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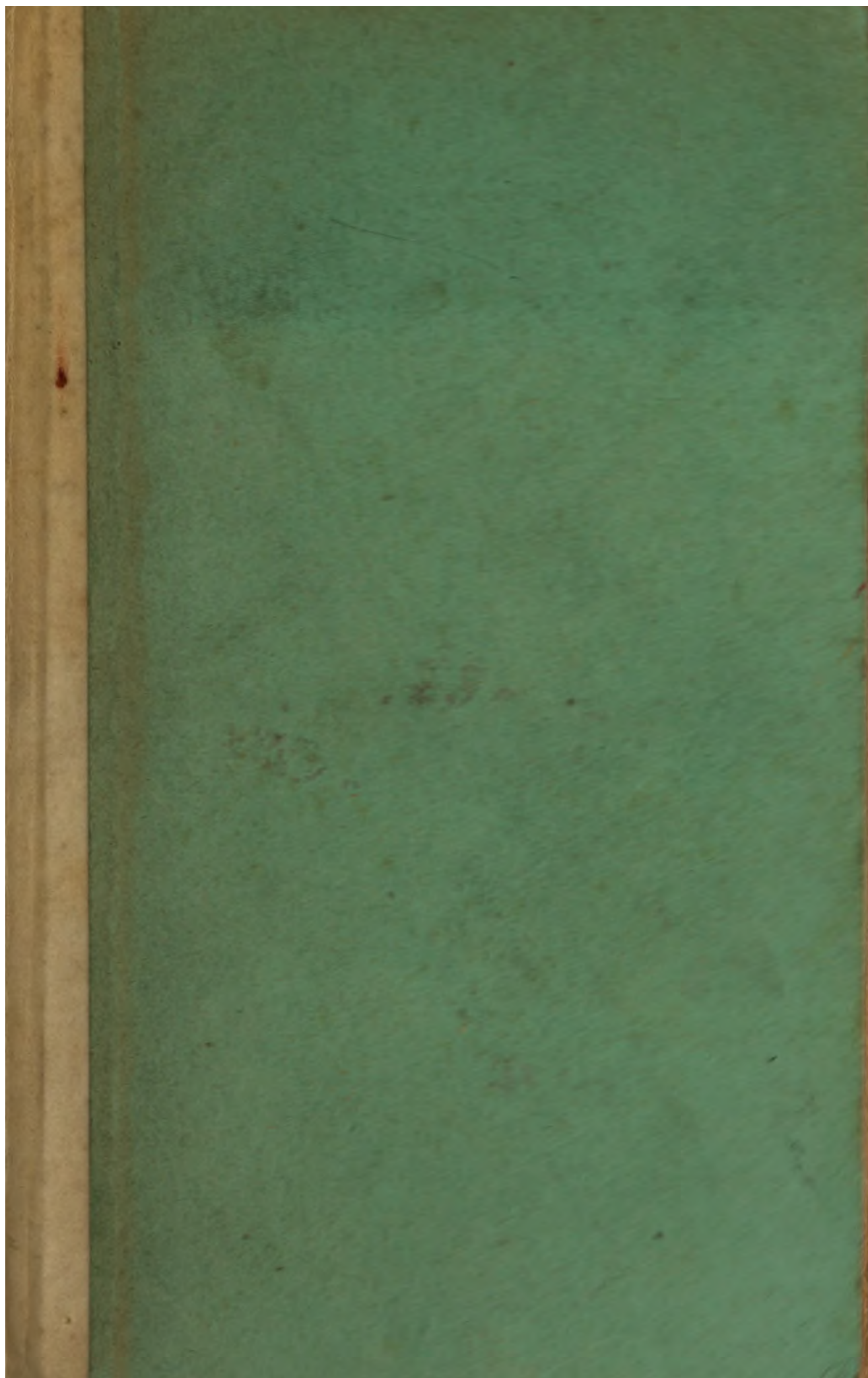
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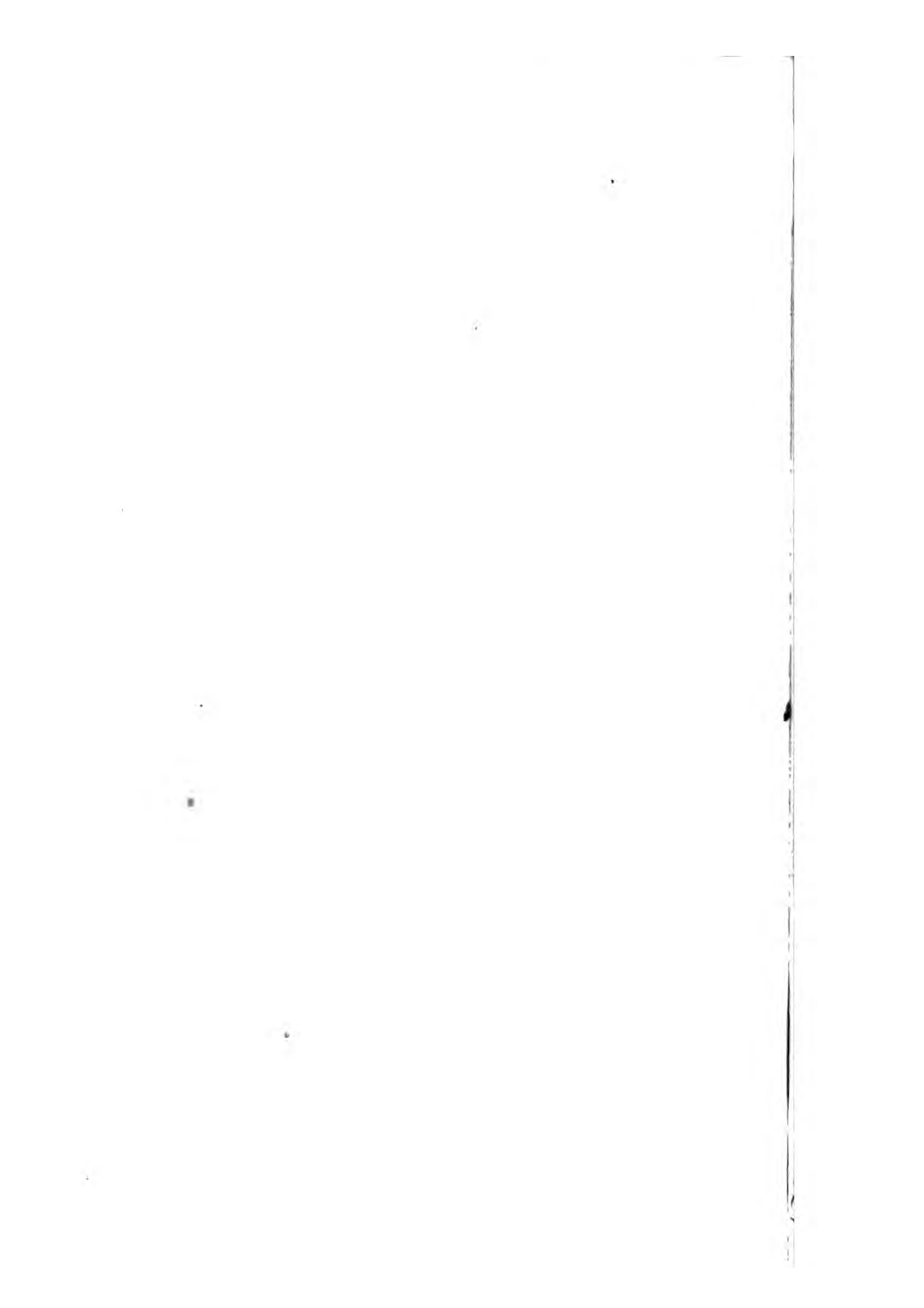
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Although this book is noted in the
titlepage as being imperfect 'it'
ends with the last stanza which
Crashaw translated (§ 60, end of
Bk. I : cf. L.C. Martin's ed. of
Crashaw, Oxf. Texts, p. 126)'.
Tells F.E.H. A. 5.4.20



1834

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THE

SUSPICION OF HEROD,

BEING

THE FIRST BOOK OF

THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN

BY

RICHARD CRASHAW.

PRINTED BY

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PREFACE.

MARINO, the Author of the MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS, though an Italian by birth, had spent the best part of his life at the Court of France, where in a profligate age he had distinguished himself by the licentiousness of his writings. Accident having induced him to re-visit his native country, he stopped at Rome on his way to Naples, and there meeting with a priest of excellent character whom he had known in his youth, he confessed his faults and follies to him, regretting his writings as among his greatest crimes. His friend imposed on him as a penance, the writing of some poem of length

on a sacred subject, which might counteract the bad effect of his early productions. **THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS**, was accordingly written, it must always be admired, and his offensive works are forgotten.

RICHARD CRASHAW, an English Roman Catholic Gentleman, was born very early in the 17th century, He wrote a number of short poems, in which, in spite of much false taste, it is impossible not to admire a true feeling of poetry, a pure and pious mind, and a tender heart. Added to these qualities he possesses great felicity of expression, and uses his native language in a manner worthy of one living in the same age with Milton. The Specimen which follows, is his translation of the first book of **MARINO**: it is so fine, that every reader must regret that he proceeded no further.

THE
SUSPICION OF HEROD,

FROM

THE CAVALIERE MARINO'S
MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

ARGUMENT.

Casting the times with their strong signs,
Death's master his own death divines ;
Struggling for help, his best hope is,
Herod's suspicion may heal his ;
Therefore he sends a fiend to wake,
The sleeping tyrant's fond mistake,
Who fears (in vain) that he whose birth
Means Heav'n, should meddle with his earth.

B

I.

MUSE, now the servant of soft loves no more,
Hate is thy theam, and Herod, whose unblest
Hand (O what dares not jealous greatness?) tore
A thousand sweet babes from their mother's breast,
The blooms of martyrdom, O be a door
Of language to my infant lips, ye best
Of confessors: whose throats, answering his swords
Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke souls for words.

II.

Great Anthony! Spain's well beseeming pride,
Thou mighty branch of emperors and kings,
The beauties of whose dawn what eye can bide,
Which with the sun himself weighs equal wings,
Map of heroic worth: whom far and wide
To the believing world fame boldly sings:
Deign thou to wear this humble wreath that bows,
To be the sacred honour of thy brows.

III.

Nor needs my muse a blush, or these bright flow'rs
Other than what their own blest beauties bring,
They were the smiling sons of those sweet bow'rs,
That drink the dew of life, whose deathless spring,
Nor Syrian flame nor Borean frost deflow'rs :
From whence heav'n-labouring bees with busy wing,
Suck hidden sweets, which well digested proves,
Immortal honey for the hive of loves.

IV.

Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendant worth,
Holds high the rein of fair Parthenope,
That neither Rome nor Athens can bring forth
A name in nobler deeds rival to thee !
Thy fame's full noise makes proud the patient Earth,
Far more than matter for my muse and me.
The Tyrrhene seas and shores sound all the same,
And in their murmurs keep thy mighty name.

V.

Below the bottom of the great abyss,
There where one centre reconciles all things,
The world's profound heart pants, there placed is
Mischief's old master, close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks : these loathsome strings
 Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties,
 Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

VI.

The judge of torments, and the king of tears ;
He fills a burnished throne of quenchless fire :
And for his old fair robes of light, he wears
A gloomy mantle of dark flames, the tire
That crowns his hated head on high appears ;
Where sev'n tall horns (his empire's pride) aspire,
 And to make up Hell's majesty, each horn
 Sev'n crested hydras horribly adorn.

VII.

His eyes the sullen dens of death and night,
Startle the dull air with a dismal red :
Such his fell glances as the fatal light
Of staring comets, that look kingdoms dead.
From his black nostrils, and blue lips, in spight
Of Hell's own stink, a worsen stench is spread,
 His breath Hell's lightning is : and each deep groan
 Disdains to think that Heav'n thunders alone.

VIII.

His flaming eyes dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath ;
Whose unconsumed consumption preys upon
The never dying life, of a long death.
In this sad house of slow destruction,
(His shop of flames) he fries himself, beneath
 A mass of woes, his teeth for torment gnash,
 While his steel sides sound with his tail's strong lash.

IX.

Three rigorous virgins waiting still behind,
Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptered king :
With whips of thorns and knotty vipers twin'd,
They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need a sting ;
Their locks are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind
About their shady brows in wanton rings.

Thus reigns the wrathful king, and while he reigns,
His sceptre and himself both he disdains.

X.

Disdainful wretch ! how hath one bold sin cost
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes ?
How hath one black eclipse cancell'd and crost
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise ?
Proud morning of a perverse day ! how lost
Art thou unto thyself, thou too self-wise
Narcissus ! foolish Phæton ! who for all
Thy high-aim'd hopes, gain'd'st but a flaming fall.

XL.

From death's sad shades, to the life-breathing air,
This mortal enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
To become beautiful in human blood.
Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make fair
The fields of Palestine with so pure a flood,
There does he fix his eyes : and there detect,
New matter to make good his great suspect.

XII.

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark
Set the contending sons of Heav'n on fire :
Oft in his deep thought he revolves the dark
Sybil's divining leaves : he does inquire
Into th' old prophesies, trembling to mark
How many present prodigies conspire,
To crown their past predictions, both he lays
Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs.

XIII.

Heaven's golden-winged herald, late he saw
To a poor Galilean virgin sent :
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what a vé
Immortal flowers to her fair hand present.
He saw th' old Hebrew's womb neglect the law
Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent
His birth by his devotion, who began
Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

XIV.

He saw rich nectar thaws release the rigour
Of th' icy North, from frost bound Atlas' hands
His adamantine fetters fall : green vigour
Gladding the Scythian rocks and Lybian sands.
He saw a vernal smile, sweetly difigure
Winter's sad face, and through the flow'ry lands
Of fair Engaddi, honey sweating fountains
With manna, milk, and balm new broach the mountains.

XV.

He saw how in that blest day-bearing night,
The Heaven rebuked shades made haste away ;
How bright a dawn of angels with new light
Amazed the midnight world and made a day
Of which the morning knew not, mad with spight
He mark'd how the poor shepherds ran to pay
 Their simple tribute to the babe, whose birth,
 Was the great business both of Heav'n and Earth.

XVI.

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease,
Make proud the ruby portals of the East.
He saw the temple sacred to sweet peace,
Adore her prince's birth, flat on her breast.
He saw the falling-idols all confess
A coming deity. He saw the nest
 Of pois'nous and unnatural loves, earth-nurst
 Touch'd with the world's true antidote to burst.

XVII.

He saw Heav'n blossom with a new-born light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger, gaz'd
The golden eyes of night ; whose beam made bright
The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd :
(Nor ask'd leave of the sun) by day as night.
By whom (as Heav'n's illustrious hand-maid) rais'd
Three kings, (or what is more) three wise men went,
Westward to find the world's true Orient.

XVIII.

Struck with these great concurrences of things,
Symptoms so deadly unto death and him ;
Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limb.
He shook himself, 'and spread his spacious wings :
Which like two bosom'd sails embrace the dim
Air with a dismal shade, but all in vain,
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

XIX.

While thus Heav'n's highest counsels, by the low
Footsteps of their effects, he trac'd too well,
He tost his troubled eyes, embers that glow
Now with new rage and wax too hot for Hell.
With his foul claws he fenc'd his furrow'd brow,
And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell
 Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of night
 The while his twisted tail he gnaw'd for spight.

XX.

Yet on the other side fain would he start
Above his fears, and think it cannot be,
He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart }
And feel the pulse of every prophecy,
He knows (but knows not how, or by what art)
The Heav'n expecting ages hope to see
 A mighty babe, whose pure, unspotted birth,
 From a chaste virgin womb should bless the Earth.

XXI.

But these vast mysteries his senses smother,
And reason (for what's faith to him?) devour,
How she that is a maid should prove a mother,
Yet keep inviolate her virgin flow'r ;
How God's eternal son should be man's brother,
Poseth his proudest intellectual power ;
 How a pure spirit should incarnate be,
 And life itself wear death's frail livery.

XXII.

That the great angel-blinding light should shrink,
His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye ;
That the unmeasured God so low should sink,
As pris'ner in a few poor rags to lie :
That from his mother's breast he milk should drink,
Who feeds with nectar Heav'n's fair family ;
 That a vile manger his son's bed should prove,
 Who in a throne of stars, thunders above :

XXIII.

That he whom the sun serves, should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh ; that he, the old
Eternal Word should be a child and weep :
That he who made the fire should fear the cold :
That Heav'n's high Majesty his court should keep,
In a clay cottage, by each blast control'd :
 That Glory's self should serve our griefs and fears,
 And free eternity submit to years.

XXIV.

And further that the law's eternal giver,
Should bleed in his own law's obedience ;
And to the circumcising knife deliver,
Himself the forfeit of his slaves' offence.
That the unblemished lamb, blessed for ever,
Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense :
 These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt
 Intangles his best thoughts, past getting out.

XXV.

While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged breast
His gloomy bosom's darkest character,
Was in his shady forehead seen expressed,
The forehead's shade in grief's expression there ;
Is what in sign of joy among the blest,
The face's lightning or a smile is here.

Those stings of care, that his strong heart oppressed,
A desperate "Oh me," drew from his deep breast.

XXVI.

"Oh me!" (thus bellow'd he) "Oh me!" what great
Portents before mine eyes their power advance ?
And serves my purer sight only to beat
Down my proud thought, and leave it in a trance ?
Frown I, and can great nature keep her seat ?
And the gay stars lead on their golden dance ?
Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,
Auspicious still in spite of Hell and me ?

XXVII.

“He has my heaven, (what would he more ?) whose bright
And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear :
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My fair inheritance, he confines me here,
To this dark house of shades, horror and night,
To draw a long-lived death, where all my cheer,
Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
That mankind’s torment waits upon my tears.

XXVIII.

“Dark dusky man, he needs would single forth,
To make the partner of his own pure ray ;
And should we powers of Heaven, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay ?
It shall not be, said I, and clomb the north,
Where never wing of angel yet made way.
What though I missed my blow ? yet I strook high,
And to dare something is some victory.

XXIX.

"Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
 Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
 Vile human nature means he not 't invest
 (Oh my despight!) with his divinest glories?
 And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,
 With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?
 Must the bright arms of Heav'n rebuke these eyes?
 Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?

XXX.

"Art thou not Lucifer he to whom the droves
 Of stars that guide the morn in charge were given?
 The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves?
 The fairest, and the firstborn smile of Heav'n?
 Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves,
 Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven:
 Such and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes,
 Opprest the common-people of the skies..

XXXI.

“ Ah wretch ! what boots thee to cast back thine eyes,
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows ?
While the reflection of thy forepast joys,
Renders thee double to thy present woes ;
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee grows ;
 If Hell must mourn, Heaven sure shall sympathise ;
 What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

XXXII.

“ And yet whose force fear I ? have I so lost
Myself ? my strength too with my innocence ?
Come, try who dares Heaven, Earth, what e'er dost boast
A borrowed being, make thy bold defence :
Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
Me yet a second fall ? we'd try our strength ;
 Heav'n saw us struggle once, as brave a fight
 Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight.”

XXXIII.

Thus spoke th' impatient prince, and made a pause,
His foul hags rais'd their heads, and clapp'd their hands ;
And all the powers of Hell in full applause
Flourished their snakes and toss'd their flaming brands.
“ We” (said the horrid sisters) “ wait thy laws,
Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands,
Be it thy part, Hell's Mighty Lord, to lay
On us thy dread commands, ours to obey.

XXXIV.

“ What thy Alecto, what these hands can do,
Thou mad'st bold proof upon the brow of heaven,
Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now,
To these thy sooty kingdoms thou art driven :
Let Heav'n's Lord chide above louder than thou,
In language of his thunder, thou art even
With him below : here thou art Lord alone
Boundless and absolute : Hell is thine own.

XXXV.

“ If usual wit and strength will do no good,
Vertues of stones, nor herbs : use stronger charms,
Anger, and love, best hooks of human blood :
If all fail, we'll put on our proudest arms,
And pouring on Heav'n's face the sea's huge flood,
Quench his curl'd fires, we'll wake with our alarms
Ruin, where'er she sleeps at Nature's feet ;
And crush the world till his wide corners meet.”

XXXVI.

Replied the proud King, “ O my crown's defence !
Stay of whose strong hopes, you, of whose brave worth
The frightened stars took faint experience,
When 'gainst the thunder's mouth we marched forth :
Still you are prodigal of your loves expence,
In our great projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and Earth ;
I thank you all, but one must single out,
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt.”

XXXVII.

Fourth of the cursed knot of hags is she,
Or rather all the other three in one ;
Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,
And still assist the execution :
But chiefly there does she delight to be,
Where Hell's capacious cauldron is set on :
 And while the black souls boil in their own gore,
 To hold them down, and look that none seeth o'er.

XXXVIII.

Thrice howl'd the caves of night, and thrice the sound,
Thund'ring upon the banks of those black lakes,
Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound :
At last her list'ning ears the noise o'ertakes,
She lifts her sooty lamps, and looking round
A general hiss, from the whole tire of snakes
 Rebounding, through Hell's inmost caverns came,
 In answer to her formidable name.

XXXIX.

'Mongst all the palaces in Hell's command,
No one so mercyleless as this of hers.
The adamantine doors for ever stand
Impenetrable, both to prayers and tears,
The wall's inexorable steel, no hand
Of time or teeth of hungry ruin fears,
 Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains,
 Of ragged limbs, torn skulls, and dashed out brains.

XL.

There has the purple vengeance a proud seat,
Whose ever brandished sword is sheathed in blood :
About her Hate, Wrath, War, and Slaughter sweat,
Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood.
There rude impetuous rage does storm, and fret :
And there as master of this murd'ring brood,
 Swinging a huge scythe, stands impartial Death,
 With endless business almost out of breath.

XLI.

For hangings and for curtains, all along
The walls, (abominable ornaments !)
Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung ;
Fell executioners of foul intents,
Nails, hammers, hatchets sharp, and halters strong,
Swords, spears, with all the fatal instruments
 Of Sin, and Death, twice dipt in the dire stains
 Of brothers' mutual blood, and fathers' brains.

XLII.

The tables furnished with a cursed feast,
Which harpies, with lean Famine, feed upon,
Unfilled for ever. Here among the rest,
Inhuman Erisicthon too makes one,
Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are guests ;
Wolvish Lycaon here a place hath won,
 The cup they drink in is Medusa's scull,
 Which mixt with gall and blood they quaff brim full.

XLIII.

The foul queen's most abhorred maids of honour,
Medæa, Jezebel, many a meagre witch
With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her ;
But her best huswives are the Parcæ, which
Still work for her, and have their wages from her ;
They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.
Her cruel clothes of costly threds they weave,
Which short-cut lives of murdered infants leave.

XLIV.

The house is hers'd about with a black wood,
Which nods with many a heavy headed tree :
Each flower's a pregnant poison, try'd and good :
Each herb a plague : the wind's sighs timed be
By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
Minotaures, Cyclopes, with a dark drove
Of dragons, hydras, sphinxes, fill the grove.

XLV.

Here Diomed's horses, Phereus' dogs appear,
With the fierce lions of Therodamas ;
Busiris has his bloody altar here,
Here Sylla his severest prison has ;
The Lestrigonians here their table rear ;
Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brass ;
 Here cruel Sciron boasts his bloody rocks,
 And hateful Schinis his so feared oaks

XLVI.

What ever schemes of blood, fantastic frames
Of death Mezentius, or Geryon drew ;
Phalaris, Ochus, Ezelinus, names,
Mighty in mischief, with dread Nero too,
Here are they all, here all the swords or flames
Assyrian tyrants or Egyptian knew.
 Such was the house, so furnished was the hall,
 Whence the fourth Fury answer'd Pluto's call.

XLVII.

Scarce to this monster could the shady king,
The horrid sum of his intentions tell ;
But she (swift as the momentary wing
Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left Hell :
She rose, and with her to our world did bring
Pale proof of her fell presence, th' air too well
 With a chang'd countenance witnessed the fight
 And poor fowls intercepted in their flight.

XLVIII.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight ;
The field's fair eyes saw her, and saw no more
But shut their flow'ry lids for ever ; night
And winter strow her way ; yea, such a sore
Is she to Nature, that a general fright,
An universal palsie spreading o'er
 The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
 Had not her thick snakes hid them from the Sun.

XLIX.

Now had the night's companion from her den,
Where all the busy day she close doth lie,
With her soft wing, wip'd from the brows of men
Day's sweat, and by a gentle tyranny,
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
Of sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,
Sealing all breasts in a Lethean band.

L.

When the Erynnis her black pinions spread,
And came to Bethl'em where the cruel king
Had now retired himself, and borrowed
His breast a while from Care's unquiet sting.
Such as at Thebes' dire feast she show'd her head,
Her sulphur-breathed torches brandishing,
Such to the frightened palace now she comes,
And with soft feet searches the silent rooms.

LI.

By proud usurping Herod now was born
The sceptre, which of old great David sway'd.
Whose right by David's lineage so long worn,
Himself a stranger to, his own had made ;
And from the head of Judah's house quite torn
The crown, for which upon their necks he laid
 A sad yoke, under which they sigh'd in vain,
 And looking on their lost state sigh'd again.

LII.

Up through the spacious palace passed she,
To where the king's proudly-reposed head
(If any can be soft to tyranny
And self tormenting sin) had a soft bed.
She thinks not fit such he her face should see,
As it is seen by Hell ; and seen with dread :
 To change her faces style she doth devize,
 And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes.

LIII.

Her self a while she lays aside, and makes
Ready to personate a mortal part.
Joseph the King's dead brother's shape she takes,
What he by nature was, is she by art.
She comes to th' King; and with her cold hand slakes
His spirits, the sparks of life, and chills his heart,
Life's forge: feign'd is her voice, and false to be
Her word's, "Sleep'st thou, fond man? sleep'st thou?"
said she.

LIV.

"So sleeps a pilot whose poor bark is prest,
With many a merciless o'ermastring wave;
For whom (as dead) the wrathful winds contest,
Which of them deep'st shall dig her watery grave.
Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie supprest,
In death-like slumbers; while thy dangers crave
A waking eye and hand? Look up and see
The Fates ripe, in their great conspiracy.

LV.

“ Know’st thou not how of th’ Hebrew’s royal stem,
(That old dry stock) a despair’d branch is sprung,
A most strange babe ! who here conceal’d by them
In a neglected stable lies, among
Beasts and base straw : already is the stream
Quite turned ; th’ ingrateful rebels, this their young
Master (with voice free as the trump of Fame)
Their new king, and thy successor proclaim.

LVI.

“ What busy motions, what wild engines stand
On tiptoe in their giddy brains ? th’ have fire
Already in their bosoms ; and their hand
Already reaches at a sword : they hire
Poisons to speed thee ; yet through all the land,
What one comes to reveal what they conspire ?
Go now, make much of these ; wage still their wars,
And bring home on thy breast more thankless scars.

LVII.

“ Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,
That thy firm hand for ever might sustain
A well pois'd sceptre ? does it now seem good
Thy brothers blood be spilt, life spent in vain ?
'Gainst thy own sons and brothers thou hast stood
In arms, when lesser cause was to complain :
 And now cross Fates a watch about thee keep,
 Can'st thou be careless now, now can'st thou sleep.

LVIII.

“ Where art thou man ? what cowardly mistake
Of thy great self, hath stol'n King Herod from thee ?
O call thy self home to thy self, wake, wake,
And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon thee:
Redeem a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake
Thyself into a shape that may become thee.
 Be Herod, and thou shall not miss from me
 Immortall stings to thy great thoughts, and thee.”

LIX.

So said her richest snake, which to her wrist
For a beseeming bracelet she had ty'd,
(A special worm it was as ever kiss'd
The foamy lips of Cerberus) she apply'd
To the king's heart: the snake no sooner hiss'd,
But Vertue heard it, and away she hy'd,
 Dire flames diffuse themselves through every vein,
 This done, home to her Hell she hy'd amain,

LX.

He wakes, and with him (ne'er to sleep) new fears
His sweat-bedewed bed had now betray'd him,
To a vast field of thorns, ten thousand spears
All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him:
So mighty were th' amazing characters
With which his feeling dream had thus dismay'd him,
 He his own fancy-framed foes defies:
 In rage, "My arms, give me my arms," he cries.

LXI.

As when a pile of food-preparing fire
The breath of artificial lungs embraces,
The cauldron-prison'd waters straight conspire,
And beat the hot brass with rebellious waves ?
He murmurs and rebukes their bold desire ;
Th' impatient liquor, frets and foams, and raves ;
Till his o'erflowing pride suppress the flame,
Whence all his high spirits, and hot courage came.

LXII.

So boils the fired Herod's blood-swollen breast,
Not to be slak'd but by a sea of blood.
His faithless crown he feels loose on his crest,
Which on false tyrant's head ne'er firmly stood.
The worm of jealous envy and unrest,
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,
Makes him impatient of the ling'ring light,
Hate the sweet peace of all-composing night.

LXIII.

A thousand prophecies that talk strange things,
Had sown of old these doubts in his deep breast ;
And now of late came tributary kings,
Bringing him nothing but new fears from th' East,
More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings.
With which his fev'rous cares their cold increas'd,
 And now his dream (Hell's firebrand) still more bright,
 Show'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the sight.

LXIV.

No sooner therefore shall the morning see,
(Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day)
But all his counsellors must summoned be,
To meet their troubled Lord : without delay
Heralds and messengers immediately
Are sent about, who posting every way
 To th' heads and officers of every band ;
 Declare who sends, and what is his command.

LXV.

Why art thou troubled Herod ? what vain fear
 Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move ?
 Heav'n's King, who doffs himself weak flesh to wear,
 Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love :
 Nor would he this thy fear'd crown from thee tear.
 But give thee a better with himself above,
 Poor jealousie ! why should he wish to prey
 Upon thy crown, who gives his own away.

LXVI.



Make to thy reason man ; and mock thy doubts,
 Look how below thy fears their causes are ;
 Thou art a soldier Herod ; send thy scouts ;
 See how he's furnished for so fear'd a war.
 What armour does he wear ? a few thin clouts.
 His trumpets ? tender cries. His men to dare
 So much ? rude shepherds. What his steeds ? alas
 Poor beasts ! a slow ox, and a simple ass.

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