brest repell,
Wretch, if thon canst. Could I, I should be well.
A new-felt force my striuing powers inuades:
Affection this, discretion that, perswades.
I see the better, I approue it too:
The worse I follow. Why shouldst thou pursue
A husband of an other world; that art
Of royall birth? Our country may impart
A choice as worthy. If this forrein mate;
Or liue, or dye; 't is in the hands of fate.
Yet, may he liue! I such a sute might moue
To equall Gods, although I did not loue.
For what hath *Iason* done? his hopefull Youth
Would moue all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth;

Hi

His birth, his valour. Set all these apart;
His person would: I am sure it moues my heart.
Yet should not I assist, the flaming breath
Of Bulls would blast him; or, assaults of death
Spring vp in armes from *Tellus* hostill womb:
Or else the greedie *Dragon* proues his tomb.
This suffer, and thou hast a heart of stone;
Borne of a Tygresse, and more sauage growne.
Yet why stand I not by? behold him slaine?
And with that spectacle my eyes profane?
Adde fury to the Bulls? to th' Earth-borne ire?
And sleeplesse Dragon with more spleene inspire?
The Gods forbid! yet rather helpe, than pray.
My fathers kingdome shall I then betray?
And saue this fellow, whom I hardly know,
That sau'd by me, he should without me goe,
Marry an other, and leaue me behind
To punishment? could he proue so vnkind,
Or for an other my deserts neglect;
Then should he dye. Such is not his aspect;
The clearnesse of his mind; his euery grace;
To feare deceit, or censure him so base.
Besides, before hand he shall plight his troth:
And bind the contract by a solemne oath.
What need thou doubt? goe on; delay decline:
Obliged *Iason* will be euer thine.
Hymen shall crowne, and mothers celebrate
Their sons Protectresse through th' *Achaian* State.
My sister, brother, father, country, Gods,
Shall I abandon for vnknowne abodes?
Austere my father, barbarous my land,
My brother, a child; my sisters wishes stand

With my desires; the greatest God of all
My brest inshrines. What I forsake, is small:
Great hopes I follow. To receiue the grace
For *Argo's* safetie: know a better place
And Cities, which, in these far-distant parts,
Are famous; with ciuilitie, and arts:
And *Æsons* son, whom I more dearely prize
Than wealthy Earth and all her Monarchies.
In him most happy, and affected by
The bounteous gods, my crown shall reach the sky.
They tell of Rocks that iustle in the maine:
Charybdis, that sucks in, and casts againe
The wrackfull waues: how rau'nous *Scyl'a* waits
With barking dogs in rough *Sicilian* straits.
My loue possest; in *Iasons* bosome laid;
Let seas swell high: I cannot be dismaid
While I infold my husband in my armes.
Or should I feare, I should but feare his harmes.
Call'st thou him husband? wilt thou then thy blame
Medea, varnish with an honest name?
Consider well what thou intendst to doe;
And, while thou maist, so foule a crime eschue.
Thus she. When honour, pietie, the right,
Before her stood; and *Cupid* put to flight.
Then goes where *Hecates* old Altar stood;
O're-shadowed by a dark and secret wood.
Her broken ardor she had now reclaim'd:
Which *Iasons* presence forth-with re-inflam'd.
Her cheeks blush fire: her face with feruor flashes.
And as a dying cinder, rak't in ashes,
Fed by reuiuing windes, augmenting, glowes;
And tossed, to accustom'd fury growes:

So

So sickly Loue, which late appear'd to dye;
New life assum'd from his inflaming eye.
Whose looks by chance more beauty now discouer
Than heretofore: you might forgiue the louer.
Her eager eyes she riuets on his face;
And, frantick, thinks him of no humane race:
Nor could diuert her lookes. As he his tongue
Began t'vnloose, her faire hand softly wrung,
Implor'd her aide, and promis'd her his bed:
She answer made, with tearrs profusely shed.
I see to what euents m' intentions moue:
Nor ignorance deceiues me thus; but loue.
You, by the vertue of my art, shall liue:
In recompence, your faithfull promise giue.
He, by the Altar of the Triple Powre,
The groues which that great Deity imbowre,
Her fathers Sire, to whom the hid appeares,
His owne successe, and so great danger, sweares.
Beleeu'd: from her th' inchanted herbs receiues;
With them, their vse: and his Protectresse leaues.
The Morrow had the sparkling stars defac't:
When all in *Marse's* field assemble; plac't
On circling ridges. Seated on a throne,
The iuory-scepter'd King in scarlet shone.
From adamant nostrils bras-hoou'd Buls now cast
Hot *Vulcan*, and the grasse with vapors blast.
And as full forges, blowne by art, resound;
As puluer'd flints, infurnest vnder ground;
By sprinkled water fire conceiue: so they
Pent flames, inuolu'd in noysefull brests, betray;
So rumble their scorcht throtes. Yet *Æsons* Heire
Came brauely on: on whom they turne, and stare

With terrible aspects; his ruine threat
With steele-tipt hornes. Inrag'd, their cleft hooues beat
The thundring ground; whence clouds of dust arise;
And with their smoky bellowings rend the skies.
The *Minyæ* freeze with feare; but he remaines
Vntoucht: such vertue Sorcery containes.
Their dew-laps boldly with his hand he strokes,
Inforc't to draw the plough with heauy yokes.
The *Colchians* at so strange a sight admire:
The *Minyæ* shout, and set his powres on fire.
Then, in his caske, the vipers teeth assumes:
Those in the turn'd-vp furrowes he inhumes.
Earth mollifies the poys'nous seeds, which spring;
And forth a haruest of new People bring.
And as an Embrion, in the womb inclos'd,
Assumes the forme of man; within compos'd,
Through all accomplisht numbers; nor comes forth
To breathe in ayre, till his maturer growth:
So when the bowels of the teeming Earth
Grew great, she gaue mens perfect shapes their birth.
And, what's more strange; with them, their armes ascend:
Who at th' *Æmonian* Youth their lances bend.
When this th' *Achaians* saw, they hung the head:
And all their courages for terror fled.
Euen she, who had secur'd him was affraid,
When she beheld so many one inuade.
A chil cold checks her bloud; death looks lesse pale.
And lest the hearbs she gaue should chance to faile;
Vnheard auxiliarie charmes imparts:
And calls th' assistance of her secret Arts.
He hurles a massie stone among his foes:
Who on themselues conuert their deadly blowes.

The

The Earth-borne brothers mutuall wounds destroy,
And ciuill warre. The *Achiues* skip for ioy,
And throng t' imbrace the Victor. Her the same
Affection spurd, but was with-held by shame.
Yet that too weake if none had lookt vpon her:
Not vertue checkt her, but the wrack of honor.
Now, in conceit, she hugs him in her armes:
Applauds th' inuentiue Gods; with them, her charmes,
To make the Dragon sleepe that neuer slept,
Remaines; whose care the golden purchace kept.
Bright crested, triple tongu'd; his cruell iawes
Arm'd with sharpe phangs; his feet with dreadfull clawes.
When once besprinkled with *Lethæan* iuyce,
And words repeated thrice; which sleepe produce,
Calme the rough seas, and make swift riuers stand;
His eye-lids vail'd to sleepes vnknowne command.
The Heros, of the Golden Fleece possest,
Proud of the spoyle, with her whose fauour blest
His enterprize, an other Spoyle, now bore
To sea; and lands on safe *Iolcian* shore.
Æmonian parents, for their sons returne,
Bring gratefull gifts, coniected incense burne;
And chearfully with horne-gilt offrings pay
Religious vowes. But *Æson* was away;
Oppreft with tedious age, now neere his tomb.
When thus *Æsonides*: O wife, to whom
My life I owe: though all I hold in chiefe
From thy deserts, which far surpasse beliefe;
If magick can (what cannot magick do?)
Take yeeres from me; and his with mine renue.
Then wept. His pietie her passion stirs:
Who sighs to thinke how vnlike she had beene to hers.

Yet this concealing, answers: What a crime
Hath slipt thy tongue? thinkst thou, that with thy time
I can, or will, anothers life inuest?
Hecat' fore-fend! nor is't a just request.
Yet *Iason*, we a greater gift will giue:
Thy father, by our art renew'd, shall liue,
Without thy losse; if so the triple Powre
Assist me with her presence in that howre.
Three nights yet wanted, ere the Moone could ioyne
Her growing hornes. When with replenisht shine
She fac't the earth; the Court she leaues; her haire
Vntrest, her garments loose, her ankles bare:
And wanders through the dead of drowsie Night
With vnseene steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,
Deepe Rest had bound in humid gyues; who crept
So silently, as if her selfe had slept.
No Aspen wags, moyst ayre no sound receiues;
Stars onely shine: to which her armes she heaues:
Thrice turnes about; besprinkles thrice her crowne
With gather'd deaw; thrice yawnes: and kneeling downe
O *Night*, thou friend to Secrets; you cleare fires,
That, with the Moone, succeed when Day retires:
Great *Hecate*, that know'st, and aid imparts
To our designes: you Charmes, and magick Arts:
And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yeelds
Thy powerfull simples: aires, winds, mountaines, fields;
Soft murmuring springs, still lakes, and riuers cleare:
You Gods of woods; you Gods of night, appeare!
By you, at will, I make swift streames retire
To their first fountaynes, whilst their banks admire;
Seas tosse, and smooth; cleere clouds, with clouds deforme;
Stormes turne to calmes, and make a calme a Storme.

With

With ſpels and charmes I breake the Vipers iaw,
Cleaue ſolid rocks, okes from their ſeaſures draw,
Whole Woods remoue, the ayrie mountaines ſhake;
Earth grone, and ghoſts from beds of death awake.
And thee, *Titania*, from thy ſphere I hale:
Though ringing Cymballs thy extreames auaile.
Our charmes thy charriot pale; our poys'nous weeds,
The frighted Morne; though drawne by roſie Steeds.
Flame-breathing buls you tam'd; you made them bow
Their ſtubborne necks vnto the ſeruill plow;
The Serpents brood by you ſelfe-ſlaughtred lyes;
Your ſlumbers clos'd the wakefull Dragons eyes,
At our command: and ſent the Golden Fleece
(The guard deluded) to the towres of Greece.
Now need I drugs, that may old age indue
With vigour, and the flowre of youth renue.
Which you ſhall giue. Nor blaze theſe ſtars in vaine:
Nor Dragous vainly through the ayrie maine
This Charriot draw. Hard by the charriot reſts.
Mounting, ſhe ſtrokes the bridled dragons creſts;
And ſhakes the raignes. Rapt vp beneath her ſpies
Theſſalian Tempe; and her ſnakes applies
To parts retir'd. The hearbs that *Oſſa* beare,
Steepe *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*; euer-cleare
Olympus, who the loftie *Pindus* tops;
Vp-roots, or with her brazen Cycle crops.
Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*;
By *Amphryſus* much; and where *Enipeus* ran.
Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Peneus*, barren found:
Nor thee ſmoothe *Bœbes* with ſharpe ruſhes crown'd.
And rauiſht from *Euboian Anthedon*,
That hearb, as yet by *Glaucus* change vnknowne.

By

By winged Dragons drawne, nine nights, nine dayes,
About the romes; and euery field suruayes.
Return'd: her Snakes, that did but onely smell
The Odors, cast their skins, and age expell.
Her feete to enter her owne roofe refuse
Rooft by the sky: the touch of man eschues.
Two Altars builds of liuing turfe; the right
To *Hecate*, the left to *Youth*. These dight
With Vervin and greene boughs; hard by, two pits
She forthwith digs: and sacrificing, slits
The throtes of black-fleest rams. With reaking blood
The ditches fils; and powres thereon a flood
Of honey, and new milke, from turn'd-vp bowles;
Repeating powerfull words. The King of Soules,
His rauisht Queene, inuokes; and Powers beneath,
Not to preuent her by old *Æsons* death.
With pray'rs, and long-breath'd murmurings appeas'd:
She bids them to produce the age-diseas'd.
Her sleepe-producing charme his spirits deads:
Who on the grasse his senseless body spreads.
Charg'd *Iason*, and the rest, far-off with-drew:
Vnhallowed eyes might not such secrets view.
Furious *Medea*, with her haire vnbound,
About the flagrant Altar trots a Round.
The brands dips in the ditches, black with blood;
And on the Altars fires th'infected wood.
Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,
And thrice with sulphur; muttering horrid names.
Meane while, in hollow brasse the med'cine boyles:
And swelling high, in fomy bubbles toyles.
There seethes she what th' *Æmonian* vales produce;
Rootes, iuyces, flowres, and seeds of soueraigne vse.

Adde

Addes pretious ſtones, from fartheſt Orient reft:
And pibles, by the ebbing Ocean left.
The deaw collected ere the Dawning ſprings:
A Screech-owles fleſh, with her infamous wings.
The entrailes of ambiguous Wolues; that can
Take, and forſake the figure of a man.
The liuer of a long-liu'd Hart: then takes
The ſcaly skins of ſmall *Cinyphean* ſnakes.
A Crowes black head, and poynted beake, was caſt
Among the reſt; which had nine ages paſt.
Theſe, and a thouſand more, without a name,
Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame
For humane benefit. Th'ingredients now
She mingles with a wither'd oliue bough.
Lo! from the caldron the dry ſtick receiues
Firſt virdure; and a little after, leaues;
Forth-with, with ouer-burdning Oliues deckt.
The skipping ſpume which vnder flames eiect,
Vpon the ground deſcended in a dew:
Whence vernall flowres, and ſpringing paſture grew.
This ſeene, ſhe cuts the old mans throte; out-ſcrus'd
His ſcarce-warme blood, and her receipt infus'd.
Suckt in at mouth or wound, his beard and head
Black haire forth-with adorne, the hoary ſhed.
Pale colour, morphue, meger looks remoue:
And vnder-riſing fleſh his wrinkles ſmoothe.
His limmes wax ſtrong and luſtic. *Æſon* much
Admires his change: himſelfe remembers ſuch
Twice twenty ſummers paſt. With all, indu'd.
A youthfull mind: and both at once renew'd.
This wonder from on high *Lyæus* views:
By *Colchis* gift his nurſes dates renewes.

Leaſt

Leaſt fraud ſhould faile; ſhe, with her bed's Conſort
Diſſention faines, and flies to *Pelias* Court.
His daughters (for ſad Age the King arreſts)
Her entertaine. Who ſoone with ſly proteſts
Of forged loue allures their quick beliefe.
Among her merits mentions the repriefe
Of *Æſons* yeares; inſiſting on that part.
This hope ingenders, that her able Art
Might ſo their father's vaniſht youth reſtore:
Whom they, with infinite rewards implore.
She, muſing, ſeemes to doubt: and, with pretence
Of difficultie, holds them in ſuſpence.
But when ſhe had a tardy promiſe made;
To win your ſtedfaſt confidence (ſhe ſaid)
Take from your flocks the moſt age-ſhaken Ram;
And ſuddenly he ſhall become a Lamb.
Streight thither by the wreathed hornes they drew
A ſunk-ey'd Ram; whoſe youth none liuing knew.
Now, at his riueled throte, out-lanching life
(Whoſe little blood could hardly ſtaine her knife)
'is carkaſſe ſhe into a caldron throwes:
/ith it, her drugs. Each limb more ſlender growes;
Ie caſts his hornes, and with his hornes his yeares:
Anon a tender bleating ſtrikes their eares.
While they admire, out skips a friſking lamb;
That ſports, and ſeekes the vdder of his dam.
Fixt with amaze: they, ſtrongly now poſſeſt,
Her promiſe more importunately preſt.
Thrice *Phœbus* had vnyok't his panting Steeds,
Drencht in *Iberian* Seas; whiſt Night ſucceeds,
Studded with ſtars: when falſe *Medea* tooke,
With vſeleſſe herbs, meere water of the brooke.

On.

On *Pelias*, and his drowſie Guard, ſhe hung
A death-like ſleepe with her inchanting tongue.
Whom now the ſo-inſtructed ſiſters led
Into his chamber; and beſiege his bed.
Why pauſe you thus, ſaid ſhe, ô ſlow to good!
Vnſheath your ſwords, and ſhed his aged blood;
That I his veines with ſprightly iuyce may fill:
His life and youth depend vpon your will.
If you haue any vertue, nor purſue
Vnfruitfull hopes, performe this filiall due.
With ſteele your fathers age expulſe, and purge
His dregs through wounds. Their zeale her ſpeeches vrge.
Who were moſt pious, impious firſt became:
And, by auoyding, perpetrate the ſame.
Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow:
But, with auerted lookes, blind wounds beſtow.
He, blood-imbrew'd, his hoary head aduanc't:
Halfe-mangled, ſtroue to riſe. Who now intranc't
Amidſt ſo many ſwords, his armes vp-held;
And, Daughters, cry'd, what doe you! what compeld
Thoſe cruell hands t'inuade your fathers life!
Downe ſunke their hands and hearts. *Medea*'s knife,
With following ſpeech his throte aſunder cuts:
And his hackt limmes in ſeething liquor puts.
And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,
Reuenge had tortur'd her. Aloft ſhe flies
Ore ſhady *Pelion*, god-like *Chirons* Den,
Aſpiring *Othrys*, hills renown'd by men.
For old *Cerambus* ſafety: who, by aide
Of fauouring Nymphs, reliefefull wings diſplaide;
While ſwallowing waues the waighty earth ſurround:
And ſwolne *Deucalions* ſurges ſcap't vndrown'd.

Æolian

Æolian Pitane on her left hand leaues;
That marble which the Serpents shape receiues;
Idæan groues, where *Liber* turn'd a Steere
(To cloke his sons slye theft) into a Deere;
The sand-heape which *Corytus* Sire containes;
And where new-barking *Mera* frights the plaines:
Euryphylus towne, where hornes the Matrons sham'd
Of *Co*, when *Hercules* the *Coans* tam'd;
Phœbeian Rhodes; *Ialysian Telchines*,
Drencht by *Ioues* vengeance in his brothers seas,
For all transforming with their vitious eyes:
By *Cæa's* old *Cartheian* turrets flyes,
Where fates *Aicidamas* with wonder moue,
To thinke his daughter could become a Doue.
Then *Hyries* lake, *Cycneian Tempe* view'd,
Grac't by a Swan with sudden plumes indu'd.
For *Phyllius* there, had, at a Boyes command,
Wild birds, and saluage Lyons, brought to hand.
Who bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd;
Yet at so sterne a loue not seldome storm'd,
And his last purchase to the boy deny'd.
Pouting, You'l wish you had giuen it me, he cry'd;
And iumpt from downe-right cliffs. All held him bain'd;
When spredding wings a siluer Swan sustain'd
His Mother (ignorant thereof) became
A Lake with weeping: which they *Hyrie* name.
Next *Pleuron* lies; where *Ophian Combe* shuns,
With trembling wings, her life pursuing sons.
Then neere *Latona*-lou'd *Calaurea* rang'd;
In which the King and Queene to birds were chang'd.
Cyllene on the right hand (where the beast
Menephron would his mother haue compreſt)

Cephisus

Cephisus spies (who for his nephew mourn'd;
Into a Sea-calfe by *Apollo* turn'd).
Eumelus Court, whose daughter sads her Sire,
With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire.
To *Piren, Ephyr*: men, if Fame say true,
Here at the first from shower-rayſd mushrumps grew.
But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,
And *Creons* Pallace, wrapt in Magick flame;
When impious steele her childrens bloud had shed,
The ill-reueng'd from *Iasons* fury fled.
Whom now the swift *Titanian* Dragons draw
To *Pallas* towres. Those thee, iust *Phineus*, saw;
And thee, old *Periphas*, at once to flie:
Where *Polyphemons* Neece new wings supply.
Ægæus entertaines her (of his life
The onely staine) and took her for his wife.
Here *Theseus* maskt vnknown: who, great in Deed
Had two-sea'd *Isthmos* from oppression freed.
Whose vndeserued ruin *Phasias* sought
By mortall Aconite, from *Scythia* brought.
This from *Echidna's* hel-hound essence drawes.
There is a blind steepe caue with foggy iawes,
Through which the bold *Tirynthian* Heros strain'd
Drag'd *Cerberus*, with adamant inchain'd.
Who backward hung, and scouling, lookt a-skew
On glorious Day; with anger rabid grew:
Thrice howles, thrice barks at once, with his three heads;
And on the grasse his spumy poyson sheds.
This sprung; attracting from the fruitfull soyle
Dire nourishment, and powre of deathfull spoyle.
The rurall Swaines, because it takes delight
In liuing rocks, surnam'd it Aconite.

Ægæus,

Ægæus, by her sly perswasions wonne;
As to a foe, presents it to his sonne.
He took the cup: when by the iuory hilt
Of *Theseus* sword, *Ægæus* found her guilt;
And struck the potion from his lips. With charmes
Ingendring clouds, she scapes his lengthlesse armes.
Though glad of his sons safetie, a chill feare
Shooke all his powers, that danger was so neere.
With fire he feeds the Altars, richly feasts
The Gods with gifts. Whole Hecatombs of beasts
(Their hornes with ribands wreath'd) imbrew the ground.
No day, they say, was euer so renown'd
Amongst th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all,
Together celebrate that Festiuall.
And sing, when flowing bowles their spirits raise:
Great *Theseus*, *Marathon* resounds thy praise
For slaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure
They liue, who *Cremyons* wasted fields manure,
By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcans* Seed
By thee glad *Epidaure* beheld to bleed.
Immane *Procrustes* death *Cephisia* view'd:
Elusis, *Cercyon's*. *Scinis* ill indu'de
With strength so much abus'd; who Beeches bent,
And tortur'd bodyes 'twixt their branches rent,
Thou slew'st. The way which to *Alcathoë* led
Is now secure, inhumane *Scyron* dead.
The Earth his scatter'd bones a graue deny'd;
Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:
Which tossed to and fro, in time became
A solid rock: the rock we *Scyron* name.
If we thy yeares should number with thy acts;
Thy yeares would proue a cypher to thy facts.

Great

Great ſoule! for thee, as for our publique wealth,
We pray; and quaffe *Lyæus* to thy health.
The Pallace with the peoples praiſes rings:
And ſacred Ioy in euery boſome ſprings.
Ægæus yet (no pleaſure is compleat:
Griefe twins with ioy.) for *Theſeus* ſafe receit
Reapes little comfort. *Minos* makes a war:
Though ſtrong in men and ſhips, yet ſtronger far
Through vengeance of a father: who, his harmes
In ſlaine *Androgeus*, ſcourgeth with iuſt armes.
Yet wiſely firſt endeuours forraine aid:
And all the Ilands of that Sea ſuruai'd.
Who *Anaphe* and *Aſtipalea* gain'd;
The one by gifts, the other war conſtrain'd:
Low *Mycone*, *Cimolus* chalkie fields,
High *Scyros*, *Siphnus*, which rich metals yeelds,
Champion *Seriphos*, *Paros* far diſplay'd
With marble browes, and *Cythnos* il-betray'd
By impious *Arne* for yet-loued gold;
Turn'd to a Chough, whom ſable plumes infold.
Oliaros, *Didyma* the Sea-lou'd ſoyle
Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* fat with oyle,
Andros, and *Gyaros*; theſe their aid deny'd.
The *Gnoſsian* fleet from thence their ſailes apply'd
Vnto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd.
Oenopia by the ancient dwellers nam'd:
But *Æacus*, there raigning, call'd the ſame
Ægina, of his honour'd mothers name.
All throng to ſee a Prince of ſo great worth.
Straight *Telamon* and *Peleus*, iſſuing forth,
With *Phocus*, youngeſt of that royall race,
Make haſte to meet him. With a tardie pace

Came

Came aged *Æacus*, and askt the cause
Of his repaire. At those sad thoughts he drawes
His breath in sighs: some intermission made,
The Ruler of the hundred Cities said.
Assist our armes, borne for my murdred son;
And in this pious war our fortunes run:
Giue comfort to his graue. The King reply'd:
In vaine you aske what needs must be deny'd.
No Citie is in stricter league than ours
Conioyn'd to *Athens*: mutuall are our powres.
He, parting, said: Your league shall cost you deare,
And held it better far to threat, than beare
An accidentall warre; whereby he might
Consume his force before he came to fight.
Yet might they see the *Cretans* vnder saile
From high built walls: when, with a leading gale,
The *Attick* ship attain'd their friendly shore:
Which *Cephalus*, and his embassage, bore.
Th'*Æacides* him knew (though many a day
Vnseene) imbrace, and to the Court conuay.
The goodly Prince, who yet the pledges held
Of those perfections, which in youth exceld,
Enters the Pallace; bearing in his hand
A branch of Oliue. At his elbowes stand
Clytus, and *Butes*; valorous and young:
Who from the loynes of high-borne *Pallas* sprung.
First *Cephalus* his full oration made;
Which shew'd his message, and demanded aid:
Their leagues, an ancient loues to mind recalls;
And how all *Greece* was threatned in their falls:
With eloquence inforc't his embassie.
When God-like *Æacus* made this replie.

(His

(His royall ſcepter ſhining in his hand)
Athenians, craue not ſuccour, but command:
This Ilands forces yours vouchſafe to call;
For in your ayde I will aduenture all.
Souldiers I haue enow, at once t'oppoſe
My enemies, and to repell your foes.
The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will
Seeke no excuſes. May your Citie ſtill
Increaſe with people; *Cephalus* reply'd.
At my approch I not a little ioy'd
To meet ſo many youths of equall yeares,
So freſh and luſtie. Yet not one appeares
Of thoſe who heretofore your towne poſſeſt;
When firſt you entertayn'd me for a Gueſt.
Then *Æacus*, (in ſighs his words aſcend)
A ſad beginning had a better end.
Would I could vtter all: Day would expire
Ere all were told, and t'would your patience tire.
Their bones, and aſhes, ſilent graues incloſe:
And what a treaſure periſhed with thoſe!
By *Iuno's* wrath, a dreadfull peſtilence
Deuour'd our liues: who tooke vniuſt offence,
In that this Ile her Riuals name profeſt.
While it ſeem'd humane, and the cauſe vnkneſt;
So long we death-repelling Phyſick try'd:
But thoſe diſeaſes vanquiſht Art deride.
Heauen firſt, the earth with thickned vapors ſhrouds;
And lazie heat inuolues in ſullen clouds.
Foure pallid moones their growing hornes vnite,
And had as oft with-drawne their feeble light;
Yet ſtill the death-producing *Auſter* blew.
Sunke ſprings, and ſtanding lakes infected grew:

Serpents

Serpents in vntild fields by millions creepe;
And in the ſtreames their tainting poyſons ſteepe.
Firſt, dogs, ſheepe, oxen, fowle that flagging fly,
And ſaluage beaſts, the ſwift infection try.
Sad Swaines, amazed, ſee their oxen ſhrink
Beneath the yoke, and in the furrowes ſink.
The fleecie flocks with anguiſh faintly bleat;
Let fall their wooll, and pine away with heat,
The generous Horſe that from th'*Olympicks* late
Return'd with honour, now degenerate,
Vnmindfull of the glory of his prize;
Grones at his manger, and there deedleſſe dyes.
The Bore forgets his rage: ſwift feet now faile
The Hart: nor Beares the horned Herd aſſaile.
All languiſh. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)
Are fil'd with carkaſſes, that ſtench the aire.
Which neither dogs, nor greedy fowle (how much
To be admir'd!) nor hoary wolues would touch.
Falling, they rot: which deadly Odors bred,
That round about their dire contagion ſpred.
Now raues among the wretched country Swaines:
Now in our large and populous Citie raignes.
At firſt, their bowels broyle, with feruor ſtretcht:
The ſymptoms; redneſſe, hot wind hardly fetcht.
Their furd tongs ſwell; their drie iawes gaſp for breath;
And with the ayre inhale a ſwifter death.
None could indure or couerture, or bed:
But on the ſtones their panting boſoms ſpred.
Cold ſtones could no way mitigate that heat:
Euen they beneath thoſe burning burdens ſweat.
None cure attempt: the ſterne Diſeaſe inuades
The heartleſſe Leech; nor Art her author aids.

[The

The neere ally'd, whose care the sick attends,
Sicken themselues, and dye before their friends.
Of remedy they see no hope at all,
But onely in approching funerall.
All cherish their desires: for helpe none care:
Help was there none. In shamelesse throngs repaire
To springs and wells: there cleaue, in bitter strife
T'extinguish thirst; but first extinguish life.
Nor could th'o're-charg'd arise; but dying, sink:
And of those tainted waters, others drink.
The wretches lothe their tedious beds: thence breake
With giddy steps. Or, if now growne too weake,
Roule on the floore: there quitted houses hate,
As guilty of their miserable fate;
And, ignorant of the cause, the place accuse:
Halfe-ghosts, they walk, while they their legs could vse.
You might see others on the earth lye mourning;
Their heauy eyes with dying motion turning:
Stretching their armes to heauen, where euer death
Surpris'd them, parting with their sigh't-out breath.
O what a heart had I! or ought to haue!
I loth'd my life, and wisht with them a graue.
Which way soeuer I conuert my eye,
The breathlesse multitude dispersed lye.
Like perisht apples, dropping with the strokes
Of rocking windes; or acornes from broad ōkes.
See you yon Temple, mounted on high staires?
'Tis *Iupiters*. Who hath not offer'd praiers,
And slighted incense there! husbands for wiues;
Fathers for sons: and while they pray, their liues
Before th'inexorable altars vent;
With incense in their hands, halfe yet vnspent!

How

How oft the oxe, vnto the temple brought,
While yet the Priest the angry Powres besought,
And pour'd pure wine betweene his hornes; fell downe
Before the axe had toucht his curled crowne!
To *Iupiter* about to sacrifice,
For me, my country, sons; with horrid noyse
Th'vnwounded Offering fell: the blood that life
Bore into exile, hardly staind the knife.
The Inwards lost their signes of heauens presage;
Out-raized by the sterne Diseases rage.
The dead before the sacred doores were laid:
Before the Altars too; the Gods t'vpbraid.
Some choke themselues with cords: by death eschue
The feare of death; and following Fates pursue.
Dead corps, without the Dues of funerall,
They weakly beare: the ports are now too small.
Or vn-inhum'd they lye: or else are throwne
On wealthlesse pyles. Respect is giuen to none.
For Pyles they striue: on those their kinsfolke burne,
That flame for others. None are left to mourne.
Ghosts wander vndeplor'd by sons or sires:
Nor is there roome for tombs, or wood for fires.
Astonisht with these tempests of extreames:
O *Ioue*, said I, if they be more than dreames
That wrapt thee in *Ægina's* armes; nor shame
That I, thy son, should thee my father name:
Render me mine, or render me a graue!
With prosperous thunder-claps a signe he gaue.
I take it, said I; let this Omen be
A happy pledge of thy intents to me;
Hard by, a goodly Oke, by fortune, stood,
Sacred to *Ioue*; of *Dodoneian* wood:

Graine-

Graine-gathering Ants there, in long files I saw,
Whose little mouthes selfe-greater burthens draw;
Keeping their paths along the rugged rine.
While I admire their number: O diuine,
And euer helpfull! giue to me, said I,
As many men; who may the dead supply.
The trembling oke his lofftie top declin'd:
And murmured without a breath of wind.
I shooke with feare: my tresses stood an end:
Yet on the earth and oke I kisses spend.
I durst not seeme to hope; yet hope I did:
And in my brest my cherisht wishes hid.
Night came; and Sleepe care-wasted bodies chear'd:
Before my eyes the selfe-same Oke appear'd;
So many branches, as before, there were;
So many busie Ants those branches beare;
So shooke the Oke, and with that motion threw
To vnder-earth the graine-supporting crew.
Greater and greater straight they seeme to sight:
To raise themselues from earth, and stand vp-right.
Whom numerous feet, black colour, lankneſſe leaue:
And instantly a humane shape receiue.
Now Sleep with-drew. My dream I waking blame:
And on the small-performing Gods exclaime.
Yet heard a mightie noyse; and seem'd to heare
Almost forgotten voyces: yet I feare
That this a dreame was also. Whereupon,
The doore thrust open, in rusht *Telamon*:
Come forth, said he, O father; and behold
What hope transcends; nor can with faith be told!
Forth went I; and beheld the men which late
My dreame presented: such in euery state

I saw; and knew them. They salute their King.
Ioue prais'd: a partie to the towne I bring;
Among the rest I share the fields: and call
Them *Myrmidons* of their originall.
You see their persons: such their manners are
As formerly. A people giuen to spare,
Patient of labour; what they get, preserue.
They, like in yeares and mindes, these wars shall serue,
And follow your conduct; when first this wind
(The wind blew Easterly) that was so kind
To bring you hither, will to your auaile
Conuert it selfe into a Southerne gale.
Discourse thus entertain'd the day; with feasts
They crowne the euening: Sleep the Night inuests.
The morning Sun proiects his golden rayes:
Still *Eurus* blew; and their departure stayes.
Now *Pallas* sons to *Cephalus* resort,
And *Cephalus*, with *Pallas* sons, to Court,
With early visits: (sleepe the King inchaines).
Whom *Phocus* in the Presence entertaines.
For *Peleus*, with his brother *Telamon*,
To raise an army were already gone.
Meane-while th' *Athenians Phocus* leads into
The Priuy chamber, beautifull to view.
Talking; his eyes vpon the iauelin seaze,
Which grac't the fingers of *Æolides*.
I haunt, said he, the woods; delight in blood
Of saluage beasts; yet know not of what wood
Your dart is made of. If of ash it were
'Tould look more brown; if Cornel, 'twould appeare
More knotty: on what tree so'ere it grew,
My eyes did neuer such another view.

One of th' *Actæan* brethren made reply:
You would more wonder at the quality.
It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led;
And of it selfe returnes with slaughter red.
Phocus the cause desireth much to know:
From whence it came; and who did it bestow.
He yeelds to his request; yet things well knowne,
Restrain'd by modesty, he lets alone.
Who toucht with sorrow for his wife, that bleeds
In his remembrance; thus with teares proceeds.
This Dart, ô Goddesse-borne, prouokes these teares:
And euer would, if endlesse were my yeares.
This me, in my vnhappy wife, destroy'd:
This gift I would I neuer had inioy'd!
Procris Orithya's sister was; if Fame
Haue more inform'd you of *Orithya's* name.
Yet she (should you their minds and formes confer)
More worth the rape. *Erechtheus*, mee to her,
And loue, vnite. Then happy! happy, I
Might yet haue beene. But ô, the Gods enuy!
Two months were now consum'd in chaste delight,
When gray *Aurora*, hauing vanquisht Night,
Beheld me on the euer-fragrant hill
Of steepe *Hymettus*: and, against my will,
As I my toyles extended, bare me thence.
I may the truth declare without offence:
Though rosie be her cheeks; although she sway
The deawy Confines of the Night and Day,
And Nectar drink; my *Procris* all possest:
My heart was hers; my tongue her prayse profest.
I told her of our holy nuptiall ties;
Of wedlocks breach; and yet scarce tasted ioyes.

Fire-red, she said; thy harsh complaints forbeare:
Possesse thy *Procris*. Though so faire, so deare;
Thou'lt wish th'hadst neuer knowne her, if I know
Insewing fate: and angry, lets me goe.
Her words I ponder as I went along:
And 'gan to doubt she might my honour wrong.
Her youth and beauty tempt me to distrust:
Her vertue checks those feares, as most vniust.
But I was absent: but example fed
My iealousie: but louers all things dread.
I seeke my sorrowes; and with gifts intend
To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proues a friend
To this suspition; and my forme translates.
Vnknowne, I enter the *Athenian* gates;
And then my owne. The house from blame was free:
In decent order, and perplext for me.
Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd a view:
View'd with astonishment, I scarce pursue
My first intent: scarce could I but reueale
The truth; and pardon with due kisses seale.
She was full sad: yet louelier none than she,
Euen in that sadnesse: sorrowfull for me.
How excellent, ô *Phocus*, was that face,
Which could in griefe retaine so sweet a grace?
What need I tell how often I assail'd
Her vexed chastitie! how often fail'd!
How often said she! One I onely serue:
For him, where euer, I my ioyes preserue.
What mad man would such faith haue farther prest,
But I? industrious in my owne vnrest.
With deepe protests, and gifts still multiply'd,
At length she wauers. False of faith, I cry'd,

Thou art disclos'd: I, no adulterer;
But thy wrong'd spouse: nor can this tryall erre.
She made no answer, prest with silent shame.
Th'insidious house, and me, far more in blame,
Forsaking; man-kind for my sake eschues:
And *Dian*-like the mountaine chace pursues.
Abandon'd; hotter flames my blood incense.
I beg'd her pardon, and confest m'offence:
And said, *Aurora* might haue me subdude
With such inticements, had but she so woo'd.
My fault confest, her wrong reuenged, wee
Grow reconcil'd; and happily agree.
Besides her selfe, as though that gift were small,
A Dog she gaue: which *Cynthia* giuing; All,
Said she, surpasse in swiftnesse: and this Speare
You so commend, which in my hand I beare.
Doe you the fortune of the first inquire?
Receiue a wonder: and the fact admire.
Dark prophesies, not vnderstood of old,
The *Naiades* with searching wits vnfold.
When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,
Neglected grew: Nor could she this indure.
A cruell Beast infests th'*Aônian* plaines;
To many fatall: fear'd by country Swaines,
Both for their cattle, and themselues. We met:
And with our toyles the ample fields beset.
He nimbly skips aboue the vpper lines:
And mounting ouer, frustrates our designes.
Their dogs the'vncouple; whose pursuit he out-springs;
With no lesse speed, than if supply'd by wings.
All bid me let my *Lælaps* slip (for so
My dog was call'd) who strugling long agoe,

Halfe-throtled, ſtraind the leaſh. No ſooner gone,
Than out of ſight; his foot-ſteps left vpon
The burning ſand: who vaniſht from our eyes
As ſwiftly as a well-driuen iauelin flyes;
Or as a ſinging pellet from a ſling;
Or as an arrow from a *Cretan* ſtring.
I mount a hill which ouer-topt the place;
From thence beholding this admired chace.
The Beaſt now pincht appeares, now ſhuns by ſlight
His catching iawes. Nor (crafty) runs out-right;
Nor thruſts his heeles: with nimble turnings ſhunning
His vrgent foe; caſt back by ouer-running.
Who preſt, what onely might in ſpeed compare;
Appeares to catch th'vncaught; and mouthes the aire.
My dart I take to aide: which, while I ſhooke,
And on the thong direct my haſtie looke
To fit my fingers; looking vp againe,
I ſaw two marble ſtatues on the plaine.
Had you theſe ſeene, you could not chuſe but ſay
That this appear'd to run, and that to bay.
That neither ſhould each other ouer-goe
The Gods decree'd: if Gods deſcend ſo low.
Thus he: here paus'd. Then *Phocus*; Pray'vnfold
Your darts offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.
Ioy griefe fore-runs: that ioy we firſt recite.
For ô, thoſe times I mention with delight,
When youth and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life:
She, in her husband bleſt; I in my wife.
In both one care, and one affection moues.
She would not haue exchang'd my bed for *Ioues*;
Nor *Venus* could haue tempted my deſire:
Our boſoms flam'd with ſuch an equall fire.

When

When *Sol* had rais'd his beames aboue the floods;
My custome was to trace the leauy woods;
Arm'd with this dart, I solitary went,
Without horse, huntsmen, toyles, or dogs of sent.
Much kild; I to the cooler shades repaire:
And where the vallie breathes a fresher aire.
Coole aire I seeke, while all with feruor gloes:
Coole aire expect, my trauels sweet repose.
Come aire, I wont to sing, relieue th'oppreſt;
Come, ô most welcome, glide into my breſt:
Now quench, as erst, in me this scalding heat.
By chance I other blandishments repeat;
(So Fates inforce) as, ô my soules delight!
By thee I am fed and chear'd: thy sweets excite
My affections to these woods: ô life of death!
May euer I inhale thy quickning breath!
A busie eare these doubtfull speeches caught;
Who oft-nam'd aire some much-lou'd *Dryad* thought:
And told to *Procris*, with a leuder tongue,
His false surmises; with the song I sung.
Loue is too credulous. With griefe she faints;
And scarce reuiuing, bursts into complaints:
My spotlesse faith with furie execrates.
Woe's me, she cryes, produc't to cruell fates!
Transported with imaginarie blame,
What is not, feares: an vnsubstantiall name.
Yet grieues (poore soule!) as if in truth abus'd;
Yet often doubts; and her distrust accus'd.
Now holds the information for a lye:
Nor will trust other witnesse than her eye.
Aurora re-inthron'd th'insuing Day:
I hunt, and speed. As on the grasse I lay,

Come aire, said I, my tyred spirits cheare.
At this an vnknowne sighe inuades my eare.
Yet I; O come, before all ioyes prefer'd.
Among the withered leaues a rustling heard,
I threw my dart; supposing it some beast:
But ô, 'twas *Procris*! wounded on the brest,
Shee shreekt, ay me! Her voyce too well I knew:
And thither, with my griefe distracted, flew.
Halfe dead, all blood-imbrew'd, my wife I found:
Her gift (alas!) exhaling from her wound.
I rais'd her body, than my owne more deare:
To bind her wounds my lighter garment teare;
And striue to stench the blood. O pitty take,
Said I, nor thus a guilty soule forsake!
She, weake, and now a dying, thus applies
Her tongues forc't motion: By our nuptiall ties;
By heauen-imbowred Gods; by those below,
To whose infernall monarchy I goe:
By that, if euer I deserued well;
By this ill-fated loue, for which I fell,
Yet now in death most constantly retaine;
O, let not *Ayre* our chaster bed prophane.
This said; I show'd, and she perceiued how
That error grew: but what auail'd it now?
She sinkes; her blood along her spirits tooke:
Who lookes on me as long as she could looke.
My lips her soule receiue, with her last breath:
Who, now resolued, sweetly smiles in death.
The weeping Hero's told this tragedy
To those that wept as fast. The King drew nye
And his two sons, with wel-arm'd Regiments,
New-rais'd; which he to *Cephalus* presents.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Eighth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

HArmonious walls. Leud Scylla *now despaires;*
With Nisus, *chang'd: the Larke the Hobby dares.*
Ariadnes *Crowne a Constellation made.*
Th'inuentiue youth a Partridge; still affraid
Of mounting. Meleagers *Sisters mourne*
His tragedie: to Foule, so named, turne.
Fiue water Nymphs the fiue Echinades
Desigure. Perimele, *neere to these,*
Becomes an Ilanà. Ioue *and* Hermes *take*
The formes of men. A Citie turn' t'a Lake.
A Cottage to a Temple. That good pare,
Old Baucis *and* Philemon, *changed are*
At once to sacred Trees. In various shapes
Blew Proteus *sports. Oft selfe-chang'd* Metra *scapes.*
Scorn'd seruitude. The Streame of Calydon
Forsakes his owne, and other shapes puts on.

NOw *Lucifer* exalts the Day: to hell
Old *Night* descends. The Easterne winds now fell;
Moyst clouds arose: when gentle Southerne gales
Befriend returning *Cephalus.* Full sailes
Wing his successefull course: who, long before
All expectation, toucht the wished shore.

Meane-while iust *Minos* wastes *Lelegia's* coast,
And girts *Alcothoës* Citie with his Hoast.
This *Nisus* held; whose head a Purple haire,
'Mong those of honourable siluer, bare:
His Kingdomes strength. Sixe aged Moones grew young:
Yet warres successe in equall ballance hung.
Slow Victorie, not knowing what to doe,
With doubtfull wings, 'twixt either armie flew.
A regall Tower, with vocall walls, there stands;
Erected by *Apollo's* sacred hands:
Whereon, they say, his golden Lyre he lay'd;
Which then from thence a gratefull sound conuay'd.
This, *Nisus* daughter oft ascends alone;
And drops small pebbles on the warbling stone;
In time of peace. When warre had peace expeld,
From thence the conflicts of sterne *Mars* beheld.
By this delay, the Princes names she knowes;
Their armes, horse, habits, and *Cydonian* bowes:
Europa's Son, the Generall, yet knew,
More than the rest; more than 'twas fit to doe.
For when he wore his fairely plumed cask;
She thought him louely in that warlike mask:
Or when his brasse-refulgent shield he rais'd;
His gracefull gesture infinitely prais'd.
Nor could his practis'd arme let flye a dart;
But straight sh'extols his strength, inform'd by art.
If he an arrow drew; sh'would sweare that so
Apollo stood, when he discharg'd his bow.
But when he d'oft his helme, and shew'd his face;
When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,
He on his hot-high-bounding Courser sits:
O then she scarce was mistris of her wits!

Happy

Happy ſhe cals the lance his hand ſuſtaines:
Happy ſhe cals his hand-ſuſtained raignes.
Had Will the powre, ſhe would haue madly paſt
Through all the hoſtile ranks; her ſelfe haue caſt
Amid the *Cretan* tents, euen from that towre;
Or ope the braſſe-rib'd gates to *Minos* powre:
Or what he would. Who, muſing long, ſuruay'd
The *Gnoſian* Kings white Tent; and ſoftly ſaid:
Whether I ſhould for this ſo ſad a warre
Or ioy, or griefe; within my ſelfe I iarre.
Alas, that he I loue ſhould be my foe!
I had not knowne him had it not beene ſo.
Yet me in hoſtage might he take: of peace
A pledge; his ſpouſe; and bloody broyles ſurceaſe.
No maruell though a God her beauty tooke:
If ſhee that bare thee had ſo ſweet a looke.
Thrice happy I, could I with wings preuent
This dull delay; and flye to *Minos* tent.
My ſelfe I would diſcloſe, confeſſe my flame;
And buy him, with what dowry he ſhould name;
Saue to betray thoſe towers: dye, dye deſire,
E're I by treaſon to your ends aſpire.
Yet, through the Victors clemency, it ſome,
Nay many, hath auail'd, t'haue beene o're-come.
Iuſt warre he wageth for his Sons ſad end:
His cauſe is ſtrong: ſtrong armes his cauſe defend.
Sure we muſt fall. If ſuch our Cities fate;
Why ſhould his powre inthrone him in this State,
And not my loue? better, without delay,
His ſouldiers blood, his owne, he conquer may.
For il-preſaging feares my reſt confound,
Leaſt ſome, not knowing him, ſhould *Minos* wound:

For

For no heart is so hard, that did but know,
And would a lance against his bosom throw.
It takes: with me, my country I intend
To render vp; and giue these warres an end.
What is't to intend? Each passage hath a guard;
My father keepes the keyes, and sees them bard.
'Tis he defers my ioyes; 'tis he I dread:
Would I were not, or he were with the dead!
Tush, we are our owne Gods. They thriue, that dare:
And fortune is a foe to slothfull praire.
Long since, an other, scorcht with such a fire,
By death had fore't a way to her desire.
Yet why should any more aduenturous proue?
I dare through sword and fire make way to Loue.
And yet here is no vse of fire nor sword;
But of my fathers haire. This must afford
What I so much affect, and make me blest:
Richer than all the treasure of the East.
This said; Night, nurse of cares, her curtaines drew:
When in the dark she more audacious grew.
In prime of rest, when tyr'd with day-bred cares
Sleepe all inuests; she silently repaires
Into her fathers bed-chamber; and there
Extracts (ô horrid act!) his fatall haire.
Ceas'd of her wicked prey; with her she bore
The guilty spoyle; vnlocks a Posterne doore:
Then past the foe (bold by her merit made)
Vnto the King; nor vn-astonisht, said.
Inforc't by Loue, I *Scylla*, *Nisus* Seede,
Yeeld vp my Country, and my Gods: no meede,
But thee, I craue, This purple haire receiue,
My loues rich pledge; nor thinke a haire I giue,

But my old fathers head. With that, presents.
The gift with wicked hand, and bad ostents.
Minos reiects it: and much terrifide
With horror of so foule a deede, replide:
The Gods exile thee (O thou most abhord!)
Their world; to thee nor Land nor Sea afford.
How-ere *Ioues Creete*, the world wherein I raigne,
Shall such a Monster neuer entertaine.
This said: the most iust Victor doth impose
Lawes, no lesse iust, vpon his vanquisht foes.
Then orders, that they forth with ores conuay
Abord the brasse-beakt ships, and anchors waye.
When *Scylla* saw the *Gnossian* nauy swim;
And that her treason was abhor'd by him:
To violent anger she conuerts her prayers.
And Furie-like, with stretcht armes and spred haires;
Cry'd; Whither fly'st thou? leauing me for-lore,
That conquest-crown'd thee? ô preferd before
My Country! Father! 't was not thou didst win;
But I that gaue: my merrit, and my sin.
Not this; not such affection, could perswade:
Nor that on thee I all my hopes had layd.
For whither should I goe, thus left alone?
What? to my Country? that's by me o're-thrown.
Wer't not? my treason doomes me to exile.
Or to my father; giuen vnto thy spoyle?
Me worthily the Citizens will hate:
And neighbours feare th'example in their State.
I, out of all the world my selfe haue throwne,
To purchase an accesse to *Creet* alone.
Which if deny'd; and left to such despaire;
Europa ne'r one so vngratefull bare:

But swallowing *Syrt's*, *Charybdis* chaft with wind;
Or some fell Tygres of th' *Armenian* kind.
Ioue's not thy father; nor with forged shape
Of Bull beguild, thy mother culd her rape.
That story of thy glorious race is faind:
For shee a wild and loueleſſe Bull sustaind.
O father *Nisus*, thy reuenge behold!
Reioyce, O Citie, by my treason sold!
Death, I confeſſe, I merit. Yet would I
Might, by their hands whom I haue iniur'd, dye.
For why shouldst thou, who onely didst subdue
By my offending, my offence pursue?
My Country and my father felt this sinne:
Which vnto thee a courtesie hath beene.
Thou worthy art of such a wife, as stood
A Bulls hot inceſt in a Cow of wood;
Whose shameleſſe womb a monstrous burthen bare.
Ah! doe my sorrowes to thy eares repaire?
Or are my fruitleſſe words borne by that wind
That brares thee hence, and leaues a wretch behind?
What though *Pasiphaê* a Bull preferd?
Thou far more brutish than the saluage Herd.
Woe's me! make haſt I muſt: the waues with ores
Resound; his ship forsakes, with vs, our shores.
In vaine! I'le follow thee vngratefull King:
And while I to thy crooked veſſell cling
Be drag'd through drenching seas. This hauing said,
Attempts the waues, by *Cupids* strengthning aid,
And cleaues t'his ship. Her father, now high-flowne
Strikes ayrie rings (a red-maild Hobbie growne)
And stoopes to cuff her with his golden feares.
She slips her hold, infeebled by her feares.

While

While yet a falling, that ſhe might eſchue
The threatning ſea, light wings t'her ſhoulders grew.
Now changed to a bird in ſight of all :
This, of her tufted crowne we *Ciris* call.
No ſooner *Minos* toucht the *Cretan* ground,
But by an hundred Buls, with garlands crown'd.
His vowes to conqueſt-giuing *Ioue* he payd:
And all his pallace with the ſpoyle arrayd.
And now his families reproch increaſt.
That vncouth prodigie, halfe man, halfe beaſt,
His mothers dire adultery deſcryd.
Minos reſolues his marriage ſhame to hide
In multitude of roomes, perplext and blind
The work t'excelling *Dædalus* aſſignd.
Who ſenſe diſtracts, and error leades a maze
Through ſubtill ambages of ſundry wayes.
As *Phrygian Meander* ſports about
The flowrie vales; now winding in, now out;
Himſelfe incounters, ſees his following floods,
His ſtreames leades to their ſprings; and, doubling, ſcuds
To long mockt ſeas: ſo *Dædalus* compil'd
Innumerable by-wayes, which beguild
The ſenſes conduct; that himſelfe with much
Adoe returnes: the fallacies were ſuch.
When in this fabrick *Minos* had inclos'd
This double forme, of man and beaſt compos'd;
The Monſter, with *Athenian* bloud twice fed,
His owne, the third Lot, in the ninth yeere, ſhed.
Then by a Clew reguided to the doore
(A virgins counſell) neuer found before;
Ægides, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes
For *Dia*; on the naked ſhore forſakes.

His

His confident and sleepe-oppressed Mate.
Now, pining in complaints, the desolate
Bacchus, with marriage, comforts: and that she
Might glorious by a Constellation be;
Her head vnburthens of her crowne, and threw
It vp to heauen: through thinner ayre it flew.
Flying, the iewels that the verge inchace
Conuert to fires; fast-fixed in one place;
Th' old forme retaining. They their station take,
Twixt Him that Kneeles, and Him who holds the Snake.
The Sea-impris'ned *Dædalus*, meane-while,
Weary of *Creet*, and of his long exile;
Toucht with his countries loue, and place of birth;
Thus said: Though *Minos* bar both sea aud earth;
Yet heauen is free. That course attempt I dare:
Held he the world, he could not hold the ayre.
This said; to arts vnknowne he bends his wits
In natures change. The quils in order knits,
Beginning with the least: the longer still
The short succeeds; much like a rising hill.
Their rurall pipes, the shepheards, long agoe,
(Fram'd of vnequall reeds) contriued so.
With threds the midst, with wax he ioynes the ends;
And these, as naturall wings, a little bends.
Young *Icarus* stood by, who little thought
That with his death he playd; and smiling, caught
The feathers that lay hulling in the ayre:
Now chafes the yellow waxe with busie care,
And interrupts his Sire. When his last hand
He had impos'd: with new-made wings he fand
The ayre that bare them. Then instructs his son:
Be sure that in the middle course thou run.

Dans:

Dank ſeas will clog the wings that lowly flye:
The Sun will burne them if thou for'ſt too high.
'Twixt either keepe. Nor on *Boôtes* gaze,
Nor *Helicè*, nor ſterne *Orions* rayes:
But follow me. At once, he doth aduiſe;
And vnknowne pinions to his ſhoulders ties,
Amid his work and words a tyde of teares
Fret his old checks, who trembling fingers reares.
Then kiſt him, neuer to be kiſſed more:
And rais'd on lightſome feathers flies before;
His feare behind: as birds through boundleſſe sky
From ayerie neſts produce their yong to fly;
Exhorts to follow: taught his banefull skill;
Waues his owne wings, his ſons obſeruing ſtill.
Theſe, while ſome Angler, fiſhing with a cane;
Or Shepheard, leaning on his ſtaffe; or Swaine;
With wonder viewes: he thinks them Gods that glide
Through ayrie regions. Now on the left ſide
Leaues *Iuno's Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white,
Lebynthos, and *Calydna* on the right,
Flowing with hony. When the boy, much tooke
With pleaſure of his wings, his Guide forſooke:
And rauiſht with deſire of heauen, aloft
Aſcends. The odor-yeelding wax more ſoft
By the ſwift Suns vicinitie now grew:
Which late his feathers did together glew.
That thaw'd; he ſhakes his naked armes, that bare,
As then no ſaile, nor could containe the ayre.
When crying, Helpe, ô father! his exclaime
Blew Seas ſuppreſt, which tooke from him their name.
His father, now no father, left alone,
Cryde *Icarus*! where art thou? which way flowne?

What

What region, *Icarus*, doth thee containe.
Then ſpies the feathers floting on the Maine.
He curſt his arts; interres the corpſe, that gaue
The land a name, which gaue his ſonne a graue.
The Partridge from a thicket him ſuruayd;
As in a tombe his wretched ſon he layd;
Who clapt his fanning wings, and lowdly churd
T' expreſſe his ioy: as then an onely bird.
So made of late (vnknowne in former time)
O *Dædalus*, by thy eternall crime.
To thee thy Siſter gaue him to be taught;
Who little of his deſtinie fore-thought:
The boy then twelue yeare aged; of a mind
Apt for inſtruction, and to Arts inclind.
He Sawes inuented, by the bones that grow
In fiſhes backs; the ſteele indenting ſo.
And two-ſhankt Compaſſes with riuet bound;
Th' one to ſtand ſtill, the other turning round
In equall diſtance. *Dædalus* this ſtung:
Who from *Minerua's* ſacred turret flung
The enui'd head-long; and his falling faines.
Him *Pallas*, fautor of good wits, ſuſtaines:
Who ſtraight the figure of a foule aſſumes;
Clad in the midſt of ayre with freckled plumes.
The vigor of his late ſwift wit now came
Into his feet, and wings: he keepes his name.
They neuer mount aloft, nor truſt their birth
To tops of trees; but fleck as low as earth,
And lay their egs in tufts. In mind they beare
Their ancient fall, and haughtie places feare.
Tyr'd *Dædalus* now in *Sicilia* lights:
In whoſe defence hoſpitious *Cocalus* fights.

Now

Now *Athens* by *Ægæus* glorious Seed
Was from her lamentable tribute freed.
They crowne their Temples: warlike *Pallas, Ioue,*
Inuoke; with all the Deities aboue.
Whom now they honour with the large expence
Of bloud, free gifts, and heapes of frankincense.
Vast fame through all th' *Argolian* cities spred
His praise: and all that rich *Achaia* fed
His aid in their extremities intreat,
His aid afflicted *Calydon* (though great
In *Meleager*) sought. The cause a Bore:
Dian's reuenge, and horrid Seruatore.
For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous harueſt bleſt;
To *Ceres* his first fruits of corne addreſt,
To *Pallas* oyle, and to *Lyæus* wine.
Ambitious honours all the Powres diuine
Reape from the rurals; yet neglect to pay
Diana dues; her Altars empty lay.
Anger affects the Gods. This will not we
Vnpunisht beare: nor vnreueng'd, said she,
Though vn-adored, shall they vant we be.
With that she sent into *Oenican* fields
A vengefull Bore. Rank-graſt *Epirus* yeelds
No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed:
But those are leſſe which in *Sicilia* feed.
His eyes blaze bloud and fire: his stiffe neck beares
Horrible bristles, like a groue of speares.
A boyling fome vpon his shoulders flowes
From grinding iawes: his tushes equall those
Of *Indian* Elephants: his fell mouth casts
Hot lightning; and his breath the virdure blasts.
He tramples vnder foot the growing corne;

And

And leaues the sighing husband-man forlorne;
Reaping the riper eares. Their vsuall graine
The barnes and threshing floores expect in vaine.
Broad-spreading vines he with their burden, sheres:
And boughs from euer-leauy oliues teares.
Then falls on beasts: the Herdsmen, now vnfeard;
Nor dogs, nor raging Buls, defend their Herd.
The people flye; nor are secure of mind
In walled townes, till *Meleager*, ioyn'd
With youths of choycest worth, inflam'd with praise,
Attempts his death. The twin'd *Tyndarides*;
One for his horsemanship, the other fam'd
For hurle-bats; *Iason*, who the first ship fram'd;
Theseus with his *Pirithous*, a paire
Of happy friends; and *Lynceus*, *Aphar's* heire;
The two *Thestiadæ*, *Leucippus* crownd
For strength; *Acastus* for his dart renownd;
Swift *Idas*, *Cæneus*, not a maiden then;
Hippothous, *Dryas*; *Phœnix* (best of men,)
Amyntors issue; both th' *Actorides*,
And *Phyleus* sent from *Elis*, came with these:
Pheretes hope; aduenturous *Telamon*;
And he who call'd the great *Achilles* son;
Hyantian Iolaus, the quick grac't
Eurytion; and *Echion*, who surpast
In running; *Lelex* the *Nærycian*,
With *Panopæus*, *Hyleus*, *Hippasan*,
Now youthfull *Nestor*: sons to that intent
Hippocoön from old *Amyclis* sent:
Penelopes father in law, *Parrasia*-bred
Ancæus, wise *Ampycides* well read
In fates; *Oiclides*, not as yet betrayd

B' his

B' his wife; *Tegeæan, Atalant'*, a maide
Of passing beautie, sprung from *Schœnus* race:
Of high *Lycæan* woods the onely grace.
A polisht Zone her vpper garment bound;
And in one knot her artlesse haire was wound:
Her arrowes iuory guardian clattering hung
On her left shoulder; and a bow well strung
Her left hand held. Her lookes a wench displayd
In a boyes face, a boyes face in a maide.
The *Calydonian* Heros her beheld
And wisht at once: his wishes fate repeld.
Who lurking flames attracts; and said, O blest
Is he, whom thou shalt with thy ioyes inuest!
But time, and shame, with further speech dispence:
Vrg'd by a work of greater consequence.
A Wood o're-growne with trees, yet neuer feld,
Mounts from a Plaine, that all beneath beheld.
The glory-thirsting Gallants this ascend.
Forth-with a part their corded toyles extend;
Some hounds vncouple; some the tract of feet
Together trace: and danger long to meet.
A Dale there was, through which the raine-rais'd flood
Oft tumbled downe, and in the bottom stood:
Repleat with plyant willowes, marish weeds,
Sharpe rushes, osiers, and long slender reeds.
The Bore from thence dislodg'd, like lightning crusht
Through iustling clouds, among the hunters rusht:
Beares downe the obuious trees; the crashing woods
Report their fall. The youths each others bloods
With high-rais'd shoots inflame: who keepe their stands:
And shake their broad-tipt speares with threatning hands.
The dogs he scatters; those that durst oppose

His

His horrid furie, wounds with ganching blowes.
Echion first his iauelin vainly cast,
Which struck a beech. The next his sides had past,
But that with too much strength it ouer-flew:
The weapon *Pagasean Iason* threw.
O *Phœbus*, said *Ampycides*, If I
Haue honourd, and doe honour thee, apply
Thy succour in successe of my intents.
The God, as much as lay in him, assents:
But from the dart the head *Diana* took;
Which gaue no wound, although the Bore it strook.
The beast like lightning burns, thus chaft with ire:
His grim eyes shine, his brest breaths flames of fire.
And as a stone which some huge engine throwes
Against a wall, or bulwarke man'd with foes:
The deadly Bore with such sure violence
Assaults their forces. The right wings defence;
Eupalamon, and *Pelagonus*, cast
On sounding earth: drawne off with timely hast.
Enæsimus, great *Hippocoõns* son,
Could not so well his slaughtring tushes shun:
Which cut the shrinking sinewes in his thigh,
Euen as he trembled, and prepar'd to flye.
And *Nestor* long had perished, perchance,
Before *Troyes* warre; but, vauting on a lance,
He tooke a tree, which there his branches spred;
And safely saw the foe from whom h'had fled.
Who, full of rage, his vengefull tushes whets
Vpon an Oke; and dire destruction threats.
When, trusting to his new-edg'd armes, the Bore
The manly thigh of great *Orythyus* tore.
The brother Twins, not yet cœlestiall Starres;

Consp

Conſpicuous both, both terrible in warres;
Both mounted on white Steeds, a loft both bare
Their glittring ſpeares, which trembled in the aire:
And both had ſped; but that the Swine with-drew
Where neither horſe nor iauelin could purſue.
In followes *Telamon*, hot of the chace;
And ſtumbling at a roote, fell on his face.
While *Peleus* lifts him vp, a winged flight
Tegæa drew, which flew as ſwift as ſight:
Below his eare the fixed arrow ſtood,
And ſtaind his briſtles with a little blood.
The Virgin leſſe reioyced in the blow
Than *Meleager*: who firſt ſaw it flow,
Firſt ſhow'd his mates the blood: O moſt renownd
Said he, thy vertue hath thy honour crownd.
The men, they bluſh for ſhame; each other cheare;
And high-rais'd ſoules, with clamors higher reare:
Their ſpeares in cluſters fling; which make no breach
Through idle ſtore: and throwes their throwes impeach.
Behold, *Ancæus* with a polax ſterne
To his owne fate; who ſaid, By me O learne
You youths, how much a mans ſharpe ſteele exceeds
A womans weapons, and applaud my deeds.
Though *Dian* ſhould take armes, and in this ſtrife
Protect her beaſt, ſhe ſhould not ſaue his life.
Thus glorioufly he boaſts; in both his hands
Aduanc't his polax, and on tip-toes ſtands.
Whom, ere his armes deſcend, the furious Swine
Preuents, and ſheathes his tuſhes in his groyne.
Downe fell *Ancæus*, out of his bowels guſht,
All gore; with blood the earth, as guilty, bluſht
Ixions ſon *Pirithous* forward preſt:

And

And with an able arme his lance addreſt.
To whom *Ægides*; O to me more deare
Than my owne life! my better halfe, forbeare.
The wiſe in valour ſhould aloofe contend:
Foole-hardy courage was *Ancæus* end.
This ſaid, his heauy cornell; with a head
Of braſſe, he hurles: which ſure had ſtruck him dead
(It was deliuered with ſo true an aime)
But that a Medlar interpos'd the ſame.
Æſonides then threw his thrilling lance;
Which hit (diuerted from the mark by chance)
A dog betweene his baying iawes: the wound
Ruſht through his guts, and naild him to the ground.
Oenides varying hand diſchargd two ſpeares:
The earth the one, the beaſt the other beares.
While now he raues, grunts, turnes his body round,
Caſts bloud and fome; the author of his wound
Ruſht in; prouokes his greater wrath; and where
His ſhields diſſeuer, thruſts his deadly ſpeare.
They all with chearfull ſhouts their ioyes vnfold;
Shake his victorious hands; the Beaſt behold
With wonder, whoſe huge bulk poſſeſt ſo much:
And hardly thinke it ſafe the ſlaine to touch:
Yet with his bloud they die their iauelins red.
He ſets his foot vpon his horrid head;
My right, ſaid he, receiue rare *Nonacrine*,
And let my glory euer ſhare with thine.
Then gaue the briſtled ſpoyle, in terror charm'd;
And gaſtly head with monſtrous tuſhes arm'd.
She in the Gift and Giuer pleaſure tooke.
All murmur, with prepoſtrous enuy, ſtrooke,
On whom the violent *Theſtiadæ* frowne;

And cry aloud with ſtretcht-out armes; Lay downe:
Nor, Woman, of our titles vs bereaue,
Leſt thee thy beauties confidence deceaue,
His aid to weake whom loue hath reft of ſight:
And ſnatcht from her, her gift; from him, his right.
Oenides ſwels; his lookes with anger ſterne:
You rauiſhers of others honours, learne
(Said he) the diſtance betweene words and deeds.
With wicked ſteele ſecure *Plexippus* ſpeeds.
While *Toxeus*, whether to reuenge his blood,
Or ſhun his brothers fortune, wauering ſtood;
He cleares the doubt: the weapon, hot before
By th'others wound, new heats in his hearts gore.
Gifts to the holy Gods *Althæa* brings
For her ſons victorie; and *Pæans* ſings.
When back ſhe ſaw her ſlaughtred brothers brought:
At that ſad obiect ſcreecht; and griefe-diſtraught,
The Citie fils with out-cryes: off ſhe teares
Her royall robes, and funerall garments weares.
But told by whom they fell; no longer mournes:
Rage dries her eyes; her teares to vengeance turnes.
The triple Siſters earſt a brand conuai'd
Into the fire; her belly newly laid;
Thus chanting, while they ſpun the fatall twine:
O lately borne, one period we aſſigne
To thee and to this brand. The charme they weaue
Into his fate; and then the chamber leaue.
His mother ſnatcht it with an haſtie hand
Out of the fire; and quencht the flagrant brand.
This in an inward cloſſet cloſely layes:
And by preſeruing it, preſerues his dayes.
Which now produc't; a pyle of wood ſhe rais'd,

That by the hostile fire inuaded, blaz'd.
Foure times she proffers to the greedy flame
The fatall brand: as oft with-drew the same.
A Mother, and a Sister, now contend:
And two-diuided names, one bosome re nd.
Oft feare of future crimes a paleneſſe bred:
Oft burning Furie gaue her eyes his red.
Now seemes to threaten with a cruell looke:
And now appeares like one that pitie tooke.
Her teares the feruor of her anger dryes:
Yet found she teares againe to drowne her eyes.
Euen as a ship, when wind and tyde contends,
Feeles both their furies, and with either bends:
So *Thestias*, whom vnsteddie passion driues;
By changes, calmes her rage, and rage reuiues.
A sisters loue at length subdues a mothers:
That bloud may appease the ghosts of bleeding brothers,
Impiously pious. Flames, to ashes turne
This brand, said she, and my loth'd bowels burne.
Then, holding in her hand the fatall wood;
As she before the funerall altar stood:
You triple Powers, who guiltie Soules persue;
Eumenides; these Rites of vengeance view.
I act the crime I punish. Death must be
By death atton'd. On murder, murder we
Accumulate; redoubling funerall.
Dire linage, by congested sorrowes fall.
Shall *Oeneus* ioy in his victorious son?
Sad *Thestius* rob'd of his? be both vndone.
Looke vp, ô you my brothers ghosts; you late
Dislodged soules; see how I right your fate.
Accept of this infernall sacrifize,

Of high esteeme: my wombs accursed prize.
Ay me! ô whither am I rapt! excuse
A mother, brothers. Trembling hands refuse
Their fainting aid. He merits death: yet by
A mothers rage me thinkes he should not dye.
Then shall hee scape? aliue, a victor, feast
In proud successe; of *Calydon* possest?
You, little ashes, and chill Shades, forlorne?
I'le not indure it. Perish Villaine, borne
To our immortall ruine. Ruinate
With thee, thy fathers hopes, his crowne and state.
Where is a mothers heart? a parents praier?
Th'vnthought-of burden which I ten months bare?
O would, while yet an infant, the first flame
Had thee deuour'd; nor I oppos'd the same!
Thy life, my gift; by thine owne merit dye:
A iust reward for thy impiety.
Thy twice-giuen life restore; first by my womb,
Last by this rauisht brand; or me a tomb
With my poore brothers. Faine I would persue
Reuenge; yet would not. O, what shall I doe!
Before my eyes my brothers wounds now bleed:
And the sad image of so foule a deed.
Now pittie, and a mothers name controule
My sterne intention. ô distracted soule!
You haue won, my brethers; but, alas, ill won:
So that, while thus I comfort you, I run
Your fate. With eyes reuerst, her quaking hand
To trembling flames expos'd the funerall brand.
The Brand appeares to sigh, or sighes expires:
Wrapt in th'imbracements of vnwilling fires.
Vnknowing *Meleager*, absent broyles

Euen in those flames: his blood, thick-panting, boyles
In vnseene fire. Who such tormenting paines
With more then manly fortitude sustaines.
Yet grieues that by a slothfull death he fals
Without a wound: *Ancæus* happy calls.
His aged father, brothers, sisters, wife,
Now groning names, with his last words of life:
Perhaps his mother. Flames and paines increase:
Againe they languish; and together cease.
To liquid aire his vanisht spirits turne.
And sable coles in shrouds of ashes mourne.
Low lies high *Calydon*: the yongue, the old,
Ignoble, noble, all, their griefes vnfold.
The *Calydonian* matrons cut their haire;
Deflowre their beauties: cry, woe and despaire!
His hoarie head with dust his father hides;
Lyes groueling on the ground; and old age chides.
For now his mother, by her guilt persude,
Reuenging steele in her owne brest imbrude:
Though *Ioue* an hundred able tongues bestow,
A wit that should with full inuention flow,
All *Helicon* infuse into my brest;
His sisters sorrowes could not be exprest.
Themselues forgetting decency, deface:
As long as he a bodie, it imbrace;
Kisse his pale lips: when turn'd to ashes, they
The ashes in their bruised bosoms lay:
Fall on his tomb; his name, that there appeares,
Infold; and fill the characters with teares.
But when *Diana's* wrath was satisfide
With *Oenius* misery: they all (beside
Faire *Gorge* and the louely *Deianire*)

On plumy pinions, by her powre, aspire;
With long-extended wings, and beakes of horne:
Who through the ayre in varied shapes are borne.
(Meane while to *Pallas* towres *Ægides* hyes
His part performd in that ioynt enterprise)
Whose hast raine-raised *Achelous* staid.
Renoun'd *Cecropian* Prince, the Riuer said,
Vouchsafe my roofe; nor to th'impetuous flood
Commit thy person. Oft huge logs of wood,
And broken rocks, downe-tumbling, lowdly rore.
Houses and Herds not seldome heretofore
Hurried away: nor was the Oxe of force
To keepe his stand; nor swiftnesse sau'd the Horse.
And when dissolued snow from mountaines poui'd,
The turning eddies many haue deuour'd.
More safe to stay vntill the current run
Within his bounds. To whom *Ægæus* son:
Twere folly, if not madnesse, to refuse
Thy house and counsell: both I meane to vse.
Then enters his large caue, where Nature plaid
The Artisan; of hollow Pumice made,
And rugged Tophas; floord with humid mosse:
The roofe pure white and purple shels imbosse.
Now had *Hyperion* past two parts of day:
When *Theseus*, with the partners of his way,
Pirithous, and *Lelex* the renowne
Of *Trœzen*, now appearing gray; sat downe:
And whom the Riuer glad of such a guest,
Preferd vnto the honour of his feast.
Forth-with, bare-footed Nymphs bring in the meat:
That tane away, vpon the table set
Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theseus* turnd his face

To vnder seas; and poynting, said; What place
Is yon', and of what name, that stands alone?
And yet me thinks it should be more then one.
It is not one, the courteous Flood replyes,
But fiue; their neighbourhood deceiues your eyes;
The lesse t'admire *Diana*, late despis'd,
Fiue Nymphs they were: who hauing sacrifis'd
Ten beeues, inuited to their festiuall
The rurall Gods; my selfe surgor by all.
At this my surges swell. I, then as great
As euer, with inraged waters fret.
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I teare
With them, the Nymphs (now mindfull of me) beare
In exile to the Deep: whose waues, with mine,
That then vnited masse of earth dis-ioyne
Into as many peeces as in seas
Are of the flood imbrac't *Echinades*.
Yet see one Ile, far, & far off remou'd!
Call'd *Perimele*; once by me belou'd.
I, from this Nymph, her virgin honour tooke
Hippodamas his daughter could not brooke:
But cast her from a rock into the Deepe.
Whom, while my thickned streames from sinking keepe;
I said: O *Neptune*, thou that do'st command
The wandering waues that beat vpon the land;
To whom we Riuers run, in whom we end;
Incline a gentle eare. I did offend;
In wronging whom I beare: if pious; he
Would both haue pittied her, and pardon'd me.
Her, whom his furie hath from earth exil'd,
And in the strangling waters drencht his child;
A place afford: or let her be a place

Whic

Which I may euer with my ſtreames imbrace.
His head the King of Surges forward ſhooke:
And, in aſſenting, all the Ocean ſtrooke.
The Nymph yet ſwims; although with feare oppreſt.
I laid my hand vpon her panting breaſt:
While thus I handled her, I might perceiue
The earth about her ſtifning body cleaue.
Now, with a maſſe infolded, as ſhe ſwims,
An Iland roſe from her transformed lims.
He held his peace. This admiration won
In all: derided by *Ixions* ſon:
By nature rough, and one who did deſpiſe
All-able Gods: who ſaid; Thou tel'ſt vs lyes,
And thinkſt the Gods too potent: as if they
Could giue new ſhapes, or take our old away.
His ſaying all amaz'd and none approu'd:
Moſt *Lelex*, ripe in age and wiſdome, mou'd.
Heauens power immenſe and endleſſe, none can ſhun;
Said he; and what the Gods would doe, is done.
To check your doubt; on *Phrygian* hills there growes
An Oke by a Line-tree, which old wals incloſe.
My ſelfe this ſaw, while I in *Phrygia* ſtaid;
By *Pittheus* ſent: where erſt his father ſwaid.
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground;
Where Coots and fiſhing Cormorants abound.
Joue, in a humane ſhape; with *Mercurie*;
(His heeles vnwing'd) that way their ſteps apply.
Who gueſt-rites at a thouſand houſes craue;
A thouſand ſhut their doores: One only gaue.
A ſmall thatch't Cottage: where, a pious wife
Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life.
Both equall-ag'd. In this, their youth they ſpent;

In this, grew old: rich onely in content.
Who pouertie, by bearing it, declind:
And made it easie with a chearfull mind.
None Master, nor none Seruant, could you call:
They who command, obey; for two were all.
Ioue hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate;
And stooping, enters at the humble gate.
Sit downe, and take your ease, *Philemon* said.
While busie *Baucis* straw-stuft cushions layd:
Who stird abroad the glowing coles, that lay
In smothering ashes; rak't vp yester-day.
Dry barke, and withered leaues, thereon she throwes:
Whose feeble breath to flame the cinders blowes.
Then slender clefts, and broken branches gets:
And ouer all a little kettle sets.
Her husband gathers cole-flowrs, with their leaues;
Which from his gratefull garden he receiues:
Tooke downe a flitch of bacon with a prung,
That long had in the smokie chimney hung:
Whereof a little quantitie he cuts:
And it into the boyling liquor puts.
This seething; they the time beguile with speech:
Vnsensible of stay. A bowle of beech,
There, by the handle hung vpon a pin:
This fils he with warme water; and therein
Washes their feet. A mosse-stuft bed and pillow
Lay on a homely bed-steed made of willow:
A couerlet, onely vs'd at feasts, they spred:
Though course, and old; yet fit for such a bed.
Downe lye the Gods. The palsie-shaken Dame
Sets forth a table with three legs; one lame,
And shorter then the rest, a pot-share reares:

This

This, now made leuell, with greene mint ſhe cleares.
Whereon they party-colour'd oliues ſet,
Autumnall Cornels, in tart pickle wet;
Coole endiffe, radiſh, new egs roſted reare,
And late-preſt cheeſe; which earthen diſhes beare.
A goblet, of the ſelfe ſame ſiluer wrought;
And bowles of beech, with wax well varniſht, brought.
Hot victuals from the fire were forthwith ſent:
Then wine, not yet of perfect age, preſent.
This tane away; the ſecond Courſe now comes:
Philberts, dry figs, with rugged dates, ripe plummes,
Sweet-ſmelling apples, diſht in oſier twines;
And purple grapes new gatherd from their vines:
'th' midſt, a hony combe. Aboue all theſe;
A chearefull looke, and ready will to pleaſe.
Meane-while, the Maple cup it ſelfe doth fill:
And oft exhauſted, is repleniſht ſtill.
Aſtoniſht at the miracle; with feare,
Philemon, and the aged *Baucis*, reare
Their trembling hands in prayre: and pardon craue,
For that poore entertainment which they gaue.
One Gooſe they had, their cottages chiefe guard;
Which they to hoſpitable Gods award:
Who long their ſlow perſuit deluding, flies
To *Iupiter*; ſo ſau'd from ſacrifice.
W'are Gods, ſaid they; Reuenge ſhall all vndoe:
Alone immunitie we grant to you.
Together leaue your houſe; and to yon hill
Follow our ſteps. They both obey their will;
The Gods conducting: feebly both aſcend;
Their ſtaues, with theirs; they, with times burden bend.
A flight-ſhot from the top, reuiew they take;

And see all swallowed by a mightie lake:
Their house excepted. While they this admire,
Lament their neighbours ruine, and exquire
Their holy cottage, which doth onely keepe
Its place; while for the places fate they weepe;
That little shed commanded late by two,
Became a Fane. To colums crotches grew;
The roofe now shines with burnisht gold; the doores
Diuinely caru'd; the pauement marble floores.
Thou iust old man, *Saturnius* said, and thou
Iust woman, worthy such a husband; how
Stand your desires? They talke a while alone;
Then thus to *Ioue* their common wish make knowne.
We craue to be your Priests, this Fane to guard.
And since in all our liues we neuer iarr'd;
Let one houre both dissolue: nor let me be
Intomb'd by her, nor she intomb'd by me.
Their sute is sign'd. The Temple they possest,
As long as life. With time and age oppreſt;
As now they stood before the sacred gate,
And call to memorie that places fate;
Philemon saw old *Baucis* freshly sprout:
And *Baucis* saw *Philemon* leaues thrust out.
Now on their heads aspiring Crownets grew.
While they could speake, they spake: at once, adieu
Wife, Husband, said: at once the creeping rine
Their trunks inclos'd; at once their shapes resigne.
They of *Tyana* to this present show
These neighbour trees, that from two bodies grow.
Old men, not like to lye, nor vaine of tongue,
This told. I saw their boughs with garlands hung:
And hanging fresher, said; Who Gods before

Receiu'd

Receiu'd, are such: adorers, we adore.
The tale, and teller; wonder, and beliefe,
Prouok't in all: but *Theseus* moues in chiefe.
Who couetous to heare such deeds as these:
The *Calydonian* Riuer, prest to please,
In this sort, leaning on his elbow, spake.
There be, who euer keepe the forme they take:
Others haue power themselues, at will, to change;
As thou blew *Protëus*, that in seas do'st range.
Who now a Man, a Lyon now appeares;
Now, a fell Bore: a Serpents shape now beares.
A Bull, with threatning hornes, now seem'st to be:
Now, like a Stone; now, like a spredding Tree.
And sometimes like a gentle Riuer flowes:
Sometimes like Fire, opposing Water, showes.
Autolicus his wife, the daughter to
Leud *Erisichthon*, things as strange could doe.
He was her father, who the Gods despis'd:
Nor euer on their altars sacrifis'd.
Who *Ceres* groues with steele profan'd: where stood
An old huge Oke; euen of it selfe a wood.
Wreaths, ribands, mentall tables, deckt his boughs
And sacred stem; the Dues of powerfull Vowes.
Full oft the *Dryades*, with Chaplets crownd,
Danc't in his shade, full oft they tript a Round
About his bole. Fiue cubits three times told
His ample circuit hardly could infold.
Whose stature other trees as farre exceeds;
As other trees surmount the humble weeds.
Yet *Triopeius* all could not prouoke:
Who bids his seruants fell the sacred Oke.
And snatches, while they paus'd, an axe from one:

Thus

Thus ſtorming: Not the Goddeſſe-lou'd alone;
But though this were the Goddeſſe, ſhee ſhould downe:
And ſweepe the earth with her aſpiring crowne.
As he aduanc't his armes to ſtrike; the Oke
Both ſigh'd and trembled at the threatning ſtroke.
His leaues and acornes pale together grew:
And colour-changing branches ſweat cold deaw.
Then wounded by his impious hand, the blood
Guſht from th'inciſion in a purple flood.
Much like a mighty oxe, that falls before
The ſacred altar; ſpouting ſtreames of gore.
On all amazement ſeaz'd: when One of all
The crime deterres; nor would his axe let fall.
Contracting his ſterne browes; Receiue, ſaid he,
Thy pieties reward; and from the tree
The ſtroke conuerting, lops his head; then ſtrake
The Oke againe: from whence a voice thus ſpake;
A Nymph am I, within this tree inſhrin'd,
Belou'd of *Ceres*. O prophane of mind,
Vengeance is neere thee. With my parting breath
I propheſie: a comfort to my death.
He ſtill his guilt perſues: who ouerthrowes
With cabels, and innumerable blowes,
The ſturdy Oke: which, nodding long, downe ruſht;
And in his lofty fall his fellowes cruſht.
Their ſiſter, and their groue, the Nymphs lament;
Who hid in ſable ſtoles, to *Ceres* went;
On *Eriſichthon* iuſt reuenge require.
Who readily conſents to their deſire.
The faire-brow'd Goddeſſe ſhakes her ſhining haires;
With that, the fields ſhooke all their golden eares,
Who to a pitteous puniſhment proceeds,

(Hac

Had he had any pitty in his deeds)
By ſtaruing. But ſince not by fatall doome,
Ceres and *Famine* might together come :
A mountaine Faery of th'*Oreades*
Diſpatcheth thither, with ſuch words as theſe:
In froſty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorne
And barren ; bearing neither fruit nor corne.
Numb Cold, pale Hew, chill Ague, there abide ;
And faſting *Famine*. Bid the Fury glide
Into his curſed entrailes, and deuoure
All plenty : let her rage ſubdue my powre.
But leſt long wayes thy iourny tedious make :
My chariot and my yoked dragons take.
Taking her chariot ; through the empty skies
To *Scythia* and rough *Caucaſus* ſhe flies.
There, in a ſtony field, ſad *Famine* found ;
Tearing with teeth and nailes the foodleſſe ground :
With ſnarled haire, ſunk eyes, lookes pale and dead,
Lips white with ſlime, thin teeth with ruſt ore-ſpred ;
Hide-bound, through which her clinged guts appeare ;
Dry bones, in ſpare and crooked hips, vp-beare ;
Her belly bellyleſſe : low hung her breſt ;
So lank, as if her boſom had no cheſt :
The riſing knuckles falling fleſh augment ;
Round knees and ankles leanely eminent,
Eſpide far off (ſhe durſt not be ſo bold
To come too neere) the Nymph her meſſage to
After a little ſtay, although ſhe were
Farre off, although but now arriued there ;
She famine felt. Who wheeles about her Snakes ;
And her high paſſage to *Æmonia* takes.
Famine obayes the Goddeſſes command ;

Though

Though their endeuors still opposed stand.
Who, by a tempest hurried through the skies,
Enters the wretches roofe : besides him lyes,
Then fast asleepe : (for now Nights heauy charmes
All eyes had clos'd) imbra'st him in her armes;
Her selfe infus'd ; breathes on his face and brest :
And emptie veines with hungers rage possest.
This thus perform'd forsakes the fruitfull earth :
And back returnes to her abodes of dearth.
Sound Sleepe as yet with pleasurable wings
On *Erisichthon* gentle slumber flings.
Who dreames of feasts, extends his idle iawes ;
With labouring teeth fantastically chawes.
Deludes his throte by swallowing emptie fare :
And for affected food deuoures the aire.
Awak't ; hot famine raues through all his veines :
And in his guts, and greedie pallat raignes.
Forth-with ; what Sea, what Earth, what Ayre affords,
Acquires : complaines of staruing at full bords.
In banquets, banquets seekes. What might alone
Haue Townes and Nations fed ; suffize not one.
Hunger increaseth with increast repast.
And as all riuers to the Ocean hast ;
Who thirsty still, drinks vp the stranger floods :
As rauenous fires refuse no profferd foods ;
Huge pyles receiue ; the more they haue, the more
By much dabre ; made hungry with their store.
So *Erisichthon*, of a mind prophane,
Full dishes empties, and demands againe.
Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat ;
Who euer emptie, still prepares to eat.
His bellies gulfe his patrimonie wasts :

Consuming

Consuming famine yet vnlesned lasts;
And his insatiable throtes extent
Now all his wealth, into his bowels sent:
A daughter left, vnworthy such a Sire,
The beggar sold to feed his hungers fire.
Her noble thoughts base seruitude disdaine:
Who now her hands extending to the Maine;
O thou that hadst my mayden-head, said she,
Thy rauisht spoyle from hated bondage free!'
Neptune had this: who to her prayer consents.
And, though then by her master seene, preuents
His following search: transforming of his Rape
Into a man; maskt in a fishers shape.
Angler, her master said, that with thy bait
Conceal'st thy hooke; so prosper thy deceit,
So rest the sea compos'd; so may the fish
Be credulous, and taken at thy wish;
As thou reueal'st her, who in garments, poore,
And ruffled haire, late stood vpon this shore.
For here, but very now, I saw her stand:
Nor farther trace her foot-steps in the sand.
She, *Neptunes* bountie finding; well apaid
To be inquir'd for of her selfe; thus said.
Pardon me Sir, who e're you are; my eyes
Haue beene attentiue on this exercise.
To win beleefe; so may the God of Seas
Assist my cunning in such arts as these:
As late nor man nor maid I saw before
Your selfe, my selfe excepted, on this shore.
He credits, and beguil'd, the shore forsooke:
When she againe her former figure tooke,
Her father, seeing she could change her shape,

Oft sold her; who as often made a scape.
Now hart-like, now a cow, a bird, a mare:
And fed his hunger with ill-purchast fare.
But when his maladie all meanes had spent,
He gaue the mischiefe a new nourishment.
Now to deuoure his proper flesh proceeds:
And by diminishing, his body feeds.
What need I dwell on forrein facts? euen we
Can vary shapes, though limited they be.
Now seeme I as I am; oft like a Snake:
And many times a Buls hornd figure take.
But while I hornes assum'd, one thus was broke,
As you behold. This, with a sigh, he spoke.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The ninth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

A *Serpent* Achelôus: *now a Bull*:
His seuered Horne with plenty euer full.
Lichas *a Rocke.* Alcides *sunke in flame,*
Ascends a God. The labour-helping Dame
A Weesell. Lotis, *flying lust, becomes*
A Tree: the like sad Dryope *intombes*
Old Iöläus *waxeth young agen.*
Callirrhoe: *Infants sodenly grow Men.*
Byblis *a weeping Fountaine.* Iphis *now*
A Boy, to Isis *payes his maiden Vow.*

HEe, who his high descent from *Neptune* drawes,
Of his so sad a sigh demands the cause,
And maimed brow. When thus the God proceeds;
His dangling curles impald with quiuering reeds.
A heauie taske you impose: his owne disgrace
Who would reuiue? yet was it not so base
To be subdude, as noble to contend:
And such a Victor doth my foile defend.
Haue you not heard of faire-cheekt *Deianire?*
The enui'd hope of many: the desire
Of all that knew her. We, with others went
To *Oeneus* Court, to purchase his consent.

Parthaons

Parthaons son, be I thy Son in law;
I, and *Alcides* said: the rest with-draw.
He, with his father *Ioue*, his Labours fame,
And step-dames vanquisht tasks, infor'ct his claime.
'Twere shame, said I, that deathlesse Gods, to men
Who dye, should stoope. (A God he was not then.)
These euer-liuing waters I command,
That wind in endlesse currents through thy land.
Thy Son no stranger is, if I be He:
But of thy Countrie and a friend to thee.
Yet be't no preiudice; that *Iuno's* hate,
Nor punishing imployments presse my fate.
If from *Alcmena* thou thy being drew:
Ioue's thy false father, or the crime is true.
Thou seekst a Father in a Mothers shame:
Or be not *Ioue's*, or take a bastards name.
He, all this while, with eyes that sparkle fire,
Vpon me frownd: and weakly rules his ire.
Then onely said; My hand my tongue exceeds:
Win thou with words, so I subdue with deeds.
With that, fell on. To speake so big, and shrink,
I shame: and let my waue-greene Mantle sink;
My armes oppose, my hands for seasure prest;
And euery fitted part for fight addrest.
He throwes dust on me with his hollow hand:
And I againe besprinkle him with sand.
Now catches at my neck, now at my thighes;
Or proffer makes: and euery lim applies.
But me my waight defends; in vaine he striues.
Much like as when a roring billow driues
Against a rock: the rock repels his pride;
By his owne ponder firmely fortifi'd.

Bc

Both for a while with-drew: againe we meet,
And ſtrongly keepe our ſtands; feet ioyne to feet.
With that I ruſht vpon him with my breſt:
My fingers, his; my brow his fore-head preſt.
So haue I ſeene two Buls together cloſe;
The faireſt Cow in all the paſture choſe
To wiue the Victor: while the Herds with feare
Expect who ſhould ſo wiſht a purchace beare.
Thrice *Hercules* endeuours to conſtraine
My powers to diſ-ingagement: thrice in vaine.
The fourth aſſay my ſtrong imbrace vnbound:
And from my graſping armes his body wound.
Then turning me about (truth guides my tongue)
Vpon my back with all his burden hung.
If I haue faith (he can find no way
To praiſe) me thought a mountaine on me lay.
Scarce could I free my armes, all frotht with ſweat:
Scarce from his gripes my aking boſome ſet.
Still preſſing on, he giues nor time to breathe
Nor gather ſtrength: my powres my truſt deceaue.
In fine, his yoking armes my neck command:
When, puld vpon my knees, I bit the ſand.
Inferior force my natiue ſlight ſupply'd:
Now from him like a lengthfull Serpent glide.
When in contracted folds I forward ſprung:
Horridly hiſſing with my forked tongue.
He laughs; and flouts my terrors in this ſort:
To ſtrangle Serpents is my cradles ſport.
Though other dragons to thy conqueſt bow:
To dire *Lernæan Hydra* what art thou?
Her wounds were fruitfull: from each ſeuer'd head
Each of her hundred necks two fiercer bred:

More strong by twinning heirs. This death-borne crue
Growing in wounds; I tam'd: and twice subdue.
What hope hast thou, a forged Snake, to scape?
That fightst with others armes; and begst thy shape.
This said; my necke his grasping fingers clincht;
And scruz'd my throat; as if with pincers wrincht;
While from his gripes I stroue my iawes to pull.
Twice ouer-come; now, like a furious Bull,
Once more his terrible assaults oppose.
His armes about my swelling chest he throwes,
And following, backward hales: my foreheads bi:th
Fixt in the ground; and threw me on the earth.
My brow (that not sufficing) disadornes:
By breaking one of my ingaged hornes.
The *Naiades* with fruits and flowres this fill;
Good Plenty, in my Horne aboundeth still.
Here *Achelōus* ends. One louely-faire,
Girt like *Diana's* Nymph, with flowing haire,
Came in; and brought the wealthy Horne; repleat
With Autumnes store, and apples after meat.
Day springs, and mountaines shine with early beames.
His Guests depart: nor stay till peacefull streames
Glyde gently downe, and keepe their bounded race.
When *Achelous*, his agrestick face
And maymed head within the current shrowds.
This blemish much his former beauty clouds:
All else compleat. The rupture of his browes
He shades with flaggie wreathes, and sallow boughes.
So *Deianira*, *Nessus*, was thy wrack:
A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.
Ioues son, with his new wife; to *Thebes* his course
Directing; came t' *Euenus* rapid sourle.

Th

The big-ſwolne Streames increaſt with winters raine,
And full of turning gulfes, his Paſſe reſtraine.
For her he feares: though he ſelfe-feare abhord.
When ſtrong-limd *Neſſus* came, who knew the Ford;
And ſaid; I ſafely will tranſport thy Bride:
Meane-while ſwim thou vnto the other ſide.
To him *Alcides* his pale wife betakes:
Who, fearing both the flood, and *Neſſus*, quakes.
Charg'd with his quiuer, and his Lyons skin
(His club and bow before throwne ouer) in
The Heros leapes, and ſaid; How euer vaſt,
Theſe waues, ſince vndertaken, ſhall be paſt.
And confident, nor ſeekes the ſmootheſt wayes:
Nor dy declining his tranſcent delayes.
Now ouer; ſtooping for his bow, he heard
His wiues ſhrill ſhreeks; and *Neſſus* ſaw, prepar'd
To violate his truſt. Thou rauiſher,
What hope, ſaid he, can thy vaine ſpeed confer?
Holla, thou halfe a beaſt; with-hold thy flight:
I pray thee heare; nor intercept my right.
If no reſpect of me can fix thy truſt:
Yet, let thy Fathers wheele reſtraine thy luſt.
Nor ſhalt thou ſcape reuenge; how euer fleet,
Wounds ſhall ore-take thy ſpeed, though not my feet.
The laſt, his deeds confirme; for as he fled,
An arrow ſtruck his back: the barbed head
Paſt through his breſt. Tug'd out, both vents extrude
Hot ſpinning gore, with *Hydras* blood imbrude.
This *Neſſus* tooke: and ſoftly ſaid: yet I,
Alcides, will not vnreuenged dy.
And giue his Rape a veſt; dipt in that gore:
This will (ſaid he) the heat of loue reſtore.

Long

Long after (all the ample world possest
With his great acts, and *Iunos* hate increast)
From raz'd *Oechalia* hastning his remoue,
To sacrifice vnto *Cenæan Ioue*:
Fames bablings *Deianira's* eares surprise
(Who falshood ads to truth, and growes by lies)
How *Iole*, *Amphitryoniades*
With loue inthraul'd. Stung with this strong disease.
The troubled louer credits what she feares.
At first she nourisheth her griefe with teares:
Which weeping eyes diffuse. Then sayd; But why
Weepe we? the Strumpet in these teares will ioy.
Since come she will, some change attempt I must;
Before my bed be stained with her lust.
Shall I complaine? be mute? shift houses? stay?
Returne to *Calydon*, and giue her way?
Or call to mind that I am sister to
Great *Meleager*, and some mischiefe doe?
What iniur'd woman; what the spleenefull woe
Of ielousie; or harlots death, can show?
Her thoughts, long toyld with change, now fixed stood
To send the garment dipt in *Nessus* blood;
To quicken fainting loue. The Present she
To *Lycas* gaue (as ignorant as he)
And her owne sorrow. Who, with kind commends,
The robe to her suspectlesse husband sends.
Which now the sacrificing Heros wore:
Wrapt in the poyson of *Echidna's* gore.
Who praying, new-borne flames with incense fed:
And bowles of wine on marble altars shed.
The spreading mischiefe works: with heat dissolu'd,
The manly limmes of *Hercules* inuolu'd.

W

Who, whilst he could, with vsuall fortitude
His grones suppreſt. All patience now ſubdew'd
With ſuch extremes; the altar downe he flings:
And ſhady *Oete* with his clamour rings.
Forth-with to teare the torture off, he ſtriues.
The riuen robe, his skin that lines it, riues;
Or to his limmes vnſeparable cleauos;
Or his huge bones and ſinewes naked leaues.
As fire-red ſteele in water drencht; ſo toyles
His hiſſing blood, and with hot poyſon boyles.
No meane! the greedy flames his bowels fret;
And all his body flowes with purple ſweat:
His ſcorched ſinewes crack, his marrow fries.
Then, to the ſtars his hands aduancing, cries.
Feaſt, *Iuno*, on our harmes. O from on high
Behold this plague! thy cruell ſtomack cloy.
If foes may pitty purchaſe (ſuch are we)
This life, with torments cras'd; long ſought by thee;
And borne to toyle, depriue. For death would proue
To me a bleſſing: and a Step-dames loue
May ſuch a bleſſing giue. Haue I this gain'd
For ſlaine *Buſiris*; who *Ioues* temple ſtain'd
With ſtrangers blood? That from *Anteus* tooke
His mothers aid? Whom *Geryons* triple looke,
Nor thine, ô *Cerberus*, could once diſmay?
These hands, theſe made the *Cretan* Bull obey.
Your labors, *Elis*; ſmooth *Stymphalian* floods,
Confeſſe with praiſes; and *Parthenian* woods.
You got the golden belt of *Thermodon*:
And apples from the ſleepleſſe Dragon won.
Nor Cloud-borne *Centaures*, nor th' *Arcadian* Bore,
Could me reſiſt: nor *Hydra* with her ſtore

Of frightfull heads; which by their losse increast.
I, when I saw the *Thracian* Horses feast
With humane flesh, their mangers ouer-threw:
And with his steeds, their wicked Master slew.
These hands the *Nemean* Lyon choakt: these queld
Huge *Cacus*: and these shoulders heauen vpheld.
Ioues cruell wife grew weary to impose;
I neuer to performe. But ô these woes,
This new found plague, no vertue can repell;
Nor armes, nor weapons! Hungry flames of hell
Shoot through my veines, and on my liuer prey.
And yet *Eurysthus* thriues: and some will say
That there be Gods! Here his complaints he ends,
And high-raisd steps ore lofty *Oeta* bends,
Hurried with anguish; lik a Bull that beares
A wounding iauelin; whom the wounder feares.
Oft should you see him quake, oft grone, oft striuing
To teare his garments; solid trees vp-riuing,
Inraged with the mountaines, and to reare
His scorched armes vnto his fathers sphere.
Hid in a hollow rocke, he *Lycas* spies:
When the fure had possest his faculties
With a ner furies. *Lycas* didst thou giue
This horrid gift, said he? Thinkst thou to liue;
And I die by thy treason? While he quakes,
Lookes gastly pale, vnheard excuses makes;
While yet he spake, while to his knees he clung
Caught by the heeles, about his head thrice swong,
Him into deep *Euboean* surges threw
(As engines stones) who hardned as he flew.
As falling shoures congeald with freezing winds
Conuert to snow; as snow together binds,

And rouling round in ſolid haile deſcends:
So while the aire his forced body rends,
Bloodleſſe with terror, all his moiſture gone;
Thoſe times his change produc't to rigid ſtone.
And ſtill within *Euboeas* gulphy deepes:
A ſhort rock lies, which mans proportion keepes.
Whereon the mariners forbeare to fall,
As ſenſitiue. And this they *Lycas* call.
But thou, *Ioues* God-like ſon (a Pyle with ſtore
Of trees aduanc't, which lofty *Oete* bore
Thy bow and ample Quiuer (wherein ly
Thoſe arrowes that againe muſt viſit Troy)
Bequeath'ſt to *Pæans* Heire: who catching fire
Puts to the Pyle. While greedy flames aſpire;
Thou on the top thy Lyons ſpoyle didſt ſpread:
And lay thereon (thy club beneath thy head)
With ſuch a looke; as if a crowned Gueſt
Amidſt full goblets, at a mirthfull feaſt.
Now all imbracing flames a crackling made:
And their Contemnors patient limms inuade.
The Gods much thought for Earths Defendor tooke:
Then thus *Saturnius*, with a chearefull looke:
This griefe, you Gods, is our delight: with all
Our ſoule we ioy, that ſuch a people call
Us King and Father; who ſo gratefull are,
And of our progeny haue ſuch a care.
Or though his noble acts deſerue as much,
You vs oblige. But leſt vaine terrors touch
Our loyall hearts, let not theſe flames diſpleaſe:
Who conquer'd all, ſhall alſo conquer theſe.
Vlcan his mother-part ſhall but ſubdue:
Or that's immortall which from vs he drew;

And can nor taste of death, nor stoope to fire :
Which, purg'd from earth, shall to our ioyes aspire.
This all your Deities I thinke will please.
If any grudge such grace to *Hercules*,
Nor would his God-head; let them enuy still:
They shall our act approue against their will.
The Gods assent. And *Iuno's* selfe accords;
At least in shew: yet *Iupiters* last words
Vnsmooth her forehead with obseru'd distaste.
What flame could vanquish, *Mu[illegible]ber* doth waste.
Yet *Hercules*, not knowne by face, remaines;
Who nothing of his Mothers forme retaines:
Now onely Iouiall. As a snake his yeares
Casts with his skin, and sprightly young appears
With glittering scales: so, the *Tirynthian*,
Hauing put off mortality with man,
Shines in his better part, and seemes more great:
With awe-infusing maiestie compleat.
Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Ioue*,
Through hollow clouds, vnto the starres aboue.
Prest *Atlas* feeles his waight. *Eurystheus* ire
Ends not in death: his hatred to the Sire
Persues his race. *Alcmena*, worne with care;
Had *Iöle* to whom she might declare
Her old-wiues plaints, her Sons hard labours (knowne
Through broad-spred Earth) his fortunes, and her ow
Her, *Hyllus*, by *Alcides* testament,
Tooke to his bed, with loues vnforc't consent;
And fild her womb with generous seed: when thus
Alcmena: Be the Gods propitious,
And quick in working, when thy time drawes neare
[illegible]ll *Ilithyia*, whom sad mothers feare;

To me made difficult by *Iunos* ſpight.
For ten accompliſht ſignes did now excite
My trauell to *Alcides* birth; whoſe waight
My belly ſtretcht: which bare ſo great a fraight,
That you might ſweare it was begot by *Ioue*:
When with intolerable paines I ſtroue.
Now alſo, ſpeaking, horror chils my heart:
And griefes remembrance beares in griefe a part.
Seuen nights, ſeuen dayes, thus rakt; with anguiſh tir'd,
My hands vpheld, with out-cries, I deſir'd
Lucina's aid, my burden to vnty.
She came indeed, but precorrupted by
Unfriendly *Iuno*, life to ruinate.
Hearing my grones, ſhe ſate before the gate
On yonder Altar: her right knee vpholds
Her croſſe left ham; whoſe fingers knit in foulds
Delai'd deliuery: and with mutter'd ſpels
Of ſecret powre, the preſſing birth repels.
Striue; and rauing, task vngratefull *Ioue*:
Deſire to die; and breath complaints to moue
Relentleſſe flints. The *Cadmean* Dames were there;
Who pray for me, and comfort my deſpaire.
Red-haird *Galanthis*, one of meane deſcent;
In all imployments ſtoutly diligent,
Loued for her duetie; doth miſdoubt
Malicious *Iuno*: Paſſing in and out,
She ſaw the Goddeſſe on the altar ſit;
Her armes about her knees, her fingers knit.
What ere you be, reioyce with vs, ſhe ſayd;
Full *Alcmena* hath her belly layd.
The Goddeſſe, great in child-birth, ſtarting, roſe:
And parting her knakt fingers, eaſd my throwes.

They say *Galanthis* laught at this deceit:
Whom straight the flouted Goddesse, in a fret,
Drags by the haire; nor suffers her to rise:
Forth-with her armes conuert to legs and thighes;
Agility and colour still abide:
Her forme transform'd. In that her mouth supplide
Defectiue child-birth, at her mouth she beares:
Nor now our still-frequented houses feares.
This said, she sighs for her old seruants sake:
To whom her daughter, likewise sighing, spake.
You, Mother, sorrow for no kinreds fate.
But what if I the wonderous change relate
Of my poore Sister? Teares, and sorrow seaze
My troubled speech. Of all th' *Oechalides*
For forme few might with *Dryope* compare;
The onely child her dying mother bare:
I borne by a second wife. Her virgin flowre
Being gathered by that ouer-mastering Powre,
Who in *Delos*, and in *Delphos* doth reside;
Andræmon weds her: happy in his Bride.
A lake there is, which sheluing margents bound,
Much like a shore; with fragrant myrtles crownd.
Hither came simple *Dryope* (what more
Afflicts me) to those Nymphs she garlands bore.
Her armes her child, a pleasing burden, hold;
Who suckt her brests: not yet a twelue-month old:
Hard by the lake a flowry Lotus grew,
Expecting berryes, of a crimson hew.
Thence pulling flowres, she gaue them to her son
To play withall; so was I like t'haue don:
For I was there. I saw the blood descend
Feom dropping twigs the boughs with horror bend.

Si

Since told, too late; how that a Nymph, who fled
From lustfull *Priapus*; to quit her dread,
Assum'd this shape: the name of *Lotus* kept.
Vnknowne; my frighted Sister backward stept;
And would depart, as soone as she had prayd:
But roots her feet, for all her struggling, stayd.
Vho onely moues aboue. The bark increast:
nd creepeth from the bottom to her brest.
This seene; she thought t'haue torne her haire: her hand
he fils with leaues; boughs on her summit stand.
he child *Amphisus* (for his grand-Father
urytus, did that name on him confer)
Now finds his mothers brests both stiffe and dry.
,a spectator of thy tragedy
eare sister, had in me no powre of aid;
et as I could, thy growing trunk I stayd.
lung to thy spredding boughs; and wisht that I
ight with thee in the same inclosure ly.
hold, *Andræmon* comes; with him, her Sire;
Both wretched!) and for *Dryope* inquire:
Then I for *Dryope* the *Lotus* show'd.
ney kisses on the heatfull wood bestow'd:
nd, groueling on the ground, her roots imbrace.
ow all of thee, deare Sister, but thy face
n'incrocching habit of a tree receiues:
ow teares, like pearles of dew, hang on thy leaues.
ho, while she might, while yet a way remain'd
r speaking passion; in this sort complain'd.
f Credit to the wretched may be giuen;
veare by all the Powres inbowr'd in Heauen,
euer this deseru'd. Without a sin
ister: innocent my life hath been.

Or if I lie, may my greene branches fade:
And, feld with axes, on the fire be layd,
This Infant from his dyiug mother beare
To some kinde Nurse: and often let him here
Be fed with milke; oft in my shadow play.
Let him salute my tree; and sadly say.
(When he can speake) This *Lotis* doth containe
My dearest mother: Yet let him refraine
All lakes; nor euer dare to touch a flowre:
But think that euery tree inshrines a Powre.
Deare Husband, Sister, Father, all farewell.
Since you I know in pietie excell,
Suffer no axe to wound my tender boughes;
Nor on my leaues let hungry cattaile brouse.
And since I cannot vnto you decline,
Ascend to me; and ioyne your lips to mine.
My little son, while I can kisse, aduance.
But fate cuts off my failing vtterance.
For now the softer rine my neck ascends:
And round about my leauy top extends.
Remoue your hands: without the helpe of those,
The wrapping barke my dying eyes will close.
So left to speak, and be. Yet humane heat
In her chang'd body long retain'd a seat.
While *Iöle* this story told; her eyes,
Glaz'd with her teares, the kinde *Alcmena* dryes;
And weeps her selfe. Behold, a better change
With ioy defers their sorrow: nor lesse strange.
For *Iolaus*, twice a youth, came in:
The doubtfull downe now budding on his chin.
Faire *Hebe*, at her husbands sute, on thee
This gift bestow'd. About to sweare that she

Wou

Would neuer giue the like; wise *Themis* said,
Forbeare; Warre raues in *Thebes* by Discord swayd:
And *Capaneus* but by *Ioue* alone
Can be subdue. The brothers then shall grone
With mutuall wounds. The sacred Prophet, lost
In swallowing earth, aliue shall see his Ghost.
His Sons red hands his Mothers life extract
T' appease his Sire: a iust and wicked fact.
Rapt from his home and senses, with th'affright
Of staring Furies, and his mothers Sprite,
Vntill his wife the fatall gold demands:
The kinsman murder'd by *Phegides* hands.
Then *Acheloian Callirrhoa*
Shall *Ioue* importune, that her infants may
Be turn'd to men: and due reuenge require
As he, for his) of those who slew their sire;
Her prayers shall win consent from *Ioue*: who then
Will bid thee make *Callirrhoe's* children men.
This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture sung.
Among the Gods a grudging murmur sprung,
Why she this gift should not to others giue.
Aurora for her husbands age doth grieue;
Ceres complaines of *Iasons* hory haire;
Vulcan would *Erichthonius* youth repaire;
And cares of time to come in *Venus* raigne,
That her *Anchises* might wax yong againe.
All sue for some: seditious fauour stroue
In hight of tumult; thus oppreft by *Ioue*.
What mutter you? Or where is your respect?
Think you, you can the powre of fate subiect?
Old *Iolaus* was by fate renew'd:
By fate *Callirrhoe's* babes shall be indew'd

With youth: not by ambition, nor warre.
Euen we, that you may better brook it, are
Prescrib'd by Fate. Which could we change; not thus
Should time suppresse our God-like *Eacus:*
Eternall youth should *Rhadamanthus* crowne:
Nor should our *Minos* lose his old renowne:
Decaised now through age: who heretofore,
With such a braue command his scepter bore.
These words of *Ioues* the yeelding Gods asswage;
Sith *Rhadamanth'* and *Eacus*, with age
Decline: and *Minos* whose youths actiue flame
Made mighty nations tremble at his name.
But now in mind and body impotent,
Deioniden Miletus fear'd ascent
T'his throne suspects; adorn'd with youth and stile
Of *Phœbus* son: nor durst his feares exile.
But thou, *Miletus*, of thy owne accord
Forsookst thy natiue home: and now abord,
Through deepe *Egæan* seas to *Asia* came:
Erecting there a Citty of thy name.
He, as the Nymph *Cyanee* (excellent
For beauty) daugher to *Mæander*, went
Along his winding banks, compreſt her there:
Who *Byblis* at one birth with *Caunus* bare.
Byblis example lawlesse loue reproues:
Byblis Apollinician Caunus loues,
Not as a sister should a brother doe:
Nor at the first her owne affections knew.
Nor thought it sinne so eagerly to kisse:
Nor by imbracing to haue done amisse.
Whom shadow of false pietie beguiles;
Loue by degrees corrupts. Her dresse, and smiles,

Shee

Shee frames t'attract; to seeme too faire desires.
And enuies whom so euer he admires.
Yet knowes not her disease: no wishes rise
In smoking sighes as yet; yet inlye fries.
Now calls him Lord; the due of blood disclaim'd:
Who would be *Byblis*, and not sister nam'd.
Nor waking durst she harbour in her breast
A wanton hope: but in dissoluing rest
Her louer oft enioyes; her senses keepe
A festiuall; yet blushes in her sleepe.
Sleepe fled; long mute; her dreame againe renues
By repetition, which shee thus persues.
Woe's me! what bode these fantasies of Night!
If true, how wretched! why should such delight?
His heauenly forme by Enuy is approu'd:
Who might, if not a brother, be belou'd;
And merits my affections (ô too well!)
If I were not his sister, there's my hell!
While waking, I indeuour no such ill,
May these bewitching dreames inchant me still!
No Spie could blab that imitated ioy.
O *Venus*, and with thee, thou winged Boy!
What pleasure, what content, had I that night!
How lay I all dissolued in delight!
With how much ioy remembred! short those ioyes;
And hastie Night our happinesse enuies.
Would I could change this wretched name of mine!
Or he the intrest in his blood resigne!
How well, ô *Caunus*, might our father be
A father in law, or to thy selfe, or me!
O would to *Ioue* we all in common held,
Except our birth! though mine his birth exceld!

Who then (ô faireſt!) wilt thou make a mother?
How ill hath Nature linkt vs to each other!
Still muſt thou be my brother: what I hate
I only haue. What then prognoſticate
Theſe flattering viſions? What in theſe extremes,
Can dreames auaile? or is there waight in dreames?
The Gods forbid! The Gods their Siſters wed.
Saturne and *Ops* had both one truth and bed.
So *Tethys* with *Oceanus*; ſo *Ioue*
Combines with *Iuno* in eternall loue.
Gods haue peculiar lawes: how dare I draw
From them examples, bound t'another law?
Die, die forbidden flames; or let me die.
Then may my brother kiſſe me when I lie
On ſable herſe. Beſides, the ioynt conſent
This craues of two. Say it ſhould me content:
He may abhor it. Yet th'*Æolides*
Imbraced theirs. Whence ſpring ſuch proofes as theſe!
O whether rapt! you wicked flames, remoue:
A brother, as befits a ſiſter, loue.
Yet ſhould he firſt affect, perhaps I then
His loue might cheriſh, and affect againe.
Then ſhall I, who would not his ſute reiect,
She firſt? What, canſt thou ſpeake? thy thoughts detect?
I can: Loue prompts. If ſhame my ſpeech ſuppreſſe;
Yet ſpeechleſſe letters may my flames confeſſe.
This pleas'd her; and a little ſatisfi'de
Her doubtfull minde. When rais'd on her left ſide,
And leaning on her elbow; Hap what may,
We will (ſaid ſhe) our frantike loue diſplay.
O whether ſlide I! ô what flames excite
Theſe thoughts! then fits her trembling hands to write:

One

One holds the wax, the ſtyle the other guides.
Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides;
Notes, razes, changes oft, diſlikes, approues,
Throwes all a ſide, reſumes what ſhe remoues;
Her will ſhe knowes not; no compoſure brookes:
Soft ſhame and impudence ſtriue in her lookes.
She had writ Siſter: that as moſt vnfit,
Defacing; tooke the tables, and thus writ.
Health to her onely Loue that Louer ſends:
Who health hath none, but what your loue extends.
To tell you who I am; alas, I ſhame.
If you would know my ſute; without a name
O let me plead, nor be for *Byblis* knowne,
Vntill my hopes be to aſſurance growne.
Pale colour, leanneſſe, ruthfull lookes, wet eyes,
Long ſighs which from concealed paſſion riſe,
Frequent imbracements, and (if you ſo much
Obſerued) kiſſes of too hot a touch
To ſute a ſiſters coldneſſe: theſe expreſt
The deepe diſtemper of my wounded breſt.
And yet, although my ſoule the wound ſuſtain'd,
Although a fiery fury in me raign'd;
Heauens witneſſe, that I might at length be well,
Try'd the vtmoſt; ſtriuing to repell
The violent darts of *Cupid*: and farre more
Then you would thinke a woman could, I bore.
Againſt my will, I now become your ſlaue:
And with afflighted language pity craue.
You may preſerue; you only can vndoe:
Chooſe which you will. Nor ſues a foe to you;
But who, too neere ally'd, would neerer ioyne:
And in a ſtrickter league of loue combine.

Let

Let old men know what's lawfull, good, or ill:
And to their frosty rules subiect their will.
Rash *Venus* fits our yeares. Yet know not wee
Intangling lawes: let vs thinke all things free,
And imitate the Gods. Paternall awe,
Respect of fame, nor feare can vs with-draw:
Alone all diffidencie lay aside.
Our easie stealths a brothers name will hide.
We may in priuate talke; conuerse, and kisse,
Who euer by. What wants to crowne our blisse?
O pitty mee, who haue my loue confest;
Nor would, had not my vtmost ardor prest:
Lest thy remorselesse crueltie be read
Vpon my monument, when I am dead.
This on the wax she drew with vaine successe:
Inuegling verse th' extremest margent presse.
Then seales her shame: her parched tongue deni'd
To wet her gemme; which weeping eyes suppli'd.
She, blushing, calls a seruant of knowne trust,
And flattering him awhile; My friend, thou must
See these with care, and secrecie, conuaid
To my (there paus'd, and after) brother, said.
In their deliuery the tables fell:
She, at that Omen, starts; yet bids farewell.
The wary messenger attends his time;
And giues to *Caunus* her infolded crime.
Amaz'd *Meandrius* high in choller grew;
And on the ground the halfe-read tables threw.
About to strike; Thou wicked instrument
Of horrid lust, said he, by flight preuent
My swords reuenge; but that our infamie
Thy death would publish; villaine, thou shouldst die.

He, frighted, flies; and to his mistresse beares
The wrath of *Caunus*. *Byblis* quaking heares
Her sad repulse, a death-resembling cold
Beseeg'd her hart, and vitall heat controld.
Yet, with her soule, her frantick loue returnes.
Who, with scarce moouing lips, thus softly mournes.
And worthily. Why, ô too rash! haue I
Disclos'd this wound? affections secrecie
Who would so soone to headdy lines commit?
First, with ambiguous words it had beene fit
I' haue felt his thoughts; and traind him to persue.
I should haue noted how the weather grew;
And chosen a safe Sea: but now my sailes
Stretch desperately with vnexplored gales.
Now borne on crushing rocks, the flouds or'e-beare
My sinking barke; nor can I back-ward steere.
Could not that Omen checke the cherisht scope
Of my desires; when, with our blasted hope,
The tables fell? should I not haue assign'd
Another day; or wholly chang'd my mind?
O no, the day. This, Heauen fore-shewd by sad
And sure portenses; had I not beene mad.
My selfe, before my letters, should haue su'de;
And liuely loue expreſt: he should haue viewd
My moouing teares; a louers pleading looke.
More could I haue spoke then writ: t'wold more haue tooke.
About his necke my armes I might haue wound;
And, had he cast me off, appeare to swound;
Clung to his feet, and groueling, life implore.
This passion might haue acted, and much more:
Whereof, though each particular should faile;
Yet altogether ioyntly might preuaile,

Perhaps

Perhaps the blame-deseruing messenger
Did in behauiour, or occasion, erre:
Nor chose a season when his thoughts were free.
This bain'd my hopes. For of no Tygresse he,
Nor Lyonesse, was borne: his gentle brest
Rough flint, hard steele, nor adamant inuest.
He must be won: no sowre repulse shall make
My powers retire, till life my brest forsake.
The best, if what is done were to begin,
Is not t'attempt: next, what w'attempt, to win.
For neuer would he, though I should ore-sway
My strong desires, forget this leud assay.
Desisting, would condemne my loue for light;
Or that I tri'd to intrap him by this slight:
Or may conceaue that brutish lust did moue
These extasies; and not the God of loue.
And to conclude; I must be wicked still:
My hand hath signd it; tainted in my will.
No giuing backe can make me innocent:
Nought can I adde to sin, Much to content.
This said; one thought another doth controule:
So great a discord racks his wauering soule!
Dislikes; yet acts: who neuer satisfi'd;
Accurst! attempteth, to be oft deni'd.
This seene, he flies his country for her crime:
And builds a City in a forraine clime.
When wofull *Byblis*, sinking in despaire,
Her garments, rauing, from her bosome tare;
Striking her armes through fury, and proclames
In high distraction, her incesteous flames.
Hopelesse, her hated mansion she eschues:
And frantikely, her brothers flight persues.

nd as *Ismarian Bacchanals* (great son
)f *Semele*) struck with thy Thyrsus, run
thy Triennials: so *Bubasian* Dames
aw howling *Byblis* hurrying o're their plaines.
rom these she wanders through the *Carian* bounds,
'he warlike *Legates*, and *Lycian* grounds:
ragus, *Lymira*'s streames; the siluer waues
)f *Xanthus* past; and where *Chimæra* raues
)n high rocks; with a Lions face and mane,
Gotes rough body, and a Serpens traine.
'he woods were past: when thou, ô *Byblis*, faint
Vith long persuit, and passions strong constraint,
unk'st downe; thy haire on earth diffus'dly spread:
nd hid'st with withered leaues thy low-laid head.
'he kinde *Lelegian* Nymphs oft in their armes
ttempt to raise her: and with powerfull charmes
)f counsell, striue to cure her loue-sicke mind.
ut, to the deafe they sing, and lose their wind.
he, grasping the greene rushes, silent lyes:
nd bathes them in the riuers of her eyes.
he *Naiades* thrust vnder these a spring:
heir bounty could not giue a greater thing.
s pitch distilleth from the sable wound,
s stiffe Bitumen issues from the ground;
s flouds, which frosts in icie fetters bind,
haw with th'approching Sun, and Southerne wind;
uen so *Phœbeian Byblis*, spent in teares,
ecomes a liuing fountaine, which yet beares
er name: and vnder a blacke Holme that growes
those ranke vallies, plentifully flowes.
The fame of this so wonderfull a fate
ad fill'd *Creets* hundred Cities; if of late

The change of *Iphis*, generally knowne,
Had not produc't a wonder of their owne.
For *Phæstus*, neere to *Gnossus*, fostered
One, *Lygdus*, of vn-noted parents bred:
How'euer, free. Nor did his wealth exceed
His parentage: yet both in word and deed
Sincerely iust, and of a blamelesse life.
Who thus bespake his now downe-lying wife.
Two things I wish: that you your belly lay
With little paine; and that it proue a boy.
A daughter is too chargeable, and we
Too poore to match her. If a girle it be,
I charge, what I abhorre (ô Piety
Forgiue me!) that, as soone as borne, it die.
This hauing vtter'd; the commanded wept
And the Commander; teares no measure kept.
Yet *Telethusa* still with fruitlesse praire,
Desires he would not in the Gods despaire.
But he too constant. Now her time was come,
And the ripe burden vext her heauy womb:
When *Inachis*, with all her sacred band;
In dead of night, or stood, or seem'd to stand
Besides her bed. Her browes a crowne adornes,
With eares of shining corne, and *Cynthian* hornes,
Barking *Anubis*, and *Bubastis* bright,
Black *Apis* spotted variously with white,
He whose mouth-sealing finger silence taught,
Tymbrels, *Osiris* neuer enough sought;
And forreine serpents, whose dire touch constraine
A deadly slumber, consummate her traine.
Then (as awake, and seeing) the Diuine
Thus said: O *Telethusa*, One of mine;

Rei

.eiect these cares, thy husband disobay:
.nd when *Lucina* shall thy belly lay,
oster what ere it be. A Deity
uxiliary to Distresse am I;
.eady to helpe, and easily implor'd:
[or shall it grieue thee that thou hast ador'd
'ngratefull *Isis*. This admonished
he leaues the roome. When, rising in her bed,
.er hands to Heauen glad *Telethusa* threw:
nd humbly prayes her vision may proue true.
ıcreasing throwes at length a girle disclosd,
oth by the father and the world supposd
o be a boy; so closely hid: and knowne
ıt to the Mother, and the nurse alone.
e payes his vowes, and of his Fathers name
Iphis cals; which much reioyc't the dame,
o both sex common; nor deceiues thereby:
'ho still with pious fraud conceales her lie.
boy in show, whose lookes should you assigne
ɔ boy or girle, loue would in either shine
: thirteene yeares her Father her affide
o yellow-trest *Iänthe*: she the pride
f *Phæstian* virgins for vnequald faire:
lestes daughter, and his onely heire,
ke young, like beautifull, together bred,
formd a like, alike accomplished:
ke darts at once their simple bosoms strike;
ıke their wounds; their hopes, ô far vnlike!
ıe day they expect. *Ianthe* thought time ran
ɔo slow; and takes her *Iphis* for a man.
ore *Iphis* loues, despaires; despaire eiects
r fiercer flames: a maid, a maid affects.

What

What will become of me (she weeping said)
Whom new, vnknowne, prodigious loues inuade!
If pittifull, the Gods should haue destroi'd:
Or else haue giuen what might haue beene inioy'd.
No Cow a Cow, no Mare a Mare persues:
But Harts their gentle Hindes, and Rammes their Ewes.
So Birds together paire. Of all that moue,
No Female suffers for a Female loue.
O would I had no being! Yet, that all
Abhord by Nature should in *Creet* befall;.
Sol's lust-incensed daughter lou'd a Bull:
They male and female. Mine, ô farre more full
Of vncouth fury! for she pleas'd her bloud;
And stood his errour in a Cow of wood:
She, to deceiue, had an adulterer.
Should all the world their daring wits confer:
Should *Dedalus* his waxen wings renue,
And hither flye; what could his cunning doe!
Can art conuert a virgin to a boy?
Or fit *Iänthe* for a maidens ioy?
No, fix thy mind; compose thy vast desires:
O quench these ill-aduis'd and foolish fires!
Or know thy selfe, or Selfe-deceit accuse:
What may be, seeke; and loue as virgins vse.
Hope wings Desire; hope *Cupids* flight sustaines:
In thee thy Sex this deads. No watch restraines
Out deare imbrace, nor husbands iealousies,
Nor rigorous Sires; nor she her selfe denies:
Yet not to be inioy'd. Nor canst thou be
Happy in her; though men and Gods agree!
Now also all to my desires accord:
What they can giue, the easie Gods afford;

Wh

Vhat me, my Father, hers, her ſelfe would pleaſe,
)iſpleaſeth Nature; ſtronger than all theſe.
She, ſhe forbids. That day begins to ſhine;
.ong wiſht! wherein *Iänthe* muſt be mine:
And yet not mine. Of mortals moſt accurſt!
ſtarue at feaſts, and in the riuer thirſt.
uno, ô *Hymen*, wherefore are you come?
Ve both are Brides: but where is the Bride'-groome?
Here ended. Nor leſſe burnes the other Maid;
Vho, *Hymen*, for thy ſwift apparance praid.
Yet *Telethuſa* feares what thou affects;
'rotracting time: oft want of health obiects;
ll-boading dreames, and auguries oft faines:
But now no colour for excuſe remaines.
Their nuptiall rites, put off with ſuch delay;
Vere to be ſolemniz'd the following day.
Vhen ſhe vnbinds, hers, and her daughters haire;
And holding by the Altar form'd this praire.
ſis; who *Parætonium Pharos* Ile,
mooth *Mareotis*, and ſeuen-channeld *Nile*,
hear'ſt with thy preſence: thy poore ſuppliants heare:
) helpe in theſe extremes, and cure our feare!
'hee Goddeſſe, thee of old; theſe enſignes, I
laue ſeene, and know: thy lamps, attendancie,
nd ſounding Timbrels: and haue thee obaid.
'o me, impunity; life, to this maid,
'hy ſauing counſell gaue: to both renue
hy timely pittie. Teares her words perſue.
he Goddeſſe ſhakes her Altar; when the gate
hooke on the hinges: hornes that imitate
he waxing Moones, through all the Temple flung
ſacred ſplendor: noyſe-full Timbrels rung.

The Mother, glad of this successefull signe,
Though not secure, returnes from *Isis* shrine.
Whom *Iphis* followes with a larger pace
Then vsuall; nor had so white a face.
Her strength augments; her looke more bold appeares;
Her shortning curles scarce hang beneath her eares;
More courage hath, then, when a wench, she had:
For thou, of late a Wench, art now a Lad.
Gifts to the temple beare, and *Io* sing!
Sing Ioy! Their gifts vnto the Temple bring;
And adde a title in one verse displaid:
What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he pai'd.
The Morning Night dismasks with welcome flame:
When *Iuno*, *Venus*, and free *Hymen* came
To grace their marriage; who, with gifts diuine,
Iphis the Boy, to his *Iänthe* ioyne.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The tenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

F*Eare turnes a man to Flint.* Lethæa's *blame*
Olenus *beares: now stones; their shapes the same.*
Vext Cybele *to Pine her* Atys *turnes.*
Sweet Cyparissus *in a Cypresse mournes.*
Enamoured Ioue *an Eagles wings displayes;*
And louely Ganymed *to Heauen conuayes.*
Slaine Hyacinthus *sighes in his new Flowre.*
The cruell Sacrificers by the powre
Of Venus *turnd to Buls. The Prostitute*
To Stones. Pygmalion *wiues the liuing fruit*
Of his rare Art. Erigone *doth shine*
In Heauen; conuerted to the Virgin Signe.
Myrrha, *a weeping Tree.* Hippomenes
And Atalanta, *Lyons.* Cyprides
(Inform'd by Mentha's *change) her Paramoure*
Turnes to a faire, but quickly fading flowre.

HEnce to the *Cicones*, through boundlesse skies,
In saffron mantle, *Hymenæus* flies:
By *Orpheus* cal'd. But neither vsuall words,
Nor chearfull lookes, nor happy signes affords.
The torch his hand sustain'd, still sputtering, rais'd
A tearefull smoke: nor yet, though shaken, blaz'd.

Th'euent

Th'euent worse then the Omen. As his Bride
Troopes with the *Naiades* by *Hebrus* side;
A Serpent bit her by the heele: which forc't
Life from her hold, and nuptiall tyes diuorc't.
Whom when the *Thracian* Poet had aboue
Enough bewail'd; that his complaints might moue
The vnder Shades, at *Tænarus* descends
To *Stygian* flouds; and his bold steps extends
By ayrie Shapes, and fleeting Soules, that boast
Of sepulture, through that vnpleasant coast
To *Platos* Court. When, hauing tun'd his strings,
Thus to his harpe the God-like Poet sings.
You Powres that sway the world beneath the Earth,
The last abode of all our humane birth:
If we the truth without offence may tell;
I come not hither to discouer Hell,
Nor binde that scolding Curre, who barking shakes
About his triple browes *Medusa's* snakes.
My wife this iourney vrg'd: who, by the tooth
Of trod-on Viper, perisht in her youth.
I would, and stroue t'haue borne her losse: but Loue
Won in that strife. A God well knowne aboue:
Nor here, perhaps, vnknowne. If truly Fame
Report old rapes, you also felt his flame.
By these obscure abodes, so full of dread;
By this huge *Chaos*, and deepe Silence, spread
Through your vast Empire; by these prayers of mine;
Eurydices too-hasty fate vntwine.
We all are yours: and after a short stay;
Early, or late; we all must runne one way.
Hither we throng; for our last home assign'd:
Th'eternall habitation of man-kind.

Sh

reame-bordering Willow, Lotus louing Lakes,
iffe Box whom neuer ſappy ſpring forſakes,
anch-ſlender Tamariſk, with trees that beare
purple figge, nor Myrtles abſent were.
ie wanton Iuie wreath'd in amorous twines,
nes bearing Grapes, and Elmes ſupporting Vines,
:aight Seruice trees, trees dropping Pitch, fruit-red
butus; theſe the reſt accompaned.
ith limber Palmes, of Victory the meede:
d vp-right Pine, whoſe leaues aloft proceed;
s'd by the Mother of the Gods: for Shee
r luſt-ſtaind *Atys* turn'd into that tree.
The ſpyre-like Cypreſſe in this throng appeares.
late a Boy: lou'd by that God who beares
e ſiluer Bow, and ſtrikes the vocall ſtrings.
:red to Nymphs that haunt *Carthæan* Springs
tag there was; whoſe hornes, on high diſplaide
th ſpreading palmes, afford his head a ſhade.
antlers ſhone with gold; a carquenet
necke imbrac't, with ſparkling Diamonds ſet.
luer bell vpon his forehead hung
ilken ſtrings, which euery motion rung.
und pearle, of equall ſize, from either eare
ng on his cheekes: who void of natiue feare,
quented houſes: and well pleas'd, would ſtand
: gentle ſtrokings of a ſtrangers hand,
s, *Cypariſſus*, was thy onely ioy,
f all that *Cæa* bred, the faireſt boy)
hee full oft to change of paſture led:
purling ſtreames that part the ranker mead.
th various flowres now would'ſt thou tricke his hornes:
v on his backe (who no ſuch burden ſcornes)

About the pleasant fields in pleasure ride;
And with a purple raigne the willing guide.
'Twas Summer, and high Noone: Dayes burning eye
Made smoking *Cancers* crooked clawes to fry.
Vpon the ground the panting Hart was laide:
Coole aire receiuing from the syluan shade.
Whom silly *Cyparissus* wounds by chance:
And seeing life pursue his tug'd out lance,
Resolues to die. What did not *Phœbus* say,
That might a griefe, so slightly caus'd, allay?
He answers him in sighs: this last good-turne
Implores; That he might neuer cease to mourne.
His bloud now shed in teares, a greenish hiew
His body dimmes: the locks that dangling grew
Vpon his iuory fore-head bristling rise;
And pointing vpward, seeme to threat the skies.
When *Phœbus*; sighing: I for thee will mourne:
Mourne thou for others: Herses still adorne.
Such trees attracting; and inuiron'd round
With birds and beasts, vpon the rising ground
The Poet sits: who, hauing tun'd his strings,
Indissonancie musicall, thus sings.
From *Ioue*, ô Mother Muse, deriue my verse;
All bow to *Ioue*: *Ioues* power we oft rehearse.
And late of Giants sung, in lofty straines,
Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegræan* plaines.
Now, in a lower key, to louely boyes
Belou'd of Gods, turne we our softer layes.
And sing of womens furies, who persue
Forbidden lusts: persude by Vengeance due.
Heauens King, young *Ganymed* inflames with loue:
There was what *Ioue* would rather be than *Ioue*.

'et daines no other ſhape than hers, that beares
Iis awfull lightning in her golden ſeares.
Vho forthwith ſtooping with deceitfull wings,
'ruſt vp *Iliades* by *Ida's* ſprings.
Vho now, for *Ioue* (though iealous *Iuno* ſcoules)
)elitious Nectar fils in flowing bowles.
And thee *Amyclides*, in azure skies
'ad *Phœbus* fixt; if cruell Deſtinies
'ad not preuented: yet in ſome ſort made
rernall. For, as oft as Springs inuade
harpe winters; and to *Aries Piſces* yeelds:
o oft renu'd, thy Flowre adorne the fields.
hee lou'd my Father, beſt of humane births.
er Guardian quits his *Delphos*, in wide Earths
ound nauill ſeated: while the God of Beames
aunts wall-leſſe *Sparta*, and *Eurotas* ſtreames.
ow neither for his Harpe, nor Quiuer, cares:
imſelfe debaſing, beares the corded ſnares;
r leads the dogs; or clambers mountaines; led
/ Lordly *Loue*, and flames by cuſtome fed.
ow *Titan* bore his equall-diſtant Light,
:tweene fore-running and enſuing Night:
'hen lightned of their garments, either ſhone
'ith ſuppling Oile, in ſtrife to throw the ſtone.
his ſwinging through the aire firſt *Phœbus* threw:
he obuious clouds diſperſing as it flew;
n ſolid earth, though flying long, at length
:ſcends; inforc't by art-inabling ſtrength.
ı'imprudent Boy attempts with fatall haſt
) take it vp; when Earth, by boundings, caſt
ıe Globe, ô *Hyacinthus*, at thy head.
ıe Boy lookt pale; and ſo the God, who bled

Euen in his bleeding. Raised from the ground;
He sought t'affwage and dry the bitter wound.
And would with herbes his flying soule haue staid:
That wound was cureless; art affords no aid.
As Violets, or Lillies louing streames,
Or Poppie, forced in their yellow stemmes,
Wither forthwith, and hang their heauy heads;
Nor raise themselues, but bow to their first beds:
So hung his dying lookes; so ouer-swaid,
His limber necke vpon his shoulder laid.
Thou fall'st *Ocbalides*, in thy youths faire prime,
Said *Phœbus*: with thy wound, I see my crime.
My sorrow, and my sinne. This hand thy breath
Hath crusht to aire: I, author of thy death.
Yet, what my fault, vnlesse t'haue plaid with thee,
Or lou'd thee (ô too well!) offences bee.
I would, sweet Boy, that I for thee might die!
Or die with thee! but since the fates denie
So deare a wish; thou shalt with me abide:
And euer in my memory reside.
Our Harpe, and verse thy praises shall resound:
And in thy Flowre my sorrow shall be found.
The Great in Valour shall in time, to it
Another adde; and in the same be writ.
While thus *Apollo* truly prophecide:
Behold! the bloud which late the grasse had dide;
Was now no bloud: from whence a flowre full-blowne,
Farre brighter than the *Tyrian* scarlet shone:
Which seem'd the same, or did resemble right
A Lillie; changing but the red to white.
Nor so contented; (for the youth receiu'd
That grace from *Phœbus*) in the leaues he weaw'd

The ſad impreſſion of his ſighes: *Ai! Ai!*
They now in funerall Characters diſplay.
Nor ſhame to *Sparta*, *Hyacinth* procures;
Whoſe adoration to this day indures:
For now, as erſt, they yeerely celebrate
The *Hyacinthian* Feaſt in ſolemne State.
Perhaps if *Amathus* you aske (whoſe earth
Abounds with mettals) if ſhe would the birth
Of her *Propætides*; ſhe would ſay, I:
As well as theirs, for their impiety,
In former time, with monſtrous hornes defam'd:
Whereof they fitly were *Ceraſtæ* nam'd.
Before their doores the tragicke Altar ſtood
Of *Ioue* the Hoſpitable; ſtain'd with blood
Of ſtranger gueſts. Who had this ſhambles ſeene,
Would thinke that bloud the bloud of calues had beene.
A Gueſt new ſacrifiz'd: faire *Cypridis*
Offended with ſuch cruell Rites as theſe;
Prepares to quit her Cities and the Groues
Of *Ophiuſa*. Yet, what guilt reproues
(Said ſhe) my Groues and Cities? what offence?
Rather with death their bloudy liues compence;
Or exile: if from theſe extremes they ſcape,
What middle courſe, but to transforme their ſhape?
Then muſing to what forme, ſhe caſt her looke
Upon the horned Heard; and from them tooke
Resolution ſo to arme their skuls:
Who turnes their mighty limbs to monſtrous Buls.
Yet durſt th'obſcene *Propætides* deny,
O *Venus*, thy all-ruling Deity.
The firſt, that euer gaue themſelues for hire
To proſtitution; vrged by thy ire.

Their lookes imboldned, modesty now gone,
Conuert at length to little-differing Stone.
Pygmalion seeing these to spend their times
So beast-like; frighted with the many crimes
That rule in women; chose a single life:
And long forbore the pleasure of a wife.
Meane while, in iuory with happy art
A Statue carues; so shapefull in each part,
As woman neuer equall'd it: who stands
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.
It seem'd a Virgin, full of liuing flame;
That would haue mou'd, if not withheld by shame,
So Art it selfe conceal'd. His art admires;
From th'Image drawes imaginary fires:
And often feeles it with his hands, to try
If 'twere a body, or cold iuory.
Nor could resolue. Who kissing, thought it kist:
Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wrist;
The flesh impressing (his conceit was such)
And feares to hurt it with too rude a touch.
Now flatters her; now sparkling stones presents,
And orient pearle (loues witching instruments)
Soft-singing birds, each seuerall colour'd flowre,
First Lillies, painted balls, and teares that powre
From weeping trees. Rich Robes her person decke;
Her fingers, rings; reflecting chaines her necke;
Pendants her eares; a glittering zone her brest.
In all, shew'd well; but shew'd, when naked, best.
Now laies he her vpon a gorgeous bed:
With carpets of *Sidonian* purple spred.
Now calls her wife. Her head a pillow prest
Of plumy downe, as if with sense possest.

Nov

Now came the day of *Venus* Festiuall:
Through wealthy *Cyprus* solemniz'd by all.
White heifers, deckt with golden hornes, by strokes
Of axes fall: ascending incense smokes.
He, with his gift, before the Altar stands:
You Gods, if all we craue be in your hands,
Giue me the wife I wish: one like, he said,
But durst not say, giue me my iuory Maid.
The golden *Venus*, present at her Feast,
Conceiues his wish; and friendly signes expreſt:
The fire thrice blasing, sparkling thrice on high.
He hastes to his admired Imag'rie:
Touches besides her, rais'd her with his arme;
Then kist her tempting lips, and found them warme.
That lesson oft repeates; her bosome oft
With amorous touches feeles, and felt it soft.
The iuory dimpled with his fingers, lacks
Accustom'd hardnesse: as *Hymettian* wax
Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce
To pliant formes, by handling fram'd for vse.
Amaz'd with doubtfull ioy, and hope that reeles;
Gaine the Louer, what he wishes, feeles.
The veines beneath his thumbs impression beat:
A perfect Virgin full of iuyce and heat.
The *Cyprian* Prince with ioy-enhightned words,
To pleasure-giuing *Venus* thanks affords.
His lips to hers he ioynes, which seeme to melt:
The blushing Virgin now his kisses felt;
And fearefully erecting her faire eies,
Together with the light, her Louer spies.
Venus was present at the match she made.
And when nine Crescents had at full displaide

Their ioyning hornes, repleat with borrowed flame,
She *Paphus* bore: who gaue that Ile a name.
He, *Cinyras* begot: who might be stil'd
Of men most happy, had he had no child.
I sing of Horror! Daughters, farre, ô farre
From hence remoue! and You, who fathers are!
Or if my winning verse your minds allure:
Let them no credit in this part procure.
Or if you will beleeue the same for true:
Beleeue with all the iudgements that ensue.
If nature could permit so foule a Crime:
I am glad for you *Ismarians*; for this Clime;
This world of ours; so distant from that earth,
That gaue to such a cursed Monster birth.
In Costus, Cinnamon; and Amomum,
Rich let *Panchaia* be: let pretious Gum
Sweat from her trees; affected flowers bring forth;
So't *Myrrha* beare. No tree is of that worth.
Cupid denies t'haue vs'd his darts therein:
And vindicates his flames from such a Sinne.
Alecto, with swoine snakes, and *Stygian* fire
That fury rais'd. 'Tis sinne to hate thy Sire:
This Loue, a greater. Princes their abodes
Leaue in all parts; and for thee fall at oddes:
Of all, ô *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one:
So one of all be in that number none.
She knew't: and striuing; to her selfe thus spake:
O whither rapt! what is't I vndertake!
Good Gods! good Pietie! diuine Respect
Of Parents guard me! and this sinne eiect!
If so a sinne it be. No pietie
Condemnes such *Venus*; Natures common tie.

Horse

Horses their fillies backe, sires Heifers beare;
Gotes kids beget on those whose kids they were:
Birds of that seed conceiue, whereof but late
Conceiu'd themselues; nor they degenerate.
Happy in this are those! But humane care
Hath fram'd malignant lawes: and we who are
By Nature free; malitious customes bind.
There is a Nation, to their bloud more kind;
Where sons their mothers, fathers daughters wiue:
And piety with doubled loue reuiue.
O woe is me, that there I was not borne!
Curst by this place. What thoughts are these! forlorne
Alse hopes, auant. Though he all-worthy bee:
Yet, as a father, must be lou'd by thee.
Were I not daughter to great *Cinyras*;
All I conceiue in my desires might passe.
Now, in that mine, not mine: proximitie
Vis ioynes vs; neerer, were we not so nigh.
Hence would I flye by vn-returning wayes
To shun this sinne: dire Loue my iourney staies;
To feast my hungry eyes with his deare sight,
Talke, touch, and kisse; or more, if more I might.
O wicked virgin, canst thou more propound!
Knowst thou what lawes and names thy lusts confound!
Thy fathers whore! a riuall to thy mother!
Thy owne sons sister! mother to thy bother!
Nor fear'st the *Furies* with their hissing haire,
Who on the faces of the guilty stare,
With dreadfull torches! From thy soule exile
This mischiefe, ere it actually defile.
Nor with thy horrid lust infringe the law
Of suffering Nature: but in time with-draw.

Would I? it will not: he too well inclin'd.
O that like fury would inflame his mind!
Thus she. But *Cinyras*, prest with the store
Of worthy suters who his voice implore;
In his owne choice irresolute, demands
(Their names rehearsing) how her fancy stands.
She, thoughtfull silent; gazing on his face,
Flusht with imbosom'd flames, and wept apace.
He, taking this for mayden feare; Desist
From weeping, said: then dride her cheeks, and kist.
Too much she ioyes. Againe demanded, who
She best could like: replyde, One, like to you.
Be still, said he, so pious. At that name
She hung the head, as conscious of her blame.
'Twas now the mid of night: when Sleepe bestowes
On men; and on their cares, a sweet repose.
But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with tamelesse fires;
Retracting her implacable desires.
Despaires, hopes; will not, will; now shames, againe
Desires; nor knowes what course to take. As when
A mighty Oke (one blow behind) his fall
On each side threatens; and is fear'd on all:
Euen so her mind, impair'd with various wounds,
Waues to and fro; and changes still propounds.
No meane, no cure, was left for loue but death;
Death pleas'd. Resolu'd to choke her hated breath;
Vp-starting, to a beame her girdle ties.
Deare *Cinyras* farewell (she softly cries)
And of my ruine vnderstand the cause.
That said, the noose about her necke she drawes.
Her wakefull Nurses faithfull eares, they say,
A whispering heard: who in the Lobby lay.

Strai

Straight rose; vnlockt the doores; the instrument
Of death beholding, screecht: together rent
Her haire and bosome: and, with trembling haste,
The girdle from her pallid necke displac't.
Now had she time to weepe; t'imbrace her Care:
And aske the cause of such accurst despaire.
She silent, fixes on the earth her eyes:
And grieues at deaths preuented enterprise.
Baring her horie haires and empty brest,
The Nurse, by her first food, and cradle, prest
Her griefes disclosure. *Myrrha* turnes aside,
And sighes. The Nurse would not be so denide:
Nor onely promist secrecy; but said:
Tell me, my child, and entertaine my aid.
My old age is not fruitlesse: charmes haue we,
And powerfull medcines, if it furie be:
If witchcraft; magicke shall thy torments ease:
If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appease
With sacrifice. What can be else surmiz'd?
Thy fortunes by incursions vnsurpriz'd;
Thy mother, and thy father, well? That Name
Drew from her soule a sigh, that scorcht like flame.
Nor in the Nurse did this suspition moue
Of such a crime: and yet she saw 'twas Loue.
Importunate to know what least she feares,
Laid in her lap surrounded with her teares,
Sh'infolds her in her feeble armes, and said;
I know thou lou'st: wherein (nor be afraid)
Thou maist on my sedulity rely:
Nor shall thy father euer this descry.
At that, in fury from her lap she sprung;
Then on the bed her prostrate body flung;

Muffling

Muffling her guilty lookes. Be gone, she said,
And spare the blushes of a wretched maid.
Still vrg'd: Be gone, replyd; or else forbeare
T'inquire of that which is a sinne to heare.
The Nurse lost in amaze; her hands, with yeeres
And terror trembling (kneeling to her) reares:
Now speakes her faire, now threatens to disclose
(Vnlesse she made her priuy to her woes)
Her purpos'd violence: and vowes to proue
Both secret and assistant to her loue.
At that, her head she rais'd; her Nurses brest
With weeping baths: oft stroue to haue confest;
As oft with-held: at length she hid her head;
And said, ô Mother, happy in thy bed!
There ends: then grones. The Nurse cold horror shooke
Now too much knowing: with a gastly looke,
Her hory haire star'd on her browes: Who said,
What not? that might so foule a lust diffwade.
The Virgin could not such a truth denie:
But stands resolu'd, or to possesse, or die.
Liue, said she, and possesse (there stopt, as loth
To say; thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.
Now Matrons celebrate the yeerely Feast
Of *Ceres*; whom long linnen stoles inuest:
And offer garlands of their first-ripe corne;
Forbidden *Venus* for nine nights forborne,
And touch of man. In spotlesse ornaments,
With these, the Queene her secret Rites frequents.
Lying alone, the leaudly diligent
Doth *Cinyras*, o're-charg'd with wine, present
With proffer of true loue, though falsely maskt:
And prais'd her beauty. Of what age being askt?

Of equall age with *Myrrha*, she replies.
When bid to bring her: home in haste she highes;
Reioyce, said she, I bring thee victory.
Th'vnhappy Virgin felt but little ioy;
Such ill successe her troubled Soule diuin'd:
And yet she ioy'd: such discord rackt her mind.
Now Silence ouer all the world did raigne:
And slow *Boötes* had declin'd his Waine.
To sinne addrest; from heauen bright *Cynthia* flyes;
Starres shroud their heads in clouds: Night lost her eyes.
Erigone, *Icarius*, first remoue:
Shee stellifi'd for her paternall loue.
By stumbling thrice reuok'd; the funerall Owle
Thrice sadly shreekt; yet she proceeds: the scoule
Of Night, and Darknesse, modesty bereft.
Her Nurses right hand holding with her left,
And groping with the other hand, explores
Her blinde accesse. Now came she to the doores
Of that dire chamber; now the way to sinne
She boldly opens; and now enters in.
Yet bloud and courage her at once forsooke;
Her knees, vnknitting, one another strooke:
The neerenesse to her crime remoues desire:
Who now repents, and would vnknowne retire.
Protracting, by the hand the Nurse her led;
And, hauing rendred her vnto his bed,
Here *Cyneras*, said she, receiue thy owne.
And ioynes their cursed bosomes. He, vnknowne,
His bowels to his bed assumes: and cheares
With comfortable words, her maiden feares.
By chance he call'd her daughter, in that, old;
And she him father: that their names might hold,

Now

Now full of father, bed and chamber leaues.
With wicked seed her cursed wombe conceiues:
Who beares about the burden of her shame:
Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the same.
When *Cinyras*, who longs to see his Louer,
So oft imbrac't; did with a light discouer
His sinne, and daughter. Sorrow not a word
Could vtter: he vnsheaths his shining sword.
She swiftly flies: whom nights blacke shelter shields
From threatned death; and strayes through spatious fields,
Palme-clad *Arabia*, and *Panchæa* past;
Now hauing wandred by nine Moones, at last
Rest to her weary limbes *Sabæa* gaue.
Charg'd with her womb; not knowing what to craue;
Betweene the hate of life, and feare of death,
She this conception quickens with her breath.
You Powers! If Penitencie pierce your eare;
I haue deserued, nor refuse to beare,
Your iust inflictions: yet lest I prophane
Or those who liue, or who in death remaine,
O banish me from either Monarchie;
That, chang'd by you, I may nor liue, nor die!
Confession some cœlestiall pitty found:
Those wishes had their Gods. Euen then the ground
Couerd her legs: a downe-ward-spreading root
Burst from her toes; whose euer-fixed foot
Sustain'd the lengthfull bole. Bones turne to wood,
To pith her marrow, into sap her blood:
Her armes great branches grow, her fingers spine
To little twigs; her skin conuerts to rine.
Now her big wombe the rising tree possest,
Her bosome folds, and now her necke oppreſt:

Whe

When ſhe, delay ill-brooking, downward ſhrunke
And vales her viſage in the cloſing trunke.
Though ſenſe, with ſhape, ſhe loſt; ſtill weeping, ſhee
Sheds bitter teares, which trickle from her tree:
Teares of high honour; theſe their Miſtreſſe name
As yet preſerue, and ſtill ſhall beare the ſame.
Th'inceſtuous infant, now at perfect growth
Within the tree; indeuors to get forth.
The barke, amid the bole, her belly wrung,
With torment ſtretcht: nor had that griefe a tongue:
Nor could ſhe call *Lucina* to her throwes:
And yet the tree like one in labour ſhowes;
Bowes downe with paine, and grones, and weepes a flood.
Lucina by her trembling branches ſtood;
Her hand impos'd, and vtterd powerfull words.
The yawning tree the crying Babe afferds
A paſſage; whom thoſe Nymphs receiue with ioy:
And in his mothers teares anoint the Boy.
His beauty Enuie would commend. Such be
Th'naked *Cupids* which we painted ſee.
But, leſt their habit ſome diſtinction make;
A quiuer giue, or his from *Cupid* take.
Time glides away with vndiſcouerd haſt;
And mockes our hopes: no wings can fly ſo faſt.
He, whom his ſiſter bore, his grandſires ſon;
Late tree-inclos'd, who lately life begun,
But now an infant louely paſt compare,
Now boy, now man, now then himſelfe more faire.
And now on *Venus* for his mothers fires
Reuenge aſſumes; who dotingly admires.
For kiſt by quiuer-bearing *Loue*, his dart
By fortune raz'd her lilly hand; with ſmart

Incenst, she thrust him from her: nor then found
The wounds deceitfull depth, yet deepe the wound.
Not now *Cythera* could the Louer please;
Nor *Paphos*, grasped with resulting Seas.
High *Gnidos*, *Amathus*, renown'd for brasse,
Nor heauen frequents: her heauen *Adonis* was.
Him woo's, accompanies, besides him lyes
In gratefull shades; and striues to please his eyes.
Now like *Diana* she her selfe attires;
And trips o're hills and rockes, through brakes and briers:
Hollowes the hound; persuing beasts of chace,
Buckes, high-horn'd Harts, and Hares, who fly apace:
But rapefull Wolues, rough Beares, fell Bores eschues;
And Lions, whom the bloud of Beeues imbrues.
And thee *Adonis*, her misdoubts diffwade
From such encounters; had they bee[illegible] obay'd.
Those boldly chace, said She, who flight propose:
Valour vnsafely copes with valiant foes.
Sweet Boy! be not too hardy in my harmes;
Nor tempt those cruell beasts whom nature armes:
For feare such glory but too costly proue.
Thy youth and beauty, though they *Venus* moue;
The bristled Swine, nor shaggie Lion touch:
Pitie ne're piere't the eyes nor hearts of such.
Bores, in their crooked tushes lightning haue;
And Lions with mpetuous fury raue.
I hate them. Asked why? We will relate
Old crimes, said she, and wonder-striking fate.
But now vn-vsuall toile my strength inuades:
And loe, yon Poplar courts vs with her shades;
The grasse affords a bed: there let vs rest.
When, lying downe, the grasse and him she prest.

ler head now in her Louers bosome laid:
hus (word with kisses intermixing) said.
Perhaps you of a Maid haue heard, who wan
he Prize in running from the swiftest man.
'is true; She, won indeed: nor could you tell
'hether her speed or beauty most excell.
nquiring of a husband; this reply
pollo gaue. The vse of husband fly
Atalant! nor shalt thou fly; nor thriue
that estate, but lose thy selfe aliue.
ighted herewith in shady woods she liues:
nd troopes of pressing Sutors from her driues
'ith this reply: Except out-runne I be,
m a wife for no man, Run with me.
y bed, and I, are both the winners meed:
he Tardie dies. Vpon this law proceed.
e, cruell: yet so powerfull was her looke,
at many a youth the perill vndertooke.
ppomenes beheld this tragicke strife.
ill any through such danger seeke a wife?
aid He) and taxt their follies that persude.
t when her face and naked forme he view'd;
ch as is Mine; or Thine, wer't thou a Maid:
az'd! with hands vp-heau'd, Forgiue (he said)
you whom late I blam'd! not then I knew
e Prizes worth. Loue still by praising grew:
no wishes now that none might runne so fast;
d enuy fear'd. Why make not I more haste
id he) to trie my fortune? Gods doe aid
'aduenturous. While this in thought he said;
e Virgin with a winged pace past by.
ough seeming to th'*Aonian* Youth to fly

As swift as *Scythian* shafts; her forme he more
Admires; by motion louelier than before.
The wind reuerberates her ankles wings,
And whiskes her ham-bound buskins purple strings,
Tossing her haire, on iuory shoulders spred.
Her pure white body so assumes the red;
As when carnation curtaines are displayd
On pure white walls, and dye them with their shade.
While this the stranger view'd, the race was run:
And *Atalanta's* browes the garland won.
The vanquisht sigh, and pay their forfeiture.
Nor could so sad successe his feare procure:
Who rose; and fixing on the Maid his eyes;
Why seeke you praise by easie victories?
Contend with vs: if we obtaine the Bayes,
Our victory will not eclipse your praise.
Megareus me begot, *Onchestius* bloud;
He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the sacred Floud:
Nor we degenerate. My foyle, your name
Will honour; and immortalize your fame.
This while, a well-pleas'd eye She on him threw:
Nor knowes her wish; to lose, or to subdue.
What God, a Foe to beauty, would destroy
This Youth, said she, who seekes my bed t'inioy
With his lifes forfeiture? If I may be
The iudge, there is not so much worth in me.
Nor is't his beauty moues, though it might moue;
But that a Boy. We pitie, and not loue.
Besides; his courage, and contempt of death!
But once remou'd from *Neptunes* sacred birth!
And then, his Loue; content to part with life,
If harder fate deny me for his wife!

Begon

egone, ô Stranger; ſhun my bloudy bed,
'hile yet thou maiſt this Match will coſt thy head.
o Virgin is there who would not be thine:
nd ſuch would ſeeke, whoſe luſters darken mine.
et why regard I him, ſo many ſlaine?
ooke to thy ſelfe, or periſh: ſince in vaine
dmoniſht by ſuch numbers, whom this ſtrife
ath ſent to death. Thou'rt weary of thy life.
nd muſt he die, becauſe hee'd liue with me?
uſt death, aduenturous Loue, thy wages be?
his murder will our victory defame;
nd purchaſe hate: yet am not I in blame.
would thou wouldſt deſiſt, and danger ſhun!
r ſince ſo mad, would thou couldſt faſter run!
ow Boy and Virgin reuell in his face!
h poore *Hippomenes!* O would this place,
h'hadſt neuer ſeene! thou well deſeru'ſt to liue.
'ere I more happy, and hard fate would giue
e leaue to marry; thou art He alone,
o whom my bed and beauties ſhould be knowne.
Thus ſhe: Who raw, and pierc't with Loues firſt touch,
rres in her thoughts; and loues; nor knew ſo much.
ow King and People call vpon the Race:
'hen *Neptunes* Iſſue thus implor'd my grace.
Venus, fauour my attempts, he ſaid:
nd thoſe affections, which you gaue me, aid!
his friendly winds conuey'd vnto my eare:
pitie, and no longer helpe forbeare.
A field there is, ſo fertill none, through all
ich *Cyprus*; which they *Damaſcenus* call.
ntiquity this to my honour vow'd:
nd therewith all my Temples had indow'd.

A tree there flourisht on that pregnant mould,
Whose glittering leaues, and branches, shone with gold.
Three golden apples, gathered from that tree,
By chance I brought: and, so as none could see,
Himselfe excepted, to *Hippomenes*,
Together with their vse, deliuer'd these.
The trumpets sound. Both from the Barrier start:
Whose nimble steps scarce touch earths vpper part.
Their feet, vnwet, the sea might well haue borne:
Or vnsuppressed stalkes of standing corne.
Fauour and Clamour, ioyning in remorse,
The Youth thus hearten: Now thy speed inforce,
Make haste *Hippomenes*; delay decline;
Collect thy powers: the victory is thine.
'Tis doubtfull whether that which Fauour said,
More ioy'd the Heros or *Schœneian* Maid.
How often lag'd she, when she might o're-goe!
And gazing on him, sigh't t'out-strip him so!
Short breath from panting bosomes scorching flew;
The Gole farre off: when *Neptunes* Nephew threw
One apple of the three. The Maid admires:
And greedy of the shining fruit, retires
To catch the rowling gold: the Youth past by;
And all the field resounded shouts of ioy.
This hindrance she repaires with winged haste;
Againe *Hippomenes* behind her cast.
The second fruit, throwne farther than before,
Declin'd her steps; yet him out-strips once more.
The Race now neere an end, he said, ô saue!
Great Goddesse, giue successe to what you gaue!
And threw the shining gold another way
With all his vigor; to prolong her stay.

Whe

When I compel'd her, doubtfull what to doe,
To take it vp; and added waight thereto:
With-held, both by diuerting her persuit;
And with the burden of the ponderous fruit.
Lest my words the Race in length exceed;
She was out-run, and he receiu'd his Meed.
Deseru'd not I both thankes and frankincense,
Thinke you *Adonis*, for his lifes defence?
He neither gaue. Prouok'd with sudden rage
At this contempt; and lest the future age
By such examples should my God-head slight;
Against them both I due reuenge excite.
The fane, erected by *Echions* vow
Into the Mother of the Gods, they now
Had past; obscur'd by darke and secret shades;
When their long iourney them to rest perswades.
Hippomenes, incensed by my fires;
Here lusteth with vnseas'nable desires.
A gloomie grot, much like vnto a caue,
Stood neere this Fane; to which light pumice gaue
A natiue couer; by deuotion grac'd
With old religion: where the Priest had plac'd
The woodden Images of ancient Gods:
This entring; he pollutes their chaste abodes.
The Statues wry their lookes. The Mother, crown'd
With towres, had strucke them to the *Stygian* Sound:
But that she thought that punishment too small.
When yellow maines on their left shoulders fall;
Their armes, to legs, their fingers turne to nailes;
Their brests of wondrous strength: their tufted tailes
Whiske vp the dust; their lookes are full of dread;
For speech, they rore: the woods become their bed.

These

These Lions, fear'd by others, *Cybel* checkes
With curbing bits; and yokes their stubborne neckes.
These, ô my Deare, and all such kinds of beasts
As will not turne their backes; but bend their brests
T'incounter with the rash Assailant, Shun:
Lest by thy courage We be both vndone.
This said: thence flew she, rais'd by yoked Swans.
But Valour such admonishments with-stands.
By chance the dogs, persuing long before
His sented footings, had dislodg'd a Bore.
Whom, rushing from his couert, the bold Youth
Obliquely wounds. The Bore with crooked tooth
Writhes out the iauelin, with his bloud imbrude.
Who now his safety-seeking Foe persude;
Sheathing his tushes in his groine: and threw
To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew
Idalia's waightlesse chariot through the aire,
Yet reacht not *Cyprus*: when the heauenly Faire
Thence heard his dying grones; and wheeling round,
Her siluer birds directs to that sad sound.
But when she saw him weltring in his gore;
Downe iumping from the skies, at once she tore
Her haire and bosome: then her brest inuades
With bitter blowes; and Destiny vpbraides.
Not all, said she, is subiect to your wast:
Our sorrowes monument shall euer last.
Sweet Boy! thy deaths sad image, euery yeare
Shall in our solemniz'd Complaints appeare.
But be thy bloud a Flowre. Had *Proserpine*
The power to change a *Nymph* to Mint? is mine
Inferiour? or will any enuy mee
For this exchange? This hauing vtter'd, shee

Powr

'owr'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant ſmell.
prinkled there-with; the bloud began to ſwell:
ike ſhining bubbles, which from drops aſcend.
nd e're an houre was fully at an end,
'rom thence a Flowre, alike in colour, roſe.
uch as thoſe trees produce, whoſe fruits incloſe
Within the limber rine their purple graines.
nd yet their beauty but a while remaines:
'or thoſe light-hanging leaues, infirmely plac't,
'he winds, that blow on all things, quickly blaſt.

OVIDS

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.
The Eleuenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

A Serpent chang'd to Stone. Rough barkes infold
The cruell Bacchanals. *To starving Gold*
All turnes at Midas *touch: He's bodie laues*
In cleere Pactolus, *whose inriched waues*
Wash off his gold and gilt: an Asses eares
His folly shame: the whispred Secret beares
Like-sounding Reeds. Apollo, *and the Guide*
Of sacred Seas, in humane shapes reside.
Forc't Thetis *varies formes.* Dædalion
T'a Falcon turn'd. A Wolfe conceal'd to Stone.
Morpheus *to mortals,* Phobetor *to Brutes,*
And Phantasus *to shapes inanimate sutes.*
Transform'd Halcyone *and* Ceyx *flye.*
So Æsacus, *who vainly striues to dye.*

THus while the *Thracian* Poet with his songs
Beasts, trees, and stones, attracts in following throngs:
Behold, *Ciconian* dames (their furious brests
ad with the spotted skins of saluage beasts)
ie Sacred Singer from a hill espy'd,
he his dittie to his Harpe apply'd.
: these, One scream'd, and tost her flairing haire;
e, see the Woman-hater! then her speare

Threw at his vocall mouth; which iuie-bound,
Kist his affected lips without a wound.
An Other hurles a stone; this, as it flew,
His voice and Harpes according tunes subdue:
Which selfe-accus'd for such a rude assay,
Before his feet, as in submission, lay:
Rash violence, the meane exil'd, increast:
And mad *Erinnys* raign'd in euery breast.
His songs had all their weapons charm'd, if noyse
Of *Berecynthian* Shalmes, clapt hands, loud cryes,
Drummes, howling *Bacchanals*, with franticke sound
Had not his all-appeasing musique drown'd.
The stones then blush with silenst *Orpheus* blood.
But first on rauisht beasts that listning stood,
On fowle, and Serpents, they their spight infer;
And raze the glory of his Theater.
Then all with cruell hands about him fly:
And flocke, like birds, when they by day espy
The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,
In early Spectacle giuen to the pray
Of eager hounds; assaile, together flung
Their leauie speares, not fram'd for such a wrong.
Some clods, some armes of trees, some stones aduance:
And left wilde Rage should weapons want, by chance
Not far off Oxen drew the furrowing ploughes;
And Swaines, prouiding food with sweating browes,
Their brawny armes imploy'd: who feare-inclinde,
Before them fled, and left their tooles behinde.
Their mattockes, rakes, and spades, dispersed lay
About the empty fields: these snatcht away,
(The oxens hornes torne from their skuls) their hate
Hurry them backe vnto the Poets fate.

The

Thee, holding vp thy hands, who n'er before
Besought'st in vaine, now to preuaile no more,
That Rout of sacrilegious Furies slew!
Euen through that mouth (ô *Iupiter!*) which drew
From stones attention, which affection bred
In saluage beasts, his forced spirits fled!
Sad birds, wilde Heards, hard flints, and woods which oft
Remou'd to heare thee, wept: trees weeping doft
Their pallid leaues; streames with their teares increast:
The *Naiades* and *Dryades* inuest
Their loynes in sullen sable, and display
Their scattered haire. Thy limbes dispersed lay.
Hebrus had head and Harpe: as borne along
The Harpe sounds something, sadly; the dead tongue
Sighes out sad ditties: the[illegible]kes sympathie;
That bound the riuer in their sad replie.
Now borne to Sea, from natiue streames they driue;
And at *Methymnian Lesbos* shore ariue.
A Dragon on the forren sand prepares
To seaze his head, and licke his dropping haires.
When gaping to deuoure the Hymnists face,
Phœbus descends; and in that very space
Into a Stone conuerts him by his powre,
With iawes extended readie to deuoure.
His Ghost retires to vnder-shades: once more
He sees, and knowes, what he had seene before.
Then through the *Elysian* fields among the blest
Seekes his *Eurydice*. Now repossest
With strict imbraces, guided by one minde,
They walke together: oft he comes behinde,
Oft goes before: now *Orpheus* safely may
His following *Eurydice* suruay.

Yet would not *Bacchus* so remit their hate:
Who vexed for his Prophets cruell fate,
Fixt all th'*Edonian* Dames that then were by
With spreading roots; and who more eagerly
Persude his death, their toes he deeper drew
Within the sollid earth, which downward grew.
And euen as fowle whose feet intangled are
Within the subtile Fowlers secret snare
Become by fearfull fluttering faster bound:
So, each of these, now cleauing to the ground,
With terror struggle to escape in vaine;
For faster-binding roots their flight restraine.
One, looking for her nailes, her toes, her feet:
Behold, her twinning legs in timber meet:
In passion, thinking to haue stucke her thighes,
She strikes hard oke; hard oke her brest supplies;
Her shoulders such: her armes appeare to grow
In naturall branches; and indeed did so.
Nor thus content, their fields *Lyæus* leaues:
Whom *Tmolus*, with a better crew, receiues,
And swift *Pactolus*, who did then infold
No precious sands, nor graines of enui'd gold.
Satyres and *Bacchanals* make their repaire,
His vsuall traine: *Silenus* then not there.
Him erst the *Phrygian* rurals reeling found
With age and wine; and now, with iuie crown'd,
To *Midas* bring: whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,
And sage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.
When knowne to be his partner in those Rites;
Full twice fiue dayes, with their succeeding nights,
He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast.
Eleuen times *Lucifer* the starres suppreſt:

W

When, with wilde mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields;
And to the God his Foster-father yeelds.
He in his safe receipt doth much reioyce:
Whose bounty *Midas* frustrates by his choyce.
For, will'd to wish; Let all, said he, I touch
Conuert to go'd. His ignorance was such.
Forth-with his hurtfull wish *Lyeus* giues:
And at his folly not a little grieues.
But in his curse the *Berecynthian* ioyes:
And home-ward bound, the truth by touching tryes.
Scarce trusts himselfe. Who from a tree bereaues
A slender branch; this shone with golden leaues.
Takes vp a stone; that stone pale gold became:
Takes vp a clod; the clod presents the same:
Crops stalkes of corne; they yeeld a sheafe of gold:
An apple pulls; therein you might behold
Th'*Hesperian* purchace: touch't by him alone,
The marble pillars with rich mettall shone.
And when he washt his hands; that, showr'd in raine,
Might simple *Danaê* haue deceiu'd againe.
His brest scarce holds his hopes; whose fancie wrought
On golden wonders: when his seruants brought
Meat to the table. Sooner had not he
Toucht *Ceres* bounty, but that prou'd to be
A shining masse: assumed viands straight
Betweene his greedy teeth conuert to plate.
About to drinke mixt wine; you might behold
His thirsty iawes o're-flow with liquid gold.
Struck with so strange a plague; both rich and poore;
He hates, and shuns the wealth he wisht before.
To plenty hunger feeds; he burnes with thirst:
A loathed gold deseruedly accurst.

Then, lifting vp his shining armes, thus praid:
Father *Lenæus*, ô, afford thy aid!
I haue offended; pitie thou: and mee
From this so beautifull a mischiefe free.
The gentle Powre accepts his penitence:
And for his faith, doth with his gift dispence.
Left ill-wisht gold about him still abide.
Goe, said he, to those Cristall streames that glide
By potent *Sardis*: keepe the bankes that lead
Along th'incountring Current to his head.
There, where the gushing fountaine-fomes, diue in:
And, with thy body, wash away thy sinne.
The King obeyes: who in the fountaine leaues
That golden vertue, which the Spring receiues.
And still those ancient seeds these waters hold:
Who gild their shores with glittering graines of gold.
He, hating wealth, in woods and helds bestowes
His time with *Pan*; whom mountaine Caues inclose.
Yet his grosse wit remaines: his shallow braine
And sottish senses punish him againe.
High *Tmolus* with a steepe ascent vnfolds
His rigid browes, and vnder-seas beholds:
Whose stretcht-out bases here to *Sardis* ioyne;
There to *Hypæpis*, girt in small confine.
Where boasting *Pan*, while he his verse doth praise
To tender Nymph,, and pipes t'his rurall layes;
Before *Apollo*'s durst his songs prefer.
They meet (ill-matcht) great *Tmolus* arbiter.
Th'old Iudge on his owne Mountaine sits; and cleares
His eares from trees: alone a garland weares
Of Oke, with acornes dangling on his brow.
Who thus bespake the God of Shepherds; Now

You

our Iudge attends. He blowes his wax-bound reeds:
nd *Midas* fancie with rude numbers feeds.
hen sacred *Tmolus* to diuine *Apollo*
onuerts his lookes: his woods his motion follow.
e, his long yellow haire with laurell bound,
lad in a *Tyrian* robe that swept the ground,
Violl holds, with sparkling gemmes inchac't
nd *Indian* teeth; the bow his right hand grac't.
perfect Artist shew'd. The strings then strucke
'ith cunning hand: With his sweet musicke tooke,
nolus bids *Pan* his vanquisht reeds resigne.
lin the holy Mountaines sentence ioyne,
ut *Midas* only; whose exclaimes traduce
he Censure. *Phœbus* for this grosse abuse
ransformes his eares, his folly to declare:
retcht out in length, and couer'd with gray haire:
stable, and now apt to moue. The rest
he former figure of a man possest.
nisht in that offending part: who beares
pon his skull a slow-pac't Asses eares
He striues to couer such a foule defame:
nd with a red Tiara hides his shame.
it this his seruant saw that cut his haire:
'ho bigge with secrets, neither durst declare
is Soueraignes seene deformity, nor yet
ould hold his peace. Who digs a shallow pit,
nd therein softly whispers his disgrace:
hen turning in the earth, forsooke the place.
tuft of whispering Reeds from thence there growes;
hich comming to maturity, disclose
he husbandman: and by soft South-winds blowne
estore his words, and his Lords eares make knowne.

Reueng'd *Apollo*, leauing *Tmolus*, flies
Through liquid aire; and on the land which lies
On that side *Helles* streightned surges stands:
Where far-obey'd *Laomedon* commands.
Below *Rhœtæum*, high aboue the flood,
And on the right hand of *Sigæum*, stood
An Altar vow'd to *Panomphæan Ioue*:
From whence He saw *Laomedon* improue
New *Troy's* scarce founded walls; with what adoe,
And with how great a charge they slowly grew.
Who, with the Father of the tumid Maine,
Indues a mortall shape: and entertaine
Themselues for vnregarded gold to build
The *Phrygian* Tyrants walls. That worke fulfill'd;
The King their promised reward denies:
And periury by swearing multiplies.
Reuengefull *Neptune* his wilde waues vnbound;
Which all the shores of greedy *Troy* surround,
And made the Land a Lake: the country Swaine
His labour lost beneath that liquid Plaine.
Besides the daughter of the King demands:
Who chained to a Rocke exposed stands
To feed a Monster of the Sea; set free,
By strenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not Hee
The horses of *Laomedon* enioy;
His valours hire: who sackes twice periur'd *Troy*;
And giues his fellow Souldier *Telamon*
Hesione: for *Pelleus* now had won
A Deity; nor in his Grandfather
Tooke greater pride, than in his Sire by her.
For *Iupiter* had Nephewes more than one:
But he a Goddesse had espous'd alone.

For aged *Proteus* thus foretold the truth
To waue-wet *Thetis*: Thou shalt beare a Youth,
Who shall in glorious armes transcend his birth
And Fathers fame. Left any thing on earth
Should be more great than *Ioue*, *Ioue* shuns the bed
Of Sea-th.on'd *Thetis*, though her beauty led
His strong desires: who bids *Æacides*
Succeed his loue, and wed the Queene of Seas.
A Bay within *Æmonia* lies, that bends
Much like an arch, and far-stretcht armes extends:
Which were, if deepe, a harbor lockt by land;
Where shallow seas o're spred the yellow sand.
The sollid shore (where-on no sea-weed growes)
Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing showes.
Hard by, a mirtle groue affords a shade:
In this, a caue; though doubtfull, rather made
By art than nature: hither *Thetis* swimmes
On Delphins backes, here ceucht her naked limbes.
In this the sleeping Goddesse *Peleus* caught:
Who, when she could not by his words be wrought,
Attempts to force, and clasp't her in his armes.
And had she not assum'd her vsuall charmes
In varying shapes, he had his will obtain'd.
Now, turning to a fowle, her flight restrain'd:
Now seemes a massie tree adorn'd with leaues;
Close to the bole th'inamor'd *Peleus* cleaues.
A spotted Tygresse she presents at last:
When he, with terrour stucke, his armes vnclasp't.
Who powring wine on seas, those Gods implores;
And with perfumes and sacrifice adores:
Till the *Carpathian* Prophet rais'd his head,
And said; *Æacides*, inioy her bed.

Doe thou but binde her in her next surprise,
When in her gelid caue she sleeping lies:
And though she take a thousand shapes, let none
Dismay; but hold, till she resume her owne.
This *Proteus* said, and diu'd to the Profound:
His latter word in his owne waters drown'd.
Now hasty *Titan* to *Hesperian* seas
Descends; when beauteous *Thetis*, bent to ease
Forsooke the floud, and to her caue repair'd.
No sooner she by *Peleus* was insnar'd,
But forth-with varies formes; vntill she found
Her Virgin limbes within his fetters bound.
Then, spreading forth her armes, She sighing said,
Thou hast subdude by some immortall aid;
And *Thetis* shew'd; nor his imbrace repell'd:
Whose pregnant wombe with great *Achilles* swell'd.
Happie was *Peleus* in his sonne and wife:
And had not *Phocus* murder soild his life,
All-fortunate. With brothers bloud defil'd,
Thee *Trachin* harbours, from thy home exil'd.
Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigour, raign'd;
The sonne of *Lucifer*; whose lookes retain'd
His fathers luster: then disconsolate,
Nor like himselfe, for his lost brothers fate.
Hither, with trauell tir'd, and clog'd with cares,
The banisht with a slender traine repaires:
His Flockes and Heards, with men for their defence,
Left in a shadie vale not farre from thence.
Conducted to his Royall presence, Hee
With oliue brancht, downe bending to his knee,
His name and birth declares: the murder maskes
With forged cause of flight: a dwelling askes

field, or citie. *Ceyx* thus replyes:
ur hospitable bounty open lyes
o men of vulgar ranke: what owes it then
o your high spirit, so renoun'd by men?
f monumentall praise? Whose bloud extracts
is sourse from *Ioue*, improued by your Acts?
o sue, is times abuse: your worth assures
our full desires; of all, the choice is yours:
vish it better. And then wept. The cause
ues Nephew asks: when, after a short pause;
Perhaps you thinke this Bird which liues by rape
o all a terror, euer had that shape.
e was a man; as constant in his minde
s fierce in warre, to great attempts inclinde.
ædalion nam'd; sprung from that Star which wakes
he dewie Morne; the last that heauen forsakes.
ffected peace I fostered, with the rites
f nuptiall ioyes: He ioy'd in bloudy fights.
is valour Kingdomes with their Kings subdude;
y whom the *Thisbian* Doues are now persude.
is daughter *Chione*, whose beauty drew
thousand sutors, ripe for marriage grew.
y fortune *Phœbus*, and the sonne of *Mai*,
rom *Delphos*, and *Cyllenus*, came this way:
lere meeting, looke, and like. The God of Light
Deferres his ioy-imbracing hopes till night.
Iermes ill-brookes delay: who on her laid
lis drowsie rod, and forc't the sleepie Maid.
Light spangs the skie with starres. An old wifes shape
Apollo tooke, and seconds *Hermes* rape.
Now when the fulnesse of her time drew nie,
Autolichus was borne to *Mercurie*.

Nor

Nor from the Sire the Sonne degenerates,
Cunning in theft, and wily in all sleights:
Who could with subtiltie deceiue the sight;
Conuerting white to blacke, and blacke to white.
To *Phœbus* (for she bare two sonnes) belongs
Philammon, famous for his Harpe and songs.
What is't t'haue had two sonnes? two Gods t'inflame?
A valiant father? *Iupiter* the same?
Is glory fatall? sure t'was so to Her:
Who to *Diuas* durst her face confer,
And blame her beauty. With a cruèll looke,
She said; Our deeds shall right vs. Forthwith tooke
Her bow, and bent it: when the bow-string flung
Th'iected arrow through her guiltie tongue.
It bleeds; of speech and sound at once bereft:
And life, with bloud, her falling bodie left.
What griefe (ô Piety!) oppreſt my heart!
What said I not, t'asswage my brothers smart!
Who heares me so as rockes the roring waues
That beat their browes; and for his Daughter raues.
But when he saw her burne, foure times assail'd
To sacke the flamie Pile: as often fail'd.
Then turnes his heeles to flight (much like a Bull
By Hornets stung) whom scratching brambles pull:
Yet seem'd to run farre faster than a man,
As if his feet had wings; and all out-ran.
Who swift in chace of wished death, ascends
Parnassus top. As he his bodie bends
To iumpe from downe-right cliffes, compassionate
Apollo, with light wings, preuents his fate:
With beake and tallons arm'd; with strength repleat
Aboue his size: his courage still as great.

Thi

his Falcon, friend to none, all foule persu'th:
nd grieuing, is the cause of common ruth.
Sad *Ceyx* thus his brothers change relates:
hen *Phocæan Anetor* prest the gates;
ho kept the Heard: and cry'd (halfe out of breath)
leus, I bring thee newes of losse and death.
eport, said *Peleus*, we are bent to beare
he worst of fortunes. While the King with feare
angs on his tongue. He panting still afeard:
To winding shores we draue the weary Heard,
hen *Phœbus* from the heighth of all the skie
he East and West beheld with equall eie.
part on yellow sands their limbs display;
nd from their ease the wauy fields suruay:
hile other slowly wander here and there:
ome swim in seas, and lofty fore-heads reare.
Fane, vnde ckt with gold or marble stone
dioynes; high blockt; within a groue o'ré-growne.
his the *Nereïdes* and *Nereus* hold:
y sea-men, who there dry'd their nets, so told.
leere it, a Marish, thicke with sallowes, stood;
lade plashie by the interchanging flood.
Wolfe, a monstrous beast; with hideous noise
hat frights the confines, from those thickets flies.
is lightning iawes with bloud and foame besmear'd:
n whose red eyes two darting flames appear'd.
hough fell with rage and famine; yet his rage
lore greedy farre: nor hunger seekes t'asswage
Vith bloud of beeues, and so surcease; but all
le meets with, wounds; insulting in their fall.
Nor few of vs, while we his force with-stood,
ell by his rankling phangs. The shore with blood,

With bloud the sea-brimme blusht, and bellowing lakes.
Delay is losse; and Doubt it selfe forsakes.
Arme, arme, while something yet is left to lose:
And ioyning force, this mortall Bane oppose.
The Heardsman ends. Nor did this losse incense
Æacides; remembring his offence:
Borne, as the iustice of sad *Psamathe*,
To celebrate her *Phocus* Obsequie.
The King commands his men to arme: prouides
To goe in person. Busie rumour guides
This to *Alcyone*: her passion bare
Her swiftly thither; running with her haire
Halfe vncompos'd: and that disordering, clung
About his necke: then weepes; and with a tongue
That scarce could speake, intreats, that they alone
Might goe; nor hazard both their liues in one.
To whom *Æacides*; Faire Queene forgoe
Your vertuous feare: too much your bounties flow.
No force auailes in such ostents as these:
'Tis prayer that must the sea-thron'd Power appease.
A lofty towre within a fortresse stood;
A friend to wandring ships that plough the flood.
They this ascend; and sighing, see the shore
With cattell strew'd; the Spoyler drencht in gore.
Here *Peleus* fixt on seas, with knees that bend,
Blew *Psamathe* implores at length to end
The iustice of her wrath. She from his speech
Diuerts her eares: till *Thetis* did beseech,
And got her husbands pardon: nor yet could
The saluage Wolfe from thirst of bloud with-hold;
Till she the beast, as he a Heifer slew,
Transform'd to marble; differing but in hew:

elſe intire. The colour of the ſtone
:w him no Wolfe: now terrible to none.
t Fate would not permit *Æacides*
harbour here; nor found in exile eaſe;
l at *Magneſia*, in a happy time
aſtus purg'd him from his bloudy crime.
Meane-while perplext with former prodigies
th of his neece and brother; to aduize
ith ſacred Oracles, the ioyes of men,
x prepares for *Claros*. *Phorbas* then,
ith his *Phlegyan* hoaſt, alike prophane,
e paſſage ſtopt to *Delphian Phœbus* Fane.
t firſt to thee his ſecret purpoſe told,
ith crown'd *Alcyone*. An inward cold
ot through her bones: her changing face appeares
pale as Box, ſurrounded with her teares.
rice ſtroue to ſpeake, thrice weeps through deare con-
bs interrupting her diuine complaint. (ſtraint:
What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy mind?
here is that loue that late ſo cleerely ſhin'd?
inſt thou thy ſelfe enioy, from me remou'd?
e long wayes pleaſe? is now my abſence lou'd?
t didſt thou goe by land, I ſhould alone
rieue without feare: now both combine in one.
as fright me with their tragicall aſpect.
f late I ſaw them on the ſhore eiect
heir ſcattered wracks: and often haue I read
d nameson ſepulchers that want their dead.
or let falſe hopes thy confidencie pleaſe;
that my father, great *Hippotades*,
he ſtrugling winds in rockie cauernes keepes.
nd at his pleaſure calmes the raging Deepes.

They

They once broke loose submit to no command;
But raue o're all the sea, and all the land;
High clouds perplex, with sterne concursions rore,
Emitting flames: I feare, by knowledge, more.
These knew I, and oft saw their rude comport;
While yet a Girle, within my Fathers Court.
But if my prayers can no recesse procure;
And that, alas, thy going be too sure;
Take me along: let both one fortune beare;
Then shall I only what I suffer feare.
Together saile we on the toyling Maine:
And equally what'euer hap sustaine.
Thus spake *Alcyone*: whose sorrowes melt
Her star-like spouse; nor he lesse passion felt.
Yet neither would his first intent forsake
Nor her a Partner in his danger make.
Much said he to asswage her troubled brest:
As much, in vaine. This addes vnto the rest,
Which only could her pensiue cares reclaime:
All stay is irkesome; by my fathers Flame,
I sweare, if Fate permit, returne I will
E're twice the Moone her shining Crescens fill.
Reuiu'd with promise of so short a stay;
He bids them lanch the ship without delay,
And fit her tacklings. This renues her feares;
Presaging ill successe: abortiue teares
Flow from their springs; then kist: a sad farewell,
Long first, at length she takes; and swowning, fell.
The Sea-men call aboard: in double ranks
Reduce their oares, vp-rising from their Banks
With equall strokes. She reares her humid eies,
And first her husband on the Poope espies

Shakin

naking his hand: that, anſwers. Now from ſhore
he veſſell driues, and thence her Obiect bore.
er following eyes the flying ſhip perſue:
hat loſt, the ſailes her eager gazes drew.
Vhen all had left her, to her chamber goes;
nd on the empty bed her body throwes:
he bed and place, with teares, to minde recall
hat abſent part, which gaue eſteeme to all.
Now farre from Port; the winds began to blow
)n quiuering Shrowds; their ores the Sailers ſtow:
'hen hoiſe their Yards a trip, and all their ſailes
.t once let fall to catch th'approching gales.
'he Ship ſcarce halfe her Courſe, or ſure no more,
y this had runne; farre off from either ſhore:
Vhen, deepe in night, fierce *Eurus* ſtiſly blew;
nd high-wrought Seas with chafing foamie grew.
trike, ſtrike the Top-ſaile, let the Main-ſheat fly,
.nd furle your ſailes, the Maſter cry'd; his cry
'he bluſtring winds and roring ſeas ſuppreſſe.
'et of their owne accord in this diſtreſſe
'hey ply their taske: ſome ſeeling yards beſtri'd
.nd take-in ſailes; ſome ſtop on either ſide
'he yawning leakes; ſome ſeas on ſeas reiect.
Vhile thus Diſorder toiles to ſmall effect,
'he bitter ſtorme augments; the wilde Winds wage
Varre from all parts, and ioyne with *Neptunes* rage.
'he Maſter loſt, in terrour, neither knew
'he ſtate of things, what to command, or doe;
'onfeſſing ignorance; ſo huge a maſſe
)f ills oppreſſe! which ſlighted Art ſurpaſſe.
.owd cries of men reſound; with ratling ſhrowds,
'louds iuſtling flouds, and thunder-craſhing clouds.

Now

Now toſſing Seas appeare to front the sky,
And wrap their curles in clouds, frotht with their ſpry:
The ſand now from the bottome laue, and take
Their ſwarter die; now blacke, as *Stygian* lake;
Sometimes depreſt, with hiſſing foame all white.
The *Trachin* ſhip ſuch horrid changes fright.
Which now, as from a mountaine rockt with flawes,
Viewes vnder vales, and *Acherons* darke iawes:
Now head-long with the tumbling billowes fell;
And heauen ſuruaies from that infernall Hell.
Her waue-beat ſides a hideous noiſe report:
As when a battering Ram affronts a Fort.
As chafed Lions, ſenſeleſſe of remorſe,
Ruſh on extended ſteele with horrid force:
So Seas inuade with Storme-imbatled powre
The Ships defence; and o're her hatches towre.
Her yeelding plankes now ſpring: ſterne *Neptune* raues;
Charging her breaches with his deadly waues.
The prodigall clouds in ſhowres their ſubſtance ſpend:
Ambitious ſeas to gloomy Heauen aſcend;
All heauen deſcending to the lofty Maine:
At leaſt ſo ſeeme. Sailes ſucke the falling raine;
Showres ioyne with flouds. No friendly ſtar now ſhone:
Blind Night in darkneſſe, tempeſts, and her owne
Dread terrors loſt: theſe horrid lightning turnes
To light more fear'd; the Sea with lightning burnes.
Now vaulting flouds her vpper decke oppreſt.
And as a Souldier, brauer than the reſt,
Tempting to ſcale the walls with loſt aſſaies,
At length inioyes his hopes; and ſpur'd with praiſe,
Among a thouſand onely ſtands the ſhocke:
So while aſſailing waues the veſſell rocke,

The

ıè tenth bold Billow rusheth in, nor shrinkes
ıtill the Ship beneath his furie sinkes.
ıose seas, without, the labouring Barke assaile:
ıese sacke her Hold. All tremble and looke pale;
at a siege, when foes inforce a wall;
hile some within to execution fall.
t failes, hearts quaile: on euery rising waue
:ath sits in triumph, and presents a graue.
: weepes; He stands amaz'd; He calls them blest
hom funerals grace: He vowes to Heauen addrest,
ıoking on what he sees not, and besought
ıe Gods in vaine: He on his parents thought,
s children, house, and what he left behind.
:ione alone had *Ceyx* mind;
:r onely names: now in her absence ioy'd
hose presence was his heauen: and had imploy'd
s eyes last duty to descry the way
ı her abode; but knew not where it lay.
ıe giddy seas so whirle, such pitchie clouds
ıscure the skie: Night two-fold darknesse shrouds.
ud howling whirle-winds ouer-boor'd now bore
ıe shiuered mast; and now the rudder tore.
Billow with these spoiles incourag'd, raues;
ho victor-like contemnes the vnder waues:
ır lighter falls, then if some God had torne
ıdus and *Athos* from their roots, vp-borne
high as heauen, and tumbled on the Maine.
ır could the ship such force and waight sustaine;
t to the bottome sinkes. Most of her men
ıe seas ingage; who neuer seene againe
complished their fates: while other swim
n scattered planks; a planke vpholding Him

Who

Who late a scepter held. His father in law,
And father, now inuokes: but could not draw
(Alasse!) from either succour. Still his wife
Runnes in his thoughts in that short span of life.
He wisht the waues would cast him on the sands
Of *Trachin*, to be buried by her hands.
Who swimming, sighes *Alcyone*; her name
His last of speech: in Seas conceiues the same.
Behold; an arch of waters, blacke as hell,
Brake o're the floud: the breaking surges quell
Their sinking Burthen. *Lucifer* that night
Became obscure; nor could you see his light.
And since he might not render vp his place,
With pitchie clouds immur'd his darkned face.
Meane-while *Alcyone*, not knowing ought
Computes the tedious night; the daies out-wrought
Vpon a robe for him; another makes
To weare her selfe: whose flattering hope mistakes
In his returne. Who holy fumes presents
To all the Gods; but most of all frequents
The Fane of *Iuno*: at her altars prai'd
For him that was not. Grant successe! (she said)
A quicke returne! Giue he our right to none!
Of all her prayers the last succeeds alone.
The melting Goddesse could no longer brooke
Her death-croft prayers; but from her altar shooke
Her tainted hand; and thus to *Iris* spake:
Haste faithfull Messenger, thy iourney take
To drowsie *Sleepes* dimme palace: bid him send
A dreame that may present the wofull end
Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyone*. This said;
She, in a thousand-coloured robe araid,

He:

ample Bow from Heauen to Earth extends:
d in a cloud to his abode descends.
Neere the *Cimmerians* sculks a Caue, in steepe
d hollow hils; the Mansion of dull *Sleepe*:
t seene by *Phœbus* when he mounts the skies,
height, nor stooping: gloomy mists arise
m humid earth, which still a twi-light make.
crested fowles shrill crowings here awake
e cheerefull Morne: no barking Sentinell
re watch; nor geese, who wakefull dogs excell.
asts tame, nor saluage, no wind-shaken boughes,
r strife of iarring tongues, with noyses rouse
ured Ease. Yet from the rocke a spring,
th streames of *Lethe* softly murmuring,
rles on the pibbles, and inuites Repose.
fore the Entry pregnant Poppie growes,
th numerous Simples; from whose iuicie birth
ght gathers sleepe, and sheds it on the Earth.
doores here on their creeking hinges iarr'd:
rough-out this court there was nor doore, nor guard.
id the Hebon Caue a downie bed
gh mounted stands, with sable couerings spred.
re lay the lazie God, dissolu'd in rest.
ntasticke Dreames, who various formes exprest,
out him couch: then Autumn's eares far more;
leaues of trees, or sands on *Neptunes* shore.
e Virgin entring, parts the obuious Dreames:
d fils the sacred Concaue with the beames
her bright robe. The God with strife disioines
seeled lids; againe his head declines,
d knocks his chin against his brest. Anon
mselfe Himselfe eiects; and, leaning on

His

His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why
She thither came? when *Iris* made reply:
Thou Rest of things, most meeke of all the Gods;
O *Sleepe*, the Peace of minds, from whose abodes
Care euer flies; restoring the decay
Of toile-tyr'd limbs to labour-burdning Day:
Send thou a Dreame, resembling truth, in post
T'*Herculean Trachin*; that, like *Ceyx* ghost,
May to *Alcyone* his wracke vnfold.
Saturnia this commands. Her message told,
Iris with-drew; who could the power of Sleepe
Resist no longer. When she found it creepe
Vpon her yeelding senses, thence she flies:
And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.
The Sire, among a thousand sons, excites
Shape-faining *Morpheus*: of those brother Sprites
None (bid t'assume) with subtler cunning can
Vsurpe the gesture, visage, voice of man,
His habit, and knowne phrase. He onely takes
A humane forme: an Other shewes a snakes,
A birds, a beasts. This *Icelos* they call,
Whom heauen imbowre; though *Phobetor* by all
Of mortall birth. Next *Phantasus*; but he,
Of different facultie, indues a tree,
Earth, water, stone, the seuerall shapes of things
That life enioy not: These appeare to Kings
And Princes in deepe night: the rest among
The vulgar stray. Of all the germane throng
Their aged father onely *Morpheus* chose
To act *Thaumantia's* charge. His eies then close
Their drowsie lids, and hanging downe his head,
Resolu'd to slumber, shrinkes into his bed.

is noiseleſſe wings through night fly *Morpheus* ſtraines;
nd with the ſwiftneſſe of a thought attaines
h' *Æmonian* towers: then laid them by, and tooke
he forme of *Ceyx*. With a pallid looke
e naked ſtood, like one depriu'd of life,
efore the Couch of his vnhappy wife:
is beard all wet, the haire vpon his head
'ith water dropt; who, leaning on her bed,
ius ſpake; while teares from ſeeming paſſion flow.
Doſt thou, ô wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know?
r am I chang'd in death? looke on the Loſt:
nd for thy husband thou ſhalt ſee his Ghoſt.
o fauour could thy pious prayers obtaine:
or I am drown'd; no longer hope in vaine.
loud-cruſhing South-winds in *Ægæum* caught
ur rauiſht ſhip, and wrackt her with her fraught.
y voice the flouds oppreſt, while on thy name
'ainely call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,
or doubtfull Author tels: this I relate;
that there periſht by vntimely fate.
riſe, weepe, put on blacke: nor vndeplor'd
or pity ſend me to the *Stygian* Ford.
To this he addes a voice, ſuch as ſhe knew
ipreſt her Lords; with teares appearing true,
id geſture of his hand. She ſigh't and wept;
retch out her armes t'imbrace him as ſhe ſlept,
it claſpt the empty aire. Then cry'd, O ſtay!
n, whither wilt thou! goe we both one way.
ak't with her voice, and husbands ſhade; with feare
e lookes about for that which was not there.
r now the maids, rais'd with her ſhreekes, had brought
Taper in. Not finding what ſhe ſought,

She

She strikes her cheekes, her nightly linnen tare,
Inuades her brests; nor staies t'vnbind her haire,
But tugs it off. Her Nurse the cause demands
Of such a violence. She wrings her hands,
And in the passion of her griefe replyde:
There's no *Alcyone*; none, none! she dyde
Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be
All sounds of comfort. These, these eyes did see
My ship-wrackt Lord. I knew him; and my hands
Thrust forth t'haue held him: but no mortall bands
Could force his stay. A Ghost: yet manifest:
My husbands ghost: which ô but ill expreſt
His forme and beauty, late diuinely rare!
Now pale, and naked, with yet dropping haire.
Here stood the miserable; in this place:
Here, here (and sought his aiery steps to trace.)
O this my sad mis-giuing soule diuin'd;
When thou forsook'st me to persue the wind.
But since imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee
Had put to sea: a happy fate for me!
Then both together all the time assign'd
For life had liu'd; nor in our death dis-ioyn'd.
Now here, I perisht there: on that profound
Poore I was wrackt; yet thou without me drown'd.
O I, then flouds more cruell; should I striue
To lengthen life, and such a griefe suruiue!
Nor will I, nor forsake thee, nor defer.
Though one Vrne hold not both, one Sepulcher
Shall ioyne our titles: though thy bones from mine
The seas disseuer, yet our names shall ioyne.
Griefe chok't the rest. Sobs euery accent part:
And sighes ascend from her astonisht heart.

ay springs: She to the shore addrest her haste,
uen to that place from whence she saw him last.
nd while she sadly vtters, Here he staid;
ere parting, kist me; from thence anchor waid;
'hile she such sighs recalls; her steady eyes
xt on the Sea, far off she something spies;
ıt knowes not what: yet like a cor's. First shee
oth doubt: driuen neerer (though not neere) might see
body plainly. Though vnknowne, yet much
ıe Omen mou'd her, since his fate was such.
ɔore wretch, who'ere thou art; and such (she said)
ıy wife, if wed, by thee a widdow made!
' flouds driuen neerer; the more neere, the more
:r spirits faint: now nigh th'adioyning shore.
ɔw sees she what she knowes; her husbands cor's.
oe's me! 'tis He, she cries! at once doth force
:r face, haire, habit: trembling hands extends
ɔ soule-lesse *Ceyx*; and then said: Here ends
y last of hopes: thus, ô then life more deare;
husband, thus return'st thou! Art a Peere
ıd stretcht into the surges; which with-stood,
ıd brake the first incursion of the flood.
ıither forth-with (ô wonderfull!) she springs;
ating the passiue aire with new-growne wings.
ho, now a bird, the waters summit rakes:
out she flies, and full of sorrow, makes
nournfull noise; lamenting her diuorce:
on she toucht his dumbe and bloudlesse cor's;
ith stretched wings imbrac't her perisht blisse;
d gaue his colder lips a heatlesse kisse.
ıether he felt it, or the flouds his looke
uanc't, the vulgar doubt: yet sure he tooke

Sense from touch. The Gods commiserate:
And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
As erst, they loue: their nuptiall faiths they shew
In little birds; ingender, parents grow.
Seuen winter dayes with peacefull calmes possest,
Alcyon sits vpon her floting nest.
Then safely saile: then *Æolus* incaues
For his, the winds; and smoothes the stooping waues.
Some old man seeing these their pinions moue
O're broad-spread Seas, extols their endlesse loue.
By theirs, a Neighbour, or Himselfe, reuiues
An others fate. Yon' sable fowle that diues;
(And therewith shewes the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)
Of royall parentage may also vaunt.
Whose ancestors from *Tros* their branches spred:
Ilas, *Assaracus*, *Ioues Ganymed*,
Laomedon, and *Priamus* the last
That raign'd in *Troy*: to *Hector* (who surpast
In fortitude) a brother. If by powre
Of Fate vnchanged in his youths first flowre,
He might perhaps as great a name haue wonne:
Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughters sonne.
For *Alixothoë*, a country Maid,
Bare *Æsacus* by stealth in *Idas* shade.
He, hating Cities, and the discontents
Of glittering Courts; the louely woods frequents,
And vnambitious fields; but made repaire
To *Ilium* rarely: yet, he debonaire,
Nor vnexpugnable to loue. Who spide
Æperia, oft desir'd, by *Cebrens* side
(Her fathers riuer) drying in the Sun
Her fluent haire. Away the Nymph did run,

Swift as a frighted Hinde the Wolfe at hand;
Or like a fearefull fowle thrust ouer-land
Beneath a falcon. He persues the chace:
Feare wings her feet, and loue inforc't his pace.
Behold a lurking Viper in this strife,
Seaz'd on her heele; repressing flight with life.
Franticke, his trembling armes the dead include:
Who cry'd, Alas that euer I persude!
I fear'd not this; nor was the victory
Worth such a losse. Ay me! two, one destroy.
Thy wound the Serpent, I the occasion gaue:
O more wicked! yet thy death shall haue
My life for satisfaction. There-with flung
His body from a cliffe which ouer-hung
The vndermining Seas. His falling limmes
Vpheld by *Tethys* pitie; as he swimmes
Th'his person plumes, nor power of dying giues.
To be compel'd to liue the Louer grieues:
Disdaining that his soule, so well appai'd
To leaue her wretched seat, should thus be staid.
And mounting on new wings, againe on Seas
His body throwes: the fall his feathers ease.
With that, inrag'd, into the deepe he diues:
And still to drowne himselfe as vainly striues.
Loue makes him leane. A long neck doth sustaine
His sable head; long-ioynted legs remaine.
Nor euer the affected Seas forsakes:
And now a suted name from diuing takes.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The twelfth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

A *Snake; a snake-like Stone.* Cycnus, *a Swan,*
Cænis *the maid, now* Cæneus *and a man,*
Becomes a Fowle. Neleius *varies shapes:*
At last an Eagle; nor Alcides *scapes.*

OLd *Priam* mournes for *Æsacus*; nor knew
That he suruiu'd, and with light feathers flew.
While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with teares,
Pay to the tombe which his inscription beares.
But *Paris*, absent from that obsequy,
Straight, with his Rape, brought ten yeeres warre to *Troy*.
A thousand ships, in one confederate,
Persue his stealth, with all the *Achaian* State.
Nor vow'd reuenge so long had beene delaid;
If wrathfull Seas had not their passage staid:
At fishie *Aulis*, in *Bœotia*,
Their wind-bound Nauy in expectance lay.
Here, as th'old vse, to *Ioue* they sacrifice.
While from the antique altar flames arise;
A blew scal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,
Ascends a tree, which neere the altar grew.

A feathered nest the vpper branches beare,
With twice foure birds: these and their dam (with feare
Flying about her losse) the greedy snake
At length deuour'd. This all with wonder strake.
When *Chalchas* cry'd (who could the truth deuine)
Reioyce, *Pelasgans*, 'tis a happy signe!
Proud *Troy* shall fall; though with long toile and care:
These thrice three birds, thrice three yeeres war declare
He, wound about a bough, gorg'd with his rape;
Became a Stone, that held the Serpents shape.
Still *Neptunus* in *Aonian* surges raues:
Nor warre transferres. Some thinke the God of Waues
Would *Troy* preserue; and saue the walls he made.
Thestorides resents: who knew, and said,
A virgins bloud must *Dian*' reconcile.
Now did the publike cause the priuate foile;
A King a father: *Iphigenia* stood
Before the altar to resigne her blood.
The Priest did weepe; the Goddesse pittieth too:
Who o're their eyes a cloudy meteor threw;
And while they prosecute her rites, and praid;
Produc't a Hinde to represent the Maid.
When fitter sacrifice had dul'd her rage;
Her furie and the Seas, at once asswage.
A fore-winde then their thousand Vessels bore:
Who, suffering much, attaine the *Phrygian* shore.
Amid the world, 'twixt Aire, Earth, *Neptunes* brine,
A place there is; the triple Worlds confine.
Where all that's done, though far remou'd, appeare:
And euery whisper penetrates the eare.
The House of *Fame*: who in the highest towre
Her lodging takes. To this capacious bowre

In

inumerable wayes conduct; no way
Vith doores debar'd, but open night and day.
ll built of ringing brasse; through-out resounds
he heard reports, and euery word rebounds.
So rest within, no silence: yet the noise
Not lowd, but like the murmuring of a voice.
s seas that sally on far-distant shores;
Or as *Ioues* terminating thunder rores.
ither the idle Vulgar come and goe:
illions of Rumors wander to and fro;
ies mixt with truths, in words that vary still.
Of these, with newes vnknowing eares Some fill;
ome carry tales: all in the telling growes;
nd euery Author addes to what he knowes.
ere dwels rash Error, light Credulity,
ciected Feare, and vainly grounded Ioy;
lew rais'd Sedition, secret Whisperings
f vnknowne Authors, and of doubtfull things.
ll done in Heauen, Earth, Ocean, Fame sur uewes:
nd through the ample world inquires of newes.
She notice gaue, how with a dreadfull hoast
he *Grecian* Nauie steered for their coast.
For vnexpected came: the *Troians* bend
heir powers t'incounter, and their shores defend.
ust thou thy life, *Protesilaus*, lost
y *Hectors* fatall lance; the battle cost
he *Greekes* a world of soules: so cleerely shone
heir fortitudes; great *Hector* yet vnknowne.
For no small streames of bloud their valours drew
rom *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could doe.
nd now their mingled gores *Sigæum* staine:
ow *Neptunes Cycnus* had a thousand slaine.

Now, in his chariot, on *Achilles* fell;
And with his lance whole squadrons sent to hell:
Seeking for *Cycnus*, or for *Hector*, round
About the field; at length braue *Cycnus* found:
(For Fate nine yeeres great *Hectors* life sustaines.)
Cheering his horses with the flaxen maines,
His thundring Chariot driues against his foe,
And shakes his trembling lance: about to throw;
O youth, he said, what e're thou art, reioyce:
Achilles honours thee with death. His voice
His speare persues: the steele no wound impreft
Though strongly throwne. When, bounding from his br
He said; Thou Goddesse-borne, Fame brutes thee such
Why wondrest thou (*Achilles* wondred much)
This helme with horse-haire plum'd, this shield I beare,
Defend not me: for fashion these I weare.
So *Mars* his person armes. Should I display
My naked breft, thy force could finde no way.
The grace to be *Nereis* sonne is small:
What his, who *Nereus*, who his Nymphs, who all
The Ocean guides? Then at *Achilles* threw
His lance, that pierc't his plated shield, and through
Nine oxe-hides rushst: the tenth did it restraine.
The Heros caught it, and retorts againe
The singing steele; againe it gaue no wound.
The third assay no better entrance found,
Though *Cycnus* bar'd his bosome to the blow.
He rages like a bull in Circian Shew;
Whose dreadfull hornes the stammell, which prouokes
His fury, tosse with still deluded strokes.
Then searches if the head were off: that on;
What, is my hand, said he, so feeble growne?

C

)n one is all my vigour ſpent? my powre
Vas more, when firſt I raz'd *Lyrneſſus* towre:
Vhen *Tenedos*, *Eëtion*, *Thebes*, were fil'd
Vith bloud of theirs, by my incounters ſpild.
he red *Caycus* ſlaughtred natiues dyde:
wice *Telephus* my powrefull Iauelin tryde.
ehold theſe heapes of bodies! theſe I ſlew:
ſuch could my hand haue done; as much can doe.
his ſaid, his former deeds almoſt ſuſpects,
nd at *Menetes* breſt his aime directs,
A *Lycian* of meane ranke) the thrilling dart
Quite through his faithleſſe curaſſe pierc't his heart:
Vhoſe dying body ſtrucke the groning ground.
natching the weapon from his reeking wound;
his hand, he ſaid, this now victorious lance
hall vrge thy fate: aſſiſt me equall Chance!
Vith that, th'vnerring dart at *Cycnus* flung.
h'vneuitated on his ſhoulder rung;
Vhich like a rocke the lance repel'd againe:
et where it hit it left a purple ſtaine;
y vainely glad *Æacidas* deſcry'd:
e woundleſſe: this *Menetes* bloud had dy'd.
hen roring, from his chariot leapes; and made
horrid on-ſet with his flaming blade:
Vho ſees the breaches in his helme and ſhield;
et he ſecure: his skin the ſteele vnſteeld.
ſow all impatient, with the hilt his Foe's
ard front inuades with thicke redoubled blowes:
erſues his back retreit, perturbs, inſiſts;
ſor lets the aſtoniſht breath. He faints; blew miſts
wim o're his eyes: whoſe now auerted ſteps
ſtone with-ſtood. On whom *Achilles* leapes

With all his ſtrength, and *Cycnus* vp-ward caſt
On ſounding earth: there held the Heros faſt.
Then with his ſhield and knees his boſome preſt;
And, drawing hard his helmets ſtrings, diſtreſt
His gaſping iawes: the breathing-path and way
Of life ſhuts vp. About t'vnarme his prey,
The body miſt. To a fowle as white as ſnow
By *Neptune* chang'd; whom by that name we know.
This toyle, this fight gaue many daies of reſt:
And either part from actuall armes ſurceaſt.
While on their walls the watchfull *Phrygians* ward,
And while the watchfull *Greekes* their trenches guard,
A feaſt was kept: wherein *Æacides*
For *Cycnus* death with heifers bloud did pleaſe
Propitious *Pallas*. When the entralls laid
On burning altars, to the Gods conuaid
An acceptable ſmell: a part addreſt
To ſacred vſe; the boord receiu'd the reſt.
Downe lay the Heroes, fed on roſted fleſh,
And generous wines their cares and thirſt refreſh.
Nor muſicke now, nor ſongs their eares delight;
But in diſcourſe conſume the ſhortned night.
The ſubiect, Valour: of the valour ſhowne
By their couragious foes, and of their owne.
Promiſcuouſly of paſſed dangers tell,
And forraine enterprizes. What ſo well
Could great *Achilles* ſpeake of? or what were
A fitter theame for great *Achilles* eare?
Then ſpake he of his conqueſt, in the fall
Of noble *Cycnus*: wondred at by all,
That weapons had no power to penetrate
His woundleſſe body, which could ſteele rebate.

This the *Pelasgans*, this *Æacides*
Himselfe admires. When *Nestor* said to these:
Cycnus is he, who in your age alone
Contemned steele, and could be hurt by none.
I saw *Perrhæbian Cæneus* once indure
A thousand strokes; yet he from wounds secure.
Perrhæbian Cæneus, excellent in deeds,
On *Othrys* dwelt: and what beleefe exceeds,
A woman borne. This Prodigie begets
Their greater wonder. Euery one intreats;
Achilles thus: Diuinely eloquent;
O thou the wisdome of our age; consent
To our desires; for all desire the same:
Of *Cæneus* tell; how he a man became;
In what contention, or what battell knowne;
By whom, if so by any, ouerthrowne.
Then He: Though age impaire my memory,
And much beheld in youth my notion flie,
I more remember: yet, of all that are
Among so many acts of peace and warre,
None deeper is imprinted in my braine.
And if the length of time not spent in vaine,
Can many accidents to knowledge giue;
Two ages finisht, in the third I liue.
Not all the Virgins that *Thessalia* bare
With *Elateian Cænis* could compare
For praised beauty. Through the cities neere,
And those, *Achilles*, which thy Empire beare
For she her birth to your *Æmonia* ought)
A world of louers her affection sought.
And *Peleus* too perhaps had woo'd her bed;
But that already to thy mother wed,

Or else assured. *Cænis* still forbore
All nuptiall ties. As on the secret shore
She walkt alone, the Sea-god her dissent
Inforc't to Rape: for so the rumor went.
Rapt with the ioy of loues first tasted fruit;
All shall, said *Neptune*, to thy wishes sute;
Wish what thou wilt. So Fame the story told.
My wrong, said *Cænis*, makes my wishes bold:
That neuer like inforcement may befall,
Be I no woman; and thou giu'st me all.
Her latter words a deeper voice expresse,
Much like a mans, for now it prou'd no lesse.
The Sea-God had assented to her will:
And further addes, that steele should neither kill
Nor wound his person. Young *Atracides*
Departs; reioycing in such gifts as these:
Who great in euery manly vertue growes;
And haunts the fields through which *Pæneus* flowes.
The sonne of bold *Ixion* now had wed
Hippodame: the saluage Centaures, bred
Of clasped Clouds, his inuitation grac't;
In plashed bowres at sundry tables plac't.
There were th'*Æmonian* Princes; there was I:
The Palace rung with our confused ioy.
They *Hymen* sing; the altars fume with flames:
Forth came th'admired Bride with troopes of dames.
We call *Pirithous* happy in his choice:
But scarce maintaine the Omen of that voice.
For *Eurytus*, more heady than the rest,
Foule rapine harbors in his saluage brest;
Incenst by beauty, and the heat of wine;
Lust and Ebriety, in out-rage ioyne.

Strai

Straight, turn'd-vp boords the feast prophane: the faire
And tender spouse now haled by the haire.
Fierce *Eurytus Hippodame*; all tooke
Their choice, or whom they could: sackt cities looke
With such a face. The women shreeke: we rise.
When *Theseus* first; ô *Eurytus*, vnwise!
Dar'st thou offend *Pirithous* as long
As *Theseus* liues? in one two suffer wrong.
The great-sould Heros, not to boast in vaine,
Breakes through the throng, and from his fierce disdaine
The Rape repris'd. He no reply affords;
Such facts could not be iustifi'd by words:
But with his fists the braue redeemer prest;
Assailes his face, and strikes his generous brest.
Hard by there stood an antique goblet, wrought
With extant figures: this *Ægides* caught;
Hurl'd at the face of *Eurytus*: a floud
Of reeking wine, of braines, and clotted bloud
At once he vomits from his mouth and wound;
And falling backward, kickes the dabled ground.
The Centaures, franticke for their brothers death,
Arme, arme, resound, with one exalted breath.
Wine courage giues. At first an vncouth flight
Of flagons, pots, and boules, began the fight:
Late fit for banquets, now for bloud and broiles.
First *Amycus*, *Ophions* issue, spoiles
The sacred places of their gifts; downe rampes
A brazen cresset stucke with burning lampes:
This swings aloft, as when a white-hair'd Bull
The Sacrificer strikes; which crusht the skull
Of *Celadon* the *Lapithite*, and left
His face vnknowne: confusion forme bereft.

Out start his eyes; his batter'd nose betwixt
His shiuer'd bones flat to his pallat fixt.
Pellæan Pelades a tressell tore
That propt the boord, and fell'd him to the flore,
He knockes his chin against his breast, and spude
Bloud mixt with teeth. A second blow persude
The first; and sent his vexed soule to hell.
Next, *Gryneus* stood; his lookes with vengeance swell:
Serues this, said he, for nothing? therewith rais'd
Aloft a mighty Altar: as it blaz'd,
Among the *Lapithites* his burden threw;
Which *Broteus*, and the bold *Orion* slew.
Orion's mother *Mycale*, eft-soone
Could with her charmes deduce the strugling Moone.
Exadius cry'd, Nor shalt thou so depart
Had I a weapon. Of a voted heart
The Antlers from a Pine he puls; they fix
Their forkes in *Gryneus* darkned eyes: this sticks
Vpon the horne, that in concreted gore
Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhœtus* bore,
Snatch from the Altar; and *Charaxus* head
Crackt through the skull, with yellow tresses spred.
The rapid flame his blazing curles surround,
Like corne on fire; bloud broyling in his wound
Horribly hisses: as red steele that gloes
With feruent blasts, which pliant tongues dispose
To quenching coole-troughes, sputters, stiiues, consume
And hissing vnder heated water, fumes.
The Wounded from his singed tresses shakes
The greedy flame; and on his shoulders takes
A stone torne from the threshold, which alone
Would loade a waine, at distant *Rhœtus* throwne.

Th

This, falling ſhort, *Cometes* life inuades:
And ſent his friend to euerlaſting ſhades.
When *Rhœtus*, laughing; May you all abound
In ſtrength ſo try'd; and aggrauates his wound
With repercuſſions of his burning brand.
Cruſht bones now ſinke in braines. Then turnes his hand:
Vpon young *Coritus*, *Euagrus*, *Dryas*:
Which gaue to *Coritus* a fatall paſſe.
What glory can the ſlaughter of a boy
Afford, *Euagrus* ſaid? nor more could ſay:
For *Rhœtus*, e'r his iawes together came,
Hid in his throte and breſt the choaking flame.
Then whiskes the brand about his browes, and driues
At valiant *Dryas*; but no longer thriues.
For through his ſhoulder, who had triumpht long
In daily ſlaughter, *Dryas* fixt his prong.
Who groning, tugs it out with all his might:
And ſoild with bloud, conuerts his heeles to flight.
So *Lycidas*, *Arnæus*, *Medon* (ſped
In his right arme) *Piſenor*, *Caumas*, fled:
Wound-tardie *Mermerus*, late ſwift of pace;
Meneleus, *Pholus*; *Abas*, vs'd to chace
The Bore; and *Aſtylos*, who fates fore-knew:
Who vainly bade his friends that warre eſchew;
And ſaid to frighted *Neſſus*, Fly not ſo;
Thou art reſerv'd for great *Alcides* bow.
But yet *Eurynomus*, nor *Lycidas*,
Areus, nor *Imbreus*, vnſlaughtred paſſe:
All quell'd by *Dryas* hand. Thee *Caneus* too,
Though turn'd about for flight, a fore-wound ſlue:
For looking backe; the point betweene his ſights,
There where the noſe ioynes with the fore-head, lights.

Vnwakened with the tumult of this fray,
Dissolu'd in death like sleepe, *Aphydas* lay
Vpon a Beares rough hide on *Ossa* kill'd:
Whose lither hand a mixed goblet held.
Phorbas farre off the vainly hurtlesse spy'd:
And to the thong his fingers fitting, cry'd,
Thy wine hence-forth with *Stygian* water brew.
This said, at slumber-bound *Aphidas* threw
His trembling dart: the steeled ash made way
Through's naked necke, as he supinely lay.
Death was vnfelt: his full throat voids a floud:
The bed and goblet, drown'd and fill'd with bloud.
I saw *Petræus* striue t'vproot an oke:
And while his brawnie armes the tree prouoke
To quit his seasure, this and that way hall'd;
Pirithous to the bole his bosome nail'd.
Stout *Lycus* by *Pirithous* valour fell:
Pirithous valour *Chromis* sunke to hell.
These lesse the glory of his acts elate
Then *Helops* death, and *Dictys* stranger fate.
His eager iauelin *Helops* temples cleft:
Which at the right eare rushed through the left.
But *Dictys* from a broken mountaine slides,
As he *Ixions* furious sonne auoids,
And head-long fell: his weight asunder brake
A mighty Ash; the stumpes his entrailes stake.
In rusht reuengefull *Phereus* with a stone
Torne from a rocke: his monstrous elbow-bone
(About to hurle) in shiuers *Theseus* crackt:
Nor leasure had, or further care, t' exact
His vseless life. Then nimbly vaults vpon
Byanor's backe, before bestrid by none,

His knees claps to his ſides; his ſhaggie haire
His left hand halcs: his eyes, that grimly ſtare
And threaten, cruſhes with his knotty oke.
Dart-fam'd *Lyceſpes*, and *Medimnus* ſtroke
To humble earth: ſo *Hippaſus*, whoſe beard
Obſcur'd his breſt; and *Ripheus*, who appear'd
More tall than trees; with *Thereus*, who caught
Wilde beares in high *Æmonian* hills, and brought
Th'inraged purchace to his home aliue.
Demolean frets to ſee *Ægides* thriue
With ſuch ſucceſſe; and from the center ſtriues
To teare a Pine: which when he could not, riues
The yeelding bole, and darts it at his foe.
Theſeus farre off eſpi'd the comming throw;
Who by *Minerua's* counſell (for ſo he
Would haue vs thinke) with-drew: and yet the tree
Not idly fell; but *Crantors* ſhoulder, breſt,
And throat diuides; which tortur'd life releaſt.
He was (*Æacides*) thy fathers Squire;
Giuen by ſubdude *Amyntor* to thy ſire
(*Amyntor* the well-train'd *Dolopians* Guide)
In hoſtage for their peace, and faith affide.
When *Peleus* ſaw that ſpectacle of ruth;
Receiue, ô *Crantor*, ô beloued youth,
This ſacrifice, he ſaid: and ſent a dart
With all the rigour of his hand and heart
At proud *Demoleon*; which the bones that loyne
His ribs transfixt; and quauer'd in the chine.
His hand, without the head, the ſtaffe reueld;
And hardly that: his lungs the head with-held.
Anguiſh it ſelfe the heat of wrath improues:
He creates afore, and pawes him with his hooues.

Who

Who with his shield and burganet defends
The sounding strokes: yet still his sword extends,
And twixt his shoulders at one thrust doth gore
His double brests. Yet had he slaine before
Phlegræus, *Hyles*, with his lances flight;
Hiphinöus and *Danis*, in close fight.
Addes *Dorylas* to these; who wore a skull
Of Wolfe-skin tan'd; the sharpe hornes of a Bull,
In stead of other weapons, fixt before:
And dyde in crimson with *Lapithian* gore.
To whom, with courage fir'd, I said in scorne;
Behold how much our steele excels thy horne.
And threw my lance: not to be shun'd, he now
Claps his right hand vpon his threatned brow;
Which both together nail'd. They rore: and while
Th'ingaged with his bitter wound doth toile;
Thy father, who was neereft, neerer made:
And through his nauill thrust his deadly blade.
He bounds, and on the earth his bowels trailes;
The trailed kickes, the kickt in peeces hales;
Which winding, fetter both his legs and thighes:
So falls; and with a gutlesse belly dies.
Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could saue:
If such a two-form'd figure beauty haue.
His chin now 'gan to bud with downe of gold;
And golden curles his iuory backe infold:
His lookes a pleasing vigor grace; his brest,
Hands, shoulders, necke, and all that man expreft,
Surpassing arts admired images.
Nor were his bestiall parts a shame to these:
Adde but a horses head and crest, he were
For *Castors* vse; his backe so strong to beare,

o largely chested; blacker than the crow:
is taile and feet-lockes, white as falling snow.
number of that nation sought his loue;
/hom none but faire *Hylonome* could mouc:
one for attracting fauour so excell,
f all the halfe-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.
ace, by sweet words, by louing, by confest
ffection, only *Cyllarus* possest.
/ith combes she smoothes her haire; her person trimmes
/ith all that could be gracefull to such limbes.
)f Roses, Rosemary and Violets,
nd oft of Lillies curious dressings pleats.
wice daily washt her face in Springs that fall
rom *Pagasæan* hills; twice daily all
er body bathes in cleansing streames: and ware
he skins of beasts, such as were choice and rare,
/hich flowing from her shoulder crosse her brest,
aile her left side. Both equall loue possest:
ogether on the shady mountaines stray,
, woods and hollow caues together lay.
hen to the palace of the *Lapithite*
ogether came; and now together fight.
iaueline from the left hand flung, thy brest
, *Cyllarus*, beneath thy necke impreſt.
is heart though slightly hurt (the dart exhal'd)
rew forth-with cold; and all his body pal'd.
ylonome his dying limbes receiues;
oments his wound: close to his lips she cleaues,
o stay his flying soule. But when she found
fes fire extinct; with words in clamour drown'd,
uen on that steele, which through his bosome past,
ae threw her owne: and him in death imbrac't.

Me

Me thinkes I see grim *Phœcomes* yet:
Who with two Lions skins, together knit,
Protects his man and beast. A log he tooke,
Which scarce two teame could draw; this darted, stro
The Crowne of *Phanolenides:* his braines
It through the fractures of his skull constraines;
Which from his mouth, eyes, eares, and nosthrils gushe,
Like curds through wickar squeasd; or iuces crusht
Through draining Colendars. As he the dead
Prepares t'vnarme, my sword his bowels shred.
Your father saw his downfall. *Chthonius* too,
And stout *Teleboas* our fawchion slew.
The first a forked branch, the other held
A lengthfull lance: the lance this wound impeld;
Whereof you see the ancient scarre. Then I,
Then should I haue beene sent t'haue ruin'd *Troy.*
Then might I haue restrain'd, if not o're-throwne
Great *Hector.* But, he either then was none,
Or else a child. Now spent with age, I waine.
What speake I of two-shapt *Pyretus*, slaine
By *Periphas?* Thy dart, without a head,
Braue *Ampycus*, soure-hoou'd *Oicles* sped.
Macareus, borne by *Pelethronian* rocks,
Huge *Erigdupus* with a leauer knocks
To ecchoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* sheath'd
Deepe in *Nesseus* groine, and life bereau'd.
Nor would you thinke *Ampycides* alone
Could Fate fore-tell; a lance by *Mopsus* throwne
Odites slue: this, as the Centaure rail'd,
His tongue t'his chin, his chin t'his bosome nail'd.
Fiue *Cæneus* slue; *Bromus Antimachus*,
Axe-arm'd *Pyracmos*, *Helius*, *Stiphelus*.

Althou

though forgetful by what wounds they fell;
ıeir names, and number, I remember well.
iant-like *Latreus* lightneth to these broiles;
m'd with *Emathian Alesus* spoiles:
s yeares, 'twixt youth and age; nor age impaires
ıe strength of youth, though sprinkled with gray haires.
Macedonian speare, a sword, a shield,
nfirme his powers: o're-viewes the well-fought field,
ashes his armes; and trotting in a round,
fring'd the aire with this disdainfull sound.
Shall I indure thee *Cænis?* still to me
ıou art a woman, and shalt *Cænis* be.
ıou hast forgot thy births originall,
d for what fact rewarded; by what fall
uanc't to this man-counterfeiting shape.
inke of thy birth; thinke of thy easie rape.
ıe, take a spindle and a distaffe; twine
ıe carded wooll; and armes to men resigne.
While thus he scoffes; and circularly ran;
ıeus his sides gores with his lance, where man
d horse vnite. He, mad with anguish, flings
speare at the *Phyllæan* youth, which rings
his vntainted face; and backe recoiles,
pibbles dropt on drummes, or haile on tiles.
en rushing on, with thrusts assayes to wound
hardned sides; the sword no entrance found.
r shalt thou scape; the edge shall lanch thy throte,
ıough the point be dull. This said, and smote
ınce. The blow, as if on marble, sounds:
l from his necke the broken blade rebounds:
en he his charmed limbes had open laid
ıugh to wounds and wonder, *Cæneus* said:

Now

Now will we trie, if thou our sword canst feele.
Then 'twixt his shoulders thrusts the fatall steele
Vp to the hilts; which to and fro he waues
Deepe in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraues.
The frighted Centaures, with a horrid cry,
On him alone, with all their weapons fly.
Their darts rebated fall, but draw no blood:
For *Cæneus* still in-vulnerable stood.
This more amaz'd. Ah, *Monychus* exclaimes,
One foiles vs all, to all our endlesse shames!
He scarce a man! nay he the man, and we
Are what he was: so poore our actions be.
What bootes our mighty limbes? our double force?
The strongest of all creatures, man and horse,
In vs by nature ioyn'd? sure we are not
A Goddesse birth; nor by *Ixion* got,
Who durst the Queene of Deities imbrace:
This Halfe-man conquers his degenerate race.
Stones, massie logs, whole mountaines on him roule;
And with congested trees crush out his soule.
Let woods oppresse his iawes: o're-whelme with waight
In stead of idle wounds. Thus he: and straight
An Oke, vp-rooted by the furious blasts
Of franticke winds, on valiant *Cæneus* casts.
Th'example quickly *Othrys* disaraide
Of all his trees; and *Pelion* wanted shade.
Prest with so huge a burthen, *Cæneus* sweats:
And to th'o're-whelming okes his shoulders sets.
But now the load aboue his statue climbes,
And choakes the passage of his breath. Sometimes
He faints; then struggles to aduance his crowne
Aboue the Pile, and throw the timber downe:

So

ometimes the pressure with his motion quakes;
s when an earth-quake yonder *Ida* shakes.
is end was doubtfull: some there be, who tell
ow with that weight his body sunke to hell.
opsus dissents; who saw a fowle arise
om thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies;
The first I euer saw) which flying round
bout our Tents, sent forth a mournefull sound.
ais he persuing with his soule and sight,
ry'd, Haile thou glory of the *Lapithite!*
Cæneus, late a man at armes; but now
a vnmatcht fowle! His witnesse all allow.
riefe whets our fury; brooking ill, that one
such a multitude should be o're-throwne:
id Sorrow so long executes the fight,
ll halfe were slaine: halfe sau'd by speed, and night.
Tlepolemus could not his tongue debarre:
nce in the repetition of that warre,
f *Hercules* he had no mention made.
ld man, how can you so forget (he said)
ides praise? my father oft would tell,
ow by his hand the Cloud borne Centaures fell.
To this sad *Nestor* answer'd: Why should you
ompell me to remember, and renue
sorrow lost in time? or iterate
our fathers guilt; together with my hate?
s acts transcend beleefe; his high repute
ls all the world: which would I could refute.
t not *Polydamas*, *Deiphobus*,
r valiant *Hector*, are extol'd by vs.
r who commends his foe? *Messene's* walls
raz'd: faire *Elis*, *Pylus*, in their falls

Detest his fury; Cities which his hate
Had not deseru'd: with them, did ruinate
Our House with sword and fire. Not now to tell
Of others, who by his sterne out-rage fell;
'Twice six faire-fam'd *Neleïde* were wee;
Twice six *Alcides* slew, excepting mee.
Conquest is common: but, ô more than strange
Was *Periclymen's* slaughter! who could change
And rechange to all figures. Such a grace
Great *Neptune* gaue; the root of *Neleus* race.
He, forc't to vary formes, at length vnfolds
Ioues well-lou'd Fowle, who in her tallons holds
Impetuous thunder; and His visage teares
Both with his crooked beake, and armed seares.
At him his bow, too sure, *Alcides* drew,
As towring in the loftie clouds he flew,
And stru ke his side-ioyn'd wing. The wound was slight
But sunder'd nerues could not sustaine his flight.
When tumbling downe, his weight the arrow smote
In at his side, and thrust it through his throat.
Now braue Commander of the *Rhodian* Fleet;
Think'st thou *Alcides* praise a subiect meet
For my discourse? Alone with silence wee
Reuenge our slaughtered brothers; and loue thee.
When *Nestor* with mellifluous eloquence
Had thus much vtter'd; they with speech dispence,
And liberall *Bacchus* quaffe: then all arose;
And giue the rest of night to soft repose.

The God, whose Trident calmes the Ocean,
For strangled *Cycnus*, turn'd into a Swan,
Grieues with paternall griefe. *Achilles* fate
He prosecutes with more than ciuill hate.

'en yeeres now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,
'hus vnshorne *Smintheus* his sterne rage excites.
Of all our brothers sonnes to vs most deare;
/hose hands, with ours, *Troys* walls in vaine did reare:
) sigh'st thou not to see the *Asian* towres
o neere their fall? their owne, and aiding powres
y millions slaine? the last of all their ioy
ead *Hector* drag'd about his fathers *Troy*?
et dire *Achilles*, who our labour giues
o vtter spoile, then Warre more cruell, liues.
ame he within my reach, he then should trie
he vengeance of my Trident: but since I
innot approch t'incounter with my foe;
t him thy close and mortall arrowes know.
Delius assents: his vnkles wrath intends;
ith it, his owne; and in a cloud descends
th'*Ilian* hoast: amid the battle seekes
r *Paris*, shooting at vn-noted *Greekes*.
ien shew'd a God, and said: Why dost thou lose
y shafts so basely? nobler obiects chose;
thou of thine at least hast any care:
ıy brethrens deaths reuenge on *Peleus* heire.
en shew'd him sterne *Achilles*, as he slew
e *Troian* troopes: and, while his bow he drew,
ects the deadly shaft. This only might
d *Priam*, after *Hectors* death, delight,
n, who with conquests cloy'd the iawes of death,
int adulterer depriues of breath.
y th'effeminate to be o're-throwne;
en should the Pollax of the *Amazon*
ie forc't thy fate. The *Phrygian* feare; the fame,
d stro-g protection of the *Grecian* Name,

Inuincible *Æacides* now burnes:
The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turnes.
And of that great *Achilles* scarce remaines
So much as now a little Vrne containes.
Yet still he liues; his glory lightens forth,
And fills the world: this answers his full worth.
This, ô diuine *Pelides*, soares as high
As thy great spirit; and shall neuer die.
And euen his armes, to instance whose they were;
Procure a warre. Armes for his armes they beare.
Aiax Oileus, *Diomedes*, nor
The lesse *Atrides*; not in age and war
The Greater: no nor any; but the Son
Of old *Laërtes*, and bold *Telamon*,
Durst hope for such a prize. *Tantalides*,
To shun the burden, and the hate of these,
The Princes bids to sit before his tent:
And puts the strife on their arbitrement.

OVID

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Thirteenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

THose purple flowres which Aiax *name display,*
His bloud produce. Inraged Hecuba
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnons *cinders rise*
Selfe slaughtring Fowle: a yeereli sacrifice.
What euer Anius *daughters handle, proues*
Corne, wine, or oyle: themselues transform'd to Doues.
From honour'd virgins ashes Sonnes ascend.
Th' Ambracian *Iudge a Stone. Light wings defend*
Molossi, *royall issue.* Scylla *growes*
A hortid Monster. Murder'd Acis *flowes*
With speedie streames. The kinde Nereides
For Glaucus *sue: inthron'd in sacred Seas.*

THe great Chiefes sate; the Souldiers crowne the field:
Vp rose the Master of the seuen-fold Shield.
With wrath impatient, his sterne eyes suruay
æum, and the Nauie which there lay.
en holding vp his hands, ô *Ioue*, he said;
fore the Fleet must we our title plead?
d is *Vlysses* my Competitor?
hose flightfull feare did *Hector's* flames abhor.

Those, I, sustain'd; from those this Nauie freed.
'Tis safer to contend in word than deed.
I cannot talke, nor can he fight: as farre
His tongue excells, as I exceed in warre.
Nor need I to rehearse what you haue seene
In act, renowned *Greekes:* what his hath beene
Let *Ithacus* declare; perform'd by slight,
Without a witnesse, only knowne to Night.
Great is th'affected prize, I must confesse:
But such a Riuall makes the Value lesse.
For me 'tis no ambition to obtaine,
How euer great, what he could hope to gaine.
Who of this strife now wins the praise; that he,
When vanquished, may boast he strove with me.
But were my valour question'd, I might on
My birth insist; begot by *Telamon*,
Who vnder *Hercules Troy's* bulwarkes scal'd:
And in *Pagascan* keele to *Colchis* sail'd.
His father, *Æacus*; the iudge of Soules,
Where *Sisyphus* his restlesse torment roules.
High *Iupiter* vpon a mortall Loue
Got *Æacus:* I *Aiax* third from *Ioue*.
Nor let this pedegree assist my clame,
If great *Achilles* ioyn'd not in the same.
He was my brother, his I aske. Why thus
Shouldst thou, thou sonne of damned *Sisyphus*,
Alike in theft and fraud, a stranger to
Achilles race, the right of his persue?
Because I first assumed armes, descry'd
By no detector, are these armes deny'd?
Or rather for the last in field design'd;
Who with fain'd lunacie the warre decline'd:

ill *Palamed* more politicke, and more
elfe-fatall, did his coward-guile explore,
nd drew him to auoided armes? Must he
ow weare the best, who all eschew'd? and we
nhonour'd, of hereditary right
epriu'd, in that we first appear'd in fight?
nd would to *Ioue* he had beene truly mad;
r still so thought: nor this companion had,
his tempter to foule actions, euer seene
he *Phrygian* towres. Then should'st not thou haue beene
Pæans sonne, exposed by our crime
o *Lemnian* rockes: where thou consum'st thy time
louely caues obscur'd with woods, the stones
ouok't to pitie with thy daily grones,
id wisheſt him, what he deserues, thy paine:
there are Gods thou wisheſt not in vaine.
ow our Confederate (a Prince of braue
ommand) to whom his shafts *Alcides* gaue;
oken with paine and famine, doth imploy
ose arrowes, that import the fate of *Troy*,
r food and clothing: yet he liues the while,
that remoued from *Vlysses* guile.
d *Palamed* might wish t'haue beene so left:
ien had he liu'd, or perisht vnbereft
his deare fame. This, hellishly inclin'd,
ares his conuicted madnesse in his mind;
d falsely him accus'd to haue betraid
Achaian hoast; confirming what he said
shewing summes of gold, which in his tent
nselfe had hid. Thus he by banishment
death, our strength impaires; for this preferr'd:
fights, so is *Vlysses* to be fear'd.

Though faithfull *Nestor* he in eloquence,
Surpasse, his leauing *Nestor*, no defence
Of words can salue: who slow with tired Age
And wounded Steeds, implor'd to his ingage
Vlysses helpe; who left to oddes of foes
His old acquaintance. This *Tydides* knowes
For no forg'd crime; who vainly call'd, to stay
His trembling friend, reuiling his dismay.
The Gods with iustice view our humane deeds.
Who would not late assist, assistance needs:
And now to be forsaken by the law
Himselfe prescrib'd. He cry'd; I came, and saw
The coward quaking, pale, about to yeeld
His ghost for feare. I interpos'd my shield;
Bestrid him as he lay; and from that strife
Redeem'd (my least of praise) his coward life.
But if thou wilt contend, reioyne we there;
Reuoke the foe, thy wounds, and vsuall feare;
Behinde my target sculke: then plead. This man,
Who reel'd with wounds; freed, as vnwounded, ran.
Now *Hector* came, and brought the Gods along;
Rusht on all parts: not thou alone, the strong
And best resolued shrinke: so great a dread
He drew on all. Him, as he triumph led
Through bloud and slaughter, with a mightie stone
I stucke to earth: Him I sustain'd alone,
When he to all so bold a challenge made;
When for my lot you all deuoutly pray'd,
Nor pray'd in vaine: If you inquire the summe
Of this our fight, I was not ouercome.
With vengefull weapons, flames, and *Ione*, the men
Of *Troy* inuade our nauie: where was then

'our eloquent *Vlysses?* I, euen I
thousand ships preseru'd; whereon rely
'he hope of your returne. These armes for all
'our Fleet afford. The meed more honour shall
eceiue then giue: our glories iustly pease;
'hese armes doe *Aiax* seeke, not *Aiax* these.
besus surprise, with ours let him compare;
'hat poore Spie *Dolon's*, *Hellenus* despaire;
he rapt *Palladium*: nothing done by day;
e nothing worth, take *Diomed* away.
to such meane deserts these armes accrue;
iuide them: to *Tydides* most is due.
'hy would he these? who still vnarmed goes,
onceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?
his radiant Caske that shines with burnisht gold;
'ill his deceit, and lurking steps vnfold.
is necke can scarce *Achilles* helmet beare;
or can his feeble arme imploy this speare:
is shield, whose orbe the figured world adornes;
cowards arme, inur'd to theeuing, scornes.
foole, that thus thy owne vndoing seekes!
giuen thee by th'error of the *Greekes*,
will not make thee dreadfull to thy foe;
it be th'occasion of thy ouerthrow,
nd flight, wherein thou only dost exceed,
log[illegible] ith so huge a weight, will faile thy need.
sides, thy shield in battle rarely borne,
yet entire: mine, all to hackt and torne
'ith stormes of blowes, a new successor needs.
hat boots so many words? behold our deeds.
ese armes deliuer to the foes defence:
nd let him weare, that wins the prize from thence.

Here *Aiax* ends. The Souldier in the close
A murmure rais'd; till *Ithacus* arose:
Who hauing fixed on the earth a space
His eyes, vnto the Princes rais'd his face;
And now expected, spake vnto this sense;
With all the grace of winning eloquence.
Græcians; if heauen, with yours, had heard my prayre
So great a strife had found no doubtfull Heire:
Th'hadst kept thy armes, *Achilles*, and we thee.
But since sterne Fate, auerse to you and mee,
So coueted an Excellence denies;
(With that appeares to weepe, and wipes his eyes)
Who great *Achilles* with more right succeeds,
Than he who gaue you great *Achilles* deeds?
Let not his folly purchase your assent;
Nor let my wit, in that so preualent
For you, my losse incurre: nor hate incense,
That for my selfe I arme my eloquence;
(If I haue any) oft for you imploy'd.
Let none the glory of his owne auoid.
For Ancestors, diuine originall,
And deeds by vs not done, we ours mis-call.
Yet in that *Aiax* vants himselfe to bee
Great-grandchilde vnto *Ioue*; no lesse are wee.
Laërtes was my Sire, *Arcesius* his;
His, *Iupiter*: in this descent there is
None damn'd nor banisht. By the venter I
From *Hermes* spring: in both a Deitie.
Not that more noble by the mothers side,
Nor that my father had his hands vndide
In brothers bloud, doe I inforce this claime:
Weigh but our worths; and censure by the same.

Th:

'hat *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,
ı *Aiax* is no merit. Not the Neere
ı birth, but Great in act, deserue this grace.
)r if proximity in bloud haue place,
eleus his father, *Pyrrhus* is his son:
/hat right remaines for *Aiax Telamon?*
o *Phthia* then, or *Scyros* carry these.
:*ucer* is coozen to *Æacides*
s well as he; yet stirs not he herein:
r if he should, should he the honour win?
hen since our actions must our sute aduance;
lthough my deeds surmount my vtterance,
ıeir abstract yet in order to relate:
'*etis*, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate,
sguis'd her sonne: so like a Virgin dreſt,
ıat all mistooke, and *Aiax* with the rest.
hen, Armes, with womens trifles, that might blinde
ıspect, I brought to tempt a manly minde.
:t was the Heros Virgin-like araid;
ho taking vp the Speare and Shield, I said:
Goddesse-borne, for thee the fate of *Troy*
r fall reserues: why doubts thou to destroy
'eat *Pergamus?* then made him d'off those weeds:
ıd sent the mighty vnto mighty deeds.
s acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus*
ild with our lance; the suppliant cur'd by vs.
:ong *Thebes* we sackt: sackt *Lesbos* vs renounes,
'*ysa* and *Tenedos* (*Apollo's* townes)
ith *Cilla*; Sea-girt *Syros*, in their falls
ır fame aduance: we raz'd *Lyrnessus's* walls.
passe the rest; I gaue, who could subdue
e braue *Priamides*: I *Hector* slue.

For th'armes that found *Achilles*, these I craue:
He dead, I aske but what, aliue, I gaue.
The griefe of one, with all the *Greekes* preuailes:
Euboian Aulis held a thousand sailes.
The long-expected winds opposed stand,
Or sleepe in calmes. When cruell Fates command
Afflicted *Agamemnon* to asswage
With *Ighigenia's* death, *Diana's* rage.
But he dissents; the Gods themselues reproues:
And in a King a fathers passion moues.
His noble disposition ne're the lesse
I to the publike won: and must confesse
(*Atrides*, pardon;) we did prosecute
Before a partiall Iudge a hatefull sute.
Yet him his brother, sceptre, publike good
Perswade to purchase endlesse praise with blood.
Then went I to the mother for her child:
Now not to be exhorted, but beguild.
Had *Aiax* thither gone, our flagging sailes
Not yet had swel'd with still-expected gales.
Then on a bold embassage I was sent
To haughty *Troy*: to th'*Ilian* Court I went,
Yet full of men: and fearelesse, vrg'd at large
The common cause committed to my charge.
False *Paris* I accuse: rapt *Helena*
I re-demand, with all they bore away.
Old *Priam* and *Antenor* iust appeare.
But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were
His followers in that stealth, from wicked blowes
Could scarce refraine. This *Menelàus* knowes.
The first of dangers wherein you and I
Together ioyn'd. But what my policie

And force perform'd, behoouefull to this State,
In that long warre, too long is to relate.
The first great battle fought, our weary foes
Long liue immur'd: nor durst their powers expose.
Nine yeeres expir'd, warres all the fields affright.
Meane-while what didst thou, only fit to fight?
What vse of thee? inquire my actions; I
The foe intrap, our trenches fortifie,
Encouraging the weary Souldier
To brooke the tediousnesse of lingring warre
With faire expectance: teach them wayes to feed,
And arts to fight. Imploy'd at euery need.
The King del ded in his sleepe by *Ioue*,
Bids vs the care of future warre remoue.
The author was his strong apologie.
Aiax should haue with-stood: the sacke of *Troy*
He should haue vrg'd; and, what hee could, haue fought.
Why was the nobler siege by him vnsought?
Why arm'd he not? a speech he might haue made,
That would the wauering multitude haue staid:
To him not difficult, who lookes so high,
And speakes so big. What, if himselfe did flie?
I saw, and sham'd to see thee turne thy backe
To hoise thy sailes vnto thy honours wracke.
What doe you? ô what madnesse, mates, said I,
Prouokes you to abandon yeelding *Troy*?
Ten yeeres nigh spent, what will you beare away
But infamie? I this, and more did say;
Wherein my sorrow made me eloquent:
And from the flying Fleet turn'd their consent.
The King a Councell calls; distrusts afford
No sound aduice: durst *Aiax* speake a word?

When

When base *Thersites* durst the King prouoke
With bitter words: who felt my scepters stroke.
Their doubts with hope of conquest I inspire:
And set their fainting courages on fire.
Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right
To me belongs, that thus reuok't his flight.
Besides, what one of all the wiser *Greekes*
Commends thee; or thy conuersation seekes?
Tydides vs approues, builds on our will;
Is confident in his *Vlysses* still.
Among a million 'tis a grace for me
To be his consort; and the choise so free.
The danger of the foe, and night despis'd;
I *Dolon*, then a counter-scout, surpris'd:
Nor slue him, till I forc't his bosome to;
Informed what perfidious *Troy* would doe.
All knowne, and nothing left to be inquir'd;
I now with praise enough might haue retir'd.
Yet not so satisfide, I forward went;
And *Rhesus* slue, with his, in his owne Tent.
When like a Victor, on his Chariot I
Return'd in triumph. Can you then denie
Achilles armes, whose horses were assign'd
For one nights hazard? *Aiax* is more kind.
What should I of *Sarpedons* forces tell,
O're-throwne by vs? by vs *Cæranos* fell,
Iphitides, *Alastor*, *Chromius*,
Alcander, *Prytanis*, *Noëmonus*,
Halius, stout *Thoön*, bold *Pheridamas*,
With *Charope*: *Eunomon's* fatall Passe
Sign'd by my lance: and many more in view
Of hostile *Troy*, of meaner ranke, I slue.

A

And I, ô Country-men, haue honour'd wounds,
Faire in their ſcarres: nor truſt to empty ſounds;
Behold (ſaid he, with that his boſome bares)
This breſt, ſtill exercis'd in your affaires.
No drop of bloud in all theſe lengthfull warres
For *Greece* hath *Aiax* ſhed: ſhew he his ſcarres.
What boots it, though his deeds his brags approue;
That for our fleet he fought with *Troy* and *Ioue*?
I grant he did ſo: nor will we detract
With hated enuy from a noble act.
So he ingroſſe not to himſelfe alone
A common praiſe, but render vs our owne.
Actorides (for great *Achilles* held)
Troy's flames and Fautor from our ſhips repeld.
He thinkes, he onely able, could alone
Incounter *Hectors* oppoſition:
The King, his brother, and my ſelfe forgot
Of nine the laſt, and but prefer'd by lot.
But what euent, ô great in valour, crown'd
Your doughty combat? *Hector* had no wound.
Woe's me! with what a tide of griefe I call
That time to mind; wherein the *Græcian* Wall,
Achilles fell! teares, feares, nor ſorrow ſtaid
My forward zeale; his raiſed corps I laid
Vpon theſe ſhoulders: theſe, euen theſe did beare
Him and his armes; which now I hope to weare.
Our ſtrength ſufficient is for ſuch a weight:
Our knowledge can your bounty explicate.
Was *Thetis* ſo ambitious for her Son;
That ſuch a brainleſſe Souldier ſhould put on
This heauenly gift, of ſo diuine a frame?
Whoſe figured ſhield his ignorance would ſhame.

Wherein

Wherein, the Ocean; Earth with cities crown'd,
Skies with their starres; cold *Arctos* neuer drown'd,
Sword-girt *Orion*, sad *Pleiades*;
The rainie *Kids*. He seekes, yet knowes not, these.
Vpbraids he me, that I this warre did shun,
And time deferd till others had begun?
Nor can consider how he wounds in me
Achilles honour. If a crime it be
To counterfeit; we ioyne in that defame:
If, in that tardy; I before him came.
Me, my kind wife; his mother him with-drew:
Our flowers to them w gaue; the fruit to you.
Nor feare I, should I quit my owne defence,
To suffer with so cleere an Excellence.
Not *Aiax* wit reueal'd *Vlysses*; yet
Reueal'd *Achilles* was *Vlysses* wit.
Lest I should wonder, why his foolish tongue
Should slander me, he you vpbraids with wrong,
Was guiltlesse *Palamed* accus'd by me
To my defame? nor must his sentence be
To you reprochfull? neither *Nauplius* Seed
Could iustifie so euident a deed:
Nor did your eares informe your faculties;
The hire of treason laid before your eies.
Pæantius in *Lemnos* left, was none
Of my offence; doe you defend your owne:
You to his stay consented. Yet, how'ere,
I must confesse I aduiz'd him to forbeare
The trauels of long warre: and to appease
The anguish of his bitter wound with ease.
He did: he liues. Th'aduice was good; successe
As fortunate approues it for noblesse.

Sin

Since Fate designes him for the fall of *Troy*:
Spare me, and *Aiax* induſtry imploy.
His tongue the mad with wrath and anguiſh will
Appeaſe: hee'l fetch him with ſome reach of skill.
Firſt *Simois* ſhall retire, *Ide* want a ſhade,
Achaia promiſe to the *Troians* aide;
E're my endeuours in your ſeruice faile,
And ſottiſh *Aiax*, with his wit, preuaile.
And, *Philoctetes*, though obdure thou be,
Incenſt againſt the King, theſe Lords, and me;
Though curſes lighten from thy lips, though ſtill
Thou couet my acceſſe, my bloud to ſpill;
Yet I'le attempt thee: and will bring thee backe;
That neither may his eager wiſhes lacke.
Thy ſhafts I muſt poſſeſſe (ſo Fauour Fate)
As I poſſeſt the *Dardan* Prophet late;
As I vnknit the *Troian* deſtinie,
And doubtfull anſwer of the Gods; as I;
Amid a world of foes, the fatall Signe
Of *Phrygian Pallas* rauiſht from her ſhrine.
Compare with me will *Aiax*? this vntane,
Troy's hopt-for expugnation had beene vaine.
Where was ſtrong *Aiax*? where the glorious boaſt
Of that great Souldier? why in terror loſt?
How durſt *Vlyſſes* truſt himſelfe to night,
Paſſe through the watch, their threatning weapons ſlight?
The walls not onely, but the higheſt towre
Of *Ilium* ſcale: and from her Fane the Powre
That beares their fate inforce; and with this prey,
Repaſſe the dangers of that horrid way?
Which had not I atchieued, Yet in Field
Had *Aiax* vainly borne his ſeuen-fold Shield.

That night *Troy* fell before *Laêrtes* son:
Won, when I made it that it might be won.
Forbeare to mutter; nor with nodding gaze
On *Diomed*: he shares in equall praise.
Nor for our Nauy didst thou fight alone:
Thou by an host assisted, I by one.
He knew that wisdome valour should command;
That this belong'd not to a strenuous hand:
Else he himselfe had ioyn'd in our debate;
Or th'other *Aiax*, far more moderate;
Braue *Thoas*, fierce *Eurypylus*; with these
Idomeneus and *Meriones*
Of *Creet*; or *Menelaus*. For they are
As strong, nor second vnto thee in warre:
Yet yeeld to our aduice. Thou, fit for fight,
Dost need my reason to direct thy might.
Thy valour wants fore-cast, my studious care
Respects the future: thou canst fight thy share;
The time and place must be by vs assign'd:
Thou only strong in body; I in mind.
As skilfull Pilots those surpasse, who row;
As wise Commanders, common souldiers; so
I thee excell. Our vertue is lesse great
In brawne than braine: this vigorously compleat.
Then ô remunerate my vigilance:
And, Princes, for so many yeeres expence
In anxious cares, this dignity extend
To my deserts. Our worke is at an end:
With-standing fates remou'd: I, in that I
Haue made it fesable, haue taken *Troy*.
Now by our mutuall hopes, *Troy's* ouerthrow,
Those Gods which late I rauisht from the foe;

If ought remaine to be discreetly done,
That courage craues, through danger to be won;
If in the *Ilian* destiny there be
A knot yet to vnkit; remember me.
Or if you can forget; these Armes resigne
To this: and shewes *Minerua's* fatall Signe.
The Chiefes were mou'd. Here words approu'd their (charmes:
The Eloquent the Valiant now disarmes.
He who alone, *Ioue*, *Hector*, sword and fire
So oft sustain'd; yeelds to one brunt of ire.
Th'vnconquered, sorrow conquers. Then his blade
In haste vnsheaths: Sure thou art mine, he said;
Or seekes *Vlysses* this? this shall conclude
All sense of wrong. And thee, so oft imbrude
In *Phrygian* bloud, thy Lord's must now imbrue:
That none but *Aiax*, *Aiax* may subdue.
This said; his brest, till then with wounds vngor'd,
The deadly sword, where it could enter, bor'd.
Nor could his strength the fixed steele reuell;
Expeld by gushing gore. The bloud that fell,
A purple flowre ingendred on the ground:
Created first by *Hyacinthus* wound.
The tender leaues indifferent letters paint;
Both of His name, and of the Gods complaint.
The Conqueror, now hoising sailes, doth stand
For chaste *Hypsiphile's*, and *Thoas* land;
Defam'd by womens vengefull violence)
To fetch the shafts of *Hercules* from thence.
These, with their owner, to the campe conuaid,
On that long warre a finall hand they laid.
Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.
Th'vnhappy wife of *Priam* after all,

Her

Her humane figure lost: whose rauing Sprite
And vncouth howlings forraine fields affright.
The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungry fire
To narrow *Hellespont*; nor there expire.
That little bloud which *Priams* age could shed,
Ioues altar drinkes. By her anointed head
Apollos Priest they drag, her hands in vaine
To heauen vpheld. The Victor *Greekes* constraine
The *Dardan* Dames; a deadly-hating prey:
Who imbrace their country Gods; and while they may,
Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence
Astyanax threw from that towre; from whence
He had seene his father, by his mother showne,
Fight for his Kingdomes safety, and his owne.
North-winds to seas inuite, and prosperous gales
Sing in their shrouds: they haste to trim their sailes.
The *Troian* Ladies cry, Deare soile farewell!
We are hal'd to loth'd captiuitie! then fell
On kissed earth: and leaue with much delay,
Their countries smoking ruines. *Hecuba*
Her sad departure to the last deferres:
Now found among her childrens sepulchers,
(A sight of ruth!) spread on their tombes: there wailes;
Their cold bones kissing: whom *Vlysses* hales
From that sad comfort. Some of *Hectors* dust,
Vp snatcht, deliuers to her bosomes trust.
Vpon his tombe she left her horie haires
(A poore oblation!) mingled with her teares.
Oppos'd to *Ilium's* ruines lyes a land,
Till'd by the *Bistones*; in the Command
Of *Polymnestor*. Danger to preuent,
To him his father *Polydorus* sent.

And wiſely; had he not withall conſign'd
A maſſe of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.
His foſter-child, when lingring *Ilium* drew
To her laſt date, the *Thracian* Tyrant ſlew.
Whom, as if he his murder with the ſlaine
Could caſt away, he caſts into the maine.
Now rod *Atrides* at the *Thracian* ſhore;
Till winds forbore to ſtorme, and ſeas to rore.
When from the yawning earth *Achilles* roſe;
Like mightie as in life: whoſe lookes diſcoſe
As ſterne a wrath, as when his lawleſſe blade
Was on *Atrides* drawne; and frowning, ſaid:
You *Greekes*, of me vnmindfull; can you thus
From hence depart? ſhall our deſerts with vs
Lodge in obliuion? Proue not ſo ingrate.
With ſlaine *Polixena* regratulate
Our Sepulcher: tis ſhe I couet moſt:
A ſacrifice, that will appeaſe our Ghoſt.
Then vaniſht. They th'vngentle Sprite obaid;
And from her Mothers boſome drew the Maid,
(High-ſould, vnhappy, more then feminine,)
To his reſembled tombe; with life to ſigne
Infernall Dues. Of her high birth ſhe thought:
And now vnto the bloudy altar brought;
Seeing the ſacrifice for her prepar'd,
And that *Neoptolemus* vpon her ſtar'd
With ſword aduanc't; ſhe ſaid, vntoucht with dred:
Our generous bloud to your intentions ſhed:
Diſpatch; I am ready; in my throat or breſt
Your weapon ſheath. (With that, with-drew her veſt.
Polyxena doth ſeruitude deſpiſe:
And yet no God affects ſuch ſacrifice.

I onely wish my death might be vnknowne
To my afflicted mother. She alone
Disturbs the ioyes of death: though *Priams* wife
My death should lesse bewaile, then her owne life.
Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid:
That my free soule may to the *Stygian* shade
Vntainted passe. If this be iust, remoue
Your hand: I shall more acceptable proue
Vnto that God or Ghost, what ere he bee
To whom I am offer'd, if my bloud be free.
And if a dying tongue preuaile at all;
I, late great *Priams* daughter, now a thrall,
Sollicit that my corps may not be sold;
But giuen my mother: nor exchange for gold
Sad rites of sepulture. In former yeares
Sh'had gold to giue, now poore, accept her teares.
This hauing said; for her that would not weepe,
The people wept: the Priest could hardly keepe
His eyes from teares; yet did what he abhord;
And in her proffered bosome thrust his sword.
On sad dying knees she sinkes, with silent breath;
Now fourrefully incounters smild-on Death.
(A sigh when she fell, she had a care to hide
What should be hid; and chastly-decent dide.
Her corpes was carried by the *Troian* dames:
Who in a funerall song repeat the names
Of *Priams* mourn'd-for Seed; what streames of gore
One House had spent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:
And thee, O royall Wife, intitled late
The mother Queene, and glory of that State:
A Captiue now, cast by a scorned lot
On victor *Ithacus*; refus'd, if not

F

For bearing *Hector*. *Hector*, ſo renoun'd,
A maſter hardly for his mother found.
She hug's the corps that ſuch a ſpirit kept.
Who for her country, children, husband, wept
So oft; now weepes for her: her lips compreſt,
Her wounds fils with her teares. Then beats her breſt:
Her hoarie haire beſmear'd with clotted gore,
And boſome torne, this ſpake ſhe; and much more.
Poore daughter, our laſt ſorrow: (what is left
For Fortunes ſpight!) by bloudy death bereft.
On thee I ſee my wounds. That none of mine
May woundleſſe die, theſe wounds thy boſome ſigne.
In that a woman, thee I held ſecur'd:
But thou, a woman, ſuffer'ſt by the ſword.
This Bane of *Troy*, our Deprivation, who
So many of thy princely brothers ſlue;
Hath ſlaine thee alſo. When his life was laid
By *Paris* and *Apollo's* ſhafts, I ſaid,
Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.
Now dead, to vs as dreadfull as before.
Againſt my race his aſhes raues: his tombe
Preſents a foe. O my vnhappy wombe!
This fury fruitfull! Ruin'd *Troy* deſcends;
And ſad ſucceſſe the publike ſorrow ends:
Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone
To vs remaines: our ſorrowes freſhly grone:
, erſt ſo potent and ſo fortunate
n husbands, ſons, and height of humane State;
To exile now am hal'd: deſpis'd, and torne
From my owne ſepulchers: from *Phrygia* borne
To ſerue *Penelope*; that while I ſew
Or ſpin at her commandement, ſhe may ſhew

Her slaue to *Ithacensian* dames, and say,
Lo: *Hectors* mother, *Priam's Hecuba.*
My sorrowes sole reliefe, so many lost,
Is offered to appease an hostile Ghost.
Infernall sacrifices to the dead,
Euen to my foe, my cursed wombe hath bred.
Hard heart, why break'st thou not? what hopes ingage
Thy expectation? Mischieuous Old-age,
For what reseru'st thou me? You cruell Powres,
Why lengthen you a poore old womans howres
To see new funerals? O *Priam*, I
May call thee happy, after ruin'd *Troy.*
Happy in death. Thou seest not this sad fate:
Thou lost thy life together with thy state.
Rich funerals attend thee, royall Maid:
And by thy Ancestors thou shalt be laid.
O no! thy mothers teares, a heape of sand,
Must now content thee in a forreine land.
All, all is lost! Yet liues a little Boy
My last, and youngest ioy, when I could ioy;
For whom I condescend to liue a space;
Here foster'd by the courteous King of *Thrace.*
Meane while why stay we with the cleansing floud
To wash these wounds, and lookes besmear'd with bloud:
Then with an aged pace, her horie haires
All torne and scattred, to the Sea repaires.
And while the wretched said; You *Troades,*
A pitcher bring to draw the brinish Seas:
She saw th'erected corps of *Polydore*
Stucke full of wounds vpon the beachie shore.
The Ladies shreeke; she dumbe with sorrow stood:
Internall griefe her voice, her teares, her blood,

At once deuour'd. And now, as if intranc't
Stares on the earth; ſometimes to Heauen aduanc't
Her ſcouling browes: oft on his viſage gaz'd;
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,
Arm'd, and inſtructed; all on vengeance bent,
Still Queene-like, deſtinates his puniſhment.
And as a Lyoneſſe, rob'd of her young,
Perſues the vnſeene-hunters ſteps: ſo ſtung
With fury, when her ſorrow with her rage,
Had ioyn'd their powers; vnmindfull of her age,
But not offormer greatneſſe, ran with ſpeed
To *Polymneſtor*, author of this deed.
And crauing conference, the Tyrant told
How ſhe would ſhew him ſummes of hidden gold
To giue her *Polydor*. This held for true;
He thirſty of his prey, with her with-drew.
And flattering her thus craftily begun:
Delay not, *Hecuba*, t'inrich thy ſon:
By all the Gods we iuſtly will reſtore
What thou ſhalt giue, and what thou gau'ſt before.
She with a truculent aſpect beheld
The falſely ſwearing King: with anger ſwel'd.
Then calls the captiue dames, vpon him flyes;
Who hides her fingers in his periur'd eyes,
Extracts his eye-balls: more then vſuall ſtrong
With thirſty vengeance and the ſenſe of wrong,
Her hand drownes in his ſkull; the roots vp-tore
Of his loſt ſight, imbrude with guilty gore.
The men of *Thrace* incenſed for their King,
Weapons and ſtones at *Hecuba* now fling.
She, gnarring, bites the followed flints: her chaps,
Or ſpeech extended, barke. Of whoſe miſ-haps

That

That place is nam'd. She, mindfull of her old
Mis-fortunes, in *Sithonian* deserts howld.
Kinde *Troians*, *Græcian* foes, both loue and hate;
Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate.
So all, as *Iuno* did to this descend;
That *Hecuba* deseru'd not such an end.
Aurora had no leasure to lament
(Although those armes she fauour'd) the euent
Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domesticall
And neerer griefe, afflicts her for the fall
Of *Memnon*; who *Achilles* lance imbru'd
In *Phrygian* fields. This as the Goddesse view'd,
The rosie die, that deckt the Mornes vp-rise
Grew forth-with pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.
Nor could indure to see his body laid
On funerall flames: but with her haire displaid,
As in that season, to high *Ioue* repaires;
And kneeling, thus with teares, vnfolds her cares.
To all inferior, whom the skie sustaines
(For mortals rarely honour me with Fanes)
A Goddesse yet, I come: not to desire
Shrines, Festiuals, nor Altars fraught with fire;
Yet should you weigh what I, a woman doe,
That Night confine, and sacred Day renue,
I merit such: such sute not now our state;
Nor such desires infect the desolate.
Of *Memnon* rob'd, who glorious armes in vaine
Bare for his vnkle, by *Achilles* slaine
In flowre of youth (so would you Gods) come I.
O chiefe of Powers, a mothers sorrow, by
Some honour giuen him, lessen: death with fame
Recomfort! *Ioue* assents. When greedy flame

Deuou

)euour'd the funerall Pile; and curling fumes
)ay ouer-caſt: as when bright Sol aſſumes
'rom ſtreames thicke vapours, nor is ſeene below.
'he flying, dying ſparkles ioyntly grow
nto one body. Colour, forme, life, ſpring
'o it from fire, which leuity doth wing.
'irſt like a Fowle, forth-with a Fowle indeed:
nnumerable ſiſters of that breed
'ogether whiske their feathers. Thrice they round
'he funerall Pile; thrice raiſe a mournfull ſound.
n two battalions then diuide their flight;
nd like two ſtrenuous nations fiercely fight:
'heir oppoſites with beake and tallons rend;
'uffe with their wings; in ſacrifice deſcend.
'ow dying on the aſhes of the dead:
emembring they were of the Valiant bred.
heſe new-ſprung Fowle, men of their author call
temnonides. No ſooner *Sol* through all
'he Signes returnes; but they reioyne againe
ciuill warre, and dye vpon the ſlaine.
'hile others therefore doe commiſerate
oore barking *Hecuba* in her chang'd fate:
urora her owne griefe intends; renewes
er pious teares, which fall on earth in dewes.
Yet fates reſiſt, that all the hopes of *Troy*
hould periſh with her towres. The Son and Ioy
)f *Cytherea*, with his houſhold Gods,
nd aged Sire, his pious ſhoulders lodes.
)f ſo great wealth he onely choſe that prize,
nd his *Aſcanius*: from *Antandros* flies
seas, and ſhuns the wicked *Thracian* ſhore,
efil'd with bloud of murdered *Polydor*:

With prosperous winds arriuing with his traine
At *Phœbus* towne, where *Anius* then did raigne,
Apollo's holy Priest; who, with the rest,
Into the Temple leads his honour'd Guest:
The City, with the sacred places, showes;
And trees held by *Latona* in her throwes.
Incense on flames, and wine on incense powr'd;
Entrailes of slaughtered beeues by fire deuour'd;
His Guests conducts to Court: on carpet spred,
With *Ceres* and *Lyæus* bounty fed.
When thus *Anchises*: ô to *Phœbus* deare!
I am deceiu'd; or, when I first was here,
Foure daughters and a son thy solace crown'd.
He shooke his head, with sacred fillets bound;
And sighing said: ô most renoun'd of men,
I was the father of fiue children then:
Whom now (such is the change of things!) you see
Halfe childlesse: for my absent sonne to mee
Is of small comfort; who, my Vice-roy, raignes
In sea-girt *Andros*, which his name retaines.
Him, *Delius* with prophetick skill inspir'd.
A gift past credit, still to be admir'd,
My daughters *Bacchus* gaue; aboue their sute
That all they toucht should presently transmute
To wine, to corne, and to *Minerua's* oile.
Rich in the vse. To purchase such a spoile,
Great *Troy's* Depopulator, *Atreus* Heire,
(Lest you should thinke we haue not borne a share
In your mis-haps) with armed violence
Inforc't them from me: charged to dispence
That heauenly gift vnto th' *Argolian* Host.
They scape by flight: two to *Eubœa* crost;

T

wo fled to *Andros*: these the Souldier
ersuide, and threaten (if vnrender'd) warre.
eare nature now subdude: his sisters were
y him resign'd; forgiue a brothers feare.
ot *Hector* nor *Æneas* then were by
o guard his towne, who so long guarded *Troy*.
bout to binde their captiue armes in bands;
earing to heauen their yet vnchained hands,
father *Bacchus* helpe! While thus they prai'd,
he Author of that gift presents his aid.
f such a losse may be accounted so)
et how they lost their shapes I could not know;
or yet can tell. It selfe the sequell proues;
onuerted to thy Wiues white-feather'd Doues.
With such discourse they entertaine the feast:
hat ta'ne away, dispose themselues to rest.
'ith day they rose; the Oracle exquire:
'ho bids them to their ancient Nurse retire,
nd kinred-shores. With them the King conuents,
nd their departure with rich gifts presents.
sceptre to *Anchises* giues: a braue
ich cloke, a quiuer t'*Ascanius* gaue:
figur'd goblet on *Æneas* prest;
Theban Therses sent him, once his Guest.
lean Alcon made what *Therses* sent;
nd caru'd thereon this ample argument.
A City with seuen gates of equall grace;
ese plainly character the name and place.
efore it, exequies, tombs, piles, bright fires.
ames with spred haire, bare brests, and torne attires,
ecipher mourning: Nymphs appeare to weepe
or their dry Springs: sap-searing cankers creepe

On naked trees: Goats licke the foodlesse earth.
In midst of *Thebes*, *Orion's* female birth
Vndanted stand: This proffers to the sword
Her manly brest; her hands her death afford,
For common safety. All the people mourne;
And with due funerals their bodies burne.
Yet lest the world should such a linage lose,
Two youths out of their virgin ashes rose.
These Orphans wandring Fame *Coronæ* calls:
Who celebrate their mothers funerals.
The anticke brasse with fulgent figures shin'd:
Whose brim neat wreaths of guilt Acanthus bind.
Nor were the *Troian* gifts of lesse expence:
Who gaue a Censor for sweet frankincense,
An ample Chalice of a curious mold;
With these a crowne, that shone with gemmes and gol
In that the *Tucrans* sprung from *Teucers* blood,
They saile to *Creet:* but *Ioue* their stay with-stood.
Leauing those hundred Cities, now they stand
For wisht *Ausonia's* destinated strand.
Tost by rough Winter and the wrath of seas,
They anchor at the faithlesse *Strophades.*
Thence frighted by *Aello*; saile away
By steepe *Dulichium*, stony *Ithaca*,
Samus, high *Neritus* clasp'd by the Maine;
All subiect to the slye *Vlysses* raigne.
Then at *Ambracia* touch, the strife and grudge
Of angry Gods; the image of the Iudge
Behold, by them conuerted into stone:
Now to *Actiacan Apollo* knowne.
Then the *Dodoncan* vocall Oke they view;
Chaonia, where *Molossus* children flew

/ith aidfull feathers from the impious flame;
ext to *Phæacia*, rich in hort-yards, came;
hen to *Epirus*: at *Buthrotos* ſtaid,
'hoſe ſcepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet ſwaid;
ıd ſee reſembled *Troy*. Fore-told of all
; *Priam's Helenus*, that would befall,
hey reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends
to circumfluent Seas. *Pachynus* bends
ɔ ſhowrie *Auſter*; flowrie *Zephyr* blowes
n *Lilybæums* browes; *Pelorus* ſhowes
is Cliffes to *Boreas*, and the Sea expel'd
'*ctturus*. Vnder this their courſe they held
'ith ſtretching ores; and fauour'd by the tide,
hat night in *Zancle's* crooked harbour ride.
ıe right-ſide dangerous *Scylla*, turbulent
arybdis keepes the left; on ruine bent.
ıe belches ſwallowed ſhips from her profound:
:r ſable wombe, dogs euer rau'ning, round;
:t beares a Virgins face: if all be true
hat Poets ſing, ſhe was a Virgin too.
' many ſought, as many ſhe deſpis'd:
ɔ Nymphs of ſeas, of ſea-nymphs highly priz'd,
.e beares her vizets; and to them diſcouers
ıe hiſtory of her deluded louers.
ɔ whom thus *Galatea*, ſighing, ſaid;
hile *Scylla* comb'd her haire. You, louely Maid,
e lou'd of generous-minded men, whom you
ith ſafety may refuſe, as now you doe.
:t I, great *Nereus* and blue *Doris* Seed,
:eat in ſo many ſiſters of that breed;
' ſhunning of the *Cyclops* loue prouok's
ſad reuenge. Here teares her vtterance chok's.

These cleansed by the marble-finger'd maid;
Who, hauing comforted the Goddesse, said:
Relate, ô most ador'd, nor from me keepe
The wretched cause that makes a Goddesse weepe;
For I am faithfull. *Nereis* consents,
And thus her griefe to *Cratis* daughter vents.
The Nymph *Simethis* bore a louely Boy
To *Faunus*, *Acis* cal'd; to them a ioy;
To vs a greater. For the sweetly-Faire
To me an innocent affection bare.
His blooming youth twice told eight Natals crowne,
And signe his cheekes with scarce appearing downe.
As I the gentle boy, so *Polypheme*
My loue persu'd; vnlike, a like extreme.
Whether my loue to *Acis*, or my hate
To him were more, I hardly can relate.
Both infinite! ô *Venus*, what a powre
Hath thy command! He still austere and sowre,
A terror to the woods, from whom no guest
With life escapes, accustomed to feast
On humane flesh; who all the Gods aboue,
With them *Olympus* scorn'd; now stoops to loue.
Forgetfull of his flocks and caues, a fire
Feeds in his brest, conuerts into desire.
His feature now intends, now bends his care
To please: with rakes he combes his stubborne haire;
His bristles barbes with scithes: and by the brook's
Vnsolid mirror calmes his dreadfull lookes:
His thirst of bloud, and loue of slaughter cease;
Lesse cruell now: ships come and goe in peace.
When *Telemus* came from *Sicilian* Seas,
Augurious *Telemus Eurymides*,

And ſaid to *Polypheme*, thy browes large ſight
Shall by *Vlyſſes* be depriu'd of light.
O foole, he laughing ſaid, thou tell'ſt a lye;
A female hath already ſtolne that eye;
Thus flouts the Prophets true prediction:
And with extended paces ſtalks vpon
The burdned ſhore; or weary, from the waue-
Bet beach retireth to his gloomy caue,
A promontory thruſts into the maine;
Whoſe cliffie ſides the breaking Seas reſtraine;
The *Cyclop* this aſcends: whoſe fleecy flocke
Vnforced follow. Seated on a rocke;
His ſtaffe, a well-growne Pine, before him caſt,
Sufficient for a yard-ſupporting maſt;
He blowes his hundred reeds: whoſe ſqueaking fils
The far-reſounding Seas, and ecchoing hils.
Hid in a hollow rocke, and laid along
By *Acis* ſide, I heard him ſing this ſong.
O *Galatea*, more than lilly-white,
More freſh than flowrie meads, than glaſſe more bright,
Higher than Alder-trees, than kids more blithe,
Smoother than ſhels whereon the ſurges driue,
More wiſht than winters Sun, or Summers aire,
More ſweet than grapes, than apples far more fare,
Cleerer than Ice, more ſeemly than tall Planes,
Softer than tender curds, or downe of Swans,
More faire, if fixt, than Gardens by the fall
Of ſprings inchac't. Though thus, thou art withall
More fierce than ſaluage bulls, who know no yoke,
Then waues more giddy, harder than the oke,
Than vines or willow twigs more eaſly bent,
More ſtiffe than rocks, than ſtreames more violent,

Prouder than Peacocks prais'd, more rash than fire,
Than Beares more cruell, sharper than the brier,
Deafer than Seas, more fell than trod-on Snake;
And, if I could, what I would from thee take,
More speedy than the Hound-persued Hind,
Or chased clouds, or than the flying wind.
If knowne to thee, thou wouldst thy flight repent;
Curse thy delay, and labour my content.
For I haue Caues within the liuing stone;
To Summers heat, and Winters cold vnknowne:
Trees charg'd with Apples, spreading Vines that hold
A purple grape, and grapes resembling gold.
For thee I these preserue, affected Maid.
Thou Straw-berries shalt gather in the shade,
Autumnall cornels, plummes with azure rin'd,
And wax-like yellow, of a generous kind;
Nor shalt thou Chest-nuts want, if mine thou bee,
Nor scalded wildings: seru'd by euery tree.
These flocks are ours: in vallies many stray,
Woods many shade, at home as many stay.
Nor can I, should you aske, their number tell:
Who number theirs, are poore. How these excell,
Beleeue not me, but credit your owne eyes:
See how their Vdders part their stradling thighes.
I in my sheep-coats haue new-weaned lambs;
And frisking kids late taken from their dams.
New milke, fresh curds and creame, with cheese well prest
Are neuer wanting for thy pallats feast.
Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
Of easie purchase, or what are not rare:
Deere, red and fallow, Roes, light-footed hares,
Nests seal'd from cliffes, and doues produc't by paires.

A

A rugged Beares rough twins I found vpon
The mountaines late, scarce from each other knowne,
For thee to play with: finding these, I said,
My Mistris you shall serue. Come louely Maid,
Come *Galatea*, from the surges rise,
Bright as the Morning; nor our gifts despise.
I know my selfe; my image in the brooke
Lately saw, and therein pleasure tooke.
Behold how great! not *Iupiter* aboue
(For much you talke I know not of what *Ioue*)
Enlarged siz'd: curles on my browes displai'd,
Affright; and like a groue my shoulders shade.
Nor let it your esteeme of me impaire,
That all my body bristles with thicke haire.
Trees without leaues, and horses without manes,
Are sights vnseemely: grasse adornes the planes,
Wooll sheepe, and feathers fowle. A manly face
Beard becomes: the skin rough bristles grace.
Amid my fore-head shines one onely light;
Round, like a mighty Shield, and cleere of sight.
The Sun all obiects sees beneath the skie:
And yet behold, the Sun hath but one eye.
Besides your Seas obey my fathers throne:
I giue you him for yours. Doe you alone
Vouchsafe me pity, and your suppliant heare:
To you I onely bow; you onely feare.
Let leauen, *Iupiter*, his lightning I despise:
More dread the lightning of thy angry eyes.
And yet your scorne my patience lesse would moue,
Were all contemn'd. Why should you *Acis* loue,
And slight the *Cyclop*? why to him more free?
Although himselfe he please; and pleaseth thee,

(Which frets me most) could I your darling get,
He then should find my strength and me like great.
His guts I would extract, squeaze out his braines,
Throw his disseuered limbes about the plaines:
And if with thee he mingle, mix thy waue
With his hot bloud; and make thy deep his graue.
For O, I fry! despis'd affection burnes
With greater rage: my All to *Ætna* turnes,
And all her flames are in my bosome pent:
Yet *Galatea*, wilt not thou relent.
This said, he rose; (for *I.* beheld him well.)
Nor could stand still; but terrible and fell,
Hurries about the woods and well knowne coast;
Much like a bull that hath his heifer lost.
Who me and *Acis*, too secure, espy'd:
And with a voice that sutes a *Cyclop*, cry'd,
This houre shall be the last of all your ioyes.
Affrighted *Ætna* rored with the noise,
I vnder water diu'd: he flying said;
Helpe *Galatea*! you, O parents, aid
The vtterly vndone; and entertaine
Your issue in the Empire where you raigne.
A torne-off rocke the following *Cyclop* threw:
Whose vtter edge o're-whelmed *Acis* flew.
We did, what could be licensed by Fate:
Resuming *Acis* to his Grand-sires state.
The purple bloud from that depressure fled;
Which presently forsooke the natiue red:
First like a raine-discoloured streame appeares;
Then Christaline. The rocke in sunder teares:
Whose crannies with vp-starting reeds abound;
And in the breach insulting waues resound:

Fro

rom whence a youth arose aboue the waſt;
is horned browes with quiuering reeds imbrac't.
'was wondrous ſtrange: but that his lockes appeare
lore blew, and he more great, it *Acis* were.
nd ſo it was: although he now became
liuing ſtreame, which ſtill preſerues his name.
Here *Galatea* ends; th'aſſembly brake:
o ſmiling Seas the Nymphs themſelues betake.
cylla returning, dares not truſt the Deepes:
ut naked, nigh the thirſty grauell keepes;
r weary in the more-ſequeſtred waues
ler comely limbs with cooling water laues.
oe, *Glaucus* in the Sea but lately knowne,
ransformed neere *Euboean Anthedon*,
hrough ſliced waues arriues: rapt with her ſight;
y gentle words attempts to ſtay her flight.
he faſter fled: who ſwift with feare aſcends
lofty hill, which neere the ſhore extends:
Vhoſe round congeſted ſummit, crown'd with wood,
id ouer-peere the vnder-ſwelling flood.
here ſtayes, ſecured by the place; nor knew
God, or Monſter: much admires his hiew,
is ſpreading locks; which all his ſhoulders veile;
nd hinder parts, that beare a fiſhes taile.
erceiued; leaning on a rocke, he ſaid:
I am no beaſt, nor prodigie, faire Maid:
Not *Proteus*, *Triton*, *Athamanti'des*
re greater Gods, or more command in Seas.
et once a mortall; and did then frequent
h'affected Seas. On thoſe my labour ſpent.
ometimes with nets I fiſhes hale to land:
ometimes the line directed with my wand.

The

The shore a meddow bounds; whereof one side
Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tide.
On this nor horned cattle euer fed,
Nor harmlesse sheep, nor gotes on mountaines bred.
No bees from hence their thighes with honey lade;
Those flowers no geniall garlands euer made:
That grasse ne're cut with sithes. Of mortals I
First thither came; my nets hung vp to dry.
While I expos'd the fishes which I tooke;
By their credulity hung on my hooke,
Or masht in nets; (what would a lye behoue?
Yet such it seemes) my prey began to moue,
Display their finnes, and swim as on the flood.
While I neglect their stay, and wondering stood;
They all by flight auoiding my command,
Together left their owner and the land.
Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cause I sought,
If either God, or Herbe, this wonder wrought.
What herbe, said I, hath such a powre? in haste
An herbe I pul'd, and gaue it to my taste.
No sooner swallowed, but my entrailes shooke:
When forth-with I another nature tooke.
Nor could refraine; but said, O Earth, my last
Farewell receiue! in seas my selfe I cast.
The Sea-gods now vouchsafing my receit
Into their sacred fellowship, intreat
Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they
Would take, what euer mortall was, away.
Whom now they hallow, and with charmes nine times
Repeated, purge me from my humane crimes:
And bade me couch beneath a hundred streames.
Forth-with the riuers rusht from sundry Realmes;

An

And sea-rais'd surges roule aboue my crowne.
As soone as streames retire, and seas were downe,
Another body, and another mind;
Vnlike the former, they to me assign'd.
Thus much of Wonder I remember well:
Thence-forth insensible of what befell.
Then first of all this sea-greene beard I saw,
These dangling lockes, which through the deepe I draw;
Broad shoulder-blades, blew armes of greater might;
And thighes which in a fishes taile vnite.
What boots this forme? my grace with Gods of seas?
Or that a God? If thou affect not these?
While this he spake, and would haue vttered more,
Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore
His loues repulse: whom strong desires transport
To great *Titanian Circes* horrid Court.

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fourteenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

INchanted Scylla, *hemb'd with horrid shapes,*
Becomes a Rocke, Cercopeans *turn'd to Apes.*
Sibylla *weares t'a Voice.* Vlysses *men*
Transform'd to Swine, are re-transform'd again.
Picus *a Bird: his Followers. Beasts. Despaire*
Resolues sad-singing Canens *into Aire.*
The Mates of Diomed *vnreconcil'd*
Idalia *turnes to Fowle. An Olive wild*
Rude Apulus *deciphers.* Turnus *burnes*
Æneas *ships: these* Berecynthia *turnes*
To Sea-nymphs; who Alcinôus *Ship with ioy*
Behold a Rocke. The Troian *flames destroy*
Besieged Ardea; *from whose ashes springs*
A meager Herne, that beares them on her wings.
Æneas, *Deifi'd.* Vertumnus *tries*
All shapes. Rhamnusia; *for her cruelties,*
Congeales proud Anaxarete *to Stone.*
Cold Fountaines boile with heat. T'a heauenly throne
Mars Romulus *assumes.* Hersilia
Like grace receiues: who ioyne in equall sway.

NOw *Glaucus*, thren'd in tumid floods, had past
High *Ætna*, on the iawes of *Typhon* cast;

cyclopian

Cyclopian fields, where neuer oxen drew
The furrowing plough, nor euer tillage knew;
Crookt *Zancle*; *Rhegium* on the other side;
The wrackfull Straights, whose double bounds diuide
Sicilia from *Ausonia:* forward driues
Through spatious *Tyrrhen* Seas; at length arriues
At hearbie Hills, *Phœbean Circes* seat,
With sundry formes of monstrous beasts repleat.
When, mutually saluting, *Glaucus* said:
A God, ô Goddesse, pitie: on your aid
Alone relies (if my desert might moue
So deare a grace) th'asswagement of my Loue.
For none than I, *Titania*, better knowes
The powre of hearbs, that am transform'd by those.
T' informe you better, in *Italia*
Against *Messenia*, on a sandie Bay,
I *Scylla* saw: it shames me to recite
My slighted court-ship, answered by her slight.
Doe thou, if charmes auaile, in charmes vntie
Thy sacred tongue: or soueraigne Hearbs apply,
If of more powre. Yet I affect no cure,
Nor end of Loue: like heat let her indure.
But *Circe* (none to such desires more prone,
Or that the cause is in her selfe alone;
Or stung by *Venus* angry influence,
In that her Father publisht her offence)
Reply'd: The willing with more ease persue;
Who wish the same, whom equall flames subdue.
For thou ô well deseru'st to be persude:
Giue hope, and, credit me, thou shalt be woo'd.
Rest therefore of thy beautie confident:
Loe, I, a Goddesse, radiant *Sols* descent,

ı heatbs ſo potent, and nò leſſe in charmes;
roffer my ſelfe, and pleaſures to thy armes.
corne her that ſcornes thee; her, that ſeekes, perſue:
nd in one deed reuenge thy ſelfe of two.
Glaucus reply'd to her who ſought him ſo:
irſt ſhady groues ſhall on the billowes grow,
nd Sea-weeds to the mountaine tops remoue;
re I (and *Scylla* liuing) change my loue.
he Goddeſſe frets: who ſince ſhe neither could
eſtroy a Deitie, nor, louing, would;
n her, preferr'd before her, bends her ire:
nd high-incenſed with repulſt deſire,
orth-with infectious drugs of dire effects
ogether grindes; and *Hecat's* charmes iniects:
ſullen robe indues, the Court forſakes
hrough throngs of fawning beaſts: her iourney takes
o *Rhegium* oppoſite to *Zancle's* ſhore;
nd treads the troubled waues that lowdly rore.
unning with vnwet feet on that Profound;
s if ſh'had trod vpon the ſolid ground.
little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies
ent like a bow; ſconſt from the Seas and skies
iſtemper, when the high-pitcht Sunne inuades
he World with hotteſt beames, and ſhortens ſhades.
his with portenteous poiſons ſhe pollutes;
ſprinkled with the iuyce of wicked roots:
ı words darke and ambiguous, nine-times thrice
chantments mutters with her magicke voice.
ow *Scylla* came; and, wading to the waſte,
eheld her hips with barking dogs imbrac't.
arts backe: at firſt not thinking that they were
rt of her ſelfe; but rates them, and doth feare

Theire

Their threatning iawes: but those, from whom she flies,
She with her hales. Then looking for her thighes,
Her legs, and feet; in stead of them she found
The mouthes of *Cerberus*; inuiron'd round
With rau'ning Curres: the backes of saluage beasts
Support her groine; whereon her belly rests.
Kinde *Glaucus* wept; and *Circes* bed refus'd:
Who! d so cruelly her Art abus'd.
But *Scylla* still remaining, *Circe* hates;
Who for that cause destroy'd *Vlysses* mates.
And had the *Troian* navie drown'd of late,
If not before transform'd by powerfull Fate
Into a Rocke: the stony Prodigie
Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men flie.
This, and *Charybdis* past with stretching oares;
The *Troian* fleet, now neare th' *Ausonian* shores,
Crosse winds, and violent, to *Libya* draue.
There, in her heart, and palace, *Dido* gaue
Æneas harbor: with impatience beares
Her husbands flight: forth-with a Pile she reares,
Pretending sacrifice; and then doth fall
Vpon his sword: deceiu'd, deceiuing all.
Flying from *Carthage*, *Eryx* he re-gain'd;
There where his faithfull friend *Acestes* raign'd.
His fathers funeralls re-solemniz'd,
He puts to Sea, with ships well-nigh surpriz'd
By *Iris* flames. *Hippotade's* Command,
The sulphur-fuming Iles, the rockie Strand
Of *Acheloian Sirens* leauing, lost
His Pilot: to *Inarime* then crost,
To *Prochyta*, and *Pithecusa*, wall'd
With barren hilles; so of her people call'd.

For *Iupiter*, detesting much the slie
And fraudulent *Cercopeans* periury,
Into deformed beasts transform'd them then;
Although vnlike, appearing like to men:
Contracts their limbes, their noses from their browes
He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plowes;
And, couering them with yellow haire, affords
This dwelling; first depriuing them of words,
So much abus'd to periury and wrongs:
Who iabber, and complaine with stammering tongues.
Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*,
Misenus on the left, far-stretcht in Sea,
So named of his Trumpetor: thence, past
By slimie Marishes, and anchor cast
At *Cuma*; entring long-liu'd *Sibyls* caues,
A passage through obscure *Auernus* craues
T' his Fathers *Manes*. She erects her eyes,
Long fixt on earth, and with the Deities
Reception fill'd, in sacred rage reply'd.
Great things thou seek'st, ô thou so magnifi'd
For mighty deeds: thy piety through flame,
Thy arme through Armies consecrate thy name.
Yet feare not, *Troian*, thy desires inioy:
T' *Elysian* Fields, th'infernall Monarchie,
And Fathers Shade, I will thy person guide:
No way to noble Vertue is denide.
Then to a Golden bough directs his view,
Which in *Auernian Iuno's* Hort-yard grew:
And bade him pull it from the sacred tree.
Æneas her obeyes: and now doth see
The Spoiles of dreadfull Hell; his Grand-sires, lost
In death, and great *Anchises* aged Ghost.

There

There knowes the customes of the *Latian* State,
The toile of future warre, and following fate.
Then, in retreat, his weary steps applide:
And by discourse with his *Cumæan* Guide
His toile beguiles; as in that horrid way,
Through gloomie twy-light, he remounts to Day.
Whether, said he, thou bee'st a Deity,
Or of the Gods belou'd; for euer I
Will serue thee as a Goddesse: and confesse
That by thy fauour I haue wonne accesse
Vnto th'abodes of Death; and that by thee
I from th'abodes of gripple Death am free.
And therefore will, when I to Day returne,
A Temple build, and incense to thee burne.
The Propheteſſe on him reuerts her eye;
And sighing, said; I am no Deitie:
To mortalls offer no immortall Dues;
Left ignorance thy gratitude abuse.
Yet had beene free from deaths impetuous powre,
Had I to *Phœbus*, giuen my virgin flowre.
While hopefull; tempting me with gifts, he said,
Aske what thou wilt, my faire *Cumæan* Maid,
And take thy wish. I shew'd a heape of sand,
And wisht as many Birth-dayes as my hand
Contained graines: forgot to adde the prime
Of youthfull yeares, which should haue crown'd my time.
Who this had granted also, if my bed
He could haue won. His gifts despis'd, I led
A single life. Those happier times are gone;
And crasie Age with trembling steps comes on.
Seuen Ages haue I liu'd; and liue I must
Till yeares haue equalled those graines of dust.

Three

Three hundred Haruests consummate the summe;
Three hundred Vintages. The time will come,
When length of dayes my body shall abate,
And little leaue in quantitie or weight.
None then will thinke that I belou'd had beene,
Or pleas'd a God: He, by whom all is seene,
(Such change shall I indure) or, will not know,
Or else deny, that he had lou'd me so.
No eye shall see me: yet a voice alone
Fate will afford; by which I shall be knowne.
Thus *Sibyl*, as they clim'd that steepe ascent.
When good *Æneas* through this *Stygian* vent
At *Cuma* rose: and sacrificing, came
To shores since called of his Nurses name.
Neritian Macareus, the friend
Of *Ithacus* did here his trauels end.
Who knowing *Achæmenides*, of late
On *Ætna* left, admires to see his mate
Long giuen for dead. What chance, or God, said he,
O *Achæmenides*, hath set thee free?
How comes a *Græcian* souldier to be found
In *Troian* vessell? for what Country bound?
When *Achæmenides*: (not now forlorne,
Now like himselfe, his rags not pin'd with thorne)
May I fell *Polyphem* behold againe,
Whose iawes ore-flow with bloud of strangers slaine;
If I this ship prefer not farre aboue
Vlysses home; or lesse *Æneas* loue
Then my owne father. Could I render more
Than all my All, the recompence were poore.
That now I speake, I breathe Heauen, Sun-shine see
(Can I vnmindfull, or vngratefull be)

Is by his bounty: that the *Cyclops* fowle
And hungry maw had not deuour'd my Soule:
That now I may be buried when I die;
Or at the least, not in his entrailes lie.
O what a heart had I! with feare bereft
Of soule and sense! when I behinde was left,
And saw your flight! I had an Out-cry made,
But that afeard to haue my selfe betray'd.
Yours, almost had *Vlysses* ship destroy'd.
I saw him riue out of the mountaines side
A solid rocke, and dart it on the Maine:
I saw the furious Giant once againe,
When mightie stones with monstrous strength he flung:
Like quarries by a warlike engine slung.
Left ship should sinke with waues and stones I feare:
Not then remembring, that I was not there.
He, when your flight had rescu'd you from death,
O're *Ætna* paces; sighing clouds of breath:
And groping in the woods, bereft of sight,
Incounters iustling rockes: mad with despight
Extends his bloudy armes to vnder waues,
The *Greekes* persues with curses; and thus raues.
O would some God *Vlysses* would ingage,
Or some of his, to my insatiate rage!
I'd gnaw his heart, his liuing members rend,
Gulpe downe his bloud till it againe ascend,
And crash his panting sinewes. O, how light
A losse, or none, were then my losse of sight!
This spake, and more. My ioynts pale horror shooke,
To see his grim, and slaughter-sineared looke,
His bloudy hands, his eyes deserted seat,
Vast limbes, and beard with humane gore concreat.

Death

eath ſtood before mine eyes(my leaſt diſmay:)
ow thought my ſelfe ſurpriz'd; now, that I lay,
u'ſt in his paunch. That time preſents my view,
hen two of ours on daſhing ſtones he threw:
hen on them like a ſhagged Lion lies;
heir entrailes, fleſh, yet mouing arteries,
hite marrow, with craſht bones, at once deuoures.
ſad, and bloudleſſe ſtood: feare chill'd my powres,
eing him eat, and caſt the horrid food;
aw lumpes of fleſh, wine mixt with clotted blood.
ien ſuch a fate my wretched thoughts propound.
ong lying hid, afraid of euery ſound,
horring death, yet coueting to die;
ith maſt, and hearbs repelling famine; I,
one, forlorne, to death and torment left,
his ſhip eſpy'd: this by my geſtures weft,
anne to ſhore, nor ſafety vainly ſeeke:
Troian veſſell entertain'd a *Greeke*.
ow, worthy friend, your owne aduentures tell;
nd what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befell.
He told how *Æolus* raign'd in *Thuſcan* Seas,
orme-fettering *Æolus Hippotades*,
ho nobly gaue to their *Dulichian* Guide
wind, incloſed in an oxes hide.
ine daies they ſailed with ſucceſſefull gales;
ought ſhores deſcry'd: the tenth had blancht their ſailes;
hen greedy Sailers, thinking to haue found
maſſe of enuy'd gold, the wind vnbound.
his through rough ſeas the Nauie backward driues,
hich at the *Æolian* port againe arriues.
o *Læſtrigonian Lamus* ancient towne
rom thence, ſaid he, we came. That countries crowne

Antiphates

Antiphates then wore. Three thither sent,
Two of vs scarce by flight our death preuent:
The third the *Lastrigonians* teeth imbrude
With his hot gore. *Antiphates* persude
Our flight; incites his troopes; who tumbling downe
Huge stones and trees, our men and vessels drowne.
One scap't; which vs, and sad *Vlysses* bore.
Ioyntly our lost companions we deplore;
And grieuing reach that Sea-inuiron'd land,
Which farre from hence you see: Still may it stand
Farre from my sight! beware thou Goddesse Sonne,
Iust *Troian* Prince; (for now the warres are done,
With them for euer end our enmitie)
From *Circes* Mansion, ô *Æneas* flie.
There anchoring; mindfull of the *Cyclops* strand,
And fell *Antiphates*, we feare to land.
But casting lots, the lot elected vs,
Faithfull *Polites*, sage *Eurylochus*,
Elpenor prone to wine, and eighteene more
To visit *Circes* on that vnknowne shore.
Approching, we before the Portall staid.
A thousand Lions, Beares, and Wolues inuade
Our hearts with terror: but their milde assailes
No wounds produce: who wag their flattering tailes,
And fawning follow; till her hand-maids came
And led vs through that marble-couer'd frame
Vnto their Mistris. On a throne of State,
Shee in a sumptuous inward chamber sate:
Her vnder Vest, with gold imbellisht, shone;
And ouer it a purple mantle throwne.
Nereides, and Nymphs, nor carded wooll,
Nor following twine with busie fingers pull:

ut weeds dispose in order; mingled flowers
elect in maunds, and hearbs of different powers,
t her direction: who the vertue knew
f euery simple, of their compounds too;
nd giues them their due weight. Saluted, shee
alutes againe; her cheerefull lookes as free,
s her full bounty to supply our need.
ho bids her ready Damsels mix with speed
he pulpe of Barly, hony, curds, strong wines;
nd to this sweet receit kid iuces ioynes.
hen gaue the cup with her owne sacred hand;
hich thirstily we drunke, while with her wand
he direfull Goddesse strokes our crownes. I shame
o tell; yet tell: I presently became
ith bristles rough: thinking, as I was wont,
haue spoke, and shew'd my griefe in words, I grunt.
y lookes hung downe, my mouth extends t'a snout,
y stiffer necke with swelling brawnes stickes out;
nd goe vpon those hands, wherewith of late
ooke the cup. With those whom frightfull fate
d thus vn-mand (so great a potencie
potions lurkes) included in a Stie.
one *Eurylochus* the shape of Swine
oids: alone refus'd the proffered wine.
hich had not he reiected, with the rest
mselfe had prou'd a bristle-bearing Beast.
r should *Vlysses* our mishaps haue knowne:
forced *Circe* to restore his owne.
ace-bearing *Hermes* gaue him a white flowre;
ll'd *Moly* by the Gods; of wonderous powre,
rung from a Sable root: inform'd withall
heauenly counsell, enters *Circe's* Hall.

Proffering th'insidious Cup, her magicke wand
About to raise, he thrusts her from her stand;
And with drawne sword the trembling Goddesse frights.
When vowed faith with her faire hand shee plights;
And grac't him with her nuptiall bed: who then
Demands in dowry his transfigur'd men.
Sprinkled with bitter iuyce, her wand reuerst
Aboue our crownes, and charmes with charmers dispersst
The more she chants, we grow the more vpright,
Our bristles shed, our clouen feet vnite,
Shoulders and armes possesse their former grace.
With teares our weeping Generall we imbrace,
And hang about his necke: nor scarce a word
Breathes through our lips, but such as thankes afford.
From hence our passe was for a yeere deferr'd;
In that long time much saw I, and much heard:
Of which, a Maid (one of the foure, prepar'd
For sacred seruice) closely this declar'd.
For while my Chiefe with *Circe* sports alone,
Shee shew'd a youthfull Image of white stone
Clos'd in a Shrine, with crownes imbellished;
Who bare a Wood-pecker vpon his head.
Demanding whose it was, why placed there,
Why he that Bird vpon his summit bare?
I will, reply'd she, ô *Macareus*, tell
In this my Mistris power: obserue me well.
Saturnian Picus in *Ausonia* raign'd,
Who generous horses for the battle train'd.
His forme, such as you see: whom had you knowne,
You would haue ta'ne this feature for his owne.
His minde as beautifull. Nor yet could hee
Foure *Græcian* wrastlings in th'*Olympicks* see.

The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountaines borne,
His lookes attract: nor Nymphs of fountaines scorne
To sue for pitie. Those whom *Albula*,
Numicus, *Anio*, *Almo* short of way,
And headie: *Nar* sustaine, the shadie Flood
Of *Farfarus*, the *Scythian Cynthias* woo'd-
nuiron'd marishes, and neighbouring lakes.
Yet for one only Nymph the rest forsakes:
Who whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the faire
Venilia to the two-fac'd *Ianus* bare.
The Maid, now marriageable, honoured
Laurentian Picus with her nuptiall bed.
Her beauty admirable: yet more fam'd
For artfull song; and thereof *Canens* nam'd.
Her voice the woods and rockes to passion moues;
Tames saluage beasts, the troubled Riuers smooths,
Detaines their hasty course; and, when she sings,
The birds neglect the labour of their wings.
While her sweet voice cœlestiall musicke yeelds;
Young *Picus* followes in *Laurentian* Fields
The saluage Bore, vpon a fiery Steed;
Arm'd with two darts: clad in a *Tyrian* weed
With gold close-buckl'd. Thither also came
The daughter of the Sunne; who left her name-
retaining fields, and on those fruitfull hills
Her sacred lap with dewie Simples fills.
Seeing vnseene, his sight her sense amaz'd:
The gathered hearbs fell from her as she gaz'd:
Those bones a marrow-melting flame inclos'd.
But when she her distraction had compos'd;
About t'impart her wish, attendancie,
And swiftnesse of his horse, accesse denie.

Thou shalt not so escape, said shee, altho'
The winds should wing thee; if my selfe I know,
If hearbs retaine their powre, if charmes at least
My trust deceiue not. Then creates a Beast
Without a body, bid to runne before
The Kings persuit; and made the ayrie Bore
To take a thicket, where no horse could force
His barr'd accesse. He leaues his foming horse
On foot to follow a deceitfull Shade,
With equall hopes? and through the forrest strai'd.
New Vowes she straight conceiueth, aid implores:
And Gods vnknowne with vnknowne charmes adores.
Wherewith inur'd t'eclipse the pale-fac't Moone:
And cloud her Fathers splendor at high Noone.
And now with pitchie fogs obscures the Day,
From earth exhal'd. His Guard mistake their way
In that deceitfull Night, and from him straid.
When she, the time and place befitting said:
By those faire eyes, which haue inthralled mine;
And by that all-alluring face of thine,
Which makes a Goddesse sue; asswage the fire
By thee incenst; and take vnto thy Sire
The all-illuminating Sunne: nor proue
Hard-hearted to *Titanian Circes* loue.
Her, and her prayers, despis'd; What ere thou art,
I am not thine, said he: my captiue heart
Another holds; and may she hold it long.
Nor will I with externall *Venus* wrong
Our nuptiall faith, so long as Fate shall giue
Life to my veines, and *Ianus* daughter liue.
Titania, tempting oft, as oft in vaine;
Thou shalt not scape my vengeance, nor againe

Retu

Returne to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can doe,
A wronged Louer, and a Woman too;
Thou ſhalt, ſaid ſhe, by ſad experience proue?
For I a woman, wrong'd and wrong'd in loue.
Twice turnes ſhe to the Eaſt,, twice to the Weſt;
Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charmes expreſt.
He flyes; at his vnwonted ſpeed admir'd;
Then ſaw the feathers which his skinne attir'd:
Who forth with ſeekes the woods; and angry ſtill,
Hard okes aſſailes, and wounds them with his bill.
His wings the purple of his cloake aſſume;
The gold that claſpt his garment turnes to plume,
And now his necke with golden circle chaines:
Of *Picus* nothing but his name remaines.
The Courtiers *Picus* call, and ſeeke him round
About the fields, that was not to be found.
Yet *Circe* finde (for now the day grew faire,
The Sunne and Winds ſet free to clenſe the aire)
And charge her with true crimes: their King demand
With threatning lookes, and weapons in their hand.
She ſprinckles them with iuyce of wicked might.
From *Erebus* and *Chaos* coniures Night,
With all her Gods; and *Hecate* intreates
With tedious mumblings. Woods forſake their ſeates,
Trees pale their leaues, Hearbes bluſh with drops of gore,
Earth groanes, dogs howle, rockes horcely ſeeme to rore:
Vpon the tainted ground blacke Serpents ſlide;
And through the aire vnbodied Spirits glide.
Frighted with terrors, as they trembling ſtand,
Shee ſtrokes their wondering faces with her wand:
Forthwith the ſhapes of Saluage beaſts inueſt
Their former formes; not one his owne poſſeſt.

Phœbus now entring the *Tartessian* Maine,
Sad *Canens* with her eyes and soule, in vaine
Expects her Spouse. Her seruants shee excites
To runne about the woods with blazing lights.
Who not content to weepe, to teare her haire,
And beat her brests (though these present her care)
In haste forsakes her roofe; and franticke, strayes
Through broad-spred fields. Six nights, as many dayes,
Without or sleepe, or sustenance, shee fled
O're hills and dales, the way which fortune led.
Now tir'd with griefe and trauell, *Tybris* last
Beheld the Nymph: on his coole bankes she cast
Her feeble limbes: there weepes, and weeping sung
Her sorrowes with a softly warbling tongue.
Euen so the dying Swan with low-rais'd breath,
Sings her owne exequies before her death.
At length her marrow melts with griefes despaire:
And by degrees she vanisheth to Aire.
Yet still the place doth memorize her fame:
Which of the Nymph the Rurall *Canens* name.
In that long yeere, much, and such deeds as these
I saw and heard. Vn-neru'd with restie ease,
Againe we put to Sea: by *Circe* told
Of our hard passage, and the manifold
Disasters to ensue, I grew afraid
(I must confesse) and here ariuing, staid.
Macareus ends. *Caieta* Vrne-inclos'd,
This verse had on her marble tombe impos'd.
Here, with due fires, my pious Nurse-child mee
Caieta burnt; from *Græcian* fires set free,
They loose their cables from the grassie strand;
Auoiding *Circes* guilefull palace, stand

For those tall groues, where *Tybris*, darke with shades,
In *Tyrrhen* Seas his sandy streames vnlades.
The throne of *Faunus* sonne, the *Latian* starre
Lauinia gaine; but not without a warre.
Warre with a furious Nation is commenst;
Sterne *Turnus* for his promist wife incenst:
While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* swarmes:
Hard victory long sought with pensiue armes.
To get Recrutes from forren States they try:
Nor *Troians*, nor *Rutulians* want supply.
Nor to *Euanders* towne *Æneas* went
In vaine: though vainly *Venulus* was sent
To banisht *Diomeds* Citie, late immur'd:
Those fields *Iapygian Daunus* had insur'd
To him in dowre. When *Venulus* had done
His embassie to *Tydeus* warlike sonne:
The Prince excus'd his aid; as loth to draw
The subiects of his aged father in law
To vnnecessary warre: that none remaine
Of his to arme. Left you should thinke I faine;
Though repetition Sorrow renouates;
Yet, while I suffer, heare the worst of fates.
After that *Pergamus* our prey became,
And lofty *Ilium* fed the *Græcian* flame:
Virgin, for a Virgins rape, let fall
Her Vengeance, to *Oilēus* due, on all.
Scattered on faithlesse Seas with furious stormes,
We, wretched *Græcians*, suffer'd all the formes
Of horror: lightning, night, showres, [illegible] of skies,
Of Seas, and dire *Capharean* cruelties.
To abridge the story of so sad a fate;
Now *Priam* would haue pitied our estate.

Yet *Pallas* snatcht me from the swallowing Maine;
Then from my vngratefull Country chac't againe.
For *Venus*, mindfull of her ancient wound,
New woes inflicts. Much on the vast profound,
Much suffering in terrestriall conflicts, I
Oft call'd them happy, whom the iniury
Of publike tempests, and importunate
Capharcus drown'd: and now enui'd their fate.
The worst indur'd; with seas and battles tyr'd,
My men an end of their long toyle desir'd.
But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made
By vsuall slaughters: What remaines (he said)
O mates, which now our patience would eschue?
Though willing, what can *Cytherea* doe
More than sh'hath done? when worse mishaps affright,
Then prayers auaile: but when Mis-fortunes spight
Her worst inflicts, then feare is of no vse:
And height of ills, securitie produce.
Let *Venus* heare: although she hate vs all,
(As all she hates that serue our Generall)
Yet let vs all despise her emptie hate;
Whose Powre hath made vs so vnfortunate.
Pleuronion Acmon angry *Venus* stung:
Reuenge reuiuing with his lauish tongue.
Few like his words the most seuerely chid
His tongues excesse. About to haue reply'd,
His speech, and path of speech, at once grew small,
His haire conuerts to plume; plumes couer all
His necke, backe, breast, me: larger feathers spring
From his rough armes, and now his elbowes wing.
His feet diuide to toes, hard horne extends
From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.

Rhetens

Rhetenor, Nycteus, Lycus, Abas, Ide,
Admire! and in their admiration try'd
Like destiny. Most of my Souldiers grew
Forthwith new Fowle; and round about vs flew.
If you inquire, what shape their owne vn-mans;
They are not, yet are like to siluer Swans.
These barren fields, with this poore remnant, I,
As sonne in law to *Daunus*, scarce inioy.
Thus farre *Oenides*. *Venulus* forsakes
Tydides Kingdome: by *Puteoli* takes
His way, and through *Mesapia*: there suruaid
A Caue, inuiron'd with a syluan shade,
Distilling streames. By halfe-goat *Pan* possest:
Which erst the Wood-nymphs with their beauties blest.
They terrified at first with sudden dread,
From home bred *Apulus*, the shepheard, fled.
Straight, taking heart, despised his persuit:
And danced with a measure-keeping foot.
He scoffes: their motion clowne-like imitates:
Nor only raileth, but obscenely prates.
Nor ceaseth, till a tree inuests his throte;
A tree whose berries his behauiour note:
An oliue wilde, which bitter fruit affords,
Becomes; dis-seasned with his bitter words.
Th'Embassador returnes without the sought
Ætolian succours: the *Rutulians* fought
Gainst foes and fortune; of that hope depriu'd:
Whole streames of bloud from mutuall wounds deriu'd.
Loe, fire-brands to the Nauie *Turnus* beares:
And what escaped drowning, burning feares.
Pitch, rozen, and like ready food for fire,
Now *Vulcan* feed: the hungrie flames aspire

Vp to the sailes along the lofty mast;
And catch the yards, with curling smoke embrac't.
But when the Mother of the Gods beheld
Those blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* feld;
Lowd Shalmes and Cymballs vsher'd her repaire:
Who, drawne by bridled Lions through the aire,
Thus said: Thy wicked hands to small effect,
O *Turnus* violate, what we protect.
Nor shall the greedy fire a part of those
Tall Woods deuoure, which shelter our repose.
With that she thunders, powring downe amaine
Thicke stormes of skipping haile, and clouds of raine,
Th' *Astræan* Sonnes in swift concursions ioyne;
Tossing the troubled aire, and *Neptunes* brine.
One shee imployes, whose speed the rest out-strips;
That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,
And draue them vnder the high-swelling Flood.
The timber softens, flesh proceeds from wood,
The crooked Sterne to heads and faces growes,
The Oares to swimming legs, fine feet and toes;
What were their holds, to ribbed sides are growne,
The lengthfull keele presenting the back-bone;
The yards to armes, to haire the tackling grew:
As formerly, so now, their colour blew.
And they, but lately of the floods afraid;
Now in the flouds, with virgin pastime, plaid.
These Sea-nymphs, borne on mountaines, celebrate
The Seas, forgetfull of their former state.
Yet weighing, what themselues so oft endur'd
On high-wrought waues, oft sinking ships secur'd;
Excepting such, as *Græcians* carry: those
They hate, memorious of the *Troian woes.*

Wh

Who saw *Vlysses* ships in surges queld
With pleased eyes, with pleased eyes beheld
Alcinous ship, in swiftnesse next to none,
Vnmoueable; the wood transform'd to stone.
'Twas thought this wondrous prodigie would fright
The *Rutuli*, and make them cease from fight.
Both parts persist, both haue their Gods to friend;
And Valour no lesse potent: nor contend
Now for *Lauinia*, for *Latinus* crowne,
Nor dotall Kingdome; but for faire renowne:
Asham'd to lay their bruised armes aside,
Till death or conquest had the quarrell tride.
Venus her sonne victorious sees at length.
Great *Turnus* fell; strong *Ardea* falls, of strength
While *Turnus* stood, deuour'd by barbarous flame,
In dying cinders buried. From the same
A Fowle, vnknowne to former ages, springs;
And fannes the ashes with her houering wings.
Pale colour, leaneneſſe, shreeking sounds of woe,
The image of a captiue City show.
Who also still the Cities name retaines:
And with selfe-beating wings of Fate complaines.
And now *Æneas* vertues terminate
The wrath of Gods, and *Iuno's* ancient hate.
An opulent foundation hauing laid
For young *Iülus*, by his merit made
Now fit for Heauen: the Powre, who rules in Loue
The Gods solicits; then, imbracing *Ioue*:
O Father, neuer yet to me vnkinde;
Now ô inlarge the bountie of thy minde.
A God-head, meane, so it a God-head be,
Æneas giue; that art to him by me.

A Grand-father: th'vn-amiable realmes
Suffice it once t'haue seene, and *Stygian* streames.
The Gods agree; nor *Iuno's* lookes dissent.
Who with a chearefull freenesse forward bent.
Then *Ioue*; He well deserues a Deity:
Thy sute, faire Daughter, to thy wish enioy.
Shee, ioyfull, thankes returnes: and through the aire,
Drawne by her yoked Doues, lights on the bare
Laurentian shores; where smooth *Numicius* creepes
Through whispering reedes into the neighbour Deepes.
Who bids him from *Æneas* wash away
All vnto death obnoxious, and conuay
It silently to Seas. The horned Flood
Obeyes; and what subsists by mortall food,
With water purg'd, and only left behinde
His better parts. His mother they refinde
Anoints with sacred odors, and his lips
In Nectar, mingled with *Ambrosia*, dips;
So deifi'd: whom *Indiges Rome* calls;
To honour'd with altars, shrines, and festiualls.
Wh Two-nam'd *Ascanius Latium* then obey'd,
The *Alba*: next, the scepter *Syluius* swai'd.
Th sonne *Latinus*, held that ancient name,
And crowne. Him *Epitus*, renown'd by Fame,
Succeeds. Then *Capys*. *Capetus*, his Son
Succeeded him. Next *Tiberine* begun
His raigne: who, drown'd in *Thuscan* waters; gaue
Those streames his name: who *Remulus* got, and braue
Sould *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was slaine
With thunder; who the Thunderer durst faine.
More moderate *Acrota* resign'd his throne
To *Auentine*: vpon the Mount whereon

He raign'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retaines.
Ouer the *Palatines* next *Procas* raignes.
Pomona flourisht in those times of ease:
Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,
None fruitfull Hort-yards held in more repute;
Or tooke more care to propagate their fruit.
Thereof so nam'd. Nor streames, nor shadie groues,
But trees producing generous burdens loues.
Her hand a hooke, and not a iauelin bare:
Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughs that dare
Transcend their bounds: now slits the barke, the bud
Inserts; inforc't to nurse an others brood.
Nor suffers them to suffer thirst, but brings
To moisture-sucking roots, soft-sliding Springs.
Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
To loues vnknowne desires: yet to defend
Her selfe from rapefull Rurals, round about
Her Hort-yard walls; t'auoid, and keepe them out.
What left the skipping *Satyrs* vn-assai'd;
Rude *Pan*, whose hornes Pine-bristled garlands shade;
Silenus, still more youthfull than his yeares;
Or he who theeues with hooke, and member feares,
To taste her sweetnesse? but farre more than all
Vertumnus loues; yet were his hopes as small.
How often, like a painfull Reaper, came,
Laden with weighty sheafes; and seem'd the same!
Oft wreathes of new mow'd grasse his browes array;
As though then excercis'd in making hay.
A gode now in his hardned hands he beares,
And newly seemes to haue vnyok't his Steeres.
Oft Vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hooke
Corrects, and dresses; oft a lather tooke

To gather fruit: now with his crooked skeine
A Souldier seemes; an Angler with his cane:
And various figures daily multiplies
To winne accesse, and please his longing eyes.
Now, with a staffe, an old-wife counterfeits;
On hory haire, a painted miter sets.
The Hort yard entering, admires the faire
And pleasant fruits: So much, said he, more rare
Then all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enioy,
Haile spotlesse flowre of Maiden chastity:
And kist the prais'd. Nor did the Virgin know,
(So innocent) that old-wiues kist not so.
Then, sitting on a banke, obserueth how
The pregnant boughs with Autums burthen bow.
Hard by, an Elme with purple clusters shin'd:
This praising, with the Vine so closely ioyn'd;
Yet, said he, if this Elme should grow alone,
Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none:
And so this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,
If but dis-ioyn'd, would creepe vpon the ground.
Yet art not thou by such examples led:
But shun'st the pleasures of a happy bed.
Nor would thou would'st: not *Helen* was so sought,
Nor she for whom the lustfull *Centaures* fought,
As thou should'st be; no nor the wife of bold
And timorous *Vlysses*. Yet, behold
Though thou auerse to all, and all eschue;
A thouland men, Gods, demi-gods, persue
Thy constant scorne; and euery deathlesse Powre
Which *Alba's* high and shady hils imbowre.
But thou, if wise, if thou'lt well married be;
Or an old woman trust, who credit me,

Affect

ffects thee more than all the reſt, refuſe
heſe common wooers, and *Vertumnus* chooſe.
ccept me for his gage; ſince ſo well none
an know him; by himſelfe not better knowne.
e is no wanderer, her's his delight:
or loues, like common louers, at firſt ſight.
hou art the firſt, ſo thou the laſt ſhalt be:
is life he onely dedicates to thee.
eſides his youth perpetuall; excellent
is beauty; and all ſhapes can repreſent.
iſh what you will, what euer hath a name;
uch ſhall you ſee him. Your delights the ſame:
he firſt-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;
Which ioyfully he ſtill accepts from you.
ut neither what theſe pregnant trees produce
e now deſires, nor herbs of pleaſant iuyce:
Nor ought, but onely You. O pity take!
And what I ſpeake, ſuppoſe *Vertumnus* ſpake.
Reuengefull Gods, *Idalia*, ſtill ſeuere
To ſuch as ſlight her, and *Ramnuſia* feare.
The more to fright you from ſo foule a crime,
Receiue (ſince much I know from aged Time)
A ſtory, generally through *Cyprus* knowne;
To mollifie a heart more hard than ſtone.
Iphis, of humble birth, by chance did view
The high-borne *Anaxarete*, who drew
Her bloud from *Teucer*. Seeing her, his eyes
Extracts a fire, wherein his boſome fries.
Long ſtrugling, when no reaſon could reclaime
His fury, to her houſe the Suppliant came.
Now to her Nurſe his wretched loue diſplaid;
And by her foſter'd hopes implor'd her aid:

Now

Now humbly sues to some of most repute
In her affection, to prefer his suit.
Sad letters oft his desperate passions beares:
Oft myrtle garlands, sprinkled with his teares,
Hangs on the posts: the stonie threshold lades
With his soft sides, and rigid doores vp-braids.
But she more cruell than the seas, imbroyl'd
With rising stormes; more hard than iron, boyl'd
In fire-red furnaces; or rooted rocks;
Disdaines the louer, and his passion mocks:
Who to her forward deeds addes bitter words
Of no lesse scorne; nor hope to loue affords.
Impatient of his torment, and her hate;
These words, his last, he vtters at her gate.
O *Anaxerete*, thou hast o're come!
Nor shall my life be longer wearisome
To thy disdaine. Triumph, ô too vnkind!
Sing *Pæans*, and thy browes with laurell bind.
Thou hast o're-come; loe, willingly I die:
Proceed, and celebrate thy cruell ioy.
Yet is there something in me, ne're the lesse,
That thou wilt raispe; and my deserts confesse.
Thinke how my loue my heart no sooner left
Then life it selfe: of both at once bereft.
Nor rumor, but euen I will death present
In such a forme, as shall thy pride content.
But O you Gods, if you our actions see
(This onely I implore) remember me!
Let after ages celebrate my name:
And what you take from life, afford to fame.
Then heaues his meger armes and watry eyes
To those knowne posts, oft crown'd with wreaths, and tye

A halter to the top. Such wreathes, he ſaid,
Beſt pleaſe; hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!
Then turning toward her, he forward ſprung:
When by the neck th'vnhappy louer hung.
Strucke by his ſprawling feet, wide open flies
The ſounding wicket; and the deed deſcries.
The ſeruants ſhrecke; the Vainely raiſed bore
T'his mothers houſe; his father dead before.
His breathleſſe corps ſhe in her boſome plac't;
And in her armes his key-cold limbs imbrac't.
Lamenting long, as wofull parents vſe;
And hauing paid a wofull mothers dues;
The mournfull Funerall through the City led:
And to prepared fires conueyes the dead.
This ſorrowfull Proceſſion paſſing by
Her houſe, which bordering on the way, their cry
To th'eares of *Anaxarete* arriues:
Whom now ſterne *Nemeſis* to ruine driues
Wee'l ſee, ſaid ſhe, theſe ſad ſolemnities:
And forth-with to the lofty window highes.
When ſeeing *Iphis* on his fatall bed;
Her eyes grew ſtiffe; bloud from her viſage fled,
Vſurpt by paleneſſe. Striuing to retire,
Her feet ſtuck faſt; nor could to her deſire
Diuert her looks: for now her ſtony heart
It ſelfe dilated into euery part.
This *Salamis* yet keeps, to cleere your doubt,
In *Venus* temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.
Inform'd by this, ô louely Nymph, decline
Thy former pride, and to thy louer ioyne.
So may thy fruits ſuruiue the Vernall froſt:
Nor after by the rapeful winds be toſt.

When

When this the God, who can all shapes indue,
Had said in vaine; againe himselfe he grew:
Th'abiliments of heatlesse Age depos'd.
And such himselfe vnto the Nymph disclos'd,
As when the Sunne, subduing with his reyes
The muffling clouds, his golden brow displaies.
Who force prepares: of force there was no need;
Strucke with his beauty, mutually they bleed.
Vniust *Amulius* next th'*Ausonian* State
Py strength vsurpt. The nephewes to the late
Deposed *Numitor*, him re-inthrone:
Who *Rome*, in *Pales* Feasts, immur'd with stone.
Now *Tatius* leades the *Sabine* Sires to warre.
Tarpeia's hands her fathers gates vnbarre:
To death with armelets prest; her treasons meed.
The *Sabine* Sires like silent Wolues proceed
T'inuade their sleeping sonnes, and seeke to seaze
Vpon their gates; barr'd by *Iliades*.
One *Inno* opens: though no noise at all
The hinges made; yet by the barres lowd fall
Descry'd by *Venus*: who had put it too;
But Gods may not, what Gods haue done, vndoe.
Ausonian Nymphs the places bordering
To *Ianus* held, inchased with a spring.
Their aid sh'implores. The Nymphs could not deny
A sute so iust, but all their flouds vntie.
As yet the Fane of *Ianus* open stood:
Nor was their way impeached by the flood.
Beneath the fruitfull spring they sulphure turne;
Whose hollow veines with blacke bitumen burne:
With these the vapours penetrate below;
And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* snow,

The

'he fire it ſelfe in feruour dare prouoke:
Iow both the poſts with flagrant moiſture ſmoke.
'heſe new-rais'd ſtreames the *Sabine* Powre exclude,
'ill *Mars* his Souldiers had their armes indu'd.
'y *Romulus* then in Batalia led:
'he *Roman* fields the ſlaughtred *Sabines* ſpred;
'heir owne the *Romans*: Fathers, Sonnes in law,
Vith wicked ſteele, bloud from each other draw.
'tlength conclude a peace; nor would contend
Into the laſt. Two Kings one throne aſcend
Vith equall rule. But noble *Tatius* ſlaine,
'oth Nations vnder *Romulus* remaine.
When *Mars* laid by his ſhining caske; and then
'hus ſpake vnto the Sire of Gods, and men.
Now, Father, is the time (ſince *Rome* is growne
'o ſuch a greatneſſe, and depends on One)
'o put in act thy neuer-failing word;
And *Romulus* a heauenly throne afford.
'ou, in a ſynod of the Gods, profeſt
Which ſtill I carry in my thankfull breſt)
'hat one of mine (this ô now ratifie!)
'hould be aduanc't vnto the ſtarry skie.
Ioue condeſcends: with clouds the day benights;
And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
Mars, at the ſigne of his aſſumption,
Leanes on his lance, and ſtrongly vaults vpon
His bloudy Chariot; laſhes his hot horſes
Vith ſounding whips, and their full ſpeed inforces:
Vho, ſcouring downe the ayrie region, ſtaid
On faire mount *Palatine*, obſcur'd with ſhade:
'here *Romulus* aſſumeth from his Throne,
Vn-kinglike rendering iuſtice to his owne.

Rapt

Rapt through the aire, his mortall members waste,
Like melting Bullets by a Slinger cast:
More heauenly faire, more fit for lofty shrines;
Our great and scarlet-clad *Quirinus* shines.
Then *Iuno* to the sad *Hersilia*
(Lost in her sorrow) by a crooked way
Sent *Iris* to deliuer this Command.
Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* land;
Thy sexes glory: worthy then the vow
Of such a husband, of *Quirinus* now;
Suppresse thy teares. If thy desire to see
Thy husband so exceed, then follow mee
Vnto those woods, which on mount *Querin* spring;
And shade the temple of the *Roman* King.
Iris obayes: and by her painted Bow
Downe-sliding, so much lets *Hersilia* know.
When she, scarce lifting vp her modest eyes:
O Goddesse (which of all the Deities
I know not; sure a Goddesse) thou cleere light,
Conduct me, ô conduct me to the sight
Of my deare Lord: which when the Fates shall shew,
They heauen on me, with all the gifts, bestow.
Then, with *Thaumantias* entering the high
Romulian Hills, a Star shot from the Skie,
Whose golden beames inflam'd *Hersilia's* haire;
When both together mount th'enlightned Aire.
The Builder of the *Roman* City tooke
Her in his armes, and forth-with chang'd her looke:
To whom the name of *Ora* he assign'd.
This Goddesse now is to *Quirinus* ioyn'd.

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fifteenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

BLacke Stones conuert to White. Pythagoras
In Ilium's *lingring warre* Euphorbus *was.*
Of transmigrations, of the change of things,
And strange effects, the learned Samian *sings.*
Recur'd Hippolytus *is deifide;*
Whom safer Age, and name of Virbius *hide.*
Ægeria *thawes into a Spring. From Earth*
Trophetick Tages *takes his wondrous birth.*
A Speare a Tree. Grane Cippus *vertues shun*
The Crowne, his Hornes present. Apollo's *Son*
Assumes a Serpents shape. The Soule of Warre,
Great Cæsar, *slaine, becomes a Blazing Starre,*

MEanewhile, a man is sought that might sustaine
So great a burthen, and succeed the raigne
Of such a King: when true-foreshewing Fame
To God-like *Numa* destinates the same.
He, with his *Sabine* rites vnsatisfi'd,
To greater things his able mind appli'd
In Natures search. Inticed with these cares,
He leaues his countries *Cures*, and repaires

To

To *Croton's* City: askes, what *Grecian* hand
Those walls erected on *Italian* land?
One of the Natiues, not vnknowing old,
Who much had heard and seene, this story told.
Ioues sonne, inrich't with his *Iberian* prey,
Came from the Ocean to *Lacinia*
With happy steps: who, while his cattle fed
Vpon the tender clouer, entered
Heroick *Croton's* roofe; a welcome Guest:
And his long trauell recreates with rest.
Who said, departing; In the following age
A City here shall stand. A true presage.
There was one *Mycilus*, *Argolian*
Alemons issue: in those times, no man
More by the Gods affected. He, who beares
The dreadfull Club, to him in sleepe appeares;
And said: Begon, thy countries bounds forsake;
To stony *Æsarus* thy iourney take.
And threatens vengeance if he dis-obay.
The God and Sleepe together flew away.
He, rising, on the Vision meditates:
Which in his doubtfull soule he long debates.
The God commands; the Law forbids to goe:
Death due to such as left their Country so.
Cleare *Sol* in seas his radiant fore-head vail'd.
Swart Night her browes exalts, with starres impal'd;
The selfe same God the same command repeats:
And greater plagues to disobedience threats.
Afraid, he now prepares to change his owne
For forreine seats. This through the City blowne;
Accus'd for breach of lawes, arraign'd, and try'd;
They proue the fact, not by himselfe deny'd.

His hands and eyes then lifting to the skie:
O thou, whom twice Six Labours deifie,
Assist, that art the author of my crime!
White stones and blacke they vs'd in former time;
The white acquit, the blacke the pris'nor cast:
And in such sort this heauy sentence past.
Blacke stones all threw into the fatall Vrne:
But all to white, turn'd out to number, turne.
Thus by *Alcides* powre the sad Decree
Was strangely chang'd, and *Mycilus* set free.
Who, thanking *Amphitryoniades*,
With a full fore-wind crost th'*Iõnian* Seas.
Lacedemonian Tarentum past,
Faire *Sybaris*, *Neæthus* running fast
By *Salentinum*, *Thurin's* crooked Bay,
High *Temesis*, and strong *Iapygia*:
Scarce searching all that shores sea-beaten bound,
The fatall mouth of *Æsarus* out-found.
A Tombe, hard by, the sacred bones inclos'd
Of famous *Croton*: here, as erst impos'd,
Alemons sonne erects his City walls:
Which of th'intombed he *Crotona* calls.
Of this Originall, this City boasts:
Built by a *Græcian* on *Italian* coasts.
Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did flie
From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyrannie:
Preferring voluntary banishment.
Though farre from Heauen, his mind's diuine ascent
Drew neere the Gods: what natures selfe denies
To humane Sight, he saw with his Soules eyes.
All apprehended in his ample brest,
And studious cares; his knowledge he profest

To

To silent and admiring men: who taught
The Worlds origin all, past humane thought:
What nature was, what God: the cause of things;
From whence the Snow, fro whence the lightning sprin
Whether *Ioue* thunder, or the winds that rake
The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;
What course the Starres obseru'd; what e're lay hid
From vulgar sense: and first of all forbid
With slaughtred creatures to defile our boords,
In such, though vnbeleeu'd; yet learned Words.
Forbeare your selues, ô Mortals, to pollute
With wicked food: corne is there; generous fruit
Oppresse their boughs; plump grapes their Vines attire
There are sweet hearbs, and sauory roots, which fire
May mollifie; milke, honey redolent
With flowres of Thime, thy pallat to content.
The prodigall Earth abounds with gentle food;
Affording banquets without death or blood.
Brute beasts with flesh their rau'nous hunger cloy:
And yet not all; in pastures horses ioy:
So flocks and heards. But those whom Nature hath
Indu'd with cruelty, and saluage wrath
(Wolues, Beares, *Armenian* Tigers, Lions) in
Hot bloud delight. How horrible a Sin,
That entrailes bleeding entrailes should intombe!
That greedy flesh, by flesh should fat become!
While by the Liuers death the Liuing liues!
Of all, which Earth, our wealthy mother, giues;
Can nothing please, vnlesse thy teeth thou imbrue
In wounds, and dire *Cyclopean* fare renue?
Nor satiate the wilde voracitie
Of thy rude panch, except an other die?

ut that old Age, that innocent eſtate,
/hich we the Golden call; was fortunate
hearbs, and fruits, her lips with bloud vndy'd.
hen Fowle through aire their wings in ſafety ply'd;
he Hare, then feareleſſe, wandred o're the plaine;
or Fiſh by their credulity were ta'ne.
ot treacherous, nor fearing treacherie,
ll liu'd ſecure. When he, who did enuie
Vhat God ſo e're it was) thoſe harmleſſe cates
nd cramb'd his guts with fleſh; ſet ope the gates
o cruell Crimes. Firſt, Slaughter without harme
muſt confeſſe) to Piety, did warme
Vhich might ſuffice) the reeking ſteele in blood
f ſaluage beaſts, which made our liues their food;
hough kil'd; not to be eaten. Sinne now more
idacious; the firſt ſacrifice, the Bore
as thought to merit death; who, bladed corne
-rooting left the husband-man forlorne.
ine-brouzing Gotes at *Bacchus* altar ſlaine,
d his reuenge: in both, their guilt their bane.
u Sheep, what ill did you? a gentle beaſt,
hoſe vdders ſwell with Nectar, borne t'inueſt
poſed man with your ſoft wooll; and are
iue, then dead, more profitable farre.
what the Oxe? a creature without guile,
innocent, ſo ſimple; borne for toile.
moſt vngratefull is, deſeruing ill
e gift of corne; that can vnyoke, then kill
s husband-man: that necke with axe to wound
ſeruice gall'd, that had the ſtubborne ground
often til'd; ſo many crops brought in.
t not content therewith, t'aſcribe the ſinne

To guiltlesse Gods: as if the Powres on high
In death of labour-bearing oxen ioy.
A spotlesse sacrifice, faire & behold,
('Tis death to please) with ribands trickt, and gold,
Stands at the Altar, hearing prayers vnknowne:
And sees the meale vpon his fore-head throwne,
Got by his toile: the knife smear'd in his gore,
By fortune in the lauer seene before.
The entrailes, from the panting body rent,
Forth-with they search; to know the Gods intent.
Whence springs so dire an appetite in man
To interdicted food? O Mortals, can,
Or dare you feed on flesh? henceforth forbeare
I you intreat, and to my words giue eare:
When limbs of slaughtred Beeues become your meat;
Then thinke, and know, that you your Seruants eat.
Phœbus inspires; his Spirit we obay:
My *Delphos*, heauen it selfe, I will display:
The Oracle of that great power vnfold:
And sing what long lay hid; what none of old
Could apprehend. I long to walke among
The lofty starres: dull earth despis'd, I long
To backe the clouds; to sit on *Atlas* crowne:
And from that hight on erring men looke downe
Th. treason want: those thus to animate
That feare to die; t'vnfold the booke of Fate.
O You, whom horrors of cold death affright;
Why feare you *Stix*, vaine names, and endlesse Night
The dreames of Poets, and fain'd miseries
Of forged Hell? whether last-flames surprise,
Or Age deuoure your bodies; they nor grieue,
Nor suffer paines. Our Soules for euer liue;

Yet euermore their ancient houses leaue
To liue in new; which them, as Guests, receiue.
In *Troia* warres, I (I remember well)
Euphorbus was, *Panthous* sonne; and fell
By *Menelaus* lance: my shield againe
In *Argos* late I saw, in *Iuno's* Fane.
All alter, nothing finally decayes:
Hither and thither still the Spirit strayes;
Guest to all bodies: out of beasts it flies
To men, from men to beasts; and neuer dies.
As pliant wax each new impression takes;
Fixt to no forme, but still the old forsakes;
Yet it the same: so Soules the same abide,
Though various figures there reception hide.
Then lest thy greedy belly should destroy
(prophesie) depressed Piety,
Forbeare t'expulse thy kindreds Ghosts with food
By death procur'd; nor nourish blood with blood.
Since on so vast a sea, my saile's vnfurl'd,
And stretcht to rising winds; in all the World
There's nothing permanent; all ebbe and flow:
Each image form'd to wander to and fro.
Euen Time, with restlesse motion, slides away
Like liuing streames: nor can swift Riuers stay,
Nor light-heel'd Howers. As billow billow driues,
Driuen by the following; as the next arriues
To chace the former: times so flye, persue
Vnonce each other; and are euer new.
What was before, is not; what was not, is:
All in a moment change from that to this.
See, how the Night on Light extends her shades:
See, how the Light the gloomy Night inuades.

Nor such Heauens hew, when Mid-night crown's Repose
As when bright *Lucifer* his taper showes:
Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day
Th'inlightned World resignes to *Phœbus* sway.
His raised Shield, earths shaddowes scarcely fled,
Lookes ruddy; and low-sinking, lookes as red:
Yet bright at Noone; because that purer skie
Doth farre from Earth, and her contagion flie.
Nor can Night-wandring *Dian's* wauering light
Be euer equall, or the same: this night
Lesse than the following, if her hornes she fill;
If she contract her Circle, greater still.
Doth not the image of our age appeare
In the successiue quarters of the Yeare?
The Spring-tide, tender; sucking Infancie
Resembling: then the iuycefull blade sprouts high;
Though tender, weake; yet hope to Plough-men yeelds.
All things then flourish: flowers the gaudy fields
With colours paint: no vertue yet in leaues.
Then following Summer greater strength receiues:
A lusty Youth; no age more strength acquires,
More fruitfull, or more burning in desires.
Maturer Autumne, heat of Youth alaid,
The sober meane twixt youth and age, more staid
And temperate, in Summers waine repaires:
His reuerend temples sprinckled with gray haires.
Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,
With trembling steps: his head or bal'd, or white.
So change our bodies without rest or stay:
What we were yester-day, nor what to day,
Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men
The seeds and hope; the wombe our mansion: when

Kir

Kind Nature ſhew'd her cunning; not content
That our vext bodies ſhould be longer pent
n mothers ſtretched entrailes, forth-with bare
'hem from that priſon, to the open aire.
Ve ſtrengthleſſe lye, when firſt of light poſſeſt;
traight creepe vpon all foure, much like a beaſt;
'hen, ſtaggering with weake nerues, ſtand by degrees,
nd by ſome ſtay ſupport our feeble knees:
Now, luſty, ſwiftly run. Youth quickly ſpent,
nd thoſe our middle times, incontinent
Ve ſinke in ſetting Age: this laſt deuoures
he former, and dimoliſheth their powres.
'ld *Milo* wept, when he his armes beheld,
'hich late the ſtrongeſt beaſt in ſtrength excel'd,
g, as *Alcides* brawnes, in flaggie hide
ow hanging by ſlacke ſinewes: *Helen* cry'd
'hen ſhe beheld her wrinkles in her Glaſſe;
nd asks her ſelfe, why ſhe twice rauiſht was.
ill-eating Time, and thou ô enuious Age,
l ruinate: diminiſht by the rage
f your deuouring teeth, All that haue breath
onſume, and languiſh by a lingring death.
or can theſe Elements ſtand at a ſtay:
t by exchanging alter euery day.
'eternall world foure bodies comprehends,
gendring all. The heauy Earth deſcends,
Water, clog'd with weight: two light, aſpire,
preſt by none; pure Aire and purer Fire.
d though they haue their ſeuerall ſites; yet all
theſe are made, to theſe againe they fall.
ſolued Earth to Water rarifies;
Aire extenuated Waters riſe;

The Aire, when it it selfe againe refines,
To elementall Fire extracted, shines.
They in like order backe againe repaire:
The grosser Fire condenseth into Aire;
Aire, into water: Water thickning, then
Growes solid, and conuerts to Earth againe.
None holds his owne: for Nature euer ioyes
In change, and with new formes the old supplies.
In all the world not any perish quite:
But onely are in various habits dight.
For; to begin to be, what we before
Were not, is to be borne; to dye, no more
Than ceasing to be such: although the frame
Be changeable, the substance is the same.
For nothing long continues in one mold.
You Ages, you to Siluer grew from Gold;
To Brasse from Siluer; and to Yr'ne from Brasse.
Euen places oft such change of fortunes passe:
Where once was solid land, Seas haue I seene;
And solid land where once deepe Seas haue beene.
Shels, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground;
And anchors haue on mountaine tops beene found.
Torrents haue made a valley of a plaine;
High hils by deluges borne to the Maine.
Deepe standing lakes suck't dry by thirsty sand;
And on late thirsty earth now lakes doe stand.
Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
Sends forth new fountaines; there shuts vp the old.
Streames, with impetuous earth-quakes, heretofore
Haue broken forth; or sunke, and run no more.
So *Lycus*, swallowed by the yawning Earth,
Takes in an other world his second birth.

So *Erasinus*, now conceales, now yeelds
His rising waters to *Argolian* fields.
And *Mysus*, hating his first head, and brayes,
Caicus nam'd, else-where his streame displayes.
Coole *Amasenus*, watering *Sicily*,
Now flowes; now spring-lockt, leaues his channell dry.
Men formerly drunke of *Anigrus* streames:
Not to be drunke (if any thing but dreames
The Poets tell) since *Centaures* therein washt
Their wounded limbs, by *Alcides* arrowes gasht.
So *Hypanis*, deriu'd from *Scythian* Hills,
Long sweet, with bitter streames his channell fills.
Antissa, *Tyrus*, and *Ægyptian Phare*,
The flouds imbrac't: yet now no Ilands are.
Th'old Colon knew *Leucadia* Continent:
Which now the labouring surges circumuent.
So *Zancle* once on *Italie* confin'd;
Still interposing waues their bounds dis-ioyn'd.
Bura and *Helice* (*Græcian* townes)
You seeke; behold, the Sea their glory drownes:
Those buildings, and declined walls, below
Th'ambitious floud as yet the Sailers show.
Hill by *Pittheian Trœzen* mounts, vncrown'd
With syluan shades, which once was leuell ground.
For furious winds (a story to admire!)
Rent in blinde cauernes, strugling to expire;
And vainly seeking to inioy th'extent
Of freer aire, the prison wanting vent;
In vnpassable tuffe earth inflated so,
As when with swelling breath we bladders blow,
The tumor of the place remained still,
Time growne sollid, like a lofty hill.

To speake a little more of many things
Both heard and knowne: New habits sundry Springs
Now giue, now take. Horn'd *Hammons* Well at Noone
Is cold; hot at Sun-rise, and setting Sun.
Wood, put in bubling *Athamas* then fires;
When farthest from the Sun the Moone retires.
Ciconian streames congeale his guts to stone
That thereof drinkes: and what therein is throwne.
Crathis, and *Sybaris* (from your mountaines rold)
Colour the haire like Amber, or pure gold.
Some fountaines of a more prodigious kind,
Not onely change the body but the mind.
Who hath not heard of obscene *Salmacis*?
Of th'*Æthiopian* Lake? who drinke of this,
Runne forth-with mad: or if their wits they keepe,
Fall suddenly into a deadly sleepe.
Who at *Clitorius* Fountaine thirst remoue;
Loath wine, and abstinent, meere water loue.
Whether it by antipathie expell
Desire of wine; or (as the Natiues tell)
Melampus hauing with his herbs and charmes
Snatcht *Prœtus* franticke daughters from the harmes
Of entred Furies, their wit's physicke cast
Into this spring; infusing such distast.
With streames, to these oppos'd *Lynceſtus* flowes:
They reele, as drunke, who drinke too much of those.
A Lake in faire *Arcadia* stands, of old
Call'd *Pheneus*; suspected, as two-fold:
Feare, and forbeare, to drinke thereof by night:
By night vnwholsome, wholsome by day-light.
So other lakes and streames haue other powre.
Ortygia floted once; fixt at this houre:

)nce *Argo* fear'd the iuſtling *Cyanes*;
Vhich rooted now, reſiſt both winds and ſeas.
Iot *Ætna*, burning with imbowel'd fire,
hall euer, or did alwayes, flames expire.
'or whether *Tellus* be an Animall,
Iaue lungs, and mouthes that ſmoking flames exhale;
Ier organs alter, when her motions cloſe
'heſe yawning paſſages, and open thoſe.
)r whether winds, in caues impriſoned, raue;
ıſtling the ſtones, and minerals which haue
he ſeed of fire, inkindled with their rage:
hey then extinguiſh when the winds aſſwage.
)r if Bitumen doe the fire proucke;
)r ſulpher burning with more ſubtill ſmoke:
/hen Earth that food and oylie nouriſhment
/ith drawes, the matter by long feeding ſpent;
'he hungry fire of ſuſtenance bereft,
l-brooking famine, leaues, by being left.
ı *Hyperborean Pallene* liue
People, if to Fame we credit giue,
/ho, diuing three times thrice in *Tritons* lake,
)f Fowle the feathers and the figure take.
he like, they ſay, the *Scythian* Witches doe
/ith magicke oyles: incredible though true.
'we may truſt to triall, ſee you not
nall creatures of corrupted fleſh begot?
ury your ſlaughtred Steere (a thing in vſe)
nd his corrupted bowels will produce
lowre-ſucking Bees; who, like their parent ſlaine,
oue labour, fields, and toile in hope of gaine.
lornets from buried horſes take their birth.
reake off the Crabs bent clawes, and in the earth

Bury the reſt; a Scorpion without faile
From thence will creepe, and menace with his taile.
The Catterpillers, who their cop-webs weaue
On tender leafes (as Hindes from proofe receiue)
Conuert to poyſnous Butterflies in time.
Greene Frogs, ingendred by the ſeed of ſlime,
Firſt without feet, then legs aſſume; now ſtrong
And apt to ſwimme, their hinder parts more long
Then are their former, fram'd to skip add iumpe.
The Beares deformed birth is but a lumpe
Of liuing fleſh: when licked by the Old,
It takes a forme agreeing with the mold.
Who ſees the Young of honie-bearing Bees
In their ſexangular incloſure, ſees
Their bodies limb-leſſe: theſe vnformed things
In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.
The ſtarre-imbelliſht Fowle, which *Iuno* loues,
Iones Armour-bearer, *Cytharea's* Doues,
And birds of euery kinde; did we not know
Them hatch't of egges, who would coniecture ſo?
Some thinke the pith of dead men, Snakes becomes;
When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.
Yet theſe from others doe deriue their birth.
One onely Fowle there is in all the Earth,
Call'd by th' *Aſſyrians* Phœnix, who the waine
Of age repaires, and ſowes her ſelfe againe.
Nor feeds on graine nor herbs, but on the gumme
Of Frankincenſe, and iuycie Amomum.
Now, when her life fiue ages hath fulfil'd;
A neſt her horned beake and tallons build
Vpon the crownet of a trembling Palme:
This ſtrew'd with Caſſia, Spicknard, precious Balme,

Bru

ruz'd Cinamon, and Myrrh; thereon ſhe bends
ler body, and her age in odors ends.
This breeding Corp's a little Phœnix beares:
Which is it ſelfe to liue as many yeeres.
Growne ſtrong; that load now able to transferre;
ler Cradle, and her parents ſepulcher,
Deuoutly carries to *Hyperions* towne:
And on his flamie Altar layes it downe.
f theſe be wonderfull, admire like ſtrange
Hyæna's, who their ſex ſo often change:
Thoſe foodleſſe creatures, fed by ayre alone;
Who euery colour, which they touch, put on.
The Lynx, firſt brought from conquered *India*
y vine-bound *Bacchus*, his hot piſſe, they ſay,
Congeales to ſtone. So Corall, which below
he water is a limber weed, doth grow
tone-hard, when toucht by aire. But Day will end,
nd *Phœbus* panting Steeds to Seas deſcend,
efore my ſcant oration could perſue
ll ſorts of ſhapes, that change their old for new.
or this we ſee in all is generall.
ome Nations gather ſtrength, and others fall.
Troy, rich and powrefull, which ſo proudly ſtood;
hat could for ten yeeres ſpend ſuch ſtreames of blood;
or buildings, onely her old ruines ſhowes;
or riches, tombs; which ſlaughtred Sires incloſe.
arta, *Mycenæ*, were of *Greece* the flowres;
Cecrop's City, and *Amphion's* towres:
ow glorious *Sparta* lies vpon the ground;
ofty *Mycenæ* hardly to be found,
f *OEdipus* his *Thebes* what now remaines,
r of *Pandion's Athens*, but their names?

Now

Now Fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardans* Sons
Begins to rise, where yellow *Tybris* runs
From fountfull *Appenines*; and there the great
Foundation of so great a fabricke seat.
This therefore shall by changing propagate,
And giue the World a Head. Of such a fate
The Prophets haue diuin'd. And this of old,
As I remember, *Priam's Helen* told
To sad *Æneas*, of all hope forlorne,
In sinking *Troy's* eclipse. O Goddesse-borne,
If our *Apollo* can presage at all;
Troy, thou in safety, shall not wholly fall.
Both fire and sword shall giue thy vertue way:
Flying with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt conuay;
Vntill thou finde a Land as yet vnknowne,
To *Troy*, and thee, more friendly than thy owne.
A City built by *Phrygians* I fore-see;
So great none euer was, is, or shall bee.
Others shall make it great: but He, whose birth
Springs from *Iülus*, Soueraigne of the Earth.
He, hauing rul'd the World, shall then ascend
Æthereall thrones, and Heauen shall be his End.
This, I remember, with propheticke tongue,
Sage *Helen* to diuine *Æneas* sung.
We ioy to see our kindreds City grow:
The *Phrygians* happy in their Ouer-throw.
But lest our heedlesse Steeds too far should range
From their proposed course; All suffer change:
The heauens themselues, what vnder them is found;
Earth, what thereon, or what is vnder ground.
We, of the World a part, since we as well
Haue Soules as Bodies, which in beasts may dwell:

To those, which may our parents Soules inuest,
Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least;
Let vs both safety, and respect afford:
Nor heape their bowels on *Thyestes* boord.
How ill inur'd! to shed the bloud of man
How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can
Asunder cut the throats of calues; and heares
The bellowing breeder with relentlesse eares!
Or silly kids, which like poore infants cry,
Sticke with his knife! or his voracitie
Feed with the fowle he fed! ô to what ill
Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill!
Let Oxen till the ground, and die with age:
Let Sheepe defend thee from the winters rage:
Goats bring their vdders to thy paile. Away
With nets, grins, snares, and arts that doe betray;
Deceiue not birds with lime; nor Deere inclose
With terrors; nor thy baits to fish expose.
The hurtfull kills: yet only kill: nor eat
Defiling flesh; but feed on fitter meat.
With other, and the like Philosophy
Instructed; *Numa*, now return'd, was by
Th'intreating *Latines* crown'd. Taught by his Bride
The Nymph *Ægeria*, by the Muses guide,
Religion institutes; a People rude
And prone to warre, with lawes and peace imbu'd.
His raigne and age resign'd to funerall;
Plebeians, *Roman* Dames, Patricians, all
For *Numa* mourne. His wife the Citie fled:
Hid in *Aricia's* Vale, the ground her bed,
The woods her shroud, disturbes with groanes and cries
Prestean Diana's sacrifice.

How

How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Groue and Lake
Reprou'd her teares, and words of comfort ſpake!
How oft the *Theſean* Heros, Temperate
Thy ſorrow, ſaid! nor onely is thy fate
To be deplor'd: on worſe miſ-fortunes looke;
And you will yours with greater patience brooke.
Would mine were no example to appeaſe
So ſad a griefe: yet mine your griefe may eaſe.
Perhaps y'haue heard of one *Hippolytus*;
By ſtep-dames fraud, and fathers credulous
Beleefe deuow'd to death. Admire you may
That I am he, if credit, what I ſay.
Whom *Phædra* formerly ſolicited,
But vainly to defile my fathers bed.
Fearing detection, or in that refus'd;
She turnes the crime, and me of her's accus'd.
My father, baniſhing the innocent,
Along with me his winged curſes ſent.
Toward *Pittheean Trœzen* me my Chariot bore:
And driuing now by the *Corinthian* ſhore,
The ſmooth Seas ſwell; a monſtrous billow roſe,
Which, rouling like a mountaine, greater growes;
Then, bellowing, at the top aſunder rends:
When from the breach, breſt high, a Bull aſcends;
Who at his dreadfull mouth and noſthrils ſpouts
Part of the Sea. Feare all my followers routs:
But my afflicted minde was all this while
Vnterrifi'd; intending my exile.
When the hot horſes ſtart, erect their eares:
With horror rapt, and chaſed by their feares,
O'er ragged rocks the tottr'd Chariot driue:
While I to curbe their fury vainly ſtriue;

Th

The bits all frotht with fome: with all my might
Pull backe the raignes, now lying bolt vp-right.
Nor had their heady fright my ftrength o'r-gon;
Had not the feruent wheele, which roules vpon
The bearing Axel-tree, rufht on a ftump:
Which brake, and fell afunder with that iump.
Throwne from my chariot, in the raignes faft-bound,
My guts drag'd out aliue, my finewes wound
About the ftumpe, fome of my limbs hal'd thence
You might haue feene, fome hanging in fufpence;
My breaking bones to cracke, not any whole,
While I exhal'd my faint and weary foule.
No part of all my parts you could haue found
That might be knowne: for all was but one wound.
Now fay, felfe-tortred Nymph, or can, or dare
You your calamities with ours compare?
I alfo faw thofe realmes, to Day vnknowne:
And barh'd my wounds in wauy *Phlegeton*.
Had not *Apollo's* Son imploi'd the aid
Of his great Art; I with the dead had ftaid.
But when by potent hearbs, and *Pæans* skill,
I was reftor'd, 'gainft angry *Plutos* will:
Left I, if feene, might enuy haue procur'd,
Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd:
And that, though feene, I might be hurt by none;
She added age, and left my face vnknowne.
Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Creet*;
Reiecting *Creet* and *Delos* as vnmeet,
She plac't me here. Nor would I fhould retaine
The memory of One by horfes flaine:
But faid; Hence forward *Virbius* be thy name
That wer't *Hippolytus*; though thou the fame.

One of the Lesser Gods, here, in this Groue,
I *Cynthia* serue; preserued by her loue.
  But others miseries could not abate
Ægeria's sorrowes, nor preuent her fate.
Who, couched at the bases of a hill,
Thawes into teares, that streame-like ran; vntill
Apollo's Sister, pitying her woes,
Turn'd her t'a Spring; whose current euer flowes.
  The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd;
No lesse than when the *Tyrrhen* Plough-man gaz'd
Vpon the fatall clod, that mou'd alone:
And, for a humane shape, exchang'd its owne.
With infant lips the newly Animate,
Reueal'd the Mysteries of future fate:
Whom Natiues *Tages* call'd. He first of all
Th'*Hetrurians* taught to tell what would befall.
  Or when astonisht *Romulus* of old
Did, on Mount *Palatine*, his lance behold
To flourish with greene leaues: the fixed foot
Stood not on steele, but on a liuing root,
Which, now no weapon, spreading armes displai'd;
And gaue admirers vnexpected shade.
  Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glasse
Beheld his hornes, which his beleefe surpasse.
Who lifting oft his fingers to his brow,
Felt what before he saw: nor longer now
Condemnes his sight. Return'd with victory;
His eyes and hornes erecting to the skie:
You Gods, what e're these prodigies portend;
If prosperous, he said, let them descend
On *Romans* and on *Rome*: but if they be
Vnfortunate, ô let them fall on me!

An Altar then of liuing turfe erects;
The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine iniects:
And with the panting entrailes of a beast
New slaine, consults; to know the Gods behest.
This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,
And saw therein endeuours that excell'd,
Although obscure; he from the sacrifice
To *Cippus* hornes conuerts his steady eyes:
Haile King, to thee, and to those hornes of thine,
This place, and *Latian* towres, their rule resigne.
Delay not; enter thou the yeelding gate:
Haste, *Cippus*, haste: such is the Will of Fate.
Thou shalt be crown'd a King vpon that day:
And safely an eternall Scepter sway.
He, starting backe, from *Rome* diuerts his face:
And said; You Gods, farre hence this Omen chace.
Better that I in banishment grow old;
Than me, a King, the Capitoll behold.
Hiding his hornes with heauie ornaments,
The people and graue Senat he conuents.
Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,
And praying first (as was the custome) said;
Vnlesse expell'd your Citie, here is One
Will be your King: though not by name, yet knowne
By his strange hornes. I heard the Augur say,
Once in *Rome*, you all should him obey.
Hee might, vnstopt, haue entred without feate:
But I withstood; though none to me more neare.
Hee, *Quirites*, into exile sent:
Or, if he merit such a punishment,
Hide him in heauie chaines, and keepe him sure:
So with the Tyrants death your feares secure.

The

The troubled People ſuch a murmuring make;
As when farre off the roring ſurges rake
On ratling ſhores; or when through high-truſt Pines
Lowd *Eurus* howles. One only Voice diſ-ioynes
In this confuſion; asking, Which is he?
All ſeeking for the hornes they could not ſee,
Cippus repli'd; Behold the man you looke.
Then from his head (with-held) his garland tooke;
And ſhew'd the hornes which on his fore-head grew.
Not one but ſigh'd, and downe his count'nance threw:
And thoſe cleare browes (a thing beyond beliefe)
Adorn'd with merit, they behold with griefe.
Nor ſuffer him his honour to debaſe:
But on his head a laurell garland place.
And ſince he his owne entrance did with-ſtand:
The Nobles, in due fauour, ſo much land
To *Cippus* gaue, as well two oxen might
Round with a plough from morning vntill night.
The Monumentall figure of his hornes,
So much admir'd, the golden Poſts adornes.
Now Muſes, Goddeſſes of Verſe, relate
(You know, nor yeares your memory abate)
How *Æſculapius* in our Citie found
A Temple, by circumfluent *Tybris* bound.
A deadly plague the *Latian* aire defil'd:
Soules from their ſeats the pale diſeaſe exil'd.
Wearied with funeralls, when phyſicke fail'd;
Nor any humane induſtry preuail'd;
They ſeeke cœleſtiall aid. To *Delphos* ſent,
Built in the round Earths nauell, and preſent
Their prayers to *Phœbus*; that he would deſcend
To their reliefe, and giue their woes an end.

His Temple, Laurell, and his Quiuer, shake:
Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod spake.
What here you seeke, you neerer should haue sought:
And seeke it neerer yet. *Apollo* ought
Not now to cure you, but *Apollo's* Seed.
Goe with successe; and fetch my Sonne with speed.
The Senat hauing heard this Oracle,
The Citie search, where *Phœbus* sonne should dwell.
The shore of *Epidaure* the Legate seekes:
There anchoring, he intreats th'assembled *Greekes*
To send their God: who might th'*Ausonian* State
To health restore; and vrg'd the charge of Fate.
They vary in opinion: some assent
To send this succour; many, not content
To lose their owne in giuing others aid,
Striue to retaine him, and the rest dissuade.
While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light:
And Earth-borne shadowes cloth'd the world in Night;
Th'Health-giuing God, in sleepe, appeares to stand
In his old forme; a staffe in his left hand:
And stroking with his right his reuerend beard;
From his hope-rendring breast these words were heard.
Feare not, I come; my shape I will forsake:
View, and marke well this staffe-infolding Snake:
Such will I seeme, yet shew of greater size;
So great as may a Deity comprize.
God with the Voice, with God and Voice away
Sleepe flew: fled Sleepe persude by cheareful Day.
The Starres now vanquisht by the mornings flame;
The doubtfull Nobles to the temple came,
Entreat him by cœlestiall signes to shew
Whether he were content to stay or goe.

This hardly said, the God in Serpent's shroud,
His high crest gold-like glistring, hist aloud.
His statue, altar, gates, the marble flore,
And golden roofe, shooke at th'approching Powre.
He, in his Fane, brest-high his body rais'd:
Rouling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
All tremble. The chast Priest, his haire imbraid
With Virgin fillet, knew the God, and said:
'Tis he! 'tis he! all you who present are
Pray with your hearts and tongues: ô heauenly-Faire,
Propitious proue to those who thee implore!
All that were there the present Powre adore;
Reiterating what the Priest had said:
With heart and tongue the *Romans* also pray'd.
He, by the motion of his lofty crest,
And doubled hisses, signe's to their request.
Then sliding downe the polisht staires, his looke
Reuerts on his old altars; now forsooke:
Salute's his shrine, and Temple deckt with towres.
Then creeping on the ground, strew'd with fresh flowres,
Indenteth through the Citie; stopping where
The Harbour is defended by a Peere.
The following troopes, and those whose zeales assist
In honouring him, with gentle lookes dismist;
He climbes th'*Ausonian* ship: which felt the waight,
And shrunke with pressure of so great a fraight.
The ioyfull *Romans*, offering on the strand
A Bull to *Neptune*; anchor weigh, and land
Forsake with easie gales. Rais'd on his traine,
He, leaning, lookes vpon the blew-wau'd Maine.
Through *Iônian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* borne,
They fell with *Italy* on the sixth merne.

Lacini

acinian Iunos Fane, *Scyllæan* shores,
ipygia past; they shun with nimble ores
Amphrysian rockes; *Ceraunian*, weather-cleft;
omechium, *Caulon*, and *Narycia* left:
cilian Straights o're-come, and wrackfull seas,
aile by the mansion of *Hippotades*:
y *Temesa*, in metalls fruitfull; by
eucosia, and the *Pæstan* Rosary.
Seere *Capreæ*, and *Minerua's* Fore-land row,
urrentine hills, where wines so generous grow;
eraclea, *Stabiæ*, *Naples* borne to ease,
umæan Sibyl's Temple: next to these,
ot Baths; *Linternum*, sweet with masticke flowres;
ultarnus, who his sandy channell skoures;
nuessa, swarming with white Snakes; ill-air'd
'inturnæ; and where Pietie prepar'd
is Nurse a tombe: forthwith the mansion make
t fell *Antiphates*; and then the Lake-
esieged *Trachin*: thence directly bore
o *Circe's* Ile, and *Antium's* solid shore.
he Sea now swelling high, this harbour holds
he Saile-wing'd ship. The God his orbs vnfolds;
nd, with huge doublings o're the yellow sand
ides to his fathers Temple on that strand.
ough waues asswag'd, the *Epidaurian* Guest
is fathers altar leaues; to Sea-ward prest,
icing the sandie shore with rustling scales:
nd, by her sterne the ship ascending, sailes
ll he to *Castrum*, to *Lauinia's* name-
taining Seat, and mouth of *Tyber* came.
l hither throng; sonnes, daughters, mothers, sires,
ie Nunnes who keepe the *Phrygian Vesta's* fires,

With

With lowd salutes of ioy. On either side
The Riuer, as the Vessell stemmes the tide,
Altars, with incense fed, the aire perfume:
And kniues from Sacrifices heat assume.
Rome entring, the Worlds Head, He winds about
The lofty mast; and from on high thrusts out
His glittering head, to chuse a fitting place.
The armes of *Tyber* doe an Ile imbrace,
Which equall streame from either banke diuides;
Thither *Apollo's* sacred Serpent slides:
Who now cœlestiall shape assuming, ends
Their miseries, and health to all extends.
He here, a forren Powre, makes his aboad.
In his owne Citie *Cæsar* is a God.
Glorious in Peace and Warre: whom war's surcease
With triumphs crown'd, his gouernment in peace,
Nor race of wonder with such quicknesse runne;
More make a blazing Star, than his great Son;
For of all *Cæsars* acts, none may compare
With his adopting so diuine an Heire.
For, was it more t'o're-come the *Brittish* Ile?
Fill the seuen mouthes of paper-bearing *Nile*
With conquering sailes? *Numidians* rebelling,
Cinyphian Iuba, *Pontus* proudly swelling
In *Mithridates*, to subiect to *Rome*?
Meriting many, to triumph for some?
Then him beget, in whose dominion
The Gods so abundantly haue fauour'd man?
To th'other they a Deity decreed;
That this might not from mortall birth proceed.
Which, when faire *Venus* saw; and saw withall,
Conspiring weapons threat her Prelats fall;

ler colour fled: to euery God ſhe met,
hee ſaid, Behold, what ſnares for me are ſet?
To murder me in him how Treaſon ſtriues;
Vho only of *Iŭlus* race ſurviues!
till muſt I vndeſeru'd afflictions beare?
low lately wounded by *Tydides* ſpeare!
Jow ill-defended *Troy* againe is loſt:
ſy Sonne *Æneas*, with long errors toſt
)n wrathfull Seas, againe deſcends to Hell:
Jow warres with *Turnus*; or, the truth to tell,
Vith *Iuno* rather. How remember I
)ld harmes ſuſtain'd in my poſterity?
through this feare, all former feares forget.
oe! they their wicked ſwords againſt me whet:
) helpe! reſtraine their furies! nor, for ſhame,
Vith Prelats bloud extinguiſh *Veſta's* flame.
Thus, through all heauen, her Sorrowes vainly ſpeake;
nd melt the Gods: who, ſince they could not breake
he ancient Siſters adamantine doome,
/ ſure Oſtents demonſtrate Woes to come.
rmes claſhing in the aire with clouds o're-caſt;
errible trumpets, and the cornet's blaſt,
'oclaime the Murder: *Sols* afflicted looke
ıd pale eclipſe, the World with terror ſtrooke.
ſt, Meteors through the aire their flames extend:
ſt, drops of bloud from purple clouds deſcend.
acke ruſt obſcures dimme *Lucifers* aſpect:
ıd *Cynthia's* chariot bloudy ſtaines infect.
ıe *Stygian* Owle each where diſturbs their ſleepe
ith ominous ſcreeches: iuory Statues weepe.
ıe ſacred Groues reſound with yelling cries,
ıd fearefull menaces. No ſacrifice

The

The Gods appease: the headlesse inwards shew
Signes of succeeding Tumults, Death, and Woe.
Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,
And holy Temples howle. From sad abodes
The Dead arise, and wander here and there:
Rome trembling, both with Earth-quakes and with feare,
These Warnings of the Gods no changes wrought
In Fate, or Treason. Murderous swords were brought
Into the Temple: for no place might sort
With such a Slaughter, but the sacred Court.
Then *Venus* smote her breast: who sought to shroud,
And snatch him thence in that Æthereall cloud,
Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage conuaid:
And freed *Æneas* from *Tydides* blade.
Daughter, said *Ioue*, canst thou resist the doome
Of conquering Fates? Into their mansion come,
There shalt thou see Decrees that needs must passe,
Writ in huge folds of solid steele and brasse.
Which safe, eternall, euer fixed there;
My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine feare.
In lasting Adamant there maist thou reade
What shall to thy great Progenie succeed.
I read, remember well, and will relate
What may informe thee in succeeding fate.
He, whom thou striu'st to saue, his race hath runne
Of Time and Glory: whom, thou and his Sonne
Shall make in heauen a God; on Earth, with praire
And Temples dignifi'd. His names great Heire
Alone his Load shall beare: and strongly shall
By our conduct reuenge his fathers fall.
By his good fortune *Mutinæ*, o're-throwne,
Shall sue for peace: *Pharsalian* fields shall grone:

Slaugh

laughter againe *Philippi* shall imbrue:
n red *Sicilian* Seas he shall subdue
mighty Name. Th'*Ægyptian* Spouse shall fall,
l trusting to her *Roman* Generall:
o make our stately *Capitoll* obay
er proud *Canopus*, shall in vaine assay.
'hat need I of those barbarous People tell,
nd Nations, which by either Ocean dwell?
: shall the habitable Earth command;
nd stretch his Empire ouer sea and land.
ace giuen to Earth; he shall conuert his care
ciuill Rule, iust Lawes; and by his faire
ample Vertue guide. Then looking to
e future times, and Nephewes to ensue;
Sonne shall blesse him from a holy wombe:
him he shall resigne his name, and roome,
r shall, till full of age, ascend th'aboads
heauenly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.
ane-while from this slaine corps his soule conuay
to the starres, and giue it a cleare Ray:
at *Iulius* may with friendly influence
ine on our Capitoll and Court from thence.
This said: inuisible faire *Venus* stood
id the Senate; from his corps, with blood
il'd, her *Cæsars* new-fled spirit bare
heauen, not suffer'd to resolue to aire.
, as in her soft bosome borne, shee might
eiue it take a Powre, and gather light.
n once let loose, It forth-with vp-ward flew;
after it long blazing tresses drew.
radiant Starre his Sonnes great acts beheld,
t-lustre his: and ioy'd, to be excell'd.

Though he would haue his Fathers deeds preferr'd
Before his owne: yet free-tongu'd Fame, deterr'd
By no commandement, yeeld th'euited Bayes
To his cleare browes; and but in this gain-sayes.
So *Atreus* yeelds to *Agamemnons* fame;
Ægeus so to *Theseus*: *Peleus* name
Stoopes to *Achilles*. That I may confer
Th'illustrious to their equalls, *Iupiter*
So *Saturne* tops. *Ioue* rules the arched Skie,
And triple World; th'Earths vast Monarchie
T'*Augustus* bowes: both Fathers, and both sway.
You Gods, *Æneas* mates, who made your way
Through fire and sword; you Gods of men become;
Quirinus, Father of triumphant *Rome*;
Thou *Mars*, inuincible *Quirinus* Sire;
Chast *Vesta*, with thy euer-burning fire,
Among great *Cæsars* Houshold-Gods inshrin'd;
Domesticke *Phœbus*, with his *Vesta* ioyn'd;
Thou *Ioue*, Whom in *Tarpeian* towres we adore;
And You, all You, whom Poets may implore:
Slow be that day, and after I am dead,
Wherein *Augustus*, of the world the Head,
Leauing the Earth, shall vnto Heauen repaire;
And fauour those that seeke to him by prayer.

And now the Worke is ended, which, *Ioue's* rage,
Nor Fire, nor Sword shall raze, nor eating Age.
Come when it will my deaths vncertaine howre;
Which only of my body hath a powre:
Yet shall my better Part transcend the skie;
And my immortall name shall neuer die.

For, where-so-ere the *Roman* Eagles ſpread
Their conquering wings, I ſhall of all be read:
And, if we Prophets truly can diuine,
I, in my liuing Fame, ſhall euer ſhine.

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