UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS EDITION
OF
JOHN MILTON'S COMPLETE
POETICAL WORKS
IN PHOTOGRAPHIC FACSIMILE
WITH CRITICAL APPARATUS

IN FOUR VOLUMES
VOLUME I
JOHN MILTON'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
Reproduced in Photographic Facsimile

A Critical Text Edition Compiled and Edited by
HARRIS FRANCIS FLETCHER

VOLUME I
POEMS, &c. UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, 1673
POEMS, BOTH ENGLISH AND LATIN, 1645
With Fugitive Printings, Manuscript Copies, and Their Collations

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1943
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PREFACE AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

ABOUT THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO a small volume of poems appeared in the London book market, introduced only by a statement of its professional bookseller-publisher. The volume contained all but one of the shorter poems by John Milton that have since won the acclaim of critics and the undying admiration of discriminating readers of English poetry. Only the Cromwell sonnet was missing from the roll-call of Milton's immortal shorter poems. It is peculiarly fitting, therefore, that this facsimile edition of Milton's minor poems should appear, in a way marking the passage of three hundred years since he first printed any of his poetry under his own name.

This Illinois edition of Milton's minor (shorter) poems assembles the necessary materials, in print or manuscript, for the study of the authentic texts of all the poems concerned. Herein are collected reproductions of those poems printed and thus acknowledged during his lifetime and of the manuscript copies of the same or other verses which he made or had other persons make. The remainder of the poems or copies of poems included in the present edition consists of reproductions of fugitive or otherwise irregular printings, of manuscript copies of the same poems made during Milton's lifetime, and of a few authentic though posthumously printed poems. Thus, the present edition is aimed at satisfying the serious student of Milton who desires, above all else, to know exactly what Milton wrote or succeeded in getting printed.

The majority of the texts reproduced here come, of course, from the two editions of 1673 and 1645 respectively. All texts are presented in photographic reproductions, which, for the printed editions, are the actual size of the originals; but which for some of the manuscripts are reduced in size. The order of printing calls for some explanation. The 1673 text is placed first because for all the minor poems except the three posthumously printed sonnets, this edition is the last Milton himself could have seen through the press, and it thus becomes the most important of all texts for the minor poems that it contains. This is followed by the text of the 1645 edition. After this, in roughly chronological order, come the other printings, followed by the Trinity College Manuscript, reproduced here from the William Aldis Wright reproduction of 1899 by permission of the Cambridge University Press. The Bridgewater Manuscript and its transcription have been placed with the texts of Comus. By permission of The Earl of Ellesmere, the manuscript is reproduced here for the first time.

The notes provided are textual only, showing variants, if any, in different copies of the same edition or issue, and the principal textual differences between editions. The variants listed between different editions are all that the editor has found; but the list may not be complete. However, the originals are before the reader, and the list may be increased. A variant within the same edition may begin as a sort of peculiarity in a particular copy or in some particular copies, and then the peculiarity may have been changed at some point of the printing process; hence any peculiarity in any copy may, but not necessarily must, give rise to a true variant in another copy. The variants within the same editions have therefore received the greater amount of attention, as most of the differences between different editions or between printings and manuscripts, can be observed directly in the photographic reproductions as printed here. The variants obtained from collating different copies of the same editions are not thus evident, and dependence upon notes becomes necessary.

The collations need special mention. Every attempt has been made to assemble as many copies as possible of each edition used for textual purposes. Most libraries in England and the United States owning copies of printed editions of the minor poems in their various forms have
supplied photographic reproductions of all the copies they possessed. At the same time, enough original copies of the various editions required have been assembled during the past fifteen years at Illinois to ensure control over almost any textual peculiarity that might be encountered. The textual notes are the results of collating all these copies, actual and photographic. In the case of manuscripts, the actual work done was based on photographs; but all the principal manuscripts were examined in the places in which they are located, in situ, as it were. Unfortunately, the so-called Lawes Manuscript of the songs from Comus, according to Foss (The Mask of Comus. Nonesuch Press: Bloomsbury (London), 1937, p. xvii) 'now the property of the Misses Church of Beaconsfield' was not available, and not even photographs of it have been procurable, because of war conditions.

There is no need to explain the mechanical processes by means of which film was made, here or elsewhere, as the use of both strip or cut film and photostats is today too well known to require such explanation. The term 'magnification' used occasionally in introductions and notes needs more precise description. Magnification of printed or written materials used under present conditions has been of two slightly different kinds, direct and photographic. The condition of the type in all early Milton editions, indeed, the whole printing process involved in producing the small, cheap original editions in which Milton published his various works, very early in this study necessitated the use of direct magnification for any mark that might appear on any page of any text. At first, reading glasses of various kinds, including jewelers' glasses, were used, ranging from two to ten diameters or powers in strength; but in too many instances, these degrees of magnification were insufficient. After much experimentation, a specially mounted low power binocular, direct image microscope was secured. With different combinations of eye pieces and objectives, magnifications ranging from nine diameters or powers to 6.8 x 17 or about one hundred fifteen diameters or powers can be obtained, and this range of magnification has proved ample for all direct purposes thus far. But once or twice, as on page 6 of the 1645 edition, even larger magnification was required for purposes of reproduction, and photographic magnification was used. That is, the punctuation mark that refused so stubbornly to identify itself was photographed microscopically at about one hundred diameters on a glass plate and a positive paper print made from the glass negative. By projection, almost any degree of magnification could have been secured from the negative; but the magnitude mentioned proved sufficient. Thus, whenever the word 'magnification' is used in introduction or notes, it means such degree of magnification as is required, and theoretically might mean anywhere up to a thousand diameters; but practically in the minor poems, magnitudes of not much over one hundred diameters were almost always adequate.

It is difficult to deal adequately with the debt of gratitude incurred over the period of twelve or fifteen years required for the completion of this edition. The editor wishes to express formally his gratitude to every one of the scores of persons in this country and out of it, living and dead, and to the various institutions that some of those persons represented, that in any way contributed to the formation of this work. Acknowledgment is hereby made of the most generous response to all manner of requests, chiefly for photographs and information particularly about copies of various texts, from all libraries approached, directly or by correspondence, in England, France, and the United States, especially the British Museum, the Bodleian, Cambridge University, Trinity College, Harvard, New York Public, Folger, Yale, Texas, Huntington, Morgan, Columbia, Boston Public, Princeton, Newberry, Wellesley, Chicago, Michigan, Cleveland Public, Bibliothèque Nationale, and to James Hammond Pershing of Denver. The Cambridge University Press permitted full reproduction of the Trinity College Manuscript (reproduction of 1899), and The Earl of Ellesmere granted permission to reproduce the Bridgewater Manuscript of Comus.
The entire project owes more than can be adequately expressed or in any way repaid to the unwavering support in its early days of the late Arthur Hill Daniels, then Dean of the Graduate School, and to the active and incessant efforts of Phineas Lawrence Windsor, now Librarian Emeritus, to assemble the original and photographic copies necessary to carry out the idea. Ten or fifteen years ago, support of a plan as tenuous as this one then was, required courage, imagination, and foresight of its supporters. Dean Robert Daniel Carmichael of the Graduate School has been an unfailing source of counsel and encouragement, and through the Graduate Research Board, has generously funded the various needs of the entire enterprise. Without his support, financial and otherwise, the work could not have been carried on through the long, formative period required to assemble, collate, and arrange the necessary texts. Willia Kathryn Garver has been an unfailing aid in acquiring the needed copies, and of inestimable value in working out ways and means of making and keeping the assembled materials readily available. Librarian Carl Milton White generously took over the increasing responsibilities of collecting and housing the growing amount of books and photographs, and the equipment required to make both usable. The editor owes much to Isabelle Fitch Grant for her excellent arrangement and care of the materials assembled, as well as for her countless kindnesses and services. Marian Harman has read much of the bibliographical material herein contained, and pointed out many an error of omission or commission. Professor Sidney Erwin Glenn proofed and corrected all introductions and headnotes. Professor Frank Allen Patterson has responded in his kindly and generous fashion to all manner of requests and questions. The personnel of the University Press who have come in contact with the publication have been most helpful. Harrison Edward Cunningham, Director of the University Press, and Charles Everett Herman, Superintendent of the Print Shop, have been most helpful, patient, and generous with their consideration, time, and wide typographical knowledge, in connection with the complex publication problems presented to them.

To produce this book, the editor’s material was set in type, and proofs made. These proofs were combined with photographic prints of the original books and manuscripts. The book was then made from photo-offset reproductions of these combined proofs and prints.

The canon of Milton’s poetical works is easily established, except for the many posthumously printed poems attributed to him. These attributed pieces are arbitrarily excluded from this edition by those standards set forth in the second paragraph of this preface. Careful attention must be paid, however, to the excellent statement by Professors Mabbott and French in the Columbia edition of Milton’s Works, volume I, page 585ff., and to their notes to various ascribed poems. There remains only the matter of the two Latin poems found by Alfred J. Horwood with the manuscript Commonplace Book and published by him in 1877 as presumably Milton’s work. See Professor Patterson’s text and notes, Columbia edition, volume I, part 1, unpagged appendix for texts and translations, and the appendix of part 2 of the same volume for an account of their provenience. These verses are excluded from the Illinois edition because their authenticity is unproved, indeed, cannot today be proved.
POEMS, &c.
UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS
1673
POEMS, &c. UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS, 1673

INTRODUCTION

The most important text of Milton's minor poems is to be found in the inclusive edition which he published only about a year before his death. In the Term Catalogue (Arber, T.151[b] 1903) for the Michaelmas term ending November 24, 1673, occurs the entry, 'Poems, etc. upon several occasions. By Mr. John Milton. Both English and Latine, etc., composed at several times. With a small Tract of Education, to Mr. Hartlib. In octavo. Price, bound, 2s. 6d. Printed for Th. Dring at the Blew Anchor, over against Fetter lane, in Fleet street.' The book contains all the minor poems which Milton wished to preserve, except the four sonnets, XV (Fairfax), XVI (Cromwell), XVII (Vane), and XXII (Skinner II).

The Term Catalogue entry would indicate that the book was actually published sometime between September, the beginning of the Michaelmas Term, and November 24. It was published by Thomas Dring, the bookseller; but no printer's name appears on the main or English title page. However, on the Latin title page following page [166] is the statement Excudebat W. R. As the English and Latin poems were printed together with the leaves continuous and with the last signature on which English poems occur actually carrying some Latin poems, the same printer certainly printed the entire book. The initials, W. R., offer but two possibilities for identification. John Redmayne had been printing for a number of years by 1673, and at some time in the first or second half of the decade of the 1670's, his brother William began printing, usually joining his name to that of his brother John. There are apparently no known examples of William Redmayne's printing before 1675; but all specimens of his work, six or eight in number, that have been examined, use type, ornaments, and style strikingly different from the same typographic elements in the Milton volume. The other possibility is William Rawlins, one of the 'printers set up since the act (1672) was in force' mentioned in the list of 'printing houses taken that day' March 29, 1675. (See Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 17(1907) 43, Car. II. 369 number 97.) Specimens of books printed by W. R. or William Rawlins are seldom met with; but two or three such books have been examined, notably Symon Patrick's Jewish Hypocrisie, London, 'Printed by W.R. for Francis Tyton, . . . MDCLXX.' The fact that the date of the book, 1670, is earlier than the date of the 'act', 1672, does not mean that William Rawlins was not printing before 1672, but that he had taken the oath, as prescribed by the act, after 1672 and before March 29, 1675. The types in the two books, Patrick's and Milton's, are the same design, though of different sizes, and the small ornaments used in the two sparsely decorated books are the same. The Greek type on page 99 of Patrick and on Latin pages 70-71 of Milton is certainly the same, and much of the italic types in the two books is identical. Perhaps Rawlins' most famous book was La Calprenède's Cleopatra, translated by Robert Loveday, published by Peter Parker in 1674, and printed by 'W.R. and J.R.' in folio. William's type and ornaments are used for the first six parts of the book, or the first 540 pages, and the remaining 572 pages, beginning on a new page 1 and a new signature A with different type and ornaments, are the work of John Rawlins, William's brother. The type of the text in the first part of the book or that of W. R. is identical with the type of Milton's 1673 Poems. Another example of Rawlins' printing that was examined was John Fox's Time and the End of Time, 'London, Printed by William Rawlins, and are to be sold by George Calvert etc. . . . 1683.' This is a small duodecimo volume whose type is the same size as that of Milton's 1673 Poems. The type in the two volumes, both roman and italic, is identical, as examination of the lower case letters c, k, n, r, s, and w, and the capital
letters C, R, and W demonstrates. Another peculiarity of this type font appears in the star shaped period, Poems page 155 line 44, and Time page 160. From direct comparison of the type and ornaments in these three printed books known to have been done by Rawlins, it is almost certain that William printed Milton's 1673 Poems for Thomas Dring.

The 1673 edition is not an especially rare book today, although not many copies examined seemed to be in their original state and condition. But some of the thirty or forty actual copies examined are probably in the same bindings and perhaps in very much the same condition, except for some wear and tear, in which they were sold by Dring. Such copies are Illinois copies 1673 copy 3, 1673 copies 4 and 6, and Spencer John Ware, the last named bearing the date in inked manuscript, 1695 on the recto of the single old flyleaf in the front of the volume. Copies 4 and 6, both certainly bound before 1700 in their present bindings, have two blank leaves at the beginning and ending of the letter press. In copy 4, both front and back outer end papers are conjugate with what would ordinarily be the paster leaves. Both these leaves, the one in the front and the one in the back of the book, have been cut to about a one-inch stub. Copy 6 has had its end papers so wet that they are entirely loose in the book, and it is impossible to discover either their conjugacy or their order. Copy 3 certainly has a very old binding, but single end papers, back and front, both conjugate, however, with their respective inner cover papers, and perhaps these inner cover papers, now pasted to the inner covers, were once the other two free leaves of the double end papers. Other copies examined are less complete. As the book was issued to sell bound for two shillings sixpence, and as it is doubtful if other than sheepskin was used for binding books sold at that low price, calfskin bindings, however old they may be, are special bindings. In such a case as copy 4, the book, bound in calf, seems to have been prepared for the binder by the printer in exactly the same fashion as all other copies, and with end papers intact. Then the printer or the binder cut off most of the front and back outer leaves of the end papers, probably preparatory to tipping on heavier paster sheets; but for some reason or other, now and forevermore unknown, the binding plans for these copies were changed, perhaps a lighter binding than originally selected was used, and the cut stubs allowed to remain as they were.

The front end papers, originally almost certainly double, or two leaves of a quarter sheet of cap paper folded once, were followed by four leaves of preliminary material, the four leaves formed from a half sheet of cap paper folded twice, with only the second leaf actually lettered A2, the title page being [A] recto, with the verso blank. This arrangement all but guarantees that the book was originally issued without any printed material before the title page, hence with no portrait. Only one of the thirty or thirty-five original copies examined and of the dozen or more copies known only in photographic reproduction, carries a portrait that may have been bound in originally, but there is no indication that such was the case. A few copies carry eighteenth century prints of some portrait or other, usually pasted on a flyleaf; but no other portrait condition than these was encountered. It seems strange that so few copies exist with a portrait bound in with a seventeenth century binding, especially the portrait of the type sometimes found in Milton's Logic of 1672-73, and usually found bound in the second edition of Paradise Lost, 1674. But the whole problem of the portraits in Milton's publications of 1672-73-74 is a thorny one. Professor Patterson (Columbia 1(1931) 406) stated without hesitation that 'Most copies [of 1673] have no engraved portrait, though some have the reproduction by Dolle of the Faithorne [History of Britain, 1670] portrait, previously used for the . . . Logic.' But of all copies examined or collated for the present edition, originals or photographs, only one, the Newberry Library copy, has the Dolle reproduction bound in, but not originally; and only Folger Copy 174 seems in any way to have had that portrait bound in before 1725. New York Public Library has a copy (1673's) with a portrait taken from the 1645 edition! All copies of the Logic examined which have the portrait have it in a size too large for the book, the
INTRODUCTION—1673

Dolle cut being made for a small octavo, and the *Logic* being a small duodecimo. The Dolle cut fits the 1674 *Paradise Lost* perfectly and is present in many copies, usually folded around the four preliminary leaves, with the inner conjugate sheet cut off and the stub still showing before the first page of the text of the poem proper. Could it be that the cut was originally made for the second edition of *Paradise Lost* during the year 1674, used in that book, then some copies of both the *Logic of 1672-73* and of the *Poems of 1673* supplied with it from the common stock of portraits? If this was not the situation, why do so few, if any, copies of the 1673 *Poems* carry it; why does it commonly appear, folded, in the *Logic of 1672-73*; and why is it so common in the 1674 *Paradise Lost*? The size of cut fits both the 1673 *Poems* and the 1674 *Paradise Lost*; but there seems to be no reason whatever for supposing that the 1673 *Poems* regularly carried the portrait, as almost no extant copies have it, and there is no proper place for it in the preliminary leaves. The denial of it to the 1673 volume is strongly indicated only because both these conditions hold. Occasionally the 1673 edition is found with much later portraits than the Dolle, but these always are obvious affectations.

The verso of the title page is blank. Leaf *A₂* carries the Table of the English Poems and this table is continuous to the Table of the Latine Poems, which begins on [A₃v], occupying also [A₄r], whose verso carries the Errata. The English poems begin on page 1, leaf *A₁*, and continue through page 165, [L₃r], whose verso is blank. Next comes the title page of the Latin poems on page [I], leaf [L₄r], with verso blank; Milton's brief Latin preface appearing on page 3; the encomiums addressed to him beginning on page 4, and continuing through page 10. Milton's Latin poems begin on page 11, leaf *M₁*, and continue through page 94, leaf *R₂v*. The prose tract Of *Education* begins on page 95, leaf *R₃r*, and continues through page 117, leaf [S₅r]; with a catalogue of thirty-nine law books printed for and to be sold by Th. Dring beginning on the unpaginated verso of that leaf and continuing through four more pages, or through the two leaves remaining in the S gathering, [S₇] and [S₈]. The Latin and English poems, indeed the entire book, was printed as a unit, from the English title page through Dring's list of books, as the signatures prove; but the Latin poems bear their own pagination, which continues through the prose tract.

The ornaments are few and small, the only one of any magnitude being regrettably bad. Rows of ornaments occur on *A₂r*, [A₃v], [A₄v], page 84, the Latin title page, Latin page 3, Latin page 11, Latin page 44, Latin page 45, Latin page 70, Latin page 79, Latin page 80, Latin page 95, and the only decorated initial found in the whole volume, one *H*, occurs at the beginning of the Latin preface on Latin page 3.

The type is not particularly noteworthy, being the usual Garamond roman used by so many London printers of that day and earlier. It is well adapted in size and appearance to its purpose in this volume. It has a few peculiarities which may be noted here. The *W* and *w* as in most Garamond designs have the left half of the letter cut lighter and a little shorter than the right half, which peculiarity in the capital letter makes it look too short as a letter whenever it occurs before a lower case letter with a full height ascender. The lower case *k* is worth noting, because the top of the upper right diagonal stroke of the letter is at exactly the height of the body of the other standard lower case letters. The accent marks in the Latin poems have been set from a font that had too few of them, and the compositor has met the situation as best he could from what he had to work with, which sometimes was very little.

The paper on which the 1673 edition was printed was single cap stock sheets originally about fourteen by seventeen inches, folded three times after recto and verso printing, to form a small octavo volume with gatherings of eight leaves or sixteen pages. Almost no untrimmed leaves were encountered in the copies examined, and the measurements of paper this old can never be more than approximate, as the original sheets varied among themselves in the same stock and there is no telling how many times the volumes may have been trimmed. The chain lines of the
paper are in a vertical position in the printed pages. Three different paper stocks are found in the copies examined, usually two different watermarks being found in each copy, with an occasional copy in which are found all three watermarks. One of these watermarks, the most frequently encountered in the copies examined, is made up of the initials A H in connected letters a little over a half inch high, and the entire watermark is about an inch and a quarter wide. The axis of these letters is at right angles to the axis of the print. A second watermark encountered much less frequently is made up of two separate square initials E H in letters about seven eighths of an inch high, and the whole watermark is nearly two inches wide. These letters also have their axis at right angles to that of the lines of type. The third watermark encountered is relatively undecipherable, being so small that it is usually ruined in the binding, but it may be an even smaller pair of undecipherable initials. No copies examined had end papers containing any of these watermarks. The paper is uniformly of a poor quality, probably made in England, perhaps across the Channel.

There are few variants between copies of this edition, so far as the text is concerned, the most notable being the change in location of the publisher's shop recorded in the two different states of the title page. Only the publisher's signature at the bottom of the page seems to have been reset. It has always been assumed that Dring was first at the Blew Anchor and then at the White Lion, so far as the issuing of these two title pages goes, largely because in the Term Catalogue entry, he was located at the Blew Anchor. But the book, as was frequently the case, may have been published before the record of its entry was made, and after Dring had left the White Lion. An examination of a number of Dring's publications during the years between 1671 and 1675 reveals that he had been at the White Lion in 1672, e.g., Buckingham's Rehearsal, published by Dring 'at the White-Lyon, next Chancery-lane end in Fleet-street.' He seems to have been at the White Lion before he was using the Blew Anchor, then by 1675, e.g., Wycherley's Country Wife of that year, he was 'at the Harrow, at the Corner of Chancery-lane in Fleet-street.' Of course all these locations were near each other, and he may have begun using any one of them before he had given up either of the others. Indeed, he might have used two of them simultaneously.

The edition of 1673 seems to have been a large one and, on the whole, many copies of it have survived, a copy of it being, perhaps, the easiest, and certainly the cheapest to secure today of all editions of any of Milton's poetry printed within his lifetime.

The copy reproduced herein is a composite, made up of Illinois 1673 unbound and 1673 Spencer Blew Anchor.

LIST OF COPIES COLLATED FOR THIS EDITION

Originals. IU: 1673; 1673 copy 2; 1673 copy 3; 1673 copy 4; 1673 copy 5; 1673 copy 6; Baxter; Gannon; Spencer, unbound, White Lion; Joseph Knight, White Lion; Spencer, Blew Anchor; Spencer, White Lion; Spencer, John Ware.

POEMS, &c.
UPON
Several Occasions.

BY
Mr. JOHN MILTON:
Both ENGLISH and LATIN, &c. Composed at several times.

With a small Tractate of
EDUCATION
To Mr. HARTLIB.

LONDON,
Printed for Tho. Dring at the White Lion next Chancery Lane End, in Fleet-street. 1673.

Note the two different colophons.

LONDON, Printed for Tho. Dring at the White Lion/ next Chancery Lane End, in/ Fleet-street. 1673./
THE TABLE
Of the English Poems.

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The Hymn.
A Paraphrase on Psalm 114. 2
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On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough. 14
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On the University Carrier, who sick'd in the time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the Plague. 32
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Psal. 6.

There is no Table of Contents in 1645.

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**Elegia quinta, in adventum veris.**

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---

2 Poems.] Ink mark above the period appears in all copies examined.
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**Errata.**

Page 21. at the end of the Elegie should have come in the Verles at a Vacation Exercise, which follow afterwards, from pag. 64. to p. 68, p. 56. line 8. after Is r. it, ib. l. 9. for Coliko r. Colkito, p. 59. l. 4. for 5 r. saw, p. 69. l. 17. for bank r. bank, p. 52. l. 9. for Heres' r. Hecat', p. 91. l. 19. leave out the Comma after May, and for here r. bear, p. 128. l. 3. leave out that. In the second part p. 43. l. 1. for Candam r. Cantonem, ibid. l. 4. for desipuijtes r. desipuijtes, p. 49. l. 2. for Adamantius r. Adamantium, ibid. l. 9. for Notas r. Notas, p. 52. l. 2. for Reliquas r. Reliquias, p. 53. l. 17, 18. a Comma after Mayes, none after Exulat. Some other Errors and mispointings the Readers judgement may correct.

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7 Hecat',] The H is dropped down in all copies examined.
11 First r. The first diamond or star shaped period in 1673, but not the last. See 1673 page 155. line 44.
ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.
This is the Month, and this the happy morn
Wherein 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 fit 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 darksoum House of mortal Clay.

III. Say

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a Present to the Infant God?
Haft thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Sun's team untrod,
Haft took no print of the approaching light,
And and all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
(bright?)

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
The Star-led Wifards 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 join 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 awe to him
Had doft her gawdy trim,
With her great Master to sympathize:

II. Say

This poem was first printed in 1645. There is no other text of any consequence except that of 1673. Title line 4 Christs' christs. The 1645 title occupies two lines only, and continues after 'Nativity.' 'Compol'd 1629,' which 1673 omits. Nativity.] N dropped down in all copies examined.
16 Prefent] present 17 verse,] vers, 18 welcome] welcom 21 And] And and 22 So all 1673 copies examined. And 23 sweet,] sweet: The Hymn.] The Hymn. 32 awe] aw The type of the catchword at the bottom of the page is badly battered in all copies examined, and more so in some than in others.
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

Only 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 Veil of Maiden white to throw,
Should look so near upon her soul deformities.

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

No War, or Battels found
Was heard the World around

The idle Spear and Shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot flood
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 sovran Lord was by.

But peacefull was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds 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 fit brooding on the charmed wave.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious 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.
ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY—1673

(5)
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 interior 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 rustick row;
Full little thought they than,

That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,

Was all that did their silly thoughts to busie keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strock,
Divinely-warbld voice

Anwering the stringed noife,

As all their souls in blissfull rapture took:

A 3

(6)

The Air such pleasure ioth 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 flame-fac't night array'd,
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,

Are teen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,

With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,

But
(7)

But when of old the fons of morning hung,
While the Creator great
His Constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the welltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystal spheres,
Once blest our humane 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'n deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full comfort 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 speck't vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it felt will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

(8)

Yea Truth, and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a Rain-bow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in Celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tissu'd clouds down steering,
And Heav'n as at some Festival,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our lost;
So both himself and us to glorifie:
Yet first to those chain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
The aged Earth agast
With terror of that blast,
She'll from the surface to the center shake;
When
ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST’S NATIVITY—1673

(9)
When at the worlds last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss

Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy

Th’ old Dragon under ground

In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,

And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,

Swindges the scaly Horrour of his soulded tail.

The Oracles are dumb,

No voice or hideous humm

Runs through 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,

Inspires the pale-ey’d Priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o’re,

And the refounding shore,

A voice

(10)
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;

From haunted spring, and dale

Edg’d with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing rent,

With flowre-inwov’n trees torn

The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In confecrated Earth,

And on the holy Hearth,

The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint,

A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flaminis at their service quaint;

And the chill Marble seems to sweat,

While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor, and Baalim,

Forfake their Temples dim,

With that twice batter’d god of Palæstine,

And mooned Ashtaroth,

Heav’ns Queen and Mother both,

Now fits not girt with Tapers holy shine,

The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,

In vain the Tyrian Maids their wounded Thamus mourn.

164 dreadful] dreadful 166 perfect] perfect 167 The last word in the line is day. It actually printed in only about half of the copies examined. The word is clearly printed in these copies, and the type made some kind of an impression, though frequently inkless, in all copies. 171 wroth] wrath 173 dum,] dumm, 180 Inspires] Inspire’s 185 pale,] pale. 193 drear] drear, 199 twice] twife
(II)

X X III.

And fallen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning Idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisy King,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Osiris, and the Dog Anubis hast.

X X IV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian Grove, or Green,
Trampling the unharrow'd Grasfs with lowing's loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
In vain with Timbrel's Anthems dark
The fable-flo'ed Sorcerers bear his worship'd Alb.

X X V.

He feels from Juda's Land
The dreaded Infants hand,
The rayes of Bethlehem blind his dusky ey'n;
Nor all the Gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:

(II)

X X V I.

Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands controul the damned crew.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
E' Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to th'infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fay's,
Fly after the Night-streeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze:

But see the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest.
Time is our tedious Song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest teemed Star,
Hath fixt her polifht Car,
Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harnemst Angels sit in order serviceable.

A Para-
(13)

A Paraphrase on Psalm 114.

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

When the blest seed of Terah's faithful Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from Phariam Fields to Canaan Land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel known,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth, Jordan clear streams recol,
As a faint Host that hath receive'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 Chryftal Fountains?
Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can cruth,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Psalm

(14)

Psalm 136.

Let us with a gladfom 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 his, &c.
O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.
For his, &c.
Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
For his, &c.
Who by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
For his, &c.
Who did the solid Earth ordain
To rife above the watry plains.
For his, &c.
Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, &c.

First printed in 1645, and again in 1673. Headnote 2 done don 3 years yeers Terah's. The h is characteristic of the italic font being used, and throughout the book many times looks like b; but in no case, cf. p. 15 line 36 Erythraen is the letter other than h. faithful faithfull Fields holds troubled troubl'd froth-becurled froth-becurled. Columbia text and note are wrong. Cf. line 18 this poem for another worn hyphen very much like this. Every 1673 copy examined shows at least a trace of a hyphen. 10 Host holt Chryftal Cryftall

Psalm 136 was first printed in 1645, and again in 1673. 2 kind 7, 10, 13 For his, &c.] For, &c. 9, 11, 14, 17. 20 Who That 22 For] The F is badly worn and poorly spaced in all copies examined.
The Golden-tressed Sun,
All the day long his course to run.
For his, &c.

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

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

And in despight of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from hence his Israel.
For, &c.

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

The floods flood 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 blest
In the waftfull Wilderness.
For, &c.

In bloudy battel he brought down
Kings of proweft and renown.
For, &c.

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

And large-limb'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
Belind us in our misery.
For, &c.

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

All

The page numbering | The 6 is smeared in all copies examined.
45 Wilderness | Wilderness. 47 bloudy | bloody battel | battail
50 hoft | hoft. Columbia prints comma in text, and carries no note.
53 large-limb'd | large-limb'd | 54 over-hardy | over-hardy
Columbia note states that 1645 reads 'over hardly' or without
hyphen, and so some 1645 copies appear; but others clearly show
the mark of the hyphen, and all copies examined under magnifi-
cation show at least type mark, if no ink. Cf. 1645 note.
56 Servant | servant 57 therein | therein 60 in in | in
63 enemy | enemy.
DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT—1673

(17)

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For, &c.
Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worths
For, &c.
That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Anno ætatis 17.
On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough.

I. O
Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timelesslie,
Summers chief honour if thou hadst out-lafted,
Bleak winters force that made thy blossom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely die
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss
But kiss'd alas, and then bewray'd his fatal blis.

II.
For fine grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boistrous rape th'Athenian damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deity full neer,
Now

(18)
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th'infamous blot,
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless clod,
Which mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III.
So mounting up in yeie-pearled carr,
Through middle empire of the freezing aire,
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far,
There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chaire,

But all unawares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place.

IV.
Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand
Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate
Young Hyacinth born on Eurota's strand
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;

But then transform'd him to a purple flower
Alack that so to change thee winter had no power.

V.
Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead
Or that thy coarse corrupts in earths dark wombe.

Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,

Hid

68 therefore] therfore 69 worth.] worth. Note that the period here has a slight mark above it; but it is not a colon, as Columbia note states. That is, it is unlike any other colon in this edition, but is probably exactly the same piece of type as at the end of line 8, May Morning, p. 30, or p. 30-61 Epitaph. It is a treacherous piece of type, which under magnification seems to be either a period with a piece of dirt or metal above it that took ink and made a slight impression; or it is a colon with most of the top dot knocked off. It seems usually to have been used as a period. Not all cases are as clear as this, when this piece of type appears.
72 mortal | mortall eye.] ey. Fair Infant was first printed in 1673. Catchword H is smeared in all copies examined.
25 Eurota's] Sic until Newton, 1753. Catchword Hid] The H is smeared in most, but not all copies examined.
(19)
Hid from the world in a low delved tombe;
Could Heav'n for pittie thee so strictly doom?
Oh no? for something in thy face did shine
Above mortalitie that shew'd thou wave divine.

V I.
Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where e're thou hoverest
Whether above that high first-moving Spheare
Or in the Elifian fields (if such there were.)
Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

V I I.
Wert thou some Starr which from the ruin'd roofe
Of shak't Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which carefull Love in natures true behoofe
Took up, and in fit place didst reinstall?
Or did of late earths Sonnes besiege the wall
Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

V I I I.
Or wert thou that just Maid who once before
Forlook the hated earth, O tell me sooth
And cam'st again to visit us once more?

(20)
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth!
Or that crown'd Matron sage white-robed truth?
Or any other of that heav'nly brood

Let down in lowdie throne to do the world some good.

IX.
Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoast,
Who having clad thy self in humane weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst poast,
And after short abode flee back with speed,
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the fordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire.

X.
But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To slake his wrath whom fin hath made our foe
To turn Swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaugthering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.
Then thou the mother of so sweet a child
Her false imagin'd losse cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrow's wild:

Think

---

34 Oh no? | Probably should be, and invariably today printed, Oh no! There are two different states of the signature of this leaf, there being about as many copies erroneously reading C2 as there are correctly reading C3.

53 Youth! | Columbia, probably correctly, emends to Youth?

54 Or that | Spacer mark between these two words in all copies examined. crown'd | Probably should be crown'd
(21)

Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do he will an off-spring give,
That till the worlds last-end shall make thy name to live.

The Passion.

I.

Ere-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
When with the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'ly Infants birth,
My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In Wintry solstice like the short'ned light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And let my Harp to notes of faddest wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did fadse er' long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,
Which he for us did freely undergo.
Most perfect Heros, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

B 3  III. He

(22)

He lov'ran Priest stooping his regal head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor feathly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stoke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fai by his Brethren's side.

IV.

These lateft scenes confine my roving vers,
To this Horizon is my Phaebus bound,
His Godlike acts; and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found;
Loud o're the refi Cremona's Trump doth found;
Me softer airs befis, and softer strains
Of Lute, or Viol it tall, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me night belt Patrons of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickeft 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 whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have walsh'd a wannieth white.

VII. See
(23)

VI.

See see the Chariot, and those whirling wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Cebes flood,
My spirit from transporting Chorubah feels,
To bear me where the Towers of Salem flood,
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;

There doth my soul in holy vision fit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit,
Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heaven's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the softened Quarry would I score
My pleasing verses 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 viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains Wilde,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbolom all their Echoes Wilde,
And I for grief is eaily beguird

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 years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisf'd with what was begun, left it unfinished.

B 4

(24.)

On Time.

Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more then what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.

For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And left 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 suprême Throne
Of him, whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heav'ly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy groines quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever fit,

Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

Upon

This poem also occurs in Tr. Coll. MS. See p. 295. It was printed in 1645 and again in 1673, and the variants are from the 1645 edition. Title. On Time.] On Time. 10 all] all, 20 groines] groines Notice imprints of spacers in right hand margin, occurring in all copies examined.
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'n's heraldry whilear
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?
Juft law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediies
Were loft in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;
And that great Cov'nant which we still tranfgress
Entirely satisfi'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
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

B Left pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Sifters, 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 phantastie present,
That undisturbed Song of pure content,
Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon
With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick hoft in thousand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devout and holy Palms

This poem occurs also in Tr. Coll. MS. See p. 395. First printed in 1645, this poem was printed again in 1673, and the variants are from the 1645 edition. Upon the Circumcision. 10 whilear] whileare 17 rightful] rightfull 28 near] near At a solemn Musick.] At a solemn Mufick. This poem occurs in the MS., was printed in 1645, and again in 1673. The variants here are from 1645. 6 content[,] content. For meaning, the 1673 word must be preferred. 8 thereon] theron
(27)

Singing everlasting;  
That we on Earth with undiscording voice  
May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
Broke the fair mufick that all creatures made  
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
In perfect Diapason, whilst they flood  
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.

(28)

An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winc.  
This rich Marble doth contain  
The Honour'd Wife of Winc.,  
A Vicount's daughter, an Earl's heir,  
Besides what her virtues fair  
Added to her noble birth,  
More then she could own from Earth,  
Summer's three times eight fave one  
She told, alas too soon,  

After so short time of breath,  
To house with darkness, and with death.  
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 quire for her request  
The God that fits at marriage Earl's  
He at their invoking came  
But with a scarce-wel-lighted flame;  
And in his Garland as he flood,  
Ye might discern a Cypresses 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  
Atropos for Lucina came;  
And with remorseless cruelty,  
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree;  
The haples Babe before his birth  
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,  

The page numbering] The 7 is broken at the top in all copies examined.  
Marchioness Epitaph. This poem was printed in 1645 and again in 1673. The variants are from 1645. There is a ms. version of it, British Museum Sloane ms. 1446, of no known textual value or connection with Milton.  
3 Earls] Earls  
8 alas] alas  
10 darkness] darkness  
22 Cypresses] Cypresses  
32 Had] Ha  

These two letters rise up in all copies examined. Note spacers marks in right hand margin of the page, so in all copies examined.
(29)

And the languish'd 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 unheedly swain,
Who onely thought to crop the flow'r
New shot up from vernal showers;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways as on a dying bed,
And those Pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be paling tears
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her halting funeral.
Gentle Lady may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel sore
Sweet rest ease thee evermore,
That to give the world encrease,
Shortned hath thy own lives lease;
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble House doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect morn
Wept for thee in Helicon,

(30)

And from Flowers, and some Bays,
For thy Hears to flrew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name;
Whilst thou bright Saint high fit't in glory
Next her much like to thee in glory,
That fair Syrian Shepherdes, 
Who after yeers of barrenness,
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 boofom 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.

35 some| some 40 vernal| vernal 49 travel| travail
52 leafe;| leafe, 53 Here,| Here
57 some Bays,| some Bays, 61 glory.| glory. This is the same punctuation mark encountered on page 17, Psalm 136, line 69. In many 1673 copies, its appearance is as an ordinary period; in other copies, there is a mark above the dot. In no case examined is there any doubt of it being a period. Yet textual editors generally, and Columbia and Beeching in particular have printed it in their texts as a comma. The meaning of the lines certainly calls for a comma, as in 1645; but just as certainly 1673 printed a period. Under magnification, in all copies examined, the principal mark is a round dot exactly like many periods in this edition; but the same or very similar mark may be seen in Psalm 136:69; and May Morning, line 8, p. 31, 1673. Columbia has no note on this point, and text has a comma.
64 barrenness,| barrenness,
(31)

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 doth 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 welcome thee, and with thee long.

(32)

For whilst to th' flame of sloe-endeavouring art,
Thy cask numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Book,
Thofe Delphick lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of it felt 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 wil to die.

On the University Carrier, who sick'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,
And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.

'Twas such a shiver, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten yers full,
Dodd'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.

And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,
'thad not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;

May Morning. Title. SONG.} SONG Columbia note is wrong and misleading. On May Morning. On May morning. Again, Columbia note is wrong. youth youth, But it seems significant that all 1673 copies examined have space after the word youth for comma though none has even the slightest mark in that space. Groves Groves. Note difference in space here in 1673 edition and in same edition line 6. Dale Dale. Again, note lack of space as compared with line 6. bleffing. This is the same punctuation mark, or one very much like it, as appeared on p. 30, line 61. Columbia has no note on this point; but treats this mark as a period here.

On Shakespeare. This poem had been printed in 1632 and again in 1640 before Milton printed it in 1645. It was printed once more, in 1663-64, before this text of 1673. See p. 366 for collations. The variants here are from 1645 only.

9 to th' flame] toth' flame No space in all 1645 copies examined, and no note in Columbia.

University Carrier. See pages 369-371 for other printings of these Hobson poems. Collation here is between 1645 and 1673 only. Title and headnote. 1645 has Roman type where 1673 has Italic, and Italic type where 1673 has Roman. And A See note to this in 1645 p. 170. else el 5 'Twas 'Twas No note in Columbia. The initial letter A of line 9 and the initial letter H of line 10 are cut off at the left on a diagonal line that took off only the lower left hand stroke of the A but which left only the top of the right hand ascender of the H in all copies examined except IU 1673 copy 2, Baxter, and Wellesley College, in which three copies the letters are clearly printed. to course] cours
(33)

But lately finding him so long at home,  
And thinking now his journeys end was come,  
And that he had take 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 f'd,  
Hobfou has fupt, and's newly gon to bed.

(34)

Nor were it contradiction to affirm  
Toll 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 out-stretch'd,  
If I may not carry, sure I le ne're be fetch'd,  
But vow though the crofs Doctors all flood heareers,  
For one Carrier put down to make fix heareers.

Eafe was his chief diseafe, and to judge right,  
He di'd for heavines that his Cart went light,  
His leasure told him that his time was com,  
And lack of load, made his life burdenfom,  
That even to his last breath (ther be that fay't)  
As he were pref to death, he cry'd more weight;  
But had his doings lafted as they were,  
He had been an immortal 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 (ftrange to think) his wain was his increafe:  
His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,  
Only remains this superscription.

L'Alegra.

The page numbering] The first 3 is broken in some but not all copies examined.  
Hobson II. Title. Italic type of 1673 is Roman in 1645.
4 on] on, 8 time:1 time; 16 quickn'd,] quickn'd; 17 out-stretch'd,] outstretch'd, 18 I'le] he 22 heavines] heavines 28 been] bin immortal 34 Only] Onely
(35)

L' Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn.
'Mongst horrid shapes, and threik, and lights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where 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 faire and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces store
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as long 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 waft in dew,

C 2

(36)

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buckston, birth, 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 you 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 crue
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And sing'ning stirre 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.

Though

The page numbering] The 5 is broken in some, but not all

copies examined. The texts of the two twin poems L'Allegro-
Il Penseroso are found only in 1645 and 1673. The collations are

of those two editions. 3 forlorn. So all copies examined. [forlorn
5 form] form 6 where] when 7 darknes 11 Goddes]
Goddes 18 Spring.] Spring. Columbia, though insisting, see in-
sistence in note to line 3, that it is following 1673 text, prints a
comma here in text and has no note. Yale copy and Michigan
3552.A3, the former certainly and the latter probably, have been
corrected with pen and ink from period to comma. All other copies
examined show a single dot here. Under magnification, no copy
shows this dot with any trace of a tail, as of a comma. The
mark is almost certainly a battered period. The alignment here
makes it obvious that the compositor emptied his stick upon
completing this line, and he set a period, or intended to set

one here.

33 you] ye 44 the] In all 1673 copies examined, the t has
dropped down. Catchword is erroneously Though for Through
in all 1673 copies examined.
(37)
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twifted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft lift'ning how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly roufe the fmumbring morn,
From the side of fon Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Some time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Roab'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight,
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whistles o'er the Furrrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid fingeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his fithe,
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,

(38)
Ruffet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren bret
The labouring clouds do often reft;
Meadows trim with Daifes pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers, and Battlements it sees
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps fon beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where Corydon and Thryst met,
Are at their favory dinner set
Of Hearbs, and other Country Meffes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dreffes;
And then in haftf her Bowre the leaves,
With Thebfylis to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier feafon lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Some times with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks found

To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
And young and old corn 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 eat,
She was pinch'd, and pull'd the fed,
And by the Friars Lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy Flare hath thr'd the Corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.
And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And Crop-full out of dore he flings,
Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towred Cities please us then,
And the busy humm of men,

Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prife,
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 youthful Poets dream
On Summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's 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 giddly cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting
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 Elyfian flowres, and hear
Such string as would have won the ear
Of Plato, 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 bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possefs,
As thick and numberlesfs
As the gay notes that people the Sun Beams,
Or likeft hovering dreams
The fickle Pensioners of Morpheus train.

But hail thou Goddes, fage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose Saintly vifage is too bright
To hit the Sense of human light;
And therefore to our weaker view,
Ore laid with black flaid Wisdoms hue.
Black, but fuch as in efteem,
Prince Memnon's lighter might befeem,
Or that farr'd Ethiop Queen that ftove
To let her beauties praise above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended,
Yet thou art higher far descend'd,
The bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturns reign,
Such mixture was not held a flaw)
Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmoft grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Com penfive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ftedfaft, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeft grain,
Flowing with maffeftick train,
(43)
And fable stile of Cipres Lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Com, but keep thy wonted state,
With ev'n step, and muting gate,
And looks commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thy fell 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 hears the Muses in a ring,
Ay round about Jove's Altar sing,
And adde to thee retir'd leafure;
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soar's on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence lift along,
'Le'n Philomel will deign a Song,
In her sweetest, faddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,

(44)
While Cynthia checks her Dragon yoke,
Gently o're th'acqustom'd Oke;
Sweet Bird that thun'lft the noife of folly,
Most musical, most Melancholy!
Thee Chauntres oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy Even-Song;
And misling 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 afrray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathles way;
And oft, as if her head the bow'd,
Stoothing through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curtain sound,
Over some wide-water'd hoar,
Swinging flow with fullen 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 refort of mirth.

While
Save the Cricket on the hearth,

49 leafure; | leafure, Some doubt may, with reason, be expressed over the exact intent of the 1673 punctuation. The 1673 edition follows the 1645 text very closely throughout both L'Allegro and II Penseroso. At this point, different copies of the 1673 edition show a most unusual semi-colon or comma, which ever was intended. The mark is certainly a semi-colon; but it is badly battered: was a battered semi-colon employed here because the compositor thought he was actually setting a comma?
50 deign] daign 57 In] Id Not in Columbia notes.

62 musical,] muciall, Melancholy!] melancholy!
64 Even-Song;] seven-Song; 75 some] Iom 81 mirth.] mirth.
(45)
Or the Belmans drowse charm,
To blest the dores from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely Town,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unfear.
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 content
With Planet, or with Element.
Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
Prefenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskind flage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Muses from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string.

(46)
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 Algarife,
And who had Canace to wife.
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glas,
And of the wondrous Hors of Bras,
On which the Tartar King did ride;
And if 'ought els, great Bards beside,
In slege 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-fuited Morn appeare,
Not trickt and frounc't as the was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comely Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or uther'd with a shower fill,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rusling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.

83 drowse} drosse 86 some} som 88 unfear] unfshear. This is a difficult cru so far as the punctuation is concerned. No punctuation seems to be necessary, or at most a comma would suffice; but all copies examined show a mark, which, even under magnification, reveals no traces of the tail of a comma. This happens several times in the 1673 printing, i.e., the appearance of a period like this one and perhaps the same piece of type where no punctuation is needed. See p. 91, 1673 Comus, line 165 duft. Here, where exactly the same conditions obtain. On p. 105, Comus, 1. 445 Woods, and p. 105, ibid., 1. 490 elle, the period is called for, and the one used rises above the line of the type as in the case noted here. 106 string] string. Columbia note is wrong, 1645 carrying a small, battered comma, clear only under magnification.

125 Cherchef't] The C is from a larger font of type in all copies examined. comely] comly
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 some 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 from strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
Of lively portrature 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 Cloyfters pale.
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars maffy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casling a dimm religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laft my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The Hairy Gown and Moffy 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 something like Prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

SONNETS.
SONNETS

SONNET I.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl't 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;

Whether the Mufe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

I. Sonnet

(50)

E i don', che son d'amor fasset ed arco.
La onde l'alta sua virtù s'infiora.
Quando tu vagi parli, o lieta canzi
Che mover possa duro alpeste legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si trusa indegnio;
Gratia fida di su gli vaglia, inami
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecechi.

III. Sonnet

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L’avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l’herbetta strana e bella
Che mai si fende a disinfata spera
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Cosi amor meco infu la lingua suella
Detla il sìoro di strana favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,

Canzone.

Sonnet I. Printed in 1645, and again in 1673. i1 year to year
Sonnet II. Printed in 1645, and again in 1673. 3 Bene] Ben
Sonnet III. Printed in 1645, and again in 1673. 5 natia] natia Columbia omits in notes. 6 amor] Amor. infu] infu
Columbia text reads 'suella' and carries no note.
Canzone.

40

POEMS, &c. UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS—1673

Canzone. 

Printed in 1645, and again in 1673. 14 e il 1 e il

Sonnet IV. Printed in 1645, and again in 1673. 12 puo

Sonnet V. Printed in 1645, and again in 1673. 1 occhi, 2 fiam. Columbia text prints fiam and has no note. 5 fenti 12 e trovar 1 trovare

Sonnet VI. Printed in 1645, and again in 1673. 2 indubbio

in dubbio
(53)

Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepida, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scossa il tuono,
S'arma dle, d'intero diamante,
Tanto del forse, e d'invidia fiero,
Di simili, e speranze al popol sìe
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di ceter sonora, e delle muse :
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor mife l'iafanabili ago.

VII.

How soon hath time the subtle thief of youth,
Soln on his wing my three and twentieth yer !
My hafting dayes flie on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or bloufom fhew'th.
Perhaps my fembleance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd fo near,
And inward ripenes doth much lefs appear,
That fom more timely-happy fpirits indu'th.
Yet be it lefs or more, or foon or flow,
It fhall be flill in stricteft meafeure ev'n,
To that fame lot, how'er mean or high,

Toward

(54)

Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n ;
All is, if I have grace to ufe it fo,
As ever in my great task Masters eye.

VIII.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may fcafe,
If deed of honour did thee ever pleafe,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
He can require thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on fuch gentle acts as thefe,
And he can fpred thy Name o're Lands and Seas,
What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.
Lift not thy fpier againft the Mufes Bowre,
The great Emathian Conqueror bid fpare
The house of Findarus, when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground; And the repeated air
Of sad Eletra's Poet had the power
To fave th' Athenian Walls from ruine bare.

IX.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wifely haft fhun'd the broad way and the green,
And with thofe few art eminently fen,
That labour up the Hill of heav'ly Truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth,

Chosen
(55)

Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
And at thy growing vertues feel 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 reap'st not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wife and pure.

X.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Counsel, and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unslain'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 Chersones, fatal to liberty
Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, then to have known the dayes
Wherin 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 posses them; Honour'd Margaret.

(56)

A Book was was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon;
And wou'n clore, both matter, form and file;
The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,
Numbring good intellecTs; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the still-reader, blefs us! what a word on
A title page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is harder Sirs then Gordon,
Colikitto, or Macdonnel, or Galaf?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
That would have made Quintilian flare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not Learning wou's then Toad or Afs; (Greek.
When thou taught it Cambridge, and King Edward

XI. On the same.

I did but prompt the age to quit their doggs
By the known rules of antient libertie,
When staria barbarous noife environs me
Of Owles and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Doggs.
As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs
Raid at Latona's twin-born progenie
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs;

Sonnet IX. 9 fixt] fixt,
Sonnet X. Contained in the MS. and printed in 1645, and again in 1673. Collations here are of the printed texts only. This is the last sonnet to be printed in 1645. 3 fee.] fee, 7 Charonea,] Charonéa, 8 Kill'd] Kill'd 10 you,] you Columbia omits from notes.

Sonnet XI. There are two copies of this and the following sonnet in the MS. They were first printed in 1673, the only printed text. 1 Note was was in all copies examined. 8 Supply it after is (from errata) 9 For Colikitto read Colkitto (from errata)
SONNETS—1673

(57)
That bawle for freedom in their fenceles mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry libertie;
For who loves that, must first be wife and good;
But from that mark how far they roave we see
For all this waft of wealth, and loss of blood.

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.

xiii.

Harry whose tunefull and well measur'd Song
First taught our English Mufick how to frame
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas Ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exemptes thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To alter age thou shalt be writ the man;
That with smooth aire couldst humour bell our tongue
Thou honou'rt Verfe, and Verse must send her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of Phoebus Quire
That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn, or Story.

Dante shall give Fame leave to fete thee higher
Then his Cofella, whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

(58)

When Faith and Love which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth sever.

Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,

Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so sweet,
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

On the late Massacher in Piemont.

xv.

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our Fathers worship'd Stocks and Stones,

Forget not: in thy book record their groanes
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold Slain.

Sonnet XIII. There are three different drafts of this sonnet in the Trinity College Manuscript, see pages 445, 449, the first draft being dated 'Feb. 9, 1645' i.e., 1646, N.S. The sonnet was first printed in Chance Psalms Put into Mufick, For Three Voices, London, for Humphrey Moseley, 1648. The sonnet occurs on leaf 368, and was printed again by Milton in 1673. See headnote to the reproduction of 1648 printing on page 368. The collation is of the 1673 text with that of 1648. To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires: To my Friend Mr. Henry Lawes. HARRY; 1648 has large roman. H. tuneful] tunefull Song: SONG. 2 Mufick] Mufic 4 Ears, eares, long; long, 6 Envie] Envie wan; wan: 7 man, man 8 aire] Are humor] humour tongu] So in all 1673 copies examined for tongue. 9 fend] lend to Quire] Quire, 11 lines] Lines Hymn, hymnne Story. 10 Ifory. In left hand margin of 1648 occur the four lines 'The ifory of Ariadne/ fet by him in/ Mufic.'

Dante] Danle 13 fing

Sonnet XIV. First printed in 1673, this sonnet is found in three different drafts in the Trinity College MS., the first two drafts in Milton's handwriting. For nearly three hundred years, the subject was unknown; but Smart pointed out the 'a' in the crossed out title in the MS. which changed the name of the woman to whose memory the sonnet was written, and for 'Thomson' we now read 'Thomson,' and with her identity known, the poem has taken on new significance. Cf. J. S. Smart, The Sonnets of Milton. Glasgow, 1921.

Sonnet XV. Columbia number XVIII. First printed in 1673, this text is the only one preserved. The catchword exists in two different states. In most copies examined, it is erroneously Slain though the first word on the next page is Slayn and in a very few copies, notably IU Gannon and 16737 copy 6, the catchword is Saylin.
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoub'd to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and askes fo
O're all th' Italian fields where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

XV I.
When I consider how my light is spent,
E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useles, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account,lest he returning chide,
Doth God exaet day labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask: But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
Bear his milde yoaok, they sere him best, his State
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And poft o're Land and Ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.

XVII.

Lawrence of vertuous Father vertuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where (hall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waft a fallen day, what may be won
From the hard Seafon gaining: time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth; and cloth in fresh attire
The Lillie and Rose, that neither bow'd nor spun.
What neat repaff shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attick taft, with Wine, whence we may rise
To hear the Lute well tountch, or artfull voice
Warble immortal Notes and Tuskan Ayre?
He who of thole delights can judge, And spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XVIII.
Cyrilack, whose Grandire on the Royal Bench
Of Brittfih Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our Lawes,
Which others at their Barr fo often wrench;
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting drawes;
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intend, and what the French.

Sonnet XV. Columbia No. XVIII. 10 to] Errata, change this to low.
Sonnet XVI. Columbia No. XIX. This, 1673, is the only surviving text.
Sonnet XVII. Columbia No. XX. This, 1673, is the only surviving text.
Sonnet XVIII. Columbia No. XXI. This, 1673, except for lines 5-14 only in the Trinity College M.S., is the only surviving text.
SONNET XIX  FIFTH ODE OF HORACE—1673  45

(61)
To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav’n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

X IX.
Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Joves great Son to her glad Husband gave,
Refu’d from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom wak’t from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail’d, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetnefs, goodness, in her perf’d shin’d
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me (he enclin’d
I wak’d the fled, and day brought back my night.

(62)
The Fifth Ode of Horace. Lib. I.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa,
Rendred almost word for word without Rhyme according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.

W
What funder Youth bedew’d with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,

Pyrrha for whom bindft thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas

Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire:

Who now enjoyes thee credulous, all Gold,
Who always vacant always amiable

Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindfull. Haplesi they

To whom thou untry’d seem’dst fair. Me in my vow’d
Picture the sacred wall declares t’ have hung

My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.

Sonnet XIX. Columbia No. XXIII. A fair copy of this sonnet appears in the Trinity College M.S. The first and only printing by Milton was in 1673. The following collation is with the M.S. There is little significance in the minute differences.

This translation, one of the finest ever made from any language into English by any translator at any time, has only one basic text, that of 1673. The poem seems because of its maturity to have been written after 1645, or after the publication of the first edition of the Minor Poems. Perhaps the decade between 1645 and 1655 would be the nearest approach that can be made to its date. In the catchword, the A is badly smeared in all copies examined.
(63)

AD PYRRHAM. Ode V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhae illecebris tanquam e naufragio enata verat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse miseror.

Qvae multa gravilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidos urget odoribus,
Gravo, Pyrrha, sub antra?
Cui flavum reliquis comam
Simplex munditiis? ben quoties fides
Mutatoque deus flebit, & aspera
Nigris aquae venit
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te frustrer credulus aurea:
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
Sperat, necius aurea:
Fallacis miseris quisbus
Intentata nites, me tabula facer
Votiva pares indicat unida
Suspindisse pessimi
Veitimenta maris Deo.

(64)

Anno ætatis 19. At a Vacation Exercise in the Colledge, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.

Hail native Language, that by finews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'ft imperfect words with childish tripp's,
Half unpronounce', slide through my infant-lipps,
Driving dumb silence from the portal dore,
Where he had mutely fate two years before:
Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do ther
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the workt:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintest dishe's shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aide
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chieftest treasure;
Not those new fangled toys, and triming flight
'Which tak'st our late fantaflicks with delight,

5 munditiis?] Most texts of Horace read 'munditiis?quoties]
Some old and a few modern texts read 'quotiens'. 11 The spacer mark after aurea is present in all copies examined.
13 Intentata. Modern texts read 'intemptata' thus the Loeb Bennet text, 1927, 1934.

According to the 1673 errata list, Milton wanted this poem to be placed on page 21, at the end of the Elegie, i.e., after the Death of a Fair Infant, and before The Passion. The only text extant is that of 1673. 3 tripp's.] This spacing occurs in all copies examined.
(65)
But cull those richest Robes, and gay'rt attire
Which deeper Spirits, and choicest Wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that move about
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And wearie of their place do only stay
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou cloath my fancy in fit found:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's dore
Look in, and see each blissful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire.
Then passing through the Sphere of watchful fire,
And mistie Regions of wide air next under,
And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In Heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves;

Then (66)
ing of secret things that came to pass
When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And left of Kings and Queens and Hero's old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn Songs at King Alcinoe's feast,
While sad Ulysses soul and all the rest
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and sweet captivitie.
But fie my wandering Muse how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy Predicament:
Then quick about thy purpose'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my Room;

Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldest stood for Substance with his Canons, which Ens thus speaking, explains.

Gooluck befriended thee Son, for at thy birth
The Faery Ladies dance't upon the hearth;
Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie
Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;

And
And sweetly singing round about thy Bed
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible,
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sybil old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage,
And in times long and dark Prospective Glafs
Fore-saw what future dayes should bring to pass,
Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
That all subjedt be to many an Accident,
O're all his Brethren he shall Reign as King,
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him afunder
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing,
To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap;
Yet shall he live in splede, and at his dore
Devouring war shall never cease to roare:

Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity and Quality, spake in Prose,
then Relation was call'd by his Name.

Rivers arise; whether thou be the Son,
Of utmost Tweed, or Ose, or gulphie Dan,
Or Trent, who like some earth-born Giant spreads
His thirty Armes along the indented Meads,
Or fullen Mole that runneth underneath,
Or Severn swift, guilty of Maidens death,
Or Rockie Avon, or of Sedgie Lee,
Or Coaly Tine, or antient hollowed Dee,
Or Humber loud that keeps'the Scythians Name,
Or Medway smooth, or Royal Towed Thame

The rest was Prose.

On
On the new forces of Conscience under the Long Parliament.

Because you have thrown of your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff Vows renounce'd his Liturgie
To save the widdow'd whore Pluralitie
From them whose fin ye envi'd, not abhor'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the Civil Sword
To force our Consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a clarific Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer A. S. and Rotherford ?
Mca whose Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul
Muff now be nam'd and printed Hereticks
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d' ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing wers then those of Trent,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholom and preventive Shears
Clip your Phylacteries, though bank your Ears,
And succour our just Fears
When they shall read this clearly in your charge
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ Large.

E 3 ARCADES.

Arcades. The date of composition and performance of the Arcades is conjecturally placed between 1631 and 1634. Milton printed it in 1645 and again in 1673. In the Trinity College MS., the first three much mutilated pages contain a version, some of which has been destroyed, of the piece. The collations are between 1673 and 1645 only, and the MS. reproductions begin on page 385. ARCADES.] Arcades. Title. The preliminary statement in 1645 has roman type where 1673 and italic type where 1673 has roman, and is otherwise the same except for the following. 1 Entertainment | entertainment 2 some | som 3 Persons | persons 4 Pastoral Habit | pastoral habit, SONG.] SONG. 2 Majesty | majesty

(69)

ARCADES—1673

(70)

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Darby at Haresfield, by some 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
Is that which we from hence do see
Too divine to be mislook'd:
This this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Hear 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 distraction from her praise,
Let's then half we find explet,
Em'ry bid conceal the rest.
Mark what radiant face she spreds,
In circle round her shining throne.

Shooting
Shooting her beams like silver threads,
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 come 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 sluice,
Stole under Seas to meet his Arachne;
And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion

To the great Mistres of your 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 near 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 power
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bow'r,
To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove.
With Ringlets quaint; and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I sate from nightly ill,
Of noifom 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 crost dire-looking Planet fmites,
Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Ev'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 tafted horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout

22 hundred] hunderd  The stage directions in 1645 are in roman type, otherwise the same.  33 silver-buskin'd] silver-buskind
20
40 near] neer  46 grove. So in all copies examined.] grove
47 quaint] quaint,  54 Ev'ning] Ev'ning  55 groun'd] ground,
With puiiant words, and murmurs made to blest,
But el's in deep of night when drowsines
Hath lock't 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 fly,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep untasted Nature to her law,
And the low world in measure'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;
And yet such musick worthier! were to blaze
The peerless 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 were the skill of nearer gods can show,
I will essay, 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 enamel'd 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,
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 Lyceus or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erymanth your losl deplore,
A better foyl shall give ye thanks:
From the stony Menasus,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us.

Here

62 lock't] lockt 73 gross] groffe ear:] In most, but not all copies of 1673, the e is battered and a piece of metal or dirt has clung above the letter leaving a small ink mark like a diaeresis. But in other copies, the letter is clean.
84 enamel'd] enameld 89 Elm-Star-proof.] Elm Star-proof.
91 fits] fits, 97 banks[,] banks.
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's Mirths were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Cheltenham to Irland Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruine of our corrupted Clergie then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fear,
I come to pluck your Berries hard and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compells me to disturb your seacion 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 weter to the parching wind,
Without the mead of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sizers of the satred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
And as he pasces turn,
And bid fair peace be to my fable throwed.
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 winds her fultry horn,
Batt'n'ing our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'nig, bright,
Toward Heav'n's decent had frop'd his wefttering wheel.
Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to th' Oaten Flute,
Rough Satyrs dance'd, and Fians with clov'n heel,
From

104 greater] greater 166 Mirths] Mirths 169 feen,] feen. Lycidas. This poem is in the M.S. and was first printed at Cambridge in 1638. See page 340ff. Milton printed it in 1645, and again in 1673. The collations are of the 1673, 1645, and 1638 printed texts. Title. LYCIDAS. Lycidas. Lycidas. The five line headnote, lacking in 1638, has the italic and roman type reversed in Milton's editions, except for the date, '1637' which is roman in both. Otherwise, 2 unfortunately page[see Pallage] Pallage 4 foretell] foretell 5 Clergie] Clergie The entire 1638 text is set in italic type, which will be ignored in collation. 1 Laurels,] laurels, more 2 Myrtles,] myrtles 3 Ivy] Ivy never fear, 4 Berries] Berries 5 rude,] rude 6 year,] year 7 Compells] Compells 8 prime,] prime 9 Young Lycidas,] (Young Lycidas) peer,] peer.
(77)
From the glad sound would not be absent long, 35
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
The Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'regrown, 40
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazle Cophes green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft lays,
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
Or Taint-worm to the weaning Herds that graze,
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When firft the White Thorn blows;
Such, Lyceidas, thy los to Shepherds ear.
Where were ye Nymphs when the remorfeles deep 50
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd Lyceidas?
For neither were ye playing on the Reep,
Where your old Bard, the famous Draids, ly,
Nor on the thaggery top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye bin there--for what could that have don?
What could the Muse her self that Orpens bore,
The

(78)
The Muse herself for her enchanting son
Whom Univerfal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gorey vifage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.
Alas! What boots it with unceaffe care
To end the homely flighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankles Muse,
Were it not better don as others ufe,
To fport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?
Fame is the fpur that the clear spirit doth raife
That left infirmity of Noble mind
To fcorn delights, and live laborious days; 70
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burn out into fudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th'abhorred fhears,
And flits the thin fpun life. But not the praije,
Phæbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal foil,
Nor in the glowing foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and fpreads aloft by thole pure eyes,
And perfect witnes of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces laffily on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy need.

O Fountain Arethusa, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-flowing Minus, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the sea
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 oft each beaked Promontory:
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippocrates their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek Panpe with all her sisters play'd.

It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in the 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 fedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that fanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.

Ah!

Ah; Who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean lake,

Two maify Keyes he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts remain)
He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have fpar'd for thee, young swain,
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 sheers feast,
And thove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the leaff
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 scranell Pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
Daily devours space, and nothing fed,

But
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That thrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither call
Their Bells, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers ufe,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green terf fuck the honied flowres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forfaken dies,
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Geffamine,
The white Pink, and the Panicke freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet.

The Musk-rofe, and the well attrî’d Woodbine,
With Cowflips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that fad embroidery wears:
Bid Amarantus all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To flre the Laureat Herfe where Lyciad lies.
For fo to interpole a little cafe,
Let our frail thoughts dally with falf fume.

Ay me! Whilft thee the shores, and founding Seas
Wafh far away, where ere thy bones are hurl’d,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Vifit’st the bottom of the monftrous world;
Or whether thou to our moif vows deny’d,
Sleep’st by the fable of Belterus old,
Where the great vifion of the guarded Mount
Looks toward Namancor and Bayona’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 flour,
So sinks the day-flare 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 freams along,
With Neïlar pure his oozv Lock’s he laves,
And hears the unexpreflive nuptial Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
(83)
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;
Henceforth 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 stops 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 left he rofe, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
To-morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

The collations that follow here are of 1673, 1645, and 1637. See also page 262f. 1645 carries separate title-page, and letters of Lawes and Wotton, 1637 Lawes letter only. See page 264. 1 starry | starrie Joves | Joves | 2 immortal | immortal | shape | shapes | It is possible that 1673 intended to read shapes and that final s was knocked off the end of the line; some existing copy may read shapes but no copy examined reads other than shape though all but one or two carry a badly battered e. 3 aereal | aereal | aereal | milde | mild | calm | calm | Air | Ayr | aire, 5 smoak | smoake | tirre | tirre | pot | pot | 8 keep | keep | frail | fraile | Feaverifh | Feaverifh | 9 Unmindfull | Unmindfull | crown | crown | to mortal | mortal | change | change | 12 fom | fome

(84)

A

MASK PRESENTED

At LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634 &c.

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.

The attendants Spirits descend or enter.

Before the starr ry threshold of Joves Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shape
Of bright aereal Spirits live inseparable
In Regions midle of calm and serene Air,
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Consinit, and peifter'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaveriff 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 from there be that by due steps aspire

To
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 foil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Nepos besieges the sway
Of every sable Flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by less 'twixt high, and neither Jove,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles.
That like to rich, and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns,
And wield 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 track that fronts the falling Sun.
A noble Peer of mickle truth, 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-entrufted Scepter, but their way
5
Lies

Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear Wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering Paffinger.
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from Soveran Jove
I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now.
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song
From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bower.
Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape,
Crush't the sweet poysion of mis-ufed Wine.
After the Tuscan Mariners transform'd
Coafting the Tyrrhone (thence, as the winds lifted,
On Circes Island fell (who knows not Circe)
The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup
Whoever tafted, loft his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine.
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his cluturing locks,
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 Commam'd,
Who rape, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roasting the Celtick, and Iberian fields,
60
At

[Golden Key] [golden key] [Palace] [palace Eternity:]
Eternity: [fuch] fuch] fuch 16 foil] [foile Ambrosial]
Ambrosial weeds] [weeds] 17 rank] [ranck Sin-worn]
Sin-worne [stream] Stream] Stream [Tooke] [Tooke]
by] [my Jove] [Jove] 23 bodom] [bodome Deep] [Deep,]
Deep, 24 tributary] [tributarie] 25 several] [several]]
government] [government] government 26 wear] [wear]
wear 28 main] [maine 31 Peer] [Peere 33 haughty] [haughtie]
Arms] [Armes] 34 fair] [taire lore] [lore 35 coming] [coming
36 Scepter, []] [Columbia note is wrong.

[Golden Key] [golden key] [Palace] [palace Eternity:]
Eternity: [fuch] fuch] fuch 16 foil] [foile Ambrosial]
Ambrosial weeds] [weeds] 17 rank] [ranck Sin-worn]
Sin-worne [stream] Stream] Stream [Tooke] [Tooke]
by] [my Jove] [Jove] 23 bodom] [bodome Deep] [Deep,]
Deep, 24 tributary] [tributarie] 25 several] [several]]
government] [government] government 26 wear] [wear]
wear 28 main] [maine 31 Peer] [Peere 33 haughty] [haughtie]
Arms] [Armes] 34 fair] [taire lore] [lore 35 coming] [coming
36 Scepter, []] [Columbia note is wrong.

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60
(87)

At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbow'r'd,
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
Offering to every weary Traveller,
His orient Liquor in a Crystal Glass,
To quench the drought of Phæbus, which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'rance,
Th'express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into som brutish form of Wooff, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were,
And they, so perfect is their miferie,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely then before
And all their friends, and native home forget
To roule with pleasure in a fenful stic.
Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,
I shoot from Heavn to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: But first I must put off
These my skie robes spun out of Iris Wooff,
And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,
F 4

(88)

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 left faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch,
Likelyest, and nearest 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 forts. of wilde Beasts,
but otherwise like Men and Women, their Ap-
parel glittering, they come in making a riotous
and unruly noife, 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 Axe doth alay
In the steep Atlantick stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other pole
Of his Chamber in the Eaft.
Mean while welcom Joy, and Feast,
Midnight
(89)
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tippie dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with rosy Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine;
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strick Age, and sower Severity,
With their grave Saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starrie Quire,
Who in their nightly watchfull 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 sweetes to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Com let us our rights begin,
'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin
Which these dun shades will ne're report,
Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport
Dark vail'd Cypessa, t'whom the secret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns: mysterioue Dame
That ne'er art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darknes fpet her thickset gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,
Wherin thou rid'ft with Hecato, and befriend
Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing Eastern cout,
The nice Morn on th' Indian sleep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun difcry,
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 chaft footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,
Our number may affright: Some Virgin sure

(For

103 revelry,] ] revelrie, 104 Jollity,] ] Jollitie, 105 Twine,] ]
Twine, 107 gon]]] gone 109 Severity]]] Severitie
110 grave]]]] grave Saws]] Saws lie.[]] lie. 111 fire]]]
fire, 112 Imitate]]]]] Imitate Starrie ]] Starrie Quire,]] quire,
113 Spheres,]] Spheres, 114 Years,]] Years. 115 finny
finnie drove]] drove, 116 Moon]] Moone 117 Tawny
Tawny Sands]] fands Shelves,]] Shelves, 118 Brook,]]
Brooke, Fountain]] Fountaine 120 Wood-Nymphs]]
Wood-nymphs Dailies trim,]] daifestrinm, In 1645, this line,
at bottom of page 80, is usually out of line, but straight in a
few copies. 121 wakes]] wakes, keep:]] keep. 122 do]]
doe sleep]] deep?]] deep? 124 wake's]] wakens 125 Com]]
Combein,]] begin 126 'Tis ] Tis] 'Tis
127 report,]] report.]] 128 Hail]]] Haile Goddesf]] Goddeffe]]
Nocturnal]] Noctunnall 129 Dark vail'd]] Dark void]
Dark-void 130 burns]] bernes, 131 art]] at woom
woome 132 darknets]] darknefe gloom,]] gloome 133 air,
ayr,]] aire, 134 cloudy]]] coldwied Ebon,]] Ebon chair,]] chair,
135 Wherin]] Wherein Heccat',]] Heccat',]] But see 1673 erate.
136 Us]] Vs Not in Columbia notes. 137 dues]]]
Columbia note is wrong. out,]] out 138 Eastern]] Eaterne cout,]]
Scout 139 Morn]] Morne steep,]] steep 140 loop-hole
loop hole,]] deep,]] deep, 141 tell-tale ] tel-tale]]
143 Com,]] Come, beat]] beat ground,]] ground
145 Break ]] Breake break,]] breake feel,]] feel pace,]] pace
146 Som]] some near,]] near neere ground,]] ground, Very clear
as comma in some 1645 copies, but looks like period in others.]]
147 Brakes]] Brakes, Trees,]] Trees 148 Some]] Som}} Some
(91)

(For so I can distinguish by mine Art)

Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains, I shall e'er long
Be well flock't with as fair a herd as graze'd
About my Mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling Spells into the spungy ayr,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false pretentions, left the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the Damcel to spurious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac'd words of glazing courtezie
Baited with reasons not unpleaufible
Wind me into the eafe-hearted man,
And hug him into fnares. When once her eye
Hath met the vertue of this Magick duft.
I shall appear some harmless Villager
And hearken, if I may, her bufiness here.
But here she comes, I fairly slip aside

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine car be true,
My best guide now, me thought it was the sound
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,

Such

(92)

Such as the jocund Flute, or gameform Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'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 infolence
Of such late Waftailers; yet O where els
Shall I inform my unaquainted 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 Eve'n
Like a sad Votarift in Palmers weed
Rofe from the hindmost wheels of Phabrus 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 wandering steps too far,
And envious darknes, e're they could return,
Had stole them from me, els O theevish Night
Why shouldst thou, but for som felonious end,

150 Woods.]] woods. charms.]] charmes 151 wilie]] wilie 152 fair]] faire herd]] Heard 153 hurl]] hurl e 154 fpangy]] fpangie ayr.]] 155 cheate]] cheate beare 156 quaint]] quoint 157 fair]] faire pretence]] pratenets 161 well]] wel 162 eafe-hearted]] eafe hearted 164 hug]] hug fnares.]] fnares; When]] when 165 duft.]] duft.]] 166 appear]] appeare fome]] fome harmles]] harmelle 167 For this line, 1637 reads 'Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gearre' and 1645 'Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,' and 1673 omits, but errata sheet calls for hear at end of this line. bufiness]] bufinite. And no comma after may according to 1673 errata, although 1637, 1645, and 1673 all have may. In next line, there is no punctuation after aside in 1637, 1645, or 1673. Stage direction. Lady]] Ladie 169 ear]] eare true]] true 172 gameform]] gameforme 173 unletter'd]] unletter'd]] Hinds.]] Hinds 176 thank]] thanke amifs.]] amiffe. 177 rudenesf]] rudeneffe.]] 178 O]] O els]] elle. 179 informe]] informe 180 tangl'd]] tangled Wood?]] wood? 183 Under]] Under 184 Pines,]] Pines 186 Woods.]] woods 187 Eve'n]] Eve'n 188 weed]] weeds 189 wain.]] waine. 190 back.]] back 193 darknes.]] darkoefle return.]] returne. 194 fole]] fole els]] elle O]]O 195 fome]] fome end,]] 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 mislaid and lonely Traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence eve'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fancies
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 stirrle well, but not aound
The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong fiding champion Conscience,—
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish't form of Chastity,
I fee ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things ill
Are but as flavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a gliftring Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unaffail'd.

Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And calls a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthef
He venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.
Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph 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 liketh thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in som flowry Cave,
Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Party, Daughter of the Sphear,
So mainit thou be translated to the skyes,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmony.

196 dark] darke Lantern] lantern] lanterne 197 Lamps]]
lamps 198 oil]] oil 199 milled]] miled, Traveller?
Travailer?] Travailer. 200 guesss]] guefe 201 eve'n]] even
202 perfet]] perfect lift'nng]] liftening ear]] eare, care,
203 darknes]] darnefle do]] doe find]] find, 204 A]] a
205 memory]] memorie 207 airy]] ayyrie 212 welcom]]
welcome Hope]] Hope 1645 reads 'pure-ey'd Faith,' as do
1637 and 1673; Columbia note is wrong. 213 hovering]]
flittering 214 form]] forme Chastity]] Chastitie 215 ye]]
yee believe]] believee] 217 vengeance]] vengeance
219 keep]] keenpe life]] life,
(95)

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould
Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodes in that brent,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidd’n residence;
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night
At every fall smoothing the Raven doune
Of darknes till it simul’d: I have oft heard
My Mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowry-kirt’d Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and balefull drugs,
Who as they sung, would take the prifon’d foul,
And lap it in Elysium, Selina wept;
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur’d soft applausse:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull’d the sene,
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. Ille speak to her
And she shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed

(96)

Dwell’t here with Pan, or Silvan, by bleft Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the prosperour growth of this tall Wood.

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

Co. What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darknes, and this leavie Labyrinth.
Co. Could that divide you from neer-uttering guides?
La. They left me weary on a graffice terf.
Co. By fallhood, or discourtsefie, or why?
La. To seek I th yall 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-standing night prevented them.
La. How caiue my miffortune is to hit!
Co. Imports their los, beside the present need?
La. No les then if I shold 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 labours Oxe

243 mortal[|] mortall 245 something[|] somthing 246 air[|]
air 247 hidd’n[|] hidden 249 silence[|] Silence,
empty-vaulted[|] emptie-vaulted 250 doune[|] downe
251 darknes[|] darkneffe it[|] the 252 Mother[|] mother
three[|] three 253 Amid’it[|] Amid[|] flowry-kirt’d[|]
flower-kirt’d 254 potent[|] Potent[|] drugs[|] drugs
255 foul[|] foule 259 sene[,] sene 260 madness[,] madneffe salf[,] salf,
262 blifs[|] blisse 263 speake[|] speake
264 Queen[,] Queen. Hail[,] Haile forren[,] forreine
265 certain[,] certaine 266 Unlefs[,] Unleffe[,] Unleffe Goddes[|]
Godefefe rural[,] rurall[,]
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 flood;
I took it for a faery vision
Of som gay creatures of the element
That in the colours of the Rainbow live.
And play i'th plighted clouds. I saw-strook,
And as I paff, I worshipt; if those you seek
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. La. Gentle villager
What readieft way would bring me to that place?
Co. I know the 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 strain attendance be yet lodg'd,

Or shrou'd within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low roofed lark
From her thatch't pallat rowfe, if otherwife
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 tru'th thy honest offer'd courtezie,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With fmoaky rafter, then in taptry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it firft was nam'd,
And yet is moft pretended: In a place
Let warranted then this, or let 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 wonst to love the travellers benizone,
Stoop thy pale viage 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, som gentle taper

Though
Though a ruff Candle from the wicker hole
Of hom clay habitation visit us
With thy long leuell'd rule of streaming light,
And thou haft be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynofoor. 2. Bro. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happenes, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their walled cotes,
Or found of pastoral reed with oaten flops,
Or whiffle from the Lodge, or Village Cock
Count the night watches to his featherly Dames,
'Twould be hom solace yet hom little cheering
In this close dungeon of innumerable bows.
But O that haples virgin our loft fitter
Where may the wander now, whether betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
Perhaps hom cold bank is her boulifter now
Or 'gainft the rugged bark of hom broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears,
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or while we speak within the direful grasp
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace Brother, be not over-exquite
To call the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they reft unknown,
What

What need a man forsetall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would moft avoid?
Or if they be but f falsely alarms of Fear,
How bitter is such self-delufion?
I do not think my fifter fo to seek,
Or fo unprincipl'd in vertues book,
And the sweet peace that goodnes boofoms ever,
As that the fingle want of light and noise
( Not being in danger, as I truft she is not )
Could ftrir the contant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mif-becoming plight.
Vertue could fee to do what vertue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea funk. And Wildoms felf
Oft feds to fweet retir'd Solitude,
Where with her beat nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
That in the various busfe of refort
Were all to ruff'd, and somtimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own cleer bref't
May fit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark foul, and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himfelf is his own dungeon.

2. Br.
Inferr, as if I thought my sisters flate
Secure without all doubt, or controversy:
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather then fear,
And gladly banish quire suspicion.
My sister is not so defenseless left
As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

2. Bro. What hidden strength,
Unles 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 like a quiver’d Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forefts, and unharbour’d Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and fandy perilous wildes,
Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,
No Savage fierce, Bandite, or Mountaneer
Will dare to foyle her Virgin purity,
Yea there, where every defolation dwells
By grots, and caverns that’d with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench’t 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 unlayd ghost,
That breaks his magick chains at curfew time,
No Goblin, or swart Faery of the mine,
Hath hurstfull power o're true Virginity.

Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece
To teftifie the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntrefs Dias her dreed bow
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaffe,
Wherewith the tam'd the brinded liones
And spotted mountain pard, but fet at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid, gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen eth
That wife Minerva wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
But rigid looks of Chaft auterity,
And noble grace that dafh't brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank aw.

So dear to heav'n is Saintly chaffe,
That when a foul is found sincerely so,

A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of fin and guilt;
And in cleer dream, and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no grose ear can hear,
Till oft converst 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 soules essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when luft
By unchaft looks, loofe gestures, and foul talk,
But most by head and lavish act of fin,

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 Charnel vaults, and Sepulchers
Lingerings, and fitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the Body that it lov'd,
And link't it self by carnal fenuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2. Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy!

Not harth, and crabb'd as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,

And
(105)
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no rude surfeit raigns. Eld. Bro. Lift, lift, I hear
Som far of hallow break the silent Air.

2. Bro. Me thought so too; 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,
Bell draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. Ilke 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 neer, you fall on iron stakes else.

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


Eld. Bro. Thyris? Whose artful strains have oft delaid
The hudling brook to keep his madrigal,
And sweetly'd every muskrose of the dale,
How came'th thou here good Swain? hath any Ram
flipt from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,

478 perpetual[|perpetual|sweets,]sweet[|sweets 479 Eld. Bro.|]
Eld. bro. Lift, lift[,] Lift, lift heart[,] hear[|hear]e[|ears] 480 Som[|Some
far[|farre of|off[|break[|break Air[,] aie. 481 2. Bro.|]
Columbia notes omit. 482 com[,] fome nighnt-founder'd[|night
founder'd 483 els[,] elf Wood-man[,] wood man.
woft[,] worft[,] worft[,] worft[,] worft[,] worft 484 Som[,] Some Robber[,] robber 485 2. Bro.|]
2. Bro. keep[,] keep[|keeps agen[,] agen agen[,] agen[,] neer[,] neere
486 Eld. Bro.|] Eld. bro. 487 not[,] not
Stage direction. Shepherd[,] shepherd. 489 you[|you. (speake,)|speake,
490 Com[|Come neer[,] neere, 491 young[,] young
492 2. Bro.|] 2. Bro. brother[,] brother Shepherd[,] Shepherd
493 Eld. Bro.|] Eld. bro. Whole[,] whole artful[,] artful
delaid[,] delay[,] 494 hudling[,] huddling[,] hear[,] hear
madrigal[,] madrigale, 495 sweet'n'd[|sweeten'd
496 Swain[,] Swaine[,] Ram[|ram[,] ram[|ram
497 flipt[,] flipt[,] Slip't[|Slip't
young[,] youn[,] Kid[|kid

(106)
Or straggling Weather the pen't flock forlook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequefter'd woolk?

Spir. O my lov'd Masters heir, and his next joy,

I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a fray'd Ewe, or to pursue the steelth
Of pilsering Woolf, 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 the?
How chance she is not in your company?

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

Spir. Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.


Spir. I tell you, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ighophone)
What the sage Poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal vers
Of dire Chimera's and enchanted Iles,
And riisted Rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navil of this hideous Wood,
Immurd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwels
Of Bacbus, and of Circe born, great Comus,

498 Weather[,] weather[,] forkook[,] forkook[,] 499 dark[|dark]
darke 500 Masters[,] masters[,] heir[,] heir[,] joy[,] joy
501 trivial[,] trivial[,] 502 tray'd[,] stray'd 503 Woolf[,] Woolf,
wole[,] fleecy[,] fleecie[,] 504 Downs[,] downs 506 0.
Virginia[,] virgin[,] Lady[,] Ladie[,] she, 507 company[|company[|
company[|
508 Eld. Bro.|] Eld. bro. Shepherd[,] shepherd,
blame[,] blame 509 we[,] we[,] wee[,] wee 510 Ay[|Ay

text and note are wrong. Prethee[,] prethee[|prethee 512 ye[,] ye.
you[,] vain[,] vain[,] vain[,] fabulous[,] fabulous[,] fabulous[,] fabulous
Poets[,] Poets[|Poets[]
Mufe[,] Mufe 515 immortal[,] immortal vers[,] vers
516 Chimera's[,] Chimera's[,] Iles[,] Iles[,] 517 Rocks[,] rocks
Heill[,] hell[,] 518 unbelief[,] unbelief[,] 519 navil[,] navill
Wood[,] wood 520 cypres[,] cypresl[,] dwells[,] dwells
521 borne[,] borne,
Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
And here to every thrifty 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 learnt
Tending my flocks hard by 't hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monftrous rout are heard to howl
Like flab'ld wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhor'd rites to Heaste
In their obscure haunts of inmost bowres,
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells
To inveigle and invite th' unwarie fense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'n their supper on the favoury 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-fuckles, and began
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy

To meditate upon 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 diffonance
At which I ceas't, and liften'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respit to the drowse frighted fheads
That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep;
At last a soft and solemn breathing found
Rose like a stream of rich diffilt'd perfumes,
And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took e're he was ware; and with't the might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displac't. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death, but O erc long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my moft honour'd Lady, your dearifter.
Amaz'd I flood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor haples Nightingale thought I,
How sweet thou fiing't, how near the deadly sphre!
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

524 fly] the baneful | baneful cup.] | cup 527 likenes | likenelie | 530 crofts.] | crofts 531 bottom] | bottome
Columbia note is wrong on 1645 reading.] | 556 guileful]
guilefull] | 537 To inveigle | 'T inveigle unwary | unwarie
538 pafs| paffe | 540 ta'n | ta'ne favoury | favourite Herb | herbe | 541 fold.] | fold 542 down] | downe 543 Ivy | ivie
544 Hony-fuckles.] | hony-fuckles,

546 upon] Not present in 1645 or 1637.] | minstrelie.]
minstrelie 547 fancy | fancie 548 roar.] | roare Woods.] |
woods, 549 fill'd] | fild Air.] | aire diffonance | diffonance,
diffonance 550 while.] | while 551 unufual | unufual
555 close curtain'd | close-curtain'd | sleep | sleep. | sleep.
554 forth | soft, solemn | solemn | solemn 555 stream | stream | streame
perfumes, | Perfumes, | Perfumes 556 Air.] | aire, 557 took |
tooke | with't | 558 Still | Still. | Still In British Museum
C.34.c.46. only. ear, ear, | 560 fould | foule 561 Under 
Vnder O.] | o 563 Lady.] | Lady dear | dear | 564 grief |
griefe | fear | fear, 565 O | o 569 poor.] | poor haples Columbia
note misspells the word.] | haplesse Nightingale | nightingale
5,| | 566 near | neer | neere 567 down | downe Lawns |
lawns 568 oft'n | oft' day | day 569 ear | care
(109)

Where that damnd'd wizzard hid in fly disguife
(For so by certain signes I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The ailefles innocent Lady his whil't prey,
Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
Supposing him som neighbour villager;
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I gues't
Yee were the two thef mean't, with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But further know I not. 2. Bro. O night and shades,
How are ye joy'n'd with Hell in triple knot
Against th'unarmed weaknes of one Virgin
Alone, and helples! is this the confidence
You gave me Brother? Eld. Bro. Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely, not a period
Shall be unfaid for me: against the threats
Of malice or of forcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Vertue may be affai'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthral'd,
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
In the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on it self shall back recoyl,
And mix no more with goodnes, when at laft
Gather'd

(110)

Gather'd like Scam, and feli'd to it self
It shall be in eternal reflecte's change
Self-fed, and felf-confum'd, if this fail,
The pillars'd firmament is rott'nslef,
And earths base built on stubble. But corn let's on.
Again't th'opposing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this just sword be lifted up,
But for that damnd'Magician, let him be girt
With all the greifly legions that troop
Under the footy flag of Acheron,
Harpyes and Hydra's, or all the monftrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Inde, Ile find him out,
And force him to reftore 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 Emprife,
But here thy sword can do thee little read,
Far other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellifh charms,
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy finews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee Shepherd
How durft thou then thy self approach so neer

---

570 damn'd'd | dam'd fly | flie 571 signes | signes
572 Already, | Already, prevent | prevent, | prevent
573 aislei's | aislefe Lady | Ladie 574 lieen | jeene two,
575 fon | fone 576 onon | foon 577 Ye | Yee
578 flight, | flight 579 further | furder | farther 2. Bro.,
2 Bro. shades, | shades 580 ye | yee Hell | hell | triple | triple
581 weaknes | weaknelfe Virgin | virgin
582 helples! | helples! | is | is 583 Brother? | brother?
Eld. Bro.] Eld. bro. 584 Lean | Leane 585 me; | me;
586 forcery, | forcerie, 587 firm, | firme, 590 milchief|
mischief harm, | harme, 591 happy | happie trial | triall
592 evil | evil | felf | felf back | backe recoyl, | recoyle
593 mix | mix goodnes, | goodnelfe,
594 felf | felf 595 be | bee eternal | eternall reflecte's
reflecte | reflecte 596 Self-fed, | Self-fed, self-confum'd, | felf confum'd, fail,
597 rott'nslef | rott'nslef | rott'nslef
598 com | come 599 arm | arm Heav'n | heav'n
601 Magician, | magician, | 602 troop | troop 603 Under|
Vnder Not in Columbia notes. footy | footie 604 Harpyes
Harpyes | Hydra's, | Hydra's, forms | bugs 605 Africa
Africa | out, | out 606 back, | backe 607 curls, | curls,
to a foul death, | and cleave his falpe 608 Curs'd as his life.
Downe to the hips. 610 do | doe 611 Far | Farre
613 joynts | joynts 614 finews | finews. Shepherd
Shepheard 615 thou then | thouthen self | felf neer | neere
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poems, &amp;c. Upon Several Occasions—1673</th>
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</table>

| (III) |
| 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 gras Would fit, and hearken even to extasie, |
| And in requital ope his leathern 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 call'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 foil; |
| Unknown, and like celtan'd, and the dull wain |
| Treads on it daily with his clouted hoon, |
| And yet more med'cinal is it then that Moly |
| That Hermes once to wife Ulysses gave; |
| He call'd it Hemony, and gave it me, |
| And bad me keep it as of for'ran use |

| (II) |

> '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-twigs 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 dauntles's hardihood, |
| And brandish't blade ruth on him, break his glafs, |
| And shed the lufhicus liquor on the ground, |
| But leafe his wand, though he and his curtf crew |
| Fierce signe of battail make, and menace high, |
| Or like the Sons of Vulcan vomit snoise, |
| Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink. |

> *Eld. Bro.* *Thyrsis* lead on apace, Ile follow thee,

And som good angel bear a shield before us.

---

616 Relation?] relation?] | 617 Lady] Ladie surprisal,] |
| surprisall | 167 Lad] Ladie | 620 plant] plant, herb | 621 leaf] leafe |
| 623 grasf] graft | 625 requital | reqitall | leathern | 627 strange] strange |
| 633 Unknown,] Unkownne, | 634 daily] dayly | 635 med'cinal] |
| med'cinall | 636 Ulysses] Vlysses gave; | gave, | 637 me,] |
| me 638 keepe] keepe foVRan | foVRan | loveraine |

639 all enchantments,] allinchantments,] all enchantments, |
| made,] made | 643 true;] true, | 644 foul] foule |
| 645 lime-twigs] limetwigs | 646 off:] off, | 647 we]] wee go)] goe |
| 648 hall;] hall, | 649 dauntlefs] dauntlefs | hardihood,] hardihood |
| 650 break] break | glafs,] glaffe, |
| 651 ground,] ground | 653 Fierce | Fierce | battail | battail |
| 654 Sons] sons | fmoak,) | fmoake, | 655 foone] foone |
| shrink,] shrinke | 656 apace,] apace | 657 som] som |
| angel| angell bear| beare shield| shield] |
The Scene changes to a stately Palace; set out with all manner of delicious-ness; soft Mufick, Tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rable, and the Lady set in an enchanted 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 nerves are all chain’d up in Alabaster,
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
With all thy charms, although this corporal rinde
Thou haft immanac’d, while Heav’n sees good.

Co. Why are you vex’d Lady? why do you frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
Sorrow flies far: 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-seaon.

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,

H In

(113)

In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helens
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 limms which nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the cov’nants of her truf’t,
And hardly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv’d on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subfift,
Refreshment after toil, eafe after pain,
That have been tir’d all day without repaft,
And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin
This will reftore all foon.

(114)

'Twill not falte traitor,
'Twill not reftore the truth and honesty
That thou haft banish’d from thy tongue with lics,
Was this the cottage, and the lafe abode
Thou told’st me of? What grim affect’s are thefe,
Thefe ougly-headed Monfters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew’d enchantments, foul deceiver,
Haft thou betray’d my credulous innocence
With vifor’d falhood, and base forgyry,
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With licentious baits fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draft for June when the 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.

Ca. O foolishnes 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,
Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and fate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
That in their green shops weave smooth hair'd silk
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch's th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gem's
To store her children with; if all the world
Should in a pot of temperance feed on Puls,
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 strangl'd with her waste fertility;
(plumes, Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The Sea o'refraught would fwell, & th'unfought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forhead of the Deep,
And so befudd with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last
To gaze upon the Sun with shameles brows.
Litt Lady be not coy, and be not cofen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity,
Beauty is natures coy, must not be hoorded,
But must be currant, and the good thereof
Conflicts in mutual and partak'n blifs,
Unfavours in th'injoyrnent of it self
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beauty is natures brag, and must be shown
In courses, at feasts, and high solemnities

Where
(II7)
Where most may wonder at the workman'ship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; course complexions
And cheeks of forry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teize the huswifes wooll.
What need a vermeil-tincter lip for that
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the the Morn?
There was another meaning in those gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unknot my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes
Obtruding false 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 eater's
Means her provision only to the good
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy didate of spare Temperance:
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and befooming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury

H 3

Now

(II8)
Now heaps upon som few with yuft excess,
Natures full blessings would be well dispense
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And the 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 Hav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with befofted base ingratitude
Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said anow? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity;
Fain would I fomthing say, yet to what end?
Thou haft nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the fage
And ferior doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou 'should not know
More happiness then this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick
That hath fo well been taught her dazzling fense,
Thou art not fit to hear thy felf convict'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontroled worth
Of this pure caufe would kindle my rap't spirits

747 keep] kepe 749 forry] forre grain] graine
752 the the| the|| Morn?] Morne 753 gifts,] gifts?
754 Think]] Thynke young]] yong 756 air]] aire,
757 think]] thinke charm]] charm2e 758 garb,] garbe.
759 arguments,] arguments 761 do] doe nature,] nature
763 abundance] abundance,] catere| cateres| caterefe
764 only| oney| only 765 laws,]| laws 766 Temperance;]
768 moderate]] moderate.
769 lewdly-pamper'd]] lewdy-pamper'd Luxury]] Luxurie
770 fom]] some excess,]] excess, 772 even]] even
776 Hav'n]] hav'n 778 goi] goe 779 anow?] anough?
780 Arm]] Arme contemptuous]]
781 Chastity;| Chasitie,| Chastity,| 782 Fain]]
783 Ear,] Eare,] Soul]]
784 mystery]] mysterie 786 Virginity,)| Virginitie, 788 happiness]] happiness] happy|fesse,| present]] present,
790 been] been 791 hear]] hear
792 try,]] trie,
(119)

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 magical structures rear’d so high,
Were shatter’d into heaps o’er 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’er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
To som of Saturnus crew. I must difsemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,
This is meer moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet ’tis but the les
And feelings of a melancholy blood;
But this will cure all fright, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

H 4

(120)

The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wretst his
Glas out of his hand, and break it against the
ground; his rout make sign of breakage but
are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes
in.

Spir. What, have you let the false Enchanter escape?
O ye mitlook, ye should have snatcht his wand
And bound him fast; without his rod revers’t,
And backward matters of differveing power,
We cannot free the Lady that fits here
In flony letters fixt, and motionles;
Yet stay, be not disturb’d, now I bethink me,
Som other means I have which may be us’d,
Which once of Melibens 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 Brutus
The guiltles damfel flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdam Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That fly’d her flight with his crose-flowing courfe.

Stage directions. 1 Brothers | brothers Swords | swords
drawn, | drawn, 2 Grazs | grasse break | break 3 sign
figure | 4 The | the Not in Columbia notes. 813 Enchanter
enchanter | 814 ye | yee mitlook, yee | yee
816 power, | power 817 We | Wee Lady | Ladie
818 tony | tony motionles; | motionles; 819 bethinke |
bethinke | 820 Som | Some. Not in Columbia notes. means |
means 822 Shepherd | shepheard pip’t | pip’t
823 Nymph | nymph far | far | farre hence, | hence
825 Virgin | virgin 826 Whilom | Whilome the | thee
827 Scepter | keeper Father | father | 828 The | Shes
guiltles | guiltles damfel | damfel | 829 Guendolen |
Guendolen | 830 fair | faire 831 crose-flowing | | crose-flowing
(121) The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid, Hold up their pearled wreaths 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 lavers firew'd with Aphodil, And through the porch and inlet of each fené Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till the reviv'd, And underwent a quick immortal change Made Goddes of the River; till the retain: Her maid'n gentles, and oft at Eeve Visits the herds along the twilight meadows, Helping all urchin bluffs, and ill luck signes That the thredw medling Elfe delights to make, Which she with pretious viold liquors heals. For which the Shepherds at their festivals Carol her goodness lowd in rustick layes, And throw sweet garland wreaths into her fiream Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy Daffadils. And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock The clasping charm, and thaw the nummimg spcl, In the be right invok't in warbled Song, For maid'nhood the loves, and will be sweit To aid a Virgin such as was her self. In hard befettering need, this will I try And add the power of som adjuiring verse.

(122) In name of great Oceans, By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace, And Tethys grave majestick pace, By hoary Nereus wrincked look, And the Carpathian wizards hook, By scaly Triones winding shell, And old foot-faying Glaucus spell, By Leucothea's lovely hands, And her son that rules the strands, By Thetis tinkel-flipper'd feet, And the Songs of Sirens sweet,

S O N G.

Sabrina fair
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glafsie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lilliés knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Listen for dear bonours sake,
Goddes of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

Liten and appear to us
In name of great Oceans,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys grave majestick pace,
By hoary Nereus wrincked look,
And the Carpathian wizards hook,
By scaly Triones winding shell,
And old foot-faying Glaucus spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis tinkel-flipper'd feet,
And the Songs of Sirens sweet,
(123)

By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the Nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rife, rife, and heave thy rose head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.

Liften and save.

Sabrina rifes, attended by water-Nymphs, &c. &c.

By the rusby-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Oyer dank,

My sliding Chariot shayer,
Thick jet with Agat, and the azurn green

Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
That in the channel shayer,
Whist from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printlefs feet
O're the Cowflips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,

Gentle sawain at thy requesl
I am here.

(124)

Spir. Goddes dear
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here diftreft,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unbleft inchanter vile.

Sib. Shepherd 'tis my office best
To help inflared chastity;
Brighteft Lady look on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure,

I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubbed lip,
Next this marble venom'd feat
Smear'd with guumms of glutinous heat
I touch with chafte palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphirrit's bowe.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rifes out of her feat.

Syr. Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchises line

May
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumbled down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singled air
Never scorched thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,
May thy billows roll aloof
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 myrrhe, and cinnamon.
Com Ladie while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Left the Sorcerer us entice
Without another device.
Not a waste, or needless found
Till we com to holier ground,
I shall be your faithfull guide
Through this gloomy covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's 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 President's 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'hsne 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 missing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

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,
'Heavn' hath timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth.
And sent them here through hard affays
With a crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorius dance
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never flirts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amiddt the Gardens fair
Of Helverus, and his daughters three
That fing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,

The Graces, and the rose-boofom'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 fnels.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odoorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Then her perfl'd scar can hew,
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 fits th'Affyrian Queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her fam'd Son advanc't,
Holds his dear Pysche sweet intranct
After her wandringlabours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side

(129)
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove 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 selkin flow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love vertue, the alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher then the Sphaerie chime;
Or if Vertue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.

(130)

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsell of the wicked, and in their way
Of sinners hath not flowed, and in the seat
Of corners hath not fate. But in the great
Jehovahs Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their tryal then,
Nor sinners in th'assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruine must.

Psalm 1, 1673

P S A L. I. Done into Verse, 1653.

P S A L.

Psalms I-VIII and LXXX-LXXXVIII. The only text for the Psalm paraphrases that follow is that of 1673. So, all copies. Columbia text reads judgment, and no note.
(131)  

PSAL. 11  Done Aug. 8. 1653. Terzetti.

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations muse a vain thing, the Kings of th' earth up-With power, and Princes in their Congregations (hand Lay deep their plots together through each Land,  
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear  
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
Their twisted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell  
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe  
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell  
And fierce ire trouble them; but I faith he anointed have my King (though ye rebell)  
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree  
I will declare; the Lord to me hath say'd  
Thou art my Son I have begotten thee  
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;  
As thy possession I on thee beflow  
Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd  
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low  
With Iron Scepter bruist'd, and them disperse  
Like to a potters vessel shiver'd to.

(132)  

And now be wife at length ye Kings averse  
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear Jehovah serve, and let your joy conversfe  
With trembling; kifs the Son least he appear  
In anger and ye perish in the way  
If once his wrath take fire like fuel fere.  
Happy all those who have in him their stay.


When he fled from Abfalom.

Lord how many are my foes  
How many thofe  
That in arms against me rise  
Many are they  
That of my life disfrustfully thus say,  
No help for him in God there lies.  
But thou Lord art my shield my glory,  
Thee through my story  
Th' exalter of my head I count  
Aloud I cry'd  
Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd  
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
For my sustaine
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not though incamping round about
They pitch against me their Pavillions.
Rise Lord, save me my God for thou
Haft smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhor'd
Haft broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

Answer me when I call
God of my righteousness
In straights and in distress
Thou didst me dinstrall
And set at large; now spare,
Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in scorn
How long be thus forbore

Still to love vanity,
To love, to seek, to prize
Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose
Chose to himself a part
The good and meek of heart
( For whom to chuse he knows )
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say
Who yet will shew us good?
Talking like this worlds brood;
But Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light
Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put
Then when a year of glut

Their
82 POEMS, &c. UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS—1673

(135)

Their stores doth over-cloy And from their plenteous grounds With vast increase their corn and wine abounds In peace at once will I Both lay me down and sleep For thou alone dost keep Me safe where ere I lie As in a rocky cell Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.


Jehovah to my words give ear My meditation weigh The voice of my complaining hear My King and God for unto thee I pray. Jehovah thou my early voice Shalt in the morning hear Ith' morning I to thee with choyce Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou appear. For thou art not a God that takes In wickedness delight Evil with thee no biding makes Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight, 

(136)

All workers of iniquity Thou hast; and them unblest Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie The bloody and guileful man God doth detest. But I will in thy mercies dear Thy numerous mercies go Into thy house; I in thy fear Will towards thy holy temple worship low Lord lead me in thy righteousness Lead me because of those That do observe If I transgress Set thy ways right before, where my step goes. For in his faltering mouth unsteady No word is firm or sooth Their inside, troubles miserable; An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth. God, find them guilty, let them fall By their own counsels quell'd; Puh; them in their rebellions all Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd; Then all who trust in thee shall bring Their joy, while thou from blame Defend it them, they shall ever sing And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.

For
(137)

For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

P S A L. VI. Aug. 13. 1653.

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

(138)

Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prai're
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't
With much confusion; then grow red with shame,
They shall return in haft the way they came
And in a moment shall be quite abash't.


Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

LORD my God to thee I flee
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Least as a Lion (and no wonder)
He haft to tear my Soul asunder
Tearing and no rescue nigh.
Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
I'll to him that meant me peace,

Psalm V. 40 will.] In most copies surviving, the I. of this word and the punctuation mark following it are so badly printed, or smeared, that it is not possible to tell exactly what was intended. Some copies fail to catch the I. at all, and others seem to have the same characters so badly smeared that the . looks like a smeared comma. But in I U 821 M 64 L. 1673, copy 3 and in 1673, copy 2 the printing is clearly will.
Or to him have render’d left
And not fre’d my foe for naught;
Let th’ enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth and soul
In the dust and there out spread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.
Rise Jehovah in thine ire
Rouze thy self amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fur’ affwage;
Judgment here thou didst ingage
And command which I defire.
So th’ assemblies of each Nation
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the worlds foundation.
Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness
And the innocence which is:

Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.
But the just establisht fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies
In him who both just and wise
Saves th’ upright of Heart at last.
God is a just Judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If th’ unjust will not forbear,
His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.
( His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanitie,
Trouble he hath conceav’d of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lie.
He dig’d a pit, and delv’d it deep,
And fell into the pit he made,

(139)

(140)
(141)
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruine steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise
And sing the Name and Deitie
Of Jehovah the most high.

(142)
And think't upon him; or of man begot
That him thou visit'st and of him art found;
Scarce to be less Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O're the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forrest meet.

Fowl of the Heavens, and Fish that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide. And know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth.


O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth?
So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes
To slint th' enemy, and slack th'avengers brow
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose
When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Stars which thou so bright hast set,
In the pure firmament, then faith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And

April.

13 And] The n is broken and smeared in all copies examined.
April. 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the Original.

PSAL. LXXX.

1 Thou Shepherd that dost Israel keep
Give ear in time of need,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's feed,
That sitst'lt between the Cherubs bright
Between their wings out-spread
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
And on our foes thy dread

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasseh's fight
Awake * thy strength, come, and be seen
To save us by thy might.

3 Turn us again, thy grace divine
To us O God vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine
And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy * smother wrath, and angry brow * Gnashers.
Against thy people's praise.

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them * largely drink the tears * Shalish.
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey
To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they * laugh, they * play,
And * flouts at us they throw * Signdag.

7 Return us, and thy grace divine,
O God of Hosts vouchsafe
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it shine,
And drov'st out Nations proud and haughty
To plant this lovely Vine.

9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place
And root it deep and fast
That it began to grow aparce,
And fill'd the land at last.

10 With
10 With her green shade that cover'd all,
The Hills were over-spread
Her Bows as high as Cedars tall
Advance'd their lofty head.
11 Her branches on the western side
Down to the Sea she sent,
And upward to that river wide
Her other branches went.
12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low
And brok'n down her Fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
13 The tusked Boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild Beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her Grapes and tender Shoots.
14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
Behold us, but without a frown,
And visit this thy Vine.
15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted long,
And the young branch, that for thy self
Thou hast made firm and strong.

16 But now it is confum'd with fire,
And cut with Axes down,
They perish at thy dreadful fire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy good hand be laid,
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thy self hast made.
18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame,
Quick'n us thou, then gladly wee
Shall call upon thy Name.
Return us, and thy grace divine
Lord God of Hosts vouchsafe,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSAL. LXXXI.

1 O God our strength sing loud, and clear
Sing loud to God our King,
To Jacobs God, that all may hear
Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare

73 thee] The second e failed to print in many of the copies examined.
Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song
The Timbrel hither bring
The cheerful Psalm bring along
And Harp with pleasant string,
Blow, as is wont, in the new Moon
With Trumpets lofty sound,
Th' appointed time, the day whenon
Our solemn Feast comes round.
This was a Statute giv'n of old
For Israel to observe
A Law of Jacobs God, to hold
From whence they might not swerve.
This he a Testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, not to change,
When as he pass'd through Egypt land
The Tongue I heard, was strange.
From burden, and from servile toyle
I set his shoulder free;
His hands from pots, and service toyle
Deliver'd were by me.
When trouble did thee sore affaile,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee did not fail,
And led thee out of thralld.
I answer'd thee in thunder deep
With clouds encompass'd round;
I tri'd thee at the water steep
Of Meriba renown'd.
Hear O my people, heark'n well,
I testify to thee
Thou ancient flock of Israel,
If thou wilt lift to mee,
Through out the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be
Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
In honour bend thy knee.
I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt land
Ask large enough, and I, besought,
Will grant thy full demand.
And yet my people would not hear,
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel whom I lov'd so dear
Milch'd me for his choice.
Then did I leave them to their will
And to their wandring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still
Their own devises blind.
13 O that my people would be wise
   To serve me all their days,
And O that Israel would advise
   To walk my righteous ways.
14 Then would I soon bring down their foes
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against all those
That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord should then be afraid
   To bow to him and bend,
But they, his people, should remain,
Their time should have no end.
16 And we would feed them from the flock,
   With flowr of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
   With Honey for their Meat.

PSAL. LXXXII.

1 God in the * great * assembly stands
   Of Kings and lordly States, * Bagnadath-el.
† Among the gods † on both his hands † Bekrev.
He judges and debates.
   K 3 2 How

2 How long will ye * pervert the right
With * judgment false and wrong
   Favouring the wicked by your might.
Who thence grow bold and strong
3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless
   * Dispatch the * poor mans cause,
And † raise the man in deep distress
   By † just and equal Lawes.
4 Defend the poor and desolate,
   And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
   Of him † that help demands.
5 They know not nor will understand,
   In darkness they walk on
The Earths foundations all are * mov’d
   And * out of order gon.
6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all
   The Sons of God most high
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
   As other Princes die.
8 Rife God, * judge thou the earth in might,
   This wicked earth * redress,
For thou art he who shalt by right
   The Nations all posses.
(151)

PSAL. LXXXIII.

1 Be not thou silent now at length
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit not thou still O God of strength
We cry and do not cease.

2 For lo thy furious foes now * swell
And * fiorm outrageously,
And they that hate thee proud and fell
Exalt their heads full hie.

3 Against thy people they + contrive
† Their Plots and Counfels deep,
* Them to ensnare they chiefly strive
† Jehemajun.
* Whom thou dost hide and keep.

4 Come let us cut them off say they,
Till they no Nation be
That Israels name for ever may
Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult + with all their might, † Levjachdan.
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite
And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of scornful Ishmael,
K 4 Moab,

(152)

Moab, with them of Hagars blood
That in the Desart dwell,

7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,
And hateful Amalec,
The Phililim, and they of Tyre
Whose bounds the Sea doth check.

8 With them great Ashur also bands
And doth confirm the knot,
All these have lent their armed bands
To aid the Sons of Lot.

9 Do to them as to Midian bold
That wasted all the Coast
To Sifera, and as is told
When didst to Jabins hoof,

10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
As dung upon the plain.

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped
So let their Princess speed
As Zeba, and Zalmunna bled
So let their Princes bleed.

12 For they amidst their pride have said
By right now shall we seize

Gods

9 (margin) †Jagnarimu] All copies examined lack period following.
(153)

Gods houses, and will now invade
† Their stately Palaces.
† Neoth Elohim

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel
   No quiet let them find,
Giddy and restless let them reel
Like stubble from the wind.
14 As when an aged wood takes fire
   Which on a sudden straies,
The greedy flame runs hier and hier
   Thy Name, Heb.
15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
   And with thy tempest chase;
* And till they * yield thee honour due;
16 * They seek
   Lord fill with shame their face.
17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be,
   Troubl'd and Asham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and to die
   And home they fly from round the Coasts
   Toward thee, My King, my God.
18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
   Jchova is alone,
Art the most high, and thou the same
   They pass through Baca's thirstie Vale,
O're all the earth art one.

PSAL.

(154)

PSAL. LXXXIV.

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hofs, how dear
The pleasant Tabernacles are!
Where thou dost dwell so near.
2 My Soul doth long and almost die
   Thy Courts O Lord to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do cri,
   O living God, for thee.
3 There ev'n the Sparrow freed from wrong
   Hath found a house of rest,
The Swallow there, to lay her young
   Hath built her brooding nest,
Ev'n by thy Altars Lord of Hofs
   They find their safe abode;
   And home they fly from round the Coasts
   Toward thee, My King, my God.
4 Happy, who in thy house reside
   Where thee they ever praise,
5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
   And in their hearts thy waies.
6 They pass through Baca's thirstie Vale,
   That dry and barren ground

As
(155)

As through a fruitfull watry Dale
Where Springs and Showrs abound.

7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladfom cheer
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.

8 Lord God of Houfts hear now my praires
O Jacobs God give ear,

9 Thou God our shield look on the face
Of thy anointed dear.

10 For one day in thy Courts to be
Is better, and more blest
Then in the joyes of Vanity,
A thousand daies as blest.

11 in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a dore,
Then dwell in Tents, and rich abode
With Sin for evermore.

12 Lord God of Houfts that raigned on high,
That man is truly blest,

Who only on thee doth relie,
And in thee only rest.

PSAL. LXXV.

1 Thy Land to favour gracieously
Thou hast not Lord been flack,

2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,

3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
And calmly didst return
From thy + fierce wrath which we had prov'd + Heb.
Far worse then fire to burn, The burning heat

4 God of our saving health and peace,
Of thy wrath,

Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to ceafe
Toward us, and obide no more.

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?

6 Wilt

Psalm LXXXV. 7 And] A few copies have spacer mark like a square bracket before the word, thus [And but only a half dozen of the 40 to 50 copies examined, the others lacking the mark.

44 right.] Note star shaped period in all copies. See line 11 of errata page, 1673.
(157)

6 Wilt thou not turn, and hear our voice * Heb. Turn
And us again * revive,
That so thy people may rejoice
By thee preferred alive.

7 Cause us to see thy goodness Lord,
To us thy mercy shew
Thy saving health to us afford
And life in us renew.

8 And now what God the Lord will speak
I will go straight and hear,
For to his people he speaks peace
And to his Saints full dear,
To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, but forsake
To transgress as before.

9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand
And glory shall ere long appear
To dwell within our Land.

10 Mercy and Truth that long were mis'd
Now joyfully are met
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kis'd
And hand in hand are set.

(158)

11 Truth from the earth like to a flow'r
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice from her heavenly bow'r
Look down on mortal men.

12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good
Our Land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits to be our food.

13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His Royal Harbinger,
Then * will he come, and not be slow
His footsteps cannot err.

* Heb. He will set his steps to the way.

PSAL. LXXXVI.

1 Thy gracious ear, O Lord, encline,
O hear me when I thee pray,
For I am poor, and almost pine
with need, and sad decay.

2 Preserve my soul, for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just,
Save thou thy servant O my God
Who still in thee doth trust.

Truth
(159)

3 Pitty me Lord for daily thee
   I call; 4. O make rejoyce
Thy Servants Soul; for Lord to thee
   I lift my soul and voice,
5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
   To pardon, thou to all
   Art full of mercy, thou alone
   To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my supplication Lord
give ear, and to the crie
Of my inceffant prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.
7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee for aid;
For thou wilt grant me free access
   And answer, what I pray'd.
8 Like thee among the gods is none
   O Lord, nor any works
   Of all that other gods have done
   Like to thy glorious works.
9 The Nations all whom thou hast made
   Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee Lord,
   And glorifie thy name.

(160)

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
   By thy strong hand are done,
   Thou in thy everlasting Seat
   Remainest God alone.
11 Teach me O Lord thy way most right,
   I in thy truth will bide,
   To fear thy name my heart unite
   So shall it never slide
12 Thee will I praise O Lord my God
   Thee honour, and adore
   With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
   Thy name for ever more.
13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
   And thou hast free'd my Soul
   Eev'n from the lowest Hell set free
   From deepest darkness soul.
14 O God the proud against me rise
   And violent men are met
   To seek my life, and in their eyes
   No fear of thee have set.
15 But thou Lord art the God most mild
   Readiest thy grace to shew,
   Slow to be angry, and art still'd
   Most mercifull, most true.

26 Lord,] All copies have italic L. Columbia has no note, and text reads 'Lord,'.
O turn to me thy face at length,
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy handmaids Son.

Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes then see
And be ashamed, because thou Lord
Do'tt help and comfort me.

1673

16

A mong the holy Mountains high
Is his foundation fast,
There S eated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac'd.

S ions fair Gates the Lord loves more
Then all the dwellings faire
Of Jacobs Land, though there be store,
And all within his care.

City of God, most glorious things
Of thee abroad are spoke;
I mention Egypt, where proud Kings
Did our forefathers yoke,

But wise that praise shall in our ear
Be said of Sion last
This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.

The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle
That ne're shall be out-worn
When he the Nations doth enrowle
That this man there was born.

Both they who sing, and they who dance
With sacred Songs are there,
In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance
And all my fountains clear.

Ord God that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long, before thee weep
Before thee prostrate lie.
(163)

2 Into thy presence let my prayer
With sighs devout ascend
And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,
My life at deaths uncheerful dore
Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reck'nd I am with them that pass
Down to the dismall pit
I am a * man, but weak alas
And for that name unfit.

5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead to sleep,
And like the slain in bloody fight
That in the grave lie deep.

Whom thou rememb'rest no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o're
Deaths hideous house hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest pit profound
Hast set me all forlorn,
Where thickest darknes hovers round,
In horrid deeps to mourn.

7 Thy wrath from which no shelter saves
Full force doth press on me;
* Thou break'lt upon me all thy waves,
* And all thy waves break me.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'lt me odious,
Me to them odious, for they change,
And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceased arise
And praise thee from their loathsome bed
With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave hath bold,
Or they who in perdition dwell
Thy faithfulness unfold?

12 In darknes can thy mighty hand
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy justice in the gloomy land
Of dark oblivion?

(164)

7 Thy
(165)

13 But I to thee O Lord do cry
    E're yet my life be spent,
And up to thee my prayer doth rise
    Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou Lord my soul forfake,
    And hide thy face from me,
15 That am already bruised, and shake
    With terror sent from thee;
Bruz'd, and afflicted and so low
    As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
    Astonish'd with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow
    Thy threatenings cut me through.
17 All day they round about me go,
    Like waves they me pursue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd
    And fever'd from me far.
They fly me now whom I have lov'd,
    And as in darkness are.

F I N I S.

There is no signature on this page though it should normally be signed L3.
THE LATIN AND GREEK POEMS—1673

Milton's Latin Poems present a much simpler textual problem on the whole than do the English. In 1645 he printed all but one of the serious poems written in Latin, printing them again in 1673 with the addition of the two poems, Apologus de Rustico et Hero and Ad Ioannem Rousium, probably but not certainly the first of these having been written even before the appearance of the first edition of his poems in 1645. There are also the scattered light and scurrilous fragments found in the controversial Latin prose pieces of the 1650's, none of which Milton saw fit to include in the 1673 edition of his poems. There is one notable fact about the text of his Latin poetry that needs emphasizing. This is the fact that we possess no manuscripts of any of it that are certainly authentic copies made either by Milton or under his direction. There is one possible, but not probable exception, viz., the manuscript now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford that contains Ad Ioannem Rousium. This, however, is probably but not necessarily in some other hand than Milton's. That is, the handwriting is unlike any writing known to be Milton's own. It is possible, the copy being in a large, set hand, that the writing represents the kind of handwriting Milton employed for formal, fair, and final copy. But we cannot be certain that this document is actually in Milton's handwriting. That is, we have no holograph copies of any of the Latin poems.

Milton preserved and printed three poems in Greek. They occur in the 1645 edition and again in the 1673, but one of them, In Effigiei, is engraved under the portrait at the beginning of the 1645 edition, but printed in the text of 1673. There is little point in collating the engraved and printed texts. The text of Psalm CXIV occupies an entire page in both editions; see page 69 of the 1645 Latin poems. The Greek type of the 1673 edition is smaller than that found in the 1645 edition, but 1673 is a little more clearly printed. The Greek characters used are not quite the same, 1673 using a standard θ medially, and 1645 using a character for θ that looks like ϑ. The rough breathing at the beginning of a line in 1645 usually follows its vowel, and in 1673 indifferently may precede the vowel at the top, be set directly over the vowel, or, as in lines 16 and 21, precede its vowel at its foot. The accent marks are so small and broken in both editions that not all differences which can be pointed out are worth pointing out, as there can be little certainty about some of them, especially several breathings and straight accents. Combinations of breathings and accents are all but impossible to determine. Some of them may be other than they appear even under great magnification. The tilde, with or without breathing or accent, is very difficult to determine.

Philosophus ad regem occurs in both 1645 and 1673 editions. The fourth line was rewritten and is different in 1673. Aside from this line, there are few apparent variants between the two editions; but again, as in the preceding poem, the type and markings used in each edition are of a different size and font, and both sets of type are so small and so worn that satisfactory collations are almost impossible.

In Effigiei. These are the lines that were engraved under the unflattering portrait in the 1645 edition; see page 153. Because of the presence of this piece in the text of 1673, but not in the text of 1645, the pagination of the two editions begins to diverge at this point.
Joannis Miltoni
LONDINENSIS
POEMATA:
Quorum pleraque intra Annum ætatis Vigesimum Conscripsit.
Nunc primum Edita.

LONDINI,
Excudebat W. R. Anno 1673,

Note the retention of the line from 1645, Nunc primum Edita. The printer W.R. has been identified earlier as William Rawlins, see pages 7 and 8. The page should carry the signature letter L4 but as on the preceding page, it is lacking. The Latin poems were certainly printed continuously with the English, as the four leaves following this title-page are conjugate with it and the three leaves preceding it.
(3)

Æc quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tamet si ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra le esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suas potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; Cum alii praefertim ut id faceret magnopere suade- rent. Dum enim nimis laudis invidia totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibiique quod plus a quo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potelt.

(4)

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis Neapolitanus ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

Vt mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic, Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus ipse fores.


Ede Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna; Sebutus Tassum desinant utque loqui; At Thamefis victor cunctis ferat altior undas, Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

Græcia Masonidem, jacet sibi Roma Maronem, Anglia Miltonum iacet utrique parem. Selvaggi.

Al

The collations here are between 1673 and 1645.

| The collations are between 1673 and 1645. |
|---|---|
| quam | quam |
| 4 eo| 7 laurea |
| 8 cupide| 8 Latina |
| præclaro | Hetrufca |
| preclaro | 12 undas |
| capide | undas |

ODE.

Ergimi all’ Etra o Clio
Perche di fielle intrecciò corona
Non piu del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elcina,
Dieni a merto maggior, maggiori i freghi,
A celesti virtu celesti pregi.
Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l’oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelsa onore,
Su l’arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtu m’addatti, e fersiro la morte.
Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Pero che il suo valor l’umano eccede:
Questa seconda fa prostrar Eroi,
Ch’hanno a ragion del frouman tra noi.

Alia virtu sbandita
Dammi ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli e sol gradita,
Perche in lei fan trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtu, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeni l’industre ardente brama;
Ch’udio d’Helena il grido
Con aurae tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle piu belle Idee trasse il priu raro.

Cosi l’Ape Ingegnosa
Trasc con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti

Le
Le peregrine piante
Volgefì a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedèsti i Regni,
E dell’ Italia ancor gli Eròi più degnì.
Fabro quasi divino
Sel virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il semicerò;
L’ ottimo dal miglior dopo sceglica]
Per fabbricar d’ogni virtù l’ Idea.

(7)

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Toscana appreder l’arte,
La cui memoria sorge
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volgefì ricercar per tuo tésto,
E parlasi con lor nell’ opre loro.

Nell’ altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se [lese a trofeo cadde fra’l piano:

(8)

Ch’ Ode oltre all’ Anglia il suo più degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.
I più profondi arcani
Ch’ occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch’ a Ingegni sommarmi
Troppo aura tal’ her gli chiude, e serra;
Chiaramente consci, e giunghi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non basta il Tempo l’ale,
Fermi! immoto, e in un fermin fi gl’ anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s’ opre degne di Poesia e storia
Furono gia, l’hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch’io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch’ inalzandoti all’ Era
Di farti buono c’è fosse ottiene il vantò,
Il Tamigi il dire che gl’ è concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.
(9)

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

Del fig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo
Fiorentino.

(10)

JOANNI MILTONI
LONDINENSIS:

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,
Viro qui multa peregrinationes, studia cunctas orbis terrarum
locos perquisitis, ut novus stilisssima omnia ubique ab omnibus
apprehenderet.

Polyglotta, in cujus ore lingue jam deperdita se reviviscant, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infamando?
Et jure ea percellit ut admirationes & plausus populorum ab propia
sapientia excitatas, inteligit.

Illi, cujus animi datae corporisque, sensus ad admirationem com-
movevit, & per ipsum motum cuique auferens; cujus operae ad plausu
hastatus, sed venustate novem laudatoribus admant.

Cui in memoria totas Orbus: In intellectu Sapientia: In voluntate
avtor glorie: In ore Eloquentia: Harmonicos celestium Sphera
rums sonitus Aestros. Duce audienti: Characteres mirabilium
natura per quos Di magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia leg-
gentis; Antiquitatem lactebras, vetustatis excidia, traditionis am-
bages comitie affidae autorem Lectione.

Exquirenti, restaurant, percurrant.
At cur nitor in ardum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus coegandis omne Fama non sufficiat, nec
hominum super in laudandis fatis est. Reverentiae & amoris ergo
bue ejus mortis, deum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus
Patricius Florentinum:

Tanto homini servus, tanta virtutis amator.

Elegiarum

---

79 Io] Most editors have printed this Io 80 spiegar | spiegar

1 MLTONI] MILTONI 2 LONDINENSIS | LONDINENSIS.
4 cunctas | cuncta terrarum | terra-rum 13 venustate
vastitate | 14 Intellectu | intellectu Sapientia | Sapientia.
15 glorie: | glorie. In | in Harmonicos | Harmoni cos celestium
celestium | 16 audien] | audienti, 23 est | est,
ELEGIIARUM

Liber Primus.

Elegia prima ad Carolum Diedatum.

Tandem, chare, tuze mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Perditæ & voces nuncia charta tuas,
Perditæ occiduæ Deva Cælicitatis ab orâ
Vergivium prōno quâ petit amne salutum.

Multum crede juvat terras aluisse remotas
Peccus amantis notri, tamque fidele caput,
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinquæ sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jusfa velit.
Me tenet urbs refugia quam Thamesis aluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.

Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura reviserê Camum,
Nec dūrum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!

Nec dull libet usque minus perferre magistri
Cûteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.

Si sit hoc exilium patrios aliisfæ penates,
Et vacuam curis otiam grataque
Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemque reculo,
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.

O utinam vates nuncupam graviora syllisfæt
Ille Tomitano nesciis existi agro;
Non tunc Jonio quicquum cellisfæt Homero
Neve foret viæto laus tibi prima Maro.

Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Multis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.

Excipit hinc fœsum suos est pompa theatris,
Et vocet ad plauidis garrula sceena fuors.

Seu catus auditor senior, feus prodigus hæres.
Seu proclus, aut posita calisse miles adeant,

Sive decennalis secundus litre patronus
Detonat inculto barbarâ vēba foro,
Sepe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,

Et nafum rigidi fallit ubique Patris i
Sepe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor nefcit, dum quoque nofcar, amat.

Sive creuentatum furiosa Tragoedia spectatur
Quaffet, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,

Et dolet, & specto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
Intredum & lacrymis dulcis amator inef

(11)

In the row of ornaments at the page, the ornament that is eleventh from the left is a large question mark in all copies examined. In the second line of the book title Primus], primus. The text of the first Latin elegy was first printed in 1645, and was printed again in 1673. No other primary texts exist. The collations are between 1673 and 1645. 2 nuncia] nuntia 12 me laris] melaris 13 molles] There are three different states of the 1645 text, viz., molles, molles molle. See note to this line with 1645 text p. 221.

(12)

24 tibi] The second i is broken in all 1673 copies examined. 30 Seu proclus] Seu procerus 36 Quid] In all 1673 copies examined, the u failed to print clearly, due to the presence of the heavy horizontal kern on the Q. This is the first of several such cases in the Latin poems of the kern of the upper case Q preventing the letter following, always u of course, from printing clearly. But in many other occurrences of these same letters, the u printed clearly. 38 Quaffet] In all 1673 copies examined the u failed to print clearly.
(13) Seu puer infelix indelíbata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto-fúndens amore cadit,
Seu feras è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
Confícia funeríco pêctora torre movens,
Seu máret Peleopa domas, seu nobilis lli,
Aut huit inceptos aula Creontis avos.

45 Sed neque sub tece tempepec nec in urbe laternus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris sunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet viciná consírus uimo
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.

Sápius hic blandas spirantía sydera flammás
Virgíneos vídeas præteríisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupuí miracula formae
Quæ posíte feníum vel reparare Jovis;
Ah quoties vidi superæntia lumina geminas;
Atque facies quoquo voluit ueterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluít puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus exímium frontis, tremulósque capillos,
Aurétæ quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.
Pellacefque genas, ad quas hyacinthina fordet
Purpura, & ipse tui florís, Adoni, rubor.

55 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroïdes olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovém.
M 2

(14) Cedite Achaemenæ turritæ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Sufa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danae fasces submittite Nymphe,
Et vos Iliaæ, Romuleæque nurus.

Nec Pompeianas Tarpæa Musæ columnas
Jaçet, & Anfoniis plena theatra ñoliis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britaninis,
Externa fæt tibi fæcmina poëse lequi.

Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum strúcta colonis
Turrigerum làtè conspiccienda caput,
Tu nimium fælix intra tua monœia claudis
Quicquid formæ pendulus orbis habet.

Non tibi tot célo scintillant altra sereno
Endymioneæ turba ministra dez,

60 Quæ tibi conspicuæ formaque auróque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias,
Ceditur huc geminis venisse inuicta columnis
Alma phæretigerò milite cinéta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & rofem poshabintra Cypron.
Aft ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quæm subitò linquere saeula paro;

Et vitare procul malœfide infarnæ Circæ
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.

Stat

43 e 54 posfit] posset Jovis;] Jovis;

69 Tarpæa] The mark over the e is a circumflex with the top cut off. 78 Endymioneæ] The æ ligature is upside down in all 1673 copies examined. 79 Quot] In all 1673 copies examined, the u failed to print clearly. 80 vias,] vias.
(15)
Stat quoque juncofas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucae murmur adire Scholae, Intermediae fidi parvum cape munus amici, Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

(16)
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei Rettulit Atridae jussa severa ducis, Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni Sæva nimis Mufis, Palladi æva nimis, Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutilé terrae, Turba quidem est telis ipsa petenda tuis, Vestibus hunc igiur pulvis Academia luge, Et madeant lacrymis nigra secrera tuis, Fundé & ipsa modos querebunda Elegéia trifles, Perfonet & totis nenia moesta scholcis.

Elegia tertia, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Presulis Wintoniensis.

Elegy II. Title. Præconis] In all 1673 copies examined the first two letters P r are out of line and given too much space. 5 plumis] In all 1673 copies examined, the s is slightly above the line of type. 12 a] 1 tuo,} tuo

15
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei Rettulit Atridae jussa severa ducis, Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni Sæva nimis Mufis, Palladi æva nimis, Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutilé terrae, Turba quidem est telis ipsa petenda tuis, Vestibus hunc igiur pulvis Academia luge, Et madeant lacrymis nigra secrera tuis, Fundé & ipsa modos querebunda Elegéia trifles, Perfonet & totis nenia moesta scholcis.

Elegy III. 1 Moefius] Moefus 3 imago] imago
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi dignissime praeful,
Wintoniaque olim gloria magna tuae;
Delicui flctu, & triifi sic ore querebar,
Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne fatid sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marcefcant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchra Cypridi sacra rosa,
Nec finis ut femper fluvio contermina sequer.
Miretur lapfus prætereuuits aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima caelo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis;
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Sempiteque animam feci fugæse sua?
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub peciore volvo,
Roscibus occiduis Helperos exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submerferat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab eo oilitore menfinus iter.

Nec moræ, membra cavo poefui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque soporique meos.
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiales agro,
Heu nequit ingenium vifæ referre meum.
Illie puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga foie rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore folum.
Non dep tam variis ornavit floribus horitos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rolis.

Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipsè racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbros
Et pelucescentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Praeful Wintonius aiat,
Syderum nitido fulfet in ore jubar;
Vellis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infusa divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque fenex tali incedit, venerandus amici,
Intremuit laeto florea terra fono.

Nec moræ, membra cavo poefui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque soporique meos.
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiales agro,
Heu nequit ingenium vifæ referre meum.
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Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
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Dumque fenex tali incedit, venerandus amici,
Intremuit laeto florea terra fono.

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Condiderant oculos noxque soporique meos.
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiales agro,
Heu nequit ingenium vifæ referre meum.
Illie puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga foie rubent.
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Vestitu nituit multicolore folum.
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Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rolis.

Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipsè racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbros
Et pelucescentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito Praeful Wintonius aiat,
Syderum nitido fulfet in ore jubar;
Vellis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infusa divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque fenex tali incedit, venerandus amici,
Intremuit laeto florea terra fono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt caelestia pennis,
  Pura triumphali personat æthera tuba.
Quique novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
  Hocque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
  Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labora vaca.
Dixit, & aligera tetigerunt nablia turmae,
  At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephealë pellicce somnos,
  Talia contingent somnia sepe mihi.

Elegia quarta. Anno ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum,
apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburghæ
  agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.

Quoce per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,
  1. pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros,
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precór, oblét eunti,
  Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Īpse ego Sicanio frenantem carere ventos
  Æolos, & virides folicítabo Deos;
Ceruleamque suis comitaram Dorida Nymphis,
  Ut tibi dent placidem per sua regna viam.

At

At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales,
  Veæta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.
Aut quæs Tytptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
  Gratus Eleuínæ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
  Ditis ad Hamburghæ moenia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamæ
  Cimbrica quem fertur clava dediffe neci.
Vivit ictu antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
  Praeful Chrísticas palcere dideste oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plurquam pars altera notri,
  Dimidio vitae vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
  Me faciunt alià parte carere mei?
Charior ille mihi quam tu doctissime Graium
  Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamoniæ erat.
Quamque Stagirites generoso magnus alumnus
  Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Iovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreius Hæro
  Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo praecuncto receffus
  Luîtrabam, & bifidi sacra viecta jugi,
Pieriosque hausti latices, Clioque favente,
  Cañfialo sparsi laeta ter ora mero.

Flammeus

Elegy IV. Title. 1 suum, 3 agentes, 2 I.]
In all 1673 copies examined, the I only, not the comma also, has dropped below the line of type.

25 Quamque. The u after the Q has failed to print clearly in all 1673 copies examined.
26 Quem. The u has failed to print clearly in all 1673 copies examined.
27 Philyreius. The accent here is clearly a decapitated circumflex, in all 1673 copies examined.
ELEGIA QUARTA—1673

Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanae terga novo,
Bifque novo terram sparsili Chlori fenilem
Gramine, bisque suas absulit Aufer opes;
Necdum ejus licuit mithi lumina pacere vultu,
Aut lingue dulces auere bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, curque Eurum præverte sonorum,
Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipfa vides.

Induxitque auro lanae terga novo,
Bifque novo terram sparsili Chlori fenilem
Gramine, bisque suas absulit Aufer opes;
Necdum ejus licuit mithi lumina pacere vultu,
Aut lingue dulces auere bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, curque Eurum præverte sonorum,
Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipfa vides.

Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte dentem,
Mulcentem gretnio pignora chara suo,
Forfitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Verfantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.

Cælestive animas faturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque fœlet, multam, fit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decus, si modo adeept, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
Verba vetricundo fis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Mufis
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe finceram, quamvis fit fera, salutem;
Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam cafla recept
Icaris a Liono Penelopeia viro.

Aft ego quid volui manifeétum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit.
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deferuisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam faffo, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, folent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus didicit biantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit urieg leo.
Sæpe variis feri crudelis pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad moeætas delicuere precés.

Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte dentem,
Mulcentem gretnio pignora chara suo,
Forfitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Verfantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.

Cælestive animas faturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque fœlet, multam, fit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decus, si modo adeept, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
Verba vetricundo fis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Mufis
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe finceram, quamvis fit fera, salutem;
Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam cafla recept
Icaris a Liono Penelopeia viro.

Aft
Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas juita volasse domos,
Te tamen interea bella circumfuscant horror,
Vivis & ignoto solus inopisque solo
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates
Sede peregrinâ quaeris egenus opem.
Patria dura pennis, & faxis favor albis
Spumea quae pullat litoris unda tua,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fetus
Siccine in externam ferre cogis humum,
Et finis ut terris quarrant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi proficientes miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui lata ferunt de ceelo nutria, quique
Quae via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quae vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternaque animæ digna perire name!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Prescit inaffueto devia tesquæ pede,
Defertasque Aramum falebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis & horrifono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix
Pilcofoque ipfum Gergelle civis Jefum
Finibus ingratus juiffit abire suis.

At tua flume animos, nec ipse cadat auxia curis
Nec tua concutiat decolor ofia metus
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus arms,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel incrime latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cupis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque cris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi cufios, & pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionæ qui tot sub moenibus arcis
Aflvrios fudit nocte silentœ viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Mifit ab antiquis prifica Damascus agris,
Terruit & denfas pavidus cum rege cohortes,
Acre dum vacuo buccinâ clara fonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum
Currus arenosam dum quartit aèthus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum
Et irepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
Et tu (quod supereti miferi) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectori vince mala.
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios poffe videre lares.

94 Quæ] In all 1673 copies examined, the u is not clearly printed.
103 Jefum Jefum There is a single dot over the 'e' in every 1645 copy examined. See notes to this word in 1645.

109 latus] latus This is the same 'l' for l encountered before. It should not be read as 'l' but as l for in every case, the intent is clear enough; the type font was at fault. 115 Inque] In every 1673 copy examined the l is raised above the line of type. 123 miferi] miferis) The Columbia note explains it very well. 126 The Columbia note is worthless and misleading, based as it is on a copy worn at this point. Other copies make the note valueless.
ELEGIA QUINTA—1673

(25)

Elegia quinta, Anno ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

IN fec perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocar Zephyros vere tepente novos.
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce viriscit humus.
Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris ade\ n
 Munere veris ade\ t, iterumque viges\ cit ab illo
(Quis putet) a\ que aliquod jam fibi pos\ cit opus.
Ca\ talis ante oculos, h\ indumque cacumen obt\ rat,
Et mihi Py\ renens formia nocte ferunt.
Conci\ taeque arc\ ano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, & s\ onitus me f\ acer in\ t\ as agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Pen\ ëide laur\ o
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquid\ i raptatur in ar\ dua c\ eli,
Perc\ que vag\ as nubes corpore liber e\ o,
Perc\ que umbras, perc\ que an\ tra f\ orer penet\ riala vatum,
Et mihi f\ ana petent inter\ ora De\ um.
Intuiturque animus tot\ o quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara \ e\ ca\ mes.

Quid

(26)

Quid tam grande sonat dif\ ten to spiritu\ s ore?
Quid parit h\ ace rabies, quid f\ acer iste f\ uor?
Ver mihi, quod dedi\ t ingenium, cant\ bitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddit\ a dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adopt\ res novell\ is
Institu\ tius mod\ ulos, dum f\ ilet om\ ne nemus?
Urbe ego, tu s\ ylv\ a simul incipiamus utri\ que,
Et si\ mul advent\ um veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, & hoc f\ e\ beat Muf\ a per\ennis opus;
Jam fol\ ëthiop\ as f\ u\ i\ i\ gens Tithonia\ que ar\ va,
Fle\ cit ad Ar\ t\ o\ as are\ a lora plag\ as.
E\ t briefe no\ c\ tis iter, bre\ vis et\ mora no\ c\ tis opac\ e
Hor\ rida cum tene\ bris exul\ a illa f\ uis.
Jamque Ly\ ca\ n\ ius pla\ tu\ tun c\ e\ le\ te Bo\ ë\ tes
Non long\ a fe\ que\ tur f\ e\ llus ut ante\ vi\ a;
Nunc etiam f\ oli\ tus circ\ um Jovi\ a\ t\ ia toto
Ex\ cub\ ias agi\ tant sy\ d\ era rara polo.
Nam dolus, & c\ ed\ es, & vis cum no\ c\ te rece\ f\ lit;
Neve Gig\ an\ seu\ m Dii t\ im\ u\ re\ e\ cel\ us.
Fort\ e al\ i\ quis scopuli recess\ bans in ver\ t\ ce pa\ tor,
Ro\ c\ id\ a cum primo sole rub\ e\ scit humus,
Hac, a\ i, hac cer\ te caru\ ili no\ c\ te pa\ ell\ a
Phoe\ be tu\ a, cel\ er\ s que\ q\ u\ es retin\ cer\ et e\ quos.

Title. q\ u\ n\ t\ a,] The u is broken in all copies of 1673 examined.
16 eo.] The punctuation mark here should be noted carefully,
as it, or a mark much like it, occurs several times in 1673. It
is a smashed period; a smashed comma used as period; or actually
a piece of type with a face like the modern plus sign. When
it is used, almost invariably a period seems to be intended.

26 filet] The I is raised above the line of type in all 1673 copies
examined. nemus.] The mark at the end of the line in all
1673 copies examined is an ink smear only.
30 perennis] quotannis 39 dolus.] dolus. The comma is clear in most
1645 copies under magnification, and the imprint of a comma
shows in all other 1645 copies examined.
(27)
Læta suæ repetit sylvas, phæstremque refümit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Defere, Phebus ait, thalamos Aurora feniles,
Quid juvat aeterno precibus eritis toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore tatetur,
Et raetinos ocyus ingenti urget equos.
Exuit invisum Tellus rediviva fenestam,
Et cupit, & digna est, quid nim formosius illa,
Pandit ut omnes luxuriosæ fines,
Arque Arabum spirit mattes, & ab ore venustò
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis.
Ecce coronatus facro frons ardua luceo,
Cingit ut Ædæm pinea turris Opimè
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus & visæ est posse placere fluis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos
Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
A'pice Phebus tibi facile horantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.
N
(28)
Cinnamá Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,
Blanditasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria querit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma futiliferum medicos tibi gramen in usu
Præbet, & hinc ticulos adjuvat ipfa tuos.
Quid si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus Æpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinfectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quotes cum tu clivofo flus Olympo
In vesperinas recepitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, curfu languentem Phebus diurno
Hesperis recipit Cerula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tarteside lympba?
Día quid immundo peribus ora falo?
Frigora Phebus metá melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentem imbec roce comas.
Mollior egelidá veniet tibi formos in herba,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Quaque jaces circum mulebit lenis futurans
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas,
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeleia fata,
Nec Phaëtonetos fumidos axis equo.

66 Tenario| Tenario

74 ticulos| titulos 83 Quid| The u is not clearly printed in any 1673 copy examined. 92 Phaëtonetos| Phaëtonéo
ELEGIA QUINTA—1673

(29)
Cum tu Phoebet quo sapientius uteris igni,
Huc aedes & gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus laeavigs suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cetera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim rotos currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentisque fovent solis ab igne sages.
Infonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Trifte micant ferro tela coruca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasfe Dianam,
Quaeque sedet facro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senecentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenae per urbes,
Litus iò Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicque decentior apta,
Punicum rodeol velis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad ameni gaudia veris
Virgineas auro cincta puella finus.
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septem modulatur aurumine pastor,
Et suæ quaæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Natvia nocturno placat sua sydera cantu,
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.

(30)
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympos,
Convocat & famulos ad sias fidea Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri cum siva crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanusque suæ Cyprisli fronde revincit,
Semicaperque Deus, femideusque caper.
Quæque sibi aboribus Dryades latuere virtutis
Per iuga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Menalio Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,
Atque aliquam cupidus praedatur Oreada Faunus,
Confolit in trepidas dum sibì Nymphæ pedes,
Jamque later, latitansque cupit male tecla videri,
Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii queque non dubitant caelo praepone sylvas,
Et suæ quiæque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et suæ quiæque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arboreæ dìi precor ite domo.
Te referant miséris te Jupiter aurca terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phoebæ jugales
Quæ potes, & lendim temporum versis cant.
Brumaque producæs tardè ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat & nostro fieri umbra polo.

102 Quæque] The first u is not clearly printed in any 1673 copy examined.
106 Litus] Littus  110 Virgineas] Virgineas
115 Natvia] Navita
Elegia sexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum rurī com-

morantem.

Qua cum idibus Decemb. scriptissent, & sua
carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus
esse bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat
ab amīsis exceptus, haud satis felicem ope-
ram Mũs dare se posse affirmabat, bune
habuit responsum.

Mittit tibi fanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tū dividens forte carere potes.

At tua quid nostrum proleçtat Mũs camoenam,
Nec sīnit opertas posse fequi tenebras?

Carmine sīre velis quām te redamēmque colāmque,
Credo mihi vix hoc carmine sīre queas.

Nam neque nośter amor modulis includitur arēs,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipsē pedes.

Quām bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrīm
Festāque caelestis scutumque colere Deum,
Deliciarque referis, hyberni gaudia rurīs,
Hauflaque per lepida Gallica mũta focos.

Quid quereris refugam vīno dapibusque poeclin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.

Nec 3

Nec

Poems, &c. Upon Several Occasions—1673

(31)

Nec puduit Phoebum virides gestas corymsbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse fues.
Sēpius Amonis clamavit collibus Eucē
Mũta Thyoneō turba novena choro.
Nafo Coralēsis mala carmina disti ab agis:
Non illic epule non fata vīris erat.

Quid nīli vīna, roðsque racemiferumque Lyzum
Cantavit brevisimus Teia Mũsa modis,
Pindaricosque infast numeros Teumesius Evan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quaque merum-

Dum gravis everfo currus crepat axe fupinus,
Et volat Elēo pulvere fucus eques.

Quadrīmoque madens Lyricen Romanus Jaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomasique Chloen.

Jām quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,
Mentis alit vīres, ingeniumque fove.

Maffica fecundam defumant pocula venam,
Funda & cx ipso condita metra cadē.

Addimus his artēs, fusumque per intima Phoebum
Corda, fuent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.

Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine compositō tres peperisse Deos.

Nunc quoque Thrisia tibi cælato barbitos auro
Infumargat molliter idēa manu;

Auditurque

(32)

21 Quīd | The u is not clearly printed in any 1673 copy examined.
22 modis, | modis. | This should be a question mark in both texts. The Columbia note on this is excellent. The 1673 printer took the broken question mark of 1645 for a misplaced comma.
23 Evan, | Evan, | 24 merum, | The Columbia text is wrong.
27 Quadrōmoque | The first u is not clearly printed in any 1673 copy examined. Jaccho | Jaccho

Title. 4 sua | Columbia note stating that 1673 reads 'sua' is wrong. 6 quod | quod 7 amīsis | amīcis 2 Quā | The u is not clearly printed in any 1657 copy examined. 5 quām | quām 5 Quām | The u is not clearly printed in any 1673 copy examined. 13 quereitas | quereitis

Note: The text is a Latin poem in classical style, written in the 17th century. It describes the poet's love for Bacchus and his desire to compose a poem about him. The poem is addressed to Carollus Diodatus. The text contains references to various mythological and literary figures, such as Phoebus, Cupid, and Bacchus.
Auditurque chelys fufpenfa tapetia circum,  
Virgineos tremula qua regat arte pedes.  
Illas tuas talentena tectacula Mufas,  
Et rovcent, quantum crapula pellit iners.  
Crede mihi dum pfallit eur, comitataque plectrum  
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,  
Percipies taciturn per pedrae ferpe Phcebum,  
Quale repentinus permeat ofTa calor,  
Perque tuas rex iam domos, ubi fanguine nigro  
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
Diis etenim facer eft vates, divumque facerdos,  
Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.  
At tu fi quid agas, scitaber (fi modò talent  
Esse putas tanti nocere liquid agam)  
Paciferum canimus, femine rege,  
Fustaque facratis scelea paeta libris,  
Vagiturnque Dc, & stabulan tern paupere teeto  
Qui superma fuo cum patre regna colit.  
Stelliferumque polum, modulantesque aethere tumas,  
Et febitò clios ad fia fana Deos.  

Additur

Additur huic feelerisque vacans, & cafla juventus,  
Et rigidi mores, & fine labe manus.  
Qualis veftes nitens facra, & luftralibus undis  
Surgis ad inferos augur iture Deos.  
Hoc ritu vixiffe ferunt poft raptta fagacement  
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiunque Linon,  
Et lae devoto profugum Calchanta, femeneque  
Orpheon edomitis fola per antra feris;  
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Horneruss  
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
Et per Monstrificam Perfeæ Phoebados aulam,  
Et vada femincis insidiofa fonis,  
Perque tus rex iam domos, ubi fanguine nigro  
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
Dis etenim facer eft vates, divumque facerdos,  
Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.  
At tu fi quid agas, scitaber (fi modò talent  
Esse putas tanti nocere liquid agam)  
Paciferum canimus, femine regem,  
Fustaque facratis scelea paeta libris,  
Vagiturnque Dc, & stabulan tern paupere teeto  
Qui superma fuo cum patre regna colit.  
Stelliferumque polum, modulantesque aethere tumas,  
Et febitò clios ad fia fana Deos.  

Dona
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa
Illus sub auroram lux mihi prima tuli.
Te quoque presu manent patriis meditata cicitis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis inflar eris.

Elegia septima, Anno ætatis undevigésimo.

Non tullit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, & summe radians per culmina vilæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem :
At mihi adhuc refugam querebant lumina noctem
Nec matutinum fustinucre jubar.

Elegy VI. 87 illa] illa,
Elegy VII. 1 noram,] noram,  2 fuit,]  21 æterno] æterno
8 tue:] tue.

The construction calls for fuit.
ELEGIA SEPTIMA—1673

(37)

Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.

Catena quá dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.

Nec te fulce tuae poterunt defendere Mufe,
Nec tibi Phœbæus proviget anguis opern.

Dixit, & aurato quæque munere fagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille finus.

At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puer o non metus ullus erat,
Et modò quà nofiis spatiantur in urbe Quirites
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.

Turba frequens, facieque ioifiima turba deaeor
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.

Au&aqu;luae lucis dies gemino fulgore corufcat,
Impetus & quo me fert juvenilis, agor.

Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia mifi
Neve oculos potui continuiiffe meos.

Unam forte alis supereminuisse notabam,
Principium nofiis lux erat illa mali.

Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipfa videri,
Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.

Hanc

(38)

Hanc memor object nos malus ille Cupido,
Solus & hos nosibis texuit antè dolos.

Nec procul ipse vafar latuit, multæque fagittæ,
Et facis a tergo grande peendit onus.

Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Infinit hinc labis, infiset inde genis:

And quâque agilis partes jacularor oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis peæus inerme færit.

Protinus infoliti fubierunt corda suores,
Ulor amans intus, flammasque toto$ eram.

Interea misero qua ëam mihi fola placebat,

Ablata ëst oculis non reditura meis.

Aft ego progreðior tacitè quærebundus, & excors,
Et dubius volui ëfpe referre pedem.

Findor, & ëæc remanet, fequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque ëtam subitò gaudia flere juvat.

Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia coelum,

Inter ëlemniacos precipitata focos.

Talis & abræptum ëolem repæxit, ad Orcum
Veæus ab attonitis Amphíaræus equis.

Quid faciam infelix, & luceti viæus, amores
Nec licet incéptos ponere, neve fæquii.

O utinam spectare fæmel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, & coram trifia verba loqui!

Forfitan

50 erat, ë erat. 59 mifi ë mifi,

72 færit.] In all 1673 copies examined, the e is from a different font. 88 loqui ë loqui;
(39)
Forsitan & duro non eff adamantum creata,
Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus sit infeliciter asfit,
Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tu facias tuo.
Jam tuas O certe eff mihi formidabiles arcus,
Nate dea, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
Et tua fumabunt nostris altae donis,
Solus & in superis tu mihi summus crisi.
Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores,
Necio cur, miseric est suaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da facilis, posthaec mea sita futura est,
Cupis amatus fugat ut una duo.

(40)

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

Cum simul in regem nuper fatrapaque Britanos
Aussus es in ondum perfide Fauxae nefas,
Fallor? an & mitis volui sit ex parte videri,
Et penfere malam cum pietate scelus;
Scilicet hos alti milius ad atmos cali,
Sulphureo curru flammivitique rotas.
Qualiter ille feres caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Jordanios turbine laput agros.

In eandem.

Scince tentasti calo donasse Jucobum
Quae septem gemino Belua monte tiles?
Nec meliora tuum poterit daret locum numen,
Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem fine tecto confortia ferus adavit
Altra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potius fecidos in eolum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
Namque hac aut alia nisi quemque adjureris arte,
Crede mihi cali vix bene scandet iter.

The lines after 102 of Elegy VII. should be separately numbered.
They were set apart by Milton both times he printed them, and
are not a part of the elegy they accidentally follow. 10 ipse
ipse

In Proditionem Bombardicam. Title. Proditionem | proditionem
7 Qualiter. The u is not clearly printed in any 1673 copy
examined.
In eandem. 1 Jacobum | Jacobum 2 Belua | Bellua
8 Deos, | Deos. Columbia note to this line states that in 1645
the punctuation is a period. In all copies examined, it extends
below the line of type, and under magnification appears to have
been a broken comma.
In eandem.

Purgatorem animae derit Iacobus ignem,
Et fine quo superum non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ
Movit & horrificum corona dena minax.
Et nec inultus ait tennes mea sacra Britannae,
Supplicium spretâ religione dabis.
Et si telligentes unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nifi per flammam triste patebit iter.
O quam funeflo cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra perulfa plagas.

In eandem.

Quem modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnarât Tanaëque finu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere geflit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evchere usque Deos.

In inventorem Bombarde.  

Apetionidem laudavit cecia vetuítas,
Qui tulit ætheream folis ab axe facern;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida crēditur arma,
Et tridum fulmen surripuiffe Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Roma canentem.

Angelus unicuique fuus (sic credite gentes)
Obigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
Nam tua præsentem vox fonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia eceli
Per tua secrætò guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisqve docet mortalia corda
Senfim immortalis affluere posse fono.
Quæ si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque suus,
In te unà loquitur, cætera matus habet.

Ad eandem.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
Cujus ab infano cellit amore suens.
Ah miser ille tuo quantà felicius ævo
Perdites, & propter te Leonora fuerit!

---

In eandem. 1 Iacobus | Jacobus 4 horrificum | horrificum cornua 12 1645 indents this line.

In inventorem. 4 surripuïffe The two r's are from different fonts in all 1673 copies examined.
(43)

Et te Pieriâ feniflet voce canentam
Aurea maternâ filâ movere lyra,
Quamvis Dirceo toriflet lumina Pentheo
Savior, aut totus desipuliflet ineris,
Tu tamen errantes ecâ vertigine fenfus
Voce eadem poteras compositiâ tua ;
Et poterâs ægro fpirans sub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu refitiuiâ fibi.

Ad eandem.

Redula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jaâtas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelîados,
Littoreamque tua defunctam Naïada ripâ
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dediâse rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi,
Illîc Romulidâm studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Dros.

(44)

Apologus de Rustico & Hero.

Uticex Malo sapidílîma poma quotannis
Legit, & urbano leâta dedit Domino :
Hic incredibili fructûs dulcedine Captus
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit arcolas.
Haçtenu s illa ferax, fed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo affuero, protinus arct iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, sâe fœlus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
Atque ait, Heu quantô fatius fuit illa Colonî
(Parva licet) grato dona tuluiâ animo!
Possem Ego avaritiam fœrenare, gularque voracem :
Nunc pericre mihi & fœtus & ipsa parens,

O Apologus Elegiarum Finis.

---

Ad eandem I. Run over. 5 canentam] canentem, 1673 errata call for canentem 8 desipuliflet] Errata call for desipuliflet 1645 edition has no catchword; but prints Elegiarum Finis. after Ad eandem II.

There is only this 1673 text for this poem. 1673 edition prints Elegiarum Finis. after this poem, and the page carries no catchword.
IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII—1673

Sylvarum Liber.

Anno ætatis 16. In obitum Procancellarii medici.

Pare reati discite legibus,
Manufque Paræ jam date supplices;
Qui pendulum telluris orcem
Japeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relieto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocérít flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incafficum dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nelî venenatus cruore
Æmathía jacuiisset Oetá.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invide
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hecatóra, aut
Quem larvá Pelidis peremit.
Ænc Locro, Jove lacrymante.

O 2

This is page 44 in the 1645 edition; but otherwise, the two editions return to complete agreement at this point with page numbering and content. 1 Pare re Pareó 4 Japeti Japeti. The letters of the short word Si are out of line in all 1673 copies examined.
In quintum Novembris, Anno ætatis 17.

Jam pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
Teurigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jàmque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptrà Caledoniis conjuncterat Anglica Scotis:
Pacíficusque novo fùlìum dívenque cædebat
In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis:
Cum férus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Fortæ per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem;
Dinumerans fœleris focios, vernâque fideles,
Participes regni post funera moeªta futuros;
Hic tempfes tates medio ciet ære diras,

Illic unamimes odium fœruit inter amicos,
Armat & invicis in mutua fìcera gentes:
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quo QCunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adhicere imperio, fraudumque magifter
Tentat inacceffum fceleri corrumpere pecus,
Infidiasque locat tacitas, caffecque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, feu Caspia Tigris
Insequitur tepidam deferta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, & somno nifactibus altris.
Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
Cinclus cærulæ fumanti turbine fiamæ.
Jamque fluentifonis albentia ripibus arva
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles
Amphiitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furali poscre bello,
Ante expugnate crudelia fecula Troiae.

At simul hanc opibusque & festa pace beatam
Aspícit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerate mumina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suffìitia rupit
Tartaros ignes & luridum olenfia sulphur.
Qualia Trinacriæ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna

In quintum Novembris. Iacobus | Jàcobus

13 unamimes] unamimes The 1645 reading is correct. Columbia text silently corrects, but furnishes no note.
IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS—1673

(49)
Efflat tabifico monstrofus ab ore Tiphœus.
Ignecunt oculi, fridetque adamanti ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragos, itaque cuipide cuipis.
Atque pererrato folum hoc lacrymable mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hae mihi fula rebellis,
Contemtrixque jegi, noverâe potenter ârte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tantamina possum;
Non faret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta,
Haënum ; & piceis liquido notat âre pennis ;
Sed volat, adversi precurfant agmine venti,
Denfantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Janque pruinosas velox superaverat alpes,
Et tenet Aufoniae fines, â parte finiftrâ
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, prœfiique Sabini,
Dextra venefciis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tbris Thetidi videt ocula dantem ;
Hinc Mavortigenæ confijit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam fera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgeditor totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Punctificosque Deos portat, fcapulique virorum
Evehitur, praeeunt submiffio poplite réges,
Et mendicantium feries longifima fratrum ;
Ceraque in manibus gefiant fimalia cecli,
Cimmeris nati in tenebris, vitamque traheantes.

(50)
Templa dein multis fubeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat facer liæ Petro) freamitufque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exulabat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tranit attonitus vitreis Apopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responfat rupe Citharon.
His igitur tandem solennis mera praedâris,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Precipitœque impellit equos timulanû flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque fercem,
Atque Acherontæo pronuntam patre Scopen
Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrîca capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius haeres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli fine pellice nodos)
At vix compositos fomnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectore silentum,
Precatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
Afûit, assumptis micierrum temporâ canis,
Barba finus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate versit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus,
Vertice de rafo, & ne quicquam dabit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos conférinxit fune falaces.

Templa
den multis fubeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat facer liæ Petro) freamitufque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exulabat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tranit attonitus vitreis Apopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responfat rupe Citharon.
His igitur tandem solennis mera praedâris,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Precipitœque impellit equos timulanû flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque fercem,
Atque Acherontæo pronuntam patre Scopen
Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrîca capillis.
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Afûit, assumptis micierrum temporâ canis,
Barba finus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate versit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus,
Vertice de rafo, & ne quicquam dabit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos conférinxit fune falaces.

Tarda

37 Tiphœus.] 11 Columbia text omits the period, and there is no note. 38 adamanti ordo The 1673 errata call for the 1645 reading. 43 tantamina tentamina possum. 44 Notat natat The 1673 errata call for natat. 57 submiffio fummissio 60 traheantes Traheentes. The 1645 punctuation is uncertain at best.

62 fremitufque fremitusque 75 1645 does not indent this line. 84 falaces Falaces.
(51)
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.  
Talis uti fama est; valet Franciscus cremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra serarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupus domuit, Lyboicoque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora excrementia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiam tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblute tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque tripexus
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbaræ nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quern Gefax adorat,
Cui referata patet convexi janua cæli,
Turgentes animos, & faetus frangit procaces,
Sacrilegeique sciant, tua quid maledicitio pollit,
Et quid Apostolice pollit custodia clavis;
Et memori Heiperia dissecat um uliscere claffem,
Meraque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrofo,
Thermoodontæa nuper regnante puella.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto
Crescentefque nugas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrenum impiebit numerofo mihi pontum,
Signaque

(52)
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colla:
Relliquas veterum tranget, flamnifique cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cuius gaudebant soleis dare baßia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceræs,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quelibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est;
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de sifirpe creatos,
Grandævofoque patres trabæ, canifque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris consipergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus incepto, quæ convenere, sub imis.
Protinus ipse igitur quocunque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi, fætique mone, quibusquâme tuorum
Audebit summi non jusse facessere Pæpe.
Percufofoque metu subito, caufimque flupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel fævus Iberus.
Sæcula fæ illic tandem Mariana reduùnt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divasque fecundas
Accipe, quoque tuis celebrantur numina fatis.
Dixit & adficitos ponens maleficos amictus
Fugit ad infandum, regnum illëtabile, Lethen.

86 Talis; Talis, 92 artus?] artus 93 tuorum!] tuorum,
96 Britannii:] Britannii; 108 pontum,] Pontum,
110 Relliquas] Relliquias The 1673 errata call for Relliquias
112 foelis!] In this case, the cut off circumflex serving as a
diaeresis is over the i. 122 quoefcunque] quoecumque
125 cafimque] cafique
Jam rosea Eos pandens Tithonia portas
Ve$it inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mæ$foque adhuc nigri depolorans funera nati
Irigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum somnos pepulit stellate janitor aulæ
Nocturnus vitis, & somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternæ septus caligine noctis
Va$ta ruinofi quondam fundamina teciti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotesque bilinguis
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.

Hic inter cementa jacent præruptaque saxa,
Offa inhumata virum, & trague$ta cadaveræ ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis temper sedet aequo ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & simulis armata Calumnia fauces.

Et Furor, atque vicæ mortendi mille videntur
Et timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululat, tellus & fange$ne conscia stagnat.

Ipsi etiam pavidis pandent penetrabilibus antri
Et Phono$, & Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum
Antrum horrens, scopoloum, atrum feralibus umbres
Diffugiunt fontes, & retro$ma lucina vertunt,
Hos pugiles Romæ per facula longa fideles
Evocat antifes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

Finibus
Fedibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
Gen$ exofa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite greffu,
Tartaræo que leves diffulentur palvire in auras
Et reg & pariter fatrapææ, feelerata propago
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
Con$liï focios adhibete, operisque miniftros.

Finierat, rigidì cupide paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine célos
Despitæ ætheræ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet comania turbae,
Atque fui cafa$ qu poblui volet ipse tueri.

Effè férunt spatium, quà di$lat ab Aside terrra
Fertilis Europe, & fpeçtæ Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris polita e$t Titanidos arduæ Famae
Ærea, lata, fonans, rutulis vicinior atris
Quæ$m superimposuit vell Athos vel Pelion Offæ
Mille ores aditusque patent, totidemque fenæftrae,
Amplaque per tenues tranfluent atria muros;
Excit am hic varios plabs agglomerata sussorros;
Qualiter infrepitant circum multe$lia bombis
Agmina mulcærum, aut textop ex ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æflicum cæli petit ardua culmen

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS—1673

125

135 nati] In New York Public 1673 only the t is out of line.
143 præruptaque] semifractaque 146 fauces.] fauces,
148 timor, | Timor, 149 Manes] 1673 errata call for Manes,
150 Exululat, | Exululat. Again, the 1673 errata call for
Exululat This change makes it difficult to retain any claims
for the superiority of the 1645 text, except, of course, senti-
mental ones.

159 penitus] penitus mundo:| mundo; 166 célos] célos
178 in$repitant| In all 1673 copies examined, the second i is
broken.
(55)
Ipfa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput cuminet olli,
Quis sonum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec rot Ariloride servator inique juvenae
Hicet, immitti volvebas lumina vulku,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjicitas lato spectantia terras.
Ipsi illa silet loca luce carentia saefe
Perlufrare, etiam radianti impervia foli.
Millenifque loquax auditaque visaque linguos
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo conficiat sermonibus auget.
Sed (amen a nostrum merui tam carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliiu veracious usum,
Nobis digna canis, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tam longo, servati felicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi redditu aqua.
Te Deus aeternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine praemissio alloquitur, terraque tremente:
Fama files an te latet impia Papilarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova seceptigero caedes meditata Jacobo:
Nec plura, illa latim sentit mandata Tonantis,
Et fatis ante fugax fridentes induit alas,
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis
Dextra tubam gelat Temesiæ ex are honoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est curru celestes praevertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos pult terga reliquit:
Et primò Angliacas solito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dicu,
Authoresque addit felicetal, nec garrula cacis
Infidiis loca strueta filet, stupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puelle,
Effetique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Senius ad ætematum subito penetraverat omnem
Attamen interea populi misèreceit ab alto
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit aulis
Papicolum; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores
Compita laeta focis genialibus omnia sumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembri
Nulla Dies toto occurrît celebratior anno.

(56)

203 Jacobo: Jacobo:
214 Proditionis: The Columbia note on this word is wrong, the word in 1645 in most copies being perfectly clear, except in the copy Professor Patterson was using.
IN OBITUM PRAESULIS—1673

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum.
Præsulis Elienis.

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genus;
Et sicca nondum lumina;
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant falis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mea chara juita perfolvi rogo
Wintoniensis præsulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (præ semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,
Populosque Neptuno fatos,
Oeissi morti, & ferres fororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Quem rex factorum illa sui in insulâ
Que nomen Anguillae tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus ira protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem fæpe devoens deam :
Nec vota Nafo in Ibida
Conceps alto diriora pector,
Grâuisque vates parciûs

Turpem Lycambris exccratus est dolum,
Sponfamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum tando graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audiffa tales video artonitus ònos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :
Gecos fuores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas,
Quid temere violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita.
Non est, ut arbitrâs elusus inifer,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebâe patre creta, fuc Erinnye,
Vaflâe nata sub Chao :
Afi illa calo missa flâlato, Dei
Messé ubique colligit
Animâque mole carnà reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat :
Ut cum fugaces excitant Hore dieam
Themidos Jovisque filie ;
Et sempiterni ductit ad vultus patris;
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna survi lucfuola Tartari,
Sed eâque subterrâneas

Title. 1 obitum.] obitum 2 lumina;] lumina 15 irâ] irâ
22 Sponfamque] Sponfamque In the 1645 edition, the u is upside down in all copies examined. 29 Quid] In no 1673 copy examined is the u clearly printed.
Hanc ut vocantem latus audivi, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatiléque fauus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis fero:
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum fenex
Auriga currus ignei,
Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolos Scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis Orion tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi folis globum,
Longéque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coercebat fuos
Frænis dracones aurcis.
Erraticorum syderum per ordines,
Per laetelas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sepe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, & regiam Chryfyllinam, &
Stratum smaragdis Aetrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari quæat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci, mihi
Sat eft in æternum frui.
(61)
Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnoni
Deturbata facro eccidit de limine cæli.
Tu quoque Phebe tui cafus imitabere nati
Precipiti curru, subitaque faeceruina
Pronus, & exindâ sumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia fibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulis sedibus Hæmi
Disflutabit apex, imoque allîsa barathro
Terrebunt Stygiunm dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.
At pater omnipotentis fundatis fortius aëris
Confultit rerum summas, certoque peregit
Pondere luctantis, atque ordine summos
Singula perpetuum iuvat vertigine carlos.
Volvit hinc lapfu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat & ambit os fociâ vertigine carlos.
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat;
Nec soever effusas locas per decliviæ terras
Divexo temone Deus : sed semper amica
Luce potens eaem currit per signa rotarum;
Surgit odoriatis pariter formosus ab Indis
Ethereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympos

(62)
Mane vocans, & ferus agens in pacuæ cæli,
Temporis & gemino disperit regna colore.
Fulget, obiitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Caruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variat elementa sidem, solitique fragore
Lurida perculfas jactulantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquiok, spiratque hyemen, nimboque volutat.
Utque solet, Siciul diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & rauciæ circumspicit æquora conchâ
Oceanis Tubicen, nec valia mole minorem
Ægerona seriunt doro Balæarica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi sæculi vigor ille vetusti
Priscus æbft, servatque suam Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suam tenet & puer ille decorem
Phebe tuosque & Cypri tuos, nec dirior olim
Terra datum sæculi celavit montibus aurum
Conścia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibi cunctârum ferunt justissima rerum,
Donec fiamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, & valvi culmina cæli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

33 pater| Pater
38 Raptat| Raptat, ambit os| ambitos
40 Fulmineum| Fulmineum

47 cæli,| cæli,| 51 elementa| The center descender of the m
is broken in all 1673 copies examined. 67 populabitur| The l
is badly worn in all 1673 copies examined. 69 mundi| The
i is broken at the bottom in all 1673 copies examined.
De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

De Idea Platonica

Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plagâ
Incident ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et iis tremendus erigit cellum caput.
Atlante major portitore syderum.
Non cui profundum caecitas lumen dedit
Dirceus augur vidit hunc alto finu;
Non hunc filenti nocte Plêiones nepos
Vatum sagaci prepes ostendit choro;
Non hunc facileos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos veucti comminemur atavos Ninii,
Priscumque Belon, inelytumque Offridem.
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani fciens)
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.

At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(iHee monstra si tu primus induxit scholis)
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuâ
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pocitora fontes
Irrigatas torquere vias, totumque per ora

---

8 folier | folier 11 innubæ | innubæ
(65)
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rīnum;
Ut tenues oblita sonos adacibus alis
Surget in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utunque tibi gratum pater optrime carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsis
Aptiūs à nobis quae possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima posfint
tuæ tuis, nudum ut par gratia donis
Effæ queat, vacuæ quæ reditum arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostræ ostendit paging
Et quod habemus opus charta numeravimus ista.
Quae mihi sunt nultæ, nisi quæ dedit aurea Clio
Quas mihi femoto somni peperæ sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu variæ opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereo ortus, & femina cæli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundoque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coerct.
Carmine sepoliti retegunt arcana futuri
Phebades, & tremula pallantes ora Sibyllæ;
Carminæ sacrificus follemnes pangit ad aras
Aurea

5 officium] officium 8 poßunt] poßint 13 iftā] iftā In 1645 there is a space mark like a square bracket at the end of the line, but no punctuation in any copy examined. The Columbia note is misleading.

(66)
Aurea 5 uetet motantem cornuæ taurum;
Scu cūm fata fagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Confolit, & tepidis Parcæm ferutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ flabunt immobiliæ ævi,
Ibimus auratìs per cæli tempora coronis,
Dulcia suaviloque fociantæ carmina plectro,
Altra quibus, geminque poli convexa fonabant.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque fyderæs intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compeçit fibula ferpens,
Demiffæque ferox gladio manuæcærit Orion;
Stellarum nec fluit onus Maurusius Atlas.

Carmina regales opulas ornare folebant,
Cum nondum luxur, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulae, & modico spumabat cena Lyæo.
Tum de more fecunda ad convivia vates
Æculeæ intonfas redivitus ab arborë crines,
Hermomque ætus, imitandaque gefta canebat,
Et chaos, & poëti latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantique Deæ, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætnææ quæstion fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum

35 orbes,] orbes. See 1645 notes on this line and the 1645 punctuation. 49 Ætnæ] Ætnæ
(67)

Verborum fenfusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Sylvestres decet ifte choris, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercibus addidit aures
Carmine, non cither, simulachraque sucta canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge precor facras contemptere Mufas,
Nec vanas inopefque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad apertos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii merito fuis nominis hasres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, fi me genuifle poetam
Contigerit, charo fi tarn prope fanguine juneti
Cognatas arfes, & studiumque affine sequamur:
Ipfe volens Phoebaeo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.

Abdu&um Aonias jucunda per otia ripae
Phoebaeo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me postum majora, tuo pater obre tumultu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguae,
Et Latii veneres, & quae Jovis ora deceabant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graius,
Addere fufliti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeteri novus Italus ore loquebat
Fundit, Barbaricos teftatus voce tumultus,
Quaque Palatinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet coelum, subiectaque coelo
Terra parent, terræque & coelo interfius aer,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nofse licet, per te, fi nofse libebit.
Dimotáque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oculta vultus,
Ni fugifse velim, ni fit libafse molefium.

(68)

Nec tu perge precor facras contemptere Mufas,
Nec vanas inopefque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad apertos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii merito fuis nominis hasres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, fi me genuifle poetam
Contigerit, charo fi tarn prope fanguine juneti
Cognatas arfes, & studiumque affine sequamur:
Ipfe volens Phoebaeo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.

Abdu&um Aonias jucunda per otia ripae
Phoebaeo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me postum majora, tuo pater obre tumultu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguae,
Et Latii veneres, & quae Jovis ora deceabant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graius,
Addere fufliti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeteri novus Italus ore loquebat
Fundit, Barbaricos teftatus voce tumultus,
Quaque Palatinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet coelum, subiectaque coelo
Terra parent, terræque & coelo interfius aer,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nofse licet, per te, fi nofse libebit.
Dimotáque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oculta vultus,
Ni fugifse velim, ni fit libafse molefium.

I nunc, confer opes quifquis malefus avitas
Auftriaci gazas, Perianna regna praedixas.
Qve potuit majora pater tribusfe, vel ipfe
Jupiter, excepto, donas fett ut omnia, coelo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tua fuflent,
Publica qui juventi commifit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna dixi,
Et circum undantem radiatæ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, lauroque sedeo,
Jamque nec obscursus populo miscebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos veitigia nostra profanos.

Et procul vigiles curæ, procul est quercus,
Invidiaque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
Seva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus;
In me triste nihil sediffima turba potefhis,
Nec vellri fum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradior sublimis ab iecu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Possè referre datur, nec dona rependere fas sitis,
Sed memorās factis, repetitāque manuera grato
Percenfere animo, fidæque reponere mentis.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lucus,
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spiose rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forfītan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, fero fervabitis ævo.

As stated in the Introduction, accent and breathing marks are
difficult and sometimes impossible to make out with certainty.
Therefore, only differences between 1673 and 1645 words are
recorded here for this and the following Greek poem. In both
1673 and 1645, the ligature so is on. Title: PSALM CXIV.
[Psalm 114, 2 'Aigúntos] Aigúntos 15 σκορπομένων σφηνίοις| 16 σφηνίοις| 18 μηθρί| μηθρί
Philosophus ad regem quendam qui cum ignotum et in sem inter se forte capitum insignem damnaverat. Nunc hanc praebat reliquarum habere misit.

Philosophus ad regem quendam qui cum ignotum et in sem inter se forte capitum insignem damnaverat. Nunc hanc praebat reliquarum habere misit.

In Effigei Ejus Sculptorem

Ad Saltilianum poetam Romanum agrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

Multa greffum quae volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incelis,
Nec lensis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quam cum decentes flavo Deippe furas
Alternat aureum avec Junonis lectum,
Adscidum & hae s's is verba pauce Saltillo

Refer, cameno nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis praestitum imperitio divisi.
Hec ergo alumnus ille Londini Milton,
Diebus hifice qui fiam linquens nidum
Pulchro tractum, (pefismus ubi ventorum,
Infantiumis impotensique pulmonis
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet slabra)
Venit feraces Itali foli ad glebas,
Vifum superba cognitas urbes fama
Visualque docteque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fuiuta multa Saltille,
Habitumque feffo corpori penitus sanum
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Pracordiisque fixa damnobum spirat.

Ne id pepercit impia quod tu Romano
Tarn cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divum munus, Osalus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phoebae morborum terror
Pythone cafo, fave tu magis Pzsan
Libenter audis, hic tuus fæcros efi,
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandro fedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet veltris,
Levamen ægfo forte certatim vati.

Refer, cameno nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis praestitum imperitio divisi.
Hec ergo alumnus ille Londini Milton,
Diebus hifice qui fiam linquens nidum
Pulchro tractum, (pefismus ubi ventorum,
Infantiumis impotensique pulmonis
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet slabra)
Venit feraces Itali foli ad glebas,
Vifum superba cognitas urbes fama
Visualque docteque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fuiuta multa Saltille,
Habitumque feffo corpori penitus sanum
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Pracordiisque fixa damnobum spirat.

Ne id pepercit impia quod tu Romano
Tarn cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divum munus, Osalus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phoebae morborum terror
Pythone cafo, fave tu magis Pzsan
Libenter audis, hic tuus fæcros efi,
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandro fedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet veltris,
Levamen ægfo forte certatim vati.

Philosophus. Title. End of first line in / In most 1673 copies, the right hand ends of the first two lines of the title have suffered mutilation of some kind, and the end of the first line in most copies seems to be in / though it is obvious that the word should be in /tem as in 1645. In British Museum 1076 / 19, Cambridge Trinity College Cap. W. 31, and Harvard 14485.12 copies, however, there is a trace after the n of the bottom of the f and measurement of all copies indicates that something is missing. 2 damnaverat.] Again, most 1673 copies seem to lack the comma, and only in the three copies mentioned above is it present. Text. 4 The entire line is different in 1673 and 1645. See 1645 Latin p. 70. 5 fo/num In Effigei. All copies examined read Effigei and in all but one or two copies, the ligature ff is battered. Ad Saltiliam. The title in italics is set in a single line in 1673, and in two lines, with the type a little smaller in the second, in 1645. Romanum] In several 1673 copies examined, there is a heavy blob of ink between the R and the o but most copies examined are free from it. 5 lectum,] lectum.

28 Evandro] Euandri
(73)

Sic ille charis redditus nustum Mus
Vidna dulce prata mulcebit cantu.

Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclinis semper ægeriam spectans.

Tumidusque et ipse Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annæ colonorum:
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsèfum regas
Nimium sinistro laxus irruens hodo:
Sed frena melius temperabit undarum,
Adsfque curvis falsa regna Portunna.

(74)

Mansus.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensi vir ingenii
laude, tum literarum studio, nec non bellica
virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem
Torquati Tasso dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus;
ab eo quidem inter Campaniae principes celebratur,
in illo poema cui titulus
Gerulalemme conquiritata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
Risplende il Manfo—-

Is auctorem Neapolitam commorantem summa benevolentia
prosecutus est, multaque ei delitii humanitatis officia.
Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe
discederet, ut ne ingenium se offenderet, hoc carmen
misit.

Hic quoque Manse tue meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phebi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus ho-
Poit galli cineres, & Mecenas Horufci, (nere,
Tu quoque si nostræ cantùm valet aura Carmenë,
Vidcrices hederas inter, lauroque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulcelequum non inicte Mufa Marinum
Tradidit, il te tuum dices gaudet alumnum,

Introduction. 2 bellica] bellicâ 4 Amicitia] Amicitia
10 summa] summâ benevolentia] benevolentiâ 12 ea] eâ
2 choro notissime] choronomissime 4 galli] Galli
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores,  
Mollis &Autonias flupeficit carmine nymphas.  
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates  
Ofla tibi soli, supremaque vorta reliquit.  
Nec manes pietas tua chara fecellit amici,  
Vidimus arridentem operofio expere poetam.  
Nec fatis hoc vfum est in urrumque, & nec pia ceffant  
Qficia in tumulo, cupis integros raper Orco,  
Qua potes, atque auidas Parcarum eludere leges:  
Amborum genus, & variab forte præram  
Describis viram, morefque, & dona Minervae;  
Æmusus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam  
Rettulit æolii viram facundus Homerii.  
Ergo ego te Clitus & magni nomine Phœbi  
Mans te pater, juveo longum salvere per œvum  
Mflus Hyperboroe juvenis peregrinus ab axc.  
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere mufam,  
Quæ nuper gelaâ vix enutritâ sub Arcto  
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.  
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos  
Credimus obscuras noctis fenifce per umbras,  
Qua Thamefis late puris argenteus urnis  
Oceanis glaucos perfundit gurgitae crines.  
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,  
Qua plaga septem mundi fulcata Trione  
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Booten.  
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo  
Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canifris,  
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nil i vano vetulâs)  
Mifimus, & lecâs Druidum de gente chorâs.  
(Gens Druidis antiqua facris operata deorum  
Heroum laudes imitandaque gefla canebant)  
Hinc quoties fello cingunt alaria cantu  
Delo in herbosâ Graë de more puellæ  
Carminibus laetis memorant Corinœda Loxo,  
Fatidicumque Upin, cum flavicornâ Hecaeræ  
Nuda Caledonio variatas pœtora fucu.  
Fortunâ fenex, ergo quacunque per orbem  
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabant ingens,  
Claraque perpetui succefect fama Marini,  
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plasiumque virorum,  
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.  
Dicetur tu tponde tuos habitâffe penates  
Cynthis, & famulas venisse ad limina Mufas:  
At non tponde domum idem, & regis adivit  
Rura Pheretiadæ celo fugitivus Apollo;  
Ille licet magnum Alciden fuceperat hopes;  

Tantum

19 Qua Qua longinquam] longinquam mufam,] Mufam,  
22 gelidâ] [Columbia note is wrong.  
32 late] latè  
34 oras.] [In some 1673 copies examined, the period is smeared,  
46 Corinœda] Corinœda This is a typical example of several  
apparent differences set up by the Columbia notes that are mis-  
leading and raise unnecessary problems. Magnification here  
shows clearly, that in 1673, the attempt was made to put a  
diaeresis over the e in the usual fashion, by using a circumflex  
with the top cut off. The result was a mark that shows only  
the left hand part of the original circumflex, the i following,  
with its own dot, no doubt causing the defective printing of the  
mutilated circumflex. In 1645, a diaeresis was used, but it was  
worn, and the following 'i' troubled it enough that only the  
right hand dot of the diaeresis printed. The result is only an  
apparent difficulty that is clear enough under magnification.  
Both texts were trying to get a diaeresis over the e.  
47 Hecaeræ] The same result, with variations in 1673, has  
occurred here as in line 46.  
54 habitâffe] habitâffe  
57 celo] celo
MANSUS—1673

(77)
Tantum ubi clamofos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti celsit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguis inter faltus frondosaque tecta
Peneium prope rivum : ibi fæpe sub ilice nigræ
Ad citharæ strepitum blandà prece viéitus amici
Exilii duros lenìbat voce labores.

Turn neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo,
Saxa ëttere loco, nutat Trachinias rupes,
Nec sentit folitas, immania pondera, silvas,
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosis carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte fenex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nafcentem, & miti lufrarit lumine Phoebus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nifi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poëta.
Hinc longava tibi lento sub flore sennctus
Vernat, & ëronios lucratur vivida fufos,
Nondum deciduos tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adulturn mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decorâsfe viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventern ;
Ant didam invisâ sociali foederer mensa,

Q.2 Magnanimos

(78)
Magnanimos Heroas, & ( O modo spiritus ad sit 

Frangam S. xonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacite permensus temporâ vitae,
Annorquæ fatur cineti sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis aitaret ocellis,
Aftanti fæ erit si dicam tibi curæ ;

I le meos artus liventi morte solutos
Curaret pàvâ componi molliter urnâ.

Forsitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
NeÆtens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.

Turn quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego celicolium femotus in æthera divûm,
Quod labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata sinunt ) & tota mente ferenûm
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus
Et simul ætherico plaudam mihi lâtus Olymno.

—

EPITAPHIUM

79 nôrit, ] norit, 82 Ant] Aut The n in 1673 and in all copies examined is an inverted u rather than a true n. The Columbia text has emended this and carries no note.

83 ad fit]] Columbia text reads adfit and has no note.
EPITAPHIUM
D AMONIS.
ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrphis & Damon ejusdem viciniae Paftores, eadem studia sequiti a pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrphis animi caufa pro- fectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium acceptit. Domum poltea reverfus, & rem ita effe comperto, fæ, fumamque solituidinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis au- tem sub perfona hie intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriae Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clariffimique cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Q 3 Epitaphium
(81)

Cæpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impaﬁ, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hec mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina caelo,

Postquam te immitti rapuerunt funere Damōn;

Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sìne nomine virtus

Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabiliur umbris?

At non ille, animas virgà qui dividit aurea,

Illa velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,

Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impaﬁ, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,

Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,

Contabique tuus tibi honos, longùmque vigebit

Inter paﬁores: Illi tibi vota secundo

Solvēre post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes

Gaudεbunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunos amabit:

Si quid id est, priscamque ﬁdem coluísce, piúmque,

Palladíaque artes, sociumque habuísce canorum.

Ite domum impaﬁ, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hac tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hac premia Damōn,

At mihi quid tandem ﬁet modò? quis mihi sidus

Herebit lateri comes, ut tu fepe folēbas

Frigeribus duris, & per loca foeta pruinis,

Aut rapidō sub solē, ﬁri morientibus herbis?

(82)

Sive opus in magnos fuit eminēs ire leones

Aut avidos terrere lupos praefepibus altis;

Quis fando fopri ë dem, cantique folēbit?

Ite domum impaﬁ, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit

Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem

Dulcis lupi alloquis, grato cum ﬁbilat igni

Molle pyrus, & nucibus ﬁrepitam focus, at malus aufer

Mifcet cunda foris, & deusuper inontat ulmo,

Ite domum impaﬁ, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Aut ælata, dies medio dum vertitur axe,

Cum Pan zefuleax somnum capiit abditum umbrâ,

Et repetunt sub-aquis ﬁbi nota ﬁdelia nymphæ.

Pastoreosque latent, ftertit sub fepe colonus,

Quis mihi blanditiaque tuas, quis tum mihi rius,

Cecropisæque fæles referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impaﬁ, domino jam non vacat agni.

At jam folos agros, jam pafqua folos oberro,

Siculi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbrae,

Hic ferum expetito, supra caput imber & Eurus

Trīstis sonant, fratraque agitata crepuscula silvae.

Ite domum impaﬁ, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hec quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis

Involvuntur, & ipfa situs longe alta fatiscit!

Innuba
Poems, &c. Upon Several Occasions—1673

(83)
Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at ille
Mærent, inque fium convertunt ora magistrum.
Ite domum impaﬁi, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Tityrus ad coryllos vocat, Alphæibœus ad ornos,
Ad sâlices Aegon, ad lumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zaphiri, hic placidas interfrepit arbutus undas;
Ilia canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impaﬁi, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat
(Ex callebat avium lingus; & sydera Mopsus.)
Thyrilli quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat aftrum,
Saturni grave sêpe sruit pañoribus aftrum.
Imaque obliquo figit præcordia plombo.
Ite domum impaﬁi, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrilli futurum eri?
Quid tibi vis? aïunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultuque fæveri,
Illa choros, lustuque leves, & fêmer amorem
Jure petit, bis ille misér qui ferus amavit.
Ite domum impaﬁi, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopæque, & sïla Bausidis Aegle
Doéta

(84)
Doéta modos, citharæque ficiens, fed perditæ saﬁu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditæ, nil me folantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adeat, movet, aut fæs ulla futuri.
Ite domum impaﬁi, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnès unanimi fecum fibi lege fôdales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, sic densi veniant ad pabula thores,
Inque vicem hirfuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Læx cædum pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, viliquæ volucrum
Pafser habet fêmper quicum fit, & omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, féro sua teœta revifens,
Quem si fors letho obiectis, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rofício, seu fravitas arundine foßor,
Protinus ille alium focio petit inde volact.
Nós durum genus, & diris exercita ñatis
Gens homines aliquæ animis, & pectora dicors,
Vix fibi quisque pæram de millibus inventum,
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspem votis,
ILLUM inopina dies quà non speraveris horà
Surrripit, æternum linquens in facula damnum.
Ite domum impaﬁi, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu

(85)

Heu quis me ignotas transit vagus error in oras
Ire per aereas rupes, Alpenmque nivosam!
Eequid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam?
Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viceret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas & oves & xura reliquit;
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse fodale,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot vasa tibi, fluviisque sonantes.
Ah bene compositos placide mertis ocellos,
Et dixisse vale, noftri memori ibis ad altra.

Ite domum impafti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam veftri nunc quam memini$f$se pigebit
Patiores Thufci, Mufis operata juventus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos & Thufcus tu quoque Damon.
Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonibus ab urbe.
O ego quanta$re$ eram, gedi cum strictus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, qu$a$ mollior herba.
Carpere nunc violas, nunc fummas carpere myrtes,
Et potui Lydica certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipse etiam tentare auerus fum, nec puto multum
Difplicui; nam funt & apud me munera veftra
Fifcellae; calathique & cerea vincla cicitae,
Quin & noftra fuas docuerunt nomina fagos

(86)

Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum fanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impafti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hec mihi tum laete dicabat roftida lunæ,
Dum folus teneros claudebam cratibus hoedos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepore nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc teexit, varios fibi quod fit in ufus;
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? nifi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? & argutæ paulum recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquis Colni, aut ubi jugera Caflibelaun? Tu mihi percurre medicos, tua graminæ, fuccos,
Helleborümque, humilisque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi? Quæque habet ifta palus herbas, artæque medentûm,
Ah percant herbe, percant artæque medentûm
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profeceret magiftro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande fonabat
Fiflula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicitis,
Disfluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuerque fonos, dubito quoque ne fum
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos ceditis filvæ.

114 aereas]] aereas 118 Ut]] Vt fodale.]] fodale 127 Damon.] Damon.] Damon. 129 eram.]] eram 131 myrtos,]] myrtos 132 Menalcam.] Menalcam, 135 Figcellæ, Figcellæ.]] Figcellæ.]]

115 115 jam]] iam 114 hoedos.]] hoedos. 117 retardat.]] retardat. 115 foliumque foliumque foliumq; hyacinthi. 114 All 1673 copies examined have the comma out of line. 115 medentûm.]] medentum 153 Ah]] (Ah medentûm) 154 magiftro.]] magiftro. 156 jam]] iam 160 filvæ.]] filvæ
(87)

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per aquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniae,
Brennumque Arviragumque duces, prificumque Belinum.
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jogermen
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlois arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
Tu procul annofa pendebis fictula pinu
Moltum obliata mihi, aut patris mutata camenis
Britonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
Non speraffe uni licet omnia, mi fatis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in euvum
Tum licet, externo penitiique inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Ufa, & potor Alunai,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treante,
Et Thameis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me difcant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, & plurâ simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manfus,
Manfus Chalcideæ non ultima gloria ripæ
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
Et circum gemino caelaverat argumento:

In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver
Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama filve,
Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris
Caruleum fulgens diverscoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.

Parte alia polus omnipatane, & magnus Olympus,
Quis putet hic quoq; Amor, pictæq; in nube pharetræ,
Arna corufca faces, & spicula tincla pyropo
Nec tenues animas, pectŒque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circüm flammanitia lumina torquens
Semper in erctum spargit sua rela per orbem
Impiger, & prons nonquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere factæ, formæque decorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit fpes libraca Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abirct
Sanctâque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethœo fas quælivisse fub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacryme, nec fbleimus ultræ
Ite procul lacryme, purum colit æthera Damom,
Æthera purus habit, pluvium pede repulit arcûm
Heroique animæs inter, divöque perænnes,
Æthereos habit latices & gaudia potat
Orc Sacro. Quia tu eæli post fura recepta

Dexter adæs, placidiusque fave quiæunque vocaris,

161 jam[| iam agni.|] agni 162 æquora |] aquora
163 Inogenie.|] Inogenie 164 Brennumque |] Brennumque
prificumque |] prificumque ]| Belinum, There are two states of
167 Gorlois |] Gorlois arma,|] arma
183 dedit,|] dedit 184 circum |] circum

186 filve, |] filve 188 Caruleum |] Caruleum 190 polus |]
Polus 191 quoq; quoque |] Amor,|] Amor pictæq;
pictæq; |] pharetræ, |] pharetræ 192 pyropo; |] pyropo
197 formeque |] formeque 202 lacryme, |] lacryme,
203 lacryme, |] lacryme, æthera |] æthera 204 æthera |]
Æthera arcum, |] arcum 205 perænnes, |] perænnes
206 Ætheræs |] Ætheræs The Columbia note in appendix is
meaningless, as there are no capitalized ligatures, AE, in
the entire ca. 1640 edition. 208 quicunque |] quicunque
Catchword uES| Backwards in all 1673 copies examined.
Seu tu noixer eris Damon, five sequior audis Diodotus, quo te divino nomine curris.
Ceclicole nörint, sylvique vocabere Damon.
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, & fine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quod nulla tora libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virgincì fervantur honores:
Ipse caput nitidum cin'étus rutilante corona,
Letaque fronditis getans umbracula palmae
Æternum perages immortales hymeneos;
Cantus ubi, choreique furit lyra milda beatis,
Feita Sionae bacchantur & Orgia Thyro.

Ad Joannem Roussium Oxonienfis Academici Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amissò, quem ille sibi denno
mittì postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in
Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

Emelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet gemina,
Munditiéque nirens non operosa,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olum,
Sedula tamen haud nimii Poetae;
Dum vagus Aufonias nunc per umbras:
Nunc Britannica per vireta luft
Infons populi, barbitoque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pecine Diana
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tctigit pedem.

Antistrophe.
Antifrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamcis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasulque facer
Orbi notus per immenos
Temporum laplus redeunde caelo,
Celeberque futurus in œvum;

Strrophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Præternam gentis miseratus indolem
(Si fatis noxas luimus priores
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus
Et relegatæ sine sède Mufas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenum;  

Immundasque volucre
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Agrippinæ pharetis,
Phinæamque abigat peltem procul amne Pegaféo.

Antifrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malà
Fide, vel oecitantia
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vii
Callo tetæris infitoris infulti,
Latère felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget poste profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
In Jovis aula remige pennà;

Strrophe 3.

Nam te Rosius sui
Optat peculi, numeróque jueto
Sibi pollicet quemur abeffe,
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt data viròm monumenta curè:
Téque adyòs etiam facris

Voluit
(93)

Voluit reponi quibus & ipsa praefidet
Æternorum opertum cuitos fidelis,
Quæftorce gazae nobilioris;
Quam cui praefuit Ion
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templar parentis
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica
Ion Aērea genitus Creufā.

Antiftrophe.

Ergo tu viære lucos
Mufarum ibis amoenos,
Diamque Phoebi rursum ibis in domum
Oxoniæ quam valle colit
Déo poshillabat,
Bifidóque Parnassii iugo:
Ibis honetius,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque fortem
Naclus abis, dextri præce sollicitatus amici.
Illic legérís inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graia simul & Latinae
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

(94)

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam ferō placidam sperare jubeo
Persœvratam invidiâ requiem, sedèque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit solens Roûfī,
Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longē
Turba legentum prava facefset;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordator ætas
Judicia rebus æquirâ forfitan
Adhibebit integro sinu.
Tum livore fepulto,
Si quid meremur funa posteritas fecit
Roûfio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antiftrrophis
una demum epodo clausit, quas, tamen omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondent, ita tamen secumus, commode legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius forfasse dici monstrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt ζε χιν partim ἀναρθρικα. Phalæcia quæ sunt, spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

OF

The Latin poems end at the foot of this page, and the next page in the volume, page 95, is the beginning of Of Education as the catchword on page 94 indicates.
POEMS

BOTH ENGLISH AND LATIN

(1645)
POEMS, BOTH ENGLISH AND LATIN, 1645

INTRODUCTION

Milton printed in 1645 most, perhaps all, of the poems, English, Greek, Italian, and Latin, which he had written up to that time and which he wished to preserve and acknowledge. This small volume, now a great rarity in sound condition, was printed and published in London, by Ruth Raworth and Humphrey Moseley, respectively. We cannot be certain of its precise date of publication within some months. It was entered in the Stationers Register 6 October 1645; the title page bears the date 1645; the Thomason copy, British Museum E.1126., has the manuscript date Jan. 2 before the word LONDON, near the foot of the page. Those are the facts; but the book might have appeared at any time between August, 1645, and January 2, 1645 O.S. or 1646 as we would write it today.

The relationships between the publisher, Moseley, and Milton are unknown, and this book is the only publishing Moseley ever did for Milton. Probably he was selected because he had already published many volumes of poetry and other literary works. The printer, Ruth Raworth, is another story. There is some reason to believe that her husband, John Raworth, printed Comus for Henry Lawes in 1637; see page 262. John Raworth died, according to Plomer's Dictionary of Printers, in July, 1645, and his will was filed in August of the same summer. Milton was then living in Aldersgate Street, only a short distance from the bookseller, George Thomason, with whom he was already well acquainted; see Sonnet XIV. John Raworth, made free of the Stationers Company according to Plomer, about 1632, had printed books for Thomason, though no poetry so far as is known. What more natural than the selection of the widow of the recently deceased John as the printer of the volume of poems registered for Moseley about the time Raworth's will was filed?

Although over twenty different actual copies of this edition have been examined, it is today scarcely possible to describe bibliographically the exact form in which the book first appeared. But the only persistent uncertainty is concerned with the end papers and binding. No copy examined (Harvard, Boston Public Library, New York Public Library, Texas, Yale, Cambridge, Bodleian, British Museum, Folger, Illinois, Pershing) can be certainly designated as being now bound as it was originally. There are apparently only about a dozen copies extant that are in sound enough condition with all printed matter present to constitute a basis on which to erect a description of the contents, and no copy examined seemed to be in its original binding, i.e., in a binding that certainly was as old as the middle of the seventeenth century. But aside from the end papers, the remainder of the book can be very accurately described bibliographically. There are four leaves bound before the text of the English poems. The first of these leaves, but present in less than half the copies examined, has its apparent recto blank, with the crudely cut, but well drawn portrait by William Marshall on the apparent verso. The second leaf recto contains the title page, with its verso blank, then leaves A3 and A4 follow, containing the four pages in order of Moseley's The Stationer to the Reader. There are no Table of Contents or errata leaves or pages in this edition. The text of the English poems begins on the recto of signature A on page 1, and continues through page 120, signature [H4v]; after which, in most but not all copies extant, the Latin title page appears on signature [A] and page [1], continuing through page 84, signature [F4v], with no omissions. The signatures are in double fours, or ordinary small octavo gatherings, the printed sheet having been folded three times. That is, both English and Latin poems were separately paginated and signatured. They may or may not have been separately printed. In the English poems, page [67], signature [E2r] bears a separate title page for
[Comus], page [68], signature [E2v], being blank. There is no blank leaf between the English and Latin poems in any copy examined. There can be no doubt that the poems were issued and sold in three different bindings or forms, namely, with English and Latin poems bound together as in most copies extant, with the English poems followed by the Latin, although Boston Public Library B.4178.14 has the Latin poems bound before the English. Secondly, the English poems were bound and issued separately, though rarely so found extant today, and usually treated as a defective copy, though it is doubtful if British Museum G.18844 should be so treated. Thirdly, the Latin poems were bound and issued separately, (see Milton's letter to Dati, 21 April 1647, Fam. Ep. 10, Columbia 12:45) as the Illinois copy and one or two others testify.

The paper used for this edition is mainly single cap which ranges in size before trimming from twelve by fifteen inches to about fourteen by seventeen inches. Perhaps an occasional sheet of double cap paper was used, but no sheet in any copy examined had its watermark in a position that would prove the sheet a double cap one. Most of the paper carries a foolscap watermark, similar to, but not identical with Heawood number 46, and always without Heawood's superimposed initial carrying device. But some of the paper, frequently the preliminary leaves, and sometimes a gathering or two in the text itself, usually in the Latin poems, bears a watermark about two inches square similar to Briquet's (1907) numbers 15,925–15,950, the double tower with peaked roof between the two towers. No copy examined carried the foolscap watermark in the preliminary leaves. The watermarks throughout the volume, including preliminary leaves and both parts, usually appear at the top of the bound edges of the paper, making the double tower difficult to identify, as it appears on leaves 2 and 3 and then on their conjugates, 6 and 7 respectively. The paper with either watermark is probably French, Flemish, or Dutch. The size of the finished book would argue for the regular use of single sheets of cap paper, with occasional use of half sheets, and perhaps even less frequently a double cap sheet may have been used, though no such sheet was found in any copy examined. The single cap sheets were probably originally about thirteen by seventeen inches folded three times after recto and verso printings. No copy examined showed untrimmed edges anywhere. The chain lines are vertical on the page, and orientation of the original sheet is therefore fairly easy. In one or two copies examined, the watermark, in both cases the double tower, occurs on the portrait leaf. As the fragment of watermark on these two portraits is on the outer, not the inner margin of the leaf, it is obvious that the portrait leaf was originally printed recto with the title page, then cut, and the print made to appear as a verso printing in order that it might face the title page. In both cases, the other quarter of its watermark appears at the top inner edge of the title page leaf.

This 1645 volume was relatively carefully printed, and few variants between different copies of the edition are to be found. The text of the English poems, as might perhaps be expected, is somewhat better than that of the Latin; but neither English nor Latin is entirely free from defects, though there is no errata list. Titles occur for each poem, except the sonnets, which are numbered only.

The type of the 1645 edition is of some interest here. The font was a poor one, though better than many of its day. Little enough is known of its history; but apparently it had been designed, like most English roman face type, as a copy of Garamond roman face in Flanders, Holland, or France, and may be traced back a number of years before 1645, but only in England. It was certainly cut, if not as certainly cast abroad. The type, or at least its matrices, may have been in England as early as 1580, or have reached there any time before 1630. John Raworth, Ruth's husband, was made free of the Stationers Company in 1632, according to Plomer's Dictionary. Brerewood's Logic of 1638 printed by John is the earliest of his printings consulted, and contains much of the same type found in Milton's 1645 Poems, obviously not new type even then.
The type and the manner in which it has been used have some peculiarities. There is a tendency, soon noticeable with careful reading, to put a comma before the word ‘and’ whenever and wherever the word occurs and without much regard to any other factor. The compositor also tended to set too little space between words; but frequently set too much space before a punctuation mark. Many pages exhibit in the tilt of the lines the exact amount of type which the compositor could conveniently hold in his stick, the alignment often being by a ‘handful’ of eight or ten lines.

The font of type used, as already implied, was almost ancient. Worn and broken letters abound, as the notes herein indicate. But most noticeable are the frequent curled s’s, smaller than the normal curled s’s of the font. These small curled s’s occur time after time throughout the book, there being probably two hundred of them. The long f’s never exhibit this deviation from the one font. The ligatures generally and æ in particular are frequently from another and usually smaller font, except æ which usually looks larger than it should, but which was probably normal to this font. Elegy VII, page 37 of the Latin poems, line 46, presents both æ too small and æ too large in the same word, Phoebeus. There are in fact three different æ ligatures employed, one being to all appearances normal and properly belonging to the font being used; the second, the one already mentioned that is smaller than normal; and a third that is larger than normal, found on page 53 of the Latin poems, In quinimum Novembris, line 168, turbae, in this case the a element is somewhat distorted, but in other cases, the ligature æ is remarkable only for its size. The capital W’s tend to be too large, or to descend below the line of the type. Occasionally a small r is used; but on the whole, aside from the ligatures, the type is fairly regular.

The rules and small ornaments employed, probably uniformly made of metal because of their small size, had probably had about the same history as the type. Decorated capitals are used very little, only one decorated open block appearing in the English poems, page 75, with letter B inserted, and one in the Latin poems, page 11, with letter T inserted, this same open block having been used also on page 69 of the English poems at the beginning of the Lawes letter. The true decorated initials, each probably a zinc cut, are the I on English a3r, the I (entirely different) on English page 71 opening the Wotton letter, and the H beginning the Latin foreword on page 3 of the Latin poems. The decorations proper are to be found on page a3r at the top of the page, a two part border; English page 1, above the text, a (?) metal ornament about three inches wide and an inch high, with Tudor rose in the center and all over decoration; English page 65, balancing the lower half of the page, the top row of the border on page a3r upright above the large capital E signature evenly spaced below with the same row of the same ornament reversed below the E; English page [67], the same ornament that appeared on page 1 appears again here near the bottom of the page, but above the line Anno Dom. 1645.; English page 69, a single row of different ornaments but of the same size as herefore appears at the top of the page; English page 74, a single line of small ornaments, mostly stylized thistles, appears at the top of the page; English page 75, at the top of the page appears a quadruple row of ornaments, rows 1 and 4 being the same ornaments as appeared on page 67, the top row upright, and the bottom row reversed, with rows 2 and 3 forming a pattern; English page 120, single row of small ornaments identical with the top of the double row on a3r; Latin title page, another metal (?) cut, different from that on English page 1, Tudor rose with allover design, about one and five-sixteenths inches wide by one and one-half inches high; Latin page 3, a single row of small ornaments as on English page 120 at the top of the page; Latin page 9, a single row of ornaments unlike any used before them; Latin page 10, single row of ornaments like the bottom row of the two rows at the top of a3r; Latin
page 11, at the top of the page, a single row of ornaments like rows 1 and 4 on English page 75; Latin page 43, a single row of ornaments like those on Latin page 9, but reversed; Latin page 44, at the top of the page, a single row of ornaments as on Latin page 11; Latin page 77, at the top of the page, a single row of ornaments as on Latin page 44, but slightly larger castings; Latin page 78, at the top of the page, a single row of ornaments like those on Latin page 9.

There are two slightly different states of the English title page, probably only the last line having been reset, and there is probably no way in which the priority of the one over the other can ever be determined. The entire last line has been moved from its position in the other state; but no other part of the page has been changed.

The Latin title page is of no special interest, and, unlike that of the 1673 Poems, introduces no new problem of printer, the initials R.R. of 1645 without doubt standing for Ruth Raworth.

The collations are based on eight actual and twenty-five photostat and film copies of the 1645 Poems, a list of which copies follows.

The copy reproduced is Illinois Spencer for text, and Illinois Gannon for portrait and 'other' title page.

LIST OF 1645 COPIES USED IN THIS EDITION

Originals. IU: 1645; 1645, copy 2; Gannon 6993/3; Baxter, Latin Poems only; Drexel-Penrose; McLeish; Maggs; Spencer.

Photostatic Copy. British Museum E.1126.

This portrait is one of the two completely authentic ones that we have of John Milton. This one, W.M. sculp, if the signature at the bottom of the verse applies as it probably does also to the portrait and its adornments, was well drawn; but the cut, almost certainly copper, is very bad. Masson (Life, 3:459 and note) translated Milton's Greek lines below it as follows: 'That an unskillful hand had carved this print/ You'd say at once, seeing the living face:/ But, finding here no jot of me, my friends,/ Laugh at the botching artist's mis-attempt.' That is, Milton himself (Cf. Pro Se Defensio (1655) Columbia 9:124-8) thought it was a poor picture. That portion of the inscription which reads ANNO ÉTATIS VIGEFS: Pri: is puzzling. Masson assumed (op. et loc. cit.) that Marshall used the so-called Onslow original portrait in completing the 1645 portrait; but nothing is known with certainty of the relationship between the two portraits. The Onslow original has disappeared long since, although two eighteenth century copies of it survive. It is possible, though improbable, that the two portraits bear some relationship to each other.
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 Cirgite, ne vati noccat 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.

In the last line on the page, about two thirds of the copies examined read S. Pauls and the remainder of the copies examined or a little over a third of the total, read Pauls. In all other respects the title pages of all copies examined are identical. It is doubtful if more than the last line on the page was reset at any time during the process of running the edition off the press.

The quotation from Virgil is from Eclogue 7:27-28. Fairclough (Loeb, Virgil, volume 1:51) translates this as 'wreathe my brow with foxglove, lest his evil tongue harm the bard that is to be.' Virgil here refers to the idea that a tongue voicing extravagant praise may be 'evil' because the praise may excite the envy of the gods. Foxglove guarded against this. Milton perhaps was thinking of the extravagant praise of Moseley's preface.
The Stationer to the Reader.

It is not any private respect of gain, Gentle Reader, for the lightest 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 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 learned 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 why palat how it relishes such dainties, nor bow harmonious thy soul!
Foul 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.
WALLERS late choice Peeces,
beth 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 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 censurate their worth,
I am not fearful to expose them
to thy exactest perusal.

Thine to command

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

I.
This 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 the holy fages 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 darksome House of mortal Clay.

III.
Say Heav'nly Mufe, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Haft thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host 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 blest feet;
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire.
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn.

I.
T was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-childe,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
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
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 near upon her foul deformities.

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

IV
No War, or Battails found
Was heard the World around:

(3)

The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked Chariot flood
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 soveran Lord was by.

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

VI
The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in redfast gaze;
Bending one way their pretious 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,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

after line 36 II.] The second I is out of line in all copies examined. 39 Snow.] All copies examined show comma, the top of which is sometimes smeared, causing Columbia to print a semi-colon in the notes.
ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY—1645

(5)

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given her room.

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

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet.

As never was by mortall finger strock,
Divinely-waibled voice

Answering the stringed noife,

As all their souls in blissfull rapture took:

(6)

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

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,

At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light,

That with long beams the flame-fac't night array'd,
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,

With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator Great

| Signature marks A3. In some copies the A is exactly under the p of the word rapture immediately above it, and in others it, with the number 3 has shifted, or been shifted, to the left about one en. | 103 thrilling] Columbia note states that [1673] thrilling, [1645] thrilling. But high magnification, see special cut, shows clearly that the punctuation mark is a broken comma, not a period. |
His constellations set,
    And the well-ballanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozzy channel keep,

X I I I.

Ring out ye Cristall'sphers,
Once blest our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our sense so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the Bafe of Heav'n's deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full comfort to th' Angelike symphony.

X I V.

For if such Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
    Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speck'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.

X V.

Yea Truth, and justice then
Will down return to men.

A 4

Th' enameld

(8)

Th' enameld Arme of the Rainbow wearing,
And Mercy set between,
Thron'd in Celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tüsied clouds down fleering,
And Heav'n as at som festival,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

X V I.

But wisest Fate lays no,
This must not yet be fo,
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy.
That on the bitter crofs
Must redeem our los;
So both himself and us to glorifie;
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakefull trump of doom must thunder through the

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 terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake;
When at the worlds last Seftion,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

X V I I I.

125 Cristall'spheres, | So, all copies examined, there is no space, or very little, between the two words. No note in Columbia.
129 time; | What is the punctuation? It is either a comma with the head split horizontally, or a semi-colon more worn and smaller than most, but not all others, in this edition. See page 36. L'Allegro 142; page 39. Il Penseroso 60; and page 41, ibid.
115. It need not be other than comma.

147 festivall. | Most copies lack the bottom of the letters II, although the comma shows clearly in all copies. Morgan copy shows both letters plainly, top and bottom. Other copies are irregularly faint and lacking; but none except Morgan is clear.
ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY — 1645

XVIII.

And then at last our blis,
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 calls his usurped sway,
And wrath to see his Kingdom fail,
Swing the scaly Horror of his fouled tail.

The Oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous humm'
Runs through the arched roof, in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow thriek the steep of Deipnos 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 refounding 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 flowre-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
The Lari, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear, and dying found
Affrights the Flamen at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to weep,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted fear.

XXII.

Poor, and Realiu,
Forfake their Temples dim,
With that twife batter'd god of Palestine,
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
Now fits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
The Libye Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian Maids their wounded Thamus mourn.

XXIII.

And fullen Melch fled,
Hath left in shades rode,
His burning Idol all of blackest hue,
In vain with Cymbals ring,

(9)

(10)
POEMS BOTH ENGLISH AND LATIN—1645

(11)

They call the grifly king,
In difmall dance about the furnace blue,
The brutifh gods of Nile as faft,
\(\psi\)si and Osra, and the Dog Anubis haft.

XXIV.
Nor is Os\(\psi\)is feen
In Memphian Grove, or Green,
Trampling the unshow'd Grasse with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at refit
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud.
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The fable-floled Sorcerers bear his worlhipt Ark.

XXV.
He fees from Jadd's Land
The dreaded Infants hand,
The rafes of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye;
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe to fhow his Godhead true,
Can in his swadling bands controll the damned crew.

XXVI.
So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillow's his chin upon an Orient wave.
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to th' infernal jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost flips to his feverall grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fayer,
Fly after the Night-feeds leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.
But fee the Virgin bleft,
Hath laid her Babe to refit.
Time is our tedious Song fhou'd here have ending,
Heav'n's youngeft teemed Star,
Hath fixt her polifht Car.
Her feeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending.
And all about the Courty Stable,
Bright-harneft Angels fit in order serviceable.

A Paraphrase on Psalm 114.

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

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

Psalm 114. 4 of | The \(\psi\) is from a different font from that of the other type, or is so badly worn as to be unlike most others. But the whole line is carelessly set, both for type and alignment.
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown;  
His praise and glory was in Israel known;  
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,  
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head  
Low in the earth, Jordan's clear streams recoil,  
As a faint hoist 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 skip the Mountains?  
Why turned Jordan toward his Crystal Fountains?  
Shake earth, and at the presence be agast  
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,  
That glaftly flounds from rugged rocks can crush,  
And make soft rills from fiery flint-flones gush.

Psalm 136.

Let us with a glad afon mind  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,  
For his mercies ay endure,  
Ever faithful, 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's 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-trefled 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-clapping hand,  
mote the first born of Egypt's Land.  
For his, &c.  

Psalm 136. 1 There is a daub of ink, probably from a raised spacer, appearing at the end of this line in all copies examined.
And in delight of Phænx fell,
He brought from thence his Israel.
For, &c.

The mudy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the Erythraen main.
For, &c.

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

But full soon they did devour
the Tyreek King with all his power.
For &c.

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

In bloody barraile he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For, &c.

He fold bold Sear and his host, &
That rul'd the Amurcaen coast.
For, &c.

And large-lim'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-handy crew.
For, &c.

And to his servant Israel,
He gave their Land therin 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 enmity.
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 mortall ey.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

The Passion.

I.

Ere-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherwith the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring.

And

54 over-handy] Several copies show faint trace of hyphen between the two words. Should certainly read over-handy Not in Columbia notes.
And joyous news of heav'ly Infants birth,
My muse with Angels did divide to sing,
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In Wintry solemn like the short'n'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

But again, except forrow
Soon restored.

And he
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found;
Loud o're the rest Cremone's Trump doth sound,
Me sofer airs best, and sofer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Soon the

And let my Harpe to notes of faddest wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did feafe e're long,
Dangers, and fnares, and wrongs, and worse then fo,
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.

He foy'ran Priest flooping his regall head
That dropt with odorous oil down hi' fair eyes,
Poor fefhly Tabernacle entered,
His flarry front low-roofd beneath the skie;
O what a Mask was there, what a diuigne!
Yet more; the froke of death he muft abide,
Then lies him meekly down falt by his Brethren side

These latter scenes confine my roving vers,
To this Horizon is my Phoebus bound.

His

Passion. 20 abide,] The d is smashed in all copies examined except the Morgan copy, in which the letter may have been restored.

Passion. 24 acts] Again, the punctuation may be either a comma or a semi-colon. See notes to page 7, 1645. Some copies examined looked like a comma, others like a semi-colon. Magnification shows clearly that a badly worn semi-colon was used.
(19)

And here though grief my feeble hands uplock,
Yet on the softened Quarry would I score
My plaining vers as lively as before;
For sure so well instruct'd 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 easly beguild)
Might think th'infection of my sorrow loud,
Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had,
when he wrote it, and nothing satisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfinished.

On Time.

Fly envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummet's pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more then what is false and vain,
And meerly mortal drops;
So little is our los,
So little is thy gain,
For when as each thing bad thou haft entomb'd,
And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our blifs
With an individual kis ;
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'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy groves quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

Upon the Circumcision.

Ye flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
That erft with Musick, and triumphant song
(21)
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 ad 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'n's heraldry whileare
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 remediles
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 satisfy'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

(22)
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

B Left pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphear born harmonious Sistres, 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 phantastie present,
That undisturbed Song of pure content,
Ay sung before the saphire-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 everlastingly;
That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise.

Ay
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 s'way'd
In perfect Dispaflon, 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 confort 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 five one
She had told, alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, 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 quire 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 flood,
Ye might discern a Ciprefs 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 mishance or blame
Astore for Lucina came;
And with remorseles cruelty,
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The haples Babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languifht Mothers Womb
Was not long a living Tomb.
EPITAPH ON MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER—1645

(25)  
So have I seen som tender slip
Say'd with care from Winters nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck't up by som unheedly swain,
Who onely thought to crop the flow:
New shot up from vernall show'r;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways as on a dying bed,
And those Pearls of dew the wears,
Prove to be prefaging tears
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her haft'ning funerall.
Gentle Lady may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travall fore
Sweet rest leafe thee evermore,
That to give the world encrease,
Shortned haft thy own lives leafe,
Here besides the sorrowing
That thy noble House doth bring.
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And som Flowers, and som Bays,
For thy Hears to strew the ways,

(26)  
Sent thee from the banks of Cam,
Devoted to thy vertuous name;
Whillst thou bright Saint high sit't in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian Shepherdes,
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 boofom bright
Of blazing Majestie and Light,
There with thee, new welcom Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant theen,
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 Cowflip, and the pale Primrose.

May Morning. 2 East, | The E is broken in all copies examined.
(27)

Hail bounteous May that doth 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 with 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-ypointing Pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What needst thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.

For whilst toth'fham'e of flow-endavouring 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 fluck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a hinder, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years 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 said,
Hobson has fipt, and's newly gon to bed.

On Shakespeare. 9 toth'fham'e] No space, so all copies examined. Not in Columbia notes.

2 A here alas, hath laid him in the dirt.] See 1673 reading. All editors have accepted the 1673 reading; but here may be a noun, and means, Oxford English Dictionary, 'army, host, company.' The line then makes sense as it stands. The word here occurs as a noun in Spelman's Glossary, 1626, and in Blount's Law Dictionary, 1670.
Another on the same.

H ere 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 sphear-metal, never to decay
U ntil his revolution was at stay.

Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time,
And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being cease, he ended strait,
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath.
Not were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hastned on his term.
M eerly to drive the time away he sick'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd;
N ay, quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretched,
If I may not carry, sure He ne'er be stretch'd,
But vow though the crosst Doctors all flood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.
Ease was his chief diseafe; and to judge right,
He did for heaviness that his Cart went light.

Hobson. 32 increafe:] In some copies the colon is very faint.

L'Allegro.

H ence loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out som uncouth cell,
Where brooding darknes spreadeth 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
But com thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav’n yclocald Eupbrofym,
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 fem Sager sing)
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephir with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying.
There on Beds of Violets blew,
And fresh-blown Roses wait in Jew.
Fill’d her with thee a daughter fair,
So buckform, blith, and debonair.
Hafle thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jeft and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nodes, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe’s cheek,
And love to live in dimple fleck;
Spott that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides;
Com, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantasick rob.

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 care
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-towe 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 darknes thin,
And to the flock, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,
Oft lift’ning how the Hounds and horn,
Clearly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of som Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing thrill.
Som time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
(33)
Right against the Eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thousand Liveries bright.
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whistles o'er the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid fingeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his sith,
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,
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren crest
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with Dailies spide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers, and Battlements it sees,
Boofo'm'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynofure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From between two aged Okes,

(34)

Where Corydæus and Thyrfo met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of Hearbs, and other Country Meffes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dres'les;
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
With Thebfy in 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 jocund rebecks found
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
And young and old com forth to play
On a Sunshyne 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 eat,
She was pinch't, and pull'd she fed,
And he by Friars Lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging Goblin swirr,
To ern his Cream-bowle duly set.

When
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy Flare 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 dore's he flings,
Ere the first Cock his Martin 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 flore of Lacies, 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 yourfull Poets dream
On Summer seyes by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson learned Sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare fancies childe,
Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
And ever against eating Cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian Aires,
Married to immortal verfe
Such as the meeting foul 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 heart Ethian flowers, 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.
Hence vain deluding joyes,
The brood of solly without father bred,
How little you besed,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys ;
Dwell in som idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possesd,
As thick and numberles
As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle Pensioners of Morpheus train,
But hail thou Goddes, sage and holy,
Hail divineft Melancholy,
Whose Saintly vilarge 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 fuch as in eftem,
Prince Memnons fitter might befeem,
Or that Starr'd Eubiope Queen that ftove
To fetter beauties paffe above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended;
Yet thou art higher far defended,

Thee bright-hair'd Pefia long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturns raigne,
Such mixture was not held a flain)
Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmoft grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Com penfive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, fteflaf, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeft grain,
Flowing with maieftick train,
And fable ftole of Cypres Lawn,
Over thy decent fhoulders drawn.
Com, but keep thy wonted flate,
With cev'n ftep, and mutting gate,
And looks commencing with the skies,
Thy rapt foul fitting in thine eyes :
There held in holy passion fill,
Forget thy felf to Marble, till
With a fad Leaden downward caft,
Thou fix them on the earth as faft.
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fat, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Ay round about Jove's Altar sing,
And add to these retired pleasure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wings,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence lift along,
Left Philomel will daint a Song,
Td her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her Dragon yoke,
Gently o're th' accustom'd Oke;
Sweet Bird that shin'dst the noise of folly,
Moist musick, moist melancholy!
Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy even Song;
And missing thee, I walk unfeen
On the dry smooth-haven Green,
To behold the wandering Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had bled allray
Through the Heavy wide pathles way;

(39)

And oft, as if her head the 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 flows,
Swinging flow with fallen roar;
Or if the Ayr will not permit,
Som full removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reft of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belmans drouish charm,
To blest the dores from nightly harm;
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely Towr,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphear
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleasily nook:
And of those Domons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground.

Whole

(40)

84 harm; ] Note italic colon found in all copies examined. Is it in all others?
Whole power hath a true content
With Planet, or with Element.
Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Enrolled hath the Baskind rage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might cause Museus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew Ion tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambusian bold,
Of Camball, and of Algiers's,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glas,
And of the wondrous Hors of Bras,
On which the Tartar King did ride;
And if sought a, great Bards beside,
In fage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of Troy's eye and of Trophies hung;

Of Forefts, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant then meets the ear,
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
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 gulf hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rufslng 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 some Brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish rise,
While the Bee with Honied thie,

106 [string.] The comma is clear, but only under magnification, in all copies examined. Columbia note is wrong. See note to this in 1673.

120, 124, 126, 130, 140 The first letter W in each of these lines drops down a little in all copies examined. 122, 139 The first letter T is set a little high in each of these lines.
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 portrayal 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 'sufficient Genius of the Wood.'
But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious Clow'ters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars massy proof;
And flowing 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 Heaven before mine eyes,
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage;
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell,
Of every Star that Heaven doth shew,
And every Herb that tips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like Prophetic strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

SONNETS.

I.

O Nightingale, that on yeon bloomy Spray
Warblet at eve, when all the Woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow Cuccoo's bill
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in som Grove ny:
As thou from yeer to yeer hast sung too late
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage.

Page number (44) in several copies examined, Trinity College C.II.151; Huntington 105740; Bodleian Douce, the second 4 is clean and clear; in all other copies examined, it is broken or battered.

Sonnets 1. 5 Day.] The y is smaller in all copies examined than the other printings of the same letter on the page, and is either a battered and partly broken piece of type, or is from a smaller font. It may have been changed in some copies; but is the same in all copies examined. 9 Now] Broken w in all copies examined.
(45)
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'herbe a val di Rhoen, e il nobil varco;
Ben è colui d'ogni valore scarso.
Qual tuo spirto gentil non immorata,
Che dolcemente mostrò sì di fuora
De suoi atti soavi giama'i parco,
E i doni, che son d'amor sacre ed auro,
La onde alta sua virtù s'infiora.
Quanto tu vaghi parli, o lieta cami
Che mover posa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si trovò indegno;
Gratia sola di sì gli vaglia, inaniti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invechi.

III.
Qual in colle abro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avetta giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'orletta strana e bella
Che mai si fonde a disfusa sfera.

(46)
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Così Amor meco infusì la lingua sicca
De'sta il sio sasso di strana favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non insoa
E'l bel Tamigi tangible col bel Arno,
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Suppi ch'Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Dob! sò'l mio cuor lento e'l duro leno
A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon sereno.

Canzone.
Rlndi senza e giovani amorosi
M'accostando astorno, e perché scrivi,
Perché tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiato d'amor, e come s'è?
Dinne, se la tua frena sia mai vana;
E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivò
Atri lieti s'affrettan, e' altri onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad bor, ad bor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d'etere frondi
Perché alle falle sue svernchia soma?
Canto diventi, e tu per me rispondi
(47) 

Dite mia Donna, el suo dir, è il mio cuore
Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

Diolati, e 'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritrovo io ch' amor spreggia folèda
E de suoi lasci fessò mi ridà
Gia caddì, ov'buom dubbentalbor s'impiglia,
Ne trecce d'oro, me guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian si, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che el cuor bea,
Portamenti alti benefìsì e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua più d'una,
E l'camar che di mezzo l'emisfero
Traviar ben può la satioca Luna,
E degli occhi suoi aventa s' gran fuoco
Che l'inserar gli orecchi mi sia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei vest'recci Donna mia
Esser non può che non siant lo mio sale
Si mi percuton forte, come ei suole
Per l'aren't di Libia chi s' invia,

(48)

Mentre un catto vepor (ne sem pià)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman solitar, in noua che si sta ;
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida s' cefa
Scosso mi il petto e , oj n'uscendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela ;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notte a me fia far piuofse
Finche mia Alba riven cuorina di rose.

VI.

Giovane piano, e simplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me fesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro dertzò ; io certo a prove tante
L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, corarne;
De pensieri leggiadro, accorta, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e socca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d' inerto diamante,
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia scuro,
Di simori, e sperarne al popol ufo
Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alto valor uago,
E di certa sforza, e delle mufe :
Sol travereté in tal parte men duro
Ove Amor seje l'infasibil agio.

VII.
How soon hath Time the swiftest wing
Stolen on his wing his three and twentieth yeer!
My hasting days thee on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossome sheweth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive thee
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
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 Master's eye.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may seale,
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 warmes.

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

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wifely haft shun'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of hev'ly Truth,
The better part with Mary, and the Ruth,
Chosen thou haft, 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 sealthfull friends
Passes to blifs at the mid hour of night,
Haft gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wife and pure.

Sonnet IX. 5 the Ruth,] So all copies examined. Morgan copy has correction in manuscript in margin, perhaps contemporary.
(51)
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 Charonéa, fatal to liberty
Kild with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, then to have known the days
When in your Father flourisht, yet by you
Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, Honour’d Margaret.

Arcades.

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

1. S O N G.

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty

(52)
Is that which we from hence desery
Too divine to be mistook:
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Heer our solemn search hath end.
Fame that her high worth to raise,
Seem’d erst to lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise,
Left then half we find express,
Envy bid conceal the rest.
Mark what radiant flame she spreds,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads,
This this is the alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright,
In the center of her light.

Might she the wife Latona be,
Or the towred Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods;

Fate dare’s not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel’d?
As they come 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 Arcades ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who by secret flues,
Stole under Seas to meet his Arachne;
And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,
Fair silvery-busk'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion
To the great Mistresses of your princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more nigh behold
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone,
Have fain to wonder at, and gaze upon;
For know by lot from Jove I am the pow'r
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bow'r,

To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove
With Ringless quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill.
And from the Boughs bruish off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
Or what the crofs dire-looking Planet fmites,
Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Eve'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 flumbrin' leaves, or taffeld horn
Shakes the high thicket, haft in all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout.
With puiyant words, and murmurs made to blest,
But else in deep of night when drowsines
Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens harmony,
That fit 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
(55)
And keep unstedy 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 groffe unpurged ear,
And yet such musick worthieft were to blaze
The peerles height of her immortal praiie,
Whose luftre 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 Jeffer gods can shew,
I will affay, her worth to celebrate,
And fo attend ye toward her glittering flate;
Where ye may all that are of noble flemm
Approach, and kifs her sacred veftures hemm.

2. SONG.

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

(56)
I will bring you where the 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 kadoes Lillied banks.
On old Lycaen or Cyline hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Strymaph your los deplore,
A better foyl shall give ye thanks.

From the fony Monelus,
Bring your Flocke, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.

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

yei.lu.

71 low] For low and so in all copies examined.
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-fear,
I come 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 need of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sifters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the feet of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly, sweep the flying.

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Mute
With lucky words favour my deflin'd Urn,

And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my fable throw'd.
For we were nurt upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade; and I 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 winds her fultry horn,
Bat'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright.

Toward Heav'n's 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 Damætas 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'regrown,
And all their echoes mourn.

The
The Willows, and the Hazle Coples green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Froft to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
When first the White thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy los to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
Close 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 ly,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mont's 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 Mufe her self that Orpheus bore,
The Mufe her self, for her enchanting son
Whom Universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary vifage down the stream was fent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Letbian shore.

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

And briefly meditate the thankles Mufe,
Were it not better don as others ufe,
To fport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neris's hair?
Fame is the fpur that the clear fpirt doth raife
(That laft infirmity of Noble mind)
To fcorn delights, and live laborious dayes,
But the fap Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into fudden blaze,
Confes the blind Fury with th'abhorred fhears,
And fets the thin fpun life. But not the paffe,
Phaebus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal foil,
Nor in the gliftering foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and fpreds aloft by thofe pure eyes,
And perfect witnes of all judging face;
As he pronounces laffly on each deed,
Of fo much fame in Heav'n expect thy need.

O Fountain Arcbuf, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-fiding Minias, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oat proceeds,
And listen to the Herald of the Sea

63 Letbian] So in all 1645 copies examined.
LYCIDAS—1645

(61)

That came in Neptune's plea,
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,
What hard mishap bath 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 Hippocrates their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek Panoge with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fallall and pernicious Bark
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with cuifes dark,
That sink so low that facred head of thine.
Next Cassus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet fedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that fanguine flower incri'd with woe.
Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two maffy Keyes he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts remain)
He hooke his Miter'd looks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spare'd for thee young swain.

(62)

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 sheares feast,
And shove away the worthy hidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els 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 fashy songs
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoon with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot invadly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
Daily devours space, 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 Mufe,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
Their Bels, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers ufe,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks.

119 hold] In about one third of copies examined, the d is out of line, dropped down, probably because it is at the extreme end of a long line.
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparingly looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green terf suck the honied show'rs,
And purple all the ground withernal show'rs.
Bring the ratey Primrose that forsaken dies.
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Geffamine,
The white Pink, and the Panie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet.
The Musk-rofe, and the well attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowflips wan that hang the pensive bed,
And every flower that fad embroidery wears:
Bid \textit{Amaranthus} all his beauty fled,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 
To shew the Laureat Herfe where \textit{Lycid} lies.
For fo to interpose a little eafe,
Let our frail thoughts daily with falfe firnife.
Ay me! Whilft thee the fhores, and founding Seas
Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit the bottom of the monftrous world;
Or whether thou to our moift vows deny'd,
Sleep'd by the fable of \textit{Bellerus} old,
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks

140

145

150

155

160


(64)

\begin{align*}
\text{Looks toward \textit{Namansus} and Byzant's hold; } \quad & 140 \\
\text{Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth. } \quad & 140 \\
\text{And, \textit{O ye Dolphins}, waft the haples youth. } \quad & 140 \\
\text{Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{For \textit{Lycidus} your sorrow is not dead, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{So sinks the day-fair in the Ocean bed, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{And yet anon repairs his drooping head, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{And tricks his beams, and with new fpangled Ore, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{Flames in the forehead of the morning sky: } \quad & 140 \\
\text{So \textit{Lycidus} sunk low, but mounted high, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves } \quad & 140 \\
\text{Where other groves, and other streams along, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{With \textit{Neftor} pure his oozy Lock's he laves, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{In the blest Kingdoms meck of joy and love, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{T here entertain him all the Saints above, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{In felemn troops, and sweet Societies } \quad & 140 \\
\text{That sing, and singing in their glory move, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes. } \quad & 140 \\
\text{Now \textit{Lycidus} the Shepherds weep no more; } \quad & 140 \\
\text{Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore, } \quad & 140 \\
\text{In thy large recompenfe, and shall be good } \quad & 140 \\
\text{To all that wander in that perilous flood. } \quad & 140 \\
\end{align*}

Thus

173 waves;] The punctuation here should certainly be a semi-colon as in 1638. In IU Gannon copy and one or two others, the uninked impression of a semi-colon is clearly defined; but in all other copies examined, every trace of the impression is gone, probably due to washing. 178 Note that this line is indented one letter in all copies examined.
Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th’Okses 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 fame
AUTHOR
PRESENTED
At LUDLOW-Castle,
1634.

Before
The Earl of BRIDGEWATER
Then President of WALES.

Anno Dom. 1645.

The collation is between 1645 and 1637 printings of the Mask. For the reproductions of the 1637 edition, see p. 262ff.
2 MASK | MASKE 2 & 3 1637 lacks.
6 LUDLOW-Castle, | Ludlow Castle, 7 1634 | 1634: From this point on, the two title-pages are so different that collation is profitless. See page 263 for the 1637 title.
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 Dedication 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 producing it to the publike view; and 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
The Copy of a Letter Writt'n
By Sir Henry Wotton,
To the Author, upon the
following Poem.

From the Colledge, 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
pride to mend my draught (for you left me with
an extreme thrift) and to have begged your conver-
sation again, jealously with your said learned Friend,
at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded
together from good Authors of the ancient 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 piece
of entertainment which came therewith. Wherin
I should much commend the Tragical part, if the
Lyricall did not ravish me with a certain Dorique
delicacy in your Songs and Odes, wherunto I must
plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in
our Language: *Inconsistencies.* 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
som good while before, with singular delight, hav-
ing receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R.
in the very close of the late R's Poems, Printed at
Oxford, whereunto it was added (as I now sup-
pose) that the Accessory might help out the Prin-
cipal, according to the Art of Stationers, and to
leave the Reader *Con la bocca dolce.*

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I
may challenge a little more privilidge 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 Gover-
nour, 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 som
time for the King, after mine own recofs from
Venice.

I should think that your last 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 hasten 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 Al-
berto Scipion, 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 pleasur to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry my self securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. Signor Arrigomio (says he) I pensiero stretti, e' sinso sciolto will go safely over the whole World: Of which Delphian Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgement doth need no commentary; and therefore (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 his my Foot-boy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having my self through some 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 Hom-Novelties; even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the Cradle.

The

The Person's.

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of Thyr'is.

Comus with his crew.

The Lady.

1. Brother.

2. Brother.

Subrina the Nymph.

The chief persons which presented were

The Lord Brady,

Mr. Thomas Egerton his Brother,

The Lady Alice Egerton.
The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.

The attendent Spirit descends or enters.

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

Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish 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 from there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That ope's the Palace of Eternity:
To finish 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 way
Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neither Jove,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Isles
That like to rich, and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to severall governmet,
And gives them leave to wear their Sapphire crowns,
And weild 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 front the falling Sun
(77)

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'd in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Fathers state,
And new-entrusted Sceptre, but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this dear Wood.
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering Passinger.
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from Soveran \textit{Jove}
I was disparcht 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 Bower.

\textit{Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape,}
Crush't the sweet poysion of mis-used Wine
After the Tuscan Mariners transform'd
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds lifted,
On Circe's land fell (who knows not Circe
The daughter of the Sun? Whole charmed Cup
Whoever rafted, loft his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clussling locks,

With

(78)

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 \textit{Comus} nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roaring the \textit{Celtick}, and \textit{Iberian} fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbrow'd,
Excels he. Mother at her mighty Art,
Offring to every weary Traveller,
His orient liquor in a Crystal Glasse,
To quench the drouth of \textit{Phoebus}, which as they taffe
(For most do taffe through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
Th'express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into som brutish form of \textit{Woolf}, or \textit{Bear},
Or \textit{Ounce}, or \textit{Tiger}, \textit{Hog}, or bearded \textit{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 roule with pleasure in a sensual flie.
Therfore when any favour'd of high \textit{Jove}, Chances

The entire page is noticeably out of alignment in several places.
(6 \textit{Bacchus}) The \textit{b} is not absolutely certain, as the \textit{h} in this italic font is almost closed at the bottom. The letter in question may well be the \textit{b} battered to look like the \textit{b}. There can be little doubt that the intent here was to print \textit{h}. 
Chances to passe through this adventurous 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 skierobs spun out of Iris Wooff,
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 fill the wilde winds when they roar,
And hush the waving Woods, nor of lesse faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch,
Likelyst, and nearest to the present ayd
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps, I must be viewles now.

Comus enters With a Charming Rod in one hand,
his Glafs in the other, with him a rout of Mon-
sters headed like sandy sorts of wilde Beastes,
but otherwise like Men and Women, their App-
arel glistening, they com in making a rivosus
and unwry noize, 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 alay

In the steep Altsmitk stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoos against the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other gol
Of his Chamber in the East,
Mean while welcom Joy, and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tripie dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with rosie Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gon to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Stric Age, and lowre Severity,
With their grave Saws in slumber ly.
We that are of purer fire,
I mitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,
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 paftimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweetes to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Com let us our rights begin,
'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin
Which these dun shades will ne're report.
Hail Goddesse of Nocturnal sport.
Dark vaild Cerise, 't whom the secret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns; myfterious Dame
That ne're call'd, but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the ayr,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,
Wherin thou rid'ft with Hecat, and befriend
His thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
Of all thy due: be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing Easterm scout,
The nice Morn on th' Indian sleep
From her cabin'd loop hole peep,
And to the tel-tale Sun difcry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantasfick round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,
Of som chaft footing neer about this ground,
Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees.
Our number may affright: Som Virgin sure
(For so' can diftinguish by mine Art)
Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains, I shall e're long
Be well stock' with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my Mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling Spells into the fpungy ayr,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illufion,
And give it ille prefentments, left the place
And my quaint habits breed aifferention,
And put the Damfel to fupicious flight,
Which muft not be, for that's against my course;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac' words of glowing courtefie
Baited with reafons not unplauflible
Wind me into the eafe-hearted man,
And hugg him into fares. When once her eye
Hath met the vertue of this Magick duft,
I shall appear som harmles Villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,
But here he comes, I fairly step aside
And hearken, if I may, her busines 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 joyous flute, or game'stom pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'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 maze, 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 ev'n
Like a sad votarist in Palmer's weed

_Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phoebus wain._

But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likest
They had ingag'd their wandering steps too far,
And envy'st darkness, e're they could return,
Had rofe them from me, els O the ev'enNight
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious 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 even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rise, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness 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 men's names
On sands, and shoars, and desert wilderneses.
These thoughts may tatter well, but not afford
The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion Conscience.

O welcome 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 believe
That he, the Supreme good, ’t whom all things ill
Are but as flavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unassail’d.
Was I deceiv’d, or did a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And calls a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noife as I can make to be heard farthest
He venter, for my new enliv’nd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv’d unseen
Within thy airy cell
By slow Meander’s margent green,
And in the violet–embroider’d vale
Where the love–lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well.
And fell Charybdis murmurd soft applausite:
Yet they in pleasing Number huld the sente,
And in sweet madness rob'd it of its self,
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. Ile speak to her
And the shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
Unlce the Goddes that in rural shrine
Dwell it here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.
L. Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise
That is addrest to unattending Ears,
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my fever'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?
L. Dim darknes, and this leavy Labyrinth.
Co. Could that divide you from neer-uflieiing guides?
L. They left me weary on a graffie terf.
Co. By fallhood, or discourestie, or why?
L. To seek i'th valley som cool friendly Spring.
Co. And left your face all unguarded Lady?
L. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.
Co. Perhaps fore-falling night prevented them.
L. How ease my misfortune is to hit !
Co. Imports their losf, beside the present need?
L. No lets then if I should my brothers loose.
Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
L. 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 your small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,
Their port was more than human, as they stood;
I took it for a fairy 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-frook,
And as I past, I worship'd; if those you seek
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. L. Gentle villager
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due well it rises from this shrubby point.
L.
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-practis'd feet.

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 dray attendance beyetlodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low rooted lark
From her thatch't pallat rowse, if otherwise
I can conduct you Lady to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further queft.  

Shepherd 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 moft pretended: In a place
Less warranted then this, or less secure
I cannot be, that I shou'd fear to change it,
Eie me blest Providence, and sure my triall
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on.
Perhaps from cold bank is her boulster now
Or'gainst the rugged bark of 'om 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?

Ell. Bro. Peace brother, be not over-exquisite
To call the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man foresfall 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 vertues 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 reforit
Were all to rush'd, and sometimes impair'd.

He that has light within his own cleer breft
May fit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark foul, and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2. Bro. Tis most true
That musing meditation most affeots
The Penfive 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 Difh,
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 spre'd out the unsun'd heaps
Of Mifers treasure by an out-laws den,
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 dread 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 flate
Secure without all doubt, or controversy:
Yet where an equal poife of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
That I encline to hope, rather then fear,
And gladly banish squiret suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

2. 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 like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heath's,
Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,
No savage fierce, Bandite, or mountaineer
Will dare to foyl her Virgin purity,
Yea there, where very desolation dwels
By grotts, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench't majesty,
Be it not don in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaied 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 believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece
To testifie the arms of Chastity?

Hence had the huntress Diana her dread bow
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chastè,
Wherewith she taw'd the brinded lions
And spotted mountain pard, but for at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid, gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'er Woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon sheuld
That Minerva wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherewith the freat'ld her foes to congeal'd stone?
But rigid looks of Chait austerity,
And noble grace that daft'nt brute violence
With fudden adoration, and blank aw.

So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lackey 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 inhabitants
Begin to call a beam on th'outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soules essence,
Till all be made immortal : but when luft
By unchafte looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
Most by lead and lavish act of sin,
Let's 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.
(27)

The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak;
Com not too near, you fall on iron flakes else.
Spirit. What voice is that, my young Lord? speak again.
El. Bro. Thyself? Whole artistic strains have oft delaid
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweaten'd every muskrose of the Dale,
How camest 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?
Spirit. 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 wealth
Of pilfering Wolves, 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 left her as we came.
Spirit. Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.

Spirit. He tell ye, 'tis not vain, or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage Poets taught by th'heav'nly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal vers
Of dire chimera's and enchanted-iles,
And rifled Rocks whose entrance leads to hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navil of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in cypresse shades a Sorcerer dwels
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 vilage 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 stable'd wolves, or tigers at their prey.
Doing abhorr'd rites to Hecate

In
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres,
Yet have they many baits, and guilefull spells
To inveigle and invite th'unwaysy sense
Of them that pafs unweeting by the way.
This evening late by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'n their supper on the favoury Herb
Of Knot-grafs dew-bespren, and were in fold,
I fate me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
Wrap't in a pleasing fit of melancholy
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
The wonded roar was up amidst the Woods,
And fill'd the Air with barbarous difsonance,
At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave refpit to the drowsie frighted fleeds
That draw the litter of clofe-curtain'd sleep,
At left a voi and folenn breathing found
Both like a beam of rich dill'd Perfumes,
And flre upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took e're the was ware, and with't the night
Deny her nature, and be never more
G x

Still to be so dislipt. I was all care,
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 moft honour'd Lady, your dear fifter,
Amaz'd I read, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O poor haples Nightingale thought I,
How sweet thou fings't, how neer the deadly fnares!
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 difguife
(For fo by certain fignes I knew) had met
Already, ere my beft speed could prevent,
The aidles innocent Lady his withf' prey,
Who gently ask't if he had feen fuch two,
Supposing him fom neigh our villager;
Longer I durft not stay, but foon I gueft't
Ye were the two fhe mean't, with that I fprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
But furer know I not. 2. Bre. O night and shades,
How are ye joyn'd with hell in triple knot
Against th'unarmed weaknefs of one Virgin
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
You

The page numbers. | In some copies examined, these numbers are clear and normal. In others, the second 9 looks broken; in still others, the second 9 is out of line in various ways; and in a few copies the figure is almost lying on its side.
---|---
576 neighbour | Note spacing neighbour present in all copies examined.
You gave me Brother, Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely, not a period
Shall be unaided for me: against the threats
Of malice or of forcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not entrall'd,
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on it self shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to it self
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-confum'd, if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth is base built on fublue. But com let's on.
Against the 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 grieify legions that troop
Under the footy flag of Acheron,
Harpyes and Hydra's, or all the monstrous forms
Twixt Africa and Jude, he 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 joynets,
And crumble all thy finews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee Shepherd
How durt thou then thy felt approach so near
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 gras
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 strane and vigorous facultys;

584 1645 numbering. me J So all copies examined; Columbia note is wrong, reading me.
Amongst the rest a small unfruitly root,
But of divine effect, he call'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this foil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swayn
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it then that Moly
That Hermes once to wife Ulysses gave;
He call'd it Harmony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sovereign use
Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp
Or giddy furies apparition;
I put 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-twigs 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 glass;
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But

But seake his wand, though he and his curst crew
Feirc signe of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smok,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrinke.

Ell. Bro. Thrysis lead on space, Ile follow thee,
And from 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 appear'd with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glast, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay Lady sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alabaster,
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 mine minde
Withall thy charms, although this corporal rinde
Thou haft immanac'd, while Heau'n sees good.

Co. Why are you vex't Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
Sorrow flies far: 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 Thoas,
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 yourself,
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 submit,
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.

Twill not false traitor,
Twill not restore the truth and honestly
That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies,

Was this the cottage, and the lace abode
Thou told'ft me of? What grim aspects are these,
These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,
Haft thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsity, and base forgery,
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits fit to enslave a brute?
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treacherous 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 Stoik 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 unwrathing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and taste the curious taffe?
And for to work millions of spinning Worms,
That in their green loops weave the smooth-hair'd silk

Was
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 Pulfe,
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 straing'd with her waste fertility;
The earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The Sea o're fraught would swell, & th' unfought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forhead of the Deep,
And so bestudd with Stars, that they below
Would grow inu'd to light, and com at last
To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
Lift Lady be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity,
Beauty is natures coy'n, must not be hoo'ded,
But must be currant, and the good thereof

Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,
In favour in th'injoyment of it self
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beauty is natures brag, and must be shewn
In courts, at feast's, and high solemnities
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teize the huswifes 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 adviz'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
Obruding falf rules pranckt in reasons garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And vertue has no tongue to check her pride:
Impollor do not charge most innocent nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; the good caterels

Means
(109)

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'd,
His praise due paid, for wimin's glutony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with befotted 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 from thing 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 fage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know

(110)

More happiness then this thy present lot.
Enjoy your deere 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 caufe 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 heaps o're thy falfe 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 Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chain of Erebus
To som of Salmos crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,
This is meer moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not falfe this, yet 'tis but the lees
And feelings of a melancholy blood;
For this will cure all fhame, one fip of this
Will bathe the drooping fpirits in delight
Beyond the bills of dreams. Be wise, and take——

813 Beyond 1. In about half the copies examined the B has not printed; but in all others examined, it is clear enough.
The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest him Glasst out of his band, 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 mislook, ye should have snatcht his wand, and bound him fast; without his rod rever'st, 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, Some other means I have which may be us'd, Which once of Meliboeus old I learnt, The footstep 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 Brutus, She guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit Of her enraged stepdam Guadalba, Commended her fair innocence to the flood, That stay'd her flight with his crost flowing course, The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid, Held up their pearl'd wrists and took her in, Bearing her straight to aged Nerces Hall, Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head, And gave her to his daughters to imbathe In nectar'd lavers 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 Eeve Visits the herds along the twilight meadows, Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signes That the fhrewd medling Elf delights to make, Which she with precious viol liquor heals, For which the Shepherds at their festivals Caroll her goodnes lowd in rustick layes, And throw sweet garland wreaths into her fhream Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy Daffadils, And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock The clasp'ing charm, and thaw the numsing 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.
(113)

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 Lily's knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Listen for dear honours sake,
Goddes 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 wafants hook,
By scaly Tritons winding shell,
And old foot-thriving Glaucus spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the fountains,
By Thetis tinsel slipper'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 rosy head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

(114)

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

By the ruddy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Cistus brink,
My sliding Chariot slays,
Thick set with Agast, and the Azurean gleam
Of Turquoise blew, and Emrad green
That in the channel strayes,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my princely feet
O'er the CowSlips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle swain at thy request
I am here.
(115)

_Sir._ Goddes dear
We implore thy powerful hand
To undoe the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.

_Sab._ Shepherd 'tis my office Left
To help infamed chastity;
Thus I sprinkle on thy freth
Droths that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath loft 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._

_Sir._ Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of old Anchises line,

(116)

May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never mifs
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills;
Summer drouth, or finged air
Never scorch thy tresse fair,
Nor wet October torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,
May thy billows rowl afoar
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 myrth, and cinnamon.

Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Left the Sorcerer us intice
With some other new device.

_Not a waft, or needlest 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
(117)

Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish't presence, and besie'd
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 there;
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 President's Castle, then com in Country-
Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with
the two Brothers and the Lady.

SONG.

Spir. Back Shepherds, back, enough your play.
Till next Sun-shine holiday,
Here be without duc' or not
Other trippings to be paid.
Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Lyes.

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,
Heaven hast timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth.
And sent them here through hard affairs
With a crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit Epilogues.

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 air
All amide! the Gardens fair
Of Hepersus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jovial Spring.
The Graces, and the rosie-boofom’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 Caffa’s balmy finels.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Then her pur’d scarf 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 loft, and on the ground
Sadly fits th’Assyrian Queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her fam’d Son advance’t,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranct
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side

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 virtue, the alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher then the Spheary chimie,
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heav’n it fell would stoop to her.

The End.
Joannis Miltoni
LONDINENSIS
POEMATA.
Quorum pleraque intra
Annus ætatis Vigesimum
Conscriptit.
Nunc primum Edita.

LONDINI,
Typis R. R. Prostant ad Insignia Principis,
in Cimiterio D. Pauli, apud Humphreidum
Mostys. 1645.

3 POEMATA. | The period is broken and raised above the line of type in all copies examined.
4 intra | The alignment of the type is bad in all copies examined, especially of the final a.

(3)

EC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tamet si ipse intelligebat non tam de se quæ supra se esse dicit, cò quid preclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, nolit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; Cum alii preter-tim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimia laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sitque quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cor-datorum atque illustrium quin summo fide honori ducat, negare non potest.

A 2

Joannes

4 quàm | The à here and in the same word in line 8 rises slightly above the line of the other type.
7 veritati | In some copies the a is smeared and in others it is so clean and clear that it seems impossible that the same piece of type could have been responsible for both appearances of this letter, but there are no other indications whatever on the page that any part of it has been reset.
Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio
Villensis Neapolitanus ad Joannem
Miltonium Anglam.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus ipsi fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglam tri-
plici poesoris laurea coronandum Graec\nrum, Latin\a, atque Herculis, Epipo-
gramma Joannis Salisii Romani.

Cede Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna ;
Sebetus Taminum desinat usque loqui ;
At Thameis victor cunctis serat alior undas
Nam per te Milto par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

Recia Monidem, jaçet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jaçat utrique parem.
Selvaggi.

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile
Inglese.

O D E.

Errimi ad' Etra à Clio
Perche di scelle intrecciò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elica,
Dien\a a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A'celeste virtù celesti regi.
Non può del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valere,
Non può l'oblio rapace
Furare dalle memomre eccelso onore,
Su l'arco di mia cera un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirà la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampí gorghi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l'umano eccede :
Questa seconda farà produrre Eroi,
Che' hanno a ragion del sovrano tra noi.
Danno nei petti lor sìdo ricetto,
Quella gli è fol gradita,
Perché in lei fan trovare gioia, e diletto;
Ridiò su Giovanni e mostra intanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeus l'industre ardente brama;
Ch'io dio a' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla offigiar al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trafig il più rare.

Cosi l'Ape Ingegnosa
Trac con industria il suo liquor pregia
dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
E an varie voci melodia concorde.

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

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Pide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L'ottimo dal miglior dopo sceglier;
Per fabricar d'ogni virtù l'Ideæ.

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

Nell'altera Babello
Per te il parlar confuso Giove in vano;
Che per varie favelle
Di se stesso troso cadde sul piano:
(8)

Chi ode olio all'Anglia il suo più degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
Chi occultò la natura e in cielo e in terra
Chi' a Ingegini fece rami
Troppo avaro tal'bor gli chiude, e cerca,
Chiaramente conoscì, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non basta il Tempo 'l ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermini gl'anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia
Furone gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria,

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Chi inalzandosi all' Estra
Di farti uomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gli è concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesse

(9)

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo morto alte, e proclavo
So che fati indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparò;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupeore.

Del fig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo

Fiorentino.

[Signature: Joanni]
ELEGIA PRIMA

JOANNI MILTONI
LONDINII,

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cunfla orbis terrarum loca perflxitis, ut novus UbiSta omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.

Polygloto, in quos ore linguae jam deprehendi se reviviscit, ut idioma omnia sunt in ejus laudibus sefacunda; Et iure ea percalles us admirationes & plagus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos, intelligat.

Huius animi doce corporisque, senibus ad admirationem commovevit, & per ipsum motum cuique auroerit; cujus opera ad plagos horuntur, sed visitate vocem laudatoribus admund.

Cui in Memoria totus Orbis in intelleclu Sapientia, in volun~ate atque gloria. in ore Eloquentia: Harmonie cecelestium Sphaerarum sonitus Astronomia Ducis audentis, Characteres mirabilium naturae per quos Dei magnitudo desiderat magistra Philosophia legens; Antiquitatum latebras, subtilitas existit, eruditionis ambages comite affiliau autorum Lectiones.

Exquirenti, restauranti, perturbiens.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in quibus virtutibus evagandius ora Fama non subicit, nec hominum floror in Laudanda facit est, Reversa & amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitis admiratwns tributum offerit Carolus Datus Patrios Florentinus.

Texto homini formis, tanta virtutis amator.

Elegiarum

ELEGIARUM

Liber primus.

Elegia prima ad Carolum Diodaturn.

Andem, charis, tua mihi pervenere tabella,
Pertulit & voces untias charta tuas,

Pertulit occidit Deve Celestfis ab orai

Vergilium pron:i qui petiit amne salum.

Multum crede juvat terras aluiffe remotas

Pectus amans noster, tamque fidele caput,

Quodque mihi lepidum tellus LONGINQUA SODALEM

Debet, atunde brevi reddere justra velite,

Me tenet urbem resolvat quam Thamefis alluit undas,

Meque nec invitat patria dulcis habet,

Jam nec arundinum mihi cura reviurere Camuum,

Nec dum vetiti melaris angit amor.

Nuda nec arva placet, umbrasque negantia molles,

Quam male Phociscolis convenit ille locus 1

Nec duri libet uque minas perferre magis,

Ceteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
(12) Si fit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum cures otia grata sequis,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemve recuso,
Lanus & exilii conditione fruor.

O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano spectilis exul agro ;
Non tune Jonio quicquam cessisset Homero
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.

Tempora nam licet hic placitis dare libera Musis,
Et tatem rapiunt me mea vita libri.

Excipit hinc fessum funtus pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena fuos.

Seu carus auditor senior, seu prodigus hares,
Seu procul, aut posita cassis miles adeit,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbaro verba foro,

Saxpe vaser gnato saccurtit ferus amanti,
Et nasum rigidis fallit ubique Patris ;
Saxpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor necis, dum quoque necis, amat.

Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragedia sceptrum
Quaffat, & effusis criniibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, & speilo, juvat & spehitse dolendo,
Interdum & lacrimis dulcis amor inest :

(13) Seu puer infelix indelitata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cedit,
Seu ferus e tembris iterat Styga criminis ulter;

Conscia funeris pectora torre movens,
Seu morte Pelopii domus, seu nobilitis lli,

Aet luit incertos aula Creontis avos.

Seu quique sub teceo temper nec in urbe Latemus,

Irrita nec nobis veris eunt.

Seu quique lucus habet vicinâ constitutulmo
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.

Seu his blandas spirantis sydera flammas
Virgineos vidas prateririisse choros.

Ah quoties dignæ flupui miracula formæ

Que possit helenum vel reparare Iovis ;

Ah quoties vidi superancia lumina gemmas,

Atque fasces quoquot volvit uerque polus ;

Collaque bis vivi Pelopis qua brachia vincant,

Que fluit puro necisae tincta via,

Et decus eximum frontis, tremuloseque capillos,

Aurea que fallax retia tendit Amor.

Pelaccesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina forset
Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.

Cedite laudate toties Heroides olim,

Et quacunque vagum cepit amica jovem.

Cedite
(14)

Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliace, Romuleaque nurus.

Nec Pompeianæ Tarpeia Muña columnas
Jaclæt, & Aufonis plena theatra fiolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Exterae fata tibi sit foemia possè fequi.
Tuque urbis Dardanis Londinum struçta colonis
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua moenia claudis
Quicquid formosè pendulus orbis habet.

Non tibi tot caelo fæntilant altra sereno
Endymioneae turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi conspicuae formâque autóque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero militè cinæta Venus,
Hic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis tumine valles,
Hic Paphon, & rosegam posthabuitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri ëmit indulgentia cæci,
Moenia quàm subitò linctere fausta paro ;
Et viære procû malefide infantia Circæ
Atria, divini Molyos ëlius ope.

(15)

Stat quoque juncofas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum rause murmur adire Scholle.
Interea fidi parvum cape minus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coæta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno ætatis 17.

In obitum Praconis Academicæ
Cantabrigiensis.

Te, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima praconum praconem te quoque favère
Mors rapit, officio nec faveit ipse suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumes
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
O dignus tamen Harmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sæpe regante deæ.

Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer a Phœbo nutius ire tuo
Talis in Iliaca flabar Cyllenius aula
Alipes, ætheræa missis ab arce Patris.

78 æ of Endymionæ is dropped down in all copies examined.
POEMS BOTH ENGLISH AND LATIN—1645

(16)

Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atrida jufla fervera ducis,
Magna sepulchorum regina, facelles Averni
Saxa nimis Mufis, Palladi fava nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem est telis ifta perenda tuis.
Velibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra stercta tuis.
Fundat & ipfa modos querebunda Elegeia trilles,
Perfonet & totis nenia moeifa scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno ætatatis 17.

In obitum Praefulis Wintoniensis.

Mecitus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante fedebam,
Herebantque animo triftia plura meo,
Protius en subitit funefla cladis imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina folo ;
Dum procerum ingrelTa eff splendentes marmore turre
Dira sepulchrali moris mensenda face ;
Pulfsavitque auro gravidos & jasplide muros,
Nec metuit fata rapum fternera falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, ftritique verendi
Intempestivis oifia cremata regis.

(17)

Et memini &erorum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Elevit & animos Belgia rota duces.
At te præcipuæ luti signiflime praebat,
Wintoniasque olim signiflime praebat;
Delicui flerus, & trilli sie ore querebar,
Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
Nonne fatis quod fylva tuas perfentiant iras,
Et quod in herbones justi detur agros.
Quadque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchra Cypridi feca rosa,
Nec finis ut fumer fluvió contermina quercus
Miretur lapus praereuntis aequa ?
Et tibi fuccumbat liquido quæ plurima calo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quod mille nigris errant animalia fylvus,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antre pecus,
Invidia, tanta tibi cum fit concefla poreflas,
Quid juvat humana tingere cade manus ?
Nobileque in peclus certas acuisse fagittas,
Semideamque animam fede fugasse suâ ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub peptore volvo,
Rofcidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartefiaco submerferat aequore currum
Phoebus ab eōo littore menfus iter.

El. II. 23 Elegeia] The diaeresis is faint, but magnification shows it clearly in all copies examined. Columbia note is wrong. See also 1645, p. 20, line 27.
El. III. 5ingrel] The a is broken in all copies examined.
Elegia quarta. Anno ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium preceptorem
sum apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ
agens Pabris munere fungentem.

Ut rerum per immenum subito mea littera ponam
1, pote Teutonicos iuxta per suorum agros,
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obtinet cuncti,
Et septimanis nil remoretur iter.

Ipse ego Sicanio franzanem carceri ventos
Helion, & virides follicitabo Deos;
Caniuleamque suis comitatem Dorida Nymphis;
Ut tibi dent placidum per suam regna viam.

Aqmina
(20)
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales;
Vedâ quibus Colchis fugie ab ore viri.
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Grarus Eleusinâ müfus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flaverie videbis arenas
Ditis ad Hamburgur inoquia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occioî que ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem f tertur clava dedife neci.
Vivif ibi antiquae clarus pietas tis honore
Præfèr Chrifticolas paadus oves;
Ille quidem eft anima plus quam pars altera nonvx,
Dimidio vira vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quor pelagi, quot montes interjâti
Me fæciunt aliâ parte carere mei !
Charior ille mihi quam tu doceistime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamoniis erat,
Quâmque Stegirites generofo magnus alunno;
Quem peperit Libyco Chasionis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, quisquis Philyricus Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo praenunte receffus
Lufrabam, & bifdi facra vieta jugi,
Pierioque haufi latices, Clioque favente,
Caflatio flarif lata ter ora mero.

(21)
Flameus at signum ter viderat arietis Aethon,
Induxiteque auro lanear terga novo,
Bifque novo terram flarifii Chlori senilem
Gramine, bifque tua abfolute Aufter opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina paide vulva,
Aut lingue dulces aure bifife fonos.
Vade igitur, carufeque Eurum praverse fotorum,
Quam fil opus monitis res docet, ipfa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
Mucenem premio pignora chara fuo,
Forfitan aut veterum pralarga volumina patrum
Verfântem, aut veri biftia facra Dei.
Calefìne animas faturament rore tenellas,
Grande fultifie religiosis opus.
Utque folet, multam, fì dicere cura falutem,
Dicere quam decuir, fi modo adeffet, herum.
Hae quoque paulet oculos in humum defixa modeflus,
Verba verecundo fis memor ore loqui : 
Hae tibi, fi teneris vücar inter ] zelia Muftis
Mittis ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe ficeram, quamvis fìt fera, falutem
Fiat & hoc iplo gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, fed vera fuit, quam cafta recepce;
Icaris a lepto Penelopeia viro.

Note entire top half out of line with bottom half. 17 pietatis | The spacing pietas tis occurs in all 1645 copies examined. 27 Philyricus] See 1645, p. 16, line 23, and note. Columbia note here is also wrong. Catchword Flammus] In all 1645 copies examined, the last two letters us are badly smeared. 55 The faint spacer mark occurs at the end of this line in all copies examined. Catchword At} In less than a third of the copies examined is this word legible, and whenever it is, the ligature ft is tilted.
(22)
Aft ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit.
Arguitur, tardus meriti, noxanque lateetur,
Et pudet officium defensori suo.
Tu modo da veniam falso, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminuis, quae patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Saepe fieris cruda pele"a Thrasis
Suppliis ad moeas delicere preces.
Extenfque manus avertunt fulminis ietus,
Placat & iratos hoftia parva Deos.
Jamque diu (tripfis) tibi fuit impenus illis,
Neve mora ultra ducere pasfus Amor.
Nam vaga fama referit, heu nunzia vera malorum i
In tibi finiinis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuaque urbe truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonum arma paraffe duces,
Te cinque latre campos pop'latur Enyo,
Et fata carne virum jam cruer arva rigac.
Germanique fium conceffe Thracic Martem,
Illac Odryfios Mars pater egir equos.
Perpertuque comans jam defloreat oliva,
Fugit & aerifonam Diva perpora tubam

(23)
Fugit ip terris, & jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas jufta volaffe domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumfunat horror,
Vivis & ignoto folum inopeque folo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibere penates
Sede peregrinâ quasis egenus open.
Patria dura parens, & faxis favor allis
Spumea que pulfât littoris unda tui,
Sic cinque te decer innocuos exponeare fatus,
Siccinque in externam fereea cogis humane,
Et finis ut terris quearant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi profpiciens minaret iphe Deus,
Et qui lata femunt de caelo nunzia, quiunque
Que via potf cineres ducat ad afira, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis que vivas claufa tenebris,
Æternaque anima digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vaces terrae Thesbitidis olim
Prefir insuffuto devia te qua pede,
Desertaque Arabum falebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugir arque tulas, Sidoni diras manus.
Talis & horrifono lacratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmachia pullitur urbe Cilix.
Plicofoque ipsum Gergeffe civis Jefu,
Finibus ingratus justit abire luis.
Elegia quinta, Anno ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juvamentum,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virecit humus.
Fallor an & nobis redunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adeopt?
Muneré veris adeopt, iterumque vigefcit ab illo
(Quis puter) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Caflalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt.
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi peçtora motu,
Et furor, & sonitus me facer intus agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in árdua coeli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
Perque umbras, perque antera feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deúm.
Intuituro animus toto quid agat Olympo,
Nec fugiant oculos Tartara caeca meos.

(25)

At tu fume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis
Nec tua concutiat decolor offa meus;
Sis tenuis quamvis fulgentibus obtusus armis,
Interimque tibi multa tela necum,
At nullis vel incerno latus violabitur armis;
Deque tuo cuspid nullus crucere bibet
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
ille tibi cultos, & rogul ille tibi;
ille Sionæ qui tot sub moenibus arcis
Affysis fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Mist ab antiquis príca Damáceus agris,
Terruit & densis pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere durn vacuo buccinae clara fonat,
Cornea pulvêtein dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus aëronaein dum quirat aëus humum,
Audituque hinnitus equivalent ad bella ruen tum,
Et spíritus ferris, murmurauque alta virum;
Et tu (quod superest miser) sperare memento,
Et tum magnanimo peçtore vince mala.
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis.
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lare.

Elegia

(24)
Quid tam grande sonat different spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingeniun, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Institit modulos, dum filet omne nemus.
Urbe ego, tu fylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, & hoc tudeat Muta quotannis opus.
Jam sol et iopas fugiens Tellus circutn Jovis atria tota
Excubias agitant tyrère rara polo.
Nam dolus, & cedex, & vis cum noxe recedit,
Neve Giganteum Didii timere seclus.

Forte si quis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Reedit cum primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac sit. hac certe carusfi noxe puellâ
Phœbo tua, celestia quæ retineret equos.

(c. 25)

Læta suas repetis sylvas, pharetramque refümite
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et venues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officiam fieri tam breve fraterni ope,
Defere, Phœbus ai, thalamos Aurora seniles,
Quid juvat effetto procubuisse toro?
Te manet Aolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes alius Hyemetus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimine in ore fæteret,
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
Exuit invisum Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;
Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ;
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosam finus,
Atque Arabum spirat meles, & ab ore venuit
Mitia cum Paphiâs fundit amoma rosis.

(c. 30)

Ecce coronatur sacrâ frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idaeam pinae turris Opina;
Et variâ madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus & viâ est posse placere suis,
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos
Tenarior placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Alpice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.

(c. 35)

(c. 40)

(c. 45)

[cinnamœ]
Cinnamea Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,
Blandiaque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec fine dote tuae temeraria queris amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma fulviserum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tua.
Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus fæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi offensae quaæunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu liusofe sussus Olympo
In vesperinas precipitatis aquas,
Cur te, inquit, curfu languentem Phœbe diurno
Helperiis recipit Carula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethys? Quid cum Tartæide lyphâ,
Día quid immundo perluis ora falo?
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelida veniet tibi somnus in herba,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lenæ suffurrans
Aura per humentes corpora suæ rofas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terren Semelæa fata,
Nec Phæctontiæ sumidus axis equo;
Cum tu Phœbe tuo fapieniis uteris igni,
Huc ades & gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus laevia fuos sufpirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cetera turbâ ruunt.
Nunc etenim tuto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovent solis ab igne faces.
Infonuer ever lethalia coruia nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela coruica novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat superaeth Dianam,
Quaque feder faeco Vesta pudica foco.
Ipfa beneçentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orata mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenaë per urbes,
Littus io Hymen, & cava faxa sonant.
Cultior ille verit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Punicum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediurque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgines autro cincla puella sinus,
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
Ut siâ quenm cupiat, det Cythera virum.
Nunc quaque septenâ modulatur arundine pastâr,
Et suæ quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navica nostrum placat fuæ flera cantu,
Delphinaaque leves ad vada summa vocâr.
ELEGIA QUINTA

Jupiter ipse alto cum coniuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat & famulos ad sua fessa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri cum fera crepuscula surgeant;
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanique sui Cypris flonde revincentus,
Semicapereque Deus, semideusque caper.
Quaque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
Per jugas, per solos expatiantur agros,
Per sata luxurias fructuetaque Menalins Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tutas Ceres,
Arque aliquam cupidus pradatur Oreada Faunus,
Confundit in trepitos dum sibi Nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanque cupit male recta videri,
Et fugis, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant calo praponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dixi precor ite domo.
Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris
Sxcla, quid ad nimbos aspida tela redis?
Tu saltam lentè rapidos age Phoebe jugales
Quà potes, & sensim tempora veris cant.
Brunoque productas tarde ferat hilipida noctes,
Ingruat & nostro ferior umbra polo.

ELEGIA SEXTA—1645

Elegia sexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum rurum commorantem.

Quis cum idibus Decemb. scripsisset, & sua
Carmina excusari pos<ul>lulat</ul>et si solito minus
essest bona, quid inter laudatias quibus erat
ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam
Mufis dare se posse affirmabat, hunc
habuit respondsum.

Ittu tibi famam non pleno ventre salutem,
Quà tu diffento forte carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolecat Musa canoemam,
Nec finit optatas poëseque tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quàm te redaménque colámque,
Crede mihi vix vix carmine scire queas,
Nam neque nostrer amor modulis includitur arcís,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrì
Feftaque eos fugam quod colure Deum;
Deliciaque referis, hyberni gaudia ruis,
Hauftaque per lepidos Gallica mufis focos.
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poësia?
Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat,
Nec

9 Decembrì] The last three letters are battered and crowded.
Nec puduit Phoebum viriles geflaffe corymbos,
    Atque hederae lauro praepustifile sux.
Saxpius Amnis clamavit collibus Eure
    MiUSA Thyoneo turba novena choros.
Nafo Corallais mala carmina misit ab agris:
    Non illic epula non fata vitis crat.
Quid nisi vina, rosatque racemiferumque Lyxum
    Et reolet fumpum pagina quaque merum.
Dum gravis everfo currus crepat axe
    Et volat Eléo pulvcre eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Jaccho
    Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen,
Jam quoque laura tibi generoso menfa paratu,
    Mentis alir vires, ingeniumque foveat.
Maflica fecundam depumant pocula venam,
    Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cadet.
Addimus his artes, faulque per intima Phoebum
    Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
   Numine compofo tres peperifile Deos.
Nunc quoque Thoica tibi cælato barbíros auro
    Infonat argutâ molliter idiâ manas.

Auditurque

Auditurque chelys suspensa tactia circum,
    Virgineos tremulá que regat arte pedes.
Ilia tuas últim teneant spectacula Musar,
    Et revocent, quantum crapula pellic iners.
Crede mihi dum püllit ebur, comitataque plecrum
    Implet odoratos fefta chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per peclora serpere Phoebum,
    Quale repentinus permuta offa calor,
Perque puellas oculos digitumque fonantem
    Irruet in totos lapfa Thalia finus.
Nàmque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
    Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa fuos.
Liber adeft elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
    Et cum purpureá matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia Larga poctis,
    Saxpius & veteri commaduiire mero.
At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove caelum,
    Herosque pios, femideothque duces,
Et nunc facela canit superum consulta deorum;
    Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parce Samii pro more magiftri
    Vivat, & innocuos praebet herba cibos;
Siet prope fagineo pellucida lympfa catillo,
    Sobriaque ë puró pocula fonte bibat.
(34)

Additum huic scelerisque vacans, & castra juventus,
Et rigidi mores, & sine labo manus.
Qualis vestis nicens facrä, & lufralis undis
Surges ad infensos augur iture Deos,
Hoc ritu viuific ferunt post rapta fagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiamque Linon,
Et ilre devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
Orpheon edomitis fola per antra feris;

Dic dapis exigus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa vita,
Et per monstrificam Perseix Phoebados aulam,
Et vada femineis insidiosis sonis,
Perque tua rex imo domos, ubi fanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuifle greges.
Diis e tenim facer eis vates, divinique facendor,
Spirit & occultum pecus, & ora Jo vem.
At tuiquid agam, sciabere (si modo saltem
Esse putas tanti nofcre liquid agam)
Paciferum caninum calcei femine regem,
Fausta & facratis facula paeta libris,
Vagitunque Dei, & habulamtem paupere techo
Qui supremo fuo cum patre regna colit.
Stelliparumque polum, modulantque æthere turmas,
Et subitè elios ad sua fana Deos.

Donum

(35)

Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illis,
illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tuit.
Te quoque preñsa manent patriis meditata cicinis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis inflar eris.

Elegia septima, Anno ætatis undevigésimo.

Nondum blandas suas leges Amathusia noram,
Et Paphio vacuum pecus ab igne siti,
Saepe cupidinas, puerilia tela, fagittas,
Atque tuum previsa maxime, numen, Amor.

Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
Conveniunt tenero mollia duci.

Hoc deo stat quibus eras triumphos,
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ilia pharetra viros.

Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior, & duplici jam furus igne calet.
Ver erat, & summius radians per culmina villa
Attrulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem :

At mihi adhuc refugam quærebat lumiata noaem
Nec matutinum luflinuere jubat.

Cæs

66 Surgis | Badly battered type in all 1645 copies examined.
82 facratis | The medial ra are badly battered in all copies examined. 
facula | The æ is a battered specimen of the peculiar ligature æ that is sometimes used in the 1645 edition.
Aftat Amor lesto, pičis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit altanem mota pharetra Deum;
Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis occelli,
Et quiecid puero, dignum & Amore suit.

Talis in ærerno juvenis Sigieus Olymno
Mifer amatoris poca pla Jovi;
Aut qui formosa pellexit ad ofcula nymphas;
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas;
Addideratque iras, sed & has decuifte putaxes,
Addideratque truces, nec fine felle minas.

Et mifer exemplò fapuiftes tutiis, inquit,
Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damnâ fidem.
Ipse ego si necis strato Pythonc superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cefi & ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatureur
Certiis & gravís nos nocere mea.
Me nequit addu&m curvare pertiiis arcum,
Qui poft terga foler vincere Parthus eques.
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
Infiu xo qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobi: ingens quoque viucus Orion,
Herculæque manus, Herculeusque comes.

Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Harebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.

Cetera quæ dubitas meliis mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.

Nec te sui te poterunt defendere Musæ,
Nectibi Phœbus orrigit anguis ope.m.

Dixit, & aurato quiens murrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.

At mihi rifuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.

Et modo quæ nostra spatiantur in urbe Quirites
Et modo villarum proxima tua placent.

Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias iisque reditque vias.
Auftaque lucé dies gemino fulgore corufcat,
Fallor an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.

Hac ego non fugi specula grata severus,
Impetus & quo me fert juvenilis, agor.

Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuifte meos.

Unam forte alis supereeminifte notabam,
Principium noftri lux erat illa mali.

Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipfa vidiri,
Sic regina Deûm confpicienda fuit.

Jupiter

(36)

(37)
Hanc memori objectit nobis malus ille Cupido, 
Solus & hos nobis texuit ante dolos.
nec procul ipsi vafer latuit, multisque Sagittis,
Et facis a tergo grande peependit omus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis haeft, nunc virginiis ori,
Infili hinc labuis, inshet inde genis:
Et quaeque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus infolitii subierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero que jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est ocuis non reditura meis.
Aft ego progresior tacite querebundus, & excors,
Et dubius volui sepe referre pedem.
Findor, & hac remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptae tam subitó gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junoniae cœlum,
Inter Lemnias precipitata focus.
Talis & abreptum folem respexit, ad Orcum
Veætis ab attonitis Amphiaras equis.
Quidfaciam infelix, & lucet uictus, amores
Nec liceet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare seniem mihi detur amoros
Vultus, & corum tristia verba loqui;  

Forstian

(38)

(39)

Forstian & duro non est adamante creat,
Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa precies.
Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
Parce precor tenei cum fis Deus ales amoris,
Pungent officio nec tua laéta tuo.
Jam tuus O cente est mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate dea, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
Et tua fumabunt nostris altares donis,
Solus & in superis tu mihi fummas eris.
Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores,
Necio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da facilis, posthaec mea sìqua futura est,
Culpis amatus figat ut una duos.

Hoc ego mente olim lavâ, studioque supino
Nequitiae polui vana trophæa mea.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
Indocilisque aetas prava magistra fuit.
Donec Socraticus umbrofa Academia rivos
Prabuit, admiratis deductaque jugum.
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammas,
Cinêta rigent multo peěora nostra gelu.
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse Sagittis,
Et Diomediam vim timentis fæa Venus.
C 4

Catchword In] The word is practically illegible in all copies examined.
In propditionem Bombardicam.

In eandem.

In inventorem Bombardicæ.

In eandem. 8 Deos, All copies examined show only a small dot, which under extreme (100X) magnification is an oval with very rough outline. In all copies examined, the mark, whatever it was intended for in the original printing, drops a little below the line of the bottom of the letters. The same apparently indeterminate mark appears at least twice in the Latin Poems; viz., on page 48. (In quint. Nov.): 60 trahentes, and page 65, (Ad Pat.): 35 orbes. Neither of these occurrences is any more helpful than the other; but in the English Poems, page 1, (Nat. Ode): 6 release, occurs a punctuation mark that seems to settle the matter. If the top of the badly battered comma at the end of line 6 of Nat. Ode is broken off, the remaining bottom half is strikingly similar to the mark in the four references above. At any rate, the notes to these passages in the Columbia edition are misleading, and, if the mark is a broken comma, then all four Columbia notes to these passages are wrong.
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma, Et trifidum fulmen furripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Roma caentem.

Angelus unicuique fuus (sic credite gentes).

Obigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus. Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major, Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum. Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia coeli Pertuæ secretò guttura serpit agens; Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalìa corda Sennum immortalì immuecerè posse sono. Quòd si cunda quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus, In te una loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

Ltera Torquatam cepit Leonora Poëtam, Cujus ab infano cessit amore fures. Ah miser ille tuo quantò felicius ævo Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret! Et te Pieriâ fensiisse voce caentem Aurea maternæ fila movere lyra, Quamvis Dircea torsiisse lumina Penthæo Sævior, aut totus despiciisse iners,

Tu tamen errantes cæcà vertigine sensib. Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ; Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem Flexanimo cantu restituisse fìbi.

Ad eandem.


Elegiarum Finis.
Sylvarum Liber.

Anno ætatis 16. In obitum Procancellarii medici.

Arère fati difícite legibus,
Manusque Parce jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbe
capti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relícto mors vágis Tênaro
Semel vocárit fœbilis; heu moræ
Tentantur inæssum dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis iræ certum est.
Si définitam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non férus Hércules
Nestl venenatus euore
Æmathia Jacuifiért Oéta.
Nec fœade turpi Palladis invídæ
Vidisset occidum Ilion Hécorta, aut
Quem larva Pelidis perecit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si triße fatum verba Hecatêia
Fugare poseíst Telegoni pârens
Vixisset infamis, potentiæ
Ægiali foror uâ fægâ.
Numenque trimum fallere si queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque graminæ,
Non gnatus herbarum Machaon
Eurypylì cecidisset haflâ.
Lâssifet & nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnæ perlta fanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæfè puer geniticis alvo.
Tuqé O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatae cui regimem datum,
Frondosa quem nunc Cirrhâ luger,
Et medis Helicon in undis.
Jam præsuiît Palladio gregi
Latus, superflûs, nec fíne glória,
Nec puppe lastrâs Charontis
Horribiles barathri receflus.
At filâ rupit Persephone tua
Istâ, cum te viderit artibus
Succeque pollenti tot arís
Faucibus erjutífse mortis.

12 Oétâ.] Apparently the ligature Æ was a scarce article. Rider’s Dictionary of 1659, though using ligatures regularly, prints all capital Æ’s as Oe. Few editors have succeeded in catching this, the Columbia being the first for many years to print it correctly. Masson, Moody, Wright, Beeching, and Grierson all missed it. See also 1645, p. 59:3, Naturam non pati seniùm.
Colendeprefes, membra precor tua
Molli quiescant cepis, et ex tua
Crescant rosæ, calthaque buflo,
Purpureaque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Aaci,
Subrideatque IEtna, Prolerpina*
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno ætatis 17.

Cum ferus ignifluo regnans
Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater,
aethereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Diurna foceris locis, vernæque fideles,
Participes regni post funera multæ futuros;
Nec tempestatès medio ciet æcre diras,
Illic

Illic unanimes odium fluat inter amiscons,
Armat & invictas in mutua vísera gentes;
Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace.
Et quoque unque videt puræ virtutis amantes,

Hos cupid adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere peftus,
Insidiaque locat tacitas, caeffisque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, feu Capria Tigris
Insequitur trepidam deferta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, & somno niëtantibus aetris,
Talibus infestat populös Summanus & urbes
Cinctus caeruleæ fumanti turbine flammae,
Jamque fluentiœ albeiæ ripibus arva
Apparant, & terra Deo dilecta marina,
Cui pœmen dederat quondam Neptunia proles
Amphitryoniædæ qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnative crudelia fæcula Troïz.
At simul hanc opibusque & felâ pace beatam
Aspiciet, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sanctâ Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupt
Tartareos ignes & luridum oleno sulphur,
Quæla Trinacriæ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna

36 Ætna] In most, but not all copies examined, the letters tna are dropped down.
(48)

Efflat tabiico monstrofus ab ore Tiphœus,
Ignifcent oculi, frideretque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, idœque culpaful lipis
Arque pererraro folum hoc laerymabile mundo
Inveni dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebelliam,
Contentrixque jugi, nofrâque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quiequam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu. non ibit inulta,
Hicfenus; & pices liquido natat ære pennis;
Qua volat, adversi præcurfant agmine venti,
Denfantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinosa velox superaverat alpes,
Et tenet Auoniz fines, à parte sinistra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, prisciçque Sabinii,
Dextra veneficii insamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tiberi Thetidei videt ufcula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ confitit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jum fera crepufcula lucem,
Cum circumgredierat totam Tricornifer urbem,
Panificosque Deos porat, fcapulique virorum
Evehitur, præeunt fummiifo poplite reges,
Et mendicantium feries longitima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gefiant funalia ceci,
Cimmerii nati in tenebris, vitamine quañque trahentes;

Tempa dein multiis fabeunt lucentia tacis
(Verper erat facer ifte Petro) tremitusque canentuni
Sape tholos inplet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exulat Bromius, Bromique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Eichionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attutor vitreos Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipfe cavâ reponit rupe Citharum,
His igitur tandem solemi more peregrinis,
Nox fenis amplexus Erei taciturna reliquit;
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello;
Caput oculis Typhloneta, Melanchatemque feroem,
Atque Acherontëo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hisfutis horrentem Phricula capillis.

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hares
Ingreuit thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
Producit feriles mollis fine pellice noctés)
At vix compositis frontibus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum;
Predatorque hominum falsa sub imagine feftus
Aftitit, assumptis micuentum tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vefis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de rofio, & ne quiequam defit ad artes,
Cannabeo lambos conftrinxit fine falaces,

(49)

Tænæ

37 Tiphœus.] All copies examined have the period. Columbia
text omits the period and has no note. 60 trahentes,(?)] This is
the same punctuation mark as was used in 1645, p. 40, In
endem 8, p. 49, (In Quin. Nov.):84 falaces, and p. 65, (Ad Pat.)
orbes.

84 falaces.] Most copies examined clearly have a comma here.
But IU McLeish, Clark film copy, and perhaps one or two others
are indeterminate.
(50) Tarda fenestratus figens velligia calcis.
Talis, uti fama est, valia Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur folus per lullra sereum,
Syllabisque tulit genti pia verba faculis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicofque leonez.
Subulatus at tali Serpens velatus amicitia
Solvit in has fallax ore excentria voces;
Dominis nato? Etiamque tuos soper opprimit artus
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque eblite tuorum,
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hypericoe genis barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spermunt tua jura Britannii;
Surge, surge piger, Latius quem Cesar adorat,
Cui referata patet converti janua calis,
Turgentes animos, & fatus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique feiant, tua quid maledictio poscit,
Et quid Apollolice poscit cucidia clavis;
Et memorum Hebetiae disjectam ulciscere cladem,
Meraque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrofer,
Thermodontae nuper regnante puella;
At tu fi teneo mavis torpefere lecto,
Crescentefque negas hosti conundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implicitur numerofo milite Pontum,
Signaque

(51) Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Relliquias vesterum franget, flammineque cremabit;
Sacraque calcabib pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujius gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte faceffes;
Iritus ille labor; tum callidus utere fraudum
Quilibet hereticis dispone rete facisse;
Jamque ad confilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procurum de firpe creatos,
Grandysoque patres trabae, canique verendos;
Hostu membritam poteris confpergere in auris,
Atque dare in cineres, natri pulvis igne
Aedibus insecfio, qui convenerit, sub imis.
Protinus ipsi igitur quoquecumque habet Anglia fide
Propofiti, factique mone, quifquamque tuorum
Audebit fami non jufta faccere Papam.
Perculloque metu lubito, caliquique fluperentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel fevus Iberus.
Saca qua fic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et necquid temas, divos divasque fecundas
Accipere, quoque tuis celebratur numina falis.
Dixit & adficitos ponens maleficos amicius
Fugir ad infandum, regnium illabatibile, Lethean.

112 soleis] What is the mark over the i? Columbia notes say it is diaeresis; but in no copy examined can it be determined. Under 100X magnification, it is sprawling; but still one piece. It might be either the smashed and battered dot over the i or it might be a battered diaeresis. If it is a diaeresis, it is the only such mark over an i in the 1645 edition. See p. 16, El. II:23; p. 20, El. IV:27; p. 25, El. V:13; p. 28, El. V:91; (61) p. 43, Ad eandem:2; p. 45:17. The evidence points toward i without diaeresis. 126 Iberus.] The s is dropped down in all copies examined.
(52)

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Velfit inauratas redecunti lumine terras;
Mafiaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Inrigat ambrosia montana cacumina guttis;
Cum somnos pepulis flellatae: venit aula.
Nocturnos vius, & somnia grata revolvens,
Eff locus xenae sepus caligine noctis
Vafta ruinosi quondam fundamina recti,
Nunc cor vi spe lunga Phoni, Prodoteaque bilinguis
Effera quos uno peperit Dividia partu.
Hic inter cemenuda jacent seminacula saxa
Offa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadayera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis fempem fedat ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & stimuliis armata Calumnia faucæ,
Et Furor, arque vicæ morendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguiique locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta silenii Manes
Exululant, tellus & fanguine confcia flagrant.
Ipse etiam pavidus latitant penetralibus anti
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, arsum feralibus umbris
Diffugivit fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,
IoHANDLEQUE Romæ per fæcula longa fidèles
Evocat antilpes Babylonius, atque ida fatur.

(53)

Finibus occiduis circumfulsum incotic æquor
Gens exo/a mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo;
illum, sic jubeo, celere contendite greñifil,
Tartareaque leves differtent pulvere in auras
Et rex & pariter fahape, fleferata propago
Et quotquot fidei caligere cupidine verse
Conflilii socios adhibete, operíque miniftros.
Finierat, rigidis cupidè paruere gemelli,
Interea longo flectens curvamine caulos
Defpictit æthera domini qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perverfas ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui caufam populi volet ipfe tueri.
Esse fentent Æquum, quà diítæ ab Alide terra
Fertilitis Europe, & Æechat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris poíta est Titanidos ardua Fame
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior atris
Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Æt
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenefræ,
Amplaque per tenues tranfluentia acria muros;
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata fuituros;
Qualiter intrepidant circum maltralia bombis
Agmina mufcarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æfivum cœli petit ardua culmen

150 Exululant,] See Professor Patterson's wise note in Columbia loc. cit. It is still possible, however, that the corrector failed to notice that 1673 reads Exuliat, or that 1645 reads Exuliant, and made the change directed in the errata without noting the other form in print. 153 horrens,] The s is small and dropped in all copies examined.

168 turba,] This ligature, with its a part reaching far above the level of its e, due either to its design or to a bend in the top of the a and more probably to its design, occurs several times in the 1645 edition.
IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS—1645

(54) quidem fumma sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innametis cinctum caput eminet olli,
Quae sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captas:
Murmura, ab extremis patuti confinibus orbis.

Nec tot Arifloridae sivator inique juvenex
Ifidos, immitti volvelbas lumina vult,
Lumina non unquam tacito mutantia somno,
Lumina subiectas late spectantia terras.

Ifis illa sole loca luce carentia sepe
Perlufrare, etiam radiante impervia foli,
Millenique loquax auditaque vivaque linguisc
Culibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermo confinibus auget.
Sed tamem ad nostra mensurati carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius illum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carminetam longe, servati felicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tua, tibi reddimus

(55) Et satis ante fugax strientes induit alas,
Induit & variis. exilia corpora plenus ;
Dextra tabam geflat Temereo ex aere honores,
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigaret auras,
Atque parum ef curfucereres prevertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit : 
Et primò Anglicas folito de more per urbes
Ambigus voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
Max argua Dolos, & detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida diutu,
Authoreque addidit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis:
Insidiis loca frueta filet ; flupeere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ
Effarique senes pariter, tantaque ruinae
Senfus ad atatem fubitò penetraverat omnem
Attamen interea populi millesimab alto
At theeres pater, & crudelibus obstrictis ausis
Papicolum, capi penas rapiantur ad aeras ;
At pia tura Deo, & grati folventur honores
Compita lata focis genialibus omnia fumant,
Tuba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novembris
Nulla Dies tota occurrit celebratio anno.

Et

214 Proditionis] Columbia note is misleading, as this whole page is one of the brightest in 1645. Professor Patterson was doubtless misled by an accident to his particular copy of 1645, as no copy examined by the present editor exhibits smearing or bad printing of any part of this page.
Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Praefulis Eliensis.

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant gene,
Et fisci nondum lumina
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant fatis,
Quem nuper effusi pius,
Dum meta jufta persolvi rogo
Wintoniensis praefulis,
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
Cladique vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitas Britannis,
Populosque Neptuno fatos,
Cefflse morti, & ferreis fororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rextarorum illij fuiti in infult
Que nomen Anguilla tenet.

Tunc inquietum pefus ira protinus
Ebulliebat fervida,
Tumulis potentem lape devovens deam :
Nec vota Nafo in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Grainfque vates paccios

Turpe

Turpe Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponfamque Neobolen faam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audiffe tales videor autonitus fonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :
Cacos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas,
Quid temerâ violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita.
Non eft, ut arbitraris eluvis miser,
Mors atra Nofis filia,
Erêbôve parre cera, ëve Erinnye,
Vaïôve nata sub Chao :
As illa caro miifa ëtelato, Dei
Mesles ubique colligit;
Animalque mole carnea reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat :
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horz diem
Themidos Jovifque filia ;
Et fempiteri ducit ad vultus patris;
At jufta raptar impios
Sub regna furvi luftuosa Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas

1 Adhuc]. The u throws up above other letters in all copies examined.

22 Sponfamque]. The mistaking of n for u occurs sometimes; but in this instance, the apparent n is actually an inverted u as may be seen under magnification of the letter. All copies examined show enough difference between n and u to determine that here the u was inverted. Columbia text silently emends with no mention in the notes.
Hanc ut vocantem latum audivi, cità
Feodum reliqui carcerem,
Volatil-que fatus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror:
Vates ut olim raptus ad coelum fenex
Auriga curus ignei,
Non me Bois terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis Orion tuus,
Prætervolavi fulgidi folis globum,
Longeque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coercetat fuos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum syderum per ordines,
Perlaæ cas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem fepe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Venum eft Olympi, & regiam Cryßallinam, &
Stratum Æmaragdis Atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari quest
Oriundus humano patre
Amenitates illius loci, nihi
Sat eri in xternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

Hæ quia organum erroribus astra satíficet
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immeritá profundi
Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore nostre.
Quæ vefana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, & incisas leges adhærente perenni
Affimilare suis, nulloque solubile æculo
Conflum fati perpetuis alligate horis.

Ergo marcescet fulcibustis obsita rugis
Nature facies, & return publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilesceat ab ævo?
Et si fassa fenem malè certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput num tetra vetustas
Annorquæ æterna fames, fualorque futilique
Sidera vexabant an & inflatibile Tempus
Efuitæ Çælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munifie nafas, & Temporis illo
Exmiffæ malo, gyrofque dedisse perennes?

Ergo erit ut quandoque fono dilapfa tremendo
Convexi tabulata munt, atque obvius iœtu
Stridat uterque polus, superbae ut Olympius aulæ
Decidat, horríbuliœ recætæ Gorgone Pallas.

62 nitentes | First n is dropped down in all copies examined.

3 Oedipodioniam | See p. 44:12 for note on capitul Oe.
18 perennes? | Exactly the same interrogation mark, lacking the dot, as on p. 32 El. VI:22.
(60)

Quælis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro necidit de limine cali.
Tu quoque Phoebæ tui causis imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferale ruiniæ
Prorus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et datit attonito feralia fibila ponto.
Tune etiam aerei divulgis sedibus Hemi
Diffultabit apex, inoque allia barathro
Terrebunt Stygiun dejeocta Ceraunia Ditem
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.

(61)

Mane vocans, & ferus agens in palæa cali,
Temporis & gemino dispersit regna colore.

Fulger, oblique vices alterno Delia cornu,

Caruleumque ignem paribus completitur ulnis.

Nec variant elementa fidem, solitorque fragore

Lurida perculfus jaculantur fulmina rupeæ.

Nec per inane furit levioris mirmure Æorus.

Stringit & armiferös equali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, Nimboque volutat.

Utque folet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori

Rex maris, & raucâ circumfretit æquora conchå

Oceanì Tubiçen, nec vaal mole minorem

Ægæona ferunt dorio Balearica cete.

Sed neque Terra tibi facili vigor ille vetuflf,

Priïcaus abequ, servatque suum Narcissus odorens,

Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem

Phoebæ tuisque & Cypri tuus, nec diitor olim

Terra datum sceletri celavit montibus aurum

Consilia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum

Ibit cunctarum feries jussitima rerum,

Donecflammam orbem populabitur ultima, latè

Circumplexa polos, & vafti culmina cali,

Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De
De Idea Platonicæ quamadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

Die sectorem praefides nemorum deo,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procu
Antro recumbis octoæ æternitas,
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cælique fætos atque ephemeridas Deum,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura follaris finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquus polo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innub
Internæ proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet naturæ fit communior,
Tamen foedus extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
Cali pererrat ordines decemplices,
Cælimusque terris incultus Luna globum:
Sive inter animas corpus aditus sedens
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:

Sive in remota fortæ terrarum plagis
Incedit ingenii archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit cellum caput
Atlante major portitores syderum.
Non cui profundum excitas lumen dedit
Dirceus augur vidit hunc alto sinus:
Non hunc silenti nocte Pleiones nepos
Vatum fagaci prapes ofendit choro;
Non hunc facerdos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos verutit commemoet atavos Nini,
Præcumque Belon, inclytumque Osridem,
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani fciens)
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.

At tu perenni ruris Academi deus
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxi scholis)
Jam jam poetæs urbis exules tuae
Revocabis, ipsè fabulator maximus,
Aut institutor ipsè migrabis fias.

Ad Patrem.

Unc mea Pierios cupiam per peætora fontes
Irignas torquere vias, totumque per oras
Volvere

---

Title, quemadmodum: The final m is smashed in all copies examined. The second line is in smaller type. imagine: The e is out of line, above other letters. innubæ: The æ is spaced away from the b. aquas: The colon is spaced away from aquas but notice end spacing for lines 11, 12, 15, 18, and 20.

De idea Plat. Pleiones: Columbia note is misleading, as some copies show trace of left dot of diaeresis.
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum,
Ut venues oblivia solum audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Mufa parentis.
Hoc necunque tibi gratum patre optime carmen
Exiguum meditat oper, nec novimus ipfi
Aptius a nobis quae poftint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima potìnt
Respondere tuis, sedum ut par gratia donis
Effe quæat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hic nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus iftâ]
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clia
Quas mihi femoto femini peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureata sacri Parnassides umbræ.
Necu vatis opus divinum despie carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & femina cali,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flamæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplícì duros Manes adamant coercet.
Carmine fepotus regent arcana futuri
Phæbades, & tremula pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina sacrificus sollenes pangit ad aras

Aurea

(65)
Aurea seu sternit rotatæ cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata faggis humantibus abdita tibris
Consulitis, & tepidis Parcae scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tum cum repeteremus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ flabunt immobilita xvi,
Ibimus auratis per cali templâ coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquio fociantes carmina plethro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa fonabant,
Spiritus & rapidos qui circumcat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque syderis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, & inennarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compe fetis fibila serpens,
Demississe ferox gladio manufecit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurus Atlas,
Carmina regales epulas ornate solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastaque immensa vorago
Nota gula, & modico spumabat coena Lyæo.
Tum de more fedens sefta ad convivia vates
Æstulea intonos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque aëris, imitandique gefta canebat,
Et chaos, & positi laei fundamina mundi,
Reptantemque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nonum ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro,
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabite,

Verborum

5 officium] The ffi constitute a ligature of three letters. Columbia silently emends text, and carries no note. Corrected in 1674, p. 65, to officium using triple ligature ffi. 6 utcunque] The first letter u is broken and smeared in all copies examined. 13 iftâ] In most copies examined the circumflex is clear enough; but in the particular copy Professor Patterson used, as in some others, there is too little to go on, hence the needlessly confusing note in Columbia to this word. In all copies examined iftâ is followed by a spacer mark.

35 orbes?] Another blob of ink, indeterminate, and may be either period or comma.
(66)

Verbonum fenfuque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet ite choros, non Orpheus cantus,
Qui tenuit fluviis & quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non cachar, simulaerque funta canendo
Compilut in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes,
Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Mulas,
Nec vanas inopeque puta, quam ipse peritus
Munere, mille bonos numeros componis ad apos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii merito sis nominis hæres,
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
Contigeris, charo si tam prope fanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, fluidumque affine sequamur:
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedic altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus:
Tu tamen ut singules teneras odisse canones,
Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Qua via lata patet, quæ prouior area lucræ
Certaque condendis fulget spee aurea nummis:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cultiditque gentis
Jura, nec insulös damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis exultem cupiens direcserc mentem,
Me procul urbano ferepitus, secus libris alis

(67)

Abduculm Aonize jucundam per otia ripæ
Phœbo lateri comitem finis irre beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptui
Cum mihi Romulæ pauci facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et qua Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Grauis,
Addere suæstii quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quum degeneri novus Italus ore loquem

Fundit, Barbaricos tectatus voce tumultus,
Quaerque Palæstinæ loquitur mysteria vate,
Denique quicquid habet exulum, subjicita coelo
Terra parentis, terræque & coelo interflus aer,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nofse licet, pere, si nofse libebit,
Dimotaque venit speciémanda scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molefum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malefænas avitas
Aufrici gazas, Periânaque regna praecoptas.
Quæ poruit majora pater tribuiffæ, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donâtus ut omnia, coelo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta suissent,
Publica qui juventi commissit lumina nata

Ab

85 vate ] All copies examined are as above, seemingly lacking the s except IU Maggs (Christ's College); Boston Public 3.478.14; Harvard 14485.11; and Morgan 961 restored with pen and ink. These four copies show enough of the s to make it certain that it was set in the 1645 printing, and all copies examined have space for it. Catchword Atque. In some copies, this word is clear enough; but in others it is so badly smeared that it cannot be read. See especially, IU Spencer.
(68)

Atque Hyperionios currus, & frerna diei,
Et circum undantem radiata luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam docte pars quamlibet ima catervz
Vidrices hederas inter, lauroque sedeo.
Jarnque nec obscurus populo miiccebor inerti,
Vitatunque oculos vestigia nostra profanis.
Esse procul vigiles curz, procul esse querelz
Invidiaque aces transverso tortilis hirquz,
Saez nec anguiferos extendens Calunnia rizhjzus;
In me triste nihil sedifima turba potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Peclora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ietu.

At tibi, chare pater, posquam non aqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memoralisse fatis, repetitaque munera grato
Percenfere animo, fideque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostrz, juvenilis carmina, luxus,
Si modo perpetuus sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spiffo rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Possitam has laudes, decrmatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, fero servabilitis zvo.

Psalm 114.

I

Psalm 114.

22 The third word is made up of battered and over-inked letters in all copies examined.
(70)

Philosophus ad regem quendam qui cum ignotum & insontem inter res forte captum insensum damnaverat, ut in eum quodam

adversus hae fabula mittit.

Ω αυτο εν οικα με την ιννημε, ιδι τη νυ ανθρωπ

Denuò nos operandum: operanda uti videamus.

Patria eis is, τι με τον, μην νομίζε, μελετεσ αριθμοι.

Τυπν ως εκ τοις περιγραφας αλλα ανασφαλε.

Ad Salsillum poetam Romanum agrotantem.

Scazonites.

Muśi gressum quo volens trahis claudum,

Vulcanique tarda gaudeas incensis, 

Nec fenis illud in loco minus gratum, 

Quam cum decentes fava Deioppe furas 

Alterant aurem ante Junonis lectum. 

Addidum & haec s'is verba panca Salsillo 

Refer, camæna nostra cui tantum est cordi, 

Quamque ille magnis pretulit immersiti divis.

Hec ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto, 

Diebus hisce qui sum linquens nidum 

Polique tractum, (peffimus ubi ventorum, 

Infantium impotenque pulmonis

Pernix

(71)

Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)

Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas, 

Vilum superba cognitas urbes fama 

Viroque doctaque indolem juventutis, 

Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille, 

Habitumque fesso corpori pennis tanum, 

Cui nunc profunda bilis inflat renes, 

Præcordioque fixa damnosum spirat. 

Nec id pepercit impi quid tu Romano 

Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos, 

O dulce divum munus, Ofalus Hebes 

Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror

Pythone cafo, sive tu magis Paan 

Libenter audis, hic tuus facerdo est, 

Querceta Fauni, voque rore vinoso 

Colles benigni, mitis Euandri fedes, 

Si quid salubre vallibus frondet vestris, 

Levamen agro ferte certatim vati, 

Sic ille charis redditus rursum Mușa 

Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu, 

Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos 

Numa, ubi beatum degit otium aeternum, 

Suam reclivis semper Aegeram spectans. 

Tumidusque & ipse Tibris hinc deliquit 

Sapi savebit annus colonorum : 

B &
Te prilem magnô fílix concordia Tássi
Junxit, & æternís inscriptís nomína chartís.

Moffs tibi dúciloquórum non íncía Mufa Máriínum
Tradítit, ille tuum fíci fæ gaudet áluminum,

Duam cáñit Afyriíos divúm prolixús amores ;
Mollis & Aúfoniáes ìtuspeícit carmine nymphás.
Ille ítìdem moriens tibi fóli debita vates
Oífa tibi fóli, fupremaque vota reíliquit.

Nec manes piætas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arìdentem ooptéro ex æc poétam,

Nec fatis hoc vífum eft in utrumque, & nec pia ceíitant
Offícia in tumulo, cupíis íntegros rapère Orco,

Quia ñotes, atque ávidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, & varíá sub ñorte perãtãm

Descríbis vitam, nóresque, & doa Minervæ
Æmulus illus Mýcalen qui natus ad átam

Rettulit Æolii viram facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Clíüs & mágni nomine Phoebi

Mane fæter, jubeo longum fálve per áxum
Milíus Hybérboeo juvenis peregrinus ab áxe.

Nec tu longinquam bonus alpínerábe Mufam,

Quæ nuper gelídá víx enurtíta sub Ætño
Imprudens Itàlas aúsa eft volúture per urbes.

Nós etiam in nostro modulantes flúum cygnos
Credímus

Mámfus. 4 of introduction dialogus] The upright of the d. is bent in all copies examined. 3 honore.] So below in all copies examined.

7 There is an ink mark at the end of this line in all copies examined. 9 There is an ink mark at the end of this line in all copies examined. 19 potes,] The o is broken in all copies examined. 28 gelídá] The note in Columbia is misleading. All copies examined clearly use a circumflex, in some copies badly mutilated, but still discernible as a circumflex. Catchword Credímus] The word Credímus properly spelled on the following page, is misspelled as a catchword in all copies examined.
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras;
Qua T aenea latè puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam perveniit Tityrius oras.
Sed neque nos genus inculturn, nec inuile Phæbo,
Qua plaga septeno mundi fulcra Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phæbo
Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetulæ)
Mifimus, & lecâs Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua facris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
Hinc quotes feto cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbos Graia de more puellæ
Carminibus laris memorant Cornidæa Loxo,
Patidiaque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hectëge
Nuda Caledonii variatas pecora füco.
Fortunate fenex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui succoffecte fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plaufumque virorum,
E parilii carpes iter immortale volat.
Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitatæ penares

Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Mutas;
At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
Rura Phæretiade celo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille hecæt magnum Alciden susceperat hœps;
Tantum ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubuleos,
Nobile manuæt esth Chironis in antrum,
Irigaæus inter saltus frondofaque teæta
Peeæium prope rivum : ibi sepe sub ilice nigrâ
Ad cithara furnitum blandâ prece vidus amici
Exstis duæs leniæt voce labores.
Tum neque sipa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo,
Saxa feteræ loco, nutæ Trachinia rupeis,
Nec fentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
Emotaque tuis properant de collibus orni,
Muculenturque novo maculos carmine lyncæs.
Diis dilectæ fenex, te Jupiter aquæ oportet
Naïcem, & miti laetrat lumine Phœbus,
Atlantique nepos ; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poëte,
Hinc longea tibi lento sub fœre sæcœlus
Vernat, & æsonios lucratur vivida fulos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adulturn mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea fors talem concedeat amicum

46 Cornidæa.] The diaeresis is clear in several copies examined, and at least one dot shows in every copy examined. This misled Professor Patterson into calling the accent mark a grave one.
(76)

Phœbæos decorās viros qui tam bene norit,
Siquando indigenās revocabī in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invītās sociali feedere mensē,
Magnanimos Herōas, & (O modo spiritus ad fit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.

Tandem ubi non tacitar permensus tempora viōs,
Annorumque fatūr cinerī fun jura reliquām,
Ille mihi leōt madidis aftaret ocellīs,
Aftantī fat erit si dicam sīm tibi curē;
Ille meos artus liventi morte sūlutos
Cūrātē parvā componī mollīter urnā.

Forstāt & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Neclēs aut Paphiā myrti aut Parnassī lauri
Frondē comas, at ego fēcūrā pace quiescam.

Tum quoque, si qua fides, sī prāmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego calicōlūm femotus in ætherea divūm,
Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtūs
Secreti hac aliēquā mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata finunt) & totā mente serēnum
Ridēns purpurēo suffundār lumīne vultus
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi latus Olympo.

Epitaphium

83 ad fit) Columbia text prints ad sit) and has no note.
100 plaudam) The d has a bent upright in all copies examined.

Title EPITAPHIUM] The U is an inverted N as in the type font being used, as in most roman fonts, there is no serif on the inner side of the top of the left hand vertical stroke of the U whereas there is always a serif on the inner side of the bottom of the right hand descending line of the N. DAMONIS.] The period is above the line of the type in all copies examined.

ARGUMENTUM.] Both U's are inverted N's as in EPITAPHIUM above.
EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS

Hymenides nymphae (nam vos & Daphnin & Hy-
Et plorata diu meminissis fata Bionis) (Ian,
Dicite Sicelium Thameina per oppida carmen:
Quas mifer effudit voces, quae murmur Thyrís,
Et quibus aüdis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus;
Dum sibi præreptum quieritur Damona, neque altam
Luftibus exemit noxem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi furgebat culmus aristà,
Et totidem flavas numerabat horrea meçes,
Ex quo summar dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrís; paßorem feliciæ illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thucia retinebat in urbe.
Asa ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque reliciti
Curá vocat, simul affluetæ seditiæ sub ulmo,
Tum vero amillis tum denique sentit amicum,
Ceœpit & immenium sic exonerare dolorem.
Ite domum impaßti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina coelo,
Posquam te immitti rapuerunt funere Damo;
Sicce nos linquis, tua sic finé nomine virut
Ibit, & obturis numero sociabitur umbri;
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit auræ;
Ita velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omen silentum.
Ite domum impaßti, domino jam non vacat, agni,
Quicquid erit, certe nisi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuerë sepulcro,
Confalberque tuus tibi honos, longâaque vigebit
Inter pastores; illi tibi vota secundo
Solve re post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit;
Si quia id est, priscamque sidem coluiffe, piúque;
Palladisque artes, sociisque habuiſe canorum.
Ite domum impaßti, domino jam non vacat, agni,
Hec tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hec praemia Damos,
At mihi quid tandem fiéf modo? quis mihi sidus
Harebit lateri comes, ut tu fape solebas
Frigeribus duris, & per loca foeta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
Sive

1 Hy-
(lan) So in all copies examined. 6 Fluminaque,] The first u is broken and smeared in some copies; but clear in others.

The page number] The 7, the 9, and the second parenthesis are all broken in all copies examined.
Sive opus in magnos sive eminæs iri leones
Aut avidos terrere lupos praepipientibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Peclora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquis, grato cum bibat igni
Molle pyrum, & nucibus irepitat focus, at malus aufler
Mifcer cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Aut aetate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æculea somnum capiit abditus umbrâ,
Et repetunt sub aquis fibi nota sedilia nymphe.
Pafloresque latent, fterrit sub fepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiisque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque fæles referet, cultusque lepores?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

At jam folus agros, jam paecus folus orbo,
Sicubi ramoœ densabant vallibus umbræ,
Hic færum expeño, supra caput imber & Eurus
Trifte fonant, fraæque agitata crepulcule silvae.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Heu qu'am culta mihi prœs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipsa fite segas alta faticeit!

(80)

Innubat nelegeo marcescit & uva racemo,
Nec myrrha juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mecerent, inque fuum convertunt ora magistrum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphestobœus ad ornos,
Ad fâlices Aegon, ad fumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illia gramina musco,
Hic Zepphi, hic placidas interseptit arbutas undas;
Ifla canunt furo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Mopfus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat
(Æt callebat avium linguas, fydera Mopfus)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat afrum,
Saturni grave sœpe fuit pafloribus afrum,
Inumaque oblique figit præcordia plumbo.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Mirantur nympheæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? ajunt, non hæc folet essæ juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vulutique feveri,
Illæ choros, lususque leves, & temper amorem
Jure petit, bis ille mifer qui ferus amavit,
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Venit Hyas, Dryopèquæ, & filia Baucidis Aegle

(81)

70 Aegon.] Note the initial Ae not æ although the ligature is more common throughout. 83 vis?] The same dot-less interrogation mark encountered before, and so in all copies examined. 88 Aegle] Note the initial Ae again.
(§2)

Docta modos, citharaque sciens, sed perdita faestu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditie, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adeft, movet, aut spes utra futuri.

Ite domum impafii, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Heu mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnis unanimit sicum siti legi sod alae,
Nec magis hunc alio quidquam secernt amicum
De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula theos,
Inque vicem hirtuti paribus junguntur onagri;

Lex eadem pelagi, deferto in litorre Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilifque volucrum
Paffor habet temper quicum sit, & omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, feror sua tecita revilens,
Quem si fors letho objecisc, feu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, feu stavit arundine foffor;

Protinus ille aliun ficio petit inde volatu.

Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, & pestore dicsors,
Vix siti quidque parem de millibus inveniit unum,
Aut si fors dedere tandem non afera votis,
Illam inopina dies quia non speraversis horat
Surripit, externum lingues in fecula damnatum.

Ite domum impafii, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Heu qui me ignotas traxit vagus error in ora.

(§3)

Ire per aereas rupes, Alpenque nivofam!
Ecquid erat tanti Roman viditque sepultam?
Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum vieteret olim,
Tityrus ipsa suas & oves & rura reliquit;
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale;

Poffem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviisque sonantes.
Ah certe extremum licuitet tangere dextram,
Ut bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse vale, nostris memor ibis ad altra.

Ite domum impafii, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Quamquam etiam vestrí nunquam meminit,

Paflores Tusci, Mufis operata juvenus,
Hic Charis, atque Lapos; & Thufcus tu quoque Damon,
Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum fflatus ad Ami
Murmura, populumque nemus, quia mollior herba,

Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,

Et potui Lydide certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipse etiam tentare aures sum, nec puto nullum

Displeci, nam sunt & apud me numera veltra
Ficellae, calathique & cerea vincula cicuta,

Quin & nostra suas document nomina figos

95 sod ales.] Space occurs in all copies examined. Columbia silently emends.

130 quá ] In all copies examined, the accent is clearly grave and Columbia note is misleading.
164 Belinum, | The comma is clear enough in all copies examined, especially under magnification, and exceptionally clear in a few, making Columbia note wasted and its alleged information misleading.
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver
Litora longa Arabum, & fidantes balcama sylv.
Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris
Caruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Auro ram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnis Olympus,
Quis putet hic quoque Amor, pius etque in nube pharetx;
Arna cornice facies, & spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, peptique ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circum flammantium lumina torquens
Semper in creatum spargit fua tela per orbes
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimac ad iactus,
Hinc menes ardere sacra, formisque deorum,
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit ipse lubrica Damon,
Tu quoque in his certe es, nam quo tua dulcis abiret
Sanctique simplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus
Nec te Lethse fas quaquiesse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymae, nec flebimus ultra,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppluit arcum;
Hermouique animas inter, divoque perennes,
Ætheros; haurit latices & gaudia potat
Ore Sacro. Quin tu coeli poët iura recepta
Dexter ades, placidisque lave quicunque vocatis,
Seu

Seu tu nofier criis Damon, five xquior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cundli
Cerlicolæ norint, sylvifique vocabere Damon.
Quod tibi put. purus pudor, & fine labe juventus
Grata luit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores
Ipse caput niti tum, cinctus Rutilante corona,
Etâque frondentis getans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mißa beatis,
Æsfa Sienzio bacchantur & Oorgia Thyrfo.

FINIS.
A MASK
(1637)

THE BRIDGEWATER MANUSCRIPT
LAWES MANUSCRIPT OF THE FIVE SONGS
A MASK—1637

THE MASK, WHICH TODAY WE CALL COMUS, probably following Dalton (1738), was first printed in 1637 through the desire of its producer, Henry Lawes, whose dedicatory epistle to John Egerton appears before the text. This edition, issued without the author’s name, is now rare, not many copies having survived, probably not more than twenty-five being extant, and perhaps as few as fifteen. Indeed, it is today, though no rarer than the first edition of Lycidas, the most expensive and sought after of all editions of Milton’s poetry. It was published for Humphrey Robinson, without the name of the printer. Probably no copy exists today that has not been rebound, and the original binding state of issue is unknown. The thin, almost square pamphlet was made up of 35 pages of text, so numbered, with two preliminary leaves [A] and A2, of cap paper, folded twice to form quarto gatherings, with the text beginning on page 1, signature B, and continuing through page 35. [F2r] with its verso blank. Page 5 carries the wrong signature, A3, for B3, in all copies examined. The paper was mixed stock, as shown by the watermarks, there being at least two different watermarks that occur in various copies. In the Illinois Copy, the two preliminary leaves, or conjugate quarter sheet, carry the double decorated columns watermark like Churchill numbers 525-529, with initials R V with perhaps another letter under them. The B gathering carries a watermark like the tall, decorated, double-handled vase (pot) used so much in French papers (Briquet (1907) number 12,803 and Churchill numbers 467, 469, 470, 471). The C gathering carries a watermark so crudely formed as to be compared with that in the B gathering only by its general shape, having spread so much that no detail is visible. The D gathering carries a watermark delicately made and clearly outlined, about like Churchill number 468, and Briquet (1907) number 12,803. The E gathering carries a watermark about like that in the D gathering. The quarter sheet F—[F2r] carries no watermark, which fact makes it unlikely that it was ever part of the sheet [A]—A2 or vice versa. Mr. William Jackson of the Houghton Library, Harvard University, has kindly supplied the information that the Harvard copy contains only two discernible watermarks, one similar to Heawood number 70—a double column figure—and the other similar to Heawood number 78—the pot. The paper is of poor quality in all copies examined. The chain marks run parallel to the lines of type. The printer may have been John Raworth, whose widow, Ruth, printed Milton’s 1645 Poems. The decoration on page 1, numbered 241 in H. J. Waltemade’s list (unpublished Illinois thesis, 1938), is found in many of John Raworth’s printings, and in a few printed by Ruth. The type is almost certainly the same as that used by Raworth, as several w’s indicate, and the peculiar k with its right hand upper bar ending below the regular top line of the lower case letters. There is the same tendency to provide too little space between words as was observed in 1645, and there is also a slight tendency to allow unnecessary space between a word and a punctuation mark following it. Altogether, it is possible that John Raworth printed it. Unless otherwise stated, all statements in the notes apply to all copies examined.

LIST OF 1637 COPIES EXAMINED AND COLLATED

Original. Illinois Copy.

A MASEK
PRESENTED
At Ludlow Castle,
1634:
On Michaelmasse night, before the
RIGHT HONORABLE,
JOHN Earl of Bridgewater, Vizcomt BRACKLY,
Lord President of Wales, And one of
His MAJESTIES most honorable
Privie Counsell.
by John Milton!

EBen quid volui misero mihi! floribus austrum
Perditus

LONDON,
Printed for HUMPHREY ROBINSON,
at the signe of the Three Pidgeons in
Pauls Church-yard. 1637.

In all copies examined:
2 The word is poorly aligned.
3 The A of At is battered and type marks appear above and below the t
4 Ludlow. The L and o sit above the line and the w is battered and dropped.
Castle, The a sits up and type marks appear under the word.
4 The colon has been set upside down.
6 HONORABLE, The final e is broken at the top.
9 MAJESTIES
The first I is a lower case letter without the dot.
13 LONDON, The first O appears to be from another font.
14 A spacer or other mark appears before Printed and the r is dropped.
The o is battered in for HUMPHREY The initial large H has a break in the middle of its left
hand ascender. The S in ROBINSON, is italic and the word runs down hill to the right.
The water stains above, below, and between the rules, as on page 35, are conjecturally but most
reasonably explained by Mr. H. E. Cunningham as resulting from rules set too high pressing
into the extremely damp paper on the press and squeezing the water out on either side which
then dried in wavy ridges leaving stains in all copies examined. In some, but not all copies examined,
in line 1, the inner serif of the right hand slope of the A in MASKE is broken and smeared, and
the left hand outer serif at the foot of the K is broken. In a few copies, spacer marks appear
at the bottom left side below all type. In the Illinois copy, the crease running through the b
of before in line 5, was there when the sheet was printed; but the crease running through the
top rule below was not. Both these creases and the one through the first letter at the top of the
page in this copy probably were made while the paper was very wet, just before and just after
printing.
TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE,
JOHN LORD VISCOUNT BRACLY,
Son and heire apparent to the Earle of Bridgewater, &c.

MY LORD,

His Poem, which receiv'd its first occasion of birth from your selfe, and others of your noble familie, and much honour from your own Person in the performance, now returns againe to make a final dedication of it selfe to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tir'd my pen to give my severall friends

Your faithfull, and most humble Servant,

H. Lavvvs.
A MASKE
PERFORMED BEFORE
the President of W a l e s
at Ludlow, 1 6 3 4.
The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

Before the starrie threshold of Eojes Court
My mansion is, where those immortall shapes
Of bright aereal Spirits live in sheared
In Regions mild of calme and serene aire,
Above the smoake and火灾 of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confined, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keepe up a fragile, and feareful being
Unmindful of the crowne that Virtue gives
After this mortall change to her true Servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire

Title and Introductory Material. 2 The F of BEFORE has its upper left hand serif broken off. 3 President The r barely printed. Note the split W in WALES but it is not W though it is a special form of this capital. Note also the extra amount of space between the W and the A. 4 Note the battered i in 1634. 7 The line of stage directions is not centered. Text. 2 The a of mansion printing poorly is the first of many occurrences of this letter that appear to be from the wrong font. 4 The n of and is the first of many faint printings of this letter. Also in serene. 5 smoake The first k used throughout and standard in this font. Note that its body appears to be too short. In dim occurs the first of many i's that appear overbold. 6 Which The second h is dropped down. with The right hand top of the w is bent. 7 The top of the f in pin-fold is broken off, the first of many occurrences. here, The comma is broken. 10 The faint t in After indicates that the base was made too short for the other type, and is characteristic throughout; but some occurrences of the same letter are clear enough, and more than one mold seemingly was used.
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 soile these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worne mould.
But to my task. Neptune besides the sway
Of every fell Flood, and each ebbing Streame
Tooke in my lot; twixt high, and neither love
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles
That like to rich, and various gemms inlay
The unadorned bosom of the Depe,
Which he to grace his tributarie gods
By course comitts to severall government
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns,
And weild their little tridents, but this Ile
The greatest, and the best of all the maine
He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A noble Peere of mickle trust, and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation proud in Armes:
Where his faire offspring, in Princely lore
Are comming to attend their Fathers state,
And now untruffed Scepter , but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this dreare wood;
The nodding bower of whose shadie brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering Passenger.
And here their tender age might suffer perill
But that by quick command from Soveraigne Ione.
I was dispatch'd for their defence, and guard,
And listen why, for I will tell yee now.
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song: From

13 The n in hands is not seated properly, hence is faint. 17 With W characteristically drops down. 32 The top of the H in Has is damaged. 38 The h in horror is faint in Illinois copy. 41 quick The i failed to print.
From old, or moderne Bard in hall, or bowre.

Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape
Crushi't the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine
After the Tuscan Mariners transform'd
Coasting, the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds lifted,
On Circs Iland-fell (who knowes not Circe)
The daughter of the Sun: whose charmed Cup
Whoever tafted loft his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his cluttring locks
With Ivie berries wreath'd, and his blith youth
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more;
Whom therefore she brought up and Commam'd,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full growne age
Roaving the Celtick, and Iberian fields
At laft betakes him to this ominous wood
And in thick shelter of black shades imbrow'd
Excells his Mother at her mightie Art
Offering to every wearie Traveriler
His orient liquor in a Chrystall glasse
To quench the drouth of Phoebus, which as they taft
(For moft doe taft through fond intemperate thirst)
Soone as the Potion works, their humane count'nce
Th'express resemblance of the gods is chang'd
Into some brutlih forme of Wolfe, or Beare
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, to perfect in their miserie,
Not once perceive their soule disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely then before
And all their friends; and native home forget

The Page Number. In New York Public Library 1637 copy only the 3 is tilted. 49 The o is faint and the following comma broken of shore. 53 The n of grovling is smeared at the top. 56 The t is badly worn in parted. 59 The top of the f is broken, the u is too black, and the first l is battered in full. The n in growne is broken at the top. The g in age is broken. 63 The first i in mightie is broken at the top, but the dot is present. 66 There is a mark between i and c above the left shoulder of the c in which. 67 The n in intemperate is broken.
(4)

To rout with pleasure in a censuall stie.
Theire therefore when any favour'd of high love
Chances to passe through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Starre
I shoote from heav'n to give him safe convoy,
As now I doe: but first I must put off
These my skie robes spun out of Iris woofe,
And take the weeds and likeness of a Swaine,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth-ditied Song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roare,
And hush the waving woods, nor of lesse faith,
And in this office of his Mountaine watch,
Likewise, and nearest to the present aide
Of this occasion. But I heare the tread
Of hatefull steps, I must be viewlesse now.

Comus enters with a Charming rod in one hand,
his Glass in the other, with him a rent of
Monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wilde Beasts,
but otherwise like Men and Women, their apparel
glistering, they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.

Comus. The Starre that bids the Shepheard fold,
Now the top of heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Carre of Day
His glowing Axle doth allay,
In the steepo Atlantick streame,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the duskie Pole,
Pacing toward the other pole.
Of his Chamber in the East,
Meane while welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelrie,
Tipsc dance, and Jollitie.
Braid your Locks with rofic Twine,
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And A advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and fowre Severitie.
With their graue Sawes in slumber lie.

We that are of purer fire,
Imitate the taftrie quire,
Who in their nightly watchfull Spheres,
Lead in swiftly round the Months and Yeares.
The Sounes, and Seas with all their bmine drove,
Now to the Moone in wavering Morrice move.
And on the tawny lands and shelves,
Trip the pert. Fairies and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brooke, and Fountaine brim,
The Wood-nymphs deckt with daifeestrim,
Their merry wakes, and pastimes keepe,
What hath night to doe with sleepe?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come let us our rights begin
'Tis onely day-light that makes Sin.
Which these dun shades will ne're report.
Haile Goddess of Nocturnall sport.
Dark-vailet Cotysio, t'whom the secret flame
Of mid night Torches burns; mysterious Dame.
That ne're at call'd, but when the Dragon woome.
Of Stygian darknesse spots her thickset gloome

And

A 3
And makes one blot of all the air
Stay thy clowdie, and be found
Wherein thou didst with thy vow'd Priests, till unnotied
Of all thy dues by thee
Ere the blabbing East a-dawned
The nice Morne on that
From her cabin'd eye
And to the tel-tale Sun
doep hole peep
Our conceal'd Solemnity
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastick round.

The Measure.
Break off, break off, I see the different pace
Of some chart, some near me here about this ground,
Run to your throned, within these Brakes, and Trees,
Our number may as right: Some Virgin pure.
(For I can distinguish by true Art)
Benighted in these woods, Now to my Charms
And to my Wife's train, I shall be long
Be well flock't with as faire a Heard as graz'd
About my Mother Circe, Thus I hurt
My dazzling Spells into the Spangle aire
Of power to cheat the eye, with blear illusion,
And give it false pretentions, left the place
And my quire in Habits bred astonishment.
And put the Daun't in to jubilious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my cou're
I under fire patterns of friendly ends,
And well plac't words of glozing courtesye
Baited with reasons not unplausible.

135 In Illinois copy only there is a smear of ink between the i and the e in befriended, other copies being clear. The Stage Direction. The first e in Measure is broken in all copies examined, and only considerable magnification of an original can make certain that it is e and not c as it appears.
149 The first parenthesis is smeared on its left hand or outer side. 154 The t in into has little chance to print between the bold n and o following. 162 The spacing of notunplausible is crowded.
Wind me into the case hearted man
And hug him into shares for once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this Magick dust,
I shall appear some harmless Villager
Whom thrice keep's up about his Country gear
But here he comes, I fairly step aside
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

This way the noise was, if mine care 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 game some Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds
When for their teeming Flocks, and Granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness, and will'd insolence
Of such late Wastailers; yet 'se here
Shall I informe my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Vnder 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 Ev'n
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weeds
Rofe from the hindmost wheels of Phæbus waine.
But where they are, and why they came not back
Is now the labour of my thoughts, tis likeliest.

167. This line is lacking in 1673, hence 1637 number is one larger from here on. 173. In Illinois copy only, something lay on the middle of the F in Flute and prevented it from printing at that point only. 186. In Illinois copy only, the second e in Berries, barely printed. 191. In some copies, including Illinois, the h in why almost fails to print, but is clear in other copies examined.
They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,
And envious tongues were they could returne,
Had stolen them from me; else, of other Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy darke lanterne thus close up the Stairs,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd these lamps
With everlasting oile to give due light
To the misled, and lonely Traveller.
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rise; and perfect in my listening ear,
Yet nought but single darkeenesse doe I find,
What might this be? a thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memorie
Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
And ayrie tongues, that syllable mens names
On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not aound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion Conscience.

O welcome pure ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope
Thou glittering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish't forme of Chastitie
I see ye plainly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance
Would send a glistening Guardian if need were
To keep my life, and honour unaffait'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turne forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not erre, there does a sable cloud
Turne forth her silver lining on the night

And
And calls a gleame over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noife as I can make to be heard fardeft
Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not farre off.

Song.
Sweet echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'ft unseen
Within thy ayrie cell
By flow Meander's margent greene,
And in the violet-imbroder'd vale
Where the love-lore Nightingale
Nightly to see her sad Song mourneth well.

Can it thou not tell me of a gentle Paire
That likest thy Narcissus are?
0 if thou have
Hid them in some flowrie Cave,
Tell me but where.

Sweet Queen of Partie, Daughter of the Sphere,
So mailt thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.

Com. Can any mortall mixture of Earths mould
Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that brest,
And with these raptures moves the vocal aire
To testify his hidden residence;
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of Silence, through the emptie-vaulted night
At every fall smoothing the Raven downe
Of darknesse till she smil'd: I have oft heard

My
My mother Circe with the Sirens three
Amidst the flowrie-kirtl'd Naiades
Culling their Potent hearbs, and balefull drugs
Who as they sung, would take the prifon'd soule
And lap it in Elysium, Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charbyd's murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense
And in sweet madneffe rob'd it of it selfe,
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking blisse
I never heard till now. Ile speake to her
And she shall be my Queene. Halle forreine wonder
Whom certaine these rough shades did never breed
Vnleffe the Goddesse that in nurall shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest Song
Forbidding every blake unkindly Fog
To touch the prosperus growth of this tall wood.

La. Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise
That is addreft to unattending Eares,
Not any boast of skill, but extreame shift
How to regaine my fever'd companie
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer, from her moffie Couch.

Co. What chance good Ladie hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darkness, and this leavie Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from neere-ufhering

La. They left me weary on a grallie terfe. (guides?

Co. By fallhood, or discourtefie, or why?

La. To secke i'th vally some coole friendly Spring.

Co. And lef your faire fide all unguarded Ladie?

La. They were but twain, & purpos'd quick return.

Co.

258 There is no dot over the i in chid in any copy examined. 263 The ng of waking and the b of blisse are set below the line. 265 The u in Queene. is faint because the kern of the Q prevents the smaller letter from seating properly. 265-266 The two end letters of the two lines have been crowded by their spacers and position until they have risen a little, and put their impress into the paper, hence look blurred in all copies examined. 284 There are type marks under La.
Co. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them. 285
La. How easie my misfortune is to hit!
Co. Imports their losse, besides the present need?
La. No leas then if I shoulde my brothers losse.
Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloome?
La. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazord lips. 290
Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxen
In his loole traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his Supper fate;
I saw them under a greene mantling vine
That crawls along the side of your small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,
Their port was more then human; as they stood
I tooke it for a faerie vision
Of some gay creatures of the element
That in the colours of the Rainbow live
And play i'th plighted clouds, I was aw-struck,
And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek
It were a journey like the path to heav'n
To helpe you find them. La. Gentle villager
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due west it rises from this shrubbie point.
La. To find out that good shepheard I suppose
In such a scant allowance of starre 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 greene
Dingle, or buffie dell of this wild wood,
And every boskic bourne from side to side
My daylie walks and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your fray attendance be yet lodg'd
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know

Ere
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed lard
From her thach't palate rowle, if otherwise
I can conduct you Ladie to a low
But loyall cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quell. La. Shepheard I take thy word,
And truss thy honest offer'd courtesie.
Which oft is sooner found in lowly shed,
With smoakie rafters, then in tapstrie halls,
And courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most præced in a place
Lesse warranted then this, or lesse secure
I cannot be, that I should scarce to change it,
Eye me blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepheard lead on.

The two Brothers.

Eld. bro. Unmuffle yee faint stars, and thou fair moon:
That wont't to love the travellers benizon
Stoope thy pale village through an amber cloud,
And dislinquish Chaos, that reigns here.
In double night of darkness, 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 starre of Arcadie
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2. Bro. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but heare
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
Or found at pastoral reed with oatens stops,
Or whistle from the Lodge, or village cock.

Count

317 There is a type mark above the comma following wake, in all copies examined. The r in roofed drops down.
321 There is a faint but unmistakable apostrophe and space for it between the final t of quell, and the period following. The tops of the S and h of Shepheard have been crowded by the kern of the y immediately above them.
324 The r in tapstrie is either too short or prevented from printing by the bulk of the preceding ligature and the i that follows.
326 The r and t are very faint in pretended for the same reason or reasons.
331 The period after Eld.
341-347 As at the bottom of page 5, the left hand outer edges of the initial capitals in these lines show battering or some other cause for their rough printing.
342 The O in the second Or is broken at the top.
343 The loop of the a in that is filled.
344 The top of the f in folded is broken off. The s in flocks is faint in most copies examined.
Count the night watches to his featherie Dames; T'would be some solace yet, some little cheering In this close dungeon or innumerable bowes. But o that haplesse virgin our loft sister
Where may she wander now, whether betake her From the chill dew, amongst rude buses and thistles? Perhaps some cold banke is her boulster now Or 'gainst the rugged barke of some broad Elme Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears. What if in wild amazement, and affright Or while we speake within the direfull grasp:
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?

_ Eld. bro._ Peace brother, be not over-exquisite To cast the fashion of uncertaine evils, For grant they be so, while they rest unknowne. What need a man foresfall his date of griefe And run to meet what he would most avoid? Or if they be but false alarms of Feare: How bitter is such selfe-delusion? I doe not thinke my sister so to seeke Or so unprincipl'd in vertues book

And the sweet peace that goodness bofoms ever As that the single want of light, and noise (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) Could flee the conflant mood of her calme thoughts. And put them into mif-becomming plight. Virtue could see to doe what virtue would By her owne radiant light, though Sun and Moon Were in the flat Sea sunck, and Wisdoms selfe. Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude Where with her best nurse Contemplation She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings.

C 3.
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all to ruif'd, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his owne cleere brefl
May fit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a darke foule, and foule thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun,
Himfelfe is his owne dungeon.

2. Brfo. 'Tis most true
That musing meditation moft affects
The Penfive secretie of defert cell
Farre from the cheerf full haunt of men, and heards,
And fits as safe as in a Senat house
For who would rob an Hermit of his weeds
His few books, or his beades, or maple dilli,
Or doe his gray hairs any violence?
But beautie like the faire Hesperiantree
Laden with blooming gold, had need' the guard
Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye
To fave her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unfun'd heaps
Of mifers treasure by an outlaws den
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will winke on opportunitie
And let a single helpless mayden passe
Vnjur'd in this wild surrounding waft.
Of night, or loneliness it recks me not
I feare the dread events that deg them both,
Left some ill greeeing touch attempt the perfon
Of our unowned sister.

Eld. Brfo. I doe not brother
Inferre, as if I thought my sisters state

Secure

388 The top of the f in from is broken off. The third e in cheerf full barely printed.
392 The O in Or is broken at the bottom.
397 The serif at the top of the l in Incontinence is battered.
402 The top of the l in let is bent.
Secure without all doubt, or controversy:
Yet where an equall poise of hope, and feare
Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
That I encline to hope, rather then feare
And gladly banish squint suspicition.
My filter is not so defenceless left
As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.

2. Bro. What hidden strength
Unlesee the strength of heav'n, if meane that?
Eld. Bro. I meane that too, but yet a hidden strength
Which if heav'n gave it, may be term'd her owne:
'Tis chastitie, my brother, chastitie:
She that has that, is clad in compleat Steele,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrowes keene
May trace huge forrests, and unharbour'd heaths:
Infamous hills, and landie perillous wilds
Where through the sacred rays of chastitie
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaneete
Will dare to foyle her virgin purifie
Yea there, where very desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns flag'd with horrid shades
She may passe on with unblench't majestie
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evill thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen
Blew meager hag, or stubborne unlaid ghost
That breaks his magicke chains at curfeu time
No goblin, or swart Faerie of the mine
Has hurtfull power ore true virginity.
Doe yee beleewe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece

413. The second f in suspicition, is either badly worn or from a different font.
417. If meane that?
426. There are two type marks at the end of the line. All copies examined read mountaneete.
435. The first u in curfeu barely printed.
438. The a in fhall barely printed.
To testifie the armes of Chaftitie:
Hence had the huntresse Dian her dread bow
Faire silver-shafted Queene for ever chaft
Wherewith we tam’d the brinded lionesse
And spotted mountaine pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid, gods and men
Fear’d her sterile frowne, & she was queen of the woods.
What was that snakie headed Gorgon sheild
That vife Minerva wore, unconquer’d virgin
Wherewith she freeze’d her foes to congeal’d stone?
But rigid looks of Chaft austerity
And noble grace that daunt bruite violence
With sudden adoration, and blanke aw.
So deare to heav’n is faintly chaftitie
That when a soule is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackie her
Driving farre off each thing of finne, and guilt,
And in cleere dreame, and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no grosse eare can heare,
Till oft converse with heav’nly inhabitants
Begin to cast a beame on th’ outward shape
The unpolluted temple of the mind
And turns it by degrees to the soules essence
Till all bee made immortall, but when lust
By unchaft looks, loose gestures, and soule talke
But most by leud, and lavish act of sin
Let in deslement to the inward parts,
The soule growes clotted by contagion,
Imbodie, and imbrutes, till the quire loose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick, and gloomie shadows damp
Oft scene in Charnell vaults, and Sepulchers

Hovering.

442 The t in silver-shafted barely printed in some copies, but is clear in others. 443 The r in brinded barely printed. 447 The g in Gorgon has the broken lower loop characteristic of this letter in the italic font being used. 458 The s of Imbodies, barely printed. The h in the barely printed. In the catchword, Hovering, something has interfered with the printing of the bottoms of ng.
Hovering, and setting by a new made grave
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd it selfe by carnall sensualitie
To a degenerate and degraded state:

2 Bro. How charming is divine Philoſophie!
Not harsh; and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musicall as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetuall feast of nectar'd sweets
Where no rude surfeit reigns. El: bro. Lift, lift I heare.
Some farre off hallow brake the silent aire.

2 Bro. Me thought so too, what should it be?
Eld: bro. For certaine
Either some one like us night founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour wood man, or at worst
Some roaming robber calling to his fellows.

2 Bro. Heav'n keepe my father, agen agen and neere,
Best draw, and stand upon our guard;
Eld: bro. Ile hallow,
If he be friendly he comes well, if not
Defence is a good caufe, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendent Spirit habited like a shepheard.
That hallow I should know, what are you, speake,
Come not too neere, you fall on iron stakes else.
Spir. What voice is that, my yong Lord? speak agen.

2 Bro. O brother, this my father Shepheard sere.
Eld: bro. Thyris? whose artfull strains have oft de-
The huddling brook to heare his madrigale,
(lyd And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale,
How cam' it thou here good Swaine, hath any ram
Slip't from the fold, or yong kid lost his dam,
Or straggling weather the pen's flock forlook, How
How couldst thou find this darke sequester'd nook?

"Spir. O my love'd matters here, and his next joy."

I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a strayd Ewe, or to pursue the sheale.
Of pilfering wolfe, not all the fleecie wealth.
That doth enrich these doyens is worth a thought.
To this my errand, and the faire is brought:
But o my virgin Ladie where is she?
How chance she is not in your companie?

Eld: bro. To tell thee sadly shepheard, without blame.
Or our neglect, wee lost her as wee came.

"Spir. Aye me unhappie then my fears are true.
"Spir. Ie tell you, 'tis not vaine, or fabulous (sigh.
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
What the sage Poets taught by the heav'ly Muse:
Storied of old in high immortal' verse.
Of dire Chimera's and enchanted Iles.
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navill of this hideous wood
Immur'd in cypresse makes a Sorcerer dwells
Of Bacchus and Circe borne; great Cionus,
Deepe skil'd in all his mothers witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By the enticement gives his bainful cup:
With many musmurs mint, whole pleasing potion.
The viall quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likenesse of a beast;
Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage;
Character'd in the face; this have I learnt.
Tending my flocks hard by 1 th' hilly crofts"
That brow this bottome glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howle
Like stand'd wolves, or tigers at their prey
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells
T'invigle, and invite th'unwarie sense
Of them that passe unwheedingly by the way.
This evening late by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'ne their supper on the favourite herbe
Of Knot-grafs dew-besprent, and were in fold
I fate me downe to watch upon a bank
With ivie canopied, and interwove
With haunting hony-suckle, and began
Wrap't in a pleasing sort of melancholy
To meditate my rural minstrelly
Till fancie had her fill, but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the aire with barbarous dissonance
At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while
Till an unuaull stop of sudden silence
Gave repit to the drowzie frighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleepe.
At last a soft, and solemne breathing sound
Rose like a steame of rich distill'd Perfumes
And stole upon the aire, that even Silence
Was tooke e're she was ware, and with't she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displeac't. I was all care,
And took in straines that might create a soule
Vnder the ribs of Death, but ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice.
Of my moost honour'd Lady your deare sifter.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with griefe and feare,
And o poore haplesse nightingale thought I
How tweet thou sing'st, how neere the deadly snare!
Then downe the lawns I ran with headlong haft
Through paths, and turnings often trod by day,
Till guided by mine eare I found the place
Where that dam'd wifard hid in fle disguifce
(For so by certain figns I knew) had met
After, ere my beft fpeed could prevent.
The aidlesse innocent Ladie his wish't prey,
Who gently ask't if he had feeen such two
Supposing him some neighbour villager;
Longer I dureft not stay, but foone I guess't
Yee were the two she mean't, with that I sprung
Into fwitf flight till I had found you here,
But farther know I not.
How are yee joyn'd with hell in triple knot
Against th'unarmed weakneffe of one virgin
Alone, and helplesse! is this the confidence
You gave me brother? Eld. bro. Yes, and keep it still,
Leane on it safely, not a period.
Shall be unfaid for me; against the threats
Of malice or of forcerie, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firme,
Vertue may be affail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,
Yee even that which mischefe meant moft harme,
Shall in the happietriall prove moft glorie.
But evil on it selfe shall backe recoyle
And mixe no more with goodneffe, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and fetl'd to it selfe.
A MASK PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE—1637

It shall be in eternall restlesse change
Selfe fed, and selfe consum'd, if this faile
The pillar'd firmament is rothennesse,
And earths base built on stubble. But come let's on.
Against th' opposing will and arme of heav'n
May never this just sword be lifted up,
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the greiely legions that troope
Vnder the footie flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydra's, or all the monstrous bugs
'Twixt Africa, and Inde, Ile find him out
And force him to restore his purchase backe
Or drag him by the curles, and cleave his scalpe
Downe to the hipps.

Spir. Alas good ventrous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Empiise,
But here thy sword can doe thee little stead,
Farre other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms;
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joynts
And crumble all thy finewes.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee the shepheard
How durft thouthen thy selfe approach to neere
As to make this relation?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Ladie from surprisall
Brought to my mind a certaine shepheard lad
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every vertuous plant, and healing herbe
That spreds her verdant leafe to the morning ray,
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender graffe

D 3

Would
Would fit, and hearken even to extasie,
And in requital ope his leather’n scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names
Telling their strange, and vigorous faculties,
Amongst the rest a small unlightly root,
But of divine effect, he call’d me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soyle:
Unknowne, and like esteem’d, and the dull swayne
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more medicinal is it then that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Phyllis gave,
He call’d it Hamony, and gave it me
And bid me keepe it as of soveraine use
"Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp
Or gaitly furies apparition;
I purf’d 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 foule inchanter though disguis’d,
Enter’d the very lime twigs of his spells,
And yet came off, if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we goe) you may
Boldly assault the necromancers hall,
Where if he be, with dauntlesse hardihood
And brandish’t blade rush on him, breake his glasse,
And flde the lusious liquor on the ground
But safe his wand, though he and his curst crew
Feirc’d signe of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoake,
Yet will they foone retire, if he but shrinke.

Eld:

632 The o in another is battered. The catchword Eld: should read Eld: as does the first word on next page.
287

The Stage Directions. There are two different states of the first two lines. In all but one copy examined, these two lines read The Scene Changes to a stately palace set out with all manner of etc. In one copy examined, British Museum C.34.d.46, these two lines read The Scene Conges to a stately palace set out with all manner of etc. The two lines have been entirely reset, except possibly for the last two words in the second line. In line 3 of the stage directions, appears the first p is battered and the kern of the second p is bent in all copies examined. 664 Withall This lack of space is according to 1645; but 1673 prints as two words. 668 beall There is a lack of adequate space in all copies examined. 672 There is no dot over the i in cordial in any copy examined. 676 In Egypt the E is roman. 1645 and 1673 print 'Egypt' without the ligature. The hyphen is clear in love-borne in Illinois copy, but very faint in other copies.
And to those daintie limbs which nature lent
For gentle use, and soft delicacies:
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the exempt condition,
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after paine,
That have been tire'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted, but faire virgin
This will restore all soone.

L. T'will not false traitor,
T'will not restore the truth and honestie
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies,
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? what grim aspects are these,
These ougly-headed monsters? Mercie guard me!
Hence with thy brewd enchantments foule deceiver,
Haft thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falshood, and base forgeries,
And wouldst thou seek againe to trap me here
With lickerish baits fit to entangle a brute?
Were it a draft for rum when she banquets
I would not ask 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 wel-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishnesse of men! that lend their cares
To those budge doctors of the Stock fure,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynick tub,
Praising the lean, and fallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth
With

699 The second e in here is battered. 706 O is broken at the bottom. At the bottom of the page, the catchword And from page 23 shows through in some, but not all copies.
With such a full and unwinding hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks.
Throngs the seas with spawn innumerable.
But all to please, and fate the curious taste?
And let to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plente, in her owne loyhs.
She hurr't th'all worship ore, and precious gems
to store her children with, if all the world
Should in a pot of temperance feed on Pulsse,
Drink the clear streame, and nothing wear but Freize.
Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not halfe 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 strangl'd with her wainl fertilitie; (plumes,
The earth cumber'd, and the wing'd aire dark't with
The heards would over-inmultitude their Lords,
The sea ore-spraih'd would (well, and th'unfought dia-
Would to emblaze the forehead of the Deep, (monds
And to beftude with stars that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at laft.
To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
Lift Lady be not coy, and be not coven'd
With that fame vaunted name Virginitie,
Beauty is natures coinse, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof.
Consists in mutuall and partaken bliss,
Vnfavourie in th'injoyment of it selfe.

\[ \text{\textbf{(25.)}} \]

A MASK PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE—1637

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711 The d in and is battered. 712 The t in the is very faint in Illinois copy, but clear in most other copies. 713 The second n in innumerable is small and barely printed. 715 The f in fat is broken in Illinois copy only. 724 The top of the f in halfe is broken off.
731 over-inmultitude. Thus in all copies examined. 736 The descender of the p in upon has lost out in conflict with the ascender of the b below, and has barely printed. In some copies, notably British Museum C.34.d.46, spacer marks extend from the left over half way across the width of the printed line; other copies are clear of these marks. Both letters of the catchword Hf are battered and broken.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beautie is nature's brag, and must be showne
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities
Where most may wonder at the workmanship?
It is for homely features to keepe home,
They had their name thence; course complexion
And cheeks of soriie graine will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teize the huswifes wooll.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that
Love darting eyes, or trefoles like the Morn'
There was another meaning in these gifts:
Thinke what, and be advis'd, you are but yong yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd aire, but that this Jugler
Would thinke to charmme my judgement, as mine eyes.
Obtruding falfe rules pranckt in reafons garbe.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments
And vertue has no tongue to check her pride:
Impoftor do not charge most innocent nature
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance, she good careriffle.
Means her provision only 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 besoeeming share
Of that which lewdy-pamper'd Luxurie
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Natures full blessings would be well dispenc't
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 belotted base ingratitude
Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough to him that dares
Arne his profane tongue with reproachfull words
Against the Sun-clad power of Chastitie
Faine would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou haft nor Eare, nor Soule to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mysterie
That must be utter'd to unfold the fage
And serious doctrine of Virginitie,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More hapinesse then this thy present lot;
Enjoy your deere Wit, and gay Rhetorick
That hath so well beene taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to heare thy selfe convinc't;
Yet should I trie, 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 heaps ore thy false head.
Co. She fables not, I seele that I doe feare
Her words let off by some superior power;
And though not mortall, yet a cold shuddring dew
Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of Love
Speaks thunder, and the chaines of Erebos
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come; no more
This
This is meere morall babble, and direet: 
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 freight, one sip of this.
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight.
Beyond the bliffe of dreams, Be wise, and taft.—

The brothers rush in with swords drawne, 
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 attendants spirit comes in.

Spir. What, have you let the falfe enchanter scape? 
O ye Dutchtooke, yee should have snatcht his wand. 
And bound him fast; without his rod revers't; 
And backward mutters of dislevering power.
Wee cannot free the Ladie that fits here.
In stone fetters fixt, and motionlesse; 
Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethinke me;
Some other meanes have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibau old I learnt.
The footstept shepheard that ere pipe't on plains. 
There is a gentle nymph not farre from hence.
That with moist cur'fways the smooth Severn stream;
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the scepter from his father Brute;
She guiltelesse damsel flying the mad pursuit.
Of her enraged stepdad Guendolen.
Commended her faire innocence to the flood.
That stay'd her flight with his crosse, flowing course.

807 There is a faint but unmistakable apostrophe after direct in all copies examined. 816 The top of the f in faft; is broken, and the f is battered. 817 The e in backward barely printed. 822 The reading here is certainly Melibau though Columbia prints the æ as Æ and has no note, except for Bridgewater Ms.
(20)

The water Nymphs that in the bottome playd
Held up their pearled wrists and tooke her in,
Bearing her straie to aged Nereus hall
Who piteous of her woes reatd her lanke head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar’d lavers strewd with asphodil,
And through the porch, and inle of each fene
Dropt in ambrofial oyles till she reviv’d,
And underwent a quicke, immortall change
Made goddesse of the river ; still she retaines
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the shepheard’s along the twilight meadowes;
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill lucke signes
That the threwd medling elfe delights to make,
Which she with precious viol liquors heales.
For which the shepheard’s at their festivalls
Carroll her goodnesse lowd in rustick layes
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her streame
Of panckes, pinks, and gaudie daffadills.
And, as the old Swaine saied, she can unlocke
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
If she be right invok’t in warbled Song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin such as was her selfe
In hard befitting need, this will I trie
And adde the power of some adjuing verse.

Song.

Sabrina faire
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, coole, translucent wave;
In twisted braids of lillies knitting

The Page Number. The 9 is battered. 836 read) Thus in all copies examined. 857 The loop of the a in hard is filled. 858 There is too little space between the words offome in all copies examined. 861 The ascender of the d in Vnder is bent. The type mark about three-quarters of an inch to the left of the signature is present in all copies examined. The catchword The is imprinted so severely that the letters look battered, but are not, and type marks appear under the entire word.
The loose traine of thy amber-dropping haire,  
Listen for deare honours sake  
Goddesse of the silver lake  
Listen and save.

Listen and appeare to us  
In name of great Oceanus,  
By th earth flaiking Neptune's mace  
And Tethys grave majestick pace,  
By hoarie Nerus wrinkled looke,  
And the Carpathian wisards hooke,  
By færie Tritons winding shell,  
And old sooth faying 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 deare tomb,  
And faire Legeo's golden comb.  
Wherewith she fits on diamond rocks  
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,  
By all the Nymphs that nightly dance  
Vpon thy streams with wilie glance,  
Rife, rife and heave thy rozie head  
From thy coral-paven bed,  
And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
Till thou our summons antwerp have.  
Listen and save.

Sabrina rises attended by water Nymphes and Sings.  
By the rushie fringed banke,  
Where grows the willow and the oser dancke  
My sliding chariot stays,

Thick

863 The dot over the i in traine looks like an accent mark in the Illinois copy; but it is a normal dot in most other copies examined. The h in thy is filled. There is a type mark over the comma at the end of the line. 880 The i in Legeo's barely printed, except at the bottom. 883. The second i in all barely printed. 884 The serif at the top of the r in streams is gone or failed to print. There is no dot over the first i in wilie. The catchword Thick is spelled Thicke on the following page.
Thicke set with agat, and the azurne sheene
Of turkiss blew, and emrould greene
That in the channell strayes,
Whist from off the waters flees
Thus I set my printlesse feet
Ore the comsips velvets head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swaine at thy request
I am here.

Spir. Goddesse deare
Wee implore thy powerfull hand
To undoe the charmed band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the will
Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sabh. Shepheard is my office beft
To helpe infhared chafttice,
Brightlef Ladie looke on me,
Thus I sprinkle on thy breft
Dropsthat from my fountaine pure
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marbel venom’d feate
Smear’d with gummes of glutenous heate.
I touch with chaft palmes moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost his hold.
And I must haft ere morning houre
To waite in Amphitrite’s bowre.

Sabrina

904. The slight r and e in charmed scarcely have a chance to print, coming as they do between so much sturdier letters. 906. In the Illinois copy, the le of wile can barely be distinguished from the indeterminate ink marks they make; but in other copies the letters are clear. 914. The top of the f in fingers has been broken off. 917. The second e in heate is badly battered or has had too much pressure put on it.
(32)

Sabrina descends and the Ladie rises out of her seat.

Spir. Virgin, daughter of Locrine
Sprung of Anchises line
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never misse 925
From a thousand pettierills,
That tumble downe the snowie hills:
Summer drouth, or fingerd aire
Never sorch thy trefles faire,
Nor wet Octobers torrent flood 930
Thy molten crysall fill with mudder,
May thy billowes rowle a shoare
The beryll, and the golden ore,
May thy loftie head be crown'd
With many a tower, and terrasse round, 935
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.

Come Ladie while heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Left the forcerer us intice 940
With some other new device,
Not a waft, or need esse found
Till we come to holier ground,
I shall be your faithfull guide
Through this gloomie covert wide; 945
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Fathers residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a freind to gratulate

His
(33)

His wish't presence, and beside,
All the Swains that there abide,
With liggs, and rural dance resort,
Wee shall catch them at their sport,
And our suddaine comming there
Will double all their mirth, and there,
Come let us haft the stars are high,
But night fits monarch yet in the mid skie.

The Scene changes presenting Ludlow towne and the
Presidents Castle, then come in Countrie dancers, af-
ter them the attendant Spirit with the two Brothers
and the Ladie.

Song.

Spir. Back sheepeards, back enough 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 leas.

This second Song presents them
to their father and mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought yee new delight,
Here behold so goodly growne.
Three faire branches of your owne,
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,

And

955 There is a type mark above the comma at the end of the line. 956 The h in haft is unlike the regular h of this font. After line 965, the second line of the Stage Directions is followed by type and spacer marks. 968 The r in Here is faint and perhaps broken. The signature letter F has type marks below it, as has the entire bottom line of the text.
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crowne of daubless Praise,
To triumph in victorius dance
Ore sensual folly, and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit Epilogues.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happie climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the skie;
There I flack the liquid ayre
All amidst the gardens faire
Of gesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree,
Along the crisped shades, and bowres
Revels the spruce and joyous Spring;
The Graces, and the rosy-rosom'd Howres.
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternall Summer dwells.
And west winds, with muskle wing
About the cedar'ly alleys fling.
Nard, and Calessa's balmic smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters, the odorous banks that blow.
Flowers of more mingled hue
Then her purpl'd saffre can shew,
And drenches with Flemish dew.
(List mortalls, if your cares be true)
Beds of Hyacinth, and roses.
Where young Adams oft repose.
Waxing well of his depe wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground.

972 The e in them is broken and barely printed. The last letter of essays in Morgan copy only looks more like e than s but this entire page in that copy has been abused, and it is very difficult to make sure of the last letter of this word. Other copies print s clearly enough. 1001 There are type marks under the last line and under the catchword. The catchword Sadly is smeared and shows type marks and water stains.
(35)

Sadly fits th’ Assyrian Queene;
But farre above in spangled sheene
Celestiall Cupid her fam’d Son advance’t,
Holds his deare Psyche sweet intranc’t
After her wandring labours long,
Till free content the gods among
Make her his æternall Bride,
And from her faire unspotted side
Two blissfull twins are to be borne,
Youth, and Joy; so love hath sworne.

But now my taske is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the greene earths end,
Where the bow’d welkin flow doth bend,
And from thence can soare as soone
To the corners of the Moone.
Mortalls that would follow me,
Love vertue, she alone is free,
She can teach yee how to clime
Higher then the Spheric chime;
Or if vertue feeble were
Heav’n it selve would stoope to her.

The principal persons in this Maske were
The Lord Bracly, [ ] The Lady Alice
Mr. Thomas Egerton, [ ] Egerton.

The End.

1010, 1014, 1018, 1021, 1023 Note the type marks at the right hand ends of these lines. The Rule. The water stain from the pressure of the rule, set a little too high, put on the wet paper squeezing the water out to the amount recorded by the stains was dealt with in the note to the title page. The type marks almost surrounding the words below the rule, and further water stains above The End, and the type marks below this type indicate the great pressure put on this page.
THE BRIDGEWATER MANUSCRIPT

Preserved at Bridgewater House, formerly Cleveland House, in London is a manuscript copy of the mask known as Comus, the property of The Earl of Ellesmere, who has granted permission for its reproduction here. This is the first time the manuscript has ever been reproduced; indeed, it has never before been accurately transcribed and printed, the notes Professor Patterson assembled in the Columbia Milton, vol.1:474 ff., being the most reliable treatment of its text yet printed. The manuscript was described by Warton, 1791; by Todd in his transcribed edition of 1798, largely dependent on Warton; by Lady Alix Egerton, who transcribed it, none too accurately, and printed the transcription in 1910 with a few collotype reproductions of certain pages; by Masson in the revised (1881) first volume of the Life, page 611, note 1, and again in the Poetical Works. It is best treated by D. H. Stevens (Modern Philology 24(1927) 315-320), who carefully described it and provided some information about its history. The manuscript is written in a secretary hand on quarter sheets of cap paper. Stevens assumed that it had not been written by Lawes; and it seems likely that it is a copy prepared at the instigation of the poet Milton, himself, by one of his father's professional scriveners. Certainly the lettering of the title page is beautifully professional, and the body of the text is fairly well done. The written ascription of the authorship on the title page to Milton is said to be written by the younger Egerton, who took part in the original performance. Wartime conditions have made any recent re-examination of the manuscript impossible.

The entire manuscript with a transcription is presented here without much comment, and in its original size. It should be carefully noted that many of the names introducing the speeches in the original are in red ink, and are therefore almost illegible at times, although clear enough at others. On each page of the original manuscript, to the left of the lines of handwriting, there is a ruled line, also in red ink. On some pages, this ruled line can be seen, even in reproduction; but on others, as on the title page, the ruled red line is too faint to show in reproduction.
A Maske

Represented before the right
ho: the Earle of Bridgewater
Lord president of Wales and the
right ho: the Countesse of
Bridgewater./

At Ludlow Castle the
29th of September 1634

The chiefe persons in the rep'sentacion were:/
The Lord Brackley
The Lady Alice Egerton./
Mr Thomas Egerton./
Author Jo: Milton./
This page, the verso of the manuscript's title page, is blank in the original with only the black ink marks showing through the paper.
A Maske.

The first scæne discovers a wild wood, then a guardian spirit or demon descends or enters. [may be comma]  
ffrom the heavens nowe J flye  
and those happy Climes that lye  
Where daye never shuts his eye  
up in the broad field of the skye./  
5 there I suck the liquid ayre  
all amidst the gardens fayre  
of Hesperus and his daughters three  
that singe about the goulden tree./  
10 and west wyndes with muskye winge  
about the Cedarne alies flinge

Nard and Casias balmie smells  
Iris there with humid bowe  
waters the odorous bankes that blowe  
15 flowers of more mingled hew  
[marks in skæte]  
yellow, watchett, greene & blew  
and drenches oft wth Manna dew  
 Beds of Hyacinth and Roses  
20 where many a Cherub soft repose./  
Before the starrie threshold of Joves Courte  
my Mansion is, where those immortall shapes  
of bright
of bright 

[reall spirits live inspheard [what is second in regions mylde of Calme and Cerene ayre] vowel in above the smoke and stirr of this dim spot [areal] (s) 

with men call earth, and with low-thoughted Care Confine and pestered in this pinfold becre 

strive to keepe vp a fraile & feavourish beeings vnmindfull of the Crownne that vertue gives 

after this mortall change to her true servants (10) amongst the enthroned gods, in Sainted seats. [in may be on] 

yet some there be that with due steppes aspire to laye their just hands on that goulden keye that ope the pallace of Eternitie: 

To such my errand is, and but for such 

J would [possibly wouled] not soile these pure ambrosiall weedes 

with the ranke vapours of this sin-worne youlde but to my taske; Neptune besides the sware of everie salt flood, and each ebbings streame 

40 tooke in by lott, twixt high and neather Jove (20) 

imperiall rule of all the Sea girt Isles [perhaps Sea-girl] that like to rich and various gems in laye [perhaps intaye] the vunadorned bosom of the deep 

45 by Course committs to severall governement and gives them leave to weare their saphire Crownes and weild their little tridents; but this Isle
the greatest and the best of all the Maine
quarters to his blew haired dieties,
and all this tract that fronts the fallinge sunn
a noble Peere of mickle trust and power
has in his Charde, with tempred wise to gude
an old and haughty nation, proud in armes
where his faire ospring nour in princely lore
are cominge to attend their fathers state
and newe entrusted scepter, but their waye
lies through the pereprux paths of this dreare wood,
the noddinge horror of whose shadie browes
threats the forlorne and wandringe passenger
and heere their tender age might suffer peril
but that by quick commaund from seueraigne Jove
J was dispatch, for their defence and guard
and listen why, for J will tell you now
what never yet was heard in tale or scone
from old or moderne bard in hall or bowre
Bacchus that first from out the purple grapes
crusheth the sweepe poysone of mis-vued wyne
after the Tuscan manneres transformed
coastinge the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed
on Circes Island fell (who saith not Circe
the daughter of the Sun, whose transformed son
whose odde deuidt both his worming Bay,
and

the noddinge horror of whose shadie browes
threats the forlorne and wandringe passeenger
and heere their tender age might suffer peril
(30)
and downeward fell into a grov|or w|eling Swyne.) {period
This nimphe that gazed |or wp}on his clustringe locks un-
with Jyve berries wreat'had, and his blith youth certain)
had by him, ere he parted thence a sonne, (56)
much like his father, but his mother more,
with [blot]efore she brought vp and Comus [larger letters]
name'd, (60)
whose ripe and frolick of his full growne age [full mark un-
roavinge the Celtick and }berian fields known] (60)
at last betakes him to this ominous wood,
and in thick shelter of black shades inbowr'd
offrings to prove weary traveller
85
his orient liquor in a Christall glasse
(65)
to quench the drouth of Phebus, with as they taste
(for most doe taste through fond intemperate thirst)
some as the potion workes their humane Countenance
th'express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
90
into some brutish forme of Wolfe, or Beare,
(70)
or ounce, or Tiger, Hogg, or bearded goat,
[cf. Hesperus
all other parts remaininge as they were
and they soo[r e] perfect is their miserie
not once perceive their fowle disfigurement
95
but boast themselves more comly then before;
and all their freinds, and native home forgett
to rowle with pleasure in a sensuell stie
Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
swift as the sparcle of a glan[t]or up[incinge stärre
J shoo[te from heaven, to give him s[afe convey
as nowe] J doe: but first J must put off
these my skye webs, spun out of Iris woofe,
and take the weeds and likenes of a Swayne
that to the service of this house belongs
who[oe w][h]is softe pipe, and smooth dittied sōne
well knows to still the wild winds when they roare;
and hush the wavi[ng woods, nor of less faith
and in this office of his mountaine watch
likeliest and nearest to the present ayde,
of this occasion, but J heare the tread

of hatefull stepps, J must be viewles nowe./

Exit

Comus enters w& a charminge rod in one hand & a
glass of liquor in the other w& him a route of
monsters like men & women but headed like wilde beasts
their apparell glint'rings[?] they come in makinge a riotous
and unruly noise w& torches in their hands./

Co: The starr that bids the shepheard fold
now the top of Heaven doeth hold,
and the gilded Carr of daye
his glowinge axe doeth allaye
in the steepe Atlantique strame
and
and the slope sun his v]or wh]ward beame
shoots against the Northerne Pole
120 pacing toward the other goale
of his Chamber in the East
meanewhile welcome, joys & feast,
night-shoute, and revelry
tipsy dau[or n]ice and Jollitie,
125 braide your locks[or e] wth rosie twine
dropping odours, dropping wine
Rigor now is gone to bed.[perhaps,]
and advice wth scrupulous head,
strict age, and sovre severite
130 wth their grave sawes in slumber lye

Wee that are of purer fire
imitate the starrie quire
whose in their nightly watchfull sphear
lead in swift round the months & years,
the sounds and seas with all their innie drove
now to the moone in waveringe morrice move,
and on the tawny sands and shelves
trip the pert fairies, and the dapper Ealves
by dimpled brooke and fountain brim
the wood nymphs dote with dainty trim
their merry wakes & pastimes keepe
what hath night to doe with sleepe
night
Night has better sweets to prove
Venus now wakes, and wakens love,
145 Come let vs our rights begyn
tis only day light that make[or s] sh
with these dun shades will weere report
haile goddess of nocturnall sport
Darke-vayld Cotitto, whom the secret flame
150 of mid night torches burne mysterious dame
that neere art cal'd but when the dragon woome
of stigian Darknes, spets her thickest gloome,
and makes one blot of all the aire,
155 staye thy cloudie Ebon chaire
wherein thou rid'st with Hecatt' and befriend
160 us thy vow'd preists till vtmost end
do all thy dues be done, & none left out
er the blabbinge Easterne scoute
the nice morne on the Indian stepe
165 from her Cabin'd loopehole peepe,
and to the tell tale sun descree
our Conceall'd shammitie,
con veint handes & beate the ground
in a light fantastick round./
170 The measure in a wild, rude, & wanton Antick./
175 Co. Bracke of, breake of, of style to different pace
of some chast footinge, wise about this ground
run
run to your shrouds, when these brakes & trees. they
our number may afford, some (for)
about my mother Circe, thus, I hate
and put the damnell to suspctious flight.
my dazlinge spells into the spungie aire
of powre to cheat the eye with bleare illusion
and give it false presentments, least the place,
and my quainte habitts breede astonishment.
but here she comes, I envy step aside
not in the court of this magnificent dust
and hearten it, may her business here
when my eye is open, and I am awake
may not she, for that she can shew me
may not be for that she can shew me
may not he for that she can shew me
may not she for that she can shew me
my best guide nowe, methought it was
my best guide nowe, I thought it was
my best guide nowe, I thought it was
of riott and ill-manag'd merriment 
such as the Iocond flute or gamesome pipe 
stirs vp amonste the rude loose vlettered hindes 
when for their teeming flocks and granges full 
in wanton daulor since they praise the bounteuous Pan 
and thanke the Gods amisse, I should be loath 
to meete to rudeones, and kindle misbyends 
of such late wassailors; yet o where els 
shall I sequestre informe my vnacquainted feete 
in the blinde introit of this tangled wood. 
Resolutely when they saw me wearied out 
with long wayes, seluing hoores to lodge 
and to spredinge favour of their kinde, 
kept not they gods, to the most bounteous, 
to enuio my braves, or for requiting fruite 
such as hospitable woods provide, 
but where they are, and why they come not back 
in more the labour of my thoughts, tis my belief, 
they had ingaged from wandering steps too far 
and return'd not to the edge of the wood, 
and that John, from from me, 
trained hollowe to my brotether, but 
but noise as I can make to be heard fardest 
old couture, for my new enliv'n'd spirits, 
prompt me, and they perhaps are not far hence,
Songe /  

Sweete Echo, sweetest nymphe that liv'st vnscene  
within thy ayrie shell  
by slowe Meanders margent greene  
and in the violett imbroderd vale  
where the love-lorne nightingale  
nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,  
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle payre  
that likest thy Narcissus are  
O if thou have  
hid them in some flowrie Cave  
tell me but where.  
Sweete Queene of parlie, daughter to the spheare  

soe mayst thou be translated to the skyes  

And hold a Counterpointe to all heav'ns harmonies  

Comus looks in & speakes  
Co  Can any mortall mixture of Earths mould  
breath such divine enchauntinge ravishment  
sure somethinge holye lodges in that brest  
and with these raptures moves the vocal ayre  
to testifie his hidden residence  
how sweetely did they floate vpon the wings  
of silence, through the empty vaulted night,  
at every fall smoothinge the raven downe  

(220) And in the violett imbroderd vale  
(225) nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,  
(229) Canst thou not tell me of a gentle payre  
(230) that likest thy Narcissus are  
(235) O if thou have  
(240) hid them in some flowrie Cave  
(243) how sweetely did they floate vpon the wings  
(245) of silence, through the empty vaulted night,  
(249) Canst thou not tell me of a gentle payre  
(250) that likest thy Narcissus are  

of darkness till she smil'd, I hav'lt oft heard

my mother Circe with the Sirens three
amidst the flowrie-kytled Niades
cullinge their potent herbs and balefull druggs
whoe when they sung, would take the prisond soulc
and lap it in Elisiun, Scilla wept

and chid her barkinge waves into attention
and fell Caribdis murmur'd soft in hauf.
Yet they in pleaseinge slumber lull'd the sence
and in sweete madness rob'd it of it selfe,
but such a sacred and homefelt delight
such sober certenie of wakinge bliss
J never heard till now, Jle speake to her

and she shalbe my Qweene; Haile foraigne wonder
whome certaine these rough shades did never breede
vnless the goddess that in grall shrine
dwelst heere with Pan or Silvan, by blest song
forbiddinge every bleake vnkindly fogg
to touch the prosperinge growth of this tall wood
La: Nay gentle Shepheard, ill is lost that praise
that is address to vnattendinge eares

not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
how to regayne my severd Company
Compeld me to awake the Curteus Echo
to give me answer from her mossy Couch

Jo. what
Co: What Chau[n]r n[ice good lady hath bereft you thus?  
265 La: dy[n]k darkness and this leavy laborinth  
Co: Could that devide you from neere vsheringe guydes?  
270 La: they left me weary on a grassie terfe  
Co: by falsehood, or discurtie, or why?  
275 La: to seeke in the valley some coole frendly springe  
Co: and lefte your fayer side, all vnguarded ladye?  
La: they were but twaine & purpose [or s'd] quick returne,  
Co: perhaps forestallinge night prevented them  
La: how easie my misfortune is to hit!  
280 Co: imports their losse, beside the present neede?  
La: noe lesse then if I should my brothers loose  
Co: were they of manly prime, or youthfull bloome?  
La: as smooth as Hebes their vrazor’d lipps.

Co: Two such J sawe, what tymne the labour’d oxe  
285 in his loose traces from the furrowe came  
and the swink’t—hedger at his supper sate,  
J sawe em vn under a greene mantlinge vyne  
that crawles alonge the side of yon smale hill  
and pluckinge ripe clusters from the tender shoot,  
J toke it for a faerie vision  
290 of some gaye creatures of the Element  
that in the cooleness of the raynebow live  
and playe i’the plighted clouds; J was awe-strooke  
for his Journd by the way to heaven.

help you finde them; La: gentle villager what readiest waye would bringe me to that place? Co: due west it rises from this shrubbie pointe, La: to finde out that good shepheard J suppose in such a scant allowance of starr light would overtaske the best land pilots arte without the sure guessse of well practiz'd feete; Co: J knowe each lane, and every Alley greene, dingle, or bushie dell, of this wide wood, and seauv't be the bowndary from side to side my eye has readies and antient bowndaries and if in straye attendance, be yet, or shroud w'tin these lymitts, J shall know ere morowe wake, or the lowe rooster larke helpe you finde them; La: gentle villager what readiest waye would bringe me to that place? Co: due west it rises from this shrubbie pointe, La: to finde out that good shepheard J suppose in such a scant allowance of starr light would overtaske the best land pilots arte without the sure guessse of well practiz'd feete; Co: J knowe each lane, and every Alley greene, dingle, or bushie dell, of this wide wood, and seauv't be the bowndary from side to side my eye has readies and antient bowndaries and if in straye attendance, be yet, or shroud w'tin these lymitts, J shall know ere morowe wake, or the lowe rooster larke 295 from her thatcht palat rowse, if otherwise J can conduct you ladie, to a lowe, but loyall cottage, where you may be safe till furder quest; La: Shepheard J take thy word and trust thy honest offer'd Curtesie w'th ofte is sooner found in lowly sheds with smoakie rafters, then in tap'strie halls and Courts of princes, where it first was nam'd and yet is most pretended, in a place lease warrented then this, or lease secure J cannott be, that J should feare to change it to my blest xivildre, and square my tryall to my proportion'd streingth; shepheard leade on. 305 310 315 320 325
E l: bro. Vnmuflle yee fainte starrs, and thou faiuer moone
that wonst to love the travaillers benizon

320 stoope thy pale visage through an amber cloude
and disinherit Chaos, that raignes heere
in double night of darkness, and of shades
or if your influence be quite damm'd vp
in other surpining mists, some could forever
be barred from the minde hole
of some claye habitation ris'ter
with some foiled rule of streaming light
and thou shalt be our starr of Arcady
or Tirian Cynosure: ² bro. Or if our eyes

325 be barr'd that happines might see but heare
the folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes
or sound of pastoral reede with oaten stopps
or whistle from the lodge, or village Cock

330 count the night watches to his featherie dames

335 t'would be some solace yet, some little cheering in
this lone dungeon of innumerous bows,
but O that haples virgin our lost sister
where may she wander nowe? whether betake her
from the chill dewe, amongst rude burnes & thistles

340 or gainst the rugged barke of some broade Elme
leanes her vnpillow'd head fraught wth sad teares
or els in wild amazement and afflict,

345 se
soe fares as did forsaken Proserpine
when the bigg rowling flake of pitchie clouds
and darkness wound her in: El. bro. peace brother peace
J doe not thinke my sister soe to seeke
or soe vnprincipall'd in vertues booke
and the sweete peace that goodness bosoms ever
as that the single want of light and noise
not beinge in danger, as I hope she is not
(350)
could stirr the constant mood of her calm thoughts
and put them into misbecomminge plight
(355)
and the sweete peace that goodness bosoms ever
as that the single want of light and noise
not beinge in danger, as I hope she is not
(350)
could stirr the constant mood of her calm thoughts
and put them into misbecomminge plight
(355)
but he that has light within his owne cleere brest
may sit i'th Center, and enioye bright daye
(360)
but he that hides a darke sowle, & foule thoughts
walks in blak vapours, though the noone tyde brand blaze
in the summer solstice.
(365)
where, with her best nurse contemplacion
she plumes her feathers, and letts grow her wings
that in the various bustle of resorte,
were all to ruff'd and sometimes impayr'd
he that has light within his owne cleere brest
may sit i'th Center, and enioye bright daye
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in the summer solstice.
(365)
and sitts as safe as in a senate house
for whose would robb an hermit of his weeds,
his few bookes, or his beads, or maple dishes
or doe his graye hairers any violence?
but beware v or villie like the fayre hesperian tree
laden with blooming gould, had neede the guard
of dragon watch with vnchaunted eye
to save her blossoms, and defend her fruite,
from the rash hand of bold Incontinence,
you may as well spreade out the vnsum'd heapes
of misers treasures by an outlawe den,
and tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
danger will winke at opportunitie

and she a single helpeles mayden passe
vninur'd in this wide surroundinge wast
of night or lonelinesse, it recks me not
I feare the dread events that dog them both
lest some ill greetinge-touch attempt the person
of our vn owned sister. El bro. I doe not brother
infern as if I thought my sisters state
secure, without all doubt or question, no;
I could be willinge though now i'th darke to trie
a tough encounter, with the shaggiest ruffian
that lurks by hedge or lane, of this dead circuit
to have her by my side, though I were suer
she might be free from peril where she is, but where an equal poised of hope, & 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 brother, she has a hidden strength which you remember not. What hidden strength is unless the strength of heaven, if you mean that. I mean that too: but yet a hidden strength, so heaven space it may be resolved how your, Chastity, my brother Chastity, she that is clad in complete steele, and like a quiver'd nympe with arrowes keen, may trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths infamous hills, and sandie perilous wilds, where through the sacred rays of Chastitie noe savages, fierce, bandite, or mountaineer will dare to soile her virgin purlie, yea even where, very desolation dwells by grots, & Caverns shag'd with horrid shades and yawninge dens, where glaringe monsters house she may pass on wth vableness't majesty[doubtful] in be it not done in pride or presumption naye more noe evill thinge that walks by night.
in fogg or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
blew meager hag, or stubborne vlayed ghost  
that breaks his magick chaines at Curfew tyne  
noe goblinge, or swarte layrie of the mine  
has hurtfull power ore true virginitie,  
doe you believe me yet, or shall I call  
antiquitie from the ould schooles of Greece  
to testifie the armes of Chastitie,  
hence had the huntress Dian her dread  
bow faire silver shafter Queene,  
for ever chast  
wherewith she tam'd the brinded Lyonesse  
and spotted mountaine Pard, but sett at nought  
the frivolous bolt of Cupid, Gods and men  
feard her sterne frowne, & shewas Queene o'th'woods  
what was that snakie headed Gorgon sheild,  
the wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin  
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what was that snakie headed Gorgon sheild,  
the wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin
till oft converse with hevenly habitants
begins to cast a beam on th'outward shape
the vnpolluted temple of the mynde
and turns it by degrees to the soules essence
 till all be made immortall, but when lust
by vnchast lookes, loose gestures, and foule talke
and most by lured abominable lust
in defilement to the inward partes,
the soule growes clotted by contagion,
imbodies, and imburs til she quite loose
the divine proprietie of her first being.
but vnwont to receipt of shadowy dampe
of stone in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
hoveringe and sittinge by a new made grave
as loath to leave the bodye that it loved
and linckt it selfe by carnall sensualitie
and turns it to a degenerate, and degraded state.
2 bro: How charminge is divine philosophic
not harse and crabb'd as dull fooles suppose
but musicall as is Appollos lute
and perpetuall feast of Nectard sweets
where noe crude surfeit rainghe,
2 bro: me thought soe too what should it be,
for certaine
El:bro: list, list, I heare
some farr of hollowe breake to the silent ayre
either some one like vs night founderd heere
or els some neyghbour woodman, or at worst,
some roavinge robber callinge to his fellows;
\[\text{2 bro} \] heav'n kepe my sister: agen, agen, & neere
best drawe, & stand vpon our guard. \[\text{El bro.} \] Jle hallowe
if he be friendly he comes well, if not
defence is a good Cause, and heav'n be for vs
he hallows and is answered, the guardian demon
comes in habited like a shepheard. /
\[\text{El bro.} \] That hallowe J should knowe, what are you speake,
come not too neere, you fall on Iron stakes els
\[\text{De:} \] what voice is that? my young Lord? speake agen.
\[\text{2 bro:} \] O brother tis my fathers shepheard sure
el:b: Thirs? whose art full straynes have oft delayed
the hudlinge Brooke to heere his madrigall
and sweetned every muskrose of the dale,
how camst heere good shepheard, hath any ram
slipt from the fould, or young kyd lost his dam
or straglinge weather the pent flock forsooke
how couldst thou finde this darke sequesterd nooke?
\[\text{De:} \] O my Lov'd masters heire, and his next Joye
\[\text{490} \] as a strayed Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
of pilferinge wolfe, not all the fleecie wealth
that doeth enrich these downes is worth a thought
to this my errand and the Care it brought./
but O my virgin lady where is she
howe
495 howe chaunce she is not in your Companie?

Elbro: To tell thee sadly shepherded, without blame
our neglect we lost her as wee came,

De: Ay me vnhappy then my feares are true. (510)

Elbro: what feares, good Thiras prithee briefly shew.

De: Ile tell you, tis not vayne, or fabulous,
what the sage poets, taught by th’ heavenly muse
stori’d of old in huge immortall verse
of Thir’ Chimeras, and enchanted Isles

500 and rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to hell
for shee from be but publicke is blinde,

is from the maxill of this hollowe wood
immured in Cipress shades a sorcerer dwells
of Bacchus and of Circe borne, greate Comus

510 depe skild in all his mothers witcheries
and heere to everie thristie wanderer
by slye enticement gives his baneful Cup
with many murmurs mixt, whose pleasinge poysen
the visage quite transformes of him that drinkes

515 and the inglorious likeness of a beast
fixes instead, vnmouldinge reasons mintage
charactred in the face, This have I learnt
"tendinge my flocks, hard by i’th hillie Crofts" (530)

495 howe chaunce she is not in your Companie?
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our neglect we lost her as we came,

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and the inglorious likeness of a beast
fixes instead, vnmouldinge reasons mintage
charactred in the face, This have I learnt
"tendinge my flocks, hard by i’th hillie Crofts"
that browe this bottome glade, whence night by night
he and his monstrous route are heard to howe
like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey
doeinge abhorred rites to Hecate
in their obscured haunts of inmost bowers,
yet have they many blouded and anguish'd souls
to invege, and invite the vnwarie
of them that passe vnweetinge by the waye,
this eveninge late, by then the chewinge flocks
had tane their supper on the savorie herbe
of knot grasse dew-besprent and were in fold,
J sate me downe to watch vpon a banke
with Jvie Cannopied and interwove
with flauntinge hony sucle, and began
wrapt in a pleasinge fitt of melancholy

to meditate my rurall minstrelse
535
till fansie had her fill, but ere a close
the wonted roare was vp amidst the woods
and filld the aire with barbarous dissonance
at vs J ceast, and listned them a while
till an unsual stop of sudaine silence
540
gave respite to the dowsie frighted steeds
that drawe the litter of close-curtain'd sleepe
at last a sweete, and solemne breathinge sound
rose like the softe steame of distill'd perfumes
and stole vpon the aire, that even silence
545
was tooke ere she was ware, & wisht she might
deny her nature and be never more
still
still to be soe displac't, J was all eare
and tooke in th streines that might create a sowe
vnder the ribs of death. but O ere long

two well J might perceive, it was the voice
of my most honor'd lady, your deere sister,
amaz'd J stood, harrow'd with greife, & feare,
and O poore hapless nightingale thought J
how sweete thou singst, how necere the deadly snare,
then downe the lawnes I ran with headlonge hast
through paths and turnings, often trod by daye,
till guyded by myne eare, J found the place
where that damn'd wizard hid in slye disguise
(for soe by certaine signes J knowed) had met
alreadie eare my best speede could prevent

the aideless innocent ladie his wisht prey
whoe gently askt if he had seene such two,
supposinge him some neighbour-villager,
longer J durst not stay, but soone J guest

yee were the two she meant, with that J sprung
into swift flight, till J had found you brother
but furder know J not; so Snight & shades
how are you loyn'd with hell in triple knott
against the vnarmed weaknesses of one virgin
alone, and helpeless. Js this the confidence?
you gave me brother? el:bro: yes & keepe it still
leane on it sally, not a period
shalbe unsaid for me, against the threats
of malice, or of Sorcerie, or that powre

575

wth erringe men call chaunce this J hould firme virtue may be assail'd but never hurte surpris'd by vniust force, but not enthralld, yea even that wth mischiefe meant most harme shall in the happie triall prove most glorie, but evill on it selfe shall back recolte and mixe noe more with goodnesse, when at last gather'd like scum, and sett'd to it selfe it shalbe in eternall restless change selfe fed, and selfe consumed, as those gallant and partie's base built on stubble but come lets on: against the oppossinge will, and arme of heav'n

580

never may this iust sword be lifted vp, but for that damn'd magitian, let him be girt with all the grisley legions that troope vnder the sootie flagg of Acheron, Harpies, & Hydraes, or all the monstrous buggs twixt Africa, and Jude, I'le finde him out and force him to restore his purchase, or drag him by the Curles, and cleave his scalpe downe to the hips, Dem: Alas good ventrous youth I love the Courage yet, and bold emprise, but heere thy sword can doe thee little stead farr other armes, and other weopons must be

585

590

595

the pillard firmament is rottenesse and earth's base built on stubble but come lets on: against the opposinge will, and arme of heav'n
be those that quell the might of hellish Charmes,  
he with his bare wand can vnthred thy joynts  
and crumble all thy sinewes, Elbro: why prithee  
shepheard  
how durst thou then approach soe neere,  
as to make this relation; Dem: Care, & utmost shifts  
how to secure the lady from surprisall  
brought to my mynd a certaine shepheard lad  
of smale regard to see to, yet well skill'd  
in every vertues plant, and healinge herbe  
that spreads her verdant leafe to th'morninge ray,  
he lov'd me well, and oft would begg me singe,  
when J did, he on the tender grass he would sit, and hearken even to extasie  
and in requitall open his letherne scrip, 
and shew me simples of a thousand names  
tellinge their strange, and vigorous faculties,  
amongst the rest a smale vsightly roote  
but of divine effect, he call'd it Hemony, and gave it me,  
and had me keepe it, he of vsuality, for  
J pursit it vp, but little reckoning made  
till now that this extremitie compell'd,  
but now J finde it true, for by this meanes  
J knew
I knew the fierce Enchanter, though disguis'd, entered the very vytewages of his spells and manuscripts. 

If I tell you now you have done you will be hale: Thrice hale on space, follow thee.
heere dwell noe frownes, nor anger, from these gates sorrowe flies farr, see heere be all the pleasures
that fansie can begett on youthfull thoughts
when the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
briske as the Aprill buds in primrose season,
and first behould this cordiall Julep, heere
that flames, and dances in his christall bounds,
with spirits of baulme, and fragrant sirrops mixt;
Not that Nepenthes with the wife of Thone
in Egipt gave to Jove-born Hellena
is of such power to stirre vp Joyce as this
to life, soe freindly, or soe coole too thirst,
poore ladie thou hast neede of some refreshinge
that hast been tired aldaye without repast,
a timely rest hast wanted. heere fayre Virgin
this will restore all soone: La: t'will not false traytor
twill not restore the truth and honestie
that thou hast banishd from thy tongue
this will not false traytor
which the Wife of Thone gave to Juno, when she banquetts
the Cottage, and the safe abode
thou toldst me of? what grim aspects are these?
these owly headed Monsters? Mercie guard me,
hence with they brewed enchantments, fowle deceaver
were it a draffe for Juno, when she banquetts
I would not taste thy treasonous offer, none
but such as are good men;[?] can give good things,
and that with is not good, is not delitious
to a well govern'd and wise appetite;
Co: O foolishnes of men, that lend their eares
to those budge Doctors of the Stoick fame,
and fetch their precepts from the Cinick tub,
praising the lean, and shallow abstinance;
wherefore did nature power her bounties furth
with such a full, and vnwithdrawinge hand,
coveringe the earth with odours, fruits and flocks
that in their greene shoppes, weave the smooth(\h) haired silke
to deck her sones, and that noe corner might
be vacant of her plentie, in her owne loynes
she hutch't th'all worship oare, and prectious gems

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she hutch't th'all worship oare, and prectious gems

680 should in a pet of temperance, feede on pulse (720)
drinke the cleere streame, and nothinge weare but freeze
th'allgiver would be vthank't, would be vnprais'd
not halfe his riches knowne, and yet despis'd

685 and wee should serve him as a grudgeinge Master,
as a penurious niggard of his wealth
and live like natures bastards, not her sons,
who would be quite surcharg'd with her owne waite
and strangl'd with her vast fertilitie,
the earth cumberd, and the wing'd ayre dark'd with plumes
the heards would overmultitude their Lords
the sea orefraught would swell, and th'unsought diamonds

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700 would
would soe emblaze with starrs, that they belowe
would growe enur'd to light, and come at last
to gase vpon the sunn with shameles browes,

la: I had not thought to have unlockt my lipps
in this unhallowed ayre, but that this Jugler
would thinke to charme my Judgement, as my eyes
obtrudinge false rules prank't in reasons garbe. [probably a
J hate when vice can boulth her arguments

and vertue has noe tongue to check her pride.

Imposter doe not this
charge most innocent nature
as if she would her children should be riotous
with her abundance, she good Chateresse
means her provision onely to the good,

that live accordinge to her sober lawes,
Against the Canon lawes of our foundation
J must not suffer this; yet tis but the lees
and settinge of a melancholy bloud,
But this will cure all streite, one sip of this
will bath the droopinge spiritts in delight
beyond the blisse of dreames. wise, and tast;
The brothers rushe in with swords dravene, wrest his glasse
of liquor out of his hand, and breake it against the ground
his route make signes of resistance, but are all driven in,
the Demon is to come in with the brothers./

De: What have yee left the false Jnchaunter scape? (813)
O yee mistooke, yee should have snatcht his wand,
and bound him fast, without his rod reverseth (815)

and backward mutters of dissoeveringe power
wee cannot free the lady that sitts heere
in stonie fetters fixt, and motionlesse;
yet staye, be not disturb'd, nowe J bethinke me
some other means J haue that may be used
with once of Millobowe(or Millebeus) old J learnt
the soothest shepheard that ere pipt on playnes
There is a gentle Nimphe not farr from hence
that with moist Cutbe, swaes the smoute seaverne streame,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure, (825)
whilome she was the daughter of Locrine
whoe had the scepter from his father [e & r mixed] Brute.
she guiltless dam'sell, flyinge the mad pursuite of her
of her enraged stepdame Gwendolen
commended her faire innocense to the flood,
that stayed her flight with his Crosse bowinge course,
and gave her to his daughters to imbath
and there raised a quick immortal change
made goddess of the River, still she retained
her maiden gentleness, and ofte at Eve
visits the sheards alonge the twilight meadowes
helpinge all vrchin blasts, and ill luck signes
that the shrewd medlinge Elfe delights to make,
for w'h the shepherds at their festivalls
Carroll her goodnes loud in rustick layes
and throw sweete garland wreaths into her streame
of pancies, pinks, and guady daffadils
and, as the ould swayne said, she can vnlock
the claspinge Charme, and thawe the numminge spell
if she be right invok’d in warbled songe:
for maydenhood she loves, and wilbe swifte
and oft at Eve visits the sheards alonge the twilight meadowes
helpinge all vrchin blasts, and ill luck signes
that the shrewd medlinge Elfe delights to make,
for w'h the shepherds at their festivalls
Carroll her goodnes loud in rustick layes
and throw sweete garland wreaths into her streame
of pancies, pinks, and guady daffadils
and, as the ould swayne said, she can vnlock
the claspinge Charme, and thawe the numminge spell
if she be right invok’d in warbled songe:
for maydenhood she loves, and wilbe swifte
to ayde a Virgin such as was her selfe
(in hard besetting neede) this will I trie
and add the power of some adoringe verse./
Songe./

Sabrina faire

listen where thou art sittinge
under the glassie, coole, translucent wave
in twisted braides of lilies knitting
the loose traine of thy Amber-droppinge haire;
listen for dearhonors sake
Goddess of the silver lake
Listen & save./
The verse to singe or not.
listen and appeare to vs

in name of greate Oceanus,
by th'earth-shakinge Neptunes mace,
and Tethis grave majestick pace,
El bro: by hoarie Nereus wrinclde looke,
and the Carpathian wizards hooke,
2 bro: by scalie Tritons windinge shell,
and ould sooth-sayinge Glaucus spell,
El br: by Lewcothoas lovely hands,
and her sonne that rules the strands,
2 bro: by Thetis tinsel-slipperd feete,
and the songs of sirens sweete,
El br: by dead Parthenopes deare tombe,
and fayer Ligeas golden Combe, 805
wherewith she sitts on diamond rocks, 810
sleeking her soft alluringe locks,
By all the Nimphes of nightly nymbe, 815
snares or motes in waters dunn, 820
rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head,
from thy Corall paven bed, 880
and bridde in thy headlonge wave,
till thou our summons answered have,
and she rises attended by the water nimphes, 890
and singes.  

By the rushie fringed banke 885
where grows the willow, and the Osier danke 890
my stilinge Charriott stayes, 895
Thick sett with Agate, and the Azur'd sheene
Of Turkiss blew, and Emerald greene
that in the Channell strayes, 900
Whilst from of the waters fleeete
thus I rest my printles feete
ore the Couslips head
that bends not as I tread
gentle wayne at thy request
I am heere

De:
Summer, drouth, or singed aire
never scorch thy tresses fayer
nor wet October's torrent floud
thy molten Cristal fill with mud
may thy billowes rowle a shabor
the beryll and the goulden Oare
may thy loftie head be Crownd
with many a towre, and terrace round
and heere and there thy bankes vpon
with groves of mirhe and Cynamon.

Come lady, while heav'n lends vs grace
let vs fly this cursed place.

least the Sorcerer vs intice
with some other newe device,
not a wast or needles sound
till wee come to holier ground

De: J shalbe your faithfull guide
through this gloomie Covert wide,
and not many furlongs thence
is my fethering, refaimore,
where this night are met in state
many a freind to gratualte
his wisht presence, and beside
all the swaynes that neere abide
with
with Jiggs, and rurall dau[or n]nce resorte
wee shall catch them at this sporte,
and our suddaine Cominge there
will double all their mirth, and cheere,
ed br: come let vs hast the starrs are high
but night sitts Monarch, yet in the mid skye
The scene changes then is presented Ludlow towne
and the Presidentis Castle, then come in Countrie
dau[or n]nces, and the like &c, towards the end of these
sports the demon with the 2 brothers and the
ladye come in. the spiritt singes./
Back shepheards, back, enough your playe

with Jiggs, and rurall dau[or n]nce resorte
wee shall catch them at this sporte,
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and the Presidentis Castle, then come in Countrie
dau[or n]nces, and the like &c, towards the end of these
sports the demon with the 2 brothers and the
ladye come in. the spiritt singes./
Back shepheards, back, enough your playe

875
880
till next sunshine holy daye
heere be without duck, or nod
other trippings to be trod
of lighter toes, and such court guise
as Mercurie did first devise
885
with the mincinge Driades
on the lawnes, and on the leas
A songe presents them to their father & mother./
Noble Lord and Lady bright
I have brought you more delight
heere behould soe goodly growne three
three fayer branches of your owne
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth
to triumphe in victorious Daunor njnce
to the Corners of the Moone
She can teach you how to clyme
quickly to the earths greene end
where the bow'd welkin slow doeth bend,
and from thence can soare as soone
to the Corners of the Moone
she alone is free
and from thence through hard assaies
and sent them heere through hard assaies
with a Crowne of death lesse praise
ore sensuall folly and Intemperance
They dau[or njnce, the dau[or njnces all ended the
Demon sighes or sayes./
Now my taske is smoothly done
J can Bye or I can run
quickly to the earths greene end
where the bow'd welkin slow doeth bend,
and from thence can soare as soone
to the Corners of the Moone
Mortalls that would follow me
love vertue, she alone is free
and from thence through hard assaies
and sent them heere through hard assaies
with a Crowne of death lesse praise
She can teach you how to clyme
higher then the sphearie chime
or if vertue feeble were
Heaven it selfe would stoope to her
THE BRITISH MUSEUM MANUSCRIPT
OF THE FIVE SONGS OF A MASK

WHATEVER MUSIC MAY HAVE BEEN EMPLOYED in the original production of *A Mask* (*Comus*) at Ludlow Castle on 29 September 1634, only the five songs are still in existence. These exist in two different manuscript copies, the one, said to be Lawes' own copy, was so far as is known, and still may be, the property of the 'Misses Church of Beaconsfield' according to Foss. The other copy is British Museum Additional Manuscript 11,518. The first has been unavailable for reproduction because of war conditions. The second is reproduced and transcribed by permission of the British Museum, as the songs contain a version of the words that may be as old as the first printed edition. Foss states that he collated the two manuscripts, and that the words of the two differ less than the music. Aside from deletions, these words offer about the same version of the text as 1637, 1645, and the Trinity College Manuscript. The two music manuscripts are most valuable for their music, not for their words.
From the Heav'n now I fly,
and those happy Chimes that lie
where day never shuts his Eye
up in the broad Fields of the Sky
There I suck the liquid Air
all amidst the Garden fair
of Hesperus & his daughters three
that sing about the golden Tree;
Iris there with humid Bow

5

10 waters the Od'rous Banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled Hue
than her purpled Scarf can shew
Beds of Hyacinths & Roses
where many a Cherub soft repose

2

sweet Echo sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen,
within thy Airy shell
by slow Meanders margent green
& in thy violet embroider'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 out where, sweet Queen of Pity Daughter of the Sphere

So may'st thou be Transplanted to the Skyes & hold a Counter point to all Heav'ns Harmonies
Sabrina Sabrina fair Listen where thou art sitting under the glassy cool translucent wave in twisted braids of Lilies knitting the loose Train of thy Amber dropping Hair, Listen for dear Honours sake
Goddess of the silver Lake
Listen Listen Listen and save.
4 Back shepherds, Back enough your play
till the next sunshine Holiday
Here be without Duck or Nod
other trippings to be trod
of lighter Toes & such Court Guise
as Mercury did first devise
with the mincing Dryades

(o're the Lawns & o're the Leas
2 part Noble Lord & Lady bright
10 I have brought you new delight
Here behold so goody grown
these fair Branches of your own
Heav'n hath timely try'd their Youth
their Faith their Patience & their Truth
and sent them here thro' hard Assays

(865) (957) (960) (965) (970)
with a Crown of Deathless Praise
to triumph in victorious Dance
o're sensual Folly and Intemperance.

5 Now my Task is smoothly done
I can fly or I can run
gAILY to the Earth's green end
where the bow'd Welkin slow doth bend
and from thence can soar as soon

(974) (1011) (1015) (1020)
to the corners of the Moon
Mortals that would follow me
love Virtue she alone is free
she can teach you how to climb
higher than the sphery chime
Or if Virtue feeble were
Heav'n its Self would stoop to Her. Henry Lawes.
LYCIDAS

(1638)
LYCIDAS—1638

The poem Lycidas first appeared in a volume entitled *Justa/ Edvardo King/ naufrago/, . . . printed at Cambridge by Thomas Buck and Roger Daniel in 1638. The book is about as rare today as *A Mask*, 1637. The volume opens with thirty-six pages of Latin and Greek poems, then, with new pagination but continuous signatures, and after the English title page, *Obsequies to/ the memorie/ of/ Mr Edward King/, . . . , come twenty-five pages of English poems. The final poem is Lycidas, which begins on page 20 and ends on page 25, and is signed J.M. The book was printed on cap paper in quarto gatherings. In the Illinois copy, signatures F₂-[F₃] carry a watermark much like Churchill number 525, the twin columns with grapes above and initials between the columns; G₂-[G₃] signatures carry a similar but perhaps not identical watermark; and H₁-[H₄] signatures carry a different version of the same design. The English poems occupy the twenty-five pages of the gatherings F through H in fours, and the half sheet I₁-[I₄]. Two copies which seem to have been corrected by Milton are still extant. The copy reproduced is the Illinois copy, supplemented by British Museum copy 1077.d.51.

LIST OF COPIES EXAMINED AND COLLATED


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This fragmentary proof is the top of page 21, lines 23 to 35, of the poem. It is found today in the Cambridge University Library, pasted on the inner side of the back cover of *De Literis & Lingua Getarum . . .*. Editore Bon, Vulcanio Burgensi, printed by Plantin in 1597. There are five corrections of letters, two insertions of the hyphen, one correction of punctuation, and one attempt at realignment, all but the last correction having been made in the printed copy.
LYCIDAS—1638

20

Reason not limits them the sweep,
But bids them languish into the deep;
Tells us they not exceed, that drain
In tears the mighty Ocean;
Nor all that in these tears are found
As in a general deluge drown'd.

T. Norton.

LYCIDAS

Ye once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with sly never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries barb and crude,
And with force'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing years.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion deare
Compells me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
(Tonng 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 sbook upon his warly bier
Unwept, and wester to the parching wind
Without the mead of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string:
Hence with demis well vain, and coy excuse.
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destiny's turn,
And as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable brow.


ALL OTHER COPIES EXAMINED Page 20.

The catchword For has been cut off in both photographs to permit printing together here.

4 force'd The upright of the d is bent in all copies examined. 10 In Cambridge University copy and British Museum copy C.21.e.42. in margin is written 'well' to come between he and knew. The writing in both cases is probably Milton's own. 11 The right hand serif of the right hand upright of the initial H are missing, and the upper one is missing in all the same initial letters in lines 12, 18, 57, 63, 69, 91, 104, 112, 113, 183, 187. There is an ink mark above the period at the end of the line in all copies examined. 14 The strange ink mark that looks like an exclamation mark, but probably is not, at the end of the line is present in all copies examined except British Museum copy 1077.d.51. 15 This line is indented in all copies examined except British Museum copy 1077.d.51. in which copy the line is set flush to the right hand margin of the other lines.
For we were nurt upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and vili;  
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
Under the glimmering eye-lids of the morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn.  
Batting our flocks with the freshest dew of night,  
Oft till the ev'ning-star bright  
Toward heaven's descent had flipp'd his burnish'd wheel;  
Mean while the rural ditties were not mute  
Temper'd to th' oaten flute:  
Rough Satyres dance'd, and Fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad found would not be absent long,  
And old Dametas lov'd to hear our song.  
But oh the heavy change, now thou are gone.  
Now thou are gone, and never must return!  
Thee shepherds, thee the woods, and desert caves  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine oregrown.  
And all their echoes mourn. The willows and the hastil-copse green  
Shall now no more be seen  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or vaint-worm to the mealing herds that graze.  
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear;  
When first the white-thorn blowes;  
Such, Lycidas, thy lost to shepherds eare.  
Where were ye Nymphs, when the remorfslese deep  
Clo'd o'er the head of your lord Lycidas?  
For neither were ye playing on the sleep,  
Where the old Bards the famous Druids lie,  
Nor on the flaggie top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wifard stream;  
Aby me, I fondly dream!

Thad ye been there—for what could that have done!
What could the Muse her self that Orpheus bore.

21

The first thirteen lines of this page exist on a scrap of paper as printer's proof. See page 346.  
26 The ink mark between eye-lids and of is in all copies, though much fainter in British Museum copy 1077.d.31., but is not in the scrap of proof.  
51 Again in Milton's hand probably but not certainly, in the margin is written 'Lov'd' for lord in Cambridge University copy and British Museum copy C.31.c.42.
The Muse herself, for her enchanting sonne!
Woo'd universal nature did lament,
When the ront that made the hideous sore
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.

Alas! what boots it with unceasant care
To tend the homely flighted shepherds trade,
And hardly meditate the thanklesse Muse.
Woe it not better done as others do,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Hid in the tangles of Neris's hair.

Fame is the spurre that the clear spirit doth raise,
(The last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon where we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Furies with th' abhorred fcears,
And slits the thin-sun life; But not the praise,
Poesy replies, and touch'd my trembling ears.
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soile,
Nor in the glisting soile
Set off to the world, nor in broadrumour lies;
But lives, and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed.
Of fountaine Arethuse, and thou honour'd fround,
Smooth-sliding Minicius, crown'd with vocall reeds;
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listen to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptunes plea.
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings,
That blowes from off each beaked Promontorie:

They

64 Alas! The exclamation mark is roman here only in all copies examined. 67 do, In the handwriting that is probably Milton's, the margin of Cambridge University copy and British Museum copy C.21.c.42, contains the word 'use' to be substituted for do, 80 broadrumour No space in any copy examined.
They knew not of his store;
And sage Hippocrates their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The aire was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd;
It was that fatal and persidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark;
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Chamus (reverend fire) went footing slow,
His mantle hairie, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with wo;
Ah! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Lest came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massive keys he bore of metalls twain,
(The golden ope's, the iron founts remain)
He looke, his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
How well I have spair'd for thee, young swain,
Enough of such as for their bellies sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Then how to scramble at the sheaves' feast,
And shove away the worthy hidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A footstep, or have learn'd ought else the least
That to the faithful herdmans are belong'd!
What recks it them? what need they? they are sped;
And when they lift their lean and sallow song
Grate on their scramble pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoon with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grimme wolf with privy paw
Daily devours space, and little said.
But that two-handed engine at the doore,

112 *mitred* The t is either from a smaller font or much battered in all copies examined.
Stands ready to smite once, and smites no more.  
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past  
That forsook thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart swaree sparely looks,  
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honied flowres,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primerose that forlorn dies,  
The infest crow-toe, and pale ge jasmine,  
The white pink, and the panfe swaree with jeat,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
Bid Ameranthus all his beauty store,  
And daffadillies fill their caps with tears,  
To sire the laureat bower where Lycid lives.  
For so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;  
Ay me! whilst the shores and sounding seas  
Wash faire away, where ere thy bones are hurld,  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps under the humming ti'e  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou to our moist vows denst,  
Sleep'st by the sable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
Looks toward Namancos and Bayoan's bold;  
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth,  
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.  
Weep no more, wofull shepherds, weep no more;  
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  

157 humming In Cambridge University copy and in British Museum copy C.21.c.42. in the same handwriting as before, ‘whelming’ is written in the margin and humming starred.
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor:
So sinks the day-starre in the Ocean bed,
And yet avow repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore.
Flames in the forehead of the morning skye:
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 Nestor pure his oazie locks he leaves,
And heaves the inexpressive nuptial song;
There entertain him all the Saints above.
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and sing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
In thy large recompence, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the unsound swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandal’s gray;
He touch’d the tender steps of various quills,
With eager thoughts warbling his Dorick lay:
And now the same had stretch’d out all the bills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last before, and twich’d his mantle blow,
To morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

J. M.

After line 176, Cambridge University copy and British Museum copy C.21.c.42. have in the margin ‘in the blest kingdoms of Joy, and Love’ written in the same handwriting as the earlier marginalia. The word ‘meek’ may have followed ‘kingdoms’ as it does in 1645 and 1673, as the margins are badly worn away. 185 Thus The $ is either from a smaller font or badly worn in all copies examined. 187 quills The ui are apparently joined like a ligature in all copies examined.
EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS

[ca. 1640]
EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS [ca. 1640]

In the 18 August 1932 issue of the London Times Literary Supplement, Professor Leicester Bradner announced his discovery in the British Museum of a separate and hitherto unknown printing of Milton’s Epitaphium Damonis that had been acquired 7 JY 57 and mis-catalogued under ‘Damon.’ The pamphlet is one of four printed leaves, without pagination but with signatures, without title page, and gathered in fours. At the end of the poem is the word Londini but no author’s name. It is obvious upon the most casual examination that it is a totally different printing from the hitherto supposed first printing in the 1645 Poems. Professor Bradner dated it as of either 1639 or 1640, either of which dates is reasonable enough, as the poem seems to have been written after Milton returned to England in the fall or early winter of 1639. The Latin text was printed with an English translation by Walter W. Skeat at Cambridge in 1933, and the same translator printed a different translation of the poem at Oxford in 1935. Professors Mabbott and French added an account of the discovery in the final volume of the Columbia Milton in 1938. Their collation of the [ca. 1640] text therein is unreliable, although their account of this printing contains many erudite and valuable points.

It is impossible to do more than speculate upon the printer in an effort to trace down the date of printing. The type itself is about the only aid the pamphlet offers, although there is a decorated H at the beginning of the poem. About all that can be said of the printer is that nothing appears in the text to indicate that it could not have been printed by John Raworth. He used type very much like this, especially the serifless top of the left hand side of the M at the end of the first line of the first page (Ar), the peculiarly double cuspated top of the A in DAMONIS, the curved lower member of the R in ARGUMENTUM, and the projection beyond the right hand vertical of the diagonal of the N in the same word. In line 1 of the Argument, & the ampersand is exactly like that used by Raworth in the folio History of the Council of Trent, 1640, signature Gggg7v line 10 et ss. In addition, as in one or two of Raworth’s other books, the a with circumflex as used in the text herein seems to have been the largest size type he owned of this accented letter, and he used the same size, though it was too small, in the text of the ARGUMENTUM. But there is too little to go on to be sure of the printer, and, the type design being what it is, there were many printers in the Fleet neighborhood using the same design.
EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENT

Thyrsis, & Damon eundem vicinio pastores, eadem studia sequiti a puertia amici erant, ut qui plurimum Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accept. Domum postea reversus, & remita esse comperto, se suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona haec intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriae Luca paterno genere onundus, cetera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque ceteris virtutibus, dum vivercet, juvenis egregius.

A. DAMON

2 puerit] The â is from a smaller font, and is the same as used in the text, where it fits the font therein employed. 7 person] The â is also smaller here, and again fits the font of the text. Catchword DAMON] The D is from a smaller font.
EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS

DAMON.

Damon is a nymph who was loved by Thamus, one of the nymphs. Her lamentation for him was so great that she remained in a state of grief for a long time. She said:

Imerides nymphe nam vos & Daphnīn & Hy-
Et plorata diu meminitis fata Bionis
Dicite Sicelium Thamefina per oppida carmen
Quas miſer effudit voces, quae murmura Thyſis,
Et quibus affiduis exercuit antra querelis
Fluminaque fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus
Dum sibi praeruptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Ludibus exemit no&em loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arifta,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea mesſes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras
Nec dum aderat Thyſis, pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thucſa retinebat in urbe.
A&t ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relieti
Curavocat simul affuecet sedidque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amſſium tum denique fentit amicum,
Capit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.
Itc domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quæ terris, quæ dicam numina coelo?
Postquam te imitti rapuerunt funere Damon!
Sicce nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgî qui dividit aurce
Ida velix, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne ſilentum.
Itc domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certe nifi me lupus antè vidēbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulcro,
EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS—[ca 1640]

D A M O N.

Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores, illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere Laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id est, priscaque fidem coluisse, piüumque
Palladiumque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.
Ite domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.

Hac tibi certa manent, tibi erunt haec praemia Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fier modò? quis mihi fidus
Hæreditatìerìi comes ut tu sapes solebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fæta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones
Aut avidos terrere lupos, presepibus altis;
Quis fando sopirè diem, cantuque solebit?
Ite domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.

Peitora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcisbus altis, quis, grato circum fìblat igni
Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus auster
Miscet cuncta foris, & defuper intonat ulmo.
Ite domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.

Aut aestate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Panæsculea somnum capitis abditus umbrâ
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, fertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blandissiæus tuas, quis tum mihi rìsus?
Cecropisque fales referet, cultosque lepores?
Ite domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.

At iam solus agros, jam pascua solus obserro
Sicubì ramoœæ denfatur vallibus umbrâ
Hic ëterno specio, supra caput imber & Eurus
Tristis fonant, fragaœque agitata crepulia silvæ.

Ite

357

42 presepibus The first use of e with cedilla for æ occurring again in equora (162), Hec (180), formæque (197), ëthera (203), ëquor (209), Celicolæ (211), Letaque (216), hymenēnos (217), Sionæ (219). The Columbia appendix to this poem states that Letaque as in 1645 and 1673 is wrong and due to the spelling of the word in this separate edition.
DAMON

Itc domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fariscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva raecemo,
Nec myrrhae juvant, ovium quoque rædet, at ille
Maren, inque fluum convertunt ora magistrum
Itc domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad fálices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina muco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
Ilta canunt furdo, trutices ego nactus abibam.
Itc domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat
(Æt callebat avium lingua, & sydera Mopsus)
Thyris quid hoc dixit, quà te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astra
Saturni grave Æpe fuit pastoribus astra
Intimaque obliquo sigit præcordia plumbo
Itc domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.
Mirantis nymphæ, & quid te Thyris futurum est?
Quid tibi visajunt, non hæc folet esse juvenae
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severti
illa choros, lustuque leves, & semper amorem
Iure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.
Itc domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopaque, et filia Baucidis Aegle
Doceta modos, citareaque fciens, sed perdità faatu
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti,
Nil me blanditiae, nil me solantia verba
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.
Itc domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similis ludunt per prata juvenci

Omnès
Damon.

Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam fecernit amicum
De grege, sic dens venium ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri,
Lex eadem pelagi, deferto in litorre Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Paller habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
Farra libens voluit ferò sua tecla revifens,
Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu fravít arundine fosfor,
Protinus, ille alium locio petit inde volatun.
Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens, homines, aliena animis, & pecunie discors
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invent unum,
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera vetis,
Illum inopina dies qui non speraveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnun.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ite per aecras rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam?
Quamvis illa forer, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipsa suas & õves & rura reliquit;
Vt te tam dulci possem caruiffe sodale
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque fonantes.
Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse vale, noftri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Quanquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit
Pastores Thufci, Musis operata juvenus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thufcu tu quoque Damon.
Damon.

Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quam mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrros
Et potui Lycidae certanem audire Menalcam,
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum
Disipluei, nam sunt & apud me muncra vestra
Fiscella, calathique & cerca vincla cicuræ,
Quin & nostra suis docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydor um sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino iam non vacat, agni.
Hec mihi tum lato dictabat rosicida luna,
Dum solus teneros cladebam cratibus hædos.
Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc textit, varios ibi quod sit in usus;
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, & praesentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat
Imus? & argutâ paulum recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelani?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, sua gramina, sucros,
Helleborumque, humilésque crocos, foliumq; hyacinthi,
Qualque habet ista palus herbas, artefque medentum,
(Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artefque medentum
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecerè magistro.)
Ipse etiam, nam neficio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fifula, ab undecimâ iam lux eft altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicitis,
Disfluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque nun sim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ

Ite
Damon.

Ite domum impafti, domino iam non vacat, agni
Ipfe ego Dardanias Rutupiæ per equorapuppæ
Dicam, & Pandrafidos regnum vetus Inogenæ
Brennûmque Arvângûmque duces, priscâmque Belinum
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iogernen
Mendaces vulcus, assumptâque Gorlois arma
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
Tu procul annofa pendebis fistula pinu
Mutilum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camænis
Britonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi fatis ampla
Mercês, & mihi grande decus (fim ignotus in æum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Vfa, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thamefis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impafti, domino iam non vacat, agni.
He c tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri
Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manfus
Manfus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
Bina dedit mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
Et circum gemino ĉælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver
Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama filvæ
Has inter Phænix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Auroram vitae furgentem refpicit undis.
Parte alia Polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus,
Quis putet hie quoque Amor pietæque in nube pharetæ
Arna corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo
Nec tenues animas, pectûsque ignobile vulgi

Hinc
EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS—[ca 1640]

Damon.

Hinc ferit, at circum flammania luminâ torquens
Semper in erectum fpargit sua tela per orbem
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad iétus,
Hinc mentes ardere sacra, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit Ípes lubrica Damon,
Tu quoque in his certès, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanétaque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Letharo fas quæstivisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lachrymæ, nec Æstibimus utrâ,
It procul lachrymæ, purum colit Æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede repulsit arcum
Heroûmque animas inter, divósque perennes
Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
Ore Sacro. Quin tu cóli post jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidúsque Íve quicúnque vocaris,
Seu tu nostrer eris Damon, sive eqúior audis
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Celicolae norint, sylvísque vocabere Damon.
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei servavit honores,
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Letaque frondentis gestans umbrae palme
Acta nut perages immortales hymenós
Cantus ubi, choreísque furit lyra mista beatís
Festa Siongo bacchantur & Órgia Thyrso.

FINIS.
POEMS
PRINTED BY OTHERS
POEMS PRINTED BY OTHERS

Milton himself published every important poem he ever wrote and saw fit to preserve, except the Cromwell sonnet, recently so much admired by Mr. Bell. But some of his poems were first printed and others were reprinted during his lifetime, by persons other than himself, although only one such piece, the Vane sonnet, was never printed by Milton. In 1645, he acknowledged the lines *On Shakespeare*, which had been first published anonymously in the Shakespeare Second Folio, printed at London in 1632. The same lines, with a few variations, had also appeared in the volume of Shakespeare's *Poems*, printed at London in 1640, before Milton himself published the lines. The poem was printed once more after 1645 and before Milton's second edition of his minor poems in 1673, when in 1663-1664 the Third Folio of Shakespeare's plays appeared. He must have furnished copy for at least the first of these printings by persons other than himself, and there is some evidence that the lines *On Shakespeare* found in Shakespeare's *Poems*, 1640, had been emended by him, as there are some passages that read more nearly like Milton's 1645 text than they read like that of the Second Folio, 1632.

A short time after the 1645 *Poems* had been published, perhaps within a month after their appearance, Milton wrote a sonnet addressed to Henry Lawes, dated, in the *Trinity College Manuscript*, Feb. 9, 1645, which would be 1646 N.S. This sonnet was first published on av of the preliminary leaves in *Choice Psalms Put into Musick for Three Voices*, by William and Henry Lawes, London, 1648, and commemorating the death of the former. Milton acknowledged this poem by printing it himself in his *Poems* of 1673. In much the same fashion, but with a different sequence, in the apparently anonymous *Life and Death of Sir Henry Vane* [The Younger], by [George Sikes], issued in 1662 with no place of publication on the title page, there occurs on pages 93 and 94 a sonnet of which it is stated that it was composed by its anonymous author *July 3, 1652*. It is, of course, the Vane sonnet, found in the *Tr. Coll. Ms.*, and printed by Phillips in 1694, but never printed by Milton for obvious reasons. He might have included it in the 1673 *Poems*; but Vane's memory was not then in good repute. Then in 1640, there appeared an edition of *A Banquet of Jests*, sometimes attributed to Archie Armstrong, James I's fool or jester. There is a copy that may be unique of this book reading Sixth Edition on its title page, in the Cambridge University Library, which contains a version of some of Milton's lines on Hobson the carrier. Milton printed two sets of lines on Hobson in 1645. Garbled versions of both appeared also in another *Banquet of Jests*, printed at London in 1657, and again in *Wit Restored*, printed at London, 1648. We cannot be certain that Milton furnished copy for any of these printings; but they certainly indicate that his lines on Hobson, written perhaps early in 1631, had circulated considerably and found much favor in manuscript.

Included under this heading also are the three sonnets on Fairfax, Cromwell, and Skinner, respectively, which are found in the *Tr. Coll. Ms.*, but which Milton himself never printed, and which were not printed so far as is known during his lifetime. They were first printed so far as we know by Phillips as preliminary material to the *Letters of State* published at London in 1694, an edition of an English translation of Milton's Latin letters written for the Parliament, the Council, the two Cromwells, and perhaps the Committee of Safety between 1649 and 1660. No earlier printings of these three sonnets are known to exist.
ON SHAKESPEARE

Although Milton printed the poem *On Shakespeare* in 1645, and again in 1673, the first was not the earliest printing of the poem, nor were Milton's two printings the only ones of the century. Within his lifetime, the poem was printed three different times in connection with Shakespeare publications, and once more after his death, all four times before 1700. Indeed, the appearance of the poem in the Second Folio of 1632 is the earliest surviving printing we possess of any of Milton's poetry, and it was probably the first of his English poems to be printed. It appears in the preliminary leaves of the Second Folio, anonymously, among the laudatory verses prefixed to that edition. Professor Robert Metcalf Smith in 1928 (*Lehigh University Publications*, II (1928) no. 3) dealt with the Second Folio and its Milton poem at such length and with such adequacy that only his conclusions need be employed here. The page on which Milton's poem occurs in the Second Folio was printed in three different states, which Professor Smith called 'Effigies A, B, and C', each of these pages and each printing of the Milton poem on them differing slightly from the other two. Professor Smith also called attention to other printings of Milton's poems in later Shakespeare volumes, and herein are reproduced the version found in Shakespeare's *Poems* of 1640, and also the version found in the Third Folio, 1663-4. The poem also appeared in the Fourth Folio, 1685, but as this was eleven years after Milton's death, that version is not reproduced herein. The versions of 1632, and variants, of 1640, and of 1663-4 are collated in the textural notes under the reproduction of the poem in the Third Folio, 1664. Milton himself apparently had nothing to do with the appearance of the text of the poem in any of the folios, though he may have been in some way connected with the printing of the *Poems* version of 1640, and may even have supplied new copy for it, as this version differs much more from the folio versions than they differ among themselves. No collation between the versions found in the Shakespeare publications and Milton's own printings is provided because so far as is known there is no connection between them.

LIST OF COPIES OF SECOND FOLIO, 1632, COLLATED

**Originals.** IU: copy 1 (3 other copies lack this leaf) Effigies C.


Total, 55 copies. Effigies A, 4 copies. Effigies B, 2 copies. Effigies C, 49 copies.
SHAKESPEARE, POEMS, LONDON, 1640

Page [Kσr & ν]

An Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke
Poet, William Shakespere.

What need my Shakespeare, for his hallowed bones,
The labour of an Age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed Reliques should be hid,
Under a starre-pointing Pyramid?

Deare Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
What need'st thou such shall witness of thy Name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy selfe a lasting Monument:
For whist it is its shame of flow-endextoouncing Art,
Thy faire numbers flow; and that each part,
Hast from the leaves of thy unvalued Bookes,
Those Delphickc Lines with deep Impression take:
Then thou our fancy of her selfe bereaving,
Doft make us Marble with too much conceiving,
And fo Sepulcher'd in such pompe doft lie,
That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.

Then thou our fancy of our selfe bereaving,
Doft make us marble with too much conceiving,
And fo Sepulcher'd in such pompe doft lie,
That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.
An Epitaph
On the admirable Dramatick Poet,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Hat need 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 Starre-ypointing Pyramid?

Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such dull witnesse of thy Name?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a lasting Monument:
For whist to th'shame of slow-endavouring Art
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each part,
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Book;
Those Delphick Lines with deep Impression took
Then thou our fancy of her self bereaving,
Doft make us Marble with too much conceiving,
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp doft lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.
CHOICE PSALMS, WILLIAM AND HENRY LAWES, LONDON, 1648

Page av

TO MY FRIEND MR. HENRY LAWES.

Harry, whose tunefull and well measur'd song
First taught our English Music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas cares, committing short and long,
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envie to look wan:
To after age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth Aire couldst humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of Phæbus Quire,
That tun'st their happiest Lines in hymne or * story.

* The story of Ariadne
* by him in Music.

Dan's shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Then his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

J. Milton.

Upon the death of William Lawes, there appeared a volume more or less commemorating him under the title Choice Psalms put into Music for three voices. The book was printed by James Young for Humphrey Moseley, London, 1648. It contains elegies, set in music by several friends, upon the death of William Lawes. On the two leaves immediately preceding the music are four poems addressed to Henry Lawes, or to both the brothers. The third of these preliminary poems is Milton's, and is signed J. Milton. The marginal note is the only annotation we have by Milton himself. The is broken in all copies examined. The copies examined include 5 originals at Illinois; two film copies from Harvard; and one each from Huntington and Yale, making a total of 9 copies.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SIR HENRY VANE, N.P., 1662

Page 93.

VANE, young in years, but in age crownd all,
Then whom a better Seammore ne'er told
The column of Rome, when G slew Armida fell'd
The first Episcopo and the Anthon bold.

(3/4 size)

Who but to freely gain is so unfai'd
The life's of hidden places, hard to be spill'd,
There is a wise man may be justly
Upon her consummation, firm and cold

(3/4 size)

Who, in

Who but to freely gain is so unfai'd
The life's of hidden places, hard to be spill'd,
There is a wise man may be justly
Upon her consummation, firm and cold

Who, in

Who but to freely gain is so unfai'd
The life's of hidden places, hard to be spill'd,
There is a wise man may be justly
Upon her consummation, firm and cold

Who, in

This sonnet was first printed anonymously in [George Sikes] The Life and Death of Sir Henry Vane, n.p., 1662. On page 93 is the statement, The Character of this deceased Statesman, ... I shall exhibite to you in a paper of Verses, composed by a learned Gentleman, and sent him, July 3. 1662. Then follow the lines to Vane, carrying over on page 94. 1U copy 1 of [Sikes] was used for the reproduction. There are no variants in the five original and nine film copies examined of 1662, but, Whether] The t is faint or broken in all copies examined. peace. The c barely prints in all copies examined.

Page 94.

WHO, IN
Milton wrote two sets of verses on the death of the well-known Cambridge character, Hobson the carrier, which he acknowledged by printing them in the 1645 and again in the 1673 Poems. The verses are of little account, and, as Henry John Todd pointed out in his edition of Milton's Poetical Works of 1801 (et seq. vol. 6:89 fn.) they were used and printed elsewhere. Both sets of verses were printed in garbled versions in Wit Restor'd, London, 1658, pages 84-86, and the verse Milton printed second is contained in Banquet of Jests, London, 1640, pages 129-131. The title page of the 1640 edition reads 'Sixth Edition' but the bibliographical details of this volume, the only known copy of it being in the Cambridge University Library, or its relations to earlier editions, have never been worked out. It is interesting to note the treatment of these pirated printings in the Columbia edition. In 1936 (Modern Language Review 31:395-402) Professor W. R. Parker announced the 'discovery' of the printings of 1640 and 1658, making no mention of Todd, and no mention of 1657. In the last Columbia volume, the text of 1640 is printed, pages 349-50, and Professor Parker's article summarized in the notes on pages 584-85, and textual variants from 1658 supplied. The Columbia 1640 text contains one grave error, and a few other minor errors of omission. But so inconsequential are these two sets of verses that little attention should be devoted to their texts in such publications no matter how startling it may be to find verses by Milton in jestbooks. The 1640, 1657, 1658 printings are not, as Professor Parker calls them, 'perfectly valid textual "sources"' for these poems, as they cannot be connected with Milton. They are probably pirated and certainly shortened contemporary printings. The same verses printed in 1640 appeared also in what seems to be a reprint of the Banquet of Jests, London, 1657, pages 82-83, the only copy known seeming to be that in the Folger Library. Both sets of verses appear in Wit Restor'd, London, 1658, pages 84-86. Reproductions of each of these three anonymous printings are provided herein, without more than passing comment, as they are of most dubious value as texts, for they probably have no connection whatever with Milton. The 1640 version of Hobson II lacks lines 15-20 and 25-26 inclusive; and the 1658 version of the same verses lacks lines 13-26 and 29-34 inclusive. The free change of words and the equally free exclusion of lines should be noted. Old manuscript versions of these Hobson poems are also known to exist; but they cannot in any way be connected with Milton. See Columbia Works, 18:591; and G. Blackmore Evans, 'Two New Manuscript Versions of Milton's Hobson Poems,' Modern Language Notes, 57 (1942) 192-194.
FROM BANQUET OF JESTS,
LONDON, 1640

Pages 129, 130, 131

Upon old Hobson the Carrier of Cambridge.

Here Hobson lies, who did most truly prove
That he could never dye, whilst he did move:
Sing his desine, never to rot,
Whilst he might still jog on, and keep his trot.

Made of spheres mortal, never to decay,
Till his resolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet without all crime.
Gainst truth, some motion numbered out his time:
And like some engine mov'd with wheels and weight,
His principles being steady, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all our life gave him his death.
And too much breathing put him out of breath:
Nor was it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hastened on his term.
Ease was his chiefest disease, and to judge right.
He dy'd for heaviness, that his cart were light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome.
For had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been as immortal carrier.
Obedience to the Moon he spent his date,
In course reciprocally and had his fate.

Lines to the mutual flowing of the sea:
Yes (strange to think) his mother is his disease.
His letters are deliver'd all, and gone:
Only remains this superscription.

1 Here] The first letter is repeated. 2 couldnever] No space.
5 Not spheres mortal as Columbia prints. [15-20] inclusive of 1673 and 1645 are lacking. [25-26] are lacking. See next page for collation with 1657 and 1658.

FROM BANQUET OF JESTS,
LONDON, 1657

Pages 82 & 83

Upon old Hobson the Carrier of Cambridge.

Here Hobson lies, who did most truly prove
That he could never dye, whilst he did move:
Sing his desine, never to rot,
Whilst he might still jog on, and keep his trot.
Made of spheres mortal, never to decay,
Till his resolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet without all crime.
Gainst truth, some motion numbered out his time:
And like some engine mov'd with wheels and weight,
His principles being steady, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all our life gave him his death.
And too much breathing put him out of breath:
Nor was it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hastened on his term.
Ease was his chiefest disease, and to judge right.
He dy'd for heaviness, that his cart were light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome.
For had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been as immortal carrier.
Obedience to the Moon he spent his date,
In course reciprocally and had his fate.
Lines to the mutual flowing of the sea:
Yes (strange to think) his mother is his disease.
His letters are deliver'd all, and gone:
Only remains this superscription.

See next page for collation with 1640 and 1658.
Another.

Here lies old Hobson; Death hath his desire,
And bere (alas!) hath left him in the mire;
Or else the waies being foul, twenty to one,
He’s here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
’Twas such a shitter, that it was known,
Death was half glad that he had got him down.
For he hath any time this ten years full,
And surely death could never have prevail’d,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail’d.
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey’s end was come;
And that he had taken up his last late Inne,
Death in the likeness of a Chamberlin,
G 3 Shew’d
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 said,
Hobson has sup’d, and newly gone to bed.

Another on the same.

Here lieth one, who did most truly prove,
That he could never die, whilst he could move.
So hung his destiny, never to rot,
Whilst he could but jogg on, and keep his trot.
Made of Sphears mettall, never to decay,
Untill his resolution made of it.
Time numbers motion, yet without a crime,
’Tainst old truth, motion numbered out his time.
And
And like some Engine mov’d, with wheels and weight,
His principles once cease’d, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath.
For had his doings last’d as they were
He had been an immortal Carrier.

This is the only known printing by others of these lines.
SONNETS FROM LETTERS OF STATE, 1694

Present in the *Trinity College Manuscript*, but never printed by Milton, although the Vane sonnet had been printed by George Sikes in 1662, these four sonnets were printed, three for the first time, in the *Letters of State*, edited and published by Edward Phillips, in 1694. The texts of the *MS.* must be taken as basic for all four, and there is no point in collating *MS.* with 1694, or the Vane text with 1662. The 1694 texts are reproduced, from IU copy 8, and no variants were observed among the twelve original and six film copies examined.

Page xlv.

**To my Lord Fairfax.**

Fairfax, whose Name in Arms through Europe rings,
And fills all Mouths with Envy or with Praife,
And all her Jealous Monarchs with Amaze:
And Rumours loud which daunt remotest Kings,
Thy firm unshaken Valour ever brings
Victory home, while new Rebellions raise
Their Hydra-heads, and the fake North displays
Her broken League to Imp her Serpent Wings:
O yet! a Nobler task awaits thy Hand,
For what can War, but Acts of War still breed,
Till injur'd Truth from Violence be freed;
And publick Faith be rescu'd from the Brand
Of publick Fraud; in vain doth Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the Land.

Page xlv.

**Oliver Cromwell.**

Cromwell, our Chief of Men, that through a Crowd,
Not of War only, but distractions rude,
Guided by Faith, and Matchless Fortitude:
To Peace and Truth, thy Glorious way hast Plough'd,
And Fought God's Battles, and his Work pursu'd,
While Darwen Streams with Blood of Scots imbru'd;
And Dunbarfield refound thy Praisés loud,
And Wroth's Laureat Wreath; yet much remains
To Conquer still; Peace hath her Victories
No less than those of War; new Foés arise
Threatening to bind our Souls in secular Chains,
Help us to save Free Conscience from the paw
Of Hireling Wolves, whose Gospel is their Maw.

b 2

These sonnets appear in the *Trinity College MS.* pp. 419, and 453-455, but were never printed by Milton. They appear in the *Letters of State* of 1694. The text of the *MS.* must be taken as the basic text of these sonnets, and there is no point in collating those texts with 1694. The 1694 texts are here reproduced from IU copy 8 solely because that was the first printing of the poems. There are no variants observed among the twelve original and six film copies of 1694 examined.
To Mr. C R I A C S K I N N E R
Upon his Blindness.

C R I A C this Three years day, these
Eyes though clear
To outward view of blemish or of Spot,
Bereft of Sight, their Seeing have forgot:
Nor to their idle Orbs doth day appear,
Or Sun, or Moon, or Star, throughout the Year;
Or Man, or Woman; yet I argue not
Against Heaven's Hand, or Will, nor bate
one jot
Of Heart or Hope; but still bear up, and flee.
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The Conscience, Friend, to have left them
over ply'd
In Liberties Defence, my noble task;
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through this
World's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no other
Guide.

This sonnet appears in the Trinity College MS., but was never printed by Milton. It appears in the Letters of State of 1694. The text of the MS. must be taken as the basic text of this sonnet, and there is no point in collating that text with 1694. The 1694 text is here reproduced (from 1U copy 8) because that was the first printing of the poem. There are no variants observed among the twelve original and six film copies of 1694 examined.

Printed anonymously in 1662, and found in a single draft in the Trinity College MS., though not in Milton's hand. Twelve original and six film copies of Letter of State, written by Mr. John Milton, London, 1694, were used for collating the following text reproduced from 1U copy 8 of that edition, probably prepared by Edward Phillips. Milton himself never printed the poem. The collation is between 1694 and 1662. The MS. version appears herein on page 455. 1694 is printed in roman type and 1662 in italic which is disregarded in collation. 1 Young] young Sage
fage Councils,] countel 2 Senator,] Senator ne're] ner'e
3 Helm] helme Gowns,] Gowns Arms,] Arms 4 Epirote,] Epirote bold.] bold. 5 Peace,] peace 6 Drift,] drift States,] states, Spell'd,] spell'd. 7 War,] war Wart be upheld,] belt, upheld. 8 Mann'd,] Mann's 9 Move,] Move Two,] two Gold,] Gold 9 Befides,] Befides 10 Spiritual,] spiritual and Civil,] power and civil,] 11 ferves] fervers 12 learn'd,] lean't,] learn't,] 13 Right,] firm 14. 1662 opens the line with In peace, then continues with the entire 1694 line.
VERSES FROM THE PROSE WORKS
FROM OF REFORMATION TOUCHING CHURCH DISCIPLINE, 1641


*Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause Not thy Conversion, but those rich demaines That the first wealthy Pope receiv'd of thee.*

Page 30. Petrarch, Sonnet 108

*And so short, at last his guid him brings Into a goodly valley, where he sees A mighty mase of things strangely confus'd, Things that on earth were lost, or were abus'd.*


*Founded in chaft and humble Poverty, Gains' them that rais'd thee doth thou lift thy horn, Impudent whore, where haft thou plac'd thy hope? In thy Adulterers, or thy ill got wealth? Another Constantine comes not in haft.*


*Then past hee to a flowry Mountaine greene, Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously; This was that gift (if you the truth will have) That Constantine to good Sylvester gave.*

FROM THE REASON OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT, 1641/42

Page 15.

*When I dye, let the earth be roul'd in flames.*

—said by Tiberius

FROM AN APOLOGY ETC., 1642


*—laughing to teach the truth What hinder it, as some teachers give to Boys Junkets and knacks, that they may learne apace.*


*—jesting decides great things Stronglier, and better of them earnest can.*

Page 27. Sophocles, Electra:624

*Tis you that say is, not J, you do the deeds, And your ungodly deeds finde me the words.*
FROM AREOPAGITICA, 1644

Title page. Euripides, Supplices:438

This is true Liberty when free born men
Having to advise the public may speak free,
Which he who can, and will, defers high praise,
Who neither can nor will, may hold his peace.
What can be juster in a State then this?

FROM TETRACHORDON, 1645

Page 39. Horace, Epistles 1:16:40

Whom doe we count a good men, Whom but he
Who keeps the lames and statues of the Senate,
Who judging in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion winnes the cause;
But his owne house, and the whole neighbourhood
Sees his soule inside through his whised skin.

FROM TENURE OF KINGS & MAGISTRATES


———— There can be slaine
No sacrifice to God more acceptable
Then an unjust and wicked King ————


———— There can be slaine
No sacrifice to God more acceptable
Then an unjust and wicked King ————
FROM PRO POPULO DEFENSIO

Quis expedivit Salmasio suam Hundredam,
Picâmque docuit nostra verba conari?
Magister artis venter, & Jacobæi
Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
Quod si dolos òpes resulserit nummi,
Ipse Antichristi qui modò primatum Papæ
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatus,
Cantabit ultrò Cardinalitium melos.


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Ipse Antichristi qui modò primatum Papæ
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatus,
Cantabit ultrò Cardinalitium melos.

FROM DEFENSIO SECUNDA, 1654

Gaudete Scombri, & quicquid est piscium salo,
Qui frigidà hyeme incolitis algentes freta,
Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius eques
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitavit.
Chartaeque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cuculos preferentes Claudii
Insignia nomenque & decus Salmafi,
Gesletis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, seriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, & capsulis gratissimos.


Gaudete Scombri, & quicquid est piscium salo,
Qui frigidà hyeme incolitis algentes freta,
Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius eques
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitavit.
Chartaeque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cuculos preferentes Claudii
Insignia nomenque & decus Salmafi,
Gesletis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, seriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, & capsulis gratissimos.

Page 28. The Hague, 1654

Gaudete Scombri, & quicquid est piscium salo,
Qui frigidà hyeme incolitis algentes freta,
Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius eques
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitavit.
Chartaeque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cuculos preferentes Claudii
Insignia nomenque & decus Salmafi,
Gesletis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, seriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, & capsulis gratissimos.
FROM THE HISTORY OF BRITAIN, 1670

Page 11. Translated from Geoffrey of Monmouth

Goddess of Shades, and Huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the rowling Sphear, and through the deep,
On thy third Regne the Earth look now, and tell
What Land, what Seat of rest thou bidst me seek,
What certain Seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with Temples vow'd, and Virgin quires.

Brutus far to the West, in th' Ocean wide
Beyond the Realm of Gaul, a Land there lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where Giants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fitts thy people; thither bend
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,
There to thy Sons another Troy shall rise,
And Kings be born of thee, whose dredded might
Shall awe the World, and Conquer Nations bold.

Page 186. Translated from Matthew of Westminster

Low in a mead of Kine under a Thorn,
Of head bereft li'th poor Kenelm King-born.
THE TRINITY COLLEGE MANUSCRIPT
THE TRINITY COLLEGE MANUSCRIPT

MILTON PUBLISHED TWO COLLECTED EDITIONS of most of his minor poems during his lifetime. In addition to these two printings, much of the English poetry exists also in manuscript. There is a manuscript copy of the first book of Paradise Lost, now in the Morgan Library in New York, the only manuscript still extant of any portion of the longer poems. For many of the shorter English poems, there are the copies preserved in a manuscript still extant in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. The earliest account of this manuscript is to be found in the 1738 edition of the prose works, edited with a biography and other additions, by Thomas Birch. In 1740, Francis Peck published his New Memoirs, in which he stated that he had the MS. before him. He made a number of corrections of Birch's readings. Then in 1749, Thomas Newton, in the biography prefixed to his massive two volume edition of Paradise Lost, summarized what was then known about the MS. Sotheby reproduced much of the poetry in 1861. William Aldis Wright edited a full size reproduction of it, with printed transcription, in 1899, and the Cambridge University Press printed it. His introduction and notes provide about all we know of the history of the MS. Wright reasoned that it probably came to the Trinity College Library in or about 1691, with the other books and manuscripts given to the Library by Sir Henry Puckering, although, Wright acknowledges, there is no mention of the Milton MS. in Bernard's catalog issued in 1697 of the Puckering material. Wright states that there is no knowledge of how the Milton MS. came into Puckering's possession. However, it is possible that Puckering bought Milton's books direct from Milton, as several of the earlier biographers state or hint that, before he died, Milton sold much of his library and other literary effects. Perhaps Puckering bought them. However that may be, the MS. is known to have been in the Trinity College Library since 1738, and since Newton, every important editor of the poetry has made use of it in one way or another, from Newton, Warton, Todd, Mitford, Masson, Verity, Beeching, Wright, to Professor Patterson (Columbia).

Wright's account of the MS. is sufficiently accurate even yet, the MS. being last seen and examined by the present editor between 1925 and 1930, unless there have been some serious changes in it since 1930. It is, and probably for years has been, a slim volume, bound at least as early as Newton's time, containing about fifty pages, three being blank, and the remaining forty-seven containing manuscript copies of various of the shorter English poems only, with pages one through eight and ten through forty-one in Milton's own handwriting, and the remaining poems in various other hands. (See J. H. Hanford, 'Chronology of Milton's Private Studies' PMLA 36(1921) 251-314.) Wright's discussion of the MS. is too well known to repeat here. In general, little can be added to what he said of the arrangement and contents of the leaves. All the poetry contained in the MS. is here reproduced by the gracious permission of the Cambridge University Press.

Frequently in the M.S., Milton struck out material; then later, wishing to restore it, he underscored it to indicate restoration. It is characteristic of him, and of his age, that he punctuates very sparingly and rarely begins lines with capital letters. His spelling is not uniform throughout, as must be expected of that day and age.

In general, Wright's transcriptions have stood the test of years, and are reproduced with almost no changes. His errors of omission or commission were very few, but occasionally inexplicable, as in the case of the name 'Thomason.'

The actual size of the original sheets, as they now exist, is approximately 7½ by 12½ inches, the reduction in height being about one-third for the full sheets.
Part of a maske.

Looke nymphs & shepherds, looke heere ends our ques
since at last our eyes are blest.

Arcades

Part of an Entertainment at

Looke nymphs & shepherds look
What sudden blaze of majestie
is that with we may from hence descre
too divine to be mistake
this this is shee
to whom we vows & wishes bend
heres our sollemne sea which hath end
Fame that her high worth to raise
now seems ext so lavish, & profuse
wee may justly now accuse
and detracion from her praise
lesse then halfe shee hath express't 'wee and express't
conceale
Envie bid her hide the rest
Mark what radiant state she spreds
in circle round her shining throne
shooting her beams like silver threds
this this is shee
sitting
... like a goddessse bright
in the center of her light
might she the wise Latona be
or the towred Cybele
mother of a hundred gods
Ceres
Juno dares not give her odds
who would have thought this clime had held
a deity so unparaleld.
The Genius of y* wood rises & turning towards them speaks

Gen
Stay gentle Swayns, for though in this disguise
I see bright honour sparkle though ye* eyes
Of famous Arcady ye* are & spring
of that renowned flood so often sung
Divine Alpheus who by secret suse
stole under seas to meet his Arethuse
And yee the breathing roses of ye* wood
faire silver buskin'd nymphs as great & od
I know this quest of ye* & free intent
was all in honour & devotion met
To the great mistress of yon * shrine
whom with low reverence I as mine
and with all helpfull service will comply
to further nights glad sole tie
and lead ye* where ye* may sore neere behold
searching
what shallow these ye* kiss
with dull Fame hath left untold
with I full oft amidst the alone
have sat to wonder at
Far know by lot from Jo wer
& charge of this faire w er

23 Ceres should be in italics. Milton struck it out and indicated that Juno be restored by drawing a line under it. 44 In Todd's am

time [1801] this line could still be read, 'from Jove I have the power'.
Some nights a strength lacks where she and our guest
more at last if we were less.

Marc's what native, from the speed,
in circle read for shining room
shooing, his dreams like those meals,
his way is the same,
he was like a goddelle awake in the centre of the night.

might she the wife Laetuny, of the loving ghost.

the form of a wand things, her daughter come for word.

She's guide supposed, for thought in this design
of strange names, spread through night eyes
of herung, already of one story in the recess guides in other time.

Divine, despite who by secret spoke
dall under does to well, his broth.
and yet, the breeding rite of yew wood
to the silver-bloody, enough of great and,

know the guide, of a fair bird
ways all in honour, devotion wished.

for all fair men, so mine

and Monk and Monk's on the time.

shadowed beneath the guide, they wise

the guide. at night their name

the guide.
live a thousand yeares
to nurse the saplings tall, & cure the grove'
in ringless quaint, & wanton windings wove
and all my plants I save from nightlie ill
of noysome winds, or blasting vapours chill
bowes

5

& from the leaves brush off the evill dew
& heale the harms of thwarting thunder blew
or
what the crose die-looking Planet smites
or hurtfull worme wth cankered venome bites
when evening gray doth rise I fetch my round
over the mount and all this hallowed ground
and early ere the odorous breath of morn
awakes the leaves slumbring leaves, or tassel'd horn
shakes the high thicket hast I all about
visit

10

wth puissant words, & murmurs made to blesse
but else in depe of night when drousiness
morall eys sense
hath lockt up

hath chain'd mortalitie then listen I
to the celeniall sirens harmonie
that sit upon the nine enfolded spheres
and sing to those that hold the vital sheares
& turning the adamantine spindle round
on wth the fate, of gods & men is wound
such sweet composition doth in musick lie
to kille the daughters of Necessity

15

& kepe unsteddie Nature to her Law
& the low world in measur'd motion draw
after the heavenly tune wth none can heare
heare of humaine mould wth grosse unpurged eare
and yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
the peereless height of her immortall praise
whose lustre leads us, & for her most fit
if my inferior hand or voice could hit
inimitable sounds yet as wee goe
what ere the skill of lesser gods can show

I will assay her worth to celebrate
and so attend you towards her glittering state
where yee may all that are of noble stemme
approach & kisse her sacred vestures hemme

Song

Ore the smooth enameld greene
where no print of step hath been
follow me as I sing
and touch the wav
under the shadie fe of
of branching elme sta re proofe
follow me

I will bring yee where she sits
clad in splendor as beftts
her delie

such

35

All Ar

2
to mark the sleep's hall, so close did the gate
close of light that, in running blindly, one
and all of my senses, from nightly ill
of my one vision, or clashing vapour on high
from the depths, flushed off the ground
and made the garner of the earthy, the hollow
of what the Goths then looked on and smiled
at, in fullاعتم on the called fawat, fawat
that evening gray both side of a sick my sound
and all the hollow ground was
early in the sowing breath of trees
and the head's sleeping living, on the hill was
and the high brown fawat, if all about
and all my sense, very early
in and out, some my mists, should to the sick
the green, in an of with the flowering
in the cardinal sitting various
that sit upon the very emerald, spirits
and sung so that held the sand
ful to he his adamant fawat sound on him the at the his a thin of sound
such great compassion sent in music as
be all his daughters of Necessity
in Ardea unhappiness, Necessity to her law
the low words a military, medical draw
a and the century hold in one can move
because of running winds and the winds overpower
of sun, and yet such mighty, whatever, went to bring
the terrible height of the member great
which bring where it is for the most fit
in my interior head or else could hit
immeasurable poetry yet as we get
what for the soul of higher, and can saw
is God to the God of achingly, and
so today, you become the gathering trees
where you may all, but then of cold traces approach a light, with seldom(subject)

Song

Our the smooth on the grass, where we will of the lawn been
Is able to the parts
and touch the hands
With the shade,
the right, to make
and so dry, on the side
And to Gades a fawat.
This concluding song of Arcades appears alone at the top of page 3 of the manuscript.

Sonnet
nymphs & shepherds dance no more
by sandie Ladons lillied bancks
On old Lycceus or Cyllene hoare
trip no more in twilight rancks
though Erymanth yo' loose deplore
a better soyle shall give you thanks
From the stonic Manalus
bring yo' flocks & live with us.
or heere yee shall have greater grace
to serve the Ladie of this place
Such a rurall Queene

A All Arcadia hath not seene

Last line of song, As struck out by changing s to ll to read All not A as Wright printed.

This sonnet appears at the end of the First Draft of the Letter on page 6 of the manuscript.

Sonnet VII

How soone hath Time the suttle theefe of Youth
stolne on his wing my three & twentith yeere
my hasting days fly on wth full careere
but my late spring no bad or blossom shew'th

Perhaps my semblance might deceave y'r truth
that I to manhood am arriv'd so neere
& inward ripeness doth much less appeare
that some more tymely-haplie spirits indu'th
Yet be it less or more, or soone or slow
it shall be still in strictest measure even
to that same lot however mean or high
toward wth Tyne leads me, & the will of heaven
all is if I have grace to use it so
as ever in my great task-maisters eye

This sonnet appears alone at the top of the last page of the manuscript containing writing, or on page 47.

Sonnet XXIII

Mee thought I saw my late espoused saint
brought to me like Alcestis from the grave
whom Joves great son to her glad husband gave
rescued from death by force though pale and faint.

Mine as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
purification in the old law did save,
and such, as yet once more I trust to have
full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
came vested all in white, pure as her minde:
her face was valid, yet to my fancied sight
love, sweetness, goodness in her person shin'd
soe cleare, as in no face with more delight.
But o as to imbrace me she enclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.
This concluding song of Arcades appears alone at the top of page 3 of the manuscript.

This sonnet appears at the end of the First Draft of the Letter on page 6 of the manuscript.  
[Sonnet VII]

This sonnet appears alone at the top of the last page of the manuscript containing writing, or on page 47.  
Sonnet XXIII
Song

re of Sirens pledges of heavens joy
e harmonious sisters voice & verse
vine power & joyful force employ.
with Inebri'd sense able to pierce.

*equall

whilst yo' captures' temper'd sweet
happie spousal meet
the a white
toes
home-bred beguile
fantasie
& festivals then present
of pure concert
sapphire-coloured

sounding once t
vorta

e the ser
in loud songs
the
and the youth's
in ten thousands
with those just
in hymnes d
singing ever

that all the frame of heaven and stars blue
whilst the whole frame of
resound and Eccho Hall. with undiscouring
while they all the starrie
may rightly to answer that melodious noise
by leaving out those harsh chromatick jars
of sin that all our musick manners
& in our lives & in our song
may keep e tune with heaven till God be long
to his celestial consort us unite
To live & sing with him in ever-external light
ever-glorious unchanged
where day dwells
in ever-endless light
in never parting light
Blest pair of Sirens pledges of heavens joy
Sphere-borne harmonious sisters Voice, & Verse
Mix yo' choice, choose, & happiest sounds employ
dead things with Inebri'd sense able to pierce
& mix't power employ

and whilst yo' equall captures temper'd sweet
in high misterious while spousal meet *happie
snatch us from earth, a while
us of our selves & home bred woes beguile *native

*up

and to our high rays'd thanate present up ray'sd *high rays
that undisturbed song of spine consent
ay sung before the sphere-coloured Throne
to him that sits thereon
with saintly shout, & solemn jubilee
where the bright Saphirin in *triple row *burning
uplifting

thrice high lifted loud *archangel trumpets blow
and the Cherub's host in thousand quires
touch thrice immortal harps of golden wires
with those just spirits that wear the blooming palmtrees *blooming or
hymnes deposed & *sacred Palmses whilst
victorious

singing everlastingly
while all the starrie rounds & arches blue
resound and echo Hallu

1-20 whilst changed to while 2-12 & changed to to and to written in the margin. 2-14 tripled changed to triple and then struck out.
Song

In the middle of Heaven, injoying life, with power and might, we employ
in high and solemn tone, the great King's voice,
That takes us from earth and home, and to our heart, profound pleasure, present
That invisible, unseen, adored.

So that in all the world, we see joy,
In the holy place, in the holy place, in the holy place.
When only the Lord's might and power, employed
That takes us from earth and home, and to our heart, profound pleasure, present.
on earth

that wee with undiscording heart & voice
may rightly answer that melodious noise
by leaving out those harsh chromatick jarres & sounding
of clausorous sin that all our musick marres
& in our lives & in our song
may keepe in tune with heaven, till God ere long
to his celestiall consort us unite
to live & sing with him in endless morne of light

that wee on earth with undiscording voice
may rightly answer that melodious noise
as once we could till disproportion'd Sin did
against harsh jar'd Nature's chime & with tumultuous din
broke the faire musick that all creatures made.

Oh may wee some, renew that song
& keepe in tune with heaven, till God e're long
to his celestiall consort us unite
To live & sing with him in endless morne of light

At a solemn Musick

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of heavens joy,
Sphere borne, harmonious sisters Voice & Verse
Wed ye divine sounds, & mixt power employ
dead things with inbreath'd sense able to peirce
and to our high-ray'd phantastic present
that undisturbed song of pure concert
ay sung before the sapphire-coulour'd throne
to him that sits throned with saintly shout, & solemn jubille

where the bright Seraphim in burning row
thire loud up-lifted angell trumpets blow
and the Cherubick host in thousand quires
touch thire immortal harps of golden wires
with those just spirits that wore victorious palmes
hymns devout & holy psalmes
singing everlastingly.

That wee on earth with undiscording voice
may rightly answer that melodious noise
did as once we could till disproportion'd sin
jar'd against Nature's chime, & with harsh din
broke the faire musick that all creatures made
to thire great Lord whose love thire motion swa'y'd
in perfect dispassion whilst they stood
in first obedience, & thire state of good

Oh may wee some againe renew that song
& keepe in tune with heav'n, till God e're long
to his celestiall consort us unite
To live & sing with him in endless morne of light
That wise and understanding heart thereof 
may rightly and with that melodious voice 
by looking out that harp of Samson which partie ill sounding 
with those dimonishing sin that all our meekish man 
may keep in tune with heavenly still God so long 
and by itself consent us under 
to live a song with him in that light more of light.
On Time

set on a clock case

Fly envious Time till thou run out thy race
call on the lazie leader-stepping howres
whose speed is but the heavie plummets pace
& glut thy selfe with what thy wombs devours
is no more then what is false & vaine
& meerly mortall drosse
so little is our lose
so little is thy gaine
for when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd
& last of all thy greedie selfe consum'd
then long Eternity shall greet our blisse
with an individual kine
and Joy shall overtake us as a flood
when every thing yt is sincerely good
& pefectly divine
with Truth, & Peace, & Love shall ever shine
about the supreme throne
of him t' whose happy-making sight alone
when once our heavenly-guided soule shall clime
then all this earthie gudnesse quit
att'd with starres wee shall for ever sit
Triumphing over Death, & Chance, & thee O Time.

Upon the Circumcision

ye flaming Powers, & winged Warriours bright
that erst with musick, & triumphant song
first heard by happie watchfull shepheards eare
so sweetly sung yt joy the clouds along
through the soft silence of the listening night
now mourne mourne & if sad share with us to bear
yt fiery essence can distill no teare
burne in yt sighs, & borrow
seas wept from our deepse sorrow
he who with all heav'n's heraldy whilane
tered enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease
alas how soone our sin
sore doth begin his infancie to sease
Oh more exceeding love or law more just
just law indeed but more exceeding love
for wee by rightfull doome remedlesse,
were lost in death till he that dwelt above
high-thron'd in secret blisse for us fraile dust
emptied his glory even to nakednesse
and yt great cov'nant with wee still tranqyssse
entirely satisf'd
and the full assuaz wath beside
of vengefull Justice bore for our excesse
and seals obesience first with wounding smart
this day, but O great long
huge pangs & strong will peirce more neere his hart

On Time The heading was To be set on a clock case but the first three words have been pasted over. There is a mark following this word in the MS. that looks like either a period or a comma.
ON TIME

ON TIME

Upon the Circumcision

ye flaming Powers, ye winged Warriors bright,

ye winged Warriors bright,

As he was born my sin

Sent down to Earth,

His mercy to SEAL.

TRINITY COLLEGE MANUSCRIPT  ON TIME  CIRCUMCISION
On his dore when yr Citty expected an assault

When the assault was intended to yr Citty

Capitaine, or Colossell, or Knight in armez
Whose chance on these defenselesse dores may sease
If ever deed of honour did thee please
Guard them, and him within protect from harmes.

He can requite thee, for he knows the charmes
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these
And he can spread thy name or'e lands and sea,
What ever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy speare against the Muses bowre
The great Emathias conquerour bidd spare
The house of Pindarus when temple' and towre
Went to yr ground: and the repeated arie
Of sad Electra's poet had yr powre:
To saue th' Athenian walls from ruine bare

Ladie, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shun'd yr broad way & yr green
And with those few art eminently seen
That labour up yr hill of heavenly Truth

The better part with Mary & with Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they yr overworn
And at thy blooming vertues felt their spleen
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou when the Biedegroom with his feastfull frens

To yr Lady Margaret Ley

Daughter to that good Earle once President
Of Englands Counsel, & her Treasury
Who left them both, unstain'd with gold or fee
Lev'd in & left them both, more in himself content,

Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chaeronea, fatal to liberty
Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,

Though later born then to have known yr da daies
Wherin yr Father flourish'd, yet by you
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well yr words his noble Vertues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true
And to possess them, Honourd Margaret.

In the right margin to the first sonnet on this page the date 1642 has been struck out.
When Tassell was invited to a city

- A tab., that in a grove of maidens girl's
  with those few out-courtesan from
  that labour a bit of beauty found
  The better part with Mary with full
  robe been brought to these of heaven,
  and as the hunger of self to three pigeon
  no need found of thee, but pity e'ath
  The sun with cold indeed by itself
  in the sky, desire lamp 17th, desire of light
  Here this opens and some the free be sure
  - now when the stair step, with his full full friends
  upon the seat of the old she's beauty of self beauty here by three new
  and ground as their, as in sin and grace.

To a Lady Margaret Loy

Daughter to that great Earl once President
of England's Council, the Treasury
who had been both near and far in gold or free.
Lived in
She was the host, but not in herself content,
Till the last breaking of the Parliament,
broke him, as that unchaste victory
at Chesmere took both liberty
And we both on the old man of the place
though love from been, to have known the now days
whom you fall of flourished yet of you
Badam, we know, if we him living yet,
So we will proud by noble Virtue praise
that all both judge you to exchange love true
and to possess them, Honour and Margaret.
A maske 1654.

The first scene discovers a wild wood.

A Guardian spirit, or Damos.

Before the starie threshold of Joves court
my mansion is, where those infintall shapes
of bright aereal spirits live insphere'd
in regions mild of calme & serene aire
amidst the garden& Hyacinth gardens, on whose banks

attain roses grow & Hyacinth
bedew'd wth nectar & celestall songs
yield
attain roses grow, by Hyacinth & fruits of golden荏, on whose faire tree
ever
the scale-harnest watchfull dragon keeps
unchant
his new charmed eyp, & round the verge
& sacred limits of this -happy Isle blissfull -blissfull
the jealous ocean that old river winds
his farre-extended/arms till wth steep tree
haile his waist fly'd wth wide Atlantique fills

& haile the slow unadorn'd pool of styx. Stygian poole (wonder
I doubt me gentles mortal's these may some
strange distances to heart & unknowne climes wth distant worlds, & strange removed clim
yet thence I come and of fro thence behold
above the smoky & stirre of this dim, narrow spot
wth men call earth, & wth low-thoughted care
strive to keep up a frable & favouribsee being
beyond the written dots of mortal change
confined & pestred in this pinfold here
unmindfull of the crowne that vertue gives
after this mortal change to her true servants
amongst the earthen'd gods on sainted seates
yet some there be that by due steps aspire
to lay thire just hands on that golden key
that shews the palace of aetemity
to such my errand is, & bat for such
I would not soyle these pure ambrosiall weeds
wth the ranck vapours of this sin-worne mould

taste
but to my business now. Neptune whose sway besides the sway
of every salt flood & each ebbing streame
took in by lot twist high, and neither Jove
all the

impiati the rule & title of each sea-girt Isles
that like to rich gemmes inlay & various gems inlay
the unadorned bosome of ye deep
wth he to grace his tributarie gods
by course committs to several governemnt
and give them leave to weare thire saphire crowns
and weld thire little tridents, but this Isle
the greatest & the best of all his empire the maine
he quarters to his blue-hair'd dieties
and all this tract that fronts ye falling sun
a noble peere of mickle trust & power
has in his charge wth temper'd aw to guide
an old and haughty nation proud in armes
where his faire offspring mans't in princely lore
are comming to attend thire fathers state
and new entrusted scepter. but thire way
lies through the perplex paths of this dreare wood
the nodding horror of whose shadie brows
thesays the fortoene & wandring passenger
and beere thire tender age might suffer peril
but that by quick command from soveraigne Jove
I was dispatcht for thire defence, & guard
and listen why, for I will tell you now
what never yet was heard in tale or song
from by old or moderne Bard in hall, or bowre

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
crush't the sweet poysion of mix-used wine
after the Tuscaine mariners transform'd

10
A mask.

The dark side of the world's face.

There's no light in those eyes.

The world is a mask that we wear, and we wear it well.

But sometimes, we take it off, and we see the world for what it truly is.

And when we do, we see the beauty in the darkness.

The mask is not just a cover, but a reflection of our true selves.

And when we look into each other's eyes, we see the truth of who we are.

And that truth is what makes us human, for we are all masks, and we all wear them.

The world is full of masks, and we must learn to see through them.

And when we do, we will find the true beauty of the world, and the true beauty of ourselves.

And that beauty is what makes life worth living.

So let us take off our masks, and see the world for what it truly is.

For in the end, it is the truth that will set us free.

And when we are free, we will be true, and we will be happy.

And that is the true beauty of life, for true happiness is the happiness of those who are true to themselves.

And when we are true, we are happy, for we are living the life we were meant to live.

And that is the true beauty of life, for it is the beauty of being true, and being happy, and being free.

For we are all masks, and we all wear them, but when we look into each other's eyes, we see the truth of who we are.

And that truth is what makes us human, for we are all masks, and we all wear them.
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as ye winds listed
on Circe's Island fell, (who knows not Circe
the Daughter of ye sun, whose charmed cup
whoever tasted lost his upright shape
& downward fell into a groveling swine)
this nymph that gas'd upon his clustering locks
wth ivie berries wreath'd, & his blith youth
had by him ere he parted thence, a son
much like his father, but his mother more
wth therefore she brought up, and nam'd him Comus nam'd whom
who ride & frolick of his full grown age
roaring the Celtick, & Iberian folds
at last betaks him to this ominous wood
& in thick "secret of black shade imbour'd" "sheltered"
mightie
exells his mother at her potent art
offing to every wearie traveller
his orient tyle liquor in a crystall glasse
to quench the drouth of Phoebus, wth as they tast fond
(for most doe tast through, weake intemperate thirst)
some as the potions works th' humane countenance
th' express resemblance of o' the gods is chang'd
into some bristish forme of Wolfe or beare
or Ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goate
all other pts remaining as before they were
and they, so pect is thirse mistrie
not once prceave thir soule disfigure'sment
but boast themselves more comely then before
& all thir friends & native home forget
to route wth pleasure in a sensuell tile
therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
chances to passe through this advent'rous glade
swift as the sparkle of a glancing starre
I shoote from heaven to give him safe convoy
as now I doe, but first I must put off
these my sky robes spun out of Iris woofe
and take ye weeds and likeness of a swayne
that to the service of this house belongs
who wth his soft pipe & smooth dittied song
well knows to still the wild winds when they roar
& hush the waving woodes, nor of leases faith
and in this office of his mountaine watch
the nearest & likliest to give present aide chance aide
of this occasion, but I fare the tread hatefull
of virgins steps I must be veiellesse now. Exit goes out
wth a charming rod & glass of liquor
Comus enters, with his rout all beathed like some wild beasts thir
come on in
garments some like mens & some like womens they begin a wild &
humorous antick fashion
instant equallens.

Co. The starre that bids ye shepheard fold
now the top of heavn's doth hold
and the gilded carre of day,
his glowing axle dach alley
in the stepe Tartessian streame "Antick
& the slope sun his upward beame
shoots against the "northern pole "dusky
pacing toward the other Goale
of his chamber in the east
meane while welcome Joy & feast
midnight stout & revelry
tipsie dance & jollity
braid ye locks wth routy twine
dropping odours, dropping wine
Rigor now is gone to bed
& nice tom wth her scrupulous head

Line 60. Wright's note reads 'Birch and other who follow him read the first words of this line "And quick Law," taking the tail of the "g" in the line above for a part of "Q." As I read them the words are "& nice" followed by something which ends in "tom," perhaps "custom."
To rise the Tambourine, my Sounds list,
On Mars' Island still, they sound not tires,
Yet Daughters of Jove, who charm our cup
Alas! 'twas tasted (not by wartime's drear)
Downward fell into fabled lyre's strings
Harmonically upon his clarion thorns.
Yet sported not at her delight, youth had
In him, for he parted thence a Son
Much fied by fables, but her mother here
With this form the brought up and named
Comus named, who was a deformed age.
Reading the Truth, & thine fields
At last he comes to thy perennial wood
& think a space of black sheets on board.
Eclips'd by thine vision, a show-off
By all its like isograte, in a round glass
By much the breadth of their house; just as they rest.
(For most let told through the temperate kind.)
Solemn as the solemn world, three humors combining
The temper, reason, choice.
The gods and men is chang'd
Into some branch form of worth, all wise
Or danes, or rights, or sound or good.
At all, in them nothing of learning they saw,
And this so lived, that those, no mean
Not such please their souls, in time enough but
Confess themselves most ready to form
Of all their friends a nation, being for all
To make with pleasure in a 尼古拉 site.
Their song when any, every, of high taste
Chances to pass through, thy abundant gladness,
Swept by the sparkle of a gleaming chaste
To jest more innocent to add him to the story
Of new days, but first & must out-off,
A wise my stay to the open of his hues,
And takes threes a light of a greater
And to the service of this house, taller
With his soft praise, & speak and light and song
Well known to all the wide world, who the bound
To high the widening woods, none of lesser Faith
And thine the fire. So he continues, where
The voice is quick, but that with evening,
Occasion of the word, but I have the thing
Of the story, must by 'twas later now. I spit out
With morning red or yellow of the year.
Comus sisters, with the poet all needed like some wild goatherd
Gated in who, some like, more from the wenching they deride
Whoop, and repeated with employment.

Co. The singer that did a spirited fold
Now on top of nine dark hold
And the golden ravin of day
By gleaming only hath said,
In this street, the heaved upward drawn
Sheaks against the northern pole, close
Pacing toward the other soul
Of his companion in the craft
Sws the, who, welcomes joy & craft
Midnight down, so bold
Upper world & whale
Great skill, great might and charm
Simplicity, drooping sin.
Right is gotten to book
A stand in the corner pool.
Strict age, & sove severity
wth thire grave saws in slumber lie
wee that are of purer fire
imitate the starrie quire
who in thire nightly watchfull spheres
in lead wth swift round the months & yeares
. the sounds & seas wth all thire fannie drove
now to the mones in waverong morrice more
*taunie
and on the yellow sands & shelves *taunie
trip the pert fayries, & the dapper elves.
by dimpled brooke & fountayne bein
the wood nymphs deck't wth daysies trim
thire merrie wakes & pastimes keepe
what hath night to doe wth sleepe
night has better sweets to prove
Venus now wakes, & wakens Love
Come let us our rights begin
is only daylight that makes sin
wth these dun shades will we're report
Haile goddesse of nocturnall sport
Dark-valld Coitryto, to whom the secret flame
of midnight torches burnes, mysterious Dame
that were art call'd but when the dragon womb
of Stygian darkness spins her thickest gloomy "and makes one blot
*and makes a blot of nature and throws a blot of all *aire
cloudie
stay thy polisht ebbon chaire
\$ none, \$ wherein thou ridst ridst wth Hecate,
\$ of till all thy dyes bee don & neught let out
of thre the blabbing eastrenese scout
ere the nice moone on th' Indian streep
from her cabird' looopheole peppe
and to yt tellasse sun discery
our conceall'd sollemnitie
Come knit hands, & beaste yt ground
in wth a light & frelick fancytack round
't the measure (in a wild rude & wanton antick)

Comus. Broke off, broke off, I haere feel the different pace
of some chaste footing neere about this ground
some virgin sure benighted in these woods
for so I can distinguish by myne art
run to yt' shrouds wthin these braks & trees they all scatter
out' number may affright. Some virgin sure
(for so I can distinguish by myne art)
benighted in these woods; now to my traines charmes
& to my mothers charmes while trains, I shall ere long
be well stock't wth as faire a heard as graze'd
about my mother Circe thus I hurfe
darling
my powder'd spells in to the spungie aire blind *pleare
of power to chase the eye wth *sleight illusion
lest
and give it false presentments, else the place
and my quaint habits breed attenuation
and put the damsell to suspicious flight
wth must not be, for that against my course
I under faire pretence of freindly ends
and well-plac't words of gleazing courtesie
baited wth reasons not unpleasable
wind me into the easte hearted man
snares
& hagge him into, webs. when once her eye
bath met the virtue of this magick dust
I shall appear some harmlesse villager
whomee thrist keeps up about his countrie gearre [thrist
but here she comes I fairly step aside
& breake, if I may, her buisinesse here.
the Ladie enters
this way the noise was, if my eare be true
best
my, guide now, me thought it was the sound
of riet, & ill manag'd merriment

25 on changed to of 59 thirst] set off in right hand margin, Wright notes that this word seems to be in the same hand as hov'ring on page 13, and wild and pallat on page 15 of the manuscript.
such as the jocund flute or gnomesome pipe
stirr'd up amongst the loose unletter'd kinds
wherein dance they praise the bounteous Pan
& thank the gods amiss; I should be loath
to meet the rudestesse & swifl'd insolence
of such late wassailers yet O! where else
may I hear my unacquainted feete
tangled shall I informe my unacquainted eare
in the blind alley of these this arch'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
steps, as they led, to the next thickest side
to bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
as the kind hospitable woods provide
they left me then, when the gray-wooden ev'en
like a sad votarist in palmes woods
rose from the hindmost wees of Phoebus charit' waine
but where they are and why they come not back
is now the labour of my thoughts, till likeliest
wandering
they had ingag'd their youth'ly steps too faire
or the same parting light and envious darkenese ere they could returne
had soline them from me; else O! theewish night
why shouldst thou, but for some felionious end
in thy darke lanterne thus close up the stars
that nature hung in heaven & fell'd thire lamps
with ever lasting oyle to give thire light due
to the misled & lonely traveller
this is, place as well as I may guesse
whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
was rife & perfect in my listening eare
yet nought but single darkenese doe I find
what might this be? a thousand fantasies
begin to throng into my memorie
of calling shops, & beckning shadows dire
and ayrie tounge 'that late night wanderers' that syllable mens nams
on sandes, & shoars, & desert wildernesses.
these thoughts may starle well, but not astound
the vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
by a strong sidding champion conscience
O! welcome pure-eyd Faith, white-handed Hope
thou 'flittering argyll gilt' with golden wings 'blything'
and thou 'unspotted faire of chastity' 'unblemish'
I see yee visibly, & while I see yee
this dusky hollow is a paradise
or heaven gates are my head & now I beleive
be that,'the supreme good to whom all things ill
are but as slavish officers of vengeance
would send a glistring chorub if need were
'd guardan to keepe my life, & honour unassail'd.
was I deceav'd, or did a sable cloud
turne forth her silver lining on the night
I did not erre, there doth a sable cloud
turne forth her silver lining on the night
& casts a gleame over this tuffed grove
I cannot hallow to my brothers, but
such noise as I can make to be heard fardest
He venter, for my new-enliv'nd spirits
prompt me & they shappes are not farre hence
Song
Sweet Echo sweetest nymph that liv'd unseen
within thy ayrie 'shell'
slow
by 's Marsanders margent greene 'slow
and in the violet-imbroder'd vale
where the love-lorne nightingale
nighly to thee her sad song mourneth well
Each of the second line or sometimes piped
Down up amongst the last wildfell hills, 

In wetten doth show the bounding line
Of thought that is amiss, nor doth it reach

Near in Swaves, my soul's likeliest
Of such late wellbeing yet of where this shall inform my unacquainted face.

As much as of those named was void

With long way seeking, how to lodge

With the splendour fudges of these trees,

And as they red, to the west thinker fades

To being, not earthy, or such cooling fruit

As the wind has elsewhere brought

They left me then, when this green-heaved eth

And a sad birth of a palmar weed

Rest from the kindness needs of the loving wrongs

But where they are and why, they come not back

So was the labour of my thoughts, by himself

They had against their eyes, the to eaves,

He showed them forth from the firmest, a twisted might

Why should they, but for some dilatory said

In the dark fowerking thus close up his thorns

And made him hung in broken cold thir lamps

And these leaving the least at the light due

To be rolled & banyon precisely

This is place as well let every graph

Nothing now the tumult of sad midst

Was set a perfect in my listening ear

The thought but sing to ample & to find

What might the, he, a wild awareness seen in thron me, my memory

Of calling shads, a bigging shadows dirt &

And the falling that have some amalgamaged that spindle new coms on soil dew. & to the sunsel of ef there. this grayt may scarce it will, but not around

But the wildness level, that once worked attended

By a strong in my tranqul conscience

In some pure fair title, which bound the Title

Infalling wight and with notion rows in paneering

And this brought me of charity

If we in thy, a wild

If the falling, our advise so far

It was done a thing of the parent

Or to be, a shining blood of black with

To keep my life, a lengthing spread

Times of life, or of a faultly wind

For the whole, then silver lining on the night

Yet did not, there was a gold close

Tang forth the silver lining on the night

Yet a cress a cleaves to my tilted grove

It cannot have to my brother, but

Which was, it cannot be heard for long

Its terror, for my own quickened spirits

Prompted to the pillars are not same house

Song

Since was crossed man of the bird universal

Longingly bring shell

Upon the morning shadow

And in the right to broadside rule

Here the wise prince mighted

Rightly to her ly, sad song remembered well
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle paire
that liest thy Narcissus are?
Oh if thou have
hid them in some flowrie cave
tell me but where
Sweet Queene of parie, daughter of the sphere
So much meist thou be translated to the skyes
And hold a counterpoint *to all heavens harmonies *and give resounding grace
Comus enters. looks in and speaks
Co. can any mortall mixture of earths mould
breath such divine enchanting ravishment
sure something holy lodges in that heare
and with these raptures moves the vocal aire
to testify his hidden residence
how sweetly did they flowe upon the wings
of silence, through the empty vastsed night
at every fall smoothing the raven downe
darknesse till she smil’d, I have oft heard
my mother Circe with the Sirens three
sitting amongst the flowrie-kirtle’d Naiads
potent
& lap it in Eklium, Scylla would wepe wept
calling thire potent hearts, & balefull druggs
and
and chide her barking waves into attention
and fell Charybdis murmur’d soft applause
yet they in pleasing slumber hal’d the sense
and in sweet madnesse rob’d it of it selfe
but such a sacred, & home felt delight
such sober certainty of waking blisse
I never heard till now. I speake to her
and she shall be my queenie. Halle forreine wonder
certaine
whome these rough shades did never breed
unless the goddesses that in rurall shrine
*here’st here* with Pan or Silvan, by blent song
forbidding every blase unkindly forge
35 to touch the *prospiring* growth of this tall wood *prosperous
Ladie Nay gentle shepheard ill is lost that praise
that is addrest to unattendeing eares
not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
how to regain my sever’d companion
compell’d me to awake the courteous Echo
to give me answere to* give me from her mossie coulch
Co. what chance good La. hath bereft you thus
La. dim darkness, & this leavie blyseynsh neere
Co.
Co. Could that divide you from chire ushering hands guides
45 La. they left me weared on a grassie terfe
Co. by falsblood, or disconsciont or why
coole
La.
La. to seeke i’th valley some friendly spring
Co. and left yo’ faire side all unguard. Ladie
La. they were but twaine, & purpos’d quick returne
55 Co. phapps fore stalling night prevented them
La. how easie my mistertune is to hit
Co. imports thire loose beside the pement need
La. no lesse then then if I should my brothers loose
Co. were they of manly prime, or youthful blome
55 La. as smooth as Hebe’s thire unazar’d lips.
Co. such tow I saw what tymes the labour’d oxe
in his loose traces from the farrow came &
the swinc’t hedger at his supper sate
I saw’em under a greene mantling vine
that crawls along the side of you small hill
plucking ripe clusters from y’ tender shoots
thire port was more then humilaze as they stood
I tooke it for a faerie vision
of some gay creatures of the element
that in the colours of y’ rainbow live
& play lish plighted clouds, I was aw strooke
& as I past, I worship, if those you seeke
it were a journey, like the path to heav’n
La. to help ye find them out. Gentle villager
Can you not tell me of a gentle name that hath this favor shown? And such a story make, and then in some sweet case tell me what.

Sweet visions of past, a memory of the present, some new fable to be translated to this skin. For in all fuming, Somber scenes, looks in and out.

M.

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14

and wise, I found grace.
what resiliency way would bring me to that place
Co. due west it rises from this shrubbing point
La. to find out that good Shepheard I suppose
5 in such a scant allowance of starvelight
would overtake the best land-pilots art
the
wholly sure storage of guasse of well-encised feet
Co. I know each lane, & every alley green
9 dingle, or bushie dell of this "wide wood . wild
& every lofty lofty booky bourn from side, to side
my duely walks, & ancient nighnour neibourhood
and if yo' stay attendance be yet lodg'd
or should, 2with these limits I shall know I shall know
of these limits I shall know in the large rese rese ere morrow wake or the low-costed Laice
from her thecht's rese rese palate rese, if otherwise pallat
15 I can conduct you Laide to a low
but loyall cottage, where you may be safe
till further quest be made La. Shepheard I take thy word
& trust thy honest offer'd courtesie
wh eth is sooner found in lowly sheds
20 with o' smokie rafter, then in tapestry ball
h & courts of princes were where it first was nam'd
& is pretended yet yet is most pretended. in a place
lesse warant'd then this I cannot be or lesse secure
I cannot be, that I should feare to change it
my
25 eye eg me best providence, & square this tryall
to my proportion'd strength, shepheard lead on. Extent
the tow brothers enter
1 bro. unman i feths starres, & thou faire M' moone
that wond'rt won'ts to love the travelers berison
scoope thy pale visage through an amber cloud
30 and disinherit Chaos, that raigned here
in double night of darkness & of shades.
or if yet influence be quite dem'd up
wh. black upsurging 'mists, some gentle taper
tho' a rush candle from the wicker hole
35 of some clay habitation visit us

the
wh. a long levell'd rule of streaming light
and thou shalt be our starre of Arcadie
or Tyrian Cynosure. a bro. or if our eyes
be barr'd that happiness, might wee but hearre
this
the folded flocks pen'd in. walled otes otes cotes
or sound of pastoral reed wh. oaten stopps
or wistle whistle from y* lodge, or village cock
count the night watches to his featherie tawdles
'twould be some solace yet, some little cheering
this sad close
40
in. dome, dungeon of innumerable bowes.
end the
"but oh that hapless virgins our lost sister
wander
per over
where may she now, whether betake her (amongst rude bars & thistles
ghapp'd some cold banke is)
50 gainst
from the chill dew in this dead solitude surrounding wilde
perhaps some cold banke is
1 stand of
ghapp'd some cold banke is by her bountier now
55 do
or ghapp'd some cold banke is by some broad elme
she leans her thoughtfull head musing at our unhinder'd head frau
what if
wild amazement, and affright
so fares as did forehine Preteringe
remain
when the beg. swallowing flakes of pitchle clouds
or darkness woful her in. 2 Bro. Paece, brother peace
I doe not think my sister so to seeke
or to unprincipl'd in vertues bookie
55 and the sweet peace y' goodness becomes ever
want
as that the single, of light & noise (not being in danger, as I trust she is n
could stirre the steadi constant mood of her calm thoughts
& put them into mis-becoming pilgri

15

57 Wright, contrary to Birch, Newton, Warton, and Todd, correctly read steadie for their stable. 46 The marginal words are filled out by Wright as [r]ead the [palper over [against [instead of . . owne . . [per]happ's see [c]old banke is
A Mask

I. What read I sally, would bring me to that place
2. To find me the good shepherd's care
3. In such a song, blew out of sport's light
4. Might gallop the best breed's last strut
5. With this appearance of well-pract'ed fire
6. To know each star, every way green

II. Single, or double life of any kind

III. Every bill of every house, from such sizing

IV. All the many and many a man's neighborhood

V. ...and many a man's acquaintance. Vanished all

VI. Now I see the shadow of the old gods shall go

VII. ...from here without sad parting, if otherwise... post

VIII. ...and conduct you safer to a law

IX. But loyal courage, where you may be safe.

X. All further quest, command a shepherd's task my word

XI. The honest, offered course

XII. The only means found in early skills

XIII. Without such reverence, thou in bloody halls

XIV. ...the name's most cherished, in a place

XV. I besworn shall, and in due time secure

XVI. Shall be... that should learn to change it

XVII. Eye for me, that pleasure, a square path leads

XVIII. To my proper hand strong, skylark lead on.

XIX. Extant

XX. The few brothers set up

200. Unfailing was the morning, as the first love meant

210. That to want would be love the trembling passion

220. Shone the self feeding thought, that reigns here

230. What will be in future, with my name up

240. The mind's deepest, most solemn and with

250. Through the many stiles, by the noblest

260. By row of the noblest

270. As I make me stand

280. Through the long order of some broad, some

290. Skies dark in their deep

300. Such a man as this, in a large

310. To stand in the middle, to be made

320. As the morn of my life, with my name

330. As the birth of the sun, that does in days, as bright the

340. Such a sight, as the birth of the sun, that does in days, as bright the

350. As the birth of the sun, that does in days, as bright the
Vertue could ad all her see to doe what vertue would
by her owne radiant light though sun & moone
were in the flat sea sunke: & wisdom's selfe
oft seeks to solitarie vast retir'd oft seeks to sweet retired solitude
where wh her best nurse
Contemplation
she plumes her feathers, & lets grow her wings
that in the various battle of resort
were all to rufl'd, & sometimes impair'd
owne
he that has light wh in his cheere brest
may sit in his center, and enjoy bright day
but he that hides a dark seake, & tarde thoughts
walks in black vapours, though the moonshine brand
blooms in the summer solstice. a Bro. His most true himselfe is his owne
dungeon
that musing meditation most affects
the pensive secret of desert cell
and fare from the cheeryfull haunt of men, or heards
and sits as safe as in a senate house
weeds for who would rob a Hermit of his beads gone beads some few
wh beads
his books, his chaste tears, or maple dish
or doe his gray hairs any violence
but beautie like the faire Hesperian tree
laden w' blooming gold had need the guard
dragon watch w' unchaunted eye
to save her blossoms & defend her fruite fruite
from y's rash hand of bold incontinence.
you may as well spread out the unsound beapes
of miners treasure by an outlaws den
and tell me it is safe, as bid me think hope
danger will winke on opportunity
and let a single helplesse mayden passe
uninjur'd th in this vast, & hides wild wide surrounding wast.
of night, or loneliness it recks not me
I here the dread events that dog them both
lest some ill greeting touch attempt the poon
of our unowned sister. 1 Bro: I doe not brother
inerve, w'out all doubt or question, no
best we but I would I could be willing though now I'd dare to trie
encountres
a tough, passado w' the shaggish ruffian
that lurks by hedge or lane of this dead circuit
to have her by my side, though I were sure
she might be free from perill where she is
but where an equal pose of hopes & fears
dose arbitrate the event my nature is
that I incline to hope, rather then fears
and gladly banish squad suspicion
my sister is not so defenceless left
as you imagine brother she has a hidden strength
but w' you remember not 2 bro. what hidden strength
undertake the strength of heaven if you meaned that
1 bro. I meant that also, but yet a hidden strength,
the
w' if heaven gave it, may be term'd her owne
this chastity, my brother, chastity
she that has that is clad in compleate steele
up
55 w & may she any dreadfull accident
and like a quiverd nymph w' arrows
din in
din in or may be it not — in pride or wilfull tempting) presumption)
trace
may walk through huge forests, & unharbour'd heaths
infamous hills, & pe sandie perilous wilds
where through the sacred ear of chastity "rays
no salvation feare, bandite, or mountaineere
will shall dare to soile her virgin purity
yet even where very desolation dwells
by grata, and caver's shag'd w' horrid shades
& yawning dens where glaring monsters haunt
she may passe on w' unblenched majestie
be it not don in pride or in presumption

8 are changed to were
May more Some say
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night
in fog, or fire, by lake, or moorie fen

"meager
snarled Blue, snarled hages, or stubborne unlayd Ghost
that breaks his magic chains at curfew tyne

no goblin, or swart faire of the mine
burtfull 
has power o'er true virginity
do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
antiquity from the old schooles of Greece
to testifie the arms of chastity

hence had the hanteesse Dian her dres bow
wherewith she tam'd the brinded liensesse
& spotted mountayne pard, but set at naught
the frivolous bolt of Cupid, gods & men

fear'd her sterne frowne, & she was Q. o'th woods
what was that snakie-headed Gorgon shell (unconquer'd)
that wise Minerva wore, "eternal virgin" unregisterd
freasted wherewith she freed'd her foes to conceal'd stone
but rigid looks of chast austerity

& noble grace that dash brute violence and blank aw
wth sudaine adoration of her pareunsse, of bright rays
So dree to heaven is sainctly chastitie
is found
that when it finds a soule, sincerely so
a thousand liveried angels laky her (guilt)
and in cleare dreame & seleninne vision
that
tell her of things no gosse eare can hoars
till oft converse wth heavenly habitants
begins to cast a bense on th' outward shape
the unpolluted temple of the mind
and turns by it by degrees to the souls essence
till all be made immortall, but when lust
by unchast looks, loose gestures, & foule talke

lovd by" lavish
& most by the lascivious act of sin

lets in defilement to ye inward parts
the soule grows clotted by contagion
imbodying, and imbrutes till she loose quite
the divine proprie of her first being
such as those thick & gloomie shadows dampe

oft scene in chamber vaults, & munume sepulchers
hovering, & sitting by a new made grave
as loath to leave the bodie that is lov'd
& link't it selie by carnall sensualtie

to a degenerate, & degraded state (phy)

s Bro, how charming is divine philos Hallow within
not harsh, & crabbed as dull foole suppose
but musicall as is Apollo's lute
and a pettaill feast of nectar's sweets . (I heard)
where no crude surfet reigns, s Bro, list me thought
some farre-off hallow breakes the silent aire 

come from farre off
s Bro, mee thought so too, what should it be, s Bro, for certaine
either either some one like us night founder'd heere
or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst

some cur'd, man of yr swarve calling to his fellows
s Bro, hea/v'n kepe my sister ' yet aen, aen & neer.
s Bro, best draw, & stand upon our guard. s Bro. He hallow
if be be frendly he comes well, if not a Just Deisme is a

he may chart, had best looke to his forehead, here be braubbles
defence is a good cause & hea/v'n be for us
he hallows haalo the guardian Daimon hallows aen & enters
in the habit of shepheard you

that hallow, I should know, what are speake

Come not too neere, you fall on, pointed stakes else
Doe. what voice is that? my yong lord? speake aen
s Bro: oh, brother tis my fathers shepheard sure

6 over changed to o'er and then to ore
Here is no still thing that walks by night
In the streets, by land, or means for sin
But a ghoul, a wraith, or specter unseen
And glad
That helps by much doing as the earth is full
Of glory, or sweet fears of the mind
Has taken very true virginity
And yet her feet set, of that shall I call
Quickly from the old schools of Greece
To teach the sons of children
Hence his boyish name, Dion, received now
Fair silver, charged, for ever chat
Whenever the gods and their beloved sent" to
A sacred marriage, and set up a maugre
The following oath of Cyparissus, gods & men.
And be kept from the face of the world, I, old woman
What was that in old times, I wonder
That wise Minerva was somewhat virgin
Pleased with the fierce her way, to Congred's stress
But rigid looks of vested priestly
Came grace, that bash forth violence and wrong
In such being adornment of purest of men
So, in the breast of chastity
That it was accorded a soul to be
A thousand littled angels lacking the shining of each thing of men
And a clear grace, followed rising
All she of things the great ones can wear
And all the instruments with heavenly habitants
Stood to called them on all, but with sharp
The unpolished temples of the mind
And simper by degrees to the souls ensuing
All be made sinless, but when left
By unluck leads hence as a relapse of souls fallen
Came from in the world of inmortal parts
The souls appear, clothed by contagion
On body said, umbly fell she from quite
The divine property of her first being
Greater there, that phrase, shadow's damp
Of sense in chamber, and, as manna, scintillated
Hellers, in silence by a few made groves
Of lead to leave the body that it filled
Lacked it self by carnal stimulation
To a degenerate, as a reded state, ally
Bro. For knowing it divine, philogether without
Nor hardy, or subtle as dull folly supposes,
But melodious as Apollo's lute
And euphonious all of rhetorical success
When he could surly reign.
Bro. Not long, let me say
Some time he knew引进 the silent night
A dull man as well, so true, who said to be
Either either none, or let us mock
Or else some other wordsman
Some speaking of his name calling
Bro. For keeps the soul and spirit. I go name the name
Bro. As well draw upon our soul to his power
As he be friendly, he comes well.
Bro. For his hollow
As he hollowed, the greater on his name and hollows after a song
In the heart of the world,
That hollow, I should know, what so speaks
Come not because you call on hollow sounds
Da. Nothing, for I am thy young lord. Speak again
Bro. As he hollowed, the greater is my feathered cheek and spirit.
Broth. Thrysis? whose artfull streines have oft delay'd
the huddling brooke to heare his madrigall
and sweetned every muskrone of the vallye dale
how can't thou heere good shepheard, hath any ramme
from his fold or

or stragglings weather An'the pen't flook fleet forsook?
how couldst thou find this darke sequesterd nooke

O my lov'd maisters heire, & his next joy
I came not heere on such a triviall toy
as a strayd ewe, or to see the stealth
of pilerring wolves, not all the fleecie wealth
that doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
to this my errand, & the care it brought
but oh my virgin Ladie where is she
how chance she is not in yor companie

Bro. to tell thee sadly shepheard; w'out blame
or our neglect wee lost her as wee came
Shep. ay me unhappye then may my fears be true
bro. what feares, good *shep. prethee breftly shew "Thrysis"

Thry. Ile tell you. Tis not vainse or fabulous
(though so eneem'd by shallow ignorance)
what the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse
stoired of old in high immortal verse
of dire chimera's & inchaunted Isles
& rified rocks whose entrance leads to hell,
for such there be, but unbeleive is blind
when the navel of this hideous wood
immur'd in cipresse shades a sorcerer dwells
of Bacchus & of Cicce horse, great Comus
darke'd in all his mothers witcheries
and heere to every thristie wanderer
by sty enticement gives his banfel cup
with many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
the visage quite transforms of him ye drinks
and the ignorous likenesse of a beast
makes fixes instead, unmoelling reasons mintage
characterd in the face this have I learnt

illie crafts
tending my flockes hard by Phb. pastor'd fawms
that brows this bottome glade whence night by night
he & his monstrous rout are heard to howle
like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at thire prey
doing abhorred rites to Hecate
in thire obscured haunts of innost bowers
yet have they they many haits, & gift guilefull spells
to' inveigle & invite th' unwarse spell sense
of them ye passe unwequiting by the way,
this evening late by then the cheewing flockes
did take thire supper on the savourie herbe
of knot grasse dew besprent, and were in fold
I sate me downe to watch, upon a banke
with ivle canopied, & interwove

waving
wth. *suckling* honiesuckle, & began
*flaunting* flaunting

wrapped in a pleasing fit of melancholy
till fancie had her fill, but ere ike close
the wonted roaste was up amidst the woods
and fill'd the aire wth barbarous dissonance
at wth I ceas'd, & listened them awhile
till an unsualm stop of saddaine silence

gave respit to the drouste flighted streeds
that draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleepe

At last a soft & sollemne breathing sound *sweet soft
rose like, the softe steame of distill'd perfumes *slow rich
and stole upon the aire, that even silence
was tooke ere she was ware, & wish't she might
deny her nature & be never more
still to be dispus'd, I was all eare
[Text not legible or readable]
and took in strains that might create a soul
under the ribs of Death, but oh are long
too well I might perceive it was ye voice
of my most honour'd Ladie ye' deare sister
and O poor hapless nightingale thought I
how sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare
then downe the lawnes I ran with headlong hart
through pathes & turnings often trod by day

till guided by myyne care I found the place
where that damn'd wizard hid in sty disguise
(for so by certaine signes I knew) had met
alreadye ere my best speed could prevent

the 'unhappy innocent Ladie his wish'd prey who took him
who gazp who gently askt if he had seene such tow
supposing him some neibour villager
longer I durst not stay, but soone I gues't
yea were the tow she meant, & 'in that I sprung
into swift flight till I had found you hoere

and this but faster know I not. 2 Bro. O night & shades
how are ye? joyst w' hell in triple knot
against th' unarmed weakeenesse of one virgin
alone, & helpless, is this the confidence
you gave me brother? 1 Bro. yes; and keepe it still

lean on it safely not a good
shall be unsaid for me, against the threats
of malice, or of sorcerie, or that power
w' erring men call chance this I told firmne
vertie may be assay'd but never hurt

surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthral'd &
Yea even that w' mischief ment most harme
shall in the happiest trial prove most glory
but evil on it selfe shall back recoyle
till all to place & mixe no more w' goodness, when at last
gather'd like scum & settled to it selfe
it shall be in atennall restlesse change
selfe fed, & selfe consum'd if this faile
the pillar'd firmament is rottenesse
and earths base built on stubble, & but come lets on
against th' opposing will & armes of heav'n
may never this just sword be lifted up.
but for ye damn'd magician, let him be girt
w' all the gristly legions that troop
under the sootie flag of Acheron

harpies & Hydra's & all the monstrous buggs
swist Afric & Inde. Eke find him out
and force him to release his new got prey restore his purchase back
or drag him by the curts & cleave his scalp
downe to the hippy lowest hips. Dn. alas good venorous youth

I love thy courage yet & bold expanse

sword but here thy tow, stealth can dree these little stead small avail
fare other arms & other weapons must
be those that quell the might of hellish charms
he w' his bare wand can wipwip thy voynts unthread all thy

& crumble every sinew. 1 Bro. why prethest sheep
how durst thou then thy selfe approach so neere
as to make this relation. Dn. Care, & utmost shifts
how to secure the ladie from surprisal
brought to my mynd a certaine shepheard lad
of small regard to see to yet well skill'd
in every vertuous plant, & healing herbe
that speeds her verdant leafe to th' morning ray
he lov'd me well, & oft would beg me sing
w' when I did be on the tender grasse

19
and doubt im springs that brighte make a smile
under the riot of death: but at our long
too well I might make am be time
of my most vouchsafed joy, yet from sister
among friends, haunch'd with myself & friends
and a pure her thy naughty thoughts, how
shut in the spring, how was the deadly snare
then down the launcest ran with tempest half
through paths & burnings often try'd by day
all grounded by my best speed could prompt
the wretched inventor fairest, wheth'ryr whoth'ryr
seeking past some neighbor villager, it
ought I dare not say but more 2 gusdell
yet will the true she demand not to brand the spring
into swift flight; all I had found you hide
and thus but further know now, not a bray: 0 might a shallos
how are yet joyed, who fill up simpler look
then shams a made of clearness of one virgin
alone, c helpful, it why she confedence
you then out, father: 0 bray: 0 speed keep it still
hang on it safely not a friend
shall be unfound for me, demand the thred
of malice nor of sorrow, or that power
i'hereon with call change, if I hold them firms
gethers may be agitated but never hurt
sinfull by himself, but not outwardly and
reaff the cause that mischief most harmes
shall in the spring small, prove most glory
but shall on itself, shall here rejoice
will whereplace I might so more with goodnature, when at last
the shall be in eternal restlesse change
self fed, self consumd. "if this world
the pillard forme aed is settinys
and captthin, base faith on nick: but cometh on
against the covering with a name of him
may waste this tell sword he lifted up
but for of demand, imagine, him the girl
with the greatest hairs that lengthen
more that seems a fear of sylphs
hast thou? if her joys multitude buss
twist like to the end of the world
and force him to enquire his quality, then her stroke
or this done by the gentle change, by tale
pray to the hoppe bound holy. But, why good reverent youth
in the strongest, as a held spring
be held? they haunts can she have little heard mused
40 not other laiden: other supposing much
of things that quest the might of Unilus charming
be with my best speed far, under thy joyings without
and here shes the certainty knows. 1. st all why proceed ship
how many them, then thou shalt approach to me
as to make this relation? But have c
how to secure the lady from surprisal?
thoughts to me my way a certain she loved to
be shaled round to be you well skilled
in every vane, down glad & keeping heart
that for his her bound / kate in morning ray
before me well, a stl would say me sing
and when I did on the reader present.
This small sheet appears as page 20 in the manuscript and contains material to replace that struck out on page 21 of A Mask.

These lines 5-14 of Sonnet XXI and all of Sonnet XXII are alone on page 46 of the manuscript.

All that remains in the MS. of a draft of Sonnet XXI are the lines 5-14 on this short sheet. This sheet is the next to the last page in the MS. or page 46, and is printed here, out of order, to save space.
This small sheet appears as page 20 in the manuscript and contains material to replace that struck out on page 21 of A Mask.

These lines 5-14 of Sonnet XXI and all of Sonnet XXII are alone on page 46 of the manuscript.
would sit and hearken even to extasie
& in requital ope his letherne scrip
& shew me simples of a thousand herbs names
telling thire strange & vigorous faculties
amongst the rest a small unnightly root
but of divine effect he could me out
the leafe was darkish & had prickles on it
but in other countreis as he said
bore a bright golden flowers, but not in this solle
unknowne & like esteem'd & the dull sweyne
treads on it dalyly wth his clouted shoes & yet more medicinal then that ancie
he call'd the Hermes & gave it me
out Moly, that Mercury to wise Ulysses
& had me keepe it & so of soveraine use gave
against all enchantments, mildew blant, or dampe
or gasty Fairies apparition
I purst it up, but little reckoning made
still now that this extremity compteed &
but now I find it true, for by this meenes
I knew the fowlie enchanter through disguis'd
enter'd the very time twigs of his spells
and yet came off, if you have this about you
"when on the way
(as I will give you as wee goe) you may "when wee goe.
boldy assault his necromante hall
where if he be wth subtile violence dauntless hardyhood
& brandish't blader rush on him, breake his glance
shed, and a freence the lushious petrie liquer on the ground
but not to seize his wand, though he & his curr' crew
fierce signs of bataille make & menace high
or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smaoke
yet they will some retire if he but shrinke
be Bro. Thyriss lead on apace I follow thee and some good angell beare a shield
or good heavens cast his best regard upon us &
the scene cha changes to a stately palace set out wth all manner
tables set wth all dainties
of deliciousnesse. Comus is discoverd wth his rable, & the Ladie set in
an inchant'd chair. She offers to rise
Co. say Ladie sit, if I but wave this wand
ye' nerves are all chai'd up in asblaster or
and you a status, fast, as Daphne was
Co. why are you vent Ladie, why doe ye now
here for here dwell no frowns for anger, from these gates
sorrow flies fare. see here be all the pleasures
45 that youth or fancie fancie can invent on youthfull thoughts
"fresh
when the briske blood growes lively & returns
"fresh
brick as the Aprilis builds in primrose season.
Co. Oh foolishnesse of men! that lerd thire ears
that wth follows here in the to those budge Doctors of the stocke grume furre. paste leaves appeare Ladie
and fetch thire precepts from the Cynick tab
praising the leane, & allow abstinence
wherefore did nature powre her bounties forth wth such a full, & unwrighting hand
covering the earth wth odours, & wth fruits, & flockes
and sowing the sees wth spawne innumerable
the fields wth cattle & the aire wth fancie &
but all to please & rate the curious taste
and set to worke millions of spinning worms
that in thire greene shops weare the smooth haird silke
to adorne deck
and deck her sons, and that no corner might
be vacant of her plente in her owne bowses
she hach't the all-worship't ore & precious gems
to store her children wth, if all the world
should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse fetches pulse
drink the obere strammes, & nothing were but freise
th' all giver would be unhank't would be unprais'd
not halfe his riches knowne, & yet mispriz'd
and wee should serve him as a drudging maler
& live P^w, as he natures bastards not her sons as a penurious nigger of his wealth.
The scene was changed to a bright gallery set out with all manner of bijouterie, rich furniture and many precious stones. The effect was quite splendid.

The scene of the Prince was also splendid, and the courtiers around him were dressed in rich and costly garments. The atmosphere was one of grandeur and majesty, with the music providing a stirring backdrop to the scene.

The actor playing the role of the Prince was dressed in a regal manner, with his attire reflecting his status. His presence in the gallery added to the overall opulence of the scene.
who would be quite surcharged with her owne weight
and strang'd with her was terrifi'd the earth number'd & the wing'd sire
the heards would over multitude thine Lords

the sea were fraught the sea were fraught would have her waters up
above the shore and th' unsought diamonds
would so be stulle the water with th' unsought lights would

were they not taken hence that they below and so emblaze the forehead of y'
light
would grow euer'd to air & come at last
to gaze upon the sun with shameless brows
not and
list Ladie be not coy nor be not covet'd
with that same vaunted name virginty
beautie is natures coin must not be hoended

but must be current & the good thereof
consists in mutuell & partaken bliss

unsavoury in th' enjoyment of it selfe
if you let slip tym like (an) neglected rose
it withers on the stake or fades away with languish't head
beautie is natures brag & must be shewne
in courts, at feasts, on high solemnities
where most may wonder at the workmanship.

it is for homely features to keep home from
they had thire name thence, coarse beetle bro browns complexion
and cheeks of worrie graine will serve to p'y
the sample, or to teize the huswifes wooll

what need a vermell tinctur'd lip for that
love-darting eyes, or tresses like the mornere
there was a nother meaning in these guilts
& be advis'd, you are but young yet
thine what, or looke upon this cordiall jucup
that flames & dances in his ch cristall boundes
w' spirits of balmes & fragrant syrops must
not that repentus w' the wife of Thdm

in Egypt gave to Jove borne Helena
is of such power to stirre up joy as this
to life friendly so, or so coarse to thirst
poore Ladie than hast need of some refreshing
that hast bin turn'd all day without repast

& timely rest hast want swett Ladie faire virgin
this will restore all some
La stand back false traiter
thou can't not touch the freestone of my mind
w' all thy charmes although this corporall rand
thou hast immanueld, while heaven sees good
was this the cottage, & the soft abode
what grim aspects are these? (mercie guard me)

me of ugly
thou talist among'tst that he woulds monsters, mericie guard me

O my simplicity what sights are thou? w' darke disguises broose

whether deluded or soothing flatteries
and soothing diss, or soothing flatteries, hence w' thy teabrous knypenes
fabb'd
thou man of lies & falsehood fraud, if thou give me it
I throw it on the ground, were it a draft for fune should reject
I hate it from thy hands treasonous offer, none
but such as are good men can give good things

La, I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
in this unhallowd aire, but that this juggler
would think to charm me judgement as mye eyes
obruring false rules pranc't in reasons garbe
I hate when vice can bost his arguments
and virtue has no tongue to check her pride

not

impostor doe, charge most innocent nature
would as if she sent her children should be riotous
with her abundance. The good caterine
intends means her provision only to the good
that live according to her sober laws
and bolle dictate of spare temperance
if every just man that now pines w' want
had but a moderate & beseeming share

This is the most altered page in the poem. The italic material in the lower half is the material to be replaced by a portion of the rewritten fair copy on the pasted leaf. & air should read day [10] of struck out lines. fairest was changed to faire then entire line struck out. [17] of struck out lines. Wright states that this line is very 'obscure' which is putting the case mildly; he also suggests that before must'd indicated that Milton began to write headed but changed his mind.
A Mask

I. I had not thought to have unbar'd my lips to this undiscerned ear, but that this sleeper would have to charm my judgment as insulting oaths make prattle in reason, that is, file, when one can bolt her arguments, and purpose has no tongue to check his pride in passing and innocent nature, if it be brought by children should be serious. The good-temper, the good-will, means her profession, only to the good that live according to the public laws, and holy dictates of sport and temperance, if every just man shall from Study with want had over a moderate descending sky.
of that wh lewdly-pampered luxury
now heapes upon some few wh vast excess
natures full blessings would be well dispens'd
in unsignious eerein proportion
and she no whit encumbred wh her store
and then the giver would be better thankst
his praise due paid, for swash gluttonie
me're looks to hear'n amidst his gorgeous fear
but wh besotted base ingratitude.

5

No more

9 a sottish changed to besotted

10 cramps & blaspheams his feeders.
Co. Come y'are too morall
your overall stuff's titled
this is more morall stuffs the very for this meere morall bable, & direct
& settings of a melancholy blood
I must not suffer this, yet tis but the les

15 this but will cure all streite, one sip of this
and settings of a melancholy blood
will bath the drooping, spirits in delight
y' blisse beyond, of dreames. be wise & tast.
the brothers rush in strike his glasse downe the monsters shapes make
as though they would resist but are all driven in. Daemon enter wh them

Do. what have you let the false enchaunter spaus scape?
oh yee mistooke, yee should have snatch't his wand

15 & bound him fast; whout his art revers's
and backward matters of discovering power
wee cannot free the Ia. that remains heere sits
in stonie feters fixt & motionless.
yet stay, be not disturbd, now I bethinke me
some other meanes I have

20 there is another way that may be us'd
wh once of Mellibous old I learnt
the swoutest shepheard that e're lip't on plains
there is a gentle nymph not farre from hence
that wh moist curbe swaies the smooth Severne streame

25 Salbina is her name a virgin goddess chast pure
whilome she was the daughter of Locrine
that had the scepter from his father Brute
she guiltlesse damsell flying the mad pursuite
of her enraged stepsonne Guendolen

30 commended her false innocence to the flond "streame flood
that stayd her flight wh his crosse flowing course
the waternymphs that in the bottome playd
pearled & carb'ed took
held up thire white wrists to remove, her in
straine

35 bearing and bare her, to aged Nereus hall
who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lanck head
and gave her to his daughters to imbatch
in nectar'd layers strew'd wh Asphoddil
and through the porch & inlet of each sence
drops in amoreniall ayles till she reviv'd

40 and underwent a quick immortal change
made goddess of the river, still she retaines
her maiden gentleness, and oft as eve
visits the heards along the twilight me'dows
helping all urchin blasts, & ill luck signes

45 that the strewed mealing Eile delights to have maker
wh
and often takes our cattell wh strange pinches
which she wh precious vield liquors heales
for wh the shepheard at thire festivals

carroll her goodness loud in lovely lays, *rustick

50 and throw sweet Garland wrenches into her streame
pinks &
of pancies, & of bonnie daффoldills *gaudie
and as the old swaine said, she can unlock

55 the each clasping chamfr & secret holding spell, *welt each muttering spell
if she lie right invok't in warbled song
for midsomernight she loves & will be swift

60 aide

to a virgin such as was her selfe
'in honord versues cause, this will I trie *in hard distressed need
powers

and adds the *power call of some strong verse adorning

54 The reading is lovely according to Wright and not lively according to Birch and others.
Song

Sabrina faire

Listen virgin where thou art sitting
under the glistening translucent wave
in twisted braids of lillies knitting
the loose traine of thy amber-dropping hair

listen for dear honours sake
Goddess of the silver lake

Listen and save

Listen and appear to us to be said
in name of great Oceans

by Leucothea's lovely hands
& her son that rules the strands
by Nereus wrinkled wrincled looke
and the Carpathian wizards hooke
and the songs of Sirens sweet

by dead Parthenope deare tomb
by Leucothea's dece

and faire Ligées golden comb
where she sits on diamond rocks

stalking her soft alluring locks

by all the nymphs that nightly dance
rise & heave thy rose head

upon thy streams with wile glance
from thy corall-paven bed
and bridle in thy headlong wave

 till thou our summons answerd have

Listen & save

Sabrina rises attended with the water nymphs
Sings
By the rushie-fringed banck
where grows the willow, & the osier danck

my sliding chariot stays

thick set with Agat, and the azure sheene
of turqois turkis blew, & emrald emrauld greene

that my rich wheeles inlaycs

Whilst from off the waters fleet
thus I set my pinitess feet

ore the courslips velvet head

that bends as I tread

Gentle swaine at thy behe request
I am heere

Dame Goddess deere

wee implore thy powerful hand,
to undoe the mag charmed band
of true virgin heere distrest
through the force, & through the wile
of unblest enchanter vile.

Shepheard in my office best
to helpe ennazed chastitie

thus I sprinkle on thy breast
drops that from my fountaine pure

I have kept of precious cure
thrice upon thy fingers tip
thrice upon thy rubbed lip
next this marble venom'd seate

I touch with chast palmes moist & cold

Sabrina descends
now the spell hath lost his hold

the ladie rises out

I must hast ere morning howre

To waite in Amphitrites in her bowre

Dame Virgin daughter of Locrine

sprung of old Anchises line
SONG

Where love and the wanton mirth sit,
Under the glassy, translucent dome,
In frizzled sprigs of lilies, budding,
With leaves of trains of thy amorous bowers,
Sympathize with the gossamer rats,
Gossamer of the silver lakes;
Listen and sing.

Thrice as many as to us,
A name of great Oaknowa,
By the sweetest singing rose,
By the greenly lovely hair,
By the sweetly singing rose,
By the lovely greenly hair.

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When the west sun sets,
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When the west sun sets,
brimmed
may thy cristall waves for this
thine full tribute never mine
from a thousand petty fills
that tumble downe from snowie hills
summer drouth, or singed aile
never scorch thy tresses faire
nor wet October's torrent flood
thy molten cristall fill with mud
may thy billows roule a shore
the beryl & ye golden ore
may thy lofty head be crown'd
with many a tower, & terrace round
and heere & there thy bancks upon
with groves of mirrhe, & cinnamon. Song ends

Come Ladie while heav'n lends us grace
let us fly this cursed place
lest the sorcerer us intice
some other new device
not a wast or needless sound
I shall, be ye faithfull guide
through this gloomie covert wide
and not many furlongs thence
is ye fathers residence
where this night are some in state
many a freind to gratulate
his wish't presence, & beside
all the swains that neere abide
with Jiggs & rural dance resort
wee shall catch them at thire sport
and our suddeane coming there
will double all thire mirth & cheer.
Come let us hast the starres are high
But night reigns sitz monarch yet in the mid skie Exeunt.
the scene changes and then is presented Ludlow towe
& the presidents castle then enter countrie dances & such
like gambols &c.

After those sports the Daemon with ye 2 bro. & the Ladie enter the
Daemon sings

Back shepeards back enough ye 2 play
until next sunshine Holyday
heere be wth out duck or nod
other tripplings to be tred such neate
nimbler such neate
of lighter of speelder toeing, & curvily guise
such as Hermes did devise Mercury first
with the mincing Dryades
on the lawns, & on the leas
Noble Lord & Ladie bright
I have brought ye new delight
heere behold so goodly growne
three faire branches of ye owne
Heav'n hath timely try'd thire youth
thire faith, thire patience
thire truth, thire temperance
and sent them heere through hard assays
with to a crowne of Deathless praise

38 toeing changed to toes
Came Lady while heaven sends us grace
Let us the heavens take care
Let us the heavens take care

She shall be your faith full guide
She shall be your faith full guide

And many a friend to graduate
And many a friend to graduate

As she passed she pass round
As she passed she pass round

With her are many a friend to graduate
With her are many a friend to graduate

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With her are many a friend to gra
to triumph in victorious dance
or sensuall folly, & intemperance
they dance. the dances all ended
the Daemon sings, or says
To the Ocean now I fly
and those happe climes that lie
where day never shuts his eye
up in the pleasant fields of the skie
broad farre beyond ye earths end
low where the walking clowes doth bend
ther I took the liquid aire
all amidst the gardens faire
Hesperas names
of Atlas & his daughters threethat sing aloue the golden tree
there eternall summer dwells
and west with musky wing
about the mystic alleys fling
"cedar'ne
nard balme, and casia's fragrant spells
iris there with garish bow
waters the odorous banks yelow
flowers of more mingled bow
pur'd
then her matchet scarfe can shew
yellow, watchet, greene, & blew
and drenches off with manna dew
beds of Hyacinth, & roses
where many a chereis butt repose
taske smoothly
now my message well is done "business
I can fly, or I can run earths
quickly to the earths greene end
wher the bowe welkin shew doth bend
and from thence can soare as soone
to the corners of ye moone
mortalls that would follow me
love vertue she alone is free
she can teache ye how to clime
higher then the spheric chime
or if vertue feeble were stoope
heav'n hit seife would bow to her. Exit
the end. Finis.
To bright in solemn dance
one small fells, e intercurrence

they dances, its dances all ended

the Diank progress, or saw

To the Ocean now fly
and these happy cimes that fe
when day walk's show she sus
up in the Element above the skies
from beyond the story end
the res are the wood bend
and called the liquid area
of tested the raving fair
that sing aloof the golden tree
the eternal summer swell
and was with with 

sway about the haunting all you swing to ceder to

sow, down a car, a quality. Holly
they there with my next bow, My yew
that is the ower back of flow
bows of mere morning day

from her voice, this can show
yellow watch two assed o town
and then chased by the manna saw
birds of the things, to
while may a can beume
now my can beume

it can fly, or can bow
according to the earth green end
where the dewd wet in the bout, since
and from then can show as soon
to the corners of a moon
modally that would follow me
like Word the apple fair
she can fetch us how to climb
higher than the ins "hen things
or it ress fiddle went some

mewen / sake would be to her.
The Daemon sings or says

To the Ocean now I fly
and those happie climes that lie
where day never shuts his eye
up in the broad fields of ye skie:
there I suck the liquid aire
all amidst the gardens faire
of Hesper & his daughters three

that sing about the golden tree
where grows the right-borne gold, upon his native tree
along the crisped shades and bower
levels the spruce and joyous Spring
the Graces and the rose-embosom'd Hows
thither all these bounties bring
that there eternall Summer dwells

& west winds with muskies wing
about the cedar's alleys fling
Nard & Cassia's baulme smells
Irish there with humid bow
waters the odorous banks that blow
flowers of more mingled hue

then her purfled scarf can show
yellow, watchet, green, & blew
& drenches with Sabean dew
Elysian beds of hyacinth & roses (list mortals if ye eares be true)
where young Adonis oft repose
waxing well of his deep wound
in slumber soft, & on the ground
sadly sits th' Assyrian Queene
but farre above in spangled sheene
celestiall Cupid her fam'd son advances
holds his deare Psyche sweet entranc't
after her wandring labours long
with free consent the gods among
make her his eternall bride
and from her faire unspotted side
tow blissfull twins are to be borne
Youth & Joy: so Jove bath swore
but now my taske is smoothly don
I can fly, or I can run
quickly to the greene earths end
where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend
& from thence can soar as sone
to the corners of the Moone.
mortals that would follow me
love vertue she alone is free
she can teach yee how to clime
higher then the spherie chime
or if vertue feeble were
heaven it selfe would stoop to her.

The end.
The Demon sings or says

To the Ocean now fly,
and their happy claims that lie
where the wear of years has left
up in the broad fields of yore
home of Joyce the antique rose
as winter's final gathering
of flitting and footloose those,
that sing about the ocean rose
which, from its melting expanse
along the cursed shades and caves
rests the source and spring of songs
the siren and the pale-beloved Hours
this in old times Countess using
that there weared summer already
in wild walks with melancholy tunes
about the caduceus sleep, giving
Nefertiti to Isalva's eyes
just then with dimpled brow
waving the adored hands near blow
flowers of more mingled hue
than her jumbled store can yield

Came, matching with Euphrasia
Euphrasia in her own time
in the young Adonis she repeats
a weeping wench of his dare
without as it were on the ground
sitting thus by the riven lissome
she wore what in her handkerchiefyon
wondering and forsaken woman
holds her heart. She in haste now enters
after her wandering long years
his fires and the gossamer among
meant for his luminous friends
and gains in her white infant sides
how the fairies imposed side
how the turf and wind are to be born

Youth a joy: so was her swain
But now his target is smoothly
can fly, or can run
quickly to the bright earth's end
where the wind doth blow with strong winds
from heaven can some of these
are the oars of the Moon's
not that she would follow any
love and she unites in fire
she can meet as how to climb
higher than the springing clouds
of its Venus growth every
Euphrasia's self would stop to see.

The end.

27
yet once more O ye laurels and once more
ye myrt's browne w/ Ivie never sere
I come to pluck y' berries harsh and crude
before the mellowing yeare and w/ forc't fingers rude
and crop y' young shater y' leaves before y' mellowing yeare
bitter constraint, and sad occasion deare
compells me to disturb y' season due
for young Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
young Lycidas and hath not left his peer
who would, sing for Lycidas he well knew
himselfe to sing & build the loftie rime
he must not flote upon his watrie beare
unwept, and welter to the parching wind
without the meed of some melodious teare

Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies
colouring the pale chekke of uninjoyd love
and that sad flour that strove
to write his owne name on the vermell graine
next adde Narcissus still weeps in vaine
the woodbine and y' pansie freak't w/th jet
the glowing violet the well-attir'd woodbine
the cowslip wan that hang his pensive head
and every flower that sad escutcheon weares
let Daffadillies fill thire cups w/ teares
bid Amarathus all his beauties shed
to strew the laureat herse &c.

what could the muse her selfe that Orpheus bore
the muse her selfe for her enchanting son.
for her enchanting son did
whome universal nature might lament
when by the rout that made the hideous roare
his divine visage downe the streame was sent
downe the swift Hebrus to y' Lesbian shoare.

This page was originally the blank verso of the last sheet of A Mask in the Manuscript. It contains four drafts of three portions of Lycidas, one being struck out.
Here are the lines from the image:

"...is the fruitless season..." 

"...the fruitless season..."

"...the fruitless season..."

"...the fruitless season..."

"...the fruitless season..."

"...the fruitless season..."

"...the fruitless season..."

"...the fruitless season..."

"...the fruitless season..."

"...the fruitless season..."

"...the fruitless season..."

"...the fruitless season..."

"...the fruitless season..."

"...the fruitless season..."

"...the fruitless season..."
In this Monody the author Lycidas bewails a friend unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester to the Irish Sea.  
Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more  
Yee myrtle's browne wh’ivie never sere  
I come to pluck yo’ berries harsh and crude  
and wh’fo’e’ fingers rude  
sheathe yo’ leaves before the mellowing yeare.  

bitter constaint, and sad occasion deare  
compells me to disturb the yo’ season due  
for Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime  
young Lycidas, and hath not left his peere  
who would not sing for Lycidas? he well knew  
himselfe to sing, and build the loll’d rime  
he must not flote upon his watrie beare  
unwep, and welter to the parching wind  
without the meed of some melodious teare  

Begin then Sisters of the sacred well  
that from beneath the seate of Jove doth spring  
begin, and somewhat loudly sweepe the string  
hence wh’denial, and coy excuse  
so may some gentle muse  
wh’lickie words favour my destin’d urne  
and as he passes turne  
and to bid faire peace be to my able shroud  
for wee were nere upon the selfe same hill  

fed ye’ same flock by fountaine, shade, and rill  
Together both aree the high Launs appear’d  
under the glimmering eyelids of the morne  
opening wee drove afeild, and both together heard  
what tyme the gray fly winds her slirrie horne  
bating our flocks wh’the fresh dews of night  
oft till the e’n starre brightness that rose in evening bright  
toward heavens descent had sloep’t his burnish’d weele westring  
meane while the rauld ditties were not mute  
temp’d to th’ oaten flute  
rough Satys dan’t; and Fauns wh’cloven heele  
from the glud sound would not be absent long  
and old Damoetas low’d to heare our song  
But O the beave change now thou art gone gone  
now thou art gon, and never must returne  
thee shepearth, thee the woods and desert caves  
wh’wild Thyme, and the gadding vine ore growne  
and all thire Echo Echo’s mourn  
the willows, and the hazel copyes greene  
shall now no more be scene  
fanning thire joyous leaves to thy soft lays  
as killing as the canker to the rose  
or taint-worne to the weanling beards that graze  
or frost to flowers that thire gay buttons weare  
beare wardrobe weare  
when first the white thorne blows  
such Lycidas thy loose to shepearths core  
where were ye nymphs when ye’re removeless deepe  
clow’d ore the head of ye’ gyn low’d Lycidas  
for neither were ye playing on the strepe  
where ye’ old bard the famous Druido lie  
nor on the shaggie top of Moma high  
nor yet where Deva spreds her wizard streame  
ye’ see bin there, for what could that have done?  
what could the golden hayrd Callipe  
for her inchaunting son  
when thee beheld (the gods fare sighted her)  
his goerie amble roade drawe the Thracian lee  

whome universal nature  
might lament  
and heeres and he deplore  
when his divine hand drawe  
the streame was sent  
downe the swift Hebus to the  
Lesbian shore.
Begin the story of the sacred well
that from behind the state of time and space
sprang and spread, lowly, to the earth,
whose walls were made, and few to hear.
So may some gentle stream with gentle words
follow my defined turn,
and be the first to project to my noble stand,
for we are not upon the self same hill
seed of some stroke by unknown gods, nor roll
along both are the high lions passed
under the glazing eyes of the morning!

with drooping, and with sheltered, and shrub together heard
what time the sung thy winds for solstice homes
returning in health with the first year of life,
after the long years, and the months, and the years of the

Was he keeping, or the sleep he had forgotten, or the
where the small Others were not made
known to the nation stable,

or simple, or simple, or simple, or simple,
from the land sound would not be distant long,
and old Damburc would to hear our song.

But if the heavy change were not gone
now then must come and matter made amends
for the birth, the words and distant cases
of wild things, and the goading time of griefs
and all the little, the Echo's mourn.

in the widows, and the hael, the hael.
shall now no more be seen
sunning their joyous feet to the sky-coves
as holding to the corner to the tree,
or firmament to the dwelling house that great
or forest to forests that their god and

winds when first the white breath blurs
such ensuing lies to his dreadful cause

where was ye almost when you most did drop
could on the kind as your final blessed
for neither were you playing on the steps,
where ye did. And the famous Damburc
not on the changes, the top of the woe high

not when he's splendid in his wonderful streams
Lycidas

Alas what boots it wth incessant care
To tend the homely sighted shepheard's trade
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse
Were it not better done as others use
To sport wth Amaryllis in the shade
Or with a kid in the tangles of Neura's hair?
Fame is the spurre that the fierce spirit doth raise
(That last infinit of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days
But the faire guerdon when wee hope to find
And thinke to burst out into sudden blaze
Comes the blind Punke wth th' abhorred sheares
And slits the thin-span life. But not the praise
Phoebus repli'd, and touch't my trembling ears,
On
Fame is no plant that grows a mortall soile
Nor in the glistering foille
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies
But lives and spreds aloft by those pure eyes
And glect winnesse of all-judging Jove
As he pronounces lastly on each deed
Of so much fame fn heav'n expect thy need

Oh Fountaine Arthoise and thou smooth flood fam'd for sooth
Smooth soft sliding Mincius crown'd wth vocal reeds
That straine I heard was of a higher mood
But now my oate proceeds
And listen to the Herald of the Sea
That came in Neptunes plea
He askt the waves, and askt the follen winds
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each heaked promontorie
They knew not of his storie
And sedge Hippotades thre answer brings
That not a blast was from his dungeon strait
The aire was calme and on the levell brine
Sleeke Panope wth all her sisters plaid
It was y'交换 and pious barke
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with cures dark
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine

Next Camus reverend sire went footing slow
His mantle hairie, and his bonnet sedge
Scurril'd ove wth figures dim, and on the edge inscrib'd wth woe
Ah who hath reft, quoth he, my dearest pledge
Last came and last did goe
The pylot of the Gallican lake,
Tow massive keys he bore of mettalls twice
The golden ope, the iron shuts amaine
He shook his minde's locks and sterno bespoke
How well could I have spard for thee young swaine
Enough of such as for thire bellies sake
Creepo, and intrude, and climb into the fold
Of other care they little reckoning make
Then how to scramble at the shearers feast
And shove away the worthy bidden guest
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheeppoke, or have learnt ought else the least
That to the faithfull shephead's art belongs
What reck it them? what need they? they are sped
lycidas

When best he was with present care
To serve the holy shrines of shrined saints,
And strictly meditate the thankless muse
Wore it not better than others left
To sport with Amaryllis on the shade?

Then in his grave the cheer went wild and trite
(That left no more of youth behind)
to serve and feasts, and his labours days,
And the joy no more when we may find
And think of our love in our sudden days.

Now the slow tune with the sad tears shreds
And gives the thin-spun life. But none the more
That day rapid and length my trembling verse,
Fame is the song that grew mortal souls
Nor in the lattering York

Set off to the world, nor in good manner bong,
But loses and speaks itself by these pure eyes
And plain witness of all they know

As he pronounced his last, on each heed
Of so much time in earth's expected need
Of Fountains Archers and the dedication

Smites, in this mortal way, as he medles
That strange, far-end way of a higher mood
But may my verse proceed

And listen to the hiss bred of the sea
That came in splendour along
The art. the water, and off the part winds
What hard work had done thine gentle swans?

And answer, and away out of rugged wings
That blow from off each blacked promontory
To where, not of my shore

And sink the rippled thine anchor strings
That sink a blue way from his dungeon strong
This art, was called down on the highest thing

Sits, under with all his sisters bland
It was a father and kinder lord
Built in its school, and rigid with warm dark
That sunk so low that sacred head of these

Next came, returning fire some footing show
His martial bears, and his Cannock Avon

Screamed and rose in their own air, and in the tips

And is not, some time, in full of size to rise

This who had, still mirth, and my chosen pledge
Left came and left, did get the galliard of the chief descent

To make the end he of thee of metals twain
The golden most the iron shews among

He rich, he rich, and weeps, as some bespeaks
How well and that speed for thee, young swains

And weath of sound as: for these bills, and

The rest, and come into the fold of these out they little reckoning made

Then here to nobles and at the heathers feast
And show away the worthy, less in number:

And months that snared them in. Some know how to bed

A sheepsummer, or none. Never ought the least

That to the truth full handsman, but belongs
What seeks it them, what need they's they are sped

30
Lycidas
and when they list, thre leane and flashie songs
grate on thre scarnell pipes of wretched straw
the hungrie sheepe looke up and are not fei
but swolne with wind, and the rank mist they draw
rot inwards, and foule contagious spred
besides what the grim wolfe with privie paw
dayly devours apace, and nothing sed little
but that tow-handed engine at the dore
stands ready to smite once and smite no more

Returne Alpheus the dread voice is past
that shriek thy streams, returne Sicilian Muse
and call the vales and bid them hither cast
thire bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues
yee vallies low where the mild wispers use

of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
on whose fresh lap the swart starre looks faintly
that on the greenest torse suck the honied showers
and purple all the ground

of shires, and fawnd away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd
whether beyond the stormie Hebrides
where thou plagues under the humming tide
visit'st the bottome of the monstrous world
or whether thou to our moist vows deni'd
sleep'st by the fable of "Corineus old
where the great vision of the guarded mount
looks toward Namancos, and Bayona's hold
lookes homeward Angel now and melt with ruth
and O yee Dolphins waft the haplesse youth

Weepe no more wofull shepheards weepe no more for Lycidas y
and when they list their songs and flashy songs
grace, on their strained pipes of unstained straw
The humble sheep loudly up and are not fed
but swindle with blood, and the rank writh they draw
not maraud, and foul contagion spread
beside what the stair walks, with pious pace
deeply devours above, and shadowing sad little
but that top-hatted engine, at the door.

Return: Alphais, the third voice of part,
that shrinks the streams among bleakian Muse
and call the weeds and kill them rather rash
three hills, and flowers of them and hides
yes, valley too where the wild warriors use
of shades, and soon from winds, and rushing grooves
on whose fresh leg the sweet years, tumbling looks

thereafter all ye quarter scaned, eyes,
that on the green wings, such the blast, shows
and purple, all the ground with eternal flames
to show the endless horns, where Lycurgus
not so he, who gets a little sage

I was but thoughts daily of false surmise
As rose, while the tempest laid smoking stow,
Shages' wassail, from every shore they hoarse are heard
whether beyond the stormy highlands
where they change in the humming fide
or Rival, that bottom of the monstrous world,
wherein, then to our soul bone dace
Bellerus
where the root of rumination old
looks hoisted on high, and Bayon's fear
borne, hewer clear, singer now and music with youth
and iverse Delphi's song the ingrate year
weeps for more and hyper splendid, except no more
for Lycurgus.
Lycidas
Weepe no more wofull shepherds weepe no more
for Lycidas yo' sorrow is not dead
sunck though he be beneath the warrie floare
so sinks the day stoure in the Ocean bed
& yet anon repairs his drooping head
and tricks his beams & wth newspangled ore
flams in the forhead of y* morning skie
so Lycidas sunk low but mounted highe high
through the deare might of him that walkt y* waves:
where other groves and other streams along
wth nectar pure pure his soonic locks he laves
& heares listening the unexpressive nuptiall song
in the blest kingdoms meek of joy & love
there entertaine him all the Su above
in sollemne troops, and sweet societies
that sing, & singing in thire glorie move
and wipe the teares for ever frô his eyes
now Lycidas the shepherds weep no more
henceforth thou art the Genius of y* shoare
in thy large recompence, & shalt be good
to all that wander in that perilous flood
Thus sung 'the uncoth swaine to th' oakes & rills
while y* still morn went out wth sandals gray
he toucht the tender stops of various quills
wth eager thought warbling his Dorick lay
and now the Sun had stretcht out all the hills
and now was droppt into sweeter the westren bay,
at last he rose and twirkht his mantle blew
To morrow to fresh woods and pasturs new

32
Lydec.

Wasp no more unhappy shepherds, weep no more
For I am not the sorrow of your soul.
But though I be, as all the world know,
Yet sinks the day among, in the Ocean bold
Came angry, hopeless my dropping head
And trist his Griefs with unspared ned
When is the fabled 8th morning rise
The bloody sword, now did conserved that high
through the deep might of him most valiantly
When all the other graves and other fetters along
with neither paint nor his own looks did their
The sound of the undepressed night bell song
in the high king's roof as he through
those entertain'd him the serpent срок
and sang, sitting, in short glass more
and trist the tears for this for his say
now Lydecas the shepherds weep no more
henceforth than all the remembrance of those
in this large recompense shall be good
for all those wishes in that pleasant clime
They sung the smooth sounds of the Poetess, still song
while 8 sunrises went out with dumpling cloy
he found the winter days of various quality
with my thoughts and his his Dorsible led
and now the sun had arched out all the hills
and now they dropt into weeping, the western sleep
at last he rose, and twirled his mantle blew
To, morrow to fresh morn, and part our way.
To my friend M' Hen. Laws Feb. 9. 1645

Harry, whose tuneful & well-measur'd song
First taught our English Music how to span
Words with just note & accent, not to scan
Words with just note & accent, not to scan
Words with just note & accent, not to scan
when most were wont to scan
when most were wont to scan
when most were wont to scan
with Midas ears, committing short & long
misjoyning

5
Thy worth & skill exempts thee from the throng
and gives that praise above the pipe of Pan;
at after age thou shalt be writ a man
that didst reform thy art (the chief among
Thou honourst Vers, & Vers must lend her wing
to honour thee, the Priest of Phoebus quite
twist this happiest lines in hymn or story
give to
Dante shall Fame by the Tuscan's leave, shall set thee higher
his then old Casella whom Dante woul'd to sing
met in the mildest shades of Purgatory.

10
To M' Hen: Laws on the publishing of his Aires
Harry, whose tuneful & well-measur'd song
First taught our English Music how to scan
Words with just note & accent, not to scan
Words with Midas ears, committing short & long.

5
Thy worth & skill exempts thee from y' throng,
with praise enough for Envy to look on;
at after-age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth aires couldst cou'dst humour best our tongue.

Thou honourst Vers, & Vers must lend her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of Phoebus quite
That run most of thir happiest lines in hymn, or story.
Dante shall give Fame leav to set thee higher
Then his Casella, whom he woul'd to sing
Met in y' milder shades of Purgatory. x

13
On the dejection with follow'd on my writing certain treatises
I did but prompt the age to quit this clogs.
By the known rules of ancient liberty
when strait a barbarous noise environs me
of Owls & buzzards, asses, apes & dogs
5
As when those hindes that were transform'd to frogs
Rall'd at Latona's twin-born progeny
which after held the Sun & Moon in Fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;
That hawl for freedom in thir senseles mood,
And hate the truth whereby they should be free still revolt when
Licence they mean, when they cry liberty, Truth would set them
For who loves that, must first be wise, & good;
but from that mark how far they rov, we see
for all this vast of wealth, & loss of blood. x

14

The manuscript pages 33-39 are filled with prose plans for *Paradise Lost*, lists of subjects and outlines of plots. First Draft of XIII. 13 Milton probably first wrote *then old Casell' whom Dante won to sing*. Then, substituting *he* for *Dante* he altered Casell' to Casella but making a blot, he wrote Casella in the margin, and at the same time changed *won* to *wool'd* to the reading in the second draft.
To my friend Mr. Her. Laws. Feb'y 10, 45.

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English Music how to span
Words with just note and accent, nor to scan
With Midos ears, commingling short and long.
 Thy sweet example did from the string
And gave the prime above the pipe of Pan;
To after-age, that shall be writ a man
That didst reform the sense the deaf among.
Then honeste Vers, a Vers must find its wing
To honour thee, the pious Phoebus youth,
That tun'd this happy sense in hymn or story.
Dante shall give fame lean to set thee higher
Then his Cisella, whom he used to sing
Met-myste mild and shades of Purgatory.

In the dedication which follows in my writing certain blemishes,
I did but prompt the age to quit this clasp
By the known rules of ancient liberty
When Aeneas was a bacchant and ev'rywhere,
As when these kinds of drance transform'd to slaves
Rall'd at Aegina's twin-born progeny
Which after held the Sun's moon in Ice.
But this is sat by casting round to boys,
That bawl in freedom in their sev'ral mood.
And hate the truth, though still they should be free, still look in
Treason they mean, when they cry liberty.

For who loves that must first be wise, good,
But from that mark how far they roam, we see
For all this waste of wealth, a loss of blood.
On ye religious memory of Mrs Catharine Thomson
my christian friend deceased 16 Decem. 1646

M
When Faith & Love that parted from thee never,
Had rip't thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of Flesh & Sin, we man from thence doth sever.

and
Thy Works, & Almes, All thy good Endeavor
Staid follow'd thee the path that Saints have trod
nor in thy grave were trod when
But as Faith pointed Still as they journey'd from this dark abode
follow'd thee up to Joy Up to ye Realm of
& bliss for ever, shew'd

Faith who led on ye way, & knew them best
thy handmaids clad them o're with purple beames
And azure wings, cover'd up they flew so drest
And spake the truth of thee in glorious theanes
before the Judge, who thenceforth bidd thee rest,
and drink thy fill of pure immortal streams

When Faith & Love w'h parted fro' thee never,
Had rip't thy just soul to dwell with God
meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
doing death, call'd life, w'h us from life doth never.

Thy Works & Almes, & all thy good Endeavor
staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
follow'd thee up to Joy & bliss for ever.

Love Law led on Faith knew
Faith shew'd the way, and the who saw them best
thy handmaids clad them o're with purple beames
and azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee in glorious theanes
before the Judge, who thenceforth bidd thee rest,
and drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

In the title at the top, the faint inserted a with caret below was put on Wright's printed page. It is barely visible in the MS. between, not above, the m and s and was first noticed and described by Smart. First Draft. 3 clod was first changed to lo'd then struck out and lead written clearly in the margin. Second Draft. 8 Wright's underscored joy should read joy as he stated in his notes. 9 The successive changes here seem to have been: 1. Faith shew'd the way, 2. Love shew'd the way, 3. Love led them on, with the changed to them by a macron with three vertical strokes through it over the e, as on page 45 the changed to then by placing a macron with two vertical strokes over the e.
When Faith & Love, my soul from thee deseru,
Had rip'd thee, like a fruit to feed with God,
Nectly, that God might searve this earth's load
Of sin, and bid life, and wrack from life a rod.
Thy Works & Lines all thy good endeavours
Standing behind, shall descend to all the world, that saints have trod
But as thy handmaids, clad them are with purple crowns
And azure wings, the sun up, they flow so dree.
And speake the truth of thee in glorious streames
Before the Judge, who through forth did thee rod,
And drink the full of pure immortal streames.

When Faith cleave to thee never,
Had rip'd thy soul to feed with God
Mercely, then didst resign this earthy load
Of sin, and bid life, and wrack from life a rod.
Thy Words & Lines, all thy good endeavours
Standing behind, nor in the grave were trod:
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Told thy faith up to thy good success for ever.

Love Faith cleared the way, said Our Lady who said them best,
My handmaids, clad them are with purple crowns
And azure wings, that up they flow so dree
And speake the truth of thee in glorios streames
Before the Judge, who through forth did thee rod,
And drink the full of pure immortal streames.
To M' Hen. Law's on the publishing of his Aires

Harry whose tuneful & well-measur'd Song
first taught our English Music how to span
words with just note & accent, not to scan
with Midas eares, committing short & long;
Thy worth & skill exempts thee from the throng,
with praise enough for Envy to looke wan;
To afer-age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth aire couldst humor best our tongue.
Thou honourst Vers, & Vers must lend her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of Phoebus quite
That tun'st the the happiest lines in hymn, or story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Then his Casella, whom he wou'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

When Faith & Love which parted from the never,
had rip't thy just soule to dwell with God,
meekly thou didn't resigne this earthy load
of death, call'd Life; which us from his life doth sever.
Thy works & Almes, & all thy good Endeavour
said not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
follow'd thee up to joy & bliss for ever.
Love led them on, & Faith who knew them best
thy handmaides, clad them o're with purple beames
& azure wings, that up they flew soe drest,
And spake the t'h truth of & on glorious thames
before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
& drinke thy fill of pure immortall streames.
To Mrs. Sanger at the Court of His Grace

Harry who first taught our English music how to spin
Words with just notes & accent, not to scan
with others' verses, something short & long;
ALT. 1.\textsuperscript{st} line altered to: Harry who first taught our English music how to spin words with just notes & accent, not to scan with others' verses, something short & long;

That music with a skill approacheth near,
with praise enough for any to before.
So after wise, shall be built ere wise, men
That shall with smooth & sweet human blood our tongue.
These hereomen, being must find thy song
As hon'our tall, the Order of Marching shrewd
That brave the first ease, hast now a hymn on Glory.
Vain shall give name: grace it past that night
Then his, Castore, whom our sound to sing.

Met in the middle shades of Bunbury.

1. Then faith and love didst seclude from the courts,
And by the last smile to dwell with life,
Most holy, then shall resign this earthly land
Of death, calls life, which up from life had rise.

Thy words are many in thy good deuotions
Shall not be hindered, nor the grace were hard;
Whereas this world may be gotten in,

Then kiss me, and bid those who know them best,
My handwriting, to them too with purple beams.

And after them with the fairest grace,
Before the judge, with the chiefest as th' inmost,
Be join'd the will of thy most kind desires.
these sonnets follow yt no. in yt printed booke
On the detraccon which followed upon my writeng certaine treatises

1 vid. ante
I did but prompt the age to quit theire clogs
  By the knowne rules of ancient liberty
  when strait a barbarous noise environs me
  of Owles & Cuckoos, asses, apes & dogs:
5
As when those hindes that were transform'd to frogs
  Rall'd at Latona's twin-born progeny
  which after held the sun & moone in for Fee
  But this is got by casting pearle to hogs;
  That bawl for freedome in their sensles mood
  And still revolt when true Truth would make them free:
  Licence they they mean when they cry liberty:
  For who loves that, must first be wise, & good;
  lost from that marke how far they roue we see
  for all this wast of wealth, & losse of blood.

10
A booke was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon;
  And wov'n close both matter, forme, & stile;
  the subject new: it walk'd the towne a while,
  numbrin good intellects, now seldom por'd on.

Cries the stall-reader, bless us what a word on
  a title page is this! & some in file stand spelling false, while one might walkes to Mile-
  end Greene. Why is it harder, sirs, the? Gordon,
  Colkitto, or Macdonnell or Galasp?

those rugged names to our like mouthes grow sleek
  that would have made Quintilian stare & gasp.

Thy age, like ours, O soule of Sir John Cheek,
  hated not learning worn then toad or Asp;
  when thou taught'st Cambridge, & King Edward Greek.

43
LXXIII.

On the disquieting noise of weapons, and the fear of death, which is engendered by the sense of war and the prospect of injury. The security of the mind in the midst of danger, and the comfort of the heart in the face of adversity, are here recommended. The love of the world, the pursuit of pleasure, and the desire of power, are also condemned. The perils of the sea, the storms of life, and the dangers of war, are described with figures and allegories, as the effects of pride, ambition, and ambition. The necessity of submission to the will of God, and the power of faith, are likewise set forth. The story of an old man's death, and the death of a young woman, are also referred to, as examples of the vanity of all earthly things, and the certainty of divine providence. The end of all things is considered, and the hope of a better world is suggested. The book of life is opened, and the names of all things are written in it. The end of the world is described, and the eternal happiness of the just is announced. The book of prayer is closed, and the soul is lifted up in prayer. The end of the book is written, and the commendation of the work is given.
A booke was writn
A booke was writ
And won'd it close both matter, form, & stile,
the subject new; it walk'd
It went oft well about, ye town a while,

numb'ring good wit, but now is seldom port'd on.

Cries the stall-reader, bless us what a word on
a title page is this! and som in file
stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-
end Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, then Gordon
Colkitto, or Macdonnell, or Galasp?

those barbarous names to our like mouths grew sleek

Thy age, like ours, O soul of S

Fairfax, whose name in armes through Europe rings
Filling each mouth with envy, or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs wish amaze,

And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings,

Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Thir Hydra heads, & the fals North displais
her brok'n league, to impe their serpent wings,
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand;

For what can War, but endless warr still breed,
Till Truth, & Right from Violence be freed,
And An Public Faith cleard from the shamefull brand
Of Public Fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed
While Avarice, & Rapine share the land.

To the Lord Gen'ell Cromwell May 1652
at ye Committee
On the proposals of certain ministers, for Propagation of the Gospell.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of warry onely, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith & matchless Fortitude
To peace & truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,

And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast reared Gods Trophies & his work pursu'd,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scotts imbald,
Wosters laureat wreath
And Dunbarr field resounds thy praises loud,
Wosters laureat wreath
And twenty battles more; yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renownd then warr, new foes aries
Threatning to bind our soules with secular chaines:
Help us to save free Conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose Gospell is their maw.

Sonnet 16 (Cromwell). 7 embru'd changed to imbru'd.
Sonnet XI

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy, or with pride,
And all her royal monarchs with amaze,
And rumor loud last, that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions rise
This Hyder heads, so the sons North displays
Her broken league, to hope their serpent wings,
O yet a matter just awaits thy hand,
For what can wrong but endless war still bring,
Tell Truth, right from Violence be freed,
And make Public Faith cleared from the shame foul Grand
Of public fraud in war both royal bleed
While Advance of raping shore the land.

To the memory of Mrs. Mary E. S.Parke, the first American lady at Cambridge, A.D. 1829.

Sonnet XV

All of our chief of men, who through a crown
Not of your only, but diversions made,
God of faith & meekness, Fortitude.
No prince is truth, the glorious way last ploughed,
And on this neck of crowned Fortune proud,
Place not gods, and hopes of his work pursued,
While passion remaind, or blood of Scots embold,
And that how long the new war leads, or fare,
And reason yielded more; yet much remains
to conquer still, prate hath her victories
No less renowned this war, now for ages
Threatening to bind our souls in the secular chains:
And thus to save first Conscience from the land,
It was the end of which mean.
To S. Henry Vane the younger

Vane, young in yeares, but in sage counsell old,
Then whome a better Senator there held
The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repelid
The feirce Epeirote & the African bold,

Whether to settle peace or to unfold
The drifts of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
The to advise how warr may best, upheld,
by en
Move on, her two maine nerves, Iron & Gold

In all her equipage, besides to know
Both spiritual powre & civil, what it means each means

What powre the Church & what the civil means
Thou hast learnt well, a praise which few have won
Thou teakest best, which few have ever den What severs each
The bounds of either sword to thee wee ow, thou hast learnt, wth few hav dor

firms
Therfore on thy right hand religion leans
In peace, & reck's thee her eldest son.

On the forcers' of Conscience. to come in as is directed in the leaf before

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord
And wth stiff vows renouned his Liturgie
- To seise the vacanc whose Plurality
from them whose sin yee envi'd, nott abhorrd,

Dare yee for this adjure the civil sword
our
To force the Consciences that Christ sett free,
And ride wth a classic Hierarchy
Taught yee by meer A. S. & Rotherford.

Men whose life, learning, faith & pure intent
Would have bin held in high esteem wth Paul
Must now be namd & printed Hereticks

shallow
By hare braind Edwards & Scotch what d'ye call;
But wee doe hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots & packings worse then those of Trent,
That so the Parliament

May wth their wholesome & preventive sheares
lip your Phylacteries though bauke your eares
Creep ye as close as marginal P-s eares
they
And succour our just feares

When you shall read this clearly in your charge
New Presbyter is but old Preist writt at large

Sonnet 17 (Vane)  7 And changed to Then by changing to The with macron with two vertical strokes through it over the e. New Forcers.  12 haire braind changed to hare braind then struck out.
I

Dear young in years, but in wise counsel bold,
Then where a better shadow may be
The home of Rome, where gowns not wrong are bred.
The trade of poetry is the African bed;
Wiser to seek peace or to unfold.

The art of hollow praise had the field,
And to dodge new women may the youth;
Yet for two main ways, sin or god.

So she for ignorance, seeking to grow,
With knowledge. Madam, you and I,
Yet in each step wise, which purchased, won.
For you to judge from where you have been, and yours and
The thoughts of your friend, or her are on.
The more on this with hand religion shane
In peace, which he has her stated son.

On this mark of kindness,

Because you have shown, to your bickler Lord,
In all the military, the people's force
To up the sword, to up your steeds, and woe.

May your mind, this game, the state be light.
Who have got him in red gown, the Paul.
Must now be made a prince of the side.
Or that to be stretch or stretch at the pie cake.
But you see, to find out one, your tricks,
Your plot, to making wrong, man of trust.

That to of Parliament

May to this, as to, or preventive shears

When best show, this clearly in your lamp
New first fire is but a small wind of large.
AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM
MANUSCRIPT
ODEN AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM

There is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, a copy of Milton’s *Poems*, 1645 in which, pasted to the verso of the Latin title page, is a two leaf twice folded document. This contains on its four unfolded pages a longhand copy of the Ode *Ad Joannem Rousium* written in Latin. The contents of the poem has to do with the lost copy of the 1645 *Poems* Milton himself had sent to the Library. The *MS.* is found in a copy of his *Poems* in the Bodleian, to which place Milton states in the verses that he had dispatched a substitute copy. The *MS.* has therefore been assumed by many persons to be in Milton’s handwriting. Perhaps it is; but it is written in a most formal, set hand, unlike anything we possess today known to have been written by Milton. The *MS.* is reproduced here without collation or further comment by permission of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, where it is catalogued as *MS. Lat. Misc.* f.15.
The reduction in height is from about 8¾ inches in the original to about 7 inches.
(Si satis noxas luimus, [p]riores
Mollis; luxu degeneri etium)
Tollat nefandos civitatem tumultus,
Almaq: revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine silede Musas
Jam penit tenuit Angiligenum;
Immundasq; volucris
Unguis imminente

Figat Apollineae pharetra,
Phinæam; abigat [pest]em procul amne Pegaséo.

Antistrophe
Quin tu, libelle, nun[tii] licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantia
Semel erraveris, a tenebris fraternum,
Seu quis te tenebat spes,
Seu qua te latet; justus unde vili
Callo terebris instititur insula;
Latare felix, en iubem tibi
Spes nova fulget po[sse] profundam
Fugere Letheam, vehi[qu] superam
In sursa a]dam remigem penæ.

Strophe 3
Nam te Rousius sui:
Optat peculi, numero, justo
Sibi pollicitum querunt abesse,
Rogata venias ille cuius inclita
Sunt data virum monimenta curae;
Teq; adytis etiam super
Voluit reponi quibus ipse praesidet
Eternorum operum cu[los] fidelis,
Questorq; gaza nobilis, et
Quam cui praefuit Jön

(Si satis noxas luimus, [p]riores
Mollis; luxu degeneri etium)
Tollat nefandos civitatem tumultus,
Almaq: revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine silede Musas
Jam penit tenuit Angiligenum;
Immundasq; volucris
Unguis imminente

Figat Apollineae pharetra,
Phinæam; abigat [pest]em procul amne Pegaséo.
Clarus Erectheides
Opulenta dei per templi parentis
Fulvosq; tripodas, donaq; Delphica,
Jov Acteae genitus Creusi.

Antistroph.

60 Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amenos,
Diamq; Phæbi rursus ibis in domum
Oxonid quam valle colit

Delo posthabita,
Bifido; Parnassi jugo:
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quaq; sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic levis inter alta nomina
Authorum, Grae simul et Latinae
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

Epodos

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam sero placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidia requiem, sedeq; beatas
Quas bonus Hermis
Et tutela dabiat solis Rouxi.
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atq; longè
Turba legentum prava facesset;
Ut ulimi nepotes,
Et cordator atas

Fraudis rebus aequiora forstari
Adhibebit integro sini.

85 Tam livore sepulto,
Siquid meremur, sina posteritas sciet
Rousio favente.

Eposodos
Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores.
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam sero placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidia requiem, sedeq; beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabiat solis Rouxi.
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atq; longè
Turba legentum prava facesset;
Ut ulimi nepotes,
Et cordator atas
Judicia rebus aequiora forsitan
Adhibebit integro sini.

85 Tam livore sepulto,
Siquid meremur, sina posteritas sciet
Rousio favente.
Ode tribus constat strophis, totidemque antistrophis una de
mum epodo clausis, quas tametsi omnes nec versuum num-
mero nec certis ubi eis exacte respondant, ita tamen
secuimus, commodè legendi potius, quam ad antiquos con-
cinendi modos, rationem spectantes. Aliquin hic genus
rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Meta-
tra partim sunt κατά σχῆσιν partim ἀπολλέμισα.
Phaleucia quae sunt, spondeum tertio loco bis admis-
tunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum
fecit.
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