Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

Digitalisierung von Drucken

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

Containing Translations, Epistles, Prologues, Epilogues, Elegies, Epitaphs, And Songs

Dryden, John

London, 1743

Translations from Ovid.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1733

Visual Library

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID.

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

PREFACE

Concerning OVID's Epistles *.

THE Life of *Ovid* being already written in our Language before the Translation of his *Metamorphoses*, I will not presume so far upon my self, to think I can add any thing to Mr. *Sandys* his Undertaking. The *English* Reader may there be satisfied, that he flourished in the Reign of *Augustus Cæsar*; that he was extracted from an ancient Family of *Roman* Knights; that he was born to the Inheritance of a Splendid Fortune; that he was design'd to the Study of the Law, and had made considerable Progress in it, before he quitted that Profession, for this of *Poetry*, to which he was more naturally form'd. The Cause of his Banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the Emperor, by ascribing it to any other Reason,

* *Prefix'd to* Ovid's Epistles, *&c. translated into English Verse, by the most eminent Hands.*

than

than what was pretended by *Augustus*; which was, the Lasciviousness of his *Elegies*, and his *Art of Love*. 'Tis true, they are not to be excus'd in the Severity of Manners, as being able to corrupt a larger Empire, if there were any, than that of *Rome*: Yet this may be said in behalf of *Ovid*, that no Man has ever treated the Passion of Love with so much Delicacy of Thought, and of Expression, or search'd into the Nature of it more Philosophically than he. And the Emperor, who condemn'd him, had as little Reason as another Man to punish that Fault with so much Severity, if at least he were the Author of a certain *Epigram*, which is ascrib'd to him, relating to the Cause of the first Civil War betwixt himself and *Marc Antony* the Triumvir, which is more fulsom than any Passage I have met with in our Poet. To pass by the naked Familiarity of his Expressions to *Horace*, which are cited in that Author's Life, I need only mention one notorious Act of his, in taking *Livia* to his Bed, when she was not only married, but with Child by her Husband then living. But Deeds, it seems, may be justified by Arbitrary Power, when Words are question'd in a Poet. There is another Guess of the *Grammarians*, as far from Truth as the first from Reason: They will have him banish'd for some Favours, which, they say, he receiv'd from *Julia* the Daughter of *Augustus*, whom they think he celebrates under the Name of *Corinna* in his *Elegies*: But he, who will observe the Verses, which are made to that Mistress, may gather from the whole Contexture of them, that *Corinna* was not a Woman of the highest Quality. If *Julia* were then married to *Agrippa*, why should our Poet make his Petition to *Isis*, for

her

her ſafe Delivery, and afterwards condole her Miſcarriage ; which, for ought he knew, might be by her own Husband ? Or, indeed, how durſt he be ſo Bold to make the leaſt Diſcovery of ſuch a Crime, which was no leſs than Capital, eſpecially committed againſt a Perſon of *Agrippa*'s Rank ? Or, if it were before her Marriage, he would ſure have been more diſcreet, than to have publiſh'd an Accident, which muſt have been fatal to them both. But what moſt confirms me againſt this Opinion, is, that *Ovid* himſelf complains, that the true Perſon of *Corinna* was found out by the Fame of his Verſes to her : Which if it had been *Julia*, he durſt not have own'd ; and, beſides, an immediate Puniſhment muſt have follow'd. He ſeems himſelf more truly to have touch'd at the Cauſe of his Exile in thoſe obſcure Verſes ;

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia Lumina feci ? &c.

Namely, that he had either ſeen, or was conſcious to ſomewhat, which had procur'd him his Diſgrace. But neither am I ſatisfied, that this was the Inceſt of the Emperor with his own Daughter : For *Auguſtus* was of a Nature too Vindicative, to have contented himſelf with ſo ſmall a Revenge, or ſo unſafe to himſelf, as that of ſimple Baniſhment ; but would certainly have ſecur'd his Crimes from publick Notice, by the Death of him who was Witneſs to them. Neither have Hiſtories given us any Sight into ſuch an Action of this Emperor : Nor would he (the greateſt Politician of his Time) in all probability, have manag'd his Crimes with ſo little Secrecy, as not to ſhun the Obſervation of any Man. It ſeems more probable, that *Ovid* was either the Confident of ſome other Paſſion, or that he had ſtumbled by

ſome

ſome Inadvertency upon the Privacies of *Livia*, and ſeen her in a Bath: For the Words

Sine veſte Dianam

agree better with *Livia*, who had the Fame of Chaſtity, than with either of the *Julia*'s, who were both noted of Incontinency. The firſt Verſes, which were made by him in his Youth, and recited publickly, according to the Cuſtom, were, as he himſelf aſſures us, to *Corinna*: His Baniſhment happen'd not till the Age of Fifty: From which it may be deduc'd, with Probability enough, that the Love of *Corinna* did not occaſion it: Nay, he tells us plainly, that his Offence was that of Error only, not of Wickedneſs; and in the ſame Paper of Verſes alſo, that the Cauſe was notoriouſly known at *Rome*, though it be left ſo obſcure to After-Ages.

But to leave Conjectures on a Subject ſo uncertain, and to write ſomewhat more Authentick of this Poet: That he frequented the Court of *Auguſtus*, and was well received in it, is moſt undoubted: All his Poems bear the Character of a Court, and appear to be written, as the *French* call it, *Cavalierement*: Add to this, that the Titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his Letters in his Baniſhment, are addreſs'd to Perſons well known to us, even at this Diſtance, to have been conſiderable in that Court.

Nor was his Acquaintance leſs with the famous Poets of his Age, than with the Noble Men and Ladies. He tells you himſelf, in a particular Account of his own Life, that *Macer*, *Horace*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and many others of them, were his Familiar Friends, and that ſome

of

of them communicated their Writings to him; but that he had only seen *Virgil*.

If the Imitation of Nature be the Business of a Poet, I know no Author, who can justly be compared with ours, especially in the Description of the Passions. And, to prove this, I shall need no other Judges than the generality of his Readers: For all Passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally Judges, when we are concern'd in the Representation of them. Now I will appeal to any Man, who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural Emotion of the same Passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feign'd Persons? His Thoughts, which are the Pictures and Results of those Passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly Motions of our Spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the Copiousness of his Wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his Subject, and made his Persons speak more eloquently, than the Violence of their Passion would admit: So that he is frequently witty out of Season; leaving the Imitation of Nature, and the cooler Dictates of his Judgment, for the false Applause of Fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this Imperfection in his riper Age: For why else should he complain, that his *Metamorphoses* was left unfinish'd? Nothing sure can be added to the Wit of that Poem, or of the rest: But many Things ought to have been retrenched; which, I suppose, would have been the Business of his Age, if his Misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his *Dutch* Friends, the Commentators, even of *Julius Scaliger* himself,

himſelf, that *Seneca*'s Cenſure will ſtand good against him;

Neſcivit quod bene ceſſit relinquere;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the ſame Sense an hundred ways, and taking up in another Place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he ſometimes cloys his Readers inſtead of ſatisfying them; and gives occaſion to his Tranſlators, who dare not cover him, to bluſh at the Nakedneſs of their Father. This then is the Allay of *Ovid*'s Writings, which is ſufficiently recompens'd by his other Excellencies: Nay, this very Fault is not without its Beauties; for the moſt ſevere Cenſor cannot but be pleas'd with the Prodigality of his Wit, tho' at the ſame time he could have wiſh'd, that the Maſter of it had been a better Manager. Every thing, which he does, becomes him; and, if ſometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a ſecret Gracefulneſs of Youth, which accompanies his Writings, though the Staidneſs and Sobriety of Age be wanting. In the moſt material Part, which is the Conduct, 'tis certain that he ſeldom has miſcarried: For if his *Elegies* be compar'd with thoſe of *Tibullus* and *Propertius*, his Contemporaries, it will be found, that thoſe Poets ſeldom deſign'd before they writ: And though the Language of *Tibullus* be more poliſh'd, and the Learning of *Propertius*, eſpecially in his Fourth Book, more ſet out to Oſtentation; yet their common Practice was, to look no further before them than the next Line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain Point, but ramble from one Subject to another, and conclude with

ſome-

ſomewhat, which is not of a piece with their Beginning:

Purpureus latè qui ſplendeat unus & alter
Aſſuitur pannus,

as *Horace* ſays: Though the Verſes are Golden, they are but patch'd into the Garment. But our Poet has always the Goal in his Eye, which directs him in his Race; ſome Beautiful Deſign, which he firſt eſtabliſhes, and then contrives the Means, which will naturally conduct him to his End. This will be evident to judicious Readers in his *Epiſtles*, of which ſomewhat, at leaſt in general, will be expected.

The Title of them in our late Editions is *Epiſtolæ Heroidum*, The *Letters* of the *Heroines*. But *Heinſius* has judg'd more truly, that the *Inſcription* of our Author was barely, *Epiſtles*; which he concludes from his cited Verſes, where *Ovid* aſſerts this Work as his own Invention, and not borrow'd from the *Greeks*, whom (as the Maſters of their Learning) the *Romans* uſually did imitate. But it appears not from their Writings, that any of the *Grecians* ever touch'd upon this Way, which our Poet therefore juſtly has vindicated to himſelf. I quarrel not at the Word *Heroidum*, becauſe 'tis us'd by *Ovid* in his Art of ove:

Jupiter ad veteres ſupplex Heroidas *ibat*.

But, ſure, he cou'd not be guilty of ſuch an Overſight, to call his Work by the Name of *Heroines*, when there are divers Men, or *Heroes*, as, namely, *Paris*, *Leander*, and *Acontius*, join'd in it. Except *Sabinus*, who writ ſome Anſwers to *Ovid*'s Letters,

(*Quam*

(*Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus*)

I remember not any of the *Romans*, who have treated on this Subject, ſave only *Propertius*, and that but once, in his Epiſtle of *Arethuſa* to *Lycotas*, which is written ſo near the Style of *Ovid*, that it ſeems to be but an Imitation, and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the Glory of his Invention.

Concerning the *Epiſtles*, I ſhall content my ſelf to obſerve theſe few Particulars: Firſt, that they are generally granted to be the moſt perfect Piece of *Ovid*, and that the Style of them is tenderly Paſſionate and Courtly; two Properties well agreeing with the Perſons, which were *Heroines*, and *Lovers*. Yet, where the Characters were lower, as in *OEnone*, and *Hero*, he has kept cloſe to Nature, in drawing his Images after a Country Life, though, perhaps, he has *Romaniz'd* his *Grecian* Dames too much, and made them ſpeak, ſometimes, as if they had been born in the City of *Rome*, and under the Empire of *Auguſtus*. There ſeems to be no great Variety in the particular Subjects, which he has choſen; moſt of the Epiſtles being written from Ladies, who were forſaken by their Lovers: Which is the Reaſon that many of the ſame Thoughts come back upon us in divers Letters: But of the general Character of Women, which is Modeſty, he has taken a moſt becoming Care: for his amorous Expreſſions go no further than Virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by Matrons without a Bluſh.

Thus much concerning the Poet: It remains that I ſhould ſay ſomewhat of Poetical Tranſlations in general, and give my Opinion (with Submiſ-

ſion

ſion to better Judgments) which way of Verſion ſeems to me moſt proper.

All Tranſlation, I ſuppoſe, may be reduced to theſe three Heads.

Firſt, That of *Metaphraſe*, or turning an Author Word by Word, and Line by Line, from one Language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was *Horace* his *Art of Poetry* tranſlated by *Ben Johnſon*. The ſecond Way is that of *Paraphraſe*, or Tranſlation with Latitude, where the Author is kept in View by the Tranſlator, ſo as never to be loſt, but his Words are not ſo ſtrictly follow'd as his Senſe, and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not alter'd. Such is Mr. *Waller*'s Tranſlation of *Virgil*'s Fourth *Æneid*. The third Way is that of *Imitation*, where the Tranſlator (if now he has not loſt that Name) aſſumes the Liberty, not only to vary from the Words and Senſe, but to forſake them both as he ſees Occaſion; and, taking only ſome general Hints from the Original, to run Diviſion on the Ground-work, as he pleaſes. Such is Mr. *Cowley*'s Practice in turning two Odes of *Pindar*, and one of *Horace*, into *Engliſh*.

Concerning the firſt of theſe Methods, our Maſter *Horace* has given us this Caution:

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres ———

Nor Word for Word too faithfully Tranſlate,

as the Earl of *Roſcommon* has excellently render'd it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: 'Tis a Faith like that, which proceeds from Superſtition, Blind and Zealous. Take it in the Expreſſion of Sir *John Denham*

Denham to Sir *Rich. Fanshaw*, on his Version of the *Pastor Fido*.

That servile Path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing Word by Word, and Line by Line.
A new and nobler Way thou dost pursue,
To make Translations and Translators too:
They but preserve the Ashes, thou the Flame,
True to his Sense, but truer to his Fame.

'Tis almost impossible to translate verbally, and well, at the same time: for the *Latin* (a most Severe and Compendious Language) often expresses that in one Word, which either the Barbarity, or the Narrowness, of Modern Tongues cannot supply in more. 'Tis frequent also that the Conceit is couch'd in some Expression, which will be lost in *English*.

Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.

What Poet of our Nation is so happy as to express this Thought literally in *English*, and to strike Wit, or almost Sense, out of it?

In short, the Verbal Copier is incumber'd with so many Difficulties at once, that he can never disintangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the Thought of his Author, and his Words, and to find out the Counterpart to each in another Language: And, besides this, he is to confine himself to the Compass of Numbers, and the Slavery of Rhyme. 'Tis much like dancing on Ropes with fetter'd Legs: A Man can shun a Fall by using Caution; but the Gracefulness of Motion is not to be expected: And when we have said the best of it, 'tis but a foolish Task: for no sober

Man

Man would put himself into a Danger for the Applause of escaping without breaking his Neck. We see *Ben Johnson* could not avoid Obscurity in his literal Translation of *Horace*, attempted in the same Compass of Lines: Nay *Horace* himself could scarce have done it to a *Greek* Poet:

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio:

either Perspicuity or Gracefulness will frequently be wanting. *Horace* has, indeed, avoided both these Rocks in his Translation of the three first Lines of *Homer*'s *Odyssey*, which he has contracted into two.

Dic mihi, Musa, Virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.

Muse, speak the Man, who, since the Siege of Troy,
So many Towns, such Change of Manners saw.
ROSCOMMON.

But then the Sufferings of *Ulysses*, which are a considerable part of that Sentence, are omitted:

[Ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη:]

The Consideration of these Difficulties, in a servile, literal, Translation, not long since made two of our Famous Wits, Sir *John Denham*, and Mr. *Cowley*, to contrive another Way of turning Authors into our Tongue, call'd, by the latter of them, *Imitation*. As they were Friends, I suppose they communicated their Thoughts on this Subject to each other; and, therefore, their Reasons for it are little different. Though the Practice of one is much more Moderate. I take Imitation of an Author, in their Sense, to be an Endeavour of a later Poet to write like one, who has written before him, on the same Subject: That is, not to translate his Words, or to be

be confin'd to his Sense, but only to set him as a Pattern, and to write, as he supposes that Author would have done, had he liv'd in our Age, and in our Country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this *libertine* way of rendering Authors (as Mr. *Cowley* calls it) so far as my Definition reaches. For in the *Pindarick Odes*, the Customs and Ceremonies of ancient *Greece* are still preserved. But I know not what Mischief may arise hereafter from the Example of such an Innovation, when Writers of unequal Parts to him shall imitate so bold an Undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the Way avow'd by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. *Cowley*, and that too only in his Translation of *Pindar*, because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refus'd his Author's Thoughts. *Pindar* is generally known to be a dark Writer, to want Connexion, (I mean as to our Understanding) to soar out of Sight, and leave his Reader at a Gaze. So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be translated literally; his Genius is too strong to bear a Chain, and *Samson*-like he shakes it off. A Genius so elevated and unconfin'd as Mr. *Cowley*'s was but necessary to make *Pindar* speak *English*, and that was to be perform'd by no other way than Imitation. But if *Virgil*, or *Ovid*, or any regular intelligible Authors, be thus us'd, 'tis no longer to be call'd their Work, when neither the Thoughts nor Words are drawn from the Original: but instead of them there is something new produc'd, which is almost the Creation of another Hand. By this way, 'tis true, somewhat that is Excellent may be invented, perhaps more Excellent than the first Design; though *Virgil* must be still excepted, when that *perhaps* takes Place. Yet he,

who

who is inquisitive to know an Author's Thoughts, will be disappointed in his Expectation. And 'tis not always that a Man will be contented to have a Present made him, when he expects the Payment of a Debt. To state it fairly; Imitation of an Author is the most advantageous way for a Translator to shew himself, but the greatest Wrong which can be done to the Memory and Reputation of the Dead. Sir *John Denham* (who advis'd more Liberty than he took himself) gives his Reason for his Innovation, in his admirable Preface before the Translation of the second *Æneid*. *Poetry is of so subtle a Spirit, that, in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all evaporate; and, if a new Spirit be not added in the Transfusion, there will remain nothing but a* Caput Mortuum. I confess this Argument holds good against a literal Translation; but who defends it? Imitation and verbal Version are in my Opinion the two Extremes, which ought to be avoided: And therefore, when I have propos'd the Mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his Argument will reach.

No Man is capable of translating Poetry, who, besides a Genius to that Art, is not a Master both of his Author's Language, and of his own: Nor must we understand the Language only of the Poet, but his particular Turn of Thoughts, and Expression, which are the Characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate him from all other Writers. When we are come thus far, 'tis time to look into our selves, to conform our Genius to his, to give his Thought either the same Turn, if our Tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the Dress, not to alter or destroy the Substance. The like Care must be taken of the more outward Ornaments, the Words. When they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful,

it

it were an Injury to the Author that they ſhould be chang'd: But ſince every Language is ſo full of its own Proprieties, that what is Beautiful in one, is often Barbarous, nay ſometimes Nonſenſe in another, it would be unreaſonable to limit a Tranſlator to the narrow Compaſs of his Author's Words: Tis enough if he chooſe out ſome Expreſſion which does not vitiate the Senſe. I ſuppoſe he may ſtretch his Chain to ſuch a Latitude; but, by Innovation of Thought, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the Spirit of an Author may be transfus'd, and yet not loſt: And thus 'tis plain, that the Reaſon alledged by Sir *John Denham* has no farther Force than to Expreſſion: For Thought, if it be tranſlated truly, cannot be loſt in another Language; but the Words that convey it to our Apprehenſion (which are the Image and Ornament of that Thought) may be ſo ill choſen, as to make it appear in an unhandſom Dreſs, and rob it of its native Luſtre. There is, therefore, a Liberty to be allow'd for the Expreſſion; neither is it neceſſary that Words and Lines ſhould be confin'd to the Meaſure of their Original. The Senſe of an Author, generally ſpeaking, is to be Sacred and Inviolable. If the Fancy of *Ovid* be luxuriant, 'tis his Character to be ſo; and, if I retrench it, he is no longer *Ovid*. It will be reply'd, that he receives Advantage by this lopping of his ſuperfluous Branches; but I rejoin, that a Tranſlator has no ſuch Right. When a *Painter* copies from the Life, I ſuppoſe he has no Privilege to alter Features, and Lineaments, under Pretence that his Picture will look better: perhaps, the Face, which he has drawn, would be more exact, if the Eyes or Noſe were alter'd; but 'tis his Buſineſs to make it reſemble the Original. In two Caſes only there may a ſeeming Difficulty ariſe; that is, if the Thought be notorioſly

riouſly trivial, or diſhoneſt; But the ſame Anſwer will ſerve for both, that then they ought not to be tranſlated:

——— *Et quæ*
Deſperes tractata nitescere poſſe, relinquas.

Thus I have ventur'd to give my Opinion on this Subject againſt the Authority of two great Men, but I hope without Offence to either of their Memories; for I both lov'd them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But, if, after what I have urg'd, it be thought by better Judges, that the Praiſe of a Tranſlation conſiſts in adding new Beauties to the Piece, thereby to recompenſe the Loſs, which it ſuſtains by change of Language, I ſhall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it ſeems to me, that the true Reaſon, why we have ſo few Verſions which are tolerable, is not from the too cloſe purſuing of the Author's Senſe, but becauſe there are ſo few, who have all the Talents, which are requiſite for Tranſlation, and that there is ſo little Praiſe, and ſo ſmall Encouragement, for ſo conſiderable a Part of Learning.

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

CANACE *to* MACAREUS.

EPIST. xi.

The ARGUMENT.

Macareus *and* Canace, *Son and Daughter to* Æolus, *God of the Winds, lov'd each other inceſtuouſly :* Canace *was deliver'd of a Son, and committed him to her Nurſe, to be ſecretly convey'd away. The Infant crying out, by that means was diſcover'd to* Æolus, *who, inrag'd at the Wickedneſs of his Children, commanded the Babe to be expos'd to Wild Beaſts on the Mountains : And withal, ſent a Sword to* Canace, *with this Meſſage, That her Crimes would inſtruct her how to uſe it. With this Sword ſhe ſlew her ſelf : But before ſhe dy'd, ſhe writ the following Letter to her Brother* Macareus, *who had taken Sanctuary in the Temple of* Apollo.

IF ſtreaming Blood my fatal Letter ſtain,
Imagine, ere you read, the Writer ſlain ;
One Hand the Sword, and one the Pen employs,
And in my Lap the ready Paper lies.
Think in this Poſture thou behold'ſt me write :
In this my cruel Father would delight.

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

O! were he present, that his Eyes and Hands!
Might see, and urge, the Death which he commands!
Than all the raging Winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a Tear, my Wounds would see.
Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy Throne,
His People's Temper is so like his own.
The *North* and *South*, and each contending Blast,
Are underneath his wide Dominion cast:
Those he can rule; but his Tempestuous Mind
Is, like his airy Kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their Number I can reckon *Jove!*
What help will all my Heav'nly Friends afford,
When to my Breast I lift the pointed Sword?
That Hour, which join'd us, came before its Time:
In Death we had been one without a Crime.
Why did thy Flames beyond a Brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than Sister's Love?
For I lov'd too; and knowing not my Wound,
A secret Pleasure in thy Kisses found:
My Cheeks no longer did their Colour boast,
My Food grew loathsome, and my Strength I lost:
Still ere I spoke, a Sigh would stop my Tongue;
Short were my Slumbers, and my Nights were long.
I knew not from my Love these Griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily Nurse by long Experience found,
And first discover'd to my Soul its Wound.
'Tis Love, said she; and then my down-cast Eyes,
And guilty Dumbness, witness'd my Surprize.
Forc'd at the last, my shameful Pain I tell;
And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!
" When half denying, more than half content,
" Embraces warm'd me to a full Consent.

" Then

" Then with tumultuous Joys my Heart did beat,
" And Guilt that made them anxious made them great.
But now my ſwelling Womb heav'd up my Breaſt,
And riſing Weight my ſinking Limbs oppreſt.
What Herbs, what Plants, did not my Nurſe produce,
To make Abortion by their pow'rful Juice?
What Med'cines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
Our firſt Crime common; this was mine alone.
But the ſtrong Child, ſecure in his dark Cell,
With Nature's Vigour did our Arts repel.
And now the pale-fac'd Empreſs of the Night
Nine times had fill'd her Orb with borrow'd Light:
Not knowing 'twas my Labour, I complain
Of ſudden Shootings, and of grinding Pain:
My Throes came thicker, and my Cries increas'd,
Which with her Hand the conſcious Nurſe ſuppreſs'd.
To that unhappy Fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my Clamours, but Fear kept me dumb.
With inward Struggling I reſtrain'd my Cries,
And drunk the Tears that trickled from my Eyes.
Death was in Sight, *Lucina* gave no Aid;
And even my Dying had my Guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'ſt, and in thy Count'nance ſate Deſpair;
Rent were thy Garments all, and torn thy Hair:
Yet feigning Comfort, which thou cou'dſt not give,
(Preſt in thy Arms, and whiſp'ring me to live:)
For both our Sakes, (ſaidſt thou) preſerve thy Life;
Live, my dear Siſter, and my dearer Wife.
Rais'd by that Name, with my laſt Pangs I ſtrove:
Such Pow'r have Words, when ſpoke by thoſe we love.
The Babe, as if he heard what thou hadſt ſworn,
With haſty Joy ſprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one Storm?
Fear of our Father does another form.

High in his Hall, rock'd in a Chair of State,
The King with his tempeſtuous Council ſate.
Thro' this large Room our only Paſſage lay,
By which we could the new born Babe convey.
Swath'd in her Lap, the bold Nurſe bore him out,
With Olive Branches cover'd round about;
And, mutt'ring Pray'rs, as Holy Rites ſhe meant,
Thro' the divided Croud unqueſtion'd went.
Juſt at the Door, th' unhappy Infant cry'd:
The Grandſire heard him, and the Theft he ſpy'd.
Swift as a Whirlwind to the Nurſe he flies,
And deafs his ſtormy Subjects with his Cries.
With one fierce Puff he blows the Leaves away:
Expos'd the ſelf-diſcover'd Infant lay.
The Noiſe reach'd me, and my preſaging Mind
Too ſoon its own approaching Woes divin'd.
Not Ships at Sea with Winds are ſhaken more,
Nor Seas themſelves, when angry Tempeſts roar,
Than I, when my loud Father's Voice I hear:
The Bed beneath me trembled with my Fear.
He ruſh'd upon me, and divulg'd my Stain;
Scarce from my Murder could his Hands refrain.
I only anſwer'd him with ſilent Tears;
They flow'd: my Tongue was frozen up with Fears.
His little Grand-child he commands away,
To Mountain Wolves and ev'ry Bird of Prey.
The Babe cry'd out, as if he underſtood,
And begg'd his Pardon with what Voice he cou'd.
By what Expreſſions can my Grief be ſhown?
(Yet you may gueſs my anguiſh by your own)
To ſee my Bowels, and, what yet was worſe,
Your Bowels too, condemn'd to ſuch a Curſe!
Out went the King; my Voice its Freedom found,
My Breaſts I beat, my blubber'd Cheeks I wound.

And

And now appear'd the Messenger of Death ;
Sad were his Looks, and scarce he drew his Breath,
To say, *Your Father sends you*—(with that Word
His trembling Hands presented me a Sword :)
Your Father sends you this ; and lets you know,
That your own Crimes the Use of it will show.
Too well I know the Sense those Words impart :
His *Present* shall be treasur'd in my Heart.
Are these the Nuptial Gifts a Bride receives ?
And this the fatal Dow'r a Father gives ?
Thou God of Marriage, shun thy own Disgrace,
And take thy Torch from this detested Place :
Instead of that, let Furies light their Brands,
And fire my Pile with their infernal Hands.
With happier Fortune may my Sisters wed ;
Warn'd by the dire Example of the Dead.
For thee, poor Babe, what Crime could they pretend ?
How could thy Infant Innocence offend ?
A Guilt there was ; but, Oh, that Guilt was mine !
Thou suffer'st for a Sin that was not thine.
Thy Mother's Grief and Crime ! but just enjoy'd,
Shewn to my Sight, and born to be destroy'd !
Unhappy Offspring of my teeming Womb !
Drag'd headlong from thy Cradle to thy Tomb !
Thy un-offending Life I could not save,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy Grave :
Nor on thy Tomb could offer my shorn Hair ;
Nor shew the Grief which tender Mothers bear.
Yet long thou shalt not from my Arms be lost ;
For soon I will o'ertake thy Infant Ghost.
But thou, my Love, and now my Love's Despair,
Perform his Fun'rals with paternal Care.
His scatter'd Limbs with my dead Body burn ;
And once more join us in the pious Urn.

If on my wounded Breast thou drop'st a Tear,
Think for whose sake my Breast that Wound did bear;
And faithfully my last Desires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel Father's Will.

HELEN *to* PARIS*.

EPIST. xvii.

The ARGUMENT.

Helen, *having receiv'd an † Epistle from* Paris, *returns the following Answer: Wherein she seems at first to chide him for his Presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low Opinion of her Virtue; then owns her self to be sensible of the Passion, which he had express'd for her, tho' she much suspected his Constancy; and at last discovers her Inclination to be favourable to him: The whole Letter shewing the extreme Artifice of Woman-kind.*

WHEN loose Epistles violate chaste Eyes,
She half Consents, who silently Denies.
How dares a Stranger, with Designs so vain,
Marriage and Hospitable Rights prophane?
Was it for this, your Fleet did Shelter find
From swelling Seas, and ev'ry faithless Wind?
(For tho' a distant Country brought you forth,
Your Usage here was equal to your Worth.)

---

* *By the Earl of* Mulgrave *and Mr.* Dryden.
† *The foregoing, in* Ovid.

Does

Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo ?
Did you come here a Stranger, or a Foe ?
Your partial Judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barb'rous for my juſt Diſdain.
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear Fame with any Spot defac'd.
Tho' in my Face there's no affected Frown,
Nor in my Carriage a feign'd Niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my Honour ſtill without a Stain,
Nor has my Love made any Coxcomb vain.
Your Boldneſs I with Admiration ſee ;
What Hope had you to gain a Queen like me ?
Becauſe a Hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond Prey ?
Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your Blame,
But ſure my Part was nothing but the Shame.
Yet the baſe Theft to him no Fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but Fear.
Rude Force might ſome unwilling Kiſſes gain ;
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch Terms would ne'er have let me go ;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the Youth reſtor'd me to my Friends,
And modeſt Uſage made me ſome Amends.
'Tis Virtue to repent a vicious Deed.
Did he repent, that *Paris* might ſucceed ?
Sure 'tis ſome Fate that ſets me above Wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy Tongues.
I'll not complain ; for who's diſpleas'd with Love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove ?
But that I fear ; not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming Beauties of my Face ;
But all your Sex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.

Yet others yield ; and Love o'ercomes the beſt ;
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt ?
Fair *Leda*'s Story ſeems at firſt to be
A fit Example ready form'd for me.
But ſhe was cozen'd by a borrow'd Shape,
And under harmleſs Feathers felt a Rape.
If I ſhould yield, what Reaſon could I uſe ?
By what Miſtake the loving Crime excuſe ?
Her Fault was in her powerful Lover loſt ;
But of what *Jupiter* have I to boaſt ?
Tho' you to Heroes and to Kings ſucceed,
Our Famous Race does no Addition need ;
And great Alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that comes herſelf from mighty *Jove*.
Go then, and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty Place
Your *Phrygian* Blood, and *Priam*'s ancient Race ;
Which I would ſhew I valu'd, if I durſt ;
You are the fifth from *Jove*, but I the firſt.
The Crown of *Troy* is pow'rful, I confeſs ;
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your Letter, fill'd with Promiſes of all
That Men can good, and Women pleaſant call,
Gives Expectation ſuch an ample Field,
As wou'd move Goddeſſes themſelves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great *Juno*'s Laws,
Your ſelf ſhall be the dear, the only Cauſe :
Either my Honour I'll to Death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean Thoughts of Gain.
Not that ſo fair a Preſent I deſpiſe ;
We like the Gift, when we the Giver prize.
But 'tis your Love moves me, which made you take
Such Pains, and run ſuch Hazards for my Sake.
I have perceiv'd (tho' I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that Love has made you do.

Your

Your eager Eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which (wild Man) your wanton Thoughts wou'd ſhine.
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual Ardor preſs my Hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the Glaſs,
Nor wou'd you let the leaſt Occaſion paſs:
When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſate for Things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to my ſelf, He'll for my Sake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no Miſtake.
Oft have I read within this pleaſing Grove,
Under my Name, thoſe charming Words, *I Love*.
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your Flame;
But now, alas, am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For oh! your Face has ſuch peculiar Charms,
That who can hold from flying to your Arms!
But what I ne'er can have without Offence,
May ſome bleſt Maid poſſeſs with Innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but Virtue more ſhould move;
O learn of me to want the Thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all Mankind:
As you have Eyes, ſo others are not Blind.
Like you they ſee, like you my Charms adore;
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our Coaſts been brought,
My Virgin-Love when thouſand Rivals ſought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my Voice;
Nor cou'd my Huſband juſtly blame my Choice.
For both our Hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is Maſter of my Fate.
More to my Wiſh I cou'd have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent Lot can undergo.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe to ſollicit a weak Woman's Will,
And urge not her you love to ſo much Ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted Fame your Prey.
Some Right you claim, ſince naked to your Eyes
Three Goddeſſes diſputed Beauty's Prize:
One offer'd Valour, t'other Crowns; but ſhe
Obtain'd her Cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd me.
But firſt I am not of Belief ſo light,
To think ſuch Nymphs wou'd ſhew you ſuch a Sight:
Yet granting this, the other Part is feign'd;
A Bribe ſo mean your Sentence had not gain'd.
With partial Eyes I ſhou'd my ſelf regard,
To think that *Venus* made me her Reward:
I humbly am content with human Praiſe;
A Goddeſs's Applauſe wou'd Envy raiſe.
But be it as you ſay; for, 'tis confeſt,
The Men, who flatter higheſt, pleaſe us beſt.
That I ſuſpect it, ought not to diſpleaſe;
For Miracles are not believ'd with Eaſe.
One Joy I have, that I had *Venus*' Voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her Choice;
That proffer'd Laurels, promis'd Sovereignty,
Juno and *Pallas* you contemn'd for me.
Am I your Empire then, and your Renown?
What Heart of Rock, but muſt by this be won?
And yet bear Witneſs, O you Pow'rs above,
How rude I am in all the Arts of Love!
My Hand is yet untaught to write to Men:
This is th' Eſſay of my unpractis'd Pen.
Happy thoſe Nymphs, whom Uſe has perfect made!
I think all Crime, and tremble at a Shade.
E'en while I write, my fearful conſcious Eyes
Look often back, miſdoubting a Surpriſe.

For

For now the Rumour ſpreads among the Croud,
At Court in Whiſpers, but in Town aloud:
Diſſemble you, whate'er you hear 'em ſay:
To leave off loving were your better Way;
Yet if you will diſſemble it, you may.
Love ſecretly: the Abſence of my Lord
More Freedom gives, but does not all afford;
Long is his Journey, long will be his Stay;
Call'd by Affairs of Conſequence away.
To go, or not, when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
I bid him make what ſwift Return he cou'd:
Then kiſſing me, he ſaid, I recommend
All to thy Care, but moſt my *Trojan* Friend.
I ſmil'd at what he innocently ſaid,
And only anſwer'd, You ſhall be obey'd.
Propitious Winds have born him far from hence,
But let not this ſecure your Confidence.
Abſent he is, yet abſent he commands:
You know the Proverb, *Princes have long Hands.*
My Fame's my Burden; for the more I'm prais'd,
A juſter Ground of Jealouſy is rais'd.
Were I leſs fair, I might have been more bleſt:
Great Beauty through great Danger is poſſeſt.
To leave me here his Venture was not hard,
Becauſe he thought my Virtue was my Guard.
He fear'd my Face, but truſted to my Life,
The Beauty doubted, but believ'd the Wife.
You bid me uſe th' Occaſion while I can,
Put in our Hands by the good eaſy Man.
I wou'd, and yet I doubt, 'twixt Love and Fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our Flames are mutual, and my Huſband's gone:
The Nights are long; I fear to lie alone.

One Houſe contains us, and weak Walls divide,
And you're too preſſing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but ev'ry Thing conſpires
To join our Loves, and yet my Fear retires.
You court with Words, when you ſhou'd Force employ:
A Rape is requiſite to ſhame-fac'd Joy.
Indulgent to the Wrongs which we receive,
Our Sex can ſuffer what we dare not give.
What have I ſaid? for both of us 'twere beſt,
Our kindling Fire if each of us ſuppreſt.
The Faith of Strangers is too prone to change,
And, like themſelves, their wand'ring Paſſions range.
Hypſipile, and the fond *Minonian* Maid,
Were both by truſting of their Gueſts betray'd.
How can I doubt that other Men deceive,
When you your ſelf did fair *OEnone* leave?
But leſt I ſhou'd upbraid your Treachery,
You make a Merit of that Crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful Love inclin'd,
Your weary *Trojans* wait but for a Wind.
Should you prevail; while I aſſign the Night,
Your Sails are hoiſted, and you take your Flight:
Some bawling Mariner our Love deſtroys,
And breaks aſunder our unfiniſh'd Joys.
But I with you may leave the *Spartan* Port,
To view the *Trojan* Wealth and *Priam*'s Court:
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my Fame,
And fill a foreign Country with my Shame.
In *Aſia* what Reception ſhall I find?
And what Diſhonour leave in *Greece* behind?
What will your Brothers, *Priam*, *Hecuba*,
And what will all your modeſt Matrons ſay?
E'en you, when on this Action you reflect,
My future Conduct juſtly may ſuſpect;

And

And whate'er Stranger lands upon your Coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own Example, loſt.
I from your Rage a Strumpet's Name ſhall hear,
While you forget what Part in it you bear.
You, my Crime's Author, will my Crime upbraid:
Deep under Ground, Oh, let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the Pomp and Plenty of your Land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my Command:
Your *Trojan* Wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor Native Land has dearer Ties.
Shou'd I be injur'd on your *Phrygian* Shore,
What help of Kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by *Jaſon*'s Flatt'ry won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honeſt Hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no Cheat,
And Love contributes to its own Deceit.
The Ships, about whoſe Sides loud Tempeſts roar,
With gentle Winds were waſted from the Shore.
Your teeming Mother dream'd a flaming Brand,
Sprung from her Womb, conſum'd the *Trojan* Land.
To ſecond this, old Prophecies conſpire,
That *Ilium* ſhall be burnt with *Grecian* Fire.
Both give me Fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That *Venus* is oblig'd our Loves to aid.
For they, who loſt their Cauſe, Revenge will take;
And for one Friend two Enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, ſhou'd I follow you,
The Sword would ſoon our fatal Crime purſue.
A Wrong ſo great my Huſband's Rage would rouze,
And my Relations would his Cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your Strength and Courage; but, alas!
Your Words receive ſmall Credit from your Face.
Let Heroes in the duſty Field delight,
Thoſe Limbs were faſhion'd for another Fight.

Bid

Bid *Hector* ſally from the Walls of *Troy*;
A ſweeter Quarrel ſhould your Arms employ.
Yet Fears like theſe ſhou'd not my Mind perplex,
Were I as Wiſe as many of my Sex.
But Time and you may bolder Thoughts inſpire;
And I perhaps may yield to your Deſire.
You laſt demand a private Conference;
Theſe are your Words, but I can gueſs your Senſe.
Your unripe Hopes their Harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your Friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand;
For now my Pen has tir'd my tender Hand:
My Woman knows the Secret of my Heart,
And may hereafter better News impart.

DIDO *to* ÆNEAS.

EPIST. vii.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas, *the Son of* Venus *and* Anchiſes, *having, at the Deſtruction of* Troy, *ſaved his Gods, his Father, and Son* Aſcanius, *from the Fire, put to Sea with twenty Sail of Ships; and, having been long toſt with Tempeſts, was at laſt caſt upon the Shore of* Libya, *where Queen* Dido *(flying from the Cruelty of* Pygmalion *her Brother, who had killed her Husband* Sichæus) *had lately built* Carthage. *She entertained* Æneas *and his Fleet with great Civility, fell paſſionately in Love with him, and in the End denied him not the laſt Favours. But* Mercury *admoniſhing* Æneas *to go in ſearch of* Italy, *(a Kingdom promiſed him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him.* Dido *ſoon perceived it, and having in vain try'd all other Means to engage him to ſtay, at laſt in Deſpair writes to him as follows.*

SO, on *Mæander*'s Banks, when Death is nigh,
The mournful *Swan* ſings her own Elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that Hope were vain!)
By Words your loſt Affection to regain:
But having loſt whate'er was worth my Care,
Why ſhould I fear to loſe a dying Pray'r?
'Tis then reſolv'd poor *Dido* muſt be left,
Of Life, of Honour, and of Love bereft!
While you, with looſen'd Sails, and Vows, prepare
To ſeek a Land that flies the Searcher's Care.
Nor can my riſing Tow'rs your Flight reſtrain,
Nor my new Empire, offer'd you in vain.

Built

Built Walls you ſhun, unbuilt you ſeek; that Land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppoſe you landed where your Wiſh deſign'd,
Think what Reception Foreigners would find.
What People is ſo void of common Senſe,
To vote Succeſſion from a Native Prince?
Yet there new Scepters and new Loves you ſeek;
New Vows to plight, and plighted Vows to break.
When will your Tow'rs the Height of *Carthage* know?
Or when your Eyes diſcern ſuch Crowds below?
If ſuch a Town and Subjects you cou'd ſee,
Still wou'd you want a Wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn, like Fires with Incenſe bright:
Not holy Tapers flame with purer Light:
Æneas is my Thoughts perpetual Theme;
Their daily Longing, and their nightly Dream.
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate ſtill:
Fool that I am to place my Heart ſo ill!
My ſelf I cannot to my ſelf reſtore:
Still I complain, and ſtill I love him more.
Have pity, *Cupid*, on my bleeding Heart,
And pierce thy Brother's with an equal Dart.
I rave: Nor canſt thou *Venus'* Offſpring be,
Love's Mother could not bear a Son like thee.
From harden'd Oak, or from a Rock's cold Womb,
At leaſt thou art from ſome fierce Tigreſs come;
Or on rough Seas, from their Foundation torn,
Got by the Winds, and in a Tempeſt born:
Like that which now thy trembling Sailors fear;
Like that whoſe Rage ſhould ſtill detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy Billows ride!
The Winds and Waves are on the juſter ſide.
To Winter Weather and a ſtormy Sea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.

Death

Death thou deſerv'ſt from Heav'n's avenging Laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the Cauſe.
To ſhun my Love, if thou wilt ſeek thy Fate,
'Tis a dear Purchaſe, and a coſtly Hate.
Stay but a little, 'till the Tempeſt ceaſe,
And the loud Winds are lull'd into a Peace.
May all thy Rage, like theirs, unconſtant prove!
And ſo it will, if there be Pow'r in Love.
Know'ſt thou not yet what Dangers Ships ſuſtain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'ſt thou tempt the Main?
Which were it ſmooth, were ev'ry Wave aſleep,
Ten thouſand Forms of Death are in the Deep.
In that Abyſs the Gods their Vengeance ſtore,
For broken Vows of thoſe who falſely ſwore.
There winged Storms on Sea-born *Venus* wait,
To vindicate the Juſtice of her State.
Thus I to thee the Means of Safety ſhow;
And, loſt my ſelf, would ſtill preſerve my Foe.
Falſe as thou art, I not thy Death deſign:
O rather live, to be the Cauſe of mine!
Should ſome avenging Storm thy Veſſel tear,
(But Heav'n forbid my Words ſhould Omen bear)
Then in thy Face thy perjur'd Vows would fly;
And my wrong'd Ghoſt be preſent to thy Eye.
With threat'ning Looks think thou behold'ſt me ſtare,
Gaſping my Mouth, and clotted all my Hair.
Then, ſhou'd fork'd Lightning and red Thunder fall,
What cou'dſt thou ſay, but, I deſerv'd 'em all?
Leſt this ſhou'd happen, make not haſte away;
To ſhun the Danger will be worth thy Stay.
Have pity on thy Son, if not on me:
My Death alone is Guilt enough for thee.
What has his Youth, what have thy Gods deſerv'd,
To ſink in Seas, who were from Fires preſerv'd?

But neither Gods nor Parent didſt thou bear;
Smooth Stories all to pleaſe a Woman's Ear,
Falſe as the Tale of thy Romantick Life.
Nor yet am I thy firſt-deluded Wife:
Left to purſuing Foes *Creüſa* ſtay'd,
By thee, baſe Man, forſaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'ſt me, ſtruck my tender Heart,
That ſuch Requital follow'd ſuch Deſert.
Nor doubt I but the Gods, for Crimes like theſe,
Sev'n Winters kept thee wand'ring on the Seas.
Thy ſtarv'd Companions, caſt aſhore, I fed,
Thy ſelf admitted to my Crown and Bed.
To harbour Strangers, ſuccour the Diſtreſt,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the reſt!
Curſt be the Cave which firſt my Ruin brought,
Where, from the Storm, we common Shelter ſought!
A dreadful Howling echo'd round the Place:
The Mountain Nymphs, thought I, my Nuptials grace.
I thought ſo then, but now too late I know
The Furies yell'd my Fun'rals from below.
O Chaſtity and violated Fame,
Exact your Dues to my dead Huſband's Name!
By Death redeem my Reputation loſt,
And to his Arms reſtore my guilty Ghoſt.
Cloſe by my Palace, in a gloomy Grove,
Is rais'd a Chapel to my murder'd Love;
There, wreath'd with Boughs and Wool, his Statue ſtands,
The pious Monument of Artful Hands.
Laſt Night, methought, he call'd me from the Dome,
And thrice, with hollow Voice, cry'd, *Dido*, come.
She comes; thy Wife thy lawful Summons hears;
But comes more ſlowly, clogg'd with conſcious Fears.
Forgive the Wrong I offer'd to thy Bed;
Strong were his Charms, who my weak Faith miſ-led.

His

His Goddeſs Mother, and his Aged Sire
Born on his Back, did to my Fall conſpire.
O! ſuch he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a Bluſh I might his Love purſue.
But cruel Stars my Birth-day did attend;
And as my Fortune open'd, it muſt end.
My plighted Lord was at the Altar ſlain,
Whoſe Wealth was made my bloody Brother's Gain.
Friendleſs, and follow'd by the Murd'rer's Hate,
To foreign Countries I remov'd my Fate;
And here, a Suppliant, from the Natives Hands
I bought the Ground on which my City ſtands,
With all the Coaſt that ſtretches to the Sea;
E'en to the friendly Port that ſhelter'd thee:
Then rais'd theſe Walls, which mount into the Air,
At once my Neighbours Wonder, and their Fear.
For now they arm; and round me Leagues are made,
My ſcarce eſtabliſh'd Empire to invade.
To man my new-built Walls I muſt prepare,
An helpleſs Woman, and unſkill'd in War.
Yet thouſand Rivals to my Love pretend;
And for my Perſon wou'd my Crown defend:
Whoſe jarring Votes in one Complaint agree,
That each unjuſtly is diſdain'd for thee.
To proud *Hyarbas* give me up a Prey;
(For that muſt follow, if thou goeſt away.)
Or to my Huſband's Murd'rer leave my Life,
That to the Huſband he may add the Wife.
Go then, ſince no Complaints can move thy Mind:
Go, perjur'd Man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not thoſe Gods, by whom thou art forſworn,
Who will in impious Hands no more be born:
Thy Sacrilegious Worſhip they diſdain,
And rather wou'd the *Grecian* Fires ſuſtain.

Perhaps

Perhaps my greateſt Shame is ſtill to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my Womb.
The Babe unborn muſt periſh by thy Hate,
And periſh guiltleſs in his Mother's Fate.
Some God, thou ſay'ſt, thy Voyage does command;
Wou'd the ſame God had barr'd thee from my Land!
The ſame, I doubt not, thy Departure ſteers,
Who kept thee out at Sea ſo many Years;
While thy long Labours were a Price ſo great,
As thou to purchaſe *Troy* would'ſt not repeat.
But *Tyber* now thou ſeek'ſt, to be at beſt,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious Gueſt.
Yet it deludes thy Search: Perhaps it will
To thy Old Age lie undiſcover'd ſtill.
A ready Crown and Wealth in Dow'r I bring,
And, without conqu'ring, here thou art a King.
Here thou to *Carthage* may'ſt transfer thy *Troy*:
Here young *Aſcanius* may his Arms employ;
And, while we live ſecure in ſoft Repoſe,
Bring many Laurels home from conquer'd Foes.
By *Cupid*'s Arrows, I adjure thee ſtay;
By all the Gods, Companions of thy Way.
So may thy *Trojans*, who are yet alive,
Live ſtill, and with no future Fortune ſtrive;
So may thy youthful Son old Age attain,
And thy dead Father's Bones in Peace remain:
As thou haſt pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no Crime, but too much Love of thee.
I am not born from fierce *Achilles*' Line,
Nor did my Parents againſt *Troy* combine.
To be thy Wife if I unworthy prove,
By ſome inferior Name admit my Love.
To be ſecur'd of ſtill poſſeſſing thee,
What wou'd I do, and what wou'd I not be!

Our *Libyan* Coasts their certain Seasons know,
When free from Tempests Passengers may go:
But now with Northern Blasts the Billows roar,
And drive the floating Sea-Weed to the Shore.
Leave to my Care the Time to sail away;
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
Thy weary Men wou'd be with Ease content;
Their Sails are tatter'd, and their Masts are spent.
If by no Merit I thy Mind can move,
What thou deny'st my Merit, give my Love.
Stay, 'till I learn my Loss to undergo;
And give me time to struggle with my Woe.
If not, know this, I will not suffer long;
My Life's too loathsome, and my Love too strong.
Death holds my Pen and dictates what I say,
While cross my Lap the *Trojan* Sword I lay.
My Tears flow down; the sharp edge cuts their Flood,
And drinks my Sorrows that must drink my Blood.
How well thy Gift does with my Fate agree!
My Fun'ral Pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new Wounds my Bosom I display:
The Sword but enters where Love made the Way.
But thou, dear Sister, and yet dearer Friend,
Shalt my cold Ashes to their Urn attend.
Sichæus' Wife let not the Marble boast,
I lost that Title, when my Fame I lost.
This short Inscription only let it bear:
" Unhappy *Dido* lies in Quiet here.
" The Cause of Death, and Sword by which she dy'd,
" *Æneas* gave: The rest her Arm supply'd.

From

From OVID's AMOURS,

Book i. Eleg. 1.

FOR mighty Wars I thought to tune my Lute,
And make my Meaſures to my Subject ſuit.
Six Feet for ev'ry Verſe the Muſe deſign'd:
But *Cupid*, laughing, when he ſaw my Mind,
From ev'ry ſecond Verſe a Foot purloin'd.
Who gave thee, Boy, this arbitrary ſway,
On Subjects, not thy own, Commands to lay,
Who *Phœbus* only and his Laws obey?
'Tis more abſurd than if the Queen of Love
Shou'd in *Minerva*'s Arms to Battle move;
Or manly *Pallas* from that Queen ſhou'd take
Her Torch, and o'er the dying Lover ſhake.
In Fields as well may *Cynthia* ſow the Corn,
Or *Ceres* wind in Woods the Bugle-horn.
As well may *Phœbus* quit the trembling String,
For ſword and Shield; and *Mars* may learn to ſing.
Already thy Dominions are too large;
Be not ambitious of a foreign Charge.
If thou wilt reign o'er all, and ev'ry where,
The God of Muſick for his Harp may fear.
Thus when with ſoaring Wings I ſeek Renown,
Thou pluck'ſt my Pinions, and I flutter down.
Cou'd I on ſuch mean Thoughts my Muſe employ,
I want a Miſtreſs or a blooming Boy.
Thus I complain'd: His Bow the Stripling bent,
And choſe an Arrow fit for his intent.
The Shaft his purpoſe fatally purſues;
Now, Poet, there's a Subject for thy Muſe.
He ſaid: Too well, alas, he knows his Trade;
For in my Breaſt a mortal Wound he made.

Fa

(Far hence, ye proud Hexameters, remove ;)
My Verſe is pac'd and trammel'd into Love.
With Myrtle Wreaths my thoughtful Brows incloſe,
While in unequal Verſe I ſing my Woes.

From OVID'*s* AMOURS.

Book i. Eleg. 4.

To his Miſtreſs, whoſe Husband is invited to a Feaſt with them. The Poet inſtructs her how to behave herſelf in his Company.

YOUR Husband will be with us at the Treat;
May that be the laſt Supper he ſhall eat.
And am poor I a Gueſt invited there,
Only to ſee, while he may touch the Fair ?
To ſee you kiſs and hug your nauſeous Lord,
While his leud hand deſcends below the Board ?
Now wonder not that *Hippodamia*'s Charms,
At ſuch a ſight, the *Centaurs* urg'd to Arms ;
That in a rage they threw their Cups aſide,
Aſſail'd the Bride-groom, and wou'd force the Bride.
I am not half a Horſe, (I wou'd I were)
Yet hardly can from you my hands forbear.
Take then my Counſel ; which, obſerv'd, may be
Of ſome importance both to you and me.
Be ſure to come before your Man be there ;
There's nothing can be done ; but come howe'er.
Sit next him (that belongs to decency)
But tread upon my Foot in paſſing by.
Read in my Looks what ſilently they ſpeak,
And ſlily, with your Eyes, your Anſwer make.

My lifted Eye-brow shall declare my pain;
My Right-hand to his Fellow shall complain;
And on the back a Letter shall design;
Besides a Note that shall be writ in Wine.
Whene'er you think upon our last Embrace,
With your Fore-finger gently touch your Face.
If any Word of mine offend my Dear,
Pull, with your hand, the velvet of your Ear.
If you are pleas'd with what I do or say,
Handle your Rings, or with your Fingers play.
As Suppliants use at Altars, hold the board,
Whene'er you wish the Devil may take your Lord.
When he fills for you, never touch the Cup,
But bid th' officious Cuckold drink it up.
The Waiter on those Services employ;
Drink you, and I will snatch it from the Boy;
Watching the part where your sweet Mouth hath been,
And thence with eager Lips will suck it in.
If he, with clownish Manners, thinks it fit
To taste, and offer you the nasty bit,
Reject his greasy Kindness, and restore
Th' unsav'ry Morsel he had chew'd before.
Nor let his Arms embrace your Neck, nor rest
Your tender Cheek upon his hairy Breast.
Let not his Hand within your Bosom stray,
And rudely with your pretty Bubbies play.
But above all, let him no Kiss receive;
That's an Offence I never can forgive.
Do not, O do not that sweet Mouth resign,
Lest I rise up in Arms, and cry, 'tis mine.
I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of fear
The manifest Adult'rer will appear.
These things are plain to Sight; but more I doubt
What you conceal beneath your Petticoat.

Take

Take not his Leg between your tender Thighs,
Nor, with your Hand, provoke my Foe to rise.
How many Love-inventions I deplore,
Which I my self have practis'd all before?
How oft have I been forc'd the Robe to lift
In Company; to make a homely shift
For a bare Bout, ill huddled o'er in haste,
While o'er my side the Fair her Mantle cast.
You to your Husband shall not be so kind;
But, lest you shou'd, your Mantle leave behind.
Encourage him to tope; but kiss him him not,
Nor mix one drop of Water in his Pot.
If he be fuddled well, and snores apace,
Then we may take Advice from time and place.
When all depart, when Compliments are loud,
Be sure to mix among the thickest Crowd:
There I will be, and there we cannot miss,
Perhaps to grubble, or at least to kiss.
Alas! what length of Labour I employ,
Just to secure a short and transient Joy!
For Night must part us; and when Night is come,
Tuck'd underneath his Arm he leads you home.
He locks you in; I follow to the Door,
His Fortune envy, and my own deplore.
He kisses you, he more than kisses too;
Th' outrageous Cuckold thinks it all his due.
But add not to his Joy by your Consent,
And let it not be giv'n, but only lent.
Return no Kiss, nor move in any sort;
Make it a dull and a malignant sport.
Had I my wish, he should no Pleasure take,
But slubber o'er your Business for my sake.
And whate'er Fortune shall this night befal,
Coax me to-morrow, by forswearing all.

The first Book of
OVID's ART *of* LOVE.

IN *Cupid*'s School whoe'er wou'd take Degree,
Must learn his Rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with sailing Arts their Vessels move;
Art guides the Chariot; Art instructs to Love.
Of Ships and Chariots others know the Rule;
But I am Master in Love's mighty School.
Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn God; but yet the God's a Child:
Easy to govern in his tender Age,
Like fierce *Achilles* in his Pupillage:
That Hero, born for Conquest, trembling stood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the Rod.
As *Chiron* mollify'd his cruel Mind
With Art, and taught his warlike Hands to wind
The silver Strings of his melodious Lyre:
So Love's fair Goddess does my Soul inspire,
To teach her softer Arts; to sooth the Mind,
And smooth the rugged Breasts of Human Kind.
Yet *Cupid* and *Achilles*, each with Scorn
And Rage were fill'd; and both were Goddess-born.
The Bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the Burden draws:
The Horse receives the Bit within his Jaws;
And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my Sway,
Tho' struggling oft he strives to disobey.
He shakes his Torch, he wounds me with his Darts;
But vain his Force, and vainer are his Arts.
The more he burns my Soul, or wounds my Sight,
The more he teaches to revenge the Spite.

I boast no Aid the *Delphian* God affords,
Nor Auspice from the Flight of chattering Birds;
Nor *Clio*, nor her Sisters have I seen;
As *Hesiod* saw them on the shady Green:
Experience makes my Work; a Truth so try'd
You may believe; and *Venus* be my Guide.
Far hence, ye Vestals, be, who bind your Hair;
And Wives, who Gowns below your Ancles wear.
I sing the Brothels loose and unconfin'd,
Th' unpunishable Pleasures of the Kind;
Which all alike, for Love, or Money, find.
You, who in *Cupid*'s Rolls inscribe your Name,
First seek an Object worthy of your Flame;
Then strive, with Art, your Lady's Mind to gain:
And, last, provide your Love may long remain.
On these three Precepts all my Work shall move:
These are the Rules and Principles of Love.
Before your Youth with Marriage is oppreſt,
Make choice of one who suits your Humour best:
And such a Damsel drops not from the Sky;
She must be sought for with a curious Eye.
The wary Angler, in the winding Brook,
Knows what the Fish, and where to bait his Hook.
The Fowler and the Huntsman know by Name
The certain Haunts and Harbour of their Game.
So must the Lover beat the liklieſt Grounds;
Th' Assembly where his Quarry most abounds.
Nor shall my Novice wander far astray;
These Rules shall put him in the ready Way.
Thou shalt not sail around the Continent,
As far as *Perseus*, or as *Paris* went:
For *Rome* alone affords thee such a Store,
As all the World can hardly shew thee more.

The Face of Heav'n with fewer Stars is crown'd,
Than Beauties in the *Roman* Sphere are found.
Whether thy Love is bent on blooming Youth,
On dawning Sweetneſs in unartful Truth;
Or courts the juicy Joys of riper Growth;
Here mayſt thou find thy full Deſires in both.
Or if Autumnal Beauties pleaſe thy Sight
(An Age that knows to give, and take delight;)
Millions of Matrons of the graver Sort,
In common Prudence, will not balk the Sport.
In Summer Heats thou need'ſt but only go
To *Pompey*'s cool and ſhady *Portico*;
Or *Concord*'s Fane; or that proud Edifice,
Whoſe Turrets near the baudy Suburb riſe:
Or to that other *Portico*, where ſtands
The cruel Father urging his Commands,
And fifty Daughters wait the Time of Reſt,
To plunge their Poniards in the Bridegrooms Breaſt:
Or *Venus*' Temple; where, on Annual Nights,
They mourn *Adonis* with *Aſſyrian* Rites.
Nor ſhun the *Jewiſh* Walk, where the foul Drove,
On Sabbaths, reſt from ev'ry thing but Love:
Nor *Iſis*' Temple; for that ſacred Whore
Makes others, what to *Jove* ſhe was before.
And if the Hall it ſelf be not bely'd,
E'en there the Cauſe of Love is often try'd;
Near it at leaſt, or in the Palace Yard,
From whence the noiſy Combatants are heard.
The crafty Counſellors, in formal Gown,
There gain another's Cauſe, but loſe their own.
There Eloquence is nonpluſt in the Suit;
And Lawyers, who had Words at Will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining Temple, ſmiles,
To ſee them caught in their litigious Wiles.

Grave

Grave Senators lead home the youthful Dame,
Returning Clients, when they Patrons came.
But, above all, the Play-houſe is the Place;
There's Choice of Quarry in that narrow Chace.
There take thy Stand, and ſharply looking out,
Soon may'ſt thou find a Miſtreſs in the Rout,
For length of Time, or for a ſingle Bout.
The Theatres are Berries for the Fair:
Like Ants on Mole-hills, thither they repair;
Like Bees to Hives, ſo num'rouſly they throng,
It may be ſaid, they to that Place belong.
Thither they ſwarm, who have the publick Voice:
There chooſe, if Plenty not diſtracts thy Choice.
To ſee, and to be ſeen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone.
From *Romulus* the Riſe of Plays began,
To his new Subjects a commodious Man;
Who, his unmarried Soldiers to ſupply,
Took care the Commonwealth ſhould multiply:
Providing *Sabine* Women for his Braves,
Like a true King, to get a Race of Slaves.
His Play-houſe not of *Parian* Marble made,
Nor was it ſpread with purple Sails for Shade.
The Stage with Ruſhes, or with Leaves they ſtrew'd:
No Scenes in Proſpect, no machining God.
On Rows of homely Turf they ſat to ſee,
Crown'd with the Wreaths of ev'ry common Tree.
There, while they ſat in ruſtick Majeſty,
Each Lover had his Miſtreſs in his Eye;
And whom he ſaw moſt ſuiting to his Mind,
For Joys of matrimonial Rape deſign'd.
Scarce cou'd they wait the *Plaudit* in their Haſte;
But, ere the Dances and the Song were paſt,

The Monarch gave the Signal from his Throne;
And, rising, bade his merry Men fall on.
The Martial Crew, like Soldiers ready prest,
Just at the Word (the Word too was, The Best)
With joyful Cries each other animate;
Some choose, and some at Hazard seize their Mate.
As Doves from Eagles, or from Wolves the Lambs,
So from their lawless Lovers fly the Dames.
Their Fear was one, but not one Face of Fear;
Some rend the lovely Tresses of their Hair;
Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb Despair.
Her absent Mother one invokes in vain;
One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
The nimbler trust their Feet, the slow remain.
But nought availing, all are Captives led,
Trembling and Blushing, to the Genial Bed.
She who too long resisted, or deny'd,
The lusty Lover made by force a Bride;
And, with superior Strength, compell'd her to his Side.
Then sooth'd her thus: — My Soul's far better Part,
Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender Heart:
For what thy Father to thy Mother was,
That Faith to thee, that solemn Vow I pass.
Thus *Romulus* became so popular;
This was the way to thrive in Peace and War;
To pay his Army, and fresh Whores to bring:
Who wou'd not fight for such a gracious King?
Thus Love in Theatres did first improve;
And Theatres are still the Scene of Love.
Nor shun the Chariot's, and the Courser's Race;
The *Circus* is no inconvenient Place.
No need is there of talking on the Hand;
Nor Nods, nor Signs, which Lovers understand.

But

But boldly next the Fair your Seat provide;
Close as you can to hers, and Side by Side.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crouding sit:
For so the Laws of publick Shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin Discourse;
Inquire, whose Chariot this, and whose that Horse?
To whatsoever Side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your Inclinations to her Mind;
Like what she likes; from thence your Court begin;
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.
But when the Statues of the Deities,
In Chariots roll'd, appear before the Prize;
When *Venus* comes, with deep Devotion rise.
If Dust be on her Lap, or Grains of Sand,
Brush both away with your officious Hand.
If none be there, yet brush that Nothing thence;
And still to touch her Lap make some Pretence.
Touch any thing of hers; and if her Train
Sweep on the Ground, let it not sweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with observing Eyes,
Who knows but you may see her naked Thighs!
Observe, who sits behind her; and beware,
Lest his incroaching Knee should press the Fair.
Light Service takes light Minds: For some can tell
Of Favours won, by laying Cushions well:
By fanning Faces some their Fortune meet;
And some by laying Footstools for their Feet.
These Overtures of Love the *Circus* gives;
Nor at the Sword-play less the Lover thrives:
For there the Son of *Venus* fights his Prize;
And deepest Wounds are oft receiv'd from Eyes.
One, while the Crowd their Acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his Ring to Stake,

Is ſtruck from far, and feels the flying Dart;
And of the Spectacle is made a Part.
Cæſar wou'd repreſent a Naval Fight,
For his own Honour, and for *Rome*'s Delight.
From either Sea the Youths and Maidens come;
And all the World was then contain'd in *Rome*.
In this vaſt Concourſe, in this Choice of Game,
What *Roman* Heart but felt a foreign Flame?
Once more our Prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining Eaſt to *Rome* will add.
Rejoice, ye *Roman* Soldiers, in your Urns;
Your Enſigns from the *Parthians* ſhall return;
And the ſlain *Craſſi* ſhall no longer mourn.
A Youth is ſent thoſe Trophies to demand;
And bears his Father's Thunder in his Hand:
Doubt not th' Imperial Boy in Wars unſeen;
In Childhood all of *Cæſar*'s Race are Men.
Celeſtial Seeds ſhoot out before their Day,
Prevent their Years, and brook no dull Delay.
Thus Infant *Hercules* the Snakes did preſs,
And in his Cradle did his Sire confeſs.
Bacchus, a Boy, yet like a Hero fought,
And early Spoils from conquer'd *India* brought.
Thus you your Father's Troops ſhall lead to Fight,
And thus ſhall vanquiſh in your Father's Right.
Theſe Rudiments you to your Lineage owe;
Born to increaſe your Titles, as you grow.
Brethren you had, revenge your Brethren ſlain;
You have a Father, and his Rights maintain.
Arm'd by your Country's Parent, and your own,
Redeem your Country, and reſtore his Throne.
Your Enemies aſſert an impious Cauſe;
You fight both for divine and human Laws.

Already

Already in their Cauſe they are o'ercome:
Subject them too, by Force of Arms, to *Rome*.
Great Father *Mars* with greater *Cæſar* join,
To give a proſp'rous *Omen* to your Line:
One of you is, and one ſhall be divine.
I prophesy you ſhall, you ſhall o'ercome:
My Verſe ſhall bring you back in Triumph home.
Speak in my Verſe, exhort to loud Alarms:
O were my Numbers equal to your Arms!
Then would I ſing the *Parthians* Overthrow;
Their Shot averſe ſent from a flying Bow:
The *Parthians*, who already flying fight,
Already give an *Omen* of their Flight.
O when will come the Day, by Heav'n deſign'd,
When thou, the beſt and faireſt of Mankind,
Drawn by white Horſes ſhalt in Triumph ride,
With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy Side;
Slaves, that no longer can be ſafe in Flight;
O glorious Object, O ſurpriſing Sight,
O Day of Publick Joy; too good to end in Night!
On ſuch a Day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some Beauty ſits, the Spectacle to ſee:
If ſhe inquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,
Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden Springs,
Anſwer to all thou know'ſt; and, if need be,
Of things unknown ſeem to ſpeak knowingly:
This is *Euphrates*, crown'd with Reeds; and there
Flows the ſwift *Tigris* with his Sea-green Hair.
Invent new Names of Things unknown before;
Call this *Armenia*, that the *Caſpian* Shore;
Call this a *Mede*, and that a *Parthian* Youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the Truth.
In Feaſts, as at our Shows, new Means abound;
More Pleaſure there, than that of Wine, is found.

The

The *Paphian* Goddeſs there her Ambuſh lays;
And Love betwixt the Horns of *Bacchus* plays:
Deſires increaſe at ev'ry ſwilling Draught;
Briſk Vapours add new Vigour to the Thought.
There *Cupid*'s purple Wings no Flight afford;
But, wet with Wine, he flutters on the Board.
He ſhakes his Pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a Maudlin Love.
Wine warms the Blood, and makes the Spirits flow;
Care flies, and Wrinkles from the Forehead go:
Exalts the Poor, invigorates the Weak;
Gives Mirth and Laughter, and a Roſy Cheek.
Bold Truths it ſpeaks; and ſpoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old Simplicity again.
Love ſparkles in the Cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the Flames, and Fuel adds to Fire.
But chooſe no Miſtreſs in thy drunken Fit;
Wine gilds too much their Beauties and their Wit.
Nor truſt thy Judgment when the Tapers dance;
But ſober, and by Day, thy Suit advance.
By Day-light *Paris* judg'd the beauteous Three;
And for the faireſt did the Prize decree.
Night is a Cheat, and all Deformities
Are hid, or leſſen'd in her dark Diſguiſe.
The Sun's fair Light each Error will confeſs,
In Face, in Shape, in Jewels, and in Dreſs.
Why name I ev'ry Place where Youths abound?
'Tis loſs of time, and a too fruitful Ground.
The *Baian* Baths, where Ships at Anchor ride,
And wholſome Streams from Sulphur Fountains glide;
Where wounded Youths are by Experience taught,
The Waters are leſs healthful than they thought.
Or *Dian*'s Fane, which near the Suburb lies,
Where Prieſts, for their Promotion, fight a Prize.

That

That Maiden Goddess is Love's mortal Foe,
And much from her his Subjects undergo.
Thus far the sportful Muse, with Myrtle bound,
Has sung where lovely Lasses may be found.
Now let me sing, how she who wounds your Mind,
With Art, may be to cure your Wounds inclin'd.
Young Nobles, to my Laws Attention lend;
And all you vulgar of my School attend.
First then believe, all Women may be won;
Attempt with Confidence, the Work is done.
The Grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
In Summer Season, or the Birds in Spring;
Than Women can resist your flatt'ring Skill:
E'en She will yield, who swears she never will.
To secret Pleasure both the Sexes move;
But Women most, who most dissemble Love.
'Twere best for us, if they wou'd first declare,
Avow their Passion, and submit to Pray'r.
The Cow, by lowing, tells the Bull her Flame:
The neighing Mare invites her Stallion to the Game.
Man is more temp'rate in his Lust than they,
And, more than Women, can his Passion sway.
Biblis, we know, did first her Love declare,
And had recourse to Death in her Despair.
Her Brother She, her Father *Myrrha* sought,
And lov'd, but lov'd not as a Daughter ought.
Now from a Tree she stills her od'rous Tears,
Which yet the Name of her who shed 'em bears.
In *Ida*'s shady Vale a Bull appear'd,
White as the Snow, the fairest of the Herd;
A Beauty-spot of black there only rose,
Betwixt his equal Horns and ample Brows:
The Love and Wish of all the *Cretan* Cows.

The

The Queen beheld him as his Head he rear'd;
And envy'd ev'ry Leap he gave the Herd.
A ſecret Fire ſhe nouriſh'd in her Breaſt,
And hated ev'ry Heifer he careſs'd.
A Story known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor *Crete*, though lying, can the Truth conceal.
She cut him Graſs; (ſo much can Love command)
She ſtrok'd, ſhe fed him with her Royal Hand:
Was pleas'd in Paſtures with the Herd to roam;
And *Minos* by the Bull was overcome.

Ceaſe, Queen, with Gems t'adorn thy beauteous Brows;
The Monarch of thy Heart no Jewel knows.
Nor in thy Glaſs compoſe thy Looks and Eyes:
Secure from all thy Charms thy Lover lies:
Yet truſt thy Mirrour, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no Heifer to allure his View.
Soon wou'dſt thou quit thy Royal Diadem
To thy fair Rivals, to be horn'd like them.
If *Minos* pleaſe, no Lover ſeek to find;
If not, at leaſt ſeek one of human Kind.

The wretched Queen the *Cretan* Court forſakes;
In Woods and Wilds her Habitation makes:
She curſes ev'ry beauteous Cow ſhe ſees;
Ah, why doſt thou my Lord and Maſter pleaſe!
And think'ſt, ungrateful Creature as thou art,
With friſking aukwardly, to gain his Heart!
She ſaid, and ſtraight commands, with frowning Look,
To put her, undeſerving, to the Yoke;
Or feigns ſome holy Rites of Sacrifice,
And ſees her Rival's Death with joyful Eyes:
Then, when the bloody Prieſt has done his Part,
Pleas'd, in her Hand ſhe holds the beating Heart;
Nor from a ſcornful Taunt can ſcarce refrain;
Go, Fool, and ſtrive to pleaſe my Love again.

Now

Now ſhe wou'd be *Europa*, *Io* now;
(One bore a Bull, and one was made a Cow.)
Yet ſhe at laſt her brutal Bliſs obtain'd,
And in a wooden Cow the Bull ſuſtain'd;
Fill'd with his Seed, accompliſh'd her Deſire;
Till by his Form the Son betray'd the Sire.
If *Atreus*' Wife to Inceſt had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His Courſers *Phœbus* had not driv'n away,
To ſhun that Sight, and interrupt the Day.
Thy Daughter, *Niſus*, pull'd thy purple Hair,
And barking Sea-dogs yet her Bowels tear.
At Sea and Land *Atrides* ſav'd his Life,
Yet fell a Prey to his adult'rous Wife.
Who knows not what Revenge *Medea* ſought,
When the ſlain Offſpring bore the Father's Fault?
Thus *Phœnix* did a Woman's Love bewail;
And thus *Hippolytus* by *Phædra* fell.
Theſe Crimes revengeful Matrons did commit;
Hotter their Luſt, and ſharper is their Wit.
Doubt not from them an eaſy Victory:
Scarce of a thouſand Dames will one deny.
All Women are content that Men ſhou'd woo:
She who complains, and She who will not do.
Reſt then ſecure, whate'er thy Luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring Love.
And yet how canſt thou miſs, ſince Womankind
Is frail and vain, and ſtill to Change inclin'd?
Old Huſbands and ſtale Galants they deſpiſe;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger Crop adorns our Neighbour's Field;
More Milk his Kine from ſwelling Udders yield.
Firſt gain the Maid: By her thou ſhalt be ſure
A free Acceſs and eaſy to procure:

Who

Who knows what to her Office does belong,
Is in the Secret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with Gifts, with Promiſes, and Pray'rs;
For her good Word goes far in Love Affairs.
The Time and fit Occaſion leave to her,
When ſhe moſt aptly can thy Suit prefer.
The Time for Maids to fire their Lady's Blood,
Is, when they find her in a merry Mood;
When all things at her Wiſh and Pleaſure move:
Her Heart is open then, and free to Love.
Then Mirth and Wantonneſs to Luſt betray,
And ſmooth the Paſſage to the Lover's Way.
Troy ſtood the Siege, when fill'd with anxious Care:
One merry Fit concluded all the War.

If ſome fair Rival vex her jealous Mind,
Offer thy Service to revenge in Kind.
Inſtruct the Damſel, while ſhe combs her Hair,
To raiſe the Choler of that injur'd Fair;
And, ſighing, make her Miſtreſs underſtand,
She has the Means of Vengeance in her Hand:
Then, naming thee, thy humble Suit prefer;
And ſwear thou languiſheſt and dy'ſt for her.
Then let her loſe no time, but puſh at all;
For Women ſoon are rais'd, and ſoon they fall.
Give their firſt Fury Leiſure to relent,
They melt like Ice, and ſuddenly repent.

T' enjoy the Maid, will that thy Suit advance?
'Tis a hard Queſtion, and a doubtful Chance.
One Maid, corrupted, bauds the better for't;
Another for herſelf wou'd keep the Sport.
Thy Bus'neſs may be further'd or delay'd:
But by my Counſel, let alone the Maid:
E'en tho' ſhe ſhou'd conſent to do the Feat;
The Profit's little, and the Danger great.

I will

I will not lead thee through a rugged Road;
But where the Way lies open, ſafe, and broad.
Yet if thou find'ſt her very much thy Friend,
And her good Face her Diligence commend:
Let the fair Miſtreſs have thy firſt Embrace,
And let the Maid come after in her Place.
But this I will adviſe, and mark my words;
For 'tis the beſt Advice my Skill affords:
If needs thou with the Damſel wilt begin,
Before th' Attempt is made, make ſure to win:
For then the Secret better will be kept;
And ſhe can tell no Tales when once ſhe's dipt.
'Tis for the Fowler's Int'reſt to beware,
The Bird intangled ſhou'd not 'ſcape the Snare.
The Fiſh, once prick'd, avoids the bearded Hook,
And ſpoils the Sport of all the neighb'ring Brook.
But if the Wench be thine, ſhe makes thy Way,
And, for thy ſake, her Miſtreſs will betray;
Tell all ſhe knows, and all ſhe hears her ſay.
Keep well the Counſel of thy faithful Spy:
So ſhalt thou learn whene'er ſhe treads awry.
All things the Stations of their Seaſons keep;
And certain Times there are to ſow and reap.
Ploughmen and Sailors for the Seaſon ſtay,
One to plough Land, and one to plough the Sea:
So ſhou'd the Lover wait the lucky Day.
Then ſtop thy Suit, it hurts not thy Deſign:
But think, another Hour ſhe may be thine.
And when ſhe celebrates her Birth at home,
Or when ſhe views the publick Shows of *Rome*:
Know, all thy Viſits then are troubleſome.
Defer thy Work, and put not then to Sea,
For that's a boding and a ſtormy Day.

Elſe

Else take thy Time, and, when thou canst, begin:
To break a *Jewish* Sabbath, think no Sin:
Nor e'en on superstitious Days abstain;
Not when the *Romans* were at *Allia* slain.
Ill Omens in her Frowns are understood;
When she's in humour, ev'ry Day is good.
But than her Birth-day seldom comes a worse;
When Bribes and Presents must be sent of course;
And that's a bloody Day, that costs thy Purse.
Be stanch; yet Parsimony will be vain:
The craving Sex will still the Lover drain.
No Skill can shift them off, nor Art remove;
They will be begging, when they know we love.
The Merchant comes upon th' appointed Day,
Who shall before thy Face his Wares display.
To choose for her she craves thy kind Advice;
Then begs again, to bargain for the Price:
But when she has her Purchase in her Eye,
She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a Pen'orth too;
In many Years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready Coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a Line,
A little Bill, not to be paid at sight;
Now curse the time when thou wert taught to write.
She keeps her Birth-day; you must send the Chear;
And she'll be Born a hundred times a year.
With daily Lies she dribs thee into Cost;
That Ear-ring dropt a Stone, that Ring is lost.
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.
Had I ten Mouths and Tongues to tell each Art,
All wou'd be wearied ere I told a Part.

By

By Letters, not by Words thy Love begin ;
And ford the dang'rous Paſſage with thy Pen.
If to her Heart thou aim'ſt to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by Pray'rs did *Hector*'s Body gain ;
Nor is an angry God invok'd in vain.
With promis'd Gifts her eaſy Mind bewitch ;
For e'en the Poor in Promiſe may be rich.
Vain Hopes awhile her Appetite will ſtay ;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is Mad ; but make her ſtill believe
'Twill come, and that's the cheapeſt way to give.
E'en barren Lands fair Promiſes afford ;
But the lean Harveſt cheats the ſtarving Lord.
Buy not thy firſt Enjoyment, leſt it prove
Of bad example to thy future Love :
But get it *Gratis* ; and ſhe'll give thee more,
For fear of loſing what ſhe gave before.
The loſing Gameſter ſhakes the Box in vain,
And bleeds, and loſes on, in hopes to gain.
Write then, and in thy Letter, as I ſaid,
Let her with mighty Promiſes be fed.
Cydippe by a Letter was betray'd,
Writ on an Apple to th' unwary Maid.
She read herſelf into a Marriage Vow ;
(And ev'ry Cheat in Love the Gods allow.)
Learn Eloquence, ye noble Youth of *Rome* ;
It will not only at the Bar o'ercome :
Sweet Words the People and the Senate move ;
But the chief end of Eloquence is Love.
But in thy Letter hide thy moving Arts ;
Affect not to be thought a Man of Parts.
None but vain Fools to ſimple Women preach :
A learned Letter oft has made a Breach.

In a familiar Stile your Thoughts convey,
And write ſuch Things as Preſent you wou'd ſay;
Such Words as from the Heart may ſeem to move:
'Tis Wit enough, to make her think you love.
If Seal'd ſhe ſends it back, and will not read,
Yet hope, in time, the Buſineſs may ſucceed.
In time the Steer will to the Yoke ſubmit;
In time the reſtiff Horſe will bear the Bit.
E'en the hard Plough-ſhare Uſe will wear away:
And ſtubborn Steel in length of Time decay.
Water is ſoft, and Marble hard; and yet
We ſee ſoft Water through hard Marble Eat.
Though late, yet *Troy* at length in Flames expir'd;
And ten Years more *Penelope* had tir'd.
Perhaps thy Lines unanſwer'd ſhe retain'd;
No matter; there's a Point already gain'd:
For ſhe, who reads, in time will anſwer too;
Things muſt be left by juſt degrees to grow.
Perhaps ſhe writes, but anſwers with Diſdain,
And ſharply bids you not to write again:
What ſhe requires, ſhe fears you ſhou'd accord;
The Jilt wou'd not be taken at her word.
Mean time, if ſhe be carried in her Chair,
Approach, but do not ſeem to know ſhe's there.
Speak ſoftly to delude the Standers-by;
Or, if aloud, then ſpeak ambiguouſly.
If ſauntring in the Portico ſhe walk,
Move ſlowly too; for that's a time for Talk:
And ſometimes follow, ſometimes be her Guide:
But, when the Crowd permits, Go Side by Side.
Nor in the Play-houſe let her ſit alone:
For ſhe's the *Play-houſe*, and the *Play* in one.
There thou mayſt ogle, or by Signs advance
Thy Suit, and ſeem to touch her Hand by chance.

Admire

Admire the Dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the *Play* the Lover's Pains;
For her ſweet ſake the loſs of time deſpiſe;
Sit while ſhe ſits, and when ſhe riſes riſe.
But dreſs not like a Fop, nor curl your Hair,
Nor with a Pumice make your Body bare.
Leave thoſe effeminate and uſeleſs Toys
To Eunuchs, who can give no ſolid Joys.
Neglect becomes a Man: This *Theſeus* found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the Nymph his Wiſhes crown'd.
The rough *Hippolytus* was *Phædra*'s Care;
And *Venus* thought the rude *Adonis* fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean:
And wear well-faſhion'd Clothes, like other Men.
Let not your Teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide Shoes your Feet too looſly roll.
Of a black Muzzle, and long Beard, beware;
And let a skilful Barber cut your Hair.
Your Nails be pick'd from Filth, and even par'd;
Nor let your naſty Noſtrils bud with Beard.
Cure your unſav'ry Breath, gargle your Throat;
And free your Armpits from the Ram and Goat.
Dreſs not, in ſhort, too little or too much;
And be not wholly *French*, nor wholly *Dutch*.
Now *Bacchus* calls me to his jolly Rites:
Who wou'd not follow, when a God invites?
He helps the Poet, and his Pen inſpires,
Kind and indulgent to his former Fires.
Fair *Ariadne* wander'd on the Shore,
Forſaken now; and *Theſeus* loved no more:
Looſe was her Gown, diſhevel'd was her Hair;
Her Boſom naked, and her Feet were bare:
Exclaiming, on the Water's brink ſhe ſtood;
Her briny Tears augment the briny Flood.

She

She ſhriek'd, and wept, and both became her Face:
No Poſture cou'd that Heav'nly Form diſgrace.
She beat her Breaſt: The Traitor's gone, ſaid ſhe;
What ſhall become of poor forſaken me?
What ſhall become——ſhe had not time for more,
The ſounding Cymbals rattled on the Shore.
She ſwoons for fear, ſhe falls upon the Ground;
No vital Heat was in her Body ſound.
The *Mimallonian* Dames about her ſtood;
And ſcudding *Satyrs* ran before their God.
Silenus on his Aſs did next appear,
And held upon the Mane; (the God was clear)
The drunken *Sire* purſues, the Dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken Dames purſue the drunken *Sire*.
At laſt he topples over on the Plain;
The *Satyrs* laugh, and bid him riſe again.
And now the God of Wine came driving on,
High on his Chariot by ſwift Tigers drawn.
Her Colour, Voice, and Senſe forſook the Fair;
Thrice did her trembling Feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She ſhook, like Leaves of Corn when Tempeſts blow,
Or ſlender Reeds that in the Marſhes grow.
To whom the God: Compoſe thy fearful Mind;
In me a truer Husband thou ſhalt find.
With Heav'n I will endow thee, and thy Star
Shall with propitious Light be ſeen afar,
And guide on Seas the doubtful Mariner.
He ſaid, and from his Chariot leaping light,
Leſt the grim Tigers ſhou'd the Nymph affright,
His brawny Arms around her Waſte he threw;
(For Gods, whate'er they will, with eaſe can do:)
And ſwiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the Sight, and ſing the Nuptial Song.

Now

Now in full Bowls her Sorrow ſhe may ſteep:
The Bridegroom's Liquor lays the Bride aſleep.
But thou, when flowing Cups in Triumph ride,
And the lov'd Nymph is ſeated by thy ſide;
Invoke the God, and all the mighty Pow'rs,
That Wine may not defraud thy Genial Hours.
Then in ambiguous Words thy Suit prefer,
Which ſhe may know were all addreſt to her.
In liquid purple Letters write her Name,
Which ſhe may read, and reading find the Flame.
Then may your Eyes confeſs your mutual Fires;
(For Eyes have Tongues, and Glances tell Deſires).
Whene'er ſhe drinks, be firſt to take the Cup;
And, where ſhe laid her Lips, the Bleſſing ſup.
When ſhe to Carving does her Hand advance,
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy Service e'en her Husband muſt attend:
(A Husband is a moſt convenient Friend.)
Seat the Fool Cuckold in the higheſt Place:
And with thy Garland his dull Temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be Lord of all the Company,
And what he ſays, be ſeconded by Thee.
'Tis common to deceive through Friendſhip's Name;
But, common though it be, 'tis ſtill to blame:
Thus Factors frequently their Truſt betray,
And to themſelves their Maſters Gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy Tongue and Feet may ſtumble, drinking more.
Of drunken Quarrels in her ſight beware;
Pot-Valour only ſerves to fright the Fair.
Eurytion juſtly fell, by Wine oppreſt,
For his rude Riot at a Wedding-Feaſt.

Sing,

Sing, if you have a Voice; and ſhew your Parts
In Dancing, if endu'd with Dancing Arts.
Do any thing within your power to pleaſe;
Nay, e'en affect a ſeeming Drunkenneſs;
Clip ev'ry Word; and if by Chance you ſpeak
Too home, or if too broad a Jeſt you break,
In your excuſe the Company will join,
And lay the Fault upon the Force of Wine.
True Drunkenneſs is ſubject to offend;
But when 'tis feign'd 'tis oft a Lover's Friend.
Then ſafely you may praiſe her beauteous Face,
And call him Happy, who is in her grace.
Her Husband thinks himſelf the Man deſign'd;
But curſe the Cuckold in your ſecret Mind.
When all are riſen, and prepare to go,
Mix with the Croud, and tread upon her Toe.
This is the proper time to make thy Court;
For now ſhe's in the Vein, and fit for ſport.
Lay Baſhfulneſs, that ruſtick Virtue, by;
To manly Confidence thy Thoughts apply.
On Fortune's Foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now ſpeak and ſpeed, for *Venus* loves the Bold.
No Rules of Rhetorick here I need afford:
Only begin, and truſt the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.
Act well the Lover; let thy Speech abound
In dying Words, that repeſent thy Wound:
Diſtruſt not her Belief; ſhe will be mov'd:
All Women think they merit to be lov'd.
Sometimes a Man begins to love in jeſt,
And, after, feels the Torment he profeſt.
For your own ſakes be pitiful, ye Fair;
For a feign'd Paſſion may a true prepare.

By

By Flatteries we prevail on Womankind;
As hollow Banks by Streams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her Face is fair, her Eyes are ſweet;
Her taper Fingers praiſe, and little Feet.
Such Praiſes e'en the Chaſte are pleas'd to hear;
Both Maids and Matrons hold their Beauty dear.
Once naked *Pallas* with *Jove's* Queen appear'd;
And ſtill they grieve that *Venus* was preferr'd.
Praiſe the proud Peacock, and he ſpreads his Train:
Be ſilent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the Courſer in his rapid Race;
Applaud his Running, and he mends his Pace.
But largely promiſe, and devoutly ſwear;
And, if need be, call ev'ry God to hear.
Jove ſits above, forgiving with a Smile
The Perjuries that eaſy Maids beguile.
He ſwore to *Juno* by the *Stygian* Lake:
Forſworn, he dares not an Example make,
Or puniſh Falſhood, for his own dear ſake.
'Tis for our Int'reſt that the Gods ſhou'd be;
Let us believe 'em: I believe, they ſee,
And both reward, and puniſh equally.
Not that they live above like lazy Drones,
Or Kings below, ſupine upon their Thrones.
Lead then your Lives as preſent in their Sight;
Be juſt in Dealings, and defend the Right;
By Fraud betray not, nor oppreſs by Might.
But 'tis a Venial Sin to cheat the Fair;
All Men have Liberty of Conſcience there.
On cheating Nymphs a Cheat is well deſign'd;
'Tis a profane and a deceitful Kind.
'Tis ſaid, that *Ægypt* for nine Years was dry,
Nor *Nile* did Floods, nor Heav'n did Rain ſupply.

A Foreigner at length inform'd the King,
That ſlaughter'd Gueſts would kindly Moiſture bring.
The King reply'd: On thee the Lot ſhall fall;
Be thou, my Gueſt, the Sacrifice for all.
Thus *Phalaris Perillus* taught to low,
And made him ſeaſon firſt the brazen Cow.
A rightful Doom, the Laws of Nature cry,
'Tis, the Artificers of Death ſhould die.
Thus juſtly Women ſuffer by Deceit;
Their Practice authorizes us to cheat.
Beg her, with Tears, thy warm Deſires to grant;
For Tears will pierce a Heart of Adamant.
If Tears will not be ſqueez'd, then rub your Eye,
Or 'noint the Lids, and ſeem at leaſt to cry.
Kiſs, if you can: Reſiſtance if ſhe make,
And will not give you Kiſſes, let her take.
Fy, fy; you naughty Man, are Words of courſe;
She ſtruggles but to be ſubdu'd by Force.
Kiſs only ſoft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard Briſtles not to bruſh the Fair.
He who has gain'd a Kiſs, and gains no more,
Deſerves to loſe the Bliſs he got before.
If once ſhe kiſs, her Meaning is expreſt;
There wants but little Puſhing for the reſt:
Which if thou doſt not gain, by Strength or Art,
The Name of Clown then ſuits with thy Deſert;
'Tis downright Dulneſs, and a ſhameful Part.
Perhaps, ſhe calls it Force; but, if ſhe 'ſcape,
She will not thank you for th' omitted Rape.
The Sex is cunning to conceal their Fires;
They would be forc'd e'en to their own Deſires.
They ſeem t' accuſe you, with a downcaſt Sight,
But in their Souls confeſs you did them right.

Who

Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their Tongues, but curse you with their
Fair *Phœbe* and her Sister did prefer [Heart.
To their dull Mates the noble Ravisher.
What *Deidamia* did, in Days of yore,
The Tale is old, but worth the telling o'er.
When *Venus* had the golden Apple gain'd,
And the just Judge fair *Helen* had obtain'd:
When she with Triumph was at *Troy* receiv'd,
The *Trojans* joyful, while the *Grecians* griev'd:
They vow'd Revenge of violated Laws,
And *Greece* was arming in the Cuckold's Cause:
Achilles, by his Mother warn'd from War,
Disguis'd his Sex, and lurk'd among the Fair.
What means *Æacides* to spin and sew?
With Spear and Sword in Field thy Valour shew;
And, leaving this, the nobler *Pallas* know.
Why dost thou in that Hand the Distaff wield,
Which is more worthy to sustain the Shield?
Or with that other draw the woolly Twine,
The same the Fates for *Hector*'s Thread assign?
Brandish thy Falchion in thy pow'rful Hand,
Which can alone the pond'rous Lance command.
In the same Room by chance the Royal Maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming Sex betray'd,
Close to her side the youthful Hero laid.
I know not how his Courtship he began;
But, to her Cost, she found it was a Man.
'Tis thought she struggl'd; but withal 'tis thought,
Her Wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought.
For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the Field,
He laid his Distaff down, and took the Shield,
With Tears her humble Suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful Ravisher.

She ſighs, ſhe ſobs, ſhe begs him not to part:
And now 'tis Nature, what before was Art.
She ſtrives by Force her Lover to detain,
And wiſhes to be raviſh'd once again.
This is the Sex, they will not firſt begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to ſuffer Sin.
Is there, who thinks that Women firſt ſhould woo?
Lay by thy Self-conceit, thou fooliſh Beau.
Begin, and ſave their Modeſty the Shame;
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy Flame.
'Tis decent for a Man to ſpeak his mind;
They but expect th' Occaſion to be kind.
Aſk, that thou mayſt enjoy; ſhe waits for this;
And on thy firſt Advance depends thy Bliſs.
E'en *Jove* himſelf was forc'd to ſue for Love;
None of the Nymphs did firſt ſolicit *Jove*.
But if you find your Pray'rs increaſe her Pride,
Strike ſail awhile, and wait another Tide.
They fly when we purſue; but make Delay,
And, when they ſee you ſlacken, they will ſtay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your End;
Name not your ſelf her Lover, but her Friend.
How many ſkittiſh Girls have thus been caught?
He prov'd a Lover, who a Friend was thought.
Sailors by Sun and Wind are ſwarthy made;
A tann'd Complexion beſt becomes their Trade.
'Tis a diſgrace to Ploughmen to be fair;
Bluff Cheeks they have, and weather-beaten Hair.
Th' ambitious Youth, who ſeeks an Olive Crown,
Is ſun-burnt with his daily Toil, and brown.
But if the Lover hopes to be in Grace,
Wan be his Looks, and meagre be his Face.
That Colour from the Fair Compaſſion draws:
She thinks you ſick, and thinks her ſelf the Cauſe.

Orion

Orion wander'd in the Woods for Love :
His Paleneſs did the Nymphs to pity move ;
His ghaſtly Viſage argu'd hidden Love.
Nor fail a Night-cap, in full Health, to wear ;
Neglect thy Dreſs, and diſcompoſe thy Hair.
All things are decent, that in Love avail :
Read long by Night, and ſtudy to be Pale :
Forſake your Food, refuſe your needful Reſt ;
Be miſerable, that you may be bleſt.
Shall I complain, or ſhall I warn you moſt ?
Faith, Truth, and Friendſhip in the World are loſt ;
A little and an empty Name they boaſt.
Truſt not thy Friend, much leſs thy Miſtreſs praiſe ;
If he believe, thou mayſt a Rival raiſe.
'Tis true, *Patroclus*, by no Luſt miſled,
Sought not to ſtain his dear Companion's Bed.
Nor *Pylades Hermione* embrac'd ;
E'en *Phædra* to *Pirithous* ſtill was chaſte.
But hope not thou, in this vile Age, to find
Thoſe rare Examples of a faithful Mind.
The Sea ſhall ſooner with ſweet Honey flow ;
Or from the Furzes Pears and Apples grow.
We ſin with Guſt, we love by Fraud to gain ;
And find a Pleaſure in our Fellow's Pain.
From Rival Foes you may the Fair defend ;
But, would you ward the Blow, beware your Friend :
Beware your Brother, and your next of Kin ;
But from your Boſom-Friend your Care begin.
Here I had ended, but Experience finds,
That ſundry Women are of ſundry Minds ;
With various Crotchets fill'd, and hard to pleaſe :
They therefore muſt be caught by various Ways.
All things are not produc'd in any Soil ;
This Ground for Wine is proper, that for Oil.

So 'tis in Men, but more in Woman-kind :
Diff'rent in Face, in Manners, and in Mind :
But wiſe Men ſhift their Sails with every Wind :
As changeful *Proteus* vary'd oft his Shape,
And did in ſundry Forms and Figures 'ſcape ;
A running Stream, a ſtanding Tree became,
A roaring Lion, or a bleating Lamb.
Some Fiſh with Harpons, ſome with Darts are ſtruck,
Some drawn with Nets, ſome hang upon the Hook:
So turn thy ſelf ; and imitating them,
Try ſev'ral Tricks, and change thy Stratagem.
One Rule will not for diff'rent Ages hold ;
The Jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
Then talk not Baudy to the baſhful Maid ;
Broad Words will make her Innocence afraid.
Nor to an ign'rant Girl of Learning ſpeak ;
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in *Greek*.
And hence 'tis often ſeen, the Simple ſhun
The Learn'd, and into vile Embraces run.
Part of my Task is done, and Part to do :
But here 'tis time to reſt my ſelf and you.

The Firſt Book of
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

OF Bodies chang'd to various Forms I ſing :
Ye Gods, from whom theſe Miracles did ſpring,
Inſpire my Numbers with Cœleſtial Heat ;
'Till I my long laborious Work compleat ;
And add perpetual Tenour to my Rhymes,
Deduc'd from Nature's Birth to *Cæſar*'s Times.

Before

Before the Seas, and this Terrestrial Ball,
And Heav'n's high Canopy, that covers all,
One was the Face of Nature, if a Face;
Rather a rude and indigested Mass:
A lifeless Lump, unfashion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring Seeds, and justly *Chaos* nam'd.
No Sun was lighted up, the World to view;
No Moon did yet her blunted Horns renew:
Nor yet was Earth suspended in the Sky;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own Foundations lie:
Nor Seas about the Shores their Arms had thrown;
But Earth, and Air, and Water, were in one.
Thus Air was void of Light, and Earth unstable,
And Water's dark Abyss unnavigable.
No certain Form on any was impreſt;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.
For hot and cold were in one Body fixt:
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine Discords put an end.
Then Earth from Air, and Seas from Earth were driv'n;
And grosser Air sunk from Ætherial Heav'n.
Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace;
And foes are sunder'd by a larger space.
The force of Fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted Sky.
Then Air succeeds, in Lightness next to Fire;
Whose Atoms from unactive Earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a num'rous throng
Of pond'rous, thick, unwieldy Seeds along.
About her Coasts unruly Waters roar,
And, rising on a ridge, insult the Shore.

Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal Portions might be found,
He moulded Earth into a ſpacious Round:
Then, with a breath, he gave the Winds to blow;
And bad the congregated Waters flow.
He adds the running Springs, and ſtanding Lakes;
And bounding Banks for winding Rivers makes:
Some part in Earth are ſwallow'd up, the moſt
In ample Oceans, diſembogu'd, are loſt.
He ſhades the Woods, the Vallies he reſtrains
With Rocky Mountains, and extends the Plains.
And as five Zones th' Ætherial Regions bind,
Five, Correſpondent, are to Earth aſſign'd:
The Sun with Rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle Zone:
The two beneath the diſtant Poles complain
Of endleſs Winter, and perpetual Rain.
Betwixt th' extremes, two happier Climates hold
The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold.
The Fields of liquid Air, incloſing all,
Surround the Compaſs of this Earthly Ball:
The lighter Parts lie next the Fires above;
The groſſer near the watry Surface move:
Thick Clouds are ſpread, and Storms engender there,
And Thunder's Voice, which wretched Mortals fear,
And Winds that on their Wings cold Winter bear.
Nor were thoſe bluſtring Brethren left at large,
On Seas, and Shores, their fury to diſcharge:
Bound as they are, and circumſcrib'd in place,
They rend the World, reſiſtleſs, where they paſs;
And mighty marks of miſchief leave behind;
Such is the Rage of their tempeſtuous kind.

First *Eurus* to the rising Morn is sent,
(The Regions of the balmy Continent)
And Eastern Realms, where early *Persians* run,
To greet the blest appearance of the Sun.
Westward the wanton *Zephyr* wings his flight,
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing Light:
Fierce *Boreas*, with his Offspring, issues forth
T' invade th' frozen Waggon of the North.
While frowning *Auster* seeks the Southern Sphere,
And rots, with endless Rain, th' unwholsom Year.
High o'er the Clouds, and empty Realms of Wind,
The God a clearer space for Heav'n design'd;
Where Fields of Light, and liquid Æther flow,
Purg'd from the pond'rous dregs of Earth below.
Scarce had the Pow'r distinguish'd these, when straight
The Stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their Heads, from underneath the Mass,
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,
And with diffusive Light adorn their heav'nly place.
Then, ev'ry Void of Nature to supply,
With forms of Gods he fills the vacant Sky:
New Herds of Beasts he sends, the Plains to share;
New Colonies of Birds, to people Air;
And to their Oozy Beds the finny Fish repair.
A Creature of a more exalted Kind
Was wanting yet, and then was Man design'd:
Conscious of Thought, of more capacious Breast,
For Empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:
Whether with particles of heav'nly Fire
The God of Nature did his Soul inspire;
Or Earth, but new divided from the Sky,
And pliant still, retain'd th' Ætherial Energy:
Which wise *Prometheus* temper'd into paste,
And, mixt with living Streams, the Godlike Image cast.

Thus, while the mute Creation downward bend
Their Sight, and to their Earthly Mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected Eyes
Beholds his own hereditary Skies.
From such rude Principles our Form began;
And Earth was Metamorphos'd into Man.

The GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age was first; when Man, yet New,
No Rule but uncorrupted Reason knew;
And, with a Native bent, did Good pursue.
Unforc'd by Punishment, un-aw'd by Fear,
His Words were simple, and his Soul sincere:
Needless was written Law, where none oppress;
The Law of Man was written in his Breast:
No suppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd;
No Court erected yet, nor Cause was heard;
But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard.
The Mountain-Trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the Pine descended to the Seas;
Ere Sails were spread, new Oceans to explore;
And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their Wishes to their Native Shore.
No Walls were yet, nor Fence, nor Mote, nor Mound;
Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry sound:
Nor Swords were forg'd; but, void of Care and Crime,
The soft Creation slept away their time.
The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the Plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow:
Content with Food, which Nature freely bred,
On Wildings and on Strawberries they fed;
Cornels and Bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling Acorns furnish'd out a Feast.

The Flow'rs unſown in Fields and Meadows reign'd;
And Weſtern Winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
In following Years the bearded Corn enſu'd
From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth renew'd.
From Veins of Vallies Milk and Nectar broke;
And Honey ſweating through the pores of Oak.

The SILVER AGE.

But when good *Saturn*, baniſh'd from above,
Was driv'n to Hell, the World was under *Jove*.
Succeeding times a Silver Age behold,
Excelling Braſs, but more excell'd by Gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear;
And Spring was but a Seaſon of the Year.
The Sun his Annual Courſe obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then Air with ſultry heats began to glow;
The wings of Winds were clog'd with Ice and Snow;
And ſhivering Mortals, into Houſes driv'n,
Sought ſhelter from th' inclemency of Heav'n.
Thoſe Houſes, then, were Caves, or homely Sheds,
With twining Oziers fenc'd; and Moſs their Beds.
Then Ploughs, for Seed, the fruitful Furrows broke,
And Oxen labour'd firſt beneath the Yoke.

The BRAZEN AGE.

To this came next in courſe the Brazen Age:
A Warlike Offspring, prompt to Bloody Rage,
Not Impious yet ———

The

The Iron Age.

——Hard Steel ſucceeded then ;
And ſtubborn as the Metal were the Men.
Truth, Modeſty, and Shame, the World forſook :
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then Sails were ſpread to ev'ry Wind that blew ;
Raw were the Sailors, and the Depths were new :
Trees, rudely hollow'd, did the Waves ſuſtain ;
Ere Ships in Triumph plough'd the watry Plain.
Then Land-marks limited to each his Right :
For all before was common as the Light.
Nor was the Ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual Income to the crooked Share ;
But greedy Mortals, rummaging her Store,
Digg'd from her Entrails firſt the precious Ore ;
Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had laid ;
And that alluring Ill to ſight diſplay'd.
Thus curſed Steel, and more accurſed Gold,
Gave Miſchief Birth, and made that Miſchief bold :
And double Death did wretched Man invade,
By Steel aſſaulted, and by Gold betray'd.
Now (brandiſh'd Weapons glitt'ring in their Hands)
Mankind is broken looſe from moral Bands ;
No rights of Hoſpitality remain :
The Gueſt, by him who harbour'd him, is ſlain :
The Son-in-law purſues the Father's Life ;
The Wife her Husband murders, he the Wife.
The Step-dame Poiſon for the Son prepares ;
The Son inquires into his Father's Years.
Faith flies, and Piety in Exile mourns ;
And Juſtice, here oppreſt, to Heav'n returns.

The GIANTS WAR.

Nor were the Gods themſelves more ſafe above;
Againſt beleagur'd Heav'n the Giants move.
Hills pil'd on Hills, on Mountains Mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the Sky.
'Till *Jove*, no longer patient, took his time
T'avenge with Thunder their audacious Crime:
Red Light'ning play'd along the Firmament,
And their demoliſh'd Works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the Flames, and with the Bolts transfix'd,
With Native Earth their Blood the Monſters mix'd;
The Blood, indu'd with animating heat,
Did in th' impregnate Earth new Sons beget:
They, like the Seed from which they ſprung, accurſt,
Againſt the Gods immortal Hatred nurſt:
An impious, arrogant, and cruel Brood;
Expreſſing their Original from Blood.
Which when the King of Gods beheld from high
(With al revolving in his Memory,
What he himſelf had found on Earth of late,
Lycaon's Guilt, and his inhuman Treat,)
He ſigh'd, nor longer with his Pity ſtrove;
But kindled to a Wrath becoming *Jove*:
Then call'd a General Council of the Gods;
Who, ſummon'd, iſſue from their Bleſt Abodes,
And fill th' Aſſembly with a ſhining Train.
A Way there is, in Heav'n's expanded Plain,
Which, when the Skies are clear, is ſeen below,
And Mortals by the Name of *Milky* know.
The Ground-work is of Stars; through which the Road
Lies open to the Thunderer's Abode.
The Gods of greater Nations dwell around,
And, on the Right and Left, the Palace bound;

The

The Commons where they can : The Nobler ſort,
With Winding-doors wide open, front the Court.
This Place, as far as Earth with Heav'n may vie,
I dare to call the *Louvre* of the Skie.
When all were plac'd, in Seats diſtinctly known,
And he, their Father, had aſſum'd the Throne,
Upon his Iv'ry Sceptre firſt he leant,
Then ſhook his Head, that ſhook the Firmament :
Air, Earth, and Seas, obey'd th' Almighty Nod;
And, with a gen'ral Fear, confeſs'd the God.
At length, with Indignation, thus he broke
His awful ſilence, and the Pow'rs beſpoke.
I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of Empire, when our Univerſal State
Was put to hazard, and the Giant Race
Our Captive Skies were ready to embrace :
For tho' the Foe was fierce, the Seeds of all
Rebellion ſprung from one Original ;
Now, wereſoever ambient Waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all muſt be deſtroy'd.
Let me this Holy Proteſtation make :
By Hell, and Hell's inviolable Lake,
I try'd whatever in the God-head lay :
But gangren'd Members muſt be lop'd away,
Before the Nobler Parts are tainted to decay.
There dwells below a Race of Demi-Gods,
Of Nymphs in Waters, and of Fawns in Woods:
Who, tho' not worthy yet in Heav'n to live,
Let 'em, at leaſt, enjoy that Earth we give.
Can theſe be thought ſecurely lodg'd below,
When I my ſelf, who no Superior know,
I, who have Heav'n and Earth at my Command,
Have been attempted by *Lycaon*'s Hand ?

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

At this a Murmur through the Synod went,
And with one Voice they vote his Punishment.
Thus, when conspiring Traitors dar'd to doom
The fall of *Cæsar*, and in him of *Rome*,
The Nations trembled with a pious fear;
All anxious for their Earthly Thunderer:
Nor was their Care, O *Cæsar*, less esteem'd
By thee, than that of Heav'n for *Jove* was deem'd:
Who with his Hand, and Voice, did first restrain
Their Murmurs, then resum'd his Speech again.
The Gods to silence were compos'd, and sate
With reverence due to his Superior State.
Cancel your pious Cares; already he
Has paid his Debt to Justice, and to me.
Yet what his Crimes, and what my Judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The Clamours of this vile degenerate Age,
The Cries of Orphans, and th' Oppressor's Rage,
Had reach'd the Stars; I will descend, said I,
In hope to prove this loud Complaint a Lye.
Disguis'd in Human Shape, I travell'd round
The World, and more than what I heard I found.
O'er *Mænalus* I took my steepy way,
By Caverns infamous for Beasts of Prey:
Then cross'd *Cyllenè*, and the piny Shade,
More infamous by curst *Lycaon* made:
Dark Night had cover'd Heav'n and Earth, before
I enter'd his Unhospitable Door.
Just at my Entrance, I display'd the Sign
That somewhat was approaching of Divine.
The prostrate People pray; the Tyrant grins;
And, adding Prophanation to his Sins,
I'll try, said he, and, if a God appear,
To prove his Deity shall cost him dear.

'Twas

'Twas late; the graceless Wretch my Death prepares,
When I should soundly sleep, oppreſt with Cares:
This dire Experiment he chose, to prove
If I were Mortal, or undoubted *Jove*:
But first he had resolv'd to taste my Pow'r.
Not long before, but in a luckless hour,
Some Legates, sent from the *Molossian* State,
Were on a peaceful Errand come to treat:
Of these he murders one, he boils the Flesh,
And lays the mangled Morsels in a Dish:
Some part he roasts; then serves it up, so dreſt,
And bids me welcome to this human Feast.
Mov'd with disdain, the Table I o'er-turn'd;
And with avenging Flames the Palace burn'd.
The Tyrant, in a fright, for shelter gains
The neighb'ring Fields, and scours along the Plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he wou'd have spoke;
But human Voice his Brutal Tongue forsook.
About his Lips the gather'd Foam he churns,
And, breathing slaughter, still with Rage he burns,
But on the bleating Flock his Fury turns.
His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged Hairs
Cleaves to his Back; a famish'd Face he bears;
His Arms descend, his Shoulders sink away,
To multiply his Legs for chace of Prey.
He grows a Wolf, his hoarineſs remains,
And the same Rage in other members reigns.
His Eyes still sparkle in a narr'wer space:
His Jaws retain the grin, and violence of his Face.
This was a single ruin, but not one
Deserves so just a Punishment alone.
Mankind's a Monster, and th' Ungodly times,
Confed'rate into Guilt, are sworn to Crimes.

All are alike involv'd in ill, and all
Must by the same relentless Fury fall.
Thus ended he; the greater Gods assent,
By Clamours urging his severe intent;
The less fill up the Cry for Punishment.
Yet still with pity they remember Man;
And mourn as much as heav'nly Spirits can.
They ask, when those were lost of human Birth,
What he wou'd do with all his waste of Earth?
If his dispeopl'd World he would resign
To Beasts, a mute, and more ignoble Line?
Neglected Altars must no longer smoke,
If none were left to worship, and invoke.
To whom the Father of the Gods reply'd;
Lay that unnecessary fear aside:
Mine be the care, new People to provide.
I will from wondrous Principles ordain
A Race unlike the first, and try my Skill again.
Already had he toss'd the flaming Brand;
And roll'd the Thunder in his spacious Hand;
Preparing to discharge on Seas and Land:
But stop'd, for fear, thus violently driv'n,
The Sparks should catch his Axle-tree of Heav'n.
Remembring, in the Fates, a time, when Fire
Shou'd to the Battlements of Heav'n aspire,
And all his blazing Worlds above shou'd burn,
And all th' inferior Globe to Cinders turn.
His dire Artill'ry thus dismiss'd, he bent
His thoughts to some securer Punishment:
Concludes to pour a Watry Deluge down;
And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.
The Northern Breath, that freezes Floods, he binds;
With all the Race of Cloud dispelling Winds:

The

The South he loos'd, who Night and Horror brings;
And Fogs are ſhaken from his flaggy Wings.
From his divided Beard two Streams he pours;
His Head and rheumy Eyes diſtil in Show'rs.
With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle flow:
And lazy Miſts are lowring on his Brow.
Still as he ſwept along, with his clench'd Fiſt
He ſqueez'd the Clouds; th' impriſon'd Clouds reſiſt:
The Skies, from Pole to Pole, with peals reſound;
And Show'rs inlarg'd come pouring on the Ground.
Then, clad in Colours of a various Dye,
Junonian Iris breeds a new ſupply,
To feed the Clouds: Impetuous Rain deſcends;
The bearded Corn beneath the Burthen bends:
Defrauded Clowns deplore their periſh'd Grain;
And the long Labours of the Year are vain.
Nor from his Patrimonial Heav'n alone
Is *Jove* content to pour his Vengeance down;
Aid from his Brother of the Seas he craves,
To help him with Auxiliary Waves.
The watry Tyrant calls his Brooks and Floods,
Who rowl from moſſy Caves, their moiſt abodes;
And with perpetual Urns his Palace fill:
To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his Will.
Small Exhortation needs; your Pow'rs employ:
And this bad World (ſo *Jove* requires) deſtroy.
Let looſe the Reins to all your watry Store:
Bear down the Dams, and open ev'ry door.
The Floods, by Nature Enemies to Land,
And proudly ſwelling with their new Command,
Remove the living Stones, that ſtop'd their way,
And, guſhing from their Source, augment the Sea.
Then, with his Mace, their Monarch ſtruck the Ground;
With inward trembling Earth receiv'd the Wound;
And riſing Streams a ready paſſage found.

Th' expanded Waters gather on the Plain :
They float the Fields, and over-top the Grain ;
Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
Bear Flocks, and Folds, and lab'ring Hinds away.
Nor safe their Dwellings were ; for, sap'd by Floods,
Their Houses fell upon their Houshold Gods.
The solid Piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their Heads behold a watry Wall.
Now Seas and Earth were in confusion lost ;
A World of Waters, and without a Coast.
One climbs a Cliff ; one in his Boat is born,
And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his Corn.
Others o'er Chimney tops and Turrets row,
And drop their Anchors on the Meads below :
Or downward driv'n, they bruise the tender Vine,
Or, toss'd aloft, are knock'd against a Pine.
And where of late the Kids had crop'd the Grass,
The Monsters of the deep now take their place.
Insulting Nereids on the Cities ride,
And wond'ring Dolphins o'er the Palace glide.
On Leaves, and Masts of mighty Oaks, they brouze ;
And their broad Fins entangle in the Boughs.
The frighted Wolf now swims amongst the Sheep ;
The yellow Lion wanders in the deep :
His rapid force no longer helps the Boar :
The Stag swims faster than he ran before.
The Fowls, long beating on their Wings in vain,
Despair of Land, and drop into the Main.
Now Hills and Vales no more distinction know ;
And levell'd Nature lies oppress'd below.
The most of Mortals perish in the Flood :
The small remainder dies for want of Food.
A Mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt th' *Athenian* and *Bœotian* Lands,

The

The bound of fruitful Fields, while Fields they were,
But then a Field of Waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose forky rise
Mounts thro' the Clouds, and mates the lofty Skies.
High on the Summit of this dubious Cliff,
Deucalion wasting moor'd his little Skiff.
He with his Wife were only left behind
Of perish'd Man; they two were human Kind.
The Mountain Nymphs and *Themis* they adore,
And from her Oracles relief implore.
The most upright of Mortal Men was he;
The most sincere, and holy Woman, she.
When *Jupiter*, surveying Earth from high,
Beheld it in a Lake of Water lie,
That, where so many Millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either Sex, surviv'd;
He loos'd the Northern Wind: fierce *Boreas* flies
To puff away the Clouds, and purge the Skies:
Serenely, while he blows, the Vapours driv'n
Discover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n.
The Billows fall, while *Neptune* lays his Mace
On the rough Sea, and smooths its furrow'd Face.
Already *Triton*, at his call, appears
Above the Waves; a *Tyrian* Robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked Trumpet bears.
The Sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the Waves the signal to retire.
His writhen Shell he takes, whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent;
Then gives it breath; the Blast, with doubling sound,
Runs the wide Circuit of the World around.
The Sun first heard it, in his early East,
And met the rattling Echo's in the West.

The Waters, listning to the Trumpet's roar,
Obey the Summons, and forsake the Shore.
A thin Circumference of Land appears;
And Earth, but not at once, her Visage rears,
And peeps upon the Seas from upper Grounds:
The Streams, but just contain'd within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their Channels crawl;
And Earth increases as the Waters fall.
In longer time the tops of Trees appear,
Which Mud on their dishonour'd Branches bear.
At length the World was all restor'd to view,
But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld her self, and stood aghast,
A dismal Desart, and a silent Waste.
Which when *Deucalion*, with a piteous look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to *Pyrrha* spoke:
Oh Wife, oh Sister, oh of all thy Kind
The best, and only Creature left behind,
By Kindred, Love, and now by Dangers join'd;
Of Multitudes, who breath'd the common Air,
We two remain; a Species in a Pair:
The rest the Seas have swallow'd; nor have we
E'en of this wretched Life a certainty.
The Clouds are still above; and, while I speak,
A second Deluge o'er our Heads may break.
Shou'd I be snatch'd from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or Partner of thy pain,
How cou'dst thou such a wretched Life sustain?
Shou'd I be left, and thou be lost, the Sea,
That bury'd her I lov'd, shou'd bury me.
Oh cou'd our Father his old Arts inspire,
And make me Heir of his informing Fire,
That so I might abolish'd Man retrieve,
And perish'd People in new Souls might live!

But

But Heav'n is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,
That we, th' Examples of Mankind, remain.
He said: the careful Couple join their Tears,
And then invoke the Gods, with pious Prayers.
Thus in Devotion having eas'd their Grief,
From sacred Oracles they seek Relief:
And to *Cephisus'* Brook their way pursue:
The Stream was troubled, but the Ford they knew.
With living Waters, in the Fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their Garments, and their Head,
Then took the way, which to the Temple led.
The Roofs were all defil'd with Mofs and Mire,
The desert Altars void of solemn Fire.
Before the Gradual prostrate they ador'd,
The Pavement kiss'd; and thus the Saint implor'd.
O Righteous *Themis*, if the Pow'rs above
By Pray'rs are bent to pity, and to love;
If human Miseries can move their Mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated Earth.
Then thus the gracious Goddess, nodding, said;
Depart, and with your Vestments veil your head:
And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd Zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty Mother's Bones.
Amaz'd the Pair, and mute with wonder, stand,
'Till *Pyrrha* first refus'd the dire Command.
Forbid it Heav'n, said she, that I shou'd tear
Those Holy Relicks from the Sepulchre.
They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
For some new sense; and long they sought in vain:
At length *Deucalion* clear'd his cloudy brow,
And said; the dark *Ænigma* will allow

A Mean-

A Meaning; which, if well I underſtand,
From Sacrilege will free the God's Command:
This Earth our mighty Mother is, the Stones
In her capacious Body are her Bones:
Theſe we muſt caſt behind. With hope, and fear,
The Woman did the new Solution hear:
The Man diffides in his own Augury,
And doubts the Gods; yet both reſolve to try.
Deſcending from the Mount, they firſt unbind
Their Veils, and veil'd they caſt the Stones behind:
The Stones (a Miracle to Mortal View,
But long Tradition makes it paſs for true)
Did firſt the Rigour of their Kind expel,
And ſuppled into ſoftneſs as they fell;
Then ſwell'd, and ſwelling by degrees grew warm;
And took the Rudiments of human Form;
Imperfect Shapes: in Marble ſuch are ſeen,
When the rude Chizzel does the Man begin;
While yet the roughneſs of the Stone remains,
Without the riſing Muſcles and the Veins.
The ſappy parts, and next reſembling juice,
Were turn'd to moiſture, for the Body's uſe:
Supplying humours, blood and nouriſhment:
The reſt, too ſolid to receive a bent,
Converts to Bones; and what was once a Vein,
Its former Name and Nature did retain.
By help of Pow'r Divine, in little ſpace,
What the Man threw aſſum'd a Manly Face;
And what the Wife, renew'd the Female Race.
Hence we derive our Nature; born to bear
Laborious Life, and harden'd into Care.
The reſt of Animals, from teeming Earth
Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.

The

The native moiſture, in its cloſe retreat,
Digeſted by the Sun's Ætherial Heat,
As in a kindly Womb, began to breed :
Then ſwell'd, and quicken'd by the vital Seed.
And ſome in leſs, and ſome in longer ſpace,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a ſev'ral face.
Thus when the *Nile* from *Pharian* Fields is fled,
And ſeeks, with Ebbing Tides, his Ancient Bed,
The fat Manure with Heav'nly Fire is warm'd ;
And crulled Creatures, as in Wombs, are form'd :
Theſe, when they turn the Glebe, the Peaſants find;
Some rude, and yet unfiniſh'd in their kind :
Short of their Limbs, a lame imperfect Birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeleſs Earth.

For heat and moiſture when in Bodies join'd,
The temper that reſults from either Kind
Conception makes; and fighting 'till they mix,
Their mingled Atoms in each other fix.
Thus Nature's hand the Genial Bed prepares
With friendly Diſcord, and with fruitful Wars.

From hence the ſurface of the Ground with Mud
And Slime beſmear'd (the fæces of the Flood)
Receiv'd the Rays of Heav'n ; and ſucking in
The Seeds of Heat, new Creatures did begin:
Some were of ſev'ral ſorts produc'd before ;
But of new Monſters Earth created more.
Unwillingly, but yet ſhe brought to light
Thee, *Python*, too, the wond'ring World to fright,
And the new Nations, with ſo dire a ſight :
So monſtrous was his bulk, ſo large a ſpace
Did his vaſt Body and long Train embrace :
Whom *Phœbus* baſking on a Bank eſpy'd.
Ere now the God his Arrows had not try'd,

But on the trembling Deer, or Mountain Goat;
At this new Quarry he prepares to ſhoot.
Though every Shaft took place, he ſpent the Store
Of his full Quiver; and 'twas long before
Th' expiring Serpent wallow'd in his Gore.
Then, to preſerve the Fame of ſuch a deed,
For *Python* ſlain he *Pythian* Games decreed.
Where Noble Youths for Maſterſhip ſhou'd ſtrive,
To Quoit, to Run, and Steeds and Chariots drive.
The Prize was Fame: In witneſs of Renown,
An Oaken Garland did the Victor crown.
The Laurel was not yet for Triumphs born;
But every Green alike by *Phœbus* worn
Did, with promiſcuous Grace, his flowing Locks adorn.

The Tranſformation of DAPHNE *into a Laurel.*

The firſt and faireſt of his Loves was ſhe,
Whom not blind Fortune, but the dire Decree
Of angry *Cupid* forc'd him to deſire:
Daphne her Name, and *Peneus* was her Sire.
Swell'd with the Pride, that new Succeſs attends,
He ſees the Stripling, while his Bow he bends,
And thus inſults him: Thou laſcivious Boy,
Are Arms like theſe for Children to employ?
Know, ſuch Atchievements are my proper claim;
Due to my vigour and unerring aim:
Reſiſtleſs are my Shafts, and *Python* late,
In ſuch a feather'd Death, has found his fate.
Take up thy Torch, and lay my Weapons by;
With that the feeble Souls of Lovers fry.
To whom the Son of *Venus* thus reply'd:
Phœbus, thy Shafts are ſure on all beſide;

But mine on *Phœbus*: mine the Fame ſhall be
Of all thy Conqueſts, when I conquer thee.
He ſaid, and ſoaring ſwiftly wing'd his flight;
Nor ſtop'd but on *Parnaſſus*' airy height.
Two diff'rent Shafts he from his Quiver draws;
One to repel Deſire, and one to cauſe.
One Shaft is pointed with reſulgent Gold,
To bribe the Love, and make the Lover bold:
One blunt, and tipt with Lead, whoſe baſe Allay
Provokes Diſdain, and drives Deſire away.
The blunted Bolt againſt the Nymph he dreſt:
But with the ſharp transfix'd *Apollo*'s Breaſt.
Th' enamour'd Deity purſues the Chace;
The ſcornful Damſel ſhuns his loath'd Embrace:
In hunting Beaſts of Prey her Youth employs;
And *Phœbe* rivals in her rural Joys.
With naked Neck ſhe goes, and Shoulders bare;
And with a Fillet binds her flowing Hair.
By many Suitors ſought, ſhe mocks their pains,
And ſtill her vow'd Virginity maintains.
Impatient of a Yoke, the name of Bride
She ſhuns, and hates the Joys, ſhe never try'd.
On Wilds and Woods ſhe fixes her Deſire;
Nor knows what Youth, and kindly Love, inſpire.
Her Father chides her oft: Thou ow'ſt, ſays he,
A Huſband to thy ſelf, a Son to me.
She, like a Crime, abhors the Nuptial Bed:
She glows with Bluſhes, and ſhe hangs her Head.
Then, caſting round his Neck her tender Arms,
Sooths him with Blandiſhments, and filial Charms:
Give me, my Lord, ſhe ſaid, to live, and die,
A ſpotleſs Maid, without the Marriage-Tie.
'Tis but a ſmall Requeſt; I beg no more
Than what *Diana*'s Father gave before.

The

The good old Sire was ſoften'd to conſent;
But ſaid, her Wiſh wou'd prove her Puniſhment:
For ſo much Youth, and ſo much Beauty join'd,
Oppos'd the State, which her Deſires deſign'd.
The God of Light, aſpiring to her Bed,
Hopes what he ſeeks, with flatt'ring Fancies fed;
And is by his own Oracles miſ-led.
And as in empty Fields the Stubble burns,
Or nightly Travellers, when Day returns,
Their uſeleſs Torches on dry Hedges throw,
That catch the Flames, and kindle all the Row;
So burns the God, conſuming in Deſire,
And feeding in his Breaſt a fruitleſs Fire:
Her well-turn'd Neck he view'd (her Neck was bare)
And on her Shoulders her diſhevel'd Hair:
Oh were it comb'd, ſaid he, with what a Grace
Wou'd every waving Curl become her Face!
He view'd her Eyes, like Heav'nly Lamps that ſhone;
He view'd her Lips, too ſweet to view alone,
Her taper Fingers, and her panting Breaſt;
He praiſes all he ſees, and for the reſt
Believes the Beauties yet unſeen are beſt.
Swift as the Wind, the Damſel fled away,
Nor did for theſe alluring Speeches ſtay:
Stay, Nymph, he cry'd, I follow, not a Foe:
Thus from the Lion trips the trembling Doe;
Thus from the Wolf the frighten'd Lamb removes,
And from purſuing Falcons fearful Doves;
Thou ſhunn'ſt a God, and ſhunn'ſt a God, that loves.
Ah, leſt ſome Thorn ſhou'd pierce thy tender Foot,
Or thou ſhou'dſt fall in flying my Purſuit!
To ſharp uneven Ways thy Steps decline;
Abate thy Speed, and I will bate of mine.

Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;
Nor basely born, nor Shepherd's Swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior State;
And from that Ignorance proceeds thy Hate.
Me *Claros*, *Delphos*, *Tenedos* obey;
These Hands the *Patareian* Scepter sway.
The King of Gods begot me: What shall be,
Or is, or ever was, in Fate, I see.
Mine is th' Invention of the charming Lyre;
Sweet Notes, and Heav'nly Numbers, I inspire.
Sure is my Bow, unerring is my Dart;
But ah! more deadly his, who pierc'd my Heart.
Med'cine is mine; what Herbs and Simples grow
In Fields, and Forests, all their Pow'rs I know;
And am the great Physician call'd below.
Alas, that Fields and Forests can afford
No Remedies to heal their Love sick Lord!
To cure the pains of Love, no Plant avails;
And his own Physick the Physician fails.
She heard not half, so furiously she flies;
And on her Ear th' imperfect Accent dies.
Fear gave her Wings; and, as she fled, the Wind
Increasing spread her flowing Hair behind;
And left her Legs and Thighs expos'd to view:
Which made the God more eager to pursue.
The God was young, and was too hotly bent
To lose his time in empty Compliment:
But led by Love, and fir'd with such a sight,
Impetuously pursu'd his near Delight.
As when th' impatient Greyhound, slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the Glebe, to course the fearful Hare,
She in her Speed does all her Safety lay;
And he with double Speed pursues the Prey;

O'er

O'er-runs her at the ſitting Turn, and licks
His Chaps in vain, and blows upon the Flix:
She ſcapes, and for the neighb'ring Covert ſtrives,
And gaining ſhelter doubts if yet ſhe lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the God, and ſuch the flying Fair:
She, urg'd by Fear, her Feet did ſwiftly move,
But he more ſwiftly, who was urg'd by Love.
He gathers ground upon her in the Chace:
Now breathes upon her Hair, with nearer Pace;
And juſt is faſt'ning on the wiſh'd Embrace.
The Nymph grew pale, and in a mortal Fright,
Spent with the Labour of ſo long a Flight;
And now deſpairing caſt a mournful Look
Upon the Streams of her Paternal Brook:
Oh help, ſhe cry'd, in this extremeſt need,
If Water-Gods are Deities indeed:
Gape, Earth, and this unhappy Wretch intomb;
Or change my Form, whence all my Sorrows come.
Scarce had ſhe finiſh'd, when her Feet ſhe found
Benumb'd with Cold, and faſten'd to the Ground:
A filmy Rind about her Body grows;
Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms extend to Boughs:
The Nymph is all into a Laurel gone;
The Smoothneſs of her Skin remains alone.
Yet *Phœbus* loves her ſtill, and, caſting round
Her Bole his Arms, ſome little Warmth he found.
The Tree ſtill panted in th' unfiniſh'd Part,
Not wholly vegetive; and heav'd her Heart.
He fix'd his Lips upon the trembling Rind;
It ſwerv'd aſide, and his Embrace declin'd.
To whom the God: Becauſe thou canſt not be
My Miſtreſs, I eſpouſe thee for my Tree:

Be thou the Prize of Honour and Renown;
The deathless Poet, and the Poem, crown.
Thou shalt the *Roman* Festivals adorn,
And, after Poets, be by Victors worn.
Thou shalt returning *Cæsar*'s Triumph grace;
When Pomps shall in a long Procession pass:
Wreath'd on the Post before his Palace wait;
And be the sacred Guardian of the Gate:
Secure from Thunder, and unharm'd by *Jove*,
Unfading as th' immortal Pow'rs above:
And as the Locks of *Phœbus* are unshorn,
So shall perpetual Green thy Boughs adorn.
The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he said,
And shook the shady Honours of her Head.

The Transformation of Io *into a Heifer.*

An ancient Forest in *Thessalia* grows;
Which *Tempe*'s pleasing Valley does inclose:
Through this the rapid *Peneus* take his course;
From *Pindus* rolling with impetuous force:
Mists from the River's mighty Fall arise;
And deadly Damps inclose the cloudy Skies:
Perpetual Fogs are hanging o'er the Wood;
And Sounds of Waters deaf the Neighbourhood.
Deep, in a Rocky Cave, he makes abode:
A Mansion proper for a mourning God.
Here he gives Audience; issuing out Decrees
To Rivers, his dependent Deities.
On this occasion hither they resort;
To pay their Homage, and to make their Court.
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His Daughter's Honour, or lament her Fate.

Sper-

Sperchæus, crown'd with Poplar, first appears;
Then old *Apidanus* came crown'd with Years:
Enipeus turbulent, *Amphrysos* tame;
And *Æas* last with lagging Waters came.
Then of his Kindred Brooks a num'rous Throng
Condole his Loss, and bring their Urns along.
Not one was wanting of the wat'ry Train,
That fill'd his Flood, or mingled with the Main.
But *Inachus*, who, in his Cave, alone,
Wept not another's Losses, but his own;
For his dear *Io*, whether stray'd, or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful Tears he shed.
He sought her through the World, but sought in vain;
And, no where finding, rather fear'd her Slain.
Her, just returning from her Father's Brook,
Jove had beheld, with a desiring Look:
And, Oh, fair Daughter of the Flood, he said,
Worthy alone of *Jove*'s Imperial Bed,
Happy whoever shall those Charms possess;
The King of Gods (nor is thy Lover less)
Invites thee to yon cooler Shades, to shun
The scorching Rays of the Meridian Sun.
Nor shalt thou tempt the Dangers of the Grove
Alone, without a Guide; thy Guide is *Jove*.
No puny Pow'r, but he, whose high Command
Is unconfin'd, who rules the Seas and Land,
And tempers Thunder in his awful Hand.
Oh fly not: For she fled from his Embrace
O'er *Lerna*'s Pastures: he pursu'd the Chace
Along the Shades of the *Lyrcæan* Plain;
At length the God, who never asks in vain,
Involv'd with Vapours, imitating Night,
Both Air and Earth; and then suppress'd her Flight,
And, mingling Force with Love, enjoy'd the full Delight.

Mean-time the jealous *Juno*, from on high,
Survey'd the fruitful Fields of *Arcady*;
And wonder'd that the Mist shou'd over-run
The face of Day-light, and obscure the Sun.
No Nat'ral Cause she found, from Brooks, or Bogs,
Or marshy Lowlands, to produce the Fogs:
Then round the Skies she sought for *Jupiter*,
Her faithless Husband; but no *Jove* was there.
Suspecting now the worst, Or I, she said,
Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.
With Fury she precipitates her Flight;
Dispels the Shadows of dissembled Night,
And to the Day restores his native Light.
Th' Almighty Leacher, careful to prevent
The Consequence, foreseeing her Descent,
Transforms his Mistress in a trice: and now
In *Io*'s place appears a lovely Cow.
So sleek her Skin, so faultless was her Make,
E'en *Juno* did unwilling Pleasure take
To see so fair a Rival of her Love;
And what she was, and whence, enquir'd of *Jove*:
Of what fair Herd, and from what Pedigree?
The God, half caught, was forc'd upon a Lye;
And said she sprung from Earth. She took the Word,
And begg'd the beauteous Heifer of her Lord.
What shou'd he do? 'twas equal shame to *Jove*
Or to relinquish, or betray his Love:
Yet to refuse so slight a Gift, wou'd be
But more t'increase his Consort's Jealousy:
Thus Fear, and Love, by turns, his Heart assail'd;
And stronger Love had sure, at length, prevail'd:
But some faint Hope remain'd, his jealous Queen
Had not the Mistress through the Heifer seen.

The

The cautious Goddeſs, of her Gift poſſeſt,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her Breaſt;
As ſhe who knew the Falſhood of her *Jove*,
And juſtly fear'd ſome new Relapſe of Love.
Which to prevent, and to ſecure her Care,
To truſty *Argus* ſhe commits the Fair.
The head of *Argus* (as with Stars the Skies)
Was compaſs'd round, and wore an hundred Eyes.
But two by turns their Lids in Slumber ſteep;
The reſt on duty ſtill their Station keep;
Nor cou'd the total Conſtellation ſleep.
Thus, ever preſent, to his Eyes, and Mind,
His Charge was ſtill before him, tho' behind.
In Fields he ſuffer'd her to feed by Day;
But, when the ſetting Sun to Night gave way,
The Captive Cow he ſummon'd with a Call,
And drove her back, and ty'd her to the Stall.
On Leaves of Trees, and bitter Herbs ſhe fed,
Heav'n was her Canopy, bare Earth her Bed;
So hardly lodg'd: and to digeſt her Food,
She drank from troubled Streams, defil'd with Mud.
Her woeful Story fain ſhe wou'd have told,
With Hands upheld, but had no Hands to hold.
Her Head to her ungentle Keeper bow'd,
She ſtrove to ſpeak; ſhe ſpoke not, but ſhe low'd:
Affrighted with the Noiſe, ſhe look'd around,
And ſeem'd t'inquire the Author of the Sound.
Once on the Banks where often ſhe had play'd,
(Her Father's Banks) ſhe came, and there ſurvey'd
Her alter'd Viſage, and her branching Head;
And ſtarting from her ſelf ſhe wou'd have fled.
Her fellow Nymphs, familiar to her Eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this Diſguiſe.

E'en *Inachus* himſelf was ignorant ;
And in his Daughter did his Daughter want.
She follow'd where her Fellows went, as ſhe
Were ſtill a Partner of the Company :
They ſtroke her Neck ; the gentle Heifer ſtands,
And her Neck offers to their ſtroking Hands.
Her Father gave her Graſs ; the Graſs ſhe took ;
And lick'd his Palms, and caſt a piteous Look ;
And in the Language of her Eyes ſhe ſpoke.
She wou'd have told her Name, and aſk'd Relief,
But, wanting Words, in Tears ſhe tells her Grief :
Which, with her Foot, ſhe makes him underſtand ;
And prints the name of *Io* in the Sand.

Ah wretched me ! her mournful Father cry'd ;
She, with a Sigh, to wretched me reply'd :
About her Milk-white Neck his Arms he threw ;
And wept, and then theſe tender Words enſue.
And art thou ſhe, whom I have ſought around
The World, and have at length ſo ſadly found ?
So found, is worſe than loſt : with mutual Words
Thou anſwer'ſt not, no Voice thy Tongue affords :
But Sighs are deeply drawn from out thy Breaſt ;
And Speech deny'd by Lowing is expreſs'd.
Unknowing, I prepar'd thy Bridal Bed ;
With empty Hopes of happy Iſſue ſed.
But now the Huſband of a Herd muſt be
Thy Mate, and bell'wing Sons thy Progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, Death might bring Relief :
But now my Godhead but extends my Grief ;
Prolongs my Woes, of which no End I ſee,
And makes me curſe my Immortality.
More had he ſaid, but, fearful of her Stay,
The Starry Guardian drove his Charge away,

To

To ſome freſh Paſture; on a hilly Height
He ſat himſelf, and kept her ſtill in ſight.

The Eyes of ARGUS *Transform'd into a Peacock's Train.*

Now *Jove* no longer cou'd her Suff'rings bear;
But call'd in haſte his airy Meſſenger,
The Son of *Maïa*, with ſevere decree
To kill the Keeper, and to ſet her free.
With all his Harneſs ſoon the God was ſped;
His flying Hat was faſtned on his Head;
Wings on his Heels were hung, and in his Hand
He holds the Virtue of the Snaky Wand.
The liquid Air his moving Pinions wound,
And, in the moment, ſhoot him on the Ground.
Before he came in ſight, the crafty God
His Wings diſmiſs'd, but ſtill retain'd his Rod:
That Sleep-procuring Wand wiſe *Hermes* took,
But made it ſeem to ſight a Shepherd's Hook.
With this he did a Herd of Goats controul;
Which by the way he met, and ſlily ſtole.
Clad like a Country Swain, he Pip'd, and Sung;
And playing drove his jolly Troop along.
With pleaſure *Argus* the Muſician heeds;
But wonders much at thoſe new vocal Reeds.
And, whoſoe'er thou art, my Friend, ſaid he,
Up hither drive thy Goats, and play by me:
This Hill has Brouze for them, and Shade for thee.
The God, who was with eaſe induc'd to climb,
Began Diſcourſe to paſs away the Time;
And ſtill betwixt his tuneful Pipe he plies;
And watch'd his Hour, to cloſe the Keeper's Eyes.

With much ado, he partly kept awake;
Not suff'ring all his Eyes Repose to take:
And ask'd the Stranger, who did Reeds invent,
And whence began so rare an Instrument?

The Transformation of SYRINX *into Reeds.*

Then *Hermes* thus; A Nymph of late there was,
Whose Heav'nly Form her Fellows did surpass.
The Pride and Joy of fair *Arcadia*'s Plains;
Belov'd by Deities, ador'd by Swains:
Syrinx her Name, by *Sylvans* oft pursu'd,
As oft she did the Lustful Gods delude:
The Rural, and the Woodland Pow'rs disdain'd;
With *Cynthia* hunted, and her Rites maintain'd:
Like *Phœbe* clad, e'en *Phœbe*'s self she seems,
So Tall, so Straight, such well-proportion'd Limbs:
The nicest Eye did no Distinction know,
But that the Goddess bore a Golden Bow:
Distinguish'd thus, the Sight she cheated too.
Descending from *Lycæus*, *Pan* admires
The matchless Nymph, and burns with new Desires.
A Crown of Pine upon his Head he wore;
And thus began her Pity to implore.
But ere he thus began, she took her flight
So swift, she was already out of sight.
Nor stay'd to hear the Courtship of the God;
But bent her course to *Ladon*'s gentle Flood:
There by the River stopt, and tir'd before,
Relief from Water-Nymphs her Pray'rs implore.
Now while the Lustful God, with speedy pace,
Just thought to strain her in a strict Embrace,
He fills his Arms with Reeds, new rising on the Place.

And

And while he ſighs, his ill ſucceſs to find,
The tender Canes were ſhaken by the Wind;
And breath'd a mournful Air, unheard before;
That much ſurprizing *Pan*, yet pleas'd him more.
Admiring this new Muſick, Thou, he ſaid,
Who canſt not be the Partner of my Bed,
At leaſt ſhalt be the Conſort of my Mind;
And often, often, to my Lips be join'd.
He form'd the Reeds, proportion'd as they are:
Unequal in their Length, and wax'd with Care,
They ſtill retain the Name of his Ungrateful Fair.
While *Hermes* pip'd, and ſung, and told his Tale,
The Keeper's winking Eyes began to fail,
And drowſy Slumber on the Lids to creep;
'Till all the Watchman was at length aſleep,
Then ſoon the God his Voice and Song ſuppreſt;
And with his pow'rful Rod confirm'd his Reſt:
Without delay his crooked Falchion drew,
And at one fatal Stroke the Keeper ſlew.
Down from the Rock fell the diſſever'd Head,
Opening its Eyes in Death, and falling bled;
And mark'd the Paſſage with a crimſon Trail:
Thus *Argus* lies in pieces, cold and pale;
And all his hundred Eyes, with all their Light,
Are clos'd at once, in one perpetual Night.
Theſe *Juno* takes, that they no more may fail,
And ſpreads them in her Peacock's gaudy Tail.
Impatient to revenge her injur'd Bed,
She wreaks her Anger on her Rival's Head;
With Furies frights her from her Native Home,
And drives her gadding, round the World to roam:
Nor ceas'd her Madneſs, and her Flight, before
She touch'd the Limits of the *Pharian* Shore.

At

At length, arriving on the Banks of *Nile*,
Wearied with Length of Ways, and worn with Toil,
She laid her down; and leaning on her Knees,
Invok'd the Cause of all her Miseries:
And cast her languishing Regards above,
For Help from Heav'n, and her ungrateful *Jove*.
She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd; 'twas all she cou'd;
And with Unkindness seem'd to tax the God.
Last, with an humble Pray'r, she begg'd Repose,
Or Death at least, to finish all her Woes.
Jove heard her Vows, and, with a flatt'ring Look,
In her behalf to jealous *Juno* spoke.
He cast his Arms about her Neck, and said:
Dame, rest secure; no more thy Nuptial Bed
This Nymph shall violate; by *Styx* I swear,
And every Oath that binds the Thunderer.
The Goddess was appeas'd; and at the Word
Was *Io* to her former Shape restor'd.
The rugged Hair began to fall away;
The Sweetness of her Eyes did only stay,
Tho' not so large; her crooked Horns decrease;
The Wideness of her Jaws and Nostrils cease:
Her Hoofs to Hands return, in little space;
The five long taper Fingers take their place:
And nothing of the Heifer now is seen,
Beside the native Whiteness of the Skin.
Erected on her Feet she walks again,
And Two the Duty of the Four sustain.
She tries her Tongue, her silence softly breaks,
And fears her former Lowings when she speaks:
A Goddess now through all th' *Egyptian* State;
And serv'd by Priests, who in white Linen wait.
Her Son was *Epaphus*, at length believ'd
The Son of *Jove*, and as a God receiv'd.

With

With Sacrifice ador'd, and publick Pray'rs,
He common Temples with his Mother ſhares.
Equal in Years, and Rival in Renown
With *Epaphus*, the youthful *Phaeton*,
Like Honour claims, and boaſts his Sire the Sun.
His haughty Looks, and his aſſuming Air,
The Son of *Iſis* could no longer bear :
Thou tak'ſt thy Mother's Word too far, ſaid he,
And haſt uſurp'd thy boaſted Pedigree.
Go, baſe Pretender to a borrow'd Name.
Thus tax'd, he bluſh'd with Anger, and with Shame;
But Shame repreſs'd his Rage : the daunted Youth
Soon ſeeks his Mother, and enquires the Truth :
Mother, ſaid he, this Infamy was thrown
By *Epaphus* on you, and me your Son.
He ſpoke in publick, told it to my Face ;
Nor durſt I vindicate the dire Diſgrace :
Even I, the bold, the ſenſible of Wrong,
Reſtrain'd by Shame, was forc'd to hold my Tongue.
To hear an open Slander, is a Curſe :
But not to find an Anſwer, is a worſe.
If I am Heav'n-begot, aſſert your Son
By ſome ſure Sign ; and make my Father known,
To right my Honour, and redeem your own.
He ſaid, and ſaying caſt his Arms about
Her Neck, and begg'd her to reſolve the Doubt.
'Tis hard to judge if *Clymené* were mov'd
More by his Pray'r, whom ſhe ſo dearly lov'd,
Or more with Fury fir'd, to find her Name
Traduc'd, and made the Sport of common Fame.
She ſtretch'd her Arms to Heav'n, and fix'd her Eyes
On that fair Planet that adorns the Skies ;
Now by thoſe Beams, ſaid ſhe, whoſe holy Fires
Conſume my Breaſt, and kindle my Deſires ;

By

By him, who ſees us both, and chears our Sight,
By him, the publick Miniſter of Light,
I ſwear that *Sun* begot thee; if I lye,
Let him his chearful Influence deny:
Let him no more this perjur'd Creature ſee,
And ſhine on all the World but only me.
If ſtill you doubt your Mother's Innocence,
His Eaſtern Manſion is not far from hence;
With little Pains you to his *Leveé* go,
And from himſelf your Parentage may know.
With joy th' ambitious Youth his Mother heard,
And eager for the Journey ſoon prepar'd.
He longs the World beneath him to ſurvey;
To guide the Chariot, and to give the Day:
From *Meroe*'s burning Sands he bends his Courſe,
Nor leſs in *India* feels his Father's Force;
His Travel urging, till he came in ſight,
And ſaw the Palace by the Purple Light.

The Fable of IPHIS *and* IANTHE.

From the ninth Book of OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THe Fame of this, perhaps, thro' *Crete* had flown:
But *Crete* had newer Wonders of her own,
In *Iphis* chang'd; For near the *Gnoſſian* Bounds,
(As loud Report the Miracle reſounds)
At *Phæſtus* dwelt a Man of honeſt Blood,
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good;
Eſteem'd, and lov'd by all the Neighbourhood:
Who to his Wife, before the Time aſſign'd
For Child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his Mind.

If Heav'n, ſaid *Lygdus*, will vouchſafe to hear,
I have but two Petitions to prefer;
Short Pains for thee, for me a Son and Heir.
Girls coſt as many Throes in bringing forth;
Beſide, when born, the Tits are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to ſuſtain
Their Share of Labour, and their Bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a Creature ſhalt produce,
Of ſo great Charges, and ſo little Uſe,
(Bear Witneſs, Heav'n, with what Reluctancy)
Her hapleſs Innocence I doom to die.
He ſaid, and Tears the common Grief diſplay,
Of him who bad, and her who muſt obey.
Yet *Telethuſa* ſtill perſiſts, to find
Fit Arguments to move a Father's Mind;
T' extend his Wiſhes to a larger Scope,
And in one Veſſel not confine his Hope.
Lygdus continues hard: Her Time drew near,
And ſhe her heavy Load could ſcarcely bear;
When ſlumbring, in the latter Shades of Night,
Before th' Approaches of returning Light,
She ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, before her Bed,
A glorious Train, and *Iſis* at their Head:
Her moony Horns were on her Forehead plac'd,
And yellow Sheaves her ſhining Temples grac'd:
A Mitre, for a Crown, ſhe wore on high;
The Dog, and dappl'd Bull were waiting by;
Oſiris, ſought along the Banks of *Nile*;
The Silent God; the ſacred Crocodile;
And, laſt, a long Proceſſion moving on,
With Timbrels, that aſſiſt the lab'ring Moon.
Her Slumbers ſeem'd diſpell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a Voice, that thus diſtinctly ſpake.

My

My Votary, thy Babe from Death defend,
Nor fear to ſave whate'er the Gods will ſend.
Delude with Art thy Husband's dire Decree :
When Danger calls, repoſe thy Truſt on me ;
And know thou haſt not ſerv'd a thankleſs Deity.
This Promiſe made, with Night the Goddeſs fled :
With Joy the Woman wakes, and leaves her Bed ;
Devoutly lifts her ſpotleſs Hands on high,
And prays the Pow'rs their Gift to ratify.

Now grinding Pains proceed to Bearing Throes,
'Till its own Weight the Burden did diſcloſe.
'Twas of the beauteous Kind, and brought to Light
With Secrecy, to ſhun the Father's Sight.
Th' indulgent Mother did her Care employ,
And paſs'd it on her Husband for a Boy.
The Nurſe was conſcious of the Fact alone ;
The Father paid his Vows as for a Son ;
And call'd him *Iphis*, by a common Name,
Which either Sex with equal Right may claim.
Iphis his Grandſire was ; the Wife was pleas'd,
Of half the Fraud by Fortune's Favour eas'd :
The doubtful Name was us'd without Deceit,
And Truth was cover'd with a pious Cheat.
The Habit ſhew'd a Boy, the Beauteous Face
With Manly Fierceneſs mingled Female Grace.

Now thirteen Years of Age were ſwiftly run,
When the fond Father thought the Time drew on
Of ſettling in the World his only Son.
Ianthe was his Choice ; ſo wondrous fair,
Her Form alone with *Iphis* cou'd compare ;
A Neighbour's Daughter of his own Degree,
And not more bleſs'd with Fortune's Goods than he.

They ſoon eſpous'd ; for they with eaſe were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the Mind.

Their

Their Age the ſame, their Inclinations too ;
And bred together in one School they grew.
Thus, fatally diſpos'd to mutual Fires,
They felt, before they knew, the ſame Deſires.
Equal their Flame, unequal was their Care ;
One lov'd with Hope, one languiſh'd in Deſpair.
The Maid accus'd the ling'ring Days alone :
For whom ſhe thought a Man, ſhe thought her own.
But *Iphis* bends beneath a greater Grief ;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no Relief.
E'en her Deſpair adds Fuel to her Fire ;
A Maid with Madneſs does a Maid deſire.
And, ſcarce refraining Tears, Alas, ſaid ſhe,
What Iſſue of my Love remains for me !
How wild a Paſſion works within my Breaſt !
With what prodigious Flames am I poſſeſt !
Could I the Care of Providence deſerve,
Heav'n muſt deſtroy me, if it would preſerve.
And that's my Fate, or ſure it would have ſent
Some uſual Evil for my Puniſhment :
Not this unkindly Curſe ; to rage, and burn,
Where Nature ſhews no Proſpect of Return.
Nor Cows for Cows conſume with fruitleſs Fire ;
Nor Mares, when hot, their Fellow-Mares deſire :
The Father of the Fold ſupplies his Ewes ;
The Stag through ſecret Woods his Hind purſues ;
And Birds for Mates the Males of their own Species choose.
Her Females Nature guards from Female Flames,
And joins two Sexes to preſerve the Game :
Wou'd I were nothing, or not what I am !
Crete, fam'd for Monſters, wanted of her Store,
'Till my new Love produc'd one Monſter more.

The

The Daughter of the Sun a Bull desir'd,
And yet e'en then a Male a Female fir'd :
Her Passion was extravagantly new ;
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the Means to compass her Intent.
To cheat his Eyes she took a diff'rent Shape ;
Yet still she gain'd a Lover, and a Leap.
Shou'd all the Wit of all the World conspire,
Shou'd *Dædalus* assist my wild Desire,
What Art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change *Ianthe* to a Boy ?
Extinguish then thy Passion, hopeless Maid,
And recollect thy Reason for thy Aid.
Know what thou art, and love as Maidens ought,
And drive these Golden Wishes from thy Thought.
Thou canst not hope thy fond Desires to gain ;
Where Hope is wanting, Wishes are in vain.
And yet no Guards against our Joys conspire ;
No jealous Husband hinders our Desire ;
My Parents are propitious to my Wish,
And she her self consenting to the Bliss.
All things concur to prosper our Design :
All things to prosper any Love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the Fair ;
'Tis past the Pow'r of Heav'n to grant my Pray'r.
Heav'n has been kind, as far as Heav'n can be ;
Our Parents with our own Desires agree ;
But Nature, stronger than the Gods above,
Refuses her Assistance to my Love ;
She sets the Bar that causes all my Pain ;
One Gift refus'd makes all their Bounty vain.
And now the happy Day is just at hand,
To bind our Hearts in *Hymen*'s holy Band :

Our

Our Hearts, but not our Bodies: Thus accurs'd,
In midst of Water I complain of Thirst.
Why com'st thou, *Juno*, to these barren Rites,
To bless a Bed defrauded of Delights?
And why shou'd *Hymen* lift his Torch on high,
To see two Brides in cold Embraces lie?
Thus Love-sick *Iphis* her vain Passion mourns;
With equal Ardour fair *Ianthe* burns,
Invoking *Hymen*'s Name, and *Juno*'s Pow'r,
To speed the Work, and haste the happy Hour.
She hopes, while *Telethusa* fears the Day,
And strives to interpose some new Delay:
Now feigns a Sickness, now is in a Fright
For this bad Omen, or that boding Sight.
But having done whate'er she could devise,
And empty'd all her Magazine of Lies,
The Time approach'd; the next ensuing Day
The fatal Secret must to Light betray.
Then *Telethusa* had recourse to Pray'r,
She and her Daughter with dishevell'd Hair;
Trembling with Fear, great *Isis* they ador'd,
Embrac'd her Altar, and her Aid implor'd.
Fair Queen, who dost on fruitful *Egypt* smile,
Who sway'st the Sceptre of the *Pharian* Isle,
And sev'n-fold Falls of disemboguing *Nile*;
Relieve, in this our last Distress, she said,
A suppliant Mother, and a mournful Maid.
Thou, Goddess, thou wert present to my Sight;
Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair Light:
I saw thee in my Dream, as now I see,
With all thy Marks of awful Majesty:
The glorious Train that compass'd thee around;
And heard the hollow Timbrel's holy Sound.

Our

Thy

Thy Words I noted, which I ſtill retain ;
Let not thy ſacred Oracles be vain.
That *Iphis* lives, that I my ſelf am free
From Shame, and Puniſhment, I owe to thee.
On thy Protection all our Hopes depend:
Thy Counſel ſav'd us, let thy Pow'r defend.
Her Tears purſu'd her Words, and while ſhe ſpoke
The Goddeſs nodded, and her Altar ſhook:
The Temple Doors, as with a Blaſt of Wind,
Were heard to clap; the Lunar Horns that bind
The Brows of *Iſis* caſt a Blaze around ;
The trembling Timbrel made a murm'ring Sound.
Some Hopes theſe happy Omens did impart ;
Forth went the Mother with a beating Heart,
Not much in Fear, nor fully ſatisfy'd ;
But *Iphis* follow'd with a larger Stride :
The Whiteneſs of her Skin forſook her Face;
Her Looks embolden'd with an awful Grace;
Her Features and her Strength together grew,
And her long Hair to curling Locks withdrew.
Her ſparkling Eyes with manly Vigour ſhone ;
Big was her Voice, audacious was her Tone.
The latent Parts, at length reveal'd, began
To ſhoot, and ſpread, and burniſh into Man.
The Maid becomes a Youth ; no more delay
Your Vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their Gifts the Parents to the Temple bear:
The Votive Tables this Inſcription wear;
Iphis, the Man, has to the Goddeſs paid
The Vows, that *Iphis* offer'd when a Maid.
Now when the Star of Day had ſhewn his Face,
Venus and *Juno* with their Preſence grace
The Nuptial Rites, and *Hymen* from above
Deſcended to compleat their happy Love ;

The

The Gods of Marriage lend their mutual Aid;
And the warm Youth enjoys the lovely Maid.

ÆSACUS *transformed into a Cormorant.*

From the eleventh Book of OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THese some old Man sees wanton in the Air,
And praises the unhappy constant Pair.
Then to his Friend the long-neck'd Corm'rant shows,
The former Tale reviving others Woes:
That sable Bird, he cries, which cuts the Flood
With slender Legs, was once of Royal Blood;
His Ancestors from mighty *Tros* proceed,
The brave *Laomedon*, and *Ganymede*,
(Whose Beauty tempted *Jove* to steal the Boy)
And *Priam*, hapless Prince! who fell with *Troy*:
Himself was *Hector*'s Brother, and (had Fate
But giv'n this hopeful Youth a longer Date)
Perhaps had rival'd warlike *Hector*'s Worth,
Tho' on the Mother's Side of meaner Birth;
Fair *Alyxothoé*, a Country Maid,
Bare *Æsacus* by stealth in *Ida*'s Shade.
He fled the noisy Town, and pompous Court,
Lov'd the lone Hills, and simple rural Sport,
And seldom to the City would resort.
Yet he no rustick Clownishness profest,
Nor was soft Love a Stranger to his Breast:
The Youth had long the Nymph *Hesperia* woo'd,
Oft thro' the Thicket, or the Mead pursu'd;
Her haply on her Father's Bank he spy'd,
While searless she her silver Tresses dry'd;

Away

Away ſhe fled : Not Stags with half ſuch Speed,
Before the prowling Wolf, ſcud o'er the Mead ;
Not Ducks, when they the ſafer Flood forſake,
Purſu'd by Hawks, ſo ſwift regain the Lake.
As faſt he follow'd in the hot Career ;
Deſire the Lover wing'd, the Virgin Fear.
A Snake unſeen now pierc'd her heedleſs Foot ;
Quick thro' the Veins the venom'd Juices ſhoot :
She fell, and 'ſcap'd by Death his fierce Purſuit.
Her lifeleſs Body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy Haſte :
O had my Love been leſs, or leſs thy Fear !
The Victory thus bought is far too dear.
Accurſed Snake ! yet I more curs'd than he !
He gave the Wound ; the Cauſe was given by me.
Yet none ſhall ſay, that unreveng'd you dy'd.
He ſpoke ; then climb'd a Cliff's o'er-hanging Side,
And, reſolute, leap'd on the foaming Tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the Wave ;
The Death he ſought deny'd, and Feathers gave.
Debarr'd the ſureſt Remedy of Grief,
And forc'd to live, he curſt th' unask'd Relief.
Then on his Airy Pinions upward flies,
And at a ſecond Fall ſucceſsleſs tries ;
The downy Plume a Quick Deſcent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the Wave,
And there in vain expects to find a Grave.
His ceaſeleſs Sorrow for th' unhappy Maid
Meager'd his Look, and on his Spirits prey'd.
Still near the ſounding Deep he lives ; his Name
From frequent Diving and Emerging came.

The Story of ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, *and* GALATEA.

From the thirteenth Book of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoses*.

ACIS, the lovely Youth, whose Loss I mourn,
From *Faunus*, and the Nymph *Symethis* born,
Was both his Parents Pleasure; but to me
Was all that Love could make a Lover be.
The Gods our Minds in mutual Bands did join:
I was his only Joy, and he was mine.
Now sixteen Summers the sweet Youth had seen;
And doubtful Down began to shade his Chin:
When *Polyphemus* first disturb'd our Joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the Boy.
Ask not which Passion in my Soul was high'r,
My last Aversion, or my first Desire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less;
Both were alike, for both were in Excess.
Thee, *Venus*, thee both Heav'n and Earth obey;
Immense thy Pow'r, and boundless is thy Sway.
The *Cyclops*, who defy'd th' Ætherial Throne,
And thought no Thunder louder than his own,
The Terror of the Woods, and wilder far
Than Wolves in Plains, or Bears in Forests are,
Th' inhuman Host, who made his bloody Feasts
On mangl'd Members of his butcher'd Guests,
Yet felt the force of Love, and fierce Desire,
And burnt for me, with unrelenting Fire:
Forgot his Caverns, and his woolly Care,
Assum'd the Softness of a Lover's Air;
And comb'd, with Teeth of Rakes, his rugged Hair.

Now with a crooked Scythe his Beard he fleeks,
And mows the ſtubborn Stubble of his Cheeks:
Now in the Cryſtal Stream he looks, to try
His Simagres, and rowls his glaring Eye.
His Cruelty and Thirſt of Blood are loſt;
And Ships ſecurely ſail along the Coaſt.

The Prophet *Telemus* (arriv'd by chance
Where *Ætna*'s Summits to the Seas advance,
Who mark'd the Tracks of ev'ry Bird that flew,
And ſure Preſages from their Flying drew)
Foretold the *Cyclops*, that *Ulyſſes*' Hand
In his broad Eye ſhou'd thruſt a flaming Brand.
The Giant, with a ſcornful Grin, reply'd,
Vain Augur, thou haſt falſly prophefy'd;
Already Love his flaming Brand has toſt;
Looking on two fair Eyes, my Sight I loſt.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with ſtalking Pace he ſtrode,
And ſtamp'd the Margin of the briny Flood
With heavy Steps; and, weary, ſought agen
The cool Retirement of his gloomy Den.

A Promontory, ſharp'ning by degrees,
Ends in a Wedge, and overlooks the Seas:
On either Side, below, the Water flows:
This airy Walk the Giant Lover choſe;
Here on the midſt he ſate; his Flocks, unled,
Their Shepherd follow'd, and ſecurely fed.
A Pine ſo burly, and of Length ſo vaſt,
That ſailing Ships requir'd it for a Maſt,
He wielded for a Staff, his Steps to guide:
But laid it by, his Whiſtle while he try'd.
A hundred Reeds, of a prodigious Growth,
Scarce made a Pipe proportion'd to his Mouth:
Which when he gave it Wind, the Rocks around,
And wat'ry Plains, the dreadful Hiſs reſound.

I heard the Ruffian-Shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow Cave, I ſat below;
On *Acis*' Boſom I my Head reclin'd:
And ſtill preſerve the Poem in my Mind.
Oh lovely *Galatea*, whiter far
Than falling Snows, and riſing Lilies are;
More flow'ry than the Meads, as Cryſtal bright;
Erect as Alders, and of equal Height:
More wanton than a Kid; more ſleek thy Skin,
Than Orient Shells, that on the Shores are ſeen:
Than Apples fairer, when the Boughs they lade;
Pleaſing, as Winter Suns, or Summer Shade:
More grateful to the Sight, than goodly Plains;
And ſofter to the Touch, than Down of Swans,
Or Curds new turn'd; and ſweeter to the Taſte,
Than ſwelling Grapes, that to the Vintage haſte:
More clear than Ice, or running Streams, that ſtray
Through Garden Plots, but ah! more ſwift than they.
Yet, *Galatea*, harder to be broke
Than Bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the Yoke:
And far more ſtubborn than the knotted Oak:
Like ſliding Streams, impoſſible to hold;
Like them, fallacious; like their Fountains, cold:
More warping, than the Willow, to decline
My warm Embrace; more brittle than the Vine;
Immoveable, and fixt in thy Diſdain:
Rough, as theſe Rocks, and of a harder Grain;
More violent, than is the riſing Flood:
And the prais'd Peacock is not half ſo proud:
Fierce as the Fire, and ſharp as Thiſtles are;
And more outragious, than a Mother-Bear:
Deaf as the Billows to the Vows I make;
And more revengeful than a troden Snake:

In Swiftneſs fleeter than the flying Hind,
Or driven Tempeſts, or the driving Wind.
All other Faults with Patience I can bear;
But Swiftneſs is the Vice I only fear.
Yet if you knew me well, you wou'd not ſhun
My Love, but to my wiſh'd Embraces run:
Wou'd languiſh in your turn, and court my Stay;
And much repent of your unwiſe Delay.
My Palace, in the living Rock, is made
By Nature's Hand; a ſpacious pleaſing Shade;
Which neither Heat can pierce, nor Cold invade.
My Garden fill'd with Fruits you may behold,
And Grapes in Cluſters, imitating Gold;
Some bluſhing Bunches of a Purple Hue:
And theſe, and thoſe, are all reſerv'd for you.
Red Strawberries in Shades expecting ſtand,
Proud to be gather'd by ſo white a Hand.
Autumnal Cornels latter Fruit provide,
And Plumbs, to tempt you, turn their gloſſy Side:
Not thoſe of common Kinds; but ſuch alone,
As in *Phæacian* Orchards might have grown:
Nor Cheſnuts ſhall be wanting to your Food,
Nor Garden-Fruits, nor Wildings of the Wood;
The laden Boughs for you alone ſhall bear;
And yours ſhall be the Product of the Year.
The Flocks, you ſee, are all my own; beſide
The reſt that Woods and winding Vallies hide;
And thoſe that folded in the Caves abide.
Aſk not the Numbers of my growing Store;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praiſe my Cattle; truſt not me,
But judge your ſelf, and paſs your own Decree:
Behold their ſwelling Dugs: the ſweepy Weight
Of Ewes, that ſink beneath the milky Freight;

In the warm Folds their tender Lambkins lie;
Apart from Kids, that call with human Cry.
New Milk in Nut-brown Bowls is duly serv'd
For daily Drink; the rest for Cheese reserv'd.
Nor are these Houshold Dainties all my Store:
The Fields and Forests will afford us more;
The Deer, the Hare, the Goat, the Savage Boar.
All sorts of Ven'son; and of Birds the best;
A pair of Turtles taken from the Nest.
I walk'd the Mountains, and two Cubs I found,
Whose Dam had left 'em on the naked Ground;
So like, that no Distinction cou'd be seen;
So pretty, they were Presents for a Queen;
And so they shall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be Companions of your Play.
Oh raise, fair Nymph, your beauteous Face above
The Waves; nor scorn my Presents, and my Love.
Come, *Galatea*, come, and view my Face;
I late beheld it, in the watry Glass,
And found it lovelier, than I fear'd it was.
Survey my tow'ring Stature, and my Size:
Not *Jove*, the *Jove* you dream, that rules the Skies,
Bears such a Bulk, or is so largely spread:
My Locks (the plenteous Harvest of my Head)
Hang o'er my manly Face; and dangling down,
As with a shady Grove, my Shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my Limbs and Body bear
A thick-set Underwood of bristling Hair,
My Shape deform'd: what fouler Sight can be,
Than the bald Branches of a leafless Tree?
Foul is the Steed without a flowing Mane;
And Birds, without their Feathers, and their Train.
Wool decks the Sheep; and Man receives a Grace
From bushy Limbs, and from a bearded Face.

My Forehead with a ſingle Eye is fill'd,
Round as a Ball, and ample as a Shield.
The glorious Lamp of Heav'n, the radiant Sun,
Is Nature's Eye; and ſhe's content with one.
Add, that my Father ſways your Seas, and I,
Like you, am of the watry Family.
I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
Jove, with his Fabled Thunder, I deſpiſe,
And only fear the Lightning of your Eyes.
Frown not, fair Nymph; yet I cou'd bear to be
Diſdain'd, if others were diſdain'd with me.
But to repulſe the *Cyclops*, and prefer
The Love of *Acis*, Heav'ns! I cannot bear.
But let the Stripling pleaſe himſelf; nay more,
Pleaſe you, tho' that's the thing I moſt abhor;
The Boy ſhall find, if e'er we cope in Fight,
Theſe Giant Limbs endu'd with Giant Might.
His living Bowels from his Belly torn,
And ſcatter'd Limbs, ſhall on the Flood be born,
Thy Flood, ungrateful Nymph; and Fate ſhall find
That Way for thee and *Acis* to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with Love, and thy Diſdain
Augments at once my Paſſion, and my Pain.
Tranſlated *Ætna* flames within my Heart,
And thou, Inhuman, wilt not eaſe my Smart.
Lamenting thus in vain, he roſe, and ſtrode
With furious Paces to the neighb'ring Wood:
Reſtleſs his Feet, diſtracted was his Walk;
Mad were his Motions, and confus'd his Talk.
Mad as the vanquiſh'd Bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely Miſtreſs, and forſake the Field.
Thus far unſeen I ſaw: when, fatal Chance
His Looks directing, with a ſudden Glance,

Acis

Acis and I were to his Sight betray'd;
Where, nought ſuſpecting, we ſecurely play'd.
From his wide Mouth a bellowing Cry he caſt;
I ſee, I ſee, but this ſhall be your laſt.
A Roar ſo loud made *Ætna* to rebound;
And all the *Cyclops* labour'd in the Sound.
Affrighted with his monſtrous Voice, I fled,
And in the Neighb'ring Ocean plung'd my Head.
Poor *Acis* turn'd his Back, and, Help, he cry'd,
Help, *Galatea*, help, my Parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep Abodes.
The *Cyclops* follow'd; but he ſent before
A Rib, which from the living Rock he tore:
Though but an Angle reach'd him of the Stone,
The mighty Fragment was enough alone,
To cruſh all *Acis*; 'twas too late to ſave,
But what the Fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That *Acis* to his Lineage ſhould return;
And rowl, among the River Gods, his Urn.
Straight iſſu'd from the Stone a Stream of Blood;
Which loſt the Purple, mingling with the Flood.
Then like a troubled Torrent it appear'd:
The Torrent too, in little ſpace, was clear'd.
The Stone was cleft, and through the yawning Chink
New Reeds aroſe, on the new River's Brink.
The Rock, from out its hollow Womb, diſclos'd
A Sound like Water in its Courſe oppos'd:
When (wond'rous to behold) full in the Flood,
Up ſtarts a Youth, and Navel-high he ſtood.
Horns from his Temples riſe; and either Horn
Thick Wreaths of Reeds (his Native Growth) adorn.
Were not his Stature taller than before,
His Bulk augmented, and his Beauty more,

His Colour blue, for *Acis* he might paſs:
And *Acis* chang'd into a Stream he was.
But, mine no more, he rowls along the Plains
With rapid Motion, and his Name retains.

VENI

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS, *Paraphrased.*

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The World's Foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry pious Mind;
Come pour thy Joys on human Kind;
From Sin and Sorrow set us free,
And make thy Temples worthy Thee.
O Source of uncreated Light,
The Father's promis'd *Paraclete!*
Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our Hearts with Heav'nly Love inspire;
Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring
To Sanctify us, while we sing.
Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sev'nfold Energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty Hand,
Whose Pow'r does Heav'n and Earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,
Who do'st the Gift of Tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy Gift with Eloquence!
Refine and purge our Earthly Parts;
But, Oh, inflame and fire our Hearts!
Our Frailties help, our Vice controul;
Submit the Senses to the Soul;
And when Rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.
Chace from our Minds th' infernal Foe,
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow;

And, left our Feet ſhou'd ſtep aſtray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.
Make us Eternal Truths receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thy ſelf, that we may ſee
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal Honour, endleſs Fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt Man's Redemption dy'd:
And equal Adoration be,
Eternal *Paraclete*, to thee.

EPISTLES.

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg