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JOHN MILTON

MINOR POEMS

THERE WAS A SECOND EDITION OF THIS BOOK WITH SOME ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS IN 1673 BUT IT WAS NOT LIKE THE FIRST EDITION OF 1645 PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY MILTON AND THE LATTER HAS BEEN CHOSEN FOR REPRODUCTION HERE. THE SECOND HALF OF THE BOOK CONTAINING THE LATIN POEMS HAS BEEN OMITTED. FOR A FINAL TEXT SEE CANON BEECHING'S EDITION OF MILTON OXFORD 1900. THE COPY REPRODUCED IS THAT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

1927

Payson & Clarke Ltd

New York.
POEMS
OF
Mr. John Milton,
both
English and Latin,
Compos'd at several times.

Printed by his true Copies.

The Songs were set in Musick by Mr. Henry Lawes Gentleman of the Kings Chappel, and one of His Majesties Private Musick.

--- Baccare frontem Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro, Virgil, Eclog. 7.

Printed and publish'd according to ORDER.

LONDON,
Printed by Ruth Raworth for Humphrey Moseley; and are to be sold at the signe of the Princes Arms in S. Pauls Church-yard. 1645.
THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

It is not any private respect of gain, Gentle Reader, for the slightest Pamphlet is now adayes more vendible then the Works of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own Language that hath made me diligent to collect, and set forth a 3 such
Such Pieces both in Prose and Vers, as may renew the wonted honour and esteem of our English tongue: and it's the worth of these both English and Latin Poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomions that can invite thee to buy them, though these are not without the highest Commendations and Applause of the learnedst Academicks, both domestick and forrein: And amongst those of our own Countrey, the unparallel'd attestation of that renowned Provost of Eaton, Sir Henry Wootton: I know not thy palat how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul
soul is; perhaps more trivial 
airs may please thee better. But 
howsoever thy opinion is spent upon 
these, that encouragement I have 
already received from the most in-
genious men in their clear and 
courteous entertainment of Mr. 
Waller's late choice pieces, 
hath once more made me adven-
ture into the world, presenting it 
with these ever-green, and not to 
be blasted laurels. The authors 
more peculiar excellency in these 
studies, was too well known to con-
ceal his papers, or to keep me 
from attempting to solicit them 
from him. Let the event guide it 
self which way it will, I shall de-
serve
serve of the age, by bringing into the Light as true a Birth, as the Muses have brought forth since our famous Spencer wrote; whose Poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated, as sweetly excell'd. Reader if thou art Eagle-eied to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

Thine to command

Humph. Moseley.
On the morning of Christ's Nativity. Compos'd 1629.

I. His is the Month, and this the happy morn
Wherin the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II. That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he went at Heav'n's high Council-Table,
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksom House of mortal Clay.

A

III Saw
III.
Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Haft thou no vers, no hymn, or solemn stren,
To welcom him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,
    Hath took no print of the approching light,
And all the spangled hoste keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV.
See how from far upon the Eastern rode
The Star-led Wizards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
    And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn.

I.
It was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-childe,
    All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in aw to him

Had
Had doff’d her gawdy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize:  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

I I.
Onely with speeches fair  
She woo’s the gentle Air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow;  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinfull blame,  
The Saintly Vail of Maiden white to throw,  
Confounded, that her Makers eyes  
Should look so neer upon her foul deformities.

I I I.
But he her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace,  
She crown’d with Olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning Sphear  
His ready Harbinger,  
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing.  
And waving wide her mirtle wand,  
She strikes a univerfall Peace through Sea and Land.

I V.
No War, or Battails found  
Was heard the World around:

A 2  
The
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And Kings fate still with awfull eye,
As if they surely knew their sovrain Lord was by.

But peacefull was the night
Wherin the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The Windes with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their prectious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.
VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame,

The new-enlightn'd world no more should need,
He saw a greater Sun appear
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sate simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly com to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortall finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice

answering the stringed noise,

all their souls in blissfull rapture took:

The
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.
Nature that heard such sound.
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the Airy region thrilling.

Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.
At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displeid.
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.
Such Mufick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator Great
His constellations set,
   And the well-ballanct world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.
Ring out ye Crystallspheres,
Once bless our human ears,
   (If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
   And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full confort to th'Angelike symphony.

XIV.
For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
   Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
   And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it self will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.
Yea Truth, and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Th'enameld Arras of the Rainbow wearing,
And Mercy set between,
Thron'd in Celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tisued clouds down bearing,
And Heav'n as at som festiva'll,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

X V I.
But wisest fate sayes no,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorifie:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakefull trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

X V I I.
With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth agast
With terour of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake;
When at the worlds last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

X V I I I.
XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wrath to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his fouled tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous humm

Ransthrough the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspire's the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale.

The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flower-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

X X I.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,

The Lati, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear, and dying sound

Affrights the Flamines at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

X X I I.

Peor, and Baalim,
Forsake their Temples dim,

With that twife batter'd god of Palæstine,
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,

Now sits not gift with Tapers holy thine,
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian Maids their wounded Thamus mourn.

X X I I I.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dreed,

His burning Idol all of blackest hue,
In vain with Cymbals ring,

They
(11)

They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue,

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,

Isis and Orus, and the Dog Anubis hast.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen

In Memphian Grove, or Green,

Trampling the unharrow'd Grass with lowings loud;

Nor can he be at rest

Within his sacred chest,

Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud.

In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark

The fable-foled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's Land

The dreaded Infants hand,

The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;

Nor all the gods beside,

Longer dare abide,

Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:

Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,

Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,

Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows
Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave.
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to th'infenall jail,
Each sett'rd Ghost slips to his severall grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fayer,
Fly after the Night-steed, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.
But see the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest.

Time is our tedious Song should here have ending,
Heav'n's youngest teemed Star,
Hath fixt her polisht Car.

Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending.
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harnest Angels fit in order serviceable.

A Paraphrase on Psalm 114.

This and the following Psalm were don
by the Author at fifteen years old.

When the blest seed of Terah's faithfull Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan Land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,

Jebrak's
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubl'd Sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head.
Low in the earth, Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the soil.
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams,
Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
Why turned Jordan toward his Crystall Fountains?
Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
That glassy flood's from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Psalm 136.

Let us with a gladsmom mind *
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.
Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For, &c.
O let us his praises tell,
That doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.
   For, &c.

That with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
   For, &c.

That by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'n so full of state.
   For his, &c.

That did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.
   For his, &c.

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

And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,
All the day long his cours to run.
   For his, &c.

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sistres bright.
   For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
more the first-born of Egypt Land.
   For his, &c.
And in despight of Pharao fell,
He brought from thence his Israel.
   For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the Erythrean main.
   For, &c.

The floods stood still like Walls of Glass,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass.
   For, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.
   For, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wastfull Wildernes.
   For, &c.

In bloody battail he brought down
Kings of prowes and renown.
   For, &c.

He foild bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrean coast.
   For, &c.

And large-lim'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over hardy crew.
   For, &c.
And to his servant Israel,
He gave their Land therein to dwell.
For, &c.

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

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

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

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worth.
For, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortality.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

The Passion.

I.

Ere-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring;

And
And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth.
My muse with Angels did divide to sing,
But headlong joy is ever on the wing.

In Wintry solstice like the short'n'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

I I.
For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my Harpe to notes of saddeft wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did feafe er'e long.
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,
Which he for us did freely undergo.

Most perfect Heroe, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

I I I.
He sover'ran Priest flooping his regall head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
O what a Mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more, the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down saft by his Brethrens side.

I V.
These latter scenes confine my roving vers,
To this Horizon is my Phæbus bound,
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found;
Loud o're the rest Cremona's Trump doth sound;
Me softer airs best, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.
Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black wheron I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white.

VI.
See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels;
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
My spirit som transporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the Towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltles blood;
There doth my soul in holy vision fit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatick fit.

VII.
Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heav'n's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,
Yet on the softened Quarry would I score
My plaining vers as lively as before;
   For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order’d Characters.

VIII.
Or should I thence hurried on viewles wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unboosom all thir Echoes milde,
And I (for grief is easily beguil’d)
   Might think th’infection of my sorrows loud,
Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

This Subject the Author finding to be above the yeers he had,
   when he wrote it, and nothing satisf’d with what was begun, left it unfinisht.

On Time.

Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race;
   Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummetts pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,

Which
Which is no more then what is false and vain,
And meekly mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heav'ly-guided soul shall climb,
Then all this Earthy grovels quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time,

Upon the Circumcision.

Y E flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
That erst with Musick, and triumphant song
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the soft silence of the lift'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow,
He who with all Heav’ns heraldry while are
Enter’d the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His Infancy to cease!
O more exceeding love or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightfull doom remedies
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron’d in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev’n to nakednes;
And that great Cov’nant which we still transgress
Entirely satisf’d,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day, but O ere long

B 3

Huge
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more neer his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

Left pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'ns joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantasie present,
That undisturbed Song of pure content,
Ay sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits theron
With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devout and holy Psalms
Singing everlasting;
That we on Earth with undiscurring voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n till God ere long
To his celestial comfort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.

This rich Marble doth enterr
The honour'd Wife of Winchester,
A Vicounts daughter, an Earls heir,
Besides what her vertues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More then she could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told, alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darknes, and with death.

Yet
Yet had the number of her days
Bin as compleat as was her praiſe,
Nature and fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The Virgin quite for her request
The God that sits at marriage feaſt
He at their invoking came
But with a scarce-wel lighted flame;
And in his Garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a Cipress bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throws;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropes for Lucina came;
And with remorsles cruelty,
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The haples Babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languisht Mothers Womb
Was not long a living Tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip
Sav’d with care from Winters nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck’t up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernall showr;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways as on a dying bed,
And those Pearl of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hast’ning funerall.
Gentle Lady may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travail o’er
Sweet rest leafe thee evermore,
That to give the world encreafe,
Shortned hast thy own lives leafe,
Here besides the sorrowing
That thy noble House doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Weep for thee in Helicon,
And some Flowers, and some Bays,
For thy Hears to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Camo,
Devoted to thy vertuous name;
Whilst thou bright Saint high sit'st in glory.
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian Shepherdess,
Who after yeers of barrennes,
The highly favour'd Joseph bore
To him that serv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the boosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light,
There with thee, new welcom Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen,

SONG
On May morning.

Now the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The Flowry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.
Hail bounteous May that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire,
Woods and Groves, are of thy dressing,
Hill and Dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcom thee, and wish thee long.

On Shakespeare. 1630.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Star-pointing Pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witnes of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
For whilst toth' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.
On the University Carrier who sickn'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the Plague.

Here lies old Hobson, Death hath broke his girt,
A here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or els the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten yeers full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull,
And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly cours of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journeys end was come,
And that he had tane up his latest Inne,
In the kind office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be sed,
Hobson has fupt, and's newly gon to bed.

Another
Another on the fame.

Here lieth one who did most truly prove,
That he could never die while he could move,
So hung his destiny never to rot
While he might still jogg on, and keep his trot,
Made of sphær-metal, never to decay
Untill his revolution was at stay.

Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time;
And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and weight.
His principles being ceaft, he ended strait.

Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hastned on his term.
Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
If I may not carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.

Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He did for heavines that his Cart went light,
His leisure told him that his time was com, 
And lack of load, made his life burdensom,
That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)
As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had bin an immortall Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
In cours reciprocal, and had his fate
Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase
His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
Onely remains this superscription.

---

L'Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and fights unholy,
Find out som uncouth cell,
Wher brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven sings;
There under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But com thou Goddes fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as som Sager sing)
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on Beds of Violets blew,
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So bucksom, blith, and debonair.
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Com, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastick toe.
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy cruel
To live with her, and live with thee.
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to com in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft lighth'ning how the Hounds and horn,
Chearly roule the slumbering morn,
From the side of some Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Som time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Wher the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whistles o'er the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his sithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilft the Lantskip round it measures,
Ruflet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren brest
The labouring clouds do often rest:
Meadows trim with Daisie; pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide,
Towers, and Battlements it sees
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes.
Where Corydon and Thyrfs met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dress'd;
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
With Thesylis to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Somtimes with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the joond rebeckes sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
And young and old com forth to play
On a Sunshine Holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets ear,
She was pincht, and pull'd she fed,
And he by Friars Lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,
To ern his Cream-bowle duly fat,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy Flate hath thresh'd the Corn
That ten day labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the LubbarFend.
And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.
Towred Cities please us then,
And the busie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such sights as youthfull Poets dream
On Summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If fonfous learned Sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear fancies childe,
Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
And ever against eating Cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian Aires,
Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of lincked sweetnes long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden soul of harmony.
That Orpheus self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt Elyfan flowres, and hear
Such streins as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth with thee, I mean to live.
Il Penseroso.

Hence vain deluding joyes,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you besled,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numbreless
As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The sille Pensioners of Morpheus train.

But hail thou Goddes, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose Saintly visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view,
Ore laid with black flaid Wifdoms hue.
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnon's sister might beuyn,
Or that Starr'd Ethiope Queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended,

Thee
Thee bright-hair'd Vestal long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Com pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cipres Lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Com, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gate,
And looks commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thy self to Marble, till
With a sad Leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

And
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Ay round about Joves Altar sing.
And adde to these retired leasure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefeft, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hift along.
'Lefs Philomel will daign a Song,
Id her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her Dragon yoke,
Gently o're th'acustom'd Oke;
Sweet Bird that shunn'ft the noise of folly,
Most musickall, most melancholy!
Thee Chauntref's oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-Song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding neer her highest noon,
Like one that had bin led astray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathles way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfew sound,
Over som wide-water'd shoar,
Swinging flow with sullen roar;
Or if the Ayr will not permit,
Som still removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belmans drousie charm,
To bless the dores from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in som high lonely Towr,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unspear
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground.
Whose power hath a true consent
With Planet, or with Element.
Sometime let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by.
Presenting Thebs, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew Iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarfise,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass.
And of the wondrous Hors of Brafs.
On which the Tartar King did ride,
And if ought els, great Bards beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung.
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
Of Forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant then meets the ear.
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruffling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddes bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that sylvan loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by som Brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eie,
While the Bee with Honied thie.
That at her flowry work doth sing,
And the Waters murmuring
With such comfort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet musick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood.
But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dimm religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems clear,
As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell,
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every Herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To somthing like Prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

S O N N E T S.

I.
O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'ft at eve, when all the Woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart doft fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow Cuccoo's bill
Portend success in love; O if Love's will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny:
As thou from yeer to yeer haft sung too late
For
For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco.
Ben è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora
De suoi atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor sacret ed arco.
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'insiora
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta can.
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si trova indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l diso amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbe'etta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata il cre
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Cosi Amor meco insu la lingua fnella
Desti il sior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, verzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
E'l bel Tamigi eangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui pefo
Seppi chi' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! fos il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel il buon terreno.

Canzone.

Ridonse donne e giovani amorosi
M'accostandosi attorno, e perch' scriveri,
Perche tu scriveri in lingua ignota e strana
Perseggiando d'amor, e come t'offi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi,
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri sidi t'aspettan, e altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d'etere sfrondi
Perche alle spalle sue soverchia somma?

Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e' l suo dir, è il mio cuore
Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.
Diodati, e te' l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch' amor sprengiar soléa
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
Gia caddi, o' huom-dabben talbor s'impiglia.
Ne trecce d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E' l cantar che di mezzo l'emisfero
Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi s' in pico.

V.
Per certo i be' vos' occhi Donna mia
Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come e' suole
Per l'arena di Libia chi s' invidia,

Mentre
Mentre un caldo vapore (ne senti pri'a)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che sia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Sesso m'è il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Qui, v'attorno, s'aggiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte lenottì a me fuol far piovose
Finché mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

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

VII.
How soon hath Time the sullace theef of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth yeer!
My hastling dayes flye on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew\'th
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv\'d so near,
And inward ripenes doth much less appear,
That from more timely-happy spirits indu\'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure e\'vn,
To that same lot, however mean, or high.
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav\'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task Masters eye.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may cease,
If ever deed of honour did thee please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy Name o\'re Lands and Seas,
What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.
(50)

Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
The great Emathian Conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of sad Eledr's Poet had the power
To save th'Athenian Walls from ruine bare.

IX.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,
The better part with Mary, and the Ruth,
Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixt, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Haft gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.
Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Counsel, and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chersonëa, fatal to liberty
Kild with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, then to have known the days
Whenin your Father flourisht, yet by you
Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble vertues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, Honour'd Margaret.

Arcades.

Part of an entertainment presented to
the Countess Dowager of Darby at Harfeld,
by som Noble persons of her Family, who
appear on the Scene in pastoral habit, moving
toward the seat of State, with this Song.

1. SONG.

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
D x
Is that which we from hence descry
Too divine to be mistook:
This this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Heer our solemn search hath end.
Fame that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise,
Less then half we find express,
Envy bid conceal the rest.
Mark what radiant state she spreds,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threds,
This this is she alone,
   Sitting like a Goddes bright,
   In the center of her light.
Might she the wife Latona be,
Or the towred Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods;
Juno dare's not give her odds;
   Who had thought this clime had held
   A deity so unparalel'd?
As they com forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.

Gen. Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who by secret fluse,
Stole under Seas to meet his Arethusa;
And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,
Fair silver-buskind Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion ment
To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this nights glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more neer behold
What shallow searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have fate to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from Jove I am the powr
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bowr,
To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove
With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,
Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.
And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
Or hurtfull Worm with canker d venom bites.
When Eev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasseld horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puiffant words, and murmurs made to bless,
But els in deep of night when drowsines
Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens harmony,
That sit upon the nine enfolded Spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital spheres,
And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,

And
And keep unshoddy Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with grosse unpurged ear;
And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
The peerles height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
What ere the skill of lesser gods can shew,
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all that are of noble stem
Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm.

2. SONG.

O're the smooth enameld green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string.
Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm Star-proof.
Follow me,

D 4 I will
I will bring you where she fits,
Clad in splendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

3. **SONG.**

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladons Lillied banks.
On old Lycaeus or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.

From the stony Menalus,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.

Though Syrinx your Pans Mistres were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

Lycidus.
Lycidas.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his Passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretels the ruine of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-scar,
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not flote upon his watry bear
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of som melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somwhat loudly sweep the string.

Hence
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my fable shroud.
For we were nurt upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly wind'd her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'n'ing, bright
Toward Heav'ns descent had flop'd his westering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th'Oaten Flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damazus lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never must return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrow'n,
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazle Copse's green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear.
When first the White thorn blows;
Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*,
Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deus* spreads her wizard stream:
*Ay* me, I fondly dream!
Had ye bin there --for what could that have don?  
What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muse her self, for her inchanting son
Whom Universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary vilage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Letbian* shore.

*Alas*! What boots it with unceffant care
To tend the homely flighted Shepherds trade,

And
And strictly meditate the thankles Muse,
Were it not better don as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?

_Fame_ is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind _Fury_ with th'abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
_Phasbus_ repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
_Fame_ is no plant that grows on mortal soile,
Nor in the glistering soile
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreds aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witnesses of all judging _Love_;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain _Arcethuse_, and thou honour'd floud,
Smooth-sliding _Mincius_, crown'd with vocall reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oate proceeds,
And list'ns to the Herald of the Sea

That
That came in Neptune's plea,
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked Promontory,
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and pernicious Bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that languine flower, inscrib'd with woe.

Ah! Who hath rest (quoth he) thy dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee young swain.

Anow
Anow of such as for their bellies fake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold:
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Then how to scramble at the shearsers feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths, that scarce themselves know how to hold
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!
What reck's it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they lift, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mift they draw,
Rot inwardly, and soul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing fed,
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to finite once, and finite no more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; Return Sicilian Muse,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
Their Bels, and Flourets of a thousand hue.
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparsely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
That on the green terf' suck the honied showres,
And purple all the ground with vernal showres.
Bring the rathe Primrole that forsaken dies.
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Geffamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet.
The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowflips wan that hang the pensive hed,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureat Herfe where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
Wash far away, where ere thy bones are huild,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayous's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the haples youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With Nectar pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now Lycidas the Shepherds weep no more,
Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th'Okes and rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender flops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay:
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the Western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.
A MASK
Of the same AUTHOR
Presented At LUDLOW-Castle, 1634.
Before
The Earl of BRIDGEBATER
Then President of WALES.

Anno Dom. 1645.
To the Right Honourable,  
JOHN LORD VICOUNT BRACLY,  
Son and Heir apparent to the Earl  
of Bridgewater, &c.

MY LORD,

His Poem, which receiv'd its  
first occasion of Birth from  
your Self, and others of your  
Noble Family, and much honour from  
your own Person in the performance,  
now returns again to make a small De-
dication of it self to you. Although  
not openly acknowledg'd by the  
Author, yet it is a legitimate off-spring,  
so lovely, and so much desired, that the  
often Copying of it hath tir'd my Pen  
to give my several friends satisfaction,  
and brought me to a necessity of pro-
ducing it to the publike view; and

now
now to offer it up in all rightfull devotion to those fair Hopes, and rare Endowments of your much-promising Youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live sweet Lord to be the honour of your Name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long oblig'd to your most honour'd Parents, and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all reall expression

Your faithfull, and most humble Servant

H. Lawes.
The Copy of a Letter Writt'n
By Sir Henry Wootton,
To the Author, upon the
following Poem.

From the College, this 13. of April, 1638.

SIR,

It was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here, the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer then to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again, joyntly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together from good Authors of the antient time: Among which, I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charg'd me with new Obligations, both for a very kinde Letter from you dated the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty peice of entertainment which came therwith. Wherin I should much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your Songs and Odes, wherunto I must plainly
plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language: *Ipsamollitias.* But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true Artificer. For the work it self, I had view'd some good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, Printed at Oxford, wherunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader *Con la bocca dolce.*

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may chalenge a little more priviledge of Discours with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therfore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S., as his Governor, and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King, after mine own recefs from Venice.

I should think that your best Line will be thorow the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by Sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as Diurnal as a Gravesend Barge: I haften as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the House of one Alberto Scipioni an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times
times, having bin Steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his Family were strangl'd, save this only man that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest: With him I had often much chat of those affairs; Into which he took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his experience) I had wonn confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. Signor Arrigomio (sayes he) I pensiero stretto, & il viso scioltò will go safely over the whole World: Of which Delphian Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgement doth need no commentary; and therfore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, Gods dear love, remaining

Your Friend as much at command
as any of longer date

Henry Wotton.

Postscript.

Sir, I have expressly sent this my Foot-boy to prevent your departure Without som acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having my self through som busines, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for som solementation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the Cradle.
The Persons.

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.

Comus with his crew.

The Lady.

1. Brother.
2. Brother.

Sabrina the Nymph.

The chief persons which presented, were

The Lord Bracly,
Mr. Thomas Egerton his Brother,
The Lady Alice Egerton.
A MASK

Presented

At Ludlow-Castle,

1634. &c.

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

Efrom the starry threshold of Jove's Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live insphere'd
In Regions milde of calm and serene Ayr.
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care

Confin'd,
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here; Strive to keep up a frail, and Feverish being Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives After this mortal change, to her true Servants Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats. Yet som there be that by due steps aspire To lay their just hands on that Golden Key That ope's the Palace of Eternity: To such my errand is, and but for such, I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds, With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune besides the sway Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream, Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather fove, Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles That like to rich, and various gemms inlay The unadorned boosom of the Deep, Which he to grace his tributary gods By course commits to severall goverment, And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns, And wields their little tridents, but this Ile The greatest, and the best of all the main He quarters to his Blu-hair'd deities, And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust, and power
Has in his charge, with temper’d awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:
Where his fair off-spring nurs’t in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Fathers state,
And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way
Lies through the perplex’t paths of this drear Wood.
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring Passinger.
And here their tender age might suffer perill,
But that by quick command from Soveran Jove
I’was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell ye now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song
From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bowr.

_Bacchus_ that first from out the purple Grape,
Crush’d the sweet poiison of mis-ufed Wine
After the Tuscan Mariners transform’d
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds lifted,
On Circes Iland fell (who knows not Circe
The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz’d upon his clustring locks,

With
With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up and Comus nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roaving the Celtick, and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbowed,
Exceeds his Mother at her mighty Art,
Offering to every weary Travailier,
His orient liquor in a Crystal Glass,
'To quench the drouth of Phæbus, which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of Woof, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were,
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely then before
And all their friends, and native home forget
To rule with pleasure in a sensual site.
Therefore when any favour'd of high Love,

Chances
Chances to passe through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,
I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: But first I must put off
These my skierobes spun out of Iris Woolf,
And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth-dittied Song,
Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
And hush the waving Woods, nor of lesse faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch,
Likeliest, and neerest to the present ayd
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hatefull steps, I must be viewles now.

Comus enters with a Charming Rod in one hand,
his Glass in the other, with him a rout of Mon-
sters headed like sundry sorts of wilde Beasts,
but otherwise like Men and Women, their Ap-
parel glistening, they com in making a riotous
and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day,
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other pole
Of his Chamber in the East.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tiptoe dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with rose Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sowre Severity,
With their grave Saws in slumber ly.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchfuli Spheres,
Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Com let us our rights begin,
Tis only day-light that makes Sin
Which these dun shades will ne're report.
Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport
Dark vail'd Cotytto, t'whom the secret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame
That ne'er art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the ayr,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,
Wherin thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
Of all thy due be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice Morn on th'Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop hole peep,
And to the tel-tale Sun discry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Com, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastick round.
The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,
Of som chaff footing neer about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,
Our number may affright: Som Virgin sure
(For so t can distinguish by mine Art)
Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains, I shall e’re long
Be well stock’t with as fair a herd as graz’d
About my Mother circe. Thus I hurl
My dazling Spells into the spungy ayr,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, left the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the Damfel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that’s against my course;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac’t words of glozing courtesie
Baited with reasons not unplausible
Wind me into the easie-hearted man,
And hugg him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,
I shall appear som harmles Villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,
But here she comes, I fairly step aside
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

**The Lady enters.**

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now, me thought it was the sound
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesom Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unleter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amifs. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
Of such late Wafailers; yet O where els
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
Stept as they se'd to the next Thicket side
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed
Rise from the hindmost wheels of Phæbus wain.

But where they are, and why they came not back
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,
And envious darknes, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me, els O theevish Night.

Why shouldst thou, but for some fellonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely Travailer?

This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rise, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion Conscience.

O welcom pure ey d Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish't form of Chastity,
I see ye visibly, and now beleve
That he, the Supreme good, i'whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unaffail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her siluer lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her siluer lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

**SONG.**

*Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymp that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet imbroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.*
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flowry Cave,
Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear.
So maist thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould
Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure some thing holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his nidd'n residence;
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night
At every fall smoothing the Raven done
Of darkness till it smil'd: I have oft heard
My Mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades
Culling their Potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium, Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur’d soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull’d the sense,
And in sweet madness rob’d it of itself,
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. Ile speak to her
And she shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
Unless the Goddes that in rural shrine
Dwell fit here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

La Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise
That is address’d to unattending Ears,
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever’d company
Compell’d me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?
La. Dim darknes, and this leavy Labyrinth.
Co. Could that divide you from neer-usher’ning guides?
La. They left me weary on a grassie terf.
Co. By falshood, or discourtesie, or why?
La. To seek it’th valley som cool friendly Spring.
Co. And left your fair side all unguarded Lady?
La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.
Co. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.
La. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need?
La. No less then if I should my brothers loose.
Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
La. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.
Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his Supper fate;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,
Their port was more then human, as they stood;
I took it for a faëry vision
Of som gay creatures of the element
That in the colours of the Rainbow live
And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,
And as I past, I worship; if those you seek
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. La. Gentle villager
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
Is.  
To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,  
In such a scant allowance of Star-light,  
Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art,  
Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet.

Co.  
I know each lane, and every alley green  
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wilde Wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side  
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,  
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,  
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed lark  
From her thach't pallat rowse, if otherwise  
I can conduct you Lady to a low  
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
Till further quest'.  
La. Shepherd I take thy word.  
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie.  
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
With smoaky rafters, then in tapistry Halls  
And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,  
And yet is most pretended: In a place  
Less warranted then this, or less secure  
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it,  
Eie me blest Providence, and square my triall  
To my proportion'd strength.  
Shepherd lead on.
The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint stars, and thou fair Moon
That wontst to love the travailers benizon,
Stoop thy pale vilage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darknes, and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper
Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation visit us
With thy long level'd rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our Star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure. 2 Bro. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the Lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
Twould be som solace yet, som little chearing
In this close dungeon of innumerous bowes.
But O that haples virgin our lost sister
Where may she wander now, whether betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?

Perhaps
Perhaps some cold bank is her boulster now
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or while we speak within the direfull grasp
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat.

_Eld. Bro._ Peace brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtues book,
And the sweet peace that goodnes boosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Vertue could see to do what vertue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea sunk. And Wildoms self
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,

Where
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
That in the various busle of resort
Were all to ruffl'd, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2. Bro. Tis most true
That musing meditation most affects
The Pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,
And sits as safe as in a Senat house,
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spred out the unsan'd heaps
Of Misers treasure by an out-laws den.
And
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wide surrounding waft.
Of night, or lonelines it recks me not,
I fear the dreed events that dog them both,
Left som ill greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sisters state
Secure without all doubt, or controversy:
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
That I encline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

Bro. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,

And
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forests, and unhabour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,
No savage fierce, Bandite, or mountaineer
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,
Yea there, where very desolation dwels
By grots, and caverns shag’d with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench’d majesty,
Be it not don in pride, or in presumption.
Som say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magick chains at curfew time.
No goblin, or swart Faery of the mine,
Hath hurtfull power o’re true virginity.
Do ye beleve me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Diana her drea bow
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam’d the brinded liones
And spott’d mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid, gods and men
Fear’d
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen oth'Woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon sheild
That wife Minerva wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherewith she freeze'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
But rigid looks of Chast austerity,
And noble grace that dash't brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank aw.
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by loud and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in Charnell vaults, and Sepulchers
Lingering, and sitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link't itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2. Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns. Eld. Bro. Lift, lift, I hear
Som far off hallow break the silent Air.

2. Bro. Me thought tooo; what should it be?
Eld. Bro. For certain
Either som one like us night founder'd here,
Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at worst,
Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

2. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister, agen agen and neer,
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. Ile hallow,
If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us
The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak;
Com not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

*Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? speak aven


El. Bro. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delaid
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale,
How cam'ft thou here good Swain? hath any ram
Slip't from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,
Or straggling weather the pen't flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

*Spir. O my lov'd masters heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the theft
Of pilfering Woofs, not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But O my Virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

El. Bro. To tell thee sadly Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

*Spir. Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.

G

El.4.

Spir. Ile tell ye, 'tis not vain, or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage Poets taught by th'heav'nly Mufe,
Storied of old in high immortal vers
Of dire Chimera's and enchanted Isles,
And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navil of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwells
Of Bacchus, and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer,
By fly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likenes of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learn't
Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate

In
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres,  
Yet have they many baits, and guilefull spells  
To inveigle and invite th'unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way  
This evening late by then the chewing flocks  
Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb  
Of Knot-grafs dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I fate me down to watch upon a bank  
With Ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy  
To meditate my rural minstrelie,  
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close  
The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,  
And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance,  
At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,  
Till an unsuall stop of sudden silence  
Gave respit to the drowsie frighted steeds  
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.  
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound  
Rose like a stream of rich distil'd Perfumes,  
And stole upon the Air, that even Silence  
Was took e're she was ware, and wish't she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displac't. I was all eare,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haft
Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place
Where that damn'd wizard hid in fly disguise
(For so by certain signes I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The idleless innocent Lady his wilt prey,
Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
Supposing him som neigb'or villager;
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't
Ye were the two she mean't, with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But surder know I not. 2. Bro. O night and shades,
How are ye joyn'd with hell in triple knot
Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
You
You gave me Brother, Eld. Bro. Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely, not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Vertue may be affail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on it self shall back recoyl,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settl'd to it self
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rot'tness,
And earths base built on stubble. But com let's on.
Against th'opposing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this just sword be lifted up,
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the greisy legions that troop
Under the footy flag of Acheron,

Harpyies and Hydra's, or all the monstrous forms
Twixt Africa, and Jude, Ile find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

*Spir.* Alas good ventrous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
But here thy sword can do thee little stead,
Farr other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy sinews.

*Eld. Bro.* Why prethee Shepherd
How durft thou then thy self approach so neer
As to make this relation?

*Spir.* Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every vertuous plant and healing herb
That spreds her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing.
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would fit, and hearken even to extasie,
And in requitall ope his leather'n scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Countrey, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this foyle:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swayn
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more medicinal is it then that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it Hemony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of soveran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp
Or gaily furies apparition;
I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twiggs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancers hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glafs,
And shed the lushtious liquor on the ground,
But seafe his wand, though he and his curt' crew
Feirce signe of battail make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoak,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. Thyr'is lead on apace, Ile follow thee,
And som good angel bear a sheild before us.

The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with
all manner of deliciousnes: soft Musick, Tables
spred with all dainties. Comus appears wth his
rabble, and the Lady set in an inchant'ed Chair, to
whom he offers his Glafs, which she puts by, and
goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay Lady sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nervs are all chain'd up in Alablafter,
And you a statue; or as Daphne was
Root-bound, that fled Apollo,

La. Fool do not boast,
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde
Withall thy charms, although this corporal rinde
Thou haste immanac'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Co. Why are you vex't Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwel no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
Sorrow flies farr: See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in Primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial Julep here
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone,
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to your self,
And to those dainty limbs which nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin
This will restore all soon.

   La. 'Twill not false traitor,
   'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
   That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies,
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, soul deceiver,
Haft thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falseness, and base forgery.
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well govern'd and wise appetite.

O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoick Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynick Tub,
Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Throrging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
That in their green shaps weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
To store her children with; if all the world
Should in a pot of temperance feed on Pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,
Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strang'd with her waste fertility;
Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes.
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The Sea o'refraught would swell, & th'unfought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forhead of the Deep
And so bestudd with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last
To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
Lift Lady be not coy, and be not cosen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity,
Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoorded,
But must be currant, and the good thereof

Consists
Conmits in mutual and partak'nt bliss,
Unfavoury in th' enjoyment of it self
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown;
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; course complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teize the husband's wooll.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes
Obtruding fals' rules pranckt in reasons garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And vertue has no tongue to check her pride:
Impostor do not charge most innocent nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance, she good caters.

Means
Means her provision onely to the good
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and befitting share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon som few with vast excels,
Natures full blessings would be well dispenc'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encomber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank't,
His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony
Ne're looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I somthing say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor Eare, nor Soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know

More
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convince't,
Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake
Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heap o're thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by som superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew
Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of Love
Speaks thunder, and the chain: of Erebus
To som of Saturns crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more;
This is meer moral babble, and dire&
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And setlings of a melancholy blood;
But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
'beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.---

The
The Brothers rush in With Swords drawn, wrest his Glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make signe of resistance, but are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir. What, have you let the false enchanter escape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,
And backward mutters of dislevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;
Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
Som other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibeous old I learnt
The foothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.

There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the Scepter from his father Brute.
She guiltless damsell flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdam Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stay'd her flight with his cross flowing course,

The
The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus Hall,
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd layers strew'd with Asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change
Made Goddess of the River, still she retains
Her maid'n gentlenes, and oft at Eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signes
That the shrewd medling Elfe delights to make,
Which she with pretious viol liquor heals.
For which the Shepherds at their festivals
Carrol her goodnes loud in rustick layes,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy Daffadils.
And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
If she be right invok't in warbled Song,
For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a Virgin, such as was her self

In
In hard besetting need, this will I try
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twined braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.
Listen for dear honours sake,
Goddess of the silver lake.

Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys grave majestic pace,
By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizards hook,
By scaly Triton winding shell,
And old tooth-slaying Glauceus spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis tinsel-flipper'd feet,
And the Songs of Sirens sweet.
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she fits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the Nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
From thy coral pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-Nymphes, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stays,
Thick set with Agat, and the azurn sheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
That in the channell strays,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O're the Cowslips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle swain at thy request
I am here.
Spir. Goddess dear
We implore thy powerful hand
To undoe the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distressed.
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd 'tis my office best
To help intnared chastity;
Brightest Lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of pretious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers' tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gumms of glutinous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.

Spir. Virgin, daughter of Locris
Sprung of old Ancipis's line.
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never mis
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,
May thy billows rowl afloat
The beryl, and the golden ore,
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of myrthe, and cinnamon.

Come Lady while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Left the Sorcerer us intice
With som other new device.
Not a waste, or needless sound
Till we com to holier ground,
I shall be your faithfull guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Fathers residence.
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish't presence, and beside
All the Swains that there abide,
With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chere;
Com let us haste, the Stars grow high,
But night fits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes presenting Ludlow Town and
the Presidents Castle, then com in Country-
Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, With
the two Brothers and the Lady.

SONG.

Spir. Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,
Till next Sun-shine holiday,
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Læs,

This
This second Song presents them to their father and mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth.
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizer.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid ayr
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,
The Graces, and the rosie-boosom'd Howres,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And West winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and Caffia's balmy smels.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Then her purfl'd scurf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(Lift mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of Hyacinth, and roses
Where young Adonis oft repose,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian Queen;
But farr above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her fam'd Son advanc'it,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc't
After her wandring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side

Two
Two blissful twins are to be born,  
Youth and Joy; so Love hath sworn.  
But now my task is smoothly don,  
I can fly, or I can run  
Quickly to the green earths end,  
Where the bow'd welkin flow doth bend,  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the Moon.  
Mortals that would follow me,  
Love vertue, she alone is free,  
She can teach ye how to clime  
Higher then the Spheary chime;  
Or if Vertue feeble were,  
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

The End.
Milton, John
Poems, both English and Latin

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