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Original Poems And Translations, By John Dryden, Esq; Now First Collected and Publish'd together, In Two Volumes

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The Epithalamium of Helen and Menelaus. From the 18th Idyllium of Theocritus.

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Nay, when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the Boar.
How bleſt was fair *Endymion* with his Moon,
Who ſleeps on *Latmos*' top from Night to Noon!
What *Jaſon* from *Medea*'s Love poſſeſt,
You ſhall not hear, but know 'tis like the reſt.
My aking Head can ſcarce ſupport the pain;
This curſed Love will ſurely turn my brain:
Feel how it ſhoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy ſweat does o'er my Temples creep;
My heavy Eyes are urg'd with Iron ſleep:
I lay me down to gaſp my lateſt Breath,
The Wolves will get a Breakfaſt by my Death;
Yet ſcarce enough their hunger to ſupply,
For Love has made me Carrion ere I die.

The *Epithalamium* of HELEN and MENELAUS.

From the 18*th Idyllium of* Theocritus.

TWELVE *Spartan* Virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With Violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous Palace did reſort,
Where *Menelaus* kept his Royal Court.
There hand in hand a comely Choir they led;
To ſing a bleſſing to his Nuptial Bed,
With curious Needles wrought, and painted flowers beſpread.
Jove's beauteous Daughter now his Bride muſt be,
And *Jove* himſelf was leſs a God than he:

For this their artful hands instruct the Lute to sound,
Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat the ground.
This was their song: Why, happy Bridegroom, why,
Ere yet the Stars are kindled in the Sky,
Ere twilight shades, or Evening dews are shed,
Why dost thou steal so soon away to Bed?
Has *Somnus* brush'd thy Eye-lids with his Rod,
Or do thy Legs refuse to bear their Load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous God?
If gentle slumber on thy Temples creep,
(But, naughty Man, thou dost not mean to sleep)
Betake thee to thy Bed, thou drowzy Drone,
Sleep by thy self, and leave thy Bride alone:
Go, leave her with her Maiden Mates to play
At sports more harmless, 'till the break of day:
Give us this Evening; thou hast Morn and Night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy Youth! to thee, among the crowd
Of rival Princes, *Cupid* sneez'd aloud;
And every lucky Omen sent before,
To meet thee landing on the *Spartan* shore.
Of all our Heroes thou canst boast alone,
That *Jove*, when-e'er he Thunders, calls thee Son:
Betwixt two Sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no *Grecian* Virgin can compare;
So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a Kingly line:
But oh, a Girl, like her, must be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelvescore *Virago's* of the *Spartan* Race,
While naked to *Eurotas'* banks we bend,
And there in manly exercise contend,
When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost,
And hide the Beauties that we made our boast.

So,

So, when the Night and Winter diſappear,
The purple morning, riſing with the year,
Salutes the Spring, as her Celeſtial eyes
Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies:
So beauteous *Helen* ſhines among the reſt,
Tall, ſlender, ſtraight, with all the Graces bleſt.
As Pines the Mountains, or as Fields the Corn,
Or as *Theſſalian* Steeds the race adorn;
So Roſy-colour'd *Helen* is the pride
Of *Lacedæmon*, and of *Greece* beſide.
Like her no Nymph can willing Oſiers bend
In Baſket-works, which painted ſtreaks commend:
With *Pallas* in the Loom ſhe may contend.
But none, ah! none can animate the Lyre,
And the mute ſtrings with Vocal Souls inſpire:
Whether the learn'd *Minerva* be her Theme,
Or chaſte *Diana* bathing in the Stream;
None can record their Heavenly praiſe ſo well
As *Helen*, in whoſe eyes ten thouſand *Cupids* dwell.
O fair, O graceful! yet with Maids inroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's Sun a Matron ſhall behold!
Yet, ere to-morrow's Sun ſhall ſhew his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For Crowns and Chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all ſhall weep, and wiſh for thy return,
As bleating Lambs their abſent Mother mourn.
Our nobleſt Maids ſhall to thy Name bequeath
The Boughs of *Lotos*, form'd into a wreath.
This Monument, thy Maiden Beauties due,
High on a Plane-tree ſhall be hung to view:
On the ſmooth rind the Paſſenger ſhall ſee
Thy Name ingrav'd, and worſhip *Helen*'s Tree:
Balm, from a Silver-box diſtill'd around,
Shall all bedew the Roots, and ſcent the ſacred Ground.

The