

AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cupit
amore irretitos, affirmat esse miseros.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens!
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui semper vacuam semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis. Miseri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

XIX.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER
THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,
To seize the widowed whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards¹ and Scotch what d'ye call:²

¹ The author of the *Gangræna* (published in 1646), or "a Catalogue and Discovery of many of the errors, heresies, and blasphemies, and pernicious practices of the sectaries of this time, vented and acted in England in these four last years."—*Thyer*.

² Possibly the famous Alexander Henderson, or George Gillespie, Scotch minister and commissioner at Westminster.—*Newton*.

But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent.
That so the Parliament
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,
Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,¹
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

¹ He alludes to Frynne, who had been sentenced to have his ears clipped, and was afterwards sentenced to lose the rest of them.

*This Sonnet reminds us some-
what of Keats (in his Sonnets).*

Sonnets.

I

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; oh, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As though from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora.
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi

L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
 Grazia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
 Che 'l disio amoros^o al cuor s' invecchi

III.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
 E 'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno
 Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e 'l duro sereno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, et altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
 L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi;
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, e 'l suo dir, e il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

DIODATI, e te 'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar soléa
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
 Già caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s' impiglia

Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

PER certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
 Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
 Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela,
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante,
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono
 S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante;
 Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago.
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF
TWENTY-THREE.¹

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN or colonel, or knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
 The great Emathian conqueror² bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground: and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet³ had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

¹ Written in 1631.² Alexander the Great.³ Sophocles. It is said that the repetition of some verses from his "Electra" inspired the Athenians to resist an attempt made by Lysander to change the government, reduce the Athenians to slavery, and desolate the city.

IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the grove,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
 And at their growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
 And hope that reaps not shame Therefore be sure,
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hath gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good earl,¹ once President
 Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
 Who lived in both, unstained with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till sad the breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
 Killed with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourished, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

¹ Sir James Ley, afterwards made Earl of Marlborough, and raised to the highest offices in the state.

XI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY
WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.¹

A BOOK was writ of late, called "Tetrachordon,"
 And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
 The subject new: it walked the town a while,
 Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
 A title-page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green. Why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?²
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
 Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,³
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward,
 Greek.

XII.

ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs:
 As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs:⁴
 Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.
 License they mean when they cry "Liberty!"
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
 But from that mark how far they rove we see
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

¹ Viz., those upon divorce, in which he gave great offence to the Presbyterian clergy.

² Probably some ministers who opposed him.

³ The first professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge.

⁴ The Lycian shepherds, who were changed into frogs.--Ovid, *Met.* vi. *fab.* 4.

XIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES¹ ON HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song
 First taught our English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scar
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for envy to look wan;
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.
 Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
 That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn or story
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory²

XIV.

IN THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHARINE
 THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

Deceased 16th December, 1646.

WHEN faith and love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, called life; which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour
 Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
 But as faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on, and faith, who knew them best
 Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

¹ See notes on "Comus."

² See the second canto of Dante's "Purgatory."

XV

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.¹

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false north displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings
 Oh! yet a nobler task awaits thy hand
 (For what can war but endless war still breed?)
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
 While avarice and rapine share the land.

XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
 And on the neck of crown'd fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream² with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than war: new foes arise
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

¹ The three following poems are not, for obvious reasons, found in the editions of Milton published during the reign of Charles II.

² Near Preston, in Lancashire.

XVII

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repelled
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold;
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled,
 Then to advise how war may best upheld
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage; besides to know
 Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
 What severs each, thou hast learned, which few have
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe; [done:
 Therefore, on thy firm hand religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE.¹

AVENGE, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their means

¹ Probably written in 1655. Newton observes: "This prayer, in behalf of the persecuted Protestants, was not entirely without effect. For Cromwell exerted himself in their favour, and his behaviour in this whole transaction is greatly to his honour, even as it is related by an historian, who was far from being partial to his memory. 'Nor would the Protector be backward in such a work, which might give the world a particular opinion of his piety and zeal for the Protestant religion, but he proclaimed a solemn fast, and caused large contributions to be gathered for them throughout the kingdom of England and Wales. Nor did he rest here, but sent his agents to the Duke of Savoy, a prince with whom he had no correspondence or commerce, and the next year so engaged the Cardinal of France, and even terrified the Pope himself, without so much as doing any favour to the English."

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who having learned thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

 XIX.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide;
 And that one talent which is death to hide,¹
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,
 I fondly ask? But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

 XX.

 TO MR. LAWRENCE.²

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won

Roman Catholics, that that Duke thought it necessary to restore all that he had taken from them, and renewed all those privileges they had formerly enjoyed—so great was the terror of his name; nothing being more usual than his saying that his ships in the Mediterranean should visit Civita Vecchia, and the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome.—See Echard, vol. 2.”

¹ An allusion to the parable in Matthew xxv.

² Son of the president of Cromwell's council.

From the hard season gaining? Time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius¹ re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise

XXI.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.²

CYRIAC, whose grandsire on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends,³ and what the French.⁴
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII.

TO THE SAME.

CYRIAC, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear

¹ *i. e.*, Zephyr, the spring western wind.

² Son of William Skinner, by Bridget, daughter of Lord Coke, and distinguished member of Harrington's political club.

³ *i. e.*, Charles Gustavus, who was then waging war with Poland.

⁴ The French were then at war in the Netherlands.

Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side. [mash
 This thought might lead me through the world's vair:
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

 XXIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
 Purification in the old law did save;
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

Psalms.

PSALM I.

DONE INTO VERSE, 1653.

BLESSED is the man who hath not walked astray
In council of the wicked, and i' the way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fanned
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.

DONE AUGUST 8, 1653.

Terzelle.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Aay deep their plots together through each lard

Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
 I will declare. the Lord to me hath said,
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 The Heathen, and as thy conquest to be swayed
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse
 Like to a potter's vessel shivered so.
 And now be wise at length, ye kings averse;
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he appear
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay

 PSALM III.

AUGUST 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

LORD, how many are my foes!
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise.
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,
 No help for him in God there lies.
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
 Thee through my story
 The exalter of my head I count;
 Aloud I cried
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied,
 And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay and slept, I waked again;
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though encamping round about
 They pitch against me their pavilions.
 Rise, Lord, save me, my God, for thou
 Hast smote ere now
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorred
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV.

AUGUST 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large; now spare,
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer

Great ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn,
 How long be thus forborne
 Still to love vanity,
 To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies"

Yet know the Lord hath chose,
 Shose to himself apart,
 The good and meek of heart
 (For whom to choose he knows);
 Jehovah from on high
 Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.

Be awed, and do not sin,
 Speak to your hearts alone,
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say,
 Who yet will show us good?
 Talking like this world's brood;
 But, Lord, thus let me pray,
 On us lift up the light,
 Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright.

Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,
 That when a year of glut
 Their stores doth over-cloy,
 And from their plenteous grounds
 With vast increase their corn and wine abound.

In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep,
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where'er I lie:
 As in a rocky cell
 Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V.

AUGUST 12, 1658.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
 My meditation weigh;
 The voice of my complaining hear,
 My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah, thou my early voice
 Shalt in the morning hear,
 I' the morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear:
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight,
 Evil with thee no biding makes,
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight:
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
 But I will in thy mercies dear,
 Thy numerous mercies, gc

Into thy house; I in thy fear
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low.
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe if I transgress;
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
 For in his faltering mouth unstable
 No word is firm or sooth;
 Their inside, troubles miserable;
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth,
 God, find them guilty, let them fall
 By their own counsels quelled;
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on; for against thee they have rebelled.
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy; while thou from blame
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name
 For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
 To bless the just man still;
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will

PSALM VI.

AUGUST 13, 1653.

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ache,
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,
 And thou, O Lord, how long? turn, Lord, restore
 My soul; oh, save me for thy goodness sake:
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
 My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,

Depart from me; for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prayer,
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dashed
 With much confusion; then grown red with shame
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abashed

PSALM VII.

AUGUST 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

LORD, my God, to thee I fly;
 Save me and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry,
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
 Or done this; if wickedness
 Be in my hands, if I have wrought
 Ill to him that meant me peace,
 Or to him have rendered less,
 And not freed my foe for nought;

Let the enemy pursue my soul
 And overtake it; let him tread
 My life down to the earth, and roll
 In the dust my glory dead,
 In the dust; and, there outspread,
 Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
 Rouse thyself amidst the rage
 Of my foes that urge like fire;
 And wake for me, their fury assuage;
 Judgment here thou didst engage
 And command, which I desire

So the assemblies of each nation
 Will surround thee, seeking right

Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation
Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.
But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies,
In him who both just and wise
Saves the upright of heart at last,
God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near
(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceived of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.
He digged a pit, and delved it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will, undelayed,
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.
Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSALM VIII.

AUGUST 14, 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
 So as above the heavens thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
 To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow,
 That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
 Oh, what is man that thou rememberest yet,
 And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
 Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,
 With honour and with state thou hast him crowned
 O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet,
 Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet
 Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

 APRIL, 1648. J. M.

[Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, translated from the original.]

PSALM LXXX.

1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*,
 Give ear *in time of need*,
 Who ledest like a flock of sheep
 Thy loved Joseph's seed.

- That sitt'st between the cherubs *bright,*
Between their wings out-spread,
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manasse's sight,
 Awake ¹thy strength, come, and *be seen*
To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, vouchsafe ;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy ²smoking wrath, *and angry brow*
Against thy people's prayer !
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'st them ³largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
 To every neighbour foe,
 Amongst themselves they ⁴laugh, they ⁴ple,
 And ⁴flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
 O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe,*
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
 And drov'st out nations, *proud and haughty,*
 To plant this *lovely vine.*
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it *began to grow apace,*
And filled the land at last.
- 10 With her *green shade* that covered *all,*
 The hills were *overspread,*
 Her boughs as *high as cedars tall*
Advanced their lofty head.

¹ Gnorara² Gnashanta.³ Sbalish.⁴ Jilgnagu.

- 11 Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the sea she sent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went*.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tuskéd* boar out of the wood
Upturns it by the roots,
Wild beasts there browse, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heaven, thy seat divine,
Behold us, *but without a frown*,
And visit this *thy* vine.
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consumed with fire,
And cut *with axes* down;
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,
Upon the son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame;
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy Name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe*,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

 PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud, *and show*,
Sing loud to God *our King*,
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,
Loud acclamations ring

- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,
And harp *with pleasant string*.
- 3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon
With trumpets' *lofty sound*,
The appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast *comes round*.
- 4 This was a statute *given of old*
For Israel *to observe*,
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*,
From whence they might not swerve
- 5 This he a testimony ordained
In Joseph, *not to change*,
When as he passed through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was strange.
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,
Delivered were *by me*.
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail*,
And led thee out of thrall.
I answered thee in ¹thunder deep
With clouds encompassed round,
I tried thee at the water *steep*
Of Meribah *renowned*.
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well*,
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me,
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien god shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
In honour bend thy knee.
- 10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand

¹ Be sether ragnam.

- 11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice ;
And Israel, *whom I loved so dear*,
Misliked me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind ;
Their own conceits they followed still,
Their own devices blind.
- 13 Oh, that my people would *be wise*,
To serve me *all their days* !
And oh, that Israel would *advise*
To walk my *righteous ways* !
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their *foes*,
That now so *proudly rise*,
And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies.
- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend ;
But *they, his people, should remain*,
Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them *from the shocks*
With flour of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat*.

PSALM LXXXII.

- 1 God in the ¹great¹ assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states,
²Among the gods,² on both his hands
He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye ³pervert the right
With³ judgment false and wrong,
Favouring the wicked *by your might*,
Who thence grow bold and strong ?
- 3 ⁴Regard the⁴ weak and fatherless.
⁴Despatch the⁴ poor man's cause,
And ⁵raise the man in deep distress
By⁵ just and equal laws,

¹ Bagnadath-el.² Bekerev.³ Tishphetu גנבתי⁴ Shiphtu-dal.⁵ Hatzdiku.

- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him *that help demands*.
- 5 They know not, nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on ;
The earth's foundations all are ¹ moved,
And ¹ out of order gone
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
The sons of God Most High ;
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.
- 8 Rise, God, ² judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked*² earth redress,
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent *now at length*,
O God, hold not thy peace ;
Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
- 2 For lo, thy *furious* foes *now* ³ swell,
And ³ storm outrageously ;
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,
Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they ⁴ contrive
⁵ Their plots and counsels deep,
⁶ Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,
⁷ Whom thou dost hide and keep.
- 4 Come, let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be ;
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult ⁸ with all their might.
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind

¹ Jimnotu.² Shiphta.³ Jehemajun.⁴ Jagnarimu⁵ Sod.⁶ Jirthjagnatsu gnal.⁷ Tsephuneca.⁸ Lev jachdau.

- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of scornful Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And hateful Amalec,
The Philistims, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Ashur also bands
And doth confirm the knot :
All these have lent their arméd hands
To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
That wasted all the coast,
To Sisera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old,
They were repulsed and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and rolled
As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes *speed,*
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled,*
So let their princes *bleed*
- 12 *For they amidst their pride* have said,
By right now shall we seize
God's houses, *and will now invade*
¹Their stately palaces.
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find ;
Giddy and *restless* let them reel
Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As *when an aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher
Till all the mountains blaze,
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase ;
- 16 ²And till they² yield thee honour due,
Lord, fill with shame their face.

¹ Neoth Elohim bears both.² Heb. They seek thy name.

- 17 Ashamed, and troubled, let them be,
 Troubled and shamed for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and 'scape it never.*
- 18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name
 Jehovah is alone,
 Art the most high, *and thou the same*
 O'er all the earth *art one*

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!
- 2 My soul doth long and almost die
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see,
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for thee.
- 3 There even the sparrow *freed from wrong*
 Hath found a house of *rest*,
 The swallow there, to lay her young
 Hath built her *brooding* nest;
 Even by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode;
And home they fly from round the coasts,
Toward thee, my King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
 Where thee they ever praise,
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
 And in their hearts thy ways.
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
 As through a fruitful watery dale
 Where springs and showers abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
 In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer,
 O Jacob's God give ear;
- 9 Thou God, our shield, look on the face
 Of thy anointed *dear.*

- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
 Is better, *and more blest,*
 Than *in the joys of vanity*
 A thousand days *at best.*
 I in the temple of my God
 Had rather keep a door,
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
 With sin for evermore.
- 11 For God the Lord, both sun and shiew,
 Gives grace and glory *bright;*
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord *God of Hosts that reign'st on high,*
 That man is *truly* blest,
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only rest.

 PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 THY land to favour graciously
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack,
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity
 Returned Jacob back.
- 2 The iniquity thou didst forgive
 That wrought thy people woe;
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*
 Hast hid *where none shall know.*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
 And *calmly* didst return
 From thy ¹ fierce wrath which we had prov'd
 Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,
 Turn us, and us restore;
 Thine indignation cause to cease
 Toward us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
 For ever angry thus?
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us?

The burning heat of thy wrath.

- 6 Wilt thou not ¹turn, and *hear our voice,*
 And us again¹ revive;
 That so thy people may rejoice
 By thee preserved alive.
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
 To us thy mercy shew;
 Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,
 I will *go straight* and hear;
 For to his people he speaks peace,
 And to his saints *full dear,*
 To his dear saints he will speak peace,
 But let them never more
 Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear
 Salvation is at hand;
 And glory shall *ere long appear*
 To dwell within our land.
- 10 Mercy and Truth *that long were missed*
 Now *joyfully* are met;
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower,*
 Shall bud and blossom *then*;
 And Justice from her heavenly bower
 Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good;
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 18 Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger :
 Then² will he come, and not be slow,
 His footsteps cannot err.

¹ Heb. Turn to quicken us.

² Heb. He will set his steps to the *right*.

PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, *incline*,
 O hear me, *I thee pray*,
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, *and sad decay*.
- 2 Preserve my soul, for ¹ I have trod
 Thy ways, and love the just;
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call; 4. Oh, make rejoice
 Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee
 I lift my soul *and voice*.
- 5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art *prova*^d
 To pardon, thou to all
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
 Give ear, and to the cry
 Of my *incessant* prayers afford
 Thy hearing *graciously*.
- 7 I in the day of my distress
 Will call on thee *for aid*;
 For thou wilt *grant me free access*,
And answer what I prayed.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,
 O Lord, nor any works
 Of *all that other gods have done*
 Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, *and all shall frame*
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,
 And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
 By thy strong hand are done,
 Thou *in thy everlasting seat*
 Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
 I in thy truth will bide,
 To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.

¹ Heb. I am good, *loving*, a doer of good and holy things.

- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
 And thou hast freed my soul,
 Even from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
- 14 O God! the proud against me rise,
 And violent men are met
 To seek my life, and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
 Readiest thy grace to show,
 Slow to be angry, and *art styled*
 Most merciful, most true.
- 16 Oh, turn to me *thy face at length,*
 And me have mercy on;
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy handmaid's son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes *then* see,
 And be ashamed; because thou, Lord,
 Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast,
There seated is his sanctuary,
His temple there is placed.
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings *fair*
 Of Jacob's *land,* though there be stores,
And all within his care,
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke;
 I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia *full of scorn,*
 And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmost end.*
 Lo this man there was born:

- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
 Be said of Sion *last* ;
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast.
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll,
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,
 When he the nations doth enrol,
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred songs are there ;
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance*;
And all my fountains clear

PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 LORD God, that dost me save and keep
 All day to thee I cry ;
 And all night long before thee *weep*.
 Before thee *prostrate lie*
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer
With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries that *ceaseless are*,
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloyed with woes and trouble *sick*
 Surcharged my soul doth lie ;
 My life *at death's uncheerful door*
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
 Reckoned I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal* pit ;
 I am a man,¹ but weak, alas !
 And for that name unfit.
 From life discharged and parted quite
 Among the dead to *sleep* ;
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*
 That in the grave lie *deep*.
 Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard ;
 Them from thy hand delivered o'er,
Death's hideous house hath barred.

A man without manly strength.

- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
 Hath set me *all forlorn*,
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
 In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*.
 Full sore doth press on me
 Thou break'st upon me all th' / waves.
 And all thy waves break r. e.¹
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me *estrangle*,
 And mak'st me *odious*,
 Me to them *odious*, *for they change*,
 And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
 Mine eye grows dim and dead;
 Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
 My hands to thee I spread.
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
 Shall the deceased arise,
 And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
 On whom the grave *hath hold*,
 Or they who in perdition *dwell*,
 Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
 Or wondrous acts be known?
 Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
 Of *dark* oblivion?
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
 Ere yet my life be spent;
 And up to thee my prayer doth *hie*,
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me,
- 15 That am already bruised, and ² shake
 With terror sent from thee?²
 Bruised and afflicted, and so *l*
 As ready to expire;
 While I thy terrors undergo,
 Astonished with thine ire.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
 Thy threatenings cut me through:

¹ The Hebrew bears both.² Free concussions.

- 17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,
And severed from me far.
They *fly me now* whom I have loved,
And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

[This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at \bar{a} years old.]

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,
After long toil, their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurléd head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath received the foil.
The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? And why skipped the mountains?
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
Shake, Earth! and at the presence be aghast
Of him that ever was, and aye shall last;
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God:
For his, &c.

Oh, let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heaven and earth to shake:
For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state:
For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain:
For his, &c.

Who, by his all commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light
For his, &c.

And caused the golden-tresséd sun
All the day long his course to run:
For his, &c.

The hornéd moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright:
For his, &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt land:
For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel:
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main:
For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass:
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power:
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown :
For his, &c.

He foiled bold Seon and his host,
That ruled the Amorrean coast :
For his, &c.

And large-limbed Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew :
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel,
He gave their land therein to dwell :
For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Beheld us in our misery :
For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy :
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need :
For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth :
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye
For his mercies aye endure.
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

Poemata.

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.

Hæc quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquolest non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS, MARCHIO VILLENSIS,
NEAPOLITANUS,

AD

JOANNEM MILTONIUM ANGLUM.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sio,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

AD JOANNEM MILTONEM ANGLUM.

TRIPLICI POESEOS LAUREA CORONANDUM,

*Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis
Salsilli Romani.*

CEDE Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At 'Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

AL SIGNIOR GIO. MILTONI NOBILE INGLESE

Ode.

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona,
Non più del biondo Dio
La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore,
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore ;
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia resiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l'umana eccede :
Questa seconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia e diletto ;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio canto.

Lungi dal patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama ;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l' ape ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato

Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse chord,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l' idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte.
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su 'l piano:
Ch' ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo più degno idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermia si gl' anni
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni,
Che s' opre degne di poema o storia
Furon già, l' hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce cetra
 Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
 Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
 Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
 Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
 Per te, suo cigno, parreggiar Permesso

I o che in riva del Arno
 Tento spiegar tuo merto alto e preclaro,
 So che fatico indarno,
 E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
 Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
 Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del sig. ANTONIO FRANCINI,
 Gentilhuomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSI:

Juveni patria, virtutibus, eximio,

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate¹ vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoriâ totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos coelestium sphaerarum sonitus astronomiâ duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistrâ philosophiâ legenti; antiquitatum materas, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comites assidit. & auctorum lectione,

“Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.
 At cur nitor in arduum?”

¹ Vastitate. Edit. 1645.

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor: *et* laudandis satis est, reverentia et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert CAROLUS DATUS, Patricius Florentinus,
Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

Elegiarum Liber Primus

ELEGIA PRIMA

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
 Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
 Pertulit, occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
 Vergivium prono qua petit amne salum.
 Multum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
 Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
 Me tenet urbs reflûâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
 Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles
 Quàm male Phœbicclis convenit ille locus!
 Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
 Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
 Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiiisse penates,
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
 Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,
 Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
 Non tunc Iolio q̄ uicquam cessisset Homero,
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.

Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
 Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,
 Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto barbarâ verba foro ;
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris ;
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
 Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,
 Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,
 Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest :
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
 Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit ;
 Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens ;
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
 Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammâs,
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis !
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
 Atquæ faces, quotquot volvit uterque polus ;
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via ;
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit amor ;
 Pellacesque genas, ad quos hyacinthina sordet
 Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor !
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem :
 Cedite Achæmeniaë turritâ fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon
 Vos etiam Danaæ fascis submitтите Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
 Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolia.

Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno,
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi, conspicuæ formæque auroque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, et roseam post habitura Cypron
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
 Mœnia quàm subito linquere fausta paro:
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire scholæ
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiæ.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem;
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
 Arte Corcnides, sæpe rogante deâ.
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris

Falis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni,
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegeia tristes,
 Personet et totis nænia mœsta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.¹

MÆSTUS eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces:
 At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,
 Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne satis quod sylvæ tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa,
 Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?

Lancelot Andrews, who died Sept. 21. 1633

Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus
 Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ?
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis
 Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore curram
 Phœbus, ab Eoö littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos:
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
 Ditiior Hesperior flavet arena Tago.
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favonî,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras,
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
 Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
 Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
 Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
 Dixit, ex aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies

Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi

ELEGIA QUARTA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 18.

*Ad THOMAM JUNIUM præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Angliæ,
Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.*

CURRE per immensum subito mea littera pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ.
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi! quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Quais Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta fugi,
Pieriosque hausit latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.

Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanæ terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlori, senilem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
 Quàm sit opus moritis res docet, ipsa vides.
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
 Forsitan aut veterum prælargæ volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
 Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum
 Hæc quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa modestæ
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
 Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
 Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
 Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi.
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
 Et sata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat;

Germanisque suum concessit Thræcia Martem,
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva
 Fugit et ærisonam Divi perosa tubam.
 Fugit Io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
 Te tamen intereâ belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria dura parens, et saxis sævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus.
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
 Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique,
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achab'
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
 Talis et horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
 Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum.
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus hamum,

Auditorque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 20.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
 (Quis putet?), atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt,
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
 De ius ipse venit, video Penæide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vat un,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum;
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo
 Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventur veris uterque canat.

Veris Io! rediere vices, celebremus honores
 Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis¹ opus.
 Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
 Flectit ad Arctos aurea lora plagas.
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
 Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
 Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
 Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
 Roscidâ cum primo sole rubescit humus,
 Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,
 Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
 Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
 Et tennes ponens radios gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
 Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
 Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro?
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
 Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
 Exiit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos;
 Et cupit, et digna est. Quid enim formosius illâ,
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto,
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis!
 Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
 Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos
 Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
 Aspice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.
 Innameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ.
 Blauditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.

Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
 Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
 Munera (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor),
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
 Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
 Ah quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
 Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurnæ
 Hesperii recipit Cærule mater aquis?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphæ
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
 Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
 Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
 Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
 Quaque jaces, circum mulcebit lene susurrans
 Aura, per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeleia fata,
 Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;
 Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientius uteris igni,
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbe
 Littus Io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant.
 Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ,
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. [unum,
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
 sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.

Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
 Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
 Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
 Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
 Fer sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympa pedes,
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
 Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
 Nec vos arborea, dii, precor, ite domo.
 Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
 Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
 Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;
 Brumaque productas tarde ferat hispida noctes,
 Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

ELEGIA SEXTA.

Ad CAROLUM DEODATUM ruri commorantem,

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias, quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Qua tu distento fortè carere potes.
 At tua quid nostram prolectat musa camœnam,
 Nè rinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas

Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arcibus,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
 Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrem,
 Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Eucœ
 Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
 Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erant.
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum,
 Cantavit brevibus Teia Musa modis?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
 Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
 Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
 Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
 Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
 Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
 Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cœlato barbitos auro
 Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula musas.
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners,
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos;
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
 Namque elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos:

Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivium larga poetis,
 Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum.
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,
 Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
 Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem.
 At tu, siquid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam).
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
 Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
 Vagiturque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas.
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia, nôram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum sprevi maxime numen Amor,
 Tu puer imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas,
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
 Promptior), et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
 Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
 Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:
 Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
 Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.
 Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras.
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et illæ mihi;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.

Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere musæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quiriteæ,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
Fallor? An et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor,
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri
Sic regina Deùm conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido
Solutus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem
Findor, et hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.

Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? Amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam, spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, et coràm tristia verba loqui!
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
 Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
 Parce, precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
 Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura es,
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino,
 Nequitiaë posui vana trophæa meæ.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
 Et Diomedéam vim timet ipsa Venus

Epigrammatum Liber.

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
Fallor? An et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

IN EANDEM.

SICCINE tentasti cœlo donâsse Iacobum
 Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope
Sic potius fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter

IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem.
 Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
 Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.

Et nec inultus, ait, temnes mea sacra Britanne:
 Supplicium spretâ religione dabis.
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammâs triste patebit iter.
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

 IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque sinu,
 Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

 IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

 AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

ANGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli,
 Per tua secreto guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono.
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusua
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

AD EANDEM.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
 Ah miser ille tuo quantè feliciùs ævo
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ:
 Quamvis Dirçæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituïsse sibi.

AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ,
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis unâ
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.¹

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:
 Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus,
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
 Mota solo assueto, protinùs aret iners.
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
 Atque ait, "Heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
 Nunc periëre mihi et foetus, et ipse parens."

¹ Added in the edition of 1673.

Sylvarum Liber.

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI

ANNO ÆTATIS, 16.

PARERE fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iâpeti colitis nepotes.
 Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
 Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
 Tentantur incassum dolique ;
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
 Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret, non ferox Hercules,
 Nessi venenatus cruore
 Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ,
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
 Quem larva Pelidis peremit
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
 Si triste fatum verba Hecatæia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique
 Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
 enque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.

* Dr. John Goslyn, Master of Caius College, and the king's professor of physic, who died when he was a second time vice chancellor in October, 1626. So that the date of Milton's age is wrong.

Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,
 Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine,
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
 Cæse puer genitricis alvo
 Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,
 Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi
 Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,
 Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.
 At fila rupit Persephone tua,
 Irata, cum te viderit, artibus,
 Succoque pollenti, tot atris
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
 Colende Præses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
 Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatiere campo.

 IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
 Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat
 In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 Armata et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;

Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace :
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,
 Cinctus ceruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ,
 Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
 Apparent, et terra deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc opibusque et festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;
 Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
 Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Typhœus.
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis
 Atque "Pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
 Inveni," dixit, "gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostrarque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta."

Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
 Quâ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.
 Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines: à parte sinistra
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
 Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
 Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem:
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem.
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem
 Panificosque deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;

Jereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
 Gimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trañentes.
 Tempa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aiacyntho,
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis.
 Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturnâ reliquit,
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēque ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes),
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
 Prædatorque hominum, falsâ sub imagine tectus
 Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
 Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
 Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
 Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplem
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat.
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,
 Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
 Et memor Hesperia disjectam ulciscere classem.

Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
 Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
 Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesse,
 Irritus ille labor: tu callidus utere fraude:
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos.
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fides
 Propositi, factique mone: quisquâmne tuorum
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
 Perculsosque metu subito, casûque stupentes
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
 Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
 Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas, pandens Tithonia portas,
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
 Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
 Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.¹

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis.
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,
 Ossa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis

¹ Forsan—resolvens.

Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces.
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
 Et Timor, exsanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
 Ipsi etiam pavidì latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbræ
 Diffugiunt sontes, et retrò lumina vortunt;
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur:

“ Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leves diffentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago:
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
 Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terra
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
 Qualiter instrepitant circum multralia bombæ
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce.
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima capiat
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
 Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe

Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli :
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
 Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terrâque tremente :
 " Fama, siles? An te latet impia Papistarum
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iacobo?
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
 Et satis ante fugax, stridentes induit alas,
 Induit et variis exilii corpora plumis ;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
 Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit :
 Et primo Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Insidiis loca structa silet ; stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
 Effœtique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm ; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres ;
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores ;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant,
 Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novembria
 Nulla diès toto occurrît celebratior anno.

IN OBITUM¹ PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis Præsulis.
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh! semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
 Populosque Neptuno satos,
 Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus
 Te, generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,
 Graiusque vates parcius
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
 Sponsamque Neobulen suam.
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
 " Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque et irritas minas,
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina
 Subitoque ad iras percita?
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
 Mors atra Noctis filia,
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
 Vastove nata sub Chao:
 Ast illa cœlo missa stellato, Dei
 Messes ubique colligit;
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
 In lucem et auras evocat;

¹ Nicholas Felton, who died October 5th, 1626.

Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
 Themidos Jovisque filiæ ;
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris ;
 At justa raptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
 Sedesque subterraneas."
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror :
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
 Auriga currus ignei.
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
 Longèque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
 Frænis dracones aureis.
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
 Stratum smaragdis atrium.
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
 Oriundus humano patre
 Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi
 Sat est in æternum frui.

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

Fleu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
 Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem !
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.
 Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo ?

Et se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit
 Videreum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aula
 Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
 Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati;
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
 Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.

Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.
 At Pater omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
 Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
 Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
 Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
 Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis,
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cœgit Olympo
 Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli,
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque iragore
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos

Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, at raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem
 Et puer ille suum tenet et puer ille decorem,
 Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES
 INTELLEXIT.

DICITE, sacrorum præsidēs nemorum deæ,
 Tuque, O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsûs extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimumve terris incolit lunæ globum:
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas;
 Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput

Atlante major portitore siderum.
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
 Non hunc silente nocte Pleïones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
 At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis),
 Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

AD PATREM.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptius à nobis quæ possint munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.
 Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cæli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem.
 Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.
 Carmen ament superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen:
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos.

Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ,
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
 Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis
 Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
 Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
 Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbis,
 Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
 Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendæ
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
 Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
 Certaue condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaue gentis
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures:
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
 Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
 Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
 Me poscunt majora: tuo, pater optime, sumpta
 Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluis aer,
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perûanaue regna, præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapiant oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGRITANTEM

SCAZONTES.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cùm decentes flava Deïope suras
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
 Adesdum et hæc s' is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
 Polique tractum (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra),
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
 Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis.
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum,
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
 Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.

O dulce divûm munus, O Salus, Hebes
 Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror,
 Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,