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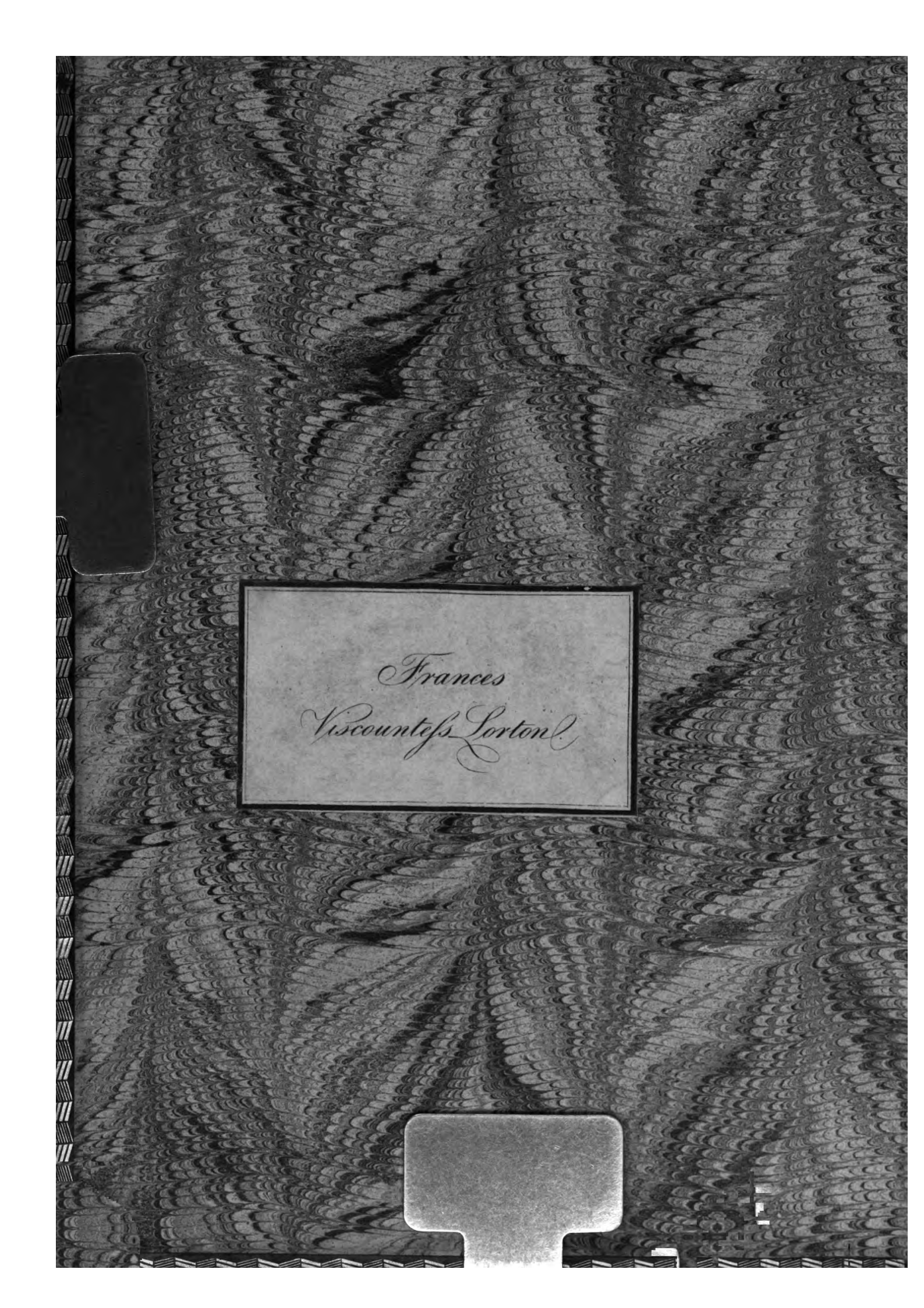
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The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is decorated with a dense, dark marbled pattern. A central rectangular label with a thin black border contains the title in cursive script. Two metal clasps are visible: a small rectangular one on the left edge and a larger T-shaped one at the bottom center. The spine edge on the left shows a geometric marbled pattern.

*Frances
Viscountess Lorton*



E. Mathews 150/263

Alicia Hamilton Hara

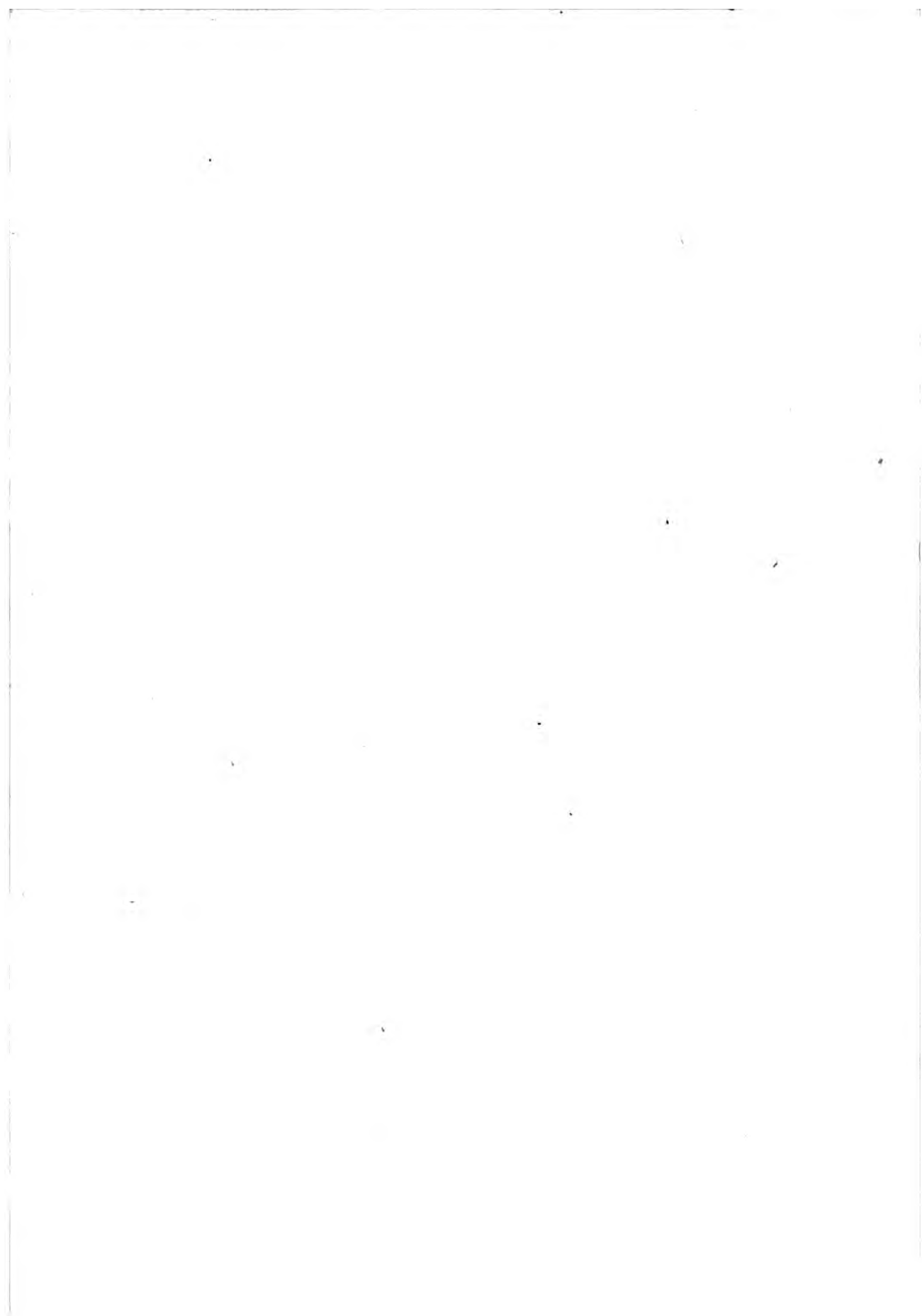
(his King.)

to Colonel M. J. King Harman
June 1902.

3967

e.

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JUSTA
EDOUARDO KING,

NAUFRAGO,

AB

AMICIS MÆRENTIBUS,

AMORIS

ET

μνείας χάριν.

Si rectè calculum ponas,
Ubique naufragium est.

PETRON. ARR.

CANTABRIGIÆ:
APUD THOMAM BUCK, ET ROGERUM DANIEL,
CELEBERRIMÆ ACADEMIÆ TYPOGRAPHOS.
1638.

RE-IMPRESSUM
DUBLINII:
APUD R. GRAISBERRY,
ACADEMIÆ TYPOGRAPHUM.
1835.



TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
EDWARD LORD VISCOUNT KINGSBOROUGH,
THIS REPRINT
(CONTAINING THE FIRST EDITION OF MILTON'S LYCIDAS)
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
HIS OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,
WM. J. THORNHILL.

22, TRIN. COLL. DUB.
June, 1835.

P. M. S.

EDOUARDUS KING, F. JOANNIS, (EQUITIS AURATI, QUI SSS. RRR. ELISABETHÆ, JACOBO, CAROLO, PRO REGNO HIBERNIÆ A SECRETIS) COLL. CHRISTI IN ACADEMIA CANTABRIG. SOCIUS, PIETATIS ATQUE ERUDITIONIS CONSCIENTIA ET FAMA FELIX, IN QUO NIHIL IMMATURUM PRÆTER ÆTATEM, DUM HIBERNIAM COGITAT, TRACTUS DESIDERIO SUORUM, PATRIAM, AGNATOS ET AMICOS, PRÆ CÆTERIS FRATREM, DOMINUM ROBERTUM KING, EQUITEM AURATUM, VIRUM ORNATISSIMUM; SORORES, FŒMINAS LECTISSIMAS, ANNAM DOM. G. CAULFIELD, BARONIS DE CHARLEMONT; MARGARITAM DOMINI G. LODER, SUMMI HIBERNIÆ JUSTITIARII UXOREM; VENERANDUM PRÆSULEM EDOUARDUM KING, EPISCOPUM ELPHINENSEM, A QUO SACRO FONTE SUSCEPTUS; REVERENDISSIMUM ET DOCTISSIMUM VIRUM GULIELMUM CHAPPELL, DECANUM ECCLESIAE CASSELIENSIS, ET COLLEGII SANCTÆ TRINITATIS APUD DUBLINIENSES PRÆPOSITUM, CUJUS IN ACADEMIA AUDITOR ET ALUMNUS FUERAT, INVISENS, HAUD PROCVL A LITTORE BRITANNICO, NAVI IN SCOPULUM ALLISA, ET RIMIS EX ICTU FATISCENTE, DUM ALII VECTORES VITÆ MORTALIS FRUSTRA SATAGERENT, IMMORTALEM ANHELANS, IN GENUA PROVOLUTUS ORANSQUE, UNA CUM NAVIGIO AB AQUIS ABSORPTUS, ANIMAM DEO REDDIDIT; IIII. EID. SEXTILEIS; ANNO SALUTIS MDCXXXVII; ÆTATIS XXV.

HÆC, Edouarde, justa Tibi solvunt dolor,
Pietas, amorque : nec illa justa, nec Tibi,
Sed Gratiis Musisque tecum mortuis,
Apollinique naufrago. Quæ funera
Dispendio tanto paria, quæ justa sunt ?
Soli occidenti, nec orituro, secula
Damnata tenebris, quâ parentarent face ?
Quâ nunc prece fatigabit absentes Deos
Poëta ? Phœbus abiit, et si quod aliud
Est literarum numen et mentis bonæ,
Id omne nos reliquit, et sequax Tui
Fugiente pennâ deseruit ignavam humum.

Quæ ergo inania versuum conamina
Affertis, inopes ; quid leves panegyrum
Umbras, fatiscentis crepuscula ingeni ?

Facesse, vates ; obsequia tam tenuia
Nec tanta clades postulat nec accipit :
Abi, poëta, quisquis es ; frange calamum,
Frange imparem, malesane : quem tam frigido
Encomio celebras, trucidas, improbe ;
Quod unicum reliquit immite pelagus
Tantâ ex ruinâ, Nomen occidis, mari
Immanior, scopulisque crudelis magis.

Dum quantus et quis ceciderit malè creduli
Hinc æstimabunt posterì, fractus iterum
Ille ad nepotes infimos, et se minor
Descendet ; atque rebus humanis licèt
Ereptus astra teneat, æternæ incola
Serenitatis, sentiet tamen nova
Inusta famæ vulnera, subibit alia
Discrimina, procellis sublesti carminis
Sensim obruetur, et epicedio impari ;

Calamoque quàm tridenti saucius magis
Rursus peribit, versu in omni naufragus.

Sic Justa solvimus? heu fides prisca, et pudor,
Pietasque iniquè sedula! Quid ille meruit,
Fata ut subiret denuò? Asta funeris
Judex, viator, (at nec astare est opus;
Portatile monimentum habes, in quo jacet
Sepultus is, qui nec sepultus nec jacet)
Adsis tamen spectator, et, si durior
Nolis peremptum flere, funus defleas.

Ille, ille, quantus juvenis! heu, quantus senex
Olim futurus! (at futurum hoc transiit)
Kingus obiit; Rex artium, Princeps togæ,
Scholæ imperator, et (quod est omni altius
Regno) suorum affectuum Tyrannus, atque
Animi Monarcha (ditis et lati imperi,
Quò Cæsar aquilas non tulit, nec barbarus

Signa Macedo, victo orbe non compos sui)
 Obiit. Quid ultra postulas? Ut omnia
 Pompâ sepulchrali et dolore perstrepan;
 Geminæ ut Sorores lumina (Ipsæ lumina
 Sexûs sui gentisque) morientis premant;
 Supremum ut hauriant Quaternio nobilis,
 Hiberniæ ornamenta, Fratres halitum;
 Ut roscidis plantæ Sabææ lacrymis
 Singultiens pollinctor admiscens suas,
 Fragranti amomo, thure, myrrhâ, balsamis,
 Dulcique amaraco cadaver frigidum,
 Dudum calentis ingenî exuvias, lutet;
 Affinium ut numerosa nobilium cohors,
 Ut literatorum agmen, ut Academia,
 Ut (quam suorum scripsit hæredem pius)
 Christo domus dicata, (quæ superbiens
 Tam magno Alumno, læta jampridem caput

Inter sorores extulit, nunc squalida
Jacet, sepulta pulvere annosas genas,
Et jam ruinas mœsta meditatur suas)
Ut templa, rostra, parietes, altaria
Pullatum amictum, ac triste cilicium induant ;
Passim ut columnis carmina appensa, et domûs
Affixa fulgeant paternæ insignia ;
Deductio ut solemnis, et lessus sacer,
Rhetorque pallens (præpotentis eloquî,
Quo vivus Ille claruit, frustra æmulus)
Condant sepulchro mortuum ; ut nitens ebur,
Marmor perenne, aut Dædali musivum opus,
Cineres repôstos obtegant ; ut aureis
Epigramma scriptum literis et carmine,
Patriam, parentes, indolem, ætatem, omnia
Narrans, loquatur “ Hîc situm æternâ in domo.”
Hæc sacra sanctis manibus ; sic debuit

Relictus orbis solvere parentalia.
 Atat nec illa Justa ; nec sunt (proh dolor !)
 Soluta, nec solvenda. Tu tanti rea
 Peragenda sceleris, Regibus inimica aqua,
 Fergusianæ cædis olim conscia,
 Quæ navigantes allicis sub vindicis
 Et sospitatoris Georgi nomine ;
 Nunc digna quæ Draconis æternùm audias
 Infame pelagus : Παρθενοκτόνος Thetis,
 Tuâ peremptum cecidit infidâ manu
 Apollini Musisque dilectum caput.
 Nec sat peremisse ; furit insanum mare
 Ultra necem, et terram cadaveri invidens,
 Sepulchri honores, funera, exequias rapit.
 Vos parcite, latices sacri : nil Castalis
 Commeruit, insons unda ; nil vatum cohors :
 Irrigua tellus lacrymis Phœbi suum

Flentis Hyacinthum, folia nomen Regium
Inscripta, ut olim, protulit ; flores dedit
Tuo sacrandos funeri. Hæc Musa impotens,
Majora cùm non possit imbellis lyra,
Dat, Edouarde, Justa virtuti, et Tibi.

IN OBITUM ERUDITISSIMI VIRI

EDVARDI KING,

C. C. SOCI,

IN MARI HIBERNICO SUBMERSI.

ÆQUE secundis æquora fluctibus

Huic si stetissent ac sua Castalis,

Vixisset istis major undis,

Quàm propria Deus Hippocrene.

Quantus vel ipso cæruleis super

Vectus quadrigis isset Hibernico,

Fluctusque mulsisset sub isto

Mitiùs (ah !) genio tumentes !

Talem serenis ire Thetin genis,
 Talesque fuis blanditiis Deas
 Sensurus illic, tale totis
 Littoribus resonare murmur :
 Qualem canenti sæpe sibi Chamum,
 Quales canenti mox stupuit sacro
 Phœbumque Nymphasque æmulanti
 Accinuisse sub amne plausu.
 Eheu ! quid altum, Rex pelagi, fremis ?
 Agnosco vulnus : Fervet adhuc vetus
 Præcordiis bilis sub imis,
 Phœbicolis nimis (heu !) perennis,
 Ex quo, repulsâ cuspide triplici,
 Sub doctiori præsidio novæ
 Crevere Athenæ, Palladosque
 Auspicio viguere turre.
 His ergo frendes, his, Theti ; spumea
 His ira pleno gurgite volvitur :
 Stirpem Minervalem severo
 Sic decuit petiisse bello ?

Vos, ô togatæ invisa cohors Deæ,
 Longè ominosæ monstra voraginis
 Vitate ; nec quisquam solutam
 Ducat in invida regna pinum.
 En vestra vobis sunt juga, sunt aquæ,
 Cynthive vultis terga, vel avia
 Cyrreha : nullis hîc procellis
 Horret atrox scopulisve vortex.
 Nec ipsa quondam tam mala Caspia
 Portenta nôrunt ; sacrilego Notos
 Sprevit volatu dedicatis
 Æsonides tumidus rapinis.
 Huic (en!) comarum huic in prætium suo
 Signatur auro vellus ; at hæc suæ
 Devota jamdudum Minervæ,
 Et patrio sacra dona Phœbo.
 Ergo et nefastis rem spoliis tuam,
 Neptune, ditas ? Ipse suo quoque
 Phœbus timebit mox capillo,
 Nec capitis tibi credet aurum.

Hinc nec stupemus luteolos Tagum
 Crispere fluctus ; vilior aureo
 Gangesve, Pactolusve rivo
 Fonte potest saluisse tanto ?
 Feliciores Hesperio sinus,
 Jactentur Indo : nempe tyrannicis
 Tanto tenetur terra damno
 Annua ferre tributa regnis.
 At olim adulter Dardanius suos
 Securus ignes Idaleæ trabi
 Mandavit, Ægeo fremente,
 Nec Nemesin metuit sequacem.
 Tum vindicantes, tum decuit suo
 Fluctus cieri Tartaro, et improbas
 Mersisse flammæ, sic ruinâ
 Quàm bene sub propriâ premendas !
 Huic puriores ales Amor faces
 In vela flavit : castior halitus
 Huic remiganti pronus alâ
 Carbaseum vegetat volatum.

Suis tumescunt lintea Etesiis,
Suis reguntur, dum patriæ hic pio
 Anhelat ardore intuendæ,
 Quoque potest vocat ore segnes
In vota ventos : Nec patiens moræ,
Dum pleniores navita lentior
 Exposcit Euros, quærit alto
 Mens agilis sua regna nisu.
Illàc tenellus quà genius soli
Natalis urget, quà trahit intimus
 Affectus, arcano tyrannus
 Imperio, solitoque notæ
Tepore cunæ ; quà vocat ocyor
Desiderantis pectoris impetus,
 Fluxusque par fusum canales
 Distrahit in varios amorem.
Hæc unda multo scinditur alveo ;
Quantus propinquâ jam magis Iside
 Thamus calescens uberanti
 Tollit aquas in aprica cursu.

Non mitiori hunc spes vehit orbita.
 Tutis paternas jam putat osculis
 Terras adorari, et cupitos
 Mox oculos levat in Penates.
 FRATERNA primus pectora destinat
 Amplexus : arcto fœdere quàm juvat
 Miscere lauros utriusque
 Palladis ; alteriusque tristes
 Lenire rugas hujus amabili
 Risu liquentes ; ut genio pari
 Utræque nexæ se coronent,
 Alteraque alterius reclinem
 Se fundat ulnis. Quantus Hibernicâ
 Lyrâ sonorus staret Hibernicus
 Mavors in armis, dum arma laurus.
 Ipsa pia sibi pace nectit.
 Vix hinc SORORES, alter amor, trahunt
 Toto ore pronum ; vix trahit inclytæ
 Dilecta cervix MARGARETÆ,
 Inque genis vigilans venustas,

Et quæ serenâ fronte palam micat
 Aperta virtus, viva modestia,
 Non indolem mentita ficto
 Nec genium simulata fuco.
 Salve ; erudito sive sub otio
 Halans, vetusti nomina sæculi
 Miraris, aureisque innocentem
 Moribus ingeniisque prolem :
 Seu te tabellæ picta tenet mora,
 Seu ditiori tela nitens acu ;
 Hæc penicilli dives arte,
 Illa suo pretiosa cultu.
 Nec ipse tantæ meta minor viæ,
 Occurre frontis totius obvio,
 O ELPHINENSIS Præsul, astro.
 Te quoque non humili sagittâ
 Inclamat arcus: sidereos juvat
 Multoque comptos lumine cernere
 Vultus, redundantemque sancto
 Ore Deum. Rapit indè magni

Quondam verendo nomine cognitum
 Pectus CAPELLI. Nempe vel huic honor
 Debetur haud frugalis aræ,
 Numine tam facili calenti.
 Te consecratæ fertilis agmine
 Permissis undæ desuper irrigat ;
 Diviniorque, haud nota priscis,
 Cyrtha tibi reseravit amnes.
 Quæ vis scatebræ non superabili
 Torrente labens ! qui neque desidi
 Captivus algâ, nec tenaci
 Implicitus petit astra limo ;
 Spretoque rumpens fortior obice,
 Suum sublimis quærit Apollinem :
 Sic refluâ primum recurrunt
 In pelagus pietate fontes.
 O hos, ut olim, perpetuùm lubet
 Duxisse fontes, melleque rivulos
 Noto tumentes ! ô beata hoc
 Pocula nectare ! suavitatem

Agnosco priscam, nec mihi simplices
 Feracem in haustus : Hinc et adhuc bibam ;

Æternaque æternum CAPELLI

Ubra me teneant alumnum.

Heu ! quanta leni in somnia credulum
 Spes lætat aurâ ! Quò vaga præpetis

Fert ala voti nescientem,

Elysioque fugace mendax

Ludit sopitum ? Discute nubili

Mox vela somni : ni priùs hunc, velis,

Aut rumpat immanis procella,

Aut alio tetriciore claudat.

Totumne cernis quæ nebulæ tegunt

Repentè cœlum ? quale crepusculum

Incumbit axi ? Nempe tantum

Ad scelus his opus est tenebris.

Neptune, sistas : Nullus Arabicis,

Hic nullus agris Iccius invidet,

Aut Indicum quærit phaselis

Hispanicè sitibundus aurum.

Quin pone rugas : non tua classibus
 Hic terga bello turgidulis premit ;
 Non huic inanis vorticosas
 Cognitio petitur per Alpes.
 Sat novit olim, cùm tacitis suæ
 Claustris Minervæ, quâ faciles dabat
 Tenuis Camœnas cella, cursu
 Liberiore legebat orbem.
 Errore tum mens incolumi vaga
 Rerum profundos irruit in sinus ;
 Majorque lugebat triumphis
 Non alios superesse mundos.
 Quicquid Tonantis fulget in atrio,
 Arcana quicquid viscera Tethyos,
 Fratrisque postremi aula dives
 Circuitu ligat arctiore,
 Claudens capaci pectoris ambitu,
 Aut Universum sedulus alterum
 Attraxit in se, aut ipse docto
 Prodigio ibat in Universa.

Vos talis error, Phœbicolæ, vocet ;
 Vos tutus illîc verset, ubi freta
 Securiori carpat alâ
 Icarus, Icariumque temnat :
 Tutâque librans Zodiaci manu
 Portenta, sacras nec timeat faces
 Candente suffurari ab axe,
 Nec scopulum timeat Prometheus.
 Nimis timendi hîc et scopuli, et freta,
 Et quæ profundî monstra rîgentibus
 Terrore non vano minantur
 Naufragium exitiumque nautis.
 At huic inanes quid facitis metus,
 Sive ipse multâ doctus imagine
 Lusisse, Proteu ; sive Triton
 Tartareo truculente rictu ?
 Frustrâ cupita pellis Hibernia :
 Cœlestis illum jam patriæ decor
 Defixum in ulnas, et flagrantem
 Elevat ad nova vota mentem.

Desideratum tollite in æthera,
 Istique saltem reddite patriæ,
 Fluctus : tumescentesne frustrà
 Tanta sinus levat aura vestros ?
 Quid invidendo, nubila, tegmine
 Jam sustulistis sidereos mei
 Vultus Olympi, Tartaroque
 Mergitis ora negata vestro ?
 Quocunque tristis me rapiat furor,
 Quocunque vortex deprimat, aureæ
 Me notus ignis uret æthræ,
 Tollet et in patrias cupido
 Alata sedes. Xerxea detonent
 Flagella dorso vinclaque Hibernico :
 Livescat ô brumale tergum
 Ære, sonetque pluyente ferro.
 Ergone tuto prædo rapax potest
 Lustrare lembo Balticum, et omnia
 Furtisque, stuprisque, et natanti
 Undique contemerare strage ?

Quid ô Deorum tam citus arbiter
 Auget senatum ? sed nec adhuc loco
 Maturus isto ; aptumque terris
 Eloquium rudè vagit. Illic
 Quis vocem herilis fontem opulentiae
 Bibet fluentem, tam variabilis
 Torrente manantem loquelæ,
 Multiplici ora rigante melle ?
 Hic nempe lenis Gallus, et Italus,
 Blandè liquenti mitior impetu
 Mollesceret ; mox per rigentes
 Gutturis asperior meatus
 Teuto sonaret : Proteiis hinc novus
 Turgente Graiæ tramite copiae
 Exiret ; alto mox Iberum
 Indueret tonitru cothurnum.
 Quid tantus oris condidit abditum
 Nilus sub umbris cæruleis caput ?
 An edocendis hic in altâ
 Piscibus ut comes iret aulâ ?

Curtâ tabellâ sollicitos tenet
Nos pictus orbis : quærimus hâc loca
 Probrosa jacturâ recenti,
 Atque novo freta nota damno.
Orbem (en !) pedalis circuit ambitus ;
Guttâque ponto magna Brittannia
 Secernitur Pygmæo ab orbe.
 Quod nocuit (scelus ô pudendum !)
Vix punctus audit. Deterimus tamen
Quicquid perosi cernimus æquoris,
 Ultricis unguis vindicante
 Supplicio, aut (læviore pœnâ)
Salsis genarum mergimus imbribus.
O mitis irarum et facilis furor !
 Nunquam procellâ tam benignâ
 Flagitium maris eluendum !
Quin mista sculptis lacryma fluctibus
Vivaciores dat sceleris notas,
 Et intuendos tristiori
 Exhibet effigie dolores.

Nam guttularum per vitreum latus
Transmissus horror gurgitis, impetu
Vero videtur fluctuare,
Dum gemitus tumido dat Euros.
Crudelis æstus! non ferimus truces
Vultus ruinæ: tergimus hinc aquas.
Abire lætos ipse lætus
E patrio jubet (ecce!) cœlo.
Abite, fletus. At Tibi lacryma
Cyrrhæ jugosis deflua ripulis
Pompam supremam gemmulato
Ecce parat famulata luctu.
Hærere notis quàm properat genis,
Totumque lentis stringere vinculis,
Ut clausus æterno eruditi
Sub tumulo rutilis electri!

N. FELTON.

II.

DURE nimis, quisquis lacrymis discrimina ponis
Lugendique modum: nullo te prætica lessu,
Nemo tuum funus ferali crine solutus
Plangat; et in vacuâ si quando naufragus orâ
Jactaris vento, nemo squalentia ripis
Ossa legat; mediâ jaceas neglectus arenâ.
Quisnam hîc castiget luctus? In funera planctus
Quos ego suscipiam? quem non causa una canendi,
Non trahit unus amor? quoties (memini) Ille benignam
Porrexit mihi sæpe manum, si fortè recentem
Materiam in Musas dederim! quàm lenè serenus
Riserit, argutos ducens in carmina nutus!
Hei mihi! jam meus occubuit demersus aquosum
Phœbus in Oceanum, nunquam exhibiturus apertos
Ore mihi radios, solitasque in carmine vires.
Ut tentem tamen usque licet; neque funditus omnem

Solis ab excessu dejeci mente calorem ;
 Sed veluti vitreâ siquando inclusa sub undâ
 Gemma latet, micat usque tamen, fragilemque nitorem
 Et tremulum jaculata decus ; post funera dulces
 Reliquias animæ spiro, procul ore calorem
 Usque lego, et veteris servo vestigia flammæ.
 Tu qui cæruleis incingis littora vittis,
 Oceanus pater, audaci tu tale dedisti
 Imperium pelago, sic, quod commisimus, ingens
 Depositum hauriri rapidisque immergier undis ?
 Dii superi ! *quæ te lymphæ, quæve unda piabit !*
Ipsæ undæ, atque ipsæ meruere piacula lymphæ.
 Exosi nimiùm fluctus ! non *optima lympa* ;
 Pindare, jam saperet tua : tristem quisque mephitim,
 Et Phlegethonteam mallet gustare paludem.
 O si te premerent æterna silentia Lethes,
 Aut pulsare alio didicisses pollice chordam,
 Et titulo meliore legi ! Natura creatrix
 Ipsa dolet quòd fecit Aquam ; rursumque subiret
 Quàm Phaëthontææ gaudens incendia flammæ,

Sic saltem (cùm non capiant hæc funera bustum)
 Scilicet inventura rogum ! Jam mœsta dolensque
 Post hanc jacturam, incepit dubitare futurum
 Exitium mundi, et totum nè corruat ævum,
 Neve undis, cùm nil ignes potuere, periret :
 Diffiditque sibi, nè cùm non provida tantum
 Perdiderit specimen, posthac fabricaret inertem
 Degeneremque operam ; tentamentumque sequentis
 Artis in ignavæ solvatur frustula formæ.
 Tanti erat interitus ! Tu fato ditior isto,
 Et jam non Tellure minor, nunc gurgite, Nereu,
 Altiùs insurgas, tumidisque superbiùs undis.
 Tandem majorem te Tellus victa fatetur :
 Sed fato, non forte datum est. Da, cærule Nereu ;
 Digneris Terræ tantâ pro dote pacisci,
 Ut saltem inveniat lacrymosum ex æquore marmor.
 O ibi securus jaceat, neque terreat ossa
 Scylla frequens ! Quoties aderit revolubilis annus,
 Musa novam tumulo canet indefessa querelam,
 Tam pia cùm videat solennia vota quotannis,

Nuncius Auster erit. Nunc hæc libamina, manes,
Hæc vobis, sed parva fero : Neque flumina tantùm
In mare labuntur ; tenui fluit amnis arenâ.

R. MASON.

III.

MERCATOR fragili Ligur carinâ
Potest gemmiferum videre Gangem,
Atque alt'ro latitans sub orbe sidus,
Australi rutilum polo Canopum ;
Mox Indo rediens onustus auro,
Securus patrio locat reductas
Merces littore ; nauta clamat omnis,
Emant cinnama purpuramque cives :
Tutus per mare prædo Maurus errans
Ventorum laqueum Deo minatur,
Scyllæ et præteriens sonantis ora,
Tuta Afro sua furta condit antro,
Successu intrepidus subinde Hibernas
Nigro milite territurus oras :
Nos certè miserabilis togata
Gens, dum visimus interim penates,

Divisamve brevi freto Sororem
 Marito modò nobili locatam,
 Absorpti patriis perimus undis.
 Sic, ô sic periit decus chorique
 Nostri gloria magna literati,
 Quà Deva tribuit maris potenti
 Vectigalis aquas Deo, vagoque
 Fluctu mœnia Cestriæ flagellat,
 Amnis æmulus inclytæ Sabrinæ.
 Hîc multis patet ostium carinis
 Adventantibus exeuntibusque ;
 Hoc fido malè primus ille portu
 Scandit arboris improbæ phaselum,
 Cum parvi modò sarcinâ libelli,
 Jucundi comitis periculosæ
 Viæ. Sed malus insciusque Vector
 Grandis depositi, ratem latent
 Infixit scopulo, subinde toto
 Invasam Nereo ; virente cujus
 Sinu jam latet ille tristis umbra ;

Solus naufragii unicusque gaza
 Nullo mersa resarcienda lucro.
 Talis Persica non natabat olim
 Passim per mare Cycladasque sparsa,
 Certatim Euboïcis legenda nautis :
 Talem non vehit ulla, non Ibera
 Auro classis onusta Mexicano,
 Expugnanda rebellibus Batavis.
 Vector, redde virum, scelestè Vector.
 O dignum mare compedes patique
 Rursus vincula Persici tyranni !
 Exaudi mea vota, bruma, septem
 Potentes quoque frigoris triones :
 Istum, postulo, gurgitem profundum,
 Sub prædâque recente adhuc hiantem,
 Ut mox perpetuo gelu coacta
 Astringat glacies, et alba nigrum
 Locum marmore pensili coronet.
 Cui tu, Phœbe, calor et diei
 Noster lucidus autor arbiterque,

Unicam modò (cæteras coërce)
Notam cuspide virgulam decora
Effundens, radio micante sculpe
Nomen et meritum Viri, parentes,
Patriam, miseræ modumque mortis ;
Ut saltem jaceat sub hoc celebris,
Dignus vel Cario tegi sepulchro.
Verùm te tamen, ô sacer libelle,
Infausti domini comes libelle,
Volunt fata superstitem periclo.
Te piscis gelida vorabit alvo
Tui sedulus anxiusque custos,
Et, ni mens malè vatis ominatur,
Per Chami virides natans lacertos
Nostris his iterum vomet sub oris :
Tum plebs gestiet universa monstrum
Circumfusa novum videre ; tumque
Udas volvere paginas licebit,
Tuas marginis et notare labes,
Quam passim pia gutta lacrymantis

**Fœdârat domini : tuæque fronti
Divinam ejus imaginem imprimemus,
Munus nobile Cæsari dicandum.**

JOH. PULLEN.

IV.

Θαύμασδον μάλ' ἐγώνγ', οὐδ' ἔτι θάμβευς ἐπιλήθομαι,
 Ὡς νῦν δακρυόεσσάν τ' ἐρεβεννᾷ τε κεκρυμμέναν
 Παντῶς ἀέρι τὰν γαῖαν ἴδον Παλλάδος Ἀθανάας·
 Θαύμασδον δ', ἐρέεινόν τε· καὶ εἶπεσκέ μοι ὦδέ τις,
 Οἷμοι· Τάνδ' ἐρατεινάν τε φατεινάν τε καὶ ἀγλαὰν
 Τῆνος εἰσιδέειν θῆκ' ἔτι ζωοῖσ' ἐναρίθμιος.
 Αὐτὰρ ὥχετο, πρὰν ὥχετο μὰν τῆν' ἱερὸν φάος,
 Μωσᾶν ἱμεροφώνων στόμα, κῦδος προφερέστατον
 Φωνᾶν, τᾶς ἀγίας Θυμβριάδος τ', ἔξοχά θ' Ἑλλάδος·
 Τὰν αἰνῶς φιλέεσκ', ὥκ' ἐπὶ τᾶς τὸ πλεόν ἴκετο,
 Ὡστ' Ἀριστοτέλει μιν παρισσώμεναι, ὥστε μιν
 Ξύμπαντας ἐσορᾶν ὡς τὸν ἀοιδὸν τὸν Ιᾶονα.
 Τὼς γὰρ οἰετίας πολλὰ παρήλυθε καὶ ἄλικας.
 Οὗτος δ' ἥλιος ὡς δύνε θαλάσσας ὑπὸ κύματα
 Αἶψ' ἐπῆνθε κνέφας, καὶ σκιοώμεθα νεώτεροι
 Ὑμμες παῖδες Ἀπόλλωνος, ἕκαστοι ποτιδέγμενοι

Νόστον ἀελίῳ μίμνομες, εἰ τάχ' ἀναδύσσεται.
 Ὡς φᾶ. Τᾶνος ἐγών· Δάκρυα δ' ὦ ἄνθρωπε, σ' ἐτώσια
 Τῷ γε πάντα ρέοντ'· οὐκέτι νόστος πάλιν ἔσσεται.
 Οἱ θηησάμενοι σιγαλόεντ' ἀνδρὸς ἐπὶ χθόνα
 Δῶρα, οἰχομένῳ εἵποκα λασεῦνθ' ὑπὸ θ' ὕδατα,
 Λῶβα ἔσσομένοις ταῦτα πυθέσθαι μέγ' ἀεικέα.
 Τὰν οὖν, Μῶσα, τεῷ πῆμα φίλῳ κόπτε Χαρύβδιος
 Πέτραν, ταῖσι θυέλλαις ἀνέμων μέγ' ἐπιμέμφεο,
 Καὶ τὰ κύματα νείκειε, θάλασσαν καὶ ἀμύνεο,
 Ἄ Ἀργὼ συνάραξ' ἀμέτερόν τ' ὤλεσ' Ἰήσωνα.
 Φωνὰν Δωρὶς ἔσῃ· Δωρίδος ἀνδᾶς ὅδ' ἐράσσατο.

GUIL. IVESON.

V.

Tuta peregrinis sospesque virescit ab armis,
Nec timet externam terra Brittanna manum ;
Ambitus æquorei quippe irremeabilis alvei
Difficiles aditus ambiguosque dedit :
Dum brevia, et Syrtes, medioque latentia ponto
Terrent ignotas naufraga saxa rates.
Dii maris hoc, summæ quibus est hæc insula curæ,
Indulgent nostro præsidium imperio.
Heu ! tamen his periit queis nos servamur in undis,
Gloria Cantabrici non reparanda chori.
Mitte malè impensas posthac persolvere grates
Numinibus duris, terra Brittanna, maris.
Non hoc præsidium, non sunt ea munera tanti,
Nec placet hac nobis conditione Salus.

JO. PEARSON.

VI.

ERGO obis, et nostras nunquam rediturus ad oras
Fata indigna subis? Tene ergò lacessere fluctus,
Te ferus immiti potuit Neptunus hiatu
Haurire, et sacras tecum raptare carinas?
O superi! quæ vos pietas cultusve movebit?
Sic sanctos aris compensant Numina fumos,
Thuraque, et heu mœsti sic curant vota Lycei?
Quid verò superos, quid fata fatigo querelis?
Nam faciles sacra umbra deos, et Numina ponti
Experta est satîs æqua sibi, mitesque fuerunt
Hippotadæ famuli. Sed non periisse putate
Delitias ævi: nec enim potuere liquores
Rara tot æternæ disperdere pignora mentis.

Cùm stetit in patriis exultans pinus arenis,
Ipsa Salus metuit, cunctæ metuere Camœnæ,
Passaque sollicitos cum Famâ Pallas amores,

Multa salutifero libârunt vota Tridenti.
 Mox ubi deserto discessit littore puppis,
 O quàm lascivo porrexit brachia motu,
 Et crystallineo gremium repolivit amictu
 Tethys! quàm blandi spirabant murmuris auræ,
 Lætaque mobilibus verrebant marmora flabris!
 O quàm festivis mulcebat cantibus Austrum
 Cymothoë virides percurrens pectine crines!
 Quàm Phorci Glaucique cohors, et amœna petulcæ
 Agmina Nereïdes, pondus mirata carinæ,
 Uda Pherecleo posuerunt oscula ligno.

Mitia jucundum sulcabat cærula rostrum,
 Et subridentûm trudebat vela Notorum
 Turba juvans. O quàm felici sidere fratres
 Œbalii micuere Dei! Nunc æquora rari
 Senserunt oneris pretium, cupiuntque potiri.
 Nil tanti dorso gestas, qui templa Tonantis
 Astraque fers humeris. Ardet jam Tethys; et imos
 Felicesque ratis tentat lustrare recessus:
 Jam puppim ferit; et laxis compagibus omnis

Cepit rima Deam. Videt hunc, Phœbumque putavit :
 Sic etenim fulvo crispatos vellere crines
 Vidit, et intonsas tali lanugine malas.
 Protinus accedit metuens, refluoque meatu
 Lambit prona pedes ; mox totis irruit undis,
 Et rapit ad proprias avidis amplexibus aulas,
 Donec regales tandem subiere Mæandros
 Neptunique lares, quæ se alta palatia Nerei,
 Æquoreisque patent penetralia regia valvis.

Cede tuis fatis, superûm haud mortalis alumne :

I, cole cæruleas Tritonum jussus abyssos,
 Et freta divinas discant Hyperionis artes.
 Instrue Sirenas, et flecte lepore Cyclopas ;
 Doctaque saxosos emolliat aura Charybdis
 Foetus, et liquidos vincat facundia divos.
 Sic montes et monstra tulit Rhodopeïus Orpheus,
 Traxit et ad lyricos Plutonia regna canores.
 Felices nimiùm vitreæ, gens cærulea, nymphæ
 Naïdes, Oceani quæ festinatis ad undas ;
 Vos qui dilectam complecti poscitis umbram,

Sacratamque Diis animam, manesque disertos ;
Flete, et inexhaustos deducant lumina rivos :
Semper flete, pios totique liquamini in amnes,
Quælibet ad primum refluit dum lympha profundum.
Tantaque dum æquoreos nunc erudit umbra Penates,
Nec vos mutatas posuisse optabitis undas :
Namque ibi Palladias dum promit pectore gazas,
Vel Siculæ rupes superabunt Phocidos arcem,
Et vada Pieriis præstabunt salsa fluentis.

R. BROWN.

VII.

QUISQUIS es, invictum cui circum pectora robur
Constat, et haud timido corda tremore quatit,
Tu solùm tutò nostros meditere dolores,
Et, mala ni fuerit mens, meditere tuos.
Tu poteris fixus malefidi in littore Deii
Audire et sontis temnere murmur aquæ ;
Seu murmur fuerit, seu jam suspiria : tanti
Forsan aquæ sceleris pœnituisse queant.
Fortè suas scopulo fatali ulciscitur undas,
Fractaque jam justus flumina Deius agit.
Tu miseræ spectes fluitantia fragmina cymbæ,
Sedibus (ah !) mirè dissociata suis.
Prora domum repetit, puppis festinat in altum,
Sparsaque diversis vela feruntur aquis.
Littoribus totis adsunt monumenta ruinæ,
Et navis portus unica mille subit.
Fluctibus è saturis transjecta cadavera cernas,

Et nimis in tumulos et malè lota suos.
 Aspicias charum hoc corpus, simul ora jacentis
 Rorabis lacrymis jam satìs uda tuis.
 Hæc nuper dominæ Rationi fida ministra,
 Hæc consummatæ mentis adulta domus.
 Hæc manus assiduo versare volumina nisu,
 Illa repromendo lecta notare libro;
 Utraque ad optatos sese protendere cœlos,
 Utraque munificæ nectere mentis opus.
 Hoc caput ô quanto turgebat Apolline! quàm non
 Contentum cunctis artibus esse velit!
 Lingua hæc confectis violento melle catenis
 Quot rapuit, quovis sic cupiente rapi!
 His fidæ in fibris caluere altaria flammæ,
 Dum sanctus duplici fervet amore focus:
 Primus amor propriam lambit sua sidera sphæram,
 Alter amicitiae maxima sacra facit.

 Tu sic cantabis; dum nostris artibus horror
 Ingruit, et clausum vocibus hæret iter.

J. B.

VIII.

Ποῖον θάμβος ἔχει τρομερὸν κέαρ, ὥστε κεραυνῶ
 Αἰφνιδίως διαπληκτόν; ἔμοι σφρηγίσσατο γλῶσσαν
 Ἐμβύθιον πένθος, καὶ δεινοὶ ῥήματα θρῆνοι
 Ἄρνοῦνται. Ἱεραὶ οὖν πηγαὶ δάκρυσι Μουσῶν
 Ὅγκώδεις ὑγροῖσι τὸν αὐτοῦ ἐς τάφον αὐλὴν
 Ῥεῖτε Ποσειδάωνος ἐρυγμαίνουσαι ἀνίαν
 Παντῇ ἐμήν· παραΐσσουσαί τ' ἀνεγείρετε Νύμφας
 Ἄλση ναιούσας, καὶ εὐπτερα τέκνα γενέθλης
 Ἡερίης μὲν ὁμῶς, ἐπικηδείας ἀναπέμπειν
 Μολπᾶς. Ἄλλ' ἐφ' ὅτῳ ὑμᾶς ἀνόητος ὀτρύνω
 Ταῦτα ματαίως; Ὠκυρόεις ἀνακάμπτετ', ἀχρήστους
 Μὴ ἐκβάλλουσαι τρυσμούς· Ὑμεῖς δ' Ἑλικῶνος
 Λευγαλαίαις ὀδύναις νῦν παφλάζουσαι, ἀάζειν
 Βυσσόθεν οἰμωγὴν ἀπολείπετ', ἥ ἄλγεσι θυμοῦς
 Κυμαίνοντας ἔτι μαστίζειν· οὐ γὰρ ἰάπτειν
 Εἰναλίοιο θεοῦ δύνατο τριβελεῖς δόρυ ταύτην

Ὑμετέραν δάφνην, ἥς πάμφαγον ἔγχος Ὀλύμπου
 Ἄπτεσθαι δείδει, ἥ χλωροῖσιν κομόωσα
 Ἀϊδίοις κλάδοισι θαλεῖ. Οὐ τόνδε κλόπασε
 Μαργαρίτην πολύτιμον ἀμετρήτοιο θέμεθλον
 Ἐνδομυχοῦν πόντου· ὕψιστος δ' αὐτόθ' ἔθηκεν
 Οὐρανίδων Βασιλεὺς, ὅφρ' οὐκ ἔτι λύματι γαίης
 Κοικωνῇ ρυπόων· οὐ μέν τοι γ' ἡερόεντι
 Κρύπτεται ἐν ζόφῳ, αὐτὰρ αἰὲν ἔνδοξον ἰάλλει
 Μαρμαρυγὴν ὥσπερ λαμπρὸν φάος ἡέλιοιο.

Jo. POTS.

IX.

PURPUREIS veluti puppis, quæ turgida velis,
Cui Paphos aut celsis decrêrant Ismara sylvis,
Et tumidâ spe plena suis jam regnat in undis,
Dum cupit auratam Triton contingere proram,
Nereïdumque chorus, votorum spiritus implet
Lintea, divitiasque Arabum spe præcipit omnes ;
Non fert hoc Nemesis, conflagunt turbine venti,
Alta tument, pictosque deos adverberat unda :
Et, longum quam struxit opus, ratis æquore lato
Spargitur, aut scopulo miserè lacerata recumbit.
Sic periit modò, quem propiùs sibi junxit Apollo
Musarumque chorus, qui nuper carbasa latè
Sustulit ingenti famæ turgentia vento,
Oceanumque vagum naturæ transiit, ultra
Herculeosque sinus Atlanteosque recessus,
Hesperidum visit, quos ditat fabula, ramos,

Heliadum et lacrymas, quibus est dignissimus: ipsas
Tam bene non meruit, præceps qui lapsus in amnem
Eridanum rutilos flammâ populante capillos.
Sic rosa, sic prati fuerat quæ gloria, mersum
Deprimit imbre caput; sic felicissima terræ
Quæ seges, heu gravidis nimiùm procumbit aristis.

CAR. MASON.

X.

HEU ! quid malignis pontus inhorruit
Suspensus undis ! quid mare perfidum
Ventusque conspiravit in te,
Te, decus, ô Edoarde, nostrum !
Fluctus pudendi scilicet obruant
Tot literarum præmia ; scilicet
Tot noctium (proh !) tot dierum
Nox simul una premat labores !
Piscesque muti in viscera devorent
Linguam Latini mellis et Attici
Stillante plenam suavitate,
Ah, tumulto meliore dignam !
Delphinus æquor nullus Hibernicum,
Credo, pererrat : Nempe fidicinem
Dorso Methymnæum repando
Piscis amans hominum subivit,

Tutumque arenâ deposuit suâ.
 Quid mille nervos, aut quid Arionas
 Dicemus? unus, unus iste,
 Iste lyras superavit omnes.
 Infida pinus, navis inhospita
 Cur ô dehiscit? cur latus impium
 Admisit undam? tutiora
 Promeruit sibi ligna vector.
 Non ille cædis, non abiit reus
 Furti, nec hostis vim patriæ tulit,
 Ut legis hinc ereptus irâ
 Vindice naufragio periret.
 Sincerus (eheu!) pectoris, integer
 Vitæ recessit: nil oneris mali
 Ratem gravabat; nil ab illo
 Aut sceleris fuit aut pericli.
 Infame littus! te rabidum mare
 Fractis solebat plangere fluctibus:
 Nunc planget illum, quem tremendis
 Faucibus in sua regna sorpsit.

COKE.

XI.

QUÆ tibi tanta fides, quæ (Cæsar) pectora, quando
 Horruit insano gurgite cana Thetis ?
 Palluit in cymbâ, qui tristia sidera nôrat,
 Portitor, et dubias sollicitârat aquas ;
 Ille trucis Boreæ metuebat flabra : sed, inquis,
 Cæsaris et portas fata timenda salo.
 Hic quoque Cæsar erat, sed qualis Scaliger ; artis
 Sceptriger, et meruit nomen habere Dei.
 Hei mihi ! quàm timui, genero nè cærula tanto
 Regna superba forent, Nereïdumque domus !
 Si tanti constet fieri te Numen, ut undis
 Imperites, capias has quoque Numen aquas ;
 Has lacrymas fletusque meos. Non fida fuerunt
 Æquora, non nostri Cæsaris alta ratis.
 Fortunas non, Kinge, tuas, sed et æquora nostras
 Abripiunt, dum te sic tua fata ferunt.

STEPH. ANSTIE.

XII.

QUAM pulchra nostro stella delapsa est polo,
Cujus coruscum luce non humili jubar
Usque ad remotas orbis emicuit plagas !
Undis sepultus Phosphorus noster jacet,
Et nos tenebris gemimus extinctam facem.
Quis temperare à lacrymis meritò potest,
Lugubrem amicâ mente qui volvit necem,
Tantamque cladem ? Sensimus fato tuo
Commune damnum patriæ (charum caput)
Reique literariæ dispendium.
Quamvis peristi naufragus, tota est tamen
Jactura nostra : strage concidimus pari,
Qui lacrymarum flumine obruimur pio.
Dixi, peristi ? Vivis Elysiis plagis,
Pretiosa superis anima, delictum poli.
Vitabit Orci fata pars melior tui,

Nec cedit atris ingeni proles aquis
 Lethes : serenus igneae mentis vigor
 Nullo furore fluctuum extingui potest.
 Liquisti amoenam memoriam nepotibus,
 Nihilque, quod non et sapit doctum et pium.
 Caduca talis hortuli Venus, Rosa
 Regina florum, pulchra virgineis comis,
 Jam rore praegnans, gemmulis coeli gravis ;
 Violenta quam vel pollice ingrato manus,
 Vel grandinantis saxeus coeli furor
 Decerpsit, antequam suum explicuit decus,
 Plenamque mundo gloriam expansam dedit.
 Quamvis venustum purpurae amittat jubar,
 Et indecoro pulvere obliquet caput,
 Attamen odoros fundit è sinu globos,
 Fragrantiores spargit et nimbos sui.
 Quid ille meruit cereis pennis avem
 Mentitus, infortunii faber sui ?
 At nomen undis antea ignotis dedit.
 Quid ille meruit sortis ignarus suae,



Currus paternos improba frænans manu ?
 An non temeritatis malas pœnas tulit ?
 At hunc electro virginum plorat Trias.
 Quid ille tandem, dente lunato ferox
 Quem vulnerabat prædo sylvarum, et rapax
 Nemorum tyrannus sordido frendens specu ?
 At hunc dolore et lacrymis plangit Venus.
 Solenniores postulat threnodias
 Hic ille noster. Quos pios lessus canam ?
 Hunc transmarini grata dulcedo soli,
 Amorque rapuit patriæ, cùm in limine
 Exæstuantis cecidit immersus sali.
 Imparca Fata ! ferreas leges Stygis,
 Quàm nulla pietas flectere aut artes valent !
 At nunc beata patria gaudet frui,
 Æternitatis aureâ ornatus stolâ.
 Qualem sacrato funeri statuam struem !
 Monumenta condam ? Saxa Mausoli ruunt ;
 Ruunt colossi ; mole succumbit suâ
 Acuminato pyramis fastigio,

Et vix ruina restat ; hæc miracula
Rapit vetustas, ipsa consumptrix suâ.
Meliora doctis manibus, cineris tui
Perenniores memoriæ lauros dicat
Mœrens Thalia, carminum trophæaque
Æterna statuit : Musa te vetat mori.
Systema periit artium, scientiæ
Omnis patronus cultor idemque optimus.
Exhausit omnem fontis Aganippes penum,
Et tortuosis nexibus philosophiam.
Anfractuoso gurgite absorptus senex,
Quem magna latuit causa refluxûs maris,
Si te tuamque calluisset ingeni
Subtilitatem, nôsset et acumen tuum,
Non hæsitantem ceperat fluctus sophum.
Quid te, tridentis rector æquorei, et maris
Monarcha vasti, movit ad tantum malum,
Ut invideres pignori terris dato ?
Metuisne Athenis Palladis victoriam,
Oleamque doctam mente perpendis tuâ,

Quòd unionem hunc conditum sinu tenes,
Præstantiori non ratus prædâ frui
Te posse? Fateor; esto. Sed Pallas suum
Pro derelicto non habebit militem:
Suum requirit, jure doctrinæ suum
Jactans alumnum, rore quem docto imbuit.
Inesse quicquid mente solerti solet,
Latere quicquid mente generosâ potest,
In arce fixit pectoris sui pedem.
Quem tanta tamque clara decorârunt bona,
Maturus obiit regiæ cœli. Parem
Natura nobis nec dedit, dare nec potest.

JO. HOPER.

XIII.

IN liquido horrentis tumulati marmore ponti
Hoc solidum marmor nomen inane capit.
Sed nec inane tamen : dum stat modò pontus et æther,
Flumina dum Chami leniùs ipsa meant ;
Et fluvius placidè surrepentì agmine lapsus
Exprobrat ipse fretis invidiamque facit.
Infelix, quid agis ? quid tecum Heliconæ remisces ?
Casta quid in salsis fluctibus unda perit ?
Alpheum poteras facili transmittere ductu,
Nec magis hinc rivos polluit ille suos.
Ipse negabo meas posthac tibi ducere lymphas :
Ah ! scelus unda tuum nulla piare potest.
Nil agis, ô demens : non primùm hic æquore mersus
Est sophiæ princeps ; sed neque mersus erit :
Æternum Aoniis nomen superenatat undis,
Murmur aquæ titulos bulliet usquè meæ.

Mota quidem est Thetis, et damnum sua crimina flevit,
Fluxit et in guttas noxia petra suas.
Frustra ; namque virum evexit super æthera virtus :
Credite, naufragium nesciit illa pati.
Suspensâque Deo mens est elapsa tabellâ,
Corporis et laceram despicit inde ratem ;
Et sedet in portu, sanctoque armata sereno
Tranquillum æterno lumine nacta diem est.
Ite leves undæ, et nequicquam sæva procella,
Et bene vexati gratior ira maris.
Vela dabat cœlo ; liquidam facit unda curulem,
Quâ jam tacturum sidera summa vehit.

R. C.

XIV.

Τὴν τῆς φθορᾶς πηγὴν ἐναντιότητά μοι
 Ἐκ πολλοῦ ἤδη ἔδειξεν ὁ φιλόσοφος λόγος,
 Ὡστ' αἰτίαν εἰδότα σαφῶς τῆς δυστυχίας
 Οὐδέν με ἐκπλήξαι τὸ γεγονὸς οὐδαμῶς.
 Τί γὰρ τὸ θαῦμα, εἴ ποτ' ἐμπεσὼν πυρὶ
 Λύχνου φεραυγεῖ ἀφάνισεν τὸ χαροπὸν φάος.
 Ὑγρὸς σταλαγμός; νῦν δὲ τὴν ἱερὰν φλόγα,
 Τηλοπὸν αἵγλην τῆς Ἀθηνῶν λαμπάδος,
 Ἐσβεσσε, ἀφάνισεν τὰ πολύθροα κύματα
 Ἀλμης Ἰερνίδος ὥλεσεν τὸ νεανίου
 Τὸ ἀμενὲς πόντου ἀμείλιχος ἀγριότης,
 Νέκταρ σταλάζειν χεῖλεά ποτ' εἰωθότα
 Στύφει θαλάσσης ἀλμυρὸν, καὶ πικρὸν ὕδωρ
 Ἀγνὸν μαιίνει σῶμα. Τῆς Κυπρίδος θεᾶς
 Πατὴρ βδελυκτὸς τῆς ἀγαιομένης ἁλὸς
 Ἀφρὸς ὁ ἀπόπτυστος, ἰδοὺ ὡς χειμάζεται

Ψυχῆς βεβαίας ἄρτι ὁ Ζάθεος νεώς.
 Ἀρετὰς τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐξαριθμεῖν προυθέμην·
 Βύζει δὲ στόμα τοῦ πράγματος τὸ ὑπερφυῆς,
 Ὡσανεὶ ἄπειρος ἐπικυλινδόμενος ῥόος
 Ὀγκώδεος πελάγους. Ὅμως δ' οὐ δυσφορῶ,
 Τῷ τεθεῶτι ταυτά πως κ' αὐτὸς παθῶν.

H. MORE.

IN OBITUM PRÆSTANTISSIMI DOCTISSIMIQUE VIRI

EDVARDI KING,

ALUMNI QUONDAM MEI CHARISSIMI.

STULTUS trecentas ingerit plagas freto,
Et nectit arctas compedes maris Deo,
Impius in Austros arma Psyllorum movet,
Quicunque summi Numinis legi obstrepit.
Gestare silices Stoici cordis tamen
Arguerer, et adamanta duri pectoris,
Me nisi moveret cladis acceptæ dolor :
Qui fræna justus poscit immitti sibi ;
Si non abominarer Austros, et fretum,
Scopulos, ratem, improbumque rectorem ratis,
Cujus scelere juvenis spei ingentis meus
Periit alumnus morte acerbâ, ingloriâ.

Sed non periit à gloriâ et vitâ simul :
 Namque illum alumni Phœbi et Aonidum chorus
 Clarant, Lycei mystæ et Academi cohors,
 Virtutis, artium, scientiæ, piæ
 Mentisque testes ; famam ab Orco vindicant,
 Portant ad astra nomen, et cœlo beant.

Dudum beatam qui dederat animam Deus,
 Cœlo recepit carcere emissam nigro
 Corporis, et addidit novum stellis decus.

Lessus inanes mittite ergo et nœnias :
 Virtute cassos impii et stulti fleant :
 Lugere felices nefas est et furor.
 Vel sic relicto vos salutem dicite,
 Salve, beate *Rex*, et æternùm vale.

THOM. FARNABIUS.

IN IMMATURUM OBITUM

EDVARDI KING,

FRATRIS SUI CHARISSIMI.

SÆPE quidem metui cui longum sicca dolori
Servassent tacitos lacrymarum lumina fontes.
Huc ver continuum duxi, sine nube serenos
Exegi soles, et nullum dulcia fatum
Intempestivo violavit gaudia luctu :
At nunc in mœstos transivit scena cothurnos ;
Tristis hyems, et perpetuo nox plena dolore
Irrupit, subitque rapax violentia fati
Insolitum sævo stupefecit vulnere pectus.
Jam tandem, frater, tibi vitrea claustra reclusi,
Fœcundumque penu jam stagna recondita laxat.
Accipe perpetuum à nostris vectigal ocellis,

Dum caput irriguum funebri rore madebit,
 Et poterit frangi in singultus spiritus ægros.
 Hoc amor, hoc pietas vovit. Non dura perusti
 Heliades tantùm fleverunt funera fratris,
 Aut nati Andromache Phrygiâ de turre ruinam :
 Rupibus exhaustis citiùs Sipyleïa mater
 Arebit ; fletusque Hyadas certamine vincam.

Te salvo, fratrum vix movit quarta meorum
 Jactura, et leviùs cruciârunt bina parentum
 Funera : pensabas partim dispendia tanta,
 Et fueras orbo solamen dulce superstes.
 Te consanguineo, regnum sine lite quietum
 Cessisset propriasque vices Cadmeïus hæres.
 Arsisset tecum potiùs distinguere cœlum
 Œbalius frater, pretiosaque dona Deorum
 Æternamque tibi consorti scindere vitam.
 Tam placidi mores, et nunquam torva superbi
 Bruma supercilii, et lenis constantia vultûs.
 Ast (heu !) quàm dubio rerum convolvimur æstu !
 Cuncta vices subeunt cæcas, radiique rotarum

Volvuntur, pensumque suum Fortuna retexit.
 Scilicet (heu !) periit decus et spes unica nostri
 Nominis, obscuræque suo nos prodidit umbræ
 Occasu, nondum maturis integer annis,
 Dùmque suum premeret prona expectatio florem,
 Extremus fati timor, ac injuria summa.

Qualis, victrici nuper dum fulminat ense
 Cæsareas inter turmas, Martisque procellas
 Ingeminans propriis Aquilas exterret ab arvis,
Gustavus sævo fortè interceptus ab ictu
 Concidit, et bellum interruptum morte reliquit :
 Statim vota silent, et spes sublabitur omnis,
 Fervidaque attoniti stupet expectatio mundi,
 Sensit ubi ad qualem steterat victoria metam :
 Heu ! talis cecidit mediis in plausibus Ille,
 Ornamentum ingens patriæ, gentisque togatæ
 Deliciæ, magnis ætas dum prima laborat
 Promissis, prelumque suis inhiaret avarè
 Primitiis, peteretque caput Respublica tantum.
 Sic labor agricolæ violento sternitur imbre,

Vernaque sic Libycis afflantur germina ventis.
Nempe potestatem solet ostentare superba
Mors, et majores dant funera magna triumphos.
Stringitur in quercus vicinaque culmina fulmen ;
Et venatoris jaculo cadit ardua cervix.
Cùm diffusa lues, aut inclementia belli,
Aut funesta fames plebeiis stragibus orbem
Fœdârit, tellus tantùm relevatur inertì
Pondere, jacturamque suam natura salubrem
Agnoscit, nec se fœcem amisisse gravatur ;
Abstersoque nitent cœno feliciùs urbes.
Quòd si quis magnus pacis vel Martis alumnus,
Aut sceptro clarus fato succumbat iniquo ;
Integra totius quassatur machina mundi,
Et trepido motu rerum confunditur ordo ;
Fama volat, mœstisque omnes rumoribus aures
Contristat, lacrymas passim lamentaque spargens.
Sic ubi fraterna totos intercipit ignes
Luna facis, terramque inopinis implicat umbris,
Abrumpitque diem medium, plùs commovet orbem,

Quàm si cœlestis restincta plebe catervæ
 Æternùm informes ageret nox orba tenebras.
 O quantis tibi magni, Academia Mater, Alumni
 Lugendum est lacrymis damnum ! Nunc laurea sarta
 Exue, funereamque tibi connecte cupressum.
 Ah ! quoties illum Pericleo fulmine rostra
 Quassantem, et dulci fundentem nectar ab ore,
 Vocibus excepit circumsona turba secundis !
 Quantos injiciens captivo retia vero,
 Cæcaque subtilis solvens ænigmata Sphingis,
 Cecropiæque domûs adytum et penetrale Lycei
 Pandens, victrici contraxerit arte triumphos !
 Jam verò sileant plausus et blanda favoris
 Murmura : complorent Artes, tristesque Camœnæ
 Castalias superent lacrymarum gurgite ripas.
 Palladis ille pugil, flos ornatissimus horti
 Pierii, stupor ille togæ et pretiosa voluptas
 Præripitur, tacitâque jacet nunc obrutus umbrâ.
 Infelix juvenis ! certè tibi fata seniles
 Annumerare dies, nec spes deludere nostras

Debebant, saltem vel lethum mite dedisse,
 Humanoque tuos cineres donâsse sepulchro.
 Hæc mores, hæc commeruit sibi præmia virtus :
 Quæ si labentis vitæ producere filum
 Posset, et effœtis membris revocare juventam,
 Secula Cumææ vatis Pyliamque senectam,
 Et Pharii volucris poteras transcendere bustum,
 Atque peregrinum cursu prævertere solem.

Sed cur incassum querimur, dum fata querelis
 Lætentur, lacrymasque bibant pro nectare nostras ?
 Hinc nostrum damnum : nam festinantiùs urget
 Parca viros magnos : propriam putat esse senectæ
 Virtutem ; longamque satîs, si sit proba, vitam.
 Sic modò crediderat fatali peste doloris
 Innumeras cædes hâc unâ clade dedisse.
 Illum igitur (proh triste nefas !) absorpsit in undis
 Arctois, terræ spoliûm, pretiumque profundi.

Dignior ille fuit sub mole jacere sepulchri,
 O Mausole, tui, aut Pharii sub turre tyranni ;
 Dignior et Cilicum sylvis, et messe Sabæâ,

Et stacte, et misto Cinyreii germine rami,
Quicquid et Assyriis spirant opobalsama virgis,
Attamen haud aliàs credo voluisse perire ;
Ut parem Aristoteli mortem, par funus haberet
Pompeio, totum complexus corpore regnum
Neptuni, et facilem indignatus cespitis umbram ;
Scilicet ut terram vita compleverat omnem,
Sic etiam Oceanum celebraret mortis honore.

HENR. KING.

XVII.

MITTE maris Dominus quis sit disquirere, Selden :

Oceani Rex est, quem teget Oceanus.

Si quanti constet regem maris esse rogatur,

Scilicet ob titulum hunc perdita vita tibi.

Mitte, Groti, Batavæ qui gentis gloria, mitte

Pensum in quo sudas, *Libera* num *maria*.

Libera nunc non esse patet ; quia non datur isti

Tam charo capiti transitus innocuus.

JOH. HAYWARD,

Eccl. Cath. Lich. Cancellarius, et
Canonicus residentiarius.

XVIII.

UT primùm audieram tristissima nuncia ; amicum,
Egregium multis nominibusque virum,
Fluctibus abreptum ; velut ictus fulmine, mutus
Obstupui : arripui tum properus calamum ;
Flebilibusque elegis altum lenire dolorem
Aggredior ; frustra : prosiliunt lacrymæ,
Nomen et inscriptum chartæ torrente frequenti
Delent : sic iterum fluctibus obruitur.
Protinus abjiciens calamum chartamque, meipsum
Atque oculos unà corripio graviter.
Desine : tune, inquam, Edvardi sine divite verâ
Edvardum dignè concelebrare paras ?
Materiæ concedet opus, licèt ipsa Maronis
Musa aspiraret, Nasoque succineret.
Sistite vos etiam, rivos cohibete ; quid, inquam,
Officiosa nimis lumina, flere juvat ?

Oceani ad facinus funestum ac triste dolendum

Pro merito, vester sufficit Oceanus ?

Aut levis, aut nullus dolor est, qui suberis instar

Supremis oculis innatat, ima fugit.

Passeris extincti sic flevit Lesbia funus,

Sic Illam lacrymis Publius excoluit.

Talia pompa decet lacrymarum, et præfica fingens

Funera : mox oritur, mox moriturque dolor.

Mœroris monumenta mei sint mascula : fletus

Fœmineum quiddam, vel puerile sapit.

Planctus ac gemitus, nocturnaue visa, stuporque,

Luxatumque caput publica damna decent.

Talis jactura est omnes quam sensimus : unus-

-Quisque dolet ; gemitus qui texet, intus habet.

M. HONYWOOD.

XIX.

Cum peteret patriam Edvardus, multâque saburrâ
Morum, doctrinæ pressus, et ingenii ;
Mergitur, atque oneri succumbit carnea navis,
Enatat at vector spiritus in patriam.
O utinam postliminio revocatus adesses,
Ut posito Edvardo Virbius esse queas !
Vel saltem exuvias animæ coelestis in oras
Jactâset nostras æstus ! et Oceanus,
Nos utcunque aliquo cinerum dignatus honore,
Mœroris nostri grande levâset onus !
Sed tibi prospexit meliùs Neptunus, et orbe
Divisos inter Te latitare vetat.
Quin potiùs quotquot gentes præterfluit æquor,
Gloria quas vestri nominis haud latuit,
Procerum in littus pulsum cùm fortè cadaver
Invenient, credet quælibet esse Tui :

Certatimque struent mendacia culta ; suique
 Ob commune decus, credere quemque decet.
 Mausolea statim ponent, Pariisque columnis
Edvardi insculpent nomen, et, *Hic situs est,*
Cujus vel Mundo suffecit gloria ; Hiberna
Quem Puerum tellus vindicat, Angla Virum :
At nos, Neptuno grates, jactamus honorem
Æternum Tumuli : Molliter ossa cubent.
 Sic dum de tumulo contendunt regna per orbem,
 Pro uno condentur mille sepulcra Tibi :
 Funeribusque Tuis cedit natalis Homeri,
 Quantum septem urbes gentibus innumeris.

IDEM.

XX.

MUSA silet, nec fando potest quæ fata tulerunt
Explere, aut vacuis suppeditare schedis.
Lineolas tantùm ducit pigmenta doloris,
Sed neque tristitiam picta tabella refert.
Scilicet obstupuit toties assueta triumphis,
Principis et cunas concelebrare novi :
Non gemitus novit, non tristia funera : Nostræ
Usquè nitent, lacrymis nec maduère genæ.
En tamen in lacrymas ! en rupta silentia ! vocem,
Nec durum pectus gestit habere lapis.
Filius ut Cræsi, mihi Musa huc muta, videtur
Ad tantum sceleris jam didicisse loqui.
Talia credo equidem poterint finxisse poëtam
Argumenta novum ; Democritoque darent
Ignotas dudum lacrymas, ac viscera. Mores
Exue inhumanos, Stoice ; disce pati :

Atque videns flebis, dum sese opponit inermem
 Palladii ductor fluctibus ille chori ;
 Dúmque sitit vitam, validosque amplexa lacertos
 Eluctaturas implicat unda manus.
 Intereà pia quæ moriens suspiria fundit !
 Antè erat hic vitæ, jam quoque mortis olor.
 Ast tua quæ pietas, anima invictissima ! quæ vis
 Magna precum ? pelago discis adesse Deum ;
 Atque oculos duplicesque manus ad sidera tendens,
 Ostendis Numen quòd sit ubique tuum.
 Non te destituit charissima Mater ; in urnam
 Quæ legere ossa cupit, relliquiasque tui.
 Et quum non possit fluctus superare furentis
 Oceani, et cineri solvere justa sacro ;
 Hoc gemebunda dicat carmen, lacrymasque perennes,
 Inque tuum fluxit sanctior unda sinum.
 Nec meliùs tibi, si vivos de marmore vultus
 Duceret, in longos non periture dies !
 En manus adproperans maria hæc chartacea currit,
 Eque alto ut surgas æquore, navis erit ;

It calamus, titubansque tuos depingit honores,
 In medióque tibi gurgite remus erit ;
 Stant tua doctrinæ firmis monumenta columnis,
 Quæ celebrata tuo nomine, vela dabunt ;
 Musarumque loco, spirabunt murmura venti,
 Ut capiat sobolem tristis Ierna suam.
 Nec capiet, cujus nomen volat ocyùs Euro ;
 Quem neque jactabit terra Britanna suum.
 Garrula te notum faciet, te fama per orbem
 Efferet, atque tibi patria mundus erit.
 Vel tibi si famæque tuæ non sufficit unus
 Orbis, quin virtus altiùs indè petat :
 En patriam cœlum ! quam suspiravit anhelans
 Mens toties meditans jam redditura Deum.
 Hæc capiet : nos huc sequimur, cùm non datur ultra ;
 Têque hîc miratur nescia Musa loqui.

GUIL. BREARLEY.

XXI.

NON est Ille Deus, non est, sed Spiritus Orci
 Immundus, pelago quisquis sit qui imperat : Astris
 Non regitur, Lunâque ; sed infernalis ab imo
 Olla scatet barathro, jactatque reciprocus æquor
 Halitus infandi Cacodæmonis : Amphitrite
 Decessit Furiis. Hinc hinc securiùs undas
 Dum vulgus pecudumque hominumque secat, mare nun-
 quam,
 Nunquam heros impunè ratim conscendit, et aurâ
 Oceanum nunquam virtus pietasque secundâ
 Trajecêre. Tuos testor, Tros optime, casus ;
 Ærumnasque tuas, Ithacensis : testor Amittæ
 Natum, jacturamque Amphionis. At tua solùm,
 Incola cœlestis, (satîs est si cætera mittam)
 Deploro ; satîs est, tua, Naufrage, fata referre.
 Sat tu solus, Io, nimiùmque doces scopulorum

Sævitiem, et surdi maris implacabile numen.
 Nullis (heu durum !) precibus, pietate Tyrannum
 Nullâ mulcendum, aut meritis ? Nihil illa procellas
 Flectere, nec potuit fluctus componere mentis
 Integritas sanctæ ? præstantia corporis, ætas
 Prima nihil potuère ? nihil facundia, linguæ,
 Artes, virtutes ? quid pluria ? Novit Is unus,
 Quotquot sunt, infensa piis quæ numina placant,
 Technas, quæ lachrymæ, voces, suspiria, gestus,
 Planctus, thura Deo grata et libamina. At iste
 Arbiter Oceani, non est Deus iste ; sed orbis
 Damnosus genius, monstrum de cautibus ortum
 Informe, et furiis ablactatum ; Æquora non sunt,
 Sed Styx, Cocytusque teter, freta Hibernica : Naves
 Non sunt, sed tumuli fluitantes : suntque Charontes
 Nautæ : pro scopulis hæc astat Scylla, Charybdis
 Illac erigitur : Non est insigne Tyranni,
 Imperiique tridens vitrei Neptunius olim,
 Sed sceptrum Eumenidum lethale, et triste trisulcum
 Mortis. Parce mihi vindictam hanc, Rector aquarum,

Devotasque animi diras non justa ferentis.
 Cùm nec Amittiadæ remex balæna, nec illi
 Bajulus, Amphion, tuus adfuit, astra deosque
 Sæpe inclamanti, procul hinc à gurgite nigro
 Absint æternùm ; procul absit piscis, et undas
 Nemo habitet nisi turba vorax, canis, anthias atrox,
 Et lamia, et lupo insaturabilis. Æquora linque,
 Navita, et undivagos potiùs committe penates
 Vulcano : Radios aliorum flectat Apollo,
 Et Luna influxus, fœtor caligine mixtus
 Horrorem ingeminet ; rudis indigestaque aquarum
 Moles stagnet iners, cœcamque à lumine abyssum
 Terribilis requies et vasta silentia cingant.
 Hinc demum, Neptune, Chao dominare, et arenis
 (Tantisper si à cæde tibi vacet) hæc duo scribe :

Hic ille mortuus jacet

Per quem hoc mare jacet Mortuum.

CH. BAINBRIGG.

COLLEGII CHRISTI DE FATO

EDVARDI KING,

AD MARINAS NYMPHAS QUERELA.

NYMPHÆ cæruleis clarum quæ fluctibus ortum
Debetis, cani littoris indigenæ,
Nymphæ, signa manent priscæ vestigia laudis,
Nec penitus vestris obriguistis aquis,
Flete parùm ; mœstis elegos dabit Amphitrite,
Jámque suum discent flumina flere nefas.
Olim luxistis, quem Phœbus arundine victum
Occidit : lacrymæ Marsya nomen habent.
Aut duras nostri si non premit aura doloris,
Nec movet æquoreas publica cura Deas,
In scopulos migrate novos, et grande cadaver
Saltem marmoreo sic tumulate sinu.

Vosque, ô vicini minùs æqua repagula ponti,
 Et nimiùm damno naufraga saxa meo,
 Delicias quæso tractetis molliter istas,
 Nec cadat immeritum piscibus esca caput.
 Forsitan et grex iste fero mitescat in alveo,
 Atque vagum Numen vindicet inter aquas.
 Scilicet hoc fuerat tumidæ monuere quod undæ,
 Et cœlum gravidis nubibus omne minax :
 Imperium pelagi Dominus sævumque tridentem
 Venturo voluit deposuisse Deo.
 O malè, quòd tecum vitreum regnante per orbem,
 Pars animæ Matri non licet esse tuæ.
 Haud minùs ipsa tamen sum fluctibus obruta : fluctus
 Cerne per incultas ire, redire genas.
 Et novus et Pario splendens velamine murus
 Usquè vetat lacerum dissimulare caput.
 Nec mirum, si me facies neque plena coronet,
 Quippe exurgenti prima columna deest.
 Infelix ! quæ te Sirenes in æquore falsæ
 Luserunt facilem, quantâve jura freti !

Anne Stagiritæ manes, magnumque putâsti
 Crimen Aristotelem præteriisse tuum ?
 Seu piscatorum lusus fuit iste, nec ultra
 Mæonidem, quò tu progrediare, fuit ?
 Quicquid erat, placet ingenti quòd quælibet umbræ
 Nusquam suffecit gutta, sed Oceanus.
 Verùm ego quid coner diri solamina casûs ?
 Non facit ad luctus mollis arena meos.
 Nec me (quod magnum) hæredem scripsisse Parentem,
 Nate, juvat ; grata vel data dona manu :
 Nec si muneribus flueret Pactolus ab istis,
 Et quicquid Gangis potor et Indus habet.
 Solus eras, quem gazæ instar fiscique potentis
 Concessit Matri largus Apollo tuæ.
 Ah ! quoties ignara mali securaque dixi,
 Sufficere ad laudes Hunc genuisse meas !
 Non tibi magnanimum invidi, Mirandula, Picum ;
 Nec tibi, quam duplici Scaliger ore beat.
 At tantâ de spe cecidi. Quid plura loquendo
 Vana querar ? tacitus cætera luctus habet.

R. WIDDINGTON.

O B S E Q U I E S
TO
THE MEMORIE
OF
MR. EDWARD KING,
ANNO DOM. 1638.

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OBSEQUIES TO THE MEMORIE

OF

MR. EDWARD KING.

No, death ! I'le not examine God's decree,
Nor question providence, in chiding thee:
Discreet Religion binds us to admire
The wayes of providence, and not enquire.
My grief is sober, and my faith knows thee
To b' executioner to destinie ;
Brought in by sinne, which still maintains thee here,
As famines, earthquakes, and diseases were,
Poore man's tormentours, with this mischief more,
More grievous farre, his losse whom we deplore ;

His, whose perfections had that Atheist seen,
 That held souls mortall, he would straight have been
 In t' other extreme, and thought his body had
 Been as immortall, as his soul was made.
 Whose active spirit so swift and clearly wrought
 Free from all dregs of earth, that you'd have thought
 His body were assum'd, and did disguise
 Some one of the celestiall Hierarchies.
 Whose reason quite outstript our faith, and knew
 What we are bound but to beleieve is true ;
 Religion was but the position
 Of his own judgement, truth to him alone
 Stood nak'd ; he strung th' arts' chain, and knit the ends,
 And made divine and humane learning friends ;
 Of which he was the best edition,
 Not stuffed with doubts, but all decision ;
 Conjecture, wonder, probabilitie,
 Were terms of weaknesse ; nothing bound his eye
 With fold or knot, but the earth's globe did seem
 Full as transparent as the aire to him.

He drest the Muses in the brav'st attire
 That e're they wore, and taught them a strain higher,
 And farre beyond their winged horses' flight.
 But oh! the charming tempest, and his might
 Of eloquence, able to Christianize
 India, or reconcile Antipathies!
 He——but his flight is past my reach, and I
 May wrong his worth with too much pietie :
 I will not lessen then each single part
 Of goodnesse by commending ; (for the art
 Of severall pens would soon be at a losse)
 But take him whole, and praise him in the grosse,
 And say that goodnesse, learning, vertue, all
 Strove to recover him from the first great fall ;
 Had not that sad irrevocable breath
 Resisted them, which curst us all to death.
 Spare me suspicion : what though once I shin'd
 In a relation ? duty sure does bind
 Me as much now to praise him, as before
 To love his worth : but I will praise no more.

To count and say what vertues lov'd him most,
 Were but to vex my fancy with his ghost.
 You then whose pious unconfounded wit
 Truly can apprehend this grief, and yet
 Not be struck silent ; here, take up this theme,
 And sing the world his Epicedium.
 Pattern a grief, may serve us all to mourn
 For future losses, like the actour's urn :
 That all that reade your well-spunne lines with tears,
 May envy you, and wish your grief were theirs.

Mean while let me poore, senselesse, dead, alone
 Sit and expect my resurrection,
 To follow him ; two sorrows sure will do,
 That he is dead, that I am not dead too.
 Yet dead I'm once already : for in him
 I lost my best life, which I did esteem
 Farre beyond nature's, reputation
 And credit, which the mere reflection
 Of his worth, like a twilight, cast on me,
 And fix'd me, as it were, i' th' Galaxie :

But now my stock is shipwrack't all, and lost,
Quite bankrupt, all my hopes and fortunes crost.

Yet as those wretches that in dungeons lie,
Sorrow the lesse, 'cause they have company :
So I me thinks do feel my grief abate
When I consider that both Church and State
Joyn in this losse, and many thousands more
Owe tributarie tears, (for 'tis a score
And generall debt of pietie,) though we,
Small sprigs or branches of the self-same tree,
Suffer the worst, since He, the fairest arm,
Is torn away by an unluckie storm.

'Tis nothing for men's houses to reprieve
Themselves by issue, that may keep alive
Their ancient names and titles : but 'tis rare
To find one in the largest rank, whose bare
Merits and ample fame gilds all the line,
And makes the whole stemme in his brightnesse shine.
And such was he, by whose relation,
We had a tincture, and were better known,

Then by our selves ; for he had worth to spare,
 And to dispense to all of his a share.
 But oh ! his fatall love did prove too kind,
 To trust the treacherous waves and carelesse wind,
 Which did conspire to intercept this prize
 Aiming t' undo the land by Piracies.
 Curst element, whose nature ever vies
 With fire in mischiefs, as in qualities !
 Thou sav'dst but little more in the whole ark,
 Then thou hast swallow'd now in this small bark ;
 As if it strove the last fire to outrunne,
 And antedate the world's destruction.

But we have sinn'd, and now must bear the curse,
 Even that is our worst plague, which is our nurse :
 (Though drowning but a second baptisme was,
 T' admit him to the other Church's place)
 My grief's eternall hate ! hence I'le not own
 One drop on 't in my composition,
 But throw 't away in tears. And sad sea, thou,
 Thou, whose black crime, though the dry sun should now

Drink all thy waters into clouds, and rain
Them on the deserts down in tears again,
Yet could not expiate ; may the memorie
Of this be thy perpetuall infamie ;
May that hid cause that rocks thee, now be still ;
And may thy guilty waters turn as ill
As the Dead Sea, that it may ne're be said
That any thing lives there, where he lies dead.
Who though he want an epitaph, yet they
That henceforth crosse those seas, shall use to say,

Here lyes one buried in a heap of sand,
Whom this sea drown'd, whose death hath drown'd
the land.

HEN. KING.

II.

WHEN first this news, rough as the sea
From whence it came, began to be
Sigh'd out by fame, and generall tears
Drown'd him again, my stupid fears
Would not awake ; but fostering still
The calm opinions of my will,
I said, The sea, though with disdain
It proudly fomes, does still remain
A slave to him, who never wrought
This piece so fair to wash it out.
I check't that fame, and told her how
I knew her trade, and her ; nay, though
Her honest tongue had given before
A faithfull Echo, yet his store
Of grand deserts, which did prepare
For envie's tooth such dainty fare,

Would tempt her now to fain his fate,
And then her lie for truth relate.

But when mature relation grew
Too strong for doubts, and still the new
Spake in the same disasterous grone
With all the old ; my hopes alone
Could not sustain the double shock
Of these reports and of the rock :
And when the truth, the first (alas !)
That e're to me deformed was,
Escap'd the sea, and ougly-fair
Did shine in our beloved aire,
At length too soon my losse I found,
Him and my hopes together drown'd.
Oh ! why was He (be quiet tears)
Complete in all things, but in yeares ?
Why did his proper goodnesse grace
The generous lustre of his race ?
Why were his budding times so swell'd
With many fruits, which parallel'd

Their mutuall beauteous selves alone
 In vertue's best reflection ?
 As when th' Hesperian living gold
 With priviledg'd power it self did mould
 Into the apples, whose divine
 And wealthy beams could onely shine
 With equall splendour in the graces
 Of their brethren's answering faces.
 Why did his youth it self allot
 To purchase that it needed not ?
 Why did perfection seek for parts ?
 Why did his nature grace the Arts ?
 Why strove he both the worlds to know,
 Yet alwayes scorn'd the world below ?
 Why would his brain a centre be
 To learning's circularitie,
 Which though the vastest arts did fill
 Would like a point seem little still !
 Why did discretion's constant hand
 Direct both his ? why did he stand

Fixt in himself, and those intents
 Deliberate reason's help presents ?
 Why did his well-immured mind
 Such strength in resolution find,
 That still his pure and loyall heart
 Did in its panting bear no part
 Of trembling fear ; but having wrought
 Eternall peace with every thought,
 Could with the shipwrack-losse abide
 The splitting of the world beside ?
 The universall axle so
 Still boldly stands, and lets not go
 The hold it fastens on the pole,
 Though all the heavens about it roll.

Why would his true-discerning eye
 His neighbour's excellencies spie,
 And love those shadows his own worth
 Had upon others darted forth ?
 Whom he with double love intends,
 First to make good, and then his friends.

Why did he with his hony bring
 The med'cine of a faithfull sting,
 And to his friend, when need did move,
 Would cease his praise but not his love?
 Why made his life confession,
 That he more mothers had than one?
 Why did his duty tread their way
 His generall Parent to obey,
 Whil'st in a meek and cheerfull fear,
 His whole subjection he did square
 With those pure rules, whose load so light
 Confesse a mother did them write?
 Why did his whole self now begin,
 With vertuous violence to win
 Admiring eyes? why pleased he
 All but his own sweet modestie?
 Why gave his noble worth such ground
 Whereon our proudest hopes might found
 Their choicest promises, and he
 Be Expectation's treasure?

O why was justice made so blind ?
 O why was heaven it self so kind,
 And rocks so fierce ? O why were we
 Thus partly blest ? O why was he ?

Whil'st thus this senselesse murmure broke
 From grieving lips, which would have spoke
 Some longer grones, a sudden noise
 Surpriz'd my soul ; which by that voice
 Hath learn'd to quiet her self, and all
 Her questions into questions call.
 She saw his soul too mighty grow,
 To be imprison'd thus below ;
 And his intelligence fitted here,
 As if intended for a sphere.
 His spirits which meekly soar'd so high,
 Grew good betimes, betimes to die.
 And when in heaven there did befall
 Some speciall businesse which did call
 For present counsel, he with speed
 Was sent for up. When heaven has need,

Let our relenting wills give way,
And teach our comfort thus to say ;

Our earth hath bred celestiall flowers :
What heaven did covet, once was ours.

J. BEAUMONT.

III.

WHILE Phœbus shines within our Hemisphere,
 There are no starres, or at least none appear :
 Did not the sunne go hence, we should not know
 Whether there were a night and starres, or no.
 Till thou ly'dst down upon thy western bed,
 Not one poetick starre durst shew his head ;
 Athenian owls fear'd to come forth in verse,
 Untill thy fall darken'd the Universe :
 Thy death makes Poets : mine eyes flow for thee,
 And every tear speaks a dumbe elegie.
 Now the proud sea, grown richer than the land,
 Doth strive for place, and claim the upper hand :
 And yet an equall losse the sea sustains,
 If it lose alwayes so much as it gains.
 Yet we who had the happinesse to know
 Thee what thou wast, (oh were it with us so !)

H

Enjoy thee still, and use thy precious name
As a perfume to sweeten our own fame.
And lest thy body should corrupt by death,
To Thetis we our brinish tears bequeath.
As night, close-mourner for the setting sunne,
Bedews her cheeks with tears when he is gone
To th' other world : so we lament and weep
Thy sad, untimely fall, who by the deep
Did'st climbe to th' highest heav'ns: where being crown'd
A King, in after-times 'twill scarce be found,
Whether (thy life and death being without taint)
Thou wert Edward the Confessour, or the Saint.



IV.

I LIKE not tears in tune ; nor will I prise
 His artificiall grief that scannes his eyes.
 Mine weep down pious beads ; but why should I
 Confine them to the Muse's Rosarie ?
 I am no Poet here ; my penne's the spout
 Where the rain-water of my eyes run out
 In pitie of that name, whose fate we see
 Thus copi'd out in grief's Hydrographie.
 The Muses are not Mayr-maids ; tho' upon
 His death the Ocean might turn Helicon.
 The sea's too rough for verse ; who rhymes upon 't
 With Xerxes strives to fetter th' Hellespont.
 My tears will keep no channell, know no laws
 To guide their streams ; but like the waves, their cause,
 Run with disturbance, till they swallow me
 As a description of his miserie.

But can his spacious vertue find a grave
 Within th' impostum'd bubble of a wave ?
 Whose learning if we sound, we must confesse
 The sea but shallow, and him bottomlesse.
 Could not the winds, to countermand thy death,
 With their whole card of lungs redeem thy breath ?
 Or some new Iland in thy rescue peep,
 To heave thy resurrection from the deep ?
 That so the world might see thy safety wrought
 With no lesse miracle then thy self was thought.
 The famous Stagirite, who in his life
 Had Nature as familiar as his wife,
 Bequeath'd his widow to survive with thee
 Queen Dowager of all Philosophie.
 An ominous legacie, that did portend
 Thy fate, and Predecessour's second end !
 Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
 The sea can parallel for shape and kind :
 Books, arts, and tongues were wanting ; but in thee
 Neptune hath got an Universitie.

We'll dive no more for pearls. The hope to see
 Thy sacred reliques of mortalitie
 Shall welcome storms, and make the sea-man prize
 His shipwrack now more then his merchandise.
 He shall embrace the waves, and to thy tombe
 (As to a Royaller Exchange) shall come.
 What can we now expect? Water and Fire
 Both elements our ruine do conspire;
 And that dissolves us, which doth us compound:
 One Vatican was burnt, another drown'd.
 We of the Gown our libraries must tosse,
 To understand the greatnesse of our losse,
 Be Pupills to our grief, and so much grow
 In learning, as our sorrows overflow.
 When we have fill'd the rundlets of our eyes,
 We'll issue 't forth, and vent such elegies,
 As that our tears shall seem the Irish seas,
 We floating Ilands, living Hebrides.

J. CLEVELAND.

V.

I do not come like one affrighted, from
 The shades infernall, or some troubled tombe ;
 Nor like the first sad messenger, to wound
 Your hearts, by telling how and who was drown'd.
 I have no startled hairs ; nor their eyes, who
 See all things double, and report them so.
 My grief is great, but sober ; thought upon
 Long since ; and Reason now, not Passion.
 Nor do I like their pietie, who to sound
 His depth of learning, where they feel no ground,
 Strain till they lose their own ; then think to ease
 The losse of both, by cursing guiltlesse seas.
 I never yet could so farre dote upon
 His rare prodigious life's perfection,
 As not to think his best Philosophie
 Was this, his *skill in knowing how to die*.

No, no, they wrong his memorie, that tell
 His life alone, who liv'd and di'd so well.
 I have compar'd them both, and think heavens were
 No more unjust in this, then partiall there.
 Canst thou believe their paradox, that say
 The way to purchase is to give away ?
 This was that Merchant's fate, who took the seas
 At all adventure with such hopes as these.
 Which makes me think his thoughts diviner, and
 That he was bound for heaven, not Ireland.

Tell me no more of Stoicks : Canst thou tell
 Who 'twas, that when the waves began to swell,
 The ship to sink, sad passengers to call,
Master we perish, slept secure of all ?
 Remember this, and him that waking kept
 A mind as constant as he did that slept.
 Canst thou give credit to his zeal and love,
 That went to heav'n, and to those fires above
 Rapt in a fierie chariot ? Since I heard
 Who 't was that on his knees the vessel steer'd

With hands bolt up to heaven, and since I see
As yet no signe of his mortalitie ;
Pardon me, Reader, if I say he's gone
The self-same journey in a watry one.

W. MORE.

VI.

PARDON, blest soul, the slow plac'd Elegies
Of sad survivors : they have pregnant eyes
For vulgar griefs. Our sorrows find a tongue,
Where verse may not the losse or merit wrong :
But an amazed silence might become
Thy obsequies, as fate deni'd a tombe.
Poetick measures have not learn'd to bound
Unruly sorrows : shallow streams may sound,
And with their forward murmures chide the sea,
While deepest griefs a silent tribute pay.
Scarce can the widow'd Sisters let thee have
An Epitaph, as thou dost want a Grave.
All fun'rall right earth can afford thee, is
Not to attend, but weep : and even of this
The too officious seas the earth prevent,
And yeeld thee tears, as they a tombe have lent.

Who doth for thee with his eyes issue grieve,
 Seems but salt water to the seas to give.
 But those ambitious waves which were thy grave,
 Since they have thee, shall our sad tribute have.
 They have usurp'd a new dominion o're
 Us, who did pride our selves their Lords before ;
 And are enrich'd more by this single spoil,
 Then had they pass'd their shore t' invade our soil.
 Securely did our Iland-Muses sleep,
 And envi'd not the treasures of the deep :
 Unblamed might it re-intombe that ore
 Which once lay buried in the deep before ;
 It doth but change gold's grave, or re-assume
 Those pearls which from its watry issue come :
 But now is made the mistresse of a prize,
 Which nor her own, nor earth's wealth equalize.
 Heav'n would (it seems) no common grave intrust,
 Nor bury such a Jewel in the dust.
 The fatall bark's dark cabbin must inshrine
 That precious dust, which fate would not confine

To vulgar coffins. Marble is not fit
 T' inclose rich jewels, but a cabinet.
 Corruption there shall slowly seise his prize,
 Which thus embalm'd in brinie casket lies.
 The saucy worm which doth inhabit here,
 In earthy graves, and quickly domineer
 In stateliest marbles, shall not there assail
 The treasure hidden in that watry vale.
 'Twas to secure thee from th' insulting power
 Of these two hasty Tyrants, which devoure
 Our common clay, that heav'n intomb'd thee there
 (Dead friend) where these shall no dominion share.
 Or did for us foreseeing heav'n desire
 To quench in waters thy celestial fire,
 Lest we adore his ashes in an urn
 Who dazzled all while vitall fire did burn?
 Should some enriched earthly tombe inherit
 The empty casket of that parted spirit,
 The easie world would idolize that shrine,
 Or hast to mix their dust with that of thine.

Grieving survivors, did they know thy grave,
Would there dissolve, and death a labour save
By voluntarie melting into tears :
To spare them, fate to interre thee forbears.
Thus doth the setting sunne his evening light
Hide in the Ocean, when he makes it night ;
The world benighted knows not where he lies,
Till with new beams from seas he seems to rise :
So did thy light, fair soul, it self withdraw
To no dark tombe by nature's common law,
But set in waves, when yet we thought it noon,
And thence shall rise more glorious than the sunne.

W. HALL.

VII.

WHEN common souls break from their courser clay,
 Nature seems not disturb'd : they passe away
 As strangers meet i' th' rode, and bid farewell :
 No clap of thunder 's heard to ring their knell ;
 Day strikes not in ; nor comet at their fall
 Appears torch-bearer to the funerall.
 But when as noble earth refin'd from drosse
 Returns to dust, the whole world feels the losse.
 Nature 's afraid to see such brave men die,
 And travails then with some strange prodigie.
 So dy'd our KING, a man of men, whose praise
 Detraction her self durst not but blaze ;
 One whom the Muses courted : rigg'd and fraught
 With Arts and Tongues too fully, when he sought
 To crosse the seas, was overwhelmed ; each wave
 Swell'd up, as coveting to be his grave ;

The winds in sighs did languish ; Phœbus stood
 Like a close-mourner in a sable hood
 Compos'd of darkest clouds ; the pitying skies
 Melted and dropt in funerall elegies.
 Such generall disturbance did proclaim,
 'Twas no slight hurt to Nature, but a maym :
 Nor did it seem one private man to die,
 But a well order'd Universitie.

And is he dead ? Alas ! too true he's gone :
 Yet I scarce find belief to think it done.
 For when, because of sinne, God opened all
 Heaven's cataracts, to let his vengeance fall,
 And call'd the deeps up to perform his will,
 Making them climbe above the highest hill ;
 After his anger was appeas'd, he bound,
 Himself, never again the world to drown :
 How can my faith but startle now, that we
 Are yet reserv'd another floud to see,
 To drown this little world ! Could God forget
 His covenant which in his clouds he set ?

Where was the bow ?

But back, my Muse, from hence ;

'Tis not for thee to question Providence ;

Rather live sober still : such hot disputes

Riddle us into atheisme. It ill sutes

With men thus to expostulate with God ;

Who seeing his hand, should rather aw the rod,

Which as it strook this vertuous KING, if thus

We murmure, may more justly fall on us.

SAMSON BRIGGS.

VIII.

WHAT water now shall vertue have again
 (At once) to purge? The Ocean 't self's a stain :
 And at this mourning, weeping eyes do fear
 They sinne against thee, when a pious tear
 Steals from our cheeks. Go, go you waters back
 So foully tainted : all the Muses black
 Came from your surges. Had the Thebane Swan
 Who lov'd his Dirce (while it proudly ran
 Swell'd by his lyre) now liv'd, he would repent
 The solemn praises he on Water spent.
 Why did not some officious dolphine hie
 To be his ship and pilot through the frie
 Of wond'ring Nymphs ; and having pass'd o're,
 Would have given more then Tagus to his shore ?
 Be this excuse ; Since first the waters gave
 A blessing to him which the soul could save,

They lov'd the holy body still too much,
 And would regain some vertue from a touch :
 They clung too fast ; great Amphitrite so
 Embraces th' earth, and will not let it go.
 So seem'd his soul the struggling surge to greet,
 As when two mighty seas encount'ring meet :
 For what a sea of arts in him was spent,
 Mightier then that above the firmament ?
 As Achelous with his silver fleet
 Runnes through salt Doris purely, so to meet
 His Arethusa ; the Sicanian Maid
 Admires his sweetnesse by no wave decaï'd :
 So should he, so have cut the Irish strand,
 And like a lustie bridegroom leapt to land ;
 Or else (like Peter) trode the waves : but he
 Then stood most upright, when he bent his knee.

ISAAC OLIVIER.

TO

THE DECEASED'S VERTUOUS SISTER,
THE LADY MARGARET LODER.

MADAME, I should have feared that this crosse
Would have disturb'd your patience, and the losse
Of such a noble father, such a brother,
Coming upon the neck of one another,
Would have disorder'd you, but that I knew
Your godly breast prepared well enough
With antidotes of grace against such haps
As Divine Providence casts in our laps.
The early Mattens which you daily said,
And Vespers, when you dwelt next doore Saint Chad,*
And home-devotion, when the closet-doore
Was shut, did me this augurie afford,

* The Cathedrall Church in Lichfield.

That when such blustering storms as these should start,
 They should not break the calmnesse of your heart.
 With joy I recollect and think upon
 Your reverent Church-like devotion ;
 Who by your fair example did excite
 Church-men and clerks to do their duty right,
 And by frequenting that most sacred quire,
 Taught many how to heav'n they should aspire.
 For our Cathedralls to a beamlesse eye
 Are quires of angels in epitomie,
 Maugre the blatant beast, who cries them down
 As savouring of superstition.
 Misguided people ! But for your sweet self,
 Madame, you never dash'd against that shelf
 Of stubbornnesse against the Church ; but you
 (Paul's virgin and saint Peter's matrone too)
 Though I confesse you did most rarely* paint,
 Yet were no hypocrite, but a true saint :

* An excellent Limner.

Nature hath given you beauty of the skin,
 And grace hath made you beautifull within,
 Like* a King's daughter ; Nature, Grace, and Name,
 Concurring all to raise your vertuous fame :
 Which may you long enjoy below, till Jove
 Call you to your bless'd Pedegree above.

My verse and tears would gladly sympathize,
 And be both without number ; but my eyes
 Are the best Poet, for they shed great store
 Of elegies, when I have not one verse more.

J. H.

* Psal. 45, 14.

TO

HIS VERTUOUS SISTER.

TEARS, whither do you make such haste,
And keep on your way so fast?
Whither throng those waters forth,
Fairest image of his worth?
In staying them, your love make shewn;
He has too many of his own.
Alas! you can have no good plea,
For adding waters to the sea.

Ours is that grief, those tears we owe;
To us he's dead, he lives in you;
All his virtues in your breast
Have regain'd their place and rest;

And to these, his true counterfeit,
 You adde life, and make 't complete.
 Who sees, would say you are no other,
 But your sex-transformed brother.

In you he lives, yet lives withall,
 Where you must once expect a call :
 When y' have enricht our earth a while
 Heav'n will have you, and beguile
 The world, your ever-losing mother ;
 And we once more shall misse your brother.
 Deigne yet a while to stay with us,
 Before that universall losse.

C. B.

XI.

BUT must we say he's drown'd? May 't not be said,
 That as the gold, which cannot be betray'd
 To fire's corruption, Chymists cast i' th' fire,
 Not there to be demolisht, but retire
 A more refined metall, and more pure ;
 Or as the Ocean often doth endure
 The absence of his Nymphs, when they enwombe
 Their streams into the earth, but after come
 With a more copious current to their home :

May 't not be said, The Sea shall thus restore
 Our treasure greater, purer then before,
 Repolisht with a soul, whose surer eyes
 May both descry it self, and mysteries
 Such as the Gods and Nature will'd to keep
 Hid in the lowest region of the deep ?

Yes, with a soul refin'd he must revive ;
 But what 's our vantage, if ensphear'd he live,
 Where none but starres can their applauses give ?

Weep then ye sonnes of Phœbus, ye that know
 The burden of this losse, let your tears flow ;
 Let not one briny drop shroud in your head :
 Water enclos'd with banks may swell and spread
 Into a Lethe, and more treacherously
 Drown all that 's left of him, his memory.

Weep forth your tears then, pour out all your tide :
 All waters are pernicious since **KING** dy'd.

R. BROWN.

XII.

THEN quit thine own, thou western Moore,
And haste thee to the northern shore ;
I' th' Irish sea one jewel lies,
Which thy whole cabinet outvies.
Poets, then leave your wonted strain ;
For now you may no longer feigne
Apollo, when he goes to bed,
O' th' western billows layes his head :
I' th' Irish sea, there set our Sun ;
And since he's set, the day's undone.
Perpetuall night, sad, black, and grim,
Puts on her mourning-weeds for him.
What man hath sense, or dare avouch
H'ath reason, and yet hath no touch ?
Reason not limits them that weep,
But bids them lanch into the deep ;

Tells us they not exceed, that drain
In tears the mighty Ocean ;
Nor all that in these tears are found
As in a generall deluge drown'd.

T. NORTON.

LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing yeare.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion deare
Compells me to disturb your season due :
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
(Young Lycidas) and hath not left his peere.
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not flote upon his watry biere
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well

That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring :
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string :
 Hence with deniall vain, and coy excuse.
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
 And as he passes, turn
 And bid fare peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill ;
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the glimmering eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the ev'n-starre bright
 Toward heav'n's descent had slop'd his burnisht wheel.
 Mean while the rurall ditties were not mute
 Temper'd to th' oaten flute :
 Rough Satyres danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Dametas lov'd to heare our song.

But oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !
 Thee shepherds, thee the woods, and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine oregrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.
 The willows and the hasil-copses green
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft layes.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blowes ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy losse to shepherd's eare.
 Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o're the head of your lord Lycidas ?
 For neither were you playing on the steep,
 Where the old Bards the famous Druids lie,
 Nor on the shaggie top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream :
 Ah me, I fondly dream !

Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse her self that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse her self, for her enchanting sonne?
 Whom universall nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous rore
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.
 Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
 And stridly meditate the thanklesse Muse?
 Were it not better done as others do,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Hid in the tangles of Neera's hair?
 Fame is the spurre that the clear spirit doth raise,
 (That last infirmitie of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
 But the fair guerdon where we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Furie with th' abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life; But not the praise,

Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling eares.
 Fame is no plant that growes on mortall soil,
 Nor in the glist'ring foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies ;
 But lives, and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witsse of all-judging Jove :
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed.
 Oh fountain-Arethuse, and thou honoured floud,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocall reeds ;
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea.
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings,
 That blowes from off each beaked Promontorie :
 They knew not of his storie :
 And safe Hippotades their answer brings,

That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd ;
 The aire was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd :
 It was that fatall and perfidious bark,
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
 Next Chamus (reverend sire) went footing slow,
 His mantle hairie, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower, inscrib'd with wo ;
 Ah! who hath reft (quothe he) my dearest pledge ?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The Pilot of the Galilæan lake,
 Two massie keyes he bore of metalls twain,
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Enough of such as for their bellie's sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climbe into the fold ?
 Of other care they little reckoning make,

Then how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest,
 Blind mouthes ! that scarce them selves know how to hold
 A sheephook, or have learn'd ought else the least
 That to the faithfull herdman's art belongs !
 What recks it them ? what need they ? they are sped ;
 And when they list their lean and flashie songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
 Besides what the grimme wolf with privy paw
 Daily devoures apace, and little said.
 But that two-handed engine at the doore,
 Stands ready to smite once, and smites no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams, return Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast,
 Their bells and flowrets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use

Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart starre sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enammell'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showres,
 Bring the rathe primerose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale gessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansie freakt with jeat,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd wood-bine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise ;
 Ay me ! Whil'st thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash farre away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the humming tide

Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou to our moist vowes deni'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
 Look homeward angel now and melt with ruth,
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the haplesse youth.

Weep no more wofull shepherds, weep no more ;
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floore :
 So sinks the day-starre in the Ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning skie :
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves ;
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oazie locks he laves,
 And heares the unexpressive nuptiall song ;
 There entertain him all the Saints above

In solemn troupes and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perillous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals grey ;
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay :
 And now the sunne had stretched out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay ;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blew,
 To morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

J. M.

THE END.



