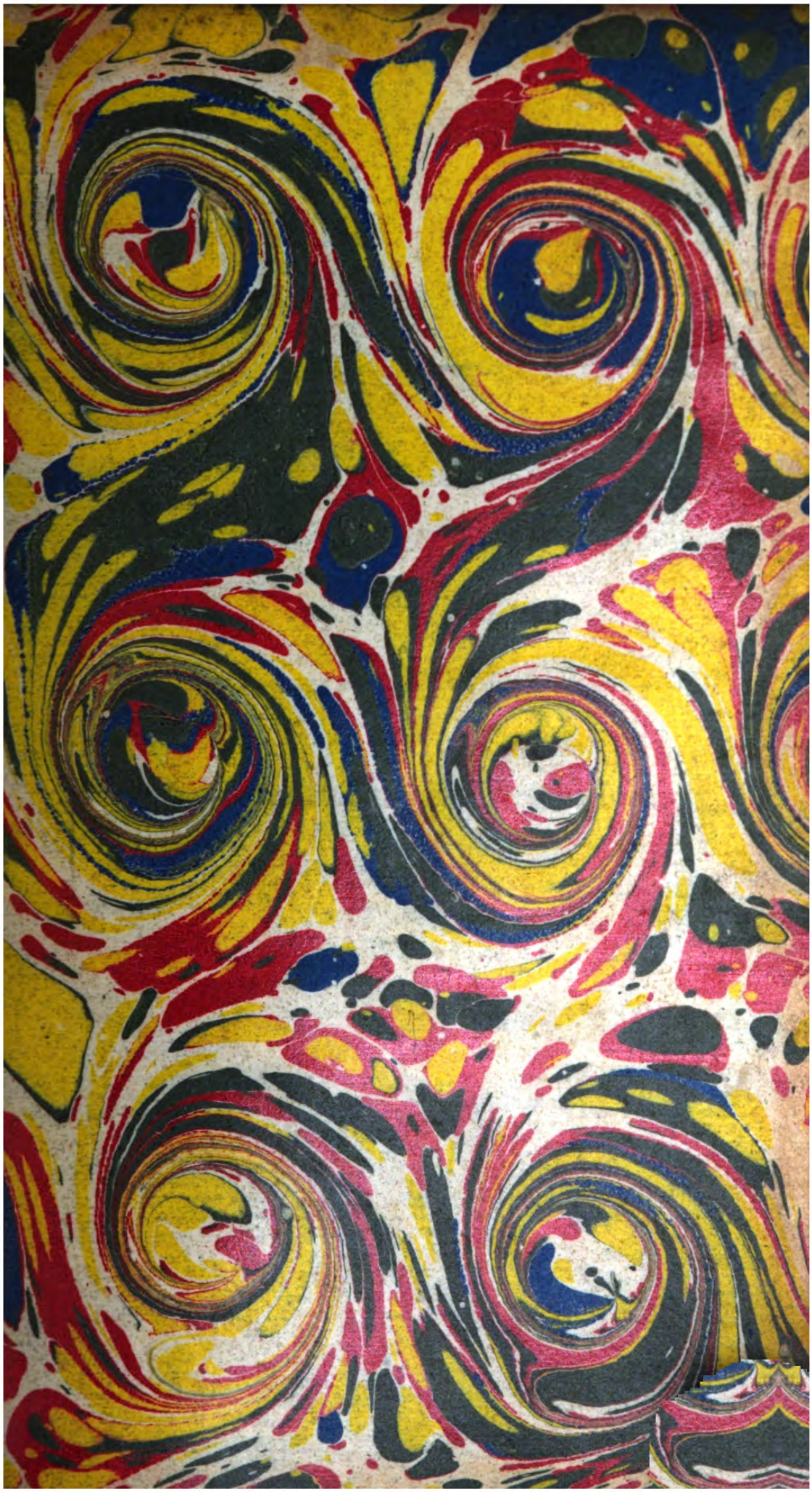

THE

HYMNS OF HOMER,

&c. &c.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Conscium evasi diem.

Pub.d Dec.r 1 1817 by R. Triphook 23. Old Bond Street.

THE

HYMNS OF HOMER;

THE

BATRACHOMYOMACHIA;

AND TWO

ORIGINAL POETICAL HYMNS.

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

BY S. W. SINGER.

Chiswick:
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM.
MDCCCXVIII.

" We have been wrong'd, by being kept so long
From notice of your honourable parts."

MONSIEUR D'OLIVE.

TO

GEORGE WATSON TAYLOR, ESQ. M. P.

THIS LITTLE TRIBUTE TO THE

GENIUS AND LEARNING OF

GEORGE CHAPMAN

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND MOST

FAITHFUL HUMBLE SERVANT,

S. W. SINGER.

THE

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

WITHOUT entering into the discussion whether these interesting remains of antiquity are all of them genuine productions of the divine Homer, or belong to a later age, it must be confessed that they have the highest claims on attention, as containing much poetic beauty, and as having preserved to us some portions of the Mythology of the Ancients, which we might elsewhere seek in vain with equal certitude *. There is no complete modern translation of them; and perhaps it is little to be regretted, while we can boast the valuable, spirited, and original version, which is here submitted to those readers who have imbibed proper notions of the value of such venerable remains of the best period of our literature.

* J'ose avancer que par rapport à la religion populaire des anciens, il n'y a point de monument qui soit préférable pour la certitude aux Hymnes d' Homère, &c.—*L'Abbé Souchay. Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions.* T. 24, p. 496, 12mo.

And here I cannot resist the temptation of citing the opinion of a writer, whose taste and judgment have led him to do justice to our old translators, and to the very superior merits of Chapman*.

"Translation ought to be considered in a very different light by scholars, and men to whom literature is their chosen occupation, than that in which it is regarded by persons to whom books are an amusement, or an elegant piece of furniture only. Translation is the parent, or more accurately speaking, the nurse of all modern languages, from whose fostering breast they derive the soundness, the vigour, and the health, that render them at once the delight and the accomplished ministers of all by whom they are spoken or written. To translation we are indebted for much of what is most excellent and important in our vernacular speech; and translation, considered in this point of view, is a fundamental branch of true learning. Chaucer, Lydgate, Skelton, and Surry, the fathers of our literature, were all eminent translators; and it is to our version of the Bible that we are above all things indebted for the sober, majestic, and copious flow of our English tongue.

* Mr. Godwin, in his Lives of Edward and John Phillips, p. 241.

"Translation, merely as translation, would form no branch of reading to a scholar, merely in as far as he was a scholar; but, considered as the faithful repository of the history of a language, it is of inexpressible importance. Translation in itself is a dim and obscure medium, through which we become feebly acquainted with the merits of an original work. No man therefore would almost deign to look upon a translation, except so far as he had no other way in which to obtain a knowledge of the original it pretends to represent.

"This character may be considered as applicable to all translations at the time they are presented to the world. But an obsolete translation is a very different thing. It is an object avoided by the fop and the fine lady; but it is precious to the man of taste, the man of feeling, and the philosopher. In the old English Homer, for example, I have some pleasure, in as much as I find Homer himself there; but I have also an inestimable pleasure added to this, while I remark, and feel in my inmost heart, the venerable and illustrious garb in which he is thus brought before me. This further pleasure I have, which I could not find even in the original itself.

"The translation of Homer published by George

Chapman, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and King James, is one of the greatest treasures the English language has to boast. This man had a deep and true feeling of what a poet is, when he appears, as Milton styles it, 'soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him.' This is conspicuously shown in his preface, notes, and dedication; from the latter of which take the following example:"

"As in a flourishing and ripe fruit tree,
Nature hath made the barke to save the bole;
The bole, the sappe, the sappe to decke the whole
With leaves and branches; they, to beare and shield
The usefull fruit, the fruit itselfe to yeeld
Guard to the kernell, and for that all those
(Since out of that againe, the whole tree growes:)
So in our tree of man, whose nervie root
Springs in his top, from thence even to his foot,
There runnes a mutuall aide, through all his parts
All joyn'd in one to serve his queene of arts *(the soul)*
In which doth poesie, like the kernell lie
Obscur'd; though her Promethean facultie
Can create men, and make even death to live;
For which she should live honour'd, kings should give
Comfort and helpe to her, that she might still
Hold up their spirits in vertue; make the will
That governs in them, to the power conform'd,
The power to justice."———

Mr. Godwin proceeds to illustrate the subject, by adducing passages from Chapman's translation of the Odyssey, and contrasting them with passages from Pope; in which the advantage is clearly on the side of the former, both in regard to spirit and resemblance to the great original. "In the twentieth book of the Odyssey, Philætius, one of the faithful servants of Ulysses, sees his master in his beggar's habiliments without knowing him, and struck with something awful in his appearance, eagerly inquires of Eumæus, who the stranger is; but, without waiting for an answer,"

> "Thus coming to him; with a kinde of feare
> He tooke his hand; and (touch't exceeding neare
> With meere imagination of his worth)
> This salutation he sent lowdly forth."

Thus Chapman: and in the following manner the idea is expressed by Pope:

> "Then affable he thus the chief address'd,
> Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd."

"In another passage of the Eighteenth Book, where Eurymachus, one of the suitors, reproaches the seeming beggar, Ulysses, with his idle way of life, and bids him go work for his subsistence; Ulysses replies:"

"I wish, at any worke we two were tryed,
In hight of Spring-time, when heaven's lights are long;
I a good crook'd sithe, that were sharpe and strong;
You such another; where the grasse grew deepe;
Up by day breake, and both our labours keepe
Up til slow darknes eas'd the labouring light;
Fasting all day, and not a crum till night;
We then should prove our either workmanship.
Or if (again) beeves, that the goad or whip
Were apt t' obey, before a tearing plow;
Big, lusty beasts, alike in bulke and brow,
Alike in labour, and alike in strength;
Our taske foure acres, to be till'd in length
Of one sole day; againe then you should try
If the dull glebe before the plough should flye;
Or I a long stitch could beare cleane and even:
Or lastly, if the guide of earth and heaven
Should stir sterne war up, either here or there;
And that, at this day, I had double speare
And shield, and steele caske fitting for my browes;
At this work likewise, midst the foremost blowes,
Your eyes should note me."———

It is thus Pope translates the same passage:—

"To whom incens'd: Should we, oh prince, engage
In rival tasks, beneath the burning rage
Of summer suns; were both constrain'd to wield,
Foodless, the scythe along the burthen'd field;
Or should we labour, while the ploughshare wounds
With steers of equal strength, th' allotted grounds;
Beneath my labours how thy wondering eyes
Might see the sable field at once arise!

Should Jove dire war unloose, with spear and shield
And nodding helm I tread th' ensanguin'd field,
Fierce in the van; then, wouldst thou, wouldst thou, say,
Misname me glutton, in that glorious day?
No; thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrace;
'Tis thou injurious art, not I am base."

"I am not willing to load so plain a question with criticism: but can any thing be more spirited, free, and full of animation and enthusiasm, than the version of the elder poet? And, on the other hand, can any thing be more vapid than the lines of Pope? What can be more flat, and void of character and propriety, than the words "affable," "with pathetic warmth," "the burthened field," "the sable field," "the ensanguin'd field," and the "wounds of the ploughshare." "Thy thoughts the brave disgrace:" disgrace whom? the speaker, or the hearer? it is all ambiguous and ineffective. And then "disgrace the brave;" how poor and prosaic! It must be acknowledged, however, that the whole is in keeping, no one part by its energy and soul, throwing contempt upon another. Give me the language of feeling, of real passion, of generous passion; or else it will be in vain to tell me, that your style and manner is in the true poetical vein!"

In translating the Iliad, Chapman adopted that

kind of verse of fourteen syllables which had acquired much popularity in his day, which had become the established measure for most works of length and gravity, and was particularly consecrated to translation. It has, it must be confessed, a stately, though somewhat cumbrous march, and yet, as Warton justly observes, to modern ears it may appear ridiculous, from particular associations, and as having since become a mere ballad measure. Chapman's reason for adopting it is given in the following extract from the address to the reader prefix'd to the Iliad:

"The long verse hath by proof receiv'd applause
  Beyond each other number: and the foil
That squint-eyed Envy takes, is censur'd plain,
  For this long poem asks this length of verse,
Which I myself ingeniously mantain
  Too long our shorter authors to rehearse.
And for our tongue, that still is so impair'd
  By traveling linguists; I can prove it clear,
That no tongue hath the Muse's utterance heir'd
  For verse, and that sweet music to the ear
Struck out of rime, so naturally as this;
  Our monosyllables, so kindly fall
And meet, opposed in rime, as they did kiss.
  French and Italian, most immetricall;
Their many syllables, in harsh collision
  Fall as they brake their necks; their bastard rimes
Saluting as they justled in transition,
  And set our teeth on edge, &c."

Warton seems to think there is little truth in the observation that the English language is eminently adapted to rythmical poetry on account of its numerous monosyllables, but it is most probable that Chapman felt what he expressed; if he had only opposed it to the French, and had not included the Italian in his censure, there would perhaps have been little to object to in this passage; which is curious and interesting, as manifesting his enthusiasm and devotion to his own language, the perfection of which he was promoting by the strength and originality of his noble compositions. "The doctrine that an allegorical sense was hid under the narratives of Epic poetry had not yet ceased; and he promises a poem on the mysteries he had newly discovered in Homer;" but his promise does not appear to have been made good. He says, that the last twelve books of the Iliad were translated in less than fifteen weeks, and endeavours to obviate the censures of some malignant calumniators, who had asserted that he translated Homer out of the Latin, or out of the French: and notwithstanding Warton's hasty conclusion, that these attacks were not totally groundless, it will appear to any one who will be at the trouble of examining his different versions, his prefaces and notes, that he had not

only a competent but skilful acquaintance with the Greek.

Chapman's sensible observations upon the duty of a translator, have been justly cited with praise. "It is the part of every knowing and judicial interpreter, not to follow the number and order of words, but the material things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently; and to clothe and adorn them with words, and such a style and form of oration, as are most apt for the language into which they are converted."

"The danger lies (says Warton) in too lavish an application of this sort of clothing, that it may not disguise what it should adorn. I do not say that this is Chapman's fault: but he has by no means represented the dignity or the simplicity of Homer. He is sometimes paraphrastic and redundant, but more frequently retrenches or impoverishes what he could not feel and express.————Yet he is not always without strength or spirit. He has enriched our language with many compound epithets, so much in the manner of Homer, such as the *silver-footed* Thetis, the *silver-throned* Juno, the *triple-feathered* helm, the *high-walled* Thebes, the *faire-haired* boy, the *silver-flowing* floods, the *hugely-peopled* towns, the Grecians *navy-bound*, the *strong-winged* lance,

and many more which might be collected." The instances of this kind indeed in Chapman's translations are so very abundant that they occur in every page, some of them of singular beauty and force, as the reader will see in perusing the following Hymns. It is not only in his translations, where he was warranted by his original in using them, but in his original compositions, that he has shewn partiality for them, and his skill in their invention.

It has been said by Dryden, that Waller could never read Chapman's Homer without a degree of transport; and Pope has done him the justice to say that "he covers his defects by a daring fiery spirit, that animates his translation; which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself to have writ before he arrived to years of discretion." It is true that he has accused Chapman of taking advantage of an unmeasurable length of line, and of being rambling and paraphrastical in his translation, of appearing to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. The first objection is futile, for in reality Chapman's long lines are formed by the union of two short ones; the second has some truth in it, but comes with but little grace from Pope, who has even sometimes followed him in his deviations from the sense of Homer; and it is amusing to see

that, in a subsequent passage of his Preface, he has accused Dryden of having "had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages, where he wanders from the original." Now Johnson asserts, that "with Chapman Pope had frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version; which indeed he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the Greek." This is also proved by Wakefield, who has shewn that he evidently knew little of the Greek, and even suspects that he had not a very ready acquaintance with the Latin version. Chapman's arrogance, I suppose, consists in his continual assertion of the dignity of the poetical character; but what shall we say to the crime of being an *enthusiast* in poetry!!!

The following passages from the Iliad have been cited by Warton as favourable specimens of Chapman's manner: the first is the comparison of Diomed to the autumnal star, at the beginning of the fifth book.

"From his bright helme and shield, did burne, a most unwearied fire:
Like rich Autumnus' golden lampe, whose brightness men admire,
Past all the other host of starres, when with his cheareful face
Fresh washt in loftie Ocean waves, he doth the skies enchace."

The sublime imagery of Neptune's procession to assist the Grecians is thus rendered:

"The woods and all the great hils neare, trembled beneath the weight
Of his immortal moving feet: three steps he only tooke,
Before he farr-off Æge reach'd: but with the fourth it shooke
With his dread entrie: in the depth of those seas did he hold
His bright and glorious pallace, built of never-rusting gold:
And there arriv'd, he put in coach his brazen-footed steeds
All golden-maned, and paced with wings, and all in golden weeds
Himself he clothed. The golden scourge most elegantly done
He tooke, and mounted to his seat, and then the god begun
To drive his chariot through the waves. From whirlpools every way
The whales exulted under him, and knewe their king: the sea
For joy did open, and his horse so swift and lightly flew,
The under axeltree of brasse no drop of water drew."

I shall make no apology for laying before the reader the following interesting extract from Chapman's preface to the Iliad, especially as it may tend to illustrate the justice with which he was accused of poetical enthusiasm by Pope. This enthusiasm pervades all that he has done; this self-devotion to his art, this consciousness of the beauty and value of it when rightly understood, this contempt for the great vulgar and the small who disparaged it, are delightful and distinguishing traits of the poet.

"To all sciences therefore I must still (with our learned and ingenious Spondanus) prefer it, as having a perpetual commerce with the Divine Majesty; embracing and illustrating all his most holy precepts, and enjoying continual discourse with his thrice perfect and most comfortable Spirit. And as the contemplative life is most worthily and divinely preferred by Plato, to the active; as much as the head to the foot; the eye to the head; reason to sense; the soul to the body: the end itself, to all things directed to the end: quiet to motion; and eternity to time;—so much prefer I divine poesy to all worldly wisdom.———Poesy is the flower of the sun, and disdains to open to the eye of a candle. So kings hide their treasures and counsels from the vulgar; *ne eviliscant* (saith our Spondanus), we have example sacred enough, that true poesy, humility, poverty, and contempt, are badges of divinity, not vanity. Bray then, and bark against it, ye wolf-faced worldlings, that nothing but honours, riches, and magistracy, *nescio quos turgide spiratis* (that I may use the words of our friend still) *qui solas leges Justinianas crepatis; paragraphium unum aut alterum, pluris quam vos ipsos facitis, &c.* I (for my part) shall ever esteem it much more manly and sacred, in this harmless and pious study, to sit till I sink into my

grave, than shine in our vainglorious bubbles and impieties;—all your poor policy's wisdoms, their trappings, at no more valuing than a musty nut."

It may be said that this enthusiasm has tended sometimes to make his style turgid and inflated, and occasionally even bombastic; but these defects may be forgiven him in favour of his spirit, and the pregnant sense of his verses: they are such as must not be hastily read to be relished, and require all the reader's attention to properly enjoy them; the sense does not always lie upon the surface, but will amply repay those who are content to think while they read, or who love books for other purposes than merely to "curtoll a tedious hour."

Although Chapman's reputation stood high with such of his cotemporaries as were capable of appreciating his merits, it is obvious that, from this circumstance, his poems could not have been very popular. He is fully sensible of this; and in dedicating one of his earlier productions to his friend, Matthew Roydon, he thus expresses himself:—"Such is the wilfull povertie of iudgements (sweet Ma:) wandring like pasportles men, in contempt of the divine discipline of poesy, that a man may well feare to frequent their walkes: the prophane multitude I hate, and onelie consecrate my strange poems to those

serching spirits, whom learning hath made noble and nobilitie sacred*." It is probable his better judgment told him at length, that the fourteen syllable verse was not well adapted to heroic poetry, or he may have adopted it in the Iliad more in compliance with established custom, than from choice, as he appears to have preferred the heroic verse, even in his first publication. It is used in the Hymn to Night, and in the Hymn to Cynthia; where we find the following very judicious censure of that ridiculous attempt of Gabriel Harvey, Abraham Fraunce, and others, to introduce the metres of Latin poetry into English versification; an attempt which had completely failed in Italy at an earlier period, and which is so justly and happily ridiculed by the witty and satiric Nash in some of his pamphlets.

> ——————————— "Sweet poesie
> Will not be clad in her supremacie
> With those straunge garments (Rome's hexameters),
> As she is English: but in right prefers
> Our native robes, (put on with skilfull hands
> English heroicks) to those antick garlands
> Accounting it no meede but mockerie
> When her steepe browes alreadie prop the skies
> To put on startups, and yet let it fall."

And we therefore find that he adopts this measure

* Ovid's Banquet of Sence, &c. 1595, 4to.

in the translation of the Odyssey, the Hymns, and the Georgics of Hesiod, at a subsequent period. The diction and versification of all of these later performances is more chaste and natural, and at the same time equally vigorous with that of the Iliad.

One of the peculiarities of Chapman's versification, is the interlacing of the verses, or the running of the lines one into the other, so that the sense does not close with the couplet; this is what the French critics object to under the name of *enjambement des vers,* and is what made Ben Jonson say, "that the translations of Homer and Virgil in long Alexandrines were but prose." The practice, however, when not injudiciously excessive in its use, gives freedom and spirit to long compositions, while the strict observance of confining the sense to terminate with the couplet gives a stiff and formal air, and makes one rather seem to be reading a string of epigrams than a poem. The following judicious reflections of an excellent old poet and critic, in which our author's custom is defended, will place this subject in a just point of view:

"I must confess that, to mine own ear, those continual cadencies in couplets used in long continued poems, are very tiresome and unpleasing, by reason that still methinks they run on with a sound of one

nature, and a kind of certainty which stuffs the delight rather than entertains it. But yet notwithstanding, I must not out of my own daintiness condemn this kind of writing, which peradventure to another may seem most delightfull; and many worthy compositions we see to have passed with commendation in that kind. Besides methinks sometimes to beguile the ear with a running out and passing over the rhyme, as no bound to stay us in the line where the violence of the matter will break through, rather graceful than otherwise. Wherein I find my Homer-Lucan, as if he gloried to seem to have no bounds; albeit, he were confined within his measures, to be in my conceit most happy; for so thereby, they who care not for verse or rhyme, may pass it over without taking any notice thereof, and please themselves with a well-measured prose*."

The few particulars which are known of Chapman's life may be very briefly narrated. He was born in the year 1559†, and it is conjectured by

* Samuel Daniel's Defence of Rhyme, 1602.

† Upon the authority of Wood, the date of Chapman's birth has always been placed in 1557, but from the inscription round his portrait prefixed to the Iliad it appears that he was only 57 in 1616, and must therefore have been born in 1559. I prefer this testimony, as the print was published in his life-time, and under his own eye.

Wood that he was a native of Kent, and allied to a family seated at Stone-Castle in that county: yet his friend, William Browne, designates him as "The learned shepherd of fair Hitching Hill," and unless we believe this to refer only to his then place of residence, Hertfordshire would have a better claim to enumerate him among her worthies, than Kent, as the evidence of a cotemporary must be deemed preferable to the conjecture of the Oxford antiquary. Of his youth, and the place at which he received the rudiments of education, nothing is known; it is however certain "that he passed two years at Trinity College, Oxford, with a contempt of philosophy, but in a close attention to the Greek and Roman classics*." He quitted the university about 1576, and it is supposed that he repaired to London, where he eventually became the friend and associate of those who were most distinguished for wit and genius; among his friends he enumerated Spenser, Shakspeare, Marlow, Daniel, Drayton, and others of minor celebrity. He is known to have early enjoyed the patronage of Sir Thomas Walsingham, and the friendship of his son, whom he loved from his birth.

The interval between Chapman's quitting the

* Warton, from the information of Mr. Wise, keeper of the Archives at Oxford.

university in 1576, and the first of his known publications in 1594*, is so great, that we may conjecture he had before appeared as a writer anonymously, although we have no clue to his earlier performances: for so strong a propensity to letters, and so much poetic enthusiasm as marked his life even to its close, must surely have evinced itself at an earlier period than his thirty-fifth year. That he had previously been engaged as a writer for the stage there can be no doubt, and it appears that his Blind Beggar of Alexandria, although not published until 1598, was played by the "Lord Admiral's men" in the beginning of the year 1595†.

In this year was published his poem, entitled, "Ovid's Banquet of Sence‡." From which I have ventured to extract the following little lyrical effusion,

* "The Shadow of Night, containing two Poetical Hymnes." —Now reprinted at the end of the present volume.

† Henslowe's papers, published by Mr. Malone in his Historical View of the English Stage.

‡ Ovid's Banquet of Sence, a Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie, and his amorous Zodiacke; with a translation of a Latine copie (Sc. of verses), written by a Fryer, Anno Dom. 1400. *Quis Leget, &c.*

At London, Printed by I. R. for Richard Smith, Anno Dom. 1595.

as no ungraceful specimen of Chapman's powers in that species of composition.

THE SONG OF CORYNNA.

" 'Tis better to contemne than love,
And to be fayre than wise
For soules are rulde by eyes:
And Jove's bird ceaz'd by Cypris' dove
It is our grace and sport to see,
Our beauties sorcerie,
That makes (like destinie)
Men followe us the more we flee;
That sets wise Glosses on the foole,
And turnes her cheekes to bookes
Where wisdome sees in lookes
Derision, laughing at his schoole,
Who (loving) proves prophanenes, holy;
Nature, our fate, our wisedome, folly."

In this poem the following couplet, though bordering upon a conceit, is not deficient in fancy; describing the confusion of Corinna at being surprised while bathing, he says:

" Shame from a bowre of roses did unshrowde,
And spredd her crimson wings upon her face."

The following year he published "The Shield of Achilles" from Homer, and soon after in the same year a translation of seven books of the Iliad, in 4to. In the year 1598, his first comedy, "The Blind Beggar

of Alexandria," was published, and in 1599 another comedy, called "A Humorous Day's Mirth." In 1605 was printed his comedy, entitled, "All Fools." Chapman joined with Jonson and Marston in writing the comedy of "Estward Hoe," which was printed in 1606, and had been performed by the Children of the Revels in the preceding year; in this play there appear to be some satirical allusions to Shakspeare, which have been without sufficient authority given to Ben Jonson. "The play was well received, as indeed it deserved to be, for it is exceedingly pleasant; but there was a passage in it reflecting on the Scotch, which gave offence to Sir James Murray, who represented it to the king in so strong a light, that orders were given to arrest the authors." They remained for a short period in prison, but it does not appear that any very serious punishment was meditated, and Mr. Gifford thinks that "the desire to spare Jonson operated in their favour, and procured an unconditional pardon *." Jonson disclaimed to Drummond having had any thing to do with the offensive passage, saying, "that Chapman and Marston had written it amongst them;" and it appears that he stood in such favour at court, that Mr. Gifford says, "he was not

* Memoirs of Ben Jonson, p. lxxiv.

molested, but voluntarily accompanied his two friends to prison."

In 1606, was published, "The Gentleman Usher," and "Monsieur D'Olive;" also the continuation of Marlow's "Hero and Leander,*" a poem of eminent beauty. In 1607, his first tragedy of Bussy d'Ambois was printed; and in the same year his Cesar and Pompey made its appearance. The following year produced the conspiracy and tragedy of Charles Duke of Biron. In 1609, a poem entitled "Enthymiæ Captus, or the Teares of Peace." In 1611, he published "May Day," a comedy, and in 1612, another, called "The Widow's Tears." At the close of this year he had the misfortune to lose his patron, Henry Prince of Wales, whose death he lamented deeply, and published on the occasion "An Epicede, or Funereal Song," which he dedicates to his "affectionate and true friend, Mr. Henry Jones," in the following pathetic strain: "The most unvaluable and dismayful loss of my most dear and heroical patron, Prince Henry, hath so stricken all my spirits to the earth, that I will never more dare to look up to any greatness; but resolving the little rest of my

* Which has been made accessible to modern readers by the honourable zeal of Sir Egerton Brydges, who has reprinted it in the 2d vol. of the Restituta.

poor life to obscurity, and the shadow of his death, prepare ever hereafter for the light of heaven." There is no doubt that he felt severely the loss of this "bud of hope," which promised to open on his later days. The poem begins thus:

> "If ever adverse influence envied
> The glory of our Lands, or took a pride
> To trample on our height; or in the eye
> Struck all the pomp of Principality,
> Now it hath done so.—Oh, if ever heaven
> Made with the earth his angry reckoning even,
> Now it hath done so. —— —— ——
> O God, to what end are thy graces given?
> Only to shew the world, men fit for heaven,
> Then ravish them, as if too good for earth?
> We know, the most exempt in wealth, power, birth,
> Or any other blessing, should employ
> (As to their chief end) all things they enjoy,
> To make them fit for heaven; and not pursue
> With hearty appetite, the damned crew
> Of merely sensual and earthy pleasures.
> But when one hath done so, shall strait the treasures
> Digg'd to, in those deeps, be consumed by death?
> Shall not the rest, that error swalloweth,
> Be, by the pattern of that master-piece,
> Help'd to instruct their erring faculties?"

There is much more in this strain; and after depicting the sorrow of the king, queen, and princess, and describing the love and unanimity of the family, he

enters upon the virtues of Prince Henry. A running marginal gloss thus expresses the sense of his verses: "Those that came to the prince's service seemed (compared to the places they lived in before) to rise from death to life."—"The prince's house an Olympus, where all contention of virtues were practised."—"The prince not to be wrought on by flattery."—"His knowledge and wisdom."—And here he introduces the following well wrought simile:

"Flatterers are household thieves, traitors by law,
That rob kings' honours, and their souls'-blood draw;
Diseases, that keep nourishment from their food.
And as to know himself, is man's chief good,
So that which intercepts that supreme skill,
(Which flattery does) is the supremest ill:
Whose looks will breed the basilisk in kings' eyes,
That by reflection of his sight, dyes.
And as a nurse lab'ring a wayward child,
Day and night watching it, like an offspring wild;
Sings with a standing throat, to worse from ill;
Lord-blesses it;—bears with its pewks and cries;
And to give it a long life's miseries,
Sweetens its food, rocks, kisses it again;
Plies it with rattles, and all objects vain.
So flatterers, with as servile childish things,
Observe and sooth the wayward moods of kings."

It proceeds with the highest, and often with the most truly poetical panegyric of Henry's virtues,

and then reverts to the fatal disease which carried him off: in this part the following terrible and masterly personifications are to be found:

"She saw fast by, the blood-affecting Fever,
Even when th' autumnal star began t' expire,
Gathering in vapours thin, ethereal fire, &c.
And now this loather of the lovely light,
Begot of Erebus and ugly Night,
Mounted in haste her new and noiseful car,
Whose wheels had beam-spokes from th' Hungarian star *,
And all the other frame and freight from thence
Derived their rude and ruthless influence.
Up to her left side leap'd infernal Death,
His head hid in a cloud of sensual breath;
By her sat furious Anguish, pale Despite;
Murmur, and Sorrow, and possest Affright;
Yellow Corruption, marrow-eating Care;
Languor, chill Trembling, Fits irregular;
Inconstant Collor, feeble-voic'd Complaint;
Relentless Rigor, and Confusion faint;
Frantic Distemper, and hare-eyed Unrest;
And short-breath'd Thirst with ever burning breast;
A wreath of adders bound her trenched brows,
Where Torment ambush'd lay with all her throes.
Marmarian lions, fringed with flaming manes,
Drew this grim Fury and her brood of banes;
Their hearts of glowing coals, murmur'd and roar'd
To bear her crook'd yokes, and her banes abhorr'd."

* The fever the prince died of is said to have had its rise in Hungary.

"Then from Hell's burning whirl-pit up she haul'd,
The horrid monster fierce Echidna call'd;
That from her Stygian jaws doth vomit ever,
Quitture and venom, yet is empty never:
Then burnt her blood-shot eyes, her temples yet
Were cold as ice, her neck all drown'd in sweat:
Paleness spread all her breast, her life's heat stung.
The mind's interpreter, her scorched tongue,
Flow'd with blue poison: from her yawning mouth
Rheums fell like spouts fill'd from the stormy south;
Which, being corrupt, the hue of saffron took:
A fervent vapour all her body shook:
From whence her vexed spirits, a noisome smell,
Exspired in fumes that look'd as black as hell.
A ceaseless torrent did her nostrils steep,
Her wither'd entrails took no rest, no sleep:
Her swol'n throat rattled, warm'd with life's last spark,
And in her salt jaws painful coughs did bark.
Her teeth were stain'd with rust, her sluttish hand
She held out reeking like a new quench'd brand:
Arm'd with crook'd talons, like the horned moon,
All cheer, all ease, all hope with her was gone.
In her left hand a quenchless fire did glow,
And in her right palm freezed Sithonian snow."

I dare hardly trust myself with further extracts, but the following short passage, near the close of the poem, is too eminently beautiful to be omitted.

"On, on, sad train,—as from a cranny'd rock
Bee-swarms, robb'd of their honey, ceaseless flock.
Mourn, mourn,—dissected now his cold limbs lie;
Ah, knit so late with flame, and majesty.

Where's now his gracious smile, his sparkling eye?
His judgment, valour, magnanimity?
O God! what doth not one short hour snatch up
Of all man's gloss?—Still overflows the cup
Of his burst cares; put with no nerves together,
And lighter than the shadow of a feather."

That he had reason to lament his "most gracious and sacred Mæcenas," to whom he had dedicated his Homer, there can be no doubt; for, in a subsequent edition, where it is inscribed to his "immortal memory," he thus apostrophizes him:

——— "Not thy thrice sacred will
Signed with thy death, moves any to fulfil
Thy just bequests to me."

It is supposed that he held some trifling place in the court of James, or of his queen, and it seems certain that the monarch had much respect for him, and valued his writings; yet the disgrace of the favourite Carre, Earl of Somerset, who appears to have been his patron, may have had its influence upon Chapman; for it is much to be feared that he lived, and died at the close of his honourable career, in poverty. "In a poem among the Ashmole papers, inscribed, *The Genius of the Stage, deploring the Death of Ben Jonson;* after noticing the general sorrow, the writer says:

——— "Why do Apollo's sons
Meet in such throngs, and whisper as they go,
There are no more by sad affliction hurl'd,
And friend's neglect, from this inconstant world!
Chapman alone went so: he that's now gone
Commands his tomb; he scarce a grave or stone."

It was manly and consistent with the spirit of such a being, that his attachments were not shaken by reverses of fortune in those to whom he had devoted himself; and thus we find him not only dedicating the Odyssey to Somerset in his prosperity, but these hymns are inscribed to him, in a noble strain, in his adversity. And however we may lament the unworthiness of the subject of his panegyric, we must admire the constancy and disinterested conduct of Chapman. In the beginning of the year 1613, the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth with the Palsgrave called forth the voice of public rejoicing, and the societies of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple resolved to shew their loyalty, their munificence, and their magnificence, by exhibiting a most splendid masque on the occasion at Whitehall. It appears from Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, that the expense incurred by the societies on this occasion amounted to the then enormous sum of 1086*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.* Chapman was employed for the poetry, and Inigo Jones

for the machinery. Mr. Bliss in his valuable edition of the Athenæ Oxonienses, has extracted the following song from this masque*; and it must be confessed that his taste has led him to a much more favourable specimen of Chapman's powers than any thing to be found in Ellis's specimens.

SONG OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Bright *Panthæa* borne to Pan,
Of the noblest race of man,
  Her white hand to Eros giving
With a kiss, join'd heaven to earth,
And begot so fair a birth
  As yet never grac'd the living:
A twin that all worlds did adorn,
For so were *Love* and *Beauty* born.

* "The memorable masque of the two honourable houses or innes of court, the Middle Temple, and Lincolne's Inne, as it was performed before the king at Whitehall on Shrove-Monday, at night, being the 15th of February, 1613, at the princely celebration of the most royal nuptials of the Palsgrave, &c.; with a description of their whole show, in the manner of their march on horseback, from the Master of the Rolls house to the court, with all their noble consorts, and shewful attendants; invented and fashioned, with the ground and special structure of the whole work, by Inigo Jones," 4to. *no date*. The masque is dedicated to Sir E. Philips, then Master of the Rolls. At the end is printed an Epithalamium for the most happy nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth, &c.

Both so lov'd they did contend
Which the other should transcend
  Doing either grace and kindness:
Love from *Beauty* did remove
Lightness, call'd her stain in love,
  Beauty took from Love his blindness.
Love sparks made flames in Beauty's eye,
And Beauty blew up Love as high.

Virtue then commixt her fire,
To which *Bounty* did aspire;
  Innocence a crown conferring:
Mine and *thine* were then unused,
All things common, nought abused,
  Freely earth her fruitage bearing.
Nought then was car'd for that could fade—
And thus the golden world was made.

The same year he published his tragedy of "Bussy d'Ambois his Revenge," which does not appear to have met with much success.

In 1614, he published "*Andromeda Liberata*, the Nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda," also inscribed in verse to the Earl and Countess of Somerset; and in this year appeared the first twelve books of his translation of the Odyssey. In 1616, he published his translation of Musæus *, which is dedicated to Inigo Jones, and subscribed "his auncient poore

* The divine poem of Musæus, first of all books, translated by George Chapman.—London: printed by Isaac Jaggard, 1616.

friend." In the preface he warns the reader that what is now offered is nothing like "that partly excellent poem of Maister Marloe's—a different character being held through both the style, matter, and invention." This is said to be not much above mediocrity, is in a singular kind of measure, and the volume, which is of very diminutive size, is among the rarest treasures of English literature. Mr. Bliss has given the first few lines, which are here transcribed:

> "Goddess, relate
> The witnesse-bearing light
> Of loves, that would not beare
> A human sight.
> The sea-man
> That transported marriages,
> Shipt in the night,
> His bosom ploughing the seas."

In 1618, he published his translation of the "Georgics of Hesiod, translated elaborately out of the Greek;" to which are prefixed, commendatory verses by Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton *. This translation appears to possess much merit, and is in legitimate English heroic verse.

"Two wise Men, and all the rest Fools; or, a Comical Moral, censuring the Follies of that Age," was published in 1619. And in 1622, he published

* London: printed by H. L. for Miles Patrick, 1618, 4to.

a poem on the Death of Sir Horatio Vere, "*Pro Vere Autumni lachrymæ,*" whom he had before taken occasion to mention with honour in his Hymn to Cynthia. Two other poems were published in 1629, entitled, "Justification of a strange Action of Nero, in burying with a solemn Funerall one of the cast Hayres of his Mistresse Poppæa."—And "A just Reproofe of a Romane Smell-feast, being the Fifth Satire of Juvenall."

I know not in what year he published the Iliad and Odyssey united, as the book is without date; but it should appear that it was in 1616*, that being the date on his portrait which accompanies this

* To this edition there is an engraved title page by Hole, which runs thus: "The whole Works of Homer, Prince of Poetts, in his Iliads and Odysses. Translated according to the Greeke by George Chapman. At London: for Nathaniel Butter."—On the reverse of the title there is a fine spirited representation of Chapman's head in the clouds, with the motto, *Conscium evasi diem;*—inscribed round it is "*Georgius Chapmannus Homeri Metaphrastes, Æta. LVII. MDCXVI.*"

Above it, "*Hæc est laurigeri facies divina Georgi*
Hic Phœbi decus est; Phœbumque Deus."

Beneath it, "*Optimus hic sese, qui novit cuncta Magistro*
Prospiciens rerum fines Meliora sequutus
De Homero redivivus." Hes.

Seven kingdoms strove, which theyrs should Homer call,
And now one Chapman, ownes him, from them all.
Scotiæ Nobilis.

edition; it is inscribed, as before observed, on another engraved plate, "To the Immortall Memorie of the Incomparable Heroe, Henrye Prince of Wales;" and he has added, at foot of the verses which are inscribed under it, the following distich, "*Ad Famam.*"

To all Tymes future, this Tyme's march extend,
Homer, no patron founde; nor Chapman friend.
Ignotus nimis omnibus;
Sat notus, moritur sibi.

There was a previous impression of both the Iliad and Odyssey complete, but separate. The title page to this edition had before served as a title to the edition of the Iliad, which was printed during the life of Prince Henry, without date, and which Warton, from an entry on the Stationer's books, supposed to have been published in 1611. It has been already noticed that the first twelve books of the Odyssey were published in 1614. My friend Mr. Douce is in possession of a presentation copy, in which Chapman has written "For my righte worthie Knighte, my exceeding noble freinde Sir Henry Fanshawe. A pore Homericall new yeare's gifte."

Eruditorum Poetarum hujus Ævi, facile Principi Dno. Georgio Chapman; Homero (velit nolit Invidia Redivivo, I. M.—Tessellam hanc χαριστήριον. D. D.

Ille simul Musas, et Homerum scripserit ipsum
Qui scribit Nomen (Magne Poeta) tuum.

Two of his tragedies, "Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany," and "Revenge for Honour," do not appear to have been printed until 1654, twenty years after his death. One of the last, though not the least perfect of his works, appears to have been the translation of the Batrachomyomachia, and the Hymns of Homer, now here reprinted, which were published in folio, without date, by Bill, the King's printer. From the appearance of the volume, and comparing it with other books printed by the same printer, it should seem to have been published after 1624. The volume, which is very rare, has an engraved title page, by William Pass*, containing a portrait of Chapman at an advanced period of old age. This has been copied for the present occasion.

Deeply impressed with the beauty, the vigour, and raciness of the following versions, the editor has

* In the upper compartment Homer is seated, with a book open before him; Hermes is at the back of his chair; Apollo, with whiskers, a pointed beard, and horrent hair, is on one side, with a lute in his hand: Minerva on the other. They are crowning Homer with a wreath of bays.

In the lower compartment is the portrait of Chapman surrounded by clouds, with the motto as before, *Conscium evasi sibi*, and above, *the Title* as copied in a future page. It is remarkable that the hymns are not mentioned in this title page.

thought that he should be doing no unacceptable service to the admirers of early poetry in reviving them: at the same time he must confess that their revival originated in a selfish feeling; the fact is, that he wished to possess them, and sought in vain for a copy, till accident at length threw one into the hands of a liberal friend, who allowed him the free use of it for the purpose. The two Original Hymns, by Chapman, may be deemed no mean addition to the value of this volume, for they are among the rarest of our English poetical tracts; and, strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, original editions of the united contents of this little book, could not be purchased if they were in the hands of a dealer in early poetry, for so small a sum as twenty pounds *.

The pecuniary value of them would, however, have had no weight with the editor; for, to the mere

* The two following publications are enumerated by Warton and Malone: "a Book called Petrarke's Seaven Penitential Psalmes, in Verse, paraphrastically translated, with other Poems philosophical; and a Hymne to Christ upon the Crosse, written by George Chapman." *Licensed to Mathew Selman, Jan.* 13, 1611.—Warton iii. 447.

"Poetical Essays on the Turtle and Phœnix, published with others on the same subject by Shakspeare, Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, at the end of Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint, 1601, 4to."—*Malone's Supplement to Shakspeare*, 1780, vol. i. p. 732.

collector of old poetry, their rarity alone would be enough to give them that degree of merit. But their claim to attention stands on quite different grounds: the value of these obsolete translations has been so well and so eloquently demonstrated by Mr. Godwin in the extract which has been already given, that there remains nothing to add on the subject. The reader's attention is however directed to the Hymn to Pan, the Hymns to Apollo and to Hermes; and when he has read these with the attention they claim, and with the proper allowances required to the peculiarities of Chapman, and the period at which he wrote, the present writer will be much disappointed if he does not derive great pleasure from the possession of these treasures of intellect. Well might Chapman exultingly say,

> "In [these] songs I have made our shores rejoice,
> And Greek itself vaile to our English voice."

Well might Wood call him "not the meanest of the English poets of his time," and observe that "he obtained great repute by his admirable translations, and advancement of the English stage by his dramatic writings." In an age prolific of writers of genius Chapman commanded the respect and the admiration of all who were capable of judging, and destitute of

envy: he well deserved to be "highly celebrated among men for his brave language in his translations," and was highly celebrated and highly esteemed. The following verses are from a collection of epigrams published by Freeman in 1611.

TO GEORGE CHAPMAN.

George, it is thy genius innated
Thou pick'st not flowers from another's field,
Stolne similes or sentences translated,
Nor seekest, but what thine own soile doth yield:
Let barren wits go borrow what to write,
'Tis bred and borne with thee what thou inditest;
And our comedians thou out-strippest quite,
And all the hearers more than all delightest
With unaffected stile and sweetest straine,
Thy in-ambitious pen keeps on her pace,
And commeth near'st the ancient comic vaine,
Thou hast beguilde us all of that sweet grace:
And were Thalia to be sold and bought
No Chapman but thy selfe were to be sought.

But that he could not escape the breath of envy is evident from many passages in his writings; among which the following curious extract from the preface to his Homer may be adduced:

"But there is a certain envious windsucker, that hovers up and down, laboriously engrossing all the air with his luxurious ambition; and buzzing into

every ear my detraction; affirming I turn Homer out of the Latin only, &c. that sets all his associates, and the whole rabble of my maligners on their wings with him, to beare about my empaire, and poyson my reputation. One that, as he thinks, whatsoever he gives to others, he takes from himself; so whatsoever he takes from others, he adds to himself. One that in this kind of robbery, doth like Mercury, that stole good, and supplied it with counterfeit bad still. One like the two gluttons, Philoxenus and Gnatho, that would still empty their noses in the dishes they loved, that no man might eat but themselves. For so this Castrill, with too hot a liver, and lust after his own glory, and to devour all himself, discourageth all appetites to the fame of another.—I have stricken, single him as you can. Nor note I this, to cast any rubs, or plaster out of the particular way of mine own estimation with the world; for I resolve this with the wilfully obscure:"

> "*Sine honore, vivam nulloque numero ero;*
> Without men's honors I will live, and make
> No number, in the manless course they take."

That his cotemporaries knew who was here designated there can be no doubt, nor is it now vain to conjecture. It has before been observed, that all the men of genius of his time were Chapman's friends;

Ben Jonson and William Browne are among those who mention him with affection and esteem; the former expressed his love for him to Drummond, and wrote verses in his praise; and the latter says, had Homer never existed,

> "My friend had lost his ever living glory*."

And in another place terms him

> "That learned swaine whose layes†
> Divinest Homer crowned with deathless bayes."

And when enumerating the chiefest poets of his time, says,

> "Then in a straine beyond an oaten quill
> The learned shepherd of fair Hitching Hill
> Sung the heroicke deeds of Greece and Troy
> In lines so worthy life, that I employ
> My reed in vaine to overtake his fame:
> All praisefull tongues do wait upon that name‡."

Whether there was a subsequent quarrel between Chapman and Jonson, or whatever was the cause, it appears that their friendship was not uninterrupted, Mr. Gifford has adduced some lines from a manuscript in the Ashmole collection, which bear the following

* Britannia's Pastorals, Book I. Song 5. † Ibid.
‡ Book II. Song 2.

title, "**An Invective against Ben Jonson, by Mr. George Chapman.**"

> "Greate-learned wittie Ben, be pleased to light
> The world with that three-forked fire; nor fright
> All us, the sublearn'd, with Luciferus boast
> That thou art most great, learn'd of all the earth
> As being a thing betwixt a humane birth
> And an infernal; no humanitye
> Of the divine soul shewing man in thee," &c.

Mr. Gifford is unwilling to believe Chapman the author of these lines, which he calls "malicious trash;" but surely there is sufficient evidence of style in them to place the matter beyond doubt. It is to be feared there must have been some bitter provocation to call for this chastisement. Notwithstanding Mr. Gifford's spirited vindication of him, it must be acknowledged that Jonson was reputed envious of his successful cotemporaries, and Chapman has been particularly mentioned as one of those he envied. Now it must be confessed that part of Drummond's censure of Jonson has some points of character in common with the invective of Chapman in the preface to Homer, and it is not impossible that Jonson was also there pointed at.

Oldy's * says, but we know not on what authority, that "Chapman was much resorted to latterly by

* MS. notes on Langbaine's Dramatic Poets.

young persons of parts, as a poetical chronicle: but was very choice whom he admitted to him; and preserved in his own person the dignity of poetry." Wood represents him as a "person of most reverent aspect, religious, and temperate, qualities (says he) rarely meeting in a poet." John Davies of Hereford bears testimony to the rank and estimation in which he was held by his cotemporaries, in a copy of verses addressed to him under the title of "Father of our English poets," which, as they are a curious specimen of panegyric, may be here inserted. That Chapman was then struggling with poverty is evident from this address to him, "but his lofty mind sustained him still;" and he observes to his friend, Henry Jones, "That there may favours pass betwixt poor friends, which even the richest and greatest may envy."

TO MY HIGHLY VALUED MR. GEORGE CHAPMAN,

FATHER OF OUR ENGLISH POETS.

I know thee not, good George, but by thy pen,
For which I rank thee with the rarest men.
And in that rank I put thee in the front,
Especially of poets of account.
Who art the treasurer of that company;
But in thy hand too little coin doth lie.
For of all arts that now in London are,
Poets get least in uttering their ware.

But thou hast in thy heart, and head, and hand,
Treasures of art, that treasure can command.
Ah, would they could! Then should thy wealth and wit
Be equal; and a lofty fortune fit.
But, George, thou wert accurst; and so was I,
To be of that most blessed company.
For, if they most are blest, that are most crost,
Then, poets I am sure are blessed most.
Yet we with rhyme and reason trim the times,
Though they give little reason for our rhymes.
The reason is, else error blinds my wits,
They reason want, to do what honour fits.
But let them do as please them, we must do
What Phœbus, sire of art, moves nature to *.

Chapman died on the twelfth day of May, 1634, in the 75th year of his age, and was buried on the south side of the church of St. Giles's in the Fields. "Over his grave, near the south wall of the church, was soon after a monument erected, built after the way of the old Romans, by the care and at the charge of his beloved friend Inigo Jones †," and on it was inscribed, *Georgius Chapmannus*, Poeta Ho-

* *From the Scourge of Folly, by John Davies of Hereford, printed about the year* 1611, *in* 8*vo*.

† It is unfortunate that this monument was destroyed with the old church; but he has erected himself a more lasting and unperishable monument, which can only cease to exist with the language which he contributed so much to enrich and dignify by his translations.

mericus, Philosophus verus (etsi Christianus Poeta) plusquam celebris, &c."

"It is not clear (says Warton), whether Dryden's resolution to burn annually one copy of Chapman's best tragedy of Bussy d'Ambois, was a censure or a compliment." Surely the following passage from the dedication to 'The Spanish Fryer' is unequivocal: "I have sometimes wondered, in the reading, what was become of those glaring colours which amazed me in *Bussy d'Ambois* upon the theatre; but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly; nothing but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting. A dwarfish thought dressed up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperboles; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or at best a scantling of wit which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish. A famous modern poet used to sacrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's manes; and I have indignation enough to burn a *d'Ambois* annually to the memory of Jonson." This is an unjust and overcharged account of the style of Chapman's tragedy, and should not have come

from Dryden, who knew not how to avoid its principal defects in his own dramatic compositions. If Pope's accusation, cited in a former page, be true, and there is reason to believe it, Dryden is guilty of the basest injustice, in first pillaging, and then disparaging, Chapman's version of Homer. The following notice is in the dedication to the third volume of the Miscellanies: "The Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Waller, two of the best judges of our age, have assured me, that they never could read over the Translation of Chapman without incredible transport. This admiration of theirs must needs proceed from the author himself: for the translator has thrown him down as low as harsh numbers, improper English, and a monstrous length of verse could carry him." I have before had occasion to observe, that the preference of Chapman and Fairfax, and the delight he took in their perusal, is highly creditable to the taste and discernment of Waller.

But I hasten from this ungrateful subject, and shall make the reader amends, by placing before him the opinion of one of the master spirits of the present times*, who has known how to appreciate the

* Mr. Charles Lamb, in his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets," a selection in which is displayed the utmost judgment and taste. The critical notices are extremely valuable, and above any praise of mine.

merits and defects of Chapman with such skill, and in such an highly eloquent spirit of criticism, that I should deem it criminal to withhold it on this occasion, or to attempt to substitute any thing of my own.

"The selections which I have made from this poet, are sufficient to give an idea of 'that full and heightened style' which Webster makes characteristic of Chapman. Of all the English play-writers, Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakspeare in the descriptive and didactic, in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakspeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences; but in himself he had an eye to perceive, and a soul to embrace all forms. He would have made a great epic poet, if indeed he has not abundantly shewn himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a translation, as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of mere modern translations. His almost Greek zeal for the honour of his heroes is only paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry, with which Milton, as if personating one of the zealots of the old law, clothed himself when he sat down to paint the acts of Sam-

son against the Uncircumcised. The great obstacle to Chapman's translations being read, is their unconquerable quaintness. He pours out in the same breath the most just and natural, and the most violent and forced expressions. He seems to grasp whatever words come first to hand during the impetus of inspiration, as if all other must be inadequate to the divine meaning. But passion (the all in all in poetry) is every where present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd. He makes his readers glow, weep, tremble, take any affection which he pleases, be moved by words, or in spite of them, be disgusted, and overcome their disgust. I have often thought that the vulgar misconception of Shakspeare, as of a wild irregular genius, 'in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties,' would be true of Chapman. But there is no scale by which to balance such disproportionate subjects as the faults and beauties of a great genius. To set off the former with any fairness against the latter, the pain which they give us should be in some proportion to the pleasure which we receive from the other. As these transport us to the highest heaven, those should steep us in agonies infernal."

The influence which the attention to our early

poets, of late become so prevalent, has had, and is still operating upon our literature, is too obvious and gratifying to be insisted on here. I cannot but exult that I have, at least in this and one other instance, lent my feeble aid in making accessible some of the most valuable specimens of poetical translation in our language. It remains to observe that in the following poems the orthography has been modernized, (it is hoped with proper discretion) in order to remove at least one difficulty out of the way of the modern reader, but exceptions have been made in favour of some old words become now entirely obsolete, and in a few instances for the sake of the rhyme: at p. 120, line 1, *ought* the modern equivalent would be *owed*, but as the latter previously occurs in the sense of *owned* the old orthography has been followed.—The Hymn to Apollo has been divided in the original Greek, by the modern editors Ruhnkenius, Ilgen, and Mathiæ, into *two*, upon the authority of some MSS. The first is inscribed to the *Delian*, the second to the *Delphian* Apollo, the division would be made in the translation at page 30, beginning at the line,

"However I'll not cease the praise I owe."

Just as this sheet is going to press I am informed by my much esteemed friend George Hibbert, Esq.

that the first edition of the first seven books of the Iliad, in his richly stored library, varies very materially from the subsequent impressions, and, he thinks, for the better. I have not deemed it prudent to enter more at large into the subject at present, as this preface is already of such unconscionable length, trusting that I may have a future opportunity of doing more ample justice to this "learned Theban." I could even wish that there might be sufficient encouragement to print his entire translation of Homer in a compressed and unostentatious portable form. The collation of copies, and all necessary attention I should most cheerfully bestow from the respect and gratitude I owe him. In the interim the following Hymns offer a fair specimen of his powers, they are one of his latest works, and he thus exults at their conclusion, in the honest consciousness of what he had achieved.

> "The work that I was born to do is done!
> Glory to him that the conclusion
> Makes the beginning of my life: and never
> Let me be said to live, 'till I live ever."

I have no more to add but to wish that the reader may receive a portion of the pleasure in the perusal

of these pages which I have derived from them, if it be but the tithe, I am confident that he will be fully satisfied, and I shall deem myself amply rewarded.

NORTH END, FULHAM,
December 16, 1817.

THE

CROWNE *of all* HOMER'S WORKES,

Batrachomyomachia;

OR,

The Battaile of Frogs and Mise.

Translated according to ye Originall

By George Chapman.

London:

Printed by Iohn Bill, *his* MAIESTIE'S *Printer.*

TO

MY EVER MOST-WORTHY-TO-BE-MOST HONOURED LORD,

THE EARL OF SOMERSET, &c.

NOT forc'd by fortune; but since your free mind
(Made by affliction) rests in choice resign'd
To calm retreat, laid quite beneath the wind
Of grace and glory: I well know, my Lord,
You would not be entitled to a word
That might a thought remove from your repose,
To thunder and spit flames, as greatness does,
For all the trumps that still tell where he goes.
Of which trumps, Dedication being one,
Me thinks I see you start to hear it blown.

But this is no such trump as summons lords
'Gainst Envy's steel, to draw their leaden swords,
Or 'gainst hare-lipp'd Detraction, Contempt;
All which from all resistance stand exempt;

It being as hard to sever wrong from merit,
As meat-indu'd from blood, or blood from spirit.
Nor in the spirit's chariot rides the soul
In bodies chaste, with more divine control;
Nor virtue shines more in a lovely face,
Than true desert is stuck off with disgrace.
And therefore truth itself that had to bless
The merit of it all, almightiness,
Would not protect it from the bane and ban
Of all moods most distraught and Stygian;
As counting it the crown of all desert,
Borne to heaven, to take of earth, no part
Of false joy here, for joys-there-endless troth,
Nor sell his birthright for a mess of broth.
But stay and still sustain, and his bliss bring,
Like to the hatching of the blackthorn's spring,
With bitter frosts, and smarting hail-storms forth;
Fates love bees' labours; only pain crown's worth.
This Dedication calls no greatness then,
To patron this greatness-creating pen;
Nor you to add to your dead calm a breath,
For those arm'd angels, that in spite of death
Inspir'd those flow'rs that wrought this poet's wreath,
Shall keep it ever, Poesy's steepest star,
As in Earth's flaming walls, Heaven's sevenfold car,
From all the wilds of Neptune's wat'ry sphere,
For ever guards the Erymanthian bear.

Since then your Lordship settles in your shade
A life retir'd, and no retreat is made

But to some strength; for else 'tis no retreat,
But rudely running from your battle's heat,
I give this as your strength: your strength, my Lord,
In counsels and examples, that afford
More guard than whole hosts of corporeal pow'r,
And more deliverance teach the fatal hour.

Turn not your med'cine then to your disease,
By your too set and slight repulse of these,
The adjuncts of your matchless Odysses;
Since on that wisest mind of man, relies
Refuge from all life's infelicities.

Nor sing these, such division from them,
But that these spin the thread of the same stream
From one self distaff's stuff: for Poesy's pen,
Through all themes, is t' inform the lives of men;
All whose retreats need strengths of all degrees;
Without which, had you even Herculean knees,
Your foes fresh charges would at length prevail,
To leave your noblest suff'rance no least sail.
Strength then, the object is of all retreats;
Strength needs no friend's trust; strength your foes defeats.
Retire to strength then, of eternal things,
And you're eternal; for our knowing springs
Flow into those things that we truly know,
Which, being eternal, we are render'd so.
And though your high-fix'd light pass infinite far
Th' adviceful guide of my still-trembling star,

Yet hear what my discharg'd piece must foretel,
Standing your poor and perdue sentinel.
Kings may perhaps wish even your beggars voice
To their eternities, how scorn'd a choice
Soever, now it lies; and (dead I) may
Extend your life to light's extremest ray.
If not, your Homer yet past doubt shall make
Immortal, like himself, your bounty's stake
Put in my hands, to propagate your fame,
Such virtue reigns in such united name.

Retire to him then for advice, and skill
To know things call'd worst, best; and best, most ill.
Which known, truths best choose, and retire to still.
And as our English general, (whose name*
Shall equal interest find in th' house of fame,
With all Earth's great'st commanders,) in retreat
To Belgian Gant, stood all Spain's armies heat
By Parma led, though but one thousand strong;
Three miles together thrusting through the throng
Of th' enemy's horse, still pouring on their fall
'Twixt him and home, and thunder'd through them all.
The Gallic Monsieur standing on the wall,
And wond'ring at his dreadful discipline,
Fir'd with a valour that spit spirit divine:
In five batallions ranging all his men,

* A simile illustrating the most renowned service of General Norris in his retreat before Gant, never before made sacred to memory.

Bristl'd with pikes, and flank'd with flankers ten;
Gave fire still in his rear; retir'd, and wrought
Down to his fix'd strength still; retir'd and fought;
All the battalions of the enemy's horse
Storming upon him still their fieriest force;
Charge upon charge laid fresh: he, fresh as day,
Repulsing all, and forcing glorious way
Into the gates, that gasp'd, (as swoons for air),
And took their life in, with untouch'd repair:—
So fight out, sweet Earl, your retreat in peace;
No open-war equals that where privy prease
Of never-number'd odds of enemy
Arm'd all by envy, in blind ambush lie,
To rush out like an opening threatning sky,
Broke all in meteors round about your ears.
'Gainst which, though far from hence, through all your rears
Have fires prepar'd; wisdom, with wisdom flank,
And all your forces range in present rank;
Retiring as you now fought in your strength,
From all the force laid, in time's utmost length,
To charge, and basely come on you behind.
The doctrine of all which you here shall find,
And in the true glass of a human mind.
Your Odysses, the body letting see
All his life past, through infelicity,
And manage of it all. In which to friend,
The full Muse brings you both the prime and end
Of all arts ambient in the orb of man;
Which never darkness most Cimmerian

Can give eclipse, since (blind) he all things saw,
And to all, ever since liv'd lord and law.
And though our mere-learn'd men, and modern wise,
Taste not poor poesie's ingenuities,
Being crusted with their covetous leprosies;
But hold her pains worse than the spiders' work,
And lighter than the shadow of a cork:
Yet th' ancient learn'd heat with celestial fire,
Affirms her flames so sacred and entire;
That, not without God's greatest grace, she can
Fall in the wid'st capacity of man.*

If yet the vile soul of this verminous time,
Love more the sale-muse, and the squirrel's chime,
Than this full sphere of poesies sweetest prime;
Give them unenvied their vain vein and vent,
And rest your wings in his approv'd ascent
That yet was never reach'd, nor ever fell
Into affections bought with things that sell,
Being the Sun's flow'r; and wrapt so in his sky,
He cannot yield to every candle's eye.

Whose most worthy discoveries, to your Lordship's judicial perspective, in most subdue humility submitteth,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

* Ut non sine maximo favore Dei comparari queat.
PLATONIS in IONE.

THE

OCCASION OF THIS IMPOSED CROWNE.

After this not only prime of poets, but philosophers, had written his two great poems of Iliads and Odysses; which for their first lights born before all learning were worthily called the Sun and Moon of the Earth; (finding no compensation) he writ in contempt of men this ridiculous poem of Vermin, giving them nobility of birth, valorous elocution not inferior to his heroes. At which the gods themselves put in amaze, called councils about their assistance of either army, and the justice of their quarrels, even to the mounting of Jove's artillery against them, and discharge of his three-fork'd flashes: and all for the devouring of a mouse. After which sleight and only recreative touch, he betook him seriously to the honour of the gods; in hymns resounding all their peculiar titles, jurisdictions, and dignities; which he illustrates at all parts, as he had been continually conversant amongst them: and whatsoever authentic poesy he omitted in the episodes, contained in his Iliads and Odysses, he comprehends and concludes in his Hymns and Epigrams. All his observance and honour of the gods, rather

moved their envies against him, than their rewards, or respects of his endeavours. And so like a man *verecundi ingenii* (which he witnesseth of himself) he lived unhonoured and needy till his death; and yet notwithstanding all men's servile and manacled miseries, to his most absolute and never-equalled merit; yea even bursten profusion to imposture and impiety; hear our ever-the-same intranced, and never-sleeping master of the Muses, to his last accents, incomparably singing.

BATRAXOMYOMAXIA.

ENT'RING the fields, first let my vows call on
The Muses whole choir out of Helicon
Into my heart; for such a poem's sake,
As lately I did in my tables take,
And put into report, upon my knees.
A fight so fierce, as might in all degrees
Fit Mars himself, and his tumultuous hand,
Glorying to dart to th' ears of every land
Of all the [1] voice-divided; and to show
How bravely did both frogs and mice bestow
In glorious fight their forces; even the deeds
Daring to imitate of Earth's giant seeds.
Thus then, men talk'd; this seed the strife begat:
The mouse, once dry; and scap'd the dangerous cat;

[1] Intending *men:* being divided from all other creatures by the voice, ωεροψ, being a periphrasis, signifying *voce divisus*, of μειρω *divido*, and οψ οτὸς *vox.*

Drench'd in the neighbour lake, her tender beard,
To taste the sweetness of the wave it rear'd.

The far-fam'd fen-affecter (seeing him) said;
"Ho, stranger! what are you? And whence, that tread
This shore of ours? who brought you forth? Reply,
What truth may witness, lest I find you lie.
If worth fruition of my love, and me;
I'll have thee home; and hospitality
Of feast, and gift; good and magnificent
Bestow on thee: for all this confluent
Resounds my royalty; my name, the great
In blown-up count'nances; and looks of threat,
[1] Physignathus; ador'd of all frogs here
All their days durance; and the empire bear
Of all their beings. Mine own being, begot
By royal [2] Peleus; mix'd in nuptial knot
With fair [3] Hydromedusa; on the bounds
Near which [4] Eridanus, his race resounds.
And thee, mine eye, makes my conceit inclined
To reckon powerful, both in form and mind:
A sceptre-bearer; and past others far,
Advanc'd in all the fiery fights of war.
Come then, thy race, to my renown commend."
The mouse made answer; "Why inquires my friend?

[1] Φυσίγναθος, *Genas et buccas inflans.*
[2] Πηλεύς, *qui ex luto nascitur.*
[3] Ὑδρομέδουσα. *Aquarum regina.*
[4] The river Po, in Italy.

For what so well, know men and deities,
And all the wing'd affecters of the skies?
[1] Psycharpax, I am call'd; [2] Troxarte's seed;
Surnam'd the Mighty-minded: she that freed
Mine eyes from darkness, was [3] Lichomyle,
King [4] Pternotrocte's daughter; showing me
Within an aged hovel, the young light:
Fed me with figs and nuts, and all the height
Of varied viands. But unfold the cause,
Why, 'gainst similitudes most equal laws
(Observ'd in friendship) thou mak'st me thy friend?
Thy life, the waters only help t' extend.
Mine, whatsoever, men are us'd to eat,
Takes part with them, at shore: their purest cheat,
Thrice boulted, kneaded, and subdu'd in past,
In clean round kimnels; cannot be so fast
From my approaches kept; but in I eat:
Nor cheesecakes full of finest Indian wheat,
That [5] crusty-weeds wear, large as ladies trains:
[6] Liverings (white-skin'd as ladies), nor the strains

[1] Ψυχάραξ. Gather-crum, or ravish-crum.

[2] Τρωξάρτης Shear-crust.

[3] Λειχομύλη. Lick-mill.

[4] Πτερνοτρώκτος. Bacon-flitch-devourer, or gnawer.

[5] Τανυπεπλος *Extenso et promisso peplo amictus.* A metaphor taken from ladies veils, or trains, and therefore their names are here added.

[6] Ηπατα λευκοχίτωνα. Livering puddings white skin'd.

Of press'd milk, rennetted; nor collops cut
Fresh from the flitch: nor junkets, such as put
Palates divine in appetite; nor any
Of all men's delicates, though ne'er so many
Their cooks devise them, who each dish see deck'd
With all the dainties [1] all strange soils affect.
Yet am I not so sensual, to fly
Of fields embattled, the most fiery cry:
But rush out straight, and with the first in fight
Mix in adventure: no man with affright
Can daunt my forces, though his body be
Of never so immense a quantity.
But making up, even to his bed, access,
His fingers ends dare with my teeth compress;
His feet taint likewise; and so soft seize both,
They shall not taste th' impression of a tooth.
Sweet sleep shall hold his own, in every eye
Where my tooth takes his tartest liberty:
But two there are, that always, far and near
Extremely still, control my force with fear;
(The cat, and night-hawk), who much skathe confer
On all the outraies, where for food I err.
Together with the [2] streights-still-keeping trap,
Where lurks deceitful and set-spleen'd mishap.

[1] Παντοδαποῖσιν. Whose common exposition is only *varijs*, when it properly signifies, *ex omni solo*.

[2] Στονόεσσαν, of ςεν@, Angustus.

But most of all the cat constrains my fear,
Being ever apt t' assault me every where;
For by that hole, that hope says, I shall 'scape,
At that hole ever, she commits my rape.
The best is yet, I eat no pot-herb grass,
Nor radishes, nor coloquintida's:
Nor still-green beets, nor parsley; which you make
Your dainties still, that live upon the lake."
The frog replied: "Stranger! your boasts creep all
Upon their bellies; though to our lives fall;
Much more miraculous meats, by lake and land:
Jove tend'ring our lives with a twofold hand,
Enabling us to leap ashore for food,
And hide us straight in our retreatful flood;
Which if your will serve, you may prove with ease.
I'll take you on my shoulders, which fast seize,
If safe arrival at my house y' intend.
He stoop'd, and thither sprightly did ascend,
Clasping his golden neck, that easy seat
Gave to his sally: who was jocund yet;
Seeing the safe harbours of the king so near;
And he, a swimmer, so exempt from pere.
But when he sunk into the purple wave,
He mourn'd extremely; and did much deprave
Unprofitable penitence: his hair
Tore by the roots up, labour'd for the air,
With his feet fetch'd up to his belly, close:
His heart within him panted out repose,

For th' insolent plight in which his state did stand;
Sigh'd bitterly, and long'd to greet the land,
Forc'd by the dire need of his freezing fear.
First, on the waters, he his tail did steer
Like to a stern; then drew it like an oar,
Still praying the gods to set him safe ashore:
Yet sunk he midst the red waves, more and more;
And laid a throat out to his utmost height:
Yet in forc'd speech he made his peril slight,
And thus his glory with his grievance strove;
Not in such choice state was the charge of love
Borne by the bull; when to the Cretan shore
He swum Europa through the wavy roar;
As this frog ferries me, his palid breast
Bravely advancing; and his verdant crest
(Submitted to my seat) made my support,
Through his white waters, to his royal court.
But on the sudden did appearance make
An horrid spectacle; a water-snake
Thrusting his freckled neck above the lake.
Which (seen to both) away Physignathus
Div'd to his deeps, as no way conscious
Of whom he left to perish in his lake;
But shun'd black fate himself; and let him take
The blackest of it: who amidst the fen
Swum with his breast up; hands held up in vain,
Cried peepe, and perish'd: sunk the waters oft,
And often with his sprawlings came aloft;

Yet no way kept down death's relentless force,
But (full of water) made an heavy corse.
Before he perish'd yet, he threatened thus;
Thou lurk'st not yet from heaven (Physignathus)
Though yet thou hid'st here, that hast cast from thee,
As from a rock, the shipwreck'd life of me.
Though thou thyself no better was than I,
O worst of things, at any faculty;
Wrestling or race: but for thy perfidy
In this my wreck, Jove bears a wreakful eye;
And to the host of mice, thou pains shalt pay
Past all evasion. This, his life let say,
And left him to the waters. Him beheld
[1] Lichopinax, plac'd in the pleasing field,
Who shriek'd extremely; ran and told the mice;
Who, having heard his wat'ry destinies,
Pernicious anger pierc'd the hearts of all;
And then their heralds forth they sent to call
A council early, at Troxarte's house,
Sad father of this fatal shipwreck'd mouse:
Whose dead corse upwards swum along the lake;
Nor yet, poor wretch, could be enforc'd to make
The shore his harbour; but the mid-main swum:
When now, all haste made, with first morn did come
All to set council, in which first rais'd head,
Troxarte's, angry for his son, and said:
"O friends, though I alone may seem to bear
All the infortune; yet may all met here

[1] Λειχοπίναξ. Lick-dish.

Account it their case. But 'tis true, I am
In chief unhappy; that a triple flame
Of life, feel put forth, in three famous sons;
The first, the chief in our confusions
(The cat) made rape of, caught without his hole;
The second, man, made with a cruel soul,
Brought to his ruin with a new-found sleight;
And a most wooden engine of deceit,
They term a trap; mere [1] murd'ress of our mice.
The last that in my love held special price,
And his rare mothers; this Physignathus
(With false pretext of wafting to his house),
Strangled in chief deeps of his bloody stream.
Come then; haste all, and issue out on them,
Our bodies deck'd, in our Dedalean arms."
This said, his words thrust all up in alarms;
And Mars himself, that serves the cure of war,
Made all in their appropriates circular.
First on each leg the green shales of a bean
They clos'd for boots, that sat [2] exceeding clean;
The shales they broke ope, bootehaling by night,
And eat the beans; their jacks, art exquisite
Had shown in them, being cats skins, every where
Quilted with quills: their fenceful bucklers were,
The middle rounds of can'sticks; but their spear
A huge long needle was, that could not bear

[1] Ολείτειρα *Interfectrix perditrix.*

[2] Ευ τ' ἀσκήσαντες, ἀν' ασκεα *elaborate concinno.*

The brain of any; but be Mars his own
Mortal invention. Their heads arming crown
Was vessel to the kernel of a nut;
And thus the mice their powers in armour put.

This the frogs hearing, from the water, all
Issue to one place; and a council call
Of wicked war; consulting what should be
Cause to this murmur and strange mutiny.
While this was question'd, near them made his stand
An herald with a sceptre in his hand,
[1] Embasichytrus call'd, that fetch'd his kind
From [2] Tyroglyphus, with the mighty mind;
Denouncing ill-nam'd war in these high terms:
"O frogs! the mice sends threats to you of arms
And bid me bid ye battle; and fix'd fight;
Their eyes all wounded with Psycharpax sight,
Floating your waters, whom your king hath kill'd.
And therefore all prepare for force of field,
You that are best born, whosoever held."
This said, he sever'd, his speech firing th' ears
Of all the mice; but freez'd the frogs with fears,
Themselves conceiting guilty; whom the king
Thus answer'd, (rising.) "Friends! I did not bring
Psycharpax to his end; he, wantoning

[1] Εμβασίχυτρος. Enter-pot, or search-pot.
[2] Τυρογλύφος. Cheese-miner. *Qui caseum rodendo cavat.*

Upon our waters, practising to swim,
[1] Aped us, and drown'd; without my sight of him.
And yet these worst of vermin, accuse me
Though no way guilty. Come, consider we
How we may ruin these deceitful mice.
For my part, I give voice to this advice,
As seeming fittest to direct our deeds;
Our bodies decking with our arming weeds;
Let all our pow'rs stand rais'd in steep'st repose
Of all our shore; that when they charge us close
We may the helms snatch off, from all so deck'd,
Daring our onset; and them all deject
Down to our waters. Who not knowing the sleight
To dive our soft deeps, may be strangl'd straight;
And we triumphing may a trophy rear,
Of all the mice, that we have slaughter'd here."

These words put all in arms; and mallow leaves
They drew upon their legs, for arming [2] greaves.
Their curets, broad green beets; their bucklers were
Good thick-leav'd cabbage; proof 'gainst any spear.
Their spears sharp bulrushes; of which, were all
Fitted with long ones. Their parts capital
They hid in subtle cockleshells from blows.
And thus, all arm'd, the steepest shores they chose

[1] Μιμούμενοι. Aping, or imitating us.
[2] Boots of war.

T'encamp themselves; where lance with lance they
lin'd;
And brandish'd bravely, each frog full of mind.

Then Jove call'd all God's in his flaming throne,
And show'd all, all this preparation
For resolute war. These able soldiers,
Many, and great; all shaking lengthful spears:
In show like Centaurs, or the giants host.
When, sweetly smiling, he inquir'd who, most
Of all th' immortals, pleas'd to add their aid
To frogs or mice: and thus to Pallas said;

"O daughter! must not you needs aid these mice?
That with the odours, and meat sacrifice
Us'd in your temple, endless triumphs make;
And serve you, for your sacred victuals sake?"

Pallas reply'd: "O father, never I
Will aid the mice, in any misery.
So many mischiefs by them I have found,
[1] Eating the cotton that my distaffs crown'd;
My lamps still haunting, to devour the oil.
But that which most my mind eats, is their spoil
Made of a veil, that me in much did stand:
On which, bestowing an elaborate hand,

[1] Στεμματα, *Lanas, eo quod colus cingant seu coronent.* Which our learned sect translate eating the crowns that Pallas wore.

A fine woof working, of as pure a thread,
Such holes therein their petulancies fed;
That, putting it to darning, when 'twas done,
The darner, a most dear pay stood upon
For his so dear pains, laid down instantly;
[1] Or, to forbear, exacted usury.
So, borrowing from my fane, the weed I wove;
I can by no means th' usurous darner move
To let me have the mantle to restore.
And this is it that rubs the angry sore
Of my offence took at these petulant mice.
Nor will I yield, the frogs wants, my supplies,
For their infirm minds; that no confines keep;
For I, from war retir'd, and wanting sleep,
All leap'd ashore in tumult; nor would stay
Till one wink seiz'd mine eyes: and so I lay
Sleepless, and pain'd with headache; till first light
The cock had crow'd up. Therefore, to the fight
Let no God go assistant; lest a lance
Wound whosoever offers to advance,
Or wishes but their aid, that scorn all foes,
Should any gods access their spirits oppose.
Sit we then pleas'd, to see from heaven, their fight.
She said, and all gods join'd in her delight.
And now, both hosts, to one field drew the jar;
Both heralds bearing the ostents of war.

[1] Τοκος, *Partus et id quod partu edidit mater. Metap. hic appellatur fœnus quod ex usura ad nos redit.*

And then the [1] wine-gnats, that shrill trumpets sound
Terribly rung out, the encounter, round.
Jove thund'red; all heaven, sad war's sign resounded.
And first, [2] Hypsiboas, [3] Lychenor wounded,
Standing th' impression of the first in fight.
His lance did in his liver's midst alight,
Along his belly. Down he fell; his face,
His fall on that part sway'd; and all the grace
Of his soft hair fil'd with disgraceful dust.
Then [4] Troglodytes his thick javlin thrust
In [5] Pelion's bosom, bearing him to ground:
Whom sad death seiz'd; his soul flew through his wound.

[6] Sentlæus next Embasichytros slew;
His heart through-thrusting: then [7] Artophagus threw
His lance at [8] Polyphon, and struck him quite
Through his mid-belly; down he fell upright,
And from his fair limbs took his soul her flight.

[1] Κωνωψ. *Culex vinarius.*
[2] Ὑψιβόας. Loud-mouth.
[3] Λειχήνορα. Kitchen-vessel licker.
[4] Τρωγλοδύτης. Hole-dweller. *Qui foramina subit.*
[5] Πηλείωνα. Mud-born.
[6] Σευτλαῖος. Beet-devourer.
[7] Ἀρτοφάγος. The great bread eater.
[8] Πολύφωνον. The great noise maker, shrill or big-voiced.

[1] Lymnocharis beholding Polyphon
Thus done to death, did with as round a stone
As that the mill turns, Troglodytes wound
Near his mid-neck, ere he his onset found;
Whose eyes sad darkness seiz'd. [2] Lychenor cast
A flying dart off, and his aim so plac'd
Upon Lymnocharis, that [3] sure he thought
The wound he wish'd him; nor untruly wrought
The dire success, for through his liver flew
The fatal lance; which when [4] Crambaphagus knew,
Down the deep waves near shore, he, diving, fled;
But fled not fate so; the stern enemy fed
Death with his life in diving: never more
The air he drew in; his vermilion gore
Stain'd all the waters, and along the shore
He lay extended; his fat entrails lay
(By his small guts impulsion) breaking way
Out at his wound. [5] Lymnisius, near the shore
Destroy'd Tyroglyphus, which frighted sore
The soul of [6] Calaminth; seeing coming on
For wreak, [7] Pternoglyphus: who got him gone
With large leaps to the lake; his target thrown

[1] Λιμνόχαρις. The lake-lover.
[2] *Qui lambit culinaria vasa.*
[3] Τιτυσκομαι *intentissime dirigo, ut certum ictum inferam.*
[4] Κραμβοφάγος .The cabbage-eater.
[5] Λιμνήσιος. *Paludis incola.* Lake-liver.
[6] Καλαμίνθιος. *Qui in* calamintha *herba palustri habitat.*
[7] Πτερνοφάγος. Bacon-eater.

Into the waters. [1] Hydrocharis slew
King [2] Pternophagus, at whose throat he threw
A huge stone; struck it high, and beat his brain
Out at his nostrils: earth blush'd with the stain
His blood made on her bosom. For next prize,
Lichopinax, to death did sacrifice
[3] Borborocœte's faultless faculties;
His lance enforc'd it; darkness clos'd his eyes.
On which when [4] Brassophagus cast his look,
[5] Cnisodioctes by the heels he took;
Dragg'd him to fen from off his native ground;
Then seiz'd his throat, and sous'd him, till he drown'd.

But now, Psycharpax wreaks his fellow's deaths,
And in the bosom of [6] Pelusius sheaths,
In centre of his liver, his bright lance;
He fell before the author of the chance;
His soul to hell fled. Which [7] Pelobates
Taking sad note of, wreakfully did seize
His hands gripe full of mud, and all besmear'd
His forehead with it so, that scarce appear'd

[1] Ὑδρόχαρις. *Qui aquis delectatur.*
[2] Collup-devourer.
[3] Βορβοροκοίτης. Mud-sleeper.
[4] Πρασσοφάγος. Leek or scallion lover.
[5] Κνισσοδιώκτης. Kitchin-smell haunter, or hunter.
[6] Fenstalk.
[7] Πηλοβάτης, *in Lutum gradiens.*

The light to him, which certainly incens'd
His fiery spleen: who, with his wreak dispens'd
No point of time, but rear'd with his strong hand
A stone so massy, it oppress'd the land,
And hurl'd it at him; when below the knee
It struck his right leg so impetuously;
It piecemeal brake it; he the dust did seize,
Upwards everted. But [1] Craugasides
Reveng'd his death, and at his enemy
Discharg'd a dart; that did his point imply
In his mid-belly. All the sharp-pil'd spear
Got after in, and did before it bear
His universal entrails to the earth,
Soon as his swoln hand gave his javlin birth.

[2] Sitophagus, beholding the sad sight,
Set on the shore; went halting from the fight,
Vex'd with his wounds extremely. And to make
Way from extreme fate, leap'd into the lake.

Troxartes struck, in th' insteps upper part,
Physignathus; who, (privy to the smart
His wound imparted) with his utmost haste
Leap'd to the lake, and fled. Troxartes cast
His eye upon the foe that fell before;
And, seeing him half-liv'd, long'd again to gore

[1] Κραυγασίδης. Vociferator.
[2] Σιτοφάγος. Eat-corn.

His gutless bosom; and, to kill him quite,
Ran fiercely at him. Which [1] Prassæus' sight
Took instant note of; and the first in fight
Thrust desp'rate way through, casting his keen lance
Off at Troxartes; whose shield turn'd th' advance
The sharp head made, and check'd the mortal chance.

Amongst the mice fought an egregious
Young springall, and a close-encount'ring mouse:
Pure [2] Artepibulus, his dear descent;
A prince that Mars himself show'd, where he went
(Call'd [3] Meridarpax), of so huge a might;
That only he still domineer'd in fight
Of all the mouse host. He advancing close
Up to the lake, past all the rest arose
In glorious object; and made vaunt that he
Came to depopulate all the progeny
Of frogs, affected with the lance of war.
And certainly, he had put on as far
As he advanc'd his vaunt; he was endu'd
With so unmatch'd a force and fortitude,
Had not the father, both of gods and men
Instantly known it; and the frogs, even then
Given up to ruin, rescu'd with remorse.
Who (his head moving) thus began discourse:

[1] Πρασσαῖος. Scallion-devourer.
[2] Αρτεπιβούλος. Bread-betrayer.
[3] Μιριδάρπαξ. Scrap, or broken meat eater.

"No mean amaze affects me to behold
Prince Meridarpax, rage so uncontrol'd,
In thirst of frog-blood; all along the lake:
Come therefore still, and all addression make;
Dispatching Pallas, with tumultuous Mars,
Down to the field, to make him leave the wars:
How [1] potently soever he be said,
Where he attempts once to uphold his head."

Mars answered; "O Jove; neither she nor I,
With both our aids, can keep depopulacy
From off the frogs. And therefore arm we all;
Even thy lance letting brandish to his call
From off the field: that from the field withdrew
The Titanois; the Titanois that slew;
Though most exempt from match, of all earth's seeds
So great and so inaccessible deeds
It hath proclaim'd to men; bound hand and foot,
The vast Enceladus; and ras'd by th' root
The race of upland giants. This speech past;
Saturnius, a smoking lightning cast
Amongst the armies; thund'ring then so sore,
That with a rapting circumflex he bore
All huge heaven over. But the terrible ire
Of his dart, sent abroad, all wrapt in fire,
Which certainly his very finger was,
Amaz'd both mice and frogs. Yet soon let pass

[1] Κρατερος, *validus seu potens in retinendo.*

Was all this by the mice, who, much the more,
Burn'd in desire t' exterminate the store
Of all those lance-lov'd soldiers. Which had been,
If, from Olympus, Jove's eye had not seen
The frogs with pity; and with instant speed
Sent them assistants. Who, ere any heed
Was given to their approach, came crawling on
With [1] anvils on their backs; that, beat upon
Never so much, are never wearied, yet
Crook-paw'd; and wrested on with foul cloven feet:
[2] Tongues in their mouths, brick-back'd, all over bone,
Broad shoulder'd; whence a ruddy yellow shone.
Distorted, and small thigh'd; had eyes that saw
Out at their bosoms. Twice four feet did draw
About their bodies. Strong-neck'd, whence did rise
Two heads; nor could to any hand be prize.
They call them lobsters,—that eat from the mice
Their tails, their feet, and hands, and wrested all
Their lances from them so; that cold appall
The wretches put in rout, past all return.
And now the fount of light forbore to burn
Above the earth. When, which men's laws commend,
Our battle, in one day, took absolute end.

[1] Νωτακμονες. *Incudes ferentes*, or anvil backed. Ἄκμων. *Incus, dicta per syncopen, quasi nullis ictibus fatigetur.*

[2] Ψαλίδοςομοι. *Forcipem in ore habens.*

THE END OF HOMER'S BATTLE OF FROGS AND MICE.

ALL THE

HYMNS OF HOMER.

A Hymn to Apollo.

I WILL remember, and express the praise
Of heaven's far-darter, the fair king of days;
Whom even the gods themselves fear when he goes
Through Jove's high house; and when his goodly bows
He goes to bend, all from their thrones arise,
And cluster near, t' admire his faculties.
Only Latona stirs not from her seat
Close by the thunderer, till her son's retreat
From his dread archery; but then she goes,
Slackens his string, and shuts his quiver close;
And (having taken to her hand, his bow,
From off his able shoulders,) doth bestow
Upon a pin of gold the glorious Tiller;
The pin of gold fix'd in his father's pillar.

Then doth she to his throne his state uphold,
Where his great father, in a cup of gold,
Serves him with nectar; and shows all, the grace
Of his great son. Then th' other gods take place.

His gracious mother glorying to bear
So great an archer, and a son so clear.

All hail, O blest Latona! to bring forth
An issue of such all-out-shining worth,
Royal Apollo, and the queen that loves
The hurls of darts. She in th' Ortygian groves,
And he, in cliffy Delos, leaning on
The lofty Oros; and being built upon
By Cynthus prominent: that his head rears
Close to the palm, that Inops fluent cheers.

How shall I praise thee, far being worthiest praise?
O Phœbus! to whose worth the law of lays
In all kinds is ascrib'd. If feeding flocks
By continent or isle, all eminen'st rocks
Did sing for joy; hill-tops, and floods in song
Did break their billows, as they flow'd along
To serve the sea. The shores, the seas, and all
Did sing as soon as from the lap did fall
Of blest Latona, thee the joy of man.
Her child-bed made, the mountain Cynthian
In rocky Delos, the sea-circled isle;
On whose all sides the black seas break their pile,
And overflow'd for joy, so frank a gale
The singing winds did on their waves exhale.

Here born, all mortals live in thy commands;
Whoever Crete holds; Athens; or the strands
Of th' isle Ægina; or the famous land

For ships (Euboea), or Eresia;
Or Peparethus, bord'ring on the sea.
Ægas, or Athos, that doth Thrace divide
And Macedon. Or Pelion, with the pride
Of his high forehead. Or the Samian isle,
That likewise lies near Thrace; or Scyrus soil;
Ida's steep tops. Or all that Phocis fill;
Or Autocanes, with the heaven-high hill;
Or populous Imber: Lemnos without ports;
Or Lesbos, fit for the divine resorts;
And sacred soil of blest Æolion.
Or Chius that exceeds comparison
For fruitfulness; with all the isles that lie
Embrac'd with seas. Mimas, with rocks so high,
Or lofty-crown'd Corycius, or the bright
Charos; or Æsagæus' dazzling height;
Or watery Samos. Mycale, that bears
Her brows even with the circles of the spheres.
Miletus, Cous, that the city is
Of voice-divided-choice humanities.
High Cnidus; Carpathus, still struck with wind.
Naxus, and Paros; and the rocky-min'd
Rugged Rhenæa. Yet through all these parts,
Latona, great-grown, with the king of darts,
Travail'd; and tried if any would become
To her dear birth an hospitable home.
All which extremely trembled, (shook with fear),
Nor durst endure so high a birth to bear
In their free states; though, for it, they became
Never so fruitful, till the reverend dame

Ascended Delos; and her soil did seize
With these wing'd words: "O Delos! wouldst thou
please
To be my son Apollo's native seat,
And build a wealthy fane to one so great;
No one shall blame or question thy kind deed.
Nor think I, thou dost sheep or oxen feed
In any such store, or in vines exceed;
Nor bring'st forth such innumerable plants,
Which often make the rich inhabitants
Careless of Deity. If thou then shouldst rear
A fane to Phœbus, all men would confer
Whole hecatombs of beeves for sacrifice,
Still thronging hither. And to thee would rise
Ever unmeasur'd odours, shouldst thou long
Nourish thy king thus, and from foreign wrong
The gods would guard thee; which thine own address
Can never compass for thy barrenness."

She said, and Delos joy'd; replying thus:
" Most happy sister of Saturnius!
I glady would, with all means entertain
The king your son; being now despis'd of men;
But should be honour'd with the greatest then.
Yet this I fear, nor will conceal from thee;
Your son, some say, will author misery
In many kinds, as being to sustain
A mighty empire over gods and men,

Upon the holy-gift-giver the earth.
And bitterly I fear that when his birth
Gives him the sight of my so barren soil
He will contemn, and give me up to spoil;
Enforce the sea to me, that ever will
Oppress my heart with many a wat'ry hill.
And therefore let him choose some other land
Where he shall please, to build at his command
Temple and grove, set thick with many a tree.
For wretched Polypusses bred in me
Retiring chambers; and black sea-calves den
In my poor soil, for penury of men.
And yet, O goddess, wouldst thou please to swear
The gods great oath to me, before thou bear
Thy blessed son here; that thou wilt erect
A fane to him, to render the effect
Of men's demands to them before they fall;
Then will thy son's renown be general;
Men will his name in such variety call.
And I shall then be glad his birth to bear."
This said, the gods great oath, she thus did swear:
" Know this, O earth! broad heaven's inferior sphere,
And of black Styx, the most infernal lake
(Which is the gravest oath the gods can take)
That here shall ever rise to Phœbus's name
An odorous fane and altar; and thy fame
Honour, past all isles else, shall see him employ'd."
Her oath thus took, and ended, Delos joy'd

In mighty measure, that she should become
To far-shot Phœbus' birth the famous home.

Latona then, nine days and nights did fall
In hopeless labour, at whose birth were all
Heaven's most supreme, and worthy goddesses.
Dione, Rhæa, and th' exploratress
Themis; and Amphitrite, that will be
Pursu'd with sighs still. Every deity,
Except the snowy-wristed wife of Jove,
Who held her moods aloft, and would not move:
Only Lucina, to whose virtue vows
Each childbirth patient, heard not of her throes;
But sat, by Juno's counsel, on the brows
Of broad Olympus, wrap'd in clouds of gold.
Whom Jove's proud wife, in envy did withhold,
Because bright-lock'd Latona was to bear
A son so faultless; and in force so clear.
The rest, Thaumantia, sent before to bring
Lucina to release the envied king:
Assuring her, that they would straight confer
A carcanet, nine cubits long, on her,
All woven with wires of gold. But charg'd her then,
To call apart from th' ivory-wristed queen
The childbirth-guiding goddess; for just fear
Lest her charge utter'd in Saturnia's ear;
She, after, might dissuade her from descent.
When wind-swift-footed Iris knew th' intent
Of th' other goddesses, away she went;

And instantly she pass'd the infinite space
'Twixt earth and heaven, when, coming to the place
Where dwelt th' immortals; straight without the gate
She got Lucina; and did all relate
The goddesses commanded; and inclin'd
To all that they demanded, her dear mind.
And on their way they went, like those two doves
That, walking highways, every shadow moves
Up from the earth; forc'd with their natural fear.
When ent'ring Delos, she that is so dear
To dames in labour, made Latona straight
Prone to delivery; and to yield the weight
Of her dear burthen, with a world of ease.
When, with her fair hand, she a palm did seize,
And, staying her by it, stuck her tender knees
Amidst the soft mead; that did smile beneath
Her sacred labour, and the child did breathe
The air in th' instant. All the goddesses
Break in kind tears, and shrieks for her quick ease.
And thee, O archer Phœbus, with waves clear
Wash'd sweetly over, swaddled with sincere
And spotless swathbands; and made then to flow
About thy breast, a mantle, white as snow;
Fine, and new made; and cast a veil of gold
Over thy forehead. Nor yet forth did hold
Thy mother for thy food, her golden breast:
But Themis, in supply of it, address'd
Lovely Ambrosia; and drank off to thee
A bowl of nectar, interchangeably

With her immortal fingers, serving thine.
And when, O Phœbus, that eternal wine
Thy taste had relish'd, and that food divine;
No golden swathband longer could contain
Thy panting bosom: all that would constrain
Thy soon-eas'd godhead, every feeble chain
Of earthy child-rights, flew in sunder, all.
And then didst thou thus to the deities call:

"Let there be given me my lov'd lute and bow,
I'll prophesy to men; and make them know
Jove's perfect counsels." This said, up did fly
From broad-way'd earth, the unshorn deity,
Far-shot Apollo. All th' immortals stood
In steep amaze to see Latona's brood.
All Delos, looking on him, all with gold
Was loaden straight; and joy'd to be extoll'd
By great Latona so, that she decreed
Her barrenness should bear the fruitful'st seed
Of all the isles, and continents of earth;
And lov'd her, from her heart so, for her birth.
For so she flourish'd, as a hill that stood
Crown'd with the flow'r of an abundant wood.
And thou, O Phœbus, bearing in thy hand
Thy silver bow, walk'st over every land;
Sometimes ascend'st the rough-hewn rocky hill
Of desolate Cynthus, and sometimes tak'st will
To visit islands, and the plumps of men.
And many a temple, all ways, men ordain

To thy bright godhead; groves, made dark with trees,
And never shorn, to hide ye deities.
All high-lov'd prospects, all the steepest brows
Of far-seen hills; and every flood that flows
Forth to the sea, are dedicate to thee.
But most of all, thy mind's alacrity
Is rais'd with Delos; since to fill thy fane
There flocks so many an Ionian,
With ample gowns, that flow down to their feet:
With all their children; and the reverend sweet
Of all their pious wives. And these are they
That (mindful of thee) even thy deity
Render more sprightly, with their champion fight,
Dances, and songs, perform'd to glorious sight;
Once having publish'd, and proclaim'd their strife.
And these are acted with such exquisite life
That one would say, "Now, the Ionian strains
Are turn'd immortals; nor know what age means."
His mind would take such pleasure from his eye,
To see them serv'd, by all mortality.
Their men so humane; women so well grac'd;
Their ships so swift; their riches so increas'd,
Since thy observance. Who (being all before
Thy opposites) were all despis'd, and poor.
And to all these, this absolute wonder add,
Whose praise shall render all posterities glad:
The Delian virgins are thy handmaids, all;
And since they serv'd Apollo, jointly fall
Before Latona, and Diana too
In sacred service; and do therefore know

How to make mention of the ancient trimms
Of men and women, in their well-made hymns,
And soften barbarous nations with their songs.
Being able all to speak the several tongues
Of foreign nations, and to imitate
Their musics there, with art so fortunate,
That one would say; there every one did speak,
And all their tunes in natural accents break.
Their songs, so well compos'd are, and their art
To answer all sounds, is of such desert.

But come, Latona, and thou king of flames,
With Phœbe, rect'ress of chaste thoughts in dames;
Let me salute ye, and your graces call
Hereafter to my just memorial.

And you, O Delian virgins, do me grace,
When any stranger of our earthy race
Whose restless life, affliction hath in chase,
Shall hither come and question you; who is
To your chaste ears of choicest faculties
In sacred poesy, and with most right
Is author of your absolut'st delight;
Ye shall yourselves do all the right ye can
To answer for our name:—"the sightless man
Of stony Chios, all whose poems shall
In all last ages stand for capital."
This for your own sakes I desire; for I
Will propagate mine own precedency,

As far as earth shall well-built cities bear;
Or human conversation is held dear.
Not with my praise direct, but praises due;
And men shall credit it, because 'tis true.

However, I'll not cease the praise I vow
To far-shot Phœbus with the silver bow,
Whom lovely-hair'd Latona gave the light.
O king! both Lycia is in rule thy right;
Fair Mœonie, and the maritimal
Miletus, wish'd to be the seat of all.

But chiefly Delos, girt with billows round,
Thy most respected empire doth resound.
Where thou to Pythus went'st, to answer there,
As soon as thou wert born, the burning ear
Of many a far-come, to hear future deeds;
Clad in divine and odoriferous weeds.
And with thy golden fescue play'dst upon
Thy hollow harp; that sounds to heaven set gone.

Then to Olympus, swift as thought he flew
To Jove's high house; and had a retinue
Of God's to attend him. And then straight did fall
To study of the harp, and harpsical,
All th' immortals. To whom every muse
With ravishing voices did their answers use,
Singing th' eternal deeds of Deity.
And from their hands what hells of misery

Poor Humans suffer, living desperate quite;
And not an art they have, wit, or deceit,
Can make them manage any act aright:
Nor find with all the soul they can engage,
A salve for death, or remedy for age.

But here, the fair-hair'd Graces, the wise Hours,
Harmonia, Hebe, and sweet Venus' pow'rs,
Danc'd; and each others, palm to palm, did cling.
And with these danc'd not a deformed thing:
No forspoke dwarf, nor downward witherling;
But all with wond'rous goodly forms were deck'd,
And mov'd with beauties of unpriz'd àspect.

Dart-dear Diana, even with Phœbus bred,
Danc'd likewise there; and Mars a march did tread,
With that brave bevy. In whose consort fell
Argicides, th' ingenious sentinel.
Phœbus-Apollo, touch'd his lute to them;
Sweetly and softly: a most glorious beam
Casting about him, as he danc'd and play'd,
And even his feet were all with rays array'd.
His weed and all of a most curious trim,
With no less lustre grac'd, and circled him.

By these, Latona, with a hair that shin'd
Like burnish'd gold; and (with the mighty mind),
Heaven's counsellor (Jove), sat with delightsome eyes
To see their son new rank'd with deities.

How shall I praise thee then, that art all praise?
Amongst the brides shall I thy deity raise?
Or being in love, when sad thou went'st to woo
The virgin Aza? and didst overthrow
The even-with-God's, Elation's mighty seed,
That had of goodly horse so brave a breed;
And Phorbas, son of sovereign Triopus;
Valiant Leucippus, and Ereutheus,
And Triopus himself with equal fall;
Thou but on foot, and they on horseback all.

Or shall I sing thee, as thou first didst grace
Earth with thy foot, to find thee forth a place
Fit to pronounce thy oracles to men?
First from Olympus thou alightedst then
Into Pieria; passing all the land
Of fruitless Lesbos, chok'd with drifts of sand.
The Magnets likewise, and the Perrhabes,
And to Iolcus variedst thy access,
Cenæus' tops ascending; that their base
Make bright Euboea, being of ships the grace.
And fix'd thy fair stand in Lelantus' field;
That did not yet thy mind's contentment yield
To raise a fane on, and a sacred grove.
Passing Eurypus then, thou mad'st remove
Up to earth's ever-green and holiest hill.
Yet swiftly, thence too, thou transcendedst still
To Mycalessus, and didst touch upon
Teucmessus, apt to make green couches on,

And flowery field-beds. Then thy progress found
Thebes out, whose soil with only woods was crown'd.
For yet was sacred Thebes no human seat,
And therefore were no paths nor highways beat
On her free bosom, that flows now with wheat;
But then, she only wore on it a wood.
From hence (even loth to part, because it stood
Fit for thy service) thou putt'st on remove
To green Onchestus, Neptune's glorious grove;
Where new-tam'd horse bred, nourish nerves so rare,
That still they frolic, though they travail'd are
Never so sore; and hurry after them
Most heavy coaches: but are so extreme
(In usual-travail) fiery-and free;
That though their coachman ne'er so masterly
Governs their courages, he sometimes must
Forsake his seat, and give their spirits their lust:
When, after them, their empty coach they draw,
Foaming, and neighing, quite exempt from awe.
And if their coachman guide through any grove
Unshorn, and vow'd to any deity's love:
The lords encoach'd, leap out, and all their care
Use to allay their fires, with speaking fair;
Stroking and trimming them; and in some queach,
Or strength of shade, within their nearest reach,
Reining them up, invoke the deified king
Of that unshorn and everlasting spring;
And leave them then to her preserving hands,
Who is the fate that there the God commands.

And this was first, the sacred fashion there.
From hence thou went'st (O thou in shafts past peer)
And found'st Cephyssus, with thy all-seeing beams,
Whose flood affects so many silver streams;
And from Lylæus pours so bright a wave.
Yet forth thy foot flew, and thy fair eyes gave
The view of Ocale, the rich in tow'rs;
Then, to Amartus, that abounds in flow'rs.
Then to Delphusa putt'st thy progress on,
Whose blessed soil nought harmful breeds upon:
And there thy pleasure would a fane adorn,
And nourish woods, whose shades should ne'er be
shorn.
Where, this thou told'st her, standing to her close,
Delphusa: here I entertain suppose
To build a far-fam'd temple, and ordain
An oracle t' inform the minds of men:
Who shall for ever offer to my love
Whole hecatombs. Even all the men that move
In rich Peloponesus, and all those
Of Europe, and the isles the seas enclose,
Whom future search of acts and beings brings:
To whom I'll prophesy the truths of things
In that rich temple where my oracle sings.

This said, the all-bounds-reacher, with his bow,
The fane's divine foundations did foreshow;
Ample they were, and did huge length impart,
With a continuate tenour, full of art.

But when Delphusa look'd into his end,
Her heart grew angry, and did thus extend
Itself to Phœbus: Phœbus, since thy mind
A far-fam'd fane hath in itself design'd,
To bear an oracle to men in me,
That hecatombs may put in fire to thee;
This let me tell thee, and impose for stay
Upon thy purpose: th' inarticulate neigh
Of fire-hoof'd horse, will ever disobey
Thy numerous ear; and mules will for their drink
Trouble my sacred springs, and I should think
That any of the human race had rather
See here the hurries of rich coaches gather,
And hear the haughty neighs of swift-hoof'd horse,
Than, in his pleasure's place, convert recourse
T'a mighty temple; and his wealth bestow
On pieties, where his sports may freely flow,
Or see huge wealth that he shall never owe.
And therefore, wouldst thou hear my free advice,
Though mightier far thou art, and much more wise
O king, than I; thy pow'r being great'st of all
In Crissa, underneath the bosom's fall
Of steep Parnassus; let thy mind be given
To set thee up a fane, where never driven
Shall glorious coaches be, nor horses' neighs
Storm near thy well-built altars; but thy praise
Let the fair race of pious Humans bring
Into thy fane, that Io-pæans sing.

And those gifts only let thy deified mind
Be circularly pleas'd with, being the kind
And fair burnt-offerings that true deities bind.
With this his mind she altered, though she spake
Not for his good, but her own glory's sake.

From hence, O Phœbus, first thou mad'st retreat;
And of the Phlegians, reached the walled seat,
Inhabited with contumelious men:
Who, slighting Jove, took up their dwellings then
Within a large cave, near Cephyssus' lake.
Hence, swiftly moving, thou all speed didst make
Up to the tops intended; and the ground
Of Crissa, under the-with-snow-still-crown'd
Parnassus reach'd, whose face affects the west;
Above which hangs a rock that still seems press'd
To fall upon it; through whose breast doth run
A rocky cave, near which the king the sun
Cast to contrive a temple to his mind;
And said, "Now here stands my conceit inclin'd
To build a famous fane, where still shall be
An oracle to men; that still to me
Shall offer absolute hecatombs, as well
Those that in rich Peloponessus dwell,
As those of Europe, and the isles that lie
Wall'd with the sea; that all their pains apply
T' employ my counsels. To all which will I
True secrets tell by way of prophecy,

In my rich temple, that shall ever be
An oracle to all posterity."
This said, the fane's form he did straight present,
Ample, and of a length of great extent;
In which Trophonius and Agamede,
Who of Erginus were the famous seed,
Impos'd the stony entry: and the heart
Of every God had for their excellent art.

About the temple dwelt of human name
Unnumber'd nations, it acquir'd such fame,
Being all of stone, built for eternal date;
And near it did a fountain propagate
A fair stream far away, when Jove's bright seed,
(The king Apollo), with an arrow, freed
From his strong string, destroy'd the dragoness
That wonder nourish'd; being of such excess
In size, and horridness of monstrous shape,
That on the forc'd earth she wrought many a rape;
Many a spoil made on it; many an ill
On crook-haunch'd herds brought, being impurpl'd still
With blood of all sorts: having undergone
The charge of Juno, with the golden throne,
To nourish Typhon, the abhorr'd affright
And bane of mortals. Whom into the light
Saturnia brought forth, being incens'd with Jove,
Because the most renown'd fruit of his love
(Pallas) he got, and shook out of his brain.
For which, majestic Juno, did complain

In this kind to the blest court of the skies;
Know all ye sex-distinguish'd deities,
That Jove, assembler of the cloudy throng,
Begins with me first, and affects with wrong
My right in him, made by himself, his wife,
That knows and does the honour'd marriage life,
All honest offices; and yet hath he
Unduly got, without my company,
Blue-eye'd Minerva; who of all the sky
Of blest immortals is the absolute grace.
Where I have brought into the heavenly race
A son, both taken in his feet and head,
So ugly, and so far from worth my bed;
That, ravish'd into hand, I took and threw
Down to the vast sea his detested view.
Where Nereus' daughter, Thetis, who, her way
With silver feet makes, and the fair array
Of her bright sisters, sav'd, and took to guard.
But, would to heaven, another yet were spar'd,
The like grace of his godhead. Crafty mate,
What other 'scape canst thou excogitate?
How could thy heart sustain to get alone
The grey-ey'd goddess? Her conception,
Nor bringing forth, had any hand of mine;
And yet know all the gods, I go, for thine
To such kind uses. But I'll now employ
My brain to procreate a masculine joy.
That 'mongst th' immortals, may as eminent shine;
With shame affecting, nor my bed, nor thine;

Nor will I ever touch at thine again,
But far fly it and thee; and yet will reign
Amongst th' immortals ever. This spleen spent
(Still yet left angry), far away she went;
From all the deathless, and yet pray'd to all,
Advanc'd her hand, and ere she let it fall
Us'd these excitements: "Hear me now, O earth!
Broad heaven above it, and beneath your birth
The deified Titanoïs, that dwell about
Vast Tartarus, from whence sprung all the route
Of men and deities: hear me all, I say,
With all your forces, and give instant way
T'a son of mine, without Jove; who yet may
Nothing inferior prove in force to him,
But past him spring as far in able limb
As he past Saturn." This pronounc'd, she struck
Life-bearing earth so strongly, that she shook
Beneath her numb'd hand; which when she beheld,
Her bosom with abundant comforts swell'd,
In hope all should to her desire extend.
From hence the year, that all such proofs gives end
Grew round, yet all that time the bed of Jove
She never touch'd at; never was her love
Enflam'd to sit near his Dedalian throne,
As she accustomed, to consult upon
Counsels kept dark, with many a secret skill;
But kept her vow-frequented temple still,
Pleas'd with her sacrifice, till now, the nights
And days accomplish'd, and the year's whole rights

In all her revolutions being expir'd,
The hours, and all, run out, that were requir'd
To vent a birth-right, she brought forth a son,
Like God's, or men, in no condition,
But a most dreadful and pernicious thing
Call'd Typhon, who on all the human spring
Conferr'd confusion; which, receiv'd to hand
By Juno, instantly she gave command
(Ill to ill adding) that the dragoness
Should bring it up; who took, and did oppress
With many a misery, to maintain th' excess
Of that inhuman monster, all the race
Of men, that were of all the world the grace.
Till the far-working Phœbus, at her sent
A fiery arrow, that invok'd event
Of death gave to her execrable life.
Before which yet she lay in bitter strife,
With dying pains, groveling on earth, and drew
Extreme short respirations, for which flew
A shout about the air, whence, no man knew,
But came by power divine. And then she lay
Tumbling her trunk, and winding every way
About her nasty nest; quite leaving then
Her murderous life, embru'd with deaths of men.

Then Phœbus gloried, saying, "Thyself now lie
On men-sustaining earth, and putrify;
Who first, of putrifaction, was inform'd.
Now on thy life have death's cold vapours storm'd,

That storm'dst on men the earth-fed, so much death,
In envy of the offspring, they made breath
Their lives out on my altars; now from thee
Not Typhon shall enforce the misery
Of merited death; nor she, whose name implies
Such scathe (Chymæra), but black earth make prize
To putrefaction, thy immanities.
And bright Hyperion, that light, all eyes shows,
Thine, with a night of rottenness shall close."

Thus spake he glorying, and then seiz'd upon
Her horrid heap with putrefaction
Hyperion's lovely pow'rs; from whence her name
Took sound of Python, and heaven's sovereign flame
Was surnam'd Pythius; since the sharp-ey'd sun
Affected so, with putrefaction,
The hellish monster. And now Phœbus' mind
Gave him to know, that falshood had struck blind
Even his bright eye, because it could not find
The subtle fountain's fraud; to whom he flew,
Enflam'd with anger, and in th' instant drew
Close to Delphusa, using this short vow:

"Delphusa! you must look no longer now
To vent your frauds on me, for well I know
Your situation to be lovely, worth
A temple's imposition, it pours forth
So delicate a stream. But your renown
Shall now no longer shine here, but mine own."
This said, he thrust her promontory down,

And damm'd her fountain up with mighty stones;
A temple giving consecrations
In woods adjoining. And in this fane all
On him, by surname of Delphusius call.
Because Delphusa's sacred flood and fame
His wrath affected so, and hid in shame.

And then thought Phœbus, what descent of men
To be his ministers, he should retain,
To do in stony Pythos sacrifice.
To which, his mind contending, his quick eyes
He cast upon the blue sea, and beheld
A ship, on whose masts sails that wing'd it swell'd:
In which were men transferr'd, many and good
That in Minoian Gnossus eat their food,
And were Cretensians; who now are those
That all the sacrificing dues dispose,
And all the laws deliver to a word
Of day's great king, that wears the golden sword.
And oracles (out of his Delphian tree
That shrouds her fair arms in the cavity
Beneath Parnassus' mount) pronounce to men.
These, now his priests, that liv'd as merchants then,
In traffics and pecuniary rates,
For sandy Pylos and the Pylean states,
Were under sail. But now encounter'd them
Phœbus Apollo, who into the stream
Cast himself headlong: and the strange disguise
Took of a dolphin of a goodly size,

Like which he leap'd into their ship, and lay
As an ostent of infinite dismay.
For none with any strife of mind could look
Into the omen. All the ship-masts shook;
And silent, all sat, with the fear they took.
Arm'd not, nor struck they sail, but as before
Went on with full trim, and a foreright Blore;
Stiff, and from forth the south the ship made fly,
When first they stripp'd the Malline promont'ry,
Touch'd at Laconia's soil; in which a town
Their ship arriv'd at, that the sea doth crown,
Call'd Tenarus, a place of much delight
To men that serve heaven's comforter of sight.
In which are fed the famous flocks that bear
The wealthy fleeces; on a delicate lair
Being fed and seated: where the merchants fain
Would have put in, that they might out again
To tell the miracle, that chanc'd to them,
And try if it would take the sacred stream,
Rushing far forth, that he again might bear
Those other fishes that abounded there,
Delightsome company; or still would stay
Aboard their dry ship. But it fail'd t' obey.
And for the rich Peloponesian shore
Steer'd her free sail; Apollo made the Blore
Directly guide it: that, obeying still
Reach'd dry Arena, and what wish doth fill
Fair Aryphæa, and the populous height
Of Thryus, whose stream, siding her, doth weight

With safe pass on Alphæus. Pylos sands
And Pylian dwellers, keeping by the strands
On which th' inhabitants of Crunius dwell:
And Helida, set opposite to hell.
Chalcis and Dymes reach'd, and happily
Made sail by Pheras: all being overjoy'd
With that frank gale, that Jove himself employ'd.
And then amongst the clouds they might descry
The hill, that far-seen Ithaca calls her eye.
Dulichius, Samos, and, with timber grac'd,
Shady Zacynthus. But when now they past
Peloponesus all: and then, when show'd
The infinite vale of Crissa, that doth shroud
All rich Moræa with her liberal breast,
So frank a gale there flew out of the west,
As all the sky discovered; 'twas so great,
And blew so from the very council seat
Of Jove himself, that quickly it might send
The ship through full seas to her journey's end.

From thence they sail'd, quite opposite, to the east,
And to the region, where Light leaves his rest.
The Light himself being sacred pilot there,
And made the sea-trod ship arrive them near
The grapeful Crissa, where he rest doth take
Close to her port and sands. And then forth brake
The far-shot king, like to a star that strews
His glorious forehead, where the mid-day glows,

That all in sparkles did his state attire,
Whose lustre leap'd up to the sphere of fire;
He trod where no way op'd, and pierc'd the place
That of his sacred tripods held the grace,
In which he lighted such a fluent flame
As gilt all Crissa; in which every dame,
And dame's fair daughter, cast out vehement cries
At those fell fires, of Phœbus' prodigies,
That shaking fears through all their fancies threw.
Then, like the mind's swift light, again he flew
Back to the ship, shap'd like a youth in height
Of all his graces; shoulders broad, and straight,
And all his hair in golden curls enwrap'd,
And to the merchants thus his speech he shap'd.

"Ho, strangers! what are you? and from what seat
Sail ye these ways, that salt and water sweat?
To traffic justly? or use vagrant 'scapes
Void of all rule? conferring wrongs and rapes,
Like pirates, on the men ye never saw?
With minds project, exempt from list or law?
Why sit ye here so stupified? nor take
Land while ye may? nor deposition make
Of naval arms? When this the fashion is
Of men industrious, who (their faculties
Wearied at sea), leave ship, and use the land
For food, that with their healths and stomachs stand."

This said, with bold minds he their breast supply'd,
And thus made answer, the Cretensian guide:

"Stranger! because you seem to us no seed
Of any mortal, but celestial breed,
For parts and person; joy your steps ensue,
And gods make good the bliss we think your due.
Vouchsafe us, true relation, on what land
We here arrive, and what men here command,
We were for well-known parts bound; and from Crete
(Our vaunted country), to the Pylian seat
Vow'd our whole voyage. Yet arrive we here,
Quite cross to those wills, that our motions steer,
Wishing to make return some other way;
Some other course desirous to assay,
To pay our lost pains. But some god hath fill'd
Our frustrate sails, defeating what we will'd."

Apollo answer'd: "Strangers! though before
Ye dwelt in woody Gnossus, yet no more
Ye must be made your own reciprocals
To your lov'd city, and fair severals
Of wives and houses. But ye shall have here
My wealthy temple, honour'd far and near
Of many a nation; for myself am son
To Jove himself, and of Apollo won
The glorious title, who thus safely through
The sea's vast billows still have held your plough.
No ill intending, that will let ye make
My temple here your own, and honours take
Upon yourselves, all that to me are given.
And more, the counsels of the king of heaven

Yourselves shall know, and with his will receive
Ever the honours that all men shall give.
Do as I say then instantly, strike sail,
Take down your tackling, and your vessel hale
Up into land; your goods bring forth, and all
The instruments that into sailing fall,
Make on this shore an altar: fire enflame,
And barley-white cakes offer to my name.
And then, environing the altar, pray,
And call me (as ye saw me in the day
When from the windy seas I brake swift way
Into your ship), Delphinius, since I took
A dolphin's form then. And to every look
That there shall seek it, that my altar shall
Be made a Delphian memorial
From thence, for ever. After this, ascend
Your swift black ship and sup, and then intend
Ingenuous offerings to the equal gods
That in celestial seats make blest abodes.
When, having stay'd your healthful hunger's sting,
Come all with me, and Io-pæans sing
All the way's length, till you attain the state
Where I, your opulent fane have consecrate.

To this they gave him, passing diligent ear;
And vow'd to his obedience, all they were.

First striking sail their tacklings then they loos'd,
And (with their gables stoop'd), their mast impos'd

Into the mast-room. Forth themselves then went,
And from the sea into the continent
Drew up their ship; which far up from the sand
They rais'd with ample rafters. Then in hand
They took the altar, and inform'd it on
The seas near shore; imposing thereupon
White cakes of barley: fire made, and did stand
About it round, as Phœbus gave command,
Submitting invocations to his will.
Then sacrific'd to all the heavenly hill
Of pow'rful godheads. After which they eat
Aboard their ship, till with fit foot replete
They rose; nor to their temple us'd delay.
Whom Phœbus usher'd, and touch'd all the way
His heavenly lute, with art above admir'd,
Gracefully leading them. When all were fir'd
With zeal to him, and follow'd wond'ring, all,
To Pythos; and upon his name did call
With Io-pæans, such as Cretans use.
And in their bosoms did the deified muse
Voices of honey-harmony infuse.

With never-weary feet their way they went,
And made, with all alacrity, ascent
Up to Parnassus; and that long'd-for place
Where they should live, and be of men the grace.
When, all the way, Apollo show'd them still
Their far-stretch'd valleys, and their two-top'd hill,

Their famous fane, and all that all could raise,
To a supreme height of their joy and praise.

And then the Cretan captain thus inquir'd
Of king Apollo: "Since you have retir'd
O sovereign, our sad lives, so far from friends
And native soil (because so far extends
Your dear mind's pleasure), tell us how we shall
Live in your service. To which question call
Our provident minds, because we see not crown'd
This soil, with store of vines, nor doth abound
In wealthy meadows, on which we may live,
As well as on men our attendance give."

He smil'd, and said, "O men, that nothing know,
And so are follow'd with a world of woe;
That needs will succour care, and curious moan,
And pour out sighs, without cessation,
Were all the riches of the earth your own.
Without much business, I will render known
To your simplicities an easy way
To wealth enough; let every man purvey
A skean, or slaught'ring steel, and his right hand,
Bravely bestowing, evermore see mann'd
With killing sheep, that to my fane will flow
From all far nations. On all which bestow
Good observation, and all else they give
To me, make you your own all, and so live.

For all which watch before my temple well,
And all my counsels, above all, conceal."

If any give vain language, or to deeds,
Yea, or as far as injury proceeds,
Know that, at losers' hands, for those that gain,
It is the law of mortals to sustain.
Besides, ye shall have princes to obey,
Which still ye must, and (so ye gain) ye may.
All now is said: give all thy memories stay.

And thus to thee (Jove and Latona's son),
Be given all grace of salutation.
Both thee and others of th' immortal state
My song shall memorize to endless date.

THE END OF THE HYMN TO APOLLO.

A HYMN TO HERMES.

HERMES, the son of Jove and Maia, sing,
O muse, th' Arcadian and Cyllenian king:
They rich in flocks, he heaven enriching still,
In messages, return'd with all his will.
Whom glorious Maia (the nymph rich in hair),
Mixing with Jove in amorous affair,
Brought forth to him; sustaining a retreat
From all th' immortals of the blessed seat,
And living in the same dark cave, where Jove
Inform'd at midnight the effect of love,
Unknown to either man or Deity;
Sweet sleep once having seiz'd the jealous eye
Of Juno, deck'd with wrists of ivory.
But when great Jove's high mind was consummate,
The tenth month had in heaven confin'd the date
Of Maia's labour; and into the sight
She brought, in one birth, labours infinite.
For then she bore a son, that all tried ways
Could turn and wind, to wish'd events assays.
A fair tongu'd, but false-hearted counsellor.
Rector of ox-stealers; and for all stealths, bore
A varied finger. Speeder of night's spies,
And guide of all her dreams obscurities.
Guard of door-guardians: and was born to be
Amongst th' immortals, that wing'd Deity,

That in an instant should do acts would ask
The powers of others, an eternal task.
Born in the morn, he form'd his lute at noon,
At night stole all the oxen of the sun;
And all this in his birth's first day was done,
Which was the fourth of the increasing moon.
Because celestial limbs sustain'd his strains,
His sacred swath-bands must not be his chains.
So, starting up, to Phœbus' herd he stepp'd,
Found straight the high-roof'd cave where they were
kept;
And (th' entry passing), he th' invention found
Of making lutes; and did in wealth abound
By that invention, since he first of all
Was author of that engine musical.
By this mean mov'd to the ingenious work,
Near the cave's inmost overture did lurk
A tortoise, tasting th' odoriferous grass,
Leisurely moving; and this object was
The motive to Jove's son, who could convert
To profitablest uses, all desert
That nature had in any work convey'd,
To form the lute: when, smiling, thus he said,
"Thou mov'st in me a note of excellent use,
Which thy ill form shall never so seduce
T' avert the good to be inform'd by it,
In pliant force, of my form-forging wit."

Then the slow tortoise, wrought on by his mind,
He thus saluted; "All joy to the kind

Instinct of nature in thee, born to be
The spiriter of dances, company
For feasts, and following banquets, grac'd and blest
For bearing light to all the interest
Claim'd in this instrument. From whence shall spring
Play fair and sweet, to which may graces sing.
A pretty painted coat thou putt'st on here,
O Tortoise, while thy ill-bred vital sphere
Confines thy fashion; but, surpris'd by me,
I'll bear thee home, where thou shalt ever be
A profit to me; and yet nothing more
Will I contemn thee in my merited store.
Goods, with good parts got, worth and honour gave:
Left goods, and honours, every fool may have.
And since thou first shalt give me means to live,
I'll love thee ever. Virtuous qualities give
To live at home with them, enough content,
Where those that want such inward ornament
Fly out for outward; their life made their load;
'Tis best to be at home; harm lurks abroad.
And certainly thy virtue shall be known
'Gainst great ill causing incantation,
To serve as for a lance, or amulet.
And where, in comfort of thy vital heat,
Thou now breath'st but a sound confus'd, for song;
Expos'd by nature, after death, more strong
Thou shalt in sounds of art be, and command
Song infinite sweeter." Thus with either hand
He took it up, and instantly took flight
Back to his cave, with that his home delight.

Where, giving to the mountain tortoise, vents
Of life and motion, with fit instruments
Forg'd of bright steel, he straight inform'd a lute.
Put neck, and frets to it; of which a suit
He made of splitted quills, in equal space
Impos'd upon the neck, and did embrace
Both back and bosom. At whose height (as gins
T' extend, and ease the strings), he put in pins.
Seven strings, of several tunes, he then applied,
Made of the entrails of a sheep well dried,
And thoroughly twisted. Next he did provide
A case for all, made of an ox's hide,
Out of his counsels to preserve as well
As to create; and all this action fell
Into an instant consequence. His word
And work had individual accord.
All being as swiftly to perfection brought,
As any worldly man's most ravish'd thought,
Whose mind care cuts in an infinity
Of varied parts, or passions instantly,
Or as the frequent twinklings of an eye.

And thus his house-delight given absolute end,
He touch'd it, and did every string extend
(With an exploratory spirit essay'd),
To all the parts that could on it be play'd.
It sounded dreadfully, to which he sung,
As if from thence, the first, and true force sprung
That fashions virtue. God in him did sing.
His play was likewise an unspeakable thing,

Yet, but as an extemporal essay,
Of what show it would make, being the first way,
It tried his hand, or a tumultuous noise,
Such as at feasts the first-flower'd spirits of boys
Pour out in mutual contumelies still;
As little squaring with his curious will;
Or was as wanton, and untaught a store.
Of Jove and Maia, that rich shoes still wore,
He sung; who suffer'd ill reports before,
And foul stains under her fair titles bore.
But Hermes sung, her nation, and her name
Did iterate ever. All her high-flown fame
Of being Jove's mistress, celebrating all
Her train of servants, and collateral
Sumpture of houses; all her tripods there
And caldrons huge, increasing every year.
All which she knew, yet felt her knowledge stung
With her fame's loss, which (found) she more wish'd
sung.
But now, he in his sacred cradle laid
His lute so absolute, and straight convey'd
Himself up to a watch-tow'r forth his house;
Rich, and divinely odoriferous;
A lofty wile at work in his conceit,
Thirsting the practice of his empire's height.
And where impostors rule (since sable night
Must serve their deeds) he did his deeds their right:
For now the never-resting sun was turn'd
For th' under earth, and in the ocean burn'd

His coach and coursers. When th' ingenious spy
Pieria's shady hill had in his eye,
Where the immortal oxen of the gods
In air's flood solac'd their select abodes;
And earth's sweet green flow'r, that was never shorne,
Fed ever down; and these the witty-born
Argicides set serious spy upon:
Severing from all the rest; and setting gone
Full fifty of the violent bellowers.
Which driving through the sands, he did reverse
(His birth's-craft straight rememb'ring) all their hooves,
And them transpos'd in opposite removes;
The fore, behind set; the behind, before;
T' employ the eyes of such as should explore.
And he himself (as sly-pac'd) cast away
His sandals on the sea sands. Past display,
And unexcogitable thoughts, in act
Putting; to shun, of his stol'n steps, the tract.
Mixing both tamrisk, and like-tamrisk sprays,
In a most rare confusion, to raise
His footsteps up from earth. Of which sprays, he
(His armful gathering fresh from off the tree)
Made for his sandals ties; both leaves and ties
Holding together; and then fear'd no eyes
That could affect his feet's discoveries.

The tamrisk boughs he gather'd, making way
Back from Pieria; but as to convey
Provision in them, for his journey fit,
It being long and therefore needing it.

An old man, now at labour, near the field
Of green Onchestus, knew the verdant yield
Of his fair armful; whom th' ingenious son
Of Maia, therefore, salutation
Did thus begin to; "Ho, old man! that now
Art crooked grown, with making plants to grow;
Thy nerves will far be spent, when these boughs shall
To these their leaves confer me fruit, and all.
But see not thou, whatever thou dost see;
Nor hear, though hear; but all, as touching me
Conceal, since nought it can endamage thee."

This, and no more he said; and on drove still
His broad-brow'd oxen. Many a shady hill,
And many an echoing valley; many a field
Pleasant and wishful did his passage yield
Their safe transcension. But now the divine
And black-brow'd night (his mistress), did decline
Exceeding swiftly; day's most early light
Fast hasting to her first point, to excite
Worldlings to work; and in her watch-tow'r shone
King Pallas-Megamede's seed (the moon),
When through th' Alphæan flood Jove's powerful son
Phœbus-Apollo's ample-foreheaded herd
(Whose necks the lab'ring yoke had never spher'd),
Drave swiftly on; and then into a stall
(Hilly, yet past to, through an humble vale
And hollow dells, in a most lovely mead),
He gather'd all; and them divinely fed

With odorous cypress; and the ravishing tree
That makes his eaters lose the memory
Of name and country. Then he brought withal
Much wood, whose sight into his search let fall
The art of making fire. Which thus he tried:
He took a branch of laurel, amplified
Past others, both in beauty and in size;
Yet, lay next hand, rubb'd it, and straight did rise
A warm fume from it. Steel, being that did raise
(As agent) the attenuated bays
To that hot vapour. So that Hermes found
Both fire first, and of it, the seed, close bound
In other substances; and then the seed
He multiplied; of sere-wood making feed
The apt heat of it; in a pile combin'd
Laid in a low pit, that in flames straight shin'd;
And cast a sparkling crack up to the sky;
All the dry parts so fervent were, and high
In their combustion. And how long the force
Of glorious Vulcan kept the fire in course,
So long was he in dragging from their stall
Two of the crook-haunch'd herd, that roar'd withal,
And rag'd for fear, t' approach the sacred fire:
To which did all his dreadful pow'rs aspire.
When, blust'ring forth their breath, he on the soil
Cast both at length, though with a world of toil.
For long he was in getting them to ground
After their through-thrust, and most mortal wound.
But work to work he join'd, the flesh and cut
Cover'd with fat; and (on treene broaches put)

In pieces roasted. But in th' intestines
The black blood, and the honorary chines,
Together with the carcasses, lay there
Cast on the cold earth, as no deities' cheer.
The hides upon a rugged rock he spread;
And thus were these now all in pieces shred,
And undistinguish'd from earth's common herd:
Though borne for long date, and to heaven endear'd;
And now must ever live in dead event.
But Hermes, here hence, having his content,
Car'd for no more; but drew to places even,
The fat-works, that, of force, must have for heaven
Their capital ends, though stol'n; and therefore were
In twelve parts cut, for twelve choice deities' cheer,
By this devotion. To all which he gave
Their several honours, and did wish to have
His equal part thereof, as free, and well
As th' other deities; but the fatty smell
Afflicted him, though he immortal were;
Play'ng mortal parts, and being like mortals here.
Yet his proud mind nothing the more obey'd
For being a God, himself; and his own aid
Having to cause his due: and though in heart
He highly wish'd it, but the weaker part
Subdu'd the stronger, and went on in ill.
Even heavenly pow'r had rather have his will
Than have his right; and will's the worst of all,
When but in least sort, it is criminal;
One taint being author of a number still.
And thus, resolv'd to leave his hallow'd hill,

First, both the fat parts, and the fleshy, all
Taking away; at the steep-entried stall
He laid all, all the feet and heads entire,
And all the sere-wood, making clear with fire.
And now, he leaving there then, all things done
And finish'd, in their fit perfection;
The coals put out, and their black ashes thrown
From all discovery, by the lovely light
The cheerful moon cast, shining all the night,
He straight assum'd a novel voice's note;
And in the whirl-pit-eating-flood, afloat
He set his sandals. When now, once again
The-that-morn-born-Cyllenius, did attain
His home's divine height; all the far-stretch'd way
No one blest God encount'ring his assay;
Nor mortal man, nor any dog durst spend
His-born-to-bark-mouth at him, till in th' end
He reach'd his cave; and at the gate went in
Crooked, and wrapp'd into a fold so thin,
That no eye could discover his repair;
But as a darkness of th' autumnal air.
When, going on fore-right, he straight arriv'd
At his rich fane: his soft feet quite depriv'd
Of all least noise of one that trod the earth;
They trod so swift, to reach his room of birth.
Where, in his swath-bands, he his shoulders wrapp'd,
And, like an infant, newly having scap'd
The teeming streights, as in the palms he lay
Of his lov'd nurse. Yet instantly would play

(Freeing his right hand) with his bearing cloth
About his knees wrapp'd; and straight (loosing both
His right and left hand) with his left he caught
His most-lov'd lute. His mother yet was taught
His wanton wiles, nor could a god's wit lie
Hid from a goddess, who did therefore try
His answer thus: "Why (thou made all of sleight),
And whence arriv'st thou in this rest of night?
Improvident impudent, in my conceit
Thou rather shouldst be getting forth thy gate,
With all flight fit for thy endanger'd state;
(In merit of th' inevitable bands
To be impos'd by vex'd Latona's hands,
Justly incens'd for her Apollo's harms;)
Than lie thus wrapp'd, as ready for her arms,
To take thee up and kiss thee: would to heaven,
In cross of that high grace, thou hadst been given
Up to perdition; ere poor mortals bear
Those black banes, that thy father Thunderer
Hath planted thee of purpose to confer
On them and deities." He return'd reply:
"As master of the feats of policy,
Mother, why aim you thus amiss at me?
As if I were a son that infancy
Could keep from all the skill that age can teach,
Or had in cheating but a childish reach,
And of a mother's mandates, fear'd the breach?
I mount that art at first, that will be best
When all times consummate their cunningest.

Able to counsel, now myself and thee,
In all things best, to all eternity.
We cannot live like gods here, without gifts;
No, nor without corruption and shifts.
And much less, without eating; as we must
In keeping thy rules, and in being just;
Of which we cannot undergo the loads.
'Tis better here to imitate the gods,
And wine, or wench out all Time's periods;
To that end growing rich in ready heaps,
Stor'd with revenues; being in corn-field reaps
Of infinite acres; than to live enclos'd
In caves, to all earth's sweetest air expos'd.
I as much honour hold as Phœbus does;
And if my father please not to dispose
Possessions to me, I myself will see
If I can force them in, for I can be
Prince of all thieves. And if Latona's son
Make, after my stealth, indignation,
I'll have a scape as well as he a search,
And overtake him with a greater lurch.
For I can post to Pythos, and break through
His huge house there, where harbours wealth enough,
Most precious tripods, caldrons, steel, and gold;
Garments rich wrought, and full of liberal fold:
All which will I at pleasure own; and thou
Shalt see all; wilt thou but thy sight bestow."

Thus chang'd great words; the goat-hide-wearer's [son,
And Maia, of majestic fashion.

And now the air-begot Aurora rose
From out the ocean-great-in-ebbs-and flows;
When, at the never-shorn, pure-and-fair grove
(Onchestus), consecrated to the love
Of round and long-neck'd Neptune, Phœbus found
A man whom heavy years had press'd half round,
And yet at work, in plashing of a fence
About a vineyard, that had residence
Hard by the highway; whom Latona's son
Made it not strange, but first did question,
And first saluted: "Ho! you aged sire,
That here are hewing from the vine the briar;
For certain oxen, I come here t' inquire
Out of Pieria; females all; and rear'd
All, with horn's wreath'd, unlike the common herd;
A coal-black bull fed by them all alone;
And all observ'd for preservation
Through all their foody and delicious fen,
With four fierce mastiffs, like one-minded men.
These left their dogs and bull (which I admire),
And when was near set day's eternal fire,
From their fierce guardians, from their delicate fare,
Made clear departure. To me then declare,
O old man, long since born, if thy grave ray
Hath any man seen, making stealthful way
With all those oxen." Th' old man made reply,
"'Tis hard, O friend, to render readily
Account of all that may invade mine eye,
For many a traveller this highway treads;
Some in much ills search; some, in noble threads,

Leading their lives out; but I, this young day,
Even from her first point, have made good display
Of all men passing this abundant hill
Planted with vines; and no such stealthful ill
Her light hath shown me: but last evening, late,
I saw a thing that show'd of childish state
To my old lights, and seem'd as he pursu'd
A herd of oxen, with brave heads endu'd;
Yet but an infant, and retain'd a rod,
Who wearily both this and that way trod,
His head still backwards turn'd." This th' old man
spake;
Which he well thought upon, and swiftly brake
Into his pursuit, with abundant wing,
That struck but one plain, ere he knew the thing
That was the thief to be th' impostor born;
Whom Jove yet with his son's name did adorn.
In study, and with ardour, then the king
(Jove's dazzling son) plac'd his exploring wing
On sacred Pylos, for his forced herd;
His ample shoulders in a cloud enspher'd
Of fiery crimson. Straight the steps he found
Of his stol'n herd: and said, "Strange sights confound
My apprehensive powers: for here I see
The tracks of oxen; but aversively
Converted towards the Pierian hills,
As treading to their mead of daffodils;
But, nor mine eye, men's feet, nor women's draws,
Nor hoary wolves, nor bears, nor lions' paws;

Nor thick-neck'd bulls they show. But he that does
These monstrous deeds, with never so swift shoes,
Hath past from that hour hither; but from hence
His foul course may meet fouler consequence."
With this took Phœbus wing; and Hermes still,
For all his threats, secure lay in his hill
Wall'd with a wood; and more, a rock, beside
Where a retreat ran, deeply multiplied
In blinding shadows, and where th' endless bride
Bore to Saturnius his ingenious son:
An odour, worth a heart's desire, being thrown
Along the heaven-sweet hill; on whose herb fed
Rich flocks of sheep, that bow not where they tread
Their horny pasterns. There the light of men
(Jove's son, Apollo), straight descended then
The marble pavement, in that gloomy den.
On whom, when Jove and Maia's son set eye,
Wroth for his oxen: on then, instantly
His odorous swath-bands flew; in which, as close
Th' impostor lay, as in the cool repose
Of cast-on ashes, hearths of burning coals
Lie in the woods hid, under the controls
Of skilful colliers: even so close did lie
Inscrutable Hermes in Apollo's eye.
Contracting his great godhead to a small
And infant likeness; feet, hands, head and all.
And as a hunter hath been often view'd,
From chase retir'd with both his hands embru'd
In his game's blood, that doth for water call
To cleanse his hands; and to provoke withal

Delightsome sleep, new wash'd and laid to rest;
So now lay Hermes in the close compress'd
Chase of his oxen. His new-found-out lute
Beneath his arm held, as if no pursuit
But that prize, and the virtue of his play
His heart affected. But to Phœbus lay
His close heart open: and he likewise knew
The brave hill-nymph there; and her dear son, new-
Born, and as well wrapp'd in his wiles as weeds.
All the close shrouds too, for his rapinous deeds,
In all the cave he knew; and with his key
He open'd three of them, in which there lay
Silver and gold-heaps; nectar infinite store,
And dear ambrosia, and of weeds she wore,
Pure white and purple, a rich wardrobe shin'd,
Fit for the blest states of pow'rs so divin'd.
All which discover'd, thus to Mercury
He offer'd conference: "Infant! you that lie
Wrapp'd so in swath-bands, instantly unfold
In what conceal'd retreats of yours you hold
My oxen stol'n by you; or straight we shall
Jar, as beseems not, pow'rs celestial.
For I will take and hurl thee to the deeps
Of dismal Tartarus, where ill death keeps
His gloomy and inextricable fates;
And to no eye that light illuminates,
Mother, nor father, shall return thee free,
But under earth shall sorrow fetter thee,
And few repute thee their superior."

On him replied Craft's subtlest counsellor;
"What cruel speech hath past Latona's care!
Seeks he his stol'n-wild-cows where deities are?
I have nor seen nor heard, nor can report,
From others' mouths, one word of their resort
To any stranger. Nor will I, to gain
A base reward, a false relation feign.
Nor would I, could I tell. Resemble I
An ox-thief, or a man? especially
A man of such a courage, such a force
As to that labour goes, that violent course,
No infant's work is that. My pow'rs aspire
To sleep, and quenching of my hunger's fire
With mother's milk; and 'gainst cold shades, to arm
With cradle-cloths, my shoulders; and baths warm;
That no man may conceive, the war you threat
Can spring, in cause, from my so peaceful heat.
And even amongst th' immortals it would bear
Event of absolute miracle, to hear
A new-born infant's forces should transcend
The limits of his doors; much less contend
With untam'd oxen. This speech nothing seems
To savour the decorum of the beams
Cast round about the air Apollo breaks,
Where his divine mind her intention speaks.
I brake but yesterday the blessed womb;
My feet are tender, and the common tomb
Of men (the earth), lies sharp beneath their tread.
But, if you please, even by my father's head

I'll take the great oath; that nor I protest
Myself, to author on your interest
Any such usurpation; nor have I
Seen any other, that feloniously
Hath forc'd your oxen. Strange thing! what are those
Oxen of yours? Or what are oxen? knows
My rude mind, think you? My ears only touch
At their renown, and hear that there are such."

This speech he past; and ever as he spake
Beams from the hair about his eyelids break;
His eyebrows up and down cast, and his eye
Every way look'd askance and carelessly.
And he into a lofty whistling fell,
As if he idle thought Apollo's spell.

Apollo (gently smiling), made reply:
"O thou impostor! whose thoughts ever lie
In labour with deceit; for certain, I
Retain opinion, that thou (even thus soon)
Hast ransack'd many a house, and not in one
Night's-work alone; nor in one country neither
Hast been besieging, house and man together;
Rigging and rifling all ways, and no noise
Made with thy soft feet, where it all destroys.
Soft therefore, well; and tender thou may'st call
The feet that thy stealths go and fly withal.
For many a field-bred herdsman (unheard still),
Hast thou made drown, the caverns of the hill

Where his retreats lie, with his helpless tears;
When any flesh-stealth thy desire endears:
And thou encount'rest either flocks of sheep
Or herds of oxen! Up then! do not sleep
Thy last nap in thy cradle; but come down,
Companion of black night, and for this crown
Of thy young rapines, bear, from all, the state
And style of Prince Thief, into endless date."

This said, he took the infant in his arms;
And with him, the remembrance of his harms;
This presage utt'ring, lifting him aloft,
"Be evermore the miserably-soft
Slave of the belly; pursuivant of all,
And author of all mischiefs capital."

He scorn'd his prophecy so, he sneez'd in's face
Most forcibly (which hearing), his embrace
He loth'd; and hurl'd him 'gainst the ground; yet still
Took seat before him; though, with all the ill
He bore by him, he would have left full fain
That hewer of his heart so into twain.
Yet salv'd all thus; "Come! you so swaddl'd thing,
Issue of Maia, and the thunder's king;
Be confident; I shall hereafter find
My broad-brow'd oxen. My prophetic mind
So far from blaming this thy course, that I
Foresee thee in it to posterity,
The guide of all men, always, to their ends."
This spoken, Hermes from the earth ascends,

Starting aloft, and as in study went,
Wrapping himself in his integument;
And thus ask'd Phœbus: "Whither force you me,
Far-shot, and far most powerful deity?
I know, for all your feigning, you're still wroth
About your oxen, and suspect my troth.
O Jupiter! I wish the general race
Of all earth's oxen rooted from her face.
I steal your oxen! I again profess
That neither I have stol'n them, nor can guess
Who else should steal them. What strange beasts are these
Your so-lov'd oxen? I must say, to please
Your humour thus far, that even my few hours
Have heard their fame. But be the sentence yours
Of the debate betwixt us; or to Jove
(For more indifferency) the cause remove."

Thus when the solitude-affecting god,
And the Latonian seed, had laid abroad
All things betwixt them; though not yet agreed,
Yet, might I speak, Apollo did proceed
Nothing unjustly, to charge Mercury
With stealing of the cows, he does deny.
But his profession was, with filed speech,
And craft's fair compliments, to overreach
All; and even Phœbus. Who because he knew
His trade of subtlety, he still at view
Hunted his foe through all the sandy way,
Up to Olympus. Nor would let him stray

From out his sight, but kept behind him still.
And now they reach'd the odoriferous hill
Of high Olympus, to their father Jove,
To arbitrate the cause in which they strove.
Where, before both, talents of justice were
Propos'd for him, whom Jove should sentence clear,
In cause of their contention. And now
About Olympus, ever crown'd with snow,
The rumour of their controversy flew.
All the incorruptible, to their view,
On heaven's steep mountain made return'd repair.
Hermes, and he that light hurls through the air,
Before the thunderer's knees stood: who begun
To question thus far his illustrious son,
"Phœbus! To what end bring'st thou captive here
Him in whom my mind puts delights so dear?
This new-born infant, that the place supplies
Of herald yet, to all the deities?
This serious business, you may witness, draws
The deities' whole court to discuss the cause."

Phœbus replied: "And not unworthy is
The cause of all the court of deities.
For you shall hear, it comprehends the weight
Of devastation; and the very height
Of spoil and rapine, even of deities' rights.
Yet you, as if myself lov'd such delights,
Use words that wound my heart. I bring you here
An infant, that, even now, admits no peer
In rapes and robb'ries. Finding out his place,

After my measure of an infinite space,
In the Cyllenian mountain, such a one
In all the art of opprobation,
As not in all the deities, I have seen;
Nor in th' oblivion-mark'd-whole race of men.
In night he drave my oxen from their leas,
Along the lofty roar-resounding seas,
From out the road-way quite; the steps of them
So quite transpos'd, as would amaze the beam
Of any mind's eye, being so infinite much
Involv'd in doubt, as show'd a deified touch
Went to the work's performance. All the way
Through which my cross-hoof'd cows he did convey,
Had dust so darkly-hard to search; and he
So past all measure, wrapp'd in subtilty.
For, nor with feet, nor hands, he form'd his steps,
In passing through the dry way's sandy heaps;
But us'd another counsel to keep hid
His monstrous tracts, that show'd as one had slid
On oak or other boughs, that swept out still
The footsteps of his oxen; and did fill
Their prints up ever, to the daffodil
(Or dainty feeding meadow) as they trod,
Driven by this cautelous and infant god.

A mortal man yet, saw him driving on
His prey to Pylos. Which when he had done
And got his pass sign'd, with a sacred fire
In peace, and freely (though to his desire,

Not to the gods, he offer'd part of these
My ravish'd oxen), he retires, and lies,
Like to the gloomy night in his dim den,
All hid in darkness; and in clouts again
Wrapp'd him so closely, that the sharp-seen eye
Of your own eagle could not see him lie.
For with his hands the air he rarified
(This way, and that mov'd), till bright gleams did glide
About his being; that if any eye
Should dare the darkness, light appos'd so nigh
Might blind it quite with her antipathy.
Which while he wove, in curious care t' illude
Th' extreme of any eye, that could intrude.
On which relying, he outrageously
(When I accus'd him) trebled his reply;
'I did not see, I did not hear; nor I
Will tell at all, that any other stole
Your broad-brow'd beeves. Which an impostor's soul
Would soon have done; and any author fain
Of purpose only, a reward to gain.'
And thus he colour'd truth in every lie."
This said, Apollo sat; and Mercury,
The gods commander pleas'd with this reply.
"Father! I'll tell the truth (for I am true
And far from art to lie); he did pursue
Even to my cave, his oxen: this self day,
The sun, new raising his illustrious ray.
But brought with him none of the bliss-endu'd,
Nor any ocular witness, to conclude

His bare assertion. But his own command,
Laid on with strong and necessary hand,
To show his oxen. Using threats to cast
My poor and infant pow'rs into the vast
Of ghastly Tartarus; because he bears
Of strength-sustaining youth the flaming years.
And I, but yesterday produc'd to light;
By which it fell into his own free sight,
That I in no similitude appear'd
Of pow'r to be the forcer of a herd.
And credit me, O Father, since the grace
Of that name, in your style, you please to place;
I drove not home his oxen, no nor press'd
Past mine own threshold; for 'tis manifest,
I reverence, with my soul, the Sun, and all
The knowing dwellers in this heavenly hall.
Love you;—observe the least: and 'tis most clear
In your own knowledge, that my merits bear
No least guilt of his blame. To all which I
Dare add heaven's great oath, boldly swearing by
All these so well-built entries of the blest.
And therefore when I saw myself so press'd
With his reproaches, I confess I burn'd
In my pure gall; and harsh reply return'd.
Add your aid to your younger then, and free
The scruple fix'd in Phœbus' jealousy."

This said, he wink'd upon his sire; and still
His swathbands held beneath his arm; no will

Discern'd in him to hide, but have them shown.
Jove laugh'd aloud at his ingenious son,
Quitting himself with art, so likely wrought,
As show'd in his heart not a rapinous thought.
Commanding both, to bear attoned minds
And seek out th' oxen; in which search he binds
Hermes to play the guide, and show the Sun
(All grudge exil'd) the shrowd to which he won
His fair-ey'd oxen. Then his forehead bow'd,
For sign it must be so; and Hermes show'd
His free obedience. So soon he inclin'd
To his persuasion and command, his mind.

Now then, Jove's jarring sons no longer stood;
But sandy Pylos and th' Alphæan flood
Reach'd instantly, and made as quick a fall
On those rich-feeding fields, and lofty stall
Where Phœbus' oxen Hermes safely kept,
Driven in by night. When suddenly he stepp'd
Up to the stony cave; and into light
Drove forth the oxen. Phœbus at first sight
Knew them the same; and saw apart dispread
Upon a high-rais'd rock, the hides new flay'd
Of th' oxen sacrific'd. Then Phœbus said,
"O thou in crafty counsels undisplay'd!
How couldst thou cut the throats, and cast to earth
Two such huge oxen? being so young a birth,
And a mere infant? I admire thy force
And will, behind thy back. But this swift course

Of growing into strength, thou hadst not need
Continue any long date, O thou seed
Of honour'd Maia!—Hermes, (to show how
He did those deeds) did forthwith cut and bow
Strong osiers in soft folds; and strappl'd straight
One of his hugest oxen: all his weight
Lay'ng prostrate on the earth at Phœbus' feet:
All his four cloven hoofs, easily made to greet
Each other upwards, all together brought.
In all which bands yet all the beast's pow'rs wrought
To rise, and stand; when all the herd about
The mighty Hermes rush'd in, to help out
Their fellow from his fetters; Phœbus' view
Of all this, up to admiration drew
Even his high forces; and stern looks he threw
At Hermes for his herd's wrong, and the place
To which he had retir'd them, being in grace
And fruitful riches of it so entire:
All which set all his force on envious fire.
All whose heat flew out of his eyes in flames;
Which fain he would have hid, to hide the shames
Of his ill-govern'd passions. But with ease
Hermes could calm them; and his humours please
Still at his pleasure, were he ne'er so great
In force and fortitude, and high in heat.
In all which he his lute took, and assay'd
A song upon him, and so strangely play'd,
That from his hand a ravishing horror flew.
Which Phœbus into laughter turn'd, and grew

Pleasant past measure; tunes so artful clear
Struck even his heart-strings; and his mind made hear.
His lute so powerful was in forcing love,
As his hand rul'd it, that from him it drove
All fear of Phœbus; yet he gave him still
The upper hand; and, to advance his skill
To utmost miracle, he play'd sometimes
Single awhile; in which, when all the climes
Of rapture he had reach'd, to make the sun
Admire enough, O then, his voice would run
Such points upon his play, and did so move,
They took Apollo prisoner to his love.
And now the deathless gods and deathful earth
He sung, beginning at their either's birth
To full extent of all their emperie.
And, first, the honour to Mnemosyne,
The Muses mother, of all goddess states
He gave; even forc'd to't by the equal fates.
And then (as it did in priority fall
Of age and birth) he celebrated all.
And with such elegance and order sung
(His lute still touch'd, to stick more off his tongue),
That Phœbus' heart, with infinite love, he eat.
Who therefore thus did his deserts entreat:

"Master of sacrifice! chief soul of feast;
Patient of all pains; artizan so blest;
That all things thou canst do, in any one.
Worth fifty oxen is th' invention

Of this one lute. We both shall now, I hope,
In firm peace work to all our wishes' scope.
Inform me (thou that every way canst wind,
And turn to act, all wishes of thy mind),
Together with thy birth, came all thy skill?
Or did some god, or god-like man, instil
This heavenly song to thee? Methinks I hear
A new voice; such as never yet came near
The breast of any, either man or god,
Till in thee it had prime and period.
What art, what muse, that med'cine can produce
For cares most cureless? what inveterate use,
Or practice of a virtue so profuse,
Which three, do all the contribution keep
That Joy, or Love confers, or pleasing Sleep,
Taught thee the sovereign facture of them all?
I, of the Muses, am the capital
Consort, or follower: and to these belong
The grace of dance, all worthy ways of song,
And ever-flourishing verse; the delicate set
And sound of instruments. But never yet
Did any thing so much affect my mind
With joy and care to compass, as this kind
Of song and play; that for the sprightly feast
Of flourishing assemblies, are the best
And aptest works that ever worth gave act.
My pow'rs with admiration stand distract,
To hear, with what a hand to make in love,
Thou rul'st thy lute. And though thy yong'st hours
move,

At full art, in old councils. Here I vow
(Even by this cornel dart, I use to throw)
To thee, and to thy mother; I'll make thee
Amongst the gods, of glorious degree.
Guide of men's ways and theirs. And will impart
To thee the mighty imperatory art:
Bestow rich gifts on thee; and in the end
Never deceive thee. Hermes, (as a friend
That wrought on all advantage, and made gain
His capital object,) thus did entertain
Phœbus Apollo: do thy dignities,
Far-working God, and circularly wise,
Demand my virtues? Without envy I
Will teach thee to ascend my faculty.
And this day thou shalt reach it; finding me,
In acts and councils, all ways kind to thee,
As one that all things knows; and first tak'st seat
Amongst th' immortals, being good and great.
And therefore to Jove's love mak'st free access,
Even out of his accomplish'd holiness.
Great gifts he likewise gives thee, who, fame says,
Hast won thy greatness, by his will, his ways.
By him know'st all the powers prophetical,
O thou far-worker, and the fates of all.
Yea, and I know thee rich, yet apt to learn;
And even thy wish dost but discern and earn.
And since thy soul so burns to know the way
To play and sing as I do: sing, and play.
Play; and perfection in thy play employ;
And be thy care, to learn things good, thy joy.

Take thou my lute, my love, and give thou me
The glory of so great a faculty.
This sweet-tun'd consort, held but in thy hand,
Sing; and perfection in thy song command.
For thou already hast the way to speak
Fairly and elegantly, and to break
All eloquence into thy utter'd mind.
One gift from heaven found may another find.
Use then, securely, this thy gift, and go
To feasts and dances that enamour so;
And to that covetous sport of getting glory,
That day, nor night, will suffer to be sorry.
Whoever does but say, in verse, sings still;
Which he that can of any other skill
Is capable, so he be taught by art
And wisdom; and can speak at every part
Things pleasing to an understanding mind:
And such a one that seeks this lute shall find.
Him still it teaches easily, though he plays
Soft voluntaries only; and assays
As wanton as the sports of children are.
And even when he aspires to singular,
In all the mast'ries he shall play or sing,
Finds the whole work but an unhappy thing:
He (I say) sure; shall of this lute be king.
But he, whoever, rudely sets upon,
Of this lute's skill, th' inquest or question,
Never so ardently and angrily,
Without the aptness and ability

Of art, and nature fitting; never shall
Aspire to this; but utter trivial
And idle accents, though sung ne'er so loud,
And never so commended of the crowd.
But thee, I know, O eminent son of Jove,
The fiery learner of whatever Love
Hath sharpen'd thy affections to achieve.
And thee I give this lute: let us now live
Feeding upon the hill-and-horse-fed earth
Our never-handled oxen; whose dear birth
Their females, fellow'd with their males, let flow
In store enough hereafter; nor must you,
(However cunning hearted your wits are,)
Boil in your gall, a grudge too circular."

Thus gave he him his lute, which he embrac'd;
And gave again a gode, whose bright head cast
Beams like the light forth; leaving to his care
His oxen's keeping. Which, with joyful fare,
He took on him. The lute Apollo took
Into his left hand, and aloft he shook
Delightsome sounds up, to which God did sing.
Then were the oxen to their endless spring
Turn'd, and Jove's two illustr'ous offsprings flew
Up to Olympus, where it ever snew;
Delighted with their lute's sound all the way.
Whom Jove much joy'd to see, and endless stay
Gave to their knot of friendship. From which date
Hermes gave Phœbus an eternal state

In his affection, whose sure pledge and sign
His lute was; and the doctrine so divine,
Jointly confer'd on him. Which well might be
True symbol of his love's simplicity.

On th' other part, Apollo in his friend
Form'd th' art of wisdom, to the binding end
Of his vow'd friendship; and (for further meed)
Gave him the far-heard fistulary reed.

For all these forms of friendship, Phœbus yet
Fear'd that both form and substance were not met
In Mercury's intentions: and, in plain,
Said, (since he saw him, born to craft and gain,
And that Jove's will had him the honour done,
To change at his will the possession
Of others gods), he fear'd his breach of vows,
In stealing both his lute and cunning bows.
And therefore wish'd, that what the gods affect,
Himself would witness; and to his request
His head bow, swearing by th' impetuous flood
Of Styx, that of his whole possessions, not a good
He would diminish; but therein maintain
The full content, in which his mind did reign.
And then did Maia's son his forehead bow,
Making, by all that he desir'd, his vow:
Never to prey more upon any thing,
In just possession of the far-shot king;
Nor ever to come near a house of his.
Latonian Phœbus bow'd his brow to this,

With his like promise, saying, " Not any one
Of all the gods, nor any man, that son
Is to Saturnius, is more dear to me;
More trusted, nor more honour'd is than thee.
Which, yet with greater gifts of deity,
In future I'll confirm; and give thy state
A rod that riches shall accumulate,
Nor leave the bearer, thrall to death, or fate,
Or any sickness. All of gold it is;
Three-leav'd; and full of all felicities.
And this shall be thy guardian; this shall give
The gods to thee, in all the truth they live.
And finally, shall this the tut'ress be
Of all the words and works, informing me
From Jove's high counsels; making known to thee
All my instructions. But to prophecy,
(O best of Jove's belov'd,) and that high skill,
Which to obtain, lies burning in thy will;
Nor thee, nor any god, will fate let learn.
Only Jove's mind hath insight to discern
What that importeth; yet am I allow'd
(My known faith trusted, and my forehead bow'd;
Our great oath taken, to resolve to none
Of all th' immortals, the restriction
Of that deep knowledge), of it all, the mind.
Since then it sits, in such fast bounds confin'd,
O brother, when the golden rod is held
In thy strong hand; seek not to have reveal'd
Any sure fate that Jove will have conceal'd.

For no man shall, by know'ng, prevent his fate;
And therefore will I hold in my free state
The pow'r to hurt and help what man I will,
Of all the greatest, or least touch'd with ill,
That walk within the circle of mine eye,
In all the tribes and sexes it shall try.

Yet, truly, any man shall have his will
To reap the fruits of my prophetic skill;
Whoever seeks it, by the voice or wing
Of birds, borne truly, such events to sing.
Nor will I falsely, nor with fallacies
Infringe the truth on which his faith relies;
But he that truths in chattering plumes would find,
Quite opposite to them that prompt my mind,
And learn by natural forgers of vain lies,
The more-than-ever-certain deities;
That man shall sea-ways tread that leave no tracts,
And false, or no guide find, for all his facts.
And yet will I his gifts accept as well
As his to whom the simple truth I tell.

One other thing to thee I'll yet make known,
Maia's exceedingly renowned son,
And Jove's; and of the god's whole session
The most ingenious genius. There dwell
Within a crooked cranny, in a dell
Beneath Parnassus, certain sisters born,
Call'd Parcæ; whom extreme swift wings adorn

Their number three, that have upon their heads
White barley flour still sprinkled, and are maids;
And these are schoolmistresses of things to come,
Without the gift of prophecy: of whom
(Being but a boy, and keeping oxen near),
I learn'd their skill; though my great father were
Careless of it, or them. These flying from home
To others' roofs, and fed with honeycomb,
Command all skill; and (being enraged then)
Will freely tell the truths of things to men.
But if they give them not that God's sweet meat,
They then are apt to utter their deceit,
And lead men from their way. And these will I
Give thee hereafter, when their scrutiny
And truth thou hast both made and learn'd, and then
Please thyself with them; and the race of men
(Wilt thou know any) with thy skill endear:
Who will, be sure, afford it greedy ear,
And hear it often if it prove sincere.

Take these (O Maia's son), and in thy care
Be horse and oxen: all such men as are
Patient of labour, lions, white-tooth'd boars,
Mastiffs, and flocks that feed the flow'ry shores,
And every four-foot beast; all which shall stand
In awe of thy high imperatory hand.
Be thou to Dis too sole ambassador,
Who, though all gifts and bounties he abhor,
On thee he will bestow a wealthy one.
Thus king Apollo honour'd Maia's son

With all the rights of friendship, all whose love
Had imposition from the will of Jove.
And thus with gods and mortals Hermes liv'd,
Who truly help'd but few, but all deceiv'd
With an undifferencing respect; and made
Vain words and false persuasions his trade.
His deeds were all associates of the night,
In which his close wrongs car'd for no man's right.

So all salutes to Hermes that are due,
Of whom, and all gods, shall my muse sing true.

THE END OF THE HYMN TO HERMES.

A HYMN TO VENUS.

THE force, O muse, and functions, now unfold,
Of Cyprian Venus, grac'd with mines of gold.
Who, even in deities, lights love's sweet desire;
And all death's kinds of men, makes kiss her fire:
All air's wing'd nation; all the belluine;
That or the earth feeds, or the seas confine.
To all which appertain the love and care
Of well-crown'd Venus' works. Yet three there are,
Whose minds she neither can deceive nor move;
Pallas, the seed of Ægis-bearing-Jove,
Who still lives indevirginate; her eyes
Being blue, and sparkling like the freezing skies;
Whom all the gold of Venus never can
Tempt to affect her facts, with God or man.
She loving strife, and Mars his working banes,
Pitch'd fields and fights, and famous artizans,
Taught earthy men first all the arts that are;
Chariots, and all the frames vehicular,
Chiefly with brass, arm'd, and adorn'd for war.
Where Venus, only soft-skinn'd wenches fills
With wanton house-works, and suggests those skills
Still to their studies. Whom Diana neither,
That bears the golden distaff, and together
Calls horns, and halloos, and the cries of hounds,
And owns the epithet of loving sounds

For their sakes, springing from such sprightly sports,
Can catch with her kind lures. But ill resorts
To wild-beasts, slaughters, accents far-off heard
Of harps and dances, and of woods unshear'd
The sacred shades she loves; yet likes as well
Cities where good men and their offspring dwell.
The third, whom her kind passions nothing please,
Is virgin Vesta; whom Saturnides
Made reverend with his counsels; when his sire,
That adverse counsels agitates, life's fire
Had kindled in her, being his last begot.
Whom Neptune woo'd to knit with him the knot
Of honour'd nuptials; and Apollo too;
Which with much vehemence she refus'd to do,
And stern repulses put upon them both.
Adding to all her vows the god's great oath,
And touching Jove's chin, which must consummate
All vows so bound, that she would hold her state;
And be th' invincible maid of deities
Through all her days' dates. For Saturnides
Gave her a fair gift in her nuptial's stead,
To sit in midst of his house and be fed
With all the free and richest feast of heaven;
In all the temples of the gods being given
The prize of honour. Not a mortal man,
That either of the pow'rs Olympian
His half-birth having, may be said to be
A mortal of the gods; or else that he
(Deities' wills doing) is of deity,

But gives her honour of the amplest kind.
Of all these three can Venus not a mind
Deceive, or set on forces to reflect.
Of all pow'rs else yet, not a sex, nor sect,
Flies Venus; either of the blessed gods,
Or men, confin'd in mortal periods.
But even the mind of Jove she doth seduce,
That chides with thunder so her lawless use
In human creatures; and by lot is given
Of all, most honour, both in earth and heaven.
And yet even his all-wise and mighty mind,
She, when she lists, can forge affects to blind,
And mix with mortal dames his deity:
Conceal'd, at all parts, from the jealous eye
Of Juno, who was both his sister born,
And made his wife; whom beauty did adorn
Past all the bevy of immortal dames,
And whose so chiefly-glorified flames
Cross-counsel'd Saturn got; and Rhæa bore;
And Jove's pure counsels (being conqueror),
His wife made of his sister. Ay, and more;
Cast such an amorous fire into her mind
As made her (like him) with the mortal kind
Meet in unmeet bed; using utmost haste,
Lest she should know that he liv'd so unchaste,
Before herself felt that fault in her heart;
And gave her tongue too just edge of desert
To tax his lightness. With this end, beside,
Lest laughter-studying Venus should deride

The gods more than the goddesses; and say
That she the gods commix'd in amorous play
With mortal dames; begetting mortal seed
T' immortal sires, and not make goddesses breed
The like with mortal fathers. But t' acquite
Both gods and goddesses of her despite,
Jove took (even in herself) on him her pow'r;
And made her with a mortal paramour
Use as deform'd a mixture as the rest,
Kindling a kind affection in her breast
To god-like-limb'd Anchises, as he kept,
On [1] Ida's-top-on-top-to-heavens-pole heap'd,
Amongst the many fountains there, his herd;
For after his brave person had appear'd
To her bright eye, her heart flew all on fire;
And (to amaze) she burn'd in his desire.
Flew straight to Cyprus, to her odorous fane
And altars, that the people Paphian
Advanc'd to her. Where, soon as enter'd, she
The shining gates shut; and the graces three
Wash'd; and with oils of everlasting scent,
Bath'd, as became, her deathless lineament.
Then her ambrosian mantle she assum'd,
With rich and odoriferous airs perfum'd;
Which being put on, and all her trims beside
Fair, and with all allurements amplified,

[1] Ακρόπολος. *Altissimum habens virticem, cujus summitas ipsum polum attingit.*

The all-of-gold-made-laughter-loving dame,
Left odorous Cyprus; and for Troy became
A swift contendress, her pass cutting all
Along the clouds; and made her instant fall
On fountful Ida, that her mother-breasts
Gives to the preyfull brood of savage beasts.
And through the hill she went the ready way
T' Anchises' oxstall, where did fawn and play
About her blessed feet, wolves grisly-grey;
Terrible lions; many a mankind bear;
And leopards swift, insatiate of red deer.
Whose sight so pleas'd, that ever as she past
Through every beast, a kindly love she cast;
That in their dens-obscur'd with shadows deep,
Made all, distinguish'd, in kind couples, sleep.

And now she reach'd the rich pavilion
Of the hero,—in whom heavens had shown
A fair and goodly composition;
And whom she in his oxstall found, alone;
His oxen feeding in fat pastures by,
He walking up and down, sounds clear and high,
From his harp striking. Then, before him, she
Stood like a virgin, that invincibly
Had borne her beauties; yet alluringly
Bearing her person, lest his ravish'd eye
Should chance t' affect him with a stupid fear.
Anchises seeing her, all his senses were
With wonder stricken; and high-taken-heeds
Both of her form, brave stature, and rich weeds.

For, for a veil, she shin'd in an attire
That cast a radiance past the ray of fire.
Beneath which, wore she girt to her, a gown
Wrought all with growing-rose-buds, reaching down
T' her slender smalls, which buskins did divine;
Such as taught Thetis silver feet to shine.
Her soft white neck rich carcanets embrac'd,
Bright, and with gold, in all variety grac'd;
That to her breasts (let down) lay there and shone,
As at her joyful full, the rising moon.
Her sight show'd miracles. Anchises' heart
Love took into his hand, and made him part
With these high salutations: "Joy, (O queen!)
Whoever of the blest thy beauties been
That light these entries: or the deity
That darts affecteth, or that gave the eye
Of heaven his heat and lustre; or that moves
The hearts of all, with all-commanding loves;
Or generous Themis; or the blue-ey'd maid;
Or of the graces, any that are laid
With all the gods' in comparable scales,
And whom fame up to immortality calls;
Or any of the nymphs, that unshorn groves,
Or that this fair hill-habitation loves,
Or valleys flowing with earth's fattest goods;
Or fountains, pouring forth eternal floods.
Say, which of all thou art, that in some place
Of circular prospect, for thine eyes' dear grace
I may an altar build, and to thy pow'rs
Make sacred all the year's devoted hours,

With consecrations sweet and opulent.
Assur'd whereof, be thy benign mind bent
To these wish'd blessings of me, give me parts
Of chief attraction in Trojan hearts.
And after, give me the refulgency
Of most renown'd and rich posterity;
Long, and free life, and heaven's sweet light as long;
The people's blessings, and a health so strong,
That no disease it let my life engage,
Till th' utmost limit of a human age."

To this, Jove's seed, this answer gave again:
"Anchises! happiest of the human strain;
I am no goddess: why, a thrall to death
Think'st thou like those that immortality breathe?
A woman brought me forth; my father's name
Was Otreus (if ever his high fame
Thine ears have witness'd), for he govern'd all
The Phrygian state; whose every town a wall
Impregnable embrac'd. Your tongue, you hear,
I speak so well, that in my natural sphere
(As I pretend), it must have taken prime.
A woman likewise, of the Trojan clime,
Took of me, in her house, the nurse's care
From my dear mother's bosom; and thus are
My words of equal accent with your own.
How here I come to make the reason known,
Argicides, that bears the golden rod,
Transferr'd me forcibly from my abode

Made with the maiden train, of her that joys
In golden shafts; and loves so well the noise
Of hounds and hunters (heaven's pure-living pow'r),
Where many a nymph and maid of mighty dow'r
Chaste sports employ'd. All circled with a crown
Of infinite multitude, to see so shown
Our maiden pastimes. Yet from all the fair
Of this so forceful concourse, up in air
The golden-rod-sustaining-Argus guide,
Rap'd me in sight of all, and made me ride
Along the clouds with him, enforcing me
Through many a labour of mortality;
Through many an unbuilt region; and a rude,
Where savage beasts devour'd preys warm and crude;
And would not let my fears take one foot's tread
On her by whom are all lives comforted;
But said, my maiden state must grace the bed
Of king Anchises, and bring forth to thee
Issue as fair as of divine degree.
Which said, and showing me thy moving grace,
Away flew he up to th' immortal race.
And thus came I to thee: necessity
With her steel stings, compelling me t' apply
To her high pow'r my will. But you must I
Implore by Jove, and all the reverence due
To your dear parents; who (in bearing you)
Can bear no mean sail; lead me home to them
An untouch'd maid: being brought up in th' extreme
Of much too cold simplicity, to know
The fiery cunnings that in Venus glow.

Show me to them then, and thy brothers born;
I shall appear none that parts disadorn,
But such as well may serve a brother's wife;
And show them now, even to my future life,
If such or no my present will extend.
To horse-bred-vary'ng Phrygia likewise send
T' inform my sire and mother of my state,
That live for me, extreme disconsolate;
Who gold enough, and well-woven weeds will give.
All whose rich gifts in my amends receive.
All this perform'd, add celebration then
Of honour'd nuptials, that by God and men
Are held in reverence." All this while she said,
Into his bosom, jointly, she convey'd
The fires of love, when, all enamour'd, he
In these terms answered: "If mortality
Confine thy fortunes, and a woman were
Mother to those attractions that appear
In thy admir'd form; thy great father given
High name of Otreus, and the spy of heaven
(Immortal Mercury), th' enforceful cause
That made thee lose the prize of that applause,
That modesty immaculate virgins gives:
My wife thou shalt be call'd through both our lives.
Nor shall the pow'rs of men nor gods withhold
My fiery resolution, to enfold
Thy bosom in mine arms; which here I vow
To firm performance, past delay, and now.
Nor should Apollo with his silver bow

Shoot me to instant death, would I forbear
To do a deed so full of cause so dear.
For with a heaven-sweet woman I will lie,
Though straight I stoop the house of Dis, and die."

This said, he took her hand, and she took way
With him; her bright eyes casting round; whose stay
She stuck upon a bed, that was before
Made for the king, and wealthy coverings wore.
On which bears' hides and big-voic'd lions' lay,
Whose preyful lives the king had made his prey,
Hunting th' Idalian hills. This bed, when they
Had both ascended, first he took from her
The fiery weed, that was her utmost wear.
Unbutton'd her next rosy robe, and loos'd
The girdle that her slender waist enclos'd.
Unlac'd her buskins; all her jewel'ry
Took from her neck and breasts, and all laid by
Upon a golden-studded chair of state.
Th' amaze of all which being remov'd, even fate
And council of the equal gods gave way
To this, that with a deathless goddess lay
A deathful man: since, what his love assum'd,
Not with his conscious knowledge was presum'd.

Now when the shepherds and the herdsmen, all,
Turn'd from their flow'ry pasture to their stall,
With all their oxen; fat, and frolic sheep;
Venus into Anchises cast a sleep,

Sweet and profound; while with her own hands now
With her rich weeds she did herself endow;
But so distinguish'd, that he clear might know
His happy glories; then (to her desire
Her heavenly person, put in trimms entire)
She by the bed stood, of the well-built stall,
Advanc'd her head to state celestial;
And in her cheeks arose the radiant hue
Of rich-crown'd Venus to apparent view.
And then she rous'd him from his rest, and said,
"Up, my Dardanides, forsake thy bed.
What pleasure, late employ'd, lets humour steep
Thy lids in this inexcitable sleep?
Wake, and now say, if I appear to thee
Like her that first thine eyes conceited me."

This started him from sleep, though deep and dear,
And passing promptly, he enjoy'd his ear.
But when his eye saw Venus' neck and eyes,
Whose beauties could not bear the counterprise
Of any other, down his own eyes fell;
Which pallid fear did from her view repel,
And made him, with a main respect beside,
Turn his whole person from her state, and hide
(With his rich weed appos'd) his royal face;
These wing'd words using; "When, at first, thy grace
Mine eyes gave entertainment, well I knew
Thy state was deified: but thou told'st not true;
And therefore let me pray thee (by thy love
Borne to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove),

That thou wilt never let me live to be
An abject, after so divine degree
Taken in fortune; but take ruth on me.
For any man that with a goddess lies,
Of interest in immortalities,
Is never long liv'd." She replied, "Forbear
(O happiest of mortal men) this fear,
And rest assur'd, that (not for me, at least)
Thy least ills fear fits; no, nor for the rest
Of all the blessed, for thou art their friend;
And so far from sustaining instant end,
That to thy long-enlarg'd life there shall spring
Amongst the Trojans a dear son, and king,
To whom shall many a son, and son's son rise
In everlasting great posterities.
His name Æneas; therein keeping life,
For ever, in my much-conceited grief,
That I (immortal) fell into the bed
Of one whose blood mortality must shed.
But rest thou comforted, and all the race
That Troy shall propagate in this high grace;
That, past all races else, the gods stand near
Your glorious nation, for the forms ye bear,
And natures so ingenuous and sincere.
For which, the great in counsels (Jupiter),
Your gold-lock'd Ganymedes did transfer
(In rapture far from men's depressed fates)
To make him consort with our deified states,
And scale the tops of the Saturnian skies;
He was so mere a marvel in their eyes.

And therefore from a bolle of gold he fills
Red nectar, that the rude distension kills
Of winds that in your human stomachs breed.
[1] But then did languor on the liver feed
Of Tros (his father), that was king of Troy;
And ever did his memory employ
With loss of his dear beauty so bereaven,
Though with a sacred whirlwind rapt to heaven.
But Jove, in pity of him, saw him given
Good compensation, sending by heaven's spy
White-swift-hoof'd horse, that immortality
Had made firm spirited; and had, beside,
Hermes to see his embassy supplied
With this vow'd bounty (using all at large
That his unalter'd counsels gave in charge),
That he himself should immortality breathe,
Expert of age and woe, as well as death.

"This embassy express'd, he mourn'd no more,
But up with all his inmost mind he bore;
Joying that he, upon his swift-hoof'd horse,
Should be sustain'd in an eternal course.

"So did the golden-thron'd Aurora raise
Into her lap, another that the praise
Of an immortal fashion had in fame,
And of your nation bore the noble name;

[1] ἄλησός. *Cujus memoria erit perpetua.*

(His title Tython) who, not pleas'd with her,
As she his lovely person did transfer;
To satisfy him, she bade ask of Jove,
The gift of an immortal for her love.
Jove gave, and bound it with his bowed brow,
Performing to the utmost point his vow.
Fool that she was, that would her love engage,
And not as long ask from the bane of age
The sweet exemption, and youth's endless flow'r.
Of which, as long as both the grace and pow'r
His person entertain'd, she lov'd the man,
And (at the fluents of the ocean
Near Earth's extreme bounds) dwelt with him; but when
(According to the course of aged men)
On his fair head, and honourable beard,
His first grey hairs to her light eyes appear'd;
She left his bed, yet gave him still for food
The gods' ambrosia, and attire as good.
Till even the hate of age came on so fast
That not a lineament of his was grac'd
With pow'r of motion, nor did still sustain
(Much less) the vigour had, t' advance a vein;
The virtue lost in each exhausted limb,
That at his wish before would answer him;
All pow'rs so quite decay'd, that when he spake
His voice no perceptible accent brake:
Her counsel then thought best to strive no more,
But lay him in his bed and lock his door.

Such an immortal would not I wish thee,
T' extend all days so to eternity.
But if, as now, thou couldst perform thy course
In grace of form, and all corporeal force
To an eternal date; thou then shouldst bear
My husband's worthy name, and not a tear
Should I need rain, for thy deserts declin'd,
From my all-clouded bitterness of mind.
But now the stern storm of relentless age
Will quickly circle thee, that waits t' engage
All men alike, even loathsomeness and bane
Attending with it every human wane;
Which even the gods hate. Such a penance lies
Impos'd on flesh and blood's infirmities,
Which I myself must taste in great degree,
And date as endless, for consorting thee.
All the immortals, with my opprobry,
Are full by this time; on their hearts so lie
(Even to the sting of fear) my cunnings us'd,
And wiving conversations infus'd
Into the bosoms of the best of them
With women, that the frail and mortal stream
Doth daily ravish. All this long since done.
Which now no more, but with effusion
Of tears, I must in heaven so much as name;
I have so forfeited in this, my fame;
And am impos'd pain of so great a kind
For so much erring from a goddess' mind.
For I have put beneath my girdle here,
A son, whose sire, the human mortal sphere

Gives circumscription. But when first the light
His eyes shall comfort, nymphs that haunt the height
Of hills, and breasts have of most deep receipt,
Shall be his nurses; who inhabit now
A hill of so vast and divine a brow,
As man nor God can come at their retreats.
Who live long lives and eat immortal meats,
And with immortals in the exercise
Of comely dances dare contend; and rise
Into high question which deserves the prize.
The light Sileni mix in love with these,
And, of all spies the prince, Argicides;
In well-trimm'd caves their secret meetings made.
And with the lives of these doth life invade,
Or odorous fir trees, or high-foreheaded oaks,
Together taking their begetting strokes;
And have their lives and deaths of equal dates,
Trees bearing lovely and delightsome states,
Whom Earth first feeds, that men initiates.
On her high hills she doth their states sustain,
And they their own heights raise as high again.

"Their growths together made, nymphs call their groves,
Vow'd to th' immortals services and loves;
Which men's steels therefore touch not, but let grow.
But when wise Fates times for their fadings know,
The fair trees still before the fair nymphs die,
The bark about them grown corrupt and dry,

And all their boughs fall'n, yield to Earth her right;
And then the nymph's lives leave the lovely light.

"And these nymphs, in their caves, shall nurse my son,
Whom (when in him youth's first grace is begun)
The nymphs, his nurses, shall present to thee,
And shew thee what a birth thou hast by me.
And, sure as now I tell thee all these things,
When Earth hath cloth'd her plants in five fair springs,
Myself will make return to this retreat,
And bring that flow'r of thy enamour'd heat;
Whom when thou then seest, joy shall fire thine eyes;
He shall so well present the deities.
And then into thine own care take thy son
From his calm seat to windy Ilion,
Where, if strict question be upon thee past,
Asking what mother bore beneath her waist
So dear a son; answer, as I afford
Fit admonition, nor forget a word;
They say a nymph, call'd Calucopides,
That is with others, an inhabitress
On this thy wood-crown'd hill, acknowledges
That she his life gave. But if thou declare
The secret's truth, and art so mad to dare
(In glory of thy fortunes) to approve
That rich-crown'd Venus mix'd with thee in love;
Jove, fir'd with my aspersion so dispread,
Will, with a wreakful lightning, dart thee dead,

"All now is told thee, comprehend it all.
Be master of thyself, and do not call
My name in question; but with reverence vow
To deities' angers all the awe ye owe."
This said, she reach'd heaven, where airs ever flow,
And so, O goddess, ever honour'd be,
In thy so odorous Cyprian emperie;
My muse, affecting first thy fame to raise,
Shall make transcension now to others' praise.

THE END OF THE FIRST HYMN TO VENUS.

TO THE SAME.

THE reverend, rich-crown'd, and fair queen, I sing,
Venus, that owes in fate the fortressing
Of all maritimal Cyprus. Where the force
Of gentle-breathing Zephyr steer'd her course
Along the waves of the resounding sea;
While, yet unborn, in that soft foam she lay
That brought her forth, whom those fair hours that bear
The golden bridles, joyfully stood near,
Took up into their arms, and put on her
Weeds of a never-corruptible wear.

On her immortal head a crown they plac'd,
Elaborate, and with all the beauties grac'd
That gold could give it: of a weight so great,
That to impose and take off, it had set
Three handles on it, made for endless hold,
Of shining brass, and all adorn'd with gold.
Her soft neck all with carcanets was grac'd,
That stoop'd, and both her silver breasts embrac'd,
Which even the hours themselves wear in resort
To deities' dances, and her father's court.
Grac'd at all parts, they brought to heaven her graces,
Whose first sight seen, all fell into embraces;
Hugg'd her white hands, saluted, wishing all
To wear her maiden flow'r in festival
Of sacred Hymen, and to lead her home.
All, to all admiration, overcome
With Cytheræa with the violet crown.
So to the black-brow'd-sweet-spoke, all renown;
Prepare my song, and give me, in the end,
The victory, to whose palm all contend.
So shall my muse for ever honour thee,
And, for thy sake, thy fair posterity.

BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES.

Of Dionysus, noble Semele's son,
I now intend to render mention:
As on a prominent shore his person shone,
Like to a youth whose flow'r was newly blown,
Bright azure tresses play'd about his head,
And on his bright broad shoulders was dispread
A purple mantle. Straight he was descry'd
By certain manly pirates, that applied
Their utmost speed to prize him, being aboard
A well-built bark, about whose broad sides roar'd
The wine-black Tyrrhene billows: death as black
Brought them upon him in their future wreck.
For soon as they had purchas'd but his view,
Mutual signs past them, and ashore they flew;
Took him, and brought him instantly aboard,
Soothing their hopes, to have obtain'd a hoard
Of riches with him; and a Jove-kept king
To such a flow'r must needs be natural spring.
And therefore-straight strong fetters they must fetch
To make him sure. But no such strength would stretch
To his constrain'd pow'rs. Far flew all their bands
From any least force done his feet or hands.
But he sat casting smiles from his black eyes
At all their worst. At which discoveries

Made by the master he did thus dehort
All his associates; "Wretches! of what sort
Hold ye the person, ye assay to bind?
Nay, which of all the pow'rfully-divin'd
Esteem ye him? Whose worth yields so much weight,
That not our well-built bark will bear his freight.
Or Jove himself he is; or he that bears
The silver bow; or Neptune. Nor appears
In him the least resemblance of a man,
But of a strain at least Olympian.
Come! make we quick dismission of his state;
And on the black-soil'd earth exonerate
Our sinking vessel of his deified load,
Nor dare the touch of an intangible god.
Lest winds outrageous, and of wreckful scathe,
And smoking tempests blow his fiery wrath."
This well-spoke master the tall captain gave
Hateful and horrible language: call'd him slave;
And bade him mark the prosperous gale that blew,
And how their vessel with her main-sail flew.
Bade all take arms, and said, their works requir'd
The cares of men, and not of an inspir'd
Pure zealous master. His firm hopes being fir'd
With this opinion, that they should arrive
In Egypt straight; or Cyprus; or where live
Men whose brave breaths above the north wind blow;
Yea, and perhaps beyond their region too.
And that he made no doubt, but in the end,
To make his prisoner tell him every friend

Of all his offspring, brothers, wealth, and all;
Since that prize, certain, must some god let fall.

This said, the mast and mainsail up he drew,
And in the mainsail's midst a frank gale blew,
When all his ship took arms to brave their prize.
But straight, strange works appear'd to all their eyes:
First, sweet wine through their swift-black bark did [flow,
Of which the odours did a little blow;
Their fiery spirits, making th' air so fine,
That they in flood were there as well as wine.
A mere immortal-making savour rose,
Which on the air the deity did impose.
The seamen see'ng all, admiration seiz'd,
Yet instantly their wonders were increas'd;
For on the topsail there ran here and there,
A vine that grapes did in abundance bear,
And in an instant was the ship's mainmast
With an obscure-green-ivy's arms embrac'd,
That flourish'd straight, and were with berries grac'd;
Of which did garlands circle every brow
Of all the pirates, and no one knew how.
Which when they saw, they made the master steer
Out to the shore, whom Bacchus made forbear,
With showing more wonders. On the hatches he
Appear'd a terrible lion, horribly
Roaring; and in the mid-deck, a male bear,
Made with a huge mane: making all, for fear
Crowd to the stern, about the master there,
Whose mind he still kept dauntless and sincere.

But on the captain rush'd and ramp'd, with force
So rude and sudden, that his main recourse
Was to the main-sea straight: and after him
Leap'd all his mates, as trusting to their swim,
To fly foul death. But so, found what they fled,
Being all to dolphins metamorphosed.
The master, he took ruth of, sav'd, and made
The blessed'st man that ever tried his trade.
These few words giving him: "Be confident,
Thou God-inspir'd pilot! in the bent
Of my affection, ready to requite
Thy late-to-me-intended benefit.
I am the roaring god of sprightly wine,
Whom Semele (that did even Jove incline
To amorous mixture, and was Cadmus' care)
Made issue to the mighty thunderer."

And thus, all excellence of grace to thee,
Son of sweet-count'nance-carry'ng Semele.
I must not thee forget, in least degree;
But pray thy spirit to render so my song,
Sweet, and all ways in order'd fury strong.

TO MARS.

MARS-most-strong, gold-helm'd, making chariots
crack;
Never without a shield cast on thy back.
Mind-master, town-guard, with darts never driven;
Strong-handed, all arms, fort, and fence of heaven;
Father of victory, with fair strokes given;
Joint surrogate of justice, lest she fall
In unjust strifes, a tyrant; general,
Only of just men justly; that dost bear
Fortitude's sceptre. To heaven's fiery sphere
Giver of circular motion, between
That and the Pleiad's that still wand'ring been.
Where thy still-vehemently-flaming horse
About the third heaven make their fiery course:
Helper of mortals, hear!—as thy fires give
The fair, and present boldnesses that strive
In youth for honour, being the sweet-beam'd light
That darts into their lives, from all thy height
The fortitudes and fortunes found in fight.
So would I likewise wish to have the pow'r
To keep off from my head thy bitter hour,
And that false fire, cast from my soul's low kind,
Stoop to the fit rule of my highest mind.
Controling that so eager sting of wrath
That stirs me on still to that horrid scathe

Of war, that God still sends to wreak his spleen
(Even by whole tribes) of proud injurious men.

But O thou ever-blessed! give me still
Presence of mind to put in act my will,
Varied, as fits, to all occasion.
And to live free, unforc'd, unwrought upon,
Beneath those laws of peace that never are
Affected with pollutions popular
Of unjust hurt, or loss to any one;
And to bear safe the burthen undergone
Of foes inflexive, and inhuman hates,
Secure from violent and harmful fates.

TO DIANA.

DIANA praise, Muse, that in darts delights,
Lives still a maid, and had nutritial rights
With her born-brother, the far-shooting Sun.
That doth her all of gold-made-chariot run
In chase of game, from Meles that abounds
In black-brow'd bulrushes, (and where her hounds
She first uncouples, joining there her horse,)
Through Smyrna, carried in most fiery course
To grape-rich Claros. Where (in his rich home
And constant expectation she will come)

Sits Phœbus that the silver bow doth bear,
To meet with Phœbe, that doth darts transfer
As far as he his shafts. As far then be
Thy chaste fame shot, O queen of archery!
Sacring my song to every deity.

TO VENUS.

To Cyprian Venus still my verses vow,
Who gifts as sweet as honey doth bestow
On all mortality; that ever smiles
And rules a face that all foes reconciles.
Ever sustaining in her hand a flow'r,
That all desire keeps ever in her pow'r.

Hail, then, O queen of well-built Salamine,
And all the state that Cyprus doth confine:
Inform my song with that celestial fire
That in thy beauties kindles all desire.
So shall my muse for ever honour thee,
And any other thou commend'st to me.

TO PALLAS.

PALLAS Minerva; only I begin
To give my song, that makes war's terrible din:
Is patroness of cities; and with Mars
Marshall'd in all the care and cure of wars:
And in everted cities fights and cries.
But never doth herself set down or rise
Before a city, but at both times she
All injur'd people sets on foot, and free.

Give, with thy war's force, fortune then to me;
And with thy wisdom's force, felicity.

TO JUNO.

SATURNIA, and her throne of gold, I sing,
That was of Rhæa the eternal spring,
And empress of a beauty, never yet
Equall'd in height of tincture. Of the great
Saturnius (breaking air in awful noise),
The far-fam'd wife and sister, whom in joys
Of high Olympus all the blessed love;
And honour, equal, with unequall'd Jove.

TO CERES.

THE rich-hair'd Ceres I assay to sing;
A goddess, in whose grace the natural spring
Of serious majesty itself is seen:
And of the wedded, yet in grace still green,
(Proserpina her daughter) that displays
A beauty, casting every way her rays.

All honour to thee, goddess, keep this town;
And take thou chief charge of my song's renown.

TO THE

MOTHER OF THE GODS.

MOTHER of all; both gods, and men, commend,
O Muse, whose fair form did from Jove descend;
That doth with cymbal sounds delight her life,
And tremulous divisions of the fife.
Loves dreadful lions' roars, and wolves' hoarse howls,
Sylvan retreats; and hills, whose hollow knolls,
Raise repercussive sounds about her ears.
And so may honour ever crown thy years
With all-else goddesses, and ever be
Exalted in the Muse's harmony.

TO LION-HEARTED HERCULES.

ALCIDES forcefulest of all the brood
Of men, enforc'd with need of earthy food,
My muse shall memorise the son of Jove;
Whom, in fair-seated Thebes (commix'd in love
With great heaven's sable-cloud-assembling state)
Alcmena bore to him. And who in date
Of days forepast, through all the sea was sent,
And Earth's inenarrable continent,
To acts that king Eurystheus had decreed.
Did many a petulant and imperious deed
Himself, and therefore suffer'd many a toil;
Yet now inhabits the illustrious soil
Of white Olympus, and delights his life
With still young Hebe, his well-ankled wife.

Hail, king! and son of Jove; vouchsafe thou me
Virtue, and her effect, felicity.

TO ÆSCULAPIUS.

WITH Æsculapius, the physician,
That cur'd all sickness, and was Phœbus' son
My muse, makes entry; to whose life gave yield
Divine Coronis in the Dotian field,

(King Phlegius' daughter) who much joy on men
Conferr'd, in dear ease of their irksome pain.
For which, my salutation worthy, king,
And vows to thee paid, ever when I sing.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

Castor and Pollux, the Tyndarides,
Sweet Muse illustrate; that their essences
Fetch from the high forms of Olympian Jove,
And were the fair fruits of bright Leda's love.
Which she produc'd beneath the sacred shade
Of steep Taygetus; being subdu'd, and made
To serve th' affections of the Thunderer.
And so all grace to you, whom all aver,
(For skill in horses, and their manage given)
To be the bravest horsemen under heaven.

TO MERCURY.

Hermes I honour, the Cyllenian spy,
King of Cyllenia and of Arcady,
With flocks abounding: and the messenger
Of all th' immortals, that doth still infer
Profits of infinite value to their store,
Whom to Saturnius bashful Maia bore;

Daughter of Atlas; and did therefore fly
Of all th' immortals the society,
To that dark cave; where, in the dead of night,
Jove join'd with her in love's divine delight;
When golden sleep shut Juno's jealous eye,
Whose arms had wrists as white as ivory,
From whom, and all, both men and gods beside,
The fair hair'd nymph her 'scape kept undescry'd.

Joy to the Jove-got then, and Maia's care,
'Twixt men and gods, the general messenger:
Giver of good grace, gladness, and the flood
Of all that men or gods account their good.

TO PAN.

SING, Muse, this chief of Hermes' love-got joys;
Goat-footed, two-horn'd, amorous of noise.
That through the fair-greens, all adorn'd with trees,
Together goes, with nymphs, whose nimble knees
Can every dance foot, that affect to scale
The most inaccessible tops of all
Uprightest rocks; and ever use to call
On Pan, the bright-hair'd god of pastoral.
Who yet is lean and loveless, and doth owe
By lot, all loftiest mountains crown'd with snow;

All tops of hills, and cliffy highnesses:
All silvan copses, and the fortresses
Of thorniest queaches here and there doth rove.
And sometimes, by allurement of his love,
Will wade the wat'ry softnesses. Sometimes
(In quite oppos'd *capriccios)* he climbs
The hardest rocks, and highest; every way
Running their ridges. Often will convey
Himself up to a watch-tow'r's top, where sheep
Have their observance: oft through hills as steep
His goats he runs upon, and never rests.
Then turns he head, and flies on savage beasts,
Mad of their slaughters. So most sharp an eye
Setting upon them, as his beams let fly
Through all their thickest tapestries. And then
(When Hesp'rus calls to fold the flocks of men)
From the green clossets of his loftiest reeds
He rushes forth; and joy, with song, he feeds.
When, under shadow of their motions set,
He plays a verse forth so profoundly sweet,
As not the bird that in the flow'ry spring,
Amidst the leaves set, makes the thickets ring
Of her sour sorrows, sweetened with her song,
Runs her divisions varied so and strong.
And then the sweet-voic'd nymphs that crown his mountains,
(Flock'd round about the deep-black-water'd fountains)
Fall in with their contention of song.
To which the echoes all the hills along

Their repercussions add. Then here and there
(Plac'd in the midst) the god the guide doth bear
Of all their dances, winding in and out.
A lynxes hide, besprinkled round about
With blood, cast on his shoulders. And thus he
With well-made songs, maintains th' alacrity
Of his free mind, in silken meadows crown'd
With hyacinths and saffrons, that abound
In sweet-breath'd odours; that th' unnumber'd grass
(Besides their scents) give as through all they pass.
And these, in all their pleasures, ever raise
The blessed gods and long Olympus praise:
Like zealous Hermes, who of all I said
Most profits up, to all the gods convey'd.
Who, likewise, came into th' Arcadian state;
(That's rich in fountains, and all celebrate
For nurse of flocks) where he had vow'd a grove
(Surnam'd Cyllenius) to his godhead's love.
Yet even himself (although a god he were
Clad in a squallid sheepskin) govern'd there
A mortal's sheep. For soft love ent'ring him,
Conform'd his state to his conceited trimm.
And made him long, in an extreme degree,
T' enjoy the fair-hair'd virgin Dryope.
Which, ere he could, she made him consummate
The flourishing rite of Hymen's honour'd state.
And brought him such a piece of progeny,
As show'd, at first sight, monstrous to the eye;
Goat-footed, two-horn'd, full of noise even then;
And (opposite quite to other children)

Told, in sweet laughter, he ought death no tear.
Yet straight his mother start, and fled in fear
The sight of so unsatisfying a thing;
In whose face put forth such a bristled spring.
Yet the most useful Mercury embrac'd,
And took into his arms his homely-fac'd,
Beyond all measure joyful with his sight;
And up to heaven with him made instant flight,
Wrapp'd in the warm skin of a mountain hare,
Set him by Jove; and made most merry fare
To all the deities else, with his son's sight;
Which, most of all, fill'd Bacchus with delight,
And Pan they call'd him, since he brought to all,
Of mirth so rare and full a festival.

And thus all honour to the shepherd's king,
For sacrifice to thee, my muse shall sing.

TO VULCAN.

PRAISE Vulcan, now muse; whom fame gives the prize
For depth and facture, of all forge devise;
Who, with the sky-ey'd Pallas, first did give
Men rules of buildings, that before did live
In caves and dens, and hills, like savage beasts:
But now, by art-fam'd Vulcan's interests

In all their civil industries, ways clear
Through th' all-things-bringing-to-their-ends, the year
They work out to their ages' ends; at ease
Lodg'd in safe roofs from Winter's utmost prease.

But, Vulcan, stand propitious to me;
Virtue safe, granting, and felicity.

TO PHŒBUS.

O PHŒBUS! even the swan from forth her wings,
Jumping her proyning-bank, thee sweetly sings,
By bright Peneus' whirl-pit-making-streams.
Thee, that thy lute mak'st sound so to thy beams;
Thee, first and last, the sweet-voic'd singer, still
Sings; for thy songs-all-songs-transcending skill.

Thy pleasure then shall my song still supply,
And so salutes thee, king of poesy.

TO NEPTUNE.

NEPTUNE, the mighty marine god, I sing;
Earth's mover, and the fruitless ocean's king.
That Helicon and th' Ægean deeps dost hold.
O thou earth-shaker; thy command, two-fold

The gods have sorted; making thee of horses
The awful tamer, and of naval forces
The sure preserver. Hail, O Saturn's birth!
Whose graceful green hair circles all the earth.
Bear a benign mind; and thy helpful hand
Lend all, submitted to thy dread command.

TO JOVE.

JOVE, now I sing; the greatest and the best
Of all these pow'rs that are with deity blest.
That far-off doth his dreadful voice diffuse;
And being king of all, doth all conduce
To all their ends. Who (shut from all gods else
With Themis, that the laws of all things tells),
Their fit composures to their times doth call;
Weds them together, and preserves this all.

Grace then, O far-heard Jove, the grace thou'st given;
Most glorious, and most great of earth and heaven.

TO VESTA.

VESTA, that as a servant oversees
King Phœbus' hallow'd house, in all degrees
Of guide about it, on the sacred shore
Of heavenly Pythos: and hast evermore

Rich balms distilling from thy odorous hair;
Grace this house with thy housewifely repair.
Enter, and bring a mind that most may move,
Conferring even the great in counsels, Jove:
And let my verse taste of your either's love.

TO THE

MUSES AND APOLLO.

THE Muses, Jove and Phœbus, now I sing;
For from the far-off-shooting Phœbus spring
All poets and musicians; and from Jove
Th' ascents of kings. The man the Muses love,
Felicity blesses; elocution's choice
In syrup lay'ng, of sweetest breath, his voice.

Hail, seed of Jove, my song, your honours give;
And so, in mine, shall yours and others' live.

TO BACCHUS.

IVY-crown'd Bacchus, iterate in thy praises,
O Muse, whose voice all loftiest echoes raises;
And he, with all th' illustrious seed of Jove,
Is join'd in honour; being the fruit of love
To him, and Semele-the-great-in-graces:
And from the king his father's kind embraces,

By fair-hair'd nymphs was taken to the dales
Of Nyssa; and with curious festivals
Given his fair grought, far from his father's view,
In caves from whence eternal odours flew.
And in high number of the deities plac'd;
Yet when the many-hymn-given god had past
His nurse's cares, in ivies and in bays
All over thicketed; his varied ways
To sylvan coverts evermore he took,
With all his nurses, whose shrill voices shook
Thickets, in which could no foot's entry fall;
And he himself made captain of them all.

And so, O grape-abounding Bacchus, be
Ever saluted by my Muse and me.
Give us to spend with spirit our hours out here;
And every hour extend to many a year.

TO DIANA.

Diana, that the golden spindle moves,
And lofty sounds, as well as Bacchus loves
A bashful virgin, and of fearful hearts
The death-affecter with delighted darts;
By sire, and mother, Phœbus' sister borne,
Whose thigh the golden falchion doth adorn,
I sing; who likewise over hills of shade
And promontories that vast winds invade,

Amorous of hunting, bends her all-gold bow,
And sigh-begetting arrows doth bestow
In fates so dreadful that the hill-tops quake,
And bristled woods their leafy foreheads shake;
Horrors invade earth; and fishy seas
Impassion'd furies; nothing can appease
The dying brays of beasts; and her delight
In so much death, affects so with affright,
Even all inanimate natures. For while she
Her sports applies, their general progeny
She all ways turns upon to all their banes:
Yet when her fiery pleasures find their wanes,
Her yielding bow unbent, to th' ample house,
Seated in Delphos, rich and populous,
Of her dear brother, her retreats advance.
Where th' instauration of delightsome dance
Amongst the Muses and the Graces she
Gives form, in which herself the regency
(Her unbent bow hung up; and casting on
A gracious robe) assumes; and first sets gone
The dances entry, to which all send forth
Their heavenly voices, and advance the worth
Of her fair-ankled mother; since to light
She children brought, the far most exquisite
In counsels and performances of all
The goddesses that grace the heavenly hall.

Hail then, Latona's fair-hair'd seed, and Jove's;
My song shall ever call to mind your loves.

TO PALLAS.

PALLAS-Minerva's deity, the renown'd:
My Muse in her variety must resound;
Mighty in councils; whose illustr'ous eyes
In all resemblance represent the skies.
A reverend maid of an inflexible mind;
In spirit and person strong, of triple kind;
Fautress of cities, that just laws maintain;
Of Jove-the-great-in-councils, very brain
Took prime existence: his unbounded brows
Could not contain her, such impetuous throes
Her birth gave way to, that abroad she flew,
And stood, in gold arm'd, in her father's view,
Shaking her sharp lance: all Olympus shook
So terribly beneath her, that it took
Up in amazes all the deities there.
All earth resounded with vociferous fear.
The sea was put up, all in purple waves,
And settled suddenly her rudest raves.
Hyperion's radiant son his swift-hoof'd steeds
A mighty time stay'd, till her arming weeds,
As glorious as the gods, the blue-ey'd maid
Took from her deathless shoulders: but then stay'd
All these distempers; and heaven's counsellor, Jove,
Rejoic'd that all things else his stay could move.

So I salute thee still; and still in praise
Thy fame, and others, shall my memory raise.

TO VESTA AND MERCURY.

VESTA I sing, who, in bequest of fate,
Art sorted out an everlasting state
In all th' immortals' high-built roofs, and all
Those of earth-dwelling men, as general
And ancient honours given thee for thy gift
Of free-liv'd chastity, and precious thrift.
Nor can there amongst mortals banquets be,
In which, both first and last, they give not thee
Their endless gratitudes in pour'd-out wine,
As gracious sacrifice to thy divine
And useful virtues; being invok'd by all,
Before the least taste of their festival
In wine or food affect their appetites.
And thou, that of th' adorn'd-with-all-delights,
Art the most useful angel: born a god
Of Jove and Maia; of heaven's golden rod
The sole sustainer; and hast pow'r to bless
With all good, all men (great Argicides)
Inhabit all good houses; see'ng no wants
Of mutual minds' love in th' inhabitants.
Join in kind blessing with the bashful maid
And all-lov'd virgin, Vesta; either's aid
Combin'd in every hospitable house:
Both being best seen in all the gracious
House-works of mortals. Jointly follow then
Even from their youths, the minds of dames and men.

Hail then, old daughter of the oldest god,
And thou great bearer of Heaven's golden rod!
Yet not to you alone my vows belong;
Others as well claim th' homage of my song.

TO

EARTH, THE MOTHER OF ALL.

MOTHER of all things, the well-founded Earth,
My Muse shall memorize; who all the birth
Gives food that all her upper regions breed;
All that in her divine diffusions feed
In under continents: all those that live
In all the seas; and all the air doth give
Wing'd expeditions; of thy bounties eat,
Fair children, and fair fruits, thy labour's sweat;
(O great in reverence) and referr'd to thee,
For life and death is all the pedigree
Of mortal humans. Happy then is he
Whom the innate propensions of thy mind
Stand bent to honour. He shall all things find
In all abundance; all his pastures yield
Herds in all plenties; all his roofs are fill'd
With rich possessions: he, in all the sway
Of laws best order'd, cuts out his own way
In cities shining with delicious dames;
And takes his choice of all those striving flames.

High happiness and riches, like his train,
Follow his fortunes, with delights that reign
In all their princes. Glory invests his sons;
His daughters, with their crown'd selections
Of all the city, frolic through the meads;
And every one her call'd-for dances treads
Along the soft-flow'r of the clover grass.
All this, with all those, ever comes to pass,
That thy love blesses, goddess full of grace,
And treasurous angel t' all the human race.

Hail, then, great mother of the deified kind;
Wife to the cope of stars! sustain a mind
Propitious to me for my praise, and give
(Answering my mind) my vows fit means to live.

TO THE SUN.

THE radiant Sun's divine renown diffuse,
Jove's daughter, great Calliope, my muse,
Whom ox-ey'd Euryphaëssa gave birth
To the bright seed of starry heaven and earth.
For the far-fam'd Hyperion took to wife
His sister Euryphaëssa, that life
Of his high race gave to these lovely three;
Aurora, with the rosy-wrists, and she
That owns th' enamouring tresses (the bright moon)
Together with the never-wearied sun.

Who (his horse mounting) gives both mortals light
And all th' immortals. Even to horror bright
A blaze burns from his golden burgonet,
Which to behold exceeds the sharpest set
Of any eyes intention: beams so clear
It all ways pours abroad. The glorious cheer
Of his far-shining face, up to his crown,
Casts circular radiance that comes streaming down
About his temples; his bright cheeks, and all
Retaining the refulgence of their fall.
About his bosom flows so fine a weed
As doth the thinness of the wind exceed
In rich context, beneath whose deep folds fly
His masculine horses round about the sky,
Till in this hemisphere he renders stay
T' his gold-yok'd coach and coursers; and his way,
Let down by heaven, the heavenly coachman makes
Down to the ocean, where his rest he takes.

My salutations then, fair king, receive,
And in propitious returns relieve
My life with mind-fit means; and then from thee,
And all the race of còmplete deity,
My song shall celebrate those half-god states,
That yet sad death's condition circulates.
And whose brave acts the gods shew men that they
As brave may aim at, since they can but die.

TO THE MOON.

THE Moon, now, Muses, teach me to resound,
Whose wide wings measure such a world of ground.
Jove's daughter, deck'd with the mellifluous tongue,
And seen in all the sacred art of song.
Whose deathless brows when she from heaven [displays,
All earth she wraps up in her orient rays.
A heaven of ornament in earth is rais'd
When her beams rise. The subtle air is sais'd
Of delicate splendour from her crown of gold;
And when her silver bosom is extoll'd,
Wash'd in the ocean, in day's equall'd noon
Is midnight seated: but when she puts on
Her far-off-sprinkling-lustre-evening weeds,
(The month in two cut her high-breasted steeds,
Man'd all with curl'd flames; put in coach and all,
Her huge orb fill'd,) her whole trimms then exhale
Unspeakable splendours from the glorious sky.
And out of that state mortal men imply
Many predictions. And with her then,
In love mix'd, lay the king of gods and men;
By whom, made fruitful, she Pandæa bore,
And added her state to th' immortal store.
Hail, queen, and goddess, th' ivory-wristed moon
Divine, prompt, fair-hair'd. With thy grace begun,
My Muse shall forth, and celebrate the praise
Of men whose states the deities did raise
To semi-deities; whose deeds t' endless date
Muse-lov'd and sweet-sung poets celebrate.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

JOVE'S fair sons, father'd by th' Oebalian king,
Muses-well-worth-all men's beholdings sing:
The dear birth that bright-ankl'd Leda bore;
Horse-taming Castor; and the conqueror
Of tooth-tongu'd Momus (Pollux), whom beneath
Steep-brow'd Taygetus she gave half-god breath,
In love mix'd with the black-clouds king of heaven;
Who, both of men and ships, being tempest driven,
When Winter's wrathful empire is in force
Upon th' implacable seas, preserve the course.
For when the gusts begin, if near the shore,
The seamen leave their ship; and evermore
Bearing two milk-white lambs aboard, they now
Kill them ashore, and to Jove's issue vow,
When, though their ship in height of all the roar
The winds and waves confound, can live no more
In all their hopes; then suddenly appear
Jove's saving sons, who both their bodies bear
'Twixt yellow wings, down from the sparkling pole.
Who straight the rage of those rude winds control,
And all the high-waves couch into the breast
Of th' hoary seas. All which sweet signs of rest
To seamen's labours their glad souls conceive,
And end to all their irksome grievance give.

So, once more, to the swift-horse-riding race
Of royal Tyndarus, eternal grace.

TO MEN OF HOSPITALITY.

REVERENCE a man, with use propitious,
That hospitable rights wants; and a house
(You of this city with the seat of state
To ox-ey'd Juno vow'd) yet situate
Near Pluto's region. At the extreme base
Of whose so high-hair'd city, from the race
Of blue-wav'd Hebrus lovely fluent, grac'd
With Jove's begetting, you divine cups taste.

CERTAIN

EPIGRAMS, AND OTHER POEMS

OF

HOMER.

TO CUMA.

LEND hospitable rights, and house-respect,
You that the virgin with the fair eyes deck'd,
Make fautress of your stately-seated town,
At foot of Sardes, with the high-hair'd crown,
Inhabiting rich Cuma; where ye taste
Of Hermus' heavenly fluent, all embrac'd
By curl'd-head whirlpits; and whose waters move
From the divine seed of immortal Jove.

IN HIS RETURN TO CUMA.

SWIFTLY my feet sustain me to the town
Where men inhabit, whom due honours crown;
Whose minds with free-given faculties are mov'd,
And whose grave counsels best of best approv'd.

UPON THE

SEPULCHRE OF MIDUS,

CUT IN BRASS, IN THE FIGURE OF A VIRGIN.

A MAID of brass I am, infixed here
T' eternize honest Midus' sepulchre.
And while the stream her fluent seed receives,
And steep trees curl their verdant brows with leaves;
While Phœbus rais'd above the earth gives sight,
And th' humorous moon takes lustre from his light,
While floods bear waves, and seas shall wash the shore,
At this his sepulchre, whom all deplore,
I'll constantly abide; all passers by
Informing, "Here doth honest Midus lie."

CUMA

REFUSING HIS OFFER TO ETERNIZE THEIR STATE, THOUGH BROUGHT THITHER BY THE MUSES.

O, to what fate hath father Jove given o'er
My friendless life, born ever to be poor?
While in my infant state he pleas'd to save me,
Milk, on my reverend mother's knees, he gave me,
In delicate and curious nursery.
Æolian Smyrna, seated near the sea

Of glorious empire, and whose bright sides
Sacred Meletus' silver current glides,
Being native seat to me. Which, in the force
Of far-past time, the breakers of wild horse,
Phriconia's noble nation, girt with tow'rs;
Whose youth in fight put on with fiery pow'rs.
From hence, the muse-maids, Jove's illustr'ous seed
Impelling me, I made impetuous speed;
And went with them to Cuma, with intent
T' eternize all the sacred continent
And state of Cuma. They, in proud ascent
From off their bench, refus'd with usage fierce
The sacred voice which I aver, is verse.
Their follies yet, and madness borne by me,
Shall by some pow'r be thought on futurely;
To wreak of him whoever, whose tongue sought
With false impair, my fall. What fate God brought
Upon my birth I'll bear with any pain,
But undeserv'd defame, unfelt, sustain.
Nor feels my person (dear to me though poor),
Any great lust to linger any more
In Cuma's holy highways; but my mind
(No thought impair'd, for cares of any kind
Borne in my body) rather vows to try
The influence of any other sky
And spirits of people, bred in any land,
Of ne'er so slender and obscure command.

AN

ESSAY OF HIS BEGUN ILIADS.

ILION, and all the brave-horse-breeding soil,
Dardania, I sing; that many a toil
Impos'd upon the mighty Grecian pow'rs,
Who were of Mars the manly servitours.

TO THESTOR'S SON[1];

INQUISITIVE OF HOMER ABOUT THE CAUSES OF THINGS.

THESTORIDES! of all the skills unknown
To errant mortals, there remains not one
Of more inscrutable affair to find
Than is the true state of a human mind.

[1] Homer intimated in this his answer to Thestorides, a will to have him learn the knowledge of himself, before he inquired so curiously the causes of other things. And from hence had the great peripatetic, Themistius, his most grave epiphoneme, *Anima quæ seipsam ignorat, quid sciret ipsa de aliis?* And therefore, according to Aristotle, advises all philosophical students to begin with that study.

TO NEPTUNE.

HEAR, pow'rful Neptune, that shak'st earth in ire;
King of the great green, where dance all the quire
Of fair-hair'd Helicon; give prosperous gales,
And good pass, to these guiders of our sails:
Their voyage rend'ring happily directed,
And their return with no ill fate affected.
Grant likewise at rough Mimas' lowest roots,
Whose strength, up to her tops, prærupt rocks shoots
My passage safe arrival; and that I
My bashful disposition may apply
To pious men, and wreak myself upon
The man whose verbal circumvention
In me did wrong, t' hospitious Jove's whole state,
And t' hospitable table violate.

TO THE CITY ERYTHRÆA.

WORSHIPFUL Earth, giver of all things good!
Giver of even felicity; whose flood
The mind all-over steeps in honeydew.
That, to some men, dost infinite kindness shew;
To others that despise thee, art a shrew.
And giv'st them gamester's galls; who once their main
Lost with an ill chance, fare like abjects slain.

TO MARINERS.

Ye wave-trod watermen, as ill as she
That all the earth in infelicity
Of rapine plunges. Who upon your fare
As starv'd-like-ravenous, as cormorants are.
The lives ye lead, but in the worst degree,
Not to be envied more than misery.
Take shame, and fear the indignation
Of him that thunders from the highest throne,
Hospitious Jove, who, at the back, prepares
Pains of abhorr'd effect of him that dares
The pieties break of his hospitious squares.

THE PINE.

Any tree else bears better fruit than thee
That Ida's tops sustain, where every tree
Bears up in air such perspirable heights,
And in which caves and sinuous receipts
Creep in such great abundance. For about
Thy roots, that ever all thy fruits put out,
As nourish'd by them, equal with thy fruits,
Pour Mars his iron-mines their accurs'd pursuits.
So that when any earth-encroaching man
Of all the martial brood Cebrenian
Plead need of iron, they are certain still
About thy roots to satiate every will.

TO GLAUCUS;

WHO WAS SO MISERABLY SPARING, THAT HE FEARED ALL MEN'S ACCESS TO HIM.

GLAUCUS! though wise enough, yet one word more;
Let my advice add to thy wisdom's store,
For 'twill be better so. Before thy door
Give still thy mastiffs meat; that will be sure
To lie there, therefore, still; and not endure,
(With waylaid ears) the softest foot can fall;
But men and beasts make fly thee and thy stall.

AGAINST THE

SAMIAN MINISTRESS, OR NUN.

HEAR me, O goddess, that invoke thine ear:
Thou that dost feed and form the youthful year.
And grant that this dame may the loves refuse,
And beds of young men; and affect to use
Humans whose temples hoary hairs distain;
Whose pow'rs are passing coy; whose wills would fain.

WRITTEN ON

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Of men, sons are the crowns of cities' tow'rs;
Of pastures, horse, are the most beauteous flow'rs;
Of seas, ships are the grace; and money still
With trains and titles doth the family fill.
But royal counsellors, in council set,
Are ornaments past all, as clearly great,
As houses are that shining fires enfold,
Superior far to houses nak'd and cold.

THE FURNACE

CALLED IN TO SING, BY POTTERS.

If ye deal freely, O my fiery friends,
As ye assure, I'll sing, and serve your ends.
Pallas, vouchsafe thou here, invok'd access;
Impose thy hand upon this forge, and bless
All cups these artists earn so, that they may
Look black still with their depth; and every way
Give all their vessels a most sacred sale.
Make all well burn'd; and estimation call
Up to their prices. Let them market well,
And in all highways in abundance sell;
Till riches to their utmost wish arise,
And as thou mak'st them rich, so make me wise.

But if ye now turn all to impudence,
And think to pay with lies my patience;
Then will I summon 'gainst your furnace all
Hell's harmfull'st spirits; Maragus I'll call,
Sabactes, Asbett, and Omadamus,
Who ills against your art innumerous
Excogitates, supplies, and multiplies.
Come, Pallas, then, and all command to rise:
Infesting forge and house with fire, till all
Tumble together, and to ashes fall:
These potters selves dissolv'd in tears as small.
And as a horse-cheek chides his foaming bit,
So let this forge murmur in fire and flit,
And all this stuff to ashy ruins run.
And thou, O Circe, daughter of the Sun,
Great-many-poison mixer; come, and pour
Thy cruell'st poisons on this potter's floor;
Shivering their vessels; and themselves affect
With all the mischiefs possible to direct
'Gainst all their beings, urg'd by all thy fiends.
Let Chiron likewise come; and all those friends
(The Centaurs) that Alcides' fingers fled,
And all the rest too that his hand struck dead,
Their ghosts excited; come and macerate
These earthen men; and yet with further fate
Affect their furnace; all their tear-burst eyes
Seeing and mourning for their miseries,
While I look on and laugh their blasted art,
And them to ruin. Lastly; if apart,

Any lies lurking, and sees yet, his face
Into a coal, let th' angry fire embrace,
That all may learn by them, in all their lust,
To dare deeds great, to see them great and just.

EIRESIONE; OR, THE OLIVE BRANCH.

THE turrets of a man of infinite might,
Of infinite action, substance infinite,
We make access to; whose whole being rebounds
From earth to heaven, and nought but bliss resounds.
Give entry then, ye doors; more riches yet
Shall enter with me; all the graces met
In joy of their fruition, perfect peace
Confirming all; all crown'd with such increase,
That every empty vessel in your house
May stand replete, with all things precious.
Elaborate Ceres, may your larders fill
With all dear delicates, and serve in still.
May, for your son, a wife make wish'd approach
Into your tow'rs; and rapt in, in her coach
With strong-kneed mules. May yet her state prove staid,
With honour'd housewiferies: her fair hand laid
To artful loomworks; and her nak'd feet tread
The gum of amber to a golden bead.

But I'll return; return, and yet not press
Your bounties now assay'd with oft access,
Once a year only, as the swallow prates
Before the wealthy Spring's wide open gates.

Meantime I stand at yours: nor purpose stay
More time t' entreat. Give, or not give, away
My feet shall bear me; that did never come,
With any thought, to make your house my home.

TO

CERTAIN FISHER BOYS

PLEASING HIM WITH INGENIOUS RIDDLES.

YET from the bloods, even of your-self-like sires,
Are you descended, that could make ye heirs
To no huge hoards of coin; nor leave ye able
To feed flocks of innumerable rabble.

THE END OF ALL THE ENDLESS WORKS OF HOMER.

THE

*TRANSLATOR'S EPILOGUE**.

The work that I was born to do is done!
Glory to him that the conclusion
Makes the beginning of my life: and never
Let me be said to live, till I live ever.

Where's the outliving of my fortunes then,
Ye errant vapours of Fame's Lernean fen?
That, like possess'd storms, blast all, not in herd
With your abhorr'd heads: who, because cashier'd
By men, for monsters; think men, monsters all,
That are not of your pied Hood and your Hall.
When you are nothing but the scum of things,
And must be cast off; drones, that have no stings,
Nor any more soul than a stone hath wings.

Avaunt, ye hags, your hates and scandals are
The crowns and comforts of a good man's care;
By whose impartial perpendicular,
All is extuberance, and excretion all,
That you your ornaments and glories call.

* This title is added by the present Editor.

Your wry mouths censure right? your blister'd tongues,
That lick but itches? and whose ulcerous lungs
Come up at all things permanent and sound.
O you, like flies in dregs, in humours drown'd,
Your loves, like atoms, lost in gloomy air,
I would not retrieve with a wither'd hair.
Hate, and cast still your stings then, for your kisses
Betray but truth; and your applauds are hisses.

To see our supercilious wizards frown,
Their faces fall'n like fogs, and coming down,
Stinking the sun out, make me shine the more;
And like a check'd flood bear above the shore,
That their profane opinions fain would set
To what they see not, know not, nor can let.
Yet then our learn'd men with their torrents come
Roaring from their forc'd hills, all crown'd with foam,
That one not taught like them, should learn to know
Their Greek roots, and from thence the groves that grow,
Casting such rich shades from great Homer's wings,
That first and last command the Muse's springs.
Though he's best scholar, that through pains and vows,
Made his own master only, all things knows.
Nor pleads my poor skill, form, or learned place;
But dauntless labour, constant prayer, and grace.
And what's all their skill, but vast varied reading?
As if broad-beaten highways had the leading
To truths abstract, and narrow path, and pit;
Found in no walk of any worldly wit.

And without truth, all's only sleight of hand,
Or our law-learning in a foreign land;
Embroidery spent on cobwebs, braggart show
Of men that all things learn, and nothing know.
For ostentation humble truth still flies,
And all confederate fashionists defies.
And as some sharp-brow'd doctor, English born,
In much learn'd Latin idioms can adorn
A verse with rare attractions, yet become
His English Muse, like an Arachnean loom,
Wrought spite of Pallas; and therein bewrays
More tongue than truth; begs, and adopts his bays.
So ostentation, be he never so
Larded with labour to suborn his shew,
Shall sooth within him but a bastard soul,
No more heaven heiring than Earth's son the mole.
But as in dead calms, emptiest smokes arise,
Uncheck'd and free, up straight into the skies,
So drowsy peace, that in her humour steeps
All she affects, lets such rise while she sleeps.
Many, and most men, have of wealth least store,
But none the gracious shame that fits the poor;
So most learn'd men enough are ignorant,
But few the grace have to confess their want,
Till lives and learnings come concomitant.
For from men's knowledges their lives'-acts flow;
Vainglorious acts then, vain prove all they know.
As night the life-inclining stars best shews,
So lives obscure the starriest souls disclose.

For me, let just men judge by what I show
In acts expos'd, how much I err or know;
And let not envy make all worse than nought,
With her mere headstrong and quite brainless thought:
Others, for doing nothing, giving all;
And bounding all worth in her bursten gall.

God and my dear Redeemer, rescue me
From men's immane and mad impiety;
And by my life and soul (sole known to them)
Make me of palm, or yew, an anadem.
And so, my sole God, the thrice sacred Trine,
Bear all th' ascription of all me and mine.

Supplico tibi Domine, pater et dux rationis nostræ; ut nostræ nobilitatis recordemur, qua tu nos ornasti; et ut tu nobis prestò sis, ut iis qui per sese moventur; ut et à corporis contagio, brutorumque affectuum repurgemur; eosque superemus, atque regamus; et, sicut decet; pro instrumentis iis utamur. Deinde, ut nobis adiuncto sis; ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem; et conjunctionem cum iis qui verè sunt, per lucem veritatis. Et tertiùm, Salvatori supplex oro; ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum, caliginem prorsus abstergas; ut norimus bene, qui Deus, aut mortalis habendus. *Amen* *.

Sine honore vivam, nulloque numero ero.

* *The foregoing prayer is also to be found at the end of Chapman's translation of the Iliad, with the following introduction.* EDITOR.—" *But where our most diligent Spondanus ends his work with a prayer, to be taken out of these meanders and Euripian rivers (as he terms them) of Ethnic and Profane writers, being quite contrary to himself at the beginning, I thrice humbly beseech the most dear and most divine Mercy, ever most incomparably preferring the great light of his truth in his direct and infallible Scriptures, I may ever be enabled by resting wondering in his right comfortable shadows in these, to magnify the clearness of his almighty appearance in the other.*

" *And with this salutation of poesy, given by our Spondanus in his preface to these Iliads, 'All-hail, saint sacred Poesy, that under so much gall of fiction, such abundance of honey-doctrine hast hidden, not revealing them to the unworthy worldly, wouldst thou but so much make me, that amongst thy novices I might be numbered, no time should ever come near my life, that could make me forsake thee.'— I will conclude with this my daily and nightly prayer learned of the most learned Simplicius.*"

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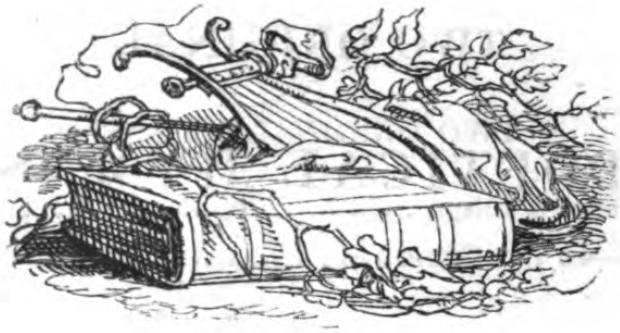
END OF THE TRANSLATIONS.

TWO ORIGINAL HYMNS.



TWO ORIGINAL

POETICAL HYMNS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Two Copies of the following Hymns have been collated for the present edition, in one of which some literal errors appear to have been corrected while at press. The Editor is obliged to a liberal and learned friend for the use of one of these Copies, and regrets that he is not permitted to name him on this occasion, but cannot refrain from offering him his most cordial thanks.

Σκὶα νυκτὸς.

THE SHADOW

OF NIGHT: CONTAINING

TWO POETICAL HYMNES

Deuised by *G. C. Gent.*

Versus mei habebunt aliquantum Noctis.
Antilo.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *R. F.* for *William Ponsonby.*
1594.

TO MY DEARE AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND

MASTER MATHEW ROYDON.

It is an exceeding rapture of delight in the deepe search of knowledge (none knoweth better than thyselfe sweet Mathew) that maketh men manfully indure th' extremes incident to that Herculean labour: from flints must the *Gorgonean* fount be smitten. Men must be shod by Mercurie, girt with Saturne's Adamantine sword, take the shield from Pallas, the helme from Pluto, and have the eyes of Græa (as Hesiodus' armes Perseus against Medusa) before they can cut off the viperous head of benumming ignorance, or subdue their monstrous affections to most beautifull judgement.

How then may a man stay his marvailing to see passion-driven men, reading but to curtoll a tedious houre, and altogether hidebownd with affection to great men's fancies, take upon them as killing censures as if they were iudgment's Butchers, or as if the life of truth lay tottering in their verdits.

Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to thinke skil so mightilie pierst with their loues, that she should prostitutely shew them her secrets, when she will scarcely be lookt upon by others but with invocation, fasting,

watching; yea not without having drops of their soules like an heavenly familiar. Why then should our *Intonsi Catones* with their profit-ravisht gravitie esteeme her true favours such question-lesse vanities, as with what part soever thereof they seeme to be something delighted, they queimishlie commend it for a pretie toy. Good Lord how serious and eternall are their Idolatrous platts for riches! no marvaile sure they here do so much good with them. And heaven no doubt will grovill on the earth (as they do) to imbrace them. But I stay this spleene when I remember my good Mat. how joyfully oftentimes you reported unto me, that most ingenious *Darbie*, deepe searching *Northumberland*, and skill-imbracing *heire of Hunsdon* had most profitably entertained learning in themselves, to the vital warmth of freezing science, and to the admirable luster of their true Nobilitie, whose high deserving virtues may cause me hereafter strike that fire out of darknesse, which the brightest Day shall envie for beautie. I should write more but my hasting out of towne taketh me from the paper, so preferring thy allowance in this poore and strange trifle, to the pasport of a whole Cittie of others, I rest as resolute as *Seneca*, satisfying my selfe if but a few, if one, or if none like it.

By the true admirour of thy vertues

And perfectly vowed friend.

G. CHAPMAN.

HYMNUS IN NOCTEM.

GREAT goddess, to whose throne in [1] Cynthian fires,
This earthly altar endless fumes exspires;
Therefore, in fumes of sighs and fires of grief,
To fearful chances thou send'st bold relief,
Happy, thrice happy type, and [2] nurse of death,
Who, breathless, feeds on nothing but our breath,
In whom must virtue and her issue live,
Or die for ever;—now let humour give
Seas to mine eyes, that I may quickly weep
The shipwreck of the world: or let soft sleep
(Binding my senses) loose my working soul,
That in her highest pitch she may control
The court of skill, compact of mystery
Wanting but franchisement [3] and memory
To reach all secrets: then in blissful trance,
Raise her, dear night, to that perseverance,
That in my torture, she all Earth's may sing,
And force to tremble in her trumpeting
Heaven's crystal [4] temples: in her pow'rs implant
Skill of my griefs, and she can nothing want.

Then like fierce bolts, well ramm'd with heat and cold
In Jove's artillery; my words unfold,
To break the labyrinth of every ear,
And make each frighted soul come forth and hear.
Let them break hearts, as well as yielding airs,
That all men's bosoms (pierc'd with no affairs
But gain of riches) may be lanced wide,
And with the threats of virtue terrified.

Sorrow's dear sovereign, and the queen of rest,
That when unlightsome, vast, and indigest,
The formless matter of this world did lie,
Fill'dst every place with thy divinity,
Why did thy absolute and endless sway
Licence heaven's torch, the sceptre of the day,
Distinguish'd intercession to thy throne,
That long before, all matchless rul'd alone?
Why let'st thou Order, orderless disperse
The fighting parents of this universe?
When earth, the air, and sea, in fire remain'd;
When fire, the sea, and earth, the air contain'd;
When air, the earth, and fire, the sea enclos'd;
When sea, fire, air, in earth were indispos'd;
Nothing, as now, remain'd so out of kind,
All things in gross, were finer then refin'd,
Substance was sound within, and had no being;
Now form gives being, all our essence seeming,

Chaos had soul without a body then,
Now bodies live without the souls of men,
Lumps being digested; monsters in our pride.

And as a wealthy fount that hills did hide,
Let forth by labour of industrious hands,
Pours out her treasure through the fruitful strands,
Seemly divided to a hundred streams,
Whose beauties shed such profitable beams,
And make such Orphean music in their courses,
That cities follow their enchanting forces;
Who running far, at length each pours her heart
Into the bosom of the gulfy desart,
As much confounded there and indigest,
As in the chaos of the hills comprest:
So all things now (extract out of the prime)
Are turn'd to chaos, and confound the time.

A step-dame Night of mind about us clings,
Who broods beneath her hell obscuring wings,
Worlds of confusion, where the soul defamed,
The body had been better never framed,
Beneath thy soft and peaceful covert then,
(Most sacred mother both of gods and men)
Treasures unknown, and more unprized did dwell;
But in the blind-born shadow of this hell,
This horrid step-dame, blindness of the mind,
Nought worth the sight, no sight, but worse than blind,
A Gorgon, that with brass and snaky brows,
(Most harlot-like) her naked secrets shows:

For in th' expansure, and distinct attire
Of light, and darkness, of the sea, and fire;
Of air, and earth, and all, all these create,
First set and ruled, in most harmonious state,
Disjunction shows, in all things now amiss,
By that first order what confusion is:
Religious curb, that manag'd men in bounds,
Of public welfare, loathing private grounds,
(Now cast away by self-love's paramours)
All are transform'd to Caledonian boars,
That kill our bleeding vines, displough our fields,
Rend groves in pieces; all things nature yields
Supplanting: tumbling up in hills of dearth,
The fruitful disposition of the earth,
Ruin creates men: all to slaughter bent,
Like envy, fed with other's famishment.

And what makes men without the parts of men,
Or in their manhoods, less than childeren,
But manless natures? All this world was named
A world of him, for whom it first was framed,
Who, (like a tender Chev'ril) shrunk with fire
Of base ambition, and of self desire,
His arms into his shoulders crept for fear
Bounty should use them; and fierce rape forbear,
His legs into his greedy belly run,
The charge of hospitality to shun.
In him the world is to a lump revers'd
That shrunk from form, that was by form dispers'd,

And in nought more than thankless avarice,
Not rend'ring virtue her deserved price:
Kind Amalthea was transfer'd by Jove,
Into his sparkling pavement, for her love,
Though but a goat, and giving him her milk;
Baseness is flinty, gentry soft as silk,
In heavens she lives, and rules a living sign
In human bodies: yet not so divine,
That she can work her kindness in our hearts.
The senseless Argive ship, for her deserts,
Bearing to Colchos, and for bringing back
The hardy Argonauts, secure of wrack,
The fautor, and the god of gratitude,
Would not from number of the stars exclude.
A thousand such examples could I cite
To damn stone-peasants, that like Typhons fight
Against their maker, and contend to be
Of kings, the abject slaves of drudgery.
Proud of that thraldom: love the kindest least,
And hate, not to be hated of the best.

If then we frame man's figure by his mind,
And that at first, his fashion was assign'd,
Erection in such god-like excellence
For his soul's sake, and her intelligence:
She so degenerate, and grown deprest,
Content to share affections with a beast;
The shape wherewith he should be now endued
Must bear no sign of man's similitude.

Therefore * Promethean poets with the coals
Of their most genial, more-than-human souls
In living verse, created men like these,
With shapes of centaurs, harpies, lapithes,
That they in prime of erudition,
When almost savage vulgar men were grown,
Seeing themselves in those Pierian founts,
Might mend their minds, asham'd of such accounts.
So when ye hear the † sweetest Muse's son,
With heavenly rapture of his music won
Rocks, forests, floods, and winds to leave their course
In his attendance: it bewrays the force
His wisdom had, to draw men grown so rude
To civil love of art and fortitude,
And not for teaching others [5] insolence
Had he his date-exceeding excellence
With sovereign poets, but for use applied,
And in his proper acts exemplified.

And that in calming the infernal kind,
To wit, the perturbations of his mind,

* He calls them Promethean poets in this high conceipt, by a figurative comparison betwixt them, that as Prometheus with fire fetch'd from heaven, made men: so poets with the fire of their souls are said to create those Harpies and Centaurs, and thereof he calls their souls genial.

† Calliope is call'd the sweetest muse; her name being by signification, *Cantus suavitas vel modulatio.*

And bringing his Eurydice from hell
(Which justice signifies) is proved well.
But if in right's observance any man
Look back, with boldness less than Orpheàn,
Soon falls he to the hell from whence he rose:
The fiction then would temp'rature dispose
In all the tender notices of the mind,
To make man worthy his hell-daunting kind.
The golden chain of Homer's high device
Ambition is, or cursed avarice,
Which all Gods' haling being tied to Jove,
Him from his settled height could never move:
Intending this, that though that pow'rful chain
Of most Herculean vigour to constrain
Men from true virtue, or their pristine states
Attempt a man that manless changes hates,
And is ennobled with a deathless love
Of things eternal, dignified above:
Nothing shall stir him from adorning still
This shape with virtue, and his pow'r with will.

But as rude painters that contend to show
Beasts, fowls, or fish, all artless to bestow
On every side his native counterfeit,
Above his head, his name had need to set:
So men that will be men, in more than face
(As in their foreheads), should in actions place
More perfect characters, to prove they be
No mockers of their first nobility,

Else may they eas'ly pass for beasts or fowls:
Souls praise our shapes, and not our shapes our souls.

And as when Chloris paints th' enamel'd meads,
A flock of shepherds to the bagpipe treads
Rude rural dances with their country loves:
Some afar off observing their removes,
Turns, and returns, quick footing, sudden stands,
Reelings aside, odd actions with their hands;
Now back, now forwards, now lock'd arm in arm,
Not hearing music, think it is a charm,
That like loose froes at bacchanalian feasts,
Makes them seem frantic in their barren jests.
And being cluster'd in a shapeless crowd,
With much less admiration are allow'd;
So our first excellence, so much abus'd,
And we (without the harmony was us'd,
When Saturn's golden sceptre struck the strings
Of civil government) make all our doings
Savour of rudeness and obscurity,
And in our forms shew more deformity,
Than if we still were wrap'd and smothered
In that confusion out of which we fled.

And as when hosts of stars attend thy flight,
Day of deep students, most contentful night,
The morning (mounted on the Muse's [6] steed)
Ushers the sun from [7] Vulcan's golden bed,

And then from forth their sundry roofs of rest,
All sorts of men, to sorted tasks addrest,
Spread this inferior element: and yield
Labour his due: the soldier to the field,
Statesmen to council, judges to their pleas,
Merchants to commerce, mariners to seas:
All beasts, and birds, the groves and forests range,
To fill all corners of this round Exchange,
Till thou (dear Night, O goddess of most worth)
Let'st thy sweet seas of golden humour forth;
And eagle-like dost with thy starry wings
[8] Beat in the fowls and beasts to Somnus' lodgings
And haughty Day to the infernal deep,
Proclaiming silence, study, ease, and sleep.
All things before thy forces put in rout,
Retiring where the morning fired them out.

So to the chaos of our first descent
(All days of honour and of virtue spent)
We basely make retreat, and are no less
Than huge impolish'd heaps of filthiness.
Men's faces glitter, and their hearts are black,
But thou (great mistress of heaven's gloomy rack)
Art black in face, and glitter'st in thy heart.
There is thy glory, riches, force, and art;
Opposed Earth beats black and blue thy face,
And often doth thy heart itself deface,
For spite that to thy virtue-famed train,
All the choice worthies that did ever reign

In eldest age, were still prefer'd by Jove,
Esteeming that due honour to his love.
There shine they: not to sea-men guides alone,
But sacred precedents to every one.
There fix'd for ever, when the Day is driven,
Almost four hundred times a year from heaven.
In hell then let her sit, and never rise,
Till Morns leave blushing at her cruelties.

Mean while, accept, as followers of thy train,
(Our better parts aspiring to thy reign)
Virtue's obscur'd and banished the day,
With all the glories of this spongy sway,
Prison'd in flesh, and that poor flesh in bands
Of stone and steel, chief flow'rs of virtue's garlands.

O then most tender fortress of our woes,
That bleeding lie in virtue's overthrows,
Hating the whoredom of this painted light:
Raise thy chaste daughters, ministers of right,
The dreadful and the just Eumenides,
And let them wreak the wrongs of our disease,
Drowning the world in blood, and stain the skies
With their spilt souls, made drunk with tyrannies.

Fall, Hercules, from heaven, in tempests hurl'd,
And cleanse this beastly stable of the world:
[9] Or bend thy brazen bow against the sun,
As in Tartessus, when thou hadst begun

Thy task of oxen: heat in more extremes
Than thou wouldst suffer, with his envious beams.
Now make him leave the world to Night and dreams.
Never were virtue's labours so envied
As in this light: shoot, shoot, and stoop his pride.
Suffer no more his lustful rays to get
The earth with issue: let him still be set
In Somnus' thickets: bound about the brows,
With pitchy vapours, and with ebon boughs.

[10] Rich tapir'd sanctuary of the blest,
Palace of ruth, made all of tears, and rest,
To thy black shades and desolation
I consecrate my life; and living moan,
Where furies shall for ever fighting be,
And adders hiss the world for hating me,
Foxes shall bark, and night-ravens belch in groans,
And owls shall halloo my confusions:
There will I furnish up my funeral bed,
Strew'd with the bones and relics of the dead.
Atlas shall let th' Olympic burthen fall,
To cover my untombed face withal.
And when as well, the matter of our kind,
As the material substance of the mind
Shall cease their revolutions, in abode
Of such impure and ugly period,
As the old essence and insensive prime:
Then shall the ruins of the fourfold time,

Turned to that lump (as rapting torrents rise),
For ever murmur forth my miseries.

Ye living spirits then, if any live,
Whom like extremes, do like affections give,
Shun, shun this cruel light, and end your thrall,
In these soft shades of sable funeral:
From whence with ghosts, whom vengeance holds
from rest,
Dog-fiends and monsters haunting the distrest,
As men whose parents tyranny hath slain,
Whose sisters rape, and bondage do sustain.
But you that ne'er had birth, nor ever proved,
How dear a blessing 'tis to be beloved,
Whose friends' idolatrous desire of gold,
To scorn and ruin have your freedom sold:
Whose virtues feel all this, and shew your eyes,
Men made of Tartar, and of villanies.
Aspire th' extraction, and the quintessence
Of all the joys in earth's circumference:
With ghosts, fiends, monsters: as men robb'd and
rack'd,
Murder'd in life: from shades with shadows black'd:
Thunder your wrongs, your miseries and hells,
And with the dismal accents of your knells,
Revive the dead, and make the living die
In ruth and terror of your tortury:
Still all the power of art into your groans,
Scorning your trivial and remissive moans,

Compact of fiction, and hyperboles,
(Like wanton mourners cloy'd with too much ease),
Should leave the glasses of the hearers' eyes
Unbroken, counting all but vanities.
But paint, or else create in serious truth,
A body figur'd to your virtues' ruth,
That to the sense may shew what damned sin,
For your extremes this chaos tumbles in.
But woe is wretched me, without a name:
Virtue feeds scorn, and noblest honour, shame:
Pride bathes in tears of poor submission,
And makes his soul the purple he puts on.

Kneel then with me, fall worm-like on the ground
And from th' infectious dunghill of this round,
From men's brass wits and golden foolery,
Weep, weep your souls, into felicity:
Come to this house of mourning, serve the Night,
To whom pale Day (with whoredom soaked quite)
Is but a drudge, selling her beauty's use
To rapes, adulteries, and to all abuse.
Her labours feast imperial Night with sports,
Where loves are Christmast, with all pleasure's sorts;
And whom her fugitive and far-shot rays
Disjoin, and drive into ten thousand ways,
Night's glorious mantle wraps in safe abodes,
And frees their necks from servile labour's loads:
Her trusty shadows succour men dismay'd,
Whom Day's deceitfull malice hath betray'd:

From the silk vapours of her ivory port,
Sweet protean dreams she sends of every sort:
Some taking forms of princes, to persuade
Of men deject, we are their equals made,
Some clad in habit of deceased friends,
For whom we mourned, and now have wished amends;
And some (dear favour) lady-like attired,
With pride of beauty's full meridian fir'd:
Who pity our contempts, revive our hearts,
For wisest ladies love the inward parts.

If these be dreams, even so are all things else,
That walk this round by heavenly sentinels:
But from Night's port of horn she greets our eyes
With graver dreams inspir'd with prophesies,
Which oft presage to us succeeding chances,
We proving that awake, they shew in trances.
If these seem likewise vain, or nothing are
Vain things, or nothing come to virtue's share;
For nothing more than dreams with us she finds:
Then since all pleasures vanish like the winds,
And that most serious actions not respecting
The second light, are worth but the neglecting,
Since day, or light, in any quality,
For earthly uses do but serve the eye.
And since the eyes most quick and dangerous use,
Enflames the heart, and learns the soul abuse,
Since mournings are prefer'd to banquetings,
And they reach heaven, bred under sorrow's wings.

Since Night brings terror to our frailties still,
And shameless Day, doth marble us in ill.

All you possess'd with indepressed spirits,
Endued with nimble, and aspiring wits,
Come consecrate with me, to sacred Night
Your whole endeavours, and detest the light.
Sweet Peace's richest crown is made of stars,
Most certain guides of honour'd mariners,
No pen can any thing eternal write,
That is not steep'd in humour of the Night.

Hence beasts, and birds to caves and bushes then,
And welcome Night, ye noblest heirs of men,
Hence Phœbus to thy glassy strumpet's bed,
And never more let [11] Themis' daughters spread
The golden harness on thy rosy horse,
But in close thickets run thy oblique course.

See now ascends, the glorious bride of brides,
Nuptials, and triumphs, glitt'ring by her sides,
Juno and Hymen do her train adorne,
Ten thousand torches round about them borne:
Dumb silence mounted on the Cyprian star,
With becks rebukes the winds before his car,
Where she advanc'd; beats down with cloudy mace,
The feeble light to black Saturnius' palace:
Behind her, with a brace [12] of silver hinds,
In ivory chariot, swifter than the winds,

Is great [13] Hyperion's horned daughter drawn.
Enchantress-like deck'd in disparent lawn,
Circled with charms and incantations,
That ride huge spirits, and outrageous passions:
Music, and mood, she loves, but love she hates,
(As curious ladies do, their public cates)
This train, with meteors, comets, lightenings,
The dreadful presence of our empress sings:
Which grant for ever (O eternal Night)
Till virtue flourish in the light of light.

Explicit Hymnus.

GLOSS.

[1] He calls these Cynthian fires, of Cynthius or the Sun. In whose beams the fumes and vapours of the earth are exhaled.—The earth being as an altar, and those fumes as sacrificing smokes, because they seem pleasing to her in resembling her. That the earth is called an altar, *Aratus in Astronomicis* testifies in these verses:

> Ἀλλ' ἄρα κ᾽ περὶ κεινο θυτήριον αρχαίη νὺξ, &c.
> Nox antiqua suo curru convolvitur Aram
> Hanc circum, quæ signa dedit certissima nautis
> Commiserata virûm metuendos undique casus.

In which verses the substance of the first four verses is expressed.

[2] Night is called the nurse or mother of Death by *Hesiodus* in *Theogonia*, in these verses repeating her other issue:

Nox peperit fatumque malum, Parcamque nigrantem
Et mortem et somnum, diversaque, somnia: natos
Hos peperit, nulli dea nox conjuncta marito.

[3] Plato saith *dicere* is nothing else but *reminisci*.

[4] The heavenly abodes are often called celestial temples by *Homer et alijs*.

[5] Insolence is here taken for rareness or unwontedness.

[6] *Lycophron*, in *Alexandra*, affirms, the morning useth to ride upon *Pegasus* in his verses:

Aurora montem Phagium advolerat
Velocis altum nuper alis Pegasi.

[7] Vulcan is said by *Natalis Comes* in his *Mythologie*, to have made a golden bed for the Sun, wherein he swum sleeping till the morning.

[8] Quæ lucem pellis sub terris: *Orpheus*.

[9] Here he alludes to the fiction of Hercules, that in his labour at Tartessus fetching away the oxen being (more than he liked) heat with the beams of the Sun, he bent his bow against him, &c. *Ut ait Pherecides in* 3. *lib. Historiarum*.

[10] This periphrasis of the Night he useth, because in her the blest (by whom he intends the virtuous), living obscurely, are relieved and quieted, according to those verses before of *Aratus*.

Commiserata virûm metuendos undique casus.

[11] Themis' daughters are the three hours, *viz.* Dice, Irene, and Eunomia, begotten by Jupiter. They are said to make ready the horse and chariot of the Sun every morning *ut Orpheus.*

Et Jovis et Themidis Horæ de semine natæ, &c.

[12] Cynthia, or the Moon, is said to be drawn by two white hinds, *ut ait Callimachus:*

Aurea nam domitrix Tityi sunt arma Diana
Cuncta tibi et zona, et fuga quæ cervicibus aurea
Cervarum imponit currum cum ducis ad aureum.

[13] *Hesiodus,* in *Theogonia,* calls her the daughter of *Hyperion,* and *Thya, in his versibus*

Thia parit Solem magnum, Lunamque nitentem
Auroram quæ fert lucem mortalibus almam
Coelicolisque Deis cunctis, Hyperionis almi
Semine concepit, namque illos Thia decora.

So is she said to wear party-coloured garments: the rest intimates her magic authority.

FINIS.

For the rest of his own invention, figures and similes, touching their aptness and novelty, he hath not laboured to justify them, because he hopes they will be proud enough to justify themselves, and prove sufficiently authentical to such as understand them; for the rest, God help them. I cannot (do as others), make day seem a lighter woman than she is, by painting her.

HYMNUS IN CYNTHIAM.

[1] NATURE's bright eye-sight, and the Night's fair soul[2],
[3] That with thy triple forehead dost control
Earth, seas, and hell; and art in dignity
The greatest and swiftest planet in the sky.

Peaceful and warlike, and the [4] power of fate,
In perfect circle of whose sacred state
The circles of our hopes are compassed:
All wisdom, beauty, majesty, and dread,
Wrought in the speaking portrait of thy face.
Great Cynthia, rise out of thy [5] Latmian palace,
[6] Wash thy bright body in th' Atlantic streams,
Put on those robes that are most rich in beams;
And in thy all-ill-purging purity,
(As if the shady [7] Cytheron did fry
In sightful fury of a solemn fire)
Ascend thy chariot, and make earth admire
Thy old swift changes, made a young fix'd prime,
O let thy beauty scorch the wings of time,
That fluttering he may fall before thine eyes,
And beat himself to death before he rise:
And as heaven's [8] genial parts were cut away
By Saturn's hands, with adamantine [9] harpey
Only to shew that since it was compos'd
Of universal matter: it enclos'd

No power to procreate another heaven,
So since that adamantine power is given
To thy chaste hands, to cut off all desire
Of fleshly sports, and to quench Cupid's fire:
Let it approve: no change shall take thee hence,
Nor thy throne bear another inference;
For if the envious forehead of the earth
Low'r on thy age, and claim thee as her birth.
Tapers nor torches, nor the forests burning,
Soul-winging music, nor tear-stilling mourning,
(Us'd of old Romans and rude Macedons
In thy most sad and black discessions)
We know can nothing further thy recal,
When Night's dark robes (whose objects blind us all)
Shall celebrate thy changes funeral.
But as in that thrice dreadful foughten field
Of ruthless Cannas, when sweet rule did yield
Her beauties strongest proofs, and hugest love:
When men, as many as the lamps above,
Arm'd Earth in steel, and made her like the skies,
That two Auroras did in one day rise.
Thus with the terror of the trumpets' call,
The battles join'd as if the world did fall:
Continued long in life-disdaining fight,
Jove's thundering eagles feather'd like the night,
Hov'ring above them with indifferent wings,
Till Blood's stern daughter cruel [10] Tyche flings
The chief of one side, to the blushing ground,
And then his men (whom griefs and fears confound)

Turn'd all their cheerful hopes to grim despair,
Some casting off their souls into the air,
Some taken pris'ners, some extremely maim'd,
And all (as men accurs'd) on fate exclaim'd.
So (gracious Cynthia) in that sable day,
When interposed earth takes thee away
(Our sacred chief and sovereign general),
As crimson a retreat, and steep a fall,
We fear to suffer from this peace and height,
Whose thankless sweet now cloys us with receipt.

[11] The Romans set sweet music to her charms,
To raise thy stoopings, with her airy arms:
Used loud resoundings with auspicious brass:
Held torches up to heaven, and flaming glass,
Made a whole forest but a burning eye,
T' admire thy mournful partings with the sky.
The Macedonians were so stricken dead,
With skill-less horror of thy changes dread:
They wanted hearts, to lift up sounds, or fires,
Or eyes to heaven; but used their funeral tyres,
Trembled, and wept; assur'd some mischief's fury
Would follow that afflicting augury.

Nor shall our wisdoms be more arrogant
(O sacred Cynthia), but believe thy want
Hath cause to make us now as much afraid:
Nor shall Democrates, who first is said,

To read in nature's brows thy changes' cause,
Persuade our sorrows to a vain applause.

Time's motion, being like the reeling sun's,
Or as the sea reciprocally runs,
Hath brought us now to their opinions;
As in our garments, ancient fashions
Are newly worn; and as sweet poesy
Will not be clad in her supremacy
With those strange garments (Rome's Hexameters),
As she is English: but in right prefers
Our native robes (put on with skilful hands
English heroics) to those antick garlands,
Accounting it no meed, but mockery,
When her steep brows already prop the sky,
To put on start-ups, and yet let it fall.
No otherwise (O queen celestial)
Can we believe Ephesias state will be
But spoil with foreign grace, and change with thee
[12] The pureness of thy never-tainted life,
Scorning the subject title of a wife,
Thy body not composed in thy birth,
Of such condensed matter as the earth.
Thy shunning faithless men's society,
Betaking thee to hounds, and archery
To deserts, and inaccessible hills,
Abhorring pleasure in Earth's common ills,
Commit most willing rapes on all our hearts:
And make us tremble, lest thy sovereign parts

(The whole preservers of our happiness)
Should yield to change, eclipse, or heaviness.
And as thy changes happen by the site,
Near, or far distance, of thy father's * light,
Who (set in absolute remotion) reaves
Thy face of light, and thee all dark'ned leaves:
So for thy absence to the shade of death
Our souls fly mourning, winged with our breath.

Then set thy crystal and imperial throne,
Girt in thy chaste and never loosing [13] zone,
'Gainst Europe's Sun directly opposite,
And give him darkness that doth threat thy light.

O how accurst are they thy favour scorn [14]!
Diseases pine their flocks, tares spoil their corn:
Old men are blind of issue, and young wives
Bring forth abortive fruit, that never thrives.

But then how bless'd are they thy favour graces,
Peace in their hearts, and youth reigns in their faces:
Health strengths their bodies, to subdue the seas,
And dare the Sun, like Theban Hercules,
To calm the furies, and to quench the fire:
As at thy altars, in thy Persic empire,

* *Eurip. in Phœnisses*, calls her the daughter, not sister, of the Sun.

O clarissimi filia Solis Luna aurei circuli lumen: &c.

[15] Thy holy women walk'd with naked soles
Harmless, and confident, on burning coals:
The virtue-temper'd mind, ever preserves,
Oils, and expulsatory balm that serves
To quench Lust's fire in all things it anoints,
And steels our feet to march on needles points:
And 'mongst her arms, hath armour to repel
The cannon, and the fiery darts of hell:
She is the great enchantress that commands
Spirits of every region, seas, and lands,
Round heaven itself, and all his seven-fold heights,
Are bound to serve the strength of her conceits.
A perfect type of thy Almighty state,
That hold'st the thread, and rul'st the sword of fate.

Then you that exercise the virgin court
Of peaceful Thespya, my Muse consort,
Making her drunken with [16] Gorgonean dews,
And therewith all your extasies infuse,
That she may reach the top-less starry brows
Of steep Olympus, crown'd with freshest boughs
Of Daphnean laurel, and the praises sing
Of mighty Cynthia: truly figuring
(As she is Hecatè) her sovereign kind,
And in her force, the forces of the mind:
An argument to ravish and refine
An earthly soul, and make it mere divine.
Sing then withal, her palace brightness bright,
The dazzle-sun perfections of her light;

Circling her face with glories, sing the walks,
Where in her heavenly magic mood she stalks.
Her arbours, thickets, and her wond'rous game
(A huntress, being never match'd in fame),
Presume not then ye flesh confounded souls,
That cannot bear the full Castalian bowls,
Which sever mounting spirits from the senses,
To look in this deep fount for thy pretences:
The juice more clear than day, yet shadows night,
Where humour challengeth no drop of right:
But judgment shall display, to purest eyes
With ease, the bowels of these mysteries.

See then this planet of our lives descended
To rich [17] Ortigia, gloriously attended,
Not with her fifty ocean nymphs: nor yet
Her twenty foresters: but doth beget
By powerful charms, delightsome servitors
Of flowers and shadows, mists and meteors:
Her rare Elysian palace she did build
With studied wishes, which sweet hope did gild
With sunny foil, that lasted but a day:
For night must needs importune her away.
The shapes of every wholesome flower and tree
She gave those types of her felicity.
And Form herself she mightily conjur'd
Their prizeless values might not be obscur'd,
With disposition baser than divine,
But make that blissful court of hers to shine

With all accomplishment of architect,
That not the eye of Phœbus could detect.
Form then, 'twixt two superior pillars fram'd
This tender building, Pax Imperij nam'd,
Which cast a shadow like a piramis,
Whose basis in the plain or back part is
Of that queint work: the top so high extended,
That it the region of the Moon transcended:
Without, within it, every corner fill'd
By beauteous form, as her great mistress will'd.
[18] Here as she sits, the thunder-loving Jove
In honours past all others shows his love,
Proclaiming her in complete Emperie,
Of what soever the olympic sky
With tender circumvecture doth embrace,
The chiefest planet that doth heaven enchase.
Dear goddess, prompt, benign, and bounteous,
That hears all prayers, from the least of us
Large riches gives, since she is largely given,
And all that spring from seed of earth and heaven
She doth command: and rules the fates of all,
Old Hesiod sings her thus celestial.
And now to take the pleasures of the day,
Because her night star soon will call away,
She frames of matter intimate before,
(To wit, a bright, and dazzling meteor)
A goodly nymph, whose beauty, beauty stains
Heav'ns with her jewels; gives all the reins
Of wished pleasance; frames her golden wings,
But them she binds up close with purple strings,

Because she now will have her run alone,
And bid the base to all affection.
And Euthimya is her sacred name,
Since she the cares and toils of earth must tame:
Then straight the flowers, the shadows and the mists,
(Fit matter for most pliant humourists)
She hunters makes: and of that substance hounds
Whose mouths deaf heaven, and furrow earth with wounds,
And marvel not a nymph so rich in grace
To hounds rude pursuits should be given in chase.
For she could turn herself to every shape
Of swiftest beasts, and at her pleasure 'scape;
Wealth fawns on fools; virtues are meat for vices,
Wisdom conforms herself to all Earth's guises,
Good gifts are often given to men past good,
And Noblesse stoops sometimes beneath his blood.

The hounds that she created, vast, and fleet
Were grim Melampus, with th' Ethiop's feet,
White Leucon; all-eating Pamphagus,
Sharp-sighted Dorceus, wild Oribasus,
Storm-breathing Lelaps, and the savage Theron,
Wing'd-footed Pterelas, and hind-like Ladon,
Greedy Harpyia, and the painted Stycté,
Fierce Trigis, and the thicket-searcher Agre,
The black Melaneus, and the bristled Lachne,
Lean-lustful Cyprius, and big-chested Aloe.
These and such other now the forest rang'd,
And Euthimya to a panther chang'd,

Holds them sweet chase; their mouths they freely
spend,
As if the earth in sunder they would rend.
Which change of music liked the goddess so,
That she before her foremost nymph would go,
And not a huntsman there was eagerer seen
In that sport's love, (yet all were wond'rous keen)
Than was their swift and windy-footed queen.
But now this spotted game did thicket take,
Where not a hound could hung'red passage make:
Such proof the covert was, all arm'd in thorn,
With which in their attempts the dogs were torn,
And fell to howling in their happiness:
As when a flock of school-boys, whom their mistress
(Held closely to their books) gets leave to sport,
And then like toil-freed deer, in headlong sort
With shouts, and shrieks, they hurry from the school.
Some strew the woods, some swim the silver pool:
All as they list to several pastimes fall,
To feed their famish'd wantonness with all.
When straight, within the woods some wolf or bear,
The heedless limbs of one doth piecemeal tear,
Affrighteth other, sends some bleeding back,
And some in greedy whirl-pits suffer wrack.
So did the bristled covert check with wounds
The lickerish haste of these game-greedy hounds.

In this vast thicket (whose descriptions task
The pens of furies, and of fiends would ask:

So more than human-thoughted horrible)
The souls of such as liv'd implausible,
In happy empire of this goddess' glories,
And scorn'd to crown her fanes with sacrifice,
Did ceaseless walk; exspiring fearful groans,
Curses and threats for their confusions.
Her darts, and arrows, some of them had slain,
Others her dogs eat, painting her disdain,
After she had transform'd them into beasts:
Others her monsters carried to their nests,
Rent them in pieces, and their spirits sent
To this blind shade, to wail their banishment.
The huntsmen hearing (since they could not hear)
Their hounds at fault; in eager chase drew near,
Mounted on lions, unicorns, and boars,
And saw their hounds lie licking of their sores,
Some yerning at the shroud, as if they chid
Her stinging tongues, that did their chase forbid:
By which they knew the game was that way gone.
Then each man forc'd the beast he rode upon,
T' assault the thicket; whose repulsive thorns
So galled the lions, boars, and unicorns,
Dragons, and wolves; that half their courages
Were spent in roars, and sounds of heaviness:
Yet being the princeliest, and hardiest beasts,
That gave chief fame to those Ortygian forests,
And all their riders furious of their sport,
A fresh assault they gave, in desperate sort:

And with their falchions made their ways in wounds,
The thicket open'd, and let in the hounds.
But from her bosom cast prodigious cries,
Wrapt in her Stygian fumes of miseries:
Which yet the breaths of these courageous steeds
Did still drink up, and clear'd their vent'rous heads:
As when the fiery coursers of the sun,
Up to the palace of the morning run,
And from their nostrils blow the spiteful day:
So yet those foggy vapours made them way.
But pressing further, saw such cursed sights,
Such Ætna's fill'd with strange tormented sprites,
That now the vap'rous object of the eye
Out-pierced the intellect in faculty.
Baseness was nobler than Nobility:
For Ruth (first shaken from the brain of Love,
And Love the soul of Virtue) now did move,
Not in their souls (spheres mean enough for such)
But in their eyes; and thence did conscience touch
Their hearts with pity, where her proper throne
Is in the mind, and there should first have shone:
Eyes should guide bodies, and our souls our eyes,
But now the world consists on contraries.
So sense brought terror, where the mind's presight
Had safed that fear, and done but pity right,
But servile fear, now forged a wood of darts,
Within their eyes, and cast them through their hearts:
Then turn'd they bridle, then half slain with fear,
Each did the other backwards overbear,

As when th' Italian Duke, a troop of horse
Sent out in haste against some English force,
From stately-sited sconce-torn Nimigan,
Under whose walls the [19] wall most Cynthian,
Stretcheth her silver limbs loaded with wealth,
Hearing our horse were marching down by stealth.
(Who looking for them) war's quick artizan,
Fame thriving Vere, that in those countries wan
More fame than guerdon; ambuscadoes laid
Of certain foot, and made full well appaid
The hopeful enemy, in sending those
The long-expected subjects of their blows
To move their charge; which straight they give amain,
When we retiring to our strength again,
The foe pursues, assured of our lives,
And us within our ambuscado drives;
Who straight with thunder of the drums and shot,
Tempest their wraths on them that wist it not.
Then (turning headlong) some escaped us so,
Some left to ransom, some to overthrow,
In such confusion did this troop retire,
And thought them cursed in that game's desire:
Out flew the hounds, that there could nothing find,
Of the sly panther, that did beard the wind,
Running into it full, to clog the chase,
And tire her followers with too much solace.
And but the superfices of the shade,
Did only sprinkle with the scent she made,
As when the sun-beams on high billows fall,
And make their shadows dance upon a wall,

That is the subject of his fair reflectings.
Or else; as when a man in summer evenings,
Something before sun-set, when shadows be
Rack'd with his stooping, to the highest degree,
His shadow climes the trees, and scales a hill*,
While he goes on the beaten passage still.
So slightly touch'd the panther with her scent,
This irksome covert, and away she went,
Down to a fruitful island sited by,
Full of all wealth, delight, and empery,
Ever with child of curious architect,
Yet still delivered: pav'd with dames select,
On whom rich feet in foulest boots might tread,
And never foul them: for kind Cupid spread
Such perfect colours on their pleasing faces,
That their reflects clad foulest weeds with graces.
Beauty strikes fancy blind; pied show deceives us,
Sweet banquets tempt our healths, when temper leaves us,
Inchastity is ever prostitute,
Whose trees we loath, when we have pluck'd their fruit.

Hither this panther fled, now turn'd a boar,
More huge than that th' Ætolians plagued so sore,
And led the chase through noblest mansions,
Gardens and groves, exempt from parragons,
In all things ruinous, and slaughtersome,
As was that scourge to the Ætolian kingdom:

* Simile ad eandem explicat.

After as if a whirlwind drave them on,
Full cry, and close, as if they all were one
The hounds pursue, and fright the earth with sound,
Making her tremble; as when winds are bound
In her cold bosom, fighting for event:
With whose fierce ague all the world is rent.

But Day's arm (tired to hold her torch to them)
Now let it fall within the Ocean stream,
The goddess blew retreat, and with her blast,
Her morn's creation did like vapours waste:
The winds made wing into the upper light,
And blew abroad the sparkles of the night.
Then (swift as thought) the bright Titanides
Guide and great sovereign of the marble seas,
With milk white heifers, mounts into her sphere,
And leaves us miserable creatures here.

Thus nights, fair days: thus griefs do joys supplant:
Thus glories graven in steel and adamant
Never suppos'd to waste, but grow by wasting,
(Like snow in rivers fall'n) consume by lasting.
O then thou great [20] elixir of all treasures,
From whom we multiply our world of pleasures,
Descend again, ah never leave the earth,
But [21] as thy plenteous humours gave us birth,
So let them drown the world in night and death
Before this air, leave breaking with thy breath.
Come, goddess, come; [22] the double father'd son,
Shall dare no more amongst thy train to run,

Nor with polluted hands to touch thy veil:
His death was darted from the scorpion's tail,
For which her form to endless memory,
With other lamps, doth lend the heavens an eye,
And he that shew'd such great presumption,
Is hidden now, beneath a little stone.

If [23] proud Alpheus offer force again,
Because he could not once thy love obtain,
Thou and thy nymphs shall stop his mouth with mire,
And mock the fondling, for his mad aspire.
Thy glorious temple [24] (great Lucifera)
That was the study of all Asia,
Two hundred twenty summers to erect,
Built by Chersiphrone thy architect,
In which two hundred twenty columns stood,
Built by two hundred twenty kings of blood,
Of curious beauty, and admired height,
Pictures and statues, of as praiseful sleight,
Convenient for so chaste a goddess fane,
(Burnt by Herostratus) shall now again
Be re-extruct, and this Ephesia be
Thy country's happy name, come here with thee,
As it was there so shall it now be fram'd,
And thy fair virgin-chamber ever nam'd.
And as in reconstruction of it there,
There ladies did no more their jewels wear,
But frankly contribute them all to raise,
A work of such a chaste religious praise:

So will our ladies; for in them it lies,
To spare so much as would that work suffice.
Our dames well set their jewels in their minds,
In-sight illustrates; outward bravery blinds,
The mind hath in herself a deity,
And in the stretching circle of her eye
All things are compass'd, all things present still,
Will framed to power, doth make us what we will.
But keep your jewels, make ye braver yet,
Elysian ladies; and (in riches set,
Upon your foreheads) let us see your hearts:
Build Cynthia's temple in your virtuous parts,
Let every jewel be a virtue's glass:
And no Herostratus shall ever rase
Those holy monuments: but pillars stand,
Where every Grace and Muse shall hang her garland.

The mind in that we like, rules every limb,
Gives hands to bodies, makes them make them trim;
Why then in that the body doth dislike,
Should not [25] his sword as great a vennie strike?
The bit and spur that monarch ruleth still,
To further good things, and to curb the ill,
He is the Ganymede, the bird of Jove,
Rapt to her sovereign's bosom for his love,
His beauty was it, not the body's pride,
That made him great Aquarius stellified.
And that mind most is beautiful and high,
And nearest comes to a Divinity,

That furthest is from spot of Earth's delight,
Pleasures that lose their substance with their sight,
Such one, Saturnius ravisheth to love,
And fills the cup of all content to Jove.

If wisdom be the mind's true beauty then,
And that such beauty shines in virtuous men,
If those sweet Ganymedes shall only find,
† * * * * * * * * * * * *
Love of Olympus, are those wizards wise,
That naught but gold, and his dejections prize?
This beauty hath a fire upon her brow,
That dims the sun of base desires in you,
And as the cloudy bosom of the tree,
Whose branches will not let the summer see
His solemn shadows; but do entertain
Eternal winter: so thy sacred train,
Thrice mighty Cynthia should be frozen dead,
To all the lawless flames of Cupid's godhead.
To this end let thy beam's divinities
For ever shine upon their sparkling eyes,
And be as quench to those pestiferent fires,
That through their eyes impoison their desires.
Thou never yet wouldst stoop to base assault,
Therefore those poets did most highly fault,
That feign'd thee [26] fifty children by Endymion,
And they that write thou hadst but three alone,

† *It appears that a line or more is wanting here in the original.*

Thou never any hadst, but didst affect,
Endymion for his studious intellect.
Thy soul-chaste kisses were for virtue's sake,
And since his eyes were evermore awake,
To search for knowledge of thy excellence,
And all astrology: no negligence
Or female softness fed his learned trance,
Nor was thy veil once touch'd with dalliance,
Wise poets feign thy godhead properly,
The thresholds of men's doors did fortify,
And therefore built they thankful altars there,
Serving thy pow'r, in most religious fear.
Dear precedent for us to imitate,
Whose doors thou guard'st against imperious fate,
Keeping our peaceful households safe from sack,
And free'st our ships when others suffer wrack.
Thy [27] virgin chamber then that sacred is,
No more let hold, an idle Salmacis
Nor more let more sleights, Cydippe injury:
Nor let black Jove, possess'd in Sicily,
Ravish more maids, but maids subdue his might,
With well-steel'd lances of thy watchful sight.
[28] Then in thy clear and icy pentacle,
Now execute a magic miracle:
Slip every sort of poisoned herbs and plants,
And bring thy rabid mastiffs to these haunts.
Look with thy fierce aspect, be terror-strong,
Assume thy wondrous shape of half a furlong:
Put on thy feet of serpents, viperous hairs,
And act the fearful'st part of thy affairs:

Convert the violent courses of thy floods,
Remove whole fields of corn, and hugest woods,
Cast hills into the sea, and make the stars
Drop out of heaven, and lose thy mariners.
So shall the wonders of thy power be seen,
And thou for ever live the planets queen.

Explicit Hymnus.
Omnis ut umbra.

GLOSS.

[1] He gives her that *periphrasis, viz.* Nature's bright eyesight, because that by her store of humours, issue is given to all birth: and thereof is she called *Lucina,* and *Illythia,* quia præest parturientibus cum invocaretur, and gives them help: which Orpheus in a Hymn of her praise expresseth and calls her besides Prothyrea, *ut sequitur.*

Κλῦθί μοι, ὦ πολύσεμνε θεα, &c.
Audi me veneranda Dea, cui nomina multa:
Prægnantum adjutrix, parientem dulce levamen,
Sola puellarum servatrix, solaque prudens:
Auxilium velox teneris Prothyræa puellis.

And a little after, he shews her plainly to be Diana, *Ilythia,* and *Prothyræa,* in these verses:

Solam animi requiem te clamant parturientes.
Sola potes diros partus placare labores
Diana, Ilythia gravis, sumus et Prothyræa.

[2] He calls her the soul of the Night, since she is the purest part of her according to common conceit.

[3] *Orpheus* in these verses of *Argonauticis,* saith she is thrice-headed, as she is Hecate, Luna, and Diana, *ut sequitur.*

Cumque illis Hecate properans horrende cucurrit
Cui trinum caput est, genuit quam Tartarus olim.

The rest above will not be denied.

[4] That she is called the power of fate, read *Hesiodus* in *Theogonia* when he gives her more than this commendation in these verses:

Jupiter ingentes illi largitur honores,
Muneraque imperium terraque marisque profundi:
Cunctorumque simul, quæ cœlum amplectitur altum,
Admittitque preces facilis Dea, prompta, benigna
Divitias præbet, quid ei concessa potestas,
Imperat hæc cunctis, qui sunt e semine nati:
Et Terræ et Coeli, cunctorum fata gubernat.

[5] In Latmos she is supposed to sleep with Endymion, *ut Catullus.*

Ut trivium furtim sub Latmia saxa relegans
Dulcis amor Gyro devocet Aerio.

[6] Homer with a marvellous poetical sweetness, saith she washes her before she apparels herself in the Atlantic Sea. And then shews her apparel, as in these verses. *In Oceano* Lavacri.

Rursus Atlanteis, in lymphis membra lavata,
Vestibus induta, et nitidis Dea Luna micantes:
Curru junxit equos celeres, quibus ardua colla.

[7] Cytheron, as Menander saith, was a most fair boy, and beloved of Tisiphone, who since she could not obtain his love, she tears from her head a serpent, and threw it at him, which stinging him to death, the gods in pity turned him to a hill of that name called *Asterius*, full of woods, wherein all poets have affirmed wild beasts live, and use it often to express their haunts, or store of

woods, whereupon he invokes Cynthia, to rise in such brightness, as if it were all on fire.

[8] This is expounded as followeth by Gyraldus Lilius. The application most fitly made by this author.

[9] *Harpe* should be written thus, not with a y, yet here he useth it, lest some not knowing what it means, read it for a *harp*, having found this grossness in some scholars. It was the sword Perseus used to cut off Medusa's head.

[10] Fortune is called *Tyche*, as witnesseth *Pausanias* in *Messeniacis*, who affirms her to be one of the daughters likewise of Oceanus, which was playing with Proserpine when Dis ravish'd her.

Una omnes vario per prata comantia flore,
Candida Leucippe, Phænoque, Electraque Ianthe.

Melobosique Tyche Ocyrhoe præsignis ocellis. And Orpheus in a hymn to *Fortuna*, saith she is the daughter of blood, *ut in hic, sanguine prognatam, Vi et inexpugnabile numen.*

[11] Plutarch writes thus of the Romans and Macedons in *Paulus Æmilius.*

[12] These are commonly known to be the properties of Cynthia.

[13] This Zone is said to be the girdle of Cynthia. And therefore when maids lost their maidenheads, amongst the Athenians, they used to put off their girdles. And after, custom made it a phrase *zonam solvere*, to lose their maidenheads, *ut Apolo. lib.* 1.

Prima soluta mihi est, postremaque zona quid ipsa
Invidit multos natos Lucinæ misellæ.

[14] These are the verses of Callimachus translated to effect.

O miseri, quibus ipsa gravem tu concipis iram, &c.

[15] This Strabo testifieth *Libro duodecimo.*

[16] *Pegasus* is called *Gorgoneus;* since poets feign, that when *Perseus* smote off *Medusa's* head, *Pegasus* flew from the wound: and therefore the Muse's fount which he made with his hoof, is called *Gorgone.*

[17] Ortigia is the country where she was brought up.

[18] These are the verses of Hesiodus before.

[19] The *Wall* is a most excellent river, in the low countries, parting with another river called the *Maze,* near a town in Holland called Gurckham, and runs up to Guelderland, under the walls of Nimigen. And these like *similes,* in my opinion, drawn from the honourable deeds of our noble countrymen, clad in comely habit of poesy, would become a poem as well as further-fetched grounds, if such as be poets now a days would use them.

[20] The Philosopher's Stone, or Philosophica Medicina, is called the great Elixir, to which he here alludes.

[21] This of our birth is explained before.

[22] The double-father'd son is *Orion,* so called since he was the son of Jove and Apollo, born of their seed enclosed in a bull's hide, which abhorreth not from philosophy (according to poets 'intentions) that one son should have two fathers: for in the generation of elements it is true, since *omnia sint in omnibus.* He offering violence, was stung of a scorpion to death, for

which, the scorpion's figure was made a sign in heaven, as *Nicander* in *Theriacis* affirms:

Grandine signatum Titanis at inde puella,
Scorpion immisit qui cuspide surgat acuta:
Bæoto ut meditata necem fuit Orioni
Impuris ausus manibus quia prendere peplum.
Ille Deæ est talum percussit Scorpius illi
Sub parvo lapide occultus vestigia propter.

[23] Alpheus taken with the love of Cynthia, not answered with many repulses, pursued her to her company of virgins, who mocking him, cast mire in his face, and drave him away. Some affirm him to be a flood, some the son of *Parthenia*, some the waggoner of Pelops, &c.

[24] *Lucifera* is her title, and *Ignifera:* given her by Euripides, in *Iphigenia in Tauris.*

[25] The beauty of the mind being signified in *Ganymede*, he here by *prosopopoeia*, gives a man's shape to it.

[26] *Pausanias in Eliacis*, affirms it: others that she had but three, *viz. Pæon*, which Homer calls the gods' physician, *Epeus* and *Ætolus*, &c. Cicero saith she had none, but only for his love to the study of astrology gave him chaste kisses.

[27] Her temple in *Ephesus* was called her virgin chamber.

[28] All these are proper to her as she is Hecate.

Explicit Comment.

FINIS.

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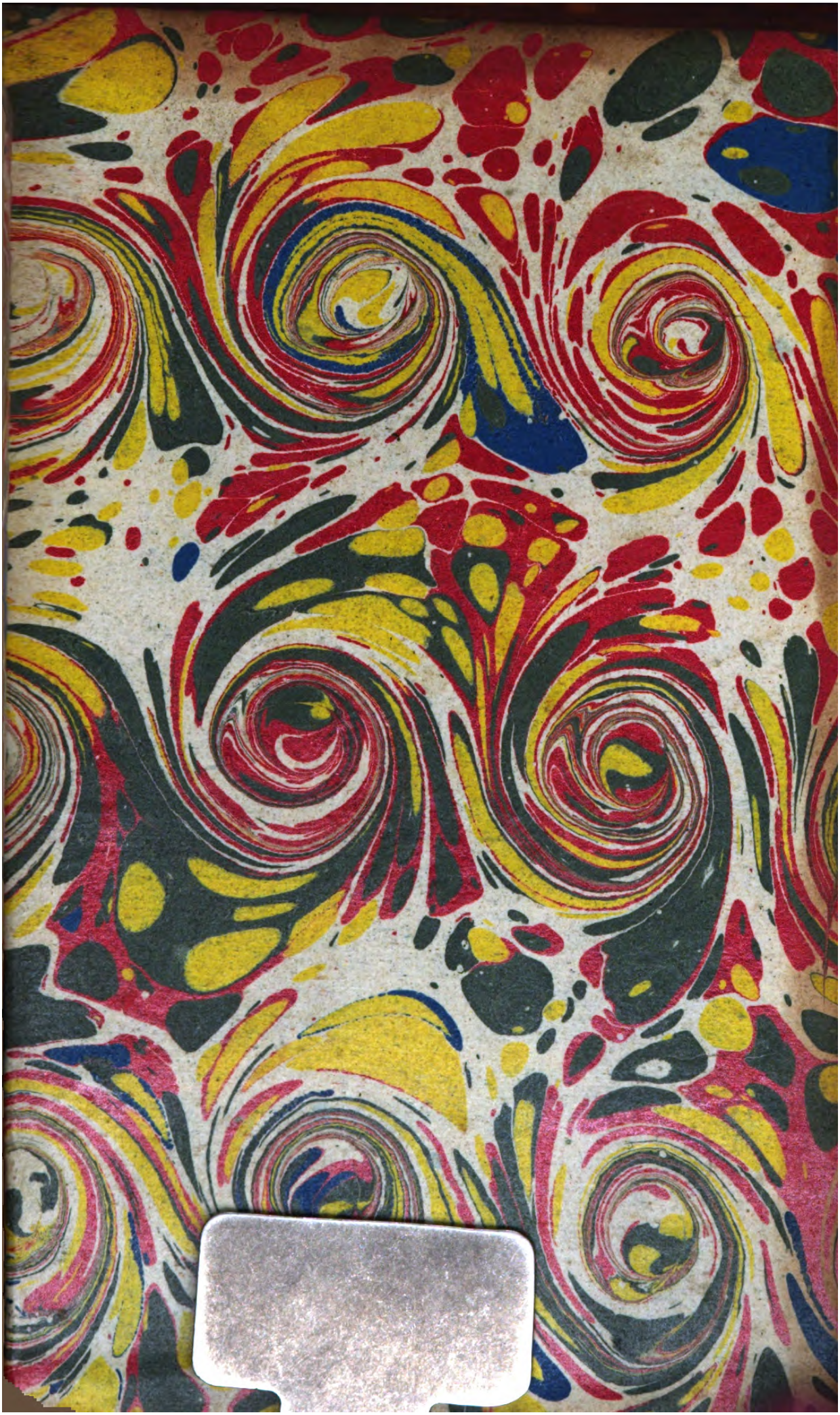
MDCCCXVIII.

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