

OVIS

STAMORPHO

1626







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O. xx. h. Ovi.

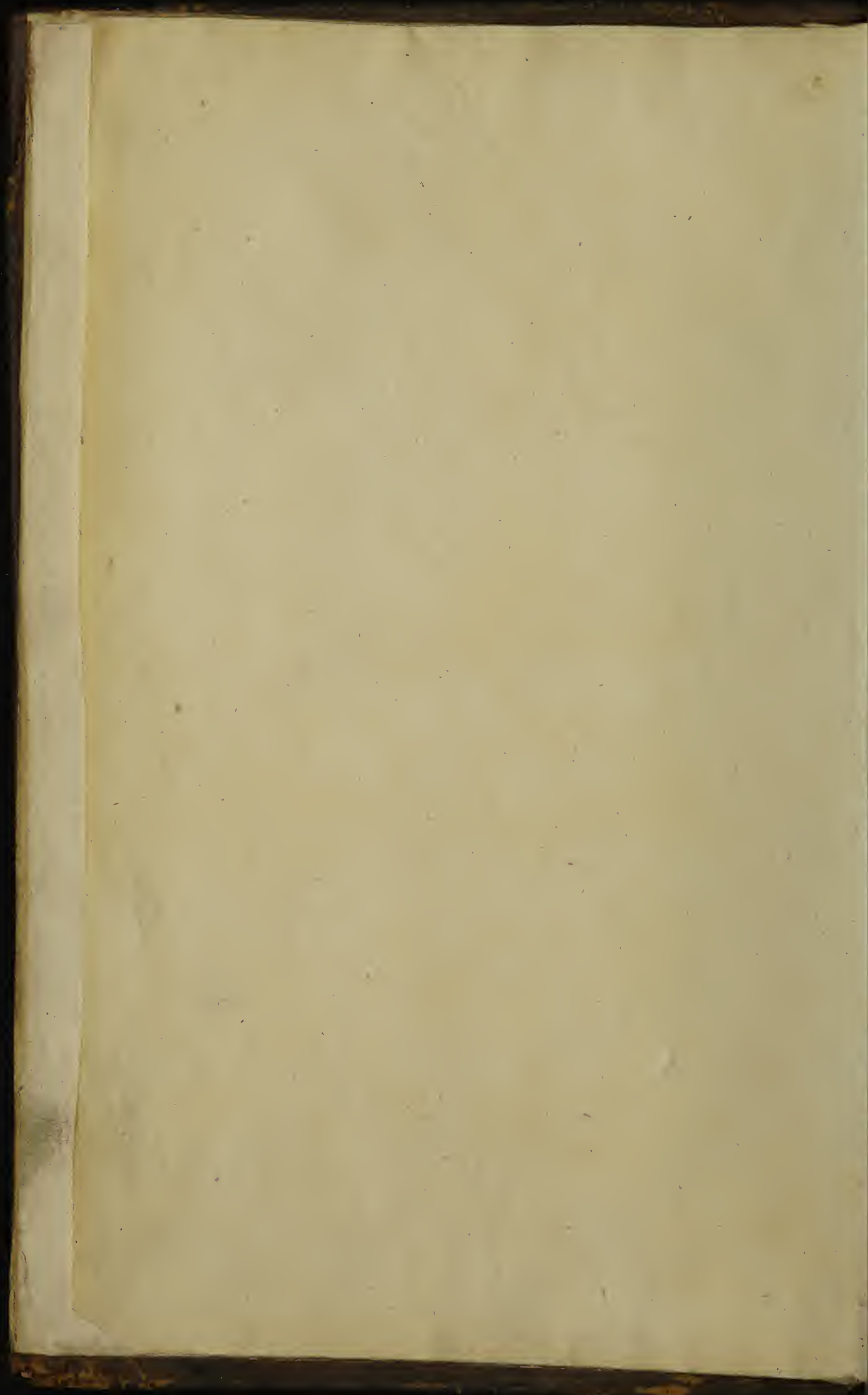
S.T.C. 18964

Ex Libris

Job. White

Canteruariensis

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THE MINDS OF

THE GREAT

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Faint text block, possibly a signature or a specific section header.

5543

THE MINDE OF
THE FRONTISPEECE,
And Argument of this
WORKE

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

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

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

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

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



EX HIS

ORI-

DOCVIT QVÆ

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS
Englised
by
G. S.

Imprinted at
LONDON
MDCXXVI
Cum Privilegio

FORMANTVR ET

AMORE

SAPIENTIA



CUNCTA

UNTUR

J. Stoll fecit Lond.

[Faint, illegible handwriting on aged paper]

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

S I R,

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

Inter victrices Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.

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

Your Maiesties

most humble

Seruant

George Sandys.



I see sweet tongd Ovid's Counterfeit behold,
Which Noblest Romans wore in rings of gold:
Or would you eat, wicd his owne pensill drew?
The Poet in his dearbless Poems drew.

THE LIFE OF

OVID.

PVBLIVS OVIDIVS NASO, descended of the antient Family of the NASONES, who had preserved the dignitie of *Roman* Knights from the first originall of that Order, was borne at *Sulmo*, a Citie of the *Peligni*, on the 14. of the Calends of April, in the Consul-ships of HIRCIUS and PANSA, both slaine at the battle of *Mutina* against MARCVS ANTONIVS. While yet a boy, his quick wit and readie apprehension gaue his parents an assurance of a future excellencie: in so much as his father LVCIVS sent him to *Rome* (together with his brother, a yeare elder then hee, and borne on the same day) to bee instructed by PLOTIVS GRIPPVS, that Art might perfect the accomplishments of nature. In his first of youth he was much addicted vnto poetrie, wherein he had an excellent grace and naturall facilitie. But continually reproved by his father for following so vnprofitable a studie, with an ill will he forsooke the pleasant walkes of the Muses to trauell in the rugged paths of the Law, vnder AVRELIVS FVSCVS and PORCIVS LATRO; of whose eloquence and learning hee was a great Admirer. Neither attained hee therein to a vulgar commendation; being numbered by MARCVS ANNÆVS SENECA among the principall Orators of those times. His prose was no other then dissolved verse: his speech wittie, briefe, and powerfull in perswasion. Having past through diuers offices of Iudicature, and now readie to assume the habit of a Senator: his elder brother

ther and father being dead, impatient of toyle, and the clamours of litigious Assemblies, hee retired himselfe from all publick affaires to affected vacancie and his former abandoned studies. Yet such was the mutuall affection betwene him and VARRO, that hee accepted of Command, and serued vnder him in the warres of *Asia*: from whence hee returned by *Athens*, where hee made his aboad, vntill hee had attained to the perfection of that language. He was of a meane stature, slender of body, spare of diet; and, if not too amorous, euery way temperate. He drunk no wine but what was much alayed with water: An Abhorrer of vnnatural Lusts, from which it should seeme that age was not innocent: neat in apparell; of a free, affable, and courtly behauour; wherby hee acquired the friendship of many, such as were great in learning and nobilitie; among whom not a few of Consular dignitie: and so honoured by diuers, that they wore his picture in rings cut in precious stones. A great Admirer, & as much admired, of the excellent Poets of those times, with whom hee was most familiar and intimate. Being perswaded by some of them to leaue out three verses of those many which hee had written, hee gaue his consent, so that of all hee might except three onely: whereupon they priuately writ those which they would haue him abolish, and hee on the other side those which hee excepted; when both their papers, being showne, presented the same verses; the first and second recorded by PEDO ALBINOVANVS, who was one of the arbiters,

*Semi-bouemque virum; semi-uirumque bouem.
Sed gelidum Borean, egelidumque Notum.*

whereby

whereby it appeareth that his admirable wit did not want an answerable iudgement in suppressing the libertie of his verse, had he not affected it. An ample patrimonie hee had in the territories of *Sulmo*; with a house and a temple in the citie, where now stands the Church of *Sancta Maria de Tumba*: and where now stands the Church of *Sancta Maria de Consolatione* he had an other in *Rome*, not farre from the Capitoll; with pleasant Hort-yards betweene the wayes of *Flaminia* and *Claudia*, wherein hee was accustomed to recreate himselfe with his Muses. Hee had had three wiues: whereof the first being giuen him in his youth, as neither worthie nor profitable, soone after (according to the custome of the *Romans*) he diuorced: nor liu'd he long with the second, although nobly borne, and of behauiour inculpable. The chastitie and beauty of the third he often extolleth; whom he instructed in poetrie, and to his death entirely affected. Neither was her affection inferior to his; liuing all the time of his banishment like a sorrowfull widdow, and continuing to the end exemplarie faithfull. But in this eueryway happie condition, when his age required ease, and now about to imploy his beloued vacancie in the reuiew and polishing of his former labours, hee was banished, or rather confined to *Tomos* (a citie of *Sarmatia* bordering on the *Euxine Sea*) by *AUGVSTVS CÆSAR*, on the fourth of the Ides of December, and in the one and fiftieth yeere of his age; to the generall griefe of his friends and acquaintance: who sailed into *Thrace* in a ship of his owne, and by land performed the rest of his voyage. The cause of this his so cruell and deplored exile is rather coniectured then certainly knowne. Most agree
b that

that it was for his too much familiaritie with IULIA the daughter of AVGVSTVS, masked vnder the name of CORINNA. Others, that hee had vnfortunately seene the incest of CÆSAR: which may bee insinuated, in that hee complains of his error, and compares himselfe to ACTÆON. But the pretended occasion was for his composing of the Art of Loue, as intollerably lasciuious, and corrupting good manners. A pretence I may call it, since vnlikely it is, that he should banish him in his age for what hee writ when hardly a man, and after so long a coniuance. Yet AVGVSTVS, either to conceale his owne crime or his daughters, would haue it so thought: neither would OVID reueale the true cause, least hee should further exasperate his displeasure. After he had long in vaine solicited his repeale by the mediation of GERMANICVS CÆSAR, and others that were neere vnto the Emperour; or at least to bee remoued to a more temperate Clime; his hopes (as hee writes) forsaking the earth with AVGVSTVS, hee dyed at Tomos in the fifth yeare of the raigne of TIBERIVS; hauing liued seuen yeares in banishment. As TIBVLLVS and hee were borne in one day, so hee and LIVIE dyed on an other; that his birth and death might bee nobly accompanied. He had so wonne the barbarous GET's with his humanitie and generous actions (hauing also written a booke in their language) that they honoured him in his life with triumphant garlands, and celebrated his funerals with vniuersall sorrow; erecting his tomb before the gates of their citie, hard by a lake which retaineth his name to this day. His sepulcher was found in the yeere, MDVIII. with a magnificent couerture presenting this Epitaph.

FATVM

FATVM NECESSITATIS LEX.

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

ISABELLA Queene of Hungarie in the yeere
MDXL shewed to BARGÆVS a pen of siluer,
found not long before vnder certain ruines, with this
inscription; *OVIDII NASONIS CALAMVS*:
which shee highly esteemed, and preserued as a
sacred relique. Of the bookes which he writ, since
most of them are extant among vs, I will onely re-
cite these following verses of ANGELVS POLI-
TIANVS:

- | | | |
|----|---|--------------------------------|
| 1 | <i>From times first birth he chants the change of things,</i> | Metamor-
phosis. |
| 2 | <i>The flames of Loue in Elegiacks sings,</i> | DeArte, &
Amorum. |
| 3 | <i>With curses doubtfull Ibis he insnares,</i> | In Ibin
Epist. He-
roid. |
| 4 | <i>Epistles dictates fraught with Louers cares,</i> | Trist. & de
Ponto. |
| 5 | <i>In Swan-like tunes deplores his sad exile,</i> | Fasti. |
| 6 | <i>His verse the Roman Festiualls compile,</i> | Halicutica
Phæno-
mena. |
| 7 | <i>Of fishes sings vnkowne to Latin eares,</i> | Epigram-
mata. |
| 8 | <i>Computes the starres that glide in heauenly spheres,</i> | Medea
trag. |
| 9 | <i>His paper fills with epigrammick rimes,</i> | In malos
Poetas. |
| 10 | <i>The tragick stage on high cothurnals climes,</i> | |
| 11 | <i>Whips Poetasters that abuse the times,</i> | |

Yet leaues hee out the *Remedie of Loue*, a legiti-
mate Poem (except hee make it an appendix to the
Art) and his *Consolation to LIVIA* for the death
of *DRVSVS*: which *SENECA* hath excerpted and
sprinkled among his seuerall *Consolations*. Among
such a multiplicite of arguments our gentle Poet
did neuer write a virulent verse, but onely against

CORNIFICVS; (maskt vnder the name of I B I S)
who solicited his wife in his absence, and laboured
against the repeale of his banishment. Concerning
his Metamorphosis, it should seeme that he therein
imitated P A R T H E N I V S of Chios, who writ on the
same argument: as the *Latin Poets* euen generally
borrowed their inuentions from the *Gracian Ma-*
gazins. I will conclude with what himselfe hath
written of this Poem, wherein I haue imployed my
vacant howres: with what successe, I leaue to the
censure of others, which perhaps may proue lesse
rigid then my owne.

Trist. lib. 1.
Elegia. 6.

*I thanke your loue: my verse farre liuelier then
My picture shew me; wherefore those peruse:
My verse, which sing the changed shapes of men;
Though left vnperfect by my banisht Muse.
Departing, these I sadly with my hand
Into the fire, with other riches, threw.
Her sonne so Thestias burning in his brand,
A better sister then a mother grew:
So I, what should not perish with me, cast
Those bookes, my issue, in the funerall flame:
In that I did my Muse and verse distast;
Or that as yet vnpolished and lame.
But since I could not so destroy them quite;
For sundrie copies it should seeme there be:
Now may they liue, nor lazily delight
The generous Reader; put in mind of me.
Yet they with patience can by none be read,
That know not how they vncorrected stand:
Snatcht from the forge, ere thoroughly anuiled;
Deprined of my last life-giuing hand.
For praise I pardon craue: though highly grac'd,
If, Reader, they bee not despisd by thee:*

Yet

*Let in the front be these sixe verses plac'd;
If with thy liking it at least agree.*

*WHO meets this Orphan-volume, poore in worth,
Within your Citie harborage afford.*

*To winne more fauour, not by him set forth;
But ravisht from the funerall of his Lord.*

*This therefore which presents it's owne defect,
At pleasure with a friendly hand correct.*

b 3

OVID

[Faint, mostly illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

OVID DEFENDED.

S Ince diuers, onely wittie in reproouing, haue profaned our Poet with their fastidious censures: we, to vindicate his worth from detraction, and prevent preiudicacie, haue here reuiued a few of those infinite testimonies, which the cleereſt iudgements of all Ages haue giuen him. I will begin with the censure of that accurate Orator

Controu.
10.

MARCVS ANNÆVS SENECA,

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

Hist.lib.2.

VELLEIVS PATERCVLVVS,

Who writeth thus in his historie. It is almost a folly, to number the wits that are euer in our eyes. Amongst these, of our Age the most eminent are, Virgil the Prince of Verse, Rabirius, Liue imitating Salust, Tibullus, and N A S O in the forme of his absolute Poem. Nor doth

Natur.
Quæst.li.3

LVCIVS ANNÆVS SENECA

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

Lib.10.

QVINTILIAN

thus censures. OVID's Medea seemeth to me to expresse how much that man could haue performd, would he rather
haue

haue restrayned then cherished his inuention. And

Dial.de
Orat.

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

MARTIAL
for the most part links him to incomparable *Virgil*:
as in this Epigram;

Lib.3.
Epig.38.

You'r more then mad! those, whom you see so bare,
With **OVID'S** selfe, or *Virgil* may compare.

And in that to *Instantius*.

Lib.1.
Epig.73.

Would you adde spirit to my fainting Muse,
And read immortall Verses? loue infuse.

Me, Mantua; **SVLMO** mee should stile diuine;
Were but *Alexis*, or **CORINNA** mine.

Recorded by

Syluar.11.

STATIUS PAMPINIUS,
amongst the best Poets.

That honoured Day the old *Callimachus*,
Philetas, *Vmbrian Propertius*,
Prepare to celebrate with one consent;
And **NASO**, chearfull, though in banishment,
With rich *Tibullus*.

Nor is hee onely approued by prophane Authors.
Thus learned

Instit.diu.
lib.1.

LACTANTIUS,
OVID, in the beginning of his excellent Poem, confes-
seth that God (not disguizing his Name) ordayned the
World; who calls him the Creator thereof, and Maker of
all things. In the following booke. Which that inge-
nious Poet hath admirably described. And

In Ose.
cap.2.

S. HIEROME;
Semiramis, of whom they report many wonders, erected
the walls of *Babylon*; as testifies that renowned Poet in
the 4. booke of his *Metamorphosis*. Nor is he forgot by

S.

De Ciuit.
Dei.

S. AVGVSTINE.

And N A S O , that excellent Poet. Now descend wee
to those, whom later times haue preferred for lear-
ning and iudgement. Thus sings the high-prais'd

In Nutri-
cia.

ANGELVS POLITIANVS.

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

In Cicero-
niano Dia-
logo.

ERASMVS

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

Poetices,
lib. 5, & 6.

I V L I V S CÆSAR SCALIGER,

thus writes, when he comes to censure our Author.
But now we arriue where the height of wit, and sharpnesse
of iudgement, are both to bee exerciz'd. For, who can
commend OVID sufficiently? much lesse, who dares re-
prehend him? Notwithstanding, I will say something; not
in way of detraction, but that we also may be able to grow
with his greatnesse. Then speaking of his Metamor-
phosis. Bookes deseruing a more fortunate Author; that
from his last hand they might haue had their perfection:
which hee himselfe bewaileth in luculent Verses. Yet are
there, in these, well-nigh an infinite number, which the
wit of another, I beleene, could neuer haue equall'd. And
thus exclaimes against Cesar in the person of OVID.

In Heroi-
bus.

Tyrant, with me I would thou hadst begun:
Nor thy black slaughters had my Fate fore-run.
If my licentious Youth incenst thee so;
Thy owne condemnes thee: into exile goe.
Thy Cabinets are stain'd with horrid deeds:
And thy foule guilt all monstrous names exceeds.

Diuine

Diuine wit, innocence, nor yet my tongue,
Next to Apollo's, could prevent my wrong.
I smooth'd th' old Poets with my fluent vaine;
And taught the New a farre more numerous straine.
When thee I prais'd, then from the truth I swer'd;
And banishment for that alone deseru'd.

STEPHANVS.

NASO, in his *Metamorphosis*, may well be called the Poet
of Painters; in that those witty descriptions afford such
liuely patternes for their pencils to imitate. Nor may
wee omit the Testimonie of

Præfat. in
Horatium.

MARCVS ANTONIVS TRITONIVS,
This Diuine work is necessarie, and to bee desired of all,
that are addicted to Poetrie, both for the gracefullnesse of
speech, the admirable art of the Poet, and delightfull varie-
tie of the Subiect. Neither was there euer any, that diligent-
ly collected, or learnedly, elegantly and orderly expressed the
fables, but OVID; who compos'd out of Orpheus, He-
siod, Homer, and other the most ancient Poets, so excel-
lent and noble a Work, that therein the Learning of the
Latines may worthily glorie. And thus

Disputat.
de fabula.

BERNARDVS MARTINVS,

I conceive the Poet of *Sylmo* did follow the industrie
and aduice of Zeuxes, in the composure of that admira-
ble work of his *Metamorphosis*. For as that excellent Pain-
ter, about to draw the picture of Helena, had assembled
together the most rare and beautifull Virgins of Greece;
that by examining their seuerall perfections and graces hee
might expresse all in one with his curious pencill: so hee out
of the innumerable volumes of the Græcian Poets, first ga-
thered these multiplicities of fables, composing the dif-
fused and variously dispersed into one bodie: and then dili-
gently noting what in euery author was elegant and beau-
tifull, transferd the same to his owne, that nothing might
bee

Variar.
lect. li. 2.
ca. 18.

bee wanting to the enriching and adorning of his so diuine
a Poem. I must not omit this testimonie of the learned

Orat. 3.
volum. 2.

ANTONIUS MURETVS.

*The Metamorphosis, a diuine Poem; shining through-out,
with all the lustres of conceit and eloquence. Nor this of*

Prefat. Ob
seru. in
Metarum.

HERCVLES CIOFANVS;

in that a Citizen of SVLMO. A wittie worke, repleat
with solid and manifold learning. Who peruse it diligently,
shall find such admirable fluencie, such fulnesse, so great a
grauitie of words and sentences; that few or none amongst
the Latin Poets can bee said to transcend him. What should
I say of that singular, and well-nigh diuine contexture of
Fable with Fable? so surpassing, that nothing can be spo-
ken or done, more artificially, more excellently, or, indeed,
more gracefully. Who handling such diuersitie of matter,
so cunningly weaves them together, that all appeare but
one Series. Planudes, well knowing that Greece had not
a Poem so abounding with delight and beautie, translated
it into that language. What should I say more? All Arts,
which Antiquitie knew, are here so fully delineated, that
a number, expert in both tongues, of prime vnderstanding
and iudgements, admire it beyond all expression. The first
that writ a Commentarie on this booke (whereof fif-
tie thousand were vented, & that in his life time) was

In prefat.
Comment

RAPHAEL REGIVS:

who thus in his Preface. There is nothing appertayning
to the knowledge and glorie of warre, whereof wee haue
not famous examples in the Metamorphosis of OVID;
(not to speake of stratagems, nor the Orations of Comman-
ders) described with such efficacie and eloquence, that of-
ten, in reading, you will imagine your selfe imbroiled in their
conflicts. Neither shall you finde any Author, from whom,
a ciuill life may gather better instruction

IACO.

IACOBVS MICYLLVS.

In princi-
pio Addi-
tionum.

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

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

AGRIPPA.

QVOD OLIM FAC-
CIEBAT VOTVM GER-
MANICO OVIDIVS, IDEM
AVGVSTISSIMO CAROLO

Interpretis sui nomine
faciunt

OVIDIANI MANES.

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

I

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.

The first Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

OF formes, to other bodies chang'd, I sing.
Assist, you Gods (from you these wonders spring).
And, from the Worlds first fabrick to these times,
Deduce my neuer discontinued Rymes.

The Sea, the Earth, al-couering Heauen vnfram'd,
One face had Nature, which they *Chaos* nam'd:
An vndigested lump; a barren load,
Where jarring seeds of things ill-ioyn'd aboard.
No *Titan* yet the World with light adornes;
Nor waxing *Phæbe* fill'd her waned hornes:
Nor hung the selfe-poiz'd Earth in thin Ayre plac't;
Nor *Amphitrite* the vast shore imbrac't.
With Earth, was Ayre and Sea: the Earth vnstable,
The Ayre was darke, the Sea vn-nauigable:
No certayne forme to any one assign'd:
This, that resists. For, in one body ioyn'd,
The Cold and Hot, the Drie and Humid fight:
The Soft and Hard, the Heauy with the Light.
But God, the better Nature, this decides:
Who Earth from Heauen, the Sea from earth diuides:
And purer Heauen extracts from grosser Ayre.
All which vnfolded by his prudent care

A

From

From that blind Masse; the happily dis-ioyn'd
 With strifelesse peace he to their seats confin'd.
 Forth-with vp-sprung the quick and waightlesse Fire,
 Whose flames vnto the highest Arch aspire:
 The next, in leuitie and place, is Ayre:
 Grosse Elements to thicker Earth repayre
 Self-clog'd with waight: the Waters, flowing round,
 Possesse the last, and solid *Tellus* bound.

What God soeuer this diuision wrought,
 And euery part to due proportion brought;
 First, least the Earth vnequall should appeare,
 He turn'd it round, in figure of a Sphere;
 Then, Seas diffus'd; commanding them to rore
 With ruffling Winds, and giue the Land a shore.
 To those he addeth Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense;
 And Riuers, whom their winding borders fence:
 Of these, not few Earth's thirstie jaws deuour;
 The rest, their streames into the Ocean pour;
 When, in that liquid Plaine, with freer waue,
 The fomy Cliffs, in stead of Banks, they laue:
 Bids Trees increase to Woods, the Plaines extend,
 The rocky Mountaynes rise, and Vales descend.

Two equall Zones, on either side, dispose
 The measur'd Heauens; a fifth, more hot then those.
 As many Lines th'included Globe diuide:
 I'th' midst vn-sufferable beames reside;
 Snow clothes the other two: the temperate hold
 'Twixt these their seats, the heat well mixt with cold.

As Earth, as Water, vpper Ayre out-waighs;
 So much doth Ayre Fire's lighter balance raise.
 There, he commands the changing Clouds to stray;
 There, thundering terrors mortall mindes dismay;
 And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow:
 Yet not permitted euery way to blow;
 Who hardly now to teare the World refraine
 (So Brothers jarre!) though they diuided raigne,
 To *Persis* and *Sabaa*, *Eurus* flies;
 Whose fruits perfume the blushing Mornes vp-rise:
 Next to the Euening, and the Coast that glowes
 With setting *Phæbus*, flowry *Zeph'rus* blowes:
 In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his raigne,
 Beneath *Boötes* and the frozen Waine:
 The Land to this oppos'd, doth *Auster* steep
 With fruitfull showrs, and clouds which euer weep.

About all these he plac't the liquid Skies;
Which, void of earthly dregs, did highest rise.

Scarce had he all thus orderly dispos'd;
When-as the Starres their radiant heads disclos'd
(Long hid in Night) and shone through all the skie.
Then, that no place should vnpossessed lie,
Bright Constellations, and fair-figured Gods,
In heavenly Mansions fixt their blest abodes:
The glittering Fishes to the Flouds repayre;
The Beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Ayre.

The nobler Creature, with a mind possest,
Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.
That Maker, the best World's originall,
Either Him fram'd of seed Cælestiall;
Or Earth, which late he did from Heauen diuide,
Some sacred seeds retayn'd, to Heauen ally'd:
Which with the liuing streame *Prometheus* mixt;
And in that artificiall structure fixt
The forme of all th'all-ruling Deities.
And whereas others see with downe-cast eyes,
He with a loftie looke did Man indue,
And bade him Heauens transcendent glories view.
So, that rude Clay, which had no forme afore,
Thus chang'd, of Man the vnknowne figure bore.

The *Golden Age* was first; which vncompeld,
And without rule, in Faith and Truth exceld.
As then, there was nor punishment, nor feare;
Nor threatning Lawes in brasse prescribed were;
Nor suppliant crouching pris'ners shooke to see
Their angrie Iudge: but, all was safe and free.
To visit other Worlds, no wounded Pine
Did yet from Hills to faithlesse Seas decline.
Then, vnambitious Mortals knew no more,
But their owne Countrie's Nature-bounded shore.
Nor Swords, nor Arms were yet: no trenches round
Besieged Towns, nor strifefull Trumpets sound:
The Souldier, of no vse. In firme content
And harmlesse ease, their happy dayes were spent.
The yet-free Earth did of her owne accord
(Vntorne with ploughs) all sorts of fruit afford.
Content with Natures vn-enforced food,
They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,
Sowre Cornels, what vpon the Bramble growes,
And Acorns, which *Ioue's* spreading Oke bestowes.

'Twas alwayes Spring: warm *Zephyrus* sweetly blew
 On smiling Flowres, which without setting grew.
 Forth-with the Earth corne, vnmanured, beares;
 And euery yeare renews her golden Eares:
 With Milke and Nectar were the Riuers fill'd;
 And yellow Hony from greene Elms distill'd.

But, after *Saturne* was throwne downe to Hell,
Ioue rul'd; and then the *Siluer Age* befell:
 More base then Gold, and yet then Brasse more pure.
Ioue chang'd the Spring (which alwayes did indure)
 To Winter, Summer, Autumne hot and cold:
 The shortned Springs the year's fourth-part vphold.
 Then, first the glowing Ayre with feruor burn'd:
 The Raine to ycycles by bleake winds turn'd.
 Men houses built; late hous'd in Caues profound,
 In plashed Bowres, and Sheds with Osiers bound.
 Then, first was Corne into long furrowes throwne:
 And Oxen vnder heauie yokes did grone.

Next vnto this succeeds the *Brazen Age*;
 Worse natur'd, prompt to horrid warre, and rage:
 But yet not wicked. Stubborne *Yr'n* the last.
 Then, blushlesse Crimes, which all degrees surpast;
 The World surround. Shame, Truth, and Faith depart.
 Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art.
 Force, Treason, and the wicked Loue of gayn.
 Their sailes, those winds, which yet they knew not, strayn:
 And ships, which long on loftie Mountaynes stood,
 Then plow'd th'vnpractiz'd bosom of the Flood.
 The Ground, as common earst as Light, or Aire,
 By limit-giuing Geometric they share.
 Nor with rich Earth's iust nourishments content,
 For treasure they her secret entrailes rent;
 The powerfull Euill, which all power inuades,
 By her well hid, and wrapt in *Stygian* shades.
 Curst Steel, more cursed Gold she now forth brought:
 And bloody-handed Warre, who with both fought.
 All liue by spoile. The Host his Guest betrayes;
 Sons, Father-in-laws: 'twixt Brethren loue decayes.
 Wiues husbands, husbands wiues attempt to kill:
 And cruell Step-mothers pale poysons fill.
 The Sonne his Fathers hastie death desires:
 Foild Pietie, trod vnder foot, expires.
Astrea, last of all the heauenly birth,
 Affrighted leaues the blood-defiled Earth.

And

And that the Heauens their safetic might suspect,
 The Giants now cælestiall Thrones affect;
 Who to the skies congested Mountaynes reare.
 Then *Ioue* with thunder did *Olympus* teare;
 Steep *Pelion* from vnder *Ossa* throwne.
 With their owne waight their monstrous bodies grone;
 And with her Childrens blood the Earth imbru'd:
 Which shee, scarce throughly cold, with life indu'd;
 And gauethereto, t'vphold her Stocke, the face
 And forme of Man; a God-contemning Race,
 Greedic of slaughter, not to be withstood;
 Such, as well shews, that they were borne of blood.

Which when from Heauen *Saturnius* did behold;
 He sigh't; reuoluing what was yet vntold,
 Of fell *Lycaon's* late inhumane feast.
 Iust anger, worthy *Ioue*, inflam'd his brest.
 A Synod call'd, the summoned appeare.
 There is a way, well seene when skies be cleare,
 The *Milkie* nam'd: by this, the Gods resort
 Vnto th' Almighty Thunderers high Court.
 With euer-open dores, on either hand,
 Of nobler Deities the Houses stand:
 The Vulgar dwell disperst: the Chiefe and Great
 In front of all, their shining Mansions seat.
 This glorious Roofe I would not doubt to call,
 Had I but boldnes lent me, Heauen's *White-Hall*.
 All set on Marble seats; He, leaning on
 His Iuory Scepter, in a higher Throne,
 Did twice or thrice his dreadfull Tresses shake:
 The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though fixed) quake;
 Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, spake:

I was not more perplext in that sad Time,
 For this Worlds Monarchie, when, bold to clime,
 The Serpent-footed Giants durst inuade,
 And would on Heauen their hundred-hands haue laid.
 Though fierce the Foe, yet did that Warre depend
 But of one Body, and had soone an end.
 Now all the race of man I must confound,
 Where-euer *Nereus* walks his wauy Round:
 And this I vow by those infernall Floods,
 Which slowly glide through silent *Stygian* woods.
 All cures first sought; such parts as health reiect
 Must be cut off, least they the sound infect.

Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Syluans, Satyres, Faunes,
 Who

Who haunt cleare Springs, high Mountayns, Woods, and
 (On whom since yet we please not to bestow (Lawnes
 Cælestiall dwellings) must subsist below.
 Thinke you, you Gods, they can in safetie rest,
 When me (of lightning, and of you possesse,
 Who both at our Imperiall pleasure sway)
 The sterne *Lycaon* practiz'd to betray?
 All bluster, and in rage the wretch demand.
 So, when bold Treason fought, with impious hand,
 By *Cæsar's* blood t'out-race the Roman name;
 Man-kind, and all the World's affrighted Frame,
 Astonisht at so great a ruine, shooke.
 Nor thine, for Thee, lesse thought, *Augustus*, tooke,
 Then they for *Ioue*. He, when he had suppress
 Their murmur, thus proceeded to the rest.
 He hath his punishment; remit that care:
 The manner how, I will in brieft declare.
 The Times accus'd, (but, as I hop't, bely'd)
 To trie, I downe from steep *Olympus* slide.
 A God, transform'd like one of humane birth,
 I wandred through the many-peopl'd Earth.
 'Twere long to tell, what crimes of euery sort
 Swarm'd in all parts: the truth exceeds report.
 Now past den-dreadfull *Manalus* confines,
Cyllene, cold *Lycaeus* clad with Pines,
 There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when Doubtfull-light
 Drew-on the deawy Charriot of the Night,
 I entred his vnospitable Court.
 The better Vulgar to their pray'rs resort,
 When I by signes had showne a Gods repayr.
Lycaon first derides their zealous pray'r;
 Then said, We straight the vndoubted truth will trie,
 Whether he be immortall, or may die.
 In dead of Night, when all was whist and still,
 Me, in my sleepe, he purposeth to kill.
 Nor with so foule an enterprize content,
 An Hostage murders, from *Molossus* sent:
 Part of his seuer'd scarce-dead lims he boyles;
 An other patt on hissing Embers broyles;
 This set before me, I the house ore-turn'd
 With vengefull flames, which round about him burn'd.
 He, frighted, to the silent Defart flies;
 There howles, and speech with lost indeuour tries.
 His selfe-like jawes still grin: more then for food

Hec

He slaughters beasts, and yet delights in blood:
 His armes to thighs, his clothes to bristles chang'd;
 A Wolfe; not much from his first forme estrang'd:
 So horie hair'd; his lookes so full of rape;
 So fiery ey'd; so terrible his shape.

One house that fate, which all deserue, sustaines:
 For, through the World the fierce *Erinnys* raignes.
 You'd thinke they had conspir'd to sinne. But, all
 Shall swiftly by deserued vengeance fall.

Ioue's words a part approue, and his intent
 Exasperate: the rest giue their consent.
 Yet all for Mans destruction grien'd appeare;
 And aske what form the widowed Earth shall beare?
 Who shall with odours their cold Altars feast:
 Must Earth be onely by wild beasts possesst?
 The King of Gods re-comforts their despaire;
 And biddeth them impose on him that care:
 Who promis'd, by a strange originall
 Of better people, to supply their fall.
 And now about to let his lightning flie,
 He fear'd lest so much flame should catch the skie,
 And burne heauens Axeltree. Besides, by doome,
 Of certayne Fate, he knew the time should come,
 When, Sea, Earth, rauisht Heauen, the curious Frames
 Of this World's masse, should shrinke in purging flame.
 He therefore those *Cyclopean* darts reiects;
 And different-natur'd punishments elects:
 To open all the Flood-gates of the skie,
 And Man by inundation to destroy.

Rough *Boreas* in *Aolian* prison laid,
 And those drie blasts which gathered Clouds inuade;
 Out flies the South, with dropping wings; who shrouds
 His terrible aspect in pitchy clouds.
 His white hair streams, his swolne Beard big with showres;
 Mists bind his brows, Rain from his bosom poures.
 As with his hands the hanging clouds he crusht;
 They roar'd, and downe in showres together rusht.
 All-colour'd *Iris*, *Iuno's* messenger,
 To weeping Clouds doth nourishment confer.
 The Corne is lodg'd, the Husband-men despaire;
 Their long yeares labour lost, with all their care.
Ioue, not content with his æthereall rages,

His

His brother's auxiliarie floods ingages:
 The Streames conuented; 'Tis too late to vse
 Much speech, said *Neptune*; all your powres effuse;
 Your dores vnbarre, remoue what-ere restraines
 Your liberall Waues, and giue them the full raynes.
 Thus charged, they returne; their Springs vnfold;
 And to the Sea with head-long furie rol'd.
 He with his Trident strikes the Earth: Shee shakes;
 And way for Water by her motion makes.
 Through open fields now rush the spreading Floods;
 And hurry with them Cattell, People, Woods,
 Houses, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.
 What such a force, vn-ouerthrowne, oppos'd,
 The higher-swelling Water quite deuoures;
 Which hides the aspiring tops of swallowed towres.
 Now Land and Sea no different visage bore:
 For, all was Sea, nor had the Sea a shore.
 He, takes a Hill: He, in a Boat deplores;
 And, where He lately plow'd, now strikes his Oares.
 O're Corne, o're drowned Villages He failes:
 He, from high Elmes intangled Fishes hailes.
 In Fields they anchor cast, as Chance did guide:
 And Ships the vnder-lying Vineyards hide.
 Where Mountayne-louing Goats did lately graze,
 The Sea-calfe now his vgly body layes.
 Groues, Cities, Temples, couer'd by the Deep,
 The Nymphs admire; in woods the Delphins keepe,
 And chace about the boughs: the Wolfe doth swim
 Amongst the Sheepe: the Lyon (now not grim)
 And Tygres tread the Waues. Swift feet no more
 Auaille the Hart; nor wounding tusks the Bore.
 The wandring Birds, hid Earth long sought in vaine,
 With weary wings descend into the Mayne.
 Licentious Seas o're drowned Hills now fret:
 And vnknowne surges Ayerie Mountaynes beat.
 The Waues the greater part deuour: the rest,
 Death, with long-wanted sustenance, opprest.
 The Land of *Phocis*, fruitfull when a Land,
 Diuides *Aonia* from th' *Aetean* strand;
 But now a part of the insulting Mayne,
 Of sudden-swelling waters a vast Playne,
 There, his two heads *Parnassus* doth extend.

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

O Sister! O my Wife! the poore Remaines
 Of all thy Sex; which all, in one, contains!
 Whom humane Nature, one paternall Line,
 Then one chaste Bed, and now like dangers ioyne!
 Of what the Suwne beholds from East to West,

We two are all: the Sea intombs the rest.
 Nor yet can we of life be confident;
 The threatning clouds strange terrors still present.
 O what a heart wouldst thou haue had, if Fate
 Had ta'ne me from thee, and prolong'd thy date!
 So wilde a feare, such sorrowes, so forlorne
 And comfortlesse, how couldest thou haue borne!
 If Seas had suckt thee in, I would haue follow'd
 My Wife in death, and Sea should me haue swallow'd.
 O would I could my Father's cunning vse!
 And soules into well-modul'd Clay infuse!
 Now, all our mortall Race we two contayne;
 And but a pattern of Man-kind remayne.

This said, both wept: both, pray'rs to heauen address'd;
 And seeke the Oracle in their distresse.
 Forth-with descending to *Cephisus* Flood,
 Which in known banks now ran, though thick with mud;
 They on their heads and garments water throwe;
 And to the Temple of the Goddesse goe;
 At that time all defil'd with mosse and mire;
 The vnfrequented Altar without fire.
 Then, humbly on their faces prostrate lay'd,
 And kissing the cold stones, with feare thus pray'd.
 If Powres diuine to iust desires consent,
 And angrie Gods doe in the end relent;
 Say, *Themis*, how shall we our Race repaire?
 O, helpe the drown'd in Water and Despaire!
 The Goddesse, with compassion mou'd, reply'd;
 Goe from my Temple: both your faces hide;
 Let Garments all vnbraced loosely flow;
 And your Great-Parents bones behind you throw.
 Amaz'd! first *Pyrrha* silence breakes, and said;
 By me the Goddesse must not be obay'd;
 And, trembling, pardon craues: Her Mothers ghost
 Shee feares would suffer, if her bones were tost.
 Meane-while they ponder and reiterate
 The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.
 Then, *Promethides*, *Epimethida*
 Thus recollecteth; lost in her dismay:
 Or we the Oracle misse-vnderstand
 (The righteous Gods no wicked thing command)
 Or Earth is our Great-Mother: and the stones,

There-

Therein contain'd, I take to be her bones.
 These, sure, are those we should behind vs throw.
 Although *Titania* thought it might be so,
 Yet shee misse-doubts. Both with weake faith rely
 On ayding Heauen. What hurt was it to try?
 Departing with heads vail'd, and clothes vnbrac't,
 Commanded stones they o're their shoulders cast.
 Did not Antiquitie auouch the same,
 Who would beleeu't! the stones lesse hard became.
 And as their naturall hardnesse them forsooke;
 So by degrees they Man's dimensions tooke;
 And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increast:
 And, yet not manifestly Man exprest;
 But, like rough-hewne'rude marble Statues stand,
 That want the Workmans last life-giuing hand.
 The Earthy parts, and what had any iuyce,
 Were both conuerted to the body's vse.
 The vnflexible and solid, turne to bones:
 The veins remain, that were when they were stones.
 Those, throwne by Man, the forme of men indue:
 And those were Women, which the Woman threw.
 Hence we, a hardy Race, inur'd to payne:
 Our Actions our Originall explyne.

All other Creatures tooke their numerous birth
 And figures, from the voluntary Earth.
 When that old humour with the Sunne did sweat,
 And slimy Marishes grew big with heat;
 The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mothers wombe,
 From quickning Earth both growth and form assume.
 So, when seuen chanel'd *Nile* forsakes the Playne,
 When ancient bounds retyring streames containe,
 And late-left slime æthereall feruours burne,
 Men various creatures with the gleabe vp-turne:
 Of those, some in their very time of birth;
 Some lame; and others halfe aliue, halfe earth.
 For, Heat and Moysture, when they temperate grow,
 Forth-with conceiue; and life on things bestow.
 From striuing Fire and Water all proccede;
 Discording Concord euer apt to breede.
 So, Earth by that late Deluge muddy growne,
 When on her lap reflecting *Titan* shone,
 Produc't a World of formes; restor'd the late;

And other vnknowne Monsters did create.
 Huge *Python*, thee, against her will, shee bred;
 A Serpent, whom the new-borne People dread;
 Whose bulk did like a mouing Mountayne showe.
 Behold! the God that beares the siluer Bowe
 (Till then, inur'd to strike the flying Deere,
 Or swifter Roe, who euery shadow feare)
 That terror with a thousand arrowes slew;
 And through black wounds the clotted poison drew.
 Then, least the well-deserued memorie
 Of such a Praise, in future times should die;
 He instituteth celebrated Games
 Of free contention; which he *Pythia* names.
 Who Ran, who Wrastled best; or Rak't the ground
 With swiftest Wheelles, the Oken Garland crown'd.
 The Laurel was not yet: all sorts of Boughs
Phæbus then bound about his radiant Browes.
Peneian Daphne was his first belou'd:
 Not Chance, but *Cupid's* wrath, that fury mou'd.
 Whom *Delius* (proud of his late Conquest) saw,
 As he his pliant Bowe began to draw;
 And said: Lasciuious Boy, how ill agree
 Thou and these Armes! too Manly far for thee.
 Such suit our shoulders; whose strong arme confounds
 Both Man and Beast, with neuer-missing wounds;
 That *Python*, bristled with thick Arrows, queld,
 Who o're so many poysoned Akers sweld.
 Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame
 Desires we know not; nor our prayses claime.
 Then, *Venus* sonne; Selfe-praysed euer bee:
 All may thy Bowe transfixe, as mine shall thee.
 As much as *Ioue* excelleth humane powr's;
 So much thy glorie is exceld by ours.
 With that, he breaks the Ayre with nimble wings,
 And to *Parnassus* shadie summit Springs;
 Two different arrowes from his Quiuer drawes:
 One, hate of Loue; the other Loue doth cause.
 What caus'd, was sharpe, and had a golden Head:
 But what repulst, was blunt, and tipt with Lead.
 The God this in *Peneia* fixt: that strucke
Apollo's bones and in his Marrow stucke.
 Forth-with he loues: a Louer's name shee flies:

And

And emulating vn-wed *Phæbe*, ioyes
 In spoyles of saluage Beasts, and syluan Lares;
 A fillet binding her neglected haire.
 Her, many sought: but she, auerse to all,
 Vnknowne to Man, nor brooking such a thrall,
 Frequents the pathlesse Woods; and hates to proue,
 Nor cares to heare, what *Hymenis*, or Loue.
 Oft said her Father; Daughter, thou do'st owe
 A Son-in-law, who Nephews may bestowe.
 But she, who Marriage as a Crime eschew'd
 (Her Face with blushing shamefac'tnes imbew'd)
 Hung on his necke with fawning armes, and said,
 Deare Father, giue me leaue to liue a Maid:
 This boone *Diana's* did to her afford.
 He, too indulgent, gaue thee his accord:
 But thee, thy excellencie countermands;
 And thy owne beaurie thy desire with-stands.
Apollo loues, and faine would *Daphne* wed:
 What he desires, he hopes; and is misse-led
 By his owne Oracles. As stubbles burne,
 As hedges into sudden blazes turne,
 Fire set too neere, or left by chance behinde
 By passengers, and scattered with the winde:
 So springs he into flames: a fire doth moue
 Through all his veins: hope feeds his barren loue.
 He on her shoulders sees her haire vntrest:
 O what, said he, if these were neatly drest!
 He sees her Eyes, two Starres! her Lips which kisse
 Their happy Selues, and longs to taste their blisse:
 Admires her fingers, hands, her armes halfe-bare;
 And Parts vnseene conceiues to be more rare.
 Swifter then following Winds, away shee runs;
 And him, for all this his intreatie, shuns.
 Stay Nymph, I pray thee stay; I am no Foe:
 So Lambs from Wolues, Harts fly from Lyons so;
 So from the Eagle springs the trembling Doue:
 They, from their deaths: but my pursute is Loue.
 Wo's me, if thou shouldst fall, or thorns should race
 Thy tender legs, whilst I inforce the chace!
 These roughs are craggy: moderate thy haste,
 And, trust me, I will not pursue so fast.
 Yet know, who 'tis you please: No Mountanere,

No

No home-bred Clowne; nor keepe I Cattell here.
 From whom thou fly'st thou know'st not (silly foole!)
 And therefore fly'st thou. I in *Delphos* rule.

Ionian Claros, Lycian Patara,

And Sea-girt *Tenedos* doe me obey.

Ioue is my Father. What shall be, hath beene,
 Or is; by my instructiue rayes is scene.

Immortall Verse from our inuention springs;
 And how to strike the well concording-strings.

My shafts hit sure: yet He one surer found,
 Who in my emptie bosome made this wound.

Of herbs I found the vertue; and through all
 The World they Me the great Physician call.

Ay me, that herbs can Loue no cure afford!

That Arts, releeuing all, should faile their Lord!

More had he said, when she, with nimble dread,
 From him, and his vnfinisht court-ship fled.

How gracefull then! the Wind that obuious blew,
 Too much betray'd her to his amorous view;

And play'd the Wanton with her fluent haire:

Her Beauty, by her flight, appear'd more rare.

No more the God will his intreaties loose;

But, vrg'd by Loue, with all his force pursues.

As when a Hare the speedy Gray-hound spies;

His feet for prey, shee hers for safetie plyes;

Now beares he vp; now, now he hopes to fetch her;

And, with his snout extended, straines to catch her:

Not knowing whether caught or no, shee slips

Out of his wide-stretcht jawes, and touching lips.

The God and Virgin in such strife appeare:

He, quickned by his hope; She, by her feare,

But, the Pursuer doth more nimble proue:

Enabled by th'industrious wings of loue.

Nor giues he time to breathe: now at her heeles,

His breath ypon her dangling haire shee feeles.

Cleane spent, and fainting, her affrighted blood

Forsakes her cheeks. Shee cryes vnto the Flood.

Helpe Father, if your streames contayne a Powre!

May Earth, for too well pleasing; me deuour:

Or, by transforming, O destroy this shape,

That thus betrayes me to vndoing rape.

Forth-with, a numnesse all her lims possesse;

And

And slender filmes her softer sides inuest.
 Haire into leaues, her Armes to branches grow :
 And late swift feet, now rootes, are lesse then slow.
 Her gracefull head a leauy top sustaynes :
 One beauty throughout all her forme remaynes.
 Still *Phæbus* loues. He handles the new Plant;
 And feeles her Heart within the bark to pant:
 Imbrac't the bole, as he would her haue done;
 And kist the boughs : the boughs his kisses shun.
 To whom the God : Although thou canst not bee
 The Wife I wisht, yet shalt thou be my Tree,
 Our Quiuer, Harp, our Tresses neuer shorne,
 My Laurell, thou shalt euer-more adorne;
 And Browes triumphant, when they *Io* sing,
 And to the Capitol their Tropheeis bring.
 Thou shalt defend from Thunders blasting stroke,
Augustus doores, on either side the Oke.
 And, as our vn-cut haire no change receaues;
 So euer flourish with vnfading leaues.
 Here *Peen* ends. The Laurell all allowes :
 In signe whereof her gratefull head shee bowes.

A pleasant Groue within *Amonia* grows,
 Call'd *Tempe*; which high ragged Cliffs inclose.
 Through this, *Peneus*, pour'd from *Pindus*, ranes,
 And from the bottom rowles, with foming waues;
 That by steep down-fals tumbling from on hie,
 Ingender mists, which smoke-like, vpward flie,
 That on the deawy tops of Trees distill,
 And more then neighboring woods with noyses fill.
 Here, in a Caue, his Court and residence
 The great Flood keeps : here iustice doth dispence
 To streams, and gentle Nymphs that streams frequent.
 The Floods, that natiue were, with one consent
 First thither came; as yet, at selfe-debate,
 Whether to comfort, or congratulate.
 Coole *Sperchius*, slowe *Amphrysus*, *Apidan*.
 Swift *Aes*, *Enipe*, that troubled ran.
 Then, forth-with those, who (as their sources bend)
 To Seas, their Waues (with wandring, weary) send.
 All but old *Inachus* : who in his Caue's
 Obscure recessse, with teares augments his waues
 For *Io*, mournes as lost; nor yet knowes hee

Whe-

Whether aboue or vnder earth shee bee :
 But, her, whom he not any-where could find,
 He thinks is no where: feare distracts his mind.
 As from her Fathers streames the Nymph return'd,
Saturnius, seeing her, in passion burn'd.
 O Virgin, worthy *Ioue*! whose bed must blesse
 What God I know not; though a Man, no lesse:
 Here in these Woods, said he, or these repose,
 Whil'st thus the world with fainting feruor glowes.
 Nor feare among the Saluages to venter:
 A God protecting, thou maist safely enter.
 Nor one of vulgar ranke; but, He that beares
 Heauens Scepter, and the clouds wih thunder teares,
 O, flie not! for shee fled. The Pastures past
 Of *Lerna*, and *Lyrcau's* gloomy waste,
 He in the Aire a sable cloud displai'd,
 Caught, and devirginat's the strugling Maid.
 Meane-while, with wonder *Iuno* doth suruay
 Those duskie Clouds, that made a Night of Day.
 And, finding that they neither tooke their birth
 From vap'rous streames, nor from the humid Earth,
 For her mist Husband searcheth Heauen: as one,
 To whom his stealths so often had beene knowne.
 Whom when shee could not finde; Deceiu'd am I,
 Or wrong'd, she said. Downe from the enamel'd skie
 Shee slides to Earth. The foggy Clouds with-draw
 At her command. Her comming *Ioue* fore-saw,
 And chang'd *Inachides* into a Cow;
 Whose forme euen *Iuno* prais'd; demanding how
 Shee thither came? Whose was she? of what herd?
 As ignorant of what she more then fear'd.
Ioue faynes (her importunitie to shift)
 Her borne of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the gift.
 What should he doe? be cruell to his Loue;
 Or by denying her, suspicion moue?
 Shame that perswades; and Loue doth this disswade:
 But, stronger Loue Shame vnder foot had layd;
 Yet doubts, if he should such a thing deny
 His Wife and Sister, 't would the fraud descry.
 Obtayn'd; not forth-with feare the Goddesse left;
 Distrusting *Ioue*, and ieaious of his theft,
 Vntill deliuered to *Argus* guard.

A hundred eyes his head's large circuit starr'd;
 Whereof, by turnes, at once two onely slept;
 The other watcht, and still their Stations kept.
 Which way so-ere he stands, he *Id.* spyes:
Id., behind him; was before his eyes.
 By day, shee graz'd abroad: *Sol* vnder ground,
 He hous'd her, in vnworthy halter bound.
 On leaues of Trees, and bitter herbs shee fed.
 Poore soule! the Earth not alwayes greene, her bed;
 And of the Torrent drinks. With hands vp-heau'd
 Shee thought to beg for pity: how deceiu'd!
 Who low'd, when shee began to make her mone;
 And trembled at the voyce which was her owne.
 Vnto the banks of *Inachus* shee stray'd;
 Her Fathers banks, where shee so oft had play'd:
 Beholding in his streame her horned head,
 Shee starts; and from her selfe, selfe-frighted, fled.
 Her Sisters, nor old *Inachus*, her knew:
 Which way so-ere they went, shee would pursue,
 And suffer them to stroke her; and doth moue
 Their wonder with her strange expressed loue.
 He brought her Grasse: She gently lickt his hands,
 And kist his palmes; nor, longer, teares withstands.
 And had shee then had words, shee had display'd
 Her Name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his ayde.
 For words, shee letters with her foot imprest
 Vpon the Sand, which her sad change profest.
 Wo's me! cry'd *Inachus*: his armes he throwes
 About her snowy Necke. O, woe of woes!
 Art thou my daughter, throughout all the Round
 Of Earth so sought; that now, vnought, art found!
 Lesse was thy losse: lesse was my miserie.
 Dumbe wretch (alas!) thou canst not make reply:
 Yet, as thou canst thou dost: thy lowings speake,
 And deep-fetcht sighs that from thy bosom breake.
 I, ignorant, prepar'd thy marriage bed:
 My hopes, a Sonne-in-law, and Nephewes fed.
 Now, from the Heard, thy issue must descend:
 Nor can the length of time my sorrowes end;
 Accurst in that a God. Death's sweet reliefe
 Hard fates denie to my immortall griefe.

This said: his Daughter (in that shape belou'd)

C

The

The Star-ey'd *Argus* farre from thence remou'd;
When, mounted on a hill, the warie Spie
Suruayes the Playnes that round about him lie.

The King of Gods those sorrowes shee indur'd,
Could brooke no longer, by his fault procur'd:
But, calls his sonne, of fulgent *Pleias* bred;
Commanding him to cut off *Argus* head.
He wings his heeles, puts on his Felt, and takes
His drowfie Rod; the Towre of *Ioue* forsakes;
And, winding, stoops to Earth. The changed God
His Hat and Wings layes by; retaynes his Rod:
With which he driues his Gotes (like one that feeds
The bearded Heard) and sings t'his slender Reeds.

Much taken with that Art, before vnknowne,
Come, sit by me, said *Argus*, on this stone.
No place affordeth better Pastorage,
Or shelter from the Sunnes offensiue rage,
Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obay;
And with discourse protracts the speedy Day:
Then, singing to his Pipe's soft melody,
Endeuours to subdue each wakefull eye.
The Herds-man striues to conquer vrgent sleepe:
Though seiz'd on halfe, the other halfe doe keepe
Obersuant watch. He asks who did inuent
(With that, he yawn'd) that late-found Instrument.

Then, thus the God his charmed eares inclines;
Amongst the *Hamadry'd's* and *Nonacrines*
(On cold *Arcadian* Hills) for beautie fam'd,
A *Naias* dwelt; the Nymphs, her *Syrinx* nam'd.
Who oft deceiu'd the Satyres that pursu'd,
The rurall Gods, and those whom Woods include:
In exercises, and in chaste desire,
Diana-like: and such in her attire.
You either in each other might behold:
Her Bowe was Horne; *Diana's* was of Gold:
Yet oft mistooke. *Pan*, crown'd with Pines; returning
From steep *Lycæus*, saw her; and, loue-burning,
Thus said: Faire Virgin, grant a Gods request;
And be his Wife. Shee would not heare the rest;
But fled from the despis'd, as from her shame,
Till to smooth *Ladon's* sandy banks shee came.
There stopt; implores the liquid Sisters aid,

To

To change her shape, and pittie a forc't Maid.
Pan, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* claspt
 Betweene his arms, Reeds for her body graspt.
 He sighs : they, stir'd there-with, report againe
 A mournfull sound, like one that did complaine.
 Rapt with the musick; Yet, O sweet (said he)
 Together euer thus conuerse will we.

Then, of vnequall wax-ioyn'd Reeds he fram'd
 This seuen-fold Pipe : of her 'twas *Syrinx* nam'd.

The fly *Cyllenius*, thus discoursing, spyes
 How leaden sleep had seal'd-vp all his eyes.

Then, silent, with his Magick rod he strokes
 Their languisht lights, which sounder sleep prouokes,

And with his Fawchion lops his nodding head :
 Whose blood besmear'd the hoarie Rock with red.

There lyes he; of so many lights, the light
 Put forth : his hundred eyes set in one night.

Yet, that those starry iewels might remayne,
Saturnia fixt them in her Peacocks trayne.

Inflam'd with anger, and impatient haste,
 Before sad *Ios* eyes and thoughts shee plac't

Erinnys Snakes; and through the World doth driue
 The conscience-stung affrighted Fugitiue.

Thou, *Nile*, to her long toyle an end didst yeeld:
 Approaching thee, shee on thy margent kneel'd;

Her looks (such as shee had) to heauen vp-throwes :
 With tears, sighs, sounds (expressing worldlesse woes)

Shee seemed *Ioue* t'accuse, as too ingrate,
 And to implore an end of her hard fate.

He clips his Wife; and her intreats to free
 Th'vniustly plagu'd. Be confident (said hee)

Shee neuer more shall cause thy grieffe, or feare :
 His vow he bids the *Stygian* Waters heare.

Appeas'd; the Nymph recouer'd her first looke;
 So faire, so sweet ! the haire her skin forsooke :

Her horns decrease : large eyes, wide jawes, contract :
 Shoulders and hands againe become exact :

Her hooues to nailes diminish : nothing now,
 But that pure White, retaynes shee of the Cow.

Then, on her feete her body shee erects
 Now borne by two. Her selfe shee yet suspects;

Nor dares to speake aloud, lest shee should heare

Her selfe to low; but softly tries with feare.
 Now, shee, a Goddesse, is ador'd by those
 That linnen weare, where sacred *Nilus* flowes.
 Hence sprung *Ioue's Epaphus*, no lesse diuine;
 Whose Temples next vnto his Mother's ioyne.
 Equall in yeares, nor equall spirit wants:
 The Sunne-got *Phaëton*: who proudly vants
 Of his high Parentage; nor will giue place.
Inachides puts on him this disgrace:
 Foole, thou thy Mother trusts in things vnknowne;
 And of a Father boasts that's not thy owne.
 Vext *Phaëton* blusht: his shame his rage repels:
 Who straight to *Clymene* the slander tels:
 And Mother, said he, to your griefes increase;
 I free, and late so fiery, held my peace;
 Asham'd that such a tainture should be lay'd
 Vpon my blood, that could not be gayn-said.
 But, if I be descended from aboue;
 Giue prooffe thereof, and this reproach remoue.
 Then hangs about her neck: by her owne Head,
 By *Merope's*, her Sisters nuptiall bed,
 Intreats her to produce some certayne gage,
 That might assure his question'd parentage.
 Mou'd with her sonnes intreaty, more inflam'd
 With indignation to be so defam'd,
 Shee casts her armes to heauen: and looking on
 His radiant Orbe, thus said: I sweare, my son,
 By yon' faire Taper, that so bright appears
 With far-projected beames; who sees, and heares:
 That Sun whom thou behold'st, who light and heat
 Affords the informed World, did thee beget.
 If not, may he to me denie his sight:
 And to my eyes let this be his last light.
 Nor far-remoued doth his Palace stand;
 His first-vprise confines vpon our Land:
 If that thy heart do serue thee, thither goe;
 And there thy Father, of thy Father, knowe.
 Hereat, ioy'd *Phaëton* enlightned grew;
 Whose towring thoughts no lessethen Heauen pursue.
 His *Aethiopia* past, and *Ind* which fries
 With burning beames, he climes the Sun's vprise.

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.

The second Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

R *As* Phaëton fires the World, His sisters mourne
His Tragedie; who into Poplars turne;
Their teares to Amber; Cygnus, to a Swan.
Ioue, Phœbe-like, Calisto found a Man:
Her, Iuno made a Beare: Shee, and her son,
Aduanced starres, that still the Ocean shun.
Coronis, now a Crowe, flies Neptune's fright.
Niçtiminè is made the Bird of Night.
The too-officious Rauens, late so faire,
Is plam'd with black. Ocyroë growes a Mare.
Phœbus, a Heardsman: Mercury, twice such;
Whoturns betraying Battus into Tach.
Enuious Aglauros, to a Statue, fall
Of her minde's spots. Lowe Ioue conuerts t'a Bull.

S *ol's* loftie Palace on high Pillars rais'd,
Shone all with gold, and stones that flame-like blaz'd.
The rooffe of Iuory, diuinely deckt:
The two-leau'd siluer-doores bright rayes proiect.
The workmanship more admiration crau'd:
For, curious *Malciber* had there ingrau'd
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orb'd Ground,
The arch'd Heauens. Blew Gods the billowes crown'd;
Shape-changing *Proteus*, *Triton* shrill; the tall
Big-brawn'd *Aegaon* mounted on a Whale.
Gray *Doris*, and her daughters, heavenly-faire:
Some sit on Rocks, and drie their Sea-greene haire;
Some seeme vpon the dancing Waues to glide;
Others on backs of crooked Fishes ride:
Amongst them all, no two appeare the same;
Nor differ more then sisters well became.
The Earth had saluage Beasts, Men, Cities, Woods,
Nymphs, Satyres, rurall Gods, and crystall Floods:
Aboue all these, Heauen's radiant Image shines,
On both sides deckt with six refulgent Signes.

To

To this, bold *Phaëton* made his ascent;
 And to his doubted Father's presence bent;
 Yet forc't to stand aloofe: for, mortall sight
 Could not indure t'approach so pure a light.
Sol cloth'd in purple, sits vpon a Throne,
 Which cleerly with tralucent Emralds shone.
 Withequall-raigning Houres, on either hand,
 The Dayes, the Months, the Years, the Ages stand:
 The fragrant Spring with flowrie chaplet crown'd:
 Wheat-ears, the browes of naked Summer bound:
 Rich Autumn smear'd with crusht *Lyaus* blood;
 Next, hoary-headed Winter quiuering stood.

Much daunted at these sacred nouelties,
 The fearfull Youth all-seeing *Phæbus* spies;
 Who said, What hether drew thee *Phaëton*,
 Who art, and worthily my dearest Son?
 He thus reply'd: O thou refulgent Light,
 Who all the World reioycest with thy sight!
 O Father! if allow'd to vse that name,
 Nor *Clymene* by thee disguise her shame;
 Produce some signe, that may my birth approue,
 And from my thoughts these wretched doubts remoue.
 He, from his browes, his shining rayes displac't;
 And, bidding him draw-neere, his neck imbrac't.
 By merit, as by birth, to thee is due
 That name; said he; and *Clymene* was true.
 To cleere all doubts; aske what thou wilt, and take
 Thy granted wish. Beare witness thou dark Lake,
 The oath of Gods, vnto our eyes vnkowne.
 These words no sooner from his lips were stowne,
 But he demands his Chariot, and the sway
 Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.
 The God repents him of the oath he made;
 And, shaking his illustrious Tresses, said:
 Thy tongue hath made mine erre, thy birth vnblest.
 O, would I could break promise! this request,
 I must confesse, I onely would denie:
 And yet, dissuade I may. Thy death doth lie
 Within thy wish. What's so desir'd by thee,
 Can neither with thy strength nor youth agree.
 Too great intentions set thy thoughts on fire.
 Thou, mortall, do'st no mortall thing desire;

Through

Through ignorance, affecting more then they
 Dare vndertake, who in *Olympus* sway.
 Though each himselfe approue; except me, none
 Is able to supply my burning Throne.
 Not that dread Thunderer, who rules aboue,
 Can driue these wheeles: and who more great then *Ioue*?
 Steep is the first ascent; which in the prime
 Of springing Day, fresh Horses hardly clime.
 At Noone, through highest skies their course they beare:
 Whence Sea and Land euen We behold with feare.
 Then downe the Hill of Heauen they scoure amaine
 With desperate speed, and need a steady reigne;
 That *Thetis*, in whose wauy bowres I lie,
 Each euening dreads my down-fall from the skie.
 Besides; the Heauens are daily hurried round,
 That turn the Starres, to other motions bound.
 Against this violence, my way I force,
 And counter-run their all-o're-bearing course.
 My Charriot had: can thy fraile strength ascend
 The obuious Poles, and with their force contend?
 No Groues, no Cities, fraught with Gods, expect;
 No marble Fanes, with wealthy offerings deckt.
 Through saluage shapes, and dangers lyes thy way:
 Which could'st thou keep, and by no error stray,
 Betweene the Bulls sharp horns yet must thou goe;
 By him that draws the strong *Amonian* bowe;
 The deathfull Scorpion's far-out-bending clawes;
 The shorter Crab's; the roaring Lyon's jawes.
 Nor easie is't those fiery Steads to tame:
 Who from their mouthes and nostrils vomit flame.
 They, heated, hardly of my rule admit;
 But, head-strong, struggle with the hated bit.
 Then, lest my bountie, which would saue, should kill;
 Beware: and whil'st thou maist, reforme thy will.
 A signe thou crau'st, that might confirme thee mine:
 I, by dehorting, giue a certayne signe;
 Approu'd a Father, by Paternall feare:
 Look on my looks, and reade my sorrows there.
 O, would thou could'st descend into my brest;
 And apprehend my vexed Soules vnrest!
 And lastly, all the wealthy World behold,
 Of all that Heauen enrich, rich Seas infold,

Or on the pregnant-bosom'd Earth remayne,
 Aske what thou wilt; and no repulse sustayne.
 To this alone, I giue a forc't consent:
 No honour, but a true-nam'd punishment.
 Thou, for a blessing, beg'st the worst of harms.
 Why hang'st thou on my neck with fawning arms?
 Distrust not; We haue sworn: but aske, and take
 What thou canst wish: yet, wiser wishes make.
 In vaine dehorted; he, his promise claym'd;
 With glorie of so great a charge inflam'd.
 The wilfull Youth then lingring *Phæbus* brought
 To his bright Chariot, by *Vulcan* wrought.
 The Beam and Axeltree of massie gold;
 On siluer Spokes the golden Fellies rol'd:
 Rich Gems and Crysolites the Harnesse deckt;
 Which, *Phæbus* beames, with equall light, reflect.
 Whil'st this, admiring *Phaëton* suruayes,
 The wakefull Morning from the East displayes
 Her purple doores, and odoriferous bed,
 With plentie of deaw-dropping Roses spred.
 Cleare *Lucifer* the flying Starres doth chace;
 And, after all the rest, resignes his place.
 When *Titan* saw the Dawning ruddy grew,
 And how the Moon her siluer horns with-drew:
 He bade the light-foot Houres, without delay
 To ioyn his Steeds. The Goddesses obay:
 Who, from their loftie Mangers, forth-with led
 His fierie Horses, with *Ambrosia* fed.
 With sacred Oyle anoynted by his Syre,
 Of vertue to repulse the rage of fire,
 He crowns him with his Rayes; Then, thus began
 With doubled sighs, which following woes fore-ran.
 Let not thy Father still aduise in vaine.
 Sonne, spare the whip, and strongly vse the raigne.
 They, of their owne accord, will run too fast.
 'Tis hard, to moderate a flying haste.
 Nor driue along the siue directer Lines.
 A broad and beaten path obliquely windes,
 Contented with three Zones: which doth auoid
 The distant Poles: the track thy wheelles will guide.
 Descend thou not too lowe, nor mount too high;
 That temperate warmth may heauen and earth supply.

A loftie course will heauen with fire infest;
 A lowely, earth: the safer Meane is best.
 Nor to the folded Snake thy Chariot guide:
 Nor to the Altar on the other side:
 Between these driue. The rest I leaue to Fate;
 Who better proue, then thou, to thy owne state.
 But, while I speak, behold, the humid Night
 Beyond th' *Hesperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flight.

Aurora's splendor re-inthronc's the Day:
 We are expected, nor can longer stay.
 Take vp the reignes, or, while thou maist, refuse;
 And not my Chariot, but my counsell vse;
 While on a firme foundation thou dost stand,
 Not yet posselt of thy ill-wisht Command.
 Let me the World with vsuall influence cheare:
 And view that light which is vn safe to beare.

The generous and gallant *Phaëton*,
 All courage, vault's into the blazing Throne:
 Glad of the reignes, nor doubtfull of his skill;
 And giues his Father thanks against his will.

Meane while, the Sunnes swift Horses, hot *Pyröus*,
 Strong *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eöus*,
 Neighing aloud, inflame the Ayre with heat;
 And, with their thundring hooues, the barriers beat.
 Which when hospitious *Thetis* once with-drew,
 (Who nothing of her Nephew's danger knew)
 And gaue them scope; they mount the ample skie,
 And cut the obuious Clouds with feet that flie.
 Who, rays'd with plumed pinions, leaue behinde
 The glowing East, and slower Easterne-winde.
 But, *Phæbus* Horses could not feele that freight:
 The Chariot wanted the accustom'd waight.
 And as vnballac't ships are rockt and tost
 With tumbling Waues, and in their steerage lost:
 So, through the Ayre the lighter Chariot reeles;
 And joults, as emptie, vpon iumping Wheelles.
 Which when they found, the beaten path they shun;
 And, straggling, out of all subiection run.
 He knowes not how to turn, nor knowes the way;
 Or had he knowne, yet would not they obey.
 The cold, now hot, *Triones* sought in vaine
 To quench their heat in the forbidden Maine.

The Serpent, next vnto the frozen Pole,
 Benum'd, and hurtlesse, now began to rowle
 With actuall heat; and long forgotten ire
 Resumes, together with æthereall fire.
 'Tis said, that thou *Boëtes* ranst away,
 Though slow, though thee thy heavy Waine did stay.
 But, when from top of all the arched skye,
 Vnhappy *Phaëton* the Earth did eye:
 Pale sudden feare vn-nerves his quaking thighs;
 And, in so great a light, be-nights his eyes.
 He wisht those Steeds vnknown; vnknown his birth;
 His sute vngranted: now he couets earth;
 To be the sonne of scorned *Merope*.
 Rapt as a ship vpon the high-wrought Sea,
 By saluage tempests chac't; which in despaire
 The Pilot leaueth to the Gods, and Pray'r.
 What should he doe? much of the heauen behinde;
 Much more before: both measur'd in his minde.
 The neuer-to-be entred West suruay's;
 And then the East. Lost in his owne amaze,
 And ignorance, he can nor hold the reignes,
 Nor let them goe; nor knowes his Horses names:
 But stares on terror-striking skies (possess'd
 By Beasts and Monsters) with a panting brest.
 There is a place, in which the Scorpion bends
 His compast clawes; who through two Signes extends.
 Whom when the Youth beheld, stew'd in black sweat
 Of poyson, and with turn'd-up taile to threat
 A mortall wound; pale feare his senses strooke,
 And slackned reignes let's fall from hands that shooke.
 They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,
 With vn-controlled error scoure the skie
 Through vnknowne ayrie Regions; and tread
 The way which their disordred fury led.
 Vp to the fixed Starres their course they take;
 And stranger Spheres with smoking Chariot rake:
 Now clime: now, by steep *Præcipies* descend:
 And neerer Earth their wandring race extend.
 To see her brother's Steeds beneath her owne
 The Moon admires! the Clouds like Comets shone.
 Inuading fire the vpper Earth assayl'd;
 All chapt and con'd; her pregnant iuyce exhal'd.

Trees

Trees feed their ruin : Grasse, gray-headed turns :
 And Corne, by that which did produce it, burns.
 But this was nothing. Cities with their Towres,
 Realmes with their People, funerall fire deuoures.
 The Mountayns blaze: High *Athos*, but too high;
 Fount-fruitfull *Ida*, neuer till then drie;
Oete, old *Tmolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*
 Muse-haunted *Helicon*, *Oeagrian Amus*.
 Loud *Aetna* roreth with her doubled fires :
Parnassus grones beneath two flaming spires.
 Steep *Oithrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glowe;
 And *Rhodope*, no longer cloath'd with snowe.
 The *Phrygian Dindyma*, in cinders mourns :
 Cold *Caucasus* in frosty *Scythia* burns.
 High *Mycale*, diuine *Citheron*, wast;
Pindus, and *Ossa* once on *Pelion* cast,
 More great *Olympus* (which before did shine)
 The ayrie *Alpes*, and cloudie *Appenine*.
 Then *Phaëton* beheld on euery side
 The World on fire, nor could such heat abide;
 And, at his deadly-drie and gasping iawes,
 The scalding Ayre, as from a furnace, drawes;
 His Chariot, redder then the fire it bore;
 And, being mortall could indure no more
 Such clouds of ashes, and eiected coles.
 Muffled in smoake which round about him rowles,
 He knowes not where he is, nor what succeeds;
 Dragg'd at the pleasure of his frantick Steeds.
 Men say, the *Aethiopians* then grew swart;
 Their blood exhaled to the outward part.
 A sandie Desert *Lybia* then became,
 Her full veins emptied by the thirsty flame.
 With hair vnbound and torn, the Nymphs, distraught,
 Bewaile their Springs. *Bœotia Dirce* sought;
Argos, *Amymone* : *Ephyre*, faire
Pirene mist : Nor streames securer are.
 Great *Tanais* in boyling chanell fumes ;
Teuthranian Caycus with heat consumes;
Ismenus, old *Peneus*, *Erymanthus*,
 Yellow *Lycormas*; to be twice-burnt, *Zanthus*.
Meander, running in a turning maze,
Mygdonian Melas, and *Eurotas* blaze;
Euphrates

Euphrates, late inuesting *Babylon*;
Orontes, *Phasis*, *Ister*, *Thermodon*,
Ganges, *Alphæus*, *Sperchius* lately cold,
 And *Tagus* flowing with dissolued gold.
 The Swans, that rauisht with their melodie
Mæonian banks, now in *Cayster* frie.
 To farthest Earth affrighted *Nilus* fled;
 And there conceal'd his yet vnfound-out head,
 Whil'st his seuen dustie chanel streamlesse lie.
Ismarian Hebrus, *Strymon* now are drie.
Hesperian streames, *Rhene*, *Rhodanus*, the *Po*,
 And Scepter-destinated *Tyber* glowe.
 Earth cracks: to Hell the hated light descends;
 And frighted *Pluto*, with his Queene, offends.
 The Ocean shrinks, and leaues a field of Sand;
 Where new discovered Rocks, and Mountayns stand,
 That multiply the scattred *Cyclades*,
 Late couer'd with the deep and awfull Seas,
 The Fishes to the bottom diue: nor dare
 The sportlesse Dolphins tempt the sultrie Ayre.
 Long boyl'd aliue, the monstrous *Phœce* die,
 And on the brine with turn'd-*vp bellies* lie.
 With *Doris* and her daughters, *Nereus* raues;
 Who hide themselues beneath the scalding waues.
 Thrice wrathfull *Neptune* his bold arme *vp-held*
 About the Floods: whom thrice the fire repel'd.
 Yet foodfull *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,
 Amidst the Seas, and Fountaynes now vnfound
 (Self-hid within the womb where they were bred)
 Neck-high aduanceth her all-bearing head
 (Her parched fore-head shaddowed with her hand)
 And, shaking, shooke what-euer on her stand:
 Where-with, a little shrunke into her brest,
 Her sacred tongue her sorrowes thus exprest:
 If such thy will, and I deserue the same,
 Thou chiefe of Gods, why sleeps thy vengefull flame?
 Be't by Thy fire, if I in fire must frie:
 The Author lessens the calamitie.
 But, whilst I striue to vtter this, I choke.
 View my sing'd hair, mine eyes half-out with smoke!
 The sparkling cinders on my visage throwne!
 Is this my recompence? the fauour showne

For

For all my seruice? for the fruit I haue borne?
 That thus I am with plough and harrowes torne?
 Wrought-out through-out the yeare? that man and beast
 Sustaine with food? and you with incense feast?
 But, say I merit ruine, and thy hate:
 What hath thy brother done (by equall Fate
 Elected to the wayy Monarchie),
 That Seas should sinke, and from thy presence flie?
 If neither he, nor I thy pittie moue,
 Pitty thy Heauen. Behold! the Poles about
 At either end do fume: and should they burne,
 Thy habitation would to ruine turne.
 Distressed *Atlas* shoulders shrinke with payne,
 And scarce the glowing Axeltree sustaine.
 If Sea, if Earth, if Heauen shall fall by fire,
 Then all of vs to *Chaos* must retire.
 O! quench these flames: the miserable state
 Of things releue, afore it be too-late,
 This said, her voyce her parched tongue forsook,
 Nor longer could the smothering vapors brook;
 But, down into her-selfe with-drew her head,
 Neere to the infernall Cauerns of the Dead.
Ioue calls the Gods to witnesse, and who lent
 The straying Chariot; should not he preuent,
 That All would perish by one destinie;
 Then mounts the highest Turret of the skie,
 From thence inur'd to cloud the spacefull Earth,
 And giue the flame fore-running thunder birth.
 But, there, for wasted clouds he sought in vaine,
 To shade or coole the scorched Earth with raine.
 He thunders; and, with hands that cannot erre,
 Hurls lightning at the audacious Charioter.
 Him strooke he from his seat, breath from his brest,
 Both at one blow, and flames with flames supprest.
 The frighted horses, plunging seuerall wayes,
 Breake all their tire: to whom the bit obayes:
 The reignes, torne beame, crackt spokes, disperst abroad,
 Scorcht Heauen was with the Chariots ruines strow'd.
 But, soule-lesse *Phaëton*, with blazing haire,
 Shot head-long through a long descent of Aire;
 As when a falling starre glides through the skie,
 Or seemes to fall to the deceiued eye.

Whom

Whom great *Eridanus* (farre from his place
Of birth) receiv'd, and quencht his flagrant face:
Whose Nymphs interr'd him in his Mothers womb;
And fixt this Epitaph vpon his Tomb:
Here *Phaëton* lyes: who though he could not guide
His Fathers Steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.

Phæbus with griefe with-drew. One day did runne
About the World, they say, with-out the Sunne,
Which flammie funerals illuminate;
That good, deriued from a wretched Fate.
When *Clymene* had said what could be said
In such a griefe; halfe-soul'd, in black array'd,
She flis the Earth she wanders through, with groines,
First seeking his dead corps, and then his bones.
Interr'd in forren Lands shee found the last:
Her feeble-lims vpon the place shee cast,
And bath'd his name in teares, and strictly prest
The carued Marble with her bared brest.
Nor lesse th'*Heliades* lament; who shead
From drowned eyes vaine offerings to the dead:
Who with remorselesse hands their bosoms teare;
And wayling, call on him that cannot heare.
With ioyned horns four Moons their orbs had fil'd,
Since they their customarie plaints vpheld:
When *Phaëthusa*, thinking to haue cast
Her selfe on Earth, cry'd, ah! my feet stick fast!
Lampetie, pressing to her sisters ayd,
As suddenly with fixed roots was stayd.
A third, about t'haue torne her scattered haire,
Tore-off the leaues which on her crowne shee bare.
This, griueth at her stiffe and senselesse thighes:
Shee, that her stretcht-out arms in branches rise.
And whil'st with wonder they themselues behold,
The creeping barke their tender parts infold;
Then, by degrees, their bellies, brests, and all
Except their mouthes; which on their mother call.
What should shee doe? but run to that, to this,
As furie draue; and snatch a parting kisse?
But yet, not so suffiz'd, shee strove to take
Them, from themselues, and down the branches brake:
From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.
O pittie, Mother! (still the wounded cry'd)

Nor

Nor teare vs in our Trees ! O ! now adieu !
 With that, the barke their lips together drew.
 From these cleere dropping trees, tears yearly flow:
 They, hardned by the Sunne, to Amber grow;
 Which, on the moysture-giuing Riuer spent,
 To *Roman* Ladies, as his gift, is sent.

Sthenelian Cygnus at that time was there,
 A-kin to *Phaëton*; in loue, more neere.
 He, leauing State (who in *Liguria* raign'd,
 Which Cities great and populous contayn'd)
 Fild with complaints the Riuer-chiding floods,
 The sedge banks, and late augmented Woods.
 At length, his voice grew small : white plume contends
 In whitensse with his haire : his neck ascends.
 Red films vnite his toes : armes turne to wings :
 His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that sadly sings.
 Become a Swan, remembering how vniust
Ioue's lightning was, nor Heauen, nor him will trust.
 Whom Lakes and Ponds (detesting fire) delight;
 And Floods, to Flames in nature opposite:

The wofull Father to dead *Phaëton*,
 Him-selfe neglecting (all his lustre gon,
 As when eclips'd) day, light, his owne life hates;
 And loued grieffe, with anger, aggrauates.
 Refusing to illuminate the Earth.

Enough, too much my toile ! born with the birth
 Of Time; (as restlesse;) without end, regard,
 Or honour : recompenc't with this reward !
 Some other now may on my Chariot fit.
 If all of you confesse your selues vnfit;
 Let *Ioue* ascend : that he (when he shall trie)
 At length may lay his murdering thunder by.
 Then will he finde, that he, who could not guide
 Those fire-hou'd Steeds, deseru'd not to haue dy'd.

The Gods stand round about him, and request
 That endlesse Night might not the World inuest.
 Euen *Ioue* excus'd his lightning, and intreats :
 Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.
 Displeas'd *Phæbus*, hardly reconcil'd,
 Takes-vp his Steeds, as yet with horror wild.
 On whom he vents his spleen : and, though they run,
 He lashes, and vpbraids them with his Son.

The

The Thunderer then walks the ample Round
 Of Heavens high walls, to search if all were found.
 When finding nothing there by fire decay'd;
 He Earth, and humane industries suruay'd.
Arcadia chiefly exerciz'd his cares;
 There, Springs and streams, that durst not run, repair's;
 The Fields with grasse, the Trees with leaues indue's,
 And withered Woods with vanisht Shades renew's.
 Oft passing to and fro, a *Nonacrine*
 The God inflam'd; her beautie, more diuine!
 'Twas not her Art to spin, nor with much care
 And fine varietie to trick her haire;
 But, with a zone, her looser garments bound,
 And her rude tresses in a fillet wound:
 Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bowe:
 A Squire of *Phæbe's*. *Manalus* did knowe
 None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:
 But, Fauorites in fauour last not long.
 The parted Day in equall balance held,
 A Wood shee entred, as yet neuer feld.
 There from her shoulders shee her Quier takes,
 Vnbends her Bowe; and, tyr'd with hunting, makes
 The flowry-mantled Earth her happy bed;
 And on her painted Quier layes her head.
 When *Ioue* the Nymph without a guard did see
 In such a positure; This stealth, said hee,
 My Wife shall neuer know: or, say shee did;
 Who, ah, who would not for her sake be chid!
Diana's shape and habit them indew'd,
 He said; My Huntresse, where hast thou pursew'd
 This morning's chace? Shee, rising, made reply;
 Haile Pow'r, more great then *Ioue* (though *Ioue* stood by)
 In my esteem—He smil'd: and gladly heard
 Him-selfe, by her, before Him-selfe prefer'd;
 And kist. His kisses too intemperate grow;
 Not such as Maids on Maidens do bestow.
 His strict imbracements her narration stay'd;
 And, by his crime, his owne deceit betray'd.
 Shee did what Woman could to force her Fate:
 (Would *Iuno* saw! it would her spleen abate)
 Although, as much as Woman could, shee stroue;
 What Woman, or, who can contend with *Ioue*!

The

The Victor hies him to th'æthereall States;
 The Woods, as guiltie of her wrongs, shee hates;
 Almost forgetting, as from thence shee flung,
 Her Quiuer, and the Bowe which by it hung.
 High *Manalus Dictynna* with her traine
 Now entring, pleased with the quarry slaine,
 Beheld, and call'd her: call'd vpon, shee fled;
 And in her semblance *Iupiter* doth dread.
 But, when shee saw the attending Nymphs appeare;
 Shee troops amongst them, and diuerts her feare.
 Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!
 With eyes scarce euer rais'd, shee hangs the head:
 Nor perks shee now, as shee was wont to do,
 By *Cynthia's* side, nor leads the starry crew.
 Though mute shee bee, her violated shame
 Selfe-guiltie blushes silently proclaime.
 But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid
 Had soone espy'd: they say, her sly Nymphs did.

Nine Crescents now had made their Orbs compleat;
 When, faint with labour, and her brothers heat,
 Shee takes the shades; close by the murmuring
 And siluer current of a fruitfull Spring.
 The place much prays'd, the streame as coole as cleere
 Her faire feet glads. No Spyes, said she, be here:
 Here will we our disrobed bodies dip.
Calisto blush't: the rest their faire lims strip.
 And her perforce vncloth'd, that sought delayes;
 Who, with her body, her offence displays.
 They, all abasht, yet loth to haue it spy'd,
 Striuing her belly with their hands to hide;
 Auant, said *Cynthia*; get thee from our trayne;
 Nor, with thy lims, this sacred Fountayne stayne:

This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;
 Whose thoughts, to fitter times, reuenge defer:
 Nor long delaye's; for, *Arcas* (which more scorne
 And grieue prouok't) was of the Lady borne:

Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;
 Must thou be fruitfull too, to blaze my shame,
 And propagate the wrong? and must he be
 A liuing infamy to *Ioue* and me?
 I'll not indur't: That so selfe-pleasing shape,
 Which drew my husband to thy willingrape,

I sure shall spoile. This said, her haire she wound
 About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.
 Her hands, for pittie heau'd (so smooth, so faire!)
 Grew forth-with rough, and horrid with black haire.
 Her daintie hands (which, swift deformity
 Conuerts to pawes) the place of feet supply.
 The mouth, so prays'd by *Ioue* (that late to sin
 Entic't a God) now horribly doth grin.
 And, lest shee might too powrefully beseech,
 Shee instantly bereft her of her speech:
 In stead whereof, a noyse ascends her hoarse
 And rumbling throte, which terror doth inforce;
 Although a Beare, her minde shee still possesse,
 And with continuall grones her grieffe exprest;
 With pawes stretcht vp to heauen, accus'd her fate:
 And whom she could not call, she thought ingrate.
 How oft, afraid to keep the Wood's alone,
 Sought she the house and fields that were her owne!
 How often, chased by the following cric,
 Th'affrighted Huntresse from her hounds did flie!
 Oft shee (the Wood's wild foragers espy'd)
 Forgetting what shee was, her selfe would hide:
 A Beare; yet trembles at the sight of Beares;
 And Wolues (her Father then amongst them) feares.

When (lo!) *Lycaon's* Grand-child thither drew,
 Thrice fiewe yeares old, nor of his Mother knew;
 While he pursues the chace and saluage spoyle
 (The *Erymanthian* Woods begirt with toyles)
 Her he encounters. *Arcas* seene, shee stay'd,
 And would haue ta'ne acquaintance. He, afraid,
 Stared vpon her with a constant eye;
 And backward stept, as shee approched nye.
 About to wound her vndefended brest:
 The King of Gods, who did the fact detest,
 With them, the crime with-drew, and both conuaid
 To heauen; now neighbouring Constellations made.

Saturnia sweld to see her Riual shine
 Amongst the Starres. She stoops to *Neptune's* brine;
 Gray *Thetis* and the old *Oceanus*
 (Grac't by the Deities) accoasting thus:

Aske you why I, the Queene of Gods, am come
 From blest aboads? Another holds my roome.

When

When Nights blacke mantle shall the World infold;
 My wounds (those honour'd Stars) you may behold;
 There, where the shortest Circle, at the end
 Of all the turning Axeltree, doth bend.
 Who would not injurie the wife of *Ioue*,
 When our worst punishments preferments proue?
 How great our act! how is our powre display'd!
 Vnform'd a Woman, and a Goddesse made.
 Thus we the guiltie scourge! Thus, thus we our
 Reuenge aduance! such, and so great our powre!
 Let him vnbeast the beast (as heretofore
Phoronis) and her wanton shape restore.
 Why doth he not *Lycæon's* daughter wed,
 Reiecting me, and place her in his bed?
 But, you who once my carefull Nurses were,
 If my indignities doe touch you neere,
 Command you that the seuen *Triones* keepe
 Their lazie Waine out of your sacred Deepe.
 From thence, those stars, the price of whordome, driue;
 Nor let th'impure in your pure Surges diue.

They both assent. Her Peacocks to the skyes
 Their Goddesse draw; late stucke with *Argus* eyes.
 Thou too, thou prating Rauē, turn'd as late
 From whiteto blacke, by well-deserued Fate.
 (The spotlesse siluer Doue was not more white,
 Nor Swans which in the running brookes delight:
 Nor yet that vigilant Fowle, whose gaggling shall
 Hereafter free th'attempted Capitoll.)
 Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee vndoe:
 And what was white, is now of fable hew.

The Palme, *Coronis*, of *Larissa*, bare
 From all th'*Aemonian* Dames for matchlesse faire.
 Who dearly, *Delphian*, was belou'd by thee;
 As long as chaste, or from detection free.
 But, *Phæbus* Bird her scapes did soone descrie:
 Nor could they charme th'inexorable Spie:
 Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crowe pursewes
 (As talkatiue as he) to know the newes;

And, knowing, said: Thy selfe thou dost ingage
 By thanklesse seruice: slight not my presage.
 Know what I was, and am: through all my time
 My actions sift: thou'lt find my faith my crime.

For, *Pallas*, on a day, in chest compos'd
 Of *Attick* Osiars, priuately inclos'd
 Her *Erichthonius* (whom no Woman bare)
 Committed to the custodie and care
 Of three fair Virgin Nymphs, that daughters were
 To prudent *Cecrops*, who two shapes did beare :
 Nor told what it contayn'd; but, charg'd that they
 Her secrets should not to themselues betray.
 These from an Elme I (vnesp'y'd) espy.
 Faire *Herse* and *Pandrosa* faithfully
 Performe their charge. *Aglauros* then did call
 Her fearfull sisters, and vntyes with-all
 The wicker Cabinet; whose twigs contayne
 An infant, rayسد on a Dragon's trayne.
 This, I my Goddesse told; and for reward,
 Am now cashiered from *Minerua's* Guard,
 The Bird of Night preferd. Beware by mee :
 Nor too officiously tell all you see.

Perhaps, you thinke, I to that place aspir'd
 Without her grace: vnfought-to, or desir'd:
 Should you aske *Pallas*, and her anger by;
 Though more then angrie, this shee would deny.
 Me had King *Coroneus*, great in fame.
 Through happy *Phocis*, by a royall Dame.
 Rich suters I (despise me not) had store:
 My beautie wrackt me. Walking on the shore,
 As leasurly as now I vse to goe,
 Cold *Neptune* saw me, and with lust did glowe.
 The time, his prayr's, and prayses spent in vaine;
 What would not yeeld, he offers to constrainc;
 And follows me that fled. The harder strand
 Behind me left, and tyr'd with yeelding sand,
 To Gods and Men I crie. No humane aid
 Was then at hand: a Maid releues a Maid.
 For, as to heauen my trembling armes I threw;
 My armes cole-black with houering feathers grew.
 My Robe I from my shoulders thought to throwe:
 But, that was plume, and to my skin did growe.
 With hands to beat my naked brest, I trie:
 But, neither brest to beat, nor hands, had I.
 Running, in sand I sunke not as before;
 But, me the scarce-toucht Earth, vnburden'd bore.

Forth-

Forth-with, I lightly through the Ayre ascend;
 And on *Minerua*, without blame, attend.
 But, what was this; when shee, whose wicked deeds
 Vnwoman'd her, in our lost grace succeeds?
 For, know (no more then through all *Lesbos* spred)
Nyctimene defil'd her Father's bed.
 Though now a Bird; yet, full of guilt, the sight,
 The Day, she shuns, and masks her shame in Night.
 About her, all our winged troops repayre;
 And, with inuectiues, chace her through the Ayre.
 To her, the Rauen : Mischiefe thee surprife
 For staying me. Vaine Omen's I despise;
 Then, forward flew; and told the hurtfull truth
 Of lost *Coronis*, and th' *Amonian* Youth.
 The harp drops from his hand : and from his head
 The Laurell fell : his chearfull colour fled.
 Transported with his rage, his bow he tooke,
 And with ineuitable arrow strooke
 That brest, which he so oft to his had ioyn'd:
 Shee shrieks; and from the deadly wound doth wind
 The biting steele, pursu'd with streams of blood,
 That bath'd her pure white in a crimson Flood:
 And said; Though this be dew, yet, *Phæbus*, I
 Might first haue teem'd : now, two in one must die.
 Shee faints : forc't life in her blood's torrent swims :
 And stifning cold benums her senselesse lims.
 His crueltie, to her he lou'd, too late,
 He now repenteth, and him-selfe doth hate,
 Who lent an eare, whom rage could so incense :
 He hates his Bird, by whom he knew th' offence;
 He hates his Art, his Quiuer, and his Bowe;
 Then, takes her vp, and all his skill doth shoue.
 But (ah!) too late to vanquish Fate he tries;
 And surgerie, without successe, applies.
 Which when he saw, and saw the funerall pyle
 Prepared to deuour so deare a spoyle;
 Since no coelestiall eye may shed a teare,
 He fetcht a grone, that made Earth grone to heare:
 And now vncar'd-for odours powr'd vpon her;
 And vndue death with all due rites doth honour.
 But, *Phæbus*, not induring that his seed
 (And that by her) the greedie Fire should feed,

Snatche

Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame;
 And to the two-shap't *Chiron* brought the same.
 The white-plum'd *Rauen*, who reward expects,
 He turnes to black; and for his truth reiects.

It pleas'd the Halfe-horse to be so imploy'd;
 Who in his honorable trouble ioy'd.
 Behold: the *Centaur's* daughter with red haire,
 Whom formerly the Nymph *Caricle* bare
 By the swift Riuer, and *Ocyroë* nam'd;
 Who had her Father's healthfull Art disclaym'd,
 To sing the depth of Fates: Now, when her brest
 Was by the prophecying rage possess't,
 And that th'included God inflam'd her mind;
 Beholding of the Babe, she thus diuin'd:

Health giuer to the World, grow Infant, grow;
 To whom mortalitie so much shall owe.
 Fled Soules thou shalt restore to their aboads;
 And once against the pleasure of the Gods.
 To doe the like, thy Grand-fires flames denie:
 And thou, begotten by a God, must die.
 Thou, of a bloodlesse corps, a God shalt bee:
 And Nature twice shall be renew'd in thee.
 And you, deare Father, not a Mortall now;
 To whom the Fates eternitie allow;
 Shall wish to die, then when your wound shall smart
 With Serpents blood, and slight your helplesse Art.
 Relenting Fates will pittie you with death,
 Against their Law, and stop your groning breath.

Not all yet said, her sighs in stormes arise;
 And ill-aboding teares burst from her eyes.
 Then, thus: My Fates preuent me: lo, they tie
 My faltering tongue, and farther speech denie.
 Alas! these Arts not of that valew be,
 That they should draw the wrath of Heauen on me!
 O, rather would I nothing had fore-knowne!
 My lookes seeme now not humane, nor my owne.
 I long to feed on grasse: I long to run
 About the spacious fields. Woe's me, vndon!
 Into a Mare (my kindred's shape) I grow:
 Yet, why throughout? my Father but halfe so.

The end of her complaint you scarce could heare
 To vnderstand: her words confused were.

Forth-

Forth-with, nor words, nor neighings, she exprest;
 Her voyce yet more inclining to the beast:
 Then, neigh'd out-right. Within a little space,
 Her down-thrust armes vpon the Meadow pasc.
 Her fingers ioyne: one hoofe fiue nayles vnite:
 Her head and neck enlarge, not now vp right:
 Her trayling garment to a trayne extends:
 Her dangling haire vpon her crest descends:
 Her voyce and shape at once transform'd became:
 And to the Prodigie they giue a name.

Old *Chiron* weeps; and *Phæbus*, vainly cries
 On thee to change the changelesse Destinies.
 Admit thou could'st: thee, from thy selfe expeld,
 Then *Elis*, and *Messenian* pastures held.

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

Hence;

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

Three roomes there were within the fair context
 Of *Cecrop's* house, with *Iuory* arches deckt.
Pandrosa and *Aglauros* on each side
 Of *Herse* lay; *Aglauros* first espy'd
 The fly-approching *Mercurie*: his name
 Shee boldly asks, and why he thither came.
 To whom, *Pleiones* nephew: He am I
 Who on *Ioue's* errands (*Ioue*, my Father) flie.
 And to be plaine; to *Herse* faithfull proue:
 And be an Aunt vnto our fruitfull loue.

Thy

Thy sister's beauties this repaire inforce :
 I pray thee of a Louer take remorse.
 So star'd she on him, and as-much amaz'd;
 As when shee on *Minerua's* secrets gaz'd :
 Who asks a masse of treasure for her hire;
 And, till'twere payd, constrayn'd him to retire.

Warres angrie Goddesse cast on her a looke
 That darted fire; and fetcht a sigh which shooke
 Her bosom, with the *Aegis* which shee wore :
 Who cald to minde, how shee, not long afore,
 Profanely did, against her faith, discover
 The *Lemnian* issue, borne without a Mother:
 Now to her sister, to the God ingrate;
 And by so base a meanes t'inrich her state.

Forth-with to *Ennie's* caue her course shee bent,
 Furr'd with black filth, within a deep descent
 Between two hills; where *Phæbus* neuer showes
 His chearfull face; where no winde euer blowes:
 Repleat with sadnesse, and vnactiue cold;
 Deuoid of fire, yet still in smoake enrowl'd.
 Whether when as the fear'd in battell came,
 Shee staid before the house (that hatefull frame
 Shee might not enter), and the darke doore strooke
 With her bright lance; which straight in sunder broke.
 There saw shee *Ennie* lapping *Vipers* blood;
 And feeding on their flesh, her vices food:
 And, hauing seen her, turn'd-away her eyes.
 The Catife slowly from the ground doth rise
 (Her halfe-deuoured Serpents laid-aside)
 And forward creepeth with a lazie stride.
 Viewing her forme so faire; her armes, so bright;
 Shee gron'd, and sigh't at such a chearfull sight.
 Her body more then meger; pale her hew;
 Her teeth all rusty; still shee looks askew;
 Her breast with gall; her tongue with poyson sweld:
 Shee only laught, when shee sad sights beheld.
 Her euer-waking cares exil'd soft sleep:
 Who looks on good successe, with eyes that weep;
 Repining, pines : who, wounding others, bleeds:
 And on her selfe reuengeth her misdeeds.
 Although *Tritonia* did the Hag detest;
 Yet briefely thus her pleasure shee exprest:

F

Aglauros

Aglauros, one of the *Cecropides*,
 Doe thou infest with thy accurst disease.
 This said; the hastie Goddesse doth aduance
 Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.
 Enuie persues her with a wicked eye,
 Much grieu'd at her preuayling industrie.
 Wrapt in darke clouds, which way so ere she turns,
 The Corne she lodges, flowry pastures burns,
 Crops what growes high; Towns, Natiōs, with her breath
 Pollutes; and Vertue persecutes to death.
 When shee the faire *Athenian* towres beheld,
 Which so in wealth, in learned Arts exceld,
 And feastfull Peace; to crie shee scarce forbears,
 In that shee saw no argument for teares.
 When shee *Aglauros* lodging entred had,
 Shee gladly executes what *Pallas* bade:
 Her cancred hand vpon her brest shee lay'd,
 And crooked thornes into her heart conuay'd,
 And breath'd in banefull poyson; which she sheads
 Into her bones, and through her liuer spreads.
 And that her enuy might not want a cause;
 The God in his diuine forme shee drawes:
 And with it, sets before her wounded eyes
 Her happy sister, and their nuptiall ioyes:
 Augmenting all. These secret woes excite,
 And gnaw her soule. Shee sighs all day, all night;
 And with a slow infection melts away,
 Like Ice before the Sunnes vncertayne ray.
 Faire *Herse's* happy state such heart-burne breeds
 In her black bosom, as when spiny weeds
 Are set on fire: which without flame consume,
 And seem (so small their heat) to burne with fume.
 Oft shee resolues to die, such sights to shun:
 Oft, by disclosing, to haue both vndon.
 Now sits shee on the threshold, to preuent
 The Gods accesse; who with lost blandishment,
 And his best Art, perswades. Quoth shee; forbear,
 I cannot be remou'd, if you stay here.
 I to this bargayn, he reply'd, will stand;
 The doore then forces with his figured wand.
 Striuing to rise, to second her debate,
 Her hips could not remoue, prest with dull waight.

Againc

Againe shee struggl'd to haue stood on end :
 But, those vnsupple sinewes would not bend.
 Incroching cold now enters at her nayles :
 And lack of blood her veines blew branches pale's.
 And as a Canker, slighting helpelesse Arts,
 Creeps from th'infecte'd to the sounder parts :
 So by degrees the winter of wan Death
 Congeales the path of life, and stops her breath :
 Nor stroue shee : had she stroue to make her mone,
 Voyce had no way; her neck and face now stone.
 There shee a bloodlesse Statue fate, all freckt:
 Her spotted minde the Marble did infect.

When *Atlantiades*, on her, prophane
 Of tongue and heart, this sharp reuenge had ta'ne;
 He from the Citie, nam'd by *Pallas*, flew
 On mounting wings, and vnto heauen with-drew.
 With whom, *Ioue* thus (his loue concealing) ioynes
 Thou, faithfull Minister to my designs,
 Shoot swiftly through the Ayre vnto that Land,
 Whose Northern coasts beneath thy Mother stand,
 Which those Inhabitants *Sidonia* name:
 Behold, yon royall Herd : conduct the same,
 From not farre distant Mountaynes, to the shore.
 This he dispatcht, with speed that went before
 A humane thought. There, oft the princely Maid,
 Accompany'd with *Tyrian* Virgins, play'd.
 Loue and high Maiestie agree not well;
 Nor will together in one bosom dwell.
 That Powre, from whom, what-ere hath being, springs;
 That King of Gods, who three-fork't lightning flings;
 Whose nod the World's vnfixt foundation shakes,
 The figure of a soulelesse Bull now takes :
 And, lowing, walks vpon the tender grasse
 Amongst the Herd; though he in forme surpasse.
 His colour whiter then vntrodden snow,
 Before still-moyst and thawing *Auster* blow.
 The flesh, in swelling rowles, adornes his neck :
 His broad-spredd brest, long dangling dew-laps deck.
 His hornes, though small, yet such as Art inuite
 To imitate, then shining gemmes more bright :
 His eyes no wrath, his browes no terror threat;
 His whole aspect with smiling peace repleat.

The beast, *Agenor's* daughter doth admire,
So wondrous beautifull, so void of ire.
Though such, at first she his approach did dread,
Yet forthwith toucht; and then with flowres him fed.
The Louer ioyes: till he his hopes might feast,
He kist her hands; ah, scarce defers the rest!
Now, on the springing grasse, he frisks and playes:
His sides now on the golden sands he layes.
Her feare subdu'd, shee strokes his proffred brest:
Her Virgin-hands his hornes with garlands drest.
The royall Maid, who now no courage lackt,
Ascends the Bull, not knowing whom shee backt.
He, to the Sea approaching, by degrees
First dips therein his hoofs, anon his knees;
Then, rushing forward, beares away the prize.
Shee shrieks, and to the shore reuertes her eyes:
One hand his horne, the other held behind;
Her lighter garments swelling with the wind.

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The third Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arm'd troops from Dragons late-sowne teeth arise.

By his owne Hounds the Hart Actæon dyes.

Juno, a Beldame, Semele doth fric

In wisht embraces. Bacchus from Ioues thigh

Takes second birth. The wise Tiresias twice

Doth change his sex. Scorn'd Eccho pines t' a voice:

Self-lou'd Narcissus to a Daffadill.

Bacchus, a Boy. The Tyrren's ship stands still,

With Iuy mor'd. Strange shapes the Saylor's fright:

Who Dolphines turne, and still in ships delight.

And now the God, arriuing with his Rape
At sacred Creet, resumes his heauenly shape.

The King, his sonne to seeke his daughter sent,

Fore-doomed to perpetuall banishment,

Except his fortune to his wish succeed:

How pious, and how impious in one deed!

Earth wandred-through (*Ioue's* thefts who can exquire?)

He shuns his Country, and his Fathers ire:

With *Phæbus* Oracle consults, to know

What Land the Fates intended to bestow.

Who, thus: In desert fields obserue a Cow,

Yet neuer yoakt, nor seruile to the plow:

Follow her slowe conduct: and where shee shall

Repose, there build: the place *Bæotia* call.

Scarce *Cadmus* from *Castalian* Gaue descended,

When he a Hecfer saw, by no man tended,

Her neck vngall'd with groning seruitude.

The God ador'd, he foot by foot pursew'd.

Cephisus flood, and *Panope* now past,

Shee made a stand; to heauen her fore-head cast,

With loftie horns most exquisitely faire;

Then, with repeated lowings fild the Ayre:

Looks back vpon the company shee led;

And, kneeling, makes the tender grasse her bed.

Thanks-

Thanks-giuing *Cadmus* kist the vnknowne ground;
 The stranger fields and hills saluting round.
 About to sacrifice to heauen's high King,
 He sends for water from the liuing Spring.

A Wood there was, which neuer Axe did hew;
 In it, a Caue, where Reeds and Osiers grew,
 Roof't with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;
 With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.
 The lurking Snake of *Mars* this Hold possesse;
 Bright scal'd, and shining with a golden crest;
 His bulk with poyson swolne; fire-red his eyes :
 Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth comprise.
 This fatall Well th'vn lucky *Tyrians* found;
 Who with their down-let Pitcher, rays'd a sound.
 With that, the Serpent his blew head extends;
 And suffering Ayre with horrid hisses rends.
 The water from them fell : their colour fled :
 Who all, astonisht, shook with sudden dread.
 He wreaths his scaly foldes into a heape;
 And fetcht a compasse with a mightie leape :
 Then, bolt-vpright his monstrous length displays
 More then halfe way; and all the Woods suruayes.
 Whose body, when all scene, no lesse appears,
 Then that, which parts the two Coelestiall Beares.
 Whether the *Tyrians* sought to fight, or flie,
 Or whether they through feare could neither trie;
 Some crasht he 'twixt his iawes; some claspt to death;
 Some kils with poyson; others with his breath.

And now the Sunne the shortest shadowes made;
 Then, *Cadmus*, wondring why his seruants stay'd,
 Their foot-steps trac't. A hide the Hero's wore,
 Which late he from a slaughtred Lyon tore :
 His Arms a dart, a bright steele-pointed Speare;
 And such a minde as could not stoope to feare.
 When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd
 The bodies of the slaine with blood imbrew'd;
 Th'insulting Victor quenching his dire thirst
 At their suckt wounds; he sigh't, as heart would burst :
 Then said, I will reuenge, ô faithfull Mates,
 Your murders, or accompany your Fates.
 With that, he listeth vp a mightie stone,
 Which with a more then manly force was throwne.

What

What would haue batter'd downe the strongest wall,
 And shiuered towres, doth giue no wound at all.
 The hardnesse of his skin, and scales that growe
 Vpon his armed back, repell the blowe.
 And yet that strong defence could not so well
 The vigour of his thrilling Dart repell;
 Which through his winding back a passage rends:
 There sticks: the Steele into his guts descends.
 Rabid with anguish, he retorts his looke
 Vpon the wound; and then the jauelin tooke
 Betweene his teeth; it euery way doth winde:
 At length, tugg'd out, yet leaues the head behind.
 His rage increast with his augmenting paines:
 And his thick-panting throte swels with full veines.
 A cold white froth surrounds his poys'nous jawes:
 On thundring Earth his trayling scales he drawes:
 Who from his black and *Stygian* maw eiect's
 A blasting breath, which all the grasse infect's.
 His body, now he circularly bends;
 Forthwith into a monstrous length extends:
 Then rusheth on, like showr-incens'd Floods;
 And with his brest ore-bears the obuious Woods.
 The Prince gaue way; who with the Lyon's spoyle
 Sustayn'd th'assault; and forc't a quick recoyle,
 His Lance fixt in his iawes. What could not feele,
 He madly wounds; and bites the biting Steele.
 Th'inuenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,
 Conuertes the grasse into a duskie red:
 Yet, slight the hurt, in that the Snake with-drew;
 And so, by yeelding, did the force subdew.
 Till *Agenorides* the Steele imbrew'd
 In his wide throte, and still his thrust pursew'd;
 Vntill an Oke his back-retrait with-stood:
 There, he his neck transfixt: with it, the Wood.
 The Tree bends with a burden so vnknowne;
 And, lashed by the Serpents taile, doth grone.
 While he suruay'd the hugenesse of his foe,
 This voyce he heard (from whence he did not knowe)
 Why is that Serpent so admir'd by thee?
Agenor's sonne, a Serpent thou shalt bee.
 He speechlesse grew: pale feare repeld his blood;
 And now vncurled haire like bristles stood.

Be-

Behold! mans Fautresse, *Pallas* (from the sky
 Descending to his needfull aide) stood by:
 Who bade him in the turn'd-*vp* furrowes throwe
 The Serpents teeth; that future men might growe.
 He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:
 And therein sow'd the seeds of humane birth.
 Lo (past believe!) the Clods began to moue:
 And tops of Lances first appear'd aboue:
 Then, Helmets, nodding with their plumed Crests;
 Forth-with, refulgent Pouldrons, plated Brests;
 Hands, with offensive weapons charg'd, in sew:
 And Target-bearing troops of Men *vp*-grew.
 So in our Theater's solemnities,
 When they the Arras raise, the Figures rise:
 Afore the rest, their faces first appeare;
 By little and by little then they reare
 Their bodies, with a measure-keeping hand,
 Vntill their feet vpon the border stand.
 Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the sight
 Of such an Host, addrest him to the fight.
 Forbeare (a new-borne Souldier cry'd) t'ingage
 Thy better fortune in our ciuill rage!
 With that, he on his earth-bred brother flew:
 At whom, a deadly dart another threw.
 Nor he that kild him, long suruiues his death;
 But, through wide wounds expires his infant breath.
 Slaughter, with equall furie, runs through all:
 And by vnciuill ciuill blowes they fall.
 The new-sprung Youth, who hardly life possesse,
 Now panting, kick their Mother's bloody brest.
 But siue suruiu'd: of whom, *Echion* one;
 His Armes to Earth by *Pallas* counsell throwne,
 He craues the loue he offers. All accord
 As Brothers should: and what they take afford.
Sidonian Cadmus these assist, to build
 His loftie walls; the Oracle fulfilld.
 Now flourish *Thebes*: now did thy exile proue
 In shew a blessing; those that rule in loue
 And warre, thy Nuptials with their daughter grace:
 By such a Wife to haue so faire a race;
 So many sonnes and daughters; nephews too
 (The pledges of their peacefull beds) in sew;

And

And they now growne to excellence and powre.
 But, Man must censur'd be by his last houre :
 Whom truly we can neuer happy call,
 Afore his death, and closing funerall.

In this thy euery way so prosperous state,
 Thy first misse-hap sprung from thy Nephew's fate:
 Whose browes vnnaturall branches ill adorne;
 By his vngratefull dogs in peeces torne.
 Yet fortune did offend in him; not he :
 For, what offence may in an error be ?
 With purple blood, slaine Deare the Hills imbrew :
 And now high Noon the shades of things withdrew;
 While East and West the equall Sunne partake :
 Thus, then, *Hyantius* to his Partners spake,
 That trod the Mazes of the pathlesse Wood :
 My Friends our nets and iauclins reake with blood :
 Enough hath beene the fortune of this day :
 To morrow, when *Aurora* shall display
 Her rosie cheeks, we may our sports renew.
 Now, *Phæbus*, with inflaming eye doth view
 The crannyed Earth : here let our labour end :
 Take vp your toyles. They gladly condescend.
 A Vale there was with Pines and Cypresse crown'd,
Gargaphie call'd; for *Dian's* loue renown'd.
 A shady Caue possesst the inward part,
 Not wrought by hands; there, Nature witty Art
 Did counterfet : a natiue Arch shee drew,
 With Pumice and light Topases, that grew.
 A bubbling Spring, with streams as cleere as glasse,
 Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted grasse.
 The weary Huntresse vsually here laues
 Her Virgin lims, more pure then those pure waues.
 And now her Bowe, her Iau'lin, and her Quier;
 Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliuer :
 Her light impouerisht Robes another held :
 Her Buskins two vntie. The better skild
Ismenian Crocale, her long haire wound
 In pleited-wreathes : yet was her owne vnbound.
 Neat *Hyale*, *Niphe*, *Rhanis*, *Psecas* (still
 Imploy'd) and *Phiale* the Lauers fill.
 While here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guise)
 Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tyr'd with exercise,

G

And

And wandring through the Woods, approacht this Grove
 With fatall steps: so Destinie him droue!
 Entring the Caue with skipping Springs bedeaw'd:
 The Nymphs, all naked, when a Man they view'd,
 Clapt their resounding breasts, and filld the Wood
 With sudden shrieks: like Iuory pales they stood
 About their Goddesse: but shee, far more tall,
 By head and shoulders ouer-tops them all.
 Such as that colour, which the Clouds adorns,
 Shot by the Sunne-beam's; or the rosie Morn's:
 Such flusht in *Dians* cheeks, being naked tane.
 And though inuiron'd by her Virgin trayne,
 Shee side-long turnes, looks back, and wisht her bow:
 Yet, what shee had, shee in his face doth throwe.
 With vengefull Waters sprinkled; to her rage
 These words she addes, which future Fate presage:
 Now, tell how thou hast scene me disarray'd;
 Tell if thou canst: I giue thee leaue. This said,
 Shee to his neck and cares new length imparts;
 T'his Browe th'antlers of long-living Harts:
 His leggs and feet with armes and hands supply'd;
 And cloth'd his body in a spotted hide.
 To this, feare added. *Autonoeius* fyes,
 And wonders at the swiftnesse of his thighes.
 But, when his looks he in the Riuer view'd,
 He would haue cry'd, Woe's me! no words infew'd:
 His words were grones. He frets, with galling teares,
 Cheeks not his owne; yet his owne mind he beares.
 What should he doe? Goe home? or in the Wood
 For euer lurke? Feare, this; shame that withstood.
 While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Master view:
Black-foot and *Tracer*, opening first, persew:
 Sure *Tracer*, *Gnossus*; *Black-foot* *Sparta* bare.
 Then all fell in, more swift then forced Ayre:
Spie, *Rauener*, *Clime-cliffe*; these *Arcadia* bred:
 Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirlwinde*, eager *Follow-dread*;
Hunter, for sent; for speede, *Flight* went before;
 Fierce *Saluage*, lately ganch'd by a Bore;
 Greedy, with her two whelps; grim *Wolf-got Ranger*;
 Stout *Shepherd*, late preseruing flocks from danger;

Gaunt

Gaunt *Catch*, whose race from *Sicyonia* came; *Patch*, *Courser*, *Blab*, rash *Tyger* neuer tame;
Blanch, *Mourner*, *Royster*, *Wolfe* surpassing strong;
 And *Tempest*, able to continue long:
Swift, with his brother *Churle*, a *Cyprian* hound;
 Bold *Snatch*, whose sable brows a white star cround;
Cole, shag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,
 Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Creet*:
White-tooth, and *Ring-wood* (others not to expresse.)
 O're Rocks, o're Craggs, o're Cliffs that want access,
 Through streightned wayes, and where there was no way,
 The well-mouth'd hounds persue the princely prey,
 Where oft he went to follow, now he flyes;
 Flyes from his family: in thought he cryes,
 I am *Acteon*, seruants, knowe your Lord,
 Thoughts wanted words: High skyes the noyse record.
 First, *Collier* pincht him by the haunch: in flung
 Fierce *Kill-deare*; *Hill-bred* on his shoulder hung.
 These came forth last; but crost a nearer way
 A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay,
 In rush the rest; who gripe him with their phangs.
 Now is no roome for wounds: Grones speak his pangs,
 Though not with humane voyce, vnlike a Hart
 In whose laments the knowne Rocks beare a part.
 Pitcht on his knees, like one who pittie craues,
 His silent looks, in stead of Armes, he waues.
 With vsuall showts their Dogs the Hunters cheare;
 And seeke, and call *Acteon*. He (too neare!)
 Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all
 For being absent at his present fall.
 Present he was, that absent would haue beene;
 Nor would his cruell hounds haue felt, but scene.
 Their snowts they in his body bathe; and teare
 Their Master in the figure of a Deare:
 Nor, till a thousand wounds had life dissaid,
 Could quier-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.
 'Twas censur'd variously: for, many thought
 The punishment farre greater then the fault;
 Others so sowre a chastitie commend,
 As worthy her: and both, their parts defend.
Ioue's wife not so much blam'd or pray'd the deed;
 As shee reioyceth at the wounds that bleed.

In *Cadmus* Family; who keeps in mind
Europa's rape; and hateth all the kind.
 Now new occasions fresh displeasure moue:
 For *Semele* was great with child by *Ioue*.
 Then, thus shee scolds: O, what amends succeeds
 Our lost complaints! I now will fall to deeds.
 If we be more then titularly great;
 If we a Scepter sway; if Heauen our seat;
 If *Ioue's* fear'd Wife and Sister (certainly,
 His Sister) torment shall the Whore destroy.
 Yet, with that theft perhaps shee was content,
 And quickly might the iniurie repent:
 But, shee conceiues, to aggrauate the blame,
 And by her Belly doth her crime proclaime.
 Who would by *Iupiter* a Mother proue,
 Which, hardly once, hath hapned to our loue:
 So confident is beautie! Yet shall he
 Deceiue her hopes: nor let me *Iuno* be,
 Vnlesse, by her owne *Ioue* destroy'd, shee make
 A swift descent vnto the *Stygian* Lake.

Shee quits her Throne, and in a yellow clowd
 Approach't the Palace; nor dismiss that shrowd,
 Till shee had wrinkl'd her smooth skin, and made
 Her head all gray: while creeping feet conuay'd
 Her crooked lims; her voice small, weake, and hoarce,
Berœe-like, of *Epidaure*, her Nurse.
 Long talking; at the mention of *Ioue's* name,
 Shee sigh't, and said; Pray heauen, he proue the same!
 Yet much I feare: for many oft beguile
 With that pretext, and chastest beds defile.
 Though *Ioue*; that's not enough. Giue he a signe
 Of his affection, if he be diuine.
 Such, and so mightie, as when pleasure warmes
 His melting bosome, in high *Iuno's* armes;
 With thee, such and so mightie, let him lie,
 Deckt with the ensignes of his deitie.
 Thus shee adviz'd the vnsuspecting Dame;
 Who begs of *Ioue* a boone without a name.
 To whom the God: Choose, and thy choyce possesse;
 Yet, that thy diffidencie may be lesse,
 Witnesse that Powre, who through obscure aboads
 Spreads his dull streams: the feare, and God of Gods.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with her harm, of too much powre to moue
 To perish by the kindnesse of her Loue:
 Such be to me, she said, as when the *Invites*
 Of *Iuno* summon you to *Venus* Rites:
 Her mouth he sought to stop: but, now that breath
 Was mixt with ayre which sentenced her death.
 Then, fetch't a sigh, as if his brest would teare
 (For, shee might not vnwish, nor he vnswear)
 And sadly mounts the skie; who with him tooke
 The Clouds, that imitate his mournfull looke;
 Thick showrs and tempests adding to the same,
 With thunder and ineuitable flame.
 Whose rigor yet he striueth to subdew:
 Not armed with that fire which ouerthrew
 The hundred-handed Giant; 'twas too wilde
 There is an other lightning, far more milde,
 By *Cyclops* forged with lesse flame and ire:
 Which, deathlesse Gods doe call the Second fire.
 This, to her Father's house, he with him tooke:
 But (ah!) a mortall body could not brooke
 Æthereall tumults. Her successe shee mournes,
 And in those so desir'd imbracements burnes.
 Th'vnperfect Babe, which in her wombe did lie,
 Was ta'ne by *Ioue*, and sew'd into his thigh,
 His Mother's time accomplishing: Whom first,
 By stealth, his carefull Aunt, kinde *Iuo*, nurst:
 Then, giuen to the *Nyseides*, and bred
 In secret Caues, with milke and hony fed.
 While this on earth befell by Fates decree
 (The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)
Ioue, waightie cares expelling from his brest
 With flowing Nectar, and dispos'd to iest
 With well-pleas'd *Iuno*, said: In *Venus* deeds,
 The Femal's pleasure farre the Male's, exceeds:
 This shee denies; *Tiresias* must decide
 The difference, who both delights had try'd.
 For, two ingendring Serpents once he found,
 And with a stroke their slimy twists vnbound;
 Who straight a Woman of a Man became:
 Seuen Autums past, he in the eighth the same
 Refinding, said: If such your powre, so strange,
 That they who strike you must their nature change;

Once

Once more I'll trie. Then, struck, away they ran:
And of a Woman he became a Man.

He, chosen Vmpire of this sportfull strife,
Ioue's words confirm'd. This vext his froward wife
More then the matter crau'd. To wreak her spite,
His eyes shee muffled in eternall night.

Th'omnipotent (since no God may vndoe
An others deed) with Fates which should in few
Inform'd his Intellect; and did supply
His body's eye-sight, with his mindes cleere eye.

He giuing sure replies to such as came,
Through all th' *Aonian* City's stretcht his fame.
First, blew *Liriope* sad triall made

How that was but too true which he had said:
Whom in times past *Cephisus* flood imbrac't
Within his winding streams, and forc't the chaste.

The louely Nymph (who not vnfruitfull prou'd)
Brought forth a Boy, euen then to be belou'd,
Narcissus nam'd. Enquiring if old age

Should crowne his Youth; He, in obscure presage,
Made this reply: Except himselfe he knowe.

Long, they no credit on his words bestowe:
Yet did the euent the prophecie approue,
In his strange ruine, and new kind of loue.

Now, he to twentie added had a yeare:
Now in his looks both Boy and Man appeare.

Many a loue-sick Youth did him desire;
And many a Maid his beautie set on fire:

Yet, in his tender age his pride was such,
That neither Youth nor Mayden might him touch.

The vocall Nymph, this louely Boy did spy
(Shee could not proffer speech, nor not reply)

When busie in persuite of saluage spoyle,
He draue the Deere into his corded toyle.

Eccho was then a Body, not a Voyce:
Yet then, as now, of words shee wanted choyce;
But onely could reiterate the close

Of euey speech. This *Iuno* did impose.

For, often when shee might haue taken *Ioue*,
Compressing there the Nymphs, who weakly stroue;
Her long discourses made the Goddesse stay,
Vntill the Nymphs had time to run-away.

Which

Which when perceiu'd; shee said, For this abuse
Thy tongue henceforth shall bee of little vse:
Those threats are deeds: Shee yet ingeminates
The last of sounds, and what shee heares relates.

Narcissus seene, intending thus the chace;
Shee forth-with glowes, and with a noyselesse pafe
His steps persues; the more shee did persew,
More hot (as neerer to her fire) shee grew:
And might be likened to a sulph'rous match;
Which instantly th'approched flame doth catch.
How oft would shee haue woo'd him with sweet words!
But, Nature no such liber tie affords:
Begin shee could not, yet full readily
To his expected speech shee would reply.
The Boy, from his Companions parted, said;
Is any nigh? I, *Eccho* answer made.
He, round about him gazed (much appall'd)
And cry'd out, Come. Shee him, who called, call'd.
Then looking back; and seeing none appear'd,
Why shunst thou mee? The selfe-same voyce he heard,
Deceiued by the Image of his words;
Then let vs ioyne, said he: no sound accords
More to her wish: her faculties combine
In deare consent; who answer'd, *Let vs ioyne!*
Flattering her selfe, out of the Woods she sprung;
And would about his struggling neck haue hung.
Thrust back; he said, Life shall this brest forsake,
Ere thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleasure take.
On me thy pleasure take, the Nymph replies
To that disdainfull Boy, who from her flies.
Despiz'd; the Wood her sad retreat receaues:
Who couers her ashamed face with leaues;
And sculks in desert Caues. Loue still possessest
Her soule; through grieffe of her repulse, increast.
Her wretched body pines with sleepleffe care:
Her skin contracts: her blood conuerts to ayre.
Nothing was left her now but voyce and bones:
The voyce remaynes; the other turne to stones.
Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountaynes neuer found,
Shee's heard of all: and all is but a Sound.

Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in mountayns born,
And sedgy brooks, the Boy had kild with scorn.

Thus

Thus many a Youth he had afore deceiu'd :
 When one thus prai'd, with hands to heau'n vpheau'd;
 So may he loue himselfe, and so despaire!

Rhamnusia condescends to his iust pray'r.

A Spring there was, whose siluer Waters were,
 As smooth as any mirror, nor lesse cleare :

Which neither Herds-men, tame, nor saluage Beast,
 Nor wandring Fowle, nor scattered leaues molest;

Girt round with grasse, by neighboring moysture fed,

And Woods, against the Sunnes inuasion spred.

He, tyr'd with heat and hunting, with the Place

And Spring delighted, lyes vpon his face.

Quenching his thirst, another thirst doth rise;

Rays'd by the forme which in that glasse he spyes.

The hope of nothing doth his powres inuade :

And for a body he mistakes a shade.

Himselfe, himselfe distracts : who pores thereon

So fixedly, as if of *Parian* stone.

Beholds his eyes, two starres ! his dangling haire

Which with vnshorn *Apollo's* might compare !

His fingers worthy *Bacchus* ! his smooth chin !

His Iuory neck ! his heauenly face ! where-in

The linked Deities their Graces fix !

Where Roses with vn sullied Lillyes mix !

Admireth all; for which, to be admir'd:

And vnconsiderately himselfe desir'd.

The prayes, which he giues, his beautie claym'd.

Who seeks, is sought : th' Inflamer is inflam'd.

How often would he kisse the flattering Spring !

How oft with downe-thrust arms sought he to cling

About that loued neck ! Those cous'ning lips

Delude his hopes ; and from himselfe he slips.

Not knowing what, with what he sees he fryes :

And th'error that deceiues, incites his eyes.

O Foole ! that striu'st to catch a flying shade !

Thou seek'st what's no-where : Turn aside, 'twill vade.

Thy formes reflection doth thy sight delude :

Which is with nothing of its owne indu'd.

With thee it comes; with thee it staves; and so

'Twould goe away, hadst thou the powre to go.

Nor sleep, nor hunger could the Louer rayse :

Who, lay'd along, on that false forme doth gaze

With

With looks, which looking neuer could suffice;
 And ruinate himselfe with his owne eyes.
 At length, a little lifting vp his head;
 You Woods, that round about your branches spread,
 Was euer so vnfortunate a Louer!
 You know, to many you haue beene a couer;
 From your first growth to this long distant day
 Haue you knowne any, thus to pine away!
 I like, and see: but yet I cannot find
 The lik't, and scene. O Loue, with error blind!
 What grieues me more; no Sea, no Mountayn steep,
 No wayes, no walls, our ioyes a-sunder keep:
 Whom but a little water doth diuide;
 And he himselfe desires to be inioy'd.
 As oft as I to kisse the flood decline,
 So oft his lips ascend, to close with mine.
 You'd thinke we toucht: so small a thing doth part
 Our equall loues! Come forth, what ere thou art,
 Sweet Boy, a simple Boy beguile not so:
 From him that seeks thee, whither would'st thou go?
 My age nor beautie merit thy disdain:
 And me the Nymphs haue often lou'd in vaine.
 Yet in thy friendly shewes my poore hopes liue;
 Still striuing to receiue the hand I giue:
 Thou smil'st my smiles: when I a teare let fall,
 Thou shedd'st an other; and consent'st in all.
 And, lo, thy sweetly-mouing lips appeare
 To vtter words, that come not to our eare.
 Ah, He is I! now, now I plainly see:
 Nor is't my shaddow that bewitcheth mee.
 With loue of me I burne; (ô too too sure!)
 And suffer in those flames which I procure.
 Shall I be woo'd, or wooe? What shall I craue?
 Since what I couet, I already haue.
 Too much hath made me poore! O, you diuine
 And faoring Powres, me from my selfe dis-ioyne!
 Of what I loue, I would be dispossess:
 This, in a Louer, is a strange request!
 Now, strength through griefe decays: short is the time
 I haue to liue; extinguisht in my Prime.
 Nor grieues it me to part with well-mist breath;
 For griefe will find a perfect cure in death:

H

Would

Would he I loue might longer life inioy !
 Now, two ill-fated Louers, in one, die.
 This said; againe vpon his Image gaz'd;
 Teares on the troubled water circles rais'd :
 The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.
 With that, he cry'd (perceiuing it to vade)
 O, whither wilt thou ! stay : nor cruell proue,
 In leauing me, who infinitely loue.
 Yet let mee see, what cannot be possesse;
 And, with that emptie food, my fury feast.
 Complaining thus, himselfe he disarrayes;
 And to remorselesse hands his brest displayes :
 The blowes that solid snowe with crimson stripe;
 Like Apples party-red, or Grapes scarce ripe.
 But, in the water when the same appeare,
 He could no longer such a sorrow beare.
 As Virgin wax dissolues with feruent heat;
 Or morning frost, whereon the Sunne-beams beat :
 So thawes he with the ardor of desire ;
 And, by degrees, consumes in vnseene fire.
 His meger cheeks now lost their red and white;
 That life, that fauour lost, which did delight.
 Nor those diuine proportions now remaine,
 So much by *Eccho* lately lou'd in vaine.
 Which when shee saw; although she angry were,
 And still in minde her late repulse did beare;
 As often as the miserable cry'd,
 Alas ! Alas, the wofull Nymph reply'd.
 And euer when he struck his sounding brest,
 Like sounds of mutuall sufferance exprest.
 His last words were, still hanging o're his shade;
 Ah, Boy, belou'd in vaine ! so *Eccho* said.
 Farewell. Farewell, sigh't she. Then down he lyes :
 Deaths cold hand shuts his selfe-admiring eyes:
 Which now eternally their gazes fix
 Vpon the Waters of infernall *Styx*.
 The wofull *Naiades* lament the dead;
 And their clipt haire vpon their brother spred.
 The wofull *Dryades* partake their woes :
 With both, sad *Eccho* ioynes at euery close.
 The funerall Pyle prepar'd, a Herse they brought
 To fetch his body, which they vainely sought.

In stead whercof a yellow flowre was found,
With tufts of white about the button crown'd.

This, through *Achaia* spred the Prophets fame;
Who worthily had purchas't a great name.
But, proud *Echion's* sonne, who did despise
The righteous Gods, derides his prophecies;
And twits *Tiresias* with his rauisht sight.
He shook his head, which age had cloth'd in white;
And said, 'Twere well for thee, hadst thou no eyes
To see the *Bacchanal* solemnities.

The time shall come (which I presage is neere)
When *Semeleian Liber* will be here:
Whom if thou honour not with Temples due;
Thy Mother, and her sisters shall imbrue
Their furious hands in thy effused blood;
And throw thy seuered lims about the Wood.

Twill be; thy malice cannot but rebell:
And then thou'lt say; The blinde did see too well.
His mouth proud *Pentheus* stops. Beliefe succeeds
Fore-running threats: and words are seal'd by deeds.

Liber is come; the fields with clamor sound:
They in his Orgies tread a frantick Round.
Women with Men, the base; and nobler sort,
Together to those vnknowne Rites resort.

You sonnes of *Mars*, you of the Dragons race
(Said he) what furie doth your minds imbase?
Is Brasse of such a powre, which drunkards beat,
Or sound of Hornes, or Magicall deceit;
That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight,
Nor death, with all his terrors, could affright;
Lowd Women, wine-bred rage, a lustfull crew
Of Beasts, and Kettle-drums, should thus subdew?

At you, graue Fathers, can I but admire!
Who brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*;
And fixt them here: now from that care so farre
Estranged, as to lose them without warre!

Or you, who of my able age appeare;
Whose heads should helmets, and not garlands, weare!
Not leauy Iauelins, but good Swords adorne
The hands of Youth. O you, so nobly borne;
That Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,
Whose single valour such a number flue.

He, in defending of his Fountayne, fell :
 Doe you th' Inuaders of your fame repell.
 He slue the strong : doe you the weake destroy ;
 And free your Country from foule infamy.
 If Destinies decree that *Thebes* must fall ;
 May men, may warlike engins raze her wall :
 Let sword and fire our famisht liues assault :
 Then should we not be wretched through our fault,
 Nor striue to hide our guilt ; but, Fortune blame ;
 And vent our pittied sorrowes without shame.
 Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight :
 Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Arms delight ;
 But haire perfum'd with Myrrhe, soft Anadems,
 And purple Robes inchac't with gold and gems :
 Who shall confesse (if you your aid denie)
 His forged Father, and false Deitie.
 What? had *Acrisius* vertue to withstand
 Th' Impostor, chaced from the *Argine* strand?
 And shall this vagabond, this forainer,
 Me *Pentheus* ; and the *Theban* State deterre ?
 Goe (said he to his seruants) goe your way,
 And drag him hither bound : preuent delay.
 Him *Cadmus*, *Athamas*, and all dissuade ;
 By opposition, more intemperate made.
 Furie increaseth, when it is withstood :
 And then good counsell doth more harme than good.
 So haue I seene an vnstopt torrent glide
 With quiet waters, scarcely heard to chide :
 But, when faln Trees, or Rocks, impeacht his course ;
 To some, and roare with vncontrolled force.
 All bloody they returne. Where is, said hee,
 This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of vs did see,
 Reply'd they; This his minister we found
 (Presenting one with hands behinde him bound)
 A *Lydian*, zealous in those mysteries.
 On whom fierce *Pentheus* looks, with wrathfull eyes :
 Who hardly could his punishment deferre.
 Then, thus : Thou wretch, that others shalt deterre,
 Declare thy Name, thy Nation, Parentage;
 And why thou followest this new-fangled Rage,
 He, in whom innocency feare ore-came ;
 Made this reply : *Acetes* is my name :

My

My life I owe to the *Maonian* earth ;
 To none, my fortunes; borne of humble birth.
 No land my Father left me to manure,
 Nor Herds, nor bleating Flocks : himselfe was poore.
 The tempted Fish, with hook and line he caught :
 His skill was all his wealth : His skill he taught;
 And said, My heire, successour to my Art,
 Receiue the riches which I can impart.
 He, dying, left me nothing; and yet all :
 The Sea may I my patrimony call.
 Yet, lest I still should on those Rocks abide,
 To nauigation I my time apply'd;
 Obseru'd th'*Olenian Kids*, that raine portend;
 The *Hyades*, who weepe when they descend;
Taygeta, and *Arcturus*; the resorts
 Of severall windes; and harbour-giuing Ports.
 For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* shores :
 And, there arriued, with industrious Oares.
 Leaping a-shore, I made the beach my bed.
 When aged Night *Aurora's* blushes fled,
 I rose; and bade my men fresh water bring:
 Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.
 Then, from a Hill obseru'd the windes accord;
 My Mates I cald, and forth-with went aboard.
 All here, the Master's Mate *Opheltis* cryes:
 And thinking he had light vpon a prize,
 Along the shore a louely Boy conuay'd,
 Adorned with the beautie of a Maid.
 Heauy with wine and sleep, hee reeled so,
 That, though supported, he could hardly goe.
 When I beheld his habit, gait, and feature,
 I could not thinke it was a humane Creature.
 Fellowes, I doubt (nay, without doubt) said I,
 This excellence includes a Deitie.
 O, be propitious, who-so-ere thou art;
 And to our industrie successe impart;
 And pardon these who haue offended thus.
 Then, *Dictys* said : Forbeare to pray for vs :
 (Than he, none could the top saile-yard bestride
 With lighter speed; nor thence more nimbly slide)
 This, *Libys*, swart *Melanthus* (who the Prow
 Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow;

Epeus the Boats-man, so all say;
 Bewitched with the blind desire of prey.
 This ship, said I, you shall not violate
 With sacrilege of so diuine a weight;
 Wherein I haue most int'rest, and command:
 And on the hatches their ascent with-stand.
 Whereat, the desperate *Lycabas* grew wild;
 Who for a bloody murder was exil'd
 From *Tuscany*. Whil'st I alone resist,
 He tooke me such a buffet with his fist,
 That downe I fell; and had falne ouer-board,
 If I (though senselesse) had not caught a cord.

The wicked Company the fact approue.
 Then, *Bacchus* (for, 'twas he) began to moue,
 As if awaked with the noyse they made
 (His wine-bound senses now discharg'd) and said.
 What clamor's this? What do you? Sailers, whither
 Meane you to beare me? Ah, how came I hither!
 Fear not, said *Proreus*: name where thou would'st be;
 And to that Harbor we will carry thee.
 Then, Friends, *Lyæus* said, for *Naxos* stand:
Naxos my home; an hospitable Land.
 By Seas, by all the Gods, by what auayles,
 They swear they will, and bade me hoysse-vp sayles:
 Which trim'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board side;
 What do'st thou mad-man, foole? *Opheltus* cry'd.
 Each feares his losse. Some whisper in mine eare:
 Most say by signes, vnto the Lar-board steere.
 Amaz'd: Some other hold the Helme, said I;
 I'll not be tainted with your periurie.
 All chafe and storme. What? said *Ethalion*,
 Is all our safetie plac't in thee alone?
 With that, my office he vpon him tooke;
 And *Naxos* (altering her course) forsooke.

The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)
 From th' vpper deck the Sea suruayed round;
 Then, seem'd to crie. Sirs, this is not, said he,
 That promis't shore, the Land so wisht by me.
 What is my fault? what glory in my spoyle,
 If men a Boy, if many one beguile?
 I wept afore: but, they my teares deride;
 And with laborious Oares the waues diuide.

By him I sweare (then whom none more in view)
That what I now shall vtter, is as true,
As past beliefe. The ship in those profound
And spacefull Seas, so stuck as on drie ground.
They, wondring, ply'd their Oares; the sayles display'd;
And striue to run her with that added aide.
When Iuy gaue their Oares a forc't restraint;
Whose creeping bands the sayles with Berryes paint:
He, head-bound with a wreath of clustred Vines,
A Iauelin shook, claspt with their leauy twines.
Stern Tigers, Lynxes (such vnto the eye)
And spotted Panthers, round about him lye.
All, ouer-board now tumble; whether 'twere
Out of infused madnesse, or for feare.
Then, *Medon* first with spiny fins grew black;
His forme depressed, with a compast back.
To whom said *Lycabas*; ô more then strange!
Into what vncouth Monster wilt thou change!
As thus he spake, his mouth became more wide;
His nose more hookt: scales arme his hardned hide.
While *Libys* tugg'd an Oare that fixed stands,
His hands shrunk vp; now finns, no longer hands.
An-other by a cable thought to hold;
But, mist his armes. He fell: the Seas infold
His maymed body: which a taile est-soone
Receiues, reuerfed like the horned Moone.
They leap aloft, and sprinkle-vp the Flood;
Now chace aboue; now vnder water scud:
Who like lasciuious Dancers friske about;
And gulped Seas, from their wide nostrils, spout.
Of twentie Saylers, onely I remayn'd:
So many men our Complement contayn'd.
The God my minde could hardly animate;
Trembling with horror of so dire a Fate.
Suppressse, said he, these tumults of thy feare;
And now thy course for sacred *Dia* beare.
Arriued there, with his implor'd consent,
I Orders tooke; and thus his Feasts frequent.
Our cares are tyr'd with thy long ambages:
Which wrath, said he, would by delay, appease.
Goe, seruants, take him hence: let his forc't breath
Expire in grones: and torture him to death.

In solid prison pent; while they prouide
 Whips, Racks, and Fire, the doores flie open wide.
 And of themselves, as if dissolu'd by charmes,
 The fetters fall from his vnpinion'd armes.
 Not bidding others now, forth *Pentheus* flings
 To high *Cytheron's* sacred top, which rings
 With frantick songs, and shrill-voyc't *Bacchanals*,
 In *Liber's* celebrated Festiualls.
 And as the warlike Courser neighs and bounds,
 Inflam'd with fury, when the Trumpet sounds:
 Euen so their far-heard clamours set on fire
Pentheus inrag'd, and aggrauate his ire.
 In midst of all the spacious Mountayne stood
 A perspicable Champain, fring'd with wood.
 Here, first of all, his Mother him espyes,
 Viewing those holy Rites with prophane eyes.
 Shee, first, vpon him frantickly did runne:
 And first her eger Iauelin pearc't her sonne.
 Come, sisters, cry'd shee, this is that huge Bore
 Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds must gore.
 With that, in-rush the sense-distracted Crew:
 And altogether the amaz'd persew.
 Now trembled he; now, late-breath'd threats suppress:
 Himselfe he blames, and his offence confest.
 Who cry'd, Helpe Aunt *Autonoë*; I bleed:
 O let *Actæon's* ghost soft pittie breed!
 Not knowing who *Actæon* was, shee lops
 His right hand off: the other, *Ino* crops.
 The wretch now to his Mother would haue throwne
 His suppliant hands: but, now his hands were gone.
 Yet lifting vp their bloody stumps, he said,
 Ah, Mother, see! *Agave*, well appay'd,
 Shouts at the sight, casts vp her neck, and shakes
 Her staring haire. In cruell hands shee takes
 His head, yet gasping: *Iô* sing, said shee,
Iô my Mates! this spoyle belongs to mee.
 Not leaues, now wither'd, nipt by Autumn's frost,
 So soon are ravisht from high Trees, and tost
 By scattering windes, as they in peeces teare
 His minced lims. Th' *Ismenians*, struck with feare,
 His Orgies celebrate; his prayses sing;
 And incense to his holy Altars bring.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The fourth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

Derceta, a Fish. Semiramis a Dove.
 Transforming Nais equall Fate doth prone.
 White berries Louers blood with black defiles.
 Apollo, like Eurynome, beguiles
 Leucothoe, buried quick for that offence:
 Who, Nectar sprinkled, sprouts to Frankincense.
 Griev'd Clytie, turn'd to a Flowr, turns with the Sun.
 Daphnis, to Stone. Sex changeth Scytheon.
 Celmus, a Load-stone. Curets, got by showres.
 Crocus, and Smilax turn'd to little flowres.
 In one Hermaphrodite, two bodies ioyn.
 Mineides, Bais. Sad Ino made diuine,
 With Melicert. Who Iunos fact upbray'd,
 Or Statues, or Cadmean Fowles are made.
 Hermione and Cadmus, worne with woe,
 Prone hurtlesse Dragons. Drops to Serpents growe.
 Atlas, a Mountayne. Gorgon-toucht Sea-weeds
 To Corall change. From Gorgons blood, proceeds
 Swift Pegasus: Crysaor also takes
 From thence his birth. Faire haire's convert to Snakes.

BUt yet, Alcithoë Mineides
 The honour'd Orgies of the God displeasē.
 Her sisters share in that impietic;
 Who Bacchus for the sonne of Ioue denie.
 And now his Priest proclaimes a solemne Feast;
 That Dames and Maids from vsuall labour rest;
 That wrapt in skins, their haire-laces vnbound,
 And dangling Tresses with wilde Iuy crown'd,
 They leauy Spears assume. Who prophesies
 Sad haps to such as his command despise.
 The Matrons and new-marryed Wiues obay:
 Their Webs, their vn-spun Wooll, aside they lay;
 Sweet odours burne; and sing: Lyæus, Bacchus,
 Nysæus, Bromius, Euan, great Iacchus:

Fire-got, Sonne of two Mothers, The twice-borne,
 Father *Eleleus*, *Thyon* neuer shorne,
Lenaus, planter of life-cheering Vines;
Nyctileus : with all names that *Greece* assignes
 To thee, ô *Liber* ! Still dost thou inioy
 Vnwasted Youth; eternally a Boy !
 Thou'rt seen in heauen; whom al perfections grace;
 And, when vnhorn'd, thou hast a Virgins face.
 Thy conquests through the Orient are renown'd,
 Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.
 Proud *Pentheus*, and *Lycurgus*, like prophane,
 By thee (ô greatly to be fear'd !) were slaine :
 The *Thuscans* drencht in Seas. Thou hold'st in awe
 The spotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.
 Light *Bacchanals*, and skipping Satyrs follow,
 Whil'st old *Sylenus*, reeling still, doth halloo;
 Who weakly hangs, vpon his tardie Ass.
 What place so-e're thou entrest, sounding brasse,
 Lowd Sack-buts, Tymbrels, the confused cryes
 Of Youths and Women, pierce the marble skyes.
 Thy presence, we, *Ismenides*, implore :
 Come, ô come pleas'd ! Thus they his Rites restore.
 Yet, the *Minēides* at home remayne;
 And with their plyed tasks his Feast prophane :
 Who either weaue, or at their distaffs spin;
 And vrge their Maids to exercise their sin.
 One said, as shee the twisted thread out-drew;
 While others sport, and forged Gods persew,
 Let vs, whom better *Pallas* doth inuite,
 Our vsfull labour season with delight,
 And stories tell by turnes; that, what long yeares
 Denie our eyes, may enter at our eares.
 They all agree; and bade the eldest tell
 Her storie first. Shee paus'd; not knowing well
 Of many which to choose : T'insist vpon
 The Sad *Dercetis*, of fam'd *Babylon*
 (Who, as the *Palestines* beleue, did take
 A scaly forme, inhabiting a Lake)
 Or of her daughter speake, with wing'd ascent
 High-pearcht on towres : who there her old age spent :
 Or of that *Nais*; who with charmes most strange,
 And weeds too-pow'rfull, humane shapes did change,
 Into

Into mute Fishes, till a Fish shee grew:
 Or of the Tree whose berryes chang'd their hew;
 The white to black, by bloods asperſion, growne:
 This pleaſeth beſt; as being moſt vnknowne.

Who thus began; and draws the following woll.
 Young *Pyramus* (no Youth ſo beautifull
 Through all the Eaſt) and *Thisbe* (who for faire
 Might with th'immortall Goddeſſes compare)
 Ioyn'd houſes, where *Semiramis* incloſ'd
 Her ſtately towne, with walls of brick compos'd.
 This neighbourhood their firſt acquaintance bred;
 That, grew to loue; Loue ſought a nuptiall bed:
 But Parents, who could not with-ſtand, with-ſtood
 Their ioynt deſires, and like incenſed blood.

Signes onely vtter their vnwitneſt loues:
 But hidden fire the violenter proues.

A cranny in the parting wall was left;
 By ſhrinking of the new-layd mortar, cleft:
 This, for ſo many Ages vndiſcry'd
 (What cannot Loue finde out!) the Louers ſpy'd.
 By which, their whiſpering voyces ſoftly trade;
 And Paſſion's amorous embaſſie conuay'd.

On this ſide and on that, like Snaiſes they cleaue;
 And greedily each others breath receaue.

O enuious walls (ſaid they) who thus diuide
 Whom Loue hath ioyn'd! O, giue vs way to ſlide
 Into each others armes! if ſuch a bliſſe
 Tranſcend our Fates, yet ſuffer vs to kiſſe!
 Nor are w'ingrate: much we confeſſe we owe
 To you, who this deare libertie beſtowe.

At Night they bid farewell. Their kiſſes greet
 The ſenſeſſe ſtones, with lips that could not meet.

When from th'approching Morn the ſtars withdrew,
 And that the Sunne had drunke the ſcorched deaw,
 They at the vſuall Station meet againe;
 And with ſoft murmurs mutually complaine.

At laſt, reſolue in ſilence of the Night
 To ſteale away, and free themſelues by flight;
 And with their houſes, to forſake the Towne.

Yet, leſt they ſo might wander vp and downe;
 To meete at *Ninus* tombe they both agree,
 Vnder the ſhelter of a ſhady Tree.

There, a high Mulberry, full of white fruit,
 Hard by a liuing Fountayne fixt his Root.
 The Sun, that seem'd too slow, his steeds bestowes
 In restfull Seas: from Seas, wisht Night arose.
 Then *Thise* in the darke the doores vnbarr'd;
 And slipping forth, vnmiss'd by her guard,
 Comes maskt to *Ninus* tomb: there in the cold
 Sits vnderneath that Tree: Loue made her bold.
 When (lo!) a Lyonesse, smear'd with the blood
 Of late-slaine Beeces, approcht the neighbor flood,
 To quench her thirst. Far-off by Moon-light spy'd,
 Swift feare her flight into a Caue doth guide.
 Flying, her mantle from her shoulders fell:
 The fatall Lionesse, as from the Well
 Vp to the rocky Mountayne shee with-drawes,
 Found it, and tore it with her bloody iawes.

When *Pyramus*, who came not forth so soone,
 Perceiued by the glimpses of the Moone
 The footing of wilde Beasts: his looke grew pale.
 But, when he spy'd her torne and bloody vaile;
 One night (said he) two louers shall destroy!
 Shee longer life deserued to inioy.
 The guilt is mine: 'twas I (poore soule!) that slue thee
 Who to a place so full of danger drew thee,
 Nor came before. You Lyons, ô descend
 From your aboads! a wretch in peeces rend,
 Condemned by his selfe-pronounced doom:
 And make your entrails my opprobrious tomb!
 But Cowards wisht to die. Her mantle hee
 Carryes along vnto th'appointed Tree.
 There hauing kist, and washt it with his eyes;
 Take from our blood, said he, the double dyes.
 With that, his body on his sword he threw:
 Which, from the reaking wound, he dying drew.
 Now, on his back, vp-spun the blood in smoke:
 As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,
 The waters at a little breach break out,
 And hissing, through the aëry Region spout.
 The Mulberryes their former white forsake;
 And from his sprinkling blood their crimson take.

Now she, who could not yet her feare remoue,
 Returns, for feare to disappoint her Loue.

Her

Her eger spirit seeks him through her eyes;
 Who longs to tell of her escap't surprife.
 The place and figure of the Tree she knew;
 Yet doubts, the berryes hauing chang'd their hew.
 Vncertayne; she his panting lims descry'd,
 That struck the stayned earth; and starts aside.
 Box was not paler then her changed looke:
 And like the lightly breath'd-on Sea she shooke.
 But, when she knew 'twas he (now dispossesst
 Of her amaze) shee shrieks, beats her swoln brest,
 Puls off her haire; imbraces, softly reares
 His hanging head, and fills his wound with teares.
 Then, kissing his cold lips: Woe's me (she said)
 What cursed Fate hath this diuision made!
 O speake, my *Pyramus*! ô looke on mee!
 Thy deare, thy desperate *Thisbe* calls to thee!
 At *Thisbe's* name he opens his dim eyes;
 And hauing seen her, shuts them vp, and dyes.
 But when his emptie scabbard shee had spy'd,
 And her known Robe; Vnhappy man! she cry'd,
 These wounds from loue, from thine own hand proceed!
 Nor is my hand too weake for such a deed:
 My loue as strong. This, this shall courage giue
 To force that life which much disdayns to liue.
 In death I'll follow thee! instyl'd by all,
 The wretched Cause, and partner of thy Fall.
 Whom Death (that had (alas!) alone the might
 To pull thee from me!) shall not dis-vnite.
 O you, our wretched Parents (thus seuerè
 To your owne blood!) my last Petition heare:
 Whom constant loue, whom death hath ioyn'd, interre
 Together in one envi'd Sepulcher.
 And thou, ô Tree, whose branches shade the slaine;
 Of both our slaughters beare the lasting staine:
 In funerall habit euer clothe your brood;
 A liuing monument of our mixt blood.
 This said, his sword, yet reeking, shee reuers't,
 And with a mortall wound her bosom pearc't.
 The easie Gods vnto her wish accord;
 Their Parents also her desire afford:
 The late-white Mulberryes in black now mourne;
 And what the fire had left, lay in one vrne.

Here

Here ended she. Some intermission made,
Leucothoë, her sisters silent, said :

This Sunne, who all directeth with his light,
 Weake Loue hath tam'd : his loues we now recite.
 He first discouer'd the adulterie
 Of *Mars* and *Venus* (nothing scapes his eye)
 And in displeasure told to *Juno's* sonne
 Their secret stealths, and where the deed was done.
 His spirits faint : his hands could not sustaine
 The worke in hand. Forthwith, he forg'd a chaine,
 With nets of brasse, that might the eye deceaue,
 (Lesse curious far the webs which Spiders weaue)
 Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close :
 This, he about the guiltie bed bestowes.
 No sooner these Adulterers were met,
 Than caught in his so strangely forged net;
 Who, struggling, in compeld imbracements lay.
 The Ivory doores then *Vulcan* doth display;
 And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound :
 Yet one, a wanton, wisht to be so found.
 The heauenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told
 Through all the Round, and mirth did long vphold.
Venus, incenst, on him who this disclos'd
 A memorable punishment impos'd.
 And he, of late so tyrannous to Loue,
 Loue's tyrannie in iust exchange doth proue.
Hyperion's sonne, what boots thy pearcing sight !
 Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light !
 For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,
 Art now thy selfe inflam'd with new desires.
 Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoë* view;
 And giue to her, what to the World is dew.
 Now, in the East thou hastnest thy vp-rise :
 Now, slowly sett'st; euen loth to leaue the skyes.
 And, while that Obiect thus exacts thy stay,
 Thou addest houres vnto the Winters day.
 Oft, in thy face thy mindes disease appeares ;
 Affrighting all the darkned World with feares.
 Not *Cynthia's* interposed Orbe doth moue
 These pale aspects; this colour springs from loue.
 Shee all thy thoughts ingroft : nor didst thou care
 For *Clymene*, for her who *Circes* bare,

For

For *Rhodos*; *Clytie*, who in loue abounds,
 Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds.
 All, all were buried in *Leucothoë*;
 Borne in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.
 As shee in beautie farre surpast all other:
 So much the Daughter far surpast the Mother.
 Great *Orchamus* was Father to the Maid:
 Who, seuenth from *Belus Priscus*, *Persia* sway'd.
 In low *Hesperian* Vales those pastures are
 Where *Phæbus* horses on *Ambrosia* fare.
 There, tyred with the trauels of the day,
 They renouate what labour doth decay.
 Now, while cœlestiall food their hunger feeds,
 And Night in her alternate raigne succeeds;
 In figure of *Eurynome*, the God
 Approcht the chamber, where his life aboad.
 He, spinning by a lamp, *Leucothoë* found,
 With twice six hand-maids, who inclos'd her round.
 Then kissing her (her Mother now by Art)
 I haue, said he, a secret to impart:
 Maids, presently with-draw. They all obey'd.
 He, after he had cleer'd the chamber, said:
 The tardie Yeare I measure: I am he
 Who see all Obiects, and by whom all see;
 The World's cleere eye: by thy fair selfe, I sweare,
 I loue thee aboue thought. Shee shooke for feare;
 Her spindle and her distaffe from her fell:
 And yet that feare became her wondrous well.
 Then, his owne forme and radiancy, he tooke:
 Though with that vnexpected presence strooke;
 Yet, vanquisht by his beautie, her complaint
 Shee laid-aside, and suffred his constraint.
 This *Clytie* vext (his loue obseru'd no measure)
 Who in the furie of her fell displeasure,
 Divulg'd the quickly-spredding infamy:
 And to her father doth the fact descry.
 Who sterne and sauage, shuts vp all remorfe,
 From her that su'd, subdewd, she said, by force;
 And *Sol* to witnesse calls. He his dishonour
 Interres aliue, and casts a Mount vpon her.
Hyperion's sonne this batters with his rayes:
 And for her re-ascent a breach displayes.

Yet

Yet could not she aduance her heauy head :
 But life, too haſty, from her body fled.
 Neuer did *Phæbus* with ſuch ſorrow morne
 Since wretched *Phaëton* the World did burne :
 Yet ſtrives he with his influence to beget
 In her cold lims a life-reuoking heat.
 But, ſince the Fates ſuch great attempts withſtood ;
 He ſteeps the place and body in a floud
 Of fragrant Nectar : much bewailes her end :
 And ſighing, ſaid ; Yet ſhalt thou heauen aſcend.
 Forthwith, her body thawes into a deaw :
 Which, from the moyſtned earth, an odour threw.
 Then through the hill a ſhrub of Frankincenſe
 Thrust vp his crowne, and tooke his root from thence.

Though loue might *Clyties* ſorrow haue excus'd ;
 Sorrow, her tongue ; Daye's King her bed refus'd.
 She, with diſtracted paſſion, pines away,
 Detesteth company ; all night, all day,
 Diſrobed, with her ruffled haire vnbound,
 And wet with humour, ſits vpon the ground :
 For nine long dayes all ſuſtenance forbears ;
 Her hunger cloyd with deaw, her thirſt with teares.
 Nor roſe ; but, riuets on the God her eyes ;
 And euer turnes her face to him that flies.
 At length, to earth her ſtupid body cleaues :
 Her wan complexion turns to bloodleſſe-leaues,
 Yet ſtreak't with red : her periſht lims beget
 A flowre, reſembling the pale Violet ;
 Which, with the ſun, though rooted faſt, doth moue ;
 And, being changed, changeth not her loue.

Thus ſhe. This wondrous ſtory caught their cares :
 To ſome the ſame impoſſible appeares ;
 Others, that all is poſſible, conclude,
 To true-ſtyl'd Gods : but, *Bacchus* they extrude.
 All whiſt, *Alcithoë*, call'd-vpon, doth run
 Her ſhuttle through the web ; and thus begun.

T'omit the paſtorall loues, to few vnknowne,
 Of young *Idean Daphnis* ; turn'd to ſtone
 By that vext Nymph, who could not elſe aſſwage
 Her iealouſie : ſuch is a louer's rage !
 And *Scython* who his nature innouates,
 Now male, now female, by alternate Fates ;

With

With *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant,
 Who of his faith to little *Ioue* might vant;
 The shorne *Curetes*, got by falling showres;
Crocos and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowres,
 Iouer-passe; and will your eares surprize
 With sweet delight of vnknowne nouelties.

Then, know, how *Salmacis* infamous grew;
 Whose too strong waues all manly strength vndo,
 And mollifie, with their soule-softning touch:
 The cause vnknown; their nature known too much.
 Th'*Idaan* Nymphs nurst, in secure delight,
 The sonne of *Hermes* and faire *Aphrodite*.
 His father and his mother in his looke
 You might behold: from whom, his name he tooke.
 When Summers siue he thrice had multiply'd;
 Leauing the fount-full Hills of foster *Ide*,
 He wandred through strange Lands, pleas'd with the sight
 Of forren streames; toyle less'ning with delight.
 The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds
 Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds:
 There lighted on a Poole, so passing cleer,
 That all the glittering bottom did appear;
 Inuiron'd with no marish-louing Reeds,
 Nor piked Bull-rushes, nor barren weeds:
 But, liuing Turf vpon the border grew;
 Whose euer Spring no blasting Winter knew.
 A Nymph this haunts, vnpractiz'd in the chace,
 To bend a Bow, or run a strife-full race.
 Of all the Water-Nymphs, this Nymph alone
 To nimble-footed *Dian* was vnknowne.
 Her sisters oft would say; Fie, *Salmacis*,
 Fie lazie sister, what a sloth is this!
 Vpon a Quiuer, or a Iauelin seaze;
 And with laborious hunting mix thine ease.
 On Quiuer, nor on Iauelin, would she seaze;
 Nor with laborious hunting mix her ease.
 But now in her owne Fountayne bathes her faire
 And shapefull lims; now kembs her golden haire;
 Her selfe oft by that liquid mirror drest;
 There taking counsell what became her best:
 Her body in transparent Robes array'd,
 Now on soft leaues, or softer mosse display'd:

Oft gathers flowres; so, when she saw the Boy :
 Whom seen, forthwith shee couets to inioy ;
 And yet would not approach, though big with haste,
 Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac't ;
 Her loue-inueighling lookes set to insnare ;
 Who merited to be reputed faire.

Sweet Boy, said she, well worthy the aboard
 Of blest coelestials! if thou be a God,
 Then art thou *Cupid!* if of humane race,
 Happy the Parents, whom thy person grace!
 Thy sister, if thou hast a sister, blest!
 Thy Nurse, much more, who fed thee with her brest!
 But (ô!) no lesse then deifi'd is shee
 Whom mariage shall incorporate to thee!
 If any such; let me this treasure steale:
 If not, be't I; and our dear Nuptials scale.

This said, she held her peace. He blusht for shame;
 Not knowing loue: whom shamefac'tnesse became.
 So Apples show vpon the sunny side;
 So Iuory, with rich Vermillion dy'd:
 So pure a red the siluer Moon doth staine,
 When auxil'ary brasse resounds in vaine.
 Shee earnestly intreats a sisters kisse:
 And now, aduancing to imbrace her blisse,
 He, struggling, said; Lasciuious Nymph, forbear;
 Or I will quit the place, and leaue you here.
 Faire Stranger, timorous *Salmacis* reply'd,
 'Tis freely yours; and therewith stept aside:
 Yet, looking back, amongst the shrubby Trees
 She closely sculks, and crouches on her knees.
 The vacant Boy, now being left alone,
 Imagining he was obseru'd by none,
 Now here, now there, about the margent trips;
 And, in th'alluring waues his ankles dips.
 Caught with the Water's flattering temp'rature,
 He streight disrobes his body; ô, how pure!
 His naked beautie *Salmacis* amaz'd:
 Who with vnsatisfied longing gaz'd.
 Her sparkling eyes shoot flames through this sweet error;
 Much like the Sunne reflected by a mirror.
 Now, she impatiently her hope delays;
 Now, burnes t'imbrace: now, halfe-madde, hardly staves.

Hee

He swiftly from the banke on which he stood,
 Clapping his body, leaps into the flood;
 And, with his rowing armes, supports his lims :
 Which, through the pure waues, glister as he swims.
 Like Iuory statues, which the life surpasses;
 Or like a Lilly, in a crystall glasse.
 He's mine ! the Nymph exclaim'd : who all vnstript;
 And, as she spake, into the water skipt:
 Hanging about the neck that did resist;
 And, with a mastring force, th'vnwilling kist :
 Now, puts her hand beneath his scornfull brest;
 Now euery way inuading the distrest :
 And wraps-about the subiect of her lust,
 Much like a Serpent by an Eagle truss't;
 Which to his head and feet, infettered, clings;
 And wreaths her tayle about his stretcht-out wings.
 So clasping Iuy to the Oke doth grow ;
 And so the *Polypus* detaynes his foe.
 But *Atlantiades*, relentlesse coy,
 Still struggles, and resists her hop't-for ioy.
 Inuested with her body : foole, said shee,
 Struggle thou may'st ; but neuer shalt be free.
 O you, who in immortall thrones reside,
 Grant that no day may euer vs diuide !
 Her wishes had their Gods. Euen in that space
 Their cleauing bodies mix : both haue one face.
 As when wee two diuided scions ioyne,
 And see them grow together in one rine :
 So they, by such a strict imbracement glew'd,
 Are now but one, with double forme indew'd.
 No longer he a boy, nor she a maid;
 But neither, and yet either, might be said.
Hermaphroditus at himselfe admires :
 Who halfe a female from the spring retires,
 His manly lims now softned; and thus prayes,
 With such a voyce as neither sex betrayes :
 Swift *Hermes*, *Aphrodite* ! him ô heare
 Who was your sonne ! who both your names doth beare!
 May euery man, that in this water swims,
 Returne halfe-woman, with infeebled lims.
 His gentle parents signe to his request;
 And with vnknowne receipts the spring infest.

Here, they conclude: yet giue their hands no rest;
 But *Bacchus* slight, and still prophane his Feast.
 Then, suddenly harsh instruments surprize
 Their charged eares, not extant to their eyes:
 Sweet Myrrhe and Saffron all the house perfume.
 Their webs (past credit!) flourish in the loome:
 The hanging wooll to green-leau'd Iuy spreads;
 Part, into vines: the equall twisted threads
 To branches run: buds from the distaffe shoote;
 And with that purple paint their blushing fruit.
 Now to the day succeeds that doubtfull light;
 Which neither can be called day, nor night.
 The building trembles: torches of fat Pines
 Appeare to burne; the roome with flashes shines;
 Fill'd with fantasticall resemblances
 Of howling beasts, whom blood and slaughter please.
 The Sisters, to the smoaky rooffe retire;
 And, there disperst, auoid both light and fire.
 Thus, while they corners seeke, thin films extend
 From lightned lims, with small beams inter-pend.
 But how their former shapes they did forgoe,
 Concealing darknesse would not let them know.
 Nor are these little Light-detesting things
 Born-vp with feathers, but transparent wings.
 Their voyce befits their bodies; small, and faint:
 Wherewith they harshly vtter their complaint.
 These houses haunt, in night conceale their shame;
 And of the loued Euening take their name.

All *Thebes* now feared *Bacchus* celebrates:
 Whose wondrous powr his boasting Aunt relates.
 She onely, of so many sisters, knew
 No grieffe as yet, but what from them she drew.
 A happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,
 Nurse to a God: these caus'd her to surpass
 The bounds of her felicities; and made
 Vext *Iuno* storm; who to her selfe thus said;
 What? could that Strumpets brat the form debase
 Of poore *Maonian* Saylers, drencht in Seas?
 A Mother vrge to murder her owne son?
 And wing the three *Minēides* that spun?
 Can I but vn-reuenged wrongs deplore?
 Must that suffice? and is our powre no more?

He teacheth what to doe; learne of thy Foe:
 What furie can, the wounds of *Pentheus* show
 More then too-much. Why should not *Ino* tread
 The path which late her franticke sisters lead?
 A steepe darke Caue, with deadly Ewe repleat,
 Through silence leads to hell's infernall seat.
 By this, dull *Styx* eiects a blasting fume:
 Here ghosts descend, whose bodies earth inhume;
 Amongst those thorns, stiffe Cold and Palenesse dwell.
 The new-come ghosts nor know the way to Hell;
 Nor where the roomy *Stygian* Citie stands;
 Or that dire Palace where black *Dis* commands.
 A thousand entries to this Citie guide:
 The gates still open stand, on euery side.
 And as all Riuers run into the Deep:
 So all vn-housed Soules doe thither creep.
 Nor are they pestered for want of roome:
 Nor can it be perceiu'd that any come.
 Here shadowes wander from their bodies pent:
 Some plead; and some the Tyrants Court frequent:
 Some in life-practiz'd Arts imploy their times:
 Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.
Saturnia stooping from her Throne of Ayre
 (Her hate immortall!) thither makes repayre.
 As soone as shee had entered the gate,
 The threshold trembl'd with her sacred waight.
 Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddesse dreads,
 And barketh thrice at once, with his three heads.
 Shee calls the Furies, Daughters to old Night;
 Implacable, and hating all delight.
 Before the doors of Adamant they sit;
 And there with combs their snaky curls vnknit:
 When they through gloomy darknesse did disclose
 That forme of Heauen, the Goddesse arose.
 The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.
 Here *Tityus*, for attempted Rape defam'd,
 Had his vast body on nine Acres spread:
 And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.
 From *Tantalus*, deceitfull water slips:
 And catcht-at fruit auoids his touched lips.
 Thou euer seekest, or roul'st vp in vaine
 A stone, ô *Sisyphus*, to fall againe.

Ixion, turn'd vpon a restlesse wheele,
 With giddie head persews his flying heele.
 The *Belides*, whom Kinf-men's blood accuse,
 For euer draw the Water, which they loose.
 On all, *Saturnia* frowns; but most of all
 At thee *Ixion*; then, a looke lets fall
 On *Sisyphus*; And why (said shee) remaines
 This brother onely in perpetuall paines;
 When haughtie *Athamas*, whose thoughts despise
 Both *Ione* and me, abides in constant ioyes?
 Then tels the cause of her approach, her hate,
 And what shee would: the fall of *Cadmus* state;
 That *Athamas* the Furies would distract,
 And vrge him to some execrable fact.
 Importunately shee soliciteth,
 Commands, intreats, and promist, with one breath.
 Incenst *Tisiphone* her Tresses shakes;
 And, tossing from her face the hissing Snakes,
 Thus said: You need not vse long ambages;
 Suppose all done already, that may please:
 Forsake this lothsome Kingdome, and repayre
 To th'vpper world's more comfortable ayre.

Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to heauen with-drew:
 Whom first *Thaumantian Iris* purg'd with dew.
 Forthwith, *Tisiphone* her garment takes,
 Dropping with blood, and girt with knotted Snakes.
 About her head a bloody torch shee shooke;
 And swiftly those accurst aboads forsooke.
 Still-fighting Sorrow, Horror, trembling Feare,
 And gastly Madnesse, her associats were.
 The entred Palace gron'd: pale poyson soyles
 The polisht doores: the frighted Sunne recoyles.
 Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, stricke with dread
 And monstrous apparitions, sought t'haue fled:
 But sterne *Erinnys* their escape withstands;
 And stretching-out her viper-grasping hands,
 Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpentshift:
 Some, falling on her shoulders, there vntwist;
 Others, vpon her vgly brest descend,
 Spet poyson, and their forked tongues extend.
 Two Adders from her crawling haire shee drew;
 And those at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw:

These

These vp and down about their bosoms roule;
 And with infus'd infection sad the Soule.
 No wound vpon their bodies could be found:
 It was the mind that felt the desperate wound.
 She brought besides, from her abhorred home,
 The surfet of *Echidna*, with the fume
 Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, still-wandering Error,
 Obliuion, Mischiefe, Teares, infernall Terror,
 Distracted Fury, an Affection fixt
 On murder; altogether ground, and mixt
 With blood yet reeking; boyl'd in hollow brasse,
 And stird with Hemlocke. While sad *Athamas*
 And *Ino* quake, she pours into their breasts
 The ragefull poyson; which their peace infests.
 Her flamy torch then whisking in a round
 (Whose circularie fire her conquest crown'd)
 To *Pluto's* emptie regiment she makes
 A swift descent; and there vngirts her Snakes.

Forthwith, *Æolides* with poyson boyles.
Io, my Mates, he cryes, here pitch your toyles;
 Here, late a Lyonesse by me was seen
 With her twowhelps. With that, persues the Queen
 And from her brest *Clearchus* snatcht: The Child
 Stretcht forth his little arms, and on him smil'd:
 Whom like a sling about his head he swings;
 And cruelly against the pauement flings.
 The Mother, whether with her grieffe distraught,
 Or that the poyson on her senses wrought,
 Runs howling with her haire about her eares;
 And in bare arms her *Melicerta* beares;
 Cryes Euohe *Bacchus*! *Ino* laught, and said;
 Thus art thou by thy Foster-child repay'd.
 There is a Rock that ouer-looks the Mayne,
 Hollow'd by fretting Surges, sconst from rayne;
 Whose craggy brow to vaster Seas extends.
 This, *Ino* (fury adding strength) ascends;
 Descending head-long, with the load she beares;
 And strikes the sparkling waues, that fall in teares.

Then, *Venus*, grieuing at her Neece's Fate,
 Her Vncle thus intreats: O thou, whose State
 Is next to *Ioue's*; great Ruler of the Flood;
 My sute is bold; yet pittie thou my blood,

Now

Now tossed in the deepe *Ionian* Seas :
 And ioyne them to thy watrie Deities.
 Some fauour of the Sea I should obtaine,
 That am ingender'd of the fomy Maine :
 Of which, the acceptable name I beare.
Neptune affords a fauourable care;
 Who what was mortall from their beings tooke;
 Then gaue to either a Maiesticke looke;
 In all their faculties diuinely fram'd:
 And her, *Lucothoë*; him, *Palemon* nam'd.

The *Theban* Ladies, who her steps persew'd,
 Her last on the first Promontorie view'd.
 Then, held for dead; with haire, and garments rent,
 They beat their breasts; and *Cadmus* House lament.
 Of little Iustice, and much Crueltie,
 All, *Iuno* tax. Indure (shee said) shall I
 Such blasphemies? I'll make you monuments
 Of my reuenge. Threats vs her their euent.
 When one, of all the most affectionate,
 Cry'd, ô my Queene, I will partake thy Fate!
 And thought to leape into the roring Flood;
 But could not moue: her feete fast fixed stood.
 Another, who her bosome meant to beat;
 Perceiu'd her stiff'ned armes to lose their heat.
 By chance, her hand This stretcheth to the Maine;
 Nor could her hand, now stone, vnstretch againe.
 As She her violated Tresses tare,
 Her fingers forthwith hardned in her haire.
 Their Statues now those seuerall gestures beare
 Wherein they formerly surpris'd were.
 Some, Fowles became; now cald *Cadmèides*;
 Who with their light wings sweepe those gulphy Seas.

Little knew *Cadmus*, that his Children raign'd
 In sacred Seas, and deathlesse States retayn'd.
 Subdew'd with woes, with tragicall euent,
 That had no end, and many dire ostents,
 He leaues his Citie; as not through his owne,
 But by the fortune of the place o're-throwne:
 And with his wife *Hermione*, long tost,
 At length arriue at th'*Illyrian* Coast.
 Now spent with griefe and age, whil'st they relate
 Their former toyles, and Familie's first fate:

And

And was that Serpent sacred, which I slew
 (Said he) whose teeth into the Earth I threw
 (An vncouth seed) when I from *Sidon* came?
 If this, the vengefull Gods so much inflame,
 May I my belly Serpent-like extend!
 His belly lengthned, ere his wish could end.
 Tough scales vpon his hardned out-side grew;
 The black, distinguished with drops of blew.
 Then, falling on his breast, his thighs vnite;
 And in a spiny progresse stretch out-right.
 His armes (for, armes as yet they were) he spreads:
 And teares on cheeks, that yet were humane, sheds.
 Come, ô sad Soule, said he; thy husband touch;
 Whil'st I am I, or part of me be such.
 Shake hands, while yet I haue a hand to shake;
 Before I totally endue a Snake.
 His tongue was yet in motion; when it cleft
 In two, forthwith of humane speech bereft.
 He hift, when he his sorrowes sought to vent;
 The onely language now which Nature lent.
 His Wife her naked bosom beats, and cryes,
 Stay *Cadmus*, and put-off these prodigies.
 O strange! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, brest,
 Thy colour, face, and (while I speake) the rest!
 You Gods, why also am not I a Snake?
 He lickt her willing lips euen as she spake;
 Into her well-knowne bosom glides; her waste,
 And yeelding neck, with louing twines imbrac't.
 Amazement all the standers-by posselt;
 While glittering combs their slippery heads inuest.
 Now are they two: who crept, together chayn'd,
 Till they the couert of the Wood attayn'd.
 These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,
 Do hurt to no man, nor mans presence feare.

Yet were those sorrowes by their daughters son
 Much comforted, who vanquisht *India* won:
 To whom th' *Achaians* Temples consecrate;
 Diuinely magnifi'd through either State.
 Alone *Acrisius Abantiades*,
 Though of one Progenie, dissents from these:
 Who, from th' *Argolian* Citie, made him flie;
 And manag'd armes against a Deitie.

L

Nor

Nor him, nor *Perseus* he for *Ioue's* doth hold;
 (Begot on *Danaë* in a showre of gold)
 Yet straight repents (so preualent is truth)
 Both to haue forc't the God, & doom'd the Youth.
 Now is the one inthroned in the skyes:
 The other through Ayr's emptie Region flyes;
 And beares along the memorable spoyle
 Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toyle:
 And as he o're the *Lybian* Deserts flew,
 The blood, that dropt from *Gorgon's* head, streight grew
 To various Serpents, quickned by the ground:
 With these, those much infested Climes abound.

Hither and thither, like a cloud of rayne
 Borne by crosse windes, he cuts the ayrie Mayne;
 Far-distant earth beholding from on high;
 And ouer all the ample World doth flie:
 Thrice saw *Arcturus*, thrice to *Cancer* prest;
 Oft hurried to the East, oft to the West.
 And now, not trusting to approched night,
 Vpon th' *Hesperian* Continent doth light:
 And craues some rest, till *Lucifer* displays
Aurora's blush, and shee *Apollo's* rayes.
 Huge-statur'd *Atlas Iapetonides*
 Here sway'd the vtmost bounds of Earth and Seas;
 Where *Titan's* panting steeds his Chariot steepe,
 And bathe their fierie feet-locks in the Deepe.
 A thousand Heards, as many Flocks, he fed
 In those large Pastures, where no neighbours tread.
 Here to their tree the shining branches sute;
 To them, their leaues; to those, the golden fruit.
 Great King, said *Perseus*, if high birth may moue
 Respect in thee, behold the sonne of *Ioue*:
 If admiration, then my Acts admire;
 Who rest, and hospitable Rites desire.
 He, mindfull of this prophecie, of old
 By sacred *Themis* of *Parnassus* told;
 In time thy golden fruit a prey shall proue,
 O *Iaphet's* sonne, vnto the sonne of *Ioue*.
 This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd
 With solid Cliffs, that all accessse oppos'd:
 The Guard whereof a monstrous Dragon held;
 And from his Land all Forainers expeld.

Be gone, said he, for feare thy glories prooue,
 But counterfeit; and thou no sonne to *Ioue*;
 Then addes vnciuill violence to threats.
 With strength the other seconds his intreats:
 In strength inferior; Who so strong as he?
 Since curtesie, nor any worth in me,
 Vext *Perseus* said, can purchase my regard;
 Yet from a guest receiue thy due reward.
 With that, *Medusa's* vgly head he drew,
 His owne reuersed. Forthwith, *Atlas* grew
 Into a Mountayne equall to the man:
 His haire and beard to woods and bushes ran;
 His armes and shoulders into ridges spread;
 And what was his, is now the Mountaynes head:
 Bones turne to stones; and all his parts extrude
 Into a huge prodigious altitude.
 (Such was the pleasure of the euer-blest)
 Whereon the heauens, with all their tapers, rest.

Hippotades in hollow rocks did close
 The strife-full Windes: Bright *Lucifer* arose
 Androus'd vp Labour. *Perseus*, hauing ty'd
 His wings t'his feete, his fauchion to his side,
 Sprung into ayre: below, on either hand
 Innumerable Nations left: the Land
 Of *Aethiop*, and the *Cephen* fields suruay'd;
 There, where the innocently wretched maid
 Was for her mothers proud impietie,
 By vniust *Ammon* sentenced to die.
 Whom when the Heros saw to hard rocks chain'd;
 But that warm tears from charged eye-springs drain'd,
 And light windes gently fann'd her fluent haire,
 He would haue thought her marble: Ere aware
 He fire attracteth; and, astonisht by
 Her beautie, had almost forgot to fly.
 Who lighting said; O fairest of thy kinde
 (More worthy of those bands which Louers bind,
 Then these rude gyues) the Land by thee renown'd,
 Thy name, thy birth, declare; and why thus bound:
 At first, the silent Virgin was affrayd
 To speake t'a man; and modestly had made
 A visard of her hands; but, they were ty'd:
 And yet abortiue teares their fountaines hide.

Still vrg'd, lest shee should wrong her innocence,
 As if asham'd to vtter her offence,
 Her Countrie shee discovers; her owne name;
 Her beantious Mother's confidence, and blame.
 All yet vntold, the Waues began to rore:
 Th'apparant Monster (hast'ning to the shore)
 Before his brest, the broad-spred Sea vp-bears.
 The Virgin shrieks. Her Parents see their feares.
 Both mourne; both wretched (but, shee iustly so:)
 Who bring no aid, but extasies of woe,
 With teares that sute the time: Who take the leaue
 They loathe to take; and to her body cleaue.
 You for your griefe may haue, the stranger said,
 A time too long: short is the houre of aid.
 If freed by me, *Ioue's* sonne, in fruitfull gold
 Begot on *Danaë* through a brazen Hold;
 Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the snakie haire;
 And boldly glide through vn-inclosed aire:
 If for your sonne you then will me prefer;
 Adde to this worth, That in deliuering her;
 I'le trie (so fauour me the Powres diuine)
 That shee, sau'd by my valour, may be mine.
 They take a Law; intreat what he doth offer:
 And further, for a Dowre their Kingdome proffer.
 Lo! as a Gally with fore-fixed prow
 (Row'd by the sweat of slaues) the Sea doth plow:
 Euen so the Monster furroweth with his brest,
 The foming flood; and to the neere Rocke prest:
 Not farther distant, then a man might sling
 A way-inforcing bullet from a sling.
 Forth-with, the youthfull issue of rich showrs,
 Earth pushing from him, to the blew skye towrs.
 The furious Monster eagerly doth chace
 His shadow, gliding on the Seas smooth face.
 And as *Ioue's* bird, when shee from high suruayes
 A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rayes;
 Descends vnscene, and through his necks blew scales
 (To shun his deadly teeth) her talons naile's:
 So swiftly stoops high-picht *Inachides*
 Through singing ayre: then on his backe doth seaze;
 And neere his right fin sheaths his crooked sword
 Vp to the hilts; who deeply wounded, roar'd:

Now

Now capers in the ayre, now dines below
 The troubled waues; now turn's vpon his foe:
 Much like a chafed Bore, whom eger hounds
 Haue at a Bay, and terrifie with sounds.
 He, with swift wings, his greedy iawes auoids;
 Now, with his fauchion wounds his scaly sides;
 Now, his shell-rough-cast back; now, where the taile
 Ends in a Fish, or parts expos'd t'assaile.

A streame mixt with his bloud the Monster flings
 From his wide throat; which wets his heauy wings:
 Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely
 On their support. He sees a rock hard by,
 Whose top about the quiet waters stood;
 But vnderneath the winde-incensed flood.
 There lights; and, holding by the rocks extent,
 His oft-thrust sword into his bowels sent.

The shore rings with th'applause that fills the sky.
 Then, *Cepheus* and *Cassiope*, with ioy,
 Salute him for their son: whom now they call
 The Saviour of their House, and of them all.
 Vp came *Andromeda*, freed from her chaines;
 The cause, and recompence of all his paines.

Meane-while, he washeth his victorious hands
 In cleansing waues. And lest the beachy Sands
 Should hurt the snaky head, the ground he strew
 With leaues and twigs that vnder water grew:
 Whereon, *Medusa's* vgly face he layes.

The greene, yet iuicy, and attractiue sprays
 From the toucht Monster stiffning hardnes tooke;
 And their owne natiue pliancy forsooke.

The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder trie
 On other Sprigs, and in the issue ioy:
 Who sowe againe their Seeds vpon the Deepe.
 The Corall now that propertie doth keepe,
 Recciuing hardnes from felt ayre alone:
 Beneath the Sea a twig, about a stone.

Forth-with, three Altars he of Turf erects,
 To *Hermes*, *Ioue*, and Her who warre affects:
Minerua's on the right; on the left hand
 Stood *Mercurie's*: *Ioue's* in the midst did stand.
 To *Mercurie*, a Calfc they sacrifice;
 To *Ioue*, a Bull; a Cow, to *Pallas* dyes:

Then

Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward
 Of so great worth; with Dow'r, of lesse regard.
 Now, Loue and *Hymen* vrge the Nuptiall Bed:
 The sacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed;
 The house hung round with Garlands; euery-where
 Melodious Harps and Songs salute the eare;
 Of iocund mirth the free and happy signes:
 With Dores display'd, the golden Palace shines.
 The *Cephen* Nobles, and each stranger Guest,
 Together enter to this sumptuous Feast.
 The Banquet done, with generous wines they cheare
 Their heightned spirits: *Percus* longs to heare
 Their fashions, manners, and originall;
 Who, by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all.
 This told; he said: Now tell, ô valiant Knight,
 By what felicitie of force or sleight,
 You got this purchase of the snaky haire.
 Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,
 How vnder frosty *Atlas* cliffy side
 Therelay a Plaine, with Mountaines fortify'd:
 In whose accessse the *Phorcides* did lye;
 Two sisters; both of them had but one eye:
 How cunningly his hands thereon he lay'd,
 As they from one another it conuay'd.
 Then through blind wastes, & rocky Forrests came
 To *Gorgon's* house: the way vnto the same,
 Beset with formes of men and beasts, alone
 By seeing of *Medusa* turn'd to stone:
 Whose horrid shape securely he did eye,
 In his bright target's cleere refulgency.
 And how her head he from her shoulders tooke,
 Ere heauy sleepe her snakes and her forsooke.
 Then told of *Pegasus*, and of his brother,
 Sprung from the blood of their new-slaughtred mother:
 Adding the perils past in his long way;
 What seas, what soyles, his eyes belowe suruay;
 And to what starres his lofty pitch ascends:
 Yet long afore their expectation ends.
 One Lord among the rest would gladly knowe,
 Why Serpents onely on her head did growe.
 Stranger, said he, since this that you require
 Deserues the knowledge, take what you desire:

Her passing beautie was the onely scope
Of mens affections, and their enuied hope :
Yet was not any part of her more rare
(So say they who haue scene her) than her haire.
Whom Neptune in *Minerua's* Fane comprest.
Ioue's daughter, with the *Aegis* on her brest,
Hid her chaste blushes : and due vengeance takes,
In turning of the *Gorgon's* haire to Snakes.
Who now, to make her enemies affray'd,
Beares in her shield the Serpents which she made.

OVID'S

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.

The fifth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

WHil't the Danaëan Heros this relates,
Amidst th'assembly of the Cephens States;
Exalted voyces through the Palace ring:
Not like to theirs who at a marriage sing;
But such as menace warre. The Nuptiall Feast,
Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life exprest
A peacefull Sea, whose brow no frown deforms,
Streight ruffled into billowes by rude stormes.
First *Phineus*, the rash Author of this warre,
Shaking a Lance, began the deadly iarre.
Lo, I the man, that will vpon thy life
Reuenge, said he, the rapture of my wife.
Nor shall thy wings, nor *Ioue* inforged gold,
Worke thy escape. About to throwe: O hold!
Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: What wilt thou do?
What furie, frantick brother, tempts thee to
So foule a fact? Is this the recompence
For such high merit? for her life's defence?
Not *Perseus*, but th'incens't *Nereides*,
But horned *Hammon*, and the wrath of Seas
(That Orke that sought my bowels to deuoure)
Haue snatcht her from thee; rauisht in the houre

Of her exposure. But thy crueltie
 Perhaps was well content that shee should die,
 To ease thy losse with ours. May't not suffice,
 That shee was bound in chaynes before thine eyes ;
 That thou, her Vncle, and her Husband, brought
 Her perill no preuention, nor none sought;
 But that anothers aid thou must enuy,
 And claime the Tropheys of his victory?
 Which, if of such esteeme, thou shouldst haue strain'd
 T'haue forc't them from those Rocks, where lately chaind.
 Let him, who did, enioy them : nor exact
 What is his dew by merit and compact.
 Nor thinke, we *Perseus* before thee prefer;
 But him, before so abhorr'd a sepulcher.

He, without answer, rowling to and fro
 His eyes on either, doubts at which to throwe :
 And pausing, his ill-aymed lance at length
 At *Perseus* hurles, with rage-redoubled strength.
 Fixt in the bed-stock; vp fierce *Perseus* starts,
 And his retorted Speare at *Phineus* darts:
 Who suddenly behinde an Altar stept ;
 An Altar vengeance from the wicked kept :
 And yet in *Rhetus* brow the weapon stuck.
 He fell : the steele out of his scull they pluck :
 Who spurnes the earth, and staynes the board with blood.
 With that, the multitude, with fury wood,
 Their Lances fling : and some there be who crie,
 That *Cepheus*, and his sonne in law, should die.
 But *Cepheus* wisely quits the clamorous Hall :
 Who Faith and Iustice doth to record call,
 With all the hospitable Gods; that hee
 Was from this execrable vp-rore free.
 The warlike *Pallas*, present, with her shield
 Protects her Brother, and his courage steel'd.
 Young *Indian Arys* by ill hap was there;
 Whom *Ganges*-got *Limniace* did beare
 In her cleare Waues : his beautie excellent,
 Which care and costly ornaments augment:
 Who scarce had fully sixteene Summers told :
 Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.
 About his neck he wore a carquenet :
 His haire with Riband bound, and odors wet.

Although he cunningly a Dart could throwe :
 Yet with more cunning could he vse his Bowe.
 Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand;
 Quick *Perseus* from the Altar snatcht a Brand,
 And dasht it on his face : out-start his eyes;
 And through his flesh the shiuered bones arise.
 When *Syrian Lycabas* his *Atys* view'd,
 Shaking his formlesse looks, with blood imbrew'd:
 To him in strictest bonds of friendship ty'd,
 And one who could not his affection hide:
 After he had his tragedie bewail'd;
 Who through the bitter wound his soule exhal'd:
 He took the Bowe, which erst the Youth did bend;
 And said; With me, thou Murderer contend;
 Nor longer glorie in a Boye's sad fate,
 Which itaines thy actions with deserued hate.
 Yet speaking, from the string the arrow flew :
 Which tooke his plighted robe, as he with-drew.
Acrisioniades vpon him prest ;
 And sheath'd his Harpy in his groning brest.
 Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes
 That swim in night; and on his bosome lyes:
 Then chearfully expires his parting breath:
 Reioycing to be ioyn'd to him in death.
Phorbas the *Syënit*, *Metkion's* son,
 With him the *Libyan Amphimedon*;
 Eger of combate, slipping in the blood
 That drencht the pauement, fell : his sword withstood
 Their re-ascent, which through the short-ribs smote
Amphimedon, and cut the others throte.
 Yet *Perseus* would not venture to inuade
 The Halbertere *Eritheus* with his blade;
 But in both hands a Goblet high imbost
 And massie, tooke; which at his head he tost :
 Who vomits clotted blood; and, tumbling downe,
 Knocks the hard pauement with his dying crowne.
 Then *Polydemon* (sprung from Goddesse-borne
Semiramis) *Phlegyas*, the vnshorne
Elyce, *Clytus*, *Scythian Abaris*,
 And braue *Lycetus* (old *Sperchesius* blisse)
 Fell by his hand : whose feet in triumph tread
 Vpon the slaughtred bodies of the dead.

But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe
 In close assault, far-off a dart doth throwe:
 Which led by error, did on *Ida* light;
 A Neuter, who in vaine forbare to fight.
 He, sternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* spake:
 Since you, me an vnwilling partie make,
 Receiue the enimie whom you haue made;
 That, by a wound, a wound may be repay'd,
 About to hurle the Dart, drawne from his side;
 With losse of blood he faints, and falling dy'd.
 Then, great *Odytes* fell by *Clymen's* sword;
 Next to the King, the greatest *Cephen* Lord:
Hypseus slew *Protenor*; *Lyncedes*
Hypseus. Old *Emathion* fell with these;
 Who fear'd the Gods, and fauoured the right.
 He, whom old age exempted from the fight,
 Fights with his tongue; himselfe doth interpose,
 And deeply execrates their wicked blowes.
Cromis, as he imbrac't the Altar, lopt
 His shaking head; which on the Altar dropt:
 Whose halfe-dead tongue yet curses; and expires
 His righteous soule amidst the sacred Fires.
 Then *Brotias* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* slew;
 Who from one womb at once their being drew:
 Inuincible with hurle-bats, could they quell
 The dints of swords. Neere these *Alphytus* fell,
 The Priest of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd;
 Which to his temples a white fillet bound.
 And thou *Lampetides*, whose pleasant wit,
 Detesting discord, in soft peace more fit
 To sing vnto thy tunefull Lire; now prest
 With Songs to celebrate the nuptiall Feast:
 When *Pettalus*, at him who stood far off
 With his defenselesse Harp; strikes with this scoff;
 Goe sing the rest vnto the Ghosts belowe:
 And pearc't his Temples with a deadly blowe.
 His dying fingers warble in his fall:
 And then, by chance, the Song was tragicall.
 This, vnreueng'd, *Lycormas* could not brooke;
 But from the door's right side a Leauer tooke,
 And him between the head and shoulders knocks:
 Downs falls he, like a sacrificed Ox.

Ciniphean Palates then sought to seaze
 Vpon the left: when fierce *Marmorides*
 His hand nayl'd to the door-post with a Speare:
 Whose side sterne *Abas* pearc't as he stuck there.
 Nor could he fall; but, giuing vp the ghost,
 Hung by the hand against the smeared post.
Melaneus then, of *Perseus* partie, fell;
 And *Dorilas*, whose riches did excell:
 In *Nasæmonia* none then he more great
 For large Possessions, and huge hoards of Wheat.
 The steel stuck in his groine, which death pursewd:
 Whom *Halcyoneus* of *Bactria* view'd
 (The Author of the wound) as he did roule
 His turn'd-*vp* eyes, and sigh'd-out his soule:
 For all thy land, said he, by this diuorce
 Receiue thy length; and left his bloodlesse corse.
 The Speare, reuengefull *Abanti'des* drew
 From his warm wound; and at the Thrower threw:
 Which in the middle doth his nares diuide;
 And, passing through, appear'd on either side.
 Whilst Fortune crownd him, *Clytius* he confounds
 And *Danus*, of one womb, with different wounds:
 Through *Clytius* thighes a ready Dart he cast;
 An other 'twixt the iawes of *Danus* past.
Mindesian Celadon and *Aster* slew,
 His Father doubtfull, gotten on a Iew:
Echion, late well seene in things to come,
 Now ouer-taken by an vnknowne doome:
Thoactes, *Phineus* Squire, his fauchion try'd:
 And fell *Agyrtes*, that fould parricide.
 Yet more remayn'd then were already spent:
 For, all of them, to murder one, consent.
 The bold Conspirators on all sides fight;
 Impugning promise, merit, and his right.
 The vainly-pious Father sides with th'other;
 With him, the frighted Bride, and pensiue Mother;
 Who fill the Court with out-cryes; by the sound
 Of clashing Armes, and dying screeches drown'd.
Bellona the polluted floore imbrew's
 With streams of blood, and horrid warre renewes.
 False *Phineus*, with a thousand, in a ring
 Begirt the Heros: who their Lances sling

As thick as Winters haile; that blinde his fight,
 Sing in his eares, and round about him light.
 His guarded back he to a pillar sets;
 And with vndaunted force confronts their threats.
Chaonian Molpeus prest to his left side:
 The right, *Nabathean Ethemon* ply'd.
 As when a Tiger, pincht with famine, heares
 Two bellowing Herds within one Vale; forbears,
 Nor knowes on which to rush, as being loth
 To leaue the other, and would fall on both:
 So *Perseus*, which to strike, vncertayne proues;
 Who daunted *Molpeus* with a wound remoues;
 Contented with his flight, in that the rage
 Of fierce *Ethemon* did his force ingage:
 Who at his neck vncircumspectly stroke,
 And his keene sword against the pillar broke.
 The blade from vnrelenting stone rebounds;
 And in his throte th'vnhappy owner wounds.
 Yet was not that enough to work his end;
 Who fearfully doth now his armes extend
 For pittie vnto *Perseus*, all in vaine;
 Who thrust him through with his *Cyllenian* skeine,
 But, when he saw his valour ouersway'd
 By multitude: I must, said he, seek ayd
 (Since you your selues compell me) from my foe;
 Friends turn your backs: then *Gorgons* head doth showe.
 Some others seek, said *Thessalus*, to fright
 With this thy Monster; and with all his might
 A deadly dart indeuour'd to haue throwne:
 But in that positure became a stone.
 Next, *Amphix*, full of spirit, forward prest;
 And thrust his sword at bold *Lyncides* brest:
 When, in the passe, his fingers stupid growe;
 Nor had the power of mouing to or fro.
 But *Nileus* (he who with a forged stile
 Vanted to be the sonne of seuen-fold *Nile*,
 And bare seuen siluer Riuers in his shield,
 Distinctly wauiing through a golden field)
 To *Perseus* said: Behold, from whence we sprung!
 To euer-silent shadowes beare a-long
 This comfort of thy death, that thou didst die
 By such a braue and high-borne enemy.

His

His vtterance faultred in the later clause :
 The yet vnfinisht sound stuck in his iawes ;
 Who gaping stood as he would something say :
 And so had done, if words had found a way.
 These *Eryx* blames; 'Tis your faint soules that dead
 Your powers, said he, and not the *Gorgon's* head.
 Rush on with me, and prostrate with deep wounds
 This Youth, who thus with Magick Armes confounds.
 Then rushing on, the ground his foot-steps stay'd;
 Now mutely fixt : an armed Statue made.

These suffer'd worthily. One, who did fight
 For *Perseus*, bold *Aconteus*, at the fight.
 Of *Gorgon's* snakes abortiue marble grew.
 On whom *Astyages* in fury flew,
 As if aliue, with his two-handed blade;
 Which shrilly twang'd; but no incision made :
 Who, whil'st he wonders, the same nature tooke;
 And now his Statue hath a wondring looke.
 It were too tedious for me to report
 Their names, who perisht of the vulgar sort.
 Two hundred scap't the furie of the fight :
 Two hundred turne to stone at *Gorgon's* fight.
 Now *Phineus* his vniust commotion rewes:
 What should he doe? the senselesse shapes he views
 Of his knowne friends, which differing figures bore;
 And doth by name their seuerall ayd implore.
 And yet not trusting to his eyes alone,
 The next he toucht; and found it to be stone.
 Then turns aside: And now, a Penitent,
 With suppliant hands, and armes obliquely bent;
 O *Perseus*, thine, said he, thine is the day!
 Remoue this Monster. Hence, ô hence conuay
Medusa's vgly looks, or what more strange,
 Which humane bodyes into marble change!
 Not hate, not thirst of rule begot this strife:
 I onely fought to re-obtayne my Wife.
 Thine is the plea of Merit; mine, of Time :
 Yet, in contending I confesse my crime.
 For life (ô chiefe of men!) I onely sew:
 Afford me that: the rest I yeeld to you.
 Thus he; not daring to reuert his eyes
 On him whom he intreats: who thus replyes.

Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,
 (A gift of worth to such a fearfull Lord)
 Take courage, and perswade thy selfe I will :
 No wounding sword thy blood shall euer spill.
 Moreouer, that I may thy wish preuent,
 Here will I fix thy lasting monument:
 That thou by her thou lou'st maist still be scene;
 And with her Spouse's image cheare our Queene.
 Then, on that side *Phorcynis* head doth place,
 To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.
 And as from thence his eyes he would haue throwne,
 His neck grew stiffe : his teares congeale to stone.
 With fearfull suppliant looks, submissiue hands,
 And guiltie countenance, the Statue stands.

Victorious *Abantiades* now hyes
 T'his natiue Citie, with the rescu'd prize :
 There, vengeance takes on *Prætus*, and restor'd
 His Grand-father; whose wrongs redresse implor'd.
 For *Prætus* had by force of Armes expeld
 His brother; and vsurped *Argos* held.
 But him, nor Arms, nor Bulwarks, could protect
 Against the snaky Monsters grim aspect.

Yet not the vertue of the Youth, which shone
 Through so great toyle, nor sorrowes vnder-gone;
 With thee, ô *Polydectes*, King of small
 Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could preuaile at all.
 Endlesse thy wrath, thy hate inexorable:
 Detracting; and condemning for a fable
Medusa's death. The moued Youth replies :
 The truth your selfe shall see; Friends, shut your eyes.
 Then, represents *Medusa* to his view :
 Who presently a bloodlesse Statue grew.

Thus long *Tritonia* to her brother cleaues :
 Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaues
 (*Scyros* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand side)
 And o're the toyling Seas her course apply'd
 To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon*; there stay'd :
 And thus vnto the learned Sisters said.

The fame of your new Fountaine, rays'd by force
 Of that swift-winged *Medusean* horse,
 Me hither drew, to see the wondrous Flood :
 Who saw him issue from his Mothers blood.

God.

Goddesse, *Vrania* answered, what cause
 So-euer you to this our Mansion drawes,
 You are most wel-come. What you heard is true :
 And from that *Pegasus* this Fountaine grew.
 Then *Pallas* to the sacred Spring conuay'd,
 Shee admires the waters by the horse-hoofe made;
 Suruay's their high-grown groues, coole caues, fresh bowrs,
 And meadowes painted with all sorts of flowers :
 Then happie stiles shee the *Maonides*,
 Both for their Arts, and such aboads as these.

O heauenly Virgin, one of them reply'd,
 Most worthy our Societie to guide,
 If so your actiue vertue did not moue
 To greater deeds: deseruedly you approue
 Our studies, pleasant seat, and happie state,
 Were we secure from what we chiefly hate.
 But nothing is vnlawfull to the lewd:
 And Maids by Nature are with feare indu'd.
 The dire *Pyreneus* still inuades my sight:
 Nor haue I yet recouer'd that affright.
 He, *Daulis* with all *Phocis*, had obtain'd
 By *Thracian* Arms; and there vniustly raign'd :
 Bound for *Parnassus* Temple, vs he spies;
 And with false zeale adores our Deities.

Maonides, said he, (he knew vs well)
 While sad stars gouerne, and showrs fall (then fell
 By chance a mightie shower) vouchsafe I pray
 Beneath the shelter of my roofe to stay:
 The Gods haue entred humble Cottages.
 Vrg'd by the weather, and such words as these;
 We to his importunitie assent;
 And yet no farther then the Lobby went.
 It now held vp: the vanquisht South-winds flie
 Before the North; which purge the duskie skie.
 Prest to depart: he shuts the doores; prepares
 To offer force: with wings we scape his snares.
 He presently the highest tower ascends;
 And, as he would haue flowne, his body bends:
 The way you goe, said he, will I perfew;
 And from the battlements himselfe he threw:
 Who falling, strikes the earth with dash't-out braines;
 Which with his wicked blood, he dying, staines.

The

The Muse yet spake : when, wings were heard to clatter;
And from high trees saluting voyces chatter.

Ioue's daughter wonders, and inquires from whence

Those voyces came, including humane sense:

Not men, but nine all-imitating Pies;

Bewayling their deserued destinies.

The Goddesse to th'admiring Goddesse said :

They, foyl'd by vs, by vs were thus repay'd.

Pierus, who rich *Pella* held by lot,

These on *Paonian Euipe* got.

Nine times shee on *Lucina* call'd aloud:

The foolish sisters, of their number prou'd,

Through all *Aemonia* and *Achaia* came;

And thus vnciuilly their strife proclaime.

Thespiades, th'vnlearned multitude

No more with your vaine harmonic delude:

But cope with vs (if hope excite your will)

As many; yet vnmatcht, for voyce or skill.

Surrender you to vs, if we excell,

Hyantian Aganip, and *Gorgon's Well*:

Th'*Emathian* Woods to snowy *Paone*

Shall pay our losse. The Nymphs our iudges be.

A shame it was to striue : more shame it were

To yeeld. The Nymphs by their own riuers sweare:

And sit on benches made of liuing stone.

Then, vn-elected, rudely stept forth one;

Who sung the Giants warre : their fayned acts

Shee magnifies; and from the Gods detracts.

How *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy entrails rais'd,

Struck all their powr's with feare: who fled amaz'd,

Till *Egyptis* scorched soyle the weary hides;

And wealthy *Nile*, who in seuen chancels glides.

That thither Earth-born *Typhon* them persu'd:

When as the Gods concealing shapes indu'd.

Ioue turn'd himselfe, shee said, into a Bull :

Whence *Libyan Hammon* hath a horned scull.

Bacchus a Gote, *Apollo* was a Crowe,

Phæbe a Cat, *Ioue's* wife a Cow of snowe:

Venus a Fish, a Stork did *Hermes* hide :

And still her voyce vnto her Harp apply'd.

Then call they vs. But, ours perhaps to heare,

Nor leasure serues you, nor is't worth your care.

Doubt not, said *Pallas*, orderly repeat
 Your long'd-for Verse; and takes a shady seat.
 Then shee; On one we did the task impose:
Calliope, with iuy crown'd, vp-rose;
 Who with her thumb first tun'd the quauering strings,
 And then this Ditty to the musique sings.

The gleab, with crooked plough, first *Ceres* rent;
 First gaue vs corne, a better nourishment;
 First Lawes prescrib'd: all from her bountie sprung.
 By me, the Goddesse *Ceres* shall be sung.
 Would We could Verses, worthy her, reherse:
 For shee is more then worthy of our Verse.

Trinacria was on wicked *Typhon* throwne;
 Who vnderneath the Ilands waight doth grone;
 That durst affect the Empire of the skyes:
 Oft he attempteth, but in vaine, to rise.

Ausonian Pelorus his right hand
 Down waighs; *Pachyne* on the left doth stand;
 His legs are vnder *Lilybaeus* spread;
 And *Aetna's* bases charge his horrid head:
 Where, lying on his back, his iawes expire
 Thick clouds of dust, and vomit flakes of fire.

Oft times he struggles with his load belowe:
 And Townes, and Mountaynes labours to ore-throwe.
 Earth quakes therewith: the King of shadowes dreads,
 For feare the ground should split about their heads,
 And let-in Day t'affright the trembling Ghosts.

For this, he from his silent Empire posts,
 Drawne by black horses; tracing all the Round
 Of rich *Sicilia*; but, no breaches found.
 Him *Erycina* from her Mount suruay'd
 (Now fearelesse) and, her sonne imbracing, said.

My Armes, my strength, my glorie; for my sake,
 O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take;
 And fix thy winged arrowes in his hart,
 Who rules the triple world's inferior part.

The Gods, euen *Ioue* himselfe; the God of waues;
 And who illustrates earth haue beene thy slaues.
 Shall Hell be free? Thine, and thy mother's Sway
 Inlarge, and make th'internall Powr's obay.
 Yet we (such is our patience!) are despis'd
 In our owne heauen; and all our force vnpriz'd.

Seest thou not *Pallas*, and the Queen of Night,
 Far-darting *Dian*; how my worth they slight?
 And *Ceres* daughter will a Mayd abide,
 If we permit; for shee affects their pride.
 But, if thou fauour our ioynt Monarchy,
 Thy Vncle to the Virgin-Goddesse tie.

Thus *Venus*. He his Quiuer doth vnclose;
 And one, out of a thousand arrowes, chose
 At her arbitrimēt: a sharper head
 None had; more ready, or that surer sped.
 Then bends his Bowe: the string t'his care arriues,
 And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow driues.

Not far remou'd from *Enna's* high-built wall,
 A Lake there is, which men *Pergus*a call.
Cäyster's slowly-gliding waters beare
 Far fewer singing Swans then are heard there.
 Woods crown the Lake, and clothe it round about
 With leauy veils, which *Phæbus* beames keep-out.
 The trees create fresh ayr, th'Earth various flowres:
 Where heat nor cold th'eternall Spring deuoures.
 Whil'st in this groue *Proserpina* disports,
 Or Violets pulls, or Lillyes of all sorts;
 And while she stroue with childish care and speed
 To fill her lap, and others to exceed;
Dis saw, affected, carryed her away,
 Almost at once. Loue could not brooke delay.
 The sad-fac't Goddesse cryes (with feare appall'd)
 To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.
 And as shee tore th'adornment of her haire,
 Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap shee bare.
 And such was her sweet Youth's simplicitie,
 That their losse also made the Virgin crie.
 The Rauisher flies on swift wheelles; his horses
 Excites by name, and their full speed inforces:
 Shaking for haste the rust-obscured raignes
 Vpon their cole-black necks, and shaggy maines.
 Through Lakes, through *Palicine*, which expires
 A sulphrous breath, through earth ingendring fires,
 They passe to where *Corinthian Bacchides*
 Their Citie built betweene vnequall Seas.
 The Land'twixt *Arethusa* and *Cyane*
 With stretcht-out hornes begirts th'included Sea.

Here *Cyane*, who gaue the Lake a name,
 Amongst *Sicilian* Nymphs of speciall fame,
 Her head aduanc't : who did the Goddesse knowe ?
 And boldly said, You shall no farther goe;
 Nor can you be vnwilling *Ceres* son :
 What you compell, perswasion should haue won.
 If humble things I may compare with great;
Anapis lou'd me : yet did he intreat;
 And me, not frighted thus, espous'd. This said,
 With out-stretcht armes his farther passage staid.
 His wrath no longer *Pluto* could restraine;
 But giues his terror-striking steeds the raigne;
 And with his Regall mace, through the profound
 And yeelding water, cleaues the solid ground :
 The breath t' infernall *Tartarus* extends :
 At whose darke iawes the Chariot descends.
 But *Cyane* the Goddesse Rape laments;
 And her owne iniur'd Spring; whose discontents
 Admit no comfort : in her heart shee beares
 Her silent sorrow : now, resolues to teares;
 And with that Fountayne doth incorporate,
 Whereof th'immortall Deitie but late.
 Her softned members thaw into a deaw :
 Her nailes lesse hard, her bones now limber grew.
 The slendrest parts first melt away : her haire,
 Fine fingers, legs, and feet; that soone impaire,
 And drop to streames : then, arms, back, shoulders, side,
 And bosom, into little Currents glide.
 Water, in stead of blood, fils her pale veines :
 And nothing now, that may be graspt, remaines.
 Mean-while, through all the earth, and all the Maine,
 The fearfull Mother sought her childe in vaine.
 Not deawy-hayr'd *Aurora*, when shee rose,
 Nor *Hesperus*, could witness her repose.
 Two pitchy Pines at flaming *Aetna* lights;
 And restlesse, carries them through freezing Nights:
 Againe, when Day the vanquisht Starres suppress,
 Her vanisht comfort seeks from East to West.
 Thirsty with trauell, and no Fountayne nyc,
 A cottage thatcht with straw, inuites her eye.
 At th'humble gate she knocks: An old wife showes
 Her selfe thereat; and seeing her, bestowes

The water so desir'd; which shee before
 Had boyl'd with barley. Drinking at the doore,
 A rude hard-fauour'd Boy beside her stood,
 Who laught, and cald her greedy-gut. Her blood
 Inflam'd with anger, what remain'd shee threw
 Full in his face; which forthwith speckled grew.
 His armes conuert to legs; a taile withall
 Spines from his changed shape: of body small,
 Lest he might proue too great a foe to life:
 Though lesse, yet like a Lizard. th'aged wife
 (That wonders, weeps, and feares to touch it) shuns,
 And presently into a creuise runs.
 Fit to his colour they a name cleet;
 With sundry little stars all-ouer speckt.

What Lands, what Seas, the Goddesse wandred through
 Were long to tell: Earth had not roome enough.
 To *Sicil* shee returns: where ere shee goes,
 Inquires; and came where *Cyane* now flowes.
 Shee, had shee not beene changed, all had told;
 Now, wants a tongue her knowledge to vnfold:
 Yet, to the mother, of her daughter gaue
 A sure ostent: who bore vpon a waue
Persephone's rich zone; that from her fell,
 When, through the sacred Spring, shee sunke to hell.
 This seen, and knowne; as but then lost, shee tare,
 Without selfe-pitty, her dis-sheueled haire;
 And with redoubled blowes her brest inuades:
 Nor knowes what Land t'accuse, yet all vpbraids;
 Ingrate, vnworthy with her gifts t'abound:
Trinacria chiefly; where the steps shee found
 Of her misfortunes. Therefore there shee brake
 The furrowing plough; the Oxe and owner strake
 Both with one death; then, bade the fields beguile
 The trust impos'd, shrunk seed corrupts. That soile,
 So celebrated for fertilitie,
 Now barren grew: corne in the blade doth die.
 Now, too much drouth annoys; now, lodging showres:
 Stars smitch, winds blast. The greedy fowle deuoures
 The new-sowne graine: Kintare, and Darnell tire
 The fetter'd Wheat; and weeds that through it spire.
 In *Elean* waues *Alpheus* Loue appear'd;
 And from her dropping haire her fore-head clear'd:

O Mother of that far-sought Maid, thou friend
 To life, said she; here let thy labour end:
 Nor be offended with thy faithfull Land;
 That blamelesse is, nor could her Rape with-stand.
 I, here a guest, not for my Country plead:
 My Country *Pisa* is, in *Elis* bred;
 And, as an Alien, in *Sicania* dwell:
 But yet no Country pleaseth me so well.
 I, *Arethusa*, now these Springs possesse:
 This is my seat: which, courteous Goddesse, bleesse.
 Why I affect this place, t'*Ortygia* came
 Through such vast Seas; I shall impart the same
 To your desire; when you, more fit to heare,
 Shall quit your care, and be of better cheare.
 Earth giues me way: through whose darke cauerns roll'd,
 I here ascend; and vnknowne stars behold.
 While vnder ground by *Styx* my waters glide,
 Your sweet *Proserpina* I there espy'd.
 Full sad shee was: euen then you might haue seen
 Feare in her face: and yet shee is a Queen;
 And yet shee in that gloomy Empire swayes;
 And yet her will th'infernall King obayes.

Stone-like stood *Ceres* at this heavy newes;
 And, staring, long continued in a muse.
 When griefe had quickned her stupiditie,
 Shee tooke her Chariot, and ascends the skie:
 There, veiled all in clouds, with scattered haire,
 Shee kneeles to *Iupiter*, and made this pray'r.

Both for my blood and thine, ô *Ioue*, I sew:
 If I be nothing gracious, yet do you
 A Father to your Daughter proue; nor be
 Your care the lesse, because shee sprung from me.
 Lo, she at length is found, long sought through all
 The spacious World; if you a Finding call
 What more the losse assures: but if, to know
 Her being, be to Finde, I haue found her so.
 And yet I would the iniurie remit,
 So he the stolne restore: 'Twere most vnfit
 That holy *Hymen* should thy daughter ioyne
 To such a Thiefe; although shee were not mine.

Then *Ioue*: The pledge is mutuall, and these cares
 To either equall: Yet this deede declares

Much

Much loue, mis-called Wrong : nor should we shame
 Of such a sonne, could you but thinke the same.
 All wants suppose, can he be lesse then great,
 And be *Ioue's* brother? What, when all compleat?
 I, but preferr'd by lot? Or if you burne
 In endlesse spleen; Let *Proserpine* returne:
 On this condition, That shee yet haue ta'ne
 No sustenance: so Destinies ordayne.

To fetch her daughter, *Ceres* postes in haste:
 But, Fates with-stood: the Maid had broke her fast:
 For, wandring in the Ort-yard, simply shee
 Pluckt a Pomegranet from the stooping Tree;
 Thence took seuen grains & eats them one by one:
 Obserued by *Ascalaphus* alone;
 Whom *Acheron* on *Orphne* erst begot
 In pitchy Caues: a Dame of speciall note
 Amongst th' *Auernal* Nymphs. This vtter'd, stayd
 The sighing Queene of *Erebus*; who made
 The Blab a Bird: with waues of *Phlegeton*
 His face besprinkles; plume appeares thereon,
 Crookt beake, and broader eyes: the shape he had
 He lost, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.
 His head o're-siz'd, his long nailes talons proue;
 His winged armes for lazinesse scarce moue:
 A filthy, euer ill-presaging Fowle,
 To Mortals ominous: a screeching Owle.

Yet was the punishment no more then due
 To his offence. But how offended you
Acheloides, that wings and clawes disgrace
 Your goodly formes, yet keepe your Virgin-face?
 Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathlesse Powers
 Were with the Goddess when shee gatherd flowrs?
 Whom when through all the Earth you sought in vaine,
 You wisht for wings to swim vpon the Maine;
 That pathlesse Seas might testifie your care:
 The easie Gods consented to your pray'r.
 Streight, golden feathers on your backs appeare:
 But, lest that musick, fram'd to inchant the care,
 And so great gifts of speech should be profan'd;
 Your Virgin-lookes, and humane voyce remayn'd.

But *Ioue*, his sister's discontent to cheare,
 Between her and her Brother parts the yeare.

The

The Goddesse now in either Empire swayes:
 Six months with *Ceres*, six with *Pluto* stayes.
Proserpina then chang'd her minde, and looke
 (Late such as sullen *Dis* could hardly brooke)
 And clear'd her browes; as *Sol*, obscur'd in shrowds
 Of exhalations, breaks through vanquisht cloudes.

Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arctusa* tell
 Her cause of flight: and why a sacred Well.
 Th'obsequious waters left their murmuring:
 The Goddesse then about the Cryfall Spring
 Her head advanc't; and, wringing her green haire,
 Shee thus *Alpheus* ancient loue declares.

I, of *Achaia* once a Nymph: none more
 The chace affected, or t'intoyle the Bore.
 By beautie though I neuer sought for fame;
 Though masculine; of faire I bare the name.
 Nor tooke I pleasure in my prayesd face,
 Which others valed as their only grace:
 But, simple, was ashamed to excell;
 And thought it infamy to please too-well.
 As from *Stymphalian* woods I made retreat
 ('Twas hot, and labour had increast the heat)
 When well-nigh tyrd; a silent streame I found,
 All eddlesse, perspicuous to the ground:
 Through which you euery pebble might haue seen;
 And ran, as if it had no Riuer been.
 The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fed
 By bordring streames, their gratefull shadow spred.
 In this coole Rivulet my foot I dipt;
 And by and by into the middle skipt:
 Where, while I swim, and labour to and fro
 A thousand wayes, with armes that swiftly row,
 I from the bottom heard an vnknowne tongue;
 And frighted, to the hither margent sprung.
 Whither so fast, ô *Arctusa*! twice
 Out cry'd *Alpheus*, with a hollow voice.
 Vndlothed as I was, I ran away
 (For, on the other side my garments lay)
 The faster followed he, the more did burne;
 Who naked, seem the readier for his turne.
 As trembling Doues the eger Hawkes eschew;
 As eger Hawkes the trembling Doues persew;

I fled, He followed. To *Orchomenus*,
Psophis, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Manalaus*,
 Cold *Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I
 My flight maintayned; nor could he come ny:
 But, far vnable to hold out so long;
 He, patient of much labour, and more strong.
 And yet o're Plains, o're woody hills I fled,
 And craggy Rocks, where foot did neuer tread.
 The Sunne was at our backs: before my feet
 I saw his shadow; or my feare did see't.
 How-ere his sounding steps, and thick drawne breath
 That fann'd my haire, affrighted me to death.
 Starke tyr'd, I cry'd: Ah caught! help (ô forlorne!)
Diana helpe thy Squire, who oft haue borne
 Thy Bowe and Quier! Mou'd at my request,
 With muffling clouds shee couer'd the distrest.
 The Riuer seeks me in that pitchy shrowd,
 And searches round about the hollow clowd:
 Twice came to where *Diana* me did hide;
 And twice he *Io Arethusa* cry'd.
 Then what a heart had I! the Lamb so feares
 When howling Wolues about the Fold she heares:
 So heartlesse Hare, when trayling Hounds draw nye
 Her sented Forme; nor dares to moue an eye.
 Nor went he on, in that he could not trace
 My further steps; but guards the clowd and place.
 Cold sweats my then-besieged lims posselt:
 In thin thick-falling drops my strength decreast.
 Where-ere I step, streames run; my haire now fell
 In trickling deaw; and, sooner then I tell
 My destinie, into a Flood I grew.
 The Riuer his beloued waters knew;
 And, putting off th'assumed shape of man,
 Resumes his owne; and in my Current ran.
 Chaste *Delia* cleft the ground. Then, through blind caues,
 To lou'd *Ortygia* she conducts my waues;
 Affected for her name: where first I take
 Reuiew of day. This, *Arethusa* spake.

The fertill Goddesse to her Chariot chaines
 Her yoked Dragons, checkt with stubborn raignes:
 Her course, 'twixt heauen and earth, to *Athens* bends;
 And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot sends.

Part of the seed shee gaue, she bade him throw
 On vntill'd earth; part on the till'd to sow.
 O're *Europe*, and the *Asian* soile conuay'd,
 The Youth to *Scythia* turnes; where *Lyncus* sway'd.
 His Court he enters. Askt' what way he came,
 His cause of comming; Countrie, and his Name:
Triptolemus men call me, he reply'd;
 And in renommed *Athens* I reside.
 No ship through toyling Seas me hither bare;
 Nor ouer-land came I; but through the ayre.
 I bring you *Ceres* gift: which sowne in fields,
 Corn-bearing crops (a better feeding) yeelds.
 The barbarous King enuies it: and, that he
 The Author of so great a good might be;
 Giues entertaynment: but, when sleep opprest
 His heauy eyes, with Steele attempts his brest.
 Whom *Ceres* turn's t'a *Lynx*: and home-wards makes
 The young *Mopsopian* driue her sacred Snakes.

Our Chiefe concluded here her learned Lays.
 The Nymphs, with one consent, giue vs the Bayes:
 The vanquisht raile. To whom the Muse: Since you
 Esteeme it nothing to deserue the due
 To your contention, but must adde foule words
 To your ill deeds; nor this your pride affords
 Our patience roome: we'll wreak it on your heads,
 And tread the path which Indignation leads.
 The *Peons* laugh, and our sharp threats despise.
 About to scold, and with disgracefull noyse
 To clap their hands; they saw the feathers sprout
 Beneath their nailes, and clothe their armes throughout:
 Hard nebs in one another's faces spie;
 And now, new birds, into the Forrest flie.
 These syluan Scoulds, as they their armes prepare
 To beat their bosoms; mount, and hang in ayre.
 Who yet retayne their ancient eloquence;
 Full of harsh chat, and prating without sense.

OID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The sixth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

Tritonia to the Muse attention lends:
 Who both her Verse, & iust reuenge commends.
 Then said t'her selfe: To praise is of no worth:
 Let our reuenged Powre our praise set forth.
 Intends *Arachnes* raine. She, she heard,
 Before her curious webs, her owne preferd.
 Nor dwelling, nor her nation fame impart
 Vnto the Damsell, but excelling Art.
 Deriu'd from *Colophonian Idmons* side;
 Who thirstie Wooll in *Phocian* purple dide.
 Her mother (who had payd her debt to fate)
 Was also meanè, and equall to her mate.
 Yet through the *Lydian* townes her praise was spred;
 Though poore her birth, in poore *Hypæpa* bred.
 The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their Vines forsooke;
 The sleekè *Pactolian* Nymphs their streames; to looke
 On her rare workes: nor more delight in viewing
 The don (don with such grace) then when adoring.

Whether she orbe-like roule the ruder wooll;
 Or, finely finger'd, the selected cull;
 Or draw it into clowd-resembling flakes;
 Or equall twine with swift-turn'd spindle makes;
 Or with her liuely-painting needle wrought:
 You might perceiue she was by *Pallas* taught.
 Yet such a Mistresse her proud thoughts disclame:
 Let her with me contend; if foyld, no shame
 (Said she) nor punishment will I refuse.

Pallas, forth-with, an old-wiues shape indues:
 Her haire all white; her lims, appearing weake,
 A staffe supports: who thus began to speake.

Old Age hath somthing which we need not shun:
 Experience by long tract of time is won.
 Scorne not aduice: with dames of humane race
 Contend for fame, but giue a Goddesse place.
 Craue pardon, and she will thy crime remit.

With eyes confessing rage, and eye-brows knit,
 (Her labour-leauing hands scarce held from strokes)
 She, masked *Pallas* with these words prouokes.

Old foole, that dot'st with age; to whom long-life
 Is now a curse: thy daughter, or sons wife,
 (If thou hast either) taught be they by this:
 My wisdom, for my selfe, sufficient is.
 And least thy counsell should an intrest clame
 In my diuersion, I abide the same.

Why comes she not? why tryall thus delayes?

She comes, said *Pallas*, and her selfe displays.
 Nymphs, and *Mygdonian* dames the Powre adore:
 Onely the maid her selfe vndaunted bore:
 And yet she blusht; against her will the red
 Flusht in her cheeks, and thence as swiftly fled.
 Euen so the purple Morning paints the skyes:
 And so they whiten at the Suns vprise.
 Who now, as desperately obstinate,
 Praise ill affecting, runs on her owne fate.
 No more *Ioues* daughter labors to diffwade;
 No more refuseth; nor the strife delayde.
 Both settle to their tasks apart: both spread
 At once their warps, consisting of fine thred,
 Ty'd to their beames: a reed the thred diuides,
 Through which the quick-returning shuttle glides,

Shot

Shot by swift hands. The combs inserted tooth
 Betwene the warp suppress the rising woofe:
 Strife less'ning toyle. With skirts tuckt to their waste,
 Both moue their cunning armes with nimble haste.
 Here crimson, dyde in *Tyrian* brasse, they weaue:
 The scarce distinguisht shadowes sight deceaue.
 So watry clouds, shot by *Apollo*, showe;
 The vast sky painted with a mightie Bowe:
 Where, though a thousand seuerall colours shine,
 No eye their close transition can define:
 What touch, the same so neerely represents;
 And by degrees, scarce sensible, dissents.
 Through-out imbellished with ductil gold:
 And both reuiu'd antiquities vnfold.

Pallas, in *Athens*, *Marse's* Rock doth frame:
 And that old strife about the Cittyes name.
 Twice six Coelestials sit inthron'd on hie,
 Repleat with awe-infusing grauitie:
Ioue in the midst. The suted figures tooke
 Their liuely formes: *Ioue* had a regall looke.
 The Sea-god stood, and with his Trident strake
 The cleauing rock, from whence a fountayn brake:
 Whereon he grounds his clame. With speare and shield
 Her selfe she armes: her head a murrion steild:
 Her brest her *Agis* guards. Her lance the ground
 Appears to strike; and from that pregnant wound
 The hoary oliue, chargd with fruit, ascends.
 The Gods admire: with victory she ends.
 Yet she, to show the Riual of her prayse,
 What hopes to cherish for such bold assayes,
 Add's foure contentions in the vtmost bounds
 Of euery angle, wrought in little Rounds.
 One, *Thracian Rhodope* and *Hæmus* showes,
 Now mountaines, topt with neuer-melting snowes,
 Once humane bodies: who durst emulate
 The blest Coelestials both in stile and state.
 The next contains the miserable doome
 Of that *Pygmean* matron, ouer-come
 By *Iuno*; made a Crane, and forc't to iar
 With her owne nation in perpetuall war.
 A third presents *Antigone*, who stroue
 For vnmatcht beautie with the wife of *Ioue*.

Not

Not *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her fire,
 Preuail'd with violent *Saturnia's* ire.
 Turn'd to a Stork; who, with white pinions rais'd,
 Is euer by her creaking bill selfe-prais'd.
 In the last circle *Cynaras* was plac't;
 Who, on the temples staires, the formes imbrac't
 Of his late daughters, by their pride o're-thrown:
 And seemes himsele to be a weeping stone.
 The web a wreathe of peacefull oliue bounds:
 And her owne tree her work both ends and crownes.

Arachne weaues *Europa's* rape by *Ioue*:
 The Bull appeares to liue, the Sea to moue.
 Back to the shore she casts a heauy eye;
 To her distracted damsels seemes to cry:
 And from the sprinkling waues, that skip to meete
 With such a burden, shrinks her trembling fecte.

Asteria there a strugling Eagle prest:
 A Swan here spreds his wings o're *Leda's* brest.
Ioue, Satyr-like, *Antiope* compels;
 Whose fruitfull womb with double issue swels:

Amphitryo for *Alcmena's* loue became:
 A showre for *Danaë*; for *Agina* flame:
 For beautifull *Mnemosyne* he takes
 A pastors forme; for *Deois* a snakes.

Thee also, *Neptune*, like a lustfull Stere,
 She makes the faire *Aolian* Virgin beare:
 To get th' *Aloides* in *Enipe's* shape:

Now turn'd t'a Ram in sad *Bisaltis* rape.
 The gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthening Seede,
 The snake-hair'd mother of the winged Steede,
 Found thee a Stalion: thee *Melantho* findes

A Delphin. She to euery forme assignes
 Life-equald looks; to euery place their sites.
 Here *Phæbus* in a Heards-mans shape delights;
 A Lyon's now; now falcons wings displayes:
Macarean Issa shepheard-like betrayes.

Liber, a grape, *Erigone* comprest:
 And *Saturne*, horse-like, *Chiron* gets, halfe-beast.
 A slender wreathe her finisht web confines;
 Flowres intermixt with clasping iuy twines.

Not *Pallas* this, not Enuy this reprocues:
 Her faire successe the vext *Virago* moues;

Who

Who teares the web, with crimes coelestiall fraught :
 With shuttle from *Cytorian* mountaines brought,
Arachne thrice vpon the fore-head hits.
 Her great heart brooks it not. A cord she knits
 About her neck. Remorsefull *Pallas* stayd
 Her falling waight: Liue wretch, yet hang, she said.
 This curse (least after times thy pride secure)
 Still to thy issue, and their race, indure.
 Sprinkled with *Hecat's* banefull weeds, her haire
 She forthwith sheds: her nose and eares impaire;
 Her head growes little; her whole body so;
 Her thighs and legs to spiny fingers grow:
 The rest all belly. Whence a thred she sends:
 And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.

All *Lydia* storms; the fame through *Phrygia* rung:
 And gaue an argument to euery tongue.
 Her, *Niobe* had knowne; when she, a maid,
 In *Sipylus*, and in *Maonia* staid.
 Yet slights that home example: still rebels
 Against the Gods; and with proud language swels.
 Many things sweld her. Yet *Amphion's* towne,
 Their high descents; nor glory of a crowne,
 So pleas'd her (though she pleas'd her selfe in all)
 As her faire race. We *Niobe* might call
 The happiest mother that yet euer brought
 Life vnto light; had not her selfe so thought.
Tiresian Manto, in presages skild,
 The streets, inspir'd by holy fury, fild
 With these exhorts: *Ismenides*, prepare:
 To great *Latona*, and her Twins, with prayer
 Mix sweet perfumes; your brows with Laurel bind:
 By me *Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind
 About their temples the commaunded Bay:
 And sacred fires, with incense feeding, pray.
 Behold, the Queene in height of state appeares:
 A *Phrygian* mantle, weau'd with gold, she weares:
 Her face, as much as rage would suffer, faire.
 She stops; and shaking her disheueled haire,
 The godly troope with haughty eyes suruayes.

What madnesse is it Here-say Gods (she sayes)
 Before the seene Coelestialls to prefer?
 Or while I Altars want, to worship her?

Me *Tantalus* begot, alowd to feast
 In heauenly bowres; my mother not the least
Pleias; greatest *Atlas* sire to those,
 On whose high shoulders all the stars repose.
Ioue is my other Grandfather; and he
 My father in law : a double grace to me.
 Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdomes me obay :
 My husbands harp-rais'd walls we ioyntly sway.
 Through out my Court behold in euey place
 Infinite riches ! adde to this, a face
 Worthy a Goddesse. Then, to crowne my ioyes,
 Seuen beauteous daughters, and as many boyes :
 All these by marriage to be multiply'd.
 Say now, haue we not reason for our pride ?
 How dare you then *Latona*, *Cæus* birth,
 Before me place ? to whom the ample Earth
 Deny'd a little spot t'vnlade her wombe ?
 Heauen, Earth, nor Seas, afford your Goddesse roome :
 A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbor gaue.
 Thou wandrest on the land, I on the waue,
 It said; and graunted an vnstable place.
 She brought forth two; the seauenth part of my race.
 Happy ! who doubts ? I happy will abide :
 Or who doubts that ? with plentie fortifi'd.
 My state too great for fortune to bereaue :
 Though much she rauish, she much more must leaue.
 My blessings are aboue low feare. Suppose
 Some of my hopefull sons this people lose,
 They cannot be reduc't to such a few.
 Off with your bayes; these idle Kites eschew.
 They put them off; the sacrifice forbore :
 And yet *Latona* silently adore.

As far as free from barrenesse, so much
 Disdaine and grieffe th'inraged Goddesse touch.
 Who on the top of *Cynthus* thus begins
 To vent her passion to her sacred Twins.

Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone;
 (Excepting *Iuno*, second vnto none)
 Am question'd if a Goddesse : and must loose,
 If you assist not, all religious dewes.
 Nor is this all : that curst *Tantalian* Seede
 Ads foule reproches to her impious decde.

She

She dares her children before you prefer;
 And calls me childlesse : may it light on her !
 Whose wicked words her fathers tongue declare.

About to second her report with praier;
 Peace, *Phæbus* said, complaint too long delayes
 Conceau'd reuenge : the same vext *Phæbe* sayes.
 Then swiftly through the yeilding ayre they glide
 To *Cadmus* towres; whom thickned vapors hide:
 A spacious plaine before the citty lies,
 Made dusty with the daily exercise
 Of trampling hooues; by strife-full chariots trackt.
 Part of *Amphions* actiue sons here backt
 High-bounding steeds; whose rich caparison
 With scarlet blusht, with gold their bridles shone.
Ismenus loe, her pregnant wombs first spring,
 As with his ready horse he beats a Ring,
 And checks his fomy iawes; ay me! he cryes;
 While through his groning brest an arrow flies:
 His bridle slackning with his dying force,
 He leasurely sinks side-long from his horse.
 Next, *Siphilus* from clashing quiuer flies
 With slackned raignes : as when a Pilot spies
 A growing storme; and, least the gentle gaile
 Should scape besides him, claps on all his saile.
 His haste th'vneuitable bowe o're-took,
 And through his throte the deadly arrow strook.
 Who, by the horses mane and speedy thighes
 Drops headlong, and the earth in purple dies.
 Now *Phædimus*; and *Tantalus*, the heire
 T'his Grand-fires name; that labour done, prepare
 To wrastle. Whilst with oyled lims they prest
 Each others power, close grasping brest to brest;
 A shaft, which from th'impulsive bow-string flew,
 Them, in that sad Coniunction ioyntly slew.
 Both grone at once, at once their bodyes bend
 With bitter pangs, at once to earth descend :
 Their rowling eyes together set in death;
 Together they expire their parting breath.
 In rusht *Alphenor* (bleeding in their harmes)
 And raisd their heatlesse corpes in his armes :
 But in that pious dutie fell. The threds
 Of life, his siuers, wrathfull *Delius* shreds.

Part of his lungs claue to th'extracted head:
 And with his blood his troubled spirit fled.
 But vnshorne *Damascithon* slaughtred lies
 Not by a single wound: shot where the thighes
 Knit with the ham-strings in the knotty ioynt.
 Striuing from thence to tug the fatall poynt;
 An other in his neck the wings imbrew'd.
 Thick-gushing blood th'eiected shaft perfew'd:
 Which spinning vpward cleft the passue ayre.
 Last *Ilioneus*, with succesleffe prayer,
 His hands vp-heaues: You Gods in generall
 Said he (and ignorantly pray'd to all)
 O pittie me! The Archer had remorse;
 But now irreuocable was that force:
 And yet his life a little wound dispatcht,
 His heart but onely with the arrow scratcht.

Ill newes, the peoples grieffe, her households teares
 Present their ruine to their mothers cares:
 Who wonders how the Gods their liues durst touch;
 And swels with anger that their powre was such.
 For sad *Amphion*, wounding his owne breast,
 Had now his sorrow, with his soule, releast.
 How different is this *Niobe* from that!
 Who scorn'd *Latona's* sacrifice of late,
 And proudly pac't the streets; enui'd by those
 That were her friends; now pittied by her foes!
 Frantick, on their cold corfes she doth fall,
 And her last kisses distributes to all.
 From whom, to heauen erecting her blew armes:

Cruell *Latona*, feast thee with our harmes:
 Feast, feast, she sayd, thy saluage stomach cloy;
 Cloy thy wilde rage, and in our sorrow ioy:
 Seauen times, vpon seauen Herfes borne, I dy.
 Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why?
 Thus happy, haplesse I haue not so few:
 Who, after all these funerals, subdew.

This said, the bow-string twangs. Pale terror chills
 All hearts saue *Niobes*; obdur'd by ills.
 The sisters, in long stoles of black array'd,
 About their herfes stood, with haire display'd.
 One drawes an arrow from her brothers side;
 And ioyning her pale lips to his, so dide.

An other striuing to asswage the woes
 That rackt her mother, forth-with speechlesse growes:
 And doubling with the wound, which inly bled,
 Shuts her fixt teeth; the soule already fled.
 This, flying falls: that, her dead sister makes
 Her bed of death: this, hides her selfe: that quakes.
 Six slaine by various wounds; to shield the last,
 Her mother, ouer her, her body cast.
 This one, she cryes, and that the least, ô saue!
 The least of many, and but one, I craue!
 Whilst thus she sues, the su'd. for *Delia* hits.
 She, by her husband, sons, and daughters, sits
 A childlesse widdow; waxing stiffe with woes.
 The winde wags not one haire; the ruddy rose
 Forsakes her cheeke: in her declining head
 Her eye-balls fix: through-out appearing dead.
 Her tongue, and pallat rob'd of inward heat
 At once congeale: her pulse forbears to beat:
 Her neck wants power to turne, her feet to goe,
 Her armes to moue: her very bowels grow
 Into a stone. She yet retaines her teares.
 Whom straight a hurle-wind to her Country beares,
 And fixes on the summit of a hill.
 Now from that mourning marble teares distill.

Th'exemplary reuenge struck all with feare:
 Who offerings to *Latoa's* altars beare
 With doubled zeale. When, one as oft befalls,
 By present accidents the past recalls.

In fruitfull *Lycia* once, said he, there dwelt
 A sort of Pefants, who her vengeance felt.
 'Twas of no note, in that the men were base:
 Yet wonderfull. I saw the poole, and place,
 Sign'd with the prodigie. My father, spent
 Almost with age, ill brooking trauell, sent
 Me thither for choice Steeres: and for my guide
 A natiue gaue. Those pastures searcht, we spy'd
 An antient Altar, black with cinders, plac't
 Amidst a Lake, with shiuering reeds imbract.
 O fauour me! he, softly murmuring, said:
 O fauour me! I, softly murmuring, praid:
 Then askt, if Nymph, or Faune therein reside,
 Or rurall God. The stranger thus reply'd.

O youth, no mountaine Powres this alter hold:
 She calls it hers, to whom *Ioues* wife, of old,
 Earth interdicted: till that floating Ile,
 Waue-wandering *Delos*, finisht her exile,
 Where, coucht on palmes and oliues, she in spight
 Of fretfull *Iuno*, brought her Twins to light.
 Thence also, frighted from her painfull bed,
 With her two infant Deities she fled.
 Now in *Chimera*-breeding *Lycia* (fir'd
 By burning beames) and with long trauell tyr'd,
 Heat-raised thirst the Goddesse sore opprest:
 By their exhausting of her milk increast.
 By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes
 A Lake of shallow water she descries:
 Where Clownes were then a gathering picked weeds,
 With shrubby osiers, and plash-louing reeds.
 Approcht; *Titania* kneeles vpon the brink:
 And of the cooling liquor stoops to drink.
 The Clownes with-stood. Why hinder you, said she,
 The vse of water, that to all is free?
 The Sun, aire, water, Nature did not frame
 Peculiar; a publick gift I clame.
 Yet humbly I intreat it: not to drench
 My weary lims, but killing thirst to quench.
 My tongue wants moysture, and my iawes are drie:
 Scarce is there way for speech. For drink I die.
 Water to me were Nectar. If I liue,
 'Tis by your fauour: life with water giue.
 Pitty these babes: for pitty they aduance
 Their little armes! their armes they stretch by chance.
 With whom would not such gentle words preuaile?
 But they, perseuering to prohibit, raile;
 The place with threats command her to forsake.
 Then with their hands and feet disturbe the lake:
 And leaping with malicious motion, moue
 The troubled mud; which rising, stores aboue.
 Rage quencht her thirst: no more *Læonia* lues
 To such base slanes: but Goddesse-like doth vse
 Her dreadfull tongue; which thus their fates imply'd
 May you for euer in this lake reside!
 Her wish succeeds. In loued lakes they strue;
 Now sprawle aboue, now vnder water diue;

Oft hop vpon the banké, as oft againe
 Back to the water: nor can yet restraine
 Their brawling tongues; but setting shame aside,
 Though hid in water, vnder water chide.
 Their voyces still are hoarce: the breath they fetch
 Swels their wide throtes; their iawes with railing stretch:
 Their heads their shoulders touch; no neck betweene,
 As intercepted. All the back is Greene:
 Their bellies (euery part o're-sizing) white,
 Who now, new Frogs, in slimy pooles delight.

Thus much, I know not by what *Lycian*, said
 An other mention of a Satyre made,
 By *Phæbus*, with *Tritona's* reede, o're-come:
 Who for presuming felt a heauy doome.
 Why doe you (oh!) me from my selfe distract?
 (Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: Alas! this fact
 Deserues not such a vengeance! Whilst he cry'd;
Apollo from his body stript his hide.
 His body was one wound, blood euery way
 Streames from all parts: his sinewes naked lay.
 His bare veines pant: his heart you might behold,
 And all the sinners in his brest haue told.
 For him the Faunes, that in the Forrests keepe;
 For him the Nymphs, and german Satyres weepe:
 His end, *Olympus* (famous then) bewailes;
 With all the shepheards of those hills and dales.
 The pregnant Earth conceiueth with their teares;
 Which in her penetrated womb she beares,
 Till big with waters: then discharg'd her fraught
 This purest *Phrygian* Streame a way out sought
 By down-falls, till to toyling seas he came:
 Now called *Marsyas* of the Satyres name.

The Vulgar, these examples told, returne
 Vnto the present: for *Amphion* mourne,
 And his poore issue. All the mother hate.
Pelops alone laments his sisters fate.
 While with torne garments he presents his woes,
 The iuory peece on his left shoulder shoves.
 This fleshy was, and coloured like the right,
 Slaine by his sire, the Gods his lims vnite:
 His scattered parts all found; saue that alone
 Which interpos'd the neck and shoulder bone.

They

They then with iuory supply'd th'vnfound :
And thus restored *Pelops* was made found.

The neighboring princes meet : the Cities neare
Intreat their kings the desolate to cheare.

Pelops Mycena, Sparta, th' Argiue State;

And *Calydon*, not yet in *Dian's* hate;

Fertill *Orchomenos*; *Corinthus*, fam'd

For high-priz'd brasse; *Messene*, neuer tam'd;

Cleone; *Patra*; *Pyles*, *Nelius* crowne;

And *Træzen*, not then knowne for *Pittheus* towne;

With all that two-sead *Isthmos* Streights include :

And all without, by two-sea'd *Isthmos* view'd.

Athens alone (who would beleeu't?) with-held :

Thee, from that ciuill office, war compeld.

Th'inhabitants about the *Pentick* coast

Had then besieg'd thee with a barbarous hoast :

Whom *Thracian Tereus*, with his Aids, o'rethrew;

And by that victorie renowned grew.

Potent in wealth, and people; from the loynes

Of *Mars* deriu'd : *Pandion* *Progne* ioynes

To him in marriage. This, nor *Iuno* blest;

Nor *Hymen*, nor the Graces grac't that feast.

Eumenides the nuptiall tapers light

At funerall fires; and made the bed that Night.

Th'ill-boading Owle vpon the rooffe was set.

Progne and *Tereus* with these omens met :

Thus parents grew. The *Thracians* yet reioyce;

And thanke the Gods with harmonic of voyce.

The marriage day, and that of *Irys* birth,

They consecrate to vniuersall mirth.

So lyes the good vnscene. By this the Sun,

Conducting Time, had through fīue Autumns run :

When flattering *Progne* thus allures her Lord.

If I haue any grace with thee, afford

This fauour, that I may my sister see :

Send mee to her, or bring thou her to me.

Promise my father that with swiftest speede

She shall returne. If this attempt succede,

The summe of all my wishes I obtaine.

He bids them lanch his ships into the maine :

Then makes th'*Athenian* port with sailes and ores;

And lands vpon the wisht *Pyrean* shores.

Brought

Brought to *Pandion's* presence, they salute.
 The King with bad presage begins his fate.
 For loe, as he his wifes command recites,
 And for her quick returne his promise plights,
 Comes *Philomela*; clad in rich array;
 More rich in beauty. So they vse to say
 The stately *Naiades*, and *Dryad's* goe
 In Syluan shades; were they apparrel'd so.
 This sight in *Tereus* such a burning breeds,
 As when we fire a heape of hoary reeds;
 Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd stubble thrust.
 Her face was excellent: but in-bred lust
 Inrag'd his blood; to which those Climes are prone:
 Stung by his countries fury, and his owne.
 He streight intends her women to intice,
 And bribe her Nurse to prosecute his vice;
 Her selfe to tempt with gifts; his crowne to spend:
 Or rauish, and by warre his rape defend.
 What dares he not, thrust on by wilde desire?
 Nor can his brest containe so great a fire.
 Rackt with delay, he *Progne's* fate renews:
 And for himselfe in that pretention sues.
 Loue made him eloquent. As oft as he
 Exceeded, he would say, Thus charged she.
 And mouing teares (as she had sent them) sheds.
 O Gods! how dark a blindnesse ouer-spreads
 The soules of men! whilst to his sin he climes,
 They think him good; & praise him for his crimes.
 Euen *Philomela* wisht it! with soft armes
 She hugs her father, and with winning charmes
 Of her liues safety, her destruction prest:
 While *Tereus* by beholding pre-possess.
 Her kisses and imbraces heat his blood:
 And all afford his fire and fury food.
 And wisht, as oft as she her fire imbrac't.
 He were her fire: nor would haue been more chaste.
 He, by their importunities is wrought.
 She, ouer-ioy'd, her father thanks: and thought
 Her selfe and sister in that fortunate,
 Which drew on both a lamentable fate.
 The labour of the Day now neere an end,
 From steep *Olympus Phebus* Steeds descend.

The

The boards are princely seru'd : *Lycus* flowes
 In burnisht gold. Then take their soft repose.
 And yet th'*Odrycian* King, though parted, cries :
 Her face and graces euer in his eyes.

Who parts vnseene vnto his fancy faines;
 And feeds his fires : Sleep flies his troubled braines.

Day vp : *Pandion* his departing son
 Wrings by the hand; and weeping, thus begun.

Deare Son, since Pietie this dew requires;
 With her, receaue both your and their desires.

By faith, aliance, by the Gods aboue,
 I charge you guard her with a fathers loue :

And suddenly send back (for all delay
 To me is death) my ages onely stay.

And Daughter ('tis enough thy sister's gone)
 For pittie leaue me not too long alone.

As he impos'd this charge, he kist with-all :
 And drops of teares at euery accent fall.

The pledges then of promis'd faith demands
 (Which mutually they giue) their plighted hands.

To *Progne*, and her little boy, said he,
 My loue remember, and salute from me.

Scarce could he bid farewell : sobs so ingage
 His troubled speech; who dreads his soules presage.

As soone as shipt; as soone as actiue ores
 Had mou'd the surges, and remou'd the shores;

She's ours ! with me my with I beare ! he cries.
 Exults; and barbarous, scarce defers his ioyes :

His eyes fast fixt. As when *Ioues* eagle beares
 A Hare t'her ayery, trust in rapefull seares:

And to the trembling prisoner leaues no way
 For hoped flight; but still beholds her pray.

The Voyage made; on his owne land he treads :
 And to a Lodge *Pandions* daughter leads;

Obscur'd with woods: pale, trembling, full of feares;
 And for her sister asking now with teares.

There mues her vp; his foule intent makes knowne :
 Inforc't her; a weake virgin, and but one.

Helpe father ! sister helpe ! in her distresse
 She cries; and on the Gods, with like successe.

She trembles like a lambe, snatcht from the phangs
 Of some fell wolfe; that dreads her former pang:

Or as a doue, who on her gorget beares
 Her bloods fresh staines, and late-felt talents feares:
 Restor'd vnto her mind, her ruffled haire,
 As at a wofull funerall she tare;
 Her armes with her owne fury bloody made:
 Who, wringing her vp-heaued hands, thus said.

O monster! barbarous in thy horrid lust!
 Trecherous Tyrant! whom my fathers trust,
 Impos'd with holy teares; my sisters loue;
 My virgin state; nor nuptiall ties, could moue!
 O what a wild confusion hast thou bred!
 I, an adulteresse to my sisters bed;
 Thou, husband to vs both; to me a foe;
 To all a punishment; and iustly so.
 Why mak'st thou not thy villanies compleat;
 By forcing life from her abhorred seat?
 O would thou hadst, e're I my honour lost!
 Then had I parted with a spotlesse ghost.
 Yet, if the Gods haue eyes; if their Powers be
 Of any powre; nor all decay with me;
 Thou shalt not scape due vengeance. Sense of shame
 I will abandon; and thy crime proclaime:
 To men; if free; if not, my voice shall break
 Through these thick walls; and reach the woods to speake:
 Hard rockes resolu'd to ruth. Let heauen this heare;
 And Heauen-thron'd Gods: if there be any there!

These words the saluage Tyrant moues to wroth:
 Nor lesse his feare: a like prouok't by both.
 Who drawes his sword: his cruell hands he winds
 In her loose haire: her armes behind her binds.
 Her throte glad *Philomela* ready made:
 Conceiuing hope of death from his drawne blade.
 Whilst she reuiles, inuokes her father; sought
 To vent her spleene; her tongue in pincers caught,
 His sword deuideth from the panting root:
 Which, trembling, murmurs curses at his foot.
 And as a serpents taile, disseuer'd, skips:
 Euen so her tongue: and dying sought her lips.
 After this fact (if we may Rumor trust)
 He oft abus'd her body with his lust.
 Yet home to *Progne*, in the end, retires:
 Who for her sister hastily inquires.

Q

Hec

He funeralls belyes, with fained grieffe :
 And by instructed teares begets beliefe.
Progne her royall ornaments reiects;
 And puts on black : an emptie tombe erects ;
 To her imagin'd Ghost oblations burnes :
 Her sisters fate, not as she should, she mournes.
 Now through twelue Signes the Yeare his period drew.
 What should distressed *Philomela* doe ?
 A guard restraind her flight; the walls were strong;
 Her mouth had lost the index of her tongue.
 The wit that miserie begets is great :
 Great sorrow addes a quick nesse to conceit.
 A woofe vpon a *Thracian* loome she spreads;
 And inter-weaues the white with crimson threds;
 That character her wrong. The closely wrought,
 As closely to a seruant gaue; besought
 To beare it to her Mistresse : who presents
 The Queene therewith; not knowing the contents.
 The wife to that dire Tyrant this vnolds :
 And in a wofull verse her state beholds.
 She held her peace : 'twas strange ! grieffe struck her mute,
 No language could with such a passion sute.
 Nor had she time to weepe. Right, wrong, were mixt
 In her fell thoughts : her soule on vengeance fixt.

It was that time; when, in a wilde disguise,
Sithonian matrons vse to solemnise
Lyæus three-yeares Feast. Night spreads her wings:
 By night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings.
 By night th' impatient Queene a iavelin takes,
 And now a Bacchanal, the Court forsakes.
 Vines shade her browes : the rough hide of a Deare
 Shogs at her side : her shoulder bare a speare.
 Hurried through woods; with her attendant froes,
 Terrible *Progne*, frantick with her woes,
 Thy milder fury, *Bacchus*, counterfets.
 At length vnto the desert cottage gets :
 Howles; *Euobe*, cries : breakes ope the doores, and tooke
 Her sister thence : with iuy hides her looke :
 In habit of a Bacchanal arrayd :
 And to her citie the amaz'd conuayd.
 That hated rooffe when *Philomela* knew;
 The poore soule shooke; her visage bloodlesse grew.

Progne with-drawes; the sacred weeds vnlos'd;
 Her wofull sisters bashfull face disclos'd:
 Falls on her neck. The other durst not raise
 Her downe-cast eyes: her sisters wrong suruayes
 In her dishonour. As she stroue t'haue sworne
 With vp-raisd lookes; and call the Gods t'haue borne
 Her pure thoughts witnesse, how she was compeld
 To that loth'd fact; she hands, for speech, vpheld.
 Sterne *Progne* broiles; her bosome hardly beares
 So vast a rage: who chides her sisters teares.

No teares, said she, our lost condition needs:
 But Steele; or if thou hast what Steele exceeds.

I, for all horrid practices, am fit:

To wrap this rooffe in flame, and him in it:

His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,

T'extirp; or with a thousand wounds, diuorce

His guiltie soule. The deed I intend, is great:

But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat

Came *Itys* in, and taught her what to doe.

Beheld with cruell eyes; Ah, how I view

In thee, said she, thy father! and began

Her tragick Scene: with silent anger wan.

But when her sonne saluted her, and clung

Vnto her neck; mixt kisses, as he hung,

With childish blandishments; her high-wrought blood

Began to calme, and rage distracted stood.

Teares trickl'd from her eyes by strong constraint.

But when she found her resolution faint

With too much pittie; her sad sister viewes,

And said, while both, her eyes by turnes peruse.

Why flatters he? why tonguelesse weepes the other?

Why sister calls not she, whom he calls mother?

Degenerate! thinke whose daughter; to whom wed:

All pietie is sinne to *Tereus* bed.

Then *Itys* trailes: as when by *Ganges* floods

A Tigresse drags a Fawne through silent woods.

Retiring to the most sequestred roome:

While he, with hands vp-heau'd, fore-sees his doome,

Clings to her bosom; mother! mother! cry'd;

She stabs him: nor once turn'd her face aside.

His throte was cut by *Philomela's* knife:

Although one wound suffiz'd to vanquish life.

His yet quick lims, ere all his soule could passe,
 She peece-meale teares. Some boyle in hollow brasse,
 Some hisse on spits. The pauements blusht with blood.
Progne inuites her husband to this food :
 And faines her Countries Rite; which would afford
 No attendant, nor companion, but her Lord.
 Now *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-fires throne,
 With his sons carued entrailes stuffles his owne :
 And bids her (so Soule-blinded !) call his boy.
Progne could not disguise her cruell ioy :
 In full fruition of her horrid ire,
 Thou hast, said she, within thee thy desire.
 He looks about : asks where. And while againe
 He asks, and calls: all bloody with the slaine,
 Forth, like a Fury, *Philomela* flew;
 And at his face the head of *Itys* threw.
 Nor euer more then now desir'd a tongue;
 T'expresse the ioy of her reuenged wrong.
 He, with lowd out-cryes, doth the boord repell;
 And cites the Furies from the depth of hell.
 Now from his rising stomack striues to cast
 Th'abhorred food : now weeps, with grieve agast :
 And calls himsele his sons vnhappy tombe.
 Then drawes his sword; and through the guilty roome
 Persues the Sisters; who appeare with wings
 To cut the ayre : and so they did. One sings
 In woods; the other neare the house remaines :
 And on her brest yet beares her murders staines.
 He, swift with grieve and fury, in that space
 His person chang'd. Long tufts of feathers grace
 His shining crowne; his sword a bill became;
 His face all arm'd : whom we a Lapwing name.
 This killing newes, ere halfe his age was spent,
Pandion to th'infernall Shadowes sent.

Erichtheus his throne and scepter held :
 Who, both in iustice, and bold armes exceld.
 To him his wife foure sons, all hopefull, bare :
 As many daughters : two, surpassing faire.
 Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made :
 But *Thrace* and *Tereus*, *Boreas* nuptiall stayd.
 The God belou'd *Orithya* wanted long;
 While he put off his powre, to vse his tongue.

His

His sute reiected; horridly inclin'd
 To anger (too familiar with that Wind.)
 I iustly suffer this indignity:
 For why said he, haue I my armes laid by?
 Strength, violence, high rage, and awfull threats.
 'Tis my dishonour to haue vs'd intreats.
 Force me befits. With this, thick clouds I driue;
 Tosse the blew billowes, knotty Okes vp-riue;
 Congeale soft snow, and beat the earth with haile.
 When I my brethren in the ayre assaile,
 (For that's our field) we meet with such a shock,
 That thundring skyes with our incounters rock,
 And clowd-struck lightning flashes from on high.
 When through the crannies of the earth I flye,
 And force her in her hollow caues, I make
 The Ghosts to tremble, and the ground to quake.
 Thus should I haue wood; with these my match haue made:
Erichtheus should haue been compeld, not pray'd.
 Thus *Boreas* chafes; or no lesse storming, shooke
 His horrid wings; whose ayery motion strooke
 The earth with blasts, and made the Ocean rore.
 Trayling his dusky mantle on the flore,
 He hid himselfe in clouds of dust; and caught
 Belou'd *Orithya*, with her feare distraught.
 Flying, his agitated fires increast:
 Nor of his ayery race the raignes suppress
 Till to the walled *Cicones* he came.
 Two goodly Twins th'espous'd *Athenian* Dame
 Gave to the Icie author of her rape:
 Who had their fathers wings and mothers shape.
 Yet not so borne. Before their faces bare
 The manly ensignes of their yellow haire,
Calais and *Zetes* both vnplumed were.
 But as the downe did on their chins appeare;
 So, foule-like, from their sides soft feathers bud.
 When youth to action had inflam'd their blood;
 In the first vessell, with the flowre of *Greece*,
 Through vnknowne seas, they sought the Golden Fleece.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The seventh Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

MEN, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their yeares
 By odors cast. A seire branch Olines beares.
 Drops sprout to Flowres. Old Æson young became.
 So Libers Nurses. An old Sheepe a Lambe.
 Cerambus flies. A Snake, a snake-like Stone.
 An Oxe, a Stag. Sad Mera barks unknowne.
 Hornes front the Coan dames. The Telchines
 All change. A Dove-turn'd Maid. The hard to please,
 Becomes a Swan. His mother Hyrie weeps
 Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe keeps
 Her son. sought Life. A King and Queene estrang'd
 To flightfull Fowle. Cephisus Nephew chang'd
 Into a Seale. Eumelus daughter flies,
 Through tracelesse regions. Men from Mushrumps rise,
 Phinius and Periphias light wings assume.
 So Polyphemons neece. From Cerberus spume
 Springs Aconite. Iust Earth a grane denies
 To Scyrans bones; which now in rocks arise.
 Arne, a Chough. Stout Myrmidons are borne
 Of toyling Ants. The late reiected Morne
 Masks Cephalus. The Dog, that did persue,
 And Beast persude; two marble Statues grew.

With Pagasean keele the Minya plow
 The curling waues: and Phineus see; who now
 In endlesse night his needy age consumes.
 The youthfull sons of Boreas, raisd with plumes,
 Those greedy Harpyes, with the virgin face,
 Far-off from his polluted table chace.
 They, vnder Iason, hauing suffer'd much,
 At length the banks of slimy Phasis touch.
 Now Phryxus fleece the hardy Minya aske:
 And from the King receiue a dreadfull task.
 Meane-while Ætias fries in secret fires:
 Who struggling long with ouer strong desires,

When

When reason could not such a rage restraine;
 She said : *Medea*, thou resist in vaine.
 Some God, vnknowne, with-stands. What will this proue!
 Or is it such as others fancie, loue?
 Why seeme the Kings commands so too seuerer?
 And so, in truth they be. Why should I feare
 A strangers ruine, neuer scene before?
 Whence spring these cares? Why feare I more and more?
 These furies from thy virgin brest repell,
 Wretch, if thou canst. Could I, I should be well.
 A new-felt force my striuing powres inuades:
 Affection this, discretion that, perswades.
 I see the better, I approue it too:
 The worse I follow. Why shouldst thou persue
 A husband of an other world; that art
 Of royall birth? Our country may impart
 A choice as worthy. If this forrein mate;
 Or liue, or dye; 'tis in the hands of fate.
 Yet, may he liue! I such a sute might moue
 To equall Gods, although I did not loue.
 For what hath *Iason* done? his hopefull Youth
 Would moue all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth;
 His birth, his valour: Set all these apart;
 His person would: I am sure it moues my heart.
 Yet should not I assist, the flaming breath
 Of Bulls would blast him; or, assaults of death
 Spring vp in armes from *Tellus* hostill womb:
 Or else the greedie *Dragon* proues his tomb.
 This suffer, and thou hast a heart of stone;
 Borne of a Tygresse, and more sauage growne.
 Yet why stand I not by? behold him slaine?
 And with that spectacle my eyes profane?
 Adde fury to the Bulls? to th'Earth-borne ire?
 And sleepleesse *Dragon* with more spleene inspire?
 The Gods forbid! yet rather helpe, then pray.
 My fathers kingdome shall I then betray?
 And saue this fellow, whom I hardly know,
 That sau'd by me, he should without me goe,
 Marry an other, and leaue me behind
 To punishment? could he proue so vnkind,
 Or for an other my deserts neglect;
 Then should he dye. Such is not his aspect;

The

The clearnesse of his mind; his euery grace;
 To feare deceit, or censure him so base.
 Besides, before hand he shall plight his troth:
 And bind the contract by a solemne oath.
 What need thou doubt? goe on; delay decline:
 Obliged *Iason* will be euer thine.
Hymen shall crowne, and mothers celebrate
 Their sons Protectresse through th' *Achaian* State.
 My sifter, brother, father, country, Gods,
 Shall I abandon for vnknowne abodes?
 Austere my father, barbarous my land,
 My brother, a child; my sifers wishes stand
 With my desires; the greatest God of all
 My brest inshrines. What I forsake, is small:
 Great hopes I follow. To receiue the grace
 For *Argo's* safetic: know a better place
 And Cities, which, in these far-distant parts,
 Are famous; with ciuilitie, and arts:
 And *Aesons* son, whom I more dearly prize
 Then wealthy Earth and all her Monarchies.
 In him most happy, and affected by
 The bounteous gods, my crown shal reach the sky.
 They tell of Rocks that iustle in the maine:
Charybdis, that sucks in, and casts againe
 The wrackfull waues: how rau'nous *Scylla* waits
 With barking dogs in rough *Sicilian* straits.
 My loue posselt; in *Iasons* bosome laid;
 Let seas swell high: I cannot be dismaid
 While I infold my husband in my armes:
 Or should I feare; I should but feare his harmes.
 Callst thou him husband? wilt thou then thy blame
Medea, varnish with an honest name?
 Consider well what thou intendst to doe:
 And, while thou maist: so foule a crime eschue.
 Thus she. When honour, pietie, the right,
 Before her stood; and *Cupid* put to flight:
 Then goes where *Hecates* old Altar stood;
 O're-shadowed by a dark and secret wood.
 Her broken ardor she had now reclaim'd:
 Which *Iasons* presence forth-with re-inflam'd.
 Her cheeks blush fire: her face with feruor flashes.
 And as a dying cinder, rak't in ashes,

Fed by reuiuing windes, augmenting, glowes;
 And tossed, to accustom'd fury growes:
 So sickly Loue, which late appear'd to dye;
 New life assum'd from his inflaming eye.
 Whose looks by chance more beauty now discouer
 Then heretofore: you might forgite the loue.
 Her eger eyes she riuets on his face;
 And, frantick, thinks him of no humane race:
 Nor could diuert her lookes. As he his tongue
 Began t'vnloose, her faire hand softly wrung,
 Implor'd her aide, and promis'd her his bed:
 She answer made, with teares profusely shed.
 I see to what euent m'intentions moue:
 Nor ignorance deceiues me thus; but loue.
 You, by the vertue of my art, shall liue:
 In recompence, your faithfull promise giue.
 He, by the Altar of the Triple Powre,
 The groues which that great Deity imbowre,
 Her fathers Sire, to whom the hid appeares,
 His owne successe, and so great danger, swears.
 Beleeu'd: from her th'enchanted herbs receiues;
 With them, their vse: and his Protectresse leaues.

The Morrow had the sparkling stars defac't:
 When all in *Marses* field assemble; plac't
 On circling ridges. Seated on a throne,
 The iuory-scepter'd King in scarlet shone.
 From adamant nostrils bras-hoou'd Bulls now cast
 Hot *Vulcan*, and the grasse with vapors blast.
 And as full forges, blowne by art, resouud;
 As puluer'd flints, infurnest vnder ground,
 By sprinkled water fire conceiue: so they
 Pent flames, inuolu'd in noysefull brests, betray;
 So rumble their scorcht throtes. Yet *Asons* Heire
 Came brauely on: on whom they turne, and stare
 With terrible aspects; his ruine threat
 With steele-tipt hornes. Inrag'd, their cleft hooues beat
 The thundring ground; whence clouds of dust arise;
 And with their smoky bellowings rend the skies.
 The *Minya* freeze with feare; but he remains
 Vntoucht: such vertue Sorcery containes.
 Their dew-laps boldly with his hand he strokes.
 Inforc't to draw the plough with heavy yokes.

The *Colchians* at so strange a sight admire :
 The *Minya* shout, and set his powres on fire.
 Then, in his caske, the vipers teeth assumes :
 Those in the turn'd-*vp* furrowes he inhumes.
 Earth mollifies the poys'nous seeds, which spring;
 And forth a harvest of new People bring.
 And as an Embrion, in the womb inclos'd,
 Assumes the forme of man; within compos'd
 Through all accomplisht numbers; nor coms forth
 To breathe in ayre, till his maturer growth :
 So when the bowels of the teeming Earth
 Grew great, she gaue mens perfect shapes their birth.
 And, what's more strange; with them, their armes ascend :
 Who at th'*Emonian* Youth their lances bend.
 When this th'*Achaians* saw, they hung the head :
 And all their courages for terror fled.
 Euen she, who had secur'd him was afraid,
 When she beheld so many one inuade.
 A chil cold checks her blood; death lookes lesse pale.
 And least the hearbs she gaue should chance to faile;
 Vnheard auxiliarie charmes imparts :
 And calls th'assistance of her secret Arts.
 He hurles a massie stone among his foes :
 Who on themselues conuert their deadly blowes.
 The Earth-borne brothers mutuall wounds destroy,
 And ciuill warre. The *Achives* skip for ioy,
 And throng t'imbrace the Victor. Her the same
 Affection spur'd, but was with-held by shame.
 Yet that too weake if none had lookt vpon her :
 Not vertue checkt her, but the wrack of honor.
 Now, in conceit, she hugs him in her armes :
 Applauds th'inuentiue Gods; with them, her charmes.
 To make the Dragon sleepe that neuer slept,
 Remaines; whose care the golden purchace kept.
 Bright crested, triple tongu'd; his cruell iawes
 Arm'd with sharpe phangs; his feet with dreadfull clawes.
 When once besprinkled with *Lethean* iuyce,
 And words repeated thrice; which sleepe produce,
 Calme the rough seas, and make swift riuers stand;
 His eye-lids vail'd to sleepes vnknowne command.
 The Heros, of the Golden Fleece possesst,
 Proud of the spoyle, with her whose fauour blest

His

His enterprize, an other Spoyle, now bore
To sea; and lands on safe *Iolcian* shore.

Amonian parents, for their sons returne,
Bring gratefull gifts, coniested incense burne;
And chearfully with horne-gilt offrings pay
Religious vowes. But *Ason* was away;
Opprest with tedious age, now neere his tomb.
When thus *Asonides*: O wife, to whom
My life I owe: though all I hold in chiefe
From thy deserts, which far surpassè beliefe;
If magick can (what cannot magick do?)
Take yeares from me; and his with mine renew.

Then wept. His pietie her passion stirs:
Who sighs to thinke how vnlike she had beene to hers.
Yet this concealing, answers: What a crime
Hath slippt thy tongue? thinkst thou, that with thy time
I can, or will, an others life inuest?

Hecate fore-fend! nor is't a iust request.
Yet *Iason*, we a greater gift will giue:
Thy father, by our art renew'd, shall liue,
With-out thy losse; if so the triple Powre
Assist me with her presence in that howre.

Three nights yet wanted, ere the Moone could ioyne
Her growing hornes. When with replenisht shine
She fac't the earth; the Court she leaues; her haire
Vntrest, her garments loose, her ankles bare:
And wanders through the dead of drowsie Night
With vnseene steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,
Deepe Rest had bound in humid gyues; who crept
So silently, as if her selfe had slept.

No Aspen wags, moyst ayre no sound receiues;
Stars onely shine: to which her armes she heaues:
Thrice turnes about; besprinkles thrice her crowne
With gatherd dew; thrice yawnes: and kneeling downe:

O *Night* thou friend to Secrets; you cleare fires,
That, with the Moone, succeed when Day retires:
Great *Hecate*, that know'st, and aid imparts
To our designs: you Charmes, and magick Arts:
And thou, ô Earth, that to Magicians yeelds
Thy powrefull simples: aires, winds, mountaines, fields;
Soft murmuring Springs, still lakes, and riuers cleare:
You Gods of woods; you Gods of night, appeare!

By you, at will, I make swift streames retire
 To their first fountaynes, whilst their banks admire;
 Seas tosse, and smooth; cleere clouds, with clouds deforme;
 Stormes turne to calmes, and make a calme a Storme.
 With spels and charmes I break the Vipers iaw,
 Cleaue solid rocks, oke from their seafures draw,
 Whole woods remoue, the ayrie mountaines shake;
 Earth grone, and ghosts from beds of death awake.
 And thee, *Titania*, from thy sphere I hale:
 Though ringing Cymballs thy extreames auaille.
 Our charmes thy charriot pale; our poys'nous weeds,
 The frighted Morne; though drawne by rosie Steeds.
 Flame-breathing bals you tam'd; you made them bow
 Their stubborn necks vnto the seruill plow;
 The Serpents brood by you selfe-slaughtred lyes;
 Your slumbers closd the wakefull Dragons eyes;
 At our command: and sent the Golden Fleece
 (The guard deluded) to the towres of Greece.
 Now neede I drugs, that may old age indue
 With vigour, and the flowre of youth renue.
 Which you shall giue. Nor blaze these stars in vaine:
 Nor Dragons vainly through the ayrie maine
 This Charriot draw. Hard by the charriot rests.
 Mounting, she strokes the bridled dragons crests;
 And shakes the raignes. Rapt vp, beneath her spies
Thessalian Tempe; and her snakes applies
 To parts retir'd. The hearbs that *Ossa* beare,
Steepe Pelion, *Othrys*, *Pindus*; euer-cleare
Olympus, who the loftie *Pindus* tops;
 Vp-roots, or with her brazen Cycle crops.
 Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*;
 By *Amphrysus* much; and where *Enipeus* ran.
 Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Peneus*, barren found:
 Nor thee smoothe *Bæbes* with sharpe rushes crown'd.
 And ravisht from *Euboian Anthedon*,
 That hearb, as yet by *Glaucus* change vnkowne.
 By winged Dragons drawne, nine nights, nine dayes,
 About she romes; and euery field suruayes.
 Return'd: her Snakes, that did but onely smell
 The Odors, cast their skins, and age expell.
 Her feete to enter her owne rooffe refuse
 Rooft by the sky: she touch of man eschues.

Two Altars builds of liuing turfe: the right
 To *Hecate*, the left to *Youth*. These dight
 With *Vervin* and greene boughs; hard by, two pits
 She forth with digs: and sacrificing, slits
 The throtes of black-fleest rams. With reaking blood
 The ditches fills; and powres thereon a flood
 Of hony, and new milke, from turn'd-up bowles;
 Repeating powerfull words. The King of Soules,
 His rauisht Queene, inuokes; and Powers beneath,
 Not to preuent her by old *Asons* death.
 With pray'rs, and long-breath'd murmurings appeas'd:
 She bids them to produce the age-diseas'd.
 Her sleepe-producing charme his spirits deads:
 Who on the grasse his senselesse body spreads.
 Charg'd *Iason*, and the rest, far-off with-drew:
 Vnhallowed eyes might not such secrets view.
 Furious *Medea*, with her haire vnbound,
 About the flagrant Altar trots a Round.
 The brands dips in the ditches, black with blood;
 And on the Altars fires th'infected wood.
 Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,
 And thrice with sulphur; muttering horrid names.
 Meanwhile, in hollow brasse the med'cine boyles:
 And swelling high, in fomy bubbles toyles.
 There seethes she what th'*Aemonian* vales produce;
 Rootes, iuyces, flowres, and seeds of soueraigne vse.
 Addes pretious stones, from farthest Orient rest:
 And pibles, by the ebbing Ocean left.
 The deaw collected ere the Dawning springs:
 A Screech-owles flesh, with her infamous wings.
 The entrailles of ambiguous *Wolues*; that can
 Take, and forsake the figure of a man.
 The liuer of a long-liu'd Hart: then takes
 The scaly skins of small *Cinyphean* snakes.
 A Crowes blackhead, and poynted beake, was cast
 Among the rest; which had nine ages past.
 These, and a thousand more, without a name,
 Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame
 For humane benefit. Th'ingredients now
 She mingles with a witherd oliue bough.
 Lo! from the caldron the dry stick receiues
 First virdure; and a little after, leaues;

Forth

Forth-with, with ouer-burdning Oliues deckt.
 The skipping spume which vnder flames eie&,
 Vpon the ground descended in a dew :
 Whence vernall flowres, and springing pasture grew.
 This seene, she cuts the old mans throte; out-scrus'd
 His scarce-warme blood, and her receipt infus'd.
 Suckt in at mouth or wound, his beard and head
 Black haire forth-with adorne, the hoary shed.
 Pale colour, morphue, meger looks remoue :
 And vnder-rising flesh his wrinkles smoothe.
 His limmes wax strong and lustie. *Aeson* much
 Admires his change : himselfe remembers such
 Twice twenty summers past. With all, indu'd
 A youthfull mind : and both at once renew'd.

This wonder from on high *Lycus* views :
 By *Colchis* gift his nurses dates renewes.

Least fraud should faile; she, with her bed's Consort
 Dissention faines, and flies to *Pelias* Court.
 His daughters (for sad Age the King arrests)
 Her entertaine. Who soone with sly protests
 Of forged loue allures their quick beliefe.
 Among her merits mentions the reprice
 Of *Aeson's* yeares; insisting on that part.
 This hope ingenders, that her able Art
 Might so their father's vanisht youth restore:
 Whom they, with infinite rewards implore.
 She, musing, seemes to doubt : and, with pretence
 Of difficulty, holds them in suspence.
 But when she had a tardy promise made;
 To win your stedfast confidence (she said)
 Take from your flocks the most age-shaken Ram;
 And suddenly he shall become a Lamb.
 Streight thither by the wreathed hornes they drew
 A sunk-ey'd Ram; whose youth none liuing knew
 Now, at his riueld throte, out-lanching life
 (Whose little blood could hardly staine her knife)
 His carkaffe she into a caldron throwes :
 With it, her drags. Each lim more slender growes;
 He casts his hornes, and with his hornes his yeares:
 Anon a tender bleating strikes their cares.
 While they admire, out skips a frisking lamb;
 That sports, and seekes the vdder of his dam.

Fixt with amaze : they, strongly now possess,
 Her promise more importunately prest.
 Thrice *Phæbus* had vnyok't his panting Steeds,
 Drencht in *Iberian* Seas; whilst Night succeeds,
 Studded with stars : when false *Medea* tooke,
 With vselesse herbs, meere water of the brooke.
 On *Pelias*, and his drowfie Guard, she hung
 A death-like sleepe with her enchanting tongue.
 Whom now the so-instructed sisters led
 Into his chamber; and besiege his bed.

Why pause you thus, said she, ô slow to good !
 Vnsheath your swords, and shed his aged blood;
 That I his veines with sprightly iuyce may fill :
 His life and youth depend vpon your will.
 If you haue any vertue, nor persue
 Vnfruitfull hopes, performe this filiall due.
 With steele your fathers age expulse, and purge
 His dregs through wounds. Their zeale her speeches vrge
 Who were most pious, impious first became :
 And, by auoiding, perpetrate the same.
 Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow :
 But, with auerted lookes, blind wounds bestow.
 He, blood-imbrew'd, his hory head aduanc't :
 Halfe-mangled, stroue to rise. Who now intranc't
 Amidst so many swords, his armes vp-held;
 And, Daughters, cry'd, what doe you ! what compeld
 Those cruell hands t'invade your fathers life !
 Downe sunke their hands and hearts. *Medea's* knife,
 With following speech his throte asunder cuts :
 And his hackt limmes in seething liquor puts.

And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,
 Reuenge had tortur'd her. Aloft she flies
 Ore shady *Pelion*, god-like *Chirons* Den,
 Aspiring *Othrys*, hills renoun'd by men
 For old *Cerambus* safety : who, by aide
 Of fauoring Nymphs, relieffull wings displaide;
 While swallowing waues the waightie earth surround :
 And swolne *Deucalions* surges scap't vndrown'd.
Æolian Pitane on her left hand leaues;
 That marble which the Serpents shape receiues;
Idean groues, where *Liber* turn'd a Steere
 (To cloke his sons slyc theft) into a deere;

The sand-heape which *Corytus* Sire containes;
 And where new-barking *Mera* frights the plaines:
Euryphylus towne, where hornes the Matrons sham'd
 Of *Co*, when *Hercules* the *Coans* tam'd;
Phæbeian Rhodes; *Ialylian Telchines*,
 Drencht by *Ioues* vengeance in his brothers seas,
 For all transforming with their vitious eyes:
 By *Caa's* old *Cartheian* turrets flies,
 Where fates *Alcidamas* with wonder moue,
 To think his daughter could become a Doue.
 Then *Hyries* lake, *Cycneian Tempe* view'd,
 Grac't by a Swan with sudden plumes indu'd.
 For *Phyllius* there, had, at a Boyes command,
 Wild birds, and saluage Lyons, brought to hand.
 Who bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd;
 Yet at so sterne a loue not seldome storm'd,
 And his last purchase to the boy deny'd.
 Pouting, You'l wish you had giuen it me, he cryd;
 And iumpt from downe-right cliffs. All held him bain'd;
 When spreading wings a siluer Swan sustain'd
 His Mother (ignorant thereof) became
 A Lake with weeping: which they *Hyrie* name.
 Next *Pleuron* lies; where *Ophian Combe* shuns,
 With trembling wings, her life persuing sons.
 Then neere *Latona*-lou'd *Calaurea* rang'd;
 In which the King and Queene to birds were chang'd,
Cyllene on the right hand (where the beast
Menephron would his mother haue comprest)
Cephisus spies (who for his nephew mournd;
 Into a Sea-calfe by *Apollo* turn'd).
Eumelus Court, whose daughter sads her Sire,
 With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire.
 To *Piren*, *Ephyr*: men, if Fame say true,
 Here at the first from shower-ray'd mushrumps grew,
 But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,
 And *Creons* Pallace, wrapt in Magick flame;
 When impions Steele her childrens bloud had shed,
 The ill-reueng'd from *Iasons* fury fled.
 Whom now the swift *Titanian* Dragons draw
 To *Pallas* towres. Those thee, iust *Phineus*, saw;
 And thee, old *Periphas*, at once to flie:
 Where *Polyphemons* Neece new wings supply.

Aegæus entertaines her (of his life
 The onely staine) and took her for his wife.
 Here *Theseus* maskt vnknown: who, great in Deed
 Had two-sea'd *Isthmos* from oppression freed:
 Whose vnderferued ruin *Phasias* sought
 By mortall *Aconite*, from *Scythia* brought.
 This from *Echidna's* hel-hound essence drawes.
 There is a blind steepe caue with foggy iawes,
 Through which the bold *Tiryntian* Heros straind
 Drag'd *Cerberus*, with adamant in chain'd,
 Who backward hung, and scouling, lookt a-skew
 On glorious Day; with anger rabid grew:
 Thrice howles, thrice barks at once, with his three heads;
 And on the grasse his spumy poyson sheds.
 This sprung; attracting from the fruitfull soyle
 Dire nourishment, and powre of deathfull spoyle.
 The rurall Swaines, because it takes delight
 In liuing rocks, surnam'd it *Aconite*.

Aegæus, by her fly perswasions wonne;
 As to a foe, presents it to his sonne.
 He took the cup: when by the iuory hile
 Of *Theseus* sword, *Aegæus* found her guilt;
 And struck the potion from his lips. With charmes
 Ingendring clouds, she scapes his lengthlesse armes.

Though glad of his sons safetie, a chil feare
 Shooke all his powres, that danger was so neare.
 With fire he feeds the Altars, richly feasts
 The Gods with gifts. Whole Hecatombs of beasts
 (Their hornes with ribands wreathd) imbrew the ground.
 No day, they say, was euer so renoun'd
 Amongst th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all,
 Together celebrate that Festiuall.

And sing, when flowing bowles their spirits raise:
 Great *Theseus*, *Marathon* resounds thy praise
 For slaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure
 They liue, who *Cremyons* wasted fields manure,
 By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcans* Seed
 By thee glad *Epidauræ* beheld to bleed.
 Immane *Procrustes* death *Cephissæ* viewd:
Elusis, *Cercyon's*. *Scinis* ill indude
 With strength so much abus'd; who Beeches bent,
 And tortur'd bodyes twixt their branches rent,

Thou flew'st. The way which to *Alcathe* led
 Is now secure, inhumane *Scyron* dead.
 The Earth his scatter'd bones a graue deny'd;
 Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:
 Which tossed to and fro, in time became
 A solid rock: the rock we *Scyron* name.
 If we thy yeares should number with thy acts;
 Thy yeares would proue a cypher to thy facts.
 Great soule! for thee, as for our publique wealth,
 We pray; and quaffe *Lyæus* to thy health.

The Pallace with the peoples praises rings:
 And sacred Ioy in euery bosome springs.
Aegæus yet (no pleasure is compleat:
 Griefe twins with ioy.) for *Theseus* safe receipt
 Reapes little comfort. *Minos* makes a war:
 Though strong in men and ships, yet stronger far
 Through vengeance of a father: who, his harmes
 In slaine *Androgeus*, scourgeth with iust armes.
 Yet wisely first endeuours forraine aid:
 And all the Ilands of that Sea suruaid.
 Who *Anaphe* and *Astipalea* gaind;
 The one by gifts, the other war constraind:
 Low *Mycone*, *Cimolus* chalkie fields,
 High *Scyros*, *Siphnus*, which rich metals yeelds,
 Champion *Seriphos*, *Paros* far displayd
 With marble browes, and *Cythnos* il-betrayd
 By impious *Arne* for yet-loued gold;
 Turnd to a Chough, whom sable plumes infold.
Oliaros, *Didymæ*, the Sea-lou'd soyle
 Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* fat with oyle,
Andros, and *Gyaros*; these their aid deny'd.
 The *Gnosian* fleet from thence their sailes apply'd
 Vnto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd.
Oenopia by the ancient dwellers nam'd:
 But *Eacus*, there raigning, call'd the same
Egina, of his honour'd mothers name.
 All throng to see a Prince of so great worth.
 Straight *Telamon* and *Peleus*, issuing forth,
 With *Phocus*, youngest of that royall race,
 Make haste to meet him. With a tardie pace
 Came aged *Eacus*, and askt the cause
 Of his repaire. At those sad thoughts he drawes

His

His breath in sighs : some intermission made,
 The Ruler of the hundred Cities said.
 Assist our armes, borne for my murdered son;
 And in this pious war our fortunes run :
 Giue comfort to his graue. The King reply'd :
 In vaine you aske what needs must be deny'd.
 No Citie is in stricter league then ours
 Conioynd to *Athens* : mutuall are our powres.
 He, parting, said : Your league shall cost you deare.
 And held it better far to threat, then beare
 An accidentall warre; whereby he might
 Consume his force before he came to fight.

Yet might they see the *Cretans* vnder saile
 From high built wals : when, with a leading gale,
 The *Attick* ship attain'd their friendly shore :
 Which *Cephalus*, and his embassage, bore.
 Th' *Eacides* him knew (though many a day
 Vnseene) imbrace, and to the Court conuay.
 The goodly Prince, who yet the pledges held
 Of those perfections, which in youth exceld,
 Enters the Pallace; bearing in his hand
 A branch of Oliue. At his elbowes stand
Clytus, and *Butes*; valorous and young :
 Who from the loynes of high-borne *Pallas* sprung.
 First *Cephalus* his full oration made;
 Which shew'd his message, and demanded aid :
 Their leagues, and ancient loues to mind recalls;
 And how all *Greece* was threatned in their falls :
 With eloquence inforc't his embassie.
 When God-like *Eacus* made this replie
 (His royall scepter shining in his hand)
Athenians, craue not succour, but command:
 This Ilands forces yours vouchsafe to call;
 For in your ayde I will aduenture all.
 Souldiers I haue enough, at once t'oppose
 My enemies, and to repell your foes.
 The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will
 Seeke no excuses. May your Citie still
 Increase with people; *Cephalus* reply'd.
 At my approach I not a little ioy'd
 To meete so many youths of equall yeares,
 So fresh and lustie. Yet not one appeares

Of those who heretofore your towne possesse;
 When first you entertayn'd me for a Guest.
 Then *Aacus*, (in sighs his words ascend)
 A sad beginning had a better end.
 Would I could vtter all: Day would expire
 Ere all were told, and t'would your patience tire.
 Their bones, and ashes, silent graues inclose:
 And what a treasure perished with those!
 By *Iuno's* wrath, a dreadfull pestilence
 Deuour'd our liues: who tooke vniust offence,
 In that this Ile her Riuals name professe.
 While it seem'd humane, and the cause vngest;
 So long we death-repelling Physick try'd:
 But those diseases vanquisht Art deride.
 Heauen first, the earth with thickned vapors shrouds;
 And lazie heat inuolues in sullen clouds.
 Foure pallid moones their growing hornes vnite,
 And had as oft with-drawne their feeble light;
 Yet still the death-producing *Auster* blew.
 Sunke springs, and standing lakes infected grew:
 Serpents in vntild fields by millions creepe;
 And in the streames their tainting poysons steepe.
 First, dogs, sheepe, oxen, fowle that flagging fly,
 And saluage beasts, the swift infection try.
 Sad Swaines, amazed, see their oxen shrink
 Beneath the yoke, and in the furrowes sink.
 The fleecie flocks with anguish faintly bleat;
 Let fall their wooll, and pine away with heat,
 The generous Horse that from th'*Olympicks* late
 Return'd with honour, now degenerate,
 Vnmindfull of the glory of his prize;
 Grones at his manger, and there deedlesse dyes.
 The Bore forgets his rage: swift feet now faile
 The Hart: nor Beares the horned Herd assaile.
 All languish. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)
 Are filld with carkasses, that stench the aire.
 Which neither dogs, nor greedie fowle (how much
 To be admir'd!) nor hoary wolues would touch.
 Falling, they rot: which deadly Odors bred,
 That round about their dire contagion spred.
 Now raues among the wretched country Swaines:
 Now in our large and populous Citie raignes.

At first, their bowels broyle, with feruor stretcht :
The symptoms; rednesse, hot wind hardly fetcht.
Their furd tongues swell; their drie iawes gasp for breath;
And with the ayre inhale a swifter death.
None could indure or couerture, or bed :
But on the stones their panting bosoms spred.
Cold stones could no way mitigate that heat :
Euen they beneath those burning burdens sweat.
None cure attempt : the sterne Disease inuades
The heartlesse Leech; nor Art her author aids.
The neere ally'd, whose care the sick attends,
Sicken themselues, and dye before their friends.
Of remedy they see no hope at all,
But onely in approching funerall.
All cherish their desires : for helpe none care :
Help was there none. In shamelesse throngs repaire
To springs and wels : there cleaue, in bitter strife
T'extinguish thirst; but first extinguish life.
Nor could th'or'e-charg'd arise; but dying, sink:
And of those tainted waters, others drink.
The wretches lothe their tedious beds; thence breake
With giddy steps. Or, if now growne too weake,
Roule on the floore : there quitted houses hate,
As guilty of their miserable fate;
And, ignorant of the cause, the place accuse:
Halfe-ghosts, they walk, while they their legs could vse.
You might see others on the earth lye mourning;
Their heauy eyes with dying motion turning :
Stretching their armes to heauen, where euer death
Surpris'd them, parting with their sigh't-out breath.
O what a heart had I ! or ought to haue !
I loth'd my life, and wisht with them a graue.
Which way soeuer I conuert my eye,
The breathlesse multitude dispersed lye.
Like perisht apples, dropping with the strokes
Of rocking windes; or acornes from broad okes.
See you yon' Temple, mounted on high staires ?
'Tis *Iupiters*. Who hath not offerd praiers,
And slighted incense there ! husbands for wiues;
Fathers for sons : and while they pray, their liues
Before th'inexorable altars vent;
With incense in their hands, halfe yet vnspent !

How

How oft the ox, vnto the temple brought,
 While yet the Priest the angry Powres besought,
 And powr'd pure wine betweene his hornes; fell downe,
 Before the axe had toucht his curled crowne!
 To *Iupiter* about to sacrifice,
 For me, my country, sons; with horrid noyse
 Th'vnwounded Offering fell: the blood that life
 Bore into exile, hardly staind the knife.
 The Inwards lost their signes of heauens presage;
 Out-razed by the sterne Diseases rage.
 The dead before the sacred doores were laid:
 Before the Altars too; the Gods t'vpbraid.
 Some choke themselues with cords: by death eschue
 The feare of death; and following Fates persue.
 Dead corps, without the Dues of funerall,
 They weakly beare: the ports are now too small.
 Or vt-inhum'd they lye: or else are throwne
 On wealthlesse pyles: Respect is giuen to none.
 For Pyles they striue: on those their kinsfolke burne,
 That flame for others. None are left to mourne.
 Ghosts wander vndeplor'd by sons or fires.
 Nor is there roome for tombs, or wood for fires.
 Astonisht with these tempests of extreames:
 O *Ioue*, said I, if they be more then dreames
 That wrapt thee in *Agina's* armes; nor shame
 That I, thy son, should thee my father name;
 Render me mine, or render me a graue!
 With prosperous thunder-claps a signe he gaue.
 I take it, said I; let this Omen be
 A happy pledge of thy intents to me!
 Hard by, a goodly Oke, by fortune, stood,
 Sacred to *Ioue*; of *Dodoneian* wood:
 Graine-gathering Ants there, in long files I saw,
 Whose little mouthes selfe-greater burthens draw;
 Keeping their paths along the rugged rine.
 While I admire their number: O diuine,
 And euer helpfull! giue to me, said I,
 As many men; who may the dead supply.
 The trembling oke his lofty top declin'd:
 And murmured without a breath of wind.
 I shooke with feare: my tresses stood an end:
 Yet on the earth and oke I kisses spend.

I durst not seeme to hope; yet hope I did :
 And in my brest my cherisht wishes hid.
 Night came; and Sleep care-wasted bodies cheard :
 Before my eyes the selfe-same Oke appeared;
 So many branches, as before, there were;
 So many busie Ants those branches beare;
 So shooke the Oke, and with that motion threw
 To vnder-earth the graine-supporting crue.
 Greater and greater straight they seeme to fight :
 To raise themselues from earth, and stand vp-right.
 Whom numerous feet, black colour, lanknes leaue :
 And instantly a humane shape receiue.
 Now Sleep with-drew. My dream I waking blame :
 And on the small-performing Gods exclaime.
 Yet heard a mightie noyse; and seemd to heare
 Almost forgotten voyces : yet I feare
 That this a dreame was also. Where vpon,
 The doore thrust open, in rusht *Telamon* :
 Come forth, said he, O father; and behold
 What hope transcends; nor can with faith be told!
 Forth went I; and beheld the men which late
 My dreame presented : such in euery state
 I saw; and knew them. They salute their King.
Ioue prais'd : a partie to the towne I bring;
 Among the rest I share the fields : and call
 Them *Myrmidons* of their originall.
 You see their persons : such their manners are
 As formerly. A people giuen to spare,
 Patient of labour; what they get, preserue.
 They, like in yeares & minds, these wars shall serue,
 And follow your conduct; when first this wind
 (The wind blew Easterly) that was so kind
 To bring you hither, will to your auaille
 Conuert it selfe into a Southerne gale.

Discourse thus entertain'd the day; with feasts
 They crowne the euening: Sleep the Night inuests.
 The morning Sun proiects his golden rayes :
 Still *Eurus* blew; and their departure staves.
 Now *Pallas* sons to *Cephalus* resort,
 And *Cephalus*, with *Pallas* sons, to Court,
 With early visits : (sleepe the King inchaines).
 Whom *Phocus* in the Presence entertaines.

For

For *Peleus*, with his brother *Telamon*,
 To raise an army were already gone.
 Meane-while th' *Athenians Phocus* leads into
 The Priuy chamber, beautifull to view.
 Talking; his eyes vpon the iauelin seaze,
 Which grac't the fingers of *Aeolides*.
 I haunt, said he, the woods; delight in blood
 Of saluage beasts; yet know not of what wood
 Your dart is made of. If of Ash it were
 'Twould look more brown; if Cornel, 'twould appeare
 More knotty : on what tree so'ere it grew,
 My eyes did neuer such an other view.
 One of th' *Actean* brethren made reply:
 You would more wonder at the quality.
 It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led;
 And of it selfe returnes with slaughter red.
Phocus the cause desireth much to know:
 From whence it came; and who did it bestow.
 He yeelds to his request; yet things well knowne,
 Restrained by modesty, he lets alone.
 Who toucht with sorrow for his wife, that bleeds
 In his remembrance; thus with teares proceeds.
 This Dart, ô Goddess-borne, prouokes these teares:
 And euer would, if endlesse were my yeares.
 This me, in my vnhappy wife, destroyd:
 This gift I would I neuer had inioyd!
Procris Orithya's sister was; if Fame
 Haue more inform'd you of *Orithya's* name.
 Yet she (should you their minds and formes confer)
 More worth the rape. *Erechtheus*, mee to her,
 And loue, vnite. Then happy! happy, I
 Might yet haue beene. But ô, the Gods enuy!
 Two months were now consum'd in chaste delight:
 When gray *Aurora*, hauing vanquisht Night,
 Beheld me on the euer-fragrant hill
 Of steepe *Hymettus*: and, against my will,
 As I my toyles extended, bare me thence.
 I may the truth declare without offence:
 Though rosie be her cheeks; although she sway
 The deawy Confines of the Night and Day,
 And Nectar drink; my *Procris* all possest:
 My heart was hers; my tongue her prayse profest.

I told her of our holy nuptiall ties;
 Of wedlocks breach; and yet scarce tasted ioyes.
 Fire-red, she said; thy harsh complaints forbear:
 Possesse thy *Procris*. Though so faire, so deare;
 Thou'lt wish th' hadst neuer knowne her, if I know
 Insewing fate: and angry, lets me goe.
 Her words I ponder as I went along:
 And'gan to doubt she might my honour wrong.
 Her youth and beauty tempt me to distrust:
 Her vertue checks those feares, as most vniust.
 But I was absent: but example fed
 My ielousie: but louers all things dread.
 I seek my sorrowes; and with gifts intend
 To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proues a friend
 To this suspition; and my forme translates.
 Vnknowne, I enter the *Athenian* gates;
 And then my owne. The house from blame was free:
 In decent order, and perplext for me.
 Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd a view:
 Viewd with astonishment, I scarce persue
 My first intent: scarce could I but reuale
 The truth; and pardon with due kisses scale.
 She was full sad: yet louelier none then she,
 Euen in that sadnesse: sorrowfull for me.
 How excellent, ô *Phocus*, was that face,
 Which could in grieffe retaine so sweet a grace?
 What need I tell how often I assaild
 Her vexed chastitie! how often faild!
 How often said she! One I onely serue:
 For him, where euer, I my ioyes preferue.
 What mad man would such faith haue farther prest,
 But I? industrious in my owne vnrest.
 With deepe protests, and gifts still multiply'd,
 At length she wauers. False of faith, I cry'd;
 Thou art disclos'd: I, no adulterer,
 But thy wrong'd spouse: nor can this tryall erre.
 She made no answer, prest with silent shame:
 Th'insidious house, and me, far more in blame,
 Forsaking; man-kind for my sake eschues:
 And *Dian*-like the mountayne chace persues.
 Abandon'd; hotter flames my blood incense.
 I beg'd her pardon, and confest my offence:

T

And

And said, *Aurora* might haue me subdude
 With such inticements, had but she so woo'd.
 My fault confest, her wrong reuenged, wee
 Grow reconcil'd; and happily agree.
 Besides her selfe, as though that gift were small,
 A Dog she gaue: which *Cynthia* giuing; All,
 Said she, surpassse in swiftnesse: and this Speare
 You so commend, which in my hand I beare.
 Doe you the fortune of the first inquire?
 Receiue a wonder: and the fact admire.

Dark prophesies, not vnderstood of old,
 The *Naiades* with searching wits vnfold.
 When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,
 Neglected grew. Nor could she this indure.
 A cruell Beast infests th' *Aonian* plaines;
 To many fatall: fear'd by country Swaines,
 Both for their cattle, and themselues. We met:
 And with our toyles the ample fields beset.
 He nimbly skips about the vpper lines:
 And mounting ouer, frustrates our designes.
 Their dogs they vncouple; whose persuit he out-springs
 With no lesse speed, then if supply'd by wings.
 All bid me let my *Lelaps* slip (for so
 My dog was call'd) who struggling long agoe,
 Halfe-throtled, straind the leash. No sooner gone,
 Then out of sight; his foot-steps left vpon
 The burning sand: who vanisht from our eyes
 As swiftly as a well-driuen iauelin flies;
 Or as a singing pellet from a sling;
 Or as an arrow from a *Cretan* string.
 I mount a hill which ouer-topt the place;
 From thence beholding this admired chace.
 The Beast now pincht appeares, now shuns by flight
 His catching iawes. Nor (crafty) runs out-right;
 Nor trusts his heeles: with nimble turnings shunning
 His vrgent foe; cast back by ouer-running.
 Who prest, what onely might in speed compare;
 Appeares to catch th' vncaught; and mouthes the aire.
 My dart I take to aide: which, while I shooke,
 And on the thong direct my hastie looke
 To fit my fingers; looking vp againe,
 I saw two marble statues on the plaine.

Had you these seene, you could not chuse but say
 That this appeared to run, and that to bay.
 That neither should each other ouer-goe
 The Gods decreed : if Gods descend so low.

Thus he : here paus'd. Then *Phocus*; Pray'vnfold
 Your darts offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.
 Ioy grieffe fore-runs : that ioy we first recite.
 For ô, those times I mention with delight,
 When youth and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life :
 She, in her husband blest; I in my wife.
 In both one care, and one affection moues.
 She would not haue exchang'd my bed for *Iones*;
 Nor *Venus* could haue tempted my desire :
 Our bosoms flam'd with such an equall fire.
 When *Sol* had rais'd his beames about the floods;
 My custome was to trace the leauy woods.
 Arm'd with this dart, I solitary went,
 Without horse, huntsmen, toyles, or dogs of sent.
 Much kild; I to the cooler shades repaire :
 And where the vallie breathes a fresher aire.
 Coole aire I seeke, while all with feruor gloes :
 Coole aire expect, my trauels sweet repose.
 Come aire, I wont to sing, relieue th'opprest;
 Come, ô most welcome, glide into my brest:
 Now quench, as erst, in me this scalding heat.
 By chance I other blandishments repeat;
 (So Fates inforce) as, ô my soules delight !
 By thee I am fed and chear'd : thy sweets excite
 My affections to these woods : ô life of death !
 May euer I inhale thy quickning breath !

A busie care these doubtfull speeches caught;
 Who oft-nam'd aire some much-lou'd *Dryad* thought :
 And told to *Procris*, with a leuder tongue,
 His false surmises; with the song I sung.
Loue is too credulous. With grieffe she faints;
 And scarce reuiuing, bursts into complaints :
 My spotlesse faith with furie execrates.
 Woe's me, she cryes, produc't to cruell fates !
 Transported with imaginarie blame,
 What is not, feares : an vnsubstantiall name.
 Yet grieues (poore soule !) as if in truth abus'd :
 Yet often doubts; and her distrust accus'd.

Now holds the information for a lye:
 Nor will trust other witness then her eye.
Aurora re-inthron'd th'insuing Day:
 I hunt, and speede. As on the grasse I lay,
 Come Aire, said I, my tyred spirits cheare.
 At this an vnknowne sighe inuades my eare.
 Yet I; O come, before all ioyes preferd.
 Among the withered leaues a rustling heard,
 I threw my dart; suppoling it some beast:
 But ô, 'twas *Procris*! wounded on the brest,
 She shreekt, ay me! Her voyce too well I knew:
 And thither, with my grieffe distracted, flew.
 Halfe dead, all blood-imbrew'd, my wife I found:
 Her gift (alas!) exhaling from her wound.
 I rais'd her body, then my owne more deare:
 To bind her wounds my lighter garment teare;
 And striue to stench the blood. O pittie take,
 Said I, nor thus a guilty soule forsake!
 She, weake, and now a dying, thus applies
 Her tongues forc't motion: By our nuptiall ties;
 By heauen-imbowred Gods; by those below,
 To whose infernall monarchy I goe:
 By that, if euer I deserued well;
 By this ill-fated loue, for which I fell,
 Yet now in death most constantly retaine;
 O, let not *Ayre* our chaster bed prophane.
 This said; I show'd, and she perceiued how
 That error grew: but what auail'd it now?
 She sinks; her blood along her spirits tooke:
 Who lookes on me as long as she could looke.
 My lips her soule receiue, with her last breath:
 Who, now resolued, sweetly smiles in death.

The weeping Heros told this tragedy
 To those that wept as fast. The King drew nyc
 And his two sons, with well-armd Regiments,
 New-rais'd; which he to *Cephalus* presents,

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The eighth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

HArmonious walls. *Lead Scylla now despaire;*
With Nisus, changd: the Lark the Hobbydares.
 Ariadnes Crowne a Constellation made.
 T^b inuentine youth a Partridge; still afraid
 Of mounting. Meleagers Sisters mourne
 His tragedie: to Foule, so named, turne.
 Five water Nymphs the five Echinades
 Designe. Perimele, nere to these,
 Becomes an Iland. Ioue and Hermes take
 The formes of men. A Citie turnd t^r a Lake:
 A Cottage to a Temple. That good pare,
 Old Baucis and Philemon, changed are
 At once to sacred Trees. In various shapes
 Blew Proteus sports. Oft selfe-changd Metra scapes
 Scorn'd seruitude. The Streame of Calydon
 Forsakes his owne, and other shapes puts on.

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

Meane-while iust *Minos* wastes *Lelegia's* coast,
 And girts *Alcothoës* Citie with his Hoast.
 This *Nisus* held; whose head a Purple haire,
 'Mong those of honorable siluer, bare:
 His Kingdomes strength. Sixe aged Moones grew young:
 Yet warres successfe in equall ballance hung.
 Slow Victorie, not knowing what to doe,
 With doubtfull wings 'twixt either armie flew.
 A regall Tower, with vocall walls, there stands;
 Erected by *Apollo's* sacred hands:

Whereon

Whereon, they say, his golden Lyre he layd;
 Which then from thence a gratefull sound conuayd.
 This, *Nisus* daughter oft ascends alone;
 And drops small pebbles on the warbling stone;
 In time of peace. When warre had peace expeld,
 From thence the conflicts of sterne *Mars* beheld.
 By this delay, the Princes names shee knowes;
 Their armes, horse, habits, and *Cydonian* bowes:
Europa's Son, the Generall, yet knew,
 More then the rest; more then 'twas fit to doe.
 For when he wore his fairely plumed cask;
 She thought him louely in that warlick mask:
 Or when his brasse-refulgent shield he rais'd;
 His gracefull gesture infinitely prais'd.
 Nor could his practis'd arme let flye a dart;
 But straight sh'extols his strength, informd by art.
 If he an arrow drew; sh'would swear that so
Apollo stood, when he dischargd his bow.
 But when he d'oft his helme, and shewd his face;
 When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,
 He on his hot-high-bounding Courser sits:
 O then she scarce was mistris of her wits!
 Happy she cals the lance his hand sustaines:
 Happy she cals his hand-sustained raignes.
 Had Will the powre, she would haue madly past
 Through all the hostile ranks; her selfe haue cast
 Amid the *Cretan* tents, euen from that towre;
 Or ope the brasse-rib'd gates to *Minos* powre:
 Or what he would. Who, musing long, suruay'd
 The *Gnosian* Kings white Tent; and softly said:
 Whether I should for this so sad a warre
 Or ioy, or grieue; within my selfe I iarre.
 Alas, that he I loue should be my foe!
 I had not knowne him had it not beene so.
 Yet me in hostage might he take: of peace
 A pledge; his spouse; and bloody broyles surcease.
 No maruell though a God her beauty tooke:
 If shee that bare thee had so sweet a looke.
 Thrice happy I, could I with wings preuent
 This dull delay; and flye to *Minos* tent.
 My selfe I would disclose, confesse my flame;
 And buy him, with what dowry he should name;

Saue to betray these towers : dye, dye desire,
 Ere I by treason to your ends aspire.
 Yet, through the Victors clemency, it some,
 Nay many, hath auaild, t'haue beene o're come.
 Iust warre he wageth for his Sons sad end:
 His cause is strong : strong armes his cause defend.
 Sure we must fall. If such our Cities fate;
 Why should his powre in throne him in this State,
 And not my loue? better, without delay,
 His souldiers blood, his owne, he conquer may.
 For il-prefaging feares my rest confound,
 Least some, not knowing him, should *Minos* wound:
 For no heart is so hard, that did but know,
 And would a lance against his bosom throw.
 It takes : with me, my country I intend
 To render vp; and giue these warres an end.
 What is't to intend? Each passage hath a guard;
 My father keepes the keyes; and sees them bard.
 'Tis he defers my ioyes; 'tis he I dread:
 Would I were not, or he were with the dead!
 Tush, we are our owne Gods. They thriue, that dare:
 And Fortune is a foe to slothfull praire.
 Long since, an other, scorcht with such a fire,
 By death had forc't a way to her desire.
 Yet why should any more aduenturous proue?
 I dare through sword and fire make way to Loue.
 And yet here is no vse of fire nor sword;
 But of my fathers haire. This must afford
 What I so much affect, and make me blest:
 Richer then all the treasure of the East.
 This said; Night, nurse of cares, her curtaines drew:
 When in the dark she more audacious grew.
 In prime of rest, when tyr'd with day-bred cares
 Sleepe all inuests; she silently repaires
 Into her fathers bed-chamber; and there
 Extracts (ô horrid act!) his fatall haire.
 Ceas'd of her wicked pray; with her she bore
 The guilty spoyle; vnlocks a Posterne doore:
 Then past the foe (bold by her merit made)
 Vnto the King; nor vn-astonisht, said.
 Inforc't by Loue, I *Scylla*, *Nisus* Seede,
 Yeeld vp my Country, and my Gods: no meede,

But

But thee, I craue. This purple haire receiue,
 My loues rich pledge: nor thinke a haire I giue,
 But my old fathers head. With that, presents
 The gift with wicked hand, and bad ostents.
Minos reiects it: and much terrifide
 With horror of so foule a deede, replide:
 The Gods exile thee (ô thou most abhord!)
 Their world; to thee nor Land nor Sea afford.
 How-ere *Ioues* *Creete*, the world wherein I raigne,
 Shall such a Monster neuer entertaine.
 This said: the most iust Victor doth impose
 Lawes, no lesse iust, vpon his vanquisht foes.
 Then orders, that they forthwith ores conuay
 Abord the brasse-beakt ships, and anchors waye.

When *Scylla* saw the *Gnosian* nauy swim;
 And that her treason was abhor'd by him:
 To violent anger she conuerts her prayers.
 And Furie-like, with stretcht armes and spred haire;
 Cry'd; Whither fly'st thou? leauing me for-lore,
 That conquest-crown'd thee? ô preferd before
 My Country! Father! 'twas not thou didst win;
 But I that gaue: my merrit, and my sin.
 Not this; not such affection, could perswade:
 Nor that on thee I all my hopes had layd.
 For whither should I goe, thus left alone?
 What? to my Country? that's by me o're-throwne.
 Wer't not? my treason doomes me to exile.
 Or to my father; giuen vnto thy spoyle?
 Me worthily the Citizens will hate:
 And neighbour's feare th'example in their State.
 I, out of all the world my selfe haue throwne,
 To purchase an accesse to *Crete* alone.
 Which if deny'd; and left to such despaire;
Europa ne'r one so vngratefull bare:
 But swallowing *Syrt's*, *Charybdis* chaft with wind;
 Or some fell Tygres of th' *Armenian* kind.
Ioue's not thy father; nor with forged shape
 Of Bull beguild, thy mother culd her rape.
 That story of thy glorious race is faind:
 For shee a wild and louelesse Bull sustaind.
 O father *Nisus*, thy reuenge behold!
 Reioyce, ô Citie, by my treason sold!

Death

Death, I confesse, I merit. Yet would I
 Might, by their hands whom I haue iniur'd, dye.
 For why shouldst thou, who onely didst subdue
 By my offending, my offence persue?
 My Country and my father felt this sinne
 Which vnto thee a curtesie hath beene.
 Thou worthy art of such a wife, as stood
 A Bulls hot incest in a Cow of wood;
 Whose shamelesse womb a monstrous burthen bare.
 Ah! doe my sorrowes to thy cares repaire?
 Or are my fruitlesse words borne by that wind
 That beares thee hence, and leaues a wretch behind?
 What though *Pasiphæe* a Bull preferd?
 Thou far more brutish then the sauage Herd.
 Woe's me! make haste I must: the waues with ores
 Resound; his ship forsakes, with vs, our shores.
 In vaine! I'll follow thee vngratefull King:
 And while I to thy crooked vessell cling
 Be drag'd through drenching seas. This hauing said,
 Attempts the waues, by *Cupids* strengthning aid,
 And cleauest' his ship. Her father, now high-flowne
 Strikes ayrie rings (a red-mailed Hobbie growne)
 And stoopes to cuff her with his golden seares.
 She slips her hold, infcebled by her feares.
 While yet a falling, that she might eschue
 The threatning sea, light wings t' her shoulders grew.
 Now changed to a bird in sight of all:
 This, of her tufted crowne we *Ciris* call.

No sooner *Minos* toucht the *Cretan* ground,
 But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd,
 His vowes to conquest-giuing *Ioue* he payd:
 And all his pallace with the spoyle arrayd.
 And now his families reproch increast.
 That vncouth prodigie, halfe man, halfe beast,
 His mothers dire adultery descryd.
Minos resolues his marriage shame to hide
 In multitude of roomes, perplext, and blind.
 The work t' excelling *Dadalus* assignd.
 Who sence distracts, and error leades a maze
 Through subtill ambages of sundry wayes.
 As *Phrygian Maander* sports about
 The flowrie vales; now winding in, now out;

Himselfe incounters, sees his following floods,
 His streames leades to their springs; and, doubling, scuds
 To long mockt seas: so *Daedalus* compild
 Innumerable by-wayes, which beguild
 The senses conduct; that himselfe with much
 Adoe returnes: the fallacies were such.
 When in this fabrick *Minos* had inclos'd
 This double forme, of man and beast compos'd,
 The Monster, with *Athenian* blood twice fed,
 His owne, the third Lot, in the ninth yeere, shed.
 Then by a Clew reguided to the doore
 (A virgins counsell) neuer found before;
Egides, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes
 For *Dia*: on the naked shore forsakes
 His confident and sleepe-oppressed Mate
 Now, pining in complaints, the desolate
Bacchus, with marriage, comforts: and that she
 Might glorious by a Constellation be;
 Her head vnburthens of her crowne, and threw
 It vp to heauen: through thinner ayre it flew.
 Flying, the iewels that the verge inchace
 Conuert to fires; fast-fixed in one place;
 Th'old forme retaining. They their station take,
 Twixt Him that Kneeles, and Him who holds the Snake.

The Sea-impris'ned *Daedalus*, meane-while,
 Weary of *Creet*, and of his long exile;
 Toucht with his countries loue, and place of birth;
 Thus said: Though *Minos* bar both sea and earth;
 Yet heauen is free. That course attempt I dare:
 Held he the world, he could not hold the ayre.
 This said; to arts vnknowne he bends his wits
 In natures change. The quilts in order knits,
 Beginning with the least: the longer still
 The short succeeds; much like a rising hill.
 Their rurall pipes, the shepherds, long agoe,
 (Fram'd of vnequall reeds) contriued so.
 With threds the midst, with wax he ioynes the ends:
 And these, as naturall wings, a little bends.
 Young *Icarus* stood by, who little thought
 That with his death he playd; and smiling, caught
 The feathers that lay hulling in the ayre:
 Now chafes the yellow waxe with busie care,

And

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

Who clapt his fanning wings, and lowdly churd
 T'expresse his ioy: as then an onely bird.
 So made of late (vnknowne in former time)
 O *Dædalus*, by thy eternall crime.
 To thee thy Sister gaue him to be taught;
 Who little of his destinie fore-thought:
 The boy then twelue yeare aged; of a mind
 Apt for instruction, and to Arts inclin'd.
 He Sawes inuented, by the bones that grow
 In fishes backs; the Steele indenting so.
 And two-shankt Compasses with riuet bound;
 Th'one to stand still, the other turning round
 In equall distance. *Dædalus* this stung:
 Who from *Minerua's* sacred turret flung
 The enui'd head-long; and his falling faines.
 Him *Pallas*, fautor of good wits, sustaines:
 Who straight the figure of a foule assumes;
 Clad in the midst of ayre with freckled plumes.
 The vigor of his late swift wit now came
 Into his feet, and wings: he keepes his name.
 They neuer mount aloft, nor trust their birth
 To tops of trees; but fleck as lowe as earth,
 And lay their eggs in tufts. In mind they beare
 Their ancient fall, and haughtie places feare.
 Tyr'd *Dædalus* now in *Sicilia* lights:
 In whose defence hospitious *Cocalus* fights.
 Now *Athens* by *Ægeus* glorious Seed
 Was from her lamentable tribute freed.
 They crowne their Temples: warlick *Pallas*, *Ioue*,
 Inuoke; with all the Deities aboue.
 Whom now they honour with the large expence
 Of blood, free gifts, and heapes of frankincense.
 Vast Fame through all th' *Argolian* cities spred
 His praise: and all that rich *Achaia* fed
 His aid in their extremities intreat,
 His aid afflicted *Calydon* (though great
 In *Meleager*) sought. The cause a Bore:
Dian's reuenge, and horrid Seruatore.
 For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous haruest blest,
 To *Ceres* his first fruits of corne address,
 To *Pallas* oyle, and to *Lyæus* wine.
 Ambitious honours all the Powres diuine

Reape from the rurals; yet neglect to pay
Diana dues; her Altars empty lay.
 Anger affects the Gods. This will not we
 Vnpunisht beare: nor vnreueg'd, said she,
 Though vn-adored, shall they want we be.
 With that she sent into *Oeneian* fields
 A vengefull Bore. Rank-graft *Epirus* yeelds
 No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed:
 But those are lesse which in *Sicilia* feed.
 His eyes blaze blood and fire: his stiffe neck beares
 Horrible bristles, like a groue of speares.
 A boyling fume vpon his shoulders flowes
 From grinding iawes: his tusshes equall those
 Of *Indian* Elephants: his fell mouth casts
 Hot lightning; and his breath the virdure blasts.
 He tramples vnder foot the growing corne;
 And leaues the sighing husband-man forlorne;
 Reaping the riper eares. Their vsuall graine
 The barnes and threshing floores expect in vaine.
 Broad-spredding vines he with their burden, sheres:
 And boughs from euer-leauy oliues teares.
 Then falls on beasts: the Herdsmen, now vnfeard;
 Nor dogs, nor raging Buls, defend their Herd.
 The people flye; nor are secure of mind
 In walled townes: till *Meleager*, ioyn'd
 With youths of choycest worth, inflamd with praise,
 Attempts his death. The twin'd *Tyndarides*;
 One for his horsemanship, the other fam'd
 For hurle-bats; *Iason*, who the first ship fram'd;
Theseus with his *Pirithous*, a paire
 Of happy friends; and *Lynceus*, *Aphar's* heire;
 The two *Thestiadae*, *Leucippus* crownd
 For strength; *Acastus*, for his dart renownd;
 Swift *Idas*, *Caneus*, not a maiden then;
Hippothous, *Dryas*; *Phenix* (best of men,)
Amyntors issuc; both th' *Actorides*,
 And *Phyleus* sent from *Elis*, came with these:
Pheretes hope; aduenturous *Telamon*;
 And he who call'd the great *Achilles* son;
Hyantian Ioläus, the quick grac't
Eurytion; and *Echion*, who surpast
 In running; *Lelex* the *Narycian*,

With

With *Panopæus*, *Hyleus*, *Hippasus*,
 Now youthfull *Nestor*: sons to that intent
Hippocoön from old *Amyclis* sent:
Penelopes father in law, *Parrasia*-bred
Ancæus, wife *Ampycides* well read
 In fates; *Oiclides*, not as yet betrayd
 B'his wife; *Tegeean Atalant*, a maide
 Of passing beautie, sprung from *Schænus* race:
 Of high *Lycean* woods the onely grace.
 A polisht Zone her vpper garment bound;
 And in one knot her artlesse haire was wound:
 Her arrowes iuory guardian clattering hung
 On her left shoulder; and a bow well strung
 Her left hand held. Her lookes a wench displayd
 In a boyes face, a boyes face in a maide.
 The *Calydonian* Heros her beheld
 And wisht at once: his wishes fate repeld.
 Who lurking flames attracts; and said, O blest
 Is he, whom thou shalt with thy ioyes inuest!
 But time, and shame, with further speech dispence:
 Vrg'd by a work of greater consequence.

A Wood o're-growne with trees, yet neuer feld,
 Mounts from a Plaine, that all beneath beheld.
 The glory-thirsting Gallants this ascend.
 Forth-with a part their corded toyles extend;
 Some hounds vncouple; some the tract of feet
 Together trace: and danger long to meet.
 A Dale there was, through which the raine-rais'd flood
 Oft tumbled downe, and in the bottom stood:
 Repleat with plyant willowes, marish weeds,
 Sharpe rushes, osiers, and long slender reeds.
 The Bore from thence dislodg'd, like lightning crusht
 Through iustling clouds, among the hunters rusht:
 Beares downe the obuious trees; the crashing woods
 Report their fall. The youths each others bloods
 With high-rais'd shoots in flame: who keep their stands:
 And shake their broad-tipt speares with threatning hands.
 The dogs he scatters; those that durst oppose
 His horrid furie, wounds with ganching blowes.
Echion first his iauelin vainly cast,
 Which struck a beech. The next his sides had past,
 But that with too much strength it ouer-flew:

The

The weapon *Pagasean Iason* threw.
 O *Phæbus*, said *Ampycides*, If I should
 Haue honour, and doe honour thee, apply
 Thy succour in successe of my intents.
 The God, as much as lay in him, assents:
 But from the dart the head *Diana* took;
 Which gaue no wound, although the Bore it strook.
 The beast like lightning burns, thus chaft with ire:
 His grim eyes shine, his brest breaths flames of fire.
 And as a stone which some huge engine throwes
 Against a wall, or bulwarke man'd with foes:
 The deadly Bore with such sure violence
 Assaults their forces. The right wings defence;
Eupalamon, and *Pelagonus*, cast
 On sounding earth: drawne off with timely hast.
Enesimus, great *Hippocoöns* son,
 Could not so well his slaughtering tuskes shun:
 Which cut the shrinking sinewes in his thigh,
 Euen as he trembled, and prepar'd to flye.
 And *Nestor* long had perished, perchance,
 Before *Troyes* warre; but, vauting on a lance,
 He rooke a tree, which there his branches spred:
 And safely saw the foe from whom he had fled.
 Who, full of rage, his vengefull tuskes whets
 Vpon an Oke; and dire destruction threats.
 When, trusting to his new-edg'd armes, the Bore
 The manly thigh of great *Orithyus* tore.
 The brother Twins, not yet coelestiall Starres;
 Conspicuous both, both terrible in warres;
 Both mounted on white Steeds, a loft both bare
 Their glittering speares, which trembled in the aire:
 And both had sped; but that the Swine with-drew
 Where neither horse nor iauelin could persue.
 In followes *Telamon*, hot of the chace;
 And stumbling at a roote, fell on his face.
 While *Peleus* lifts him vp, a winged flight
Tegæa drew, which flew as swift as sight:
 Below his eare the fixed arrow stood,
 And staind his bristles with a little blood.
 The Virgin lesse reioyced in the blow
 Then *Meleager*; who first saw it flow,
 First show'd his mates the blood: O most renound

Said

Said he, thy vertue hath thy honour crownd.
 The men, they blush for shame; each other cheare;
 And high-rai'd foules, with clamors higher reare :
 Their speares in clusters fling; which make no breach
 Through idle store : and throwes their throwes impeach.
 Behold, *Ancæus* with a polax, sterne needs
 To his owne fate; who said, By me ô learne
 You youths, how much a mans sharpe Steele exceeds
 A womans weapons; and applaud my deeds.
 Though *Dian* should take armes, and in this strife
 Protect her beast, she should not saue his life.
 Thus gloriously he boasts; in both his hands
 Aduanc't his polax, and on tip-toes stands.
 Whom, ere his armes descend, the furious Swine
 Preuent; and sheathes his tusches in his groyne.
 Downe fell *Ancæus*, out his bowels gusht,
 All gore; with blood the earth, as guilty, blusht.
Ixiõs son *Pirithous* forward prest :
 And with an able arme his lance adrest.
 To whom *Egides*; O to me more deare
 Then my owne life ! my better halfe; forbear.
 The wise in valour should aloofe contend :
 Foole-hardy courage was *Ancæus* end.
 This said, his heauy cornell; with a head
 Of brasse, he hurles : which sure had struck him dead
 (It was deliuered with so true an aime)
 But that a Medlar interpos'd the same.
Æsonides then threw his thrilling lance;
 Which hit (diuerted from the mark by chance)
 A dog betweene his baying iawes : the wound
 Rusht through his guts, and naild him to the ground.
Oenides varying hand dischargd two speares :
 The earth the one, the beast the other beares.
 While now he raues, grunts, turnes his body round,
 Casts blood and fome; the author of his wound
 Rusht in; prouokes his greater wrath; and where
 His shields disseuer, thrusts his deadly speare.
 They all with chearfull shouts their ioyes vnfold;
 Shake his victorious hands; the Beast behold
 With wonder, whose huge bulk posselt so much :
 And hardly thinke it safe the slaine to touch :
 Yet with his blood they die their iauelins red.

He sets his foot vpon his horrid head;
 My right, said he, receiue rare *Nonacrine*,
 And let my glory euer share with thine.
 Then gaue the bristled spoyle, in terror charm'd;
 And gastly head with monstrous tusshes arm'd.
 She in the Gift and Giuer pleasure tooke.
 All murmur, with preposterous enuy, strooke.
 On whom the violent *Thestiada* frowne;
 And cry aloud with stretcht-out armes; Lay downe:
 Nor, Woman, of our titles vs bereaue,
 Least thee thy beauties confidence deceaue;
 His aid to weake whom loue hath rest of fight:
 And snatcht from her, her gift; from him, his right.
Oenides swels; his lookes with anger sterne:
 You rauishers of others honours, learne
 (Said he) the distance betweene words and deeds:
 With wicked Steele secure *Plexippus* speeds.
 While *Toxeus*, whether to reuenge his blood,
 Or shun his brothers fortune, wauering stood;
 He cleares the doubt: the weapon, hot before
 By th'others wound, new heats in his hearts gore.
 Gifts to the holy Gods *Altha* brings
 For her sons victorie; and *Peans* sings.
 When back she saw her slaughtred brothers brought:
 At that sad obiect screecht; and grieffe-distraught,
 The Citie fills with out-cryes: off she teares
 Her royall robes, and funerall garments weares.
 But told by whom they fell; no longer mournes:
 Rage dries her eyes; her teares to vengeance turnes.
 The triple Sisters earst a brand conuaid
 Into the fire; her belly newly laid;
 Thus chanting, while they spun the fatall twine:
 O lately borne, one period we assigne
 To thee, and to this brand. The charme they weaue
 Into his fate; and then the chamber leaue.
 His mother snatcht it with an hastie hand
 Out of the fire; and quencht the flagrant brand.

This in an inward closet closely layes:
 And by preserving it, preserves his dayes.
 Which now produc't; a pyle of wood she rais'd,
 That by the hostile fire inuaded, blaz'd.
 Foure times she proffers to the greedy flame
 The fatall brand: as oft with-drew the same.
 A Mother, and a Sister, now contend:
 And two-diuided names, one bosom rend.
 Oft feare of future crimes a paleness bred:
 Oft burning Furie gaue her eyes his red.
 Now seemes to threaten with a cruell looke:
 And now appeares like one that pitie tooke.
 Her teares the feruor of her anger dryes:
 Yet found she teares againe to drowne her eyes.
 Euen as a ship, when wind and tyde contends,
 Feeles both their furies, and with either bends:
 So *Thestias*, whom vnsteddie passion driues;
 By changes, calmes her rage, and rage reuiues.
 A sisters loue at length subdues a mothers:
 That blood may appease the ghosts of bleeding brothers,
 Impiously pious. Flames, to ashes turne
 This brand, said she, and my loth'd bowels burne.
 Then, holding in her hand the fatall wood;
 As she before the funerall altar stood:
 You triple Powers, who guiltie Soules persue;
Eumenides; these Rites of vengeance view.
 I act the crime I punish. Death must be
 By death atton'd. On murder, murder we
 Accumulate; redoubling funerall.
 Dire lineage, by congested sorrowes fall.
 Shall *Oeneus* ioy in his victorious son?
 Sad *Thestius* rob'd of his? be both vndon.
 Looke vp, o you my brothers ghosts; you late
 Dislodged soules; see how I right your fate.
 Accept of this infernall sacrifice,
 Of high esteeme: my wombs accursed prize.
 Ay me! o whether am I rapt! excuse

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

Vnknowing *Meleager*, absent broyles
 Euen in those flames : his blood, thick-panting, boyles
 In vnscene fire. Who such tormenting paines
 With more then manly fortitude sustaines.
 Yet grieues that by a slothfull death he falls
 Without a wound : *Ancaus* happy calls.
 His aged father, brothers, sisters, wife,
 Now groning names, with his last words of life :
 Perhaps his mother. Flames and paines increase :
 Againe they languish; and together cease.
 To liquid aire his vanisht spirits turne :
 And sable coles in shrouds of ashes mourne.

Low lyes high *Calydon* : the young, the old,

Ignoble, noble, all, their griefes vnfold.
 The *Calydonian* matrons cut their haire;
 Deflowre their beauties: cry, woe and despaire!
 His hoarie head with dust his father hides;
 Lyes groueling on the ground; and old age chides.
 For now his mother, by her guilt persude,
 Reuenging Steele in her owne brest imbrude.
 Though *Ioue* an hundred able tongues bestow,
 A wit that should with full inuention flow,
 All *Helicon* infuse into my brest;
 His sisters sorrowes could not be exprest.
 Themselues forgetting decency, deface:
 As long as he a bodie, it imbrace;
 Kisse his pale lips: when turn'd to ashes, they
 The ashes in their bruised bosoms lay:
 Fall on his tomb; his name, that there appeares,
 Infold; and fill the characters with teares.
 But when *Diana's* wrath was satisfide
 With *Oenius* misery: they all (beside
 Faire *Gorge* and the louely *Deianire*)
 On plummy pinions, by her powre, aspire;
 With long-extended wings, and beakes of horne:
 Who through the ayre in varied shapes are borne.
 Meanwhile to *Pallas* towres *Aegides* hyes
 (His part performd in that ioynt enterprise)
 Whose haft raine-raised *Achelous* staid.
 Renoun'd *Cecropian* Prince, the Riuer said,
 Vouchsafe my rooffe; nor to th'impetuous flood
 Commit thy person. Oft huge logs of wood,
 And broken rocks, downe-tumbling, lowdly rore.
 Houses and Herds not seldome heretofore
 Hurried away: nor was the Oxe of force
 To keepe his stand; nor swiftnesse sau'd the Horse.
 And when dissolued snow from mountaines pour'd,
 The turning eddies many haue deuour'd.
 More safe to stay vntill the current run
 Within his bounds. To whom *Aegans* son:
 'Twere folly, if not madnesse, to refuse
 Thy house and counsell: both I meane to vse.
 Then enters his large caue, where Nature playd
 The Artisan; of hollow Pumice made,
 And rugged *Tophas*; floor'd with humid mosse:

The

The rooffe pure white and purple fhels imboffe.
 Now had *Hyperion* past two parts of day:
 When *Theseus*, with the partners of his way,
Pirithous, and *Lelex* the renowne
 Of *Træzen*, now appearing gray; sat downe:
 And whom the Riuer, glad of such a guest,
 Preferd vnto the honour of his feast.
 Forth-with, bare-footed Nymphs bring in the meat:
 That ta'ne away, vpon the table set
 Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theseus* turnd his face
 To vnder seas; and poynting, said; What place
 Is yon', and of what name, that stands alone?
 And yet me thinks it should be more then one.

It is not one, the courteous Flood replies;
 But fiue; their neighbourhood deceiues your eyes.
 The lesse t'admire *Diana*, late despis'd,
 Fiue Nymphs they were: who hauing sacrifis'd
 Ten beeuies, invited to their festiuall
 The rurall Gods; my selfe forgot by all.
 At this my surges swell. I, then as great
 As euer, with inraged waters fret.
 The woods from woods, and fields from fields I teare
 With them, the Nymphs (now mindfull of me) beare
 In exile to the Deep: whose waues, with mine,
 That then-vnited masse of earth dis-ioyne
 Into as many peeces, as in seas
 Are of the flood-imbrac't *Echinades*.

Yet see one Ile, far, ô far off remou'd!
 Call'd *Perimele*; once by me belou'd.
 I, from this Nymph, her virgin honour tooke.
Hippodamas his daughter could not brooke:
 But cast her from a rock into the Deepe.
 Whom, while my thickned streames from sinking keepe
 I said: O *Neptune*, thou that dost command
 The wandring waues that beat vpon the land;
 To whom we Riuers run, in whom we end;
 Incline a gentle care. I did offend;
 In wronging whom I beare: if pious; he
 Would both haue pittied her, and pardon'd me.
 Her, whom his furie hath from earth exil'd,
 And in the strangling waters drencht his child;
 A place afford: or let her be a place

Which

Which I may euer with my streames embrace:
 His head the King of Surges forward shooke:
 And, in assenting, all the Ocean strooke.
 The Nymph yet swims; although with feare opprest:
 I layd my hand vpon her panting brest:
 While thus I handled her, I might perceiue
 The earth about her stifning body cleaue.
 Now, with a masse infolded, as she swims,
 An Island rose from her transformed lims.

He held his peace. This admiration won
 In all: derided by *Ixions* son:
 By nature rough, and one who did despise
 All-able Gods: who said; Thou tel'st vs lyes,
 And thinkst the Gods too potent: as if they
 Could giue new shapes, or take our old away.
 His saying all amaz'd, and none approu'd:
 Most *Lelex*, ripe in age and wisdom, mou'd.

Heauens powre, immense and endlesse, none can shun;
 Said he; and what the Gods would doe, is done.
 To check your doubt; on *Phrygian* hills there growes
 An Oke by a Line-tree, which old walls inclose.
 My selfe this saw, while I in *Phrygia* staid;
 By *Pitheus* sent: where erst his father swaid.
 Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground;
 Where Coots and fishing Cormorants abound.
Ioue, in a humane shape; with *Mercurie*;
 (His heeles vnwing'd) that way their steps apply:
 Who guest-rites at a thousand houses craue;
 A thousand shut their doores: One only gaue.
 A small thatch't Cottage: where, a pious wife
 Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life.
 Both equall-ag'd. In this, their youth they spent;
 In this, grew old: rich onely in content.
 Who pouertie, by bearing it, declind:
 And made it easie with a chearfull mind.
 None Master, nor none Seruant, could you call:
 They who command, obay; for two were all.
Ioue hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate;
 And stooping, enters at the humble gate.
 Sit downe, and take your ease, *Philemon* said.
 While busie *Baucis* straw-stuff cushions layd:
 Who stird abroad the glowing coles, that lay

In smothering ashes; rak't vp yester-day.
Dry bark, and withered leaues, theron she throwes:
Whose feeble breath to flame the cinders blowes.
Then slender clefts, and broken branches gets:
And ouer all a little kettle sets.
Her husband gathers cole-flowrs, with their leaues;
Which from his gratefull garden he receiues:
Tooke downe a sitch of bacon with a prung,
That long had in the smokie chimney hung:
Whereof a little quantitie he cuts:
And it into the boyling liquor puts.
This seething; they the time beguile with speech:
Vnsensible of stay. A bowle of beech,
There, by the handle hung vpon a pin:
This fills he with warme water; and therein
Washes their feete. A mosse-stufft bed and pillow
Lay on a homely bed-steed made of willow:
A couerlet, onely vs'd at feasts, they spred:
Though course, and old; yet fit for such a bed.
Downe lye the Gods. The palsie-shaken Dame
Sets forth a table with three legs; one lame,
And shorter then the rest, a pot-share reares:
This, now made leuell, with green mint she clears.
Whereon they party-colour'd oliues set,
Autumnall Cornels, in tart pickle wet;
Coole endiffe, radish, new eggs roasted reare,
And late-prest cheese; which earthen dishes beare.
A goblet, of the selfe same siluer wrought;
And bowles of beech, with waxe well varnisht, brought.
Hot victuals from the fire were forthwith sent:
Then wine, not yet of perfect age, present.
This ta'ne away; the second Course now comes:
Philberts, dry figs, with rugged dates, ripe plummes,
Sweet-smelling apples, disht in osier twines;
And purple grapes new gather'd from their vines:
I'th' midst, a hony combe. Aboue all these;
A chearfull looke, and ready will to please.
Meane-while, the Maple cup it selfe doth fill:
And oft exhausted, is replenisht still.
Astonisht at the miracle; with feare
Philemon, and the aged *Baucis*, reare
Their trembling hands in prayre: and pardon craue,

For

For that poore entertainment which they gaue.
 One Goose they had, their cottages chiefe guard;
 Which they to hospitable Gods award :
 Who long their slowe persuit deluding, flies
 To *Iupiter*; so sau'd from sacrifice.
 W'are Gods, said they ; Reuenge shall all vndoe :
 Alone immunitie we grant to you.
 Together leaue your house; and to yon' hill
 Follow our steps. They both obey their will;
 The Gods conducting : feebly both ascend ;
 Their stau'es, with theirs; they, with times burden bend.
 A flight-shot from the top, reuiew they take;
 And see all swallowed by a mightie lake :
 Their house excepted. While they this admire,
 Lament their neighbours ruine, and exquire
 Their holy cottage, which doth onely keepe
 Its place; while for the places fate they weepe;
 That little shed, commanded late by two,
 Became a Fane. To colums crotches grew;
 The roofe now shines with burnisht gold; the doores
 Diuinely caru'd; the pauement marble floores.
 Thou iust old man, *Saturnius* said, and thou
 Iust woman, worthy such a husband; how
 Stand your desires ? They talke a while alone;
 Then thus to *Ioue* their common wish make knowne.
 We craue to be your Priests, this Fane to guard.
 And since in all our liues we neuer iarr'd;
 Let one houre both dissolue : nor let me be
 Intomb'd by her, nor she intomb'd by me.
 Their sute is sign'd. The Temple they possesse,
 As long as life. With time and age opprest;
 As now they stood before the sacred gate,
 And call to memorie that places fate;
Philemon saw old *Baucis* freshly sprout :
 And *Baucis* saw *Philemon* leaues thrust out.
 Now on their heads aspiring Crownets grew.
 While they could speake, they spake : at once, adieu
 Wife, Husband, said : at once the creeping rine
 Their trunks inclos'd ; at once their shapes resigne.
 They of *Tyana* to this present show
 These neighbour trees, that from two bodies grow.
 Old men, not like to lye, nor vaine of tongue,

This

This told. I saw their boughs with garlands hung:
And hanging fresher, said; Who Gods before
Receiu'd, are such: adorers, we adore.

The tale, and teller; wonder, and beliefe,
Prouok't in all: but *Theseus* moues in chiefe.
Who couetous to heare such deeds as these:
The *Calydonian* Riuer, prest to please,
In this sort, leaning on his elbow, spake.
There be, who euer keep the forme they take:
Others haue powre themselues, at will, to change;
As thou blew *Proteus*, that in seas do'st range.
Who now a Man, a Lyon now appeares;
Now, a fell Bore: a Serpents shape now beares.
A Bull, with threatning hornes, now seem'st to be:
Now, like a Stone; now, like a spredding Tree.
And sometimes like a gentle Riuer flowes:
Sometimes like Fire, opposing Water, showes.

Autolichus his wife, the daughter to
Leud *Erisichthon*, things as strange could doc.
He was her father, who the Gods despis'd:
Nor euer on their altars sacrificis'd.
Who *Ceres* groues with steele profand: where stood
An old huge Oke; euen of it selfe a wood.
Wreaths, ribands, mentall tables, deckt his boughs
And sacred stem; the Dues of powerfull Vowes.
Full oft the *Dryades*, with Chaplets crown'd,
Danc't in his shade; full oft they tript a Round
About his bole. Fiue cubits three times told
His ample circuit hardly could infold.
Whose stature other trees as farre exceeds;
As other trees surmount the humble weeds.
Yet *Triopeius* all could not prouoke:
Who bids his seruants fell the sacred Oke.
And snatches, while they paus'd, an axe from one:
Thus storming: Not the Goddesse-lou'd alone;
But though this were the Goddesse, she should downe:
And sweepe the earth with her aspiring crowne.
As he aduanc't his armes to strike; the Oke
Both sigh'd and trembled at the threatning stroke.
His leaues and acornes, pale together grew:
And colour-changing branches sweat cold deaw.
Then wounded by his impious hand, the blood

Gush't from th'incision in a purple flood.
 Much like a mighty oxe, that falls before
 The sacred altar; spouting streames of gore.
 On all amazement seiz'd: when One of all
 The crime deterres; nor would his axe let fall.
 Contracting his sterne browes; Reccaue, said he,
 Thy pieties reward; and from the tree
 The stroke conuerting, lops his head; then strake
 The Oke againe: from whence a voice thus spake;
 A Nymph am I, within this tree inshrind,
 Belou'd of *Ceres*. O prophane of mind,
 Vengeance is neere thee. With my parting breath
 I prophesie: a comfort to my death.
 He still his guilt persues: who ouerthrowes
 With cabels, and innumerable blowes,
 The sturdy Oke: which, nodding long, downe rusht;
 And in his lofty fall his fellowes crusht.

Their sister, and their groue, the Nymphs lament;
 Who, hid in sable stoles, to *Ceres* went;
 On *Erisichthon* iust reuenge require:
 Who readily consents to their desire.
 The fair-brow'd Goddesse shakes her shining haire;
 With that, the fields shooke all their golden cares.
 Who to a pitteous punishment proceeds
 (Had he had any pittie in his deeds)
 By staruing. But, since not by fatall doome,
Ceres and *Famine* might together come:
 A mountaine Faery of th' *Oreades*
 Dispatcheth thither, with such words as these.
 In frosty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorne
 And barren; bearing neither fruit nor corne.
 Numb Cold, pale Hew, chill Ague, there abide;
 And fasting *Famine*. Bid the Fury glide
 Into his cursed entrails, and deuoure
 All plenty: let her rage subdue my powre.
 But least long wayes thy iourny tedious make:
 My charriot and my yoked dragons take.
 Taking her charriot; through the empty skies
 To *Scythia* and rough *Caucasus* she flies.
 There, in a stony field, sad *Famine* found;
 Tearing with teeth and nailes the foodlesse ground;
 With snarled haire, sunk eyes, lookes pale and dead,

Lips white with slime, thin teeth with rust ore-spread;
 Hide-bound, through which her clinged guts appeare;
 Dry bones, in spare and crooked hips, vp-beare;
 Her belly bellylesse: low hung her brest;
 So lank, as if her bosom had no chest:
 The rising knuckles falling flesh augment;
 Round knees and ankles leanly eminent.
 Espide far off (shee durst not be so bold
 To come too neere) the Nymph her message told.
 After a little stay, although she were
 Farre off, although but now arriued there;
 She famine felt. Who wheelles about her Snakes;
 And her high passage to *Amonia* takes.

Famine obeyes the Goddesses command;
 Though their endeouours still opposed stand:
 Who, by a tempest hurried through the skyes,
 Enters the wretches roofe: besides him lyes,
 Then fast a sleepe: (for now Nights heavy charmes
 All eyes had clos'd) imbra'st him in her armes;
 Her selfe infus'd; breathes on his face and brest:
 And emptie veines with hungers rage posselt.
 This thus perform'd, forsakes the fruitfull earth:
 And back returnes to her abodes of dearth.

Sound Sleepe as yet with pleasurable wings
 On *Erisichthon* gentle slumber flings.
 Who dreames of feasts, extends his idle iawes;
 With labouring teeth fantastically chawes.
 Deludes his throte by swallowing emptie fare:
 And for affected food deuoures the aire.
 Awak't; hot famine raues through all his veines:
 And in his guts, and greedie pallat raignes.
 Forth-with; what Sea, what Earth, what Ayre affords,
 Acquires: complaines of staruing at full bords.
 In banquets, banquets seekes. What might alone
 Haue Townes and Nations fed; suffize not one.
 Hunger increaseth with increast repast.
 And as all riuers to the Ocean hast;
 Who thirsty still, drinks vp the stranger floods:
 As rauinous fires refuse no profferd foods;
 Huge pyles receiue; the more they haue, the more
 By much desire; made hungry with their store.
 So *Erisichthon*, of a mind prophane,

Full dishes empties, and demands againe.
 Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat;
 Who euer emptie, still prepares to eat.
 His bellies gulfe his patrimonie wafts :
 Consuming famine yet vnlesned lasts;
 And his insatiable throtes extent.
 Now all his wealth, into his bowels sent :
 A daughter left, vnworthy such a Sire,
 The beggar sold to feede his hungers fire.
 Her noble thoughts base seruitude disdain :
 Who now her hands extending to the Maines;
 O thou that hadst my mayden-head, said she,
 Thy rauisht spoyle from hated bondage free!
Neptune had this: who to her praier consents.
 And, though then by her master seene, preuents
 His following search: transforming of his Rape
 Into a man; maskt in a fishers shape.
 Angler, her master said, that with thy bait
 Conceal'st thy hooke; so prosper thy deceit,
 So rest the sea compos'd; so may the fish
 Be credulous, and taken at thy wish;
 As thou reueal'st her, who in garments poore,
 And ruffled haire, late stood vpon this shore.
 For here, but very now, I saw her stand :
 Nor farther trace her foot-steps in the sand.
 She, *Neptunes* bountie finding; well apaid
 To be inquir'd for of her selfe; thus said.
 Pardon me Sir, who e're you are; my eyes
 Haue beene attentiu on this exercise.
 To win beliefe; so may the God of Seas
 Assist my cunning in such arts as these :
 As late nor man nor maid I saw before
 Your selfe, my selfe excepted; on this shore.
 He credits, and beguil'd, the shore forfook :
 When she againe her former figure took.
 Her father, seeing she could change her shape,
 Oft sold her; who as often made a scape.
 Now hart-like, now a cow, a bird, a mare :
 And fed his hunger with ill-purchast fare.
 But when his maladie all meanes had spent :
 He gaue the mischief a new nourishment.
 Now to deuoure his proper flesh proceeds :

And

And by diminishing, his body feeds.

What need I dwell on forrein facts? euen we

Can vary shapes, though limited they be.

Now seeme I as I am; oft like a Snake:

And many times a Bulls horn'd figure take.

But while I hornes assum'd, one thus was broke,

As you behold. This, with a sighe, he spoke.

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OID'S

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

OVIDS

METAMORPHOSIS.

The ninth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

A *Serpent Achelôus: now a Bull:*
His severed Horne with plenty ever full,
Lichas a Rock. Alcides sunke in flame,
Ascends a God. The labour-helping Dame
A Weesel. Lotis, flying lust, becomes
A Tree: the like sad Dryope intombs.
Old Iôlâus waxeth young agen.
Callirho'es Infants sodenly grow Men.
Byblis a weeping Fountaine. Iphis, now
A Boy, to Isis payes his maiden Vow.

H *Ec,* who his high descent from Neptune drawes,
 Of his so sad a sigh demands the cause,
 And maimed brow. Whē thus the God proceeds:
 His dangling curles impal'd with quiuering reeds:
 — A heauie taske you impose: his owne disgrace
 Who would reuiue? yet was it not so base
 To be subdude, as noble to contend:
 And such a Victor doth my foyle defend.
 Haue you not heard of faire-checkt *Deianire*?
 The enui'd hope of many: the desire
 Of all that knew her. We, with others, went
 To *Oeneus* Court, to purchace his consent.
Parthaons son, be I thy Son in law;
 I, and *Alcides* said: the rest with-draw.
 He, with his father *Ioue*, his Labours fame,
 And Step-dames vanquisht tasks, inforc't his clame.
 'Twere shame, said I, that deathlesse Gods, to men
 Who dye, should stoope. (A God he was not then).
 These euer-liuing waters I command,
 That wind in endlesse currents through thy land.
 Thy Son no stranger is, if I be He:
 But of thy Countrie and a friend to thee.

Yet

Yet be't no preiudice; that *Iuno's* hate,
 Nor punishing imployments presse my fate.
 If from *Alcmena* thou thy being drew:
Ioue's thy false father, or the crime is true.
 Thou seekst a Father in a Mothers shame:
 Or be not *Ioue's*, or take a bastards name.
 He, all this while, with eyes that sparkle fire,
 Vpon me frownd: and weakly rules his ire.
 Then onely said; My hand my tongue exceeds:
 Win thou with words, so I subdue with deeds.
 With that, fell on. To speake so big, and shrink,
 I shame: and let my waue-greene Mantle sink;
 My armes oppose, my hands for seasure prest;
 And euery fitted part for fight adrest.
 He throwes dust on me with his hollow hand:
 And I againe besprinkle him with sand.
 Now catches at my neck, now at my thighes;
 Or proffer makes: and euery lim applies.
 But me my waight defends; in vaine he striues:
 Much like as when a roring billow driues
 Against a rock: the rock repels his pride;
 By his owne ponder firmly fortifi'd.
 Both for a while with-drew: againe we meete,
 And strongly keepe our stands, feete ioyned to feete.
 With that I rusht vpon him with my brest:
 My fingers, his; my brow his fore-head prest.
 So haue I seene two Buls together close;
 The fairest Cow in all the pasture chose
 To wiue the Victor: while the Herds with feare
 Expect who should so wisht a purchase beare.
 Thrice *Hercules* in deuors to constraine
 My powres to dis-ingagement: thrice in vaine.
 The fourth assay my strong imbrace vnbound:
 And from my grasping armes his body wound.
 Then turning me about (truth guides my tongue)
 Vpon my back with all his burden hung.
 If I haue faith (a ly can find no way
 To praise) me thought a mountaine on me lay.
 Scarce could I free my armes, all froth with sweat:
 Scarce from his gripes my aking bosom set.
 Stil pressing on, he giues nor time to breathe
 Nor gather strength: my powres my trust deceaue.

In fine, his yoking armes my neck command :
 When, puld vpon my knees, I bit the sand.
 Inferior force my natiue slight supply'd :
 Now from him like a lengthfull Serpent glide.
 When in contracted folds I forward sprung :
 Horredly hissing with my forked tongue.
 He laughs; and flouts my terrors in this sort :

To strangle Serpents is my cradles sport.
 Though other dragons to thy conquest bow :
 To dire *Lernean Hydra* what art thou ?
 Her wounds were fruitfull : from each seuer'd head,
 Each of her hundred necks two fiercer bred :
 More strong by twinning heires. This death-borne crue,
 Growing in wounds; I tam'd : and twice subdue.
 What hope hast thou, a forged Snake, to scape ?
 That fight'st with others armes; and begst thy shape.

This said; my neck his grasping fingers clincht;
 And scruz'd my throte; as if with pincers wrincht :
 While from his gripes I stroue my iawes to pull.
 Twice ouer-come; now, like a furious Bull,
 Once more his terrible assaults oppose.
 His armes about my swelling chest he throwes,
 And following, backward hales : my fore-heads birth
 Fixt in the ground; and threw me on the earth.
 My brow (that not suffising) disadornes :
 By breaking one of my ingaged hornes.

The *Naiades* with fruits and flowres this fill :
 Good Plenty, in my Horne, aboundeth still.

Here *Achelous* ends. One louely-faire,
 Girt like *Diana's* Nymph, with flowing haire,
 Came in; and brought the wealthy Horne; repleat
 With Autumnes store, and apples after meat.

Day springs; and mountaines shine with early beames.
 His Guests depart : nor stay till peacefull streames
 Glyde gently downe, and keepe their bounded race.
 When *Achelous*, his agrestick face
 And maymed head within the current shrowds.
 This blemish much his former beautie clouds :
 All else compleat. The rupture of his browes
 He shades with flaggie wreathes, and fallow boughes:

So *Deianira*, *Nessus*, was thy wrack :
 A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.

Ioues son, with his new wife; to *Thebes* his course
 Directing; came t' *Euenus* rapid source.
 The big-swolne Streames increast with winters raine,
 And full of turning gulfes, his *Passé* restraine.
 For her he feares: though he selfe-feare abhord.
 When strong-lim'd *Nessus* came, who knew the Ford;
 And said; I safely will transport thy Bride:
 Meane-while swim thou vnto the other side.
 To him *Alcides* his pale wife betakes:
 Who, fearing both the flood, and *Nessus*, quakes.
 Charg'd with his quiver, and his Lyons skin
 (His club and bow before throwne ouer) in
 The Heros leapes, and said; How'euer vast,
 These waues, since vndertaken, shall be past.
 And confident, nor seekes the smoothest wayes:
 Nor by declining his transcant delayes.
 Now ouer; stooping for his bow, he heard
 His wiues shrill shrieks; and *Nessus* saw, prepar'd
 To violate his trust. Thou rauisher,
 What hope said he, can thy vaine speed confer?
 Holla, thou halfe a beast; withhold thy flight:
 I pray thee heare; nor intercept my right.
 If no respect of me can fix thy trust:
 Yet, let thy Fathers whele restraine thy lust.
 Nor shalt thou scape reuenge; how euer fleet,
 Wounds shall ore-take thy speed, though not my feet.
 The last, his deeds confirme; for, as he fled,
 An arrow struck his back: the barbed head
 Past through his brest. Tug'd out, both vents extru'd
 Hot spinning gore, with *Hydras* blood imbrude.
 This *Nessus* tooke; and softly said: yet I,
Alcides, will not vnreuenged dy.
 And gaue his Rape a vest, dipt in that gore:
 This will (said he) the heat of loue restore.
 Long after (all the ample world possesst
 With his great acts, and *Iunos* hate increast)
 From raz'd *Oechalia* hastning his remoue,
 To sacrifice vnto *Cenean Ioue*:
 Fames bablings *Deianira's* eares surprise
 (Who falsehood ads to truth, and growes by lies)
 How *Iole*, *Amphitryoniades*
 With loue inthraul'd. Stung with this stong disease

The troubled louer credits what she feares.
 At first she nourisheth her greife with teares:
 Which weeping eyes diffuse. Then sayd; But why
 Weepe we? the Strumpet in these teares will ioy.
 Since come she will, some change attempt I must;
 Before my bed be stained with her lust.
 Shall I complaine? be mute? shift houses? stay?
 Returne to *Calydon*, and giue her way?
 Or call to mind that I am sister to
 Great *Meleager*, and some mischeife doe?
 What iniur'd woman; what the spleenefull woe
 Of ielousie; or harlots death; can show?
 Her thoughts; long toyld with change, now fixed stood
 To send the garment dipt in *Nessus* blood;
 To quicken fainting loue. The Present she
 To *Lycas* gaue (as ignorant as he)
 And her owne sorrow. Who, with kind commends,
 The robe to her suspectlesse husband sends.
 Which now the sacrificing Heros wore:
 Wrapt in the poyson of *Echidna's* gore.
 Who praying, new-borne flames with incense fed:
 And bowles of wine on marble altars shed.
 The spreading mischeife works: with heat dissolu'd,
 The manly limmes of *Hercules* inuolu'd.
 Who, whilst he could, with vsuall fortitude
 His grones suppress. All patience now subdew'd
 With such extreames; the altar downe he flings:
 And shady *Oete* with his clamor rings.
 Forth-with, to teare the torture off, he striues.
 The riuen robe, his skin that lines it, riuces;
 Or to his limmes vnseparablie cleaues;
 Or his huge bones and sinewes naked leaues.
 As fire-red steele in water drencht; so royles
 His hissing blood, and with hot poyson boyles.
 No meane! the greedy flames his bowels fret;
 And all his body flowes with purple sweat:
 His scorched sinewes crack; his marrow fries:
 Then, to the stars his hands aduancing, cries.
 Feast, *Iuno*, on our harmes. O, from on high
 Behold this plague! thy cruell stomacke cloy.
 If foes may pittie purchase (such are we;)
 This life, with torments cras'd, long sought by thee;

And

And borne to toyle, depriue. For death would proue
 To me a blessing: and a Step-dames loue
 May such a blessing giue. Haue I this gain'd,
 For slaine *Busiris*; who *Ioues* temple stain'd
 With strangers blood? That from *Anteus* tooke
 His mothers aid? Whom *Geryons* triple looke,
 Nor thine, \hat{o} *Cerberus*, could once dismay?
 These hands, these made the *Cretan* Bull obey.
 Your labors, *Elis*; smooth *Stymphalian* floods,
 Confesse with praises; and *Parthenian* woods.
 You got the golden belt of *Thermodon*:
 And apples from the sleeple Dragon won.
 Nor cloud-borne *Centaures*, nor th' *Arcadian* Bore,
 Could me resist: nor *Hydra* with her store
 Of frightfull heads; which by their losse increast.
 I, when I saw the *Thracian* Horses feast
 With humane flesh, their mangers ouer-threw:
 And with his steeds, their wicked Maister flew.
 These hands the *Nemean* Lyon chokt: these queld
 Huge *Cacus*: and these shoulders Heauen vp-held.
Ioues cruell wife grew weary to impose:
 I neuer to performe. But \hat{o} , these woes,
 This new found plague, no vertue can repell;
 Nor armes, nor weapons! Hungry flames of hell
 Shoote through my veines; and on my liuer prey.
 And yet *Eurystheus* thrives: and some will say
 That there be Gods! Here his complaints he ends;
 And high-raisd steps or'e lofty *Oeta* bends,
 Hurried with anguish: like a Bull, that beares
 A wounding iauelin; whom the wounder feares.
 Oft should you see him quake, oft grone, oft striuing
 To teare his garments; solid trees vp-riuing,
 Inraged with the mountaines, and to reare
 His scorched armes vnto his fathers sphere.
 Hid in a hollow rock, he *Lycas* spies:
 When tortuer had possess't his faculties
 With all her furies. *Lycas* didst thou giue
 This horrid gift, said he? Thinkst thou to liue;
 And I die by thy treason? While he quakes,
 Lookes gastly pale, vnheard excuses makes;
 While yet he spake, while to his knees he clung;
 Caught by the heeles, about his head thrice swong,

Him into deepe *Eubæan* surges threw;
 (As ingines stones) who hardned as he flew.
 As falling shoures conical'd with frezing winds
 Conuert to snow; as snow together binds,
 And rouling round in solid haile descends:
 So while the aire his forced body rends,
 Bloodlesse with terror, all his moisture gone;
 Those times his change produc't to rigid stone:
 And still within *Eubæas* gulphy deepes:
 A short rock lies, which mans proportion keepes:
 Whereon the mariners forbears to fall,
 As sensitiue. And this they *Lycas* call.

But thou, *Ioues* God-like son (a Pyle with store
 Of trees aduanc't, which lofty *Oete* bore)
 Thy Bow and ample Quiuer (where in ly
 Those arrowes that againe must visit Troy)
 Bequeath'st to *Pæans* Heire: who catching fire
 Puts to the Pyle. While greedy flames aspire;
 Thou on the top thy Lyons spoyle didst spread:
 And lay thereon (thy club beneath thy head)
 With such a looke; as if a crowned Guest
 Amidst full goblets, at a mirthfull feast.
 Now all imbracing flames a crackling made:
 And their Contemnors patient limmes inuade.
 The Gods much thought for Earths Defendor tooke:
 When thus *Saturnius*, with a chearfull looke:

This greife, you Gods, is our delight: with all
 Our soule we ioy, that such a people call
 Vs King and Father; who so gratefull are,
 And of our progeny haue such a care:
 For though his noble acts deserue as much;
 You vs oblige. But least vaine terrors touch
 Your loyall hearts; let not these flames displeas:
 Who conquerd all, shall also conquer these.
Vulcan his mother-part shall but subdue:
 For that's immortall which from vs he drew;
 And can nor taste of death, nor stoop to fire:
 Which, purg'd from earth, shall to our ioyes aspire.
 This all your Deities I think will please.
 If any grudge such grace to *Hercules*,
 Nor would his God-head; let them enuy stil:
 They shall our act approoue against their will.

The Gods assent. And *Iuno's* selfe accords;
 At least in shew: yet *Iupiters* last words
 Vnsmooth her forehead with obseru'd distaste.
 What flame could vanquish, *Mulciber* doth waste:
 Yet *Hercules*, not knowne by face, remaines;
 Who nothing of his Mothers forme retaines:
 Now onely Iouiall. As a snake his yeares
 Casts with his skin, and sprightly young appeares
 With glittering scales: so, the *Tirynthian*,
 Hauing put off mortality with man,
 Shines in his better part, and seemes more great:
 With awe-infusing maiestie compleat.
 Rapt in a charriot by almighty *Ioue*,
 Through hollow clouds, vnto the starres aboue.

Prest *Atlas* feeles his waight. *Euristheus* ire
 Ends not in death: his hatred to the Sire
 Persues his race. *Alcmena*, worne with care;
 Had *Iole* to whom she might declare
 Her old-wiues plaints, her Sons hard labours (knowne
 Through broad-spredd Earth) his fortunes, and her owne.
 Her, *Hyllus*, by *Alcides* testament,
 Tooke to his bed, with loues vnforc't consent;
 And filld her womb with generous seed: when thus
Alcmena: Be the Gods propitious,
 And quick in working, when thy time drawes neare
 To call *Ilithya*, whom sad mothers feare:
 To me made difficult by *Iunos* spight.
 For ten accomplisht signes did now excite
 My trauell to *Alcides* birth; whose waight
 My belly stretcht: which bare so great a freight,
 That you might sweare it was begot by *Ioue*:
 When with intollerable paines I stroue.
 Now also, speaking, horror chills my heart:
 And greifes remembrance beares in greife a part.
 Seauen nights, seauen dayes, thus rackt; with anguist tir'd,
 My hands vpheld, with out-cries, I desir'd
Lucina's aid, my burden to vnty.
 She came indeede, but pre-corrupted by
 Vnfriently *Iuno*, life to ruinate.
 Hearing my grones, she sate before the gate
 On yonder Altar: her right knee vpholds
 Her crosse left ham; whose fingers knit in foulds

Delay'd

Delai'd deliucry : and with mutter'd spels
 Of secret powre, the pressing birth repels.
 I strive; and raving, task vngratefull *Ioue*:
 Desire to die; and breath complaints to moue
 Relentlesse flints. The *Cadmean* Dames were there;
 Who pray for me, and comfort my despaire.
 Red-haird *Galanthis*, one of meane descent;
 In all employments stoutly diligent,
 Beloued for her duetie; doth misdoubt
 Malitious *Iuno*. Passing in and out,
 She saw the Goddesse on the altar sit;
 Her armes about her knees, her fingers knit.
 What ere you be, reioyce with vs, she sayd;
 Ioyfull *Alcmena* hath her belly layd.
 The Goddesse, great in child-birth, starting, rose:
 And parting her linckt fingers, easd my Throwes.

They say *Galanthis* laught at this deceit:
 Whom straight the flouted Goddesse, in a fret,
 Drags by the haire; nor suffers her to rise:
 Forth-with her armes conuert to legs and thighes;
 Agility and colour still abide:
 Her forme transform'd. In that her mouth supplyd
 Defectiue child-birth, at her mouth she beares:
 Nor now our still-frequented houses feares.
 This said, she sighs for her old seruants sake:
 To whome her daughter, likewise sighing, spake.

You, Mother, sorrow for no kinreds fate.
 But what if I the wonderous change relate
 Of my poore Sister? Teares, and sorrow seaze
 My troubled speech. Of all th' *Oechalides*
 For forme few might with *Dryope* compare;
 The onely child her dying mother bare:
 I borne by a second wife. Her virgin flowre
 Being gatherd by that ouer-mastring Powre,
 Who in *Delos*, and in *Delphos* doth reside;
Andramon weds her: happy in his Bride.
 A Lake there is, which sheluing margents bound,
 Much like a shore; with fragrant myrtles crown'd.
 Hither came simple *Dryope* (what more
 Afflicts me) to those Nymphs she garlands bore.
 Her armes her child, a pleasing burden, hold;
 Who suckt her breasts: not yet a twelue-month old:

Hard by the lake a flowry Lotus grew,
 Expecting berries, of a crimson hew:
 Thence pulling flowers, she gaue them to her son
 To play with all; so was I like t'haue don:
 For I was there. I saw the blood descend
 From dropping twigs: the boughs with horror bend:
 Since told, too late; how that a Nymph, who fled
 From lustfull *Priapus*; to quit her dread,
 Assum'd this shape: the name of *Lotus* kept.
 Vnknowne; my frighted Sister backward stept;
 And would depart, as soone as she had prayd:
 But rootes her feete, for all her strugling, stayd.
 Who onely moues aboue. The bark increast:
 And creepeth from the bottom to her brest.
 This scene; she thought t'haue torne her haire: her hand
 She fills with leaues; boughs on her summit stand.
 The child *Amphisus* (for his grand-father
Eurytus, did that name on him confer)
 Now finds his mothers breasts both stiffe and dry:
 I, a spectator of thy tragedy,
 Deare sister, had in me no powre of aid.
 Yet, as I could, thy growing trunk I stayd,
 Clung to thy spredding boughs; and wisht that *Law*
 Might with thee in the same inclosure ly.
 Behold, *Andramon* comes; with him, her Sire;
 (Both wretched!) and for *Dryope* inquire:
 When I for *Dryope* the Lotus show'd.
 They kisses on the heatfull wood bestow'd:
 And, groueling on the ground, her roots imbrace:
 Now all of thee, deare Sister, but thy face
 Th'incroching habit of a tree receiues:
 Now teares, like pearles of dew, hang on thy leaues.
 Who, while she might, while yet a way remain'd
 For speaking passion; in this sort complain'd.
 If Credit to the wretched may be giuen;
 I swear by all the Powres inbowr'd in Heauen,
 I neuer this deseru'd. Without a sin
 I suffer: innocent my life hath been.
 Or if I lie, may my greene branches fade:
 And, feld with axes, on the fire be layd.
 This Infant from his dying mother beare
 To some kind Nurse; and often let him here

Befed with milke; oft in my shaddow play.
 Let him salute my tree; and sadly say.
 (When he can speake) This *Lotis* doth containe
 My dearest mother. Yet let him refraine
 All lakes; nor euer dare to touch a flowre:
 But think that euery tree inshrines a Powre.
 Deare Husband, Sister, Father, all farewell.
 Since you I know in piety excell,
 Suffer no axe to wound my tender boughes;
 Nor on my leaues let hungry cattaile brouse.
 And since I cannot vnto you decline,
 Ascend to me; and ioyne your lips to mine.
 My little son, while I can kisse, aduance.
 But fate cuts off my failing vtterance.
 For now the softer rine my neck ascends:
 And round about my leauy top extends.
 Remoue your hands: with out the helpe of those,
 The wrapping bark my dying eyes will close.
 So left to speak, and be. Yet humane heat
 In her chang'd body long retain'd a feat.

While *Iole* this story told; her eyes,
 Glaz'd with her teares; the kind *Alcmena* dryes;
 And weeps her selfe. Behold, a better change
 With ioy defers their sorrow: nor lesse strange.
 For *Iolaus*, twice a youth, came in:
 The doubtfull downe now budding on his chin.
 Faire *Hebe*, at her Husbands sute, on thee
 This gift bestow'd. About to sweare that she
 Would neuer giue the like; wise *Themis* said,
 Forbeare; Warre raues in *Thebes* by Discord swayd:
 And *Capaneus* but by *Ioue* alone
 Can be subdude. The Brothers then shall grone
 With mutuall wounds. The sacred Prophet, lost
 In swallowing earth, aliue shall see his Ghost.
 His Sons red hands his Mothers life extract
 T'apease his Sire: a iust and wicked fact.
 Rapt from his home and senses, with th'affright
 Of staring Furies, and his mothers Sprite,
 Vntill his wife the fatall gold demands:
 The kinsman murder'd by *Phegides* hands.
 Then *Acheloian Callirhoë*
 Shall *Ioue* importune, that her infants may

Be turn'd to men: and due reuenge require
 (As he, for his) of those who slew their sire;
 Her prayers shall win consent from *Ioue*: who then
 Will bid thee make *Callirrhoe's* children men.

This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture sung.
 Among the Gods a grudging murmur sprung,
 Why she this gift should not to others giue.
Aurora for her husbands age doth grieue;
Ceres complains of *Iasons* hory haire;
Vulcan would *Erichthonius* youth repaire;
 And cares of time to come in *Venus* raigne,
 That her *Anchises* might wax young againe.
 All sue for some: seditious fauor stroue
 In hight of tumult; thus suppress'd by *Ioue*.

What mutter you? Or where is your respect?
 Think you, you can the powre of Fate subiect?
 Old *Ioläus* was by fate renew'd:
 By fate *Callirrhoe's* babes shall be indew'd
 With youth: not by ambition, nor warre.
 Euen we, that you may better brook it, are
 Prescrib'd by Fate. Which could we change; not thus
 Should time suppress'e our God-like *Aacus*:
 Eternall youth should *Rhadamanthus* crowne:
 Nor should our *Minos* loose his old renowne;
 Despised now through age: who heretofore,
 With such a braue commaund his scepter bore.

These words of *Ioues* the yeelding Gods asswage;
 Sith *Rhadamanth'* and *Aacus*, with age
 Decline: and *Minos*, whose youths actiue flame
 Made mighty nations tremble at his name.
 But now in mind and body impotent,
Deioniden Miletus fear'd ascent
 T' his throne suspects; adorn'd with youth and stile
 Of *Phæbus* son: nor durst his feares exile.
 But thou, *Miletus*, of thy owne accord
 Forsookst thy natiue home: and now aboard,
 Through deepe *Aegan* seas to *Asia* came:
 Erecting there a Citty of thy name.
 He, as the Nymph *Cyaneë* (excellent
 For beauty) daughter to *Maander*, went
 A long his winding banks, compr'est her there:
 Who *Byblis* at one birth with *Caurus* bare.

Byblis example lawlesse loue reproves :
Byblis Apollineian Cannus loues,
 Not as a sifter should a brother doe :
 Nor at the first her owne affections knew.
 Nor thought it sinne so eagerly to kisse :
 Nor by imbracing to haue done amisse.
 Whom shadow of false pietie beguiles;
 Loue by degrees corrupts. Her dresse, and smiles,
 Shee frames t'attract; to seeme too faire desires :
 And enuies whom so euer he admires.
 Yet knowes not her disease: no wishes rise
 In smoking sighes as yet; yet inlyc fries.
 Now calls him Lord; the due of blood disclaim'd :
 Who would be *Byblis*, and not sifter nam'd.
 Nor waking durst she harbour in her brest
 A wanton hope: but in dissoluing rest
 Her louer oft enioyes; her senses keepe
 A festiuall; yet blushes in her sleepe.
 Sleepe fled; long mute; her dreame againe renues
 By repetition: which shee thus persues.

Woe's me! what bode these fantasies of Night!
 If true, how wretched! why should Such delight?
 His heauenly forme by Enuy is approu'd:
 Who might, if not a brother, be belou'd;
 And merrits my affections (ô too well!)
 If I were not his sister: there's my hell!
 While waking, I indeuour no suchill,
 May these bewitching dreames inchant me still!
 No Spie could blab that imitated ioy.
 O *Venus*, and with thee, thou winged Boy!
 What pleasure, what content, had I that night!
 How lay I all dissolued in delight!
 With how much ioy remembred! short those ioyes;
 And hastie Night our happinesse enuies.
 Would I could change this wretched name of mine!
 Or he the intrest in his blood resigne!
 How well, ô *Cannus*, might our father be
 A father in law, or to thy selfe, or me!
 O would to *Ioue* we all in common held,
 Except our birth! though mine his birth exceld!
 Who then (ô fairest!) wilt thou make a mother?
 How ill hath Nature linkt vs to each other!

Still

Stil must thou be my brother: what I hate,
 I onely haue. What then prognosticate
 These flattering visions? What in these extreames,
 Can dreames auaille? or is there waight in dreames?
 The Gods forbid! The Gods their Sisters wed.
Saturne and *Ops* had both one birth and bed.
 So *Tethys* with *Oceanus*; so *Ioue*
 Combines with *Iuno* in eternall loue.
 Gods haue peculiar lawes: how dare I draw
 From them examples, bound t'another law?
 Die, die forbidden flames; or let me die.
 Then may my brother kisse me when I ly
 On sable herse. Besides, the ioynt consent
 This craues of two. Say it should me content:
 He may abhor it. Yet th' *Æolides*
 Imbraced theirs. Whence spring such proofes as these!
 O whether rapt! you wicked flames, remoue:
 A brother, as befits a sister, loue.
 Yet should he first affect, perhaps I then
 His loue might cherish, and affect again.
 Then shall I, who would not his sute reiect,
 She first? What, canst thou speak? thy thoughts detect?
 I can: Loue prompts. If shame my speech suppress;
 Yet speeclesse letters may my flames confesse.

This pleas'd her; and a little satisfi'de
 Her doubtful mind. When rais'd on her left side,
 And leaning on her elbow; Hap what may,
 We will (said she) our frantick loue display.
 O, whether slide I! ô what flames excite
 These thoughts! then fits her trembling hands to write:
 One holds the wax, the style the other guides.
 Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides;
 Notes, razes, changes oft, dislikes, approues,
 Throwes all a side, resumes what she remoues;
 Her will she knowes not; no composure brookes:
 Soft shame and impudence striue in her lookes.
 She had writ Sister: that, as most vnfit,
 Defacing; tooke the tables, and thus writ.

Health to her onely Loue that Louer sends:
 Who health hath none, but what your loue extends.
 To tell you who I am; alas, I shame.
 If you would know my sute; with out a name

O let me plead, nor be for *Byblis* knowne,
 Vntil my hopes be to assurance growne.
 Pale colour, leanness, ruthfull lookes, wet eyes,
 Long sighs which from concealed passion rise,
 Frequent imbracements, and (if you so much
 Obserued) kisses of too hot a touch
 To sute a sisters coldnesse: these exprest
 The deepe distemper of my wounded brest.
 And yet, although my soule the wound sustain'd,
 Although a fiery fury in me raign'd,
 Heauens witness, that I might at length be well,
 I try'd the vtmost; striuing to repell
 The violent darts of *Cupid*: and farre more
 Then you would think a woman could, I bore.
 Against my will, I now become your slaue:
 And with afflicted language pittie craue.
 You may preferue; you onely can vndoe:
 Choose which you will. Nor sues a foe to you;
 But who, too nere ally'd, would nerer ioyne:
 And in a stricker league of loue combine.
 Let old men know what's lawful, good, or ill:
 And to their frosty rules subiect their will.
 Rash *Venus* fits our yeares. Yet know not we
 Intangling lawes: let vs think all things free,
 And imitate the Gods. Paternall awe,
 Respect of fame, nor feare can vs with-draw:
 Alone all diffidencie lay aside.
 Our easy stealths a brothers name will hide.
 We may in priuat talk; conuerse, and kisse,
 Who euer by. What wants to crowne our blisse?
 O pittie me, who haue my loue confest;
 Nor would, had not my vtmost ardor prest:
 Least thy remorselesse cruelty be read
 Vpon my monument, when I am dead
 This on the wax she drew with vaine successe:
 Inuegling verse th'extreamest margent presse.
 Then seales her shame: her parched tongue denyd
 To wet her gemme; which weeping eyes supplyd.
 She, blushing, calls a seruant of knowne trust
 And flattering him awhile; My freind, thou must
 See these with care, and secrecie, conuaid
 To my (there paus'd, and after) brother, said.

In their deliery the tables fell:
 She, at that Omen, starts; yet bids farewell.
 The wary messenger attends his time:
 And giues to *Caunus* her infolded crime.
 Amaz'd *Maandrius* high in choller grew:
 And on the ground the halfe-read tables threw.
 About to strike; Thou wicked instrument
 Of horrid lust, said he, by flight preuent
 My swords reuenge: but that our infamy
 Thy death would publish; villain, thou shouldst dy.
 He, frighted, flies; and to his mistresse beares
 The wrath of *Caunus*. *Byblis* quaking heares
 Her sad repulse: a death-resembling cold
 Bescegd her hart, and vitall heat contold.
 Yet, with her soule, her frantick loue returns:
 Who, with scarce moouing lips, thus softly mournes.
 And worthy. Why, o too rash! haue I
 Disclofd this wound? affections seacrecie
 Who would so soone to headdy lines commit?
 First, with ambiguous words it had beene fit
 T'haue felt his thoughts; and traind him to persue.
 I should haue noted how the weather grew;
 And chosen a safe Sea: but now my sailes
 Stretch desperatly with vnexplored gales.
 Now borne on crushing rocks, the floods or'e-beare
 My sinking bark; nor can I back-ward steere.
 Could not that Omen check the cherisht scope
 Of my desires; when, with our blasted hope,
 The tables fel? should I not haue assign'd
 An other day; or wholly changd my mind?
 O no, the day. This, Heauen fore-shewd by sad
 And sure portenses; had I not beene mad.
 My selfe, before my letters, should haue su'de;
 And liuely loue exprest: he should haue viewd
 My moouing teares; a Louers pleading looke.
 More could I haue spoke then writ: t'wold more haue took.
 About his neck my armes I might haue wound;
 And, had he cast me off, appeare to s'wound;
 Clung to his feete, and groueling, life implore.
 This passion might haue acted, and much more:
 Whereof, though each particular should faile;
 Yet all together ioyntly might preuaile.

Perhaps

Perhaps the blame-deserving messenger
 Did in behaviour, or occasion, erre:
 Nor chose a season, when his thoughts were free.
 This bain'd my hopes. For of no Tygresse he,
 Nor Lyonesse, was borne: his gentle brest
 Rough flint, hard Steele, nor adamant inuest.
 He must be won: no sowre repulse shall make
 My powres retire, til life my brest forsake.
 The best, if what is done were to begin,
 Is not t'attempt: next, what w'attempt, to win.
 For neuer would he, though I should ore-sway
 My strong desires, forget this leud assay.
 Desisting, would condemne my loue for light;
 Or that I tri'd to intrap him by this flight:
 Or may conceaue that brutish lust did moue
 These extasies; and not the God of loue.
 And to conclude; I must be wicked still:
 My hand hath sign'd it; tainted in my will.
 No giuing back can make me innocent:
 Nought can I adde to sin, Much to content.

This said; one thought an other doth controule:
 So great a discord racks her wauering soule!
 Dislikes; yet acts: who neuer satisfi'd;
 Accurst! attempteth, to be oft deni'd.
 This scene, he flies his country for her crime:
 And builds a citty in a forrain clime.
 When woefull *Byblis*, sincking in despaire,
 Her garments, rauing, from her bosom tare;
 Striking her armes through fury, and proclames
 In high distraction, her incestuous flames.
 Hopelesse, her hated mansion she eschues:
 And frantickly, her brothers flight persues.
 And as *Ismarian Bacchanals* (great son
 Of *Semele*) struck with thy *Thyrus*, run
 In thy *Triennials*: so *Bubasian Dames*
 Saw howling *Byblis* hurryng o're their plaines.
 From these she wanders through the *Carian* bounds,
 The warlike *Lelages*, and *Lycian* grounds:
Cragus, *Lymira's* streames; the siluer waues
 Of *Xanthus* past; and where *Chimera* raues
 On high rocks; with a Lyons face and mane,
 A Gotes rough body, and a Serpents traine.

The

The woods were past : when thou, *ô Byblis*, faine
 With long persuit, and passions strong constraint,
 Sunk'st downe; thy haire on earth diffus'dly spread :
 And hid'st with withered leaues thy low-layd head.
 The kind *Lelegian* Nymphs oft in their armes
 Attempt to raise her : and with powrefull charmes
 Of counsell, strive to cure her loue-sicke mind.
 But, to the deafe they sing, and loose their wind.
 She, grasping the greene rushes, silent lyes :
 And bathes them in the riuers of her eyes.
 The *Naiades* thrust vnder these a spring :
 Their bountie could not giue a greater thing.
 As pitch distilleth from the sable wound,
 As stiffe Bitumen issues from the ground;
 As floods, which frosts in icie fetters bind,
 Thaw with th'approching Sun, and Southerne wind;
 Euen so *Phæbeian Byblis*, spent in teares,
 Becomes a liuing fountaine, which yet beares
 Her name : and vnder a black Holme that growes
 In those rank vallics, plentifully flowes.

The fame of this so wonderfull a fate
 Had fil'd *Creet*s hundred Cities; if of late
 The change of *Iphis*, generally knowne,
 Had not produc't a wonder of their owne.
 For *Phæstus*, neere to *Gnossus*, fostered
 One, *Lygdus*, of vn-noted parents bred :
 How'euer, free. Nor did his wealth exceed
 His parentage : yet both in word and deed
 Sincerely iust, and of a blamelesse life.
 Who thus bespake his now downe-lying wife.
 Two things I wish : that you your belly lay
 With little payne; and that it proue a boy.
 A daughter is too chargeable, and we
 Too poore to match her. If a girle it be,
 I charge, what I abhorre (*ô Pietie*
 Forgiue me !) that, as soone as borne, it die.
 This hauing vtter'd; the Commanded wept
 And the Commander ; teares no measure kept.
 Yet *Teletusa* still with fruitlesse praire,
 Desires he would not in the Gods despaire.
 But hee too constant. Now her time was come,
 And the ripe burden vext her heauie womb :

When

When *Inachis*, with all her sacred band;
 In dead of night, or stood, or seem'd to stand
 Besides her bed. Her browes a crowne adorne,
 With eares of shining corne, and *Cynthian* hornes.
 Barking *Anubis*, and *Bubastis* bright,
 Black *Apis* spotted variously with white,
 He whose mouth-sealing finger silence taught,
Tymbrells, *Osiris* neuer enough sought,
 And forrein serpents, whose dire touch constraine
 A deadly slumber, consummate her traine.
 Then (as awake, and seeing) the Diuine
 Thus said: O *Teletusa*, One of mine;
 Reiect these cares, thy husband disobay:
 And when *Lucina* shall they belly lay,
 Foster what ere it be. A Deity
 Auxiliary to Distresse am I;
 Ready to helpe, and easily implor'd:
 Nor shall it greiue thee that thou hast ador'd
 Vngratefull *Isis*. This admonished,
 She leaues the roome. When, rising in her bed,
 Her hands to Heauenglad *Teletusa* threw:
 And humbly prays her vision may proue true.
 Increasing throwes at length a girle disclofd,
 Both by the father and the world supposd
 To be a boy; so closely hid: and knowne
 But to the Mother, and the nurse alone.
 He payes his vowes, and of his Fathers name
 It *Iphis* calls; which much reioyct the dame,
 To both sex common; nor deceaues thereby:
 Who still with pious fraud conceales her lie.
 A boy in show; whose lookes should you assigne
 To boy or girle, loue would in either shine.
 At thirteene yeeres her Father her affide
 To yellow-trest *Ianthe*: she the pride
 Of *Phastian* virgins for vnequall faire:
Telestes daughter, and his onely heire,
 Like young, like beautifull, together bred,
 Informd alike, alike accomplished:
 Like darts at once their simple besoms strike;
 A like their wounds; their hopes, ô far vnlike!
 The day they expect. *Ianthe* thought time ran
 To slow; and takes her *Iphis* for a man.

Poore *Iphis* loues, despaires; despaires eiects
Farre fiercer flames: a maid, a maid affects.

What will become of me (she weeping said)
Whom new, vnkowne, prodigious loues inuade!
If pittifull, the Gods should haue destroy'd:
Or else haue giuen what might haue beene inioy'd.
No Cow a Cow, no Mare a Mare persues:
But Harts their gentle Hindes, and Rammes their Ewes.
So Birds together paire. Of all that moue,
No Female suffers for a Female loue.
O would I had no being! Yet, that all
Abhord by Nature should in *Creet* befall;
Sol's lust-incensed daughter lou'd a Bull:
They male and female. Mine, ô farre more full
Of vncouth furie! for shee pleas'd her blood;
And stood his errour in a Cow of wood:
She, to deceiue, had an adulterer.
Should all the world their daring wits confer:
Should *Dadalus* his waxen wings reneue,
And hither flye; what could his cunning doe!
Can art conuert a virgin to a boy?
Or fit *Ianthe* for a maidens ioy?
No, fixe thy mind; compose thy vast desires:
O quench these ill-adiuisd and foolish fires!
Or know thy selfe, or Selfe-deceit accuse:
What may be, seeke; and loue as virgins vse.
Hope wings Desire; hope *Cupids* flight sustaines:
In thee thy Sexe this deads. No watch restraines
Our deare embrace, nor husbands ielousies,
Nor rigorous Sires; nor she her selfe denies:
Yet not to be inioy'd. Nor canst thou bee
Happie in her; though men and Gods agree!
Now also all to my desires accord:
What they can giue, the easie Gods afford;
What me, my father, hers, her selfe, would please,
Displeaseth Nature; stronger then all these.
She; she forbids. That day begins to shine;
Long wisht! wherein *Ianthe* must be mine:
And yet not mine. Of mortalls most accurst!
I starue at feasts, and in the riuier thirst.
Iuno, ô *Hymen*, wherefore are you come?
We both are Brides: but where is the Bride-groome?

Here ended. Nor lesse burnes the other Maid;
 Who, *Hymen*, for thy swift apparance prayd.
 Yet *Teletusa* feares what thou affects;
 Protracting time: oft want of health objects;
 Ill-boading dreames, and auguries oft faines:
 But now no colour for excuse remaines.
 Their nuptiall rites, put off with such delay;
 Were to be solemniz'd the following day.
 When she vnbinds, hers, and her daughters haire;
 And holding by the Altar form'd this praire:
Isis; who *Paratonium*, *Pharos* Ile,
 Smooth *Mareotis*, and seuen-channel'd *Nile*,
 Chear'ft with thy presence: thy poore suppliants heare:
 O helpein these extreames, and cure our feare!
 Thee Goddesse, thee of old; these ensignes, I
 Haue seene, and know: thy lamps, attendancie,
 And sounding Timbrells: and haue thee obayd.
 To me, impunitie; life, to this maid,
 Thy sauing counsell gaue: to both renue
 Thy timely pittie. Teares her words persue.
 The Goddesse shakes her Altar; when the gate
 Shooke on the hinges: hornes that imitate
 The waxing Moones, through al the Temple flung
 A sacred splendor: noyse-full Timbrells rung.
 The Mother, glad of this successfull signe,
 Though not secure, returns from *Isis* shrine.
 Whom *Iphis* followes with a larger pace
 Then vsuall; nor had so white a face.
 Her strength augments; her look more bold appeares;
 Her shortning curles scarce hang beneath her cares;
 More courage hath, then, when a wench, she had:
 For thou, of late a Wench, art now a Lad.
 Gifts to the temple beare, and lo sing!
 Sing Ioy! Their gifts they to the Temple bring;
 And adde a title; in one verse displayd:
 What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he pay'd.
 The Morning Night dismasks with welcome flame:
 When *Iuno*, *Venus*, and free *Hymen* came
 To grace their marriage; who, with gifts diuine,
Iphis the Boye, to his *Iant* he ioync.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The tenth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

Hence, to the Cicones, through boundlesse skies,
 In saffron mantle, Hymeneus flies :
 By Orpheus call'd. But neither vsuall words,
 Nor chearfull lookes, nor happie signes affords.
 The torch his hand sustain'd, still sputtering, rais'd
 A tearefull smoke : nor yet, though shaken, blaz'd.
 Th'euent worse then the Omen. As his Bride
 Troopes with the Naiades by Hebrus side;
 A Serpent bit her by the heele: which forc't
 Life from her hold, and nuptiall tyes diuorc't.
 Whom when the Thracian Poet had aboue
 Enough bewail'd; that his complaints might moue
 The vnder Shades, at Tanarus descends
 To Stygian floods; and his bold steps extends
 By ayrie Shapes, and fleeting Soules, that boast
 Of sepulture, through that vnpleasant coast

To *Plutos* Court. When, hauing tun'd his strings,
Thus to his harp the God-like Poet sings.

You Powres that sway the world beneath the Earth,
The last abode of all our humane birth:
If we the truth without offence may tell;
I come not hither to discover Hell,
Nor binde that scouling Curre, who barking shakes
About his triple browes *Medusa's* snakes.
My wife this iourney vrg'd: who, by the tooth
Of trod-on Viper, perisht in her youth.
I would, and stroue t'haue borne her losse: but Loue
Won in that strife. A God well knowne aboue:
Nor here, perhaps, vnknowne. If truly Fame
Report old rapes, you also felt his flame.
By these obscure abodes, so full of dread;
By this huge *Chaos*, and deepe Silence, spread
Through your vast Empire; by these prayers of mine;
Eurydices too-hastie fate vntwine.
Wee all are yours: and after a short stay;
Early, or late; wee all must runne one way.
Hither we throng; for our last home assign'd:
Th'eternall habitation of man-kind.
She, when her time by nature shall expire,
Againe is yours: I but the vse desire.
If Fate denie me this, my second choice
Is here t'abide: in both our deaths reioyce.

While thus he sung, and struck the quauering strings,
The bloodlesse Shadowes wept: nor flattering Springs
Tempt *Tantalus*; *Ixions* wheele stood still;
Their Vrne the *Belides* no longer fill:
The Vultures feede not; *Tityus* left to grone:
And *Sisyphus* fate listning on his Stone.
The Furies, vanquisht by his verse, were scene
To weepe, that neuer wept before. Hels Queene,
The King of Darknesse, yeeld t'his powrefull plea:
Among the late-come Soules, *Eurydice*
They call: she came; yet halting of her wound.
Giuen *Orpheus*, with this law: Till thou the bound
Of pale *Auernus* passe, if back thou cast
Thy carefull eyes, thou loosest what thou hast.
A steepe ascent, dark, thick with fogges, they clime
Through euerlasting Silence. By this time

Approch the confines of illustrious Light.
 Doubting her losse, and longing for a sight,
 His eyes th' impatient louer backward threw :
 When she, back-sliding, presently with-drew.
 He catches at her, in his wits distraught;
 And yeelding ayre for her (vnhappy !) caught.
 Nor did she, dying twice, her spouse reprove :
 For what could she complaine of, but his loue ?
 Who takes her last farewell : her parting breath
 Scarce reacht his eares; and so reuolues to death.
 Her double losse sad *Orpheus* stupifide ;
 With equall terror vnto his, who spide
 Three-headed *Cerberus* : whose feare, alone
 Out-lasting nature, turn'd him to a stone.
 Or like *Olenus*, who t'excuse his wife
 Accus'd himselfe, and taxt his guiltlesse life :
 With thee *Lethæa* (happy bodies late)
 Whose daring-beautie drew a cursed fate
 On both : both turn'd to marble for thy pride;
 Now extant on the hills of fountfull *Idæ*.
 He presseth to returne, and faire intreats
 The Ferry-man : who puts him off with threats.
 Vpon the banks seauen dayes he sate; forlorne
 And comfortlesse; all sorts of food forborne :
 Care, griefe of mind, and teares, his onely cheare.
 Calling the Gods of *Erebus* seuerè,
 At length to snowie *Rhōdope* he hasts;
 And *Hæmus*; beaten with the northerne blasts.

Now *Titan* thrice had finished his yeares
 In waterie *Pisces*. *Orpheus* still forbears
 The loue of women. Or through bad successe :
 Or former vowes. Yet many ne're the lesse
 Th'affected Poet seeke; but none inioyes :
 Who beautie first admir'd in hopefull boyes.
 A Hill there was; a plaine vpon that hill;
 Which in a flowrie mantle flourisht still :
 Yet wanted shade. Where, when the Gods Descent
 Sate downe, and toucht his tunefull instrument,
 A shadow came. Nor trees of *Chaony*,
 The Poplar, Medlar, Okes that fronts the sky,
 Soft Linden, smooth-rinde Beech, vnmarried Bayes,
 The brittle Hasel, Ash, whose speares we prayse,

Vnknottie Firre, the solace-shading Planes,
 Rough Chesnuts, Maple fleet with different granes,
 Streame-bordering Willow, Lotus louing Lakes,
 Tuffe Boxe whom neuer sappie spring forsakes,
 Branch-slender Tamarisk, with trees that beare
 A purple figge, nor Myrtles absent were.

The wanton Iuie wreath'd in amorous twines,
 Vines bearing grapes, and Elmes supporting Vines,
 Straight Seruice trees, trees dropping Pitch, fruit-red
Arbutus; these the rest accompanied.

With limber Palmes, of Victorie the meede:
 And vp-right Pine, whose leaues aloft proceede;
 Pris'd by the Mother of the Gods: for Shee
 Her lust-stain'd *Atys* turn'd into that tree.

The spyre-like Cypresse in this throng appeares.
 Of late a Boy: lou'd by that God who beares
 The siluer bow, and strikes the vocall strings.
 Sacred to Nymphs that haunt *Carthæan* Springs
 A Stag there was; whose hornes, on high displayde
 With spreading palmes, afford his head a shade.
 His antlers shone with gold; a carquenet
 His neck imbrac't, with sparkling Diamonds set.
 A siluer bell vpon his forehead hung
 By silken strings, which euery motion rung.
 Round pearle, of equall size, from either eare
 Hung on his cheekes: who, void of natiue feare,
 Frequented houses: and well pleas'd, would stand
 The gentle strokings of a strangers hand.
 This, *Cyparissus*, was thy onely ioy,
 (Of all that *Cæa* bred, the fairest boy)
 By thee full oft, to change of pasture led:
 To purling streames that part the ranker mead.
 With various flowres now wouldst thou trick his hornes:
 Now on his backe (who no such burden scornes)
 About the pleasant fields in pleasure ride;
 And with a purple raigne the willing guide.
 'Twas Summer, and high Noone: Dayes burning eye
 Made smoking *Cancers* crooked clawes to frye.
 Vpon the ground the panting Hart was layde:
 Coole ayre receiuing from the syluan shade.
 Whom silly *Cyparissus* wounds by chance:
 And seeing life persue his tug'd-out lance,

Resolues to dye. What did not *Phæbus* say,
 That might a griefe, so slightly caus'd, allay?
 He answers him in sighes: this last good-turne
 Implores; That he might neuer cease to mourne.
 His blood now shed in teares, a greenish hiew
 His body dimmes: the locks that dangling grew
 Vpon his iuory fore-head, bristling rise;
 And pointing vpward, seeme to threat the skies:
 When *Phæbus*, sighing: I for thee will mourne:
 Mourne thou for others: Herfes still adorne.

Such trees attracting; and inuiron'd round
 With birds and beasts, vpon the rising ground
 The Poet sits: who, hauing tun'd his strings,
 In dissonancie muscally, thus sings.

From *Ioue*, ô Mother Muse, deriue my verse;
 All bow to *Ioue*: *Ioues* powre we oft rehearse.
 And late of Giants sung, in loftie straines,
 Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegraean* plaines.
 Now, in a lower key, to louely boyes
 Belou'd of Gods, turne we our softer layes.
 And sing of womens furies, who persue
 Forbidden lusts: persude by Vengeance due.
 Heauens King, young *Ganymed* inflames with loue:
 There was what *Ioue* would rather be then *Ioue*.
 Yet daines no other shape then hers, that beares
 His awfull lightning in her golden seares.
 Who forthwith stooping with deceitfull wings,
 Trust vp *Iliades* by *Ida's* springs:
 Who now, for *Ioue* (though iecalous *Iuno* scoules)
 Delitious Nectar fils in flowing bowles.

And thee *Amyclides*, in azure skies
 Had *Phæbus* fixt; if cruell Destinies
 Had not preuented: yet in some sort made
 Eternall. For, as oft as Springs inuade
 Sharpe winters, and to *Aries Pifces* yeelds:
 So oft renu'd, thy Flowre adorne the fields.
 Thee lou'd my Father, best of humane births.
 Her Guardian quits his *Delphos*, in wide Earths
 Round nauill seated: while the God of Beames
 Haunts wall-lesse *Sparta*, and *Eurotas* streames.
 Now, neither for his harp, nor quiuer, cares:
 Him selfe debasing, beares the corded snares;

Or

Or leades the dogs; or clambers mountaines; led
 By Lordly *Lowe*, and flames by custome fed.
 Now *Titan* bore his equall-distant Light,
 Betweene fore-running and ensuing Night:
 When lightned of their garments, either shone
 With suppling oyle, in strife to throw the stone.
 This swinging through the aire first *Phæbus* threw:
 The obuious clouds dispersing as it flew;
 On solid earth, though flying long, at length
 Descends; inforc't by art-inabling strength.
 Th'imprudent Boy attempts with fatall hast
 To take it vp; when Earth, by boundings, cast
 The globe, ô *Hyacinthus*, at thy head.
 The Boy lookt pale; and so the God, who bled
 Euen in his bleeding. Raised from the ground;
 He sought t'assuage, and dry the bitter wound.
 And would with hearbs his flying soule haue stayd;
 That wound was curelesse; art affords no ayde.
 As violets, or lillyes louing streames,
 Or Poppie, forced in their yellow stemmes,
 Wither forthwith, and hang their heauy heads;
 Nor raise themselues, but bow to their first beds:
 So hung his dying lookes; so ouer-swaid,
 His limber neck vpon his shoulder laid.
 Thou fall'st *Oebalides*, in thy youths faire prime,
 Said *Phæbus*: with thy wound, I see my crime.
 My sorrow, and my sinne. This hand they breath
 Hath crusht to ayre: I, author of thy death.
 Yet what my fault? vnlesse t'haue playd with thee,
 Or lou'd thee (ô too well!) offences bee.
 I would, sweet Boy, that I for thee might die!
 Or die with thee! but since the fates denie
 So deare a wish; thou shalt with mee abide:
 And euer in my memorie reside.
 Our Harpe, and verse thy prayses shall resound:
 And in thy Flowre my sorrow shall be found:
 The Great in Valour shall in time, to it
 An other adde; and in the same be writ.
 While thus *Apollo* truly prophécide:
 Behold! the blood which late the grasse had dide;
 Was now no blood: from whence a flowre full-blowne,
 Farre brighter then the *Tyrian* scarlet shone:

Which

Which seem'd the same, or did resemble right
 A Lillie; changing but the red to white.
 Nor so contented; (for the youth receiu'd
 That grace from *Phæbus*) in the leaues he weau'd
 The sad impression of his sighes: *Ai! Ai!*
 They now in funerall Characters display.
 Nor shame to *Sparta*, *Hyacinth* procures;
 Whose adoration to this day indures:
 For now, as erst, they yearely celebrate
 The *Hyacinthian* Feast in solemne State.

Perhaps if *Amathus* you aske (whole earth
 Abounds with mettals) if she would the birth
 Of her *Propæides*; she would say, I:
 As well as theirs, for their impietic,
 In former time, with monstrous hornes defam'd:
 Whereof they fitly were *Ceraste* nam'd.
 Before their doores the tragick Altar stood
 Of *Ioue* the Hospitable; stain'd with blood
 Of stranger guests. Who had this shambles scene,
 Would thinke that blood the blood of calves had beene.
 A Guest new sacrific'd: faire *Cyprides*
 Offended with such cruell Rites as these,
 Prepares to quit her Cities and the Groues
 Of *Ophiusa*. Yet, what guilt reproues
 (Said she) my Groues and Cities? what offence?
 Rather with death their bloody liues compence;
 Or exile: if from these extreames they scape,
 What middle course, but to transforme their shape?
 When musing to what forme, she cast her looke
 Vpon the horned Heard; and from them tooke
 A resolution so to arme their skulls:

Who turnes their mighty limmes to monstrous Buls.
 Yet durst th'obscene *Propæides* deny,
 O *Venus*, thy all-ruling Deity.
 The first that euer gaue themselues for hire
 To prostitution; vrged by thy ire.
 Their lookes imboldned, modestie now gone,
 Conuert at length to little-differing Stone.

Pygmalion seeing these to spend their times
 So beast-like; frighted with the many crimes
 That rule in women; chose a single life:
 And long forbore the pleasure of a wife.

Meanewhile, in iuory with happy art
 A Statue carues; so shapefull in each part,
 As woman neuer equall'd it : who stands
 Affected to the fabrick of his hands.
 It seem'd a virgin, full of liuing flame;
 That would haue mou'd, if not withheld by shame,
 So Art it selfe conceal'd. His art admires;
 From th' Image drawes imaginarie fires :
 And often fees it with his hands, to try
 If 'twere a body, or cold iuory.
 Nor could resoue. Who kissing, thought it kist :
 Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wrist;
 The flesh impressing (his conceit was such)
 And feares to hurte it with too rude a touch.
 Now flatters her; now sparkling stones presents,
 And orient pearle (loues witching instruments)
 Soft-singing birds, each seuerall colour'd flowre,
 First Lillyes, painted balls, and teares that powre
 From weeping trees. Rich Robes her person deck;
 Her fingers, rings; reflecting chaines her neck;
 Pendants her cares; a glittering zone her brest.
 In all, shew'd well; but shew'd, when naked, best.
 Now layes he her vpon a gorgeous bed :
 With carpets of *Sidonian* purple spred.
 Now calls her wife. Her head a pillow prest
 Of plummy downe, as if with sense possrest.
 Now came the Day of *Venus* Festiuall :
 Through wealthie *Cyprus* solemniz'd by all.
 White heifers, dekt with golden hornes, by strokes
 Of axes fall : ascending incense smokes.
 He, with his gift, before the Altar stands :
 You Gods, if all wee craue be in your hands,
 Giue me the wife I wish : one like, he said,
 But durst not say, giue me my iuory Maid.
 The golden *Venus*, present at her Feast,
 Conceiues his wish; and friendly signes exprest :
 The fire thrice blasing, sparkling thrice on high.
 He hastes to his admired Imag'rie:
 Couches besides her, rais'd her with his arme;
 Then kist her tempting lips, and found them warme.
 That lesson oft repeates; her bosome oft
 With amorous touches fees, and felt it soft.

The iuorie dimpled with his fingers, lacks
 Accustom'd hardnesse : as *Hymettian* waxe
 Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce
 To pliant formes, by handling fram'd for vse.
 Amaz'd with doubtfull ioy, and hope that reeles;
 Againe the Louer, what he wishes, feeles.
 The veins beneath his thumbs impression beat :
 A perfect Virgin full of iuyce and heat.
 The *Cyprian* Prince with ioy-enhightned words,
 To pleasure-giuing *Venus* thanks affords.
 His lips to hers he ioynes, which seeme to melt :
 The blushing Virgin now his kisses felt;
 And fearfully erecting her faire eyes,
 Together with the light, her Louer spies.
Venus was present at the match she made.
 And when nine Crescents had at full displayde
 Their ioyning hornes, repleat with borrowed flame,
 She *Paphus* bore : who gaue that Ile a name.
 He, *Cinyras* begot : who might be stil'd
 Of men most happie, had he had no child.

I sing of Horror ! Daughters, farre, ô farre
 From hence remoue ! and You, who fathers are !
 Or if my winning verse your minds allure :
 Let them no credit in this part procure.
 Or if you will belecue the same for true :
 Belecue with all the iudgements that insue.
 If nature could permit so foule a Crime :
 I am glad for you *Ismarians*; for this Clime;
 This world of ours; so distant from that earth,
 That gaue to such a cursed Monster birth.
 In *Costus*, *Cinnamon*; and *Amomum*,
 Rich let *Panchaia* be : let pretious Gum
 Sweat from her trees; affected flowers bring forth ;
 So't *Myrrha* beare. No tree is of that worth.
Cupid denies t'haue vs'd his darts therein :
 And vindicates his flames from such a Sine.
Alecto, with swolne snakes, and *Stygian* fire
 That furie rais'd. 'Tis sinne to hate thy Sire :
 This Loue, a greater. Princes their abodes
 Leauē in all parts; and for thee fall at oddes :
 Of all, ô *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one;
 So One of all be in that number none.

She knew't : and striuing; to her selfe thus spake :
 O whether rapt ! what is't I vndertake !
 Good Gods ! good Pietie ! diuine Respect
 Of Parents guard me ! and this sinne eiect !
 If so a sinne it be. No piety
 Condemnes such *Venus*; Natures common tye.
 Horses their fillies back, fires Heifers beare;
 Gotes kids beget on those whose kids they were :
 Birds of that seede conceiue, whereof but late
 Conceiu'd themselues : nor they degenerate.
 Happie in this are those ! But humane care
 Hath fram'd malignant lawes : and we who are
 By Nature free; malitious customes bind.
 There is a Nation, to their blood more kind;
 Where sons their mothers, fathers daughters wiue:
 And pietie with doubled loue reuiue.
 O woe is me, that there I was not borne !
 Curst by this place. What thoughts are these ! forlorne
 False hopes, auant. Though he all-worthy bee :
 Yet, as a father, must be lou'd by thee.
 Were I not daughter to great *Cinyras* ;
 All I conceiue in my desires might passe.
 Now, in that mine, not mine : proximitie
 Dis-ioynes vs; neerer, were wee not so nigh.
 Hence would I flye by vn-returning wayes
 To shun this sinne : dire Loue my iourney stayes ;
 To feast my hungrie eyes with his deare sight,
 Talke, touch, and kisse; or more, if more I might.
 O wicked virgin, canst thou more propound !
 Knowst thou what lawes and names thy lusts confound !
 Thy fathers whore ! a riuall to thy mother !
 Thy owne sons sister ! mother to thy brother !
 Nor fear'st the *Furies* with their hissing haire,
 Who on the faces of the guiltie stare,
 With dreadfull torches ! From thy soule exile
 This mischiefe, ere it actually defile.
 Nor with thy horrid lust infringe the law
 Of suffering Nature : but in time with-draw.
 Would I ? it will not : he too well inclin'd.
 O that like furie would inflame his mind !
 Thus she. But *Cinyras*, prest with the store
 Of worthie suters who his voice implore;

In his owne choice irresolute, demands
 (Their names rehearsing) how her fancie stands.
 She, thoughtfull silent; gazing on his face,
 Flusht with imbosomd flames, and wept apace.
 He, taking this for mayden feare; Desist
 From weeping, said: then dride her checks, and kist.
 Too much shee ioyes. Againe demanded, who
 She best could like: replyde, One, like to you.
 Be still, said he, so pious. At that name
 She hung the head, as conscious of her blame.
 Twas now the mid of night: when Sleep bestowes
 On men; and on their cares, a sweet repose.
 But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with tamelesse fires;
 Retracting her implacable desires.
 Despaires, hopes; will not, will; now shames, againe
 Desires; nor knowes what course to take. As when
 A mightie Oke (one blow behind) his fall
 On each side threatens; and is fear'd on all:
 Euen so her mind, impair'd with various wounds,
 Waues to and fro; and changes still propounds.
 No meane, no cure, was left for loue but death:
 Death pleas'd. Resolu'd to choke her hated breath;
 Vp-starting, to a beame her girdle ties.
 Deare *Cinyras* farewell (she softly cries)
 And of my ruine vnderstand the cause.
 That said, the noose about her neck she drawes.
 Her wakefull Nurses faithfull cares, they say,
 A whispering heard: who in the Lobby lay.
 Straight rose; vnlockt the doores; the instrument
 Of death beholding, screecht: together rent
 Her haire and bosom: and, with trembling haste,
 The girdle from her pallid neck displac't.
 Now had shee time to weepe; t'imbrace her Care:
 And aske the cause of such accurst despaire.
 She, silent, fixes on the earth her eyes:
 And grieues at deaths preuented enterprise.
 Baring her horie haire and emptie brest,
 The Nurse, by her first food, and cradle, prest
 Her griefes disclosure. *Myrrha* turnes aside,
 And sighes. The Nurse would not be so denyde:
 Nor onely promist secrecie; but said:
 Tell me, my child, and entertaine my aid.

My

My old age is not fruitlesse : charmes haue wee,
 And powerfull medcines, if it furie bee :
 If witchcraft; magick shall thy torments ease :
 If wrath of Gods; the Gods we will appease
 With sacrifice. What can bee else surmiz'd ?
 Thy fortunes by incursions vn surpriz'd;
 Thy mother, and thy father, well ? That Name
 Drew from her soule a sigh, that scorcht like flame :
 Nor in the Nurse did this suspicion moue
 Of such a Crime : and yet she saw 'twas Loue.
 Importunate to know what least shee feares,
 Layd in her lap surrounded with her teares,
 Sh'infolds her in her feeble armes, and said;
 I know thou lou'st : wherein (nor be afraid)
 Thou mayst on my sedulitic rely :
 Nor shall thy father euer this descry.
 At that, in furie from her lap she sprung;
 Then on the bed her prostrate body flung;
 Muffling her guiltie lookes : Begone, she said,
 And spare the blushes of a wretched maid.
 Still vrg'd : Begone, replyde; or else forbear
 T'inquire of that which is a sinne to heare.
 The Nurse lost in amaze; her hands, with yeares
 And terror trembling (kneeling to her) reares :
 Now speakes her faire, now threatens to disclose
 (Vnlesse she made her priuie to her woes)
 Her purpos'd violence : and vowes to proue
 Both secret, and assistant to her loue.
 At that, her head she rais'd; her Nurses brest
 With weeping bathes : oft stroue to haue confest;
 As oft with-held: at length she hid her head;
 And said, ô Mother, happy in thy bed !
 There ends : then grones. The Nurse cold horror shooke;
 Now too much knowing : with a gastly looke,
 Her horie haire star'd on her browes : Who said,
 What not ? that might so foule a lust dissuade.
 The Virgin could not such a truth denie :
 But stands resolu'd, or to possesse, or die.
 Liue, said she, and possesse (there stopt, as loth
 To say; thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.
 Now Matrons celebrate the yeerely Feast
 Of *Ceres*; whome long linnen stoles inuest :

And

And offer garlands of their first-ripe corne;
 Forbidden *Venus* for nine nights forborne,
 And touch of man. In spotlesse ornaments,
 With these, the Queene her secret Rites frequents.
 Lying alone, the leaudly diligent
 Doth *Cinyras*, o're-charg'd with wine, present
 With proffer of true loue, though falsely maskt:
 And prais'd her beautie. Of what age being askt?
 Of equall age with *Myrrha*, she replies.
 When bid to bring her: home in haste shee highes;
 Reioyce, said she, I bring thee victory.
 Th'vnhappie Virgin felt but little ioy;
 Such ill successe her troubled Soule diuin'd:
 And yet she ioy'd: such discord rackt her mind.

Now Silence ouer all the world did raigne:
 And slow *Bootes* had declin'd his Waine.
 To sinne adrest; from heauen bright *Cynthia* flies;
 Starres shroud their heads in clouds: Night lost her eyes:
Erigone, *Icarus*, first remoue:
 Shee stellifi'd for her paternall loue.
 By stumbling thrice reuok't; the funerall Owle
 Thrice sadly shreekt; yet shee proceeds: the scoule
 Of Night, and Darknesse, modestie bereft.
 Her Nurses right hand holding with her left,
 And groping with the other hand, explores
 Her blind accessse. Now came she to the doores
 Of that dire chamber; now the way to sinne
 She boldly opens; and now enters in.
 Yet blood and courage her at once forsooke;
 Her knees, vnknitting, one an other strooke:
 The neerenesse to her crime remoues desire:
 Who now repents, and would vnknowne retire.
 Protracting, by the hand the Nurse her led;
 And, hauing rendred her vnto his bed,
 Here *Cyneras*, said she, receiue thy owne.
 And ioynes their cursed bosoms. He, vnknowne,
 His bowels to his bed assumes: and cheares
 With comfortable words, her mayden feares.
 By chance he call'd her daughter, in that, old;
 And she him father: that their names might hold,
 Now full of father, bed and chamber leaues.
 With wicked seede her cursed womb conceiues:

Who

Who beares about the burden of her shame:
 Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the same.
 When *Cinyras*, who longs to see his Louer,
 So oft imbrac't; did with a light discover
 His sinne, and daughter. Sorrow not a word
 Could vtter: he vntheaths his shining sword.
 She swiftly flies: whom nights black shelter shields
 From threatned death; & strayes through spacious fields;
 Palme-clad *Arabia*, and *Panchaea* past;
 Now hauing wandred by nine Moones, at last
 Rest to her wearie limmes *Sabea* gaue:
 Charg'd with her womb; not knowing what to craue;
 Betweene the hate of life, and feare of death,
 She this conception quickens with her breath.

You Powers! If Penitencie pierce your care;
 I haue deserued, nor refuse to beare,
 Your iust inflictions: yet least I prophane
 Or those who liue, or who in death remaine,
 O banish me from either Monarchie;
 That, chang'd by you, I may nor liue, nor die!

Confession some coelestiall pittie found.
 Those wishes had their Gods. Euen then the ground
 Couerd her legs: a downe-ward-spreading roote
 Burst from her toes; whose euer-fixed foote
 Sustain'd the lengthfull bole. Bones turne to wood,
 To pith her marrow, into sap her blood:
 Her armes great branches grow, her fingers spine
 To little twigs; her skin conuerts to rine.
 Now her big womb the rising tree possesse,
 Her bosom folds, and now her neck opprest:
 When shee, delay il-brooking, downward shrunk
 And vales her visage in the closing trunk.
 Though sense, with shape, she lost; stil weeping, she
 Sheds bitter teares, which trickle from her tree:
 Teares of high honour; these their Mistresse name
 As yet preserue, and still shall beare the same.

Th'incesteous infant, now at perfect groth
 Within the tree; in deuors to get forth.
 The bark, amid the bole, her belly wrung,
 With torment stretcht; nor had that grieft a tongue:

Nor

Nor could she call *Lucina* to her throwes :
 And yet the tree like one in labour showes;
 Bowes downe with paine, and grones, and weeps a flood.
Lucina by her trembling branches stood;
 Her hand impos'd, and vtterd powerfull words.
 The yawning tree the crying Babe affords
 A passage; whom those Nymphs receiue with ioy:
 And in his mothers teares anoint the Boy.
 His beautie Enuie would commend. Such be
 The naked *Cupids* which wee painted see.
 But, least their habit some distinction make;
 A quiuer giue, or his from *Cupid* take.

Time glides away with vndiscoverd hast;
 And mocks our hopes : no wings can flye so fast.
 He, whom his sister bore, his grandsires son;
 Late tree-inclos'd, who lately life begun,
 But now an infant louely past compare,
 Now boy, now man, now then himself more faire.
 And now on *Venus* for his mothers fires
 Reuenge assumes; who dotingly admires.
 For kist by quiuer-bearing *Loue*, his dart
 By fortune raz'd her lillye hand; with smart
 Incenft, she thrust him from her : nor then found
 The wounds deceitfull depth, yet deep the wound.
 Not now *Cythera* could the Louer please;
 Nor *Paphos*, grasped with resulting Seas.
 High *Gnidos*, *Amathus*, renound for brasse,
 Nor heauen frequents : her heauen *Adonis* was.
 Him woo's, accompanies, besides him lies
 In gratefull shades; and striues to please his eyes.
 Now like *Diana* she her selfe attires;
 And trips o're hills and rocks, through brakes and briers:
 Hollowes the hound; persuing beasts of chace,
 Bucks, high-hornd Harts, and Hares, who flye apace :
 But rapeful Wolues, rough Beares, fel Bores eschues;
 And Lyons, whom the blood of Beecues imbrues.
 And thee *Adonis*, her misdoubts dissuade
 From such encounters; had they beenc obeyd.
 Those boldly chace, said She, who flight propose:
 Valour vnsafelie copes with valiant foes.

Sweet Boy! be not too hardie in my harmes;
 Nor tempt those cruell beasts whom nature armes:
 For feare such glorie but too costly proue.
 Thy youth and beauty, though they *Venus* moue;
 The bristled Swine, nor shaggie Lyon touch:
 Pitie ne'r pierc't the eyes nor hearts of such.
 Bores, in their crooked tusshes lightning haue:
 And Lyons with impetuous furie raue.
 I hate them. Asked why? We will relate
 Old crimes, said she, and wonder-striking fate.
 But now vn-vsual toyle my strength inuades:
 And loe, yon Poplar courts vs with her shades;
 The grasse affords a bed: there let vs rest.
 When, lying downe, the grasse and him she prest.
 Her head now in her Louers bosome laid:
 Thus (words with kisses intermixing) said.

Perhaps you of a Maid haue heard, who wan
 The Prize in running from the swiftest man.
 'Tis true; She, won indeed: nor could you tell
 Whether her speed or beautie most excell.
 Enquiring of a husband; this reply
Apollo gaue: The vse of husband flye
 O *Atalant*! nor shalt thou flye; nor thriue
 In that estate, but loose thy selfe aliue.
 Frighted herewith in shadie woods she liues:
 And troopes of pressing Sutors from her driues
 With this reply: Except out-runne I bee,
 I am a wife for no man; Run with mee.
 My bed, and I, are both the winners meede:
 The Tardie dies. Vpon this law proceede.
 She, cruell: yet so powrefull was her looke,
 That many a youth the perrill vndertooke.
Hippomenes beheld this tragick strife.
 Will any through such danger seeke a wife?
 (Said He) and taxt their follies that persude.
 But when her face and naked forme he viewd;
 Such as is Mine; or Thine, wer't thou a Maid:
 Amaz'd! with hands vp-heau'd, Forgiue (he said)
 O you whom late I blam'd! not then I knew
 The Prizes worth. Loue still by praising grew:

Who

Who wishes now that none might runne so fast;
 And enuie fear'd. Why make not I more haſt
 (Said he) to trye my fortune? Gods doe aid
 Th'aduenturous. While this in thought he ſaid;
 The Virgin with a winged pace paſt by.
 Though ſeeming to th'*Aonian* Youth to flye
 As ſwift as *Scythian* ſhafts; her forme he more
 Admires; by motion louelier then before.
 The wind reuerberates her ankles wings,
 And whisks her ham-bound buskins purple ſtrings;
 Toffing her haire, on iuory ſhoulders ſpred.
 Her pure white bodie ſo aſſumes the red;
 As when carnation curtaines are displayd
 On pure white walls, and dye them with their ſhade.
 While this the ſtranger view'd, the race was run:
 And *Atalanta's* browes the garland won.
 The vanquiſht ſighe, and pay their forfeiture.
 Nor could ſo ſad ſucceſſe his feare procure:
 Who roſe; and fixing on the Maid his eyes;

Why ſeeke you praife by eaſie victories?
 Contend with vs: if wee obtayne the Bayes,
 Our victorie will not eclipse your praife.
Megareus me begot, *Oncheſtius* blood;
 He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the ſacred Flood:
 Nor we degenerate. My foyle, your name
 Will honour; and immortalize your fame.

This while, a wel-pleas'd eye She on him threw:
 Nor knowes her wiſh; to looſe, or to ſubdue.
 What God, a Foe to beautie, would deſtroy
 This Youth, ſaid ſhe, who ſeekes my bed t'inioy
 With his lifes forfeiture? If I may be
 The iudge, there is not ſo much worth in me.
 Nor is't his beautie moues, though it might moue;
 But that a Boy. We pittie, and not loue.
 Beſides; his courage, and contempt of death!
 But once remou'd from *Neptunes* ſacred birth!
 And then, his Loue; content to part with life,
 If harder fate denie me for his wife!
 Begon, ô Stranger; ſhun my bloody bed;
 While yet thou maiſt: this Match wil coſt thy head.

No Virgin is there who would not be thine;
 And such would seek, whose lusters darken mine;
 Yet why regard I him, so many slaine?
 Looke to thy selfe, or perish: since in vaine
 Admonisht by such numbers, whom this strife
 Hath sent to death. Thou'rt wearie of thy life,
 And must he dye, because hee'd liue with me?
 Must death, aduenturous Loue, thy wages be?
 This murder will our victorie defame;
 And purchace hate: yet am not I in blame.
 O would thou wouldst desist, and danger shun!
 Or since so mad, would thou couldst faster run!
 How Boy and Virgin reuell in his face!
 Ah poore *Hippomenes*! O would this place,
 Th' hadst neuer scene! thou well deseru'st to liue.
 Were I more happie, and hard fate would giue
 Me leaue to marrie; thou art He alone,
 To whom my bed and beauties should be knowne.

Thus she: Who raw, and pierc't with loues first touch,
 Erres in her thoughts; and lones; nor knew so much.
 Now King and People call vpon the Race:
 When *Neptunes* Issue thus implor'd my grace:
 O *Venus*, fauour my attempts, he said:
 And those affections, which you gaue me, aid!
 This friendly winds conuaid vnto my care:
 I pitie, and no longer helpe forbear.

A field there is, so fertill none, through all
 Rich *Cyprus*; which they *Damascenus* call.
 Antiquitic this to my honour vow'd:
 And therewith all my Temples had indow'd.
 A Tree there flourish on that pregnant mold,
 Whose glittering leaues, and branches, shone with gold.
 Three golden apples, gathered from that tree,
 By chance I brought: and, so as none could see,
 Himselfe excepted, to *Hippomenes*,
 Together with their vse, deliuer'd these.
 The trumpets sound. Both from the Barrier start:
 Whose nimble steps scarce touch earths vpper part.
 Their feet, vnwet, the sea might well haue borne:
 Or vnsuppressed stalks of standing corne.

Fauor and Clamor, ioyning in remorse,
 The youth thus hearren: Now thy speed inforce,
 Make haste *Hippomenes*; delay decline;
 Collect thy powers: the victorie is thine.
 'Tis doubtfull whether that which Fauor said,
 More ioy'd the Heros or *Schæneian* Maid.
 How often lag'd she, when she might o're-goe!
 And gazing on him, sigh't t'out-strip him so!
 Short breath from panting bosoms scorching flew;
 The Gole faire off: when *Neptunes* Nephew threw
 One apple of the three. The Maid admires:
 And greedie of the shining fruit, retires
 To catch the rowling gold: the Youth past by;
 And all the field resounded shouts of ioy.
 This hindrance she repaires with winged hast:
 Againe *Hippomenes* behind her cast.
 The second fruit, throwne farther then before,
 Declin'd her steps; yet him out-strips once more.
 The Race now neere an end, he said, ô saue!
 Great Goddess, giue successe to what you gaue!
 And threw the shining gold an other way
 With all his vigor; to prolong her stay.
 When I compeld her, doubtfull what to doe,
 To take it vp; and added waight thereto:
 With-held; both by diuerting her persuit;
 And with the burden of the ponderous fruit.
 But least my words the Race in length exceed;
 She was out-run, and he receiu'd his Meed.

Deseru'd not I both thanks and frankincense,
 Thinke you *Adonis*, for his lifes defence?
 He neither gaue. Prouokt with sudden rage
 At this contempt; and least the future age
 By such examples should my God-head slight;
 Against them both I due reuenge excite.
 The Fane, erected by *Echions* vow
 Vnto the Mother of the Gods, they now
 Had past; obscur'd by dark and secret shades:
 When their long iourney them to rest perswades,
Hippomenes, incensed by my fires;
 Here lusteth with vnseas'nable desires.

A gloomie grot, much like vnto a caue,
 Stood neere this Fane; to which light pumice gaue
 A natiue couer; by deuotion grac't
 With old religion: where the Priest had plac't
 The wooden Images of ancient Gods:
 This entring; he pollutes their chaste abodes.
 The Statues wry their lookes. The Mother, crown'd
 With towres, had struck them to the *Stygian* Sound:
 But that she thought that punishment too small.
 When yellow maines on their left shoulders fall;
 Their armes, to legs; their fingers turne to nailes;
 Their breasts of wondrous strength: Their tufted tailes
 Whiske vp the dust; their lookes are full of dread;
 For speech, they rore: the woods become their bed.
 These Lyons, feard by others, *Cybel* checks
 With curbing bits; and yokes their stubborne necks:
 These, ô my Decree, and all such kinds of beasts
 As will not turne their backs; but bend their breasts
 T'incounter with the rash Assailant, Shun:
 Least by thy courage We be both vndone.
 This said: thence flew Shee, rais'd by yoked Swans.
 But Valour such admonishments with-stands.
 By chance the dogs, persuing long before
 His sented footings, had dislodg'd a Bore.
 Whom, rushing from his couert, the bold Youth
 Obliquely wounds. The Bore with crooked tooth
 Writhes out the iauelin, with his blood imbrude:
 Who now his safetie-seeking Foe persude;
 Sheathing his tushes in his groyne: and threw
 To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew
Idalia's waightlesse charriot through the aire,
 Yet reacht not *Cyprus*: when the heavenly Faire
 Thence heard his dying grones; and wheeling round,
 Her siluer birds directs to that sad sound.
 But when she saw him weltring in his gore;
 Downe iumping from the skies, at once she tore
 Her haire and bosome: then her brest inuades
 With bitter blowes; and *Destinie* vpbraides.
 Not all, said she, is subiect to your wast:
 Our sorrowes monument shall euer last.

Sweete

Sweet Boy! thy deaths sad image, euery yeare
 Shall in our solemniz'd Complaints appeare.
 But be thy blood a Flowre. Had *Proserpine*
 The power to change a *Nymph* to Mint? is mine
 Inferior? or will any enuy mee
 For this exchange? This hauing vtter'd, shee
 Powr'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant smell.
 Sprinkled there-with; the blood began to swell:
 Like shining bubbles, which from drops ascend.
 And e'r an houre was fully at an end,
 From thence a Flowre, alike in colour, rose.
 Such as those trees produce, whose fruits inclose
 Within the limber rine their purple graines.
 And yet their beautie but awhile remaines:
 For those light-hanging-leaues, infirmely plac'd,
 The winds, that blow on all things, quickly blast.

OVID'S

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The eleventh Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

A *Serpent chang'd to Stone. Rough barks infold
The cruell Bacchanals. To starving Gold
All turnes at Midas touch: He's bodie lanes
In cleere Pactolus, whose enriched waves
Wash off his gold and gill: an Asses eares
His follie shame: the whisper'd Secret beares
Like-sounding Reedes. Apollo, and the Guide
Of sacred Seas, in humane shapes reside.
Forc't Thetis varies formes. Dardalion
T'a Falcon turn'd. A Wolfe conieald to Stone.
Morpheus to mortals, Phobetor to Brutes,
And Phantasus to shapes inanimate suites.
Transform'd Halcyone and Ceyx fye.
So Æsacus, who vainely strives to dye.*

Thus while the *Thracian* Poet with his songs
Beasts, trees, & stones, attracts in following throngs:
Behold, *Ciconian* dames (their furious breasts
Clad with the spotted skins of saluage beasts)
The sacred Singer from a hill espy'd,
As he his dittie to his harp apply'd.
Of these, One scream'd, and tost her flaring haire;
See, see the Woman-hater! then her speare
Threw at his vocall mouth; which iuie-bound,
Kist his affected lips without a wound.
An Other hurles a stone; this, as it flew,
His voice and harps according tunes subdue:
Which selfe-accus'd for such a rude assay,
Before his feet, as in submission, lay:
Rash violence, the meane exil'd, increast:
And mad *Erinnys* raign'd in euery brest.
His songs had all their weapons charm'd, if noyse
Of *Berecynthian* shalmes, clapt hands, loud cries,
Drummes, howling *Bacchanals*, with frantick sound
Had not his all-appeasing musique drown'd.

The stones then blush with silent *Orpheus* blood.
 But first on ravisht beasts that listning stood,
 On foule, and Serpents, they their spight infer;
 And raze the glory of his Theater.
 Then all with cruell hands about him fly:
 And flock, like birds, when they by day espy
 The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,
 In early Spectacle giuen to the pray
 Of eager hounds; assaile, together flung
 Their leauy speares, not framd for such a wrong.
 Some clods, some armes of trees, some stones aduance:
 And least wilde Rage should weapons want, by chance
 Not far off Oxen drew the furrowing plowghes;
 And swaines, prouiding food with sweating browes,
 Their brawny armes imployd: who feare-inclind,
 Before them fled, and left their tooles behind.
 Their mattocks rakes and spades dispersed lay
 About the empty feilds: these snatcht away,
 (The oxens hornes torne from their skuls) their hate
 Hurry them back vnto the Poets fate.
 Thee, holding vp thy hands, who n'er before
 Besought'st in vaine, now to preuaile no more,
 That Rout of sacrilegious Furies slew!
 Euen through that mouth (*ô Jupiter!*) which drew
 From stones attention, which affection bred
 In saluage beasts, his forced spirits fled!
 Sad birds, wilde Heardes, hard flints, and woods which oft
 Remou'd to heare thee, wept: trees weeping doft
 Their pallid leaues; streames with their teares increast:
 The *Naiades* and *Dryades* inuest
 Their loynes in sullen sable, and display
 Their scattered haire. Thy limmes dispersed lay.
Hebras had head and harp: as borne along
 The harp sounds something, sadly; the dead tongue
 Sighs out sad ditties: the bancks sympathie;
 That bound the riuer in their sad replie.
 Now borne to Sea, from natiue streames they driue;
 And at *Methymnian Lesbos* shore ariue.
 A Dragon on the forren sand prepares
 To seaze his head, and lick his dropping haire.
 When gaping to deuoure the Hymnists face,
Phæbus descends; and in that very space

Into a Stone conuerts him by his powre,
 With iawes extended readie to deuoure.
 His Ghost retires to vnder shades : once more
 He sees, and knowes, what he had scene before.
 Then through the *Elysian* fields among the blest
 Seekes his *Eurydice*. Now repossess
 With strict imbraces, guided by one mind,
 They walke together : oft he comes behind,
 Oft goes before : now *Orpheus* safely may
 His following *Eurydice* suruay.

Yet would not *Bacchus* so remit their hate :
 Who vexed for his Prophets cruell fate,
 Fixt all th' *Edonian* Dames that then were by
 With spreading rootes; and who more eagerly
 Persude his death, their toes he deeper drew
 Within the sollid earth, which down-ward grew.
 And euen as fowle whose fecte intangled are
 With in the subtile foulers secret snare
 Become by fearefull fluttering faster bound :
 So, each of these, now cleauing to the ground,
 With terror struggle to escape in vaine;
 For faster-binding rootes their flight restraine.
 One, looking for her nailes, her toes, her feet;
 Behold, her twinning legs in timber meet :
 In passion, thinking to haue struck her thighs,
 She strikes hard oke; hard oke her brest supplies;
 Her shoulders such : her armes appeare to grow
 In naturall branches; and indeede did so.

Nor thus content, their fields *Lycus* leaues :
 Whom *Tmolus*, with a better crue, receiues,
 And swift *Pactolus*, who did then infold
 No precious sands, nor graines of enui'd gold.
Satyres and *Bacchanals* make their repaire,
 His vsuall traine : *Silenus* then not there.
 Him erst the *Phrygian* rurals reeling found
 With age and wine; and now, with iuic crown'd,
 To *Midas* bring : whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,
 And sage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.
 When knowne to be his partner in those Rites;
 Full twice fiue dayes, with their succeeding nights,
 He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast.
 Eleuen times *Lucifer* the starres suppress :

When

When, with wilde mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields;
 And to the God his Foster-father yeelds.
 He in his safe receipt doth much reioyce:
 Whose bountie *Midas* frustrates by his choice:
 For, wil'd to wish; Let all, said he, I touch
 Conuert to gold. His ignorance was such.
 Forth-with his hurtfull wish *Lyæus* giues:
 And at his follie not a little grieues.
 But in his curse the *Berecynthian* ioyes:
 And home-ward bound, the truth by touching tryes.
 Scarce trusts himselfe. Who from a tree bercaues
 A slender branch; this shone with golden leaues.
 Takes vp a stone; that stone pale gold became:
 Takes vp a clod; the clod presents the same:
 Crops stalkes of corne; they yeeld a sheafe of gold:
 An apple pulls; therein you might behold
 Th'*Hesperian* purchase: toucht by him alone,
 The marble pillars with rich mettall shone.
 And when he washt his hands; that, showr'd in raine,
 Might simple *Danaë* haue deceiu'd againe.
 His brest scarce holds his hopes; whose fancie wrought
 On golden wonders: when his seruants brought
 Meate to the table. Sooner had not he
 Toucht *Ceres* bountie, but that prou'd to be
 A shining masse: assumed viands straight
 Betweene his greedie teeth conuert to plate.
 About to drinke mixt wine; you might behold
 His thirstie iawes o're-flow with liquid gold.
 Struck with so strange a plague; both rich and poore;
 He hates, and shuns the wealth he wisht before.
 No plentie hunger feedes; he burnes with thirst:
 In lothed gold deseruedly accurst.
 Then, lifting vp his shining armes, thus praid:
 Father *Lenæus*, ô, afford thy aid!
 I haue offended; pitie thou: and me
 From this so beautifull a mischief free.
 The gentle Powre accepts his penitence:
 And for his faith, doth with his gift dispence.
 Least ill-wisht gold about him still abide;
 Goe, said he, to those *Cristall* streames that glide
 By potent *Sardis*: keepe the bankes that lead
 Along th'incountring Current to his head.

There, where the gushing fountaine fomes, diue in :
 And, with thy bodie, wash away thy sinne.
 The King obayes : who in the fountaine leaues
 That golden vertue, which the Spring receiues.
 And still those antient seedes these waters hold :
 Who gild their shores with glittering graines of gold.

He, hating wealth, in woods and fields bestowes
 His time with *Pan*; whom mountaine *Caves* inclose.
 Yet his grosse wit remaines : his shallow braine
 And sottish senses punish him againe.

High *Tmolus* with a steepe ascent vnfolds
 His rigid browes, and vnder-seas beholds :
 Whose stretcht-out bases here to *Sardis* ioyne;
 There to *Hypapis*, girt in small confine.
 Where boasting *Pan*, while he his verse doth praise
 To tender Nymph, and pipes t'his rurall layes;
 Before *Apollo's* durst his songs preferre.
 They meete (ill-matcht) great *Tmolus* arbiter.
 Th'old Iudge on his owne Mountaine sits; and cleares
 His cares from trees : alone a garland weares
 Of Oke, with acornes dangling on his brow.
 Who thus bespake the God of Shepheards : Now
 Your iudge attends. He blowes his wax-bound reeds :
 And *Midas* fancie with rude numbers feeds.

Then sacred *Tmolus* to diuine *Apollo*
 Conuert's his lookes : his woods his motion follow.
 He, his long yellow haire with laurel bound,
 Clad in a *Tyrian* robe that swept the ground,
 A Violl holds, with sparkling gemmes in chact
 And *Indian* teeth; the bow his right hand grac't.
 A perfect Artist shew'd. The strings then struck
 With cunning hand : With his sweet musick tooke,
Tmolus bids *Pan* his vanquisht reeds resigne.
 All in the holy Mountaines sentence ioyne,
 But *Midas* onely; whose exclames traduce
 The Censure. *Phæbus* for this grosse abuse
 Transformes his cares, his folly to declare:
 Stretcht out in length, and couer'd with gray haire :
 Instable, and now apt to moue. The rest
 The former figure of a man possesse.
 Punisht in that offending part : who beares
 Vpon his skull a slow-pac't Asses eares

He strives to cover such a foule defame:
 And with a red Tiara hides his shame.
 But this his seruant saw that cut his haire:
 Who bigge with secrets, neither durst declare
 His Soueraignes scene deformity, nor yet
 Could hold his peace. Who digs a shallow pit,
 And therein softly whispers his disgrace:
 Then turning in the earth, forsooke the place.
 A tuft of whispering Reeds from thence there growe;
 Which comming to maturitie, disclose
 The husbandman: and by soft South-winds blowne
 Restore his words; and his Lords cares make knowne.
 Reuengd *Apollo*, leauing *Timolus*, flies
 Through liquid aire; and on the land which lies
 On that side *Helles* streightned surges stands:
 Where far-obayd *Laomedon* commands.
 Below *Rhætum*, high aboue the flood,
 And on the right hand of *Sigeum*, stood
 An Altar vowd to *Panomphean Ioue*:
 From whence He saw *Laomedon* improue
 New *Troy's* scarce founded walls; with what adoe,
 And with how great a charge they slowly grew.
 Who, with the Father of the tumid Maine,
 Indues a mortall shape: and entertaine
 Themselues for vnregarded gold to build
 The *Phrygian* Tyrants walls. That worke fulfild;
 The King their promised reward denies:
 And periury by swearing multiplies.
 Reuengfull *Neptune* his wild waues vnbound;
 Which all the shores of greedy *Troy* surround,
 And made the Land a Lake: the country Swaine
 His labour lost beneath that liquid Plaine.
 Besides the daughter of the King demaunds:
 Who chained to a Rock exposed stands
 To feed a Monster of the Sea; set free,
 By strenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not He
 The horses of *Laomedon* enjoy;
 His valours hire: who sacks twice periur'd *Troy*,
 And giues his fellow Souldier *Telamon*
Hesione: for *Peleus* now had won
 A Deity; nor in his Grandfather
 Tooke greater pride, then in his Sire by her.

For

For *Iupiter* had nephewes more then one:
 But he a Goddesse had espous'd alone.
 For aged *Proteus* thus foretold the truth
 To waue-wet *Thetis*: Thou shalt beare a Youth,
 Who shall in glorious armes transcend his birth
 And Fathers fame. Least any thing on earth
 Should be more great then *Ioue*, *Ioue* shuns the bed
 Of Sea-thron'd *Thetis*, though her beauty led
 His stong desires: who bids *Aeacides*
 Succeed his loue, and wed the Queene of Seas.

A Bay with in *Amonia* lies, that bends
 Much like an arch, and far-stretcht armes extends:
 Which were, if deepe, a harbor lockt by land;
 Where shallow seas o're spred the yellow sand.
 The sollid shore (where on no sea-weed growes)
 Nor clogs the waye, nor print of footing showes.
 Hard by, a mirtle groue affords a shade:
 In this, a caue; though doubtfull, rather made
 By art then nature: hither *Thetis* swimmes
 On delphins backs, here coucht her naked limmes.
 In this the sleeping goddesse *Peleus* caught:
 Who, when she could not by his words be wrought,
 Attempts to force, and claspt her in his armes.
 And had she not assum'd her vsuall charmes
 In varying shapes, he had his will obtaind.
 Now, turning to a foule, her flight restraind:
 Now seemes a massy tree adornd with leaues;
 Close to the bole th'inamor'd *Peleus* cleaues.
 A spotted Tygresse she presents at last:
 When he, with terror struck, his armes vnclaspt.
 Who powring wine on seas, those Gods implores;
 And with perfumes and sacrifice adores:
 Til the *Carpathian* Prophet raisd his head,
 And said; *Aeacides*, inioy her bed.
 Do thou but bind her in her next surprize,
 When in her gelid caue she sleeping lies:
 And though she take a thousand shapes, let none
 Dismay; but hold, til she resume her owne.
 This *Proteus* said, and diued to the Profound:
 His latter word in his owne watters drown'd.
 Now hasty *Titan* to *Hesperian* seas
 Descends; when beauteous *Thetis*, bent to ease

Forsooke

Forsooke the flood, and to her caue repair'd.
 No sooner she by *Peleus* was insnar'd,
 But forth-with varies formes; vntill shee found
 Her virgin limmes within his fetters bound.
 Then, spreading forth her armes, She sighing said,
 Thou hast subdude by some immortall aid;
 And *Thetis* shewd; nor his imbrace repeld:
 Whose pregnant womb with great *Achilles* sweld.

Happie was *Peleus* in his sonne and wife:
 And had not *Phocus* murder soild his life,
 All-fortunate. With brothers blood defil'd,
 Thee *Trachin* harbours, from thy home exil'd.
 Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigor, raign'd;
 The sonne of *Lucifer*; whose lookes retain'd
 His fathers luster: then disconsolate,
 Nor like himselfe, for his lost brothers fate.
 Hither, with trauell tyr'd, and clog'd with cares,
 The banisht with a slender traine repaires:
 His Flocks and Heard, with men for their defence,
 Left in a shadie vale not farre from thence.
 Conducted to his royall presence, Hee
 With oliue brancht, downe bending to his knee,
 His name and birth declares: the murder masks
 With forged cause of flight: a dwelling asks
 In field, or citie. *Ceyx* thus replies:
 Our hospitable bountie open lyes
 To men of vulgar ranke: what owes it then
 To your high spirit, so renound by men?
 Of monumentall praise? Whose blood extracts
 His sourse from *Ioue*, improued by your Acts?
 To sue, is times abuse: your worth assures
 Your full desires; of all, the choicc is yours:
 I wish it better. And then wept. The cause
Ioues Nephew asks: when, after a short pause;

Perhaps you think this Bird which liues by rape
 To all a terror, euer had that shape.
 He was a man; as constant in his mind
 As fierce in warre, to great attempts inclin'd.
Dadalion nam'd; sprung from that Star which wakes
 The deawie Morne; the last that heauen forsakes.
 Affected peace I fosterd, with the rites
 Of nuptiall ioyes: He ioy'd in bloody fights.

His

His valour Kingdomes with their Kings subdude;
 By whom the *Thisbian* doües are now persüde.
 His daughter *Chione*, whose beautie drew
 A thousand sutors, ripe for marriage grew.
 By fortune *Phæbus*, and the sonne of *Mai*,
 From *Delphos*, and *Cyllenus*, came this way:
 Here meeting, looke, and like! The God of Light
 Deferres his ioy-imbracing hopes till night.
Hermes ill-brookes delay: who on her laid
 His drowfie rod, and forc't the sleepe Maid.
 Night spangs the skie with starres. An old wifes shape
Apollo tooke, and seconds *Hermes* rape.
 Now when the fulnesse of her time drew nye,
Autolichus was borne to *Mercurie*.
 Nor from the Sire the Sonne degenerates,
 Cunning in theft, and wilie in all sleights:
 Who could with subtiltie deceiue the sight;
 Conuerting white to blacke, and blacke to white.
 To *Phæbus* (for she bare two sonnes) belongs
Philammon, famous for his harpe and songs.
 What is't t'haue had two sons? two Gods t'inflame?
 A valiant father? *Iupiter* the same?
 Is glorie fatall? sure t'was so to Her:
 Who to *Dianas* durst her face confer,
 And blame her beautie. With a cruell looke,
 She said; Our deedes shall right vs. Forthwith tooke
 Her bow, and bent it: when the bow-string flung
 Th'eiected arrow through her guiltie tongue.
 It bleedes; of speech and sound at once bereft:
 And life, with blood, her falling bodie left.
 What grieffe (ô-Pietie!) opprest my heart!
 What said I not, t'asswage my brothers smart!
 Who heares me so as rocks the roring waues
 That beat their browes; and for his Daughter raues.
 But when he saw her burne, foure times assaild
 To sack the flamie Pile: as often faild.
 Then turnes his heeles to flight (much like a Bull
 By hornets stung) whom scratching brambles pull:
 Yet seem'd to run farre faster then a man,
 As if his feete had wings; and all out-ran.
 Who swift in chace of wished death, ascends
Parnassus top. As he his bodie bends

To iump from downe-right cliffes, compassionate
Apollo, with light wings, preuent his fate:
 With beake and tallons arm'd; with strength repleat
 About his size: his courage still as great.
 This Falcon, friend to none, all foule persurth:
 And greewing, is the cause of common ruth.

Sad *Ceyx* thus his brothers change relates:
 When *Phocæan Anetor* prest the gates;
 Who kept the Heard: and cry'd (halfe out of breath)
Peleus, I bring thee newes of losse and death:
 Report, said *Peleus*, we are bent to beare
 The worst of fortunes. While the King with feare
 Hangs on his tongue. He panting, still afeard:

To winding shores we draue the wearie Heard,
 When *Phæbus* from the heighth of all the sky
 The East and West beheld with equall eye.
 A part on yellow sands their limmes display;
 And from their ease the waue fields suruay:
 While other slowly wander here and there:
 Some swim in seas, and loftie fore-heads reare.
 A Pane, vndeckt with gold or marble stone
 Adioynes; high blockt; within a groue o're-growne.
 This the *Nereides* and *Nereus* hold:
 By sea-men, who there dry'd their nets, so told.
 Neere it, a Marish, thick with fallowes, stood;
 Made plashie by the interchanging flood.
 A Wolfe, a monstrous beast; with hideous noyse
 That frights the confines, from those thickets flies.
 His lightning iawes with blood and foame besmeard:
 In whose red eyes two darting flames appear'd.
 Though fell with rage and famine; yet his rage
 More greedie farre: nor hunger seekes r'asswage
 With blood of beeuces, and so surcease; but all
 He meets with, wounds; insulting in their fall.
 Nor few of vs, while we his force with stood,
 Fell by his rankling phangs. The shore with blood,
 With blood the sea-brimme blusht, and bellowing lakes:
 Delay is losse; and Doubt it selfe forsakes.
 Arme, arme, while something yet is left to lose:
 And ioyning force, this mortall Bane oppose.

The Heardsman ends. Nor did this losse incense
Aeacides; remembering his offence

Borne, as the iustice of sad *Psamathe*,
 To celebrate her *Phocus* Obsequie.
 The King commands his men to arme: prouides
 To goe in person. Busie rumor guides
 This to *Alcyone*: her passion bare
 Her swiftly thither; running with her haire
 Halfe vncompos'd: and, that disordering, clung
 About his neck: then weepes; and with a tongue
 That scarce could speake, intreats, that they alone
 Might goe; nor hazard both their liues in one.
 To whom *Aeacides*; Faire Queene forgoe
 Your vertuous feare: too much your bounties flow.
 No force auaille in such ostents as these:
 'Tis prayer that must the sea-thron'd Powre appease.
 A loftie towre within a fortresse stood;
 A friend to wandering ships that plough the flood.
 They this ascend; and sighing, see the shore
 With cattell strew'd; the Spoyler drencht in gore:
 Here *Peleus* fixt on seas, with knees that bend,
 Blew *Psamathe* implores at length to end
 The iustice of her wrath. Shee from his speech
 Diuertes her cares: till *Thetis* did beseech,
 And got her husbands pardon: nor yet could
 The sauage Wolfe from thirst of blood with-hold;
 Till she the beast, as hee a heifer slew,
 Transform'd to marble; differing but in hew:
 All else intire. The colour of the stone
 Shew him no Wolfe: now terrible to none.
 Yet Fate would not permit *Aeacides*
 To harbour here; nor found in exile ease;
 Till at *Magnesia*, in a happie time
Acastus purg'd him from his bloody crime.
 Meane-while perplext with former prodigies
 Both of his neece and brother; to aduize
 With sacred Oracles, the ioyes of men,
Ceyx prepares for *Clarus*. *Phorbas* then,
 With his *Phlegyan* hoast, alike prophane,
 The passage stopt to *Delphian Phæbus* Fane.
 Yet first to thee his secret purpose told,
 Faith-crown'd *Alcyone*. An inward cold
 Shot through her bones: her changing face appeares
 As pale as boxe, surrounded with her teares.

Thrice stroue to speak, thrice weepes through deare con-
Sobs interrupting her diuine complaint. (strait:

What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy mind?
Where is that loue that late so clearely shin'd?
Canst thou thy selfe enioy, from me remou'd?
Doe long wayes please? is now my absence lou'd?
Yet didst thou goe by land, I should alone
Griue without feare: now both combine in one.
Seas fright mee with their tragicall aspect.
Of late I saw them on the shore cie&
Their scattered wracks: and often haue I read
Sad names on sepulchers that want their dead.
Nor let false hopes thy confidencie please;
In that my father, great *Hippotades*,
The strugling winds in rockie cauernes keepes.
And at his pleasure calmes the raging Deepes.
They once broke loose submit to no command;
But raue o'r all the sea, and all the land;
High clouds perplexe, with sterne concursions rore,
Emitting flames: I feare, by knowledge, more.
These knew I, and oft saw their rude comport;
While yet a Girle, within my fathers Court.
But if my prayers can no recesso procure;
And that, alas, thy going be too sure;
Take mee along: let both one fortune beare;
Then shall I onely what I suffer feare.
Together saile we on the toyling Maine:
And equally what'eu'r hap sustaine.

Thus spake *Alcyone*: whose sorrowes melt
Her star-like spouse; nor he lesse passion felt.
Yet neither would his first intent forsake
Nor her a Partner in his danger make.
Much said he to assuage her troubled brest:
As much, in vaine. This addes vnto the rest,
Which only could her pensiu'e cares reclaime:
All stay is irkesome; by my fathers Flame,
I sweare, if Fate permit, returne I will
E're twice the Moone her shining Crescents fill.
Reuiu'd with promise of so short a stay;
He bids them lanch the ship without delay,
And fit her tacklings. This renues her feares;
Presaging ill successe: abortiue teares

Flow from their Springs; then kist : a sad farewell,
 Long first, at length she takes; and swowning, fell.
 The Sea-men call aboard : in double ranks
 Reduce their oares, vp-rising from their Banks
 With equall strokes. She reares her humid eyes,
 And first her husband on the Poope espies
 Shaking his hand : that, answers. Now from shore
 The vessell driues, and thence her Obiect bore.
 Her following eyes the flying ship persue :
 That lost, the sailes her eager gazes drew.
 When all had left her, to her chamber goes;
 And on the emptie bed her body throwes :
 The bed and place, with teares, to mind recall
 That absent part, which gaue esteeme to all.

Now farre from Port; the winds began to blow
 On quiuering Shrowds; their oares the Sailers stow :
 Then hoise their Yards a trip, and all their sailes
 At once let fall to catch th'approching gales.
 The ship scarce halfe her Course, or sure no more,
 By this had runne; farre off from either shore :
 When, deepe in night, fierce *Eurus* stifly blew;
 And high-wrought Seas with chafing foamic grew.
 Strike, strike the Top-saile, let the Maine-sheat fly,
 And furl your sailes, the Master cry'd; his cry
 The blustering winds and roring seas suppress.
 Yet of their owne accord in this distresse
 They plie their tasks : some seeling yards bestry'd
 And take-in sailes; some stop on either side
 The yawning leakes; some seas on seas reiect.
 While thus Disorder toyles to small effect,
 The bitter Storme augments; the wilde Winds wage
 Warre from all parts, and ioyne with *Neptunes* rage.
 The Master, lost in terror, neither knew
 The state of things, what to command, or doe;
 Confessing ignorance; so huge a masse
 Of ill's oppresse ! which slighted Art surpass.
 Lowd cryes of men resound; with ratling shrowds,
 Floods iustling floods, and thunder-crashing clouds.
 Now tossing Seas appeare to front the sky,
 And wrap their curles in clouds, froth with their spry:
 The sand now from the bottome laue, and take
 Their swarter dye; now black, as *Stygian* lake;

Sometimes deprest, with hissing foame all white.
 The *Trachin* ship such horrid changes fright,
 Which now, as from a mountain rockt with flaws,
 Viewes vnder vales, and *Acherons* darke iawes:
 Now head-long with the tumbling billowes fell;
 And heauen suruayes from that infernall Hell.
 Her waue-beat sides a hideous noyse report:
 As when a battering Ram affronts a Fort.
 As chafed Lyons, senselesse of remorse,
 Rush on extended Steele with horrid force:
 So Seas inuade with Storme-imbated powre
 The ships defence; and o're her hatches towre.
 Her yeelding planks now spring: sterne *Neptune* raues;
 Charging her breaches with his deadly waues.
 The prodigall clouds in showres their substance spend:
 Ambitious seas to gloomie heauen ascend;
 All heauen descending to the loftie Maine:
 At least so seeme. Sailes suck the falling raine;
 Showresioyne with floods. No friendly star now shone:
 Blind Night in darknesse, tempests, and her owne
 Dread terrors lost: these horrid lightning turnes
 To light more fear'd; the Sea with lightning burnes.
 Now vaulting floods her vpper deck opprest.
 And as a Souldier, brauer then the rest,
 Tempting to scale the walls with lost assaies,
 At length inioyes his hopes; and spurd with praise,
 Among a thousand onely stands the shock:
 So while assailing waues the vessell rock,
 The tenth bold Billow rusheth in, nor shrinks
 Vntill the ship beneath his furie sinks.
 Those seas, without, the labouring Bark assaile:
 These sack her Hold. All tremble, and looke pale;
 As at a siege, when foes inforce a wall;
 While some within to execution fall.
 Art failes, hearts quaile: on euery rising waue
 Death sits in triumph, and presents a graue.
 He weepes; He stands amaz'd; He calls them blest
 Whom funerals grace: He vowes to heauen adrest,
 Looking on what he sees not, and besought
 The Gods in vaine: He on his parents thought,
 His children, house, and what he left behinde.
Aleyone alone had *Ceyx* minde;

Her

Her onely names : now in her absence ioy'd
 Whose presence was his heauen : and had employ'd
 His eyes last dutie to descric the way
 To her abode; but knew not where it lay.
 The giddie seas so whirle, such pitchie clouds
 Obscure the skie : Night two-fold darknesse shrouds.
 Loud howling whirle-windes ouer-boord now bore
 The shiuered mast; and now the rudder tore.
 A Billow with these spoyles encourag'd, raues;
 Who Victor-like contemnes the vnder waues :
 Nor lighter falls, then if some God had torne
Pindus and *Athos* from their roots, vp-borne
 As high as heauen, and tombled on the Maine.
 Nor could the ship such force and waight sustaine;
 But to the bottome sinks. Most of her men
 The seas ingage; who neuer seene againe
 Accomplished their fates : while other swim
 On scattered planks; a plank vpholding Him
 Who late a scepter held. His father in law,
 And father, now inuokes : but could not draw
 (Alasse!) from either succour. Still his wife
 Runnes in his thoughts in that short span of life.
 He wisht the waues would cast him on the sands
 Of *Trachin*, to be buried by her hands.
 Who swimming, sighes *Alcyone*; her name
 His last-of speech : in Seas conceiues the same.
 Behold; an arch of waters, black as hell,
 Brake o'r the flood : the breaking surges quell
 Their sinking Burthen. *Lucifer* that night
 Became obscure; nor could you see his light.
 And since he might not render vp his place,
 With pitchie clouds immur'd his darkned face.
 Meane-while *Alcyone*, not knowing ought
 Computes the tedious nights; the dayes out-wrought
 Vpon a robe for him; another makes
 To weare her selfe : whose flattering hope mistakes
 In his returne. Who holy fumes presents
 To all the Gods; but most of all frequents
 The Fane of *Iano* : at her altars prayd
 For him that was not. Grant successe! (she said).
 A quick returne! Giue he our right to none!
 Of all her prayers the last succeeds alone.

The melting Goddesse could no longer brook
 Her death-croft prayers; but from her altar shook
 Her tainted hand; and thus to *Iris* spake:
 Haste faithfull Messenger, thy iourney take
 To drowſie *Sleepes* dimme pallace: bid him ſend
 A dreame that may preſent the wofull end
 Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyone*. This ſaid;
 She, in a thouſand-coloured robe arraid,
 Her ample Bow from heauen to earth extends:
 And in a cloud to his abode deſcends.

Neere the *Cimmerians* ſculks a Caue, in ſteepe
 And hollow hills; the Mansion of dull *Sleepe*:
 Not ſcene by *Phæbus* when he mounts the ſkies,
 At height, nor ſtooping: gloomie miſts ariſe
 From humid earth, which ſtill a twi-light make.
 No creſted fowles ſhrill crowings here awake
 The chearefull Morne: no barking Sentinell
 Here watch; nor geefe, who wakefull dogs excell.
 Beaſts tame, nor ſaluage, no wind ſhaken boughes,
 Nor ſtrife of iarring tongues, with noyſes rouse
 Secured Eaſe. Yet from the rock a ſpring,
 With ſtreames of *Lethe* ſoftly murmuring,
 Purles on the pibbles, and inuites Repoſe.
 Before the Entry pregnant Poppie growes,
 With numerous Simples; from whoſe iucie birth
 Night gathers ſleepe, and ſheds it on the Earth.
 No doores here on their creeking hinges iarr'd:
 Through-out this court there was nor doore, nor guard.
 Amid the Hebon caue a downie bed
 High mounted ſtands, with ſable couerings ſpred.
 Here lay the lazic God, diſſolu'd in reſt.
 Fantaticke Dreames, who various formes expreſt,
 About him couch: then Autumn's cares far more;
 Or leaues of trees, or ſands on *Neptunes* ſhore.
 The Virgin entring, parts the obuious Dreames:
 And ſils the ſacred Concaue with the beames
 Of her bright robe. The God with ſtrife diſioynes
 His ſeeled lids; againe his head declines,
 And knocks his chin againſt his breſt. Anon
 Himſelfe Himſelfe eieſts; and, leaning on
 His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why
 She thither came? when *Iris* made reply:

Thou

Thou Rest of things, most meeke of all the Gods;
 O *Sleepe*, the Peace of minds, from whose abodes
 Care euer flies; restoring the decay
 Of toyle-tyr'd limmes to labour-burdning Day:
 Send thou a Dreame, resembling truth, in post
 T'*Herculean Trachin*; that, like *Ceyx* ghost,
 May to *Alcyone* his wrack vnfold.

Saturnia this commands. Her message told,
Iris with-drew; who could the power of *Sleepe*
 Resist no longer. When shee found it creepe
 Vpon her yeelding senses, thence shee flies:
 And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.

The Sire, among a thousand sons, excites
 Shape-faining *Morpheus*: of those brother Sprites
 None (bid t'assume) with subtler cunning can
 Vsurp the gesture, visage, voice of man,
 His habit, and knowne phrase. He onely takes
 A humane forme: an Other shewes a snakes,
 A birds, a beasts. This *Icelos* they call,
 Whom heauen imbowre; though *Phobeter* by all
 Of mortall birth. Next, *Phantasus*; but he,
 Of different facultie, indues a tree,
 Earth, water, stone; the seuerall shapes of things
 That life enioy not. These appeare to Kings
 And Princes in deepe night: the rest among
 The vulgar stray. Of all the germane throng
 Their aged father onely *Morpheus* chose
 To act *Thaumantia's* charge. His eyes then close
 Their drowfie lidds, and hanging downe his head,
 Resolu'd to slumber, shrinks into his bed.
 His noyselesse wings through night fly *Morpheus* straines;
 And with the swiftnesse of a thought attaines
 Th'*Amonian* towres: then laid them by, and tooke
 The forme of *Ceyx*. With a pallid looke
 He naked stood, like one depriu'd of life,
 Before the Couch of his unhappie wife:
 His beard all wet, the haire vpon his head
 With water dropt; who, leaning on her bed,
 Thus spake; while teares from seeming passion flow.

Dost thou, ô wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know?
 Or am I chang'd in death? looke on the Lost:
 And for thy husband thou shalt see his Ghost.

No

No fauour could thy pious prayers obtaine:
 For I am drown'd; no longer hope in vaine.
 Cloud-crushing South-winds in *Aegeum* caught
 Our rauisht ship, and wrackt her with her fraught.
 My voice the floods opprest, while on thy name
 I vainly call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,
 Nor doubtfull author tells: this I relate;
 I, that there perisht by vntimely fate.
 Arise, weepe, put on black: nor vndeplor'd
 For pitie send me to the *Stygian* Ford.

To this he addes a voice, such as she knew:
 Exprest her Lords; with teares appearing true,
 And gesture of his hand: She sigh't and wept;
 Strecth out her armes t'imbrace him as she slept,
 But claspt the emptie aire: Then cry'd; O stay!
 Ah, whither wilt thou! goe we both one way.
 Wak't with her voice, and husbands shade; with feare
 Shee lookes about for that which was not there.
 For now the maids, rais'd with her shreekes, had brought
 A taper in. Not finding what shee sought,
 She strikes her cheekes, her nightly linnen tare,
 Inuades her brests; nor stayes t'vnbind her haire,
 But tugs it off. Her Nurse the cause demands
 Of such a violence. Shee wrings her hands,
 And in the passion of her griefe replyde:

There's no *Aloyne*; none, none! shee dyde
 Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be
 All sounds of comfort. These, these eyes did see
 My ship-wrackt Lord. I knew him; and my hands
 Thrust forth t'haue held him: but no mortall bands
 Could force his stay. A Ghost: yet manifest:
 My husbands ghost: which ô but ill exprest
 His forme and beautie, late diuinely rare!
 Now pale, and naked, with yet dropping haire:
 Here stood the miserable; in this place:
 Here, here (and sought his ayerie steps to trace.)
 O this my sad mis-giuing soule diuin'd;
 When thou forsook'st me to persue the wind.
 But since imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee
 Had put to sea: a happie fate for me!
 Then both together all the time assign'd
 For life had liu'd; nor in our death dis-ioyn'd.

Now here, I perisht there: on that profound
 Poore I was wrackt; yet thou with-out me drown'd.
 O I, then floods more cruell; should I strive
 To lengthen life, and such a griefe subuiue!
 Nor will I, nor forsake thee, nor defer:
 Though one Urne hold not both, one sepulcher
 Shall ioyne our titles: though thy bones from mine
 The seas disseuer, yet our names shall ioyne.

Griefe chok't the rest. Sobs euery accent part:
 And sighes ascend from her astonisht heart.
 Day springs: She to the shore addrest her haste,
 Euen to that place from whence she saw him last.
 And while shee sadly vtters, Here he staid;
 Here parting, kist me; from thence anchor waid;
 While shee such sights recalls; her steadie eyes
 Fixt on the Sea, far off shee something spies;
 But knowes not what: yet like a cor's. First shee
 Doth doubt: driuen neerer (though not neere) might see
 A bodie plainely. Though vnknowne, yet much
 The Omen mou'd her, since his fate was such.
 Poore wretch, who'ere thou art: and such (shee said)
 Thy wife, if wed, by thee a widdow made!
 By floods driuen neerer; the more neere, the more
 Her spirits faint: now nigh th' adioyning shore.
 Now sees shee what she knowes; her husbands cor's.
 Woe's me! 'tis He, shee cries! at once doth force
 Her face, haire, habit: trembling hands extends
 To soule-lesse *Ceyx*; and then said: Here ends
 My last of hopes: thus, ô then life more deare;
 O Husband, thus return' st thou! Art a Peere
 Had stretcht into the surges; which with-stood,
 And brake the first incursion of the flood.
 Thither forth-with (ô wonderfull!) she springs;
 Beating the passiuë aire with new-growne wings.
 Who, now a bird, the waters summit rakes:
 About shee flies, and full of sorrow, makes
 A mournfull noyse; lamenting her diuorce:
 Anon shee toucht his dumb and bloodlesse cor's;
 With stretched wings imbrac't her perisht blisse;
 And gaue his colder lips a heatlesse kisse.
 Whether hee felt it, or the floods his looke
 Aduanc't, the vulgar doubt: yet sure hee rooke

Sense from her touch. The Gods commiserate:
 And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
 As erst, they loue: their nuptiall faiths they shew
 In little birds; ingender, parents grow.
 Seauen winter dayes with peacefull calmes possess't,
Alcyon sits vpon her floating nest,
 Then safely saile: then *Eolus* in caues
 For his, the winds; and smoothes the stooping waues.

Some Old man seeing these their pinions moue
 O'r broad-spread Seas, extols their endlesse loue.
 By theirs, a Neighbour, or Himselfe, reuiues
 An others fate. Yon' fable fowle that diues;
 (And therewith shewes the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)
 Of royall parentage may also vaunt:
 Whose ancestors from *Tros* their branches spred
Ilius, *Assaracus*, *Ioues Ganymed*,
Laomedon, and *Priamus* the last
 That raign'd in *Troy*: to *Hector* (who surpast
 In fortitude) a brother. If by powre
 Of Fate vnchanged in his youths first flowre,
 He might perhaps as great a name haue wonne:
 Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughters sonne.
 For *Alixothoë*, a country Maid,
 Bare *Asacus* by stealth in *Idas* shade.
 He, hating Cities, and the discontents
 Of glittering Courts; the lonely woods frequents,
 And vnambitious fields; but made repaire
 To *Ilium* rarely: yet, he debonaire,
 Nor vnexpugnable to loue. Who spyde
Eperia, oft desir'd, by *Cebren's* side
 (Her fathers riuer) drying in the Sun
 Her fluent haire. Away the Nymph did run,
 Swift as a frighted Hinde the Wolfe at hand;
 Or like a fearefull fowle thrust ouer-land
 Beneath a falcon. He persues the chace:
 Feare wings her feet, and loue inforc't his pace.
 Behold; a lurking Viper in this strife,
 Ceaz'd on her heele; repressing flight with life.
 Frantick, his trembling armes the dead include:
 Who cry'd, Alasse that euer I persude!
 I fear'd not this; nor was the victory
 Worth such a losse. Ay me! two, one destroy.

Thy wound the Serpent, I the occasion gaue:
 I, O more wicked! yet thy death shall haue
 My life for satisfaction. There-with flung
 His bodie from a cliffe which ouer-hung
 The vndermining Seas. His falling limmes
 Vpheld by *Tetys* pittie; as he swimmes
 Sh'his person plumes, nor power of dying giues.
 To be compeld to liue the Louer grieues:
 Disdaining that his soule, so well appaid
 To leaue her wretched seat, should thus be staid.
 And mounting on new wings, againe on Seas
 His bodie throwes: the fall his feathers ease.
 With that, inrag'd, into the deepe he diues:
 And still to drowne himselfe as vainly striues.
 Loue makes him leane. A long neck doth sustaine
 His sable head; long-ioynted legs remaine.
 Nor euer the affected Seas forsakes:
 And now a suted name from diuing takes.

OID'S

Behold the King of Kings in this his
 Court on his feete, repeating his
 Fame, the trembling times the
 Who cryd, Alas! that neuer I
 I find not that nor the victory
 Myselfe shall see.

TV

63

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The twelfth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

Old Priam mournes for *Esacus*; nor knew
 That he surui'd, and with light feathers flew.
 While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with teares,
 Pay to the tomb which his inscription beares.
 But *Paris*, absent from that obsequy,
 Straight, with his Rape, brought ten yeeres warre to *Troy*.
 A thousand ships, in one confederate,
 Pursue his stealth, with all the *Achaian* State.
 Nor vow'd reuenge so long had beene delaid;
 If wrathfull seas had not their passage staid:
 At fishie *Aulis*, in *Baotia*,
 Their wind-bound Nauie in expectance lay.
 Here, as th'old vse, to *Ioue* they sacrifice.
 While from the antique altar flames arise,
 A blew-scal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,
 Ascends a tree, which neere the altar grew.
 A featherd nest the vpper branches beare,
 With twice foure birds: these, and their dam (with feare
 Flying about her losse) the greedie snake
 At length deuour'd. This all with wonder strake.
 When *Chalchas* cry'd (who could the truth deuine)
 Reioyce, *Pelasgans*, 'tis a happie signe!
 Proud *Troy* shall fall; though with long toyle and care:
 These thrice three birds, thrice three yeeres war declare.
 He, wound about a bough, gorg'd with his rape;
 Became a Stone, that held the serpents shape.
 Still *Nereus* in *Aonian* surges raues:
 Nor warre transferres. Some thinke the God of Waues
 Would

Would *Troy* preserve; and save the walles he made.
Thestorides resents: who knew, and said,
 A virgins blood must *Dian*'s reconcile.
 Now did the publick cause the private foyle;
 A King a father: *Iphigenia* stood
 Before the altar to resigne her blood.
 The Priest did weep; the Goddess pittie too:
 Who o'r their eyes a cloudie meteor threw;
 And while they prosecute her rites, and praid;
 Produc't a Hinde to represent the Maid.
 When fitter sacrifice had duld her rage;
 Her furie, and the Seas, at once asswage.
 A fore-winde then their thousand Vessels bore:
 Who, suffering much, attaine the *Phrygian* shore.
 Amid the world, 'twixt Aire, Earth, *Neptunes* brine,
 A place there is; the triple Worlds confine.
 Where all that's done, though far remou'd, appeare:
 And euery whisper penetrates the care.
 The House of *Fame*: who in the highest towre
 Her lodging takes. To this capacious bowre
 Innumerable wayes conduct; no way
 With doores debar'd, but open night and day.
 All built of ringing brasse; through-out resounds;
 The heard reports, and euery word rebounds.
 No rest within, no silence: yet the noyse
 Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice.
 As Seas that fallie on far-distant shores;
 Or as *Ioues* terminating thunder rores.
 Hither the idle *Vulgar* come and goe:
 Millions of Rumors wander too and fro;
 Lyes mixt with truths, in words that varie still.
 Of these, with newes vnknowing eares Some fill;
 Some carrie tales: all in the telling growes;
 And euery Author addes to what he knowes.
 Here dwels rash Error, light Credulity,
 Deiected Feare, and vainly grounded Ioy;
 New-raisd Sedition, secret Whisperings
 Of vnknowne authors, and of doubtfull things.
 All done in Heauen, Earth, Ocean, *Fame* suruiew:
 And through the ample world inquires of newes.
 She notice gaue, how with a dreadfull hoast
 The *Grecian* Nauie steered for their coast.

Nor

Nor vnexpected came: the *Troians* bend
 Their powers t'incounter, and their shores defend.
 First thou thy life, *Protesilaus*, lost
 By *Hectors* fatall lance; the battle cost
 The *Greekes* a world of soules: so clearly shone
 Their fortitudes; great *Hector* yet vnknowne.
 Nor no small streames of blood their valours drew
 From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could doe.
 And now their mingled gores *Sigæum* staine:
 Now *Neptunes Cycnus* had a thousand flaine.
 Now, in his charriot, on *Achilles* fell;
 And with his lance whole squadrons sent to hell:
 Seeking for *Cycnus*, or for *Hector*, round
 About the field; at length braue *Cycnus* found:
 (For Fate nine yeares great *Hectors* life sustaines.)
 Cheering his horses with the flaxen maines,
 His thundring charriot driues against his foe,
 And shakes his trembling lance: about to throw;
 O youth, he said, what e'r thou art, reioyce:
Achilles honours thee with death. His voice
 His speare persues: the Steele no wound imprest
 Though strongly thrown. When, bounding from his brest
 He said; Thou Goddesse-borne, Fame brutes thee such;
 Why wondrest thou? (*Achilles* wondred much)
 This helme with horse-haire plum'd, this shield I beare,
 Defend not me: for fashion these I weare.
 So *Mars* his person armes. Should I display
 My naked brest, thy force could finde no way.
 The grace to be *Nereis*' sonne is small:
 What his, who *Nereus*, who his Nymphs, who all
 The Ocean guides? Then at *Achilles* threw
 His lance, that pierc't his plated shield, and through
 Nine oxe-hides rusht: the tenth did it restraine.
 The Heros caught it, and retorts againe
 The singing Steele; againe it gaue no wound.
 The third assay no better entrance found,
 Though *Cycnus* bar'd his bosom to the blow.
 He rages like a bull in *Circian* Shew;
 Whose dreadfull hornes the stammell, which prouokes
 His furie, tosse with still deluded strokes.
 Then searches if the head were off: that on;
 What, is my hand, said he, so feeble growne?

On one is all my vigour spent? my powre
 Was more, when first I raz'd *Lyrnessus* towre:
 When *Tenedos*, *Eetion* *Thebes*, were fill'd
 With blood of theirs, by my incounters spild.
 The red *Caycus* slaughtred natiues dyde:
 Twice *Telephus* my powrefull iauelin tryde.
 Behold these heapes of bodies! these I slew:
 Much could my hand haue done; as much can doe.
 This said, his former deeds almost suspects,
 And at *Menetes* brest his aime directs,
 (A *Lycian* of meane ranke) the thrilling dart
 Quite through his faithlesse curasse pierc't his heart:
 Whose dying bodie struck the groning ground.
 Snatching the weapon from his reeking wound;
 This hand, he said, this now victorious lance
 Shall vrge thy fate: assist me equall Chance!
 With that, th'vnerring dart at *Cycnus* flung.
 Th'vneuitated on his shoulder rung;
 Which like a rock the lance repeld againe:
 Yet where it hit it left a purple staine;
 By vainely glad *Aeacides* descry'd:
 He woundlesse: this *Menetes* blood had dy'd.
 Then roring, from his charriot leapes; and made
 A horrid on-set with his flaming blade:
 Who sees the breaches in his helme and shield;
 Yet he secure: his skin the steele vnsteeld.
 Now all impatient, with the hilt his Foe's
 Hard front inuades with thick redoubled blowes:
 Persues his back retreat, perturbs, insits;
 Nor lets the astonisht breath. He faints; blew mists
 Swim o'r his eyes: whose now auerted steps
 A stone with-stood. On whom *Achilles* leapes
 With all his strength, and *Cycnus* vp-ward cast
 On sounding earth: there held the Heros fast.
 Then with his shield and knees his bosom prest;
 And, drawing hard his helmets strings, distrest
 His gasping iawes: the breathing-path and way
 Of life shuts vp. About t'vn-arme his prey,
 The body mist. To a foule as white as snow
 By *Neptune* changd; whom by that name we know.
 This toyle, this fight gaue many dayes of rest:
 And either part from actuall armes surceast.

While

While on their walls the watchfull *Phrygians* ward,
 And while the watchful *Greeks* their trenches guard,
 A feast was kept : wherein *Æacides*
 For *Cycnus* death with heifers blood did please
 Propitious *Pallas*. When the entralls laid
 On burning altars, to the Gods conuaid
 An acceptable smell : a part addrest
 To sacred vse; the boord receiu'd the rest.
 Downe lay the Heroes, fed on rosted flesh,
 And generous wines their cares and thirst refresh.
 Nor musicke now, nor songs their eares delight;
 But in discourse consume the shortned night.
 The subiect, Valour : of the valour shown
 By their couragious foes, and of their owne.
 Promiscuously of passed dangers tell,
 And forraine enterprizes. What so well
 Could great *Achilles* speake of? or what were
 A fitter theame for great *Achilles* care?
 Then spake he of his conquest, in the fall
 Of noble *Cycnus* : wondred at by all,
 That weapons had no powre to penetrate
 His woundlesse bodie, which could steele rebate.
 This the *Pelasgans*, this *Æacides*
 Himselfe admires. When *Nestor* said to these :
Cycnus is he, who in your age alone
 Contemned steele, and could be hurt by none.
 I saw *Perrhabian Ceneus* once indure
 A thousand strokes; yet he from wounds secure.
Perrhabian Ceneus, excellent in deeds,
 On *Othrys* dwelt : and what beleefe exceeds,
 A woman borne. This prodigie begets
 Their greater wonder. Euery one intreats;
Achilles thus : Diuinely eloquent;
 O thou the wisdom of our age; consent
 To our desires; for all desire the same :
 Of *Ceneus* tell; how he a man became;
 In what contention, or what battle knowne;
 By whom, if so by any, ouerthrowne.
 Then He : Though age impaire my memorie,
 And much beheld in youth my notion flie,
 I more remember : yet, of all that are
 Among so many acts of peace and warre,

None deeper is imprinted in my braine.
 And if the length of time, not spent in vaine,
 Can many accidents to knowledge giue;
 Two ages finisht, in the third I liue.

Not all the Virgins that *Thessalia* bare
 With *Elateian Cenis* could compare
 For praised beautie. Through the cities neere,
 And those, *Achilles*, which thy Empire beare
 (For she her birth to your *Amonia* ought)
 A world of louers her affection sought.
 And *Peleus* too perhaps had woo'd her bed;
 But that alreadie to thy mother wed,
 Or else assured. *Cenis* still forbore
 All nuptiall tyes. As on the secret shore
 She walkt alone, the Sea-god her dissent
 Inforc't to Rape: for so the rumor went.
 Rapt with the ioy of loues first tasted fruit;
 All shall, said *Neptune*, to thy wishes sute;
 Wish what thou wilt. So Fame the storie told.

My wrong, said *Cenis*, makes my wishes bold:
 That neuer like inforcement may befall,
 Be I no woman; and thou giu'st me all.
 Her latter words a deeper voice expresse,
 Much like a mans: for now it prou'd no lesse.
 The Sea-God had assented to her will:
 And further addes, that Steele should neither kill
 Nor wound his person. Yong *Atracides*
 Departs; reioycing in such gifts as these:
 Who great in euery manly vertue growes;
 And hants the fields through which *Penens* flowes.

The sonne of bold *Ixion* now had wed
Hippodame: the saluage Centaures, bred
 Of clasped Clouds, his inuitation grac't;
 In plashed bowres at sundrie tables plac't.
 There were th' *Amonian* Princes; there was I:
 The pallace rung with our confused ioy.
 They *Hymen* sing; the altars fume with flames:
 Forth came th' admired Bride with troopes of dames,
 Wee call *Pirithous* happie in his choice:
 But scarce maintaine the Omen of that voice.
 For *Eurytus*, more headie than the rest,
 Foule rapine harbors in his saluage brest;

Incens't

Incenst by beautie, and the heat of wine :
 Lust and Ebrietic in out-rage ioyne.
 Straight, turn'd-vp boords the feast prophane: the faire
 And tender spouse now haled by the haire.
 Fierce *Eurytus Hippodame*; all tooke
 Their choice, or whom they could : sackt cities looke
 With such a face. The women shreeke : we rise.
 When *Theseus* first; ô *Eurytus*, vnwise !
 Dar'st thou offend *Pirithous* as long
 As *Theseus* liues ? in one two suffer wrong.
 The great-sould Heros, not to boast in vaine,
 Breakes through the throng, and from his fierce disdain
 The Rape repris'd. He no reply affords;
 Such facts could not be iustifi'd by words :
 But with his fists the braue redcemer prest;
 Assailes his face, and strikes his generous brest.
 Hard by their stood an antique goblet, wrought
 With extant figures: this *Aegides* caught;
 Hurl'd at the face of *Eurytus*: a flood
 Of reeking wine, of braines, and clotted blood
 At once he vomits from his mouth and wound;
 And falling backward, kicks the dabled ground.
 The Centaures, frantick for their brothers death,
 Arme, arme, resound, with one exalted breath.
 Wine courage giues. At first an vncouth flight
 Of flagons, pots, and boules, began the fight :
 Late fit for banquets, now for blood and broyles.
 First *Amycus*, *Ophions* issue, spoyles
 The sacred places of their gifts; downe ramps
 A brazen cresset stuck with burning lamps:
 This swings aloft, as when a white-hair'd Bull
 The Sacrificer strikes; which crusht the skull
 Of *Celadon* the *Lapithite*, and left
 His face vnknowne: confusion forme bereft.
 Out start his eyes; his batterd nose betwixt
 His shiuer'd bones flat to his pallat fixt.
Pelleas Pelades a tressell tore
 That propt the boord, and feld him to the flore.
 He knocks his chin against his brest, and spude
 Blood mixt with teeth. A second blow persude
 The first; and sent his vexed soule to hell.
 Next, *Gryneus* stood; his lookes with vengeance swell :

Serues this, said he, for nothing? therewith rais'd
 Aloft a mightie altar: as it blaz'd,
 Among the *Lapithites* his burden threw;
 Which *Broteas*, and the bold *Orion* slew,
Orions mother *Mycale*, eft-soone
 Could with her charmes deduce the struggling Moone.
Exadius cry'd, Nor shalt thou so depart
 Had I a weapon. Of a voted Hart
 The Antlers from a pine he puls; they fixe
 Their forkes in *Gryneus* darkned eyes: this sticks
 Vpon the horne, that in concreted gore
 Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhætus* bore,
 Snatch from the altar; and *Charaxus* head
 Crackt through the skull, with yellow tresses spred.
 The rapid flame his blazing curles surround;
 Like corne on fire; blood broyling in his wound
 Horribly hisses: as red Steele that gloes
 With feruent blasts, which pliant tongs dispose
 To quenching coole-troughs, sputters, striues, consumes;
 And hissing vnder heated water, fumes.
 The Wounded from his singed tresses shakes
 The greedie flame; and on his shoulders takes
 A stone torne from the threshold, which alone
 Would loade a waine, at distant *Rhætus* throwne.
 This, falling short, *Cometes* life inuades:
 And sent his friend to euerlasting shades.
 When *Rhætus*, laughing; May you all abound
 In strength so try'd; and aggrauates his wound
 With repercussions of his burning brand.
 Crusht bones now sinke in braines. Then turnes his hand
 Vpon young *Coritus*, *Euagrus*, *Dryas*:
 Which gaue to *Coritus* a fatall Passe.
 What glorie can the slaughter of a boy
 Afford, *Euagrus* said? nor more could say:
 For *Rhætus*, e'r his iawes together came,
 Hid in his throte and brest the choking flame.
 Then whisks the brand about his browes, and driues
 At valiant *Dryas*; but no longer thriues.
 For through his shoulder, who had triumph long
 In daily slaughter, *Dryas* fixt his prong.
 Who groning, tugs it out with all his might:
 And soild with blood, conuerts his heeles to flight.

So

So *Lycidas*, *Arneus*, *Medon* (sped
 In his right arme) *Pisenor*, *Caumas*, fled:
 Wound-tardie *Mermerus*, late swift of pace;
Meneleus, *Pholus*; *Abas*, vs'd to chace
 The bore; and *Astylos*, who fates fore-knew:
 Who vainly bad his friends that warre eschue;
 And said to frighted *Nessus*, Fly not so;
 Thou art referu'd for great *Alcides* bow.
 But yet *Eurynomus*, nor *Lycidas*,
Areus, nor *Imbreus*, vnslaughtred passe:
 All queld by *Dryas* hand. Thee *Caneus* too,
 Though turn'd about for flight, a fore-wound slue:
 For looking backe; the point betweene his sights,
 There where the nose ioynes with the fore-head, lights.
 Vnwakened with the tumult of this fray,
 Dissolu'd in death-like sleepe, *Aphidas* lay
 Vpon a beares rough hide on *Ossa* kild:
 Whose lither hand a mixed goblet held.
Phorbas farre off the vainely hurtlesse spy'd:
 And to the thong his fingers fitting, cry'd,
 Thy wine hence-forth with *Stygian* water brew.
 This said, at slumber-bound *Aphidas* threw
 His trembling dart: the steeled ash made way
 Through's naked neck, as he supinely lay.
 Death was vnfelt: his full throte voids a flood:
 The bed and goblet, drown'd and filld with blood.
 I saw *Petræus* striue t'vproot an oke:
 And while his brawnie armes the tree prouoke
 To quit his seasure, this and that way hal'd;
Pirithous to the bole his bosome nail'd.
 Stout *Lycus* by *Pirithous* valour fell:
Pirithous valour *Chromis* sunk to hell.
 These lesse the glorie of his acts elate
 Then *Helops* death; and *Diety's* stranger fate.
 His eager iauelin *Helops* temples cleft:
 Which at the right eare rushed through the left.
 But *Diety's* from a broken mountaine slides,
 As he *Ixions* furious sonne auoids,
 And head-long fell: his weight asunder brake
 A mightie Ash; the stumps his entrails stake.
 In rusht reuengefull *Phereus* with a stone
 Torne from a rock: his monstrous elbow-bone

About

(About to hurle) in shiuers *Thesens* crackt:
 Nor leasure had, or further care, t'exact
 His vselesse life. Then nimbly vaults vpon
Byanor's back, before bestrid by none,
 His knees claps to his sides; his shaggie haire
 His left hand hales: his eyes, that grimly stare
 And threaten, crushes with his knottie ok.
 Dart-fam'd *Lycespes*, and *Medimnus* stroke
 To humble earth: so *Hippasus*, whose beard
 Obscur'd his brest; and *Ripheus*, who appear'd
 More tall then trees; with *Thereus*, who caught
 Wild beares in high *Amonian* hils, and brought
 Th'inraged purchace to his home aliue.
Demoleon frets to see *Aegides* thriue
 With such successe; and from the center striues
 To teare a Pine: which when he could not, riues
 The yeelding bole, and darts it at his foe.
Thesens farre off spi'd the comming throw;
 Who by *Minerua's* counsell (for so he
 Would haue vs think) with-drew: and yet the tree
 Not idly fell; but *Crantors* shoulder, brest,
 And throte diuides; which tortur'd life releast.
 He was (*Aecides*) thy fathers Squire;
 Giuen by subdude *Amyntor* to thy fire
 (*Amyntor* the well-train'd *Dolopians* Guide)
 In hostage for their peace, and faith affide.
 When *Peleus* saw that spectacle of ruth;
 Recciue, ô *Crantor*, ô beloued youth,
 This sacrifice, he said: and sent a dart
 With all the rigor of his hand and heart
 At proud *Demoleon*; which the bones that ioyne
 His ribs transfixt; and quauer'd in the chine.
 His hand, without the head, the staffe reueld;
 And hardly that: his lungs the head with-held.
 Anguish it selfe the heat of wrath improues:
 He reares afore, and pawes him with his hooues.
 Who with his shield and burganet defends
 The sounding strokes: yet still his sword extends,
 And twixt his shoulders at one thrust doth gore
 His double brests. Yet had hee slaine before
Phlegraus, *Hyles*, with his lances flight;
Hiphinous and *Danis*, in close fight.

Addes

Addes *Dorylas* to these; who wore a skull
 Of Wolfe-skin tan'd; the sharpe hornes of a bull;
 In stead of other weapon, fixt before:
 And dyde in crimson with *Lapithian* gore.
 To whom, with courage fir'd, I said in scorne;
 Behold how much our Steele excels thy horne.
 And threw my lance: not to be shund, he now
 Claps his right hand vpon his threatned brow;
 Which both together naild. They rore: and while
 Th'ingaged with his bitter wound doth toyle;
 Thy father, who was neereft, neerer made:
 And through his nauill thrust his deadly blade.
 He bounds, and on the earth his bowels trailes;
 The trailed kicks, the kickt in peeces hailes;
 Which winding, fetter both his legs and thighes:
 So falls; and with a gutlesse bellie dies.
 Nor thee thy beautie, *Cyllarus*, could saue:
 If such a two-form'd figure beautie haue.
 His chin now 'gan to bud with downe of gold;
 And golden curles his iuory back infold:
 His lookes a pleasing vigor grace; his brest,
 Hands, shoulders, neck, and all that man exprest,
 Surpassing arts admired images.
 Nor were his bestiall parts a shame to these:
 Adde but a horses head and crest, he were
 For *Castors* vse; his back so strong to beare,
 So largely chested; blacker than the crow:
 His taile and feet-locks, white as falling snow.
 A number of that nation sought his loue;
 Whom none but faire *Hylonome* could moue:
 None for attracting fauour so excell,
 Of all the halfe-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.
 Shee, by sweet words, by louing, by confest
 Affection, onely *Cyllarus* possest.
 With combs shee smoothes her haire; her person trimmes
 With all that could be gracefull to such limmes.
 Of roses, rosemarie, and violets,
 And oft of lillyes curious dressings pleats.
 Twice daily washt her face in springs that fall
 From *Pagasean* hills; twice daily all
 Her bodie bathes in cleansing streames: and ware
 The skins of beasts, such as were choice and rare,
 Which

Which flowing from her shoulder crosse her brest,
 Vaile her left side. Both equall loue posselt:
 Together on the shadie mountaines stray,
 In woods and hollow caues together lay:
 Then to the pallace of the *Lapithite*
 Together came; and now together fight.
 A iauelin from the left hand flung, thy brest
 O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy neck imprest.
 His heart though slightly hurt (the dart exhal'd)
 Grew forth-with cold; and all his bodie pal'd.
Hylonome his dying limmes receiues;
 Foments his wound: close to his lips she cleaues,
 To stay his flying soule. But when shee found
 Lifes fire extinct; with words in clamour drownd,
 Euen on that steele, which through his bosom past,
 She threw her owne: and him in death imbrac't.
 Me thinkes I see grim *Phaocomes* yet:
 Who with two Lyons skins, together knit,
 Protect's his man and beast. A log he tooke,
 Which scarce two teame could draw; this darted, strooke
 The crowne of *Phonolenides*: his braines
 It through the fractures of his skull constraines;
 Which from his mouth, eyes, eares, and nostrils gusht,
 Like curds through wickar squeas'd; or iuces crusht
 Through draining colendars: As he the dead
 Prepares t'vnarme, my sword his bowels shred.
 Your father saw his downefall. *Chthonius* too,
 And stout *Teleboas* our fawchion slew.
 The first a forked branch, the other held
 A lengthfull lance: the lance this wound impeld;
 Whereof you see the ancient scarre. Then I,
 Then should I haue beene sent t'haue ruin'd *Troy*.
 Then might I haue restrain'd, if not o'r-throwne
 Great *Hector*. But, he either then was none,
 Or else a child: Now spent with age, I waine.
 What speake I of two-shapt *Pyretus*, slaine
 By *Periphas*? Thy dart, without a head,
 Braue *Ampycus*, foure-hoou'd *Oicles* sped.
Macareus, borne by *Pelethronian* rocks,
 Huge *Erigdupus* with a leauer knocks
 To ecchoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* sheath'd
 Deepe in *Nessaus* groyne, and life bereau'd.

Nor

Nor would you thinke *Ampycides* alone
 Could fate fore-tell; a lance by *Mopsus* throwne
Odites slue: this, as the Centaure rail'd,
 His tongue t'his chin, his chin t'his bosom naild.
 Fiue *Ceneus* slue; *Bromus*, *Antimachus*,
 Axe-arm'd *Pyracmos*, *Helius*, *Stiphelus*.
 Although forgetfull by what wounds they fell;
 Their names, and number, I remember well.
 Giant-like *Latreus* lightneth to these broyles;
 Arm'd with *Emathian Alesus* spoyles:
 His yeares, twixt youth and age; nor age impaires
 The strength of youth, though sprinkled with gray haire:
 A *Macedonian* speare, a sword, a shield,
 Confirme his powers: o'r-viewes the well-fought field,
 Clashes his armes; and trotting in a round,
 Infring'd the aire with this disdainfull sound.

Shall I indure thee *Cenis*? still to me
 Thou art a woman, and shalt *Cenis* be.
 Thou hast forgot thy births originall,
 And for what fact rewarded; by what fall
 Aduanc't to this man-counterfeiting shape.
 Thinke of thy birth; thinke of thy easie rape.
 Goe, take a spindle and a distaffe; twine
 The carded wooll; and armes to men resigne.

While thus he scoffes; and circularly ran;
Ceneus his sides gores with his lance, where man
 And horse vnite. He, mad with anguish, flings
 His speare at the *Phyllean* youth, which rings
 On his vntainted face; and back recoyles,
 As pibbles dropt on drummes, or haile on tyles.
 Then rushing on, with thrusts assayes to wound
 His hardned sides; the sword no entrance found.
 Nor shalt thou scape; the edge shall lanch thy throte,
 Although the point be dull. This said, and smote
 At once. The blow, as if on marble, sounds:
 And from his neck the broken blade rebounds.
 When he his charmed limmes had open laid
 Enough to wounds and wonder, *Ceneus* said:
 Now will wee trie, if thou our sword canst feele.
 Then 'twixt his shoulders thrusts the fatall steele
 Vp to the hilts; which too and fro he waues
 Deepe in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraues.

The frighted Centaures, with a horrid cry,
 On him alone, with all their weapons, fly.
 Their darts rebated fall, but draw no blood:
 For *Caneus* still in-vulnerable stood.
 This more amaz'd. Ah, *Monychus* exclames,
 One foyles vs all, to all our endlesse shames!
 He scarce a man! nay he the man, and we
 Are what he was: so poore our actions be.
 What bootes our mightie limmes? our double force?
 The strongest of all creatures, man and horse,
 In vs by nature ioyn'd? sure wee are not
 A Goddesse birth; nor by *Ixion* got,
 Who durst the Queene of Deities imbrace:
 This Halfe-man conquers his degenerate race.
 Stones, massie logs, whole mountaines on him roule;
 And with congested trees crush out his soule.
 Let woods oppresse his iawes: ore-whelme with weight,
 In steed of idle wounds. Thus he: and straight
 An Oke, vp-rooted by the furious blasts
 Of franticke winds, on valiant *Caneus* casts.
 Th'exemple quickly *Othrys* disaraide
 Of all his trees; and *Pelion* wanted shade.
 Prest with so huge a burthen, *Caneus* sweats:
 And to th'o'r-whelming okes his shoulders sets.
 But now the load aboue his stature climes,
 And chokes the passage of his breath. Sometimes
 He faints; then struggles to aduance his crowne
 Aboue the Pile, and throw the timber downe:
 Sometimes the pressure with his motion quakes;
 As when an earth-quake yonder *Ida* shakes.
 His end was doubtfull: some there be, who tell
 How with that weight his bodie sunk to hell.
Mopsus dissents; who saw a fowle arise
 From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies;
 (The first I euer saw) which flying round
 About our tents, sent forth a mournfull sound.
 This he persuing with his soule and sight,
 Cry'd, Haile thou glorie of the *Lapithite*!
 O *Caneus*, late a man at armes; but now
 An vnmatcht foule! His witnesse all allow.
 Griefe whets our furie; brooking ill, that one
 By such a multitude should be ore-throwne:

And

And Sorrow so long excutes the fight,
Till halfe were slaine : halfe sau'd by speede, and night.

Tlepolemus could not his tongue debarre :
Since in the repetition of that warre,
Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.
Old man, how can you so forget (he said)
Alcides praise ? my father oft would tell,
How by his hand the Cloud-borne Centaures fell.

To this sad *Nestor* answer'd : Why should you
Compell me to remember, and renue
My sorrow lost in time ? or iterate
Your fathers guilt; together with my hate ?
His acts transcend beleefe; his high repute
Fills all the world : which would I could refute.
But not *Polydamas*, *Deiphobus*,
Nor valiant *Hector*, are extold by vs.
For who commends his foe ? *Messene's* walls
He raz'd : faire *Elis*, *Pylus*, in their falls
Detest his furie; Cities which his hate
Had not deseru'd : with them, did ruinate
Our House with sword and fire. Not now to tell
Of others, who by his sterne out-rage fell;
Twice sixe faire-fam'd *Neleide* were wee;
Twice sixe *Alcides* slue, excepting mee.
Conquest is common : but, ô more then strange
Was *Periclymen's* slaughter ! who could change
And rechange to all figures. Such a grace
Great *Neptune* gaue; the root of *Neleus* race.
He, forc't to varie formes, at length vnfolds
Ioues well-lou'd Fowle, who in her tallons holds
Impetuous thunder; and His visage teares
Both with his crooked beake, and armed seares.
At him his bow, too sure, *Alcides* drew,
As towring in the loftie clouds he flew,
And struck his side-ioyn'd wing. The wound was slight;
But sunder'd nerues could not sustaine his flight.
When tumbling downe, his weight the arrow smote
In at his side, and thrust it through his throte.
Now braue Commander of the *Rhodian* Fleete;
Thinkst thou *Alcides* praise a subiect meete
For my discourse ? Alone with silence wee
Reuenge our slaughtred brothers; and loue thee.

When *Nestor* with mellifluous eloquence
Had thus much vtter'd; they with speech dispense,
And liberall *Bacchus* quaffe: then all arose;
And giue the rest of night to soft repose.

The God, whose Trident calmes the Ocean,
For strangled *Cycnus*, turn'd into a Swan,
Griues with paternall griefe. *Achilles* fate
He prosecutes with more then ciuill hate.
Ten yeeres now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,
Thus vnshorne *Smintheus* his sterne rage excites.

Of all our brothers sonnes to vs most deare;
Whose hands, with ours, *Troys* walls in vaine did reare:
O sigh'st thou not to see the *Asian* towres
So neere their fall? their owne, and aiding powres
By millions slaine? the last of all their ioy
Dead *Hector* drag'd about his fathers *Troy*?
Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labour giues
To vtter spoyle, then Warre more cruell, liues.
Came he within my reach, he then should trie
The vengeance of my Trident: but since I
Cannot approach t'incounter with my foe;
Let him thy close and mortall arrowes know.

Delius assents: his vnkles wrath intends;
With it, his owne; and in a cloud descends
To th'*Ilian* hoast: amid the battle seekes
For *Paris*, shooting at vn-noted *Greekes*.
Then shew'd a God, and said: Why dost thou loose
Thy shafts so basely? nobler obiects choose;
If thou of thine at least hast any care:
Thy brethrens deaths reuenge on *Peleus* heire.
Then shew'd him sterne *Achilles*, as he slew
The *Troian* troopes: and, while his bow he drew,
Directs the deadly shaft. This onely might
Old *Priam*, after *Hectors* death, delight.
Him, who with conquests cloyd the iawes of death,
A faint adulterer depriues of breath.
If by th'effeminate to be o'r-throwne,
Then should the Pollax of the *Amazon*
Haue forc't thy fate. The *Phrygian* feare; the fame,
And strong protection of the *Gracian* Name,
Inuincible *Aecides* now burnes:
The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turnes.

And

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

OVID'S

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.

The thirteenth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

THose purple flowres which Ajax name display,
His blood produce. Inraged Hecuba
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnons cinders rise
Selfe slaughtering Fowle: a yeerely sacrifice.
What euer Anius daughters handle, prone
Corne, wine, or oyle: themselues transformd to Dones.
From honourd virgins ashes Sonnes ascends.
Th' Ambracian Indge a Stone. Light wings defend
Molossus royall issue. Scylla growes
A horrid Monster. Murderd Acis flowes
With speedie streames. The kind Nereides
For Glaucus sue: inthron'd in sacred Seas.

THe great Chiefes sat; the Souldiers crown the field:
Vp rose the Master of the seven-fold Shield.
With wrath impatient, his sterne eyes suruay
Sigam, and the Nauie which there lay.
Then holding vp his hands, *ô Ioue* (he said;) *)*
Before the Fleet must we our title plead?
And is *Vlysses* my Competitor?
Whose flightfull feare did *Hector's* flames abhor?
Those, I, sustaind; from those this Nauie freed.
'Tis safer to contend in word then deed.
I cannot talke, nor can he fight: as farre
His tongue excells, as I exceed in warre.
Nor neede I to rehearse what you haue seene
In act, renowned *Greekes*: what his hath beene
Let *Ithacus* declare; perform'd by flight,
Without a witnessse, onely knowne to Night.
Great is th' affected prize, I must confesse:
But such a Riual makes the Value lesse.
For me 'tis no ambition to obtaine,
How euer great, what he could hope to gaine.
Who of this strife now wins the praise; that he,
When vanquished, may boast he stroue with me.

But

But were my valour question'd, I might on
 My birth insist; begot by *Telamon*,
 Who vnder *Hercules* *Troy's* bulwarks scal'd:
 And in *Pagasean* keele to *Colchis* sail'd.
 His father, *Aacus*; the Iudge of Soules,
 Where *Sisyphus* his restlesse torment roules.
 High *Jupiter* vpon a mortall Loue
 Got *Aacus*: I *Aiax* third from *Ioue*.
 Nor let this pedegree assist my clame,
 If great *Achilles* ioyn'd not in the same.
 He was my brother, his I aske. Why thus
 Shouldst thou, thou sonne of damned *Sisyphus*,
 Alike in theft and fraud, a stranger to
Achilles race, the right of his persue?
 Because I first assumed armes, descryde
 By no detector, are these armes denyde?
 Or rather for the last in field designd;
 Who with faind lunacie the warre declind:
 Till *Palamed* more politicke, and more
 Selfe-fatall, did his coward-guile explore,
 And drew him to auoided armes? Must hee
 Now weare the best, who all eschude? and we
 Vnhonour'd, of hereditarie right
 Depriu'd, in that wee first appeard in fight?
 And would to *Ioue* hee had beene truly mad;
 Or still so thought: nor this companion had,
 This tempter to foule actions, euer seene
 The *Phrygian* towres. Then shouldst not thou haue beene
 O *Peans* sonne, exposed by our crime
 To *Lemnian* rocks: where thou consum'st thy time
 In lonely caues obscur'd with woods, the stones
 Prouok't to pitie with thy daily grones,
 And wishest him, what he deserues, thy paine:
 If there are Gods thou wishest not in vaine.
 Now our Confederate (a Prince of braue
 Command) to whom his shafts *Alcides* gaues,
 Broken with paine and famine, doth imploy
 Those arrowes, that import the fate of *Troy*,
 For food and clothing: yet he liues the while,
 In that remoued from *Vlysses* guile.
 And *Palamed* might wish t'haue beene so left
 Then had he liu'd, or perisht vnberest

Of

Of his deare fame. This, hellishly inclin'd,
 Beares his conuict madnesse in his mind;
 And falsely him accus'd to haue betraid
 Th' *Achaian* hoast; confirming what he said
 By shewing summes of gold, which in his tent
 Himselfe had hid. Thus he by banishment
 Or death, our strength impaires; for this preferd:
 So fights, so is *Vlysses* to bee feard.
 Though faithfull *Nestor* he in eloquence,
 Surpasse; his leauing *Nestor*, no defence
 Of words can salue: who slow with tired Age
 And wounded Steeds, implor'd to his ingage
Vlysses helpe; who left to oddes of foes
 His old acquaintance. This *Tydid* knowes
 For no forg'd crime; who vainely cald, to stay
 His trembling friend, reuiling his dismay.
 The Gods with iustice view our humane deeds.
 Who would not late assist, assistance needs:
 And now to be forsaken by the law
 Himselfe prescrib'd. He cry'd; I came, and saw
 The coward quaking, pale, about to yeeld
 His ghost for feare. I interpos'd my shield;
 Bestrid him as he lay; and from that strife
 Redeem'd (my least of praise) his coward life.
 But if thou wilt contend, reioyne we there;
 Reuoke the foe, thy wounds, and vsuall feare;
 Behind my target sculk: then plead. This man,
 Who reeld with wounds; freed, as vnwounded, ran.
 Now *Hector* came, and brought the Gods along;
 Rusht on all parts: not thou alone, the strong
 And best resolued shrink: so great a dread
 He drew on all. Him, as he triumph led
 Through blood and slaughter, with a mighty stone
 I struck to earth: Him I sustaind alone,
 When he to all so bold a challenge made;
 When for my lot you all deuoutly prayd,
 Nor pray'd in vaine: If you inquire the summe
 Of this our fight, I was not ouercome.
 With vengefull weapons, flames, and *Ioue*, the men
 Of *Troy* inuade our nauic: where was then
 Your eloquent *Vlysses*? I, euen I
 A thousand ships preseru'd; whereon relie

The hope of your returne. These armes for all
 Your Fleet afford. The meed more honour shall
 Receiue then giue : our glories iustly pease;
 These armes doe *Aiax* seek, not *Aiax* these.
Rhesus surpris, with ours let him compare;
 That poore Spie *Dolon's*, *Hellenus* despaire;
 The rapt *Palladium* : nothing done by day;
 He nothing worth, take *Diomed* away.
 If to such meane deserts these armes accrue;
 Deuide them: to *Tydid*es most is due.
 Why would he these? who still vnarmed goes,
 Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?
 This radiant Cask that shines with burnisht gold;
 Will his deceit, and lurking steps vnfold.
 His neck can scarce *Achilles* helmet beare;
 Nor can his feeble arme imploy this speare :
 His shield, whose orbe the figured world adorne;
 A cowards arme, inur'd to thecuing, scorne.
 O foole, that thus thy owne vndoing seekest!
 If giuen thee by th'error of the *Greekes*,
 It will not make thee dreadfull to thy foe;
 But be th'occasion of thy ouerthrow.
 And flight, wherein thou onely dost exceed,
 Clog'd with so huge a weight, will faile thy need.
 Besides, thy shield in battle rarely borne,
 Is yet entire : mine, all to hackt and torne
 With stormes of blowes, a new successor needs.
 What boots so many words? behold our deeds.
 These armes deliuer to the foes defence:
 And let him weare, that wins the prize from thence.

Here *Aiax* ends. The Souldier in the close
 A murmure rais'd; till *Ithacus* arose:
 Who hauing fixed on the earth a space
 His eyes, vnto the Princes rais'd his face;
 And now expected, spake vnto this sense;
 With all the grace of winning eloquence.

Grecians; if heauen, with yours, had heard my praire;
 So great a strife had found no doubtfull Heire:
 Th'hadst kept thy armes, *Achilles*, and wee thee.
 But since sterne Fate, auerse to you and mee,
 So coucted an Excellence denies;
 (With that appeares to weepe, and wipes his eyes)

Who great *Achilles* with more right succeeds,
 Then he, who gaue you great *Achilles* deeds?
 Let not his follie purchace your assent;
 Nor let my wit, in that so preualent
 For you, my losse incurre: nor hate incense,
 That for my selfe I arme my eloquence;
 (If I haue any) oft for you imploid.
 Let none the glorie of his owne auoid.
 For Ancestors, diuine originall,
 And deeds by vs not done, wee ours mis-call.
 Yet in that *Ajax* wants himselfe to bee
 Great-grandchild vnto *Ioue*; no lesse are wee.
Laertes was my Sire, *Arcefus* his;
 His, *Iupiter*: in this descent there is
 None damn'd nor banisht. By the venter I
 From *Hermes* spring: in both a Deitie.
 Not that more noble by the mothers side,
 Nor that my father had his hands vndide
 In brothers blood, doe I enforce this clame:
 Weigh but our worths; and censure by the same.
 That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,
 In *Ajax* is no merit. Not the Neere
 In birth, but Great in act, deserue this grace.
 Or if proximitie in blood haue place,
Peleus his father, *Pyrrhus* is his son:
 What right remaines for *Ajax Telamon*?
 To *Phthia* then, or *Scyros* carrie these.
Teucer is coozen to *Aeacides*.
 As well as he; yet stirres not he herein:
 Or if he should, should he the honour win?
 Then since our actions must our sute aduance;
 Although my deeds surmount my vtterance,
 Their abstract yet in order to relate:
Thetis, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate,
 Disguis'd her sonne: so like a virgin drest,
 That all mistooke, and *Ajax* with the rest.
 When, Armes, with womens trifles, that might blind
 Suspect, I brought to tempt a manly mind.
 Yet was the Heros virgin-like arraid;
 Who taking vp the speare and shield, I said:
 O Goddesse-borne, for thee the fate of *Troy*
 Her fall reserues: why doubts thou to destroy

Great *Pergamus*? then made him d'off those weeds:
 And sent the Mightie vnto mightie deeds.
 His acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus*
 Foild with our lance; the suppliant cur'd by vs.
 Strong *Thebes* we sackt: sackt *Lesbos* vs renounes.
Chrysa and *Tenedos* (*Apollo's* townes)
 With *Cilla*; Sea-girt *Syros*, in their falls
 Our fame aduance: we raz'd *Lyrnessu's* walls.
 To passe the rest; I gaue, who could subdue
 The braue *Priamides*: I *Hector* slue.
 For th'armes that found *Achilles*, these I craue:
 He dead, I aske but what, aliue, I gaue.
 The grieue of one, with all the *Greekes* preuailes:
Euhoian Aulis held a thousand sailes.
 The long-expected winds opposed stand,
 Or sleepe in calmes. When cruell Fates command
 Afflicted *Agamemnon* to asswage
 With *Iphigenia's* death, *Diana's* rage.
 But he dissent; the Gods themselues reprocues:
 And in a King a fathers passion moues.
 His noble disposition nere the lesse
 I to the publick wonne: and must confesse
 (*Atrides*, pardon;) we did prosecute
 Before a partiall iudge a hatefull sute.
 Yet him his brother, scepter, publick good
 Perswade to purchase endlesse praise with blood.
 Then went I to the mother for her child:
 Now not to be exhorted, but beguild.
 Had *Ajax* thither gone, our flagging sailes
 Not yet had sweld with still-expected gales.
 Then on a bold embassage I was sent
 To haughtie *Troy*: to th'*Ilian* Court I went,
 Yet full of men: and fearelesse, vrg'd at large
 The common cause committed to my charge.
 False *Paris* I accuse: rapt *Helena*
 I re-demand, with all they bore away.
 Old *Priam* and *Antenor* iust appeare.
 But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were
 His followers in that stealth, from wicked blowes
 Could scarce refraine. This *Menelaus* knowes.
 The first of dangers wherein you and I
 Together ioyn'd. But what my policie

And force perform'd, behoofefull to this State,
 In that long warre, too long is to relate.
 The first great battle fought, our warie foes
 Long liue immur'd: nor durst their powers expose.
 Nine yeeres expir'd, warres all the fields affright.
 Meane-while what didst thou, onely fit to fight?
 What vse of thee? inquire my actions; I
 The foe intrap, our trenches fortifie,
 Incouraging the wearie Souldiar
 To brooke the tediousnesse of lingring warre
 With faire expectance: reach them wayes to feed,
 And arts to fight. Imploide at euery need.
 The King deluded in his sleepe by *Ioue*,
 Bids vs the care of future warre remoue.
 The author was his strong apologie.
Aiax should haue with-stood: the sack of *Troy*
 He should haue vrg'd; and, what he could, haue fought.
 Why was the nobler seege by him vn-sought?
 Why arm'd he not? a speech he might haue made,
 That would the wauering multitude haue staid:
 To him not difficult, who lookes so high,
 And speakes so big. What, if himselfe did flie?
 I saw, and sham'd to see thee turne thy back
 To hoise thy sailes vnto thy honours wrack.
 What doe you? ô what madnesse, mates, said I,
 Prouokes you to abandon yeelding *Troy*?
 Ten yeeres nigh spent, what will you beare away
 But infamie? I this, and more did say;
 Wherein my sorrow made mee eloquent:
 And from the flying Fleet turnd their consent.
 The King a Councell calls; distrusts afford
 No sound aduice: durst *Aiax* speake a word?
 When base *Thersites* durst the King prouoke
 With bitter words: who felt my scepters stroke.
 Their doubts with hope of conquest I inspire:
 And set their fainting courages on fire.
 Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right
 To me belongs, that thus reuok't his flight.
 Besides, what one of all the wiser *Greekes*
 Commends thee; or thy conuersation seekes?
Tydides vs approues, builds on our will;
 Is confident in his *Vlysses* still.

Among a million, 'tis a grace for me
 To be his consort; and the choice so free.
 The danger of the foe, and night despisd;
 I *Dolon*, then a counter-scout, surprisd:
 Nor slue him, till I forc't his bosom to;
 Informed what perfidious *Troy* would doe.
 All knowne, and nothing left to be inquir'd;
 I now with praise enough might haue retir'd.
 Yet not so satisfide, I forward went;
 And *Rhesus* slue, with his, in his owne tent.
 When like a Victor, on his charriot I
 Returnd in triumph. Can you then denie
Achilles armes, whose horses were assign'd
 For one nights hazard? *Ajax* is more kind.
 What should I of *Sarpedons* forces tell,
 O'r-throwne by vs? by vs *Ceranos* fell,
Iphitides, *Alastor*, *Chromius*,
Alcander, *Prytanis*, *Noëmonus*,
Halius, stout *Thoön*, bold *Pheridamas*,
 With *Charope*: *Eunomon's* fatall Passè
 Sign'd by my lance: and many more in view
 Of hostile *Troy*, of meaner ranke, I slue.
 And I, ô Countrymen, haue honour'd wounds,
 Faire in their scarres: nor trust to emptie sounds;
 Behold (said he, with that his bosom bares)
 This brest, still exercis'd in your affaires.
 No drop of blood in all these lengthfull warres
 For *Greece* hath *Ajax* shed: shew he his scarres.
 What boots it, though his deeds his brags approue;
 That for our fleete he fought with *Troy* and *Ioue*?
 I grant, he did so: nor will wee detract
 With hated enuie from a noble act.
 So he ingrosse not to himselfe alone
 A common praise, but render vs our owne.
Actorides (for great *Achilles* held)
Troy's flames and Fautor from our ships repeld.
 He thinks, he onely able, could alone
 Incounter *Hectors* opposition:
 The King, his brother, and my selfe forgot
 Of nine the last, and but preferd by lot.
 But what euent, ô great in valour, crown'd
 Your doughtie combat? *Hector* had no wound.

Woe's me ! with what a tide of griefe I call
 That time to mind; wherein the *Gracian* Wall,
Achilles, fell ! teares, feares, nor sorrow staid
 My forward zeale; his raised corps I laid
 Vpon these shoulders: these, euen these did beare
 Him and his armes; which now I hope to weare.
 Our strength sufficient is for such a weight:
 Our knowledge can your bountie explicate.
 Was *Thetis* so ambitious for her Son;
 That such a brainlesse Souldier should put on
 This heavenly gift, of so diuine a frame?
 Whose figured shield his ignorance would shame.
 Wherein, the Ocean; Earth with cities crownd,
 Skies with their starres; cold *Arctos* neuer drownd,
 Sword-girt *Orion*, sad *Pleiades*;
 The rainie *Kids*. He seeks, yet knowes not, these.
 Vpbraids he me, that I this warre did shun,
 And time deferd till others had begun?
 Nor can consider how he wounds in me
Achilles honour. If a crime it be
 To counterfeit; we ioyne in that defame:
 If, in that tardie; I before him came.
 Me, my kind wife; his mother him with-drew:
 Our flowre to them we gaue; the fruit to you.
 Nor feare I, should I quit my owne defence,
 To suffer with so cleare an Excellence.
 Not *Ajax* wit reueald *Vlysses*; yet
 Reueald *Achilles* was *Vlysses* wit.
 Least I should wonder, why his foolish tongue
 Should slander me, he you vpbraids with wrong.
 Was guiltlesse *Palamed* accus'd by me
 To my defame? nor must his sentence be
 To you reprochfull? neither *Nauplius* Seed
 Could iustifie so euident a deed:
 Nor did your eares informe your faculties;
 The hire of treason laid before your eyes.
Peantius in *Lemnos* left, was none
 Of my offence; doe you defend your owne:
 You to his stay consented. Yet, how'ere,
 I must confesse I aduiz'd him to forbear
 The trauels of long warre: and to appease
 The anguish of his bitter wound with ease.

He did : he liues. Th'aduice was good : successe
 As fortunate approues it for no lesse.
 Since Fate designs him for the fall of *Troy* :
 Spare me, and *Ajax* industrie imploy.
 His tongue the mad with wrath and anguish will
 Appease : hee'l fetch him with some reach of skill.
 First *Simois* shall retire, *Idé* want a shade,
Achaia promise to the *Troians* aide;
 E're my endeouours in your seruice faile,
 And sottish *Ajax*, with his wit, preuaile.
 And, *Philoctetes*, though obdure thou bee,
 Incenst against the King, these Lords, and me;
 Though curses lighten from thy lips, though still
 Thou couet my accesse, my blood to spill;
 Yet I'll attempt thee : and will bring thee back;
 That neither may his eager wishes lack.
 Thy shafts I must possesse (so Fauour Fate)
 As I posselt the *Dardan* Prophet late;
 As I vnknit the *Troian* destinie,
 And doubtfull answer of the Gods; as I,
 Amid a world of foes, the fatall Signe
 Of *Phrygian Pallas* rauisht from her shrine.
 Compare with mee will *Ajax*? this vntane,
Troy's hopt-for expugnation had beene vaine.
 Where was strong *Ajax*? where the glorious boast
 Of that great Souldier? why in terror lost?
 How durst *Vlysses* trust himselfe to night,
 Passe through the watch, their threatning weapons flight?
 The walls not onely, but the highest towre
 Of *Ilium* scale : and from her Fane the Powre
 That beares their fate inforce : and with this prey,
 Repasse the dangers of that horrid way?
 Which had not Iatchieued, Yet in Field
 Had *Ajax* vainly borne his seuen-fold Shield.
 That night *Troy* fell before *Laertes* son :
 Won, when I made it that it might be won.
 Forbeare to mutter; nor with nodding gaze
 On *Diomed* : he shares in equall praise.
 Nor for our Nauie didst thou fight alone :
 Thou by an host assisted, I by one.
 He knew that wisdom valour should command;
 That this belong'd not to a strenuous hand :

Else

Else he himselfe had ioyn'd in our debate;
 Or th'other *Ajax*, far more moderate;
 Braue *Thoas*, fierce *Eurypylus*; with these
Idomeneus and *Meriones*
 Of *Creet*; or *Menelaus*. For they are,
 As strong, nor second vnto thee in warre:
 Yet yeeld to our aduise. Thou, fit for fight,
 Dost need my reason to direct thy might.
 Thy valour wants fore-cast; my studious care
 Respects the future: thou can'st fight thy share;
 The time and place must be by vs assign'd:
 Thou only strong in bodie; I in mind.
 As skilfull Pilots those surpasse, who row;
 As wise Commanders, common souldiers; so
 I thee excell. Our vertue is lesse great
 In brawne then braine: this vigorously compleat.
 Then \hat{o} remunerate my vigilance:
 And, Princes, for so many yeeres expence
 In anxious cares, this dignitie extend
 To my deserts. Our worke is at an end:
 With-standing fates remou'd: I, in that I
 Haue made it fefable, haue taken *Troy*.
 Now by our mutuall hopes, *Troy's* ouerthrow,
 Those Gods which late I rauisht from the foe;
 If ought remaine to be discreetly done,
 That courage craues, through danger to be won;
 If in the *Ilian* destinie there bee
 A knot yet to vnknit; remember mee.
 Or if you can forget; these Armes resigne
 To this: and shewes *Minerua's* fatall Signe.

The Chiefes were mou'd. Here words approu'd their
 The Eloquent the Valiant now disarmes. (charmes:
 Hee who alone, *Ioue*, *Hector*, sword and fire
 So oft sustaind; yeelds to one brunt of ire.
 Th'vnconquered, sorrow conquers. Then his blade
 In hast vnsheathes: Sure thou art mine, he said;
 Or seekes *Vlysses* this? this shall conclude
 All sense of wrong. And thee, so oft imbrude
 In *Phrygian* blood, thy Lord's must now imbrue:
 That none but *Ajax Ajax* may subdue.
 This said; his brest, till then with wounds vngor'd,
 The deadly sword, where it could enter, bor'd.

Nor

Nor could his strength the fixed Steele reuell;
Expeld by gushing gore. The blood that fell,
A purple flowre-ingendred on the ground:
Created first by *Hyacinthus* wound.

The tender leaues indifferent letters paint;

Both of His name, and of the Gods complaint. *Anthony's name on this y. 7th Complaint*

The Conqueror, now hoysing sailes, doth stand

For chaste *Hypsiphile's*, and *Thoas* land;

(Defam'd by womens vengefull violence)

To fetch the shafts of *Hercules* from thence.

These, with their owner, to the camp conuaid,

On that long warre a finall hand they laid.

Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.

Th'vnhappie wife of *Priam* after all,

Her humane figure lost: whose rauing Sprite

And vncouth howlings forrein fields affright.

The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungrie fire

To narrow *Hellepont*; nor there expire.

That little blood which *Priams* age could shed,

Ioues altar drinke. By her annoited head

Apollos Priest they drag; her hands in vaine

To heauen vpheld. The Victor *Greekes* constraime

The *Dardan* Dames; a deadly-hating prey:

Who imbrace their cuntry Gods; and while they may,

Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence

Astyanax threw from that towre; from whence

He had seene his father, by his mother showne,

Fight for his Kingdomes safetie, and his owne.

North-winds to seas inuite, and prosperous gales

Sing in their shrowds: they hast to trim their sailes.

The *Troian* Ladies cry, Deare soyle farewell!

Wee are hal'd to loth'd captiuitie! then fell

On kissed earth: and leaue, with much delay,

Their countries smoking ruines. *Hecuba*

Her sad departure to the last deferres:

Now found among her childrens sepulchers,

(A sight of ruth!) spread on their tombs: there wailes;

Their cold bones kissing: whom *Vlysses* hales

From that sad comfort. Some of *Hectors* dust,

Vp-snatcht, deliuers to her bosoms trust.

Vpon his tomb she left her horie haires

(A poore oblation!) mingled with her teares.

Oppos'd to *Ilium's* ruines lyes a land,
 Till'd by the *Bistones*; in the Command
 Of *Polymnestor*. Danger to prevent,
 To him his father *Polydorus* sent.
 And wisely; had he not withall confign'd
 A masse of gold, to tempt his greedie mind.
 His foster-child; when lingring *Ilium* drew
 To her last date, the *Thracian* Tyrant flew.
 Whom, as if he his murder with the slaine
 Could cast away, he casts into the maine.
 Now rood *Atrides* at the *Thracian* shore;
 Till winds forbore to storme, and seas to rore.
 When from the yawning earth *Achilles* rose;
 Like mightie as in life: whose lookes disclose
 As sterne a wrath, as when his lawlesse blade
 Was on *Atrides* drawne; and frowning, said:

You *Greekes*, of me vnmindfull; can you thus
 From hence depart? shall our deserts with vs
 Lodge in obliuion? Proue not so ingrate.

With slaine *Polixena* regratulate
 Our Sepulcher: 'tis she I couet most:
 A sacrifice, that will appease our Ghost.

Then vanisht. They th'vngentle Sprite obaid;
 And from her Mothers bosom drew the Maid,
 (High-sould, vnhappie, more then feminine,)
 To his resembled tomb; with life to signe
 Infernall Dues. Of her high birth she thought:
 And now vnto the bloodie altar brought;
 Seeing the sacrifice for her prepar'd,
 And that *Neoptolemus* vpon her star'd
 With sword aduanc't; she said; vntoucht with dread:

Our generous blood to your intentions shed:
 Dispatch; I am readie; in my throte or brest
 Your weapon sheath. (With that, with-drew her vest.)
Polixena doth seruitude despise:

And yet no God affects such sacrifice.
 I onely wish my death might be vnknowne
 To my afflicted mother. She alone
 Disturbs the ioyes of death: though *Priams* wife
 My death should lesse bewaile, then her owne life.
 Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid:
 That my free soule may to the *Stygian* shade

Vntainted passe. If this be iust, remoue
 Your hand: I shall more acceptable proue
 Vnto that God or Ghost, what ere he bee
 To whom I am offer'd, if my blood be free.
 And if a dying tongue preuaile at all;
 I, late great *Priams* daughter, now a thrall,
 Sollicit that my corps may not be sold;
 But giuen my mother: nor exchange for gold
 Sad rites of sepulture. In former yeares
 Sh'had gold to giue, now poore, accept her teares.

This hauing said; for her, that would not weepe,
 The People wept: the Priest could hardly keepe
 His eyes from teares; yet did what he abhord;
 And in her proffered bosom thrust his sword.
 On doubling knees shee sinks, with silent breath;
 And chearefully incounters smild on Death.
 Then when shee fell, shee had a care to hide
 What should be hid; and chastly-decent dide.
 Her corps was carried by the *Troian* dames:
 Who in a funerall song repeat the names
 Of *Priams* mourn'd-for Seed; what streams of gore
 One House had spent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:
 And thee, ô royall Wife, entitled late
 The mother Queene, and Glorie of that State:
 A Captiue now, cast by a scorned lot
 On victor *Ithacus*; refus'd, if not
 For bearing *Hector*: *Hector*, so renound,
 A master hardly for his mother found.
 Shee hug's the corps that such a spirit kept.
 Who for her countrie, children, husband, wept
 So oft; now weepes for her: her lips comprest,
 Her wounds fils with her teares. Then beats her brest:
 Her hoarie haire besmeard with clotted gore,
 And bosom torne, this spake she; and much more.

Poore daughter, our last sorrow: (what is left
 For Fortunes spight!) by bloody death bereft.
 On thee I see my wounds. That none of mine
 May woundlesse dye, these wounds thy bosom signe.
 In that a woman, thee I held secur'd:
 But thou, a woman, suffer'st by the sword.
 This Bane of *Troy*, our Depriuation, who
 So many of thy princely brothers sluc;

Hath flaine thee also. When his life was laid
 By *Paris* and *Apollo's* shafts, I said,
 Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.
 Now dead, to vs as dreadfull as before.
 Against my race his ashes raues: his tomb
 Presents a foe. O my vnhappie womb!
 T'his furie fruitfull! Ruind *Troy* descends;
 And sad successe the publick sorrow ends:
 Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone
 To vs remains: our sorrowes freshly grone:
 I, erst so potent and so fortunate
 In husband, sons, and height of humane State;
 To exile now am hal'd: despisd, and torne
 From my owne sepulchers: from *Phrygia* borne
 To serue *Penelope*; that while I sew
 Or spin at her commandment, she may shew
 Her slaue to *Itacensian* dames, and say,
 Loe, *Hectors* mother, *Priam's Hecuba*.
 My sorrowes sole reliefe, so many lost,
 Is offerd to appease an hostile Ghost.
 Infernall sacrifices to the dead,
 Euen to my foe, my cursed womb hath bred.
 Hard heart, why breakst thou not? what hopes ingage
 Thy expectation? Mischieuous Old-age,
 For what reseru'st thou me? You cruell Powres,
 Why lengthen you a poore old womans howres
 To see new funerals? O *Priam*, I
 May call thee happie, after ruin'd *Troy*.
 Happie in death. Thou seest not this sad fate:
 Thou lost thy life together with thy state.
 Rich funerals attend thee, royall Maid:
 And by thy Ancestours thou shalt be laid.
 O no! thy mothers teares, a heape of sand,
 Must now content thee in a forrein land.
 All, all is lost! Yet liues a little Boy
 My last, and yongest ioy, when I could ioy;
 For whom I condescend to liue a space;
 Here foster'd by the courteous King of *Thrace*.
 Meane while why stay we with the cleansing flood
 To wash these wounds, and lookes besmeard with blood?
 Then with an aged pace, her horie haire
 All torne and scattred, to the sea repaires.

And

And while the wretched said; You *Troades*,
A pitcher bring to draw the brinish Seas :
She saw th'eiected corps of *Polydor*
Stuck full of wounds vpon the beachie shore.
The Ladies shreek; she dumb with sorrow stood :
Internall grieffe her voice, her teares, her blood,
At once deuourd. And now, as if intranc't,
Stares on the earth; sometimes to heauen aduanc't
Her scouling browes : oft on his visage gaz'd;
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,
Arm'd, and instructed; all on vengeance bent,
Still Queen-like, destinates his punishment.
And as a *Lyonesse*, rob'd of her yong,
Persues the vnseene-hunters steps : so, stung
With furie, when her sorrow with her rage
Had ioyn'd their powres; vnmindfull of her age,
But not of former greatnesse, ran with speed
To *Polymnestor*, author of this deed.
And crauing conference, the Tyrant told
How she would shew him summes of hidden gold
To giue her *Polydor*. This held for true;
He thirstie of his prey, with her with-drew.
And flattering her thus craftily begun :
Delay not, *Hecuba*, t' enrich thy son :
By all the Gods we iustly will restore
What thou shalt giue, and what thou gau'st before.
She with a truculent aspect beheld
The falsely swearing King : with anger sweld.
Then calls the captiue dames, vpon him flies;
Who hides her fingers in his periur'd eyes,
Extracts his eye-balls : more then vsuall strong
With thirstie vengeance, and the sense of wrong,
Her hand drownes in his skull; the roots vp-tore
Of his lost sight, imbrude with guiltie gore.
The men of *Thrace* incensed for their King,
Weapons and stones at *Hecuba* now fling.
She, gnarling, bites the followed flints : her chaps,
For speech extended, bark. Of whose mis-haps
That place is nam'd. She, mindfull of her old
Mis-fortunes, in *Sithonian* deserts howld.
Kind *Troians*, *Gracian* foes, both loue and hate;
Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate.

So

So all, as *Iuno* did to this descend;
That *Hecuba* deseru'd not such an end.

Aurora had no leasure to lament
(Although those armes she fauourd) the euent
Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domesticall
And neerer grieffe, afflicts her for the fall
Of *Memnon*; who *Achilles* lance imbrude
In *Phrygian* fields. This as the Goddesse viewd,
The rosie die, that deckt the Mornes vp-rise
Grew forth-with pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.
Nor could indure to see his bodie laid
On funerall flames: but with her haire displaid,
As in that season, to high *Ioue* repaires;
And kneeling, thus, with teares, vnfoldes her cares.

To all inferior, whom the skie sustaines
(For mortals rarely honour me with Fanes)
A Goddesse yet, I come: not to desire
Shrines, Festiualls, nor Altars fraught with fire;
Yet should you weigh what I, a woman, doe,
That Night confine, and sacred Day reneue,
I merit such: such sute not now our state;
Nor such desires infect the desolate.
Of *Memnon* rob'd, who glorious armes in vaine
Bare for his vnkle, by *Achilles* flaine
In flowre of youth (so would you Gods) come I.
O chiefe of Powres, a mothers sorrow, by
Some honour giuen him, lessen: death with fame
Recomfort! *Ioue* assents. When greedie flame
Deuour'd the funerall Pile; and curling fumes
Day ouer-cast: as when bright Sol assumes
From streames thick vapors, nor is scene below.
The flying, dying sparkles ioyntly grow
Into one bodie. Colour, forme, life, spring
To it from fire, which leuitie doth wing.
First like a fowle, forth-with a fowle indeed:
Innumerable sisters of that breed
Together whiske their feathers. Thrice they round
The funerall Pile; thrice raise a mournfull sound.
In two battalions then diuide their flight;
And like two strenuous nations fiercely fight:
Their opposites with beake and tallons rend;
Cuffe with their wings; in sacrifice descend,

Now

Now dying, on the ashes of the dead :
 Remembring they were of the Valiant bred,
 These new-sprung fowle, men of their author call
Memnonides. No sooner *Sol* through all
 The Signes returnes; but they reioyne againe
 In ciuill warre, and dye vpon the flaine.
 While others therefore doe commiserate
 Poore barking *Hecuba* in her chang'd fate:
Aurora her owne grieffe intends; renews
 Her pious teares, which fall on earth in dewes.

Yet fates resist that all the hopes of *Troy*
 Should perish with her towres. The Son and Ioy
 Of *Cytherea*, with his household Gods,
 And aged Sire, his pious shoulders lodes.
 Of so great wealth he onely chose that prize,
 And his *Ascanius*: from *Antandros* flies
 By seas, and shuns the wicked *Thracian* shore,
 Defil'd with blood of murdered *Polydor*:
 With prosperous winds arriuing with his traine
 At *Phæbus* towne, where *Anius* then did raigne,
Apollo's holy Priest; who, with the rest,
 Into the Temple leades his honour'd Guest:
 The citie, with the sacred places, shoves;
 And trees held by *Latona* in her throwes.
 Incense on flames, and wine on incense powr'd;
 Entrailles of slaughtred beeuies by fire deuour'd;
 His Guests conducts to Court: on carpet spred,
 With *Ceres* and *Lyæus* bountie fed.
 When thus *Anchises*: ô to *Phæbus* deare!
 I am deceiu'd; or, when I first was here,
 Foure daughters and a son thy solace crownd.
 He shooke his head, with sacred fillets bound;
 And sighing said: ô most renound of men,
 I was the father of fiue children then:
 Whom now (such as the change of things!) you see
 Halfe childlesse: for my absent sonne to mee
 Is of small comfort; who, my Vice-roy, raignes
 In sea-girt *Andros*, which his name retaines.
 Him, *Delius* with prophetick skill inspir'd.
 A gift past credit, still to be admir'd,
 My daughters *Bacchus* gaue; aboue their sute:
 That all they toucht should presently transmute

To

To wine, to corne, and to *Minerua's* oyle.
 Rich in the vse. To purchase such a spoyle,
 Great *Troy's* Depopulator, *Atreus* Heire,
 (Least you should think we haue not borne a share
 In your mis-haps) with armed violence
 Inforc't them from me: charged to dispence
 That heavenly gift vnto th' *Argolian* Host.
 They scape by flight: two to *Eubæa* coast;
 Two fled to *Andros*: these the Souldier
 Persude, and threaten (if vnrender'd) warre.
 Feare nature now subdude: his sisters were
 By him resign'd; forgiue a brothers feare.
 Not *Hector* nor *Aeneas* then were by
 To guard his towne, who so long guarded *Troy*.
 About to bind their captiue armes in bands;
 Rearing to heauen their yet vnchained hands,
 O father *Bacchus* helpe! While thus they praid,
 The Author of that gift presents his aid.
 (If such a losse may be accounted so)
 Yet how they lost their shapes I could not know;
 Nor yet can tell. It selfe the sequel proues;
 Conuerted to thy Wiues white-featherd Doues.

With such discourse they entertaine the feast:
 That ra'ne away, dispose themselues to rest.
 With day they rose; the Oracle exquire:
 Who bids them to their antient Nurse retire,
 And kinred-shores. With them the King conuents,
 And their departure with rich gifts presents.
 A scepter to *Anchises* giues: a braue
 Rich cloke, a quiuer, t' *Ascanius* gaue:
 A figur'd goblet on *Aeneas* prest;
 By *Theban Therses* sent him, once his Guest.
Mylean Alcon made what *Therses* sent;
 And caru'd thereon this ample argument.

A Citie with seuen gates of equall grace;
 These plainly character the name, and place.
 Before it, exequies, tombs, piles, bright fires.
 Dames with spredhaire, bare brests, and torne attires,
 Decipher mourning: Nymphs appeare to weep
 For their drie Springs: sap-searing cankers creep
 On naked trees: Goats lick the foodlesse earth.
 In midst of *Thebes*, *Orion's* female birth

Vndanted stand: This proffers to the sword
 Her manly brest; Her hands her death afford,
 For common safetie. All the people mourne;
 And with due funerals their bodies burne.
 Yet least the world should such a linage lose,
 Two youths out of their virgin ashes rose.
 These Orphans wandring Fame *Corone* calls:
 Who celebrate their mothers funeralls.
 The antick brasse with fulgent figures shin'd:
 Whose brim neat wreaths of guilt *Acanthus* bind.

Nor were the *Troians* gifts of lesse expence:
 Who gaue a Censor for sweet frankincense,
 An ample Chalice of a curious mold;
 With these a crowne, that shone with gemmes and gold.

In that the *Teucrans* sprung from *Teucers* blood,
 They saile to *Creet*: but *Ioue* their stay with-stood.
 Leauing those hundred Cities, now they stand
 For wisht *Ausonia's* destinated strand.
 Toft by rough Winter and the wrath of seas,
 They anchor at the faithlesse *Strophades*.
 Thence frighted by *Aello*; saile away
 By steepe *Dulichium*, stonie *Ithaca*,
Samus, high *Neritus* clasp'd by the Maine;
 All subiect to the slye *Vlysses* raigne.
 Then at *Ambracia* touch, the strife and grudge
 Of angrie Gods; the image of the Iudge
 Behold, by them conuerted into stone:
 Now to *Actiacan Apollo* knowne.
 Then the *Dodonean* vocall Oke they view;
Chaonia, where *Molossus* children flew
 With aidfull feathers from the impious flame;
 Next to *Phaacia*, rich in hort-yards, came;
 Then to *Epirus*: at *Buthrotos* staid,
 Whose scepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet swaid;
 And see resembled *Troy*. Fore-told of all
 By *Priam's Helenus*, that would befall,
 They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends
 Into circumfluent Seas. *Pachynus* bends
 To showrie *Auster*; flowrie *Zephyr* blowes
 On *Lilybaum's* browes; *Pelorus* showes
 His Cliffes to *Boreas*, and the Sea-expeld
Arcturus. Vnder this their course they held

With stretching oares; and fauour'd by the tide,
 That night in *Zanclé's* crooked harbor ride:
 The right-side dangerous *Scylla*, turbulent
Charybdis keeps the left; on ruine bent.
 Shee belches swallowed ships from her profound
 Her sable womb, dogs, euen rau'ning, round;
 Yet beares a virgins face: if all be true
 That Poets sing, she was a virgin too.
 By many sought, as many she despis'd:
 To Nymphs of Seas, of Sea-nymphs highly priz'd,
 She beares her vizets; and to them discouers
 The historie of her deluded louers.
 To whom thus *Galatée*, fighting, said;
 While *Scylla* comb'd her haire. You, louely Maid,
 Are lou'd of generous-minded men, whom you
 With safetic may refuse, as now you doe.
 But I, great *Nereus* and blue *Doris* Seede,
 Great in so many sisters of that breede;
 By shunning of the *Cyclops* loue prouokt
 A sad reuenge. Here teares her utterance chokt.
 These cleans'd by the marble-finger'd maid;
 Who, hauing comforted the Goddesse, said:
 Relate, ô most ador'd, nor from me keepe
 The wretched cause that makes a Goddesse weepe;
 For I am faithfull. *Nereis* consents,
 And thus her griefe to *Cratis* daughter vents.
 The Nymph *Simethis* bore a louely Boy
 To *Faunus*, *Acis* call'd; to them a ioy;
 To vs a greater. For the sweetly-Faire
 To me an innocent affection bare.
 His blooming youth twice-told eight Natals crowne,
 And signe his cheekes with scarce-appearing downe.
 As I the gentle boy, so *Polypheme*
 My loue persude; vnlike, a like extreme.
 Whether my loue to *Acis*, or my hate
 To him were more, I hardly can relate.
 Both infinite! ô *Venus*, what a powre
 Hath thy command! He, still austere and sowre,
 A terror to the woods, from whom no guest
 With life escapes, accustomed to feast
 On humane flesh; who all the Gods about,
 With them *Olympus* scorn'd; now stoops to loue.

Forget-

Forgetfull of his flocks and caues, a fire
 Feedes in his breast, conuerts into desire.
 His feature now intends, now bends his care
 To please: with rakes he combs his stubborne haire;
 His bristles barbes with scithes: and by the brook's
 Vnsolid mirror calmes his dreadfull lookes:
 His thirst of blood, and loue of slaughter cease;
 Lesse cruell now: ships come and goe in peace.
 When *Telemus* came from *Sicilian* seas,
 Augurious *Telemus* *Eurymides*,
 And said to *Polypheme*, thy browes large sight
 Shall by *Vlysses* be depriu'd of light.
 O foole, he laughing said, thou tell'st a lye;
 A female hath alreadie stolne that eye.
 Thus flouts the Prophets true prediction:
 And with extended paces stalks vpon
 The burnd shore; or wearie, from the waue-
 Bet beach retireth to his gloomie caue,
 A promontorie thrusts into the maine;
 Whose cliffie sides the breaking Seas restraine:
 The *Cyclop* this ascends: whose fleecie flock
 Vnforced follow. Seated on a rock;
 His staffe, a well-growne Pine, before him cast,
 Sufficient for a yard-supporting mast;
 He blowes his hundred reeds: whose squeaking fils
 The far-resounding Seas, and ecchoing hils.
 Hid in a hollow rock, and laid along
 By *Acis* side, I heard him sing this song.

O *Galatea*, more then lillye-white,
 More fresh then flowrie meads, then glasse more bright,
 Higher then Alder trees, then kids more blithe,
 Smoother then shels whereon the surges driue,
 More wisht then winters Sun, or Summers aire,
 More sweet then grapes, then apples farre more rare,
 Clearer then Ice, more seemely then tall Planes,
 Softer then tender curds, or downe of Swans,
 More faire, if fixt, then gardens by the fall
 Of springs in hac't. Though thus, thou art withall
 More fierce then saluage bulls, who know no yoke,
 Then waues more giddie, harder then the oke,
 Then vines or willow twigs more eas-lie bent,
 More stiffe then rocks, then streames more violent,

Prouder then peacocks prais'd, more rash then fire;
 Then Beares more cruell, sharper then the brier,
 Deafer then Seas, more fell then trod-on snake;
 And, if I could, what I would from thee take,
 More speedie then the hound-persued Hind,
 Or chased clouds, or then the flying wind.
 If knowne to thee, thou wouldst thy flight repent;
 Curse thy delay, and labour my content.
 For I haue caues within the liuing stone;
 To Summers heat, and Winters cold vnknowne:
 Trees charg'd with apples; spreading vines that hold
 A purple grape, and grapes resembling gold.
 For thee I these preserue, affected Maid.
 Thou strawberries shalt gather in the shade,
 Autumnal cornels, plummes with azure rind,
 And wax-like yellow of a generous kind;
 Nor shalt thou chest-nuts want, if mine thou bee,
 Nor scalded wildings: seru'd by euery tree.
 These flocks are ours: in vallies many stray,
 Woods many shade, at home as many stay.
 Nor can I, should you aske, their number tell:
 Who number theirs, are poore. How these excell,
 Belieue not me, but credit your owne eyes:
 See how their vdders part their stradling thighes.
 I in my sheepe-coats haue new-weaned lambs;
 And frisking kids late taken from their dams.
 New milke, fresh curds and creame, with cheese well prest,
 Are neuer wanting for thy pallats feast.
 Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
 Of easie purchace, or what are not rare:
 Deere, read and fallow, Roes, light-footed hares,
 Nests scal'd from cliffes, and doves produc't by paires.
 A rugged Beares rough twins I found vpon
 The mountaine late, scarce from each other knowne,
 For thee to play with: finding these, I said,
 My Mistris you shall serue. Come louely Maid,
 Come *Galatea*, from the surges rise,
 Bright as the Morning; nor our gifts despise.
 I know my selfe; my image in the brooke
 I lately saw, and therein pleasure tooke.
 Behold, how great! not *Iupiter* aboue
 (For much you talke I know not of what *Ioue*)

Is larger siz'd : curles, on my browes displaid,
 Affright; and like a groue my shoulders shade.
 Nor let it your esteeme of me impaire,
 That all my bodie bristles with thick haire.
 Trees without leaues, and horses without manes,
 Are sights vnseemely : grasse adorne the plaines,
 Wooll sheepe, and feathers fowle. A manly face
 A beard becomes : the skin rough bristles grace.
 Amid my fore-head shines one onely light;
 Round, like a mightie shield, and cleere of fight.
 The Sun all objects sees beneath the skie :
 And yet behold, the Sun hath but one eye.
 Besides, your Seas obey my fathers throne :
 I giue you him for yours. Doe you alone
 Vouchsafe me pitie, and your suppliant heare :
 To you I onely bow; you onely feare.
 Heauen, *Iupiter*, his lightning I despise:
 More dread the lightning of thy angrie eyes.
 And yet your scorne my patience lesse would moue,
 Were all contemn'd. Why should you *Acis* loue,
 And slight the *Cyclop*? why to him more free?
 Although himselfe he please; and pleaseth thee,
 (Which frets me most) could I your darling get,
 He then should find my strength and me like great.
 His guts I would extract, squeeze out his braines,
 Throw his disseuered limmes about the plaines :
 And if with thee he mingle, mixe thy waue
 With his hot blood; and make thy deepe his graue.
 For ô, I frye! despisd affection burnes
 With greater rage : my All to *Aetna* turnes,
 And all her flames are in my bosom pent :
 Yet *Galatea*, wilt not thou relent.

This said, he rose; (for I beheld him well.)
 Nor could stand still; but terrible and fell,
 Hurries about the woods and well knowne coast;
 Much like a bull that hath his heifer lost.
 Who me and *Acis*, too secure, espy'd :
 And with a voice that sutes a *Cyclop*, cry'd,
 This houre shall bee the last of all your ioyes.
 Affrighted *Aetna* rored with the noise.
 I vnder water diu'd : he flying said;
 Helpe *Galatea*! you, ô parents, aid

The vtterly vndone; and entertaine
 Your issue in the Empire where you raigne.
 A torne-off rock the following *Cyclop* threw:
 Whose vtter edge o'r-whelmed *Acis* flew.
 We did, what could be licensed by Fate:
 Resuming *Acis* to his Grand-fires state.
 The purple blood from that deppressure fled;
 Which presently forsooke the natiue red:
 First like a raine-discoloured streame appeares;
 Then christaline. The rock in sunder teares:
 Whose crannies with vp-starting reeds abound;
 And in the breach insulting waues resound:
 From whence a youth arose aboue the wast;
 His horned browes with quiuering reeds imbract.
 'Twas wonderous strange: but that his lookes appeare
 More blew, and he more great, it *Acis* were.
 And so it was: although he now became
 A liuing streame, which still preserues his name.

Here *Galatea* ends; th'assembly brake:
 To smiling Seas the Nymphs themselues betake;
Scylla returning, dares not trust the Deepes:
 But naked, nigh the thirstie grauell keepes;
 Or wearie, in the more-sequestred waues
 Her comely limmes with cooling water laues.
 Loe, *Glaucus* in the Sea but lately knowne,
 Transformed neere *Eubæan Anthedon*,
 Through sliced waues arriues: rapt with her sight,
 By gentle words attempts to stay her flight.
 She faster fled: who swift with feare ascends
 A loftie hill, which neere the shore extends:
 Whose round congested summit, crown'd with wood,
 Did ouer-peere the vnder-swelling flood.
 There staves, secured by the place; nor knew
 If God, or Monster: much admires his hiew,
 His spreading locks, which all his shoulders veile;
 And hinder parts, that beare a fishes taile.
 Perceiued; leaning on a rock, he said:
 I am no beast, nor prodigic, faire Maid:
 Not *Proteus*, *Triton*, *Athamanti'des*,
 Are greater Gods, or more command in Seas:
 Yet once a mortall; and did then frequent
 Th'affected Seas. On those my labour spent.

Some

Sometimes with nets I fishes hale to land :
 Sometimes the line directed with my wand.
 The shore a meddow bounds; whercof one side
 Is fring'd with weeds; the other with the tyde.
 On this nor horned cattle euer fed,
 Nor harmlesse sheep, nor goates on mountains bred.
 No bees from hence their thighees with hony lade,
 Those flowres no geniall garlands euer made :
 That grasse ne'r cut with sithes. Of mortals I
 First thither came; my nets hung vp to drie.
 While I expos'd the fishes which I tooke;
 By their credulitic hung on my hooke,
 Or masht in nets; (what would a lye behoue ?
 Yet such it seemes) my prey began to moue,
 Display their finnes, and swim as on the flood.
 While I neglect their stay, and wondering stood;
 They all by flight auoiding my command,
 Together left their owner and the land.
 Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cause I sought,
 If either God, or Hearb, this wonder wrought.
 What hearb, said I, hath such a powre ? in hast
 An hearb I puld, and gaue it to my tast.
 No sooner swallowed, but my entrailes shooke :
 When forth with I an other nature tooke.
 Nor could refraine; but said, ô Earth, my last
 Farewell receiue ! in seas my selfe I cast.
 The Sea-gods now vouchsafing my receit
 Into their sacred fellowship, intreat
 Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they
 Would take, what euer mortall was, away.
 Whom now they hallow, and with charmes nine times
 Repeated, purge me from my humane crimes :
 And bade me couch beneath a hundred streames.
 Forth-with the riuers rusht from sundrie Realmes;
 And sea-rai'd surges roule aboue my crowne.
 As soone as streames retire, and seas were downe,
 An other bodie, and an other mind;
 Vnlike the former, they to me assign'd.
 Thus much of Wonder I remember well :
 Thenceforth insensible of what befell.
 Then first of all this sea-greene beard I saw,
 These dangling locks, which through the deepe I draw;

Broad

Broad shoulder-blades, blew armes of greater might,
 And thighes which in a fishes taile vnite.
 What bootes this forme? my grace with Gods of seas?
 Or that a God? If thou affect not these?
 While this he spake, and would haue vttered more,
 Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore
 His loues repulse: whom strong desires transport
 To great *Titanian Circes* horrid Court.

OID'S

[Faint, mostly illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSIS.

The fourteenth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

Inchanted Scylla, bembd with horrid shapes,
 Becomes a Rock, Cercopians turn'd to Apes.
 Sibylla weares t'a Voice. Vlysses men
 Transformd to Swine, are re-transformd agen.
 Picus a Bird: his Followers, Beasts. Despaire
 Resolues sad-singing Canens into Aire.
 The Mates of Diomed unreconcil'd
 Idalia turnes to Fowle. An Olive wild
 Rude Apulus decipbers. Turnus burnes
 Æneas ships: these Berecynthia turnes
 To Sea-nymphs; who Alcinous Ship with ioy
 Behold a Rock. The Troian flames destroy
 Besieged Ardea; from whose ashes springs
 A meager Herne, that beares them on her wings.
 Æneas, Desf'd. Vertumnus tries
 All shapes. Rhamnusia, for her cruelties,
 Congeales proud Anaxarete to Stone.
 Cold Fountaines boyle with heat. T'a heavenly throne
 Mars Romulus assumes. Herfilia
 Like grace receives: who ioyne in equall sway.

Now Glaucus, thron'd in tumid floods, had past
 High Ætna, on the iawes of Typhon cast;
 Cyclopien fields, where neuer oxen drew
 The furrowing plough, nor euer tillage knew;
 Crookt Zancle; Rhegium on the other side;
 The wrackfull Straights, whose double bounds diuide
 Sicilia from Ausonia: forward driues
 Through spacious Tyrrhen Seas; at length arriues
 At hearbie Hills, Phæbean Circes seat,
 With sundrie formes of monstrous beasts repleat.
 When, mutually saluting, Glaucus said:
 A God, ô Goddess, pittie: on your aid
 Alone relies (if my desert might moue
 So deare a grace) t'asswagement of my Loue.

For none then I, *Titania*, better knowes
 The powre of hearbs, that am transformd by those,
 F'informe you better, in *Italia*
 Against *Messenia*, on a sandie Bay,
 I *Scylla* saw: it shames me to recite
 My slighted court-ship, answered by her flight.
 Doe thou, if charmes auaille, in charmes vntic
 Thy sacred tongue: or soueraigne Hearbs apply,
 If of more powre. Yet I affect no cure,
 Nor end of Loue: like heat let her indure.

But *Circe* (none to such desires more prone,
 Or that the cause is in her selfe alone;
 Or stung by *Venus* angrie influence,
 In that her Father publisht her offence)
 Reply'd: The willing with more ease persue;
 Who wish the same, whom equall flames subdue.
 For Thou ô well deseru'st to be persude:
 Giue hope, and, credit me, thou shalt be woo'd.
 Rest therefore of thy beautie confident:
 Loe, I, a Goddesse, radiant *Sols* descent,
 In hearbs so potent, and no lesse in charmes;
 Proffer my selfe, and pleasures to thy armes.
 Scorne her that scornes thee; her, that seeks, persue:
 And in one deed reuenge thy selfe of two.

Glaucus reply'd to her who sought him so:
 First shadie groues shall on the billowes grow,
 And Sea-weeds to the mountaine tops remoue;
 Ere I (and *Scylla* liuing) change my loue.
 The Goddesse frets: who since she neither could
 Destroy a Deitie, nor, louing, would;
 On her, preferd before her, bends her ire:
 And high-incensed with repulst desire,
 Forth-with infectious drugs of dire effects
 Together grinds; and *Hecat's* charmes iniects:
 A sullen robe indues, the Court forsakes
 Through throngs of fawning beasts: her iourney takes
 To *Rhegium* opposite to *Zancle's* shore;
 And treads the troubled waues that lowdly rore.
 Running with vnwet feet on that Profound;
 As if sh'had trod vpon the solid ground.
 A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies
 Bent like a bow; sconst from the Seas and skies

Distemper, when the high-pitcht Sun inuades
 The World with hottest beames, and shortens shades.
 This with portenteous poysons shee pollutes;
 Besprinkled with the iuyce of wicked rootes :
 In words darke and ambiguous, nine-times thrice
 Inchantments mutters with her magick voice.
 Now *Scylla* came; and, wading to the wast,
 Beheld her hips with barking dogs imbrac't.
 Starts back: at first not thinking that they were
 Part of her selfe; but rates them, and doth feare
 Their threatning iawes: but those, from whom she flies,
 She with her haies. Then looking for her thighes,
 Her legs, and feete; in stead of them shee found
 The mouthes of *Cerberus*; inuiron'd round
 With rau'ning Curres: the backs of saluage beasts
 Support her groine; whereon her belly rests.

Kind *Glaucus* wept; and *Circes* bed refus'd:
 Who had so cruelly her Art abus'd.

But *Scylla*, still remaining, *Circe* hates;
 Who for that cause destroy'd *Vlysses* mates.
 And had the *Troian* nauic drownd of late,
 If not before transform'd by powerfull Fate
 Into a Rock: the stonie Prodigie
 Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men flie.

This, and *Charybdis* past with stretching oares;
 The *Troian* fleet, now neare th' *Ausonian* shores,
 Crosse winds, and violent, to *Libya* draue.
 There, in her heart, and pallace, *Dido* gaue
Aeneas harbor: with impatience beares
 Her husbands flight: forth-with a Pile she reares,
 Pretending sacrifice; and then doth fall
 Vpon his sword: deceiu'd, deceiuing all.
 Flying from *Carthage*, *Eryx* he re-gaind;
 There where his faithfull friend *Acestes* raignd.
 His fathers funeralls re-solemniz'd,
 He puts to Sea, with ships well-nigh surpriz'd
 By *Iris* flames. *Hippotades*' Command,
 The sulphur-fuming Iles, the rocky Strand
 Of *Acheloian Sirens* leauing, lost
 His Pilot: to *Inarime* then crost,
 To *Prochyta*, and *Pithecusa*, walld
 With barren hills; so of her people calld.

For *Iupiter*, detesting much the flie
 And fraudulent *Cercopeans* periurie,
 Into deformed beasts transformd them then;
 Although vnlike, appearing like to men:
 Contracts their limmes, their noses from their browes
 He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plowes;
 And, couering them with yellow haire, affords
 This dwelling; first depriuing them of words,
 So much abus'd to periurie and wrongs:
 Who iabber, and complaine with stammering tongues.

Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*,
Misenus on the left, far-stretcht in Sea,
 So named of his Trumpetor: thence, past
 By slimie Marishes, and anchor cast
 At *Cuma*; entring long-liu'd *Sibyls* caues.
 A passage through obscure *Auernus* craues
 T'his Fathers *Manes*. She erects her eyes,
 Long fixt on earth, and with the Deities
 Reception fild, in sacred rage reply'd.
 Great things thou seekst, o thou so magnifi'd
 For mightie deeds: thy pietie through flame,
 Thy arme through Armies consecrate thy fame:
 Yet feare not, *Troian*, thy desires inioy:
 T'*Elysian* Fields, th'inferrall Monarchie,
 And Fathers Shade, I will thy person guide:
 No way to noble Vertue is denide.

Then to a Golden bough directs his view,
 Which in *Auernian Iuno's* Hort-yard grew:
 And bade him pull it from the sacred tree.
Aeneas her obeyes: and now doth see
 The Spoyles of dreadfull Hell; his Grand-fires, lost
 In death, and great *Anchises* aged Ghost.
 There knowes the customes of the *Latian* State,
 The toyle of future warre, and following fate.
 Then, in retreat, his wearie steps applide:
 And by discourse with his *Cumean* Guide
 His toyle beguiles; as in that horrid way,
 Through gloomic twy-light, he remounts to Day.

Whether, said he, thou bee'st a Deity,
 Or of the Gods belou'd; for euer I
 Will serue thee as a Goddess: and confesse
 That by thy fauour I haue wonne acesse

Vnto

Vnto th'abodes of Death; and that by thee
I from th'abodes of gripple Death am free.
And therefore will, when I to Day returne,
A Temple build, and incense to thee burne.

The Prophetesse on him reuertes her eye;
And sighing, said; I am no Deitie:
To mortals offer no immortall Dues;
Least ignorance thy gratitude abuse.
Yet had beene free from deaths impetuous powre,
Had I to *Phæbus*, giuen my virgin flowre.
While hopefull; tempting me with gifts, he said,
Aske what thou wilt, my faire *Cumaean* Maid,
And take thy wish. I shew'd a heape of sand,
And wisht as many Birth. dayes as my hand
Contained graines: forgot to adde the prime
Of youthfull yeares, which should haue crownd my time.
Who this had granted also, if my bed
He could haue won. His gifts despis'd, I led
A single life. Those happier times are gone;
And crasie Age with trembling steps comes on.
Seauen Ages haue I liu'd; and liue I must
Till yeares haue equalled those graines of dust.
Three hundred Haruests consummate the summe;
Three hundred Vintages. The time will come,
When length of dayes my bodie shall abate,
And little leaue in quantitie or weight.
Nonethen will think that I belou'd had beene,
Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is scene,
(Such change shall I indure) or, will not know,
Or else denie, that he had lou'd me so.
No eye shall see me: yet a voice alone
Fate will afford; by which I shall be knowne.

Thus *Sibyl*, as they clim'd that steepe ascent.
When good *Aeneas* through this *Stygian* vent
At *Cuma* rose: and sacrificing, came
To shores since called of his Nurses name.
Neritian Macareus, the friend
Of *Ithacus* did here his trauels end.
Who knowing *Achamenides*, of late
On *Aetna* left, admires to see his mate
Long giuen for dead. Whatchance, or God, said he
O *Achamenides*, hath set thee free?

How

How comes a *Gracian* souldier to be found
 In *Troian* vessell? for what Countrie bound?
 When *Achamenides*: (not now forlorne,
 Now like himselfe, his rags not pind with thorne)
 May I fell *Polyphem* behold againe,
 Whose iawes ore-flow with blood of strangers slaine;
 If I this ship prefer not farre aboue
Vlysses home; or lesse *Aeneas* loue
 Then my owne father. Could I render more
 Then all my All, the recompence were poore.
 That now I speak, I breath, Heauen, Sun-shine see
 (Can I vnmindfull, or vngratefull be)
 Is by his bountie: that the *Cyclops* fowle
 And hungrie maw had not deuour'd my Soule:
 That now I may be buried when I die;
 Or at the least, not in his entrailes lie.
 O what a heart had I! with feare bereft
 Of soule and sense! when I behind was left,
 And saw your flight! I had an Out-crie made,
 But that afear'd to haue my selfe betrayd.
 Yours, almost had *Vlysses* ship destroyd.
 I saw him riue out of the mountaines side
 A solid rock, and dart it on the Maine:
 I saw the furious Giant once againe,
 When mightie stones with monstrous strength he flung:
 Like quarries by a warlike engine flung.
 Least ship should sinke with waues and stones I feare:
 Not then remembering, that I was not there.
 He, when your flight had rescu'd you from death,
 O'r *Aetna* paces; sighing clouds of breath:
 And groping in the woods, bereft of sight,
 Incounters iustling rocks: mad with despight
 Extends his bloody armes to vnder waues,
 The *Greekes* persues with curses; and thus raues.
 O would some God *Vlysses* would ingage,
 Or some of his, to my insatiate rage!
 I'd gnaw his heart, his liuing members rend,
 Gulpe downe his blood till it againe ascend,
 And crash his panting sinewes. O, how light
 A losse, or none, were then my losse of sight!
 This spake, and more. My ioynts pale horror shooke,
 To see his grim, and slaughter-smear'd looke,

His

His bloodie hands, his eyes deserted seat,
 Vast limmes, and beard with humane gore concreat.
 Death stood before mine eyes (my least dismay :)
 Now thought my selfe surpriz'd; now, that I lay
 Sou'ft in his paunch. That time presents my view,
 When two of ours on dashing stones he threw :
 Then on them like a shagged Lyon lies;
 Their entrailles, flesh, yet mouing arteries,
 White marrow, with crasht bones, at once deuoures.
 I, sad, and bloodlesse stood : feare chil'd my powres,
 Seeing him eat, and cast the horrid food;
 Raw lumps of flesh, wine mixt with clotted blood.
 Euen such a fate my wretched thoughts propound.
 Long lying hid, afraid of euery sound,
 Abhorring death, yet coueting to die;
 With mast, and hearbs repelling famine; I,
 Alone, forlorne, to death and torment left,
 This ship espy'd: this by my gestures west,
 I ranne to shore, not safetie vainely seeke :
 A *Troian* vessell entertain'd a *Greeke*.

Now, worthie friend, your owne aduentures tell;
 And what, since first you put to sea, befell.

He told how *Aeolus* raign'd in *Thuscan* Seas,
 Storme-fettering *Aeolus Hippotades*,
 Who nobly gaue to their *Dulichian* Guide
 A wind, inclosed in an oxes hide.
 Nine dayes they sailed with successfull gales;
 Sought shores descry'd: the tenth had blancht their sailes;
 When greedie Sailers, thinking to haue found
 A masse of enuy'd gold, the wind vnbound.
 This through rough seas the Nauie backward driues,
 Which at th' *Aolian* port againe arriues.
 To *Lastrigonian* *Lamus* ancient towne
 From thence, said he, we came. That countries crowne
Antiphates then wore. Three thither sent,
 Two of vs scarce by flight our death preuent:
 The third the *Lastrigonians* teeth imbrude
 With his hot gore. *Antiphates* persude
 Our flight; incites his troopes; who tumbling downe
 Huge stones and trees, our men and vessels drowne.
 One scapt; which vs, and sad *Vlysses* bore.
 Ioyntly our lost companions wee deplore;

And

And grieuing reach that Sea-inuiron'd land,
 Which farre from hence you see : Still may it stand
 Farre from my sight ! beware thou Goddesse Sonne,
 Iust *Troian* Prince; (for now the warres are done,
 With them for euer end our enmitie)
 From *Circes* Mansion, *ô Aeneas* flie.
 There anchoring; mindfull of the *Cyclops* strand,
 And fell *Antiphates*, we feare to land.
 But casting lots, the lot elected vs,
 Faithfull *Polites*, sage *Eurylochus*,
Elpenor prone to wine, and eighteene more
 To visit *Circes* on that vnknowne shore.
 Approching, we before the Portall staid.
 A thousand Lyons, Beares, and Wolues inuade
 Our hearts with terror : but their milde assailes
 No wounds produce : who wag their flattering tailes,
 And fawning follow; till her hand-maids came
 And led vs through that marble-couerd frame
 Vnto their Mistris. On a throne of State,
 She in a sumptuous inward chamber sate :
 Her vnder Vest, with gold imbellisht, shone;
 And ouer it a purple mantle throwne.
Nereides, and Nymphs, nor carded wooll,
 Nor following twine with busie fingers pull :
 But weeds dispose in order; mingled flowres
 Select in maunds, and hearbs of different powres,
 At her direction : who the vertue knew
 Of euery simple, of their compounds too;
 And giues them their due weight. Saluted, shee
 Salutes againe; her chearefull lookes as free,
 As her full bountie to supplie our neede.
 Who bids her readie damfels mixe with speede
 The pulp of barley, hony, curds, strong wines;
 And to this sweet receit hid iuces ioynes.
 Then gaue the cup with her owne sacred hand;
 Which thirstily we drunk, while with her wand
 The direfull Goddesse strokes our crownes. I shame
 To tell; yet tell : I presently became
 With bristles rough; thinking; as I was wont,
 T'haue spoke, and shew'd my griefe in words, I grunt.
 My lookes hung downe, my mouth extends t'a snout,
 My stiffer neck with swelling brawnes sticks out;

And

And goe vpon those hands, wherewith of late
 I tooke the cup. With those whom frighfull fate
 Had thus vn-mand (so great a potencie
 In potions lurks) included in a Stie.
 Alone *Eurylochus* the shape of Swine
 Auoides : alone refus'd the proffered wine.
 Which had not hee reiected, with the rest
 Himselfe had prou'd a bristle-bearing Beast.
 Nor should *Vlysses* our mis-haps haue knowne :
 Or forced *Circe* to restore his owne.
 Peace-bearing *Hermes* gaue him a white flowre,
 Call'd *Moly* by the Gods; of wonderous powre,
 Sprung from a Sable root : inform'd withall
 By heauenly counsell, enters *Circe's* Hall.
 Proffering th'insidious Cup, her magick wand
 About to raise, he thrusts her from her stand;
 And with drawne sword the trembling Goddess frights.
 When vowed faith with her faire hand shee plights;
 And grac't him with her nuptiall bed : who then
 Demands in dowrie his transfigur'd men.
 Sprinkled with bitter iuyce, her wand reuerst
 Aboue our crownes, and charmes with charmes disperst;
 The more shee chants, wee grow the more vpright,
 Our bristles shed, our clouen feete vnite,
 Shoulders and armes possesse their former grace.
 With teares our weeping Generall we imbrace,
 And hang about his neck : nor scarce a word
 Breathes through our lips, but such as thanks afford.
 From hence our Passe was for a yeare deferr'd;
 In that long time much saw I, and much heard :
 Of which, a Maid (one of the foure, prepar'd
 For sacred seruice) closely this declar'd.
 For while my Chiefe with *Circe* sports alone,
 Shee shew'd a youthfull Image of white stone
 Clos'd in a Shrine, with crownes imbellished;
 Who bare a Wood-pecker vpon his head.
 Demanding whose it was, why placed there,
 Why hee that Bird vpon his summit bare?
 I will, reply'd shee, ô *Macareus*, tell
 In this my Mistris power : obserue mee well.
Saturnian Picus in *Ausonia* raign'd,
 Who generous horses for the battle train'd.

His forme, such as you see: whom had you known,
 You would haue ta'ne this feature for his own.
 His mind as beautifull. Nor yet could hee
 Foure *Gracian* wrastlings in th' *Olympicks* see.
 The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountaines borne,
 His looks attract: nor Nymphs of fountains scorne
 To sue for pitie. Those whom *Albula*,
Numicus, *Anio*, *Almo* short of way,
 And headie *Nar* sustaine; the shadie Flood
 Of *Farfarus*, the *Scythian Cynthias* woo'd-
 Inuiron'd marishes, and neighbouring lakes.
 Yet for one only Nymph the rest forsakes:
 Who whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the faire
Venilia to the two fac'd *Ianus* bare.
 The Maid, now marriageable, honoured
Laurentian Picus with her nuptiall bed.
 Her beautie admirable: yet more fam'd
 For artfull song; and there of *Canens* nam'd.
 Her voice the woods and rocks to passion moues;
 Tames saluage beasts, the trobled Riuers smooths,
 Detaines their hastie course; and, when she sings,
 The birds neglect the labour of their wings.
 While her sweet voice coelestiall musick yeelds;
 Young *Picus* followes in *Laurentian* Fields
 The saluage Bore, vpon a fierie Steed;
 Arm'd with two darts: clad in a *Tyrian* weed
 With gold close-buckl'd. Thither also came
 The Daughter of the Sun; who left her name-
 Retaining fields, and on those fruitfull hills
 Her sacred lap with deawie *Simples* fills.
 Seeing vnscene, his sight her sense amaz'd:
 The gathered hearbs fell from her as she gaz'd:
 Whose bones a marrow-melting flame inclos'd.
 But when shee her distraction had compos'd;
 About t' impart her wish, attendancie,
 And swiftnesse of his horse, accessse denie.
 Thou shalt not so escape, said she, altho'
 The winds should wing thee; if my selfe I know,
 If hearbs retaine their powre, if charmes at least
 My trust deceiue not. Then creates a Beast
 Without a bodie, bid to runne before
 The Kings persuit; and made the ayrie Bore

To take a thicket, where no horse could force
 His barr'd accesse. He leaues his foming horse
 On foot to follow a deceitfull Shade,
 With equall hopes: and through the Forrest straid.
 New Vowes she straight conceiue, and implores:
 And Gods vnknowne with vnknowne charmes adores.
 Wherewith inur'd t'eclipse the pale-fac't Moone:
 And cloud her Fathers splendor at high Noone.
 And now with pitchie fogs obscures the Day,
 From earth exhal'd. His Guard mistake their way
 In that deceitfull Night, and from him straid.
 When shee, the time and place befitting, said:

By those faire eyes, which haue intralld mine;
 And by that all-alluring face of thine,
 Which makes a Goddesse sue; asswage the fire
 By thee incenst; and take vnto thy Sire
 The all-illuminating Sunne: nor proue
 Hard-hearted to *Titanian Circes* loue.

Her, and her prayers, despis'd; What ere thou art,
 I am not thine, said hee: my captiue heart
 An Other holds; and may shee hold it long.
 Nor will I with externall *Venus* wrong
 Our nuptiall faith, so long as Fate shall giue
 Life to my veines, and *Ianus* daughter liue.
Titania, tempting oft, as oft in vaine;
 Thou shalt not scape my vengeance, nor againe
 Returne to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can doe,
 A wronged Louer, and a Woman too;
 Thou shalt, said she, by sad experience proue?
 For I a woman, wrong'd, and wrong'd in loue.
 Twice turnes shee to the East, twice to the West;
 Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charmes exprest.
 He flies; at his vnwonted speed admir'd;
 Then saw the feathers which his skin attir'd:
 Who forth-with seekes the woods; and angrie still,
 Hard okes assailes, and wounds them with his bill.
 His wings the purple of his cloake assume;
 The gold that claspt his garment turnes to plume,
 And now his neck with golden circle chaines:
 Of *Picus* nothing but his name remaines.

The Courtiers *Picus* call, and seeke him round
 About the fields, that was not to bee found.

Yet *Circe* find (for now the day grew faire,
 The Sunne and Winds set free to cleanse the aire)
 And charge her with true crimes : their King demand
 With threatening lookes, and weapons in their hand.
 Shee sprinkles them with iuyce of wicked might:
 From *Erebus* and *Chaos* coniures Night,
 With all her Gods; and *Hecate* intreates
 With tedious mumblings. Woods forsake their seats,
 Trees pale their leaues, Hearbs bluth with drops of gore,
 Earth grones, dogs howle, rockes horcely seeme to rore:
 Vpon the tainted ground blacke Serpents slide;
 And through the aire vnbodyed Spirits glide.
 Frighted with terrors, as they trembling stand,
 Shee strokes their wondering faces with her wand:
 Forth-with the shapes of Saluage beasts inuest
 Their former formes; not one his owne possessest.

Phæbus now entring the *Tartessian* Maine,
 Sad *Canens* with her eyes and soule, in vaine
 Expects her Spouse. Her seruants shee excites
 To runne about the woods with blazing lightes.
 Who not content to weepe, to reare her haire,
 And beat her breasts (though these present her care)
 In haste forsakes her rooffe; and frantick, strayes
 Through broad-spread fields. Six nights, as many dayes,
 Without or sleepe, or sustenance, shee fled
 O're hils and dales, the way which fortune led.
 Now tir'd with grieffe and trauell, *Tybris* last
 Beheld the Nymph : on his coole banckes shee cast
 Her feeble limmes: there weeps, and weeping sung
 Her sorrowes with a softly warbling tongue.
 Euen so the dying Swan with low-raisd breath,
 Sings her owne exequies before her death.
 At length her marrow melts with griefes despaire:
 And by degrees shee vanisheth to Aire.
 Yet still the place doth memorize her fame:
 Which of the Nymph the Rurals *Canens* name.

In that long yeere, much, and such deeds as these
 I saw and heard. Vn-neru'd with restie ease,
 Againe we put to Sea : by *Circe* told
 Of our hard passage, and the manifold
 Disasters to ensue, I grew a fraid
 (I must confesse) and here arriuing, staid.

Macareus ends. *Caieta* Vrne-inclofd,
This verfe had on her marble tombe impofd.
Here, with due fires, my pious Nurse-child mee
Caieta burnt; from *Gracian* fires fet free.

They loofe their cables from the graffeie Strand;
Auoiding *Circes* guilefull pallace, ftand
For thofe tall groues, where *Tybris*, darke with fhades,
In *Tyrrhen* Seas his fandie ftreames vnlades.
The throne of *Faunus* Sonne, the *Latian* ftarre
Lauinia gaine; but not without a warre.
Warre with a furious Nation is comment;
Sterne *Turnus* for his promift wife incenft:
While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* fwarmes:
Hard victorie long fought with penfiue armes.
To get Recrutes from forraine States they trie:
Nor *Troians*, nor *Rutulians* want fupplie.
Nor to *Euanders* towne *Aeneas* went
In vaine: though vainely *Venulus* was fent
To banifht *Diomedes* Citie, late immur'd:
Thofe fields *Iapygian* *Dannus* had infur'd
To him in dowre. When *Venulus* had donne
His embaffie to *Tydeus* warlicke Sonne:
The Prince excufd his aide; as loth to draw
The fubiefts of his aged father in-law
T'vnneceffarie warre: that none remaine
Of his to arme. Leaft you fhould thinke I faine;
Though repetition Sorrow renouates;
Yet, while I fuffer, heare the worft of fates.

After that *Pergamus* our prey became,
And loftie *Ilium* fed the *Gracian* flame:
A Virgin, for a virgins rape, let fall
Her vengeance, to *Oilens* due, on all.
Scattered on faithlefse Seas with furious ftormes,
We, wretched *Gracians*, fuffer'd all the formes
Of horror: lightning, night, fhowres, wrath of skies,
Of Seas, and dire *Capharean* cruelties.
To abridge the ftorie of fo fad a fate;
Now *Priam* would haue pittied our eftate.
Yet *Pallas* fnatcht me from the fwallowing Maine;
Then from my vngratefull Country chac't againe:
For *Venus*, mindfull of her ancient wound,
New woes inflicts. Much on the vailt profound,

Much

Much suffering in terrestriall conflicts, I
 Oft call'd them happie, whom the iniurie
 Of publick tempests, and inoportunate
Caphareus drown'd: and now enui'd their fate.
 The worst indur'd; with seas and battles tyr'd,
 My men an end of their long toyle desir'd.
 But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made
 By vsuall slaughters: What remaines (hee said)
 O mates, which now our patience would eschue?
 Though willing, what can *Cytherea* doe
 More then sh'hath done? when worse mis-haps affright,
 Then prayers auaille: but when Mis-fortunes spight
 Her worst inflicts, then feare is of no vse:
 And height of ills, securitie produce.
 Let *Venus* heare: although shee hate vs all,
 (As all shee hates that serue our Generall)
 Yet let vs all despise her emptie hate;
 Whose Powre hath made vs so vnfortunate.

Pleuronion Acmon angrie *Venus* stung:
 Reuenge reuiuing with his lauish tongue.
 Few like his words: the most seuerely chid
 His tongues excessse. About to haue reply'd,
 His speech, and path of speech, at once grew small,
 His haire conuerts to plume; plumes couer all
 His neck, back, bosom: larger feathers spring
 From his rough armes, and now his elbowes wing.
 His feet diuide to toes, hard horne extends
 From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.
Rhetenor, Nycteus, Lycus, Abas, Ide,
 Admire! and in their admiration try'd
 Like destenie. Most of my Souldiers grew
 Forth-with new Fowle; and round about vs flew.
 If you inquire, what shape their owne vn-mans;
 They are not, yet are like to siluer Swans.
 These barren fields, with this poore remnant, I,
 As sonne in law to *Daunus*, scarce inioy.

Thus farre *Oenides*. *Venus* forsakes
Tydides Kingdome: by *Puteoli* takes
 His way, and through *Mesapia*: there suruaid
 A Caue, inuiron'd with a sylvan shade,
 Distilling streames. By halfe-goate *Pan* possesst:
 Which erst the Wood-nymphs with their beauties blest.
 They

They terrifi'd at first with sudden dread,
 From home-bred *Apulus*, the shepheard, fled.
 Straight, taking heart, despis'd his persuit:
 And danced with a measure-keeping foot.
 He scoffs: their motion clowne-like imitates:
 Nor onely raileth, but obscenely prates.
 Nor ceaseth, till a tree inuests his throte;
 A tree whose berries his behauour note:
 An oliue wild, which bitter fruit affords,
 Becomes; dis-seasned with his bitter words.

Th'Embassador returnes without the sought
Aetolian succors: the *Rutulians* fought
 Gainst foes and fortune; of that hope depriu'd:
 Whole streames of blood from mutuall wounds deriu'd.
 Loe, fire-brands to the Nauie *Turnus* beares:
 And what escaped drowning, burning feares.
 Pitch, rozen, and like ready food for fire,
 Now *Vulcan* feede: the hungrie flames aspire,
 Vp to the sailes along the loftie mast;
 And catch the yards, with curling smoke imbrac't.
 But when the Mother of the Gods beheld
 Those blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* feld;
 Lowd Shalmes and Cymballs vs herd her repaire:
 Who, drawne by bridled Lyons through the aire,
 Thus said: Thy wicked hands to small effect,
 O *Turnus*, violate, what wee protect.
 Nor shall the greedie fire a part of those
 Tall Woods deuoure, which shelter our repose.
 With that she thunders, powring downe amaine
 Thick storms of skipping haile, and clouds of raine.
 Th'*Astreaan* Sons in swift concursions ioyne;
 Tossing the troubled aire, and *Neptunes* brine.
 One shee imployes, whose speed the rest out-strips;
 That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,
 And draue them vnder the high-swellling Flood.
 The timber softens, flesh proceeds from wood,
 The crooked Sterne to heads and faces growes,
 The Oares to swimming legs, fine feet, and tocs;
 What were their holds, to ribbed sides are growne,
 The lengthfull keele presenting the back-bone;
 The yards to armes, to haire the tackling grew:
 As formerly, so now, their colour blew.

And

And they, but lately of the floods afraid;
 Now in the floods, with virgin pastime, plaid.
 These Sea-nymphs, borne on mountains, celebrate
 The Seas, forgetfull of their former state.
 Yet weighing, what themselves so oft indur'd
 On high-wrought waues, oft sinking ships secur'd;
 Excepting such, as *Gracians* carrie: those
 They hate, memorious of the *Troian* woes.
 Who saw *Vlysses* ships in surges queld
 With pleased eyes; with pleased eyes beheld
Alcinous ship, in swiftnesse next to none,
 Vnmoueable; the wood transformd to stone.

'Twas thought this wondrous prodigie would fright
 The *Rutuli*, and make them cease from fight.
 Both parts persist, both haue their Gods to friend;
 And Valour no lesse potent: nor contend
 Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latinus* crowne,
 Nor dotall Kingdome; but for faire renowne:
 As ham'd to lay their brused armes aside,
 Till death or conquest had the quarrell tride.
Venus her sonne victorious sees at length.
 Great *Turnus* fell; strong *Ardea* falls, of strength
 While *Turnus* stood, deuour'd by barbarous flame,
 In dying cinders buried. From the same
 A Fowle, vnknowne to former ages, springs;
 And fannes the ashes with her houering wings.
 Pale colour, leanenesse, shrieking sounds of woe,
 The image of a captiue citie showe.
 Who also still the Cities name retaines:
 And with selfe-beating wings of Fate complaines.

And now *Aeneas* vertues terminate
 The wrath of Gods, and *Iunos* ancient hate.
 An opulent foundation hauing laid
 For yong *Iulus*, by his merit made
 Now fit for Heauen: the Powre, who rules in Loue
 The Gods solicits; then, imbracing loue:

O Father, neuer yet to me vnkind;
 Now ô inlarge the bountie of thy mind.
 A God-head, meane, so it a God-head be,
Aeneas giue; that art to him by me
 A Grand-father: th'vn-amiable realmes
 Suffice it once t'haue scene, and *Stygian* streames.

The Gods agree; nor *Iuno's* lookes dissent.
 Who with a chearefull freenesse forward bent.
 Then *Ioue*; He well deserues a Deity :
 Thy sute, faire Daughter, to thy wish enioy.
 Shee, ioyfull, thanks returnes : and through the aire,
 Drawne by her yoked doues, lights on the bare
Laurentian shores; where smooth *Numicius* creepes
 Through whispering reedes into the neighbour Deepes.
 Who bids him from *Aeneas* wash away
 All vnto death obnoxious, and conuay
 It silently to Seas. The horned Flood
 Obeyes; and what subsists by mortall food,
 With water purg'd, and onely left behind
 His better parts. His mother the refine
 Annoints with sacred odors, and his lips
 In Nectar, mingled with *Ambrosia*, dips;
 So deifi'd : whom *Indiges Rome* calls;
 Honour'd with altars, shrines, and festiualls.

Two nam'd *Ascanius Latium* then obeyd,
 And *Alba* : next, the scepter *Sylvius* swaid.
 His sonne *Latinus*, held that antient name,
 And crowne. Him *Epitus*, renown'd by Fame,
 Succeeds. Then *Capys* : after him, his Son
Capetus. Tiberinus then begun
 His raigne : who, drown'd in *Thuscan* waters; gaue
 Those streames his name : who *Remulus* got, and braue-
 Sould *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was slaine
 With thunder; who the Thunderer durst faine.
 More moderate *Acrota* resign'd his throne
 To *Auentine* : vpon the Mount whereon
 He raign'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retaines.
 ouer the *Palatines* next *Procas* raignes.

Pomona flourish't in those times of ease :
 Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,
 None fruitfull Hort-yards held in more repute;
 Or tooke more care to propagate their fruit.
 Thereof so nam'd. Nor streames, nor shadie groues,
 But trees producing generous burdens loues.
 Her hand a hooke, and not a iauelin bare :
 Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughes that dare
 Transcend their bounds : now slits the bark, the bud
 Inserts; inforc't to nurse an others brood.

Nor suffers them to suffer thirst, but brings
 To moisture-sucking rootes, soft-sliding Springs.
 Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
 To loues vnknowne desires: yet to defend
 Her selfe from rapefull Ruralls, round about
 Her Hort-yard wall's; t'auoid, and keepe them out.
 What left the skipping *Satyres* vn-affaid;
 Rude *Pan*, whose hornes Pine-bristled garlands shade;
Silenus, still more youthfull then his yeares;
 Or he who theeues with hooke, and member feares,
 To taste her sweetnesse? but farre more then all
Vertumnus loues; yet were his hopes as small.
 How often, like a painfull Reaper, came,
 Laden with weightie sheafes; and seem'd the same!
 Oft wreathes of new-mow'd grasse his browes array;
 As though then exercis'd in making hay,
 A gode now in his hardned hands he beares,
 And newly seemes to haue vnyok't his Steeres.
 Oft vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hooke
 Corrects, and dresse; oft a lather tooke
 To gather fruit: now with his crooked skine
 A Souldier seemes; an Angler with his cane:
 And various figures daily multiplies
 To winne accessse, and please his longing eyes.
 Now, with a staffe, an old-wife counterfeits;
 On horie haire a painted miter sets.
 The Hort-yard entering, admires the faire
 And pleasant fruits: So much, said he, more rare
 Then all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enioy,
 Haile spotlesse flowre of Maiden chastitie:
 And kist the prais'd. Nor did the virgin know,
 (So innocent) that old-wiues kist not so.
 Then, sitting on a bank, obserueth how
 The pregnant boughs with Autums burthen bow.
 Hard by, an Elme with purple clusters shin'd:
 This praising, with the vine so closely ioyn'd;
 Yet, said he, if this Elme should grow alone,
 Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none:
 And so this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,
 If but dis-ioyn'd, would creepe vpon the ground.
 Yet art not thou by such examples led:
 But shunst the pleasures of a happie bed.

Nor

Nor would thou wouldst: not *Helen* was so sought;
 Nor she, for whom the lustfull *Centaures* fought,
 As thou shouldst be; no nor the wife of bold
 And timerous *Vlysses*. Yet, behold
 Though thou auerse to all, and all eschue;
 A thousand men, Gods, Demi-gods, persue
 Thy constant Scorne; and euery deathlesse Powre
 Which *Alba's* high and shadie hills imbowre.
 But thou, if wise, if thou'lt well married be;
 Or an old woman trust, who credit me,
 Affects thee more then all the rest, refuse
 These common woocrs, and *Vertumnus* choose.
 Accept me for his gage; since so well none
 Can know him; by himselfe not better knowne.
 He is no wanderer; here's his delight:
 Nor loues, like common louers, at first sight.
 Thou art the first, so thou the last shalt be:
 His life he onely dedicates to thee.
 Besides, his youth perpetuall; excellent
 His beautie; and all shapes can represent.
 Wish what you will, what euer hath a name;
 Such shall you see him. Your delights, the same:
 The first-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;
 Which ioyfully he still accepts from you.
 But neither what these pregnant trees produce
 Hee now desires, nor hearbs of pleasant iuyce:
 Nor ought, but onely You. O pitie take!
 And what I speake, suppose *Vertumnus* spake.
 Reuengefull Gods, *Idalia*, still seuer
 To such as slight her, and *Rhamnusia* feare.
 The more to fright you from so foule a crime,
 Receiue (since much I know from aged Time)
 A storie, generally through *Cyprus* knowne;
 To mollifie a heart more hard then stone.
Iphis, of humble birth, by chance did view
 The high-borne *Anaxarete*, who drew
 Her blood from *Teucer*. Seeing her, his eyes
 Extracts a fire, wherein his bosom fries.
 Long struggling, when no reason could reclaime
 His furie, to her house the Suppliant came.
 Now to her Nurse his wretched loue displaid;
 And by her foster'd hopes implor'd her aid:

Now humbly sues to some of most repute
 In her affection, to prefer his suit.
 Sad letters oft his desperate passions beares :
 Oft myrtle garlands, sprinkled with his teares,
 Hangs on the posts : the stonie threshold lades
 With his soft sides, and rigid doores vp-braids.
 But she more cruell then the seas, imbroyld
 With rising stormes; more hard then iron, boyl'd
 In fire-red furnaces; or rooted rocks;
 Disdaines the louer, and his passion mocks:
 Who to her froward deeds adds bitter words
 Of nolesse scorne; nor hope to loue affords.
 Impatient of his torment, and her hate;
 These words; his last, he vtters at her gate.

O *Anaxarete*, thou hast o'r-come!
 Nor shall my life be longer wearisome
 To thy disdaine. Triumph, ô too vnkind!
 Sing *Pæans*, and thy browes with laurell bind.
 Thou hast o'r-come; loe, willingly I dye :
 Proceed, and celebrate thy cruell ioy.
 Yet is there something in me, ne'r the lesse,
 That thou wilt praise; and my deserts confesse.
 Thinke how my loue my heart no sooner left
 Then life it selfe : of both at once bereft.
 Nor rumor, but euen I will death present
 In such a forme, as shall thy pride content.
 But ô you Gods, if you our actions see
 (This onely I implore) remember me!
 Let after ages celebrate my name :
 And what you take from life, afford to fame.

Then heaues his meger armes and watry eyes
 To those known posts, oft crownd with wreaths, and tyes
 A halter to the top. Such wreathes, he said,
 Best please; hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!
 Then, turning toward her, he forward sprung :
 When by the neck th'vnhappie louer hung.
 Struck by his sprawling fecte, wide open flies
 The sounding wicket; and the deed descrics.
 The seruants shreeke; the Vainely raised bore
 T' his mothers house; his father dead before.
 His breathlesse corps she in her bosom plac't;
 And in her armes his key-cold limmes imbrac't.

Lamenting long, as wofull parents vse;
 And hauing paid a wofull mothers dues;
 The mournefull Funerall through the Citie led:
 And to prepared fires conueyes the dead.

This sorrowfull Proceffion passing by
 Her house, which bordred on the way, their cry
 To th'cares of *Anaxarete* arriues:

Whom now sterne *Nemesis* to ruine driues.

Wee'l see, said she, these sad solemnities:

And forth-with to the loftic window highes.

Whence, seeing *Iphis* on his fatall bed;

Her eyes grew stiffe; blood from her visage fled,

Vsurpt by palenesse. Striuing to retire,

Her feet stuck fast; nor could to her desire

Diuert her lookes: for now her stonie heart

It selfe dilated into euery part.

This *Salamis* yet keepes, to cleare your doubt,

In *Venus* temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.

Inform'd by this, ô louely Nymph, decline

Thy former pride, and to thy louer ioyne.

So may thy fruits suruiue the Vernall frost:

Nor after by the rapefull winds be tost.

When this the God, who can all shapes induc,

Had said in vaine; againe himselfe he grew:

Th'abiliments of heatlesse Age depos'd.

And such himselfe vnto the Nymph disclos'd,

As when the Sunne, subduing with his reyes

The muffling clouds, his golden brow displayes.

Who force prepares: of force there was no need;

Struck with his beautie, mutually they bleed.

Vniust *Amulius* next th' *Ausonian* State

By strength vsurpt. The nephewes to the late

Depos'd *Numitor*, him re-inthroned:

Who *Rome*, in *Pales* Feasts, immur'd with stone.

Now *Tatius* leades the *Sabine* Sires to warre.

Tarpeia's hands her fathers gates vnbarre:

To death with armelets prest; her treasons meede.

The *Sabine* Sires like silent *Wolues* proccede

T'invade their sleeping sonnes, and seek to seaze

Vpon their gates; barr'd by *Iliades*.

One *Iuno* opens: though no noyse at all

The hinges made; yet by the barres lowd fall

Descry'd by *Venus*: who had put it too;
 But Gods may not, what Gods haue done, vndoe.
Ausonian Nymphs the places bordering
 To *Ianus* held, inchaced with a spring.
 Their aid sh'implores. The Nymphs could not denie
 A sute so iust, but all their floods vntie.
 As yet the Fane of *Ianus* open stood:
 Nor was their way impeached by the flood.
 Beneath the fruitfull spring they sulphur turne;
 Whose hollow veines with black bitumen burne:
 With these the vapors penetrate below;
 And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* snow,
 The fire it selfe in feruour dare prouoke:
 Now both the posts with flagrant moisture smoke.
 These new-raisd streames the *Sabine* Powre exclude,
 Till *Mars* his Souldiers had their armes indu'd.
 By *Romulus* then in Batalia led:

The *Roman* fields the slaughtred *Sabines* spred;
 Their owne the *Romans*: Fathers, Sonnes in law,
 With wicked steele, blood from each other draw.
 At length conclude a peace; nor would contend
 Vnto the last. Two Kings one throne ascend
 With equall rule. But noble *Tatius* flaine,
 Both Nations vnder *Romulus* remaine.
 When *Mars* laid by his shining caske; and then
 Thus spake vnto the Sire of Gods, and men.

Now, Father, is the time (since *Rome* is growne
 To such a greatnesse, and depends on One)
 To put in act thy neuer-fayling word;
 And *Romulus* a heauenly throne afford.
 You, in a synod of the Gods, profest
 (Which still I carrie in my thankfull brest)
 That one of mine (this δ now ratifie!)
 Should bee aduanc't vnto the starric skie.

Ioue condescends: with clouds the day benights;
 And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
Mars, at the signe of his assumption,
 Leanes on his lance, and strongly vaults vpon
 His bloodie charriot; lashes his hot horses
 With sounding whips, and their full speede inforces:
 Who, scouring downe the ayrie region, staid
 On faire mount *Palatine*, obscur'd with shade:

There

There *Romulus* assumeth from his Throne,
 Vn-kinglike rendering iustice to his owne.
 Rapt through the aire, his mortall members wast,
 Like melting bullets by a Slinger cast:
 More heauenly faire, more fit for loftie shrines;
 Our great and scarlet-clad *Quirinus* shines.

Then *Iuno* to the sad *Herfilia*
 (Lost in her sorrow) by a crooked way
 Sent *Iris* to deliuer this Command.
 Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* land;
 Thy sexes glorie: worthie then, the vow
 Of such a husband, of *Quirinus* now;
 Suppress thy teares. If thy desire to see
 Thy husband so excede, then follow mee
 Vnto those woods, which on mount *Quirin* spring;
 And shade the temple of the *Roman* King.

Iris obayes: and by her painted Bowe
 Dowre-sliding, so much lets *Herfilia* knowe.
 When shee, scarce lifting vp her modest eyes:
 O Goddesse (which of all the Deities
 I know not; sure a Goddesse) thou cleare light,
 Conduct me, & conduct me to the sight
 Of my deare Lord: which when the Fates shall shew,
 They heauen on me, with all their gifts, bestow.
 Then, with *Thaumantias*, entering the high
Romulian Hills, a starre shot from the skie,
 Whose golden beames inflam'd *Herfilia's* haire,
 When both together mount th'enlightned Aire.
 The Builder of the *Romane* Citie tooke
 Her in his armes, and forth-with chang'd her looke:
 To whom the name of *Ora* he assignd.
 This Goddesse now isto *Quirinus* ioynd.

• OVID'S

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.

The fifteenth Booke.

THE ARGUMENT.

Black Stones convert to White. Pythagoras
In Ilium's lingering warre Euphorbus was.
Of transmigrations, of the change of things,
And strange effects, the learned Samian sings.
Recur'd Hippolytus is deicide;
Whom safer Age, and name of Virbius hide.
Egeria thaws into a Spring. From Earth
Prophetick Tages takes his wondrous birth.
A Speare a Tree. Graue Cippus vertues shew,
The Crowne his Hornes present. Apollo's Son,
Assumes a Serpents shaps. The Soule of Warre,
Great Cæsar, slaine, becomes a Blazing Starre.

MEanwhile, a man is sought that might sustaine
So great a burthen, and succeed the raigne
Of such a King: when true-foreshewing Fame
To God-like *Numa* destinate the same.
He, with his *Sabine* rites vnsatisfi'd,
To greater things his able mind appli'd
In Nature's search. Incited with these cares,
He leaues his countries *Cures*, and repaires
To *Croton's* Citie: asks, what *Græcian* hand
Those walls erected on *Italian* land?
One of the Natiues, not vnknowing old,
Who much had heard and scene, this storie told.
Ioues sonne, inricht with his *Iberian* prey,
Came from the Ocean to *Lacinia*
With happie steps: who, while his cattle fed
Vpon the tender clouer, entered
Heroick *Croton's* rooffe; a welcome Guest:
And his long trauell recreates with rest.
Who said, departing; In the following age
A citie here shall stand. A true presage.

There

There was one *Mycilus, Argolian*
Alemos issue : in those times, no man
 More by the Gods affected. He, who beares
 The dreadfull Club, to him in sleepe appeares;
 And said: Begon, thy countries bounds forsake;
 To stonie *Aesarus* thy iourney take.
 And threatens vengeance if he dis-obay.
 The God and Sleepe together flew away.
 He, rising, on the Vision meditates :
 Which in his doubtfull soule he long debates.
 The God commands; the Law forbids to goe :
 Death due to such as left their Countrie so.
 Cleare *Sol* in seas his radiant fore-head vaild.
 Swart Night her browes exalts, with starres impal'd;
 The selfe same God the same command repeates :
 And greater plagues to disobedience threats.
 Afraid, he now prepares to change his owne
 For forrein seats. This through the Citie blowne;
 Accus'd for breach of lawes, arraign'd, and try'd;
 They proue the fact, not by himselfe deny'd.
 His hands and eyes then lifting to the skie :
 O thou, whom twice Six Labours deifie;
 Assist, that art the author of my crime!
 White stones and black they vs'd in former time;
 The white acquit, the black the pris'nor cast :
 And in such sort this heauie sentence past.
 Black stones all threw into the fatall Vrne :
 But all to white, turnd out to number, turne.
 Thus by *Alcides* powre the sad Decree
 Was strangely chang'd, and *Mycilus* set free.
 Who, thanking *Amphitryonides*,
 With a full fore-wind crost th'*Ionian* Seas;
Lacedemonian Tarentum past,
 Faire *Sybaris*, Neathus running fast
 By *Salentinum*, *Thurin's* crooked Bay,
 High *Temesis*, and strong *Iapygia* :
 Scarce searching all that shores sea-beaten bound,
 The fatall mouth of *Aesarus* out-found.
 A Tomb, hard by, the sacred bones inclos'd
 Of famous *Croton* : here, as erst impos'd,
Alemos sonne erects his citie walls :
 Which of th'intombed he *Crotona* calls.

Of this Originall, this Citie boasts:
Built by a *Gracian* on *Italian* coasts.

Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did flie
From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyrannie:
Preferring voluntarie banishment.
Though farre from heauen, his mind's diuine ascent
Drew neere the Gods: what natures selfe denies
To humane Sight, he saw with his Soules eyes.
All apprehended in his ample brest,
And studious cares; his knowledge he profest
To silent and admiring men: who taught
The Worlds originall, past humane thought:
What Nature was, what God: the cause of things;
From whence the Snow, frō whence the lightning springs:
Whether *Ioue* thunder, or the winds, that rake
The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;
What course the Starres obseru'd; what e'r lay hid
From vulgar sense: and first of all forbid
With slaughtred creatures to defile our boords,
In such, though vnbeleeu'd; yet learned Words.

Forbear your selues, δ Mortals, to pollute
With wicked food: corne is there; generous fruit
Oppresse their boughs; plump grapes their vines attire;
There are sweet hearbs, and sauoric roots, which fire
May mollifie; milke, honie redolent
With flowres of Thime, thy pallat to content.
The prodigall Earth abounds with gentle food;
Affording banquets without death or blood.
Brute beasts with flesh their rau'nous hunger cloy:
And yet not all; in pastures horses ioy:
So flocks, and heards. But those whom Nature hath
Indu'd with crueltie, and saluage wrath
(Wolues, Beares, *Armenian* Tigres, Lions) in
Hot blood delight. How horrible a Sin,
That entrailes bleeding entrailes should intomb!
That greedie flesh, by flesh should fat become!
While by the Liuers death the Liuing liues!
Of all, which Earth, our wealthie mother, giues;
Can nothing please, vnlesse thy teeth thou imbrue
In wounds, and dire *Cyclopean* fare renue?
Nor satiate the wilde voracitie
Of thy rude panch, except an other die?

But

But that old Age, that innocent estate,
 Which wee the Golden call; was fortunate
 In hearbs, and fruits, her lips with blood vndy'd.
 Then Fowle through aire their wings in safetic ply'd:
 The Hare, then fearelesse, wandred o'r the plaine;
 Nor Fish by their credulitic were ta'ne.
 Not treacherous, nor fearing treacherie,
 All liu'd secure. When hee, who did enuie
 (What God so e'r it was) those harmelesse cates,
 And cramb'd his guts with flesh; set ope the gates
 To cruell Crimes. First, Slaughter without harme
 (I must confesse) to Pietie, did warme
 (Which might suffice) the reeking steele in blood:
 Of saluage beasts, which made our liues their food:
 Though kild; not to be eaten. Sinne now more
 Audacious; the first sacrifice, the Bore
 Was thought to merit death; who, bladed corne
 Vp-rooting, left the husband-man forlorne.
 Vine-brouzing Gotes at *Bacchus* altar slaine,
 Fed his reuenge: in both, their guilt their bane.
 You Sheepe, what ill did you? a gentle beast,
 Whose vdders swell with Nectar, borne t' inuest
 Exposed man with your soft wooll; and are
 Aliue, then dead, more profitable farre.
 Or what the Oxe? a creature without guile,
 So innocent, so simple; borne for toyle.
 Hee most vngratefull is, deseruing ill
 The gift of corne; that can vn-yoke, then kill
 His husband-man: that neck with axe to wound
 In seruice gall'd, that had the stubborne ground
 So often tild; so many crops brought in.
 Yet not content therewith, t' ascribe the sinne
 To guiltlesse Gods: as if the Powres on high
 In death of labour-bearing oxen ioy.
 A spotlesse sacrifice, faire to behold,
 ('Tis death to please) with ribbands trickt, and gold,
 Stands at the altar, hearing prayers vnknowne:
 And sees the meale vpon his fore-head throwne,
 Got by his toyle: the knife smear'd in his gore,
 By fortune in the lauer scene before.
 The entrailles, from the panting bodie rent,
 Forth-with they search; to know the Gods intent.

Whence springs so dire an appetite in man
 To interdicted food? *o* Mortals, can,
 Or dare you feed on flesh? henceforth forbear
 I you intreat, and to my words giue care:
 When limmes of slaughtred Beeues become your meate;
 Then think, and know, that you your Seruants eat.

Phæbus inspires; his Spirit wee obey:
 My *Delphos*, heauen it selfe, I will display;
 The Oracle of that great Powre vnfold:
 And sing what long lay hid; what none of old
 Could apprehend. I long to walke among
 The loftie starres: dull earth despis'd, I long
 To back the clouds; to sit on *Atlas* crowne:
 And from that hight on erring men looke downe
 That reason want: those thus to animate
 That feare to dye; t'vnfold the booke of Fate.

O You, whom horrors of cold death affright;
 Why feare you *Styx*, vaine names, and endlesse Night;
 The dreames of Poets, and faind miseries
 Of forged Hell? Whether last-flames surprise,
 Or Age deuoure your bodies; they nor grieue,
 Nor suffer paines. Our Soules for euer liue:
 Yet euermore their ancient houses leaue
 To liue in new; which them, as Guests, receiue.
 In *Troian* warres, I (I remember well)
Euphorbus was, *Panthous* sonne; and fell
 By *Menelaus* lance: my shield againe
 At *Argos* late I saw, in *Iuno's* Fane.
 All alter, nothing finally decays:
 Hether and thether still the Spirit straves;
 Guest to all Bodies: out of beasts it flies
 To men, from men to beasts; and neuer dyes.
 As pliant wax each new impression takes;
 Fixt to no forme, but still the old forsakes;
 Yet it the same: so Soules the same abide,
 Though various figures there reception hide.
 Then least thy greedie belly should destroy
 (I prophetic) depressed Pietie,
 Forbear t'expulse thy kindreds Ghosts with food
 By death procur'd; nor nourish blood with blood.

Since on so vast a sea, my saile's vnfurld,
 And stretcht to rising winds; in all the World

There's

There's nothing permanent; all ebbe and flow:
 Each image form'd to wander too and fro.
 Euen Time, with restlesse motion, slides away
 Like liuing streames: nor can swift Riuers stay,
 Nor light-heel'd Howers. As billow billow driues,
 Driuen by the following; as the next arriues
 To chace the former: times so flye, persue
 At once each other; and are euer new.
 What was before, is not; what was not, is:
 All in a moment change from that to this.
 See, how the Night on Light extends her shades:
 See, how the Light the gloomie Night inuades.
 Nor such Heauens hew, when Mid-night crown's Repose;
 As when bright *Lucifer* his taper shows:
 Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day
 Th'inlightned World resignes to *Phæbus* sway.
 His raised Shield, earths shaddowes scarcely fled,
 Lookes ruddie; and low-sinking, lookes as red:
 Yet bright at Noone; because that purer skie
 Doth farre from Earth, and her contagion flie.
 Nor can Night-wandring *Dian's* wauering light
 Be euer equall, or the same: this night
 Lesse then the following, if her hornes shee fill;
 If shee contract her Circle, greater still.
 Doth not the image of our age appeare
 In the successiue quarters of the Year?
 The Spring-tide, tender; sucking Infancie
 Resembling: then the iuycefull blade sprouts high;
 Though tender, weake; yet hope to Plough-men yeelds.
 All things then flourish: flowers the gaudie fields
 With colours paint: no vertue yet in leaues.
 Then following Summer greater strength receiues:
 A lustie Youth; no age more strength acquires,
 More fruitfull, or more burning in desires.
 Maturer Autumn, heat of Youth alaid,
 The sober meane twixt youth and age, more staid
 And temperate, in Summers waine repaires:
 His reuerent temples sprinkled with gray haires.
 Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,
 With trembling steps: his head or bal'd, or white.
 So change our bodies without rest or stay:
 What wee were yester-day, nor what to day,

Shall

Shall bee to morrow. Once alone of men
 The seeds and hope; the womb our mansion: when
 Kind Nature shewd her cunning; not content
 That our vext bodies should be longer pent
 In mothers stretched entrails, forth-with bare
 Them from that prison, to the open aire.
 Wee strengthlesse lye, when first of light possest;
 Straight creepe vpon all foure, much like a beast;
 Then, staggering with weak nerues, stand by degrees,
 And by some stay support our feeble knees:
 Now, lustie, swiftly run. Youth quickly spent,
 And those our middle times, incontinent
 Wee sinke in setting Age: this last deuoures
 The former, and dimolisheth their powres.
 Old *Milo* wept, when he his armes beheld,
 Which late the strongest beast in strength exceld,
 Big, as *Alcides* brawnes, in flaggie hide
 Now hanging by slack sinewes: *Helen* cry'd
 When shee beheld her wrinkles in her Glasse;
 And asks her selfe, why she twice rauisht was.
 Still-eating Time, and thou ô enuious Age,
 All ruinate: diminisht by the rage
 Of your deuouring teeth, All that haue breath
 Consume, and languish by a lingring death.
 Nor can these Elements stand at a stay:
 But by exchanging alter euery day.
 Th'eternall world foure bodies comprehends,
 Ingendring all. The heauie Earth descends,
 So Water, clog'd with weight: two light, aspire,
 Deprest by none; pure Aire, and purer Fire.
 And though they haue their seuerall sites; yet all
 Of these are made, to these againe they fall.
 Resolued Earth to Water rarifies;
 To Aire extenuated Waters rise;
 The Aire, when it it selfe againe refines,
 To elementall Fire extracted, shines.
 They in like order back againe repaire:
 The grosser Fire condenseth into Aire;
 Aire, into Water: Water thickning, then
 Growes solid, and conuerts to Earth againe.
 None holds his owne: for Nature euer ioyes
 In change, and with new formes the old supplies.

In all the world not any perish quite:
 But onely are in various habits dight:
 For; to begin to be, what we before
 Were not, is to be borne; to dye, no more
 Then ceasing to be such: although the frame
 Be changeable, the substance is the same.
 For nothing long continues in one mold.
 You Ages, you to Siluer grew from Gold;
 To Brasse from Siluer; and to Yr'ne from Brasse.
 Euen places oft such change of fortunes passe:
 Where once was solid land, Seas haue I seene;
 And solid land, where once deepe Seas haue beene.
 Shels, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground;
 And anchors haue on mountain tops been found.
 Torrents haue made a valley of a plaine;
 High hills by deluges borne to the Maine.
 Deepe standing lakes suckt drie by thirstie sand;
 And on late thirstie earth now lakes doe stand.
 Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
 Sends forth new fountaines; there, shuts vp the old.
 Streames, with impetuous earth- quakes, heretofore
 Haue broken forth; or sunk, and run no more.
 So *Lycus*, swallowed by the yawning Earth,
 Takes in an other world his second birth.
 So *Erasinus*, now conceales, now yeelds
 His rising waters to *Argolian* fields.
 And *Mysus*, hating his first head, and brayes,
Caicus nam'd, else- where his streame displayes.
 Coole *Amasenus*, watering *Sicily*,
 Now flowes; now spring- lockt, leaues his channell dry.
 Men formerly drunk of *Anigrus* streames:
 Not to be drunk (if any thing but dreames
 The Poets tell) since *Centaures* therein washt
 Their wounded limmes, by *Alcides* arrowes gasht.
 So *Hypanis*, deriu'd from *Scythian* Hills,
 Long sweet, with bitter streames his channell fills.
Antissa, *Tyrus*, and *Egyptian Phare*,
 The floods imbrac't: yet now no Ilands are.
 Th'old Colon knew *Lencadia* Continent:
 Which now the labouring surges circumuent.
 So *Zanle* once on *Italie* confin'd;
 Till interposing waues their bounds dis- ioynd.

If *Bura* and *Helice* (*Gracian* townes)
 You seeke; behold, the Sea their glorie drownes :
 Whose buildings, and declined walls, below
 Th'ambitious flood as yet the Sailers show.
 A Hill by *Pitthean Traezen* mounts, vncrownd
 With sylvan shades, which once was leuel ground.
 For furious winds (a storie to admire!)
 Pent in blind cauernes, struggling to expire;
 And vainely seeking to inioy th'extent
 Of freer aire, the prison wanting vent;
 Th'vnpassable tuffe earth inflated so,
 As when with swelling breath we bladders blow.
 The tumor of the place remained still,
 In time growne solid, like a loftie hill.
 To speake a little more of many things
 Both heard and knowne : New habits sundrie Springs
 Now giue, now take: Hornd *Hammons* Well at Noone
 Is cold; hot at Sun-rise, and setting Sun.
 Wood, put in bubling *Athamas* then fires;
 When farthest from the Sun the Moone retires.
Ciconian streames congeale his guts to stone
 That therof drinks : and what therein is throwne.
Crathis, and *Sybaris* (from your mountaines rold)
 Colour the haire like amber, or pure gold.
 Some Fountaines, of a more prodigious kind,
 Not onely change the bodie, but the mind.
 Who hath not heard of obscene *Salmacis*?
 Of th' *Ethiopian* lake? who drink of this,
 Runne forth-with mad : or, if their wits they keep,
 Fall suddenly into a deadly sleep!
 Who at *Clitorius* Fountaine thirst remoue;
 Loath wine, and abstinent, meere water loue.
 Whether it by antipathie expell
 Desire of wine; or (as the Natiues tell)
Melampus hauing with his hearbs and charmes
 Snatcht *Prætus* frantick daughters from the harmes
 Of entred Furies, their wit's physick cast
 Into this spring; infusing such distast.
 With streames, to these oppos'd, *Lyncestus* flowes :
 They reele, as drunk, who drink too much of those.
 A Lake in faire *Arcadia* stands, of old
 Call'd *Pheneus*; suspected, as two-fold:

Feare, and forbear, to drink thereof by night:
 By night vnwholsome, wholsome by day-light.
 So other lakes and streames haue other powre.
Ortygia floted once; fixt at this houre:
 Once *Argo* feard the iustling *Cyanes*;
 Which rooted now, resist both winds and seas.
 Nor *Aetna*, burning with imboweld fire,
 Shall euer, or did alwayes, flames expire.
 For whether *Tellus* be an Animall,
 Haue lungs, and mouthes that smoking flames exhale;
 Her organs alter, when her motions close
 These yawning passages, and open those.
 Or whether winds, in caues impris'ned, raue;
 Iustling the stones, and minerals which haue
 The seede of fire, inkindled with their rage:
 They then extinguish when the winds asswage.
 Or if Bitumen doe the fire prouoke;
 Or sulphur burning with more subtile smoke:
 When Earth that food and oylie nourishment
 With-drawes, the matter by long feeding spent;
 The hungrie fire of sustenance bereft,
 Ill-brooking famine, leaues, by being left.
 In *Hyperborean Pallene* liue
 A People, if to Fame wee credit giue,
 Who, diuing three times thrice in *Tritons* lake,
 Of Fowle the feathers and the figure take.
 The like, they say, the *Scythian* Witches doe
 With magick oyles: incredible though true.
 If wee may trust to triall, see you not
 Small creatures of corrupted flesh begot?
 Burie your slaughtred Steere (a thing in vse)
 And his corrupted bowels will produce
 Flowre-sucking Bees; who, like their parent flaine,
 Loue labour, fields, and toyle in hope of gaine.
 Hornets from buried horses take their birth.
 Break off the Crabs bent clawes, and in the earth
 Burie the rest; a Scorpion without faile
 From thence will creep, and menace with his taile.
 The Catterpillers, who their cop-webs weaue
 On tender leafes (as Hindes from prooffe receiue)
 Conuert to poysonous Butterflies in time.
 Greene Frogs, ingendred by the seed of slime,

First, without feete, then leggs assume; now strong
 And apt to swimme, their hinder parts more long
 Then are their former, fram'd to skip and iump.
 The Beares deformed birth is but a lump
 Of liuing flesh: when licked by the Old,
 It takes a forme agreeing with the mold.
 Who sees the Yong of honie-bearing Bees
 In their sexangular inclosure, sees
 Their bodies limme-lesse: these vnformed things
 In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.
 The starre-imbellisht Fowle, which *Iunoloues*,
Ioues Armour-bearer, *Cytherea's* Doues,
 And birds of euery kind; did wee not know
 Them hatcht of eggs, who would coniecture so?
 Some think the pith of dead-men, Snakes becomes;
 When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.
 Yet these from others do deriue their birth.
 One onely Fowle there is in all the Earth,
 Call'd by th' *Assyrians* Phoenix, who the waine
 Of age repaires, and sowe her selfe againe.
 Nor feeds on graine nor hearbs, but on the gumme
 Of Frankincense, and iuycie Amomum.
 Now, when her life siue ages hath fulfilled;
 A nest her horned beake and tallons build
 Vpon the crounet of a trembling Palme:
 This strew'd with Cassia, Spicknard, precious Balme,
 Bruz'd Cinamon, and Myrrh; thereon she bends
 Her bodie, and her age in odors ends.
 This breeding Corp's a little Phoenix beares:
 Which is it selfe to liue as many yeares.
 Growne strong; that load now able to transferre;
 Her cradle, and her parents sepulcher,
 Deuoutly carries to *Hyperions* towne:
 And on his flamie Altar layes it downe.
 If these be wonderfull, admire like strange
Hyana's, who their sexe so often change:
 Those foodlesse creatures, fed by ayre alone;
 Who euery colour, which they touch, put on.
 The Lynx, first brought from conquered *India*
 By vine-bound *Bacchus*, his hot pisse, they say,
 Congeales to stone. So Corall, which below
 The water is a limber weed, doth grow

Stone-

Stone-hard, when toucht by aire. But Day will end,
 And *Phæbus* panting Steeds to Seas descend,
 Before my scant oration could persue
 All sorts of shapes, that change their old for new,
 For this wee see in all is generall.
 Some Nations gather strength, and others fall.
Troy, rich and powrefull, which so proudly stood;
 That could for ten yeeres spend such streames of blood;
 For buildings, onely her old ruines shoves;
 For riches, tombs; which slaughterd Sires inclose.
Sparta, *Mycena*, were of *Greece* the flowres;
 So *Cecrop's* Citie, and *Amphion's* towres:
 Now glorious *Sparta* lyes vpon the ground;
 Loftie *Mycena* hardly to be found;
 Of *O Edipus* his *Thebes* what now remains,
 Or of *Pandion's Athens*, but their names?
 Now Fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardan* Sons
 Begins to rise, where yellow *Tybris* runs
 From fountfull *Appenines*; and there the great
 Foundation of so huge a fabrick seat.
 This therefore shall by changing propagate,
 And giue the World a Head. Of such a fate
 The Prophets haue diuin'd. And this of old,
 As I remember, *Priam's Helen* told
 To sad *Aeneas*, of all hope forlorne,
 In sinking *Troy's* eclipse. O Goddesse-borne,
 If our *Apollo* can presage at all;
Troy, thou in safetic, shall not wholly fall.
 Both fire and sword shall giue thy vertue way:
 Flying, with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt conuay;
 Vntill thou find a Land, as yet vnknowne,
 To *Troy*, and thee, more friendly then thy owne.
 A Citie built by *Phrygians* I fore-see;
 So great none euer was, is, or shall bee.
 Others shall make it great: but He, whose birth
 Springs from *Iulius*, Soueraigne of the Earth.
 He, hauing rul'd the World, shall then ascend
 Æthereall Thrones, and Heauen shall be his End.
 This, I remember, with prophetick tongue,
 Sage *Helen* to diuine *Aeneas* sung.
 Wee ioy to see our kindreds Citie grow
 The *Phrygians* happie in their Ouer-throw.

But least our heedlesse Steeds too far should range
 From their proposed course; All suffer change:
 The heauens themselues, what vnder them is found;
 Earth, what thereon, or what is vnder ground.
 Wee, of the World a part, since we as well
 Haue Soules as Bodies, which in beasts may dwell:
 To those, which may our parents Soules inuest,
 Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least;
 Let vs both safetic, and respect afford:
 Nor heape their bowels on *Thyestes* boord.
 How ill inur'd! to shed the blood of man
 How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can
 Asunder cut the throtes of calves; and heares
 The bellowing breeder with relentlesse cares!
 Or silly kids, which like poore infants cry,
 Stick with his knife! or his voracitie
 Feede with the fowle he fed! ô to what ill
 Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill!
 Let Oxen till the ground, and dye with age:
 Let Sheepe defend thee from the winters rage:
 Goates bring their vdders to thy paille. Away
 With nets, grins, snares, and arts that doe betray:
 Deceiue not birds with lime; nor Deere inclose
 With terrors; nor thy baits to fish expose.
 The hurtfull kill: yet onely kill: nor eate
 Defiling flesh; but feede on fitter meate.

With other, and the like Philosophie
 Instructed; *Numa*, now returnd, was by
 Th'intreating *Latines* croud. Taught by his Bride
 The Nymph *Egeria*, by the Muses guide,
 Religion institutes; a People rude
 And prone to warre, with lawes and peace imbu'd.
 His raigne and age resign'd to funerall;
 Plebeians, *Roman* Dames, Patricians, all
 For *Numa* mourne. His wife the Citie fled:
 Hid in *Aricia's* Vale, the ground her bed,
 The woods her shroud, disturbs with groines and cries
Orestean Diana's sacrifice.
 How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Grove and Lake
 Reprou'd her teares, and words of comfort spake!
 How oft the *Thesean* Heros, Temperate
 Thy sorrow, said! nor onely is thy fate

To be deplor'd : on worſe miſ-ſortunes looke;
 And you will yours with greater patience brooke.
 Would mine were no example to appeaſe
 So ſad a griefe : yet mine your griefe may eaſe.
 Perhaps y'haue heard of one *Hippolytus*;
 By Step-dames fraud, and fathers credulous
 Beliefe deuow'd to death. Admire you may
 That I am he, if credit, what I ſay.
 Whom *Phædra* formerly ſolicited,
 But vainely, to deſile my fathers bed.
 Fearing detection, or in that refus'd;
 She turnes the crime, and me of her's accus'd.
 My father, baniſhing the innocent,
 Along with me his winged curſes ſent.
 Toward *Pithean Træzen* me my charriot bore :
 And driuing now by the *Corinthian* ſhore,
 The ſmooth Seas ſwell; a monſtrous billow roſe,
 Which, rouling like a mountaine, greater growes;
 Then, bellowing, at the top aſunder rends :
 When from the breach, beſt high, a Bull aſcends;
 Who at his dreadfull mouth and noſthrils ſpouts
 Part of the ſea. Feare all my followers routs :
 But my afflicted mind was all this while
 Vnterrif'd; intending my exile.
 When the hot horſes ſtart, erect their eares :
 With horror rapt, and chaced by their feares,
 O'r ragged rocks the totter'd charriot driue :
 While I to curb their furie vainly ſtrive;
 The bits all-frotht with ſome : with all my might
 Pull back the raignes, now lying bolt vp-right.
 Nor had their heady fright my ſtrength o'r-gon;
 Had not the feruent wheele, which roules vpon
 The bearing Axel-tree, ruſht on a ſtump :
 Which brake, and fell aſunder with that iump.
 Throwne from my charriot, in the raignes faſt-bound,
 My guts drag'd out aliue, my ſinewes wound
 About the ſtump, ſome of my limmes hal'd thence
 You might haue ſcene, ſome hanging in ſuſpence;
 My breaking bones to crack, not any whole,
 While I exhal'd my faint and wearie ſoule.
 No part of all my parts you could haue found
 That might be knowne : for all was but one wound.

Now

Now say, selfe-tortred Nymph, or can, or dare
 You your calamities with ours compare?
 I also saw those realmes, to Day vnknowne:
 And bath'd my wounds in waue *Pheleton*.
 Had not *Apollo's* Son imploid the aid
 Of his great Art; I with the dead had staid.
 But when by potent hearbs, and *Pæons* skill,
 I was restor'd, gainst angrie *Plutos* will:
 Least I, if seene, might enuie haue procur'd,
 Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd,
 And that, though scene, I might be hurt by none,
 She added age, and left my face vnknowne.
 Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Creet*;
 Reiecting *Creet* and *Delos* as vnmeet,
 Shee plac't me here. Nor would I should retaine
 The memorie of One by horses slaine:
 But said; Hence forward *Virbius* be thy name
 That wer't *Hippolytus*; though thou the same.
 One of the Lesser Gods, here, in this Groue,
 I *Cynthia* serue; preferued by her loue.

But others miseries could not abate
Egeria's sorrowes, nor preuent her fate.
 Who, couched at the bases of a hill,
 Thawes into teares, that streame-like ran; vntill
Apollo's Sister, pittying her woes,
 Turn'd her t'a Spring; whose current euer flowes.

The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd;
 No lesse then when the *Tyrren* Plough-man gazd
 Vpon the fatall clod; that mou'd alone:
 And, for a humane shape, exchang'd its owne.
 With infant lips the newly Animate,
 Reueal'd the Mysteries of future fate:
 Whom Natiues *Tages* calld. He first of all
 Th' *Hetrurians* taught to tell what would befall.

Or when astonisht *Romulus* of old
 Did, on Mount *Palatine*, his lance behold
 To flourish with greene leaues: the fixed foot
 Stood not on steele, but on a liuing root:
 Which, now no weapon, spreading armes displaid;
 And gaue admirers vnexpected shade.

Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glasse
 Beheld his hornes, which his beliefe surpassed

Who

Who lifting oft his fingers to his brow,
 Felt what before he saw : nor longer now
 Condemnes his sight. Returnd with victorie;
 His eyes and hornes erecting to the skie :
 You Gods, what e'r these prodigies portend;
 If prosperous, he said, let them descend
 On *Romans* and on *Rome* : but if they be
 Vnfortunate, ô let them fall on me !
 An Altar then of liuing turf erects;
 The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine iniects :
 And with the panting entrails of a beast
 New slaine, consults; to know the Gods behest.
 This, when the *Tyrhen* Augur had beheld,
 And saw therein endeouours that exceld,
 Although obscure; he from the sacrifice
 To *Cippus* hornes conuert's his steadie eyes :
 Haile King, to thee, and to those hornes of thine,
 This place, and *Latiæ* towres, their rule resigne.
 Delay not; enter thou the yeelding gate :
 Hast, *Cippus*, hast : such is the Will of Fate.
 Thou shalt be cround a King vpon that day :
 And safely an eternall scepter sway.
 He, starting back, from *Rome* diuert's his face :
 And said; You Gods, far hence this Omen chace.
 Better that I in banishment grow old;
 Then me, a King, the Capitoll behold.
 Hiding his hornes with leauie ornaments,
 The people and graue Senat he conuents.
 Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,
 And praying first (as was the custome) said
 Vnlesse expeld your Citie, here is One
 Will be your King : though not by name, yet knowne
 By his strange hornes. I heard the Augur say,
 If once in *Rome*, you all should him obey.
 He might, vnstopt, haue entred without feare :
 But I with-stood; though none to me more neare.
 Be he, *Quirites*, into exile sent :
 Or, if he merit such a punishment,
 Bind him in beaue chaines, and keepe him sure :
 Or with the Tyrants death your feares secure.
 The troubled People such a murmuring make;
 As when farre off the roring surges rake

On rattling shores; or when through high-trust Pines
 Lowd *Eurus* howles. One onely Voice dis-ioynes
 In this confusion; asking, Which is he?
 All seeking for the hornes they could not see,
Cippus repli'd; Behold the man you looke.
 Then from his head (with-held) his garland tooke;
 And shew'd the hornes which on his fore-head grew.
 Not one but sigh'd, and downe his count'nance threw:
 And those cleare browes (a thing beyond beliefe)
 Adorn'd with merit, they behold with griefe.
 Nor suffer him his honour to debace:
 But on his head a laurell garland place.
 And since he his owne entrance did with-stand:
 The Nobles, in due fauour, so much land
 To *Cippus* gaue, as well two oxen might
 Round with a plough from morning vntill night.
 The monumentall figure of his hornes,
 So much admir'd, the golden Posts adornes.

Now Muses, Goddesses of Verse, relate
 (You know, nor yeares your memorie abate)
 How *Æsculapius* in our Citie found
 A Temple, by circumfluent *Tybris* bound.
 A deadly plague the *Latian* aire defil'd:
 Soules from their seates the pale disease exil'd.
 Wearied with funerals, when physick faild;
 Nor any humane industrie preuaild;
 They seeke coelestially aid. To *Delphos* sent,
 Built in the round Earths nauell, and present
 Their prayers to *Phæbus*; that he would descend
 To their reliefe, and giue their woes an end.
 His Temple, Laurell, and his Quiuer, shake:
 Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod spake.
 What here you seeke, you neerer should haue sought:
 And seeke it neerer yet. *Apollo* ought
 Not now to cure you, but *Apollo's* Seede.
 Goe with successe; and fetch my Sonne with speede.
 The Senat hauing heard this Oracle,
 The Citie search, where *Phæbus* sonne should dwell:
 The shore of *Epidauræ* the Legate seekes:
 There anchoring, he intreats th'assembled *Greekes*
 To send their God: who might th' *Ausonian* State
 To health restore; and vrg'd the charge of Fate.

They

They varie in opinion : some assent
 To send this succour; many, not content
 To lose their owne in giuing others aid,
 Striue to retaine him, and the rest dissuade.
 While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light :
 And Earth-borne shadowes cloth'd the world in Night.
 Th'Health-giuing God, in sleepe, appeares to stand
 In his old forme; a staffe in his left hand :
 And stroking with his right his reuerend beard;
 From his hope-rendring brest these words were heard.
 Feare not, I come; my shape I will forsake :
 View, and mark well this staffe-infolding Snake :
 Such will I seeme, yet shew of greater uize;
 So great as may a Deitie comprize.
 God with the Voice, with God and Voice away
 Sleepe flew : fled Sleepe persude by chearefull Day.
 The starres now vanquisht by the mornings flame;
 The doubtfull Nobles to the temple came,
 Intreat him by cœlestiall signes to shew
 Whether hee were content to stay or goe.
 This hardly said, the God in Serpent's shroud,
 His high crest gold-like glistring, hist aloud.
 His statue, altar, gates, the marble flore,
 And golden roose, shooke at th'approching Powre.
 He, in his Fane, brest-high his bodie rais'd :
 Rouling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
 All tremble. The chaste Priest, his haire imbraid
 With Virgin fillet, knew the God, and said :
 Tis he ! 'tis he ! all you who present are
 Pray with your hearts and tongues : ô heauenly-Faire,
 Propitious proue to those who thee implore !
 All that were there the present Powre adore;
 Reitterating what the Priest had said :
 With heart and tongue the *Romans* also prayd.
 He, by the motion of his loftie crest,
 And doubled hisses, signe's to their request.
 Then sliding downe the polisht staires, his looke
 Reuert's on his old altars; now forsooke :
 Salute's his shrine, and Temple deckt with towres.
 Then creeping on the ground, strewd with fresh flowres,
 Indenteth through the Citie : stopping where
 The Harbour is defended by a Peere.

The following troopes; and those whose zeales assist
 In honouring him; with gentle lookes dismist;
 He climes th' *Ausonian* ship: which felt the waight,
 And shrunk with pressure of so great a freight.
 The ioyfull *Romans*; offering on the strand
 A Bull to *Neptune*; anchor weigh, and land
 Forsake with easie gales. Rais'd on his traine,
 He, leaning, lookes vpon the blew-wau'd *Maine*.
 Through *Ionian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* borne,
 They fell with *Italia* on the sixth morne.
Lacinian *Iunos* *Eane*, *Scyllaan* shores,
Iapygia past; they thun with nimble ores
Amphrysian rocks; *Ceraunian*, weather-clefts;
Romechium, *Caulon*, and *Narycia* left:
Sicilian Straights o'r-come, and wrackfull seas;
 Saile by the mansion of *Hippotades*:
 By *Temesa*, in metals fruitfull; by
Leucosia, and the *Pæstan* Rosary.
Neere *Caprea*, and *Minerva's* Fore-land row;
Surrentine hils, where wines so generous grow;
Heraclea, *Stabia*, *Naples* borne to ease,
Cumæan *Sibyl's* Temple: next to these,
 Hot Baths; *Linternum*, sweet with mastick flowres;
Vulturnus, who his sandie channell skoures;
Sinuessa, swarming with white Snakes; ill-air'd
Minturna; and where *Pietie* prepar'd
 His Nurse a tomb: forth with the mansion make
 Of fell *Antiphates*; and then the Lake-
 Besieged *Trachin*: thence directly bore
 To *Circe's* Ile, and *Antium's* solid shore.
 The Sea now swelling high, this harbor holds
 The Saile-wing'd ship. The God his orbs vnfoldes;
 And, with huge doublings, o'r the yellow sand
 Slides to his fathers temple on that strand.
 Rough waues asswag'd, the *Epidaurian* Guest
 His fathers altar leaues; to Sea-ward prest,
 Slicing the sandie shore with rustling scales;
 And, by her stern the ship ascending, sailes
 Till hee to *Castrum*, to *Lavinia's* name,
 Retaining Seat, and mouth of *Tyber* came.
 All hither throng; sons, daughters, mothers, fires,
 The Nunnes who keepe the *Phrygian* *Vesta's* fires,

With

With lowd salutes of ioy. On either side
 The Riuer, as the Vessell stemmes the tide,
 Altars; with incense fed, the aire perfume:
 And kniues from Sacrifices heat assume.
Rome entring, the Worlds Head, He winds about
 The loftic mast; and from on high thrusts out
 His glittering head, to chuse a fitting place.
 The armes of *Tyber* doe an Ile imbrace,
 Which equall streame from eithers bank diuides;
 Thither *Apollo's* sacred Serpent slides:
 Who now coelestiall shape assuming, ends
 Their miseries, and health to all extends.

He here, a forrein Powre, makes his aboard.
 In his owne Citie *Cesar* is a God.
 Glorious in Peace and War: whom war's surcease
 With triumphs croud, his gouernment in peace,
 Nor race of wonder with such quicknesse runne;
 More make a blazing Star, then his great Sonne.
 For of all *Cesars* acts, none may compare
 With his adopting so diuine an Heire.
 For, was it more t'o'r-come the *British* Ile?
 Fill the seauen mouthes of paper-bearing *Nile*
 With conquering sailes? *Numidians* rebelling,
Cinyphian Iuba, *Pontus* proudly swelling
 In *Mithridates*, to subiect to *Rome*?
 Meriting many, to triumph for some?
 Then him beget, in whose dominion
 The Gods so abundantly haue fauour'd man?
 To th'other they a Decree decreed;
 That this might not from mortall birth proceede.
 Which, when faire *Venus* saw; and saw with all,
 Conspiring weapons threat her Prelats fall;
 Her colour fled: to euey God she met,
 She said; Behold, what snares for me are set!
 To murder me in him how Treason striues;
 Who onely of *Iulus* race suruiues!
 Still must I vnder seru'd afflictions beare?
 How lately wounded by *Tydides* speare!
 Now ill-defended *Troy* againe is lost:
 My Sonne *Aneas*, with long errors tost
 On wrathfull Seas, againe descends to Hell:
 Now warres with *Turnus*; or, the truth to tell,

With *Iuno* rather. How remember I
 Old harmes sustaind in my posteritie?
 I, through this feare, all former feares forget.
 Loe! they their wicked swords against me whet:
 O helpe! restraints their furies! nor, for shame,
 With Prelats blood extinguish *Vesta's* flame.

Thus, through all heauen, her Sorrowes vainly speak;
 And melt the Gods: who, since they could not breake
 The antient Sisters adamantine doome,
 By sure Ostents demonstrate Woes to come.
 Armes, clashing in the aire with clouds o'r-cast;
 Terrible trumpets, and the corner's blast,
 Proclaime the Murder: *Sols* afflicted looke
 And pale eclipse, the World with terror strooke.
 Oft, Meteors through the aire their flames extend:
 Oft, drops of blood from purple clouds descend.
 Black rust obscures dimme *Lucifers* aspect:
 And *Cynthia's* charriot bloodie stains infect.
 The *Stygian* Owle each where disturbs their sleepe
 With ominous screeches: iuoric Statues weepe.
 The sacred Groues resound with yelling cries,
 And fearefull menaces. No sacrifice
 The Gods appease: the headlesse inwards shew
 Signes of succeeding Tumults, Death, and Woe.
 Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,
 And holy Temples howle. From sad abodes
 The Dead arise, and wander here and there:
Rome trembling, both with Earth-quakes and with feare.
 These Warnings of the Gods no changes wrought
 In Fate, or Treason. Murderous swords were brought
 Into the Temple: for no place might sort
 With such a Slaughter, but the sacred Court.
 Then *Venus* smote her brest: who sought to shroud,
 And snatch him thence in that *Æthereall* cloud,
 Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage conuaid:
 And freed *Aeneas* from *Tydides* blade.

Daughter, said *Ioue*, canst thou resist the doome
 Of conquering Fates? Into their mansion come.
 There shalt thou see Decrees that needs must passe,
 Writ in huge folds of solid Steele and brasse.
 Which safe, eternall, euer fixed there,
 My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine feare.

In lasting Adamant there maist thou reed,
 What shall to thy great Progenie succeed.
 I read, remember well, and will relate
 What may informe thee in succeeding fate.
 He, whom thou striu'st to saue, his race hath run
 Of Time and Glorie: whom, thou and his Son
 Shall make in heauen a God; on Earth, with praire
 And Temples dignifi'd. His names great Heire
 Alone his Load shall beare: and strongly shall
 By our conduct reuenge his fathers fall.
 By his good fortune *Mutina*, o'r-throwne,
 Shall sue for peace: *Pharsalian* fields shall grone:
 Slaughter againe *Philippi* shall imbrue:
 On red *Sicilian* Seas hee shall subdue
 A mightie Name. Th' *Egyptian* Spouse shall fall,
 Ill trusting to her *Roman* Generall:
 To make our stately *Capitoll* obay
 Her proud *Canopus*, shall in vaine assay.
 What need I of those barbarous People tell,
 And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell?
 Hee shall the habitable Earth command;
 And stretch his Empire ouer sea and land.
 Peace giuen to Earth; hee shall conuert his care
 To ciuill Rule, iust Lawes; and by his faire
 Example Vertue guide. Then looking to
 The future times, and Nephewes to ensue;
 A Sonne shall blesse him from a holy womb:
 To him he shall resigne his name, and roome.
 Nor shall, till full of age, ascend th'aboards
 Of heavenly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.
 Meane-while from this slaine corps his soule conuay
 Vp to the starres, and giue it a cleare Ray:
 That *Iulius* may with friendly influence
 Shine on our *Capitol* and Court from thence.

This said: inuisible faire *Venus* stood
 Amid the Senat; from his corps, with blood
 Defil'd, her *Cesars* new-fled spirit bare
 To heauen, not suffer'd to resolue to aire.
 And, as in her soft bosom borne, shee might
 Perceiue it take a Powre, and gather light.
 When once let loose, It forth-with vp-ward flew
 And after it long blazing tresses drew.

The radiant Starre his Sons great acts beheld
 T'out-luster his : and ioy'd, to be exceld.
 Though he would haue his Fathers deeds preferd
 Before his owne : yet free-tongu'd Fame, deter'd
 By no commandment, yeeld th'euited Bayes
 To his cleare browes; and but in this gaine-sayes.
 So *Atreus* yeelds to *Agamemmons* fame;
Ageus so to *Theseus* : *Peleus* name
 Stoops to *Achilles*. That I may confer
 Th'illustrious to their equals, *Iupiter*
 So *Saturne* tops. *Ioue* rules the arched Skie,
 And triple World; th'Earths vast Monarchie
 T' *Augustus* bowes : both Fathers, and both sway.
 You Gods, *Aeneas* mates, who made your way
 Through fire and sword; you Gods of men become;
Quirinus, Father of tryumphant *Rome*;
 Thou *Mars*, inuincible *Quirinus* Sire;
 Chast *Vesta*, with thy euer-burning fire,
 Among Great *Cesars* Household-Gods inshrin'd;
 Domestick *Phæbus*, with his *Vesta* ioynd;
 Thou *Ioue*, whom in *Tarpeian* towres we adore;
 And You, all You, whom Poets may implore:
 Slow be that day, and after I am dead,
 Wherein *Augustus*, of the world the Head,
 Leauing the Earth, shall vnto heauen repaire;
 And fauour those that seeke to him by praier.

And now the Work is ended, which, *Ioue's* rage,
 Nor Fire, nor Sword shall raze, nor eating Age.
 Come when it will my deaths vncertaine howre;
 Which onely of my body hath a powre :
 Yet shall my better Part transcend the skie;
 And my immortall name shall neuer die.
 For, where-so-ere the *Roman* Eagles spread
 Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read :
 And, if we Prophets truly can diuine,
 I, in my liuing Fame, shall euer shine.

FINIS.

To the Reader.

ALthough it may seeme superfluous to the Learned; yet that the meere English Reader may not bee confounded with the many names that are giuen to one person, deriued from Father, Grand-father, Ancestors, Countrie, Qualitie, or Atchieuements; I haue here collected them with their briefe explanations. With these I had thought, in their seuerall places, to haue charged the margent: but the hastinesse of the Presse, and vnexpected want of leasure, haue preuented me. The same reason may serue for diuers slips, and errors, which I not onely know but acknowledge. Yet if the too cleanly Critick sweepe not all the dust together and lay it on one heape, it may perhaps be hardly discerned, how so euer borne-with in so long and interrupted a labour.

A

ABantiades. pag. 81. vers. 39. Acrisius the Sonne of Abas King of Argos.
 Abantiades. pag. 86. vers. 18. and pag. 92. vers. 17, and pag. 95. vers. 15. Perseus great grand-child to Abas.
 Acheloides. the Syrens, daughters to Achelous.
 Acheron. a Riuer in Hell, and signifies deprivation of Ioy.
 Acrisionides. Perseus grandchild to Acrisius.
 Actorides. pag. 157. vers. 36. Euritus and Creatus the sons of Actor.
 Actorides. pag. 261. vers. 35. Patroclus grand-child to Actor.
 The Æacides. pag. 139. vers. 17. Peleus, Telamon, and Phocus, sons to Æacus.
 Æacides. pag. 222. vers. 9. and 34. pag. 225. vers. 42. Peleus the son of Æacus.
 Æacides. pag. 240. vers. 21. and thence forth, Achilles the grand-child of Æacus.
 Aello. one of the Harpyes.
 Æetias. Medea, the daughter of Æeta.
 Ægides. Theseus, the sonne of Ægeus
 Ægis. Minerva's shield.
 Æolian Virgin. pag. 110. vers. 26. Arne, the daughter of Æolus.
 Æolides. pag. 79. vers. 19. Athamas, the Sonne of Æolus.
 Æolides. pag. 144. vers. 6. Cephalus, the grand-child of Æolus.
 Æolides. pag. 187. vers. 15. Macareus and Canace, the son and daughter of Æolus.
 Æsonides. Iason, the sonne of Æson.

Agenorides. Cadmus, the sonne of Agenor.
 Aloida. Otus and Ephialtes, got by Neptune on the wife of Aloeus.
 Alcides. a name of Hercules, which signifies strength.
 Amazonian Heros. Hippolytus, son to Hippolyte the Amazonian.
 Amicydes. Hyacinthus, the son of Amyclas.
 Amphitrite. the daughter of Oceanus, and wife to Neptune; taken for the Sea.
 Amphitryonides. Hercules the son of Amphitryo.
 Ampycides. Mopsus, the son of Ampycus.
 Anubis. an Idoll of the Ægyptians with the head of a dog.
 Apis. a black Oxe spotted with white, worshipped by the Ægyptians in remembrance of Osiris.
 Aphrodites. a name of Venus, in that sprung from the foame of the Sea.
 Arcturus. a Star in the taile of the Greater Beare.
 Astræa. Justice, so called of Astræus, a most iust Prince.
 Astræan Sons. The Winds, sons to the Gyant Astræus.
 Athamantiades. Palæmon, the son of Athamas.
 Atlantiades. pag. 18. vers. 18. and pag. 48. ver. 13. Mercurie the grand-child of Atlas.
 Atlantiades. pag. 75. vers. 19. Hermaphroditus, the son of Mercurie, and great grand-child of Atlas.
 Atracides. Cæneus, so called of Atrax a citie of Thessalie.

Atrides

Attrides, Agamemnon; sometimes Menelaus; both sons to Atreus.

Auernian Iuno. Proserpina.

Auernus. a lake in hell, ouer which no birds can flie without falling.

Autonoëus. Actæon the son of Autonoe, Cadmus daughter.

Auster. The South-wind.

B

Bacchiadæ. the off-spring of Bacchia, the Corinthian.

Bacchanals. women solemnizing the feast of Bacchus.

Belides. the neeces of Belus, and daughters of Danaus.

Berecynthian. pag. 219. vers. 9. Midas of Berecynthus, a citie of Phrygia.

Bootes. the Star, that followes Charles waine.

Boreas. the North-wind.

Bromius. a name of Bacchus, which signifies raging.

Bubastis. an Ægyptian Goddesse, companion to Isis.

C

Cárpethian Prophet. Proteus a God of the Sea.

Cecropides, the daughters of Cecrops, King of Athens.

Centaures. said to be halfe men and halfe beasts, in that they were the first that rid on horses.

Ceraftæ. men with hornes.

Cerberus. the Hell-hound with three heads, signifying a deuourer of the dead.

Chimæra. a monster; hauing the face of a woman, the bodie of a goate, and the taile of a Serpent.

Colchis. Medea, so called of Colehis, where shee was borne.

Crataeis daughter. Scylla

Cyclades. Islands in the Ægean Sea, dispersed in forme of a cycle.

Cyclops. Giants, and sons of Neptune; so called of the round eye, which they had in their fore-heads.

Cyclopean darts. Thunder and Lightning forged by the Cyclops.

Cyllenius. a name of Mercuric; in that borne on the hill Cyllene.

Cynthius } names of Apollo and Diana, of Cyn-
Cynthia } thus a hill in Delos, where they
were borne.

Cyprides. a name of Venus, of the Island of

Cyprus, where she was worshipped.

Cythæra. a name of Venus, of the Island Cythæra, dedicated to Venus.

D

Danaean Heros. Perseus, the son of Danae.

Dardan Prophet. Helenus the son of Priamus.

Delius } names of Apollo and Diana, of Delos,
Delia } where they were borne.

Delphian. Phœbus, in that worshipped at Delphos.

Dictynna. a name of Diana, taken from the Toyles, which shee inuented.

Dis. a name of Pluto, signifying the same, which is riches.

Dodoneian Oke. An Oke consecrated to Iupiter, which gaue Oracles.

Dryades. Nymphs of the wood.

Dulichian Guide. Vlysses, of Dulichium, a little Island by Ithaca, ouer which hee raigned.

E

Echidna. an infernall Monster hauing a virgins face, and the taile of a Serpent.

Echidna's Hell-hound. Cerberus, borne of Echidna.

Eleleus. a name of Bacchus, and signifies to excite, or animate.

Epimethis. Pyrrha, the daughter of Epimetheus.

Erebus. a riuer of Hell, which signifies darknesse, and obscuritie.

Erinnys. one of the Furies, ioying in broyles and discord.

Erycina. a name of Venus, of Eryx a mountaine of Sicilia, where shee had a Temple.

Euan. a name which signifies Bacchus, used by the Bacchanals.

Eumenides. the infernall Furies.

Euohe. a word of gratulation to Bacchus, used by his Frowes.

Eurus. the East-wind.

H

Hamadryades. Nymphs of the wood.

Harpe. the sword of Mercuric lent to Perseus.

Heliades. the three sisters of Phaeton; so called of Helios, (the Sun) their father.

Helice. Vrsa Maior, so called, in that in 24. howers it turnes about the Pole.

Hermes.

Hermes. a name of Mercurie, which signifies a messenger.

Hesperus. the Evening Starre.

Hippotades. Æolus, the grand-child of Hippotes.

Hyantius. Actæon, of Hyantes, a people of Bœotia.

Hyades. Starres in the shoulder of Taurus, so named, in that they rise and set with raine.

Hydra. a Serpent with fiftie heads; whereof one being stricken off; two grew in the roome.

Hymen. the God of marriage; sometimes taken for marriage.

Hyperion. sometimes taken for the Sun, sometimes for the father of the Sun.

Iacchus. a name of Bacchus, which signifies clamour.

Iapetonides. Atlas the sonne of Iapet.

Idalia. Venus, of Idalia, a hill in Cyprus, where she had her groves.

Iliades. pag. 199. vers. 28. Ganymed, grand-child to Ilus.

Iliades. pag. 301. vers. 40. Romulus, descended from Ilus.

Ilithyia. a name of Lucina, Goddess of child-birth.

Inachis. pag. 16. vers. 28. Iō, the daughter of Inachus.

Inachides. pag. 70. vers. 9. Epaphus, the sonne of Iō, and grand-child of Inachus.

Inachides. pag. 84. vers. 39. Perseus. The Argolians being so called of the riuer Inachus.

Iō. an acclamation of ioy: where it stands not for Iō the daughter of Inachus.

Iris. the Raine-bow.

Ismenides & Thebans, so called of Ismenus, a riuer of Bœotia.

Ithacus. Vlysses, of the Island Ithaca, where hee was borne.

Iulus. a name of Ascanius.

L

Lemnian issue. pag. 41. vers. 12. Erichthonius son to Vulcan, who dwelt in Lemnos.

Lenæus. a name of Bacchus, of the vessell that receiues the wine from the presse.

Lethe. a riuer of Hell, and signifies forgetfulness.

Liber. a name of Bacchus, in that wine freeth the heart from sorrow.

Lucifer. the Morning Starre.

Lyæus. a name of Bacchus; the same with Liber.

M

Mæandrius. Caunus, grand-child by the mothers side to the riuer Mæander.

Medusan Horse. Pegasus, sprung from the blood of Medusa.

Mæonidæ. the Muses. Of Mæonia, where they dwelt.

Mineides. the daughters of Mineus.

Minerua. a name of Pallas, of her powere in war.

Minyæ. a people of Thessalie.

Mopsopian. Triptolemus: Attica being called Mopsopia of King Mopsus.

Mulciber. a name of Vulcan, in that fire che-risheth.

N

Naiades. Nymphs of Springs and riuers.

Nauplius seed. Palamedes, the sonne of Nauplius.

Neleides. the sons of Neleus. Of whom Nestor, and Periclymenus.

Neoptolemus. a name of Pyrrhus, Achilles son.

Nereus. a Sea-god; sometimes taken for the sea.

Nereides. Sea-Nymphs, the daughters of Nereus.

Nereis. pag. 239. vers. 29. Thetis, one of the daughters of Nereus.

Nereis. pag. 274. vers. 25. Galathea, daughter to Nereus.

Narycius. Ajax Oileus, of the citie of Narycium.

Nonacrinæ. Nymphs of Nonacris, a hill in Arcadia.

Nysæus. a name of Bacchus; of the city Nyssa, where hee was fostered.

Nysæides. Nymphs so called of Nyssa, the top of Cytheron, who nursed Bacchus.

Nyctelius. a name of Bacchus, in that his sacrifices were celebrated by night.

O

Oebalides. Hyacinthus, of Oebalia, a part of Laconia.

Oechalides. Nymphs of Oechalia.

Oenides. pag. 160. vers. 32. and pag. 261. vers. 14. Meleager, the son of Oeneus.

Oenides. pag. 194. vers. 37. Diomedes, grand-child to Oeneus.

Oiclides. Amphiarus; the son of Oicleus.

Olenian Kids. Starres in the shoulder of Auriga, which commonly rise and set with raine.

Ora. a name of Hersilia, the wife of Romulus.

Orcades

Oreades. Nymphs of mountaines.
Orion. a constellation.
Olympicks. Games performed euery fifth yeare
on Olympus, a mountaine of Theſſalie.

P

Pæan. a name of Apollo, of healing, in that
the Inuentor of Physick.
Pæan. a ſong of victorie.
Pæons. the daughters of Pierus, ſo called of the
woods of Pæonia, which they frequented.
Palladium. the Image of Pallas.
Paphian Heros. Pigmalion of Paphos.
Pelides. Achilles, the ſon of Peleus.
Perſephone. The ſame with Proſerpina.
Phaſias. a name of Medea, from the riuer Phaſis.
Phegides. Themenus and Axion the ſonnes of
Phegeus.
Pheres hope. Admetus, the ſon of Pheres.
Phlegeton. a burning riuer in hell.
Phœbus { names of the Sun and Moone, in re-
Phœbe { gard of their ſplendor.
Phorcydes. the daughter of Phorcus.
Phoronis. Iô, the ſiſter of Phoroneus.
Pleias. Maia, one of the Pleiades, and mother
to Mercurie.
Pleiones Nephew. Mercurie, grand-child to
Pleione, the wife of Atlas.
Pœans Heire { Philoctetes, the ſon of Pœan.
Pœantius {
Priamides. pag. 259. verſ. 10. Hector, the ſonne
of Priamus.
Promethides. Deucalion, the ſonne of Prome-
theus.
Propœtides. Infamous women of Cyprus.

Q

Quirinus. a name of Romulus.
Quirites. Romans, ſo called of Quirinus.

R

Rhamnusia. a name of Nemefis, of the Citie
Rhamnus, where ſhee had her Temple.

S

Saturnius { Jupiter and Iuno, the ſonne and
Saturnia { daughter of Saturne.

Smintheus. a name of Apollo, for destroying
of mice.
Sol. the Sun.
Stygian ſhades. Hell; ſo called of Styx, an infer-
nall riuer.

T

Tantalides. pag. 253. verſ. 13. Agamemnon,
grand-child to Tantalus.
Taygeta. one of the Pleiades, or ſeuen Starres.
Tellus. the Earth.
Teucrans. Troians, deſcended of Teucer.
Thaumantias. Iris, the daughter of Thaumus.
Theſpiades. the Muſes; of Theſpiæ, a citie neere
Helicon.
Theſtiadæ. Toxeus and Plexippus, the ſonnes
of Theſtius.
Theſtias. Althæa, the daughter of Theſtius.
Theſtorides. Chalcas, the ſon of Theſtor.
Thyon'. Bacchus; of Thyone, a name of his
mother Semele.
Thyrſus. a Javelin woond with Iuic, borne by
Bacchus.
Titan. a name of the Sun, from his mother Titea,
whoſe 45. children were generally called by
the name of Titans.
Titania. pag. 11. verſ. 3. Pyrrha, deſcended of the
Titans.
Titania. pag. 49. verſ. 41. and pag. 132. verſ. 9.
Diana, grand-child to Titea.
Titania. pag. 116. verſ. 17. Latona, daughter to
Cœus, one of the Titans.
Titania. pag. 282. verſ. 1. Circe, deſcended of the
Titans.
Triones. the ſeuen ſtarres, that turne about the
Pole.
Triopeius. Ereſichthon, the ſonne of Triopas.
Tritonia. Pallas, ſo called for her wiſdome.
Troades. the women of Troy.
Tydides. Diomedes, the ſonne of Tydeus.
Tyndaridæ. Caſtor and Pollux, the ſonnes of
Tyndarus.
Tyrinthian. Hercules of Tyrus.

V

Vlcan ſeed. pag. 137. verſ. 37. Periphatus.

Z

Zephyrus. the Weſt-wind.

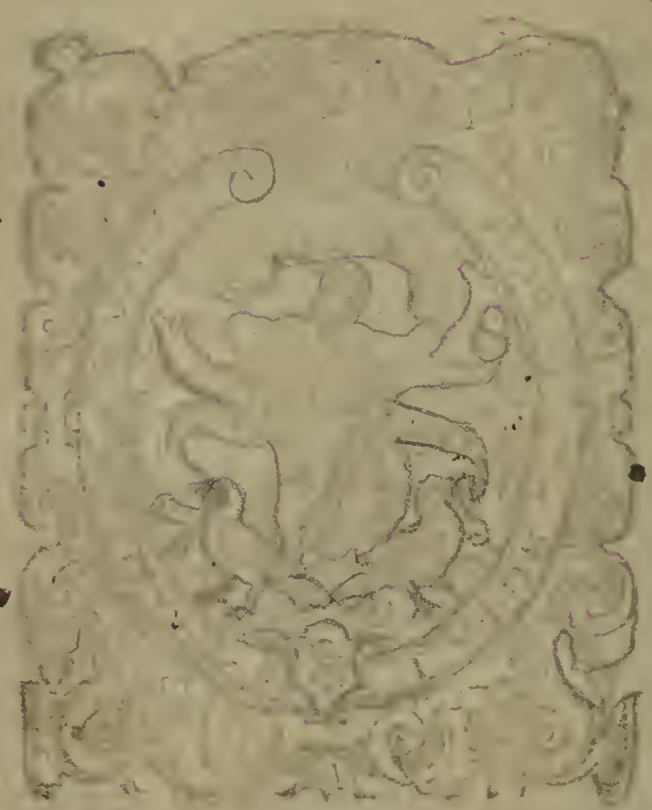
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