

Ample, and of a length of great extent,
 In which Trophonius, and Agamede
 (Who of Erginus, were the famous seed)
 Impos'd the stonie Entrie: and the Heart
 Of euer' God had, for their excellent Art.

About the Temple dwelt, of humane Name
 Unnumbr'd Nations; it acquir'd such Fame;
 Being all of stone, built for eternall date;
 And neare it did a Fountaine propagate
 A fayre streame farr away; when Ioues bright seed,
 (The King Apollo) with an arrow, (freed
 From his strong string) deſtroid the Dragonesse
 That Wonder nourish't; being of such excesse
 In size, and horridnesse of monstrous shape,
 That on the forc't earth, she wrought many a rape;
 Many a spoile, made on it, many an ill
 On crooke-bancht Herds brought; being impurpt'd still
 With blood of all sorts: Having undergone
 Th' charge of Iuno, with the golden Throne,
 To nourish Typhon the abbor'd affright
 And bane of mortalls. Whom, into the light
 Saturnia brought forth, being incens't with Ioue;
 Because the most renown'd fruit of his Ioue
 (Pallas) he got, andooke out of his braine.
 For which, Maieſtique Iuno, did complaine
 In this kinde, to the bleſt Court of the skies;
 Know all ye sex-distinguish'd Deities;
 That Ioue (assembler of the cloudie throng)

Beginns

Beginns with me first; and affects with wrong
 My right in him; made by himselfe, his wife;
 That knowes and does the honor'd marriage life,
 All honest offices; and yet hath be
 Undulie got, without my companie
 Blew-eyed Minerua: who of all the skie
 Of bleſt Immortalls is the absolute Grace.
 Where, I haue brought into the beauenly Race,
 A Sonne, both taken in his feet and head;
 So ougly, and so farr from worth my beed,
 That (rauisht into hand) Iooke and sbrew
 Downe to the vast sea, his detest'd view.
 Where Nereus Daughter Thetis; who, her waie
 With siluer feet makes, and the faire araic
 Of her bright sisters) saw'd, and uoke to guard.
 But, would to beauen, another, yet, were spar'd,
 The like Grace of his God-head. (Craſtic mare)
 What other scape canst thou excoꝝitate?
 How could thy beare sustaine to get alone,
 The grey-eyed Goddesses, her conception,
 Nor bringing forth, had any hand of mine;
 And yet know all the Gods; I goe far thine
 To such kinde use; But I'le now employ
 My beine to procure a masculine boy,
 That amongst the Immortalls, may as eminent shine;
 With shame affecting, nor my head, nor thine;
 Nor will I, ever, touch at thine againe;
 But farr, fly it, and bee: and yet will raygne

Amongst

And certainly, thy vertue shall be knowne
 Gainst great-ill-causing incantation,
 To serue as for a Lance, Or Amulet.
 And where, in comfort of thy vital beat,
 Thou now breathst but a sound confus'd, for song;
 Expos'd by nature; after death, more strong
 Thou shalt in sounds of Ari be; and command
 Song infinite sweeter. Thv with either hand
 He tooke it vp, and instantly tooke flight
 Back to his Cave, with that his home-delight.
 Where, (giving to the Mountaine Tortois vent
 Of life and motion) with six Instruments
 Forg'd of bright steele; he strait inform'd a Lute.
 Put neck, and frets to it; of which, a sute
 He made of splitted quills, in euall face
 Impos'd vpon the neck; and did embrace
 Both backe, and bofome. At whose height (as gyms
 T' extend, and ease the string) be put in pyms.
 Seuen strings, of fewer all tunes, be then applied;
 Made of the Entrailes of a sheepe well dried;
 And througely twisted. Next he did provide
 A Case for all; made of an Oxe's Hyde;
 Out of his counsailes to preserue as well,
 As to create; and all this Action fell
 Into an instant consequence. His word,
 And worke, had individuall accord.
 All being as swiftly to perfection brought;
 As any worldly mans, most rauishe thought,

Whose

Whose minde, Care cuts, in an infinity
 Of varied parts, or passions instantly;
 Or as the frequent twitchings of an eye,
 And thus his House, delight given absolute;
 He toucht it; and did euery string extend
 (With an exploratorie spirit assaid)
 To all the parts, that could on it be plac'd
 It sounded dreadfully; so which he sung,
 As if from thence, the first, and true voice sprung,
 That falsion's Virtue, God, in him did sing.
 His play was likewise an vnspakable thing
 Yet, but as an extemporall Adles,
 Of what shoue, it would make being the first way,
 He tryed his hand; or a tumultuous moyle,
 Such as at feasts, the first-flour'd spirits of Baies
 Poure out in manuell consumption still
 As little squaring with his curious will,
 Or was as wanton, and vntangle a Store,
 Of Ioue and Maia, that each shouer still wore,
 He sung, who sufferd, ill reports before,
 And soule staines, vnder her faire titles bore.
 But Hermes sung, her Nation, and her Name
 Did iterate euor. All her high-flour'd fame
 Of being Ioues Mistresse; celebrating all
 Her traine of seruants; and collateral
 Sumpture of Honors; all her Tripods there,
 And Caldrons huge; encreasing euery year,
 All which she knew; yet felt her knowledge stung.

With