

CLASSICAL PRESENCES

*General Editors*

LORNA HARDWICK    JAMES I. PORTER

## CLASSICAL PRESENCES

Attempts to receive the texts, images, and material culture of ancient Greece and Rome inevitably run the risk of appropriating the past in order to authenticate the present. Exploring the ways in which the classical past has been mapped over the centuries allows us to trace the avowal and disavowal of values and identities, old and new. *Classical Presences* brings the latest scholarship to bear on the contexts, theory, and practice of such use, and abuse, of the classical past.

Newly Recovered English  
Classical Translations  
1600–1800

*Annexe*

COMPILED AND EDITED BY  
Stuart Gillespie

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# Preface

This resource is intended to be used in conjunction with the Oxford University Press publication *Newly Recovered English Classical Translations, 1600–1800* (2018), to which this online Annexe may be thought of as an overspill. The primary publication will be available online as well as in print, via the subscription database Oxford Scholarly Editions Online. Thus all the texts in the entire edition (*NRECT* for short) will, in principle, be viewable and searchable online.

What are these texts? They form a collection of English translations from classical verse and drama which were not printed in their own time and have not been retrieved from manuscript copies since. In other words, they are entirely unknown to the scholarly world. They make up a very miscellaneous collection, but since this is a selective and not a comprehensive compilation, there has been no attempt to absorb every extant schoolboy exercise, and the average quality of the English verse is high. Many even of these Annexe items would hold their ground against the printed translations of their day, and the historical interest of others often makes up for lack of polish. In all cases, a new piece of evidence emerges about how, why, and to whom ancient verse appealed in this era—and many of these translators left no other record of their engagement with it.

In terms of lines of verse, this Annexe is, on its first release in 2018, about half the size of the primary print edition, but it contains far less than half as many items. This is because it is primarily a home for longer items which could not be accommodated in full, or in some cases at all, in the print edition. Here in the Annexe, each item is provided with a brief headnote, but fuller information is in all cases found in the print edition, which includes a general introduction, individual introductory discussions of each translated author and genre, notes on all manuscripts used, full references for all secondary sources cited (arranged by chapter), and indexes. This is also where information can be found as to the principles on which the texts have been edited and presented.

Cross-references are often given to individual texts in either part. The nine author and genre codes (e.g. OV=Ovid) are the same across both parts. References with a leading 'X' (such as 'XOV3') refer to items in the Annexe, whereas those with no leading 'X' (such as 'OV3') refer to items in the primary edition.

The print edition is published as follows:

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The online version of the print edition will be accessible at <<http://www.oup.com/nrect>>.

Stuart Gillespie

*Glasgow/Wolfenbüttel*  
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# Abbreviations and Other Conventions

## Abbreviations

Cross-disciplinary works need to make obvious what will already be so to some readers. This is why standard abbreviations, for example for journal titles, are often avoided in this edition.

BL	British Library, London
Bod.	Bodleian Library, Oxford
Brotherton	Brotherton Collection of Manuscript Verse, Leeds University
BCMSV	Brotherton Catalogue of Manuscript Verse, also known as Leeds Verse Database—online at < <a href="https://library.leeds.ac.uk/special-collections-manuscript-verse">https://library.leeds.ac.uk/special-collections-manuscript-verse</a> >
CCEd	Clergy of the Church of England database—online at < <a href="http://theclergydatabase.org.uk/">http://theclergydatabase.org.uk/</a> >
CELM	Catalogue of English Literary Manuscripts 1450–1700—online edition at < <a href="http://www.celm-ms.org.uk">http://www.celm-ms.org.uk</a> >
Crum	Margaret Crum, ed., <i>First-Line Index of English Poetry 1500–1800 in Manuscripts of the Bodleian Library, Oxford</i> , 2 vols (Oxford, 1969)
ECCO	Eighteenth-Century Collections Online
EEBO	Early English Books Online
Folger	Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, DC
Harv.	Harvard University—Houghton Library
MS(S), ms(s)	manuscript(s)
<i>N&amp;Q</i>	<i>Notes &amp; Queries</i>
<i>NRECT</i>	<i>Newly Recovered English Classical Translations</i> (including <i>Annexe</i> below)
<i>NRECT Annexe</i>	Online collection of material supplementary to the above available as a free-to-view PDF both at <a href="http://www.oup.com/nrect">www.oup.com/nrect</a> and, in a form intended to accommodate additions in future years, through the project website at <a href="http://nrect.gla.ac.uk">nrect.gla.ac.uk</a> .
<i>OCD</i>	<i>Oxford Classical Dictionary</i>
<i>ODNB</i>	<i>Oxford Dictionary of National Biography</i> —online edition at < <a href="http://www.oxforddnb.com">http://www.oxforddnb.com</a> >

<i>OED</i>	<i>Oxford English Dictionary</i> —online edition at < <a href="http://www.oed.com">http://www.oed.com</a> >
<i>OLD</i>	<i>Oxford Latin Dictionary</i> (current edition)
<i>PLM</i>	<i>Poetae Latini minores</i> (name following indicates volume editor)
RO	Record Office
<i>T&amp;L</i>	<i>Translation and Literature</i>
<i>TLS</i>	<i>Times Literary Supplement</i>
Yale	Yale University—Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library

## Other Conventions

<x>	Letter(s) corrected or supplied by editor (unmarked corrections carry footnote explanation instead)
{ }	Text missing or illegible
°	Word(s) glossed in margin

# 1

## Epigram (Greek and Latin) (XEP)

### XEP01

Anon.: Greek Anthology 9.12 Paton. Bod. MS Ballard 47, fol. 37<sup>r</sup>

The three translations XEP01, XEP02, and XEP03 are found on a single folio sheet bound landscape-wise within their ms. All but the last of eleven verse items on the sheet appear in a single hand, and the other items indicate some background for the anonymous compiler, or, it may be, author. One poem concerns a dispute between Oxford academics involving John Conybeare, who was Dean of Christ Church 1733–55. Two others are concerned with a Mr Bisset who preached and published ‘an abusive sermon before the Soc. of Reform. Manners.’ William Bisset’s *More Plain English. In Two Sermons Preach’d for Reformation of Manners in the Year 1701* was printed in 1704. These translations are of interest partly because they float a proposal for a complete translation of the Greek Anthology: ‘If these Specimens are approved of’, the writer asks, ‘why might not some Persons club to translate all the Greek Epigrams?’

Mounted upon the Blind, the Lame man begs,  
Lending his Eyes, and borrowing t’other’s legs.

### XEP02

Anon.: Greek Anthology 9.44 Paton. Bod. MS Ballard 47, fol. 37<sup>r</sup>

Who found the Gold, a Rope had got  
And left it on the ground;  
Who left the Gold, and found it not,  
Tied up the Rope he found.

## XEP03

Anon.: Greek Anthology 16.162 Paton. Bod. MS Ballard 47, fol. 37<sup>r</sup>

When Venus did her Statue see,  
 Herself the Goddess bless'd;  
 Where could Praxiteles, cried she,  
 Thus view me all undress'd?

## XEP04

John Chatwin: *Anacreontea* 36. Bod. MS Rawl. poet. 94, pp. 81–3

For Chatwin see LE26. Gillespie 2002 prints one of Chatwin's Anacreontics ('The Grasshopper'). Also appearing in Chatwin's collection of c.1685 are these versions of 36 and 46 (XEP05).

How glorious, happy, and how blest,  
 Of what delights and joys possest,  
 Was man, if (to prolong his breath,  
 Or to prevent the Strokes of Death)  
 His heaps of Gold might able be  
 From Nature's Laws to set him free,  
 That when the meagre Tyrant came,  
 His body, as his Due, to claim,  
 His glitt'ring stores would bribe his Dart,  
 10 And turn it from his trembling Heart.  
 But since that cannot granted be  
 T'infirm and frail Mortality,  
 Why should I thus torment my breast,  
 Thus vainly, too, disturb my Rest  
 With sad Reflection, Grief, and Care  
 (The dire forerunners of despair)?  
 I will not, I'm resolved, not I,  
 I'll otherwise my thoughts employ;  
 For since the Fates have so decreed,  
 20 All must on Death's pale Altars bleed,  
 I'll take my pleasure ere I go  
 To Night's black Regions down below.  
 Bring me then my crystal Bowl,  
 For so<sup>1</sup> I'll quench my thirsty Soul;  
 Come, my brisk and jolly Lads,

<sup>1</sup> For so] Ms 'For'; speculative correction for metrical reasons.

We'll out-do th' immortal Gods,  
 We'll in sacred Nectar swim,  
 Then fill the Cup unto the Brim;  
 Fill it up, nay fill it o'er,  
 30 Fill it till it holds no more, }  
 Till it topples on the Floor. }  
 Nor shall here my pleasures waste,  
 For I'll other blisses taste:  
 On Beds of Roses and of Down  
 With my dear I'll lay me down,  
 I'll hug her to my soft embrace,  
 Imprinting kisses on her Face,  
 On her balmy Lips I'll dwell,  
 And ten thousand stories tell,  
 40 Whilst her breath, and pleasing air,  
 Far more sweet than Hybla are.  
 On her snowy Alps I'll stray,  
 And lose me in that Milky Way.  
 Who would not err<sup>o</sup> on such blest Hills                    *stray*  
 'Midst so many purling Rills,  
 Where Nature's chiefest Treasure lies,  
 Where alone is Paradise?  
 To her bosom too I'll fly  
 In a melting Extasy;  
 50 Thus all the Raptures will I prove,  
 And th' Almighty charms of Love;  
 Circled in her Arms I'll lie,  
 And both Death and Fate defy.

## XEP05

John Chatwin: *Anacreontea* 46. Bod. MS Rawl. poet. 94, pp. 79–80

See XEP04. Date: c.1685.

Look how the Graces dance and sing  
 At the kind approach o'th' Spring,  
 How with od'rous chaplets crown'd  
 Their feet do beat the mossy ground;  
 The foaming billows of the tide  
 Their raging fury lay aside,  
 All their peaceful waves now sleep,

And gently glide to th' murm'ring deep.  
 The quiet Halcyon brooding lies  
 10 Upon the surface of the Seas,  
 The wanton birds do play and sing  
 And all portend a happy Spring.  
 The blushing Sun now gilds the day  
 With a more refulgent ray,  
 At whose bright and pow'rful force  
 All the gloomy clouds disperse,  
 And the Heavens do appear  
 Pleasing, calm, serene, and clear.  
 Now the swelling, fruitful ground  
 20 Hath the tiller's wishes crown'd;  
 Ceres, youthful, kind, and fair,  
 Hath rewarded all his care  
 With a vast, exuberous crop  
 Piled around his cottage up.  
 The burden'd olives bend their head  
 Overchargèd with their load,  
 The pliant boughs are downwards fanned  
 By each breathing, whisp'ring wind,  
 And fain would taste so sweet a bliss  
 30 As the lillied hand to kiss.  
 Now the liquid bowl is crown'd  
 And a jolly health goes round,  
 Whilst kind Nature doth deny  
 Nothing that may yield us joy.

## 2

# Greek Authors excluding Epigram (XGA)

### XGA01

Warren Hastings: Parody of Homer, *Odyssey* 4.219–30. BL MS Add. 29235, fol. 69<sup>r</sup>

This is not a translation, but an affectionate parody with very close connections to a famous printed translation. In the ms collection of Warren Hastings's papers in which it appears, it is written out in a very small hand whose ownership is attested by the following note: 'These Verses were written by Mr. Hastings, in his own hand writing, whilst he and I were reading Homer on our passage from Bengal—When it was his turn to read he inserted them in my Homer, at the 78th Page and read them to me as if they had been a part of the poem. D.A.' The recto is, indeed, numbered in the top corner 'Page 78'. The circumstances explain the small size of paper and hence of Hastings's hand: the leaf was probably taken from a pocket book. 'My Homer' was evidently Pope's much-reprinted version, into which Hastings's couplets are integrated by direct quotation at line 21. The episode is that of the drugged wine Helen serves while supper is prepared at Menelaus' court. Finally, 'D.A.' will be David Anderson (1750–1828), an Edinburgh man who was a close friend of Hastings's, for whom he acted as an important political diplomat. The two men made the five-month voyage to England together in 1785, evidently the date of this composition.

#### Homers Odyssey Book 4<sup>th</sup>

First the rich Sugar on the bowl she strews, Then rare, and known to Kings alone its use. Her balmy <sup>o</sup> fingers clean'd, and next, well pleas'd, The Limons cut, Hesperian <sup>1</sup> fruit, and squeez'd: Th' ethereal Spirit now in measures pours Of Brandy brought from fair Trinacria's <sup>o</sup> Shores. Then from the Cauldron bad her Maids to bring The boiling Lymph, <sup>o</sup> and on th' Ingredients fling. <sup>2</sup>	<i>fragrant</i>     <i>Sicily's</i>   <i>stream</i>
--	---

<sup>1</sup> *Hesperian*] The mythical Gardens of the Hesperides grew apples; the botanical *Hesperidæ*, the Linnaean order containing the genus citrus, is more strictly relevant. But Milton's use of the adjective at several points in *Paradise Lost* is probably what Hastings is mainly calling to mind.

<sup>2</sup> *Then...fling*] A very similar couplet follows in ms. It would appear that one of the two was intended for cancellation, but this went unmarked.

- The spicy Nut o'er all is grated, thrown—  
 10 Since Nutmeg call'd, its ancient name unknown.  
 A few rich Drops she pours, with pious Love,  
 In pure Libation to paternal Jove:  
 And as the Clouds, thick circling from the Bowl,  
 Waft Fragrance round, and cheer each thirsty Soul,  
 Bent o'er the pond'rous Vase, she draws with ease  
 More than twelve Queens could sup of modern days.  
 Breathless she views the miscellaneous Wine,  
 Lifts her white hands, and calls it Punch Divine.  
 The King and Peers in loud Applauses join:  
 20 "And let us share, they cried, our Punch Divine.  
 Charm'd with that virtuous draught" &c.<sup>1</sup>

- The longing circle thus the Queen address'd:  
 "Like this mysterious Cup, all-bounteous Jove  
 Tempers the Fates of human race above.  
 By the firm sanction of his equal Will,  
 Alternate are decreed our Good and Ill;<sup>2</sup>  
 For hot and cold, and sour and sweet, combin'd,  
 Make up the various history of Mankind.  
 Let this white Hour to festive Mirth be given;  
 30 The rest be black,<sup>3</sup> or what it pleases Heaven."

## XGA02

From Joseph Spence: Aratus, *Phaenomena* 1–300 (excerpt = Aratus 1–140). Yale MSS Osborn 4, Box 4/116 (shorter excerpt at GA01)

Spence, whose *Anecdotes* are a familiar part of eighteenth-century literary history, earned his living as a clergyman and academic. When he published translations—a handful of items, all from the Greek—it was pseudonymously. In his *Moralities: Or, Essays, Letters, Fables; and Translations*, 1753, appear English versions of the Sermon on the Mount, Xenophon's 'Choice of Hercules', and the Tablet of Cebes, under the name of Harry Beaumont. His work on Aratus may date to c.1750, when Spence was preparing these other translations. The first complete English translation of Aratus to be printed, in heroic couplets by John Lamb, appeared in 1848; nor is there a significant earlier record of partial translations.

<sup>1</sup> *Charm'd... draught" &c*] Quoting Pope's translation of the *Odyssey*, 4.307–8: 'Charmed with that virtuous draught, th' exalted mind | All sense of woe delivers to the wind.'

<sup>2</sup> *Tempers... Ill*] Lines 24–6 are an almost exact quotation of Pope's 4.326–8. The adjacent lines adopt word and phrases from Pope's adjacent lines.

<sup>3</sup> *Let this... black*] It was customary in ancient Rome, though not in Greece, to mark lucky calendar days as white, and unlucky as black.

Spence's autograph text, of some 350 lines altogether, is, like other Spence mss, so heavily corrected as to be in parts illegible. For reasons of legibility and also of quality, ms corrections have only sometimes been adopted here.

### The Signs of Aratus

From Jove begin the Song: Jove first, and last,  
 And ever in our thoughts. Thy presence dread  
 Abounds in all things; in the Earth and Seas;  
 O'er the wide Earth, and all the World of waters.  
 Man is the offspring of the God; and He  
 In clemency to man gives forth his<sup>1</sup> signs  
 Propitious thro' the Heavens. He excites  
 And guides the various labours of the year;  
 When to manure the soil, and when to join  
 10 The lab'ring steers, to earth<sup>o</sup> the willing grain, *bury*  
 Or when th' incircled arbery<sup>2</sup> to improve  
 With alien nutriment. For this the God  
 Has fix'd his Signs on high, those Lights distinct,  
 The bright inhabitants of Heav'n, that wait  
 To measure out the seasons, and divide  
 The circling year in well-known intervals  
 To prosper all our works. Thou first, and last,  
 Great object of our Praises! Thrice all Hail,  
 All Hail, thou wondrous Being! Ever blest,  
 20 And ever blessing: kind in all thy works,  
 Thou Soul and Fountain of the Universe!  
 And you, Ye Muses, his celestial offspring,  
 The sacred Nine! { } <sup>3</sup>  
 Deign to regard my prayers, who nightly view  
 The stars of Heav'n. Fain would I tell their orders  
 To Man, if not presumptuous; guide, ye Powers,  
 My rising thoughts, and lead th' advent'rous Song.  
 Many and various are the Sons of light,  
 In order all, an<sup>4</sup> heavenly array  
 30 Revolving with the Spheres. An axis fix'd,  
 Immovable, sustains the central Earth;  
 And all around the starry travellers  
 In constant measures run their course celestial:  
 Two *Poles* its endings. From our regions hid,

<sup>1</sup> *his*] Ms 'this'.      <sup>2</sup> *arbery*] = 'Arbory'; 'arbour' or 'orchard'.

<sup>3</sup> Words illegible owing to overwriting.      <sup>4</sup> *an*] Ms 'and'.

- That*, inconspicuous; *this*, oppos'd to sight,  
 High o'er the Ocean; where the *Northern Bear*,  
 The lesser and the great, wheel round its point  
 In constant movement, equidistant plac'd,  
 Hence term'd the *Wane Celestial*, still oppos'd  
 40 Their heads and nether parts, in site supine  
 And contrary position. These of old,  
 If Fame speak true, were called by grateful *Jove*  
 From *Crete* to shine amidst the Hosts of Heav'n.  
 Sons of the Morning now: nor doom'd to range  
 The wastes *Dictean*; where, by *Ida's* Mount,  
 The infant God a whole revolving year  
 Lay in a cavern's inmost depth, secur'd  
 From the prophetic fury of his Sire.  
 This *Cynosyra* hight,<sup>o</sup> the fair though small; *was called*  
 50 That *Helice*. By *Helice* the Greeks  
 Mark out their dubious<sup>o</sup> course, and steer their vessels *uncertain*  
 Thro' the wide Ocean; while Phœnicians eye,  
 Fix'd at the helm, the course of *Cynosyra*.  
 What tho', with brighter ray and earlier shine,  
 First in the Van of Night, fair *Helice*  
 Appear conspicuous? What altho' she lead  
 Her starry train confess'd in num'rous pomp?<sup>1</sup>  
 The lesser Thou, but of more easy guidance  
 To the Sidonian pilot, who from far  
 60 Views thy safe course, and less ambiguous circuit.  
     'Twixt these, like some vast River's winding channel,  
 The *Dragon* twines, in spiry<sup>o</sup> volumes<sup>o</sup> roll'd, *spiral... coils*  
 Huge, horrid, vast! Above, and all amidst,  
 The Great and Lesser Bear, that led by Fate  
 For ever fly old Ocean's hated surface.  
 That with his tail he separates; and this  
 Half-circles in, with many a knotty<sup>o</sup> spire<sup>o</sup> *winding coil*  
 Revolving, till his eyes oppos'd to hers  
 Shine eminent; tho' downward she survey  
 70 His horrent<sup>2</sup> form, and backward speed her course,  
 So various are his terrors, and his crest  
 With various stars full horribly adorn'd:  
 His temples twain, and twain his livid eye,

<sup>1</sup> *Her starry... pomp*] Perhaps 'Her acknowledged train of stars in harmonious display'.

<sup>2</sup> *horrent*] 'Rough with bristling points or projections' (*OED*).

Illumine dreadful;° one his opening jaw, *fearfully*  
 That cave of death. See how he turns his head  
 And seems to menace *Helice's* retreat  
 Fast in the rear, there with his look oppos'd,  
 As with his tail he rolls above her head;  
 There where the growing and retiring day  
 80 Meet in a point.<sup>1</sup> Full o'er his horse's head  
 Appears an Human form, that seems engag'd  
 In some adventurous toil of hard attempt.  
 But what his labour, or his antient name,  
 Long since is lost: hence from his posture term'd  
 The *Kneeler*;<sup>2</sup> for in posture bent of labour  
 He strains, and rears his hands aloft in air  
 (A fathom's distance each), whilst with his foot  
 He seems to press the Dragon's ample head.  
 There is that *Crown*, which youthful *Bacchus* gave  
 90 Radiant to shine among the Signs of Heav'n,  
 Remembrance sad of dying *Ariadne*;  
 Behind the *Lab'ring Image* it revolves,  
 The *Crown* behind; but to his head oppos'd  
 The head of *Ophiuchus*: where he shines,  
 There *Ophiuchus* leads his starry train.  
 Of all his starry train the brightest far  
 Discriminate his shoulders, bright and large,  
 Such as to view the fair revolving Moon  
 In her full orb: not so his either hand,  
 100 Tho' either bright. In these, he strains a Serpent  
 In many a spire° involved; and with his feet *winding*  
 Presses a monster dreadful to behold,  
*Scorpius*; on *Scorpius'* eye and throat he stands,  
 Himself erect. Meantime the Serpent rolls  
 Between his hands; there on the right its tail  
 Still less'ning to a point, and in his left,  
 Its growing volumes, and enormous Head:  
 O'er these, the Gnoasian Crown; and these beneath  
 Inquire the Scorpion's Claws,<sup>3</sup> inminent<sup>4</sup>  
 110 Themselves, and of superior brightness shorn.  
 Behind the Heav'nly Wain, a form appears

<sup>1</sup> *There... point*] 'In the Meridian: the point between the Morning and afternoon' (authorial note).

<sup>2</sup> *The Kneeler*] 'Engonasi' (ms note).

<sup>3</sup> *these beneath... Claws*] 'Seek for the Scorpion's Claws [i.e. Libra] beneath these [i.e. the features of the Serpent].'

<sup>4</sup> *inminent*] The word is found in the period, though not recorded in *OED*.

That seems to drive it o'er th' æthereal plain:  
*Arctophylax*; by men, *Boötes* nam'd.  
 Num'rous his stars, and bright; but of them all  
 The brightest far, *Arcturus*, on his Zone° *belt*  
 Shines forth; and underneath his ample feet  
 See *Virgo*, with her shining blades of corn.  
 Go on, fair Progeny of *Astræus*,  
 Whom Fame gives down first Father of the Stars,  
 120 Or of whomever ancient Bards have sung,  
 Fair Progeny, go on. In days of yore,  
 She said, she sojourn'd on the Earth, and deign'd  
 Kind intercourse with Men, tho' Heav'nly born;  
 Oft in their councils, and in assemblies oft,  
 Herself would call the Ancients of the Tribes  
 To calm debate; and wheresoe'er they met,  
 Fair *Justice* sat amidst their seats, and bent  
 The elders' minds instructive to her lore.  
 Then war, and all its dire destructive arts,  
 130 Were things unknown; no tumult in their streets,  
 Nor suit litigious: all was Peace and Love.  
 Artless they liv'd, far from the Ocean shore,  
 An inland people of industrious make,° *constitution*  
 Nor ow'd they ought to winds and faithless seas  
 For blessings, better purchas'd by the plough.  
 Happy they liv'd: and venerable *Justice*  
 Shower'd down her choicest influence all around.  
 The Golden Ages these: but now the Age  
 Of Silver came; less frequent now the Goddess;  
 140 She solitary walk'd, and often mus'd  
 On the last race of Men, and better days.  
 Sometimes, but rarely, was she seen when ev'n  
 Brought on its dubious light; from woods and mountains  
 She came, then only; nor would then comply  
 With the refinements of the infant World.  
 But soon as in their cities, with a look  
 Severe that chid the vicious to repentance,  
 "No more", she cried, "no more, unworthy Men,  
 Shall you behold my face; oft shall you call  
 150 In vain, since thus resolv'd to be undone.  
 Your godlike fathers left a race behind them  
 How far beneath their worth? And yours will be  
 As much below yourselves, as they above you.

What wars do I behold? What clashing swords,  
 And streams of blood! This, this their lot from Fate,  
 For Vice will come, Misery must follow.”  
 She said, and left the crowd, who eye the Goddess  
 Still as she goes; then sigh, turn again,  
 And cast a wistful look to her retreats.

- 160 But when this race was finish'd, and a worse  
 Succeeded in their room—a vicious herd  
 Of creatures that first found the treach'rous sword,  
 And fed on blood, ev'n of the lab'ring ox—  
 Outrag'd at such impieties, to Heav'n  
 She wing'd her way. There fix'd among the Signs,  
 She shines nocturnal on the Sons of Men;  
 Now *Virgo* call'd, and plac'd beside *Boötes*,  
 Famously bright. On *Virgo's* farther wing  
 A Star appears, the *Messenger of Harvest*:  
 170 Such in its size immense, in brightness such  
 As that which with its light distinguishes  
 The tail of *Arctos*, sparkling bright  
 The Sign, and bright the Stars which show him forth.

### XGA03

Anon.: Simonides, Fr. 19 West. Bod. MS Eng. poet. d. 47, fols. 151<sup>r</sup>–153<sup>r</sup>

The mid-eighteenth-century date of the ms could almost be guessed purely from the writer's highly expansive, and rather flat-footedly moralizing, approach.

In Imitation of Simonides on Human Life

Nothing upon the World's great stage

Ever continues long,

As long ago the Chian sage

In numbers sweetly sung.

E'en men who o'er the earthly globe

Extend their mighty sway,

Dismantled of their haughty robe

Are Creatures of a Day.

One Generation come in view,

- 10 But lo! soon disappear;  
 The haughty and the humble Crew  
 Have no abiding here.

In Death the Wretch foresees his End,  
     The Period of his Pain;  
 The Mighty to the Earth descend,  
     A Lecture for the Vain.  
 Life's Circle thus by Mortals run,  
     Men run into Decay,  
 Like summer Verdure when the sun  
 20      His scorching Rays display.  
 The Foliage of the Oak may last  
     Perhaps the Autumn thro';  
 Nor dread the baleful wintry Blast  
     The Evergreens and Yew.  
 Fevers some kill with burning Heat,  
     With Cold whilst others die;  
 Both tend however to defeat  
     A long Mortality.  
 How many early in the year  
 30      With Leaves the Valley spread;  
 The very southern Gale they fear,  
     And seeming die with Dread.  
 Or late, or early do they fall,  
     Their Heirs the Springs supply,  
 The sprouting Buds succeed them all,  
     And these in Winter die.  
 Just so the fading Sons of Men  
     By Nature's Course decay;  
 But few see threescore years and ten,  
 40      And many but a Day.  
 Regardless still of coming Death,  
     Pleasure's their only Prize;  
 False Hope deludes them during Breath,  
     And blinds their mental Eyes.  
 Those thoughtless Wretches, blooming Heirs!  
     Scenes of low Pleasure plan,  
 Their Breath and Time, they think is theirs,  
     Tho' each a Mortal Man.  
 Their stately Domes with joy they see  
 50      Majestically rise;  
 Their spiring Turrets they decree,  
     All to salute the skies.

Pleas'd with the Meadow's verdant Hue,  
 Thro' Vistas long they rove,  
 And tho' confin'd, a charming view  
 Yields the sequester'd Grove.  
 A Virgin Heart one next explores,  
 A Nuptial Life to try,  
 He hugs his Chain,<sup>1</sup> and her adores  
 60 With wond'rous exstasy.  
 But whilst he thus his Homage pays  
 To one extremely vain,  
 Death at one Stroke *his* Pow'r displays,  
 And cuts the Bridal Chain.  
 One thing observe, deluded man:  
 The Date of Youth is short,  
 And threescore years are but a span,  
 The grave our sure Resort.  
 Fix then your mind upon the Grave,  
 70 As on the goal your Eye,  
 So then each Day you will behave  
 As living but to die.

## XGA04

From Anon.: *Batrachomyomachia* (=109–21, 161–92, 197–209). Bod. MS Rawl. poet. 127, fols 25<sup>v</sup>–39<sup>r</sup>

The complete translation of the *Batrachomyomachia* sampled here dates to the end of the seventeenth century. Its format is not a familiar one. The text is footnoted almost throughout with lines and part-lines from the Greek, keyed to English ones by small letters; as a sample of this technique, the quoted Greek is preserved at the end of the first of the three excerpts given here. But if in these lines the Greek is followed closely, the rest of the time it is not: interpolations, expansions, and riffs of various kinds predominate. This lively if rough-and-ready response incorporates song ("To the Tune of The Lady's fall", fol. 33<sup>v</sup>), burlesque, and obscenity, giving it a particular place within what became from 1700 a steadily growing list of English treatments of the *Batrachomyomachia*. English versions came from Samuel Parker (1700), Thomas Parnell (1717), Samuel Wesley (1726), Henry Price (1741; the author of OV05), Anon. (1795). Some are discussed in Braund 2011.

[*The mice resolve to avenge the death of Psicharpax.*]

*Troxarta*, big with fury, sprang from's place,<sup>a</sup>  
 And finding tears on *Lychomytle's* face

<sup>1</sup> *He...chain*] Proverbial, especially for the male marital situation.

- (Much fairer than the dawns of the morn,  
 The prop, and glory of her husband's horn),  
 Thus brake the stubborn ice—"My trusty Knights,  
 Whose never-rivall'd valour (seen in fights)  
 Have made your chivalry the nation's wonder,  
 And named you, you alone, the Sons of Thunder,  
 List to your aged Sire, whose hoary head  
 10 Is sinking low, and drooping for the dead:  
 But is th' unlucky mischief only mine?<sup>b</sup>  
 If our Sun sets, d'ye think that yours will shine?  
 These undeserving stratagems are bent<sup>c</sup>  
 Against us all, from mouth to fundament.  
 Thrice have the Fates depriv'd me of a son,<sup>d</sup>  
 And cut their threads ere they were fully spun.  
 The first fell victim to a cursed cat<sup>e</sup>  
 As he carousing at a banquet sat;  
 The next, who for a common freedom stood,<sup>f</sup>  
 20 Died a sad death in instrument of wood—  
 Th'unlucky'st shop that e'er was ope at night  
 (Invention of a brainsick Grishamite<sup>1</sup>),  
 Call'd Trap (belike an Ark upon the land)  
 And such a Trap, as all don't understand;  
 And now (Dad's darling, and the Mother's fool<sup>2</sup>)<sup>g</sup>  
 The third Son floats unbury'd in the pool.  
 These things are hatcht by the confounded Frog:  
 Let's chase him home, and moil<sup>o</sup> him in his bog. harrass  
 Arm, Hectors,<sup>3</sup> arm, and let each Soldier be  
 30 Well clad in buff, and guarded cap-à-pée."<sup>4</sup>

a. *Τρωξάρτης ἐπὶ παιδὶ χολούμενος*—

b. —εἰ καὶ μόνος ἐγὼ—

c. —ἡ πείρα κακὴ πάντεσσι τέτυκται

d. —τρεις παῖδας ὄλεσσα

e. *πρωτόν γε κατέκτανεν ἀρπάξασα—γαλέη*

f. *καινοτέραις τέχναϊς ξύλινον δόλον ἔξευρόντες*

g. *ὁ τρίτος ἦν ἀγαπητὸς ἐμοὶ καὶ μητέρι κεδνῆι*

<sup>1</sup> *Grishamite*] 'Virtuoso'; more specifically a Member of the Royal Society, London (Gresham College having been one of its early meeting places).

<sup>2</sup> *fool*] Used as a term of endearment.

<sup>3</sup> *Hectors*] Used in the seventeenth century, though often disparagingly, for soldiers and swashbucklers in general.

<sup>4</sup> *guarded cap-à-pée*] 'Protected from head to toe.'

[*The frogs march; the gods debate.*]

- The broad-leaf'd mallow girt the sturdy shank:  
 Boots, from the splay foot to the callow° flank;  
 Their brigandines° were beets, sticht up by art  
 (Sufficient musket-proof against a fart);  
 The knotty cabbage-leaf became a shield;  
 Hood for the camp, and armour for the field.  
 The greatest instruments, in time of need,  
 Were spears well-hammer'd from a piercing reed.  
 With periwinkle-shells each girt his head,  
 40 And kindly brought new tenants to the dead.  
 Thus in bright armour trussed, they press the shore;  
 Each shook his lance, and all began to roar.  
     The horrid shout rais'd cloud-dispersing *Jove*,  
 And made him peep from's starry seat above.  
 The Gods in council sit; to whom the Night  
 Declares the cause, and tells them of the fight,  
 Whilst vengeful warriors stood in battle wise  
 With shining lances, and more flaming eyes,  
 As when the Centaurs met the Giants' forces  
 50 Disputing which were stronger, Men or Horses?  
 Th' other Gods concern'd cried "Hem" and "Alas!"  
 But smiling Saturn's son clapt Nose to Pallas,  
 And thus bespake the Queen: "Dost know, my fair one,  
 Who'll shield the naked Frog, or Mouse with hair on,  
 Or shall we all sit still, and only stare on? }  
 Guard you the Mice (O Daughter) if thou'lt go;  
 The Mice who walk thy temples to and fro,  
 Filled with the fragments of thy sacrifice,  
 And cherish'd° by thy hallow'd cakes and pies." }  
 60 To whom (in troth) the Daughter thus reply'd:  
 "I'll see them flay'd from costly furs and hide  
 Ere I'll be patroness to such a crew,  
 Who to old injuries still add the new.  
 They crop my garlands, and suck up my oil,  
 Grown fat by sitting still whilst others toil.  
 And this, if nothing else, would move one's spleen;  
 But, that their malice may be farther seen,  
 They've ate my veil, and torn my scarfs<sup>1</sup> in sunder,

*hairless*  
*coats of mail*

*fostered*

<sup>1</sup> *scarfs*] In the Greek Pallas speaks of her sacred robe; 'scarf' is a word for the band of cloth hung either side of the neck of an officiating cleric (*OED* 2).

Which I made up for better use than plunder;  
 70 Which I my self with wearied fingers wrought,  
 And carefully to their perfection brought;  
 For which the tailor duns me every day  
 And asks me use<sup>o</sup> for what was first to pay; *interest*  
 For ('twixt us both) in short, to tell the worst,  
 The robes were only borrow'd stuff<sup>1</sup> at first.

And yet the Frogs as ill deserve my pains,  
 Whose guts are larger than their empty brains;  
 Whose horrid croakings, in and out of season,  
 Cry down all sense, but only muddy reason;  
 80 For when, with trophies loaden, I retreat,  
 They croak a dirge; but triumph when I'm beat."

[*The final battle is joined.*]

Thus the wise matron spoke. Then every God  
 Bow'd down his head, and gravely gave a nod,  
 And to a neigh'ring place they took their flight  
 To see the warriors, and to view their fight.  
 Straight sallied out two Heralds in their guise,  
 One from the Frogs, the other from the Mice;  
 This done, the Gnats began to sound their trump,  
 A fearful noise, like burning of the rump,  
 90 Which reacht the skies. *Jove* thunders out amain,  
 And (not ungrateful) resalutes the plain;  
 Now they fall hot to work, when lo! A knight  
 Of the first order, first began to fight;  
*Hypsiboas* (a loud-mouth'd varlet) struts,  
 And with one push runs through *Lichenor's* guts;  
*Lichenor*, who i'th' front undaunted stood,  
 Now sprawls below, and rolls himself in blood.  
 (Well, lay thee down, stout hero; better die  
 Than sneak and pine with pox, and infamy.)  
 100 This done, *Troglodytes* with direful wound  
 Struck *Pelion* down, and fixed him to the ground.  
 (Thus *Phoebus Python* wounding, in a trice  
 Whip't out his guts, and scratcht out both his eyes.)  
 Next stout *Scutlæus* with his squinting<sup>o</sup> art *oblique*  
 R(a)n poor *Embasichytrus* through the heart.  
 A mortal wound it was, and deep (ay, marry),

<sup>1</sup> *stuff*] OED, n.1.5a: 'material for making garments'.

An hill,<sup>o</sup> beyond the reach of t' pothecary;  
 Who, with his probing pipe in hand, cried out  
 "Thrust forth your bums, my lads, and arse about."

110 Thus went the silly mortal down the wind,<sup>1</sup>  
 And left his pride and lechery behind.

## XGA05

William Myers: Lucian, *Verae historiae* 1.30–1. BL MS Add. 19202, fol. 188<sup>r-v</sup>

William Myers (active 1758–1801) was Vicar of Walton, Suffolk, with antiquarian and collecting interests: he left behind on his death a large number of Roman coins. His ms poems are often social and occasional, but there are translations too, notably of epigrams by Martial and others. Dated items generally belong to the 1750s; the composition of the rest, including XGA05, may also have taken place in this decade.

Lucian's popularity in the Renaissance led to a number of English translations (discussion in Hosington 2009). The *Dialogues* were the usual focus of attention, but a sample of the *True History* had been first englished by Francis Hickee in 1634. Something of a tradition of versifying Lucian's prose can be discerned, perhaps most engagingly represented by Charles Cotton's *Burlesque upon Burlesque, or, The Scoffer Scoft* (1675). Lucian was also much admired and loved in the eighteenth century; on eighteenth-century versions see Pursglove and Williamson 2005: 299–302. But Myers's is freer and more imaginative than the printed translations.

... and now on a fair starlight Noon<sup>2</sup>  
 Our Ship launch'd off, and gently left the Moon;  
 So stoops the Sun to kiss his wat'ry Fair,  
 And with bright footsteps paint the ambient Air.  
 Boreas had lock'd his bullies in their Cave,  
 And Birds of calm brood o'er the wat'ry wave.  
 But ah! how treach'rous are the Smiles of Fate!  
 How slippery tread the bless'd and fortunate!  
 Twice the kind Sun had warm'd the cheerful Skies,  
 10 Nor does less bright the third black day arise.  
 All dreadful bright it rose, the Air was spread  
 Far, far around with ominous gloomy red.  
 Sad, hollow voices by the Pilot haste,  
 And one pale light glar'd o'er the trembling Mast.  
 When such dark bodings call'd for Aid divine,  
 We vow'd a Bull on Neptune's oozy shine:

<sup>1</sup> *down the wind*] Proverbial: 'to go down the wind' is to be unfortunate.

<sup>2</sup> *Noon*] Midnight ('the noon of night').

- The Fate was cross,<sup>o</sup> yet he so far did hear, *adverse*  
 We were no longer rack'd with doubtful fear.  
 For see!
- 20 Whole Herds of Whales make the white Ocean roar,  
 New Seas they spout, and drive new Seas before.  
 The Tide they brought had wash'd us far away,  
 But Leviathan's Charybdis made us stay.  
 He, like some tyrant Gudgeon, floated by  
 Amidst the little Minnows' trembling Fry:  
 Like Lacquer, by with finny feet they ran,  
 Lean Poets all the rest, he some fat Alderman.  
 And when the vast Abyss around him curl'd,  
 They receiv'd but Mountains, he alone a World.
- 30 We took his Latitude<sup>o</sup> when sailing in: *breadth*  
 Full fifteen hundred leagues from fin to fin.  
 His dreadful Jaws, for our destruction bent,  
 Had teeth each larger than the Monument,<sup>1</sup>  
 And sharp as needles near in Crooked Lane,<sup>2</sup>  
 Set on some Diamond Island of the Main:  
 And now there's not so much as room for Pray'r,  
 The last sad refuge of the Mariner.  
 These, "Oh! my wife!"—These, "O my children!" cry,  
 Then all shake hands, and drink, and bid goodbye.
- 40 Here, had we been with such provision stor'd,  
 We should have thrown some hogsheads overboard:  
 But here, tho' we had robb'd the Moon and Sun,  
 An hundred Deloses<sup>3</sup> had hardly done.  
 The Monster gapes, unfinish'd shrieks begin,  
 We sink! we sink! His whirlpool rolls us in!  
 Oceans are after Oceans on us hurl'd,  
 We shoot the gulf,<sup>4</sup> and down we sail to view the Underworld.

<sup>1</sup> *Monument*] The Roman Doric column at the northern end of London Bridge, more formally known as the Monument to the Great Fire of London. It is still the tallest isolated stone column in the world.

<sup>2</sup> *Crooked Lane*] This lane near London Bridge was known for the manufacture of fish hooks and needles.

<sup>3</sup> *Deloses*] Delos, a great commercial port controlled by Athens, was well known for the import of wine by the end of the second century BC.

<sup>4</sup> *shoot the gulf*] A gulf is an abyss or a whirlpool. 'To shoot the gulf' was a set phrase often used figuratively, but here Leviathan has just been described as the centre of a whirlpool.

# 3

## Horace (XHO)

### XHO01

John Burn(?): Ode 1.3. Bod. MS Top. Lond. e. 9, pp. 27–9

This version was copied down in 1722 by John Burn, the owner of the ms book, who may or may not have been the translator. For Burn, and another item from this source, see HO26.

Occasion'd by a friend's Voyage to Barbados

1

May Venus glitter o'er the deep,  
And all the stars with lustre shine;  
May all the winds their caverns keep,  
But those that favour thy design.

2

Do thou, dear ship! that dost contain  
My friend, my better half or more,  
Fly safely o'er the dangerous main,  
And land him on his wish'd for shore:

3

His heart wan't of the common mould,  
10 Where brittle<sup>o</sup> bark the deep first tried, *fragile*  
Who could undauntedly behold  
The waves, and raging seas defied.

4

No rocks with forky lightning split  
His daring soul and mind could move,  
Nor winds to which the waves submit,  
Nor dangers threat'ned from above.

## 5

Death in no form could touch his heart,  
 Whose steadfast soul and greedy<sup>1</sup> eyes  
 Impiously view'd without a smart<sup>o</sup> *pang*  
 20 The monsters of the low abyss.

## 6

In vain does providence ordain  
 The wat'ry region to divide,  
 When sacrilegious ships profane  
 Those sacred bounds, and dare the tide.

## 7

Rashly at all mankind will run  
 His most presumptuous ends to gain;  
 And all Prometheuses will turn,<sup>o</sup> *become*  
 And scorn the danger and the pain.

## 8

Troops of diseases did surround  
 30 Prometheus and his wretched band;  
 They shot their keenest darts, and found  
 A more<sup>o</sup> compendious<sup>o</sup> way to man. *faster*

## 9

With impious wings a second<sup>2</sup> flies  
 Above his fellow man to dwell,  
 A third<sup>3</sup> more impiously defies  
 The strongest gates of gloomy Hell.

## 10

What will not daring man assail?  
 E'en Jove we fools would fain dethrone:  
 Wicked we our fates bewail,  
 40 And urge<sup>o</sup> him not to lay his thunder down. *prompt*

## XHO02

Anon.: Ode 1.5. Folger MS Y.d.24/9A(102)

Its author must be supposed to have sent this translation for publication in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, among the papers of which the ms survives. It is possible the editor—one or other

<sup>1</sup> *greedy*] So ms.

<sup>2</sup> *a second*] Dedalus.

<sup>3</sup> *A third*] Hercules.

member of the Nichols family dynasty, depending on precise date—felt that Ode 1.5 was too shopworn a poem for a new translation, but familiarity was no barrier to publication in this organ (for some statistics on the translations of Horatian odes it published see Sherbo 1979: 12). It may be rather that this particular version was felt risqué ('stark naked', line 4), or strayed beyond the boundaries of good taste into what is plainly personal insult (admittedly often supposed one of the impulses behind Horace's original). It is undated; the handwriting and other features are consistent with styles of the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

What dapper youth on sofa now  
     Thee, Mary Anne, embraces?  
 To whose enraptur'd sight dost thou  
     Stark naked show thy graces?  
 How oft will he, who while you swore,  
     Believ'd that truth was in you,<sup>1</sup>  
 Bewail the falsehood of his w—re  
     Like me, a fresh-caught ninny!  
 Who, bedded with his *darling dear*,  
 10      Enjoys a world of pleasure,  
 And fondly thinks no rival near  
     To touch his darling's treasure!  
 Each votive wall in chalk will tell  
     Reform in all my notions,  
 The print-shops prove I've bid farewell  
     To *darling* and *promotions*.<sup>2</sup>

### XHO03

William Jordan: Ode 1.14. Folger MS V.a.276.1, fol. 7<sup>r</sup>

William Jordan, who is known to have been a schoolmaster of Denbigh or Caernarvon, does not routinely sign the verse he collects in his ms; he seems to claim this imitation as his own by doing so. It is a very loose one, and he has not completed it fully: as well as autograph corrections it contains awkward phrasing, uncertain rhymes, and a lacuna. Jordan's royalist politics are plain from other items in this ms. Date: c.1680 (see Manuscript Sources).

#### Horace Ode XIV Lib. 1 Applied to England

O England, wouldst thou fain again repeat  
 Thy civil broils? Thou canst not yet forget

<sup>1</sup> *you*] The rhyme works best if this is pronounced 'ye.'

<sup>2</sup> *promotions*] 'Preferments' (jocularly).

- The bloody issues of your former jars.<sup>o</sup> *quarrels*  
 Thy blood was vainly spilt in civil wars,  
 The stain still deep; good Caesar's overthrow  
 Calls still for vengeance, and to let you know  
 'Tis no good policy<sup>1</sup> to kill the King,  
 Such after-judgements on your heads to bring.  
 Consider what you do, how ill you act,  
 10 Whilst petty differences you distract;  
 Consult your own peace now, before the foe  
 Makes you conform, whether you will or no.  
 Where are the Ossorys,<sup>2</sup> the Spraggs,<sup>3</sup> the men of fear?  
 Don't you of harden'd soldiers see how bare you are?  
 How the main mast is forc'd to buckle with { }  
 Impetuous Rome's far worse than Meyrick's<sup>4</sup> breath.  
 Your premier senators in fear do breathe  
 Of being brought to an untimely death.  
 And all this from without: pray now begin  
 20 To quench those dreadful flames which lurk within.  
 Let discord cease: the kingdom cannot stand  
 If you fall out; strangers will seize your land.  
 'Tis plain (if your home breailles<sup>o</sup> you compose<sup>o</sup>) *broils...settle*  
 How little you need fear the foreign foes.  
 Our unanimity would make our nation;  
 Make Rome asham'd of transubstantiation.  
 The colours they are torn, nor, if you search,  
 Can you find out a text that bids you march  
 And fight against the king your sovereign lord,  
 30 And into your own hands usurp the sword  
 Of God's anointed. You know well: 'tis said,  
 Touch not the King. Much less cut off his head;  
 They who against his sacred person thus conspire,  
 What God can they expect to answer their desire?  
 It may be, you may say, we've oaks enow,  
 But what if they are hollow-hearted too?  
 'Tis not your outward show, your quiv'ring lips,

<sup>1</sup> *policy*] Perhaps 'statecraft' (*OED* 5b).

<sup>2</sup> *Ossorys*] Thomas Butler, sixth earl of Ossory (1634–1680), was a friend and confidant of both Charles II and the Duke of York, and a military hero. His death on 30 July 1680, not long before this imitation was composed, precipitated an outpouring of popular grief.

<sup>3</sup> *Spraggs*] Sir Edward Spragge (c.1629–1673) was a dashing and slightly disreputable naval officer, prominent like Ossory in narratives of the Four Days' Battle, 1–4 June 1666.

<sup>4</sup> *Meyrick's*] Sir John Meyrick (c.1600–1659), a prominent Parliamentarian general, came from Pembrokeshire, so that Welsh connections may be in play in Jordan's insult.

That makes you faint, no more than they make ships.  
 Nor should you vaunt your antient pedigrees:  
 40 Would that secure you from the raging seas?  
 Be wise, and be not refractory longer,  
 Conformity confirms, and makes you stronger.  
 Whilst you sail with diverse winds, in time you'll find  
 Your fellows become a laughing stock t'th' mind.<sup>1</sup>  
 We wish you well, and fain would have you shun  
 Those dang'rous Cyclades with which you run.

#### XHO04

Anthony Hammond(?): Ode 1.24. Bod. MS Rawl. D. 174, fols 101–2

Anthony Hammond (1668–1738), not certainly the author of this translation (see Manuscript Sources), commenced a career as a poet in the early 1690s alongside friends such as Congreve, Southerne, and Wycherley. He printed some works anonymously, later claiming them in a miscellany of 1720. He seems largely to have given up these activities after he became a Member of Parliament in 1695.

The twenty-line Horatian ode that lies behind this composition is, as its author writes, only a 'pattern' or model here. This pushes it beyond the usual limits of 'imitation' (another term its author uses, in his heading). He is nonetheless adamant (see note to title) that his composition aptly reflects the underlying dialogic structure of the Horatian poem. Perhaps its category is really what Carne-Ross and Haynes (1996: 477) call 'Poems that would not have been written were it not for Horace'.

#### Horace Lib: 1 Ode 24 Imitated

On the Death of my most honoured Uncle Will: Hammond Esq<sup>2</sup>

Virg: Begone, thou Stoic, and on no pretence  
 Venture again with such impertinence  
 To cloy my ear. Tell me, my friend, no more  
 Of patience, comfort, and th' naus'ous store  
 Of empty words you lately dar'd to use,  
 Words only fram'd to baffle, or abuse  
 Dull, stupid mortals, but shall ne'er control  
 The flowing sorrow of my clearer Soul.  
 With such a pious folly men thought to ease

<sup>1</sup> *mind*] Ms 'wind'; speculative correction.

<sup>2</sup> At the end of this text (fol. 102<sup>v</sup>) the translator provides the following note: 'It will appear very plain to any one that shall with care read over this Ode of Horace which I set as my pattern, that the author design'd it for a dialogue, by way of an Elegy on their deceased friend, between Virgil the divine poet and himself. Their ingenious melancholy [sic] parley begins and breaks off as I have noted.'

- 10 The darken'd Moon from its labouring disease  
 By flaming torches, and the various noise  
 Of jarring kettles, mixt with howling boys;<sup>1</sup>  
 As you now strive to stop my boundless grief  
 Which ne'er shall find such womanish relief;  
 For as (a) torrent<sup>o</sup> scorns not to obey  
 Its proper banks, but humbly glides away  
 Till, swell'd by storm showers, it roaring flows,  
 And bears down all things which its rage oppose:  
 So now no bounds, no measure, shall confine
- 20 A grief so just, so well deserv'd as mine.  
 To tears and sighs, myself I recommend  
 To weep the fall of my lamented friend.  
 Now, O Melpomene, thou best-lov'd Muse,  
 In me such sad prevailing thoughts infuse,  
 Which by strong sympathy may work on all,  
 And make my sorrow epidemical;  
 Adorèd Goddess, you can best inspire  
 All the dull world with such a grateful fire,  
 To whom, with charming lute, Apollo's given
- 30 A sweet, tho' mournful voice, and worthy heaven.  
 Ah! That you would adorn his sacred hearse  
 With ever-blooming cypress, ever-living verse.  
 Ah! That I could eternally remain  
 A lasting monument to his deserving fame;  
 Like weeping Niobe I would be soon,  
 By flowing tides of tears, congeal'd to stone.  
 How can a dismal and eternal sleep  
 In chains, and dark recess, Martillo keep?  
 Must greedy death no meaner trophies have,  
 Nor sharp disease less sacrifices crave?
- 40 Prepare yourself with tears, and hear me tell  
 How good, how just, how temperate he fell;  
 He wisely saw the vanity of it all:  
 The fantastic shadow, which we greatness call;  
 He saw that men by int'rest friendship rate,  
 That earthly pleasures were adulterate.  
 These things he weigh'd, and quickly did retreat  
 To what was truly good, from what was falsely great.

*mountain stream*

<sup>1</sup> *noise... boys*] Eclipses of the moon were in ancient Rome thought due to the incantations of witches, which could be prevented from being heard by making noise. *Kettles... boys*: 'kettledrums...hautboys'.

- His breast seem'd learning's mansion° seat,<sup>o</sup> *dwelling place*  
 50 Where she from noisy schools and scholars did retreat.  
 Oh, that he could with's dying breath commend  
 The mighty treasure to some longing friend!  
 True piety, now only known by name  
 (Like the pure Vestal Virgin's flame)  
 Was always shining in his heart, both free  
 From superstition and hypocrisy.  
 In's words and actions, something did appear,  
 Which always pleasing was, tho' yet severe.  
 His gravity won all with charming grace  
 60 Like female beauty in a manly face.  
 But hold, my Muse, and strive not to rehearse  
 Things far beyond the power of feeble verse.  
 Hor: How great a grief and horror seiz'd on all,  
 Struck with the news of his surprising fall.  
 The great, the good, in crowds did throng to pay  
 Their eyes' sad tribute on that dismal day;  
 Yet none of those than you, my friend, did come  
 With more true grief to his bewail'd tomb.
- Tho' you the mystic influence could tell  
 70 Of the strong charms which in blest music dwell,  
 Tho' you with Orpheus savage brutes could please,  
 And charm the wond'ring, listening trees,  
 Yet death more deaf, more cruel, will remain  
 Relentless to the sound of your enchanting strain.  
 Virg: That's hard. Hor: 'Tis true, but yet a pressing weight  
 Of trouble borne with patience is not great:  
 In vain the captive deer does foaming strive,  
 In vain beyond the fatal date would live;  
 'Tis wiser far to bend to stubborn fate,  
 80 Than by reluctancy new griefs create.

## XHO05

Anon.: Ode 2.9. Brotherton MS Lt 52, fols 101<sup>v</sup>–102<sup>r</sup>

The allusion to Marlborough's victories (line 21) dates this composition to the early eighteenth century. Most of the Horatian translations/imitations in the ms are explicitly directed to members of the translator's (or less likely translators') circle, sometimes under stock names (like Strephon, as here), sometimes using real names. The individuals mentioned in lines 13–16 seem real enough, though the corresponding Latin lines refer to Trojan War heroes.

The 9<sup>th</sup> ode of the 2nd B: of Horace Imitated

No Fields incessant Rain deforms,  
 No Seas are vex'd with endless Storms,  
 No Climes to lasting Ice confin'd,  
 No Forest feels perpetual Wind.  
 No Trees are still<sup>o</sup> depriv'd of leaves; *constantly*  
 Nothing, but Strephon, always grieves.

You weep, with never-ceasing Moan,  
 Tuneful Amyntas, dead and gone;  
 For him unwearied Complaints you vent,  
 10 And Night and Day his loss lament.  
 The Stars can testify your Woe;  
 You make the Sun a witness too.

Not grief for Philips long prevail'd,  
 Not Herbert long his Kingsmill wail'd;  
 Now wondrous Tempest none deplore,  
 And Reynold's self's now mourn'd no more.  
 From girlish Sorrow take the Reins,  
 And turn another way thy Strains.  
 Rise to the mighty Anna's<sup>1</sup> praise:  
 20 Her Arms are worthy of thy Lays,  
 And the vast Deeds by Marlbro' done,  
 Lines forc'd, Towns taken, Kingdoms won,  
 And humbled Lewis,<sup>2</sup> once so high,  
 Whose Troops now only fall or fly.

## XHO06

Anon.: Ode 3.18. BL MS Harley 7316, fol. 205<sup>r</sup>

No clues are available to help identify the author of this translation, squashed onto a scrap of paper pasted in as if an afterthought as the last item in a generally far more lavish, professionally prepared, ms. The rest of the items belong to the early decades of the eighteenth century, a date probably applying to this one too.

<sup>1</sup> *mighty Anna's*] Queen Anne was rarely awarded this epithet, but this disyllabic version of her name was regularly employed for metrical purposes.

<sup>2</sup> *vast Deeds... humbled Lewis*] Marlborough's famous victories as leader of the allied armies against Louis XIV in 1704–9 consolidated Britain's emergence as a power of the first rank.

## Horace O. 18. L. 3. To Faunus.

Faunus, pursuer of the flying lass,  
 O'er my green fields and meadows gently pass,  
 And leave with tender care my sucking lambs  
 That with soft bleating mourn their absent dams.  
 If e'er the blood of tender kiddings slain  
 Did your old sacred altars yearly stain;  
 If ne'er brisk wine, enliv'ner of the soul,  
 Was wanting to the love-inspiring bowl;  
 Yearly permit the flocks, in harmless play,  
 10 Upon the flow'ry meads to pass the day.  
 Let the glad villagers and maids resort  
 To fill the verdant plain with various sport.  
 His flocks the shepherd shall forbear to keep,  
 The wolf now grazing harmless with the sheep,  
 While the glad peasants merrily advance  
 To show their nimbleness, and lead the dance.

## XHO07

Anon.: Ode 4.9, 34–52. BL MS Harley 3910, fol. 98<sup>r</sup>

For other Horatian translations in this ms see HO13, headnote. Date: 1620s?

Car: Lib: 4: Ode: 9. In fine.

Thou, in things of every kind,  
 Hast a prudent, knowing mind;  
 Not declin'd by either fate<sup>1</sup>  
 From her right and settled state;  
 But from all men's lodestone, gold,  
 Scourging greedy fraud, can hold.<sup>2</sup>  
 Consul 'tis, not for one year,  
 But as often, as her<sup>3</sup> clear  
 Judgement hath esteemèd more  
 10 Honesty, than professèd<sup>o</sup> store,<sup>o</sup> *avowed abundance(?)*  
 And with mind and looks erected,<sup>o</sup> *exalted*  
 Hath the nocents<sup>o</sup> gifts rejected, *guilty ones'*  
 And, through bribes in tempting swarms,

<sup>1</sup> *Not...fate*] 'Not turned aside by better or worse fate.'

<sup>2</sup> *But...hold*] The compressed construction is: 'But [a mind which] can keep [itself] from all men's lodestone, gold, [while] scourging greedy fraud.'

<sup>3</sup> *her*] I.e. the mind's.

Victor, brought her honest arms.  
 Nor the much-possessing wight<sup>o</sup> *creature*  
 Canst thou happy call, by right:  
 He that name by right may choose  
 Who God's gifts doth wisely use,  
 And is skilled to bear sharp need,<sup>o</sup> *poverty*  
 20 And doth fear a wicked deed  
 Worse than death, which he'll embrace  
 In his friend's or country's case.<sup>o</sup> *cause*

## XHO08

William Ainsworth: *Carmen Seculare*. Bod. MS Rawl. poet. 104, fols 60<sup>r</sup>–61<sup>v</sup>

For Ainsworth see HO04. Date: 1622–7. This is apparently the first *Carmen Seculare* in English: it was not included in the Horatian selections by John Ashmore of 1621 or Thomas Hawkins of 1625. For a further unprinted translation see HO39.

Phoebus, and woods' Empress Diane,  
 Lightest<sup>o</sup> lamps in spangled sky, *brightest*  
 Always fear'd, and ever honour'd,  
 Grant us that for which we cry:  
     Fail not, grant for what we pray,  
     Supreme powers, this holy day.

Wherein volumes Sybilline  
 Will that youths, and virgins chaste  
 Praise the Gods in sweet sonettos  
 10 Which on Rome their loves have cast:  
     Which have blest this 'bove all towns  
     Plac'd on seven mountains' crowns.

Sol, that with thy chariot steeds  
 Passes th' orb from morn to night,  
 Seeming still to be another,  
 Though thou dost not change thy light:  
     Would to God thou couldst but sing  
     Rome of all's the greatest thing.

Fostering Diane! That bring'st aid  
 20 To chaste matrons that are hurl'd  
 In the child bed to bring forth  
 Tender babes unto the world:

If thy name thou dost agree,  
Luna, or Lucina be.

Let brave Rome through thee increase,  
Further thou the court's decree  
To enact throughout the city  
Marriages for aye to be.

Urge the Senate to this thing,  
30 That so Rome may daily spring.° *extend*

Thrice a day we thee beseech,  
Thrice a night we humbly pray,  
Through the course of every age  
Secular songs still sing we may.  
O you fates the event that know,  
Singing, Rome's for aye, be't so.

Be th' earth rich with fruit and cattle,  
Let the corn bring forth its ear.  
Let the wholesome streams, and air  
40 Bring up younglings everywhere.  
Dartless Phoebus, youngsters hear,  
Luna, lend to maids thine ear.

If Rome be a work of yours,  
And the Trojans here did land,  
Charg'd to leave their wasted Troy,  
Led by your protecting hand,  
By Æneas through the flame,  
Not indanger'd by the same,

By him solac'd, sur'd° of more *assured*  
50 Than they in the town forsook,  
Promis'd far more worthy treasures  
Than the ruthless Grecian took:  
Teach, I pray, our young men best,  
Give the aged men their rest.

Give the stock of Romulus  
Riches, issue, empires, grace.  
Let Anchises' progeny  
Of their foe take victor's place;  
And when th' enemy bows to ground  
60 Let the patience° then be found. *indulgence*

The Medes greatly are afraid  
Of Rome's fierce controlling hand;

The Scythians slavishly expect  
 Straight from Rome some strict command.

And so th' Indians. Oh now see  
 Faith, peace, honours, majesty.

Ancient virtue, and behaviour  
 Reassume their place in peace,  
 And of every pleasing thing

70 Cornucopia<sup>o</sup> doth increase. *abundance*  
 Nothing's wanting that may please,  
 All things they possess with ease.

And if bow-grac'd Phoebus, whom  
 All the Muses do embrace,  
 That can cure diseasèd bodies  
 With his salve in any case,<sup>o</sup>

*condition*

Look on Rome and Italy,  
 And bless both t' eternity,

And, if sacred Diane please

80 T'hear those fifteen men's one voice,  
 Which ordain'd these secular plays,  
 And attend whiles youths rejoice:  
 Then, good news I will bring home,  
 Then, I'll comfort happy Rome.

I that wholly give my self  
 To sound ever Phoebus' praise,  
 I that dedicate my self  
 All the remnant of my days,

90 To set on the wings of fame  
 Great Diana's blessed name.

### XHO09

Anon.: Satire 1.1. Yale MS Osborn Poetry Box I/115(2) (excerpted at HO40)

The translation's heading supplies two things: a claimed methodology and a *terminus a quo*. Richard Bentley's Horace was first printed in 1711. Because the edition became standard, with reprintings almost throughout the eighteenth century, this translation could have been composed quite some years later. Whatever its exact date, the stated aim of 'literal' translation lends this attempt particular historical interest, because such an ambition attracted few, especially by the eighteenth century (see Love 1981).

The ambition towards the literal does not seem the sole cause of awkwardness in syntax and expression. The ms may contain more transcription errors than have been corrected here.

## Horace Lib. 1st Satire 1st

Literally translated after Dr Bentley('s) edition

- Whence<sup>1</sup> comes it, none is with their lot content  
 His reason chuses, or his chance has sent,  
 But give to opposite pursuit the praise?  
 “Happy the merchant’s life”, the veteran says,  
 Loaden with years, and broke with toils of war;  
 Again the merchant does the camp prefer  
 While on the rocks his ship by winds is cast;  
 The battle joins, and not an hour is past  
 But comes quick death, or victory with joy.
- 10 The counsel, learnèd in the law’s employ,  
 When th’ early client thunders at his gate,  
 With envy praises the good farmer’s state,  
 While he from out of country ra(c)’d to town,  
 Bound for his friend: “Cry happy they alone  
 Who here reside!”—and numberless such more,  
 Would tire the talker, Fabius, to run o’er.
- Without more preface, hear what I propose.  
 Descended from on high, some god, suppose,  
 Cries “Take your wills”—“a Soldier you but now,  
 20 A Merchant be”—“you, Lawyer, to the plough”:  
 And each change sides. Ha! Whence this sudden rest?  
 See, now ’tis in their power, they won’t be blest.  
 What reason now that angry Jove should spare  
 To puff them from the earth, nor ever bear  
 Henceforth to lend their vows another ear?
- Yet by my laugh think not I jest, of course,  
 Tho’ sure a laughter may the truth enforce,  
 As gentle tutors cure th’ unwilling youth,  
 Sweet’ning with cakes their learning to their tooth.
- 30 We’ll drop the joke, however—to the grave.  
 They that with ploughs the heavy furrows heave,  
 The soldier, and that knave, my honest host,  
 The sailor bold that runs from coast to coast,  
 All with one mind their various labours bear:  
 That when of wealth they’ve gain’d a decent share,  
 Each may his age in private leisure wear.<sup>o</sup>
- Pattern of labour great, the little ant,

*pass*<sup>1</sup> *Whence*] Ms ‘When.’

Conscious, not careless of her future want,  
 Thus by degrees is heaping more and more,  
 40 And with her mouth still builds her growing store.  
 She, when Aquarius sours th' inverted year,  
 Wisely at home knows her provided fare  
 To use unseen; but thee, not summer's heat,  
 Nor winter's storms can from thy lucre beat.  
 Nor fire, nor sword, nor seas are in thy way,  
 Nor, while one richer lives, thy purpose stay.  
 Where is the pleasure, fearfully, by stealth,  
 To sink in earth thy Golden mass of wealth?  
 "A sum once broke soon dwindles to an as"<sup>1</sup>—  
 50 Unbroke what use, what pleasure in the mass?  
 An hundred thousand measures yields thy floor,<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet than poor Horace canst thou eat no more.

Thus 'mongst thy brother-slaves, tho' bent with care,  
 Happy the dole<sup>o</sup> of bread thy shoulders bear;  
 He that bore none shall have an equal share.

} allowance

Or say, what differs it, whether the man  
 Who rules his life by frugal nature's plan  
 A thousand or an hundred acres tills—  
 "But from the heap to take with pleasure fills!"  
 60 Yet while from little can as much be spar'd,  
 Why are your barns to our poor bins prefer'd?  
 As if you want of water for your use  
 A cup or pitcher-full, and cry you choose  
 From the main river's bed your wants to bring,  
 Than<sup>3</sup> the same measure from this little spring:  
 Hence 'tis, who reach at more beyond their stay,<sup>o</sup>  
 Justly are made the greedy river's prey,  
 And with the crumbling banks are wash'd away.  
 But he who seeks but nature's<sup>4</sup> little needs,  
 70 Nor draws his beverage thick with weeds,<sup>5</sup>  
 Nor of his Life is by the stream bereav'd.

} support

But most men think, by a false lust deceiv'd,  
 Nothing enough; you're lov'd as you're in ease.  
 What shall we say to these? E'en let them pass

<sup>1</sup> *as*] The Roman coin of low value.

<sup>2</sup> *measures... floor*] The measures are of corn, and the floor is a threshing floor.

<sup>3</sup> *Than*] I.e. 'rather than'. <sup>4</sup> *nature's*] Ms 'nation's'.

<sup>5</sup> *Nor... weeds*] In reference to the fast-flowing water of 'the main river's bed' (line 64).

For voluntary wretches,<sup>1</sup> while they hold  
 In that mad strain; like him of Athens told° *described as*  
 Sordid° and rich, who us'd in this strange mood *miserly*  
 To scorn the voices of the multitude:  
 “Abroad the people kiss me; but at home  
 80 With self-applause I hug my hoarded sum.”  
 Tantalus still catches at the flying stream  
 In vain—Why do you laugh? Change but the name,  
 The story's told of you: your bags you heap  
 Around you, gaping as you sleep;  
 Nor dar'st thou use ('twere sacrilege t'employ),  
 Nor canst thou but as pictures them enjoy.  
 Know'st thou no use of money, no design°? } *purpose*  
 Bread, herbs, 'twill buy, or a whole pint of wine,  
 Beside what nature cannot want and not repine. }  
 90 By day, by night to watch,° with fear half-dead,  
 Fire, robbers, and thy very slaves to dread,  
 Lest plund'ring thee they fly—if this be ease,  
 May I live destitute of goods like these!  
 “But if, by watching in the cold and wind,  
 Or other chance, you're to your bed confin'd,  
 You've those who near you sit, your dose prepare;  
 To raise you soon will beg the doctor's care,  
 And give your sons and kindred dear new life”—  
 Thy sons no more would save thee than thy wife:  
 100 No acquaintance<sup>2</sup> hast thou, neighbour nor friend,  
 But hates thee; e'en the boys at the street end.  
 And can you, who to wealth the world postpone,° *subordinate*  
 Wonder none pays that love you pay to none?  
 To keep with kindness, and in friendship save  
 The kindred that spontaneous nature gave:  
 Is this<sup>3</sup> lost pains, as 'twere upon the plain  
 To teach the stubborn ass t'obey the rein.  
 Now thou hast more, fear poverty the less;  
 An(d) 'gin to end your toil, now you your wish possess.  
 110 Else dread Ummidius' fate (the tale's but short):  
 So rich, he measur'd out his golden dirt,  
 So sordid,° he dress'd worse than any slave, *mean*

<sup>1</sup> *voluntary wretches*] 'Willingly miserable creatures.'

<sup>2</sup> *No acquaintance*] Ms 'acquaintance'. 'No' supplied for both sense and metrical completeness.

<sup>3</sup> *Is this*] I.e. 'This is.'

- And fear'd to starve, with one foot in his grave:  
 But with an axe, a slave just then set free  
 Him<sup>1</sup> cleft in twain, another Clytemnestra she!  
 "What wouldst thou have me do? Like Nævius live,  
 And Nomentanus? How dost thou contrive  
 'Twixt things so opposite the peace to make?"  
 I bad thee leave the miser, not the rake  
 120 And madman to assume—is there no mean  
 Visellius' Dad, and Tanais between?  
 In all things there's a medium, a fix(t) bound,  
 Within which, or beyond, truth is not found.  
 But I return whence I set out—will none,  
 No miser, to himself make himself known,  
 But still some opposite pursuit prefer?  
 Still pine, whene'er his neighbour's herds appear  
 With udders more distent? Nor once compare  
 Himself to th' poorer, far the greater herd?<sup>2</sup>  
 130 Still toil to him, and him, to be preferr'd?  
 And thus forever, as he hastens on,  
 Some richer wretch remains to be outdone.  
 So when the chariots start with swift career,  
 Still presses on at<sup>3</sup> first the charioteer,  
 And leaves with scorn the slugs<sup>o</sup> that close the rear. } *sluggards*  
 Hence 'tis we rarely find a man can say  
 He has been<sup>4</sup> blessed; or at his close of Day  
 He from life's feast goes satisfied away.  
 There—I'll not add a word more, lest you ask  
 140 If your blear<sup>o</sup> bard has robb'd Crispinus<sup>5</sup> desk. } *bleary-eyed*

## XHO10

John Joynes: Epistle 1.5. Bod. MS Ashmole 788, fol. 152<sup>r-v</sup>

This imitation is found in 'Philipp Kynders book' (see Manuscript Sources) copied out in his hand. It is endorsed 'J,J', expanded elsewhere in MS Ashmole 788 to 'J. Joynes'. Joynes, we may infer, was a member of 'judicious Kynder's' (line 44) circle. William Paske (line 42) was Vicar of Melbourne, Derbyshire, 1647–70. Donnington (line 6), or Donington, is in Lincolnshire, and the only seventeenth-century 'J. Joynes' known to the *Clergy of the Church of England Database* is

<sup>1</sup> *Him*] Ms 'He'.      <sup>2</sup> *far...herd*] 'By far the greater mass of people.'

<sup>3</sup> *at*] Ms 'the'.      <sup>4</sup> *has been*] Ms 'has'.

<sup>5</sup> *Crispinus*] Crispinus is said to have been a writer of verse and an *aretalogus*, one who prated of virtue.

John Joynes *d.*1673, whose clerical career was spent in that county. Joynes was ordained as a priest in 1638 (CCed Person ID 98111). Among immediately following items in the ms is an epistle signed by Kynder with the date 1656 attached—a date thus falling centrally within Joynes' life.

The imitation is a straightforward enough example of the use of a Horatian model to dignify everyday social intercourse, even if the early substitution of ale for wine may appear to hint at parody. While we may seem a long way from the rich seriousness of a poem like Ben Jonson's Martialian *Inviting a Friend to Supper*, Joynes's choice of this Horatian epistle will reflect, however directly or indirectly, its previous accommodation to the English language. Moul (2010: 62) argues that Joynes and his circle 'perceive an Horatian register as aspirational partly because of its connection with Jonson and *his* circle in the previous generation'. An accompanying Latin text in the ms is keyed to the translation by marginal numbers. For more on the relationship to Jonsonian Horatianism see Moul 2010: 59–62, who offers a diplomatic transcription.

To S:B. an Invitation to a Cup of Ale

- If thou canst brook poor stools, a homely room,  
 And table whereon carpet<sup>o</sup> ne'er did come, *tablecloth*  
 Then meet us at the house thou know'st so well,  
 Where the old widow rich ale us'd to sell,  
 By the park gate which peasants wont<sup>1</sup> to pass  
 From Donnington to Bradford's preaching place.<sup>2</sup>  
 Ale of fit age thee waits there, which was brew'd  
 When Cinthia, now in wane, her horns renew'd.  
 I that have paid for't hope it will be ale  
 10 To French or Spanish juice<sup>o</sup> scorning to vail.<sup>o</sup> *wine... submit*  
 If you accept place and condition, say:  
 Tomorrow after dinner is the day.  
 Think not of being rich too soon; this age  
 Few priests will purchase<sup>o</sup> on a parsonage.<sup>o</sup> *prosper... parson's living*  
 Nor vex thy troubled thoughts for what to say  
 On the next fasting or thanksgiving day.  
 Plain truth or sense to speak is no safe case;  
 To betray both to humour time's as base.  
 Defraud not then thy genius: the use  
 20 Of nature's gifts, or fortune's, to refuse,  
 Is folly. Madness to spare<sup>o</sup> to th' end: *hoard up*  
 When we are dead, posterity may spend.  
 'Fore I'll be accessory to the bane  
 Of my contentment, let churls think me vain.

<sup>1</sup> *wont*] 'Were wont' would be more usual, but *OED* records an exactly contemporary example of a similar usage (v.1b, cit. 1652).

<sup>2</sup> *Bradford's preaching place*] Not the town of Bradford, but the location where a friend called Bradford (line 44) was the 'preacher' (i.e. incumbent?).

- Than a free cup there's nothing has upon  
 Nature a nobler operation:  
 To burd'nous<sup>o</sup> secrets it a portal opes, *burdensome*  
 And into high assurance strikes faint hopes;  
 Disburdens souls from grief, and does dispense  
 30 Both valour, riches, art, and eloquence.  
 For other circumstances these beside,  
 I am your careful servant, to provide  
 That all be cleanly, nothing of offence  
 To nose, or eye, or other tender sense.  
 Room sweep't, clean napkin, cup, and to convey  
 Your Indian smoke—tunnels<sup>o</sup> of purest clay. *pipes*  
 Friends, too, that if in freedom you things speak  
 That the state's peace constructively<sup>1</sup> may break,  
 Shall carry nothing<sup>2</sup> o'er the threshold when  
 40 We part. There will be stout and honest Ben,  
 And Robin, that has seen manners and men.  
 And Melborn's Siren,<sup>3</sup> Pask, whose pulpit art  
 Charms everything that has a head, or heart;  
 Judicious Kynder, honest Bradford too,  
 Unless some wench or widow be to woo;  
 There will be place and drink for more. All these  
 May bring their shadows<sup>4</sup> with them if they please:  
 But crowds are hateful; if too many come,  
 Makes a confusèd noise, and fulsome room.  
 50 Say (o)f the men and number, please, and say  
 Whether we may expect you on the day.  
 Then, stealing by the back ways, cheat the eyes  
 Of your malicious prying parish spies.

## XHO11

William Havard: Epistle 1.5. Folger MS N.a.2, fols 4<sup>r</sup>, 5<sup>r</sup>, 6<sup>r</sup>

For Havard see EP25. This imitation of Horace Epistle 1.5 joins a long list of predecessors, some of which no doubt originally did service as real invitations: as well as XHO10, see, in *NRECT*,

<sup>1</sup> *constructively*] I.e. 'by construction,' 'by the way it is construed' (*OED* 2a, first recorded 1678).

<sup>2</sup> *Friends... nothing*] I.e. the host will provide 'friends, too, that... shall carry nothing' away that was too freely spoken.

<sup>3</sup> *Melborn's Siren*] Evidently Paske (see headnote) is a charmer, but males are seldom if ever called 'Sirens'. Melbourne is still a village, and parish, in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

<sup>4</sup> *shadows*] 'One that constantly accompanies or follows another' (*OED* 8).

HO43–HO44. It is one of the first pieces in Havard's ms book; nearby material belongs to the mid-1750s.

If Bordeaux Claret can invite,  
 And Salmon hit your Appetite;  
 If you can poorly<sup>o</sup> deign to eat  
 On Linen coarse, tho' clean, your Meat,  
 And sup in Pewter, not in Plate,  
 At six, good Johnny, I'll attend  
 The coming of my dearest Friend.

} *humbly*

If you have any better cheer,  
 With friendly Freedom send it here;  
 10 If not (hang Ceremony) come,  
 And share what I have here at home.

The Table-cloth's already spread,  
 The Wine is ready, white and red;  
 Throw Homer, dress'd in all his Pride,  
 And stately Seneca aside;  
 Philosophy a while suspend,  
 To Plato's Morals put an end.  
 Let Virgil too, with careless Hand,  
 Be plac'd upon his wooden Stand;  
 20 There let him unregarded lie,  
 Nor for twelve hours approach your Eye.  
 At my request, nor read nor write,  
 But come and make one jolly Night.  
 We'll seize what Providence may give:  
 Why were we born, if not to live?  
 And how can we our Lives enjoy,  
 If we our time should mis-employ  
 In reading Books, and dully thinking,  
 When we can spend it better drinking?

30 How great thy Pow'r, rejoicing Wine!  
 Thou of all Juices most divine!  
 Thou mak'st the fearful Coward brave;  
 Fill'd up with thee, the Poor perceive  
 No Want, no griping<sup>o</sup> Penury,  
 But are replete with Mirth, and thee;  
 Thy pleasing Fumes inspiring rise,  
 And make the Politician wise.

*pinching*

No Marble, Jack, you'll here behold,  
 No Silver, nor the burnish'd Gold;

40 But ev'rything that you shall meet,  
 Tho' mean, shall be both clean and neat.  
 And, that there may be no offence  
 In company, I pray dispense  
 With C— and with N— too,  
 Both Friends to me, and both to you.  
 Still for some others there is room;  
 Let S—d, if not busy, come,  
 And courtly G—, if he can rise  
 From Beauty's Pow'r, and magic Eyes.

50 Too much Mirth becomes a Toil,  
 Too much Talk will Converse° spoil;  
 Then prithee mind th' appointed Hour,  
 And hasten through the Postern° Door°  
 to W— H—

*intercourse*

*private entrance*

# 4

## Juvenal (XJU)

### XJU01

Anon.: Satire 6. Bod. MS Rawl. poet. 195, fols 136<sup>r</sup>–153<sup>v</sup> (excerpted at JU01)

Nothing is known of the author of this imitation except from internal evidence, which is scant. He addresses an acquaintance about to be married: ‘Tony’ (line 60). He is very familiar with the contemporary London stage, though he does not sound like an insider. Many allusions to London life and contemporary social practices point towards a date of composition very near to 1700. One literary context is Robert Gould’s scandalously misogynistic (and popular) poem *Love Given Oer: Or, a Satyr against the Pride, Lust, and Inconstancy of Woman*, 1683, partly based on Juvenal 6 while giving the topoi a Restoration application, and initiating two decades of rejoinders and counter-attacks (see Nussbaum 1984: 26–42). Within the wider history of Juvenalian imitation, the closest predecessor is Henry Higden, whose versions of S13 (1686) and S10 (1687) are the only precedents for the use of octosyllabics. But although their effect is often close to burlesque, Higden’s work is positively restrained in comparison with this Satire 6.

Various English translations and imitations (with transpositions to contemporary life) of Satire 6 were printed, though seldom as stand-alone items, in the decades around 1700 (for translations and imitations of S6 printed 1647–1807 see Nussbaum 1984: 77–93). These show varying degrees of expansion on Juvenal’s 661 lines. Dryden’s version of 1693 is some 800 lines long, as compared to an off-the-scale 1,457 lines in the case of the extraordinary exhibit below. Here, the additions represent variations, intensifications, exaggerations, even flights of fancy, but in spirit they are not necessarily alien interpolations, and they are the main reason why this version of Juvenal 6, ‘teeming with contemporary life,’ has the capacity ‘to make Dryden’s Juvenal seem too buttoned up’ (Gillespie 2014: 42). Despite keeping one foot in ancient Rome, this is a satire that addresses an audience (perhaps a coterie audience) of the minute, and it can seem almost over-concerned with the here and now. When transposing from ancient to modern worlds it steps itself in the evanescences of fashion, of social practice, of language. If it is classifiable as an imitation at all—so extreme is the expansiveness—perhaps it is by virtue of making us imagine a Juvenal who was fascinated by just the same things.

The Sixth Satire of Juvenal made English

Perhaps dull Chastity remained  
I’t’h’ infant world while Saturn reign’d;  
When household Gods, beasts, man and woman,

- Liv'd by one fire, tenants in common,  
 And, in one cold cave's gloomy shelter,  
 Shuffl'd and pigg'd in,<sup>1</sup> helter-skelter.  
 Rushes and moss compos'd their bed,  
 Which skins of comrade beast o'erspread,  
 Wherewith the mountain wife did cover
- 10 Her savage lord, and only lover;  
 Not, like fair *Cynthia's*<sup>2</sup> bright alcove,  
 The guilty scenes of naughty love;  
 Nor hers who did her sparrow prize  
 More than her bright, victorious eyes,  
 Whose tears condol'd his obsequies.<sup>3</sup> }  
 Large infants on their mothers laugh'd,  
 While from swoln breasts they nectar quaff'd;  
 More hideous visage had Queen *Blouse*<sup>4</sup>  
 Than her grim, acorn-belching spouse.
- 20 For while the Earth and Sky were new,  
 Long, temperate life no sickness knew;  
 From yawning trunks of trees men broke,  
 Sound as their teeming parent oak;  
 Or of red clay were formed, and made  
 Without the clubbing sex's aid.<sup>5</sup>  
 The Silver Age perhaps might trace  
 Some footsteps of decaying Grace—  
 Relics of modesty among  
 Mortals—but 'twas when Jove was young,
- 30 Ere lewd example of their King  
 Did *Cuckoldom* in fashion bring,  
 Or the perfidious *Greeks* were bred  
 To swear by some lov'd noble head.  
 None rapine fear'd, or rais'd dispute  
 For roots, wild herbs, or common fruit;  
 No wrangling, or lawsuits, could be  
 Till cunning hedg'd in property.<sup>6</sup>  
 Then, as the world more wicked grew,

<sup>1</sup> *Shuffl'd... in*] Both of these pointedly colloquial verbs imply huddling together in a disorderly way; the second can additionally imply unclean conditions.

<sup>2</sup> *Cynthia's*] 'Cynthia the fine and beautiful mistress of Propertius the Poet' (ms note).

<sup>3</sup> *Nor hers... obsequies*] 'Hers meaning Lesbia the mistress of Catullus the Poet who to humour her wrote an Elegy to condole the death of her Sparrow' (ms note).

<sup>4</sup> *Queen Blouse*] A joke name. A 'blowze' is 'a ruddy fat-faced wench' (Johnson).

<sup>5</sup> *Without... aid*] 'Without aid from the (normally) combining ['clubbing'] female sex.'

<sup>6</sup> *hedg'd in property*] 'Confined property'; 'restricted property to individual use or ownership'.

- Justice and Chastity withdrew,  
 40 Seeking more suitable abodes,  
 Which they scarce found amongst the Gods.  
     Since when, we readily may construe,<sup>1</sup>  
 A *Cuckold* has been thought no monster;  
 'Tis judged no sin, or very venial,  
 T'affront the marriage-guardian genial.  
 None wonder if they women find  
 At first sight coming, free and kind,  
 To chaplain, steward, groom, or stranger  
 That pamper'd lay, at rack and manger,<sup>2</sup>  
 50 To comfort poor neglected beauty,  
 Supplying husband's want of duty.  
 For then, th' intriguing art was new,  
 A mystery reveal'd to few;  
 But straight, in th' Iron Age, all sin  
 Broke like a mighty deluge in:  
 None passed for spark accomplisht, then,  
 But ravish'd,<sup>o</sup> or had kill'd his man; *practised rape*  
 And she was deemed a slighted maid  
 That had not jigg'd<sup>3</sup> in masquerade.  
 60 Yet thou, incorrigible *Tony*,  
 Design'st, in this age, *Matrimony*;  
 And, more thy mistress to enamour,  
 Art rigg'd<sup>o</sup> by quaint<sup>o</sup> *valet de chamber*. *kitted out . . . crafty*  
 Perhaps thou'st given thy word, or ring,  
 Broke gold,<sup>4</sup> or some such trifling thing?  
 Desist, or else disclaim pretence  
 To the least glimmering of sense;  
 Nothing but furies, or the Devil,  
 Can tempt to such apparent evil.  
 70 Who'd bear the marriage slavery,  
 When friendly hemp would set thee free—  
 Which kind dispatch, the wise should choose  
 Before the ling'ring wedlock noose?  
 That garret window hints relief:

<sup>1</sup> *construe*] 'Deduce'; pronounced 'conster'.

<sup>2</sup> *rack and manger*] 'To live at rack and manger' is to live on the best at another's expense.

<sup>3</sup> *jigg'd*] 'Danced', but a bawdy implication cannot be far away.

<sup>4</sup> *Broke gold*] A broken piece of gold was a love-token which, once presented, could be construed as an undertaking to marry. Compare Farquhar, *The Inconstant*: 'my business should be to break gold with my lover one hour, and crack my promise the next'.

- A running jump will cure your grief.  
 Vault from the bridge, bestride the Thames,  
 Plunge there, and cool thy scorching flames.  
 If none of these proposals please ye,  
 Sleep with your page, and so live easy.
- 80 Though the boy's pain buys your delight,  
 He in no quarrels spends the night,  
 Like Miss, whom settlements appease,  
 And dearly sells a short-liv'd peace.  
 The boy, unlike designing punks,<sup>o</sup> *prostitutes*  
 Begs but new liveries, and trunks,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor for benevolence complains  
 Like her, though your complaisance strains,  
 While, proudly, she commands what posture  
 You shall caress in, and accost her,
- 90 Still grumbling, though thy melting<sup>o</sup> back, *sweating*  
 To please insatiate humour, crack.  
 Like Egypt's old tyrannic law,  
 Exact they brick, yet give no straw.<sup>2</sup>  
 You hug<sup>o</sup> yourself, when laws severe *congratulate*  
 Ruin the wild adulterer,  
 Whose flaming sword does, angel-wise,  
 Guard your strait gate to Paradise.  
 By cuckold juries fines are high set,  
*Quia consortium amisit*<sup>3</sup>—
- 100 While they extravagantly raise  
 The damage,<sup>o</sup> being a brother's case; *damages*  
 This buoys up hopes, against despair,  
 To breed thy true-got son and heir,  
 The image of thy shape and face,  
 And fruit of wedlock's chaste embrace.  
 This mars the plot of fools, that wait,  
 With flatt'ring hopes, to heir<sup>o</sup> thy state: *inherit*  
 No more will thy *Vulpone*<sup>4</sup> court  
 With presents choice, of every sort;

<sup>1</sup> *trunks*] 'Trunk-hose'. See *OED* cit. 1652: 'There are Pages in trunks that ride behind the coches.'

<sup>2</sup> *Exact... straw*] In Exodus 5, the enslaved Israelites' enforced labour is made harder when Pharaoh orders that they gather their own straw for brick-making.

<sup>3</sup> *Quia... amisit*] 'A terme in law expressing the reason why the wrong'd husband should recover damage having lost the comfort of his wife's fellowship' (ms note).

<sup>4</sup> *Vulpone*] Volpone, in Ben Jonson's 1606 play to which a marginal note in the ms alludes at this point, pretends to be on his deathbed in order to dupe three men who aspire to inherit his fortune into bringing him extravagant gifts.

- 110 Ransack stalls, shops, and market-places  
 For fish and fowl, to win good graces,  
 While many a cod's head, and choice mullet,  
 Glides down the whirlpool of his gullet.  
 While with vain hopes you subtly milk 'em,  
 Laughing with secret Joy to bilk° 'em, *deceive*  
 What can we doubt may come to pass  
 When the old stallion proves an ass,  
 And tamely gives his freeborn fetlock<sup>1</sup>  
 Up, to be fetter'd in strict wedlock?
- 120 If most notorious *Horner*<sup>2</sup> now  
 To the unpractis'd° yoke shall bow, *unaccustomed*  
 And noble freedom fondly quit  
 To champ on matrimonial bit—  
 Whom oft (as in old Simkin's jest)<sup>3</sup>  
 False wives from husband hid in chest—  
 Yet thou that mad'st of sin a trade,  
 Flatter'st thyself to wed a maid  
 Spotless, as in the world's beginning,  
 Ere it found out the sweet° of sinning; *delight*
- 130 And dream'st, within thy wedding sheet,  
 One most unlike thy self to meet,  
 Presuming thy tame, loving fool<sup>4</sup>  
 Will live (as thou ne'er didst) by rule.  
 This must be madness, frenzy plain!  
 Physicians, tap his middle vein!<sup>5</sup>  
 If such indulgence shall be shown  
 By partial Heav'n to thee alone,  
 To crown thy wish, with such a dame  
 That never felt a wanton flame,
- 140 So modest, so averse to lust,  
 No man her conduct could distrust—  
 If fate design thee such a prize,  
 Adore, give thanks, and sacrifice;  
 Indulge thy Genius ev'ry way,  
 Revel, triumph, keep holiday.

<sup>1</sup> *freeborn fetlock*] Ms 'Sheborne fetlock'; speculative emendation. 'Fetlock' could be applied at least jocularly to humans as well as horses; compare Butler, *Hudibras*, 2.1.648–50: 'this uneasy loop-ho'ld jail, | In which ye are hamper'd by the fetlock, | Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock'.

<sup>2</sup> *Horner*] In Wycherley's play *The Country Wife* (1675) the unattached Horner devotes himself to seducing as many women (and cuckolding as many men) as he can.

<sup>3</sup> *Simkin's jest*] 'An old droll wherein the wife hides her friend from her husband in a chest' (ms note).

<sup>4</sup> *fool*] Used as a term of endearment. <sup>5</sup> *middle vein*] 'The median vein of the forearm' (*OED*).

- Think'st thou one back, though ne'er so tough,  
 Is for such drudgery enough?  
 As well hope that one limb, or eye,  
 Can town-bred longing satisfy.
- 150 But gossip Fame has loudly bruited  
 Some country lass, highly reputed,  
 For chastity and beauty rare,  
 Bred under gammer,<sup>o</sup> mother's care; *grandmother*  
 But would she in a country town  
 Unguarded keep up her renown,  
 As in the unfrequented fields  
 Which no deluding courtship yields?  
 Besides, who knows but lech'rous knaves  
 May ambuscade<sup>o</sup> in woods, and caves. *ambush*
- 160 Nor Jove, nor Mars, are so bereft  
 By age, but they've a colt's tooth<sup>1</sup> left.  
 Is there, in all the Mall,<sup>2</sup> one face  
 Merits, in thy esteem, a place?  
 See'st thou in gallery, box, or pit,<sup>3</sup>  
 One beauty free from censure sit  
 (Be she grave, frolic,<sup>o</sup> or demure) *merry*  
 Whose love thou canst for life insure,  
 And her fixed inclination warrant  
 That she ne'er prove a lady errant?
- 170 The lewd *dancer*, or obscener *clown*,  
 Transports the girl just come to town,  
 Who, with the bawdy scene grown madder,  
 Laughs loud, and can't contain her bladder.  
 Lewd gestures make th' experienced lasses  
 Melt, as in amorous embraces.  
 Each smutty jest, till the droll<sup>o</sup> ends, *farce*  
 The country wench with heed attends;  
 And, by the clown's feign'd toy,<sup>4</sup> does guess  
 What 'tis her longing would possess.
- 180 Others, while the dead Long Vacation  
 Causes from stage-playing a cessation—  
 While, in the empty theatre,

<sup>1</sup> *colt's tooth*] 'An old fellow who marries, or keeps a young girl, is said to have a colt's tooth in his head' (*Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, 1796).

<sup>2</sup> *Mall*] Pall Mall was a fashionable place to be seen taking the air in the London of c.1700.

<sup>3</sup> *pit*] Not the orchestra pit, but the floor of a theatre as used by spectators.

<sup>4</sup> *feign'd toy*] I.e. codpiece.

The hollow claps of doors you hear,  
 Sadly the tedious weeks they pass  
 From Trinity to Michaelmas.<sup>1</sup>  
 With joy they actors' habits° dandle,<sup>o</sup> *costumes fondle*  
 And crooks of tuneful shepherd handle;  
 Of gaudy shapes peruse each odd piece,  
 And with dry° lechery grope in codpiece; *fruitless*

190 A fond delight these wantons take  
 To kiss the case for hautboy's sake.<sup>2</sup>  
 The farce ridiculous moves laughter,  
 Inchanting the frail city daughter:  
 The fondling° dearly buys delight *fool*  
 Of lewd comedian for a night.  
 Some spare no art, expense, or charms,  
 T'allure tragedians to their arms;  
 These dames of all conditions prize,  
 From slend'rest waist to grossest size,

200 Doting on the false hero's mien  
 While he struts in the painted scene;  
 Their strong deluded fancy dreams  
 He is that worthy which he seems.  
 To wise and sober men, they're known  
 A strong aversion still to own:  
 Rarely we see a female heart  
 Is won by worth, or true desert.  
 Go marry, be by her beguild  
 On whom some rascal gets thy child;

210 With pomp and state adorn thy house,  
 Thither conduct thy goodly spouse.  
 All sorts of jollity prepare  
 To welcome newborn son and heir,  
 Whose features make the wise conjecture  
 He's the true son of thy wife's Hector;<sup>3</sup>  
 No matter whom the brats displease,  
 If their lord's hemm'd in with four Seas.<sup>4</sup>  
 A great lord's wife (the Devil splay° her) *spay*

<sup>1</sup> *Trinity to Michaelmas*] 'From July to October.' In the English legal year, Trinity Term runs from June to July, and Michaelmas Term begins in October.

<sup>2</sup> *kiss... hautboy's sake*] 'Hautboy' was an established bawdy euphemism. *Case*: 'container.'

<sup>3</sup> *Hector*] 'A swaggering fellow; a swash-buckler; a braggart, blusterer, bully' (*OED*).

<sup>4</sup> *four Seas*] A marginal note explains: 'The law fixes the Child upon the husband if within the four British Seas.'

Did run her country with a player,<sup>1</sup>  
 220 And for a safe retreat did scour<sup>o</sup> *haste*  
 To Egypt with her paramour,  
 Where rankest crimes bring no dishonour.  
 Yet that vile race cried shame upon her;  
 On this strange pair of pilgrims gaz'd,  
 With Rome's debauchery amaz'd.  
 Prodigious punk,<sup>o</sup> elop'd from home *prostitute*  
 With such a vagabond to roam,  
 Abandoning both house and lord  
 With joys her country could afford,  
 230 Deaf to her helpless infant's tears,  
 Unmov'd with friend's, and sister's, pray'rs,  
 Nay, what will most amazement raise?  
 The fam'd, lov'd actor's park,<sup>2</sup> and plays,  
 Slighted, and left. And though at first  
 With care she tenderly was nurs'd,  
 In cradles of soft down repos'd,  
 Which golden fringe and lace inclos'd,  
 Despist the risk of dangerous seas,  
 As she had shipwreck'd fame with ease.<sup>3</sup>  
 240 For such slight loss they're least concern'd  
 Who in Court arts are deepest learn'd;  
 Through several seas with courage press'd,  
 Bore dangers with undaunted breast,  
 And with a dreadless mind outbraves  
 The *Tyrrhene* and *Ionian* waves.  
 If a *just* reason should present<sup>o</sup> *present itself*  
 To plough that boist'rous element,  
 Their spirits fail, and, in a trice,  
 Their heart and veins congeal to ice.  
 250 Their feet, disabled with their fear,  
 Won't their pale, breathless bodies bear;  
 But neither danger, nor fatigues,  
 Can check their course in lewd intrigues:  
 A soft girl, that for nonsense whines,  
 Debauch'd, out-acts fierce heroines.

<sup>1</sup> *A great . . . player*] 'A Roman Senator's wife ran her Country with a sword player' (ms note). This marks the start of Juvenal's rehearsal of the exploits of Eppia (82ff.), whose lover was, however, not an actor but a gladiator.

<sup>2</sup> *park*] The London park (perhaps St James's) where he was wont to promenade.

<sup>3</sup> *As she . . . ease*] 'Just as [or because] she had so unconcernedly ruined her reputation.'

If honour, safety, or her lord  
 Require, 'tis death to go on board.  
 Th' approaching danger makes her shrink:  
 Chok'd with the pump's<sup>1</sup> most noisome stink,  
 260 Her brains swim round with the vertigo;  
 When she who sails with fav'rite pegoe° *prick*  
 Is stomach-proof, and cheerful, too,  
 Though she'd on her loath'd husband spew.  
 Rambles from stem to stern, and eats  
 With rugged sailors, her messmates;  
 Is brisk, and of her own accord  
 Sets hand to haul the tack on board.  
 What beauty, shape, or youthful charms  
 Could thus allure her to his arms?  
 270 What could she see in her gallant  
 That could so pow'rfully inchant?  
 To lead a lewd, abandoned life,  
 Be nicknam'd a loose stroller's° wife? *strolling player's*  
 Though he his age declining sees,  
 And from old maids hoped writ of ease,<sup>2</sup>  
 Besides the batter'd bully's° knocks, *gallant's*  
 Fleer'd and blotted ore<sup>3</sup> with pox,  
 To which he owes the fall of's nose,  
 And a sharp rheum which always flows  
 280 From either eye, then what could take?  
 She loves him for the stage's sake:  
 That quality alone, with her,  
 Could him to all the world prefer;  
 'Twas, *Action, Action*,<sup>4</sup> made her dote  
 On a slim shape and tinsel coat.  
 With real honour glutted, she  
 Fondly took up with pageantry;  
 Had he been from the stage cashier'd,  
 Vile as her lord he had appear'd.  
 290 My Muse justly disdains to tell  
 What private families befell;  
 Her flights should famous pranks record—  
 How the salt° Empress jilts her lord, *lecherous*

<sup>1</sup> *pump's*] Presumably the ship's bilge-pump.

<sup>2</sup> *from old... ease*] 'Hoped to be accorded the right to suffer no more from old wounds' (a 'writ of ease' was a specific kind of writ).

<sup>3</sup> *Fleer'd... ore*] 'Facially distorted and disfigured'.

<sup>4</sup> *Action*] 'Dramatic performance; acting' (*OED* 17).

- Claudius*, Rome's mighty Emperor,  
 And rival of the Gods in power,  
 Whose consort, like advent'rous punk,<sup>o</sup> *prostitute*  
 From sleeping, henpeck'd cully<sup>o</sup> shrunk; *simpleton*  
 Left dull, inactive bed and court,  
 And, bolting through blind sallyport,<sup>1</sup>  
 300 With veil and hoods muffled from sight,  
 Rambled<sup>2</sup> with confidante by night.  
 A yellow tower<sup>o</sup> with art was set *tall wig*  
 To hide her locks of shining jet;  
 Into the bawdy<sup>o</sup> cell<sup>o</sup> she thrust, *prostitute's chamber*  
 With fresh repeated acts of lust.  
 Reeking and rank, her dainty docks<sup>o</sup> *buttocks*  
 Squats on warm pallet, stuff'd with flocks,<sup>o</sup> *wool refuse*  
 Patch'd like a beggar's old surtout,<sup>o</sup> *overcoat*  
 Longing for vig'rous hansell<sup>o</sup> bout. *inaugural*  
 310 Like courtesan, with bosom bare,  
 At brothel door exposed her ware,  
 And, counterfeiting a known strumpet,  
 T'all tilters does defiance trumpet.  
 Welcomes her gamesters in with joy  
 (And a behaviour nothing coy),  
 And, though impatient for th' encounter,  
 Asks hackney's<sup>o</sup> hire<sup>o</sup> before they mount her. *prostitute's fee*  
 That belly, rutting rascals jumbled<sup>o</sup> *screwed*  
 Where first the noble *Brittan*<sup>3</sup> tumbled;  
 320 And when the cock-bawd<sup>4</sup> kindly beat  
 To's female warriors a retreat,  
 When, pleas'd with music of tap-too,<sup>o</sup> *tattoo*  
 The hirelings to their quarters go,  
 She slowly does obedience yield  
 When, with regret, she leaves the field  
 After long loit'ring and demurring,  
 Still hoping to find something stirring.  
 Her nobler courage makes her scorn  
 To budge before the last man's borne,  
 330 Yet quits her post when needs she must,  
 Raging with wildfire of her lust.

<sup>1</sup> *blind sallyport*] Aperture in fortifications used for making a sally, *blind* meaning 'obscure' or 'secret'.

<sup>2</sup> *Rambled*] As elsewhere in this text, the verb has connotations of searching for sexual adventure.

<sup>3</sup> *noble Brittan*] 'Her gallant son Britannicus' (ms note).

<sup>4</sup> *cock-bawd*] 'A male keeper of a bawdy-house' (*Blackguardiana: or, a Dictionary*, ?1793).

- Though she with double int'rest paid  
 Stiff thrusts her eager champion made,  
 With flames unquenchable she burns;  
 Tir'd, yet unsatisfied, returns,  
 Steals into the imperial sheets  
 With marks of caterwauling<sup>1</sup> feats,  
 Sullied with smoke of lamps and links,<sup>o</sup> *torches*  
 Rank with perfumes of brothel stinks.
- 340 If bilk'd<sup>o</sup> or baulk'd<sup>o</sup> in love, the jilters *eluded... hindered*  
 Brew love-cups, charms, and am'rous philtres;  
 But if oppos'd in headstrong course,  
 Act horrid crimes without remorse: }  
 Stab, poison, kill, with open force. }  
 All to their lust they'll sacrifice:  
 Sons, brother, father, husband, dies;  
 A slip of lechery, or so,  
 In them's a peccadillio;<sup>2</sup>  
 Let staid behaviour none deceive;  
 350 They're just as wise as that gives leave.  
 The whole sex you unjustly blame  
 'Cause some, perhaps, may merit shame?  
*Lucinda's* by her husband grac'd,  
 Cry'd up, and vouch'd as Vestal chaste;  
 Think'st thou he praises her for nought?  
 Her thousands that opinion bought;  
 Nor Venus' quiver, nor love's dart,  
 Or flaming flambeaux, fir'd his heart,  
 But 'twas by stars predestinate  
 360 To fall in love with her estate.  
 From her possessions flew the arrow  
 That pierc'd through all his bones and marrow,  
 And made him barter, for her riches,  
 His inclinations with the breeches.<sup>3</sup>  
 Her freedom's settled by indentures;  
 On all intrigues she safely ventures:  
 When a wretch marries an estate,  
 His wife lives sole and separate.  
 In his tame presence she'll not boggle<sup>o</sup> *scruple*

<sup>1</sup> *caterwauling*] *OED* v.3: 'To be in heat; to be lecherous.'

<sup>2</sup> *peccadillio*] The extra syllable is unattested in *OED*.

<sup>3</sup> *with... breeches*] I.e. she now wears the trousers. 'Breeches' is pronounced 'britches'.

- 370 At meals, church, park, or play to ogle,  
 Wink, smile, squeeze hands, kiss; not refuse  
 To read or answer billets-doux.<sup>1</sup>  
 What makes Sir Smellsmock,<sup>2</sup> that rank goat,  
 On his fair, buxom<sup>o</sup> wife to doat? *comely*  
 Her as his eyes he does not prize;<sup>3</sup>  
 Her blooming beauty charms his eyes.  
 Let her be but a while enjoyed,  
 Till's<sup>4</sup> sensual appetite be cloy'd:  
 The honeymoon in her brisk<sup>5</sup> lover
- 380 A jaded husband will discover.  
 If the smallpox rough-cast her brows,<sup>o</sup> *countenance*  
 Or time her face with furrows ploughs;  
 If her teeth lose primitive<sup>o</sup> whiteness, *original*  
 And waning eyes their dallying brightness,  
 The burly steward thunders straight:  
 "March off—we won't your leisure wait.  
 Pack up your pipes<sup>o</sup> quick, and be gone: *stores*  
 You are a very<sup>o</sup> nuisance grown." *true*  
 Our stomachs mutiny with hate,
- 390 And disemboque<sup>o</sup> you through the gate; *drive out*  
 You're now unfit for love's delights,  
 Your snout distilling loathsome whites.<sup>6</sup>  
 Avaunt, resign the bed and place  
 To a dry, young, fair, handsome face.  
 But while her eyes shine bright and quick,  
 She holds him fast as in cleft stick.  
 While, uncontroll'd, his tyrant reigns,  
 Leading her captive lord in chains,  
 Buys useless toys, at any cost,
- 400 To show her will shall rule the rostr;<sup>o</sup> *roost*  
 Builds palaces, but will not fix;<sup>o</sup> *settle*  
 Rich coaches, costly sets with six;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *billets-doux*] Ms 'billet-deux'. The term is first reported by *OED* (with the current spelling) in plays of the 1670s and 1680s.

<sup>2</sup> *Sir Smellsmock*] 'Sir Jeffrey Smellsmock' is a comic name in Thomas Shadwell's play *The Miser* (1672). A 'smell-smock' is 'a licentious man' (*OED*).

<sup>3</sup> *Her as...prize*] Some copying error seems to affect this line, leading to the awkward repetition and unclear drift.

<sup>4</sup> *Till's*] This type of contraction (= 'Till his') is common in this imitation. It was an allowable expedient for metrical purposes, but this author does not mind his overuse of it looking lazy or casual.

<sup>5</sup> *brisk*] 'Active, lively' (*OED* 1); as elsewhere in this text, with suggestions of sexual appetite.

<sup>6</sup> *snout...whites*] 'Genitals...mucus'. <sup>7</sup> *sets...six*] 'Sets of six horses'.

- Surveys her stables fill'd with racers,  
 Hunters, pads, amblers, and pacers;  
 Where'er she visits, what she sees  
 Must straight be bought, or match'd, to please;  
 Or, if some toy,<sup>o</sup> or maggot,<sup>o</sup> bite, *caprice ... whim*  
 The yacht<sup>1</sup> and crew must sail this night.  
 Her will admits of no delay,  
 410 Though ice and snow block up the way:  
 To sea they must, though tempest roar,  
 To shun a rougher storm on shore.  
 For monkeys, china, or a stand,  
 Chest, glass,<sup>o</sup> or escritore japann'd, *mirror*  
 To France dispatch with expedition,  
 For garniture of last edition.<sup>2</sup>  
 Couriers ride post to foreign court  
 For sparkling gems of largest sort—  
 The diamond fam'd of *Berenice*,  
 420 Whose finger much inhanc'd the price—  
 Where Jewish kings, in synagogues,  
 Pass Sabbath barefoot, without brogues;<sup>o</sup> *shoes*  
 Whose ancient superstitions hold,  
 That<sup>o</sup> swine secure in peace grow old. *so that*  
 Perhaps (my friend) no wife like these  
 Will your nice, courtly palate please?  
 You'll not with marriage be incumber'd  
 With any such as here are number'd?  
 Let's look out sharp, for one may fit ye,  
 430 Fair, modest, fruitful, rich, and witty,  
 Whose shape and manners can't be mended,<sup>o</sup> *improved*  
 From ancient noble house descended,  
 Who can in spacious gallery show  
 Her painted grandsires all a-row;  
 In thought and deed more free from drabbing<sup>o</sup> *whoring*  
 Then ever was peacemaking Sabine:  
 A peerless phoenix, of so rare  
 A kind, the world can't show a pair.  
 Yet who'd be bound to lead a life,  
 440 Though with so exquisite a wife,  
 With rarest qualities endow'd,

<sup>1</sup> *yacht*] At this date yachts were often vessels for the conveyance of royalty or other persons of importance.

<sup>2</sup> *garniture... edition*] 'Furniture, appurtenances, of the most recent fashion.'

And in whom all perfections crowd?  
 Rather give me some strapping quean,<sup>o</sup> *hussy*  
 Got, bred, and born at Taunton Deane,<sup>1</sup>  
 Than her who, from long race of kings,  
 Stiff pride, with boasted virtue, brings,  
 Who, in your wearied ears, each hour  
 Counts family exploits for dower;  
 The loath'd, repeated tale will roar,  
 450 Recounting mouldy trophies o'er,  
 While the sick husband sues for peace—  
 Compounding, cries “Take what you please!  
 Take *Syphax*, vanquish'd *Hannibal*  
 With *Carthage*, take the Devil and all!”  
     “*Apollo* and *Diana*, spare  
 My harmless children: oh, forbear  
 To slaughter all!” *Amphion* cried,  
 “Let your darts strike my guilty bride!”<sup>2</sup>  
 Keen with revenge, their shafts let fly!  
 460 Their broods destroy'd, griev'd parent, die!  
 Whose num'rous issue did deride  
*Latona's*, and white sows outvied.  
 Who values a chaste, handsome bride,  
 If troublesome with senseless pride?  
 If her ill nature still upbraids,  
 While she her boasted gifts parades—  
 What does large meals<sup>3</sup> of milk avail  
 If resty<sup>o</sup> pride kicks down the pail? *restless*  
 Such ill-compounded matrimony  
 470 Tastes stronger of the gall than honey,  
 And hourly makes her dotard hate her,  
 And, while he praises, nauseate<sup>o</sup> her. *loathe*  
     Some errors are of less degree,  
 Which wisdom cannot oversee.  
 Who but detests conceited wench  
 Melting with accents of the French?  
 While, to set off a rueful face,  
 Sh' affects a tone, and lithps with grace,  
 Nicely concludes they're ill-bred all

<sup>1</sup> *Taunton Deane*] In Somerset; one born and bred there would be a rustic without pedigree.

<sup>2</sup> “*Apollo... bride!*”] Niobe, Amphion's wife, was so proud of her twelve children that she vaunted herself above Leto, the mother of Apollo and Diana.

<sup>3</sup> *meals*] ‘Meal’, *OED* 4a: ‘the quantity of milk given by a cow at one milking’.

- 480 Whose dress, mien, speech, squares with Whitehall.<sup>1</sup>  
 With practice, aping French grimaces,  
 For noisy, pert coquette she passes.  
 The English savours of a sot,  
 Which, thanks to Heav'n, she's quite forgot;  
 They who are dunces in their mother-  
 Tongue, must be fools in every other,  
 As waters have no power of mounting  
 Above the level of their fountain.<sup>o</sup> *spring*  
 In French they give their passions vent,  
 490 And betray<sup>o</sup> every sentiment; *reveal*  
 Close<sup>o</sup> converse, court, enjoy in French, *intimately*  
 Which, though we pardon giddy wench,  
 Yet all men, with just scorn, deride  
 A ravell'd<sup>o</sup> hag thus frenchified. *worn, frayed*  
 Her age forbids the sportive phrase  
 Might be allow'd in youthful days:  
 "Ma vie", "Mon cour", "Mon petite âme"<sup>2</sup>  
 Sounds loathsome from a toothless dame;  
 Words she between the sheets did talk,  
 500 Discretion should in converse<sup>o</sup> baulk.<sup>o</sup> *in conversation avoid*  
 What man's so dull but waggish phrase  
 Will fancy on its tiptoe raise?  
 Soothing, fantastic,<sup>o</sup> speech as much *fanciful*  
 Provokes *us*, as the am'rous touch;  
 Her French, spoke with more killing tone  
 Than was to *Quin* or *Bowtell*<sup>3</sup> known,  
 Has no effect, nor can prevail  
 To rouse up sullen, couchant, tail.<sup>o</sup> *sexual member*  
 To mar her plot, her face appears,  
 510 Vouching, through all her paint, her years.  
 If past reflections breed mistrust,  
 You can't to wife and vow be just;  
 Discretion never will approve  
 Of marrying her you cannot love.  
 Break off in time: you'll both prove savers

<sup>1</sup> *Whitehall*] Metonymically, 'the English court': the Palace of Whitehall was the main residence of English monarchs and their courts until nearly the end of the seventeenth century.

<sup>2</sup> 'Ma... âme'] Her French seems to be badly inadequate. 'Cour' for 'cœur' might be a copying error, but 'Mon petite âme' should be 'Ma petite âme'.

<sup>3</sup> *Quin* or *Bowtell*] The heydays of the celebrated actresses Anne *Quin* (fl.1660–1682) and Elizabeth *Bowtell* (1648/9–1714/15) were in the 1660s and 1670s, though the latter trod the boards until nearly 1700.

- Of clothes, treats, gloves, and wedding favours,  
 Music, and equipage most glorious.<sup>o</sup> *ostentatious*  
 If you resolve to be uxorious,  
 And passively obey, prepare  
 520 The yoke contentedly to bear:  
 Though she loves you, she'll not be tender  
 To use the power which you surrender;  
 None pity or remorse discover,  
 Spoil, plague, and torment their lover,  
 And lead in triumph their tame fool  
 To show how absolute they rule.  
 That husband liberty allows  
 Still meets a cross-grain'd,<sup>o</sup> headstrong spouse; *refractory*  
 Good nature's always ridicul'd:  
 530 You either must rule, or *be* rul'd.  
 You shall not, but with her consent,  
 Presume to buy, sell, or present;  
 Your passions on her will must wait,  
 And as she dictates, love or hate.  
 Is she ill-humour'd? You are rude,  
 And must your bosom friend exclude,  
 Though grey in your acquaintance grown,  
 Who beardless to your gate was known.  
 With bawds, buffoons, bullies,<sup>o</sup> and play'rs,<sup>o</sup> *gallants... actors*  
 540 Your wealth, before your face, she shares  
 Amongst her herd of favourites,  
 In which all claim a common right.  
 What she commands, thy will must do,  
 Bequeathing all to a damn'd crew  
 Of stallions,<sup>o</sup> of so equal merit *paramours*  
 No single rascal must inherit.
- “Set up a gallows, quick, away:  
 Hang up the slave without delay!”  
 The husband cries: “Let's know, dear wife,  
 550 His crime, before he lose his life:  
 Man's life, in the severest state,  
 Ere sentence does admit debate.”  
 “Peace, fool: is a poor slave a man?”  
 “Suppose the wretch does guiltless stand?”  
 “I doom him dead; my will shall be  
 Reason, and what it please, decree.”  
 Thus she proceeds to tyrannize,

Then straight her scorn'd dominion flies:  
 Shifts houses with her marriage bed,  
 560 Returns again from whence she fled,  
 Forsakes the scarce-cold nuptial feast,  
 And gates with verdant garlands drest.  
 Old fires, extinct, revive and burn,  
 Then to loath'd sheets sues for return,  
 So fickle in her love affairs  
 She couples eight times in five years.  
 This changeling's tale, in epitaph  
 Contriv'd, will make the reader laugh.

While thy wife's mother lives, despair  
 570 Of peace: dissension is her care.  
 While she embroils the pair in strife,  
 She rides the husband, rules the wife,  
 Instructs her in all sorts of riot,<sup>o</sup>  
 Clothes, equipage, provoking diet.  
 They'll both combine to strip the lover,  
 Till naked<sup>o</sup> spoil<sup>o</sup> his shame discover.  
 Confirms her child she breeding wants,  
 Rejects kind billet of gallants,  
 Makes her write back, and act her part  
 580 By rules of the intriguing art.  
 If cautious husbands have debarr'd  
 Their smuggling<sup>1</sup> trade, with strictest guard,  
 She casts a mist before his eyes,  
 Or else with bribes corrupts his spies.  
 The wife pretending pains in head,  
 Or back, pretends<sup>2</sup> to keep her bed;  
 The doctor's call'd; the sham he knows,  
 Prescribes all leave her to repose,  
 While her gallant, conceal'd in closet,  
 590 With eager heat has spilt his posset.<sup>3</sup>  
 What do you think she'll teach her child  
 But those quaint arts her Dad beguil'd?  
 And early, while she's yet a maid,  
 Teach the false game which first she play'd.  
 From an old trot<sup>o</sup> us'd to the ramble<sup>o</sup>

*extravagant display*

*undisguised plundering*

*nag... sexual adventure*

<sup>1</sup> *smuggling*] While the verb's primary meaning is doubtless the current one, the sense 'fondling,' 'caressing' is also recorded around 1700.

<sup>2</sup> *pretends*] The repetition and dubious sense may indicate a copying error.

<sup>3</sup> *posset*] A drink made from curdled milk; not commonly with bawdy sense.

Look not her modest foal will amble.  
 From slightest ground, a froward wife  
 Advantage takes of brawls and strife;  
 Leaves your religion for mere spite,  
 600 Without respect to wrong or right,  
 And will perversely, from that root,  
 Nurse the curs'd branches of dispute;  
 Shift poles of int'rest as you please—  
 She's fixt in the *Antipodes*.  
 Fear of damnation ne'er will daunt her,  
 She'll stickle<sup>o</sup> for<sup>o</sup> the Hind or Panther;<sup>1</sup> *take the side of*  
 'Twill be her study, joy, and glory,  
 To thwart you, whether *Whig* or *Tory*;  
 What you approve she'll surely hate,  
 610 Censure and scan each act of state,  
 And when in argument grown hot,  
 She'll back or damn the *Meal Tub Plot*.<sup>2</sup>  
 Is your friend quitted<sup>o</sup>? Straight she draws *exonerated*  
 His bill,<sup>3</sup> on both sides pleads the cause,  
 Then aggravates<sup>o</sup> the fact,<sup>o</sup> quotes cases, *exaggerates... crime*  
 Pumps<sup>o</sup> rhetoricians, common places *exhausts*  
 For arguments; with squinting<sup>o</sup> sense *oblique, partial*  
 Sums partially the evidence.  
 If pronounc'd guiltless by the Laws,  
 620 She'll swear corruption sway'd the cause.  
 Tired with the town's dull, peaceful arts,  
 To *Hounslow*<sup>4</sup> rides, to show her parts;<sup>o</sup> *talents*  
 There, rigg'd cap-à-pé,<sup>5</sup> does gay appear;  
 Rigg'd à la mode on *Cavalier*,<sup>6</sup>  
 With pistols, coat, sword, hat, and feather  
 She prances, and outbraves the weather.  
 Her manag'd steed curvets, and rears;  
 The *Amazon* rides in all her airs.  
 Sound trumpets! Her assurance shall

<sup>1</sup> *Hind or Panther*] The two title characters of Dryden's poem of 1687 allegorize the Catholic Church and the Church of England respectively.

<sup>2</sup> *Meal Tub Plot*] Supposedly a conspiracy to prevent the succession of the Catholic Duke of York, this plot was in fact fabricated by a government informer in 1687.

<sup>3</sup> *draws... bill*] 'Draws up his indictment'.

<sup>4</sup> *Hounslow*] The area around Hounslow Heath, which in 1700 lay on the Bath Road, ten miles from central London, has for centuries been used to garrison armies of the English Crown.

<sup>5</sup> *cap-à-pé*] 'From head to foot'. Pronounced as a dissyllable.

<sup>6</sup> *Cavalier*] Her horse's name.

630 Compare with *strip*, or *posture mall*.<sup>1</sup>  
 Who in plume-crested helmets ride,  
 Will need no mask a blush to hide;  
 Nay more: the heroine does hope  
 She may one day command a troupe;  
 Yet these fair prospects can't trapan<sup>o</sup> *ruin*  
 To wish herself a real man.  
 Man's joy, alas, is faint and short—  
 Hers grows, and heightens with the sport.  
 Th' assailant, in short actions, heats,  
 640 Spends ammunition, and retreats;  
 Laying one off'ring at Love's shrine,  
 Which would with frequent victims shine.  
 Oh, what a glorious sight 'twould be,  
 Suiting the rules of decency,  
 Should her sword, belt, coat, hat, and feather  
 Be at one auction sold together.  
 Say, sparks of bright nobility,  
 If such garbs fit your modesty;  
 If martial dress becomes a woman—  
 650 But trulls, viragoes, or *Doll Common*?<sup>2</sup>  
 That soft sex still should win the prize  
 Not by their force of arms, but eyes.  
     The fancied joys of married life  
 Lead to a labyrinth of strife.  
 Their beds, design'd the scene of love,  
 The seat of war and discord prove,  
 But not of sleep; she chides, and hectors,  
 While you're confin'd to curtain lectures.<sup>3</sup>  
 Still plaguing you with studied art,  
 660 Like a robb'd tigress acts her part.  
 She feigns thy rambles to discover,  
 To hide her true intrigue, and lover;  
 Sobbing as if her heart would burst,  
 The jilt, to blind you, cries "whore" first;  
 Like troops drawn up, her feign'd tears stand,

<sup>1</sup> *strip*... *mall*] A posture-girl, or posture-moll, earned her living by posing naked for paying customers. In D'Urfey's play *Banditti*, 1686, men 'will readily sit two hours admiring the Posture-Mall. A 'strip mall' would obviously be a variant of this attraction.

<sup>2</sup> *trulls*... *Doll Common*] 'Trull': 'low whore' (Johnson). 'Virago': 'wicked woman' (*OED*). 'Doll': standard name for a prostitute; in Ben Jonson's play *The Alchemist* (1610) Doll Common is a prostitute and trickster.

<sup>3</sup> *curtain lectures*] A curtain lecture is 'a reproof given by a wife to her husband in bed' (Johnson).

- Ready to march off at command.  
 Thou griev'st, persuaded by her art,  
 'Tis jealousy has stung her heart,  
 Sprung from mistrust of thy misdeeds,  
 670 And all from love of thee proceeds;  
 Hedge sparrow-like pleas'd, from her lips  
 The trickling, briny moisture sips,<sup>1</sup>  
 And, like that cozen'd bird (poor sot),  
 Hatchest what scabby cuckoo's got.<sup>o</sup> *begotten*  
 But should you rifle her escritoire,  
 You'd there detect your jealous whore:  
 Her wonted brazen impudence  
 Could not against plain vouchers<sup>o</sup> fence.<sup>o</sup> *proofs protect*  
 But if it prove your turtle's<sup>o</sup> hap<sup>o</sup> *turtle-dove's fortune*  
 680 T'equip you with her gallant's clap,  
 The traitress takes th' alarm, and swears  
 'Twas you imported the French wares;  
 That bitter fruit of your curst tree,  
 Long-practic'd infidelity,  
 Which she'll t'her friends proclaim, and force  
 Her maintenance, or a divorce.  
 When her rant's done, perhaps you'll doubt  
 To make your wrong, and her guilt, out,  
 And, loath to bring<sup>o</sup> upon the stage<sup>o</sup> *to make public*  
 690 Your cause, in this censorious age,  
 To stifle noise, you think it fit  
 To own it your fault, and submit.  
 So, clear<sup>o</sup> come off,<sup>o</sup> she'll venture farther: *escaped cleanly*  
 Few hands imbrued<sup>o</sup> stop at one murder, *stained*  
 And to stol'n waters strips<sup>o</sup> so fast, *passes*  
 Her pitcher comes home broke at last,  
 Surpris'd in midst of her delight  
 With brawny clown, or courtly knight.  
 Speak, advocates and lawyers, now:  
 700 What colour will plain fact allow?  
 Not one word from these men o'th' laws:  
 Let's hear her plead in her own cause.  
 "Then, to be plain (my noble Lords),  
 I own the matter in few words.

<sup>1</sup> *from...sips*] So ms, but if this liquid is tears, it would issue from the eyelids rather than the lips. The 'sipping' is done by the husband.

Yet have I done my spouse no wrong:  
 Foreseeing marriage journey long,  
 We both agreed that each should be  
 To follow inclination free;  
 While he pleas'd roving appetite,  
 710 I was not barr'd of my delight;  
 If neighb'ring soils he lov'd to till,  
 Mine was not to lie fallow still.  
 Yes, do rend heav'n with your complaint;  
 I'm born a woman, and no saint."  
 Surprised, in their defence they raise  
 Courage as desp'rate as their case.  
 Then would you trace from what source rise  
 These monstrous, lustful prodigies?  
 When Rome was a distressèd state,  
 720 Each spouse enjoyed a constant mate;  
 By short sleeps, coarse clothes, labours hard,  
 Vice from poor cottages was barr'd.  
 Hard fare, with crusted hands, deny  
 That oil° must° lustful flames supply. *fuel which must*  
 When, dreadful *Hannibal* at hand,  
 Rome's thin militia did withstand,  
 And the invested° town did quake *besieged*  
 With deep concern for their last stake;  
 But now, we suffer pangs of peace,  
 730 Disarm'd, and crippled with our ease.  
 Riot more havoc makes at home  
 Than the devouring wars of Rome;  
 Our arms grow honeycomb'd with rust,  
 And virtue soft with flames of lust,  
 While luxury, to our lasting shame,  
 Destroys what foes could never tame.  
 Thrift chang'd for riot,° tides of sin *extravagance*  
 From debauch'd show'rs come rolling in,  
 Where giddy° Greeks, with roses crown'd, *intoxicated*  
 740 In vice, and seas of wine, lie drown'd.  
 Wealth, that sly bawd, with foreign crimes  
 Enervates these degen'rate times;  
 Old customs, manners, laws, disgrace,  
 And modish vice plants in their place.  
 Wine kindles lust in coldest dames,  
 The fuel is to wanton flames;

- When drunk, they will no difference know  
 From mouth above or gulf below.  
 To beastly pranks you need not court her  
 750 (Her open gates will need no porter),  
 Who large, provoking<sup>o</sup> oysters swallow *aphrodisiac*  
 At midnight, which full bumpers<sup>o</sup> follow *wineglasses*  
 Of choicest, rich, perfumèd wine,  
 While glowing cheeks with roses shine.  
 Round with their brains the chamber turns;  
 Double each single taper burns.  
 What, guess you, such lewd gossips talk,  
 When by the old chaste altars' walk  
 Nightly they meet, and revel there,  
 760 And for pastime the Goddess jeer<sup>o</sup>— *mock*  
 Studying, with malice, her disgrace,  
 Squirt urine in her statue's face,  
 Then fall to flats<sup>1</sup> in the moon's view,  
 And ride by turns lever-de-cul?<sup>2</sup>  
 Their posture shift, as at *bum-barrel*,<sup>3</sup>  
 While they decide lascivious quarrel.  
 Their husband's foot in morning visit  
 On his wife's slimy urine is set.  
 The *Bona Dea's* feast<sup>4</sup> invites  
 770 Women to celebrate her rites,  
 When flutes and cornets, with strong wine,  
 To rouse their dancing mettle join;  
 Inspir'd with music, and the bowl,  
 Loud as *Priapus'* priests they howl.  
 What itch impatient females find,  
 Longing to couple with mankind?  
 While the wild *Bacchanals* are dancing,  
 Use lewd phrase, gestures, lustful glancing;

<sup>1</sup> flats] Also at line 781 below. Lesbian sex was called 'the game of (or 'at') flats' in reference to games with playing cards, known as 'flats', and in allusion to the rubbing together of two 'flat' female pudenda. Nicholas Rowe's poem *The Game at Flats*, 1716, is a fairly explicit discussion.

<sup>2</sup> lever-de-cul] 'Faire lever le cul à quelqu'un' is to make someone rise (*lever*) from his seat (*cul* = 'buttock'). In one sense, *lève-cul* is a boisterous party game, in English 'level coil'. But a sexual implication is often present with the word: see John Wilson, *The Cheats* (1663), IV.2: 'the Alderman and one Bilboe play level de coile with her'.

<sup>3</sup> bum-barrel] 'Bum-barrel' is still a dialect word for a long-tailed tit, its posture as it hangs from branches presumably being the salient point; the phrasing ('at') suggests it gave its name to a practice such as a children's game.

<sup>4</sup> Bona Dea's feast] A marginal note explains: 'The rules and ceremonies of Bona Dea performed by women only'.

Rivers of wine and lech'rous juice  
 780 Stream down their thighs from open sluice.  
 At flats, *Lawfeella*,<sup>1</sup> on her back,  
 Dares challenge th' ablest hackney crack;<sup>2</sup>  
 For course and heats she bears the prize,  
 With strong back and high-bounded thighs.  
 Then, mounting her salacious neighbour,  
 Does her concupiscence belabour,  
 Devout on knees, with leathern pizzle,<sup>3</sup>  
 Worships and offers to her gristle,<sup>4</sup>  
 And gains the crown conferred for worth,  
 790 And merit—not for chance° of birth. *accident*  
 Scorning a flat, dry, foining<sup>5</sup> fight,  
 They weapons wield in open sight,  
 And with such eager mettle thrust,  
 T'would raise old bedrid Nestor's lust.  
 Fir'd with the sight, each gloomy breech<sup>6</sup>  
 Grows mad, stung with a lech'rous itch;  
 Feign'd instruments they scorn; the true,  
 As living tool, can only do.<sup>7</sup>  
 With one consent they rudely bawl:  
 800 "Bring brawny backs to serve us all!"  
 They sleep? With smooth-fac'd youth<sup>8</sup> prevail,  
 Shroud him in petticoats and veil.  
 If him you can't procure, engage  
 Some sturdy slave, or smooth-fac'd page.  
 If you miss these, to quench love's fire,  
 Some water-tankard bearer hire.  
 If failed there, with th' he-ass return:  
 The poor dumb beast shall serve the turn.  
 And I could wish modern devotions  
 810 Were purg'd clear from all carnal motions;

<sup>1</sup> *Lawfeella*] This strange-looking name is a rough attempt at anglicization of Juvenal's. In modern editions this tends to appear as 'Saufeia' (320), but many earlier editions prefer from manuscript variants 'Laufeia' (hence Dryden's translation has 'Laufella').

<sup>2</sup> *hackney crack*] A 'crack' was a prostitute, a 'hackney' a low prostitute.

<sup>3</sup> *pizzle*] Penis (though usually, at this date, of an animal), or cudgel; in this context, a dildo.

<sup>4</sup> *gristle*] Usually slang for male member, but the context implies the female genitals here.

<sup>5</sup> *foining*] 'Thrusting', 'lunging', as in an exercise rather than a real 'fight'. For 'flat' see line 763n.

<sup>6</sup> *gloomy breech*] The (dark) part of the body covered by breeches: 'the buttocks, posteriors, rump, seat' (OED). Pronounced 'britch'.

<sup>7</sup> *Feign'd... only do*] They now progress to demanding the real thing ('tool'); only this can do, will serve.

<sup>8</sup> *youth*] Ms 'youths', but the following singulars as well as the Juvenalian source text suggest this is a copying error.

That threadbare trick's grown stale, and common,  
 The jaded stalking-horse of woman.  
 At matins, locked up in dark pews,  
 They practise what befits the stews:  
 The famous lectures of St Antlin's<sup>1</sup>  
 Got zealous city wives with bantlins.<sup>o</sup> } *brats, bastards*  
 When hateful barrenness enrages,  
 Ladies, like gypsies, saunter stages<sup>2</sup> }  
 On sham vows, penance, pilgrimages;  
 820 To *Tunbridge, Bath, or Winifrid*,<sup>3</sup>  
 They fly to cure a barren bed,  
 And scarce know which supplied their want—  
 The living sinner, or dead saint.  
 Now, blacks and tawny Indians know  
 What godly sparks to chapel go;  
 Nay, into *Caesar's* very house,  
 Where treason 'twas for a stolen mouse,  
 Or any other male, to enter,  
 A sly he-whore, disguis'd, did venture  
 830 As a she-minstrel sung and played, }  
 And to *Pompeia's* hands convey'd }  
 A thumping tool<sup>4</sup> in masquerade,  
 Bigger than skins of parchment roll'd  
 Which *Caesar's* anti-*Catos*<sup>5</sup> fold.  
 In days of yore, none were so hardy  
 To run for wenching such jeopardy,  
 Nor laughed at th' altar's homely state,  
 Or ridicul'd church earthen plate.  
 No sanctuary shields *our* shame;  
 840 Thither they hunt their wonted game,  
 Nor sermon, prayer, anthem, nor organs,  
 Make them desist from shameful bargains.

<sup>1</sup> *lectures of St Antlin's*] At St Antonine's Church, Watling Street, a regular morning lecture was much frequented by Puritans, who were therefore called 'disciples of St Antling'. The city wives' 'zeal' (line 816) suggests they were among them, since the word was strongly (and pejoratively) associated with Puritans.

<sup>2</sup> *saunter stages*] 'Make journeys profitlessly'.

<sup>3</sup> *Tunbridge... Winifrid*] Tunbridge Wells and Bath were fast-growing spa towns in the early eighteenth century, visited by royalty. Holywell, the site of St Winifrid's well, had been a more popular destination for pilgrimage in the Middle Ages than it was by the date of this composition.

<sup>4</sup> *thumping tool*] Apparently a dildo.

<sup>5</sup> *Caesar's anti-Catos*] A polemic written by Julius Caesar against a pamphlet praising Cato the Younger by Cicero.

Prithee advise, dear brother starling,<sup>1</sup>  
 How may a man secure his darling,  
 Or the affair so wisely handle,  
 T'ensconce<sup>o</sup> his head, and wife, from scandal; *to defend*  
 With chain, and quaint Italian lock,<sup>2</sup>  
 Her port from foreign commerce block?  
 Place sentinels to watch and ward?  
 850 Ay, but who then shall watch the guard?  
 Her masterpiece, and chiefest care, is  
 To debauch household janizaries:<sup>o</sup> *guards*  
 Their beauties, charms, and flames of lust  
 Thaws frozen faith, and bribes their trust.  
 When keepers their Lord's ven'son steal,  
 Who dare their rival thefts reveal?  
 Her faith none can secure with art,  
 While treason lurks in woman's heart;  
 They're all false, from the poorest sort  
 860 To the top ladies of the court;  
 From her, whose clogs and pattens beat  
 The pavement through the dirty street,  
 To the gay lady takes the air,  
 Painted and curl'd in coach or chair.  
 Poor *Loveit*<sup>3</sup> doth at brokers hire  
 Coach, equipage of rich attire,  
 Haunting the Mall, Park, church, and plays;  
 The jay her borrowed plumes displays.  
 Where muster'd liveries attend  
 870 Maid, woman, page, and humble friend,  
 With fragments of wrecked fortune, she  
 Is still to smock-fac'd<sup>o</sup> actors free, *effeminate-looking*  
 Presenting her last piece of plate.  
 When women squander their estate,  
 Their folly no conviction<sup>o</sup> finds, *detection, exposure*  
 Nor to their fortune shape<sup>o</sup> their minds, *do they shape*  
 And, at long run, taught by the aunt,<sup>o</sup> *procuress, bawd*  
 Provide for hunger, cold, and want.  
 He-prodigals at length awake,  
 880 With caution manage their last stake,

<sup>1</sup> *brother starling*] Slang: 'Brother-starling, that Lies with the same Woman' (*New Dictionary of the Canting Crew*, 1699).

<sup>2</sup> *quaint Italian lock*] 'Chastity belt', perhaps with pun on 'quaint' = 'cunt'.

<sup>3</sup> *Loveit*] In George Etherege's satirical play *The Man of Mode*, 1676, Mrs Loveit does indeed haunt Pall Mall and other fashionable London locales in seeking to gain the attention of the protagonist, Dorimant.

But wife's extravagance ne'er felt  
 How the woods fall, and acres melt;  
 They fondly dream, in empty chest  
 New broods will hatch, as in a nest,  
 Or that their purse will ne'er be dried,  
 Like his which constant spring supplied;  
 Still hope to draw the shining spankers<sup>o</sup> *gold coins*  
 From unexhausted stores of bankers;  
 They never count what mass of treasure  
 890 Is vainly squander'd on their pleasure.  
     Some ladies' chief delight and bliss is  
 In barren eunuchs' smooth-chinn'd kisses:  
 They need no drugs to prove abortive  
 That are with beardless geldings sportive.  
 Without expense *they* need not tire,  
 Out-drudging<sup>o</sup> women's lewd desire, *out-performing*  
 And, though their cock stands stiffly bent,  
 Will not discharge when they present.  
 But well-hung rogues they dearly prize,  
 900 Whose yards above the standard rise;  
 At mature age their carnal matters  
 Are cropped by skilful operators,  
 When either manly dowcet<sup>o</sup> weigh'd *testicle*  
 A pound, to spite the barbers' trade.<sup>1</sup>  
 Sage matrons make their prudent choice  
 For something else besides their voice:  
 That eunuch's fame each bagnio<sup>o</sup> sounds, *brothel*  
 Whose talent sweeps off most half-crowns,<sup>2</sup>  
 And measures with that God stands warding,<sup>3</sup>  
 910 From pilf'ring birds, orchard and garden.  
 Though from the wooden idol's groin  
 His tool shoots to a length divine,  
 With thy wife let him sleep: she's able  
 To find a scabbard for his bauble.<sup>4</sup>  
 Trust not thy page to the custody  
 Of such a squire of the body;<sup>5</sup>  
 Debar him from commerce or speech,

<sup>1</sup> *barbers' trade*] The seventeenth-century barber-surgeon might have performed castration on children (boys destined for singing careers), but would not have been 'skilful' enough to deal with more 'mature' (lines 901–2) victims. <sup>2</sup> *half-crowns*] The fee for his performance.

<sup>3</sup> *measures... warding*] 'Measures up to Priapus' (as in Juvenal, and as explained in a marginal ms note to this line). <sup>4</sup> *bauble*] 'Baton'; known in bawdy senses. See also line 1174, below.

<sup>5</sup> *squire... body*] A household officer 'charged with personal attendance upon a...high dignitary' (OED).

His ram will make too wide a breech.  
 If she in minstrels take delight,  
 920 She haunts their meetings, day and night;  
 No songster's codpiece point<sup>o</sup> can hold: *fastening*  
 The padlocks' wards are pick'd with gold:  
 No locks, nor bars, nor guarded tower  
 Can hold out 'gainst a golden shower.  
 Her fingers, grac't with darling rings,  
 Strike nimbly the harmonious strings;  
 In handling her lov'd instrument  
 Places her solace and content,  
 And in the self-same lute delights  
 930 Which once was her young favourite's:  
 The senseless wood gets many a kiss  
 Because it happily was his.  
 Of noble house, a lady gay  
 Went to *Le Croy*<sup>1</sup> the other day,  
 In council with the stars to sit:  
 If her gallant's new play should hit,  
 Or if the fickle, factious Town  
 With due applause his Muse should crown?  
 At Church said many an *Ave Mary*  
 940 Her lover's plot might not miscarry,<sup>2</sup>  
 For husband, more what could she've done?  
 Or doubtful state of only son?<sup>3</sup>  
 Say, holy dame, if pray'rs like these  
 Ever approach the Deities?  
 If Heav'n listens while such sue,  
 We'll guess there is not much to do.  
 This for tragedians drowns her eyes;  
 That for her brisk comedian cries:  
 If he regard what each one says  
 950 The cross-legg'd priest must squint nine ways.  
 But rather let her sing, than gad  
 All o'er the town, like one that's mad;  
 With impudence case-harden'd,<sup>4</sup> range

<sup>1</sup> *Le Croy*] 'A French woman in request for Fortune-telling' (ms note). She was the subject of the verse satire *Madam Le Croix* (this is the more usual spelling), written 1686.

<sup>2</sup> *plot... miscarry*] It is awkward to read 'plot' as meaning 'play'; perhaps her prayers are for the success of another scheme.

<sup>3</sup> *doubtful... son*] 'The unsatisfactory condition of having produced no more than one male child'.

<sup>4</sup> *case-harden'd*] First recorded 1691 (*OED*).

The taverns, coffee house, Exchange,  
 The Park—there with lac'd redcoats walk,  
 Barefac'd and open-breasted, talk—  
 Knows all th' intelligence much better  
 Than Gazette,<sup>1</sup> Courant,<sup>2</sup> or newsletter;  
 All close cabals and Court intrigues,  
 960 Who hatches war, or patches leagues,  
 Shows reasons why the Cross prevail'd,  
 And where the Vizier's conduct fail'd,<sup>3</sup>  
 And why (with reasons clear as noon)  
 The Crescent wan'd ere 'twas full Moon;  
 Why, close combin'd, confederate wars  
 Should mince the Turks' half-moon to stars;  
 Pays for intelligence, and pries  
 Into th' intrigues of families;  
 Knows what designs and plots are nurst  
 970 'Gainst children by their stepdams curst,  
 Knows who loves who; whose maidenhead  
 Was lost; who mounts another's bed;  
 What spark's<sup>4</sup> by jilting wife deceiv'd,  
 What widow with stol'n leap<sup>5</sup> conceiv'd,  
 Who did the trick when comes the kid,  
 What talk is pass'd—how, and how oft, he did.  
 She first espied the blazing comet,  
 Foretold events portended from it  
 To *Christendom* and to *Mahomet*; }  
 980 Forestalls the news before the gates,  
 Like sentinel for packet waits,  
 Coins wond'rous tales of inundations  
 That have o'errun, and swallow'd nations;  
 Cities by earthquakes sunk to Hell,  
 Eruptions strange from *Mont Gibel*;<sup>6</sup>  
 Runs like a hawk through the streets,  
 Babbling strange tales to all she meets.  
     This restless gossiping for news  
 Is not so hateful as the shrews

<sup>1</sup> *Gazette*] The *London Gazette* was published under that title from 1666.

<sup>2</sup> *Courant*] The *Daily Courant*, the first British daily newspaper, was first published in 1702.

<sup>3</sup> *And where... fail'd*] 'At the siege of Vienna' (ms note). In 1683 Vienna was besieged for two months by the forces of the Ottoman Empire, following which the Vizier's forces were defeated in the Battle of Vienna.

<sup>4</sup> *spark*] 'A young man of an elegant or foppish character' (*OED*).

<sup>5</sup> *leap*] 'Act of copulation.'

<sup>6</sup> *Mont Gibel*] A name for Mount Etna.

990 Who barb'rously poor neighbours strips,  
 Insulting while they're torn with whips;  
 Relentless, hears their piteous cries,  
 Pleas'd with her power to tyrannize.  
 If her sleep's broke by barking curs,  
 She cries "Up, up, pell-mell, bestir  
 Your cudgels through the neighb'rhood; flog  
 The master first, and then the dog."  
 Worse than a witch, want, or the plague,  
 All shun the grim and spiteful hag.

1000 She sweats by night, still choosing late  
 Hours to make the servants wait.  
 Still to be troublesome she loves,  
 Large vessels, like a lamp, removes;  
 When her arms tire, with the weight  
 She swung more to provoke her sweat,<sup>1</sup>  
 The waggish rubber,<sup>2</sup> thighs and joints  
 With tickling clitoris anoints  
 As if the ferret finger found  
 That part by chance; the caverns<sup>3</sup> sound,

1010 Clapped smartly by the hand that dallies.  
 At length, well rigg'd<sup>4</sup> from bagnio, sallies;  
 Finding at home each tir'd guest  
 With hunger and with sleep oppress'd,  
 Fierce, and as red as *Egypt's* dragon,<sup>5</sup>  
 At one quick draught a mighty flagon  
 Of choicest wine she glibly<sup>o</sup> swallows;  
 Another pint the leader follows  
 Before her supper, to excite  
 A fierce and rav'nous appetite:

1020 Her stomach, overcharg'd, recoils,  
 And with a flood the floor defiles.  
 The dose repeats, while all the room  
 Smells strongly of the loath'd perfume,  
 As a strong serpent fall'n into  
 A tub of wine does drink, and spew,

*easily*

<sup>1</sup> *She swung... sweat*] "The Romans in their bagnios used to swing heavy iron balls, by that exercise to provoke sweat" (ms note).

<sup>2</sup> *waggish rubber*] "Wanton massager": a servant, not the wife.

<sup>3</sup> *caverns*] In Juvenal (423) the masseur claps his customer's thigh; it is unclear what is intended by 'caverns'.

<sup>4</sup> *well rigg'd*] Ms 'rigg'd'; speculative emendation for metrical reasons. 'Rigged': 'sexually pleased'; see *OED* 4.

<sup>5</sup> *Egypt's dragon*] Egyptian mythology offers a number of dragon-gods and serpent-gods.

- And drinks again—as does our dame,  
 Whose husband winks<sup>o</sup> to hide her shame. *shuts his eyes*  
 After this prologue, down she sits,  
 And plays the critic on the wits:  
 1030 Admires *Virgil's* lofty Muse;  
 For *Dido's* frailty makes excuse;  
 Then *Maro's* worth with *Homer's* plays,<sup>o</sup> } *opposes*  
 Which she in partial<sup>o</sup> balance weighs, } *biased*  
 And where she fancies, gives the bays.  
 All are confounded with her babble;  
 Grammarians, mute, sit round the table,  
 Long-winded rhetorician fails,  
 And to this storm must strike his sails.<sup>1</sup>  
 The lawyer's dumb in her loud hall;  
 1040 None hear when noisy criers bawl—  
 No, nor another woman's tongue,  
 Or coronation bell, when rung.  
 We'd need not drums, or trumpets weary,  
 Lest the green sickness moon miscarry;<sup>2</sup>  
 The shrill din of her single lips  
 Will rescue *Luna* from eclipse.  
 If her wit must all men's outvie,  
 She should profess philosophy,  
 And batchelor i'th' art commence;  
 1050 If she will boast of skill, and sense,  
 Batt'ling<sup>3</sup> as member of some college,  
 In draggl'd<sup>4</sup> gown improve her knowledge.  
 She's surely for a wife unfit  
 Who's book-learn'd, and sets up for wit.  
 Rhetorical set speech will tire,  
 And make thee hate to come anigh her;  
 A syllogistic pet<sup>5</sup> she'll project,  
 And snare thee in a maze of logic.  
 Some slight romance, novel, or so,  
 1060 Let her, for pastime, only know:

<sup>1</sup> *strike his sails*] I.e. surrender.

<sup>2</sup> *Lest... miscarry*] 'Lest the enfeebled Moon be eclipsed'. Eclipses of the moon were in ancient Rome thought to be caused by the incantations of witches, which could be prevented from being heard by creating a 'din' (1045) with drums, trumpets, etc.

<sup>3</sup> *Batt'ling*] In Oxford University to the present day, 'battels' are accounts for college provisions; 'to bat-tel' is to incur charges for such provision.

<sup>4</sup> *draggl'd*] 'Trailed through dirt'.

<sup>5</sup> *pet*] Apparently 'pet idea'.

- I nauseate° all those lady fools *loathe*  
 Puzzle their head with grammar rules,  
 And strictly will confine their sense  
 Within the boundaries of mood and tense;  
 Who can at finger-ends rehearse  
 Old *Chaucer's* out-of-fashion verse,  
 Upbraid her careless man's mistakes,  
 And gladly each advantage takes;  
 For solecism, or a bull,<sup>1</sup>
- 1070 Will ridicule him to the full,  
 And, with some rude example, gravels  
 Her husband, tir'd with noisy cavils.  
 Rich women scorn nice rules should bound  
 Their wills, whose necks bright gems surround;  
 No cheeks of shame she feels, who wears  
 Locket and pendants in her ears.  
 His is a slavish, irksome life  
 Who truckles to a wealthy wife:  
 When she lies in for a new face,<sup>2</sup>
- 1080 She cares not in what loathsome case° *condition*  
 She meets her spouse: who can but hate 'em,  
 Daub'd o'er with flour and pomatum?° *pomade*  
 Nor bates° her drudge one ace of's duty, *abates, remits*  
 Though a crust<sup>3</sup> hide (assisting beauty);  
 His lips come birdlim'd off with plaster,  
 When without fancy° he embract her. *desire, love*  
 As when some weather-beaten gate  
 New-furbish'd must appear, in state:  
 Canvas and boards screen it from sight,
- 1090 Till paint and gilding sets all right;  
 So she, at length, those blinds removes,  
 Dress'd neat and clean, meets him she loves,  
 Her wrinkled skin with asses' milk  
 Suppled, and made as smooth as silk.  
 If banish'd, her whole drove of asses  
 Must march, though to the Pole she passes;  
 None knows, when daub'd and poultic'd o'er,  
 If 'tis a face, or crusted sore.

<sup>1</sup> *bull*] In scholastic logic, a self-contradictory proposition.

<sup>2</sup> *lies...face*] 'When the wife receives cosmetic treatment to renew her facial appearance'; 'lying in' is what normally happens during pregnancy.

<sup>3</sup> *crust*] Evidently what would today be called a face pack, or facemask, and forming a hard crust.

If bum to bum, spreadeagle-fashion,  
 1100 Last night pass'd without consolation  
 From sullen spouse, observe next day  
 What froward wife both do and say.  
 She whips her maids in the beginning,  
 Because they have neglected spinning;  
 Woman and dresser go to pot,  
 For doing of the Lord knows what;  
 She raves her chairmen<sup>1</sup> came too late,  
 Their backs in porter's lodge shall pay't:  
 For the neglect of their dull masters  
 1110 The wretches suffer these disasters,  
 Though cudgels break on brawny backs,  
 The over-wrought bull's pizzle cracks.  
 Some beadles<sup>o</sup> keep in constant pay, *constables*  
 And yearly salaries defray;  
 View tortur'd wretches with grim smile,  
 And carelessly paint all the while.  
 Or, gossiping the time in chat,  
 Of some rich petticoat they prate;  
 While they lash on, she calmly reads  
 1120 The journal of the past day's deeds.  
 When beadles tire, and cudgels tough  
 Fail, then she thunders out "Enough!  
 Loose him, and give the rascal scope  
 To run through all the *Gaudelepe*."<sup>2</sup>  
 Such cruelty, acted for sport,  
 Scarce e'er was known in tyrant's court.  
 Her utmost charms must be put on  
 For hour of assignation;  
 Consults her woman, and her glass  
 1130 T'adorn her person and her face:  
 All hands to work; make no delays!  
 The bawd in church or garden stays,  
 Her tire<sup>o</sup> woman's<sup>o</sup> smallest slip *lady's maid's*  
 Is well rewarded with a whip;  
 While the wretch curls the fury's hairs,  
 From dresser's head she handfult tears.  
 The girl, down to the waist stript bare,

<sup>1</sup> *chairmen*] For modern London, the carriers of her sedan chair; for Juvenal's Rome, the litter-carrier's task was very similar.

<sup>2</sup> *Gaudelepe*] Another word for 'gauntlet' (a ms note explains).

Her cruel livery must wear:  
 This curl stands higher than the rest—  
 1140 For which she's with bull's pizzle drest.  
     Is't her fault, Lady, if your eye  
     Sees nature set your nose awry?  
     While t'other maid unties the strings,  
     And manages her locks in rings,  
     To rig her to advantage, all  
     Consult the point in close cabal.  
     The toothless governant, whose years  
     From spinning, cripple joints cashiers,<sup>1</sup>  
     Where cunning needle once excell'd,  
 1150 Until her sight and fingers fail'd,  
     Must first pronounce her judgement sage.  
     The rest succeed, as, ripe in age,  
     Women more care of beauty take  
     Than when their fame, or life's at stake;  
     O'er topknots, hoods and cornets<sup>2</sup> tie,  
     Scaffold their front up steeple-high:  
     She who before look'd like Long Meg,<sup>3</sup>  
     Behind discovers dapper Peg.  
     The truth by her short waist you see:  
 1160 A pigmy girl's as tall as she.  
     If the exalting chippine<sup>4</sup> miss,  
     On tiptoe she'll scarce reach a kiss.  
     In vain expense she lives, nor cares  
     How her poor husband's state impairs;  
     You'd guess, by her lewd, thoughtless life,  
     She was his neighbour, not his wife.  
     But her peculiar study's shown  
     And near concern, in this alone:  
     That whom he loves, she'll surely hate,  
 1170 And plots to ruin his estate.  
     See! *Pallas'* crack-brain'd priest appear,  
     And *Cybele's* choir bring up the rear;  
     Th' eunuch high priest, amongst the rabble

<sup>1</sup> *governant . . . cashiers*] 'Governess, who is deprived of the task of spinning by impaired joints'.

<sup>2</sup> *hoods and cornets*] Cornets were lappets of lace hanging down the sides of the face from a head-dress such as a hood.

<sup>3</sup> *Long Meg*] Long Meg is the tallest of the stones making up a prehistoric stone circle in Cumbria called Long Meg and her Daughters. According to local legend she was once a witch.

<sup>4</sup> *chippine*] Also 'chopin', 'chopine', a type of shoe raised by means of a cork sole.

- Talks, whose own hands disarm'd his bauble,<sup>1</sup>  
 Round whom the shrill, gelt chorus, loud  
 With common pipes and tabors crowd,  
 While the whole herd obeys and fears.  
 That awful head the mitre wears,  
 Chanting aloud, that pray'rs and fasts  
 1180 Must save them from the southern blasts,  
 Which in th' unwholesome fall o'th' leaf  
 Infects with pestilential breath.  
 One hundred eggs must expiate  
 Their sins, atoning<sup>o</sup> Heaven's hate, *appeasing*  
 And for the Church's ampler payment,  
 Matrons present their russet raiment,  
 Whose sins shall to the clothes adhere—  
 Which, on the priest bestow'd, they're clear, }  
 Absolv'd from crimes of the last year.
- 1190 She must i'th' frozen stream three times  
 Be dipp'd, to purge away her crimes;  
 In the swift current plunge her head,  
 Shiv'ring with extreme cold and dread.  
 Naked round *Tarquin's* field she creeps  
 On bleeding knees, while the priest sleeps,  
 And if his holiness lets her know  
 The louring Goddess<sup>2</sup> will have it so,  
 The pilgrim must to *Egypt's* confine  
 To fetch the water warm'd with sunshine,  
 1200 To wash her shrine near th' old sheepfold  
 Where Roman tribes in pens are poll'd.<sup>o</sup> *counted*  
 Her idle fancies, or a dream,  
 Does heav'nly revelation seem;  
 This precious Saint the Gods delight  
 To parly with in silent night;  
 That juggling<sup>o</sup> priest is most rever'd *cheating*  
 Who circled with the bald-pate herd:<sup>3</sup>  
 In grave procession laughs in's sleeve  
 At pensive crowds such shams believe;  
 1210 His pray'rs atone offended rights  
 When wifes grind on forbidden nights.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *bauble*] Evidently the member itself, as in line 914 above, though also recorded for 'testicle.'

<sup>2</sup> *louring Goddess*] Isis (ms note). <sup>3</sup> *the...herd*] I.e. monks; 'the monastic tribe.'

<sup>4</sup> *grind...nights*] I.e. have sex on holy days.

On faulty pair which disobeys,  
 The priest severest penance lays;  
 With nodding head, the silver snake  
 Does outward sign of pardon make;  
 By the priest('s) pray'rs and tears being won  
 To grant full absolution,  
 The corrupt God for bribe does take  
 A large fat goose, and little cake.

1220 When he's gone, a she-Jew appears  
 Who no betraying basket bears;<sup>1</sup>  
 Wary, and circumspect with fear,  
 Begs with soft accents in her ear,  
 Bragging that she's interpreter  
 Of *Moses'* Law o'th' hallowed grove,  
 High priestess, courier from above.  
 Her palm she crosses with base coin,  
 And cheaply buys tidings divine.  
 But thrifty Jews, for easy hire

1230 Will sell what fortunes you desire;  
 Propose your doubts to Syrian prophet:  
 Straight he resolves what will come of it.  
 He'll promise you a handsome lover,  
 Or legacy to come discover;  
 The panting entrails this reveal'd  
 Of a dove, whelp, or murdered child.  
 In others his own crimes detects,  
 Who're hang'd for schemes which he erects;  
 His pupils he trapans<sup>o</sup> and peaches<sup>o</sup>

*entrapns... impeaches*

1240 For practising of art he teaches.  
*Caldæans* they believe more just,  
 And firmly their predictions trust;  
 Whate'er such astrologers tell  
 Passes as *Ammon's* Oracle,  
 And are religiously believ'd  
 As if from God's own mouth receiv'd.  
 Since oracles are grown tongue-tied,  
 Their want is by the learn'd supplied,  
 Whose wondrous skill from darkness brings  
 1250 The knowledge of all future things.

<sup>1</sup> *basket bears*] According to Juvenal 3.14, the standard possessions of the Jews of Rome were a basket and a truss of hay.

- He's fam'd whose frequent banishment  
 Has been recall'd upon th' event,  
 Whose scheme by friendship brib'd, or gold,  
*Otho's* great rival's death foretold.<sup>1</sup>  
 No figure<sup>o</sup> caster<sup>o</sup> gains applause *fortune teller*  
 Unless obnoxious to the laws,  
 And, in camps manac'd and chain'd,  
 As a state prisoner long remain'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or, after condemnation, courted  
 1260 And begg'd the Bench to be transported.  
     She asks him<sup>3</sup> when the jaundice shall  
     Dispatch his mother's funeral?  
     But first enquires the punctual date  
     And period of *thy* long'd-for fate.  
     If the Fates did more lasting twist hers  
     Than her rich uncle's thread, or sister's?  
     Next, if her able, jolly swiver<sup>o</sup> } *screw*  
     Shall still be constant, and survive her;  
     What more have the kind Gods to give her?  
 1270 But though upon the act she dote,  
     Her ignorance speaks all by rote;  
     Knows not what *Saturn's* frowns portend,  
     Or how kind *Venus's* smiles befriend,  
     Nor, prompted by the stars, has pow'r  
     To warn you of the happy hour  
     For a design, nor point the minute  
     When 'tis unlucky to begin it.  
     Shun her whose sweating thumb does grease  
     The sullied *Ephemerides*,<sup>4</sup>  
 1280 Who consults none, but, now grown wise,  
     Is courted for her sage advice.  
     If her spouse to the wars is sent,  
     Or to some wealthy government,  
     She cannot bear him company;  
     The stars forbid her to comply.  
     In coach, one mile she does not dare

<sup>1</sup> *He's...foretold*] *Otho's* astronomer foretold the death of *Otho's* rival the emperor Galba.

<sup>2</sup> *As...remain'd*] A ms note alludes to the Roman practice of imprisoning those who predicted 'bad fortune or event of war or battle', commending or punishing as appropriate when the accuracy of the prediction was known.

<sup>3</sup> *asks him*] Ms 'asks'; speculative emendation.

<sup>4</sup> *Ephemerides*] An ephemeris is a table giving the astrological position of objects in the sky at a given time. It might easily become greasy and 'sullied' in use, as the finger is run repeatedly along the columns.

To see a friend, or take the air,  
 But first must for allowance look  
 Upon some astrologic book.  
 1290 If her thumb pricks, head aches, or eyes  
 But itch, she seeks no remedy,  
 Though sick, till her nativity  
 Be cast, nor ventures drink, or meat  
 Unless the learned bids her eat.  
 The poorer sort, who presents want<sup>o</sup> } lack  
 T<sup>i</sup>invite great artists home, must haunt  
 The circle which the race posts bound,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where fortune tellers still are found,  
 Who in their hands and foreheads see  
 1300 All the decrees of destiny;  
 But, courteous to poor fair ones, use  
 Their want of payment to excuse,  
 And pretty clients' fees take out  
 In smacking kisses, or kind bout.  
 The rich consult some Phrygian priest,  
 Or Indian gymnosophist,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whose skilful hand both globes revolves  
 Whilst he their curious doubts resolves;  
 Or else their destiny enquire  
 1310 Of th' aged priests watch heav'n's wing'd fire.  
 But she whose long neck's naked space  
 No golden chains, nor jewels, grace,  
 To cheating, canting quacks must go,  
 Inquisitive her fate to know;  
 O'er *Hogsdon*, or *Moorfields*,<sup>3</sup> must range  
 T<sup>i</sup>inquire if she her friends shall change,  
 And leave her vintner for a broker<sup>4</sup>  
 That has giv'n earnest, and bespoke her.  
 These, pangs of childbed undergo,  
 1320 And hazard of hard bargains know;  
 Compell'd by scanty fortunes, bear  
 The toils attend a nurse's care.

<sup>1</sup> *circle . . . bound*] The Circus Maximus.

<sup>2</sup> *gymnosophist*] The Greek name for a member of a sect of ancient Hindu philosophers of ascetic habits. The salient point is that barren women sought to become fertile by touching their genitals.

<sup>3</sup> *Hogsdon, or Moorfields*] Poorer districts of London; Hogsdon = modern Hoxton.

<sup>4</sup> *leave . . . broker*] Juvenal's figure wonders whether she should throw over the innkeeper and marry the old-clothes-man (591). One type of 'broker' was a dealer in second-hand goods.

- Few ladies of great quality  
 In beds of state do childing<sup>o</sup> lie: *child-bearing*  
 Prolific seed, in teeming womb,  
 By drugs abortive must become.  
 By wicked arts their embryos  
 Are slain, to save their pangs and throes,  
 Gladly give her preventing dose  
 1330 To slink<sup>1</sup> the spurious burthen loose.  
 Should the quick-springing infants feel,  
 Their birth would but thy shame reveal:  
 The hop'd-for issue of her womb  
 A loathèd negro would become—  
 That dark lump must be own'd thy son  
 Whose sight then next thy heart wouldst shun.  
 I mention not fathers beguil'd,  
 Gull'd with supposititious<sup>o</sup> child, *fraudulently substituted*  
 Who hug with joy the fondling<sup>o</sup> brats, *endearing*  
 1340 Heirs to their honour and estates.  
 Sly fortune, with conceal'd delight,  
 Watches these babes expos'd by night.  
 With smiling looks she contemplates  
 The helpless infant's future fates;  
 This nursery<sup>o</sup> her bosom warms, *nursling*  
 Cherish'd and dandled in her arms,  
 And witty stratagems prepares  
 To palm on palaces sham heirs.  
 Her beggar brat informs with art  
 1350 Betimes to act the noblest part,  
 These, these she loves, these she inspires,  
 With choicest gifts and noblest fires;  
 The fickle whore, in merry mood,  
 Shams<sup>o</sup> on the world her bastard brood. *imposes*  
 With drugs and charms quacks furnish wives,  
 Which husbands of their wits deprives,  
 And wretched sots so much bewitch  
 Their slippers flaug their cuddens' breech;<sup>2</sup>  
 Hence o'er his mind thick darkness springs,  
 1360 And numb'd forgetfulness of things  
 But newly done. But this, though bad,

<sup>1</sup> *slink*] 'Slip', but also, used of animals, 'to bear prematurely or abortively' (*OED*).

<sup>2</sup> *flaug...breech*] A 'cudden' is a 'dolt' and 'breech' here = 'backside'. If the verb is a variant of 'flog' = 'beat', the general sense is close to Juvenal's 'et solea pulsare natis' (612).

Is better than to run stark mad,  
 As did *Caligula*, by's spouse  
 Distracted with love-powder dose.  
 What woman of a less estate  
 Would not an empress imitate?  
 The empire burst into a flame,  
 And started from its ancient frame—  
 Such would be heav'n's disjointed state  
 1370 Should *Juno Jove* intoxicate.  
 Less faulty, then, was *Claudius'* wife,  
 Whose mushroom ends one dotard's life,  
 And sent him headlong to the devil,  
 With chops distilling drops of snivel.  
 By th' other's<sup>1</sup> complicated guilt,  
 Whole seas of noble blood was spilt;  
 Inchantments did his hellish rage  
 To fire and massacre engage.  
 To kill a mad dog's better luck  
 1380 Than let him live to run a muck;<sup>2</sup>  
 If all these plagues one dose ensue,<sup>o</sup>  
 What could a learn'd French pois'ner do?  
 To wives by nature 'tis allow'd  
 To hate their husband's bastard brood,  
 But our dames, pushing malice further,  
 Contrive their sons-in-law to murder.  
 Therefore, I warn each wealthy stripling,  
 How with his stepdame he sits tipping;  
 And, when her tempting treat's prepared,  
 1390 Let caution put him on his guard:  
 Eat little, keep a watchful eye,  
 The close mouth will admit no fly;<sup>3</sup>  
 By mothers blended, poison green  
 Lurk(s) in the luscious bits unseen.  
 What she carves, or presents, delay  
 To eat, till others take th' assay;  
 Let your grave governor or master  
 Before you drink be still<sup>o</sup> your taster.  
 But sure, our Muse' satiric vein  
 1400 Such tragic tales does only feign?

*follow*

*invariably*

<sup>1</sup> *th' other's*] The satirist recurs to Caligula.

<sup>2</sup> *a muck*] Standard spelling for this date. The term was in use, but not fully naturalized, by the Restoration era.

<sup>3</sup> *The close...fly*] Proverbial, though the usual verb 'catch' has been replaced for metrical reasons.

Transported with a foreign rage,  
 With lofty buskins treads the stage,  
 While our tragedians' throats must strain  
 Beyond *Black Friars*'<sup>1</sup> ancient vein?  
 But while I hope such barb'rous crimes  
 Were banish'd our more sober times,  
 I heard lewd, shameless *Pontia* cry:        }  
 "I do confess the deed, 'twas I        }  
 Design'd my poison'd sons should die;  
 1410 The well-laid plot I dearly lov'd,  
 But scorn what so successless prov'd."  
 Curst viper! Would your wicked will  
 At one meal both your children kill?  
 Yes, had that brace been multiplied  
 To seven or more, they all had died.  
 Henceforth we'll credit cruelties  
 The stage presents before our eyes;  
 Wrong'd *Progne*'s, and *Medea*'s rage,  
 Truly perform'd, in former age.  
 1420 That women have in former times,  
 By lust provok'd, done horrid crimes  
 We grant, but cannot find, in cold  
 Blood they would murder sons for gold.  
 We less admire those guilty dames  
 When dire revenge their hearts inflames;  
 If mighty mischiefs then are done  
 By storms of rage when hurried on:  
 Like mighty stones on mountain tops,  
 When time has undermin'd their props,  
 1430 Down the vast precipice they roll,  
 No let<sup>o</sup> can their career control;        *obstacle*  
 Castles and woods their rapid force  
 Levels in their resistless course.  
 Far worse is that delib'rate she  
 That soberly plots villany;  
 That without passion, in calm mind,  
 Weighs methods of the sin design'd.  
*Alcestis*, like a loving wife,  
 Died to redeem her husband's life;  
 1440 Her rare example on our stages

<sup>1</sup> Black Friars'] Blackfriars Theatre was almost opposite the Globe on the north bank of the Thames.

No imitation now engages:  
 Should chance produce resembling case,  
 What wife would die in husband's place?  
 If both at once should need her help,  
 She'd let him sink to save her whelp.  
 Wives full as bloody each town sees  
 As th' *Eriphils*, or *Belides*.  
 Who traverses a village' streets  
 But *Clytemnestra* daily meets?  
 1450 Her awkward axe vile bungling made,  
 Unpractis'd to the hangman's trade;  
 Now a toad's lungs the job will nick<sup>1</sup>  
 So subtly, none perceive the trick.  
 But if precautions<sup>o</sup> husbands use *cautious*  
 To swallow Mithridates' dose,<sup>2</sup>  
 Their careful wives will not omit  
 To make all sure with baggonet.<sup>o</sup> *bayonet*

## XJU02

William Skipwith: Satire 8. BL MS Lansdowne 207 F (excerpted at JU02)

William Skipwith's translation was undertaken, we are informed in his headnote (given below), at the request of his relative Gervais (Jervais) Holles, the antiquary (1607–1675; see *ODNB*). To judge by other ms contents this would be within or very close to the 1630s. Given the subject of the satire, it is of interest that large parts of Holles's ms collections in BL consist of copies of the pedigrees of the principal families of his county, Lincolnshire (he himself was a commoner). Skipwith was descended from a long line of Lincolnshire gentry. His father, Sir William (c.1564–1610), was a poet as well as a 'parliament man' (Member of Parliament); his elder brother Henry was also known as a poet.

Skipwith (or Schipwith, or Scypwith, as his name is also spelled in this ms) is not otherwise known as an author. His reading of Juvenal is by no means always assured, and his verse is sometimes awkward, though some of this effect reflects an attempt to write with a Juvenalian compression, and some must be the result of copying error, introducing, for example, self-evidently faulty punctuation and probably many of the small inaccuracies in the spelling of names (both reduced in the present text). Skipwith's explanation in his heading as to the occasion of his translation is perhaps a self-defensive gesture, but this is an exceptionally early and ambitious English Juvenal—indeed there is until Stapylton in 1647 no other known English version of Satire 8. It is also at times notably vigorous.

<sup>1</sup> *the job . . . nick*] 'Will suit the task' (of poisoning).

<sup>2</sup> *Mithridates' dose*] A semi-mythical antidote for poisoning.

Item: Juvenals 8th Satyre writt against Ponticus and other noble Romans, who ignoble in their lives, nor endowed with any worthy or Heroick Habits, had nothing to boast on but the relicts of their Predecessors and the bare style of Antiquitie. Translated by W. Schipwith at the request of my Cosen Ger: Holles.

- What can descent, O Ponticus, do good?  
 What is't to be deriv'd from noble blood?  
 To boast our painted Ancestors, or show  
 Th' Emilians coacht, the but half-Curii now?<sup>1</sup>  
 Corvine's small nose, or Galba, who doth bear  
 On's defac'd° statue neither nose nor ear: *disfigured*  
 Why should they 'mongst large Pedigrees discourse,  
 And numerous stems°? That General of the Horse; *family crests*  
 This was Dictator, whose bad lives displease  
 10 The present times: wherefore are Images  
 Made for so many warriors, if all night  
 We play at Dice, and sleep with the first light,  
 'Fore Scipio's statues, when<sup>2</sup> commanders went  
 With colours flying, and remov'd their tent?  
 In the great Fane,<sup>3</sup> and Gallic conquests, why,  
 Derived from th' Herculean family,  
 Should Fabius glory, if degenerate,  
 And covetous, and vain, and delicate  
 As is the Eugenean lamb? Or why should one  
 20 That smooths his limbs with the Sicilian stone  
 Vaunt his sad° grandsires, or a pois'ner brand° *valiant . . . stigmatize*  
 With worthless statues the unhappy land?  
 Let dusty pictures thy whole house adorn:  
 He that hath merit is most nobly born.  
 Like Paulus, Cossus, or like Drusus, be  
 But glorious in thy manners, then on thee  
 Let all the figures of thy grandsires wait,  
 And all the rods of thy own Consulate.  
 First I would have thee worthy: wouldst thou be  
 30 Valu'd for justice, and white sanctity?  
 I do confess thee noble: whether thou  
 Silanus art, or from what blood dost flow,  
 Save thee, Gaetulicus! The land hath got  
 The blessing of a famous Patriot,

<sup>1</sup> *Th' Emilians . . . now?*] Juvenal refers to the display of the statues of ancestors: one of Aemilianus in his chariot, another of Curius, half-crumbled away. <sup>2</sup> *when*] 'At the time of day when.'

<sup>3</sup> *great Fane*] Juvenal refers to the *ara maxima* of Hercules in Rome.

And I may cry out as the people do  
 When they have found their God. But tell me, who  
 Will style him truly generous, whose fame,  
 Unworthy of his blood, leans on his name?  
 So we a wither'd dwarf may Atlas write,  
 40 Crook'd girls Europas, or an Ethiop white,  
 And on those slow and mangy curs that lick  
 Oil from the socket of a candlestick,  
 Fix names of Tiger, Lion, Leopard,  
 Or any beast that ever yet was heard  
 To roar more violently. Therefore beware:  
 Thou thus nor Camerine nor Creti(c)an are.  
     But how can this adhere to us? 'Tis you,  
 Rubellius Blandus, I discourse with, who  
 Swells in the high blood of a Drusian,  
 50 As if thy merit made thee a great man,  
 Worthy her womb that 'mongst the Julians shin'd,  
 Not her that, hir'd, doth labour in the wind.<sup>1</sup>  
 "Ye lowest part of the plebeian scum,  
 Who cannot show me whence your parents come!  
 But I'm descended from the royal strain!"  
 Live long, and to final purple entertain°  
 The glory of thy blood; yet it is not  
 So strange to find an able patriot  
 Amongst the humble multitude, that can  
 60 Defend the cause of a dull nobleman:  
 He comes from the gown'd vulgar, who doth know  
 How to untie the riddles of the law,  
 Who, yet but young, in Syria warr'd, and where  
 The Eagles awe the tamèd Hollander.<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou'rt nothing but a bare Cecropi(d)an,  
 Just like the trunk of Mercury, nor can  
 Excel in any difference, save this:  
*Thy* head's alive, the other marble is.  
     And now, inform (Roman): who will scant<sup>3</sup>  
 70 Commend dumb creatures if not valiant?  
 So a fleet Courser in the Lists we praise,  
 To whom unstrain'd accrues the fragrant Bays:

*maintain*

<sup>1</sup> *labour . . . wind*] In reference to menial work in poor conditions.

<sup>2</sup> *Hollander*] Skipwith's equivalent for Horace's 'Batavi'.

<sup>3</sup> *scant*] 'Scarcely (even)'; but the word is used for rhyme as much as meaning.

- Wherever he was bred, 'tis a brave horse,  
 Whose famous speed rais'd the first dust i'th' course.  
 But th' herd<sup>o</sup> of Corypha we venal<sup>o</sup> deem, *offspring...saleable*  
 And Hirpin's brood, for seldom on the team  
 Is conquest perch'd;<sup>1</sup> there all regard is lost  
 Of Ancestors, no favour to their Ghosts.  
 Sold at a poor rate, they with paces slow  
 80 Must in a waggon or a windmill draw,  
 That we may honour thee, not thine. Meanwhile  
 Do some brave act which may be in thy style<sup>o</sup> *designation*  
 Engrav'd besides thy titles; they're not yours,  
 But the just tribute of thine Ancestors.  
 Thus much for that young man whom amongst us  
 Rumour hath branded as ambitious,  
 Proud, and with Caesar's nearer blood inflate,<sup>2</sup>  
 For there's scarce common sense in such a fate.  
 But, Ponticus, thy self thou must not raise  
 90 On deceas'd worth, and have no other praise.  
 'Tis piteous to rely on others' fame;  
 Sure ruin falls upon a tott'ring frame  
 That hath no Pillars, and the prostrate vine  
 Grows when it doth the widow'd Elms entwine.<sup>3</sup>  
 Be a good patron, eminent in war,  
 In doubtful things a sincere justicer,<sup>o</sup> *judge*  
 Though Phalaris commanding thee to lie  
 Present his bull, and dictate perjury.  
 Prize not thyself 'bove virtue, nor, to get  
 100 A life, destroy the noble cause<sup>o</sup> of it. *object*  
 He merits death that doth, though<sup>o</sup> when h'as sweat *even though*  
 In perfum'd baths he Lucrine oysters eat.  
 When thy expected Province shall, though late,  
 Receive thee, the wish'd viceroy of their state,  
 Bridle thine anger, curb thy greedy ends,  
 And pity our auxiliary friends.<sup>4</sup>  
 And, when thou shalt the very marrow see  
 Suck't from the dry bones of a Monarchy,  
 Look on our Laws, the mandate of the Court,  
 110 Who merit well, and how rewarded for't.

<sup>1</sup> *for...perch'd*] 'Because victory is seldom acquired by the offspring.' Coryphaeus and Hirpinus were famous racing horses.

<sup>2</sup> *with...inflate*] 'Full of his close consanguinity with Caesar.'

<sup>3</sup> *prostrate vine...entwine*] See LE11, line 11n.

<sup>4</sup> *auxiliary friends*] 'Allies', 'confederates'.

What a just ruin did the Senate throw  
 On Tutor and Cossutian Capito,  
 Cilicia's Pirates,<sup>o</sup> though to little end *plunderers*  
 If all that Natta left them, Pansa spend.  
 Cherippus, look a crier<sup>1</sup> who will sell  
 Thy clothes, and be content; he does not well  
 That spends his passage<sup>2</sup> when nought else appears.  
 Times past there was no such sad cause of tears;  
 Under no losses did our fellows<sup>o</sup> groan *allies*  
 120 Who long have flourish'd, and but now o'erthrown.  
 Then was there store of gold; in every house  
 Laconian scarlet, Coan purple was.  
 Myron's and Polyclitus' works hung by  
 Parrhasius, and the Phidian Ivory;  
 Few meals without the art of Mentor were.  
 Here Dolabella, and Antonius there,<sup>3</sup>  
 With impious Verres, brought home from the seas  
 Stol'n spoils, and num'rous trophies of a Peace.  
 The slender troupe of mares, th' unfrequent ox  
 130 Still grazing wild, the father of the flocks,  
 Will from the captive field straight ravish'd be,  
 And ev'n the very household Deity,  
 If in the room one famous<sup>o</sup> statue stood, *ordinary*  
 Or in the cottage but a single God:  
 Here's all. Thou'st reason to contemn, perchance,  
 Old Corinth, or the feeble Rhodians,  
 For in small stead th' anointed youth can stand,<sup>4</sup>  
 And what are the smooth thighs of all the lands?  
 Be sure the churlish Spaniard thou decline,<sup>o</sup> *avoid*  
 140 The Gallic chariots, and th' Illyrian sine,<sup>o</sup> *bay*  
 And spare those reapers who supply a Town  
 That nought but lists and throngèd stages own.<sup>5</sup>  
 For what reward should such a crime pursue  
 When the poor Negroes<sup>o</sup> Marius did undo? *Africans*  
 Take heed thou do not wrong a valiant man

<sup>1</sup> *Cherippus...crier*] Cherippus is an imaginary Cilician who is advised to find a street trader to sell what he has left.

<sup>2</sup> *passage*] Ms 'wastage'. But 'naulam', 'passage money', is consistent in Latin texts over time, and copying error is rife in this ms; speculative emendation.

<sup>3</sup> *Here...there*] Juvenal now turns from the past to the present, when the rich pickings have dwindled.

<sup>4</sup> *in...stand*] 'Their oiled youth can avail little.' The oil, or in Juvenal resin, is used as a depilatory, hence the 'smooth thighs' of line 138.

<sup>5</sup> *nought...own*] 'Has no produce of its own except circus displays and theatre.'



And the sole statues<sup>1</sup> which the manger bears.  
 But if he'd revel't° in th' officious° stews, *revel it... official*  
 His Syrian host drench't in his perfum'd dews° *moisture*  
 Runs to encounter him; the Syrian host  
 That did inhabit the Phoenician coast;<sup>2</sup>  
 With tavern courtship he salutes his King,  
 190 And Cyane, who, girt, doth flagons bring.  
     The patron° of such crimes happily says *defender*  
 Ourselves have done the same in our young days.  
 Be't so: we foster not these errors still;  
 Let it be short, what we dare do that's ill.  
 Some faults there are which have no elder growth  
 Than the first beard. Favour the giddy youth.  
 To's bathing goblets Damasippus flies  
 Ripe for th' Armenian war, and fit to rise  
 The great Protector of the Syrian  
 200 And German streams; an age whose virtues can  
 Secure the Prince.<sup>3</sup> Send post to Ostia,  
 But in a tavern with the legate stay:  
 You'll find how he the black companion lives  
 Of fencers, seamen, thieves and fugitives,  
 With hearse-makers and hangmen blessed,  
 And the dumb tabrets° of the lazy Priest. *timbrels*  
 Where freedom's equal, all alike drink deep,  
 All eat together, and together sleep.  
 If, Ponticus, thou'rt curst with such a man,  
 210 Wouldst thou not clap him in a Tuscan chain?<sup>4</sup>  
 O Troy-bred Volscians, you yourselves can spare,  
 And what would shame a slave, your glories are.  
     Though these be crimes beyond example vile,  
 Can they that follow hope a better style?  
 This man grown poor, pursues the acting trade,  
 And the loud *Phasma* of Catullus play'd;<sup>5</sup>  
 Well, too, did Velox act Laureolus,  
 And merited, I'll swear, a real cross.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *And... statues*] 'And those images alone'.

<sup>2</sup> *Phoenician coast*] Juvenal's Syrian is a 'Syro-Phoenician' ('Syrophoenix'), but in Rome lives near the Idumaeen Gate.

<sup>3</sup> *To's bathing... Prince*] These lines describe a figure of mature years, 'ripe for... war', whose drunken exploits cannot be overlooked like those of younger men.

<sup>4</sup> *Tuscan chain*] The Tuscan was a private prison in which gangs of slaves were kept chained.

<sup>5</sup> *Phasma... play'd*] This Catullus was a writer of mimes, 'Phasma' one of his plays or one of his characters.

<sup>6</sup> *merited... cross*] I.e. deserved to be crucified.

Nor must we spare the people, whose steel'd brow<sup>1</sup>  
 220 Dare see our great Patricians mimics grow,  
 And hear the bare-foot Fabians,<sup>2</sup> and dare scorn  
 The blows which by the Mamercans are borne.  
 They sell their lives, no matter at what rate,  
 Th' are sold, and Nero governs not their fate,  
 Which without scruple freely they expose,  
 When Praetors court the multitude with shows.  
 And yet imagine here are swords, and there  
 The stage: what's best? Doth any man so fear  
 Death, that he'd seem jealous of Thymele,  
 230 Or the colleague of dull Corinthus be?  
 Yet 'tis not strange: when Princes fiddlers are,  
 What can we hope for but a mimic peer?  
 A fighting Gracchus, who (the stain of blood)  
 Not weapon'd like a Gladiator stood,  
 No shield nor sword, nor beaver<sup>o</sup> o'er his face *helmet*  
 (The youth condemns and hates such civil ways).  
 He way'd his Trident first, then, having spread  
 His net in vain o'er his opposer's head,  
 He gaz'd on each spectator that was there,  
 240 And fled well known through all the theatre,<sup>3</sup>  
 Noted by his clothes, and the gilt spire,<sup>4</sup> that  
 Reaching his chin moves in a lofty hat.  
 Yet to the fencer,<sup>o</sup> in so bad a cause *gladiator*  
 Compell'd to fight, conquest ignoble was.  
 Give freedom to the People's votes, and where  
 Is one so damn'd but Seneca'll prefer  
 To Nero, for whose ruin we must fake<sup>o</sup> *contrive*  
 More than one ape, one sack, or single snake?<sup>5</sup>  
 The crime unto Orestes' equal was,  
 250 But the disparity springs from the cause:  
 He at a feast reveng'd his murder'd sire,  
 And all the gods were authors of his fire,  
 But was not guilty of Electra's life,  
 Nor shed the blood of his Laconian wife,

<sup>1</sup> *steel'd brow*] Juvenal's 'frons durior' (189), 'hardened' or perhaps 'brazen' front.

<sup>2</sup> *bare-foot Fabians*] I.e. another noble race acting in mimes (in which the players went barefoot).

<sup>3</sup> *fled... theatre*] Gracchus, disgracefully, fights as a retiarius or 'net-man', and when his throw misses can only flee from the fully armed gladiator.

<sup>4</sup> *spire*] Perhaps 'spiral'; Juvenal's 'spira', a twisted chinstrap. In Dryden's Juvenal, unhappily, 'hatband'.

<sup>5</sup> *More... snake*] I.e. Nero (who required Seneca's suicide) deserves several times over the traditional punishment for parricides, drowning in a sack containing various animals.

Writ not the fate of Troy: what sadder grave  
 Should Galba's treasons, or Virginius, have?<sup>1</sup>  
 These be the works and arts which crown the head  
 Of a brave<sup>o</sup> Prince: on foreign scenes<sup>o</sup> to tread *worthy ... stages*  
 Ignoble measures, and deserve a wreath  
 260 Which Greece to the best singer doth bequeath.  
 Fix the bright Trophies of thy voice before  
 The statues of thy noble Ancestor;  
 Before Domitius' feet the long robes place  
 Of tragic Atreus, Menalippe's face,  
 Or fair Antigone's close by thy fire,  
 And on his marble figure hang thy lyre.  
 Rome ne'er could boast of a more high-born pair  
 Than Catiline and bold Cethegus were,  
 Yet, arm'd in the still night, they did conspire  
 270 To set our houses and our Gods on fire,  
 And, as the armies of the lusty Gaul,  
 Durst that for which they should to ashes fall.  
 But th' active Consul<sup>2</sup> their designs bewray'd:<sup>o</sup> *exposed*  
 This obscure<sup>o</sup> Arpinate, but lately made *lowly*  
 A Roman knight, assures with a strong Guard  
 The frighted town, and labours in each ward.  
 To whom the Gown<sup>o</sup> a greater glory yields *toga*  
 Than at the fight in the Philippic fields,  
 Or Actium, sat on great Octavius' blade,  
 280 Drench'd in the reeking slaughters that it made.  
 But<sup>3</sup> savèd Rome did first of all bestow  
 The style of Father on wise Cicero.  
 Marius, who first upon the Volscian brow<sup>o</sup> *hillside*  
 Follow'd for wages the laborious plough,  
 And after oft was beaten if he were  
 In making works a lazy pioner,<sup>4</sup>  
 Slaughter'd the Cimbrians, and secur'd alone  
 I'th' height of danger the amazèd Town.  
 Ravens which to the place of conquest flew,  
 290 On vaster bodies tired than ere they knew.  
 He, the colleague of a Patrician,

<sup>1</sup> *what... have?* 'Grave' seems wrong, but so does line 256 following. Juvenal (221–3) asks: 'Which of Nero's deeds most deserved to be avenged by the arms of a Verginius or a Galba?' <sup>2</sup> *Consul*] Cicero.

<sup>3</sup> *But*] This makes for difficulty. Juvenal's point (244) differs: 'But then, Rome was yet free when she styled Cicero the Parent and Father of his country' (Loeb).

<sup>4</sup> *In... pioner*] 'A lazy digger in constructing earthworks'. In military language a pioneer or 'pioner' digs trenches and the like.

The honour of a second triumph won.<sup>1</sup>  
 Low was the Decian birth, and low their fame,  
 Yet, for our Legions, and the Latin name,  
 They freely offer'd their devoted bloods  
 T'appease the earth and the incensèd Gods,  
 Who held the Decii at a nobler rate  
 Than all the nation sav'd by their brave fate.  
 A handmaid's issue, the Romulean Crown  
 300 And purple wore, the last good King in Rome.<sup>2</sup>  
 The Consuls' sons, who were engag'd<sup>o</sup> to be *pledged*  
 Great patrons of our questioned liberty,  
 Did the betray'd portcullais open fling,  
 And studied to reduce<sup>o</sup> the banish'd King. *bring back*  
 Cocles and Mutius amazèd stood,  
 And she that swam the Empire-bounding flood:<sup>3</sup>  
 A slave (whose fact robed mothers did bewail)<sup>4</sup>  
 The treason to the Fathers did reveal:  
 On whom just vengeance they inflicted saw,  
 310 And the first blooded Axes of the Law.  
 I'd rather thou wert born of Homer's clown,<sup>5</sup>  
 If thou be'st like Achilles, and canst don  
 Vulcanian arms, than a Thersites be,  
 Although a son of th' Achillean tree.  
 And yet, search all records, thou'lt find we carry  
 The style of an ignoble sanctuary,<sup>6</sup>  
 And whosoever built this marble frame,  
 A shepherd was, or somewhat I'll not name.

Nulla taberna meos habeat neque pila libellos  
 Queis manus insudet vulgi—Horat.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *He... won*] When Marius won this battle in 101 BC, the patrician Catulus shared in the triumph; line 291 ought to say 'His patrician colleague won...'

<sup>2</sup> *the last... Rome*] Servius Tullius.

<sup>3</sup> *she... flood*] Cloelia, a hostage, escaped by swimming across the Tiber.

<sup>4</sup> *whose... bewail*] 'Whose noble deed matrons bewept' (*fact*: 'exploit', 'feat of valour'). Juvenal's commentators explain that the Roman matrons publicly mourned the (later) death of this slave just as they had mourned Brutus, the earlier preserver of their liberty.

<sup>5</sup> *Homer's clown*] Thersites.

<sup>6</sup> *sanctuary*] Romulus, to increase the number of his subjects, established a sanctuary for those fleeing servitude, debt, or justice.

<sup>7</sup> The Horace quotation added at the end of the ms text is from Sat. 1.4.71–2 ('I want no stall or pillar to have my little works, so that the hands of the crowd may sweat over them').

XJU03

From Sir Thomas Lawrence: Satire 10 (= Juvenal 1–48). Nottingham University MS Pw V 19, pp. 13–37

For Lawrence see OV13. His complete translation of S10, dated November 1663, must have been made during his time as an Oxford student. The verse is undistinguished, but two features at least are unusual: the original verse synopsis or ‘argument’, and the division of the poem into sections, each provided with its own heading by the translator. Both features can be inspected in this excerpt; the complete translation runs to some 580 lines.

A Paraphrasticall Translation of the Tenth Satyr of Juvenal  
The Argument

In this Harangue the Satirist conspires<sup>o</sup> *contrives*  
 To show the Vanity of Men’s desires,  
 Who, having not the diff’rence understood  
 Between appearing, and a real Good,  
 Consult not Reason, but (as led by Fate)  
 Follow the dictates of each fond Conceit:  
 Hunt after Honours, and foment<sup>o</sup> the Itch *excite*  
 Of getting Glory, and of growing Rich:  
 Soliciting the Gods for length of Life,  
 10 For lovely children, and a beauteous Wife,  
 For great Preferments, nimble Tongues, and Wit,  
 While to their Providence they should submit;  
 Which always gives us what for us is best,  
 Although it always grant not our Request.

The Introduction

To what a Vanity are Mortals grown!  
 When each Man proves destructive to his own  
 Real Concerns, and Interests; and Joys  
 Only in that which only him destroys!  
 For should we search, and all that space explore  
 20 That lies ’twixt Cadiz and the Indian Shore,  
 How few Discoveries yet should we make  
 Of Men that from right Reason Judgement take,  
 That know what’s simply Good, or truly Ill,  
 And take their Measures not from crooked Will;  
 How few that own a Judgement so divine,  
 That free from Clouds of Error still doth shine.  
 For who almost can give good Reason why

He this Design pursues, or that does fly?  
 Whose Wish ere yet attained such happy End,  
 30 That he might not repent it, or amend?  
 Whole Families have been in Ruin laid  
 By those requests which they themselves have made  
 Unto the sacred Deities, who fain  
 Would save from Curses which their Prayers obtain.  
 One flies unto the Camp; another's for  
 The sword of Rhet'ric (sharp as that of War,  
 And as destructive too), by which alone  
 He gains Clients' cause, and spoils his own.  
 Stout Milo, who in Strength was more than Beast,  
 40 But less than Man when he his Force exprest  
 (And Folly too) by rending<sup>o</sup> up an Oak, *tearing*  
 That, doting on him, so him Pris'ner took;  
 Thus<sup>1</sup> to the Beasts he fell a Prey at length,  
 And show'd much Weakness in his mighty Strength.

#### General Inconveniences of Wealth

The Power of glitt'ring Dust doth some bewitch  
 With the unhappy Hope of growing Rich,  
 And great Leviathans in Seas of Gold,  
 Until some Prince's Avarice take hold  
 On the Preten(d)er, and make their Wealth their Crime.  
 50 'Twas this persuaded Nero, in his time  
 To slay Longinus, and with Troops assay<sup>o</sup> *assault*  
 The House and Gardens of rich Seneca;  
 Kill Lateranus next, and then repay<sup>o</sup> *reward*  
 Th' Exploit with his cramm'd Bags he bore away.  
 But on such Errands Soldiers enter not  
 The humble Courtyards<sup>o</sup> of the homely cot.<sup>o</sup> *yards...cottage*  
 If with a smaller Sum you undertake  
 A Journey, Rogues, be sure, will not forsake  
 The opportunity, or if they do,  
 60 A Troop of Fears will dog and seize you too,  
 Make ev'ry Rood<sup>o</sup> a Pike, and ev'ry Bough *stick*  
 A seeming Highwayman, to run you through;  
 While empty Travellers fear no such Thing,  
 And when they meet with Robbers, briskly sing.

<sup>1</sup> Thus] Ms 'That'; speculative emendation.

Yet when before the Gods we' address our Prayer,  
 Our first and chief Desires always are  
 That our small Stocks may rise to mighty Hoards,  
 Quitting the safety Poverty affords,  
 Which gives in earthen Vessels healthful Draughts—  
 70 When he who in the golden Beaker quaffs  
 Oft draws his Ruin from th' embossèd Bowl,  
 And with the poison'd Wine drinks off his Soul.

The Vanity of Roman Pride Described

Since Follies all our Actions so attend,  
 Which of the Wisemen shall we most commend?  
 Democritus, who laugh'd at the Age's madness,  
 Or Heraclite, who wept in sober Sadness?  
 'Tis easy laughing in our jibing Moods,  
 But one would wonder where such mighty Floods  
 Of briny Tears should have their constant Source.  
 80 Democritus, 'tis strange, could Laughter force,  
 Though never in his Cities<sup>1</sup> he espy'd  
 Such Pageantry as waits on Roman Pride;  
 Although they wore no purple Robes, or sate  
 Aloft, in high, stupendous Chairs of State,  
 Rode not in rich Sedans, and did not know  
 The mad Grandeur the Fasces here bestow;  
 Had he the Praetor seen when he surveys  
 The Circus, and beholds the public Plays,  
 In his sublime Caroach<sup>2</sup> plac'd far above,  
 90 Clad in the painted, gaudy Vest of Jove;  
 By him, a Crown so ponderous and wide  
 No single Head befits, or can abide  
 Its pressure,<sup>o</sup> which, that you may know how great, *discomfort*  
 Is borne up by, and makes his Servant sweat,  
 With his proud Eagle perch'd upon a Pole  
 Of burnish'd Ivory, and with him whole  
 Bands of caressèd Friends on both his sides.  
 Then, his white<sup>3</sup> Romans marching as he rides,  
 Ah then, so gravely foppish<sup>o</sup> he had seen, *silly*  
 100 As with just Laughter might have broke his Spleen.

<sup>1</sup> *in... Cities*] 'In the cities of his day'.

<sup>2</sup> *Caroach*] A particularly luxurious type of coach.

<sup>3</sup> *white*] I.e. 'white-robed'.

# 5

## Latin Elegy and Love Lyric excluding Ovid (XLE)

### XLE01

Charles Bury: Catullus, *Carmina* 2–2b. Nottingham University MS My 1003 (single sheet)

Charles Bury (1764–1835) came from a titled Irish family. He was elected to the Irish Parliament in 1790, raised to the peerage in 1797, and became Viscount (1800) then Earl (1806) of Charleville. Bury combined a political career with antiquarian interests. As for this translation, he explains in the letter containing the only known copy: ‘I put these verses together this night, as I drove about five miles in the dark.’ For another Catullus translation with connections to Bury see LE08.

This translation reflects the fact that what editors now regard as Catullus 2 and 2b used to be considered a single poem. The three lines usually now known as Catullus 2b (or sometimes 3) refer to the story of Atalanta, who lost a running race through stopping to collect up the golden apples dropped by her opponent. Having conceded victory to this final suitor, Atalanta was forced to marry him, putting to an end her vaunted virginity. Understandably enough, this translator has trouble working in this matter. Date: c.1800.

### To Lesbia’s Sparrow

Dear Sparrow, by my Fair caress’d,  
And foster’d in her snowy breast,  
Whose eager and impassion’d bite  
Her playful fingers oft excite;  
Too sure, when sportive thus with you,  
She trifles with my feelings too.  
Her soft emotion, am’rous pain,  
I think she does so to restrain:  
Ah, could I but like her my fire  
10 Thus cool, and curb intense desire,  
More grateful far, dear Bird, should be  
Thy strife, or blandishments, to me  
Than, as inraptur’d Poets tell,  
To the coy Nymph who ran so well,

The Golden Pippin made her own,  
That loos'd the long-incircling Zone°! *girdle*

## XLE02

Anon.: Catullus, *Carmen* 31. Yale MS Osborn c136, pp. 150–5

This composition is signed 'Leic[este]r Mond: Oct: 7<sup>th</sup> 1796'. It is at least as much of a draft as any other text in this ms, with corrections, tentative second thoughts, and alternatives interspersed. The transcription supplied here uses what seem to be the best of the later ideas.

## To the Peninsula of Sirmio

Sweetest Isle, of lake or main,  
Sirmio, with what joy again  
I revisit thy dear shore,  
All my wandering labours o'er.  
Scarce my senses I believe,  
When they tell me, nor deceive,  
That not through Asia's fields I roam,  
But safely view my native home.  
O what more blissful than to find  
10 Repose from care, and ease of mind,  
With foreign toil long wearied grown,  
On that dear spot, on which alone  
Our hearts are fixed, and pleasures past  
Revive, and fill our cup at last;  
That genial spot, that sacred ground,  
Where youth its earliest habits found?  
How sweet within my native shed° *cottage*  
To press the dear, accustomed bed!  
Such joy alone, by pain procur'd,  
20 Can pay the labours I've endured.  
Beauteous Sirmio, hail; rejoice  
To hear thy master's well-known voice;  
Hail, though late, his glad return:  
And ye, hard by who pour your { },<sup>1</sup>  
Ye waters of the Larian Lake,  
In your old neighbour's bliss partake,  
And all ye joys that home afford,  
Exult, and laugh, to greet your lord.

<sup>1</sup> Word crossed out authorially and illegible in ms.

# 6

## Other Latin Authors (XOL)

### XOL01

J.F.: Pseudo-Tertullian, *Carmen de Jona et Ninive*. Bod. MS Eng. poet. f. 17, pp. 20–3 (excerpted at OL08)

For J.F., *fl.* 1662, see Manuscript Sources. These 105 Latin lines, a version of Jonah 1, were once given to Tertullian. Whatever their origins, they are sometimes thought to have had an effect on the fourteenth-century *Gawain*-poet. The *editio princeps* was published in 1675 from a text prepared by the Frenchman Franciscus Juretus. Far more likely than J.F. having had access to a manuscript copy is that he is responding here to the recent printing of a previously little-known poem: the year tallies well enough with the sole date, 1662, mentioned in his ms. From this point, the earliest printed English translations of this text are not years but centuries away.

The extant Piece of Tertullian's Poem of Jonas and Nineve

Sodom and hot Gomorrah now become  
Their own still-living Tomb, and their just doom  
Of Burning sign'd° with° the strange Monument *attested by*  
Of aged Ashes (Apples only meant  
To cheat the flatter'd eye); of that dull Sea  
Whose sluggish Death with theirs began to be,  
And of that which retains—if aught in Salt  
Remain of human—th' image of its fault:  
Almost another Rain of heav'nly Fire  
10 Proud Nineveh extorts, whose vast Aspire° *aspiration*  
No limit now of Just and Right restrains;  
For what fear Souls debauch'd? Where Error reigns,  
No Judgements most severe examples bow.<sup>1</sup>  
But the Almighty, good, long patient, slow  
To punish Crimes, no Wrath inflicts till he  
First warn and knock° our Breasts' obduracy *strike at*

<sup>1</sup> *No... bow*] 'People's judgements are not influenced by even the severest instances of exemplary punishment.'

- By voice of Minds presagious, large, inspir'd.  
 He thus instructed, Jonas had requir'd  
 A Ruin to denounce<sup>1</sup> to Nineveh
- 20 To their demerits due: but, conscious he  
 How apt the Lord to spare the humbled heart,  
 How ready to remit deservèd smart  
 To suppliants, and how easy<sup>o</sup> to be good, *ready*  
 Forbare the Journey, lest his Preaching should  
 Prove vain, and by their Peace his threat'nings fall.<sup>2</sup>  
 Then Flight concludes, if any Power at all  
 To scape God, and avoid that boundless Hand  
 By which the trembling Universe is spann'd—  
 So could th' else holy heart of Jonas slip.
- 30 A fam'd, well-haven'd City on the lip  
 Of the Cilician shore, opposèd lies  
 To Joppa; Jonas, hence embarkèd, flies  
 Towards that Tarsus; God permits his flight;  
 Nor wonder that the man who God did slight  
 On land, found him on sea. For suddenly,  
 A small sulphureous cloud bespots the sky,  
 Conceiv'd of the wind's seed, and having won<sup>o</sup> *acquired*  
 A thickness, globe-like stuck upon the Sun,  
 And with black Bands of clouds surprisèd Day
- 40 Beseig'd. Heav'n's sable face the Mirror-Sea  
 Reflects, a blackness round infects the Waves,  
 Night rushes on the Skies, the swell'd Sea raves,  
 The Clouds need not to touch, the Waves descend,  
 The Winds raise these, and both in bravery<sup>o</sup> blend. *ostentation*  
 Several mischiefs assault our Fugitive:  
 Th' Heavens, Sea, Ship, all in one combat strive  
 Hither and thither; with the Billows' shock,<sup>o</sup> *violent blow*  
 The Vessel's tost. Her Ribs all crack, her Dock<sup>o</sup> *stern*  
 Is shook asunder; topsails, trembling, rend;  
 50 The Masts, as if to break they doubted, bend.  
 The Seamen's doubled Cries the while essay  
 All for their Ship and Souls, the Ropes' decay  
 Repair, strain the Ship's Girdle,<sup>3</sup> loosens Nails  
 Fasten, to windward force the flapping Sails,

<sup>1</sup> *A Ruin . . . denounce*] 'A destruction to proclaim.'

<sup>2</sup> *lest . . . fall*] I.e. lest his warnings should be of no effect because of their state of amity and order.

<sup>3</sup> *Girdle*] 'An additional thickness of planking secured along the wales, or bends, of a wooden ship about its waterline' (*Ox. Comp. to Ships and the Sea*).

- Drain with the Pump the Ship of water stored  
 Within. At last they throw all overboard:  
 Their costly wares, all bu(r)dening things and gross,<sup>o</sup> *heavy*  
 Labouring t'òercome their Danger with their Loss.  
 Pitiful voices at each Wave's assault
- 60 Are made; all their sad eyes and hands exalt  
 Unto No-Gods, whom Seas nor Skies obey,  
 And who (carv'd on their Poops) no less than they  
 Were lash'd and threaten'd by the furious Storm.  
 Meantime the Guilty, in securest form,  
 All ignorant of the Sea's rage, reports  
 The deepness of his sleep by loudest snorts,  
 Laid in the hollow Keel (a sleep then meant  
 His Saviour's like Sea-sleep<sup>1</sup> to represent).  
 Him who the Pilot saw such Peace to keep
- 70 Amidst such Trouble, and so bravely<sup>o</sup> sleep, *fearlessly*  
 Pulling him, says, "In such a danger dost  
 Thou sleep? The Port alone, we all so tost,  
 Enjoy? Our toil helps not, no hope we see.  
 But to the Gods, thy God, who'er he be,  
 Quickly invoke." At last it all doth please  
 To try by lot whose Crime thus stirr'd the Seas;  
 Nor thee, sad Jonas, did the lot belie.<sup>o</sup> *misrepresent*  
 They then demand, Who, whence art thou, and why  
 Among us here, thy People what, thy Place?
- 80 He grants himself the faithful, but, alas,  
 Too timorous Servant of the Lord that rais'd  
 Th' Heavens, deprest the Earth, weak Flesh enchas'd  
 With<sup>2</sup> an extensive Soul; his Spirit did drive  
 Through Matter's All; that this God's Fugitive  
 He is; then doth his Journey's Cause reveal.  
 Stiffen'd with fear, they answer: "Ah, thy Bale<sup>o</sup> *ransom*  
 Must we be then? What Victim shall appease  
 This Wrath?" (for still the Tempest did increase).  
 "Lo, of the Tempest, of the World's whole Rage,
- 90 For me Heav'n falls on you; 'tis I engage  
 The sea", said he, "to swell, for me, your load.  
 Earth's far away, Death near, no hope in God:

<sup>1</sup> *His... sleep*] According to the Gospels, Jesus was in the stern asleep when a furious storm came up as the disciples were crossing the Sea of Galilee in a small boat.

<sup>2</sup> *enchas'd with*] 'Made to serve as a setting for.'

- Throw me out, you your Ship shall lighten'd see,  
 Which of that only<sup>o</sup> fraught<sup>o</sup> discharg'd would be.” *freight alone*  
 The men yet labour still to turn their course  
 Landward, in vain; for nor could all their force  
 The Rudder bend, nor shift their Sails about.  
 At last to God: “O for one Soul do not  
 Throw all into Death's Jaws, nor on us be  
 100 Charg'd this just blood, if spilt by thy decree.”  
     From bottom of the Deep just then arose  
 A Whale, who, from a crowd of Crabs that close  
 His scaly Bulk around, unfolding<sup>o</sup> him,<sup>o</sup> *releasing himself*  
 Did through tost Seas and self-made Billows swim.  
 Straight the seiz'd Prey the ship had headlong thrown,  
 His slimy Throat suck'd in, and swallowing down  
 The living Bit,<sup>o</sup> into' his vast Belly bore't, *mouthful*  
 And with the Man, Heav'n's and Sea's rage devour'd.  
 Heav'n's Shadow is dissolv'd, Sea's anger laid,<sup>o</sup> *allayed*  
 110 The Waves here, there the Winds are friendly made;  
 And whilst the ship fair way doth safely make,  
 The blue Main's furrow'd with white foamy trace.  
 The Mariners, o'erjoy'd that safe they were,  
 Offer their thanks to God with reverent fear.  
     Jonas a Vessel different far receives,  
 Waves underneath the deepest Waves he cleaves,  
 In Fish's animated Bowels shipt,  
 Environèd, yet not in Water dipt,  
 Within the Sea and yet without it too;  
 120 Among half-eaten Weeds and Bodies now  
 Dissolv'd and rotted with Digestion's force,  
 Alive knows what to be a buried Corse.<sup>o</sup> *corpse*  
 Yet he, his Lord's fair type,<sup>1</sup> was not to be  
 Destroy'd ordain'd, but Heaven to glorify.

## XOL02

Sir Philip Wodehouse: Claudian, *In Rufinum* 1.1–25. Brotherton MS Lt 40, fol. 59<sup>r</sup>

For Sir Philip Wodehouse see EP07. Wodehouse was not alone in singling out this passage for translation: see XOL03. His is, however, an early example, probably written 1662–81. By this date only one English translation of any size from Claudian had been printed, and

<sup>1</sup> *type*] ‘Symbol’, ‘emblem’; Jonah is to be a ‘sign’ of the Lord hereafter.

that many years earlier: Leonard Digges's *De raptu Proserpinae* of 1617. More interest would be taken in Claudian's *In Rufinum* in the eighteenth century, with four complete or partial English versions appearing 1712–37; but Wodehouse usually worked from anthologies, and so may have had no more of the text to hand. The Latin appears on the facing versos in his ms.

A kind of translation

Oft have I been divided in my thought,  
 Whether the Gods take care of Earth; or, nought  
 Regarding us poor mortal wights<sup>o</sup> below, *creatures*  
 Let all things here in loose disorder flow.  
 For when I view the harmony of things,  
 The sea-set bounds, the year's returning rings,<sup>o</sup> *courses*  
 Vicissitude of night and day, then I  
 Judg(e) all things fixt by God's economy:  
 Who made the stars move regular; the Earth  
 10 Her fruits in due seasons to bring forth;  
 Who made the constant, ever-changing Moon  
 Be fill'd with the sun's light, he with his own.  
 The shores alongst<sup>o</sup> the waters coextends; *along*  
 Upon the middle axis Earth appends.<sup>o</sup> *is attached*  
 But when I find affairs envelop't,<sup>o</sup> so *clouded*  
 The wicked flourish, virtuous live in woe,  
 Then my religion boggles,<sup>o</sup> and my faith *takes alarm*  
 Falters, as fall'n into a sect,<sup>1</sup> which saith  
 The sem'nal forms in idle<sup>o</sup> motion dance; *useless*  
 20 New species through vast emptiness, by chance,  
 Not art, are rul'd;<sup>o</sup> and for the Deity, *regulated*  
 That either there is none, or us defy.<sup>o</sup> *it disdains us*  
 Great Ruffin's downfall does at length dissolve  
 The turmoil of my doubts, and God absolve.  
 Nor will I murmur miscreants are hoist  
 To height of pow'r: they are but higher rais'd  
 To take the deeper fall.

<sup>1</sup> *a sect*] One of the branches of materialism which flourished in the later seventeenth century (notably, where the tenets next listed are concerned, under the influence of Lucretius).

## XOL03

John Morrice: Claudian, *In Rufinum* 1.1–25. Bod. MS Rawl. poet. 114, pp. 114–16

For Morrice see EP87. Autograph copy dated 24 January 1707.

Part of the first Book of Claudian, to Rufinus,  
translated paraphrastically

- Distracting thoughts oft hold me in suspense: }  
 Whether the world were rul'd by providence, }  
 Or all things happened by uncertain chance. }  
 For, when I view'd the world's harmonious frame,  
 That all the waters to one Ocean came;  
 The various change, and seasons of the year,  
 And day, and night, alternately appear,  
 I thought all things did from God's will proceed,  
 Who had the Stars to certain laws decreed;  
 10 Who made the Earth bear diverse crops, the Moon  
 Shine by a borrow'd light, the Sun its own;  
 The solid ground extended from the sea,  
 And pois'd the massy globe on'ts axle-tree.  
 But when I saw all human actions be  
 Involv'd in such a cloud of black obscurity:  
 The nocent<sup>o</sup> flourish in a pompous show, *guilty*  
 The innocent oppress'd with grief and woe,  
 My first resolves I did again revoke,  
 And let my shaken faith dwindle to smoke.  
 20 With some regret, I was forc'd to consent  
 Unto a certain author's<sup>1</sup> sentiment,  
 Who did affirm all things at first to come  
 From atoms moving in a vacuum;  
 And that blind fortune rul'd those forms, that were  
 Sprung from the boundless void—not art, and care;  
 Who either thought there was no Deity,  
 Or that he liv'd in careless luxury.  
 At last, Rufinus' punishment did clear  
 The Gods from scruple,<sup>o</sup> and my breast from fear: *suspicion*  
 30 And since, I don't at all complain to see }  
 The wicked man in great'st prosperity; }  
 For, t'have the greater fall, they're raised so high. }

<sup>1</sup> *a certain author*] The translator must intend Lucretius, though the Latin alludes only to Epicureanism generally.

## XOL04

William Cooke: Claudian, *In Rufinum* 1.12–25. Brotherton MS Lt 95, fol. 15<sup>r</sup>

Cooke, for whom see OV24, has a new use for this familiar passage, which he translates within the annotations to the version of Marcus Minutius Felix's *Octavius* he made in about 1750. Felix's discussion of the 'trite Objection to a divine Providence' that 'unworthiness... is respected', Cooke points out (fols 14<sup>v</sup>, 16<sup>r</sup>), is along the same lines as Claudian's reasoning.

While I beheld Affairs uncertain all,  
 The guilty flourish, and the guiltless fall,  
 I falter'd in my Faith, constrain'd to say  
 That undiscerning Fortune bore the Sway;  
 In Heav'n that either Deities were none,  
 Or all regardless of the ways of Man.  
 But now *Rufinus'* Fate to their Abodes  
 Restores, and justifies, the righteous Gods:  
 Convinc'd by this, no more I now complain  
 10 That ruthless Tyrants hold the ruling Rein,  
 By Heav'n distinguish'd thus, and rais'd on high  
 With heavier Ruin to be crush'd, and die.

# 7

## Ovid (XOV)

### XOV01

Henry Richard Fox, Lord Holland: *Heroides* 1 (Penelope to Ulysses). BL MS Add. 51903, fols 28<sup>r</sup>–31<sup>r</sup>

For Fox see LE04. Dated translations copied into this ms belong to the years 1793–5.

From sad Penelope, where'er you rove,  
Ulysses reads this image of her love.  
To these complaints, ah seek not to reply,  
But come thyself, to glad my longing eye;  
For Troy, that object of perpetual hate,  
At length hath met the end decreed by fate.  
Ten years the siege detain'd my Lord away,  
A loss that Priam's wealth could ill repay.  
Ere his curst crew had reached the Spartan shore,  
10 And ere from Greece the beauteous<sup>1</sup> prize he bore,  
Would that the angry ocean's rising wave  
Had swept th' adult'rer to a wat'ry grave.  
I had not wept each solitary night,  
Nor curst the period of approaching light;  
No sad recourse of labour had I sought  
To check reflection, and to banish thought.  
What fancied woe(s) have bath'd my cheeks in tears?  
For anxious love is still the slave of fears.  
I saw the Trojan ranks thy breast assail,  
20 And oft at Hector's dreadful name grew pale;  
Cruel report proclaim'd each separate death:  
How young Antilochus resign'd his breath,  
How bold Tlepolemus, unused to fear,  
Stain'd with his patriot blood a Lycian spear;

<sup>1</sup> *the beauteous*] Ms 'beauteous'.

Patroclus, falling under others' arms,  
 Filling my misgiving soul with fresh alarms.  
 Each mournful tale that reach'd my anxious ears  
 Renew'd my sorrows, and provok'd my fears.

- To virtuous love the careful Gods were just:  
 30 Ulysses lives, and perjurd Troy is dust.  
 Back to their hearths the victor chiefs return,  
 And on each shrine the grateful off'rings burn.  
 With fame of actions won, and dangers tried,  
 The soldier's tale delights his list'ning bride;  
 And while such warlike deeds his tongue inspire,  
 The old applaud him, and the young admire.  
 To the attentive group, the meal remov'd,  
 On the plain board he paints the toils he prov'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 And with a little wine his fingers trace  
 40 The mimic form of that illustrious place:  
 'Twas here his watch the wise Ulysses kept;  
 Here stands the tent where fierce Achilles slept;  
 From hence sad Priam view'd his Hector slain,  
 And dragg'd in triumph through the smoking plain.

- The son, when sent his father's fate t'explore,  
 These various tales from prudent Nestor bore,  
 And of thy deeds the ancient hero told—  
 Deeds worthy thee, but dangerously bold.  
 Alas! forgetful of your tender wife,  
 50 Whose only bliss must perish with your life,  
 Beneath protecting night you wildly dare  
 The dang'rous toil with Diomed to share.  
 Thy acts in tears can many a widow tell;  
 Through thee the sad, deluded Dolon fell,  
 And Rhesus' cruel death, and splendid spoils,  
 Attest thy glory, and reward thy toils.

- Thy praise, thy valour, and thy deeds to hear,  
 While it delights my soul, alarms my fear;  
 That fav'ring Fate has clos'd the Grecian toils,  
 60 Crown'd ye with glory, and enrich'd with spoils.  
 That crumbling Ilion smokes upon the plain,  
 If still the Gods Ulysses must detain,  
 Nor aids my sorrow, nor relieves my pain.  
 Let others triumph in the fall of Troy:

*struggles*

<sup>1</sup> *On...prov'd*] 'On the bare table he depicts the battles he experienced'.

Ulysses loiters, and I feel no joy.  
 Where hapless Priam's walls in splendour stood,  
 Now springs the harvest, rich with Phrygian blood,  
 And oft the ploughing hind, with careless tread,  
 Turns with his share the relics of the dead.

70 Those shores once left, what cause to me unknown  
 Detains thee yet, a wand'rer from thy own?

Whoe'er may anchor near this mournful land,  
 From him of thee my anxious cares demand;  
 Nor can his bark, returning, seek the sea,  
 Without some line, some pensive vows, for thee.  
 Anxious I sent to rev'rend Nestor's Court:  
 Sad were the tidings, dubious the report;  
 Sparta was next, nor yet could Sparta tell  
 What cause detain'd thee, nor what woes befell.

80 Better for me that Troy should still remain  
 (Alas, what impious prayers my lips profane);  
 I then should know what place employ'd thy arms,  
 And war alone could fill me with alarms.

Perchance and many a happy nymph would join  
 Her doubtful tears, and tender cares, with mine;  
 Now, while my sorrows solitary flow,  
 I am not doom'd to hear thy deeds, or know  
 Th' extent of danger, and the bounds of woe;  
 To no one object is my grief confin'd,

90 Unnumber'd cares perplex my frantic mind.  
 War, famine, fraud, the dangers of the main,  
 Whatever ills Ulysses may detain,  
 My fears awaken, and distract my brain.

Who knows but while these cares my soul infest,  
 Some foreign charms inflame thy<sup>1</sup> faithless breast?  
 To please some happier rival, you deride  
 The simple fondness of a homely bride—  
 Ah no, such dark suspicions of the mind  
 Vanish in air, nor leave a trace behind!

100 Detain'd art thou by Fate, and Fate alone;  
 I judge the constant feelings from my own.  
 For me nor prayers, nor arguments can move;  
 I scorn all counsels but of faithful love.

In vain would Icarius chide my widowed life,

<sup>1</sup> *thy*] Ms 'my'.

And bid another sue<sup>o</sup> Ulysses' wife: *court*  
 Thine is my hand, and thine shall still remain.  
 His prayers, his counsels, plead 'gainst thee in vain;  
 Meanwhile the Suitors, a luxurious band, }  
 While insolent they claim my widow's hand, }  
 110 Devour your treasures, and disgrace your land. }  
 Antinous, Medon, Polybus the bold,  
 And fierce Pisander lord it uncontroll'd.  
 Wealth won in war, the meed of dang'rous toil,  
 Lies for the graceless herd an easy spoil.  
 And last, to fill my grief, and crown your shame, }  
 The beggar Irus and Melanthius came, }  
 Each a mean guest, and an ignoble name. }  
 Yet old Laertes, who with age declines,  
 With me, and with thy tender son, combines  
 120 These daring plunderers of thy Court 'ppose,  
 A league ill suited to a host of foes!  
 And late, to Pylos waiting to depart,  
 Thy son near fell the victim of their art.  
 But yet, if prayers prevail, if vows have weight,  
 If the just Gods permit the course of Fate,  
 His care shall grace our latest obsequies,  
 His filial hand shall close his parents' eyes.  
 Such are my hopes, and e'en thy servants join  
 (A small but faithful band) their pray'rs to mine.  
 130 Laertes now in years, in sorrow, old,  
 Can scarce 'midst foes the tott'ring state uphold;  
 And tho' Telemachus, if Fate ordain,  
 Shall bless his country with a glorious reign,  
 As yet his in experienc'd years require  
 The firmer care of a protecting sire.  
 Nor can thy wife, a woman, and alone,  
 Fill with sufficient force the vacant throne:  
 Thy foes to rout, thy vassals to control,  
 Exceeds the compass of a female soul.  
 140 Then come thyself, our late, our early prayer;  
 Pledge of our hopes, and object of our care.  
 Return, thy House, thy Kingdom to defend;  
 There shall our woes have rest, our sorrows end.  
 Hasten to thy son, whose growing age demands  
 The strong protection of a father's hands;  
 Hasten to Laertes, tott'ring in decay,

Ere he shall quit the beauteous<sup>1</sup> realms of day.  
 Thy wife was left in youth and beauty's prime;  
 Yet such th' effects of woe, and power of time,  
 150 That, when arriving, thou shalt scarcely trace  
 The once-lov'd beauties of her alter'd face.

XOVO2

Henry Richard Fox, Lord Holland: *Heroides 2* (Phyllis to Demophoon). BL MS Add. 51903, fols 31<sup>r</sup>–35<sup>r</sup>

For Fox see LE04. This translation is annotated 'Bologna, July 1795'.

Phyllis of Thrace, whose hospitable doors  
 Once hailed thee guest on these, her native shores,  
 Laments, Demophoon, thy unjust delay,  
 Beyond the limits of the plighted day.  
 Ere once the Moon had fill'd her mystic sphere,  
 Thy faith preserv'd, thy fleet had anchor'd here;  
 Four times reviving from her utmost wane,  
 The Moon hath fill'd her mystic sphere again;  
 And yet, as far as man can cast the eye,  
 10 Smooth is the sea; no Grecian bark is nigh.  
 The time elaps'd if thou shalt reckon well  
 (And absent lovers every hour can tell),  
 My sorrows spring from no unfounded fear,  
 No premature reproach assails my ear,  
 No ling'ring hope hung long; belief was slow  
 To credit that which fain I would not know.  
 Unpleasant truths are hard to be believed:  
 My doubts I check'd, and strove to be deceiv'd.  
 To hope indulgent, oft my eyes descried<sup>2</sup>  
 20 A fancied vessel cut the distant tide;  
 Theseus I curs'd: his envious cares, I feign'd,<sup>o</sup> *imagined*  
 Demophoon from his Phyllis' longing arms detain'd.  
 I dreaded oft, lest, as the ocean bore  
 Thy plighted vessel to the Thracian shore,  
 Some dreadful storm had rais'd the fatal wave,  
 And borne thee helpless to a wat'ry grave.

<sup>1</sup> *beauteous*] Ms 'tott'ring'; speculative emendation.

<sup>2</sup> *descried*] Ms 'deceived'; speculative emendation.

Yes, for thy safety I the Gods ador'd,  
 For thee their pity crav'd, their aid emplor'd;  
 Saw the tranquil waves,<sup>1</sup> the favouring wind,  
 30 Yet unsuspecting love some cause could find:  
 Misfortune kept thee, or disease confin'd. }  
 But all in vain, alas: you loiter yet,  
 Your vows you violate, your love forget.

Is it then so? And art thou fled? No more  
 Thy sails shall visit this forsaken shore;  
 They and thy words committed to the winds,  
 No oath recalls them, and no honour binds.  
 What have I done, ye Gods? What crime so great  
 That calls for such a blow of cruel fate?

40 Alas! The heavy crime myself can tell:  
 'Tis to have lov'd unwisely, and too well.  
 Yet sure a wretch the crime, if crime it be,  
 Can well the weight of virtue claim with thee;  
 My guilt with thee is merit, for, misled  
 By thee, I stain'd till then a guiltless bed.  
 Where now thy oaths of marriage? Where is now  
 My plighted faith and Hymeneal vow?  
 By the vast Sea, whose unrelenting tide,  
 Check'd by a<sup>2</sup> conscious guilt so soon you tried.  
 50 You swore, unless that name you also feign,  
 By the great Sire who lulls the angry main,  
 By Venus, and her fatal torch and bow  
 (Resistless arms from whence my sorrows flow!),  
 By sacred Juno and her solemn rites,  
 The queen of marriage vows, and nuptial nights.  
 Say, should each injur'd God in justice claim  
 On thee the vengeance for his slighted name?  
 Could thy poor, paltry life alone assuage  
 The mighty force of their collected rage?

60 But<sup>o</sup> that my land in safety you might quit, *only*  
 Your barks I trim, your shatter'd fleets refit.  
 Fool that I was, I nothing could deny:  
 I trusted, gave thee wherewithal to fly,  
 And formed the weapons by whose wounds I die. }

<sup>1</sup> waves] Ms 'winds'.

<sup>2</sup> Check'd by a] Ms 'Checked by'; the speculative emendation adds the required further syllable, but the verb is not fully satisfactory, so further copying error may be suspected.

Too soon I trusted that perfidious tongue  
 On which such soft, persuasive accents hung;  
 I trusted to the stock from whence you came,  
 Your splendid titles, your illustrious name;  
 Your tears I trusted. Alas, who could know  
 70 That sighs could heave, and tears be taught to flow,  
 To aid deceit and paint fictitious woe? }  
 Thy oaths, thy vows, thy love I all believe;  
 Yes, half thy fraud had fail'd not to deceive.  
 But that, when cross'd by fate, by storms distress'd,  
 My Thracian ports receiving thee a guest,  
 Thy fleet protecting from the waves and wind,  
 Nor moves my sorrow, nor disturbs my mind;  
 Just was the favour of a friendly shore,  
 Here had I stopped, and never granted more.  
 80 But that, to Honour lost, I madly press'd,  
 With wild embrace, a stranger to my breast;  
 That I indulg'd so soon a guilty flame,  
 Awakes my grief, while it proclaims my Shame.  
 I would that, long before that fatal time  
 That saw the triumph of her glowing crime,  
 Phyllis had sunk in everlasting Sleep,  
 Nor known to blush, nor felt a cause to weep.  
 A happier fate my hopeful fancy drew,  
 Because I thought a happier fate my due;  
 90 Hopes which from merit spring should certain prove,  
 And sure, Demophoon, I deserv'd thy love.  
 By the poor triumph of a maid undone  
 No praise is bought, no mighty glory won;  
 So sweet a victim might compassion move,  
 A maid th' ast conquer'd, half betrayed by love!  
 May the just Gods<sup>1</sup> who view my wrongs decree  
 This the extent of honour due to me.  
 So when, amidst the heroes of thy race,  
 Athens' fam'd chiefs, thy statue fills a space,  
 100 And there thy father's warlike form precedes,  
 Grac'd with the tale of all his glorious deeds,  
 And there, engraved in brass, the names are viewed  
 Of towns, and monsters, that his arm subdued,  
 And when the crowd, admiring, shall have read

<sup>1</sup> *the just Gods*] Ms 'just the Gods'.

How Sciron perished, and Procrustes bled—  
 The siege of Thebes, the Centaur's dang'rous fight,  
 And Pluto yielding to a mortal's might—  
 As next in rank, this ignominious verse  
 Shall thus Demophoon's high exploits rehearse:  
 110 "This is the Hero whose triumphant art  
 Enthralld, and then betray'd, a woman's heart."

Of all the acts which swell the father's praise,  
 His crimes alone the son's ambition raise.  
 Go, while you read of Ariadne's fate,        }  
 Vie with your father's guilt, and imitate        }  
 The only deed he blushes to relate;  
 Go boast, while thus his vices you renew,  
 His fraud, but not his virtues, lives in you.  
 She now (nor envy I) is doom'd to prove  
 120 The bliss and splendour of celestial love,  
 But me, alas, the neighb'ring kings despise:  
 A stranger's bride each Thracian chieftain flies.  
 "Let her" (they cry) "to Athens, hence away;  
 Leave other hands the warlike Thrace to sway.  
 How well she acted, and how wisely lov'd,  
 Th' events acknowledge, and the end has prov'd."  
 O may misfortune still that wretch oppress,  
 Who argues wisdom only from success—  
 For now, should thy returning oars again  
 130 Seek Thracia's shore, and plough the azure main,  
 My wisdom then the public would declare,  
 Applaud my counsels, and approve my care.  
 In vain no more these coasts shall see thee lave  
 Thy weary limbs in the Bistonian wave.  
 How oft that day recurs, when, leaving Thrace,  
 Plaintive and sad, you took your last embrace;  
 The crew impatient call'd you to depart,  
 You press'd me breathless to your panting heart,  
 Stopped with a tender kiss my falling tear,  
 140 And curs'd the envious winds that blew so fair;  
 And these last words lay falt'ring on thy tongue:  
 "Phyllis, expect Demophoon here ere long!"

Must I expect what I must never see?  
 Expect what angry fate forbids to be?  
 And yet expect I do no cold despair  
 Shall chill my hopes, or hush my constant prayer;

That fate, relenting, long implor'd in vain,  
 At length shall bear thee to these shores again.  
 Alas! what idle dream my mind misleads,  
 150 How fond the hopes which pleasing fancy feeds:  
 For now <I> doubt but love, who still bestows  
 Bright joys on some, on me perpetual woes,  
 With some more winning face, and pleasing charms,  
 Detains Demophoon from his Phyllis' arms.  
 Who knows but when these lines shall meet his eyes,  
 His bride to please, my passion to despise?  
 He asks, while reading my detested name,  
 What Phyllis sues, and whence the letter came.  
 From her it comes, who, when by billows tost,  
 160 Receiv'd thy scatter'd fleet in Thracian coast;  
 From her who to thee, wretched then and poor,  
 Granted too much, and was preparing more;  
 From her who gave Demophoon to command  
 On Thrace the great Lycurgus' spacious land,  
 A charge too weighty for a female hand. }

When Hæmus joins the Rhodopeian snows,  
 And, fed with streams, the stately Hebrus flows,  
 From whom, Demophoon, thou, and thou alone,  
 Hast torn with impious hands the modest zone?  
 170 Thy arts have ruined me, seduc'd to prove  
 The dangerous transports of forbidden love.  
 E'en in those fatal hours of Sin were heard  
 The Furies' groan, and night's forbidding bird;  
 The sad Alecto curs'd the impious bed,  
 And the dull lights a gloomy lustre shed,  
 Pale as the dismal torch that glimmers o'er the dead. }  
 Yet led by fruitless hopes, by night, by day,  
 Along yon strands and dreary coasts I stray.  
 If chance some distant sail my eyes descry,  
 180 I deem the object of my hopes is nigh;  
 Then to the sea I rush; the threat'ning deeps  
 Scarce check my fury, and confine my steps.  
 I dream my God returns the fond relief,  
 A while suspends the torrent of my grief.

Soon undeceiv'd, I view the stranger sail,  
 And my soul shudders, and my senses fail.  
 From yon high rock, whose firm and slipp'ry side

*girdle*

Resisting seems to spurn the angry tide,  
 My wild despair impels me oft to leap,  
 190 And meet the death I merit in the deep;  
 And since thy perjur'd bark persists to stay,  
 Be it mine the frantic impulse to obey.  
 Then may the fav'ring Gods, and wafting sea,  
 Bear me unburied to thy shores, and thee;  
 Then, though enclos'd in adamant and steel,  
 The piercing scene shall force thy heart to feel.  
 My wrongs, tho' late, shall wet Demophoon's eye,  
 My death extort th' involuntary sigh:  
 "Behold" (you cry) "how injured Phyllis loved,  
 200 The deed that closed her fate her passion proved.  
 The cord, the pois'nous bowl, the murderer's knife,  
 Alike can quench the spark of fleeting life;  
 Slight is the tenure of precarious breath,  
 And short the choice to her resolv'd on death.  
     May this, or such as this recording verse,  
 Relate my death, my simple tale rehearse:  
 "Here lie the relics of an injur'd maid  
 Whom love misled, and whom her guest betray'd;  
 Her lover's fraud, her own repeated woe;  
 210 The cause of death? Herself supplied the blow."

### XOV03

R. Herbert: *Heroides* 10 (Ariadne to Theseus). Bod. MS Rawl. poet. 146, fols 30<sup>r</sup>–35<sup>v</sup> (excerpted at OV02)

'R. Herbert', as the translator signs himself, has not been identified, but in his prefatory address he casts himself in a considerably humbler station than his dedicatee, 'the Lady Deincourt'. Herbert's aim is to add in his small way to the 'diversion' his dedicatee has enjoyed, he understands, from 'Ovid's Epistles, done into English, by the Ingenious of both Sexes'. This is a reference to *Ovid's Epistles* of 1680, the popular translation whose contributors included Dryden and Behn. Herbert's version, he states, was 'render'd...sometime before the other Poems [of 1680] were published' (fol. 31<sup>r</sup>). We may imagine Herbert has compared his work with the version of Epistle 10 in the printed collection (anonymous in 1680, but by John Somers), and not found it embarrassingly inferior—or has revised his work in its light. Herbert's dedication, with its stress on 'the Ingenious of both Sexes', is evidence that one thing *Ovid's Epistles* helped to change was the perception that the classics, even in English, were for men. To be on the safe side, he adds that 'the Passion of Ariadne's here render'd, is one of the modestest Pieces of the witty Ovid' (fol. 31<sup>r</sup>).

The Deincourts were an ancient family, with several branches. Given the date, however, it would not be rash to connect this Lady Deincourt with the dedicatee of a near-contemporary

publication: Nahum Tate's *Poems by Several Hands, and on Several Occasions* (1685) was dedicated to Robert, Earl of Scarsdale, Baron Deincourt; Tate was a contributor to *Ovid's Epistles*.

Ariadne to Theseus  
An Epistle of Ovid's

Unkindest Theseus! Oh! I find in thee,  
Than Savage Brutes more Inhumanities!  
Such just Complaints must reach thee from that shore  
From whence thy Ship took wing, and fled afore;  
That Shore, which gave me th' treach'rous sleep this night,  
And made thee dream of nothing else but Flight.  
So early gone, as when upon the Plain, }  
The rising Dew lies kindly down again, }  
And Birds o' th' tardy Morn, and thee too quick, complain. }  
10 'Twi'x sleep and wake, my Dear I would embrace,  
And let my Hand fall gently on his Face,  
But miss my Love—I try, and try again,  
Feel faintly round the Bed; but all in vain!  
He's gone! He's gone! Those shrieks, repeated Cries, }  
With dreadful startings, straight unseal my Eyes; }  
And from Deserted Bed with Fright I rise. }  
Upon my breast loud blows redoubled are! }  
Thus, thus disturbed, tear my confusèd hair, }  
With all the Symptoms of so black Despair! }  
20 Lighted by th' Moon, I cast my eyes around:  
The naked Beach, not the sought Object found.  
To ev'ry Point I run, till the deep Sand  
Retards my Course, and rudely does me strand,  
Whilst all the while, "My Theseus, Theseus" cry;  
The Rocks, for they can speak, "Theseus" reply:  
The Rocks, whene'er I call, thy name repeat; }  
They, to a Miracle, compassionate: }  
Less hard, less deaf than thee, me kindly treat. }  
A Cape I reach, whose thin-hair'd Head hangs o'er  
30 The waves, grown hoarse, 'cause constantly they roar.  
As steep as 'tis, I climb't: so strong inclin'd!  
Oh what's too high for Love, or Love-sick Mind?  
Surveying hence the Main, my sharp, quick Eye  
Comes up with's ship, the Gale tho' stiff, and high.  
Is' t so, or do I dream? No, no; 'tis too true!  
See how she drives!—Ah me! I die i'th' view!  
Speechless I lay, but not continued long;

- Passion must vent, and mine unlocks my Tongue.  
 Mine, alas! Mine force Me to live again;  
 40 Louder my Cry, more killing is my Pain!  
     O whether, whether me, my Theseus flies? }  
     Tack, tack about: what Master's Mate denies? }  
     "Blow, wind" (I fear he says) and Oares plies. }  
 But, lest my Cry's not loud enough exprest,  
 I add the Accents of a beaten Breast.  
 Sometimes I move my Hands, that thou mayst see,  
 Since thou won't hear, my Infelicity.  
 Sometimes a Flag as white: and all to show,  
 How black a thing 'tis, to dissolve a Vow.  
 50 Ah! Now he's gone! Nothing but Sea appears,  
 Whilst down my Cheeks afresh run streams of Tears.  
 What serve my Eyes for now, but to bewail?  
 All's out of sight!—the very Top-mast sail!  
 To me the Vessel's lost. Away I run,  
 Rave, like a Bedlam, Bacchanalian Nun.  
 Sometimes sit down on Rocks, and there abide,  
 Eyeing the Surges, till I'm petrified.  
 Oft to that Bed I go, where we have lain,  
 My Theseus and I—and must we not again?  
 60 I lie me down in thy forsaken place;  
 Kiss the dear Sheets, and ev'ry part embrace.  
 Swimming in lavish Tears, the Bed I blame:<sup>o</sup> } *reprove*  
 And must I lie alone? Still thus exclaim?  
 We both lay down, why rose we not together? }  
 My Partner—Bedfellow—recall him hither. }  
 He's gone! But th' senseless Bed can't answer whither.  
 What shall I do? This Isle's so barbarous, rude;  
 Untill'd, unmann'd—can I bear solitude?  
 And here no Ships are, in, or outward bound.  
 70 Fancy thou hast a Barque, Ship's Crew, fair Gale:  
 Back for thy Native Coast dar'st thou hoist sail?  
 No: tho' the Winds nor boist'rous, nor sedate, }  
 Tho' goodly Ship, and Winds so temperate }  
 Invite—yet Banishment shall be my Fate.  
 Crete I'll ne'er see again: tho' 'twere more brave  
 In Cities:<sup>1</sup> tho' Jove's Cradle, and his Grave.

<sup>1</sup> *tho'... Cities*] 'Even if it abounded more in cities,' Herbert's awkward response to Ovid's simpler 'Crete centum digesta per urbes' ('Crete composed of the hundred cities', 67).

My Country, Prince, and Father, just and good,  
 All precious Names! I tainted Royal Blood  
 When to thee, Theseus, I gave that Clew  
 80 Which out o'th' wily<sup>o</sup> Labyrinth thee drew, } *artful*  
 Lest thou shouldst die, who th' greedy Monster slew.

By all the dangers past, then Theseus swore,  
 He would be mine, till we<sup>1</sup> both could be more:  
 Both live, and I not thine. Am I not dead?  
 Ah, perjurd man! Alive I'm buried.  
 Had thou but me, as late my Brother, kill'd,  
 Thy Vows had been absolv'd, thy Oaths fulfill'd.  
 Half my Misfortunes can't be told: my Mind  
 In murm'ring Whispers tells me I'm design'd  
 90 For more—O, there's a long black train behind. } *appear*

A thousand schemes of dying now present:<sup>o</sup>  
 Reprieve, than death itself, more Punishment.  
 Just now expect I to receive my doom;  
 That greedy Wolves, or hungry Lions come,  
 Fierce Tigers, hideous Monsters of the Sea,  
 To tear me, and each snatch a piece o'th' Prey.  
 If all these fail, a Sword shall slash my Veins:  
 I will not be a Slave, and sold in Chains.  
 Nor can I be so' effeminately base  
 100 To live, and hold a Distaff: no. My place,  
 Descent, runs high; deriv'd from Gods and Kings:  
 And yet our Contract is above those things.  
 But there's no fear: these Menaces from Land,  
 And Seas, and Shores, by Heaven's just Command, }  
 Speak sudden Fate. My guilt still dreads that Hand.  
 Nay, tho' this Isle no Monsters bred, but Men,  
 I'm dead—no mercy from a foreign Den!

O, that Androgeos had not been slain!  
 Then, Athens, thou need'st not have washt those stains  
 110 With noble Blood, and sprung from Virgin Veins, }  
 Nor Theseus' Hand the Minotaur have fell'd, }  
 That Cannibal! Nor I the Maze unspell'd<sup>o</sup> } *deciphered*  
 With that same Clew my grasping Hands oft held.  
 Nor wonder I the Beast thou triumph'dst o'er,  
 And sacrific'dst him, welt'ring in his Gore:  
 His Horns, tho' sharpt by Nature and by Art,

<sup>1</sup> *we both*] Ms 'both'; speculative correction.

- How should they gore thy stubborn, more-steeld Heart?  
 Thou need'st no Breast-plate: Flint or Adamant  
 Not half so obdurate is, the World might grant.  
 120 And why, thou God of Sleep, so fast didst bind  
 My senses, too, too sluggishly inclin'd? }  
 Would I were once t'eternal Night consign'd!  
 Ye too officious Winds! Too fast you drive,  
 Mixt with my Sighs to waft the Fugitive.  
 That killing Hand! That Faith too, which, when tried,  
 Turn'd all to Air, and Vanity with it vied.  
 Sleep, Perjury, and Winds against me rise!  
 'Gainst one weak Woman, three such Enemies!  
 Banisht my Mother's tears: those Kinred's<sup>1</sup> Hands  
 130 Should close my Eyes, the minute Fate commands!  
 No Friend to pay the smallest Fun'ral Rite,  
 Whilst thou, my Soul, at random tak'st thy flight.  
 But Vultures, Harpies, Birds of Prey shall come,  
 And in the Entrails scatter'd Limbs intomb!  
 Ungrateful Man! Is this my Love's Reward?  
 Are those the Mausoleums for't prepar'd?  
 Thou, Theseus, shalt arrive° th' Athenian Port, *reach*  
 Have splendid welcome at thy Father's Court;  
 Crowns, Sceptres, Canopies, and Chairs of State,  
 140 So blest—to list'ning Courtiers then relate  
 How fell the Monster; tell `em by what ways  
 Thou didst escape so intricate a Maze.  
 'Mongst such Achievements, prithee don't forget  
 How me thou didst expose,° regale,° and treat; *imperl...entertain*  
 Nor shall thy Sceptres draw me from this Place. }  
 Art thou of Ægeus', Æthras' Royal Race?  
 No. Rocks and Gulfs, or Parentage more base.  
 Now Ariadne would her Complaints give over,<sup>2</sup>  
 Didst thou, but from thy Decks, her tears discover;  
 150 Her Locks loose dangling: were the Showres shown  
 Which on my Face, thought fair once, powre° down: *pour*  
 My Joints, like shaking Corn, in blust'ring Storm;  
 My Hand slips, as I write! If this sad Form,  
 Grown to the Rock thou seest not: be so kind,

<sup>1</sup> *Kinred's*] Form attested for this period.

<sup>2</sup> *Now...over*] The syntax is becoming loose by this point. In this verse paragraph the original punctuation is given with no editorial intervention.

As sometimes bear the Fondling<sup>1</sup> in thy Mind.

Sure such a Spectacle must Theseus move,

Tho' he's the worst o'th' Renegades of Love.

Nor as a Debt the Favour's su'd for: No.

Success or not, my Art can't merit so,

160 Nor punishment deserves. Tell by what Laws,  
If I've not sav'd thee, thou my Death shoudst cause.

Still must I stretch these Arms; I can't contemn;

And yet so feeble grown! O, I would fain

Have 'em, like Oares, reach thee o'er the Main. }

A Farewell now to thee, and all Amours!

By all her Tears, the Widow'd wretch implores

That thou once more wouldst anchor in this Bay:

If dead, collect, and bear my Bones away.

XOVO4

Henry Richard Fox, Lord Holland: *Heroides* 13 (Laodamia to Protesilaus). BL MS Add. 51903, fols 46<sup>v</sup>–51<sup>r</sup>

For Fox see LE04. This translation is dated 'Florence [17]95'.

My vows for thee, thy safety and success,

Lord of my love, may these sad lines express.

O would that Fate allow'd me to attend<sup>o</sup>

*accompany*

The anxious prayers I now alone can send!

'Tis said the swelling sea and adverse wind

The Grecian fleet in Aulis' port confin'd;

Alas, when quitting thy unhappy bride,

Where was the boist'rous wind and angry tide?

*Then* should the waves have scorn'd thy vent'rous oars,

10 And kept thee ling'ring on thy native Shores;

I then had more (nor was this all) exprest,

Again had clasp'd thee to my panting breast,

And for the sweet delay the angry ocean blest. }

The winds the sailors' vows, not mine, obey,

Too swift to tear thee from my arms away;

Th' extended sails with fav'ring breezes swell,

You leave me: scarce in trembling accents fell,

Faintly pronounc'd, that last sad vow, *Farewell*. }

<sup>1</sup> *Fondling*] 'A "fond" or foolish person' (OED).

- Scarce through my tears thy much-lov'd form I view'd,  
 20 Yet my sad sight that much-loved form pursu'd.  
 But when no more thy features I descry,  
 Thy sails awhile detain my anxious eye,  
 And soon the waves remove thy sails and thee,  
 And wild my eyes survey th' extended sea—  
 I grow to loathe the useless gift of sight,  
 And, fainting, leave the realms of cheerless light.  
 My tender parents at the scene, appall'd,  
 With the cold stream my fleeting sense recall'd;  
 Well of their fruitless love may I complain,  
 30 Who wake to sorrow, and revive to pain.
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Victim of love, nor mirth nor joy I know,      | } |
| No more on dress one idle thought bestow;      |   |
| Such pomp ill suits the soul opprest with woe. |   |
- As those whom Bacchus heats, I wildly pray,  
 Where passion bids, and frenzy points the way:  
 Th' Hæmonian matrons, and my faithful train,  
 My anxious slaves, pursue my steps in vain.  
 In vain they bring the zone,<sup>o</sup> and purple vest,  
 To deck my form, and bind my throbbing breast: *girdle*
- 40 Say, shall I then such gaudy garments wear,  
 And thou be doomed thy pond'rous arms to bear?  
 My locks bedeck'd with all the pomp of state,  
 Thy forehead sinking with a helmet's weight?  
 No: my wild mien, and my neglected dress,  
 Thy toils<sup>o</sup> shall rival, and my grief express. *struggles*
- Sad Paris, for thy Priam's hapless race,  
 Shall curse that winning form, and beauteous face;  
 May fraud and cowardice divide thy breast,  
 Weak as a foe, and faithless as a guest.
- 50 O that her charms had not enflam'd thy heart,  
 Or perjurd Helen played a nobler part,  
 And thou, much injurd King, who now prepare  
 With arms to claim from Troy the perjurd fair,  
 Think on the blood must stain that hostile shore,  
 What widows' tears thy useless rage deplore!  
 May fav'ring Gods to my sad vows attend:  
 Back to my panting breast my hero send;  
 Bid him, restor'd to honour, peace and love,  
 Bear his victorious arms to all-protecting Jove.
- 60 Yet o'er the danger of the field I brood:

The scenes of death, the waste of human blood,  
 And tears, like snow that melts before the Sun,  
 Warm from my eyes, in endless torrents run.  
 The very names my anxious soul annoy,  
 Of Ida, Ilion, Tenedos and Troy,  
 Xanthus, and Simois that its walls surrounds,  
 I hear, and hearing, tremble at the sounds.  
 Nor would the youth, however wild, have dar'd  
 To rob a mighty Monarch unprepar'd;  
 70 He ne'er had scornd his power, defied his right,  
 Had he not known that well his Ilion's might  
 Could what with fraud he gain'd, defend in vig'rous fight. }  
 To Grecian ports, if true the voice of fame,  
 Laden with wealth the splendid stranger came.  
 The nerves<sup>1</sup> of war, the bulwark of a state,  
 Navies and force of men his voice await;  
 Yet sure, what sail'd with one imperial boy  
 Was a poor portion of the force of Troy,  
 And oft one Trojan hero, Paris, told  
 80 Hector in war ungovernably bold.  
 Whoe'er that Hector be in fields of fight, }  
 Still let his name thy warlike arm affright:  
 O shun the contest of unequal might!  
 Nor to one name confine your anxious fear,  
 But deem that many Hectors combat there.  
 Let not the thirst of praise, or dread of shame,  
 To dang'rous deeds your youthful soul enflame,  
 For know, while shunning an untimely grave,  
 'Tis I shall dictate, and 'tis (I) you save;  
 90 If Fates the fall of Ilion shall decree,  
 Sure it may fall without a pang, for me.  
 In martial fields let Menelaus toil,  
 Reclaim by arms the perjurd Paris' spoil;  
 Let him, successful in the fields of fight,  
 Regain by force what is his due by right:  
 Thee no revenge impels to warlike strife,  
 No taunting rival, and no faithless wife }  
 Bids thee to slight the privilege of life.  
 Strive, then, to live, and view thy native place,  
 100 And safe, to clasp me in thy warm embrace;

<sup>1</sup> nerves] 'Crucial elements'; these are the 'Navies and force of men' of line 76.

And ye, O Phrygians, spare one nerveless<sup>o</sup> foe, *weak*  
 Lest from his wound my kindred blood should flow.  
 He is not made to cope in manly fights,  
 But fit for Venus' wars, and form'd for soft delights.  
 Beneath the weight of arms let others groan,  
 But he is born for love, and love alone.  
 When from my arms you tore yourself away,  
 Sad signs confirm'd the sorrows of the day;  
 Your fal'ring footsteps struck your father's gate,  
 110 Too certain presage of impending fate.  
 I saw, I sigh'd, but hiding all I feel,  
 "May this", I cry, "his quick return foretell."  
 May these sad tales and lessons I repeat,  
 E'en midst the noise of war and battle's heat,  
 Teach thee with prudence every post to see,  
 Check each impetuous thought, and feel for me.  
 With wise attention be it mine to hear  
 These anxious dictates, and dispel my fear.  
 How then (for so prophetic bards relate),  
 120 The dreadful doom pronounc'd by angry fate:  
 The Greek who first shall press that hostile ground  
 Falls the sad victim of an instant wound.  
 Alas, what cruel pangs her soul await,  
 The wretch who first shall weep her husband's fate.  
 Who knows, but the relentless Gods design  
 The death I figure *yours*, the lot I pity *mine*.  
 No: of the thousand ships that cut the tide,  
 The thousandth let thy vessel ride;  
 Nor even here let your precautions end:  
 130 From the last ship do you the last descend.  
 No native land awaits thy footsteps there,  
 No father's aid, nor consort's tender care:  
 Return with crowded sails, and sounding oars,  
 Leap from thy boat with haste, nor fear thy native shores.  
 By day, by night, for thee my sorrows flow,  
 But night with double pangs renews my woe.  
 How blest those shades to every faithful bride  
 Who holds her faithful lover by her side;  
 But I in tears those hapless hours employ,  
 140 Or dream of thee, and taste imperfect joy.  
 Yet say why thy lov'd form so oft appears  
 Lifeless and pale, thy face bedewed with tears?

This breaks my sleep, I wake with sad affright;  
 Yet° lost, I bless the vision of the night still  
 Which show'd me thee. I seek each sacred shrine,  
 No neighb'ring fane° but teems with vows of mine. altar  
 Ah when, deliver'd from my Soul's alarms,  
 When shall I press thee in these longing arms?  
 When shall I, lost in ecstasy of bliss,  
 150 Print on those lips a warm and grateful kiss?  
 Then, by my side, thy deeds thou shalt recite,  
 And through thy sweet relation much delight;  
 Yet o'er thy words my fondness shall prevail,  
 And mutual kisses interrupt the tale.  
 So each caress, each soft delay of love,  
 Thy wit shall polish, and thy style improve;  
 Then shall you tell of all the toils° of Troy— battles  
 But ah! that name recurs, and blasts my dreams of joy.  
 The winds, the sea, the war, renew my tears,  
 160 And treach'rous hope is cha'sd by endless fears:  
 Why did the winds so long thy sails delay?  
 Alas, with adverse Gods ye took your way;  
 Against the winds, who seek his native strands,  
 Ye sail in Heav'n's despite for hostile lands.  
 Neptune himself protects the sacred walls:  
 Ye Greeks, return—a God your sails recalls.  
 Nor chance, nor winter, did your fleet delay;  
 Ye Greeks, return, for Fate forbids your way:  
 'Tis madness, sure, to brave the angry tide,  
 170 And the fierce battle, for a faithless bride.  
 Turn, Grecians, turn your unsuccessful prows,  
 Return to Greece, while yet kind Fate<sup>1</sup> allows.  
 What did I say? May fav'ring Gods ordain  
 Such terrors groundless, and the omen vain,  
 And smooth their passage o'er the azure main. }  
 I envy her who from sad Ilion's wall  
 Views in the plain her country's champion fall:  
 True, she beholds a close and furious foe,  
 True, a kindred death revives her woe,  
 180 Yet still her lord shall glad his consort's sight,  
 Her care still arm him for th' approaching fight;  
 She on his head shall fix the nodding crest,

<sup>1</sup> *kind Fate*] Ms 'Fate'; speculative emendation for metrical reasons.

And fit the hated armour to his breast.  
 The warrior, sooth'd by the attentive fair,  
 Shall with a kiss repay the pleasing care;  
 Then shall she send him forth, her orders give,  
 Bid him be cautious in the fight, and live;  
 Bid him return to bless her anxious love,  
 And bear the arms she gave to all-protecting Jove.  
 190 And when the night shall close the dang'rous field,  
 She shall suspend his spear and weighty shield,  
 Clasp'ing the manly hero to her breast;  
 Her care shall lull his wearied limbs to rest.  
 For doubtful ills my endless sorrow flows;  
 Inventive fear foretells the worst of woes.  
 Yet while thou warr'st in worlds remote from me,  
 Thy form in wax recalls my thoughts to thee.  
 This I caress, this fills my husband's place,  
 And while it imitates his manly face,  
 200 Receives what'èr I owe, my words and warm embrace. }  
 But it surpasses art, the form so true:  
 It wants but life, and would indeed be you;  
 I hold it to my heart, and oft complain,  
 As if the image could relieve my pain.  
 Then by thy self and thy return I swear,  
 Those only objects of my constant prayer,  
 By all the ties of union that we prove,  
 Strong bands of Hymen, stronger bands of love,  
 And by thy head, which Gods in pity spare,  
 210 Till hoary time shall silver o'er thy hair,  
 Whether thou draw'st in air thy vital breath,  
 Or all my fears prove prophets in thy death,  
 Where'er thou callst, where'er thou bidst my way,  
 Thy steps I follow, and thy calls obey.  
 Then in your caution let your love be shown,  
 And if you prize my health, be careful of your own.

XOVO5

Henry Richard Fox, Lord Holland: *Heroides* 17 (Helen to Paris). BL MS Add. 51903, fols 41<sup>r</sup>–46<sup>v</sup>

For Fox see LE04. This translation is annotated ‘Madrid, August [17]93’.

While yet the daring lines offend my eye,  
 I deem it no slight favour to reply.  
 Say what, ungrateful youth, thy Soul could move  
 To speak to Helen of illicit love?  
 For thee, arriving from the Trojan shores,  
 When Sparta op’d her hospitable doors,  
 Such the design of thy malignant breast,  
 Thou cam’st the foe of Helen, not the guest.

I doubt not, while you modesty<sup>1</sup> deride,  
 10 You call this honest anger, silly<sup>2</sup> pride.  
 If such the term which virtue must attain,  
 Silly yet virtuous may I still remain,  
 My honour pure, my life without a stain. }  
 An honest conscience can no censures fear:  
 Hence by no feigned discourse, nor look austere,  
 I seek for fame, but innocently gay,  
 As yet I’ve laughed my cheerful hours away.  
 As yet I boast an unsuspected name,  
 No base adult’rer triumphs in my shame.  
 20 And hence more strange on what thy hopes could feed:  
 What madness prompts thee to so rash a deed?  
 Say, from example hast thou dared t’aspire?  
 Does Theseus’ passion fan thy wild desire?  
 Her whom his eloquence could ne’er persuade,  
 His force, and force alone, a captive made;  
 Nay more: tho’ gained with danger and with toil,  
 The lawless victor ne’er enjoy’d his spoil.  
 A smile from Helen, or a kiss at most,  
 Is all the Grecian hero e’er could boast;  
 30 Than thee more mod’rate, he restor’d a maid,  
 And by long penitence his crime repaid.  
 Did Theseus yield that Paris might prevail,  
 And I still live the burthen of a tale?

<sup>1</sup> *modesty*] Ms ‘modestly’.

<sup>2</sup> *silly*] While the adjective could mean (as today) ‘foolish’, it could also imply ‘simple’, ‘unsophisticated’ (OED 5c), providing a match for Ovid’s ‘rustica’.

- Yet sure, if true thy words, sincere thy flame,  
 'Tis mine to pity madness, not to blame.  
 But tho' my eyes could well a warmth impart,  
 Tho' thy soft language breathes a vanquish'd heart,  
 Yet I suspect, and reason checks my mind,  
 Th(r)ough conscious honesty to truth inclin'd.
- 40 'Tis woman's part too fondly to believe;  
 'Tis man's to flatter, triumph, and deceive.  
 But few the meed of modesty can claim, }  
 And what forbids, among that crew, my name }  
 To shine conspicuous on the list of fame?  
 And soon, the virtuous daughter to invite,  
 The mother's frail example you recite.  
 Guiltless in will, and by a form misled,  
 She broke the duties of a nuptial bed.  
 Nay more: the glorious God redeem'd her shame,
- 50 Lost in the splendour of her lover's name.  
 But if I fall, no all-compelling Jove  
 Ascends my bed, and claims forbidden love;  
 No tale to tell, no swan<sup>1</sup> have I to plead,  
 No lucky error softens down the deed.  
 What though you boast of an illustrious line?  
 'Tis scarce illustrious when compared with mine.  
 I pass by Tyndarus, nor need I trace }  
 The glorious pedigree of Pelops' race, }  
 Myself the offspring of a God's embrace.
- 60 The realms of Troy are mighty, I confess,  
 Nor deem I yet immortal Sparta less;  
 Nor can the wealth of a barbarian strand  
 Tempt the blest princess of a Grecian land,  
 Not though you offer presents that might move,  
 And urge a Goddess to forbidden love.  
 For if I e'er transgress'd discretion's laws,  
 Yourself, O Paris, were a better cause.  
 Or<sup>o</sup> fame,<sup>o</sup> steward of virtue, I pursue;  
 Or if I sin, I sin alone for you.
- 70 Know, when the gorgeous presents charm my eyes,  
 It is the giver, not the gifts, I prize;  
 Not gold, nor titles, could my virtue move:  
 I scorn all bribes, but that of faithful love.  
 Nor doubt I that, nor treachery I fear;
- either reputation*

<sup>1</sup> *swan...plead*] The allusion is to the tale of Leda and the swan.

Nor Paris' madness proves his flame sincere.  
 An injur'd King's revenge, the stormy sea,  
 All dangers vanish'd at the hopes of me:  
 'Tis this that melts my tender heart, and more  
 The various signs of passion mark'd before,  
 80 But ne'er avow'd; the all-expressive eye,  
 The falt'ring language, and the pensive sigh,  
 The hints, the frequent blush, would all conspire  
 To raise my pity, and betray thy fire.  
 Were I from honour's path to swerve inclin'd,  
 Such were the snares which might entrap my mind;  
 This painful spark, which would not be suppress'd,  
 Oft with a kindred warmth enflame(s) my breast.  
 Well might each maid enraptur'd, I confess,  
 For justice ask, and truth can say no less—  
 90 So sweet the features of that wanton face—  
 Sigh for thy love, and pant for thy embrace.  
 So may some happier princess Paris wed,  
 Ascend without a crime his nuptial bed;  
 May she unenvied riot in his arms,  
 Die on those lips, and feed upon those charms,  
 Rather than Helen for a stranger's sake  
 Her land desert, her marriage duties break.  
 Then how from me your passion to restrain,  
 And learn the best of virtues—to abstain?  
 100 There are who Helen's force of beauty feel,  
 But know with greater prudence to conceal.  
 They equal flames have in their breast controll'd—  
 As Paris fond, but not as Paris bold.

O hadst thou landed on the Spartan strand  
 When thousands wooed, and I refus'd my hand,  
 So (this avowal, my Lord, approve)  
 Thou wouldst have gain'd my first and only love.  
 Venus had blest with joy the nuptial night,  
 And genuine love enhanc'd the new delight.  
 110 Thou seek'st the relics of a plunder'd hoard,  
 To glean the harvest of another lord.  
 But though thy offer could not but prevail,  
 Yet Sparta leaves me nothing to bewail.  
 Cease, then, to wear<sup>o</sup> a half-distracted brain,  
 And where thou proffer'st pleasure, give not pain.  
 No, let me keep the lot which fortune gave,  
 Nor the sad ruin of my virtue crave.

*weary*

You tell how Venus pledg'd me to your arms,  
 How Goddesses display'd their naked charms,  
 120 And how, to bribe you, in that fatal hour,  
 One offer'd deathless fame, another boundless pow'r.  
 The third, while pleasure sparkled in her eyes,  
 Cried "Grant it me, and Helen be your prize!"  
 Can these things be, and can such tales be true,  
 That forms celestial have appear'd to you?  
 If this not false, the rest is sure a lie,  
 And my strict conduct shall that half deny;  
 Not such my charms, or beauty, can I deem  
 As Heav'n should guard, or Goddesses esteem.  
 130 Content that man should view me, and admire,  
 I Venus' praise nor merit, nor desire—  
 Ah no. My prudent tongue my heart belies,  
 And Venus' praises I believe and prize.  
 At such encomiums I may well rejoice,  
 Nor less that I (O Paris) was your choice.  
 Offers of fame and empire when you heard,  
 You scorn'd them both, and Helen you prefer'd.  
 Yes, thou hast shown, in that far-fam'd decree,  
 Thy fame, thy kingdom, centr'd all in me.  
 140 What breast so hard such merits not to feel?  
 Nor is thy Helen's heart obdurate steel.  
 Ah no: my passion meets thy warm desire,  
 But prudence bids me quench a hopeless fire.  
 For who would cultivate a barren soil,  
 And plough the sandy beach with fruitless toil?  
 To check an idle passion be my care,  
 Whose gifts are misery, and whose end despair;  
 For, strange to art, I know not to betray,  
 Nor wish'd to know, till this unlucky day.  
 150 E'en as I write, unknown to all but you,  
 My heart still trembles at a task so new.  
 Thrice happy she, who, taught by artful time,  
 Secures her honour, yet enjoys her crime;  
 But me, in guilt unskill'd, to falsehood new,  
 Cold inexperience forces to be true.  
 I dread each female face, and dream I see  
 Each eye, severe in anger, frown on me;  
 And sure on me her glance suspicion throws,  
 And great, e'en now, the envious rumour grows.  
 160 Cease, then, to love, or hide the flame you feel!

Ah no, desist not, Paris, but conceal!  
 And though it seem that this auspicious time  
 Teems with occasions for the hidden crime,  
 Yet let each word discretion's laws obey,  
 Controll'd and guarded, though my lord's away.  
 In haste he quitted this illustrious town,  
 Call'd by th' important int'rests of his crown;  
 He said (and scarce my laughter I suppress'd),  
 "Be your chief care, O wife, our Trojan guest."  
 170 My falt'ring tongue "he shall", could hardly say;  
 It seem'd the fatal secret to betray.  
 But though away, let prudence check thy will:  
 A Monarch absent is a Monarch still;  
 Nor strange that free he left his beauteous wife:  
 He knew the tenor of her virtuous life.  
 Yes, at her conduct, artless and upright,  
 Vanish'd the doubts her features might excite.  
 Haste, then, you cry, to seize the fav'ring hour,  
 While chance and absence grant the wish'd for pow'r.  
 180 I long, and yet I fear—to love inclin'd,  
 Doubts and suspicions yet distract my mind;  
 Thou lov'st me, and thy form can tempt, I own;  
 My lord is absent, and thou sleep'st alone.  
 Sweet is discourse, and dull the livelong night,  
 Gods! How our youth the time, the place,<sup>1</sup> invite.  
 Check'd as I am by prudence, fear, and pride,  
 My pen still hesitates, nor dares decide.  
 O, could you force whom you can ne'er persuade,  
 I would not choose; and yet, by force betray'd,  
 190 A glad and willing captive were I made. }  
 No: be it mine to check the young desire,  
 And in the spark to quench the growing fire.  
 The love of guests is transient; e'en as they,  
 Such blooms ere spring is o'er must fade away.  
 Hark, Ariadne weeps, by love misled; }  
 Hypsipyle deplores her vacant bed;  
 Both tell how faithless guests have lov'd, and fled. }  
 And who to you shall trust, who, lost to<sup>2</sup> truth,  
 Break oaths, and fly the faultless partner of thy youth?  
 200 Deny it not: I know thy early fire;  
 My heart, too prescient, bade me all enquire.

<sup>1</sup> place] Ms 'time'.

<sup>2</sup> to] Ms 'the'.

- E'en in *thy* breast should constancy prevail;  
 Yet what would all that constancy avail,  
 If now thy crew unfurl th' impatient sail? }  
 Yes: ere we meet, or name the fatal night,  
 The fav'ring winds forbid the fond delight.  
 While novelties' sweet blooms their raptures shed,  
 Our flame yet keen and warm, our guilty bed: }  
 All but regret, and sorrowing love, is fled. }  
 210 Say, shall I follow? Leave my native place  
 To rank a part of Priam's royal race?  
 Shall I, alive to love but dead to shame,  
 Fill the wild world with perjur'd Helen's name?  
 What language then will Greece, will Sparta, hold?  
 Will e'en thy Troy approve a deed so bold?  
 From me will Priam turn his angry eyes,  
 My broken faith each Trojan dame despise?  
 Thee too, perchance, shall dark suspicions blind;  
 Thy own example shall torment thy mind:  
 220 You'll fear lest I (should we a guest receive)  
 Again be tempted, and again deceive.  
 I hear thee, all ungrateful as thou art,  
 In anger curse the sin in which thou hadst a part;  
 Nor let my virtue yet prevent<sup>1</sup> that time  
 When he who tempted shall reproach my crime.  
 With pride your Trojan treasure you relate,  
 The gilded rooms, the palaces of state,  
 The purple garment from the Tyrian shore,  
 The massive ingots of resplendent ore;  
 230 Nor these, nor all that Priam can control,  
 Outweigh the treasure of a virtuous soul.  
 And who shall aid me on the Phrygian strand,  
 No brother's arm, no father's aid at hand?  
 Such vows to Colchis faithless Jason made:  
 Behold her by the youth she loved betray'd.  
 Her way deserted wheresoe'er she bends,  
 She finds nor brothers, sisters, sire, nor friends.  
 I fear not this, nor did Medea fear,  
 For early hope deludes the lover's ear.  
 240 When first the shipwreck'd bark the port did leave,  
 Sweet smil'd the morn, and gentle roll'd the wave;

<sup>1</sup> *Nor...prevent* [Nor [will you] let my continuing virtue preclude].

And sure the torch foretells some dreadful doom,  
 Portentous offspring of your mother's womb.  
 Prophets have sung of Troy's approaching fall,  
 And Grecian flames must lick thy tott'ring wall;  
 And if thy fatal judgement be but true,  
 To please one Goddess thou hast injur'd two.  
 Yes, daring Paris, if thy Helen flies,  
 All Greece in arms reclaim the dangerous prize:  
 250 Hæmonia's sons 'gainst centaurs took the field;  
 Shall Sparta unrevenged their princess yield?  
     You tell of arms, and boast of feats in war:  
 Ill suit such dang'rous deeds a face so fair.  
 Ah no: the child of wanton Venus prove;  
 Leave th' other Chiefs in pond'rous steel to move,  
 Think thou of nought, my Paris, but of love. }  
 For thee in bloody fields let Hector fight:  
 A softer war shall be thy sole delight;  
 This would I seek—for, honour laid aside,  
 260 A warmer passion meets my prudent pride.  
 A time thou ask'st to talk upon our cares:  
 I know thy end, I understand thy prayers.  
 But yet a while thy greedy hopes delay;  
 The dawn of morn foretells th' approach of day,  
 And e'en already, absent all control,  
 You read unlock'd the secrets of my soul.  
 My maids, the partners of my cares, shall tell  
 What yet you have to know, and *I* have to reveal.

XOVO6

From J.F., *Metamorphoses* 1.89–237 (= *Met.* 1.89–112, 1.211–37). BL MS Harley 4888, fols 14<sup>r</sup>–17<sup>v</sup>

At the end of this 352-line translation appear the initials 'J.F.' ('J.F.'). These may denote either the copyist or, more probably, the unknown translator (chronology makes impossible any connection with the J.F., *fl.*1662, who appears elsewhere in *NRECT*). There are signs that this is a partial copy of what was once a complete Book 1 of the *Metamorphoses*: the eight-line blocks in which it is numbered begin at no. 19, hence apparently we are arriving 153 lines into the translation, at a point corresponding to Ovid's line 89. Here only the beginning and ending of the extant text are supplied.

This translation seems to date from the first decade of the seventeenth century (see Manuscript Sources). If so the blank verse is highly innovative, even though metrically and in

other respects the work is not fully successful. The only pre-1600 printed verse translations of the *Metamorphoses* (all given in Brown and Taylor 2013) are in rhymed verse, and, so far as is known, blank verse was not used again for the *Metamorphoses* for many years to come.

[*The Golden Age*]

- It was a pure, a clean, and spotless age,  
 Void of all wicked and ungodly thoughts.  
 A loyal,<sup>o</sup> free, and sincere proceeding,<sup>1</sup> *faithful*  
 Each one keeping his word, and speaking truth:  
 No man there was, that stood in awe or fear  
 Of merciless, severe, and ruthless judge,  
 For, being just, upright, and simply<sup>o</sup> pure, *sincerely*  
 All liv'd secure from law or judge's doom.<sup>o</sup> *sentence*  
 The pine as yet was never cut by hand  
 10 To furrow waves, and find unknown nations:  
 For mortal men never knew further bounds  
 Then their own shores, and their propre limits,  
 Nor with such toiling care sought new ways<sup>2</sup>  
 From other confines<sup>o</sup> to transport rich wares. *regions*  
 In that pure age no cities were as yet  
 Compass'd with walls, and with deep-trenchèd dykes;  
 Th' inexorable iron was not yet  
 Drawn from th' earth's womb, and framèd<sup>o</sup> to offend:<sup>o</sup> *shaped for attack*  
 Nor needed man with metal, or high walls,  
 20 Defend himself from others' rage and might;  
 The warlike drum and trumpet was not known,  
 Which minds enflam'd to follow Mars his rage;  
 But harmless Man under an oak, or beech,  
 From war, and wounding iron liv'd secure.  
 Without being grubb'd<sup>o</sup> or disembowelled,<sup>o</sup> so *cleared... ripped up*  
 By digging mattock, spade, or furrowing plough,  
 The gentle soil of her accord did yield  
 All needful fruits for sustenance of man,  
 And such as it did genuinely produce it,  
 30 So did the people happily enjoy it,  
 Who shunn'd and loath'd so their cates<sup>o</sup> to season, *food*  
 Ate acorns, strawberries, and such other fruits.  
 Phoebus with joyful glee held on his course,

<sup>1</sup> *sincere proceeding*] 'Sincere' might be glossed 'uncorrupted'; a 'proceeding' must mean a legal action or process, but the following lines suggest 'legal process in general'.

<sup>2</sup> *Nor... ways*] Line apparently metrically defective.

Giving and compassing his circled sphere,  
 And with mild, temperate, and cheerful rays  
 Brought to the world an ever-during Spring;  
 And gentle Zephyr, with his less warm breath,  
 Nourisht the flow'rs of April, and of May.  
 From oaks and olives trillèd° honey sweet,

40 Floods° ran with milke, and with nectar sweet.<sup>1</sup>

*flowed  
 rivers*

Oh age thrice fortunate, and happy people  
 That livedst in those blest, and noble times,  
 And hadst both mind and body void of ills,  
 That free from cares, and this<sup>2</sup> from tyrant's rage;  
 Where the innocent, and all else, lived safe  
 From hate, from envy, from deceit, and wrong;  
 O truly blessèd, harmless Golden Age,  
 When naught but happiness and good did reign.<sup>3</sup>

[*The story of Lycaon, narrated by Jove*]

When first by chance an infamy so traitrous  
 290 Came to mine ears (which of the world resounds),  
 To Earth I went, and sought by proof to know  
 If all the ill were true, that's spoken of.  
 I left my semblance old, and took man's shape,  
 And went myself, as not believing it.  
 Tedious it were, if I should all relate:  
 But, to be short, I found Fame short of Truth.

I saw, when many countries I had sought  
 Through all the world, nought but deceit and force.°  
 At last I came into Arcadia, where

*violence*

300 I heard there reign'd a tyrant fierce and fell:  
 And to repair a mischief so unmatcht,  
 My way I took to that unhallow'd place;  
 And at my coming show'd by sundry signs  
 To be, in shape of man, th' eternal God.

No sooner come, the pure and godly minds  
 Came thick and threefold to adore my might,  
 To offer prayers, and to promise vows;  
 So strange and wonderous signs I showed them,  
 Yet could I never so far-forth declare them

<sup>1</sup> *sweet*] So ms, but the rhyme word is repeated from the preceding line. Perhaps this is connected with the line's metrical questionability.

<sup>2</sup> *and this*] Ms 'this'; speculative emendation for metrical reasons.

<sup>3</sup> Lines 41–8 are an addition to the Ovidian text.

- 310 That proud Lycaon would in sham believe:<sup>1</sup>  
 For he with such derision mock'd my doings,  
 That such as erst believed me, seemed to doubt.  
 Then to himself he said: "I am resolv'd,  
 And I will try, and search, and find this man,  
 Whether a God he be, or some impostor,  
 That th' ignorant people seeketh to delude."  
 He bids me sup with him; I not refuse,  
 That so his impious thought may cost him dear:  
 Which was to give me at that instant, death,
- 320 When sleep should shut the windows of mine eyes.  
 Who, not content to do the heinous fact° *crime*  
 Which in his heart he had so close° contriv'd, *secretly*  
 Whenas° he murth'rd an unhappy pledge° *whereupon...hostage*  
 Which the Molossians had left with him  
 (Either t'assure him of their homage due,  
 Or for some in'tress° else of their estate), *interest*  
 Whom having boild, and sauc't in divers sorts,  
 In fatal° dishes he me him presented. *ominous*
- But when I saw so horrible a sight,
- 330 Caus'd all the table to flash forth on fire,  
 And his familiar gods destroy'd, and burnt,  
 As well deserving greater punishment;  
 Whereat himself amazèd, took his flight  
 Where best he thought to scape, and save himself,  
 And ran with speed to hide his blushing face  
 Amongst the thickest of an old-grown wood,  
 There minding<sup>2</sup> with himself, to wail and moan,  
 His unexpected, and deservèd meed.  
 His voice surcharg'd with rage, with furious wrath,
- 340 Was presently changèd to an howling yell,  
 His human shape disperst,° and ruin'd; *separated, redistributed*  
 To heav'n his back, his face he turn'd to earth:  
 His face of man a beastly snout became,  
 So did his feet, his legs, his arms, and hands,  
 And from a man became a ravenous wolf.  
 But still observing all his former ways,  
 And not forgetting his old wonted lust,  
 As much as ever he delights in blood:

<sup>1</sup> *so...believe*] 'So fully expound them but proud Lycaon would [only] pretend to believe them.'

<sup>2</sup> *mind[ing]*] Perhaps *OED* II: 'attend to', 'concern oneself with', etc.

And now, to glut his never-quenchèd thirst,  
 350 Amid the woolly flock he seeks his prey.  
 His eyes are gloating,<sup>1</sup> and his looks fear-moving:  
 His grizzled hoariness<sup>o</sup> is as it was. *greyness*

XOVO7

Anon.: *Metamorphoses* 1.568–747 (The Story of Io). Brotherton MS Lt 82, fols 147<sup>r</sup>–53<sup>v</sup>  
 (excerpted at OV08)

See Manuscript Sources for the range of translations presented in this ms in a single hand, perhaps all of the same authorship. BCMSV suggests a date of *c.*1690; the following decade or two are also possible.

In Thessaly delicious Tempe's placed,  
 With lofty, spreading woods on all sides graced,  
 Thro' which the rapid Peneus swiftly rolls  
 Foaming and fierce, admitting no control.  
 On Mountain Pindus' stately top it spring(s),  
 From whence great floods of water down it brings.  
 Its fall a misty vapour does diffuse,  
 Which does the plains refresh with pleasing dews,  
 And tumbling down, with such impetuous rage,  
 10 Does much astonish all the voisinage.<sup>o</sup> *neighbourhood*  
 Here this proud river's wat'ry palace lies  
 Begirt with rocks, whose tops salute the skies.  
 Here he o'er streams, and wat'ry nymphs, and those  
 Which own his government, doth laws impose.  
 Hither the neighb'ring rivers kindly flow'd  
 To this their Monarch's pleasantest abode,  
 Uncertain yet, how to accord their voice:  
 Whether condole with him, or else rejoice  
 Upon his Daughter's late unhappy fate,  
 20 Who now was changèd from her pristine state.  
 Thither Spercheus crowned with poplars came,  
 And swift Enipeus, river of great fame,  
 The soft Amphrisus, old Apidamus  
 Came all to see their sov'reign Peneus,  
 With many other streams, who backward force

<sup>1</sup> *gloating*] Not Ovid's 'lucent' ('gleaming', 240), but probably the obsolete *OED* 1: 'to look with a furtive or sidelong glance'.

Their waves to roll against their natural course.

Amongst them all there happened to be none  
 But thither went, save Inachus alone,  
 Whose grief and sorrow being in extremes,  
 30 With floods of tears augments his natural streams.  
 Io he mourns, his darling child was gone,  
 But whither was to Inachus unknown.  
 Whether alive or dead perplexed his mind:  
 Alas, poor Io nowhere could he find.  
 The weeping parent somewhat worse does dread  
 Than if his daughter were among the dead.

Great Jupiter did Io chance to spy,  
 And straight enamoured was, most passionately.  
 His godhead he forgot, and now became  
 40 A slave to Cupid's loose, lascivious flame.  
 Soon as he saw her, forth his passion broke,  
 And to the Nymph thus movingly he spoke:  
 "Hail, beauteous maid, whose bright transcendent charms  
 Are fit for none but for a God's soft arms;  
 Vain is that mortal who pretends to be  
 Master of a creature so divine as thee.  
 The Sun is sultry: to that wood retire,  
 And guard thy beauty from its envious fire.  
 Fear not, my dearest, in that place to go:  
 50 Nothing shall hurt thee, for, fair creature, know  
 Thou'rt under the protection of a God  
 That governs Heaven with an awful nod;  
 No common deity does you convey,  
 But he who does the dreadful Thunder sway."

Poor Io, hearing what the Thund'rer said,  
 Swift as the lightning from the God she fled;  
 Passing the Lernian marsh, she arrives again  
 To scour with terror o'er th' Arcadian plain,  
 When Jove drew close the curtains of the night,  
 60 And stopped the nymph in her despairing flight.  
 Which done, he pressed her in his Godlike arms,  
 And thus bereft her of her virgin charms.

Juno meanwhile, seeing the darkness spread  
 O'er the terraqueous<sup>1</sup> globe, began to dread:  
 She knew no misty exhalation e'er

<sup>1</sup> *terraqeous*] 'Consisting of land and water'; recorded from c.1658.

Could be the cause, but somewhat else did fear.  
 Her spouse she missed, whom everywhere she'd sought,  
 But the sly letcher nowhere could be caught;  
 Which made her think th' magnetic force of Love  
 70 Had from her side drawn forth the am'rous Jove.  
 Wherefore, recalling back the banish'd light,  
 And dissipated this unnatural night,  
 On Earth she comes, with anger in her mind,  
 To seek him whom above she could not find.  
 But Jove, advertised of his wife's approach,  
 And dreading much a too, too just reproach  
 (For well he knew how she with wrath did burn),  
 Doth Io into a white Heifer turn.

But now, though of her former shape bereft,  
 80 She in this form her just proportion kept,  
 Which made the Goddess, spite of all her ire,  
 The wondrous symmetry of the cow admire;  
 And, feigning ignorance of what she knew,  
 Demands Jove, whence and where he got this cow?  
 To which the God replied, that as to its birth,  
 It was a worldling, and was born on Earth—  
 Thinking by this short answer to evade  
 Those many questions which the Goddess made.

90 Deceitful Juno, feigning to believe  
 That she the better might her spouse deceive,  
 Desires that he to her the cow would give. }

The Lover, puzzled with this question, knew  
 Not what, in this conjuncture,<sup>o</sup> he should do.  
 Shame bids him put the present in her hands,  
 While softer Love the contrary commands;  
 And Love had got the better, but he thought,  
 Should he deny what eagerly she sought,  
 She might suspect that somewhat else was hid  
 Under the fair white Heifer's coverlid;<sup>o</sup>

*crisis*

100 And hard it was to find a good excuse  
 His sister and his consort to refuse.  
 Which things considered, he resolved, and gave  
 Io his Love, his Honour thus to save.

*coverlet*

The Goddess having now her point obtained,  
 And from her husband her fair rival gained,  
 Thinking she never could be too severe,  
 Did for her guard Arestor's son procure:

- Argus his name, who had a hundred eyes,  
 A guardian fit to watch so fair a prize;  
 110 All of them still a constant wake did keep,  
 While only two alternatively sleep.  
 Io he watched, and wheresoere she trod,  
 She could not fail of being by Argus viewed.  
 Herbage her daily food was, Earth her bed,  
 Water her drink; thus was she coarsely fed.  
 Sometimes she strove her keeper to implore  
 With suppliant hands—Alas, they are no more!  
 And when, with sighs, she strives her case to moan,  
 She sends forth bellowing instead of groans.  
 120     Passing one day by her father's wat'ry tide,  
 Huge spreading horns upon her brow she spied.  
 This sight with horror Io there did see,  
 And inwardly bewails her destiny;  
 The water nymphs who saw her knew her not,  
 And ev'n by Inachus she was forgot.  
 All this poor Io did observe with pain,  
 For she her former sense<sup>o</sup> did still retain. *understanding*  
 She with her sisters kept, and would provoke  
 Them, by her tameness, kindly her to stroke.  
 130 The good old Inachus knew not what meant  
 The Heifer's kindness, nor what 'twould represent;<sup>o</sup> *communicate*  
 He only in return could gather plants,  
 But that could not supply poor Io's wants.  
 She licked his hands, and scarce could she forbear  
 To power<sup>o</sup> on him a whole sea of tears. *pour*  
       At last, to tell her tale a way she found,  
 And rudely traced it with her foot o'th' ground,  
 Which grievèd Inachus no sooner spied,  
 But thus his passion vented, thus he cried:  
 140 "Wretch that I am, alas! What's this I see?  
 Belovèd, long-sought Io, is it thee?  
 'Tis true I've found thee, but alas, to know  
 Thee thus transformed, does but increase my woe.  
 Thou'rt silent, child, and nought but sighs do send,  
 Mixed with shrill lowings which my temples rend.  
 Myself I comforted with hopes, to see  
 Thee mother of a num'rous progeny,  
 But that hope's vanish'd, and I now must ne'er  
 Expect my child a family should rear,

150 Must never think of getting thee a spouse,  
 But 'mongst these cattle in yon meadow browse;°  
 And, to accomplish° my misfortunes, I  
 Can wish for nothing but mortality.”

*feed*  
*complete*

Inachus now's abandoned to despair,  
 Nought welcome is but sorrow, grief, and care;  
 “Death I would choose, my Godship I'd resign,  
 If that could ease th' afflictions of my mind.”  
 More had the weeping, grievèd father said,  
 Had Argus suffer'd Io to have stayed,

160 But cruelly he forces her again  
 To graze, and wander up and down the plain,  
 Then mounts a hill, the better to survey  
 Where his distressèd charge would bend her way.

But Jove, who saw all this, did not approve  
 The nymph should so much suffer for his love;  
 Calls Maya's son,<sup>1</sup> and bids him use his skill  
 The monster Argus out of hand to kill.  
 The nimble God, in order to obey  
 His father's orders without more delay,

170 Claps on his cap and wings, and in his hand  
 He only takes his sleeping magic wand,  
 And being thus equipp'd, descends to Earth,  
 Where, lest he should be thought of heav'nly birth,  
 Laid by his wings, which showed he was a God,  
 And only takes with him his little rod.  
 Then with his flock, and shepherd-like arrayed,  
 In tuneful reed melodiously he played,  
 Till Argus, ravish'd with the harmony,  
 Unto the shepherd thus began to cry:

180 “Hither, my friend, here on this rock you may  
 Secure yourself the sultry part o'th' day:  
 No place could fitter be, throughout the plain,  
 Than this fair umbrage is, to tempt a swain.”

Mercury sits him down to play his part,  
 Striving with various stories to divert  
 Arestor's son. At other times he tries  
 Bewitching music's charms to close his eyes,  
 So that the wary Argus scarce could keep

<sup>1</sup> *Maya's son*] Mercury (ms note).

- His num'rous luminaries<sup>1</sup> from the power of sleep.
- 190 Howèr, the Pipe's first rise<sup>o</sup> he does desire *origin*  
 To know, and who used it first enquire;  
 When thus the God began: "In days of old,  
 A nymph there dwelt upon the mountains cold  
 Of fair Arcadia; Syrinx was her name,  
 Whose chaste deportment gained her wondrous fame,  
 Whom Sylvan Gods, and rural Deities  
 Did for her rigid chastity despise.  
 But she defied them all; her only aim  
 Was how to imitate the chaste Diane,
- 200 And in her garment she would strive to be  
 Like to that fair and beauteous Deity.  
 And hard it was for any one to know  
 The Goddess from the Nymph but by her bow:  
 The Goddess one of burnish'd gold did wield,  
 While Syrinx only a plain horn one held.  
 God Pan, as from Mount Lycius he came,  
 Did chance to meet with this fair virtuous dame.  
 To her he spoke: 'Wilt thou consent to be,  
 Fair nymph, betrothèd to a Deity?
- 210 For if thou wilt'—much more he would have said,  
 But straight was stopp'd by the disdainful maid.  
 She flouted<sup>o</sup> at him, and away she fled *scoffed*  
 T'ward Ladon's stream, which does her flight impede.  
 Despairing Syrinx, full of doubts and fears,  
 Implores her Sisters, with whole floods of tears,  
 That they'd transform her to some other shape,  
 So to secure her from the Satyr's rape.  
 They grant her suit, and when the God believed  
 He grasp'd the nymph, he found himself deceived:
- 220 Instead of Syrinx, he found in her place  
 That he a truss<sup>o</sup> of rushes did embrace. *bundle*  
 The lover, cheated thus, despairing sighs,  
 Rending the air with melancholy cries,  
 Which, whistling 'mong the rushes, made a noise  
 Resembling a complaining lover's voice.  
 The amorous God, delighted thus to find  
 Something that sooth'd his heaviness of mind,  
 Straight thought to try, if he could carry on

<sup>1</sup> *luminaries*] The meaning is self-evident, but the sense of 'eyes' is not attested in *OED*.

The correspondence° chance had thus begun.  
 230 He diverse fixed together, and so made  
 This pipe, which bears the name of the fair maid.”  
 Mercury longer had his story spun,  
 But found it needless; this the deed had done.  
 Argus no longer could his Heifer keep,  
 The pleasant tale had lull'd him so asleep;  
 The God, observing he began to nod,  
 Waves over him his sleep-provoking rod,  
 Which done, his dreadful faulchion forth he drew,  
 And did his hands in Argus' blood imbrue.  
 240 The head disseverèd, he hurl'd it o'er  
 From off the rock, all stain'd with purple gore:  
 Thus were these hundred eyes deprived of light,  
 And now extinguish'd in eternal night.

*response, relationship*

Juno, meanwhile, resolving to reward  
 Those eyes so strictly did fair Io guard,  
 She took and fixed them in her peacock's train,  
 That they to perpetuity might remain.  
 But still she burnt with vengeance, thus to see  
 Herself abused by subtle Mercury,  
 250 And how to help herself she could not tell,  
 But ministers of vengeance brings from hell:  
 Phantoms and furies from th' infernal shade  
 Are called to scare the miserable maid;  
 Then she infuses into Io's breast  
 A restless passion, not to be depress'd.°  
 Spectres and goblins always are at hand  
 To plague her, by the Queen of Heav'n's command.  
 Away she scours,<sup>1</sup> thro' the world she flies,  
 But ev'ry place to Io rest denies.

*overcome*

260 At last, approaching near the fruitful soil  
 Bewater'd with th' o'erflowing of the Nile,  
 Fatigued and tired, on her knees she bent,  
 Her eyes directing t'ward the firmament.  
 In gentle lowing, tired, weak, and faint,  
 To Jupiter she sends up her complaint,  
 Imploring him to mediate, that she  
 Might find an end of all her misery.  
 Her prayer successful proved, and reached the skies,

<sup>1</sup> *scours*] Here a disyllable ('runs').

- At which the God, affected with her cries,  
 270 Embraces Juno, and begs her to procure  
 That Io may no torments more endure.  
 “Fear not”, cried he; “that fair one ne’er shall be  
 The cause of trouble between you and me.”  
 This by the River Styx he firmly swore,  
 Provided she poor Io would restore.
- Juno, appeased with what the Thund’rer said,  
 To her former shape restores the beauteous maid.  
 Her charming face returns, the coarse-grained hair  
 Falls off, her horns do disappear,  
 280 Her eyes contract, and her wide mouth grows less;  
 Her hands and arms assume their former place,  
 Her hoofs give way to nails, and nought retains  
 Of a Heifer, save the whiteness still remains.  
 Her speech returns, but that to try she fears,  
 Lest horrid bellowing should distract her ears.
- And now entirely she is res(t)ored,  
 Th’ Egyptians as a Goddess her adored;  
 The name of Isis she assumed, and there  
 Numbers to priests her Godhead do declare;  
 290 So that her glory seems much to outvie  
 Th’ afflictions she endur’d, and misery.

## XOV08

From Anon.: *Metamorphoses* Book 2 (= Ovid 1–39). Bod. MS Rawl. poet. 120, fols 71<sup>r</sup>–91<sup>r</sup>

The likely date is the first half of the seventeenth century. Other stanzaic English versions of parts of the *Metamorphoses* are rare, but this example may just possibly be related to one of them, William Barksted’s *Mirra the Mother of Adonis*, 1607, because Barksted’s work is ‘clearly conceived as a prequel to Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis*’ (Brown and Taylor 2013: 95). Barksted, however, employs a variant on the *Venus and Adonis* stanza (with an extra rhyming couplet at the end) whereas this anonymous translator adopts it unmodified. This is a sample from a complete Book 2.

The Second Book of Publius Ovidius Naso  
 concerning Transformations

The palace of the sun most lofty was,  
 Famous for gold which shinèd gloriously,  
 And for carbuncles which like fire did blaze.

The top thereof was made with ivory,  
 The doors were silver, glist'ning bright as glass;  
 The workmanship the matter did surpass.

For Vulcan did thereon the sea engrave,  
 The earth and heaven he did carve thereon.  
 He made the sea his own sea-gods to have,

10 Proteus, singing Triton, Ægeon,  
 And Doris also, and her daughters fair,  
 Of whom some by seafishes carried were.

Some in sea swimm'd, some on the shore did sit  
 Drying their hair; their shapes all were not one:  
 And yet they did not differ much, but it  
 Was drawn so that they all might well be known  
 Sisters to be. The earth bare men, beasts, woods,  
 And country gods and towns, and Nymphs and floods.°

*rivers*

Above all these the heaven was put; upon  
 20 Each door-leaf were six signs drawn very bright.  
 As soon as to this place came Phaëton,  
 And stood before his doubted father's sight,  
 He stood far off, and durst not to come near,  
 Because his sunbeams did shine out so clear.°

*brightly*

Phœbus sat on his throne in purple gay,  
 Shining with emeralds. On his right hand,  
 And on his left, ages, year, hour, month, day,  
 Spring, winter, summer, and autumn did stand.

Who seeing Phaëton: "My son most dear,  
 30 Tell me", saith he, "wherefore thou comest here?"

"What dost thou in my throne° request?" saith he.  
 "Father (if I may justly call you so,  
 And if that Climine hath told me right),  
 Give me some token whereby men may know  
 That I am your true son, and so put out  
 From of my mind this thing which I so doubt."

*seat*

## XOVO9

Judith Madan: *Metamorphoses* 3.413–510 (The Story of Narcissus). BL MS Add. 28101, fols 158–9

Judith Madan (1702–1781) was a well-born lady who became an occasional writer, some of her poems appearing in print from the 1720s on. She corresponded with and probably met

Alexander Pope; two of her best-known productions were *The Progress of Poetry*, a survey of English poets from Chaucer to Pope, and *Abelard to Eloisa*, a response to Pope's poem *Eloisa to Abelard*. She is not known as a translator. For a short literary biography see Lonsdale 1990: 93–4.

This Ovidian piece (dated in ms to 1722), the conclusion of the story of Narcissus, makes no claim to be a 'translation' or 'imitation', but it is in part one. Madan transposes some passages as well as adding and subtracting freely. Other copies are extant, but the superior BL MS Add. 28101 copy is used here, from the collection of Madan's brother Ashley Cowper (see Manuscript Sources). Cowper was Madan's unmarried name: she was the aunt of the poet William.

### The Story of Narcissus

Tir'd with the Sylvan Labours of the Day,  
 Beneath a wide-spread shade Narcissus lay;  
 Fresh Moss around a grateful Coolness gave,  
 Through which a Spring smooth roll'd its limpid Wave.  
 The fluid Crystal's bright, translucent Tide  
 Caught the fair Form that press'd its verdant Side;  
 Amaz'd the Youth beholds, with ardent Eyes,  
 A Heav'nly Image on the Fountain<sup>1</sup> rise.  
 He gaz'd—he sigh'd—he lov'd with wild Desire;  
 10 His Eyes drank in their own reflected Fire.  
 His erring Heart the new Invader feels,  
 Through all his Veins the soft Infection steals,  
 O'er the clear Stream the Youth enamour'd hung,  
 His soul, thus artless, melted from his Tongue.  
 "Ah! What art thou, that on the Waves dost glide,  
 And bloom amid the Fountain's streamy Tide?  
 Art Thou the Genius of the Silver Flood,  
 Or the bright Guardian of the neighbring Wood?"  
 The charming Phantom smiles; each sparkling Eye  
 20 With killing lustre darts a kind Reply;  
 Its opening Lips in mild conjunction move,  
 And look as they were softly utt'ring Love.  
 "Ah! Envious Stream, your babbling Rills destroy  
 The gentle Voice, and damp the rising Joy.  
 Ye bord'ring Trees, and thou surrounding Grove  
 (The awful conscious<sup>2</sup> scene of happier Love),  
 Tell me, did e'er your friendly Branches join  
 O'er a Distress—a Love—a Grief—like mine?"

<sup>1</sup> *Fountain*] Not a jet of water but a spring collecting in a basin.

<sup>2</sup> *awful conscious*] The grove is imagined as witnessing, or sharing in, 'happier love'. *Awful*: 'majestic'.

- No foreign Coasts the lovely Fair detain,  
 30 No bulwark'd City, nor no distant Plain:  
 Nought veils the beauteous youth, each Charm is seen,  
 No Mountains swell, nor Oceans heave between;  
 A shallow Wave alone eludes<sup>o</sup> my Joy: *frustrates*  
 A slender Stream floats o'er the charming Boy.”  
 Thus the fond Youth the inbred Flame confest,  
 And breath'd the new-born weakness of his Breast.  
 Reclin'd all weeping on the spiry<sup>1</sup> Grass,  
 He dimpled with his Tears the liquid Glass<sup>o</sup> *mirror*  
 The liquid Glass too faithfully returns  
 40 Each Grace for which the fair Possessor burns.  
 Fresh kindling now at each gay, shadowy Charm,  
 Deep in the Flood<sup>o</sup> he plung'd his snowy Arm; *river*  
 The yielding Wave the soft Delusion tells,  
 Yet but the Error, not the Flame, expels.  
 As blooming Roses annually decline,  
 And all their breathing Fragrances resign,  
 So fades the Youth—faint roll his languid Eyes,  
 And from his Cheek the glowing Vermil<sup>o</sup> flies. *vermillion*  
 Despairing, to the Shades around he mourn'd,  
 50 Sad Echo soft each plaintive Note return'd:  
 “Ah Youth, belov'd in vain”, Narcissus cried;  
 “Belov'd in vain”, the vocal Nymph reply'd.  
 From his pale Lips their latest accent fell,  
 While Echo caught the sound, and sigh'd—“Farewell!”  
 The pitying Gods a safer Shape bestow,  
 And bid the rising Vegetable grow,<sup>2</sup>  
 The breathless Boy a springing Flow'r arose  
 Which in its Name records its Parent's Woes.

XOV10

William Mills: *Metamorphoses* 4.55–166 (Pyramus and Thisbe). Yale MS Osborn c472, pp. 49–58 (excerpted at OV11)

Very little is known of William Mills, whose sole book-length publication, printed for the author, was his *Georgics of Virgil*, 1780. His preface there emphasizes the (relative) originality

<sup>1</sup> *spiry*] ‘Forming slender pointed shoots’ (*OED*).

<sup>2</sup> *grow*] The margin of the ms records a variant ‘blow’, which is attractive, and perhaps what the copy being followed would have read. In this case the meaning would be ‘bloom’, ‘blossom’, but it would be unclear why the word was rejected.

of the blank verse he opts for, and indeed all the non-Virgilian pieces in the Osborn ms of his 'Original Poems and Translations' are instead in rhyming verse. These, including this Ovidian episode, seem to precede his printed *Georgics* in time (probably by no great distance): the ms contains some passages forming part of the *Georgics* translation which there would have been no call to copy out once printed.

The Story of Pyramus and Thisbe Translated.<sup>1</sup>

For Beauty Pyramus and Thisbe were  
 Renown'd throughout the East, a matchless Pair!  
*He* all the youths, the Virgins *she* excell'd.  
 Contiguous dwellings the two Lovers held  
 Within fair Babylon's extensive Bounds,  
 Whose glitt'ring Spires a lofty Wall surrounds,  
 Which Queen Semiramis did whilom rear.  
 Acquaintance first commenc'd by living near;  
 It grew in Time to Love; and Hymen's Bands  
 10 Would lawfully have join'd their willing Hands;  
 But both their Fathers, fix'd in one Intent,  
 Forbad the union they could not prevent.  
 A mutual Flame their am'rous Bosoms fir'd;  
 By Nods and Sighs they talk, when everyone's retir'd:  
 For still the more the cover'd Fire's supprest,  
 The more it burns within the Lover's Breast.  
 A Fissure in the party-wall was left  
 When first each House was built; this slender cleft,  
 For Ages unobserv'd by all beside  
 20 (What does not Love perceive?) the Lovers spied.  
 Safely through this, in gentle whispers they  
 Breathe tender Sighs, and mutual Thoughts convey.  
 As near the wall oft stood this constant Pair,  
 Here Pyramus, and lovely Thisbe there,  
 And catch'd by Turns th' inspiring Breath of Love  
 (Sweeter than Odours from the spicy Grove):  
 O envious Wall, they said, why thus oppose  
 Two Lovers' Wishes? Wherefore interpose?  
 Would an Embrace be thought too great a Bliss?  
 30 If that's too much, permit at least a Kiss.  
 We're not ungrateful. That to thee we owe  
 This friendly Intercourse, we readily allow.  
 On either Side these fruitless Accents flow. }

<sup>1</sup> A prose 'argument' precedes the verse text in ms.

At Night they bade farewell, and each applied  
Kisses, which never reach'd the other Side.

When Day appear'd and caus'd Night's shades to pass,  
And Phoebus' Rays had dy'd the dewy grass,  
Their usual Station the two Lovers take.

First their Complaints in a low Whisper make,  
40 Then both determine to deceive their Guard,  
And in the silent Night escape unheard,  
Fly from the House, and when they should perceive  
Themselves at Liberty, the City leave.

But lest too far asunder they should roam,  
They both agree to meet at Ninnus' Tomb:  
There sit beneath the wide-extended shade  
A Mulbry Tree with snow-white Berries made,  
Which near a cool refreshing Fountain grew. }  
Th' Agreement pleas'd: slowly the Light withdrew,  
50 Plung'd in the Waves, from whence it rises too.

The crafty Thisbe first escapes from Home,  
Who, having veil'd her Face, comes to the Tomb,  
And boldly sits beneath th' appointed Tree,  
For Love had made her bold; when suddenly  
There came a Lioness along the Plain,  
Whose mouth, from preying upon Oxen slain,  
Was fiercely foaming, and besmear'd with Blood,  
To slake her Thirst in th' Fountain's crystal Flood:  
When, at a Distance, by the Moon's pale Light  
60 Fair Thisbe saw, and, seiz'd with sudden Fright,  
Fled to a Cave, and left her Veil behind.  
Her Thirst when quench'd, the Savage chanc'd to find  
The slender<sup>o</sup> Vestment, and with bloody Jaws  
Besmears, and tears it with her rav'nous Claws.

*thin*

Later escap'd, sad<sup>o</sup> Pyramus at hand  
Saw certain Footsteps printed on the Sand  
Of some wild Beast, and pale with Horror stood.  
But when he found the Garment stain'd with Blood:  
One Night, says he, two Lovers shall destroy,  
70 Though one deserv'd a longer life t'enjoy;  
Mine is the Fault, o most unhappy Maid,  
Thee have I slain, since there, by me betray'd,  
To a Place full of Terror and Affright  
Didst come to meet me in the Dead of Night.  
Nor did I come the first. Ye Lions fell,

*steadfast, constant*

- Who underneath this Rock securely dwell,  
 With cruel Fangs this wretched Body tear,  
 Devour my Entrails, nor my Carcass spare:  
 But<sup>o</sup> Cowards wish for Death they dare not face. *only*
- 80 He takes the Veil, and to th' appointed Place  
 He with it hastes: kiss'd, and with Tears bedew'd  
 The well-known Garment. Now receive my Blood,  
 He said, and plung'd his Sword into his Breast  
 (With keenest Anguish stung, and deep-distrest).  
 Then, dying, drew it from the gaping Wound,  
 And backwards fell extended on the Ground.  
 The Blood flew upwards, as the Water flies  
 From broken Pipes, and spouting Streams supplies.  
 Ting'd with the Slaughter, lo! The alter'd Fruit
- 90 Assumes a darker Hue: and from the Root  
 Moistend with Blood the spreading Branches grow,  
 And crimson Berries hang on ev'ry Bough.  
 Lo! Thisbe, scarce recover'd from her Fright,  
 Returns to meet her hapless Lover's Sight:  
 The Youth, with eager Search, her Eyes explore<sup>o</sup> *seek*  
 To tell her late Escape, now all the Danger's o'er.  
 The Place and alter'd Tree when once she knew,  
 And the chang'd colour of its Fruitage too, }  
 She hesitating paus'd, and doubtful grew.
- 100 But when the trembling Limbs too plain appear,  
 She started back; and, pale with sudden Fear,  
 Shook like the trem'lous Motion of the Seas,  
 When on the surface plays the wanton Breeze.  
 Last, when she saw her Lover lying there,  
 She smote her guiltless Breast, and tore her lovely Hair,  
 Embrac'd his Body, and from gushing Eyes }  
 His ghastly Wound with briny Tears supplies,  
 Kiss'd his cold lips, and frantic thus she cries:  
 What cruel Chance has torn thee from my Arms?
- 110 Still if thy gentle Soul thy bosom warms,  
 Reply, my Love, thy dearest Thisbe calls!  
 Once more look up: thy Fate my Heart appals.  
 At Thisbe's Name he op'd his dying Eyes,  
 And, having seen her, clos'd again, and dies.  
 When she perceiv'd her Veil upon the Ground,

And saw the Sword that gave the fatal Wound,  
 Unhappy Youth, she said, thy Thisbe calls in vain;  
 Prompted by Love, thee thy own hands have slain.  
 I too have Hands that can as brave perform;  
 120 As pure a Flame my virgin Heart does warm.  
 Thee will I follow to the Shades below,  
 Cause of thy Death, Companion of thy Woe:  
 Since naught, alas, but Death could us divide,  
 Not Death itself shall bar thee from my side.  
 This my Request, O wretched Parents, hear:  
 Relent, and yield to our united Pray'r;  
 As Love and Death have join'd us, let us have  
 (Sure 'tis not much to grant) a common Grave.  
 And thou, O Tree, whose lofty Boughs o'erspread  
 130 The wretched body of one Lover dead,  
 And soon shall cover two; for ever wear  
 Marks of our Blood, and mournful Berries bear.  
 She said, and fix'd the Weapon to her Breast,  
 Still warm and reeking from the Youth deceast,  
 Fell on its Point, and, dying, sunk to Rest. }  
 Her earnest Suit the Gods propitious hear,  
 And Parents too, no longer now severe.  
 The Fruit, when ripe, does a black Hue disclose;  
 The Lovers' Ashes in one Urn repose.

XOVI1

Anon.: *Metamorphoses* 10.335ff. (Myrrha's Guilty Conscience). BL MS Add. 10309, fols 132<sup>v</sup>–133<sup>v</sup>

Since the rest of the ms of c.1630 consists of copies of familiar works by a range of contemporary and near-contemporary English authors, this composition at first looks to be a copy of a printed item—an excerpt from a printed *Metamorphoses* translation? But there is no record of its printing, nor does the ms identify this author any more than it identifies others included.

This is not a translation: rather it is a meditation on a theme ('Myrrha's Guilty Conscience' is a purely editorial title) suggested by a couple of lines in *Metamorphoses* 10, detached almost completely from their narrative context. By 1630 George Sandys had printed his *Metamorphoses* (1626) to succeed Arthur Golding's. In the same year there appeared a version of Ovid's Cinyras and Myrrha story as an independent publication: James Gresham's *The Picture of Incest* (edited recently in Brown and Taylor 2013). All this might help explain an interest in the story; it does not seem to connect, however, with the detail or flavour of this response.

Spes interdictae discedite. Ovid.

- Forbidden hopes, depart: what pleasure is't  
 (When Sin, and Soul, adult'rously have kist)  
 For gaining of a moment of content,  
 In endless sorrow ever to repent?  
 Think not to please me with your soothing baits:  
 Pleasure is pain, when woe on pleasure waits.  
 What though the object whereunto you move  
 Be fair, and sweet, and as I wish to love?  
 Yet they're forbidden; and that word so strikes,  
 10 As't makes my heart most hate what most it likes.  
 How: rather most we seek, what most is hidden,  
 And must we covet, what is most forbidden.  
 There's no delight in free permitted joys:  
 What's still<sup>o</sup> at hand, with only<sup>o</sup> seeing cloys. *always...merely*  
 If I boil'd capon for<sup>o</sup> a dainty<sup>o</sup> wish, *as...luxury*  
 Always boil'd capon is a tedious dish.  
 Affection's sweet<sup>o</sup> is chiefest in desire, *sweetness*  
 Whose dam is care, and difficulty, sire.  
 And what desir'd long, gives long delight;  
 20 Soon had, soon kills th' extinguish'd appetite.  
 The lily-azure-vein'd, down-naked breasts,  
 Move me no more than dugs of other beasts.  
 For what to every eye lies ever bare  
 Must needs be valu'd, but as offer'd ware.<sup>1</sup>  
 Who longs not more to see what is conceal'd,  
 And does not think it best that's least reveal'd?  
 Were masks (think we) invented 'gainst the Sun,  
 Or is't the weather they so nicely shun<sup>o</sup>? *guard against*  
 No: 'tis our eyes that tames<sup>2</sup> them, since that curse  
 30 Of being bad, of seeing makes them worse.  
 Forbidden: puh; as though forbidden sweets  
 (Sith<sup>o</sup> Love still cunning industry begets) *since*  
 Were not as safe enjoy'd in quiet rest,  
 As which by law's allowance are possest.  
 The more the danger is, the more content  
 To scape the danger, and yet gain intent.<sup>o</sup> *desire*

<sup>1</sup> *offer'd ware*] Compare 'offered (or 'proffered') ware stinks', the usual English version of the proverb 'merx ultronea putet', in reference to goods being little valued when too easily come by.

<sup>2</sup> *tames*] So ms, but some other verb seems required.

Thus lewdness logics<sup>1</sup> with me till 'tis done,  
 When t'execute it I have scarce begun.  
 But straight<sup>o</sup> it persecutes me with despair, *immediately*  
 40 And dreads me with the only conscious air,<sup>2</sup>  
 That<sup>o</sup> though I pass unseen, and uncontroll'd,<sup>o</sup> *such that... unchallenged*  
 Yet such a horror all my limbs<sup>3</sup> doth hold,  
 As forty sergeants make not such arrest  
 As mine own conscience, in my guilty breast.  
 Oh chills! Oh sweets! Oh frights! Oh pants! Oh tremblings!  
 Oh now, too late, I find thy false dissemblings.  
 Forbidden vice! When 'tis too evident,  
 Sin still brings with it its own punishment.  
 What though I safely scape from outward blame,  
 50 And walk smooth-fac'd<sup>4</sup> with an unblemish'd name?  
 Yet self-affrighting<sup>5</sup> conscience proves, within,  
 Safely one may, but not securely sin.

XOVI2

Robert Cholmeley: *Metamorphoses* 13.1–394 (The Speeches of Ajax and Ulysses). Yale MS Osborn c190, pp. 202–19 (excerpted at OV14)

For Cholmeley see EP10. Date: c.1727. The major recent precedents for a translation of this episode outside a complete version of the *Metamorphoses* are (1) Dryden's 613-line version of 1700 and (2) *The Celebrated Speeches of Ajax and Ulysses* by Nahum Tate and Aaron Hill, 1708. The preface to the latter sets out some of the reasons why the speeches can instruct and inspire, while also acknowledging English translations of this episode in previous eras. These slightly earlier productions by more professional hands make interesting comparisons with Cholmeley's; despite some occasional close similarities in phrasing, it is not clear he used either.

The extremely high standing of this set piece of Latin literature is evidenced briefly by Hammond and Hopkins 2005: 468 in their headnote to the more expansive Dryden version. It is also reflected in the appearance in 1719 of Joseph Gay's parody, *Ovid in Masquerade*. For a translation of the episode much later in the eighteenth century by Henry Richard Fox see OV15, XOVI3.

The Speeches of *Ajax* and *Ulysses* for the  
 Armour of Achilles from the  
 XIII Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*

<sup>1</sup> *logics*] 'Reasons' (presumably), but no use of 'logic' as a verb is recorded in *OED*.

<sup>2</sup> *dreads... air*] 'Terrifies me with the mere feeling of guilt' (?). *Conscious*: 'self-aware', esp. connoting guilt.

<sup>3</sup> *limbs*] 'Any organ or part of the body' (*OED* 1).

<sup>4</sup> *smooth-fac'd*] 'Having or assuming a bland... expression; plausible in manner' (*OED* 1b).

<sup>5</sup> *affrighting*] As well as 'frightening', the word formerly meant also 'detering' (*OED* 1).

- Sat were the Gen'ral's, and the vulgar band  
 In crowding legions round the warriors stand,  
 When first arose upon the dusty field  
*Ajax*, the master of the sev'nfold shield.  
 Big with revenge, his angry eyes roll'd o'er  
 The stranded vessels, and *Agæan* shore.  
 Then, pointing at the fleet, "By *Jove*, says he,  
 Let's plead our titles, and our valour see. }  
 And is *Ulysses* then compar'd with me? }
- 10 From *Hector's* flames the dastard fled away,  
 While I sustain'd the labours of the day.  
 Safer are words to indicate a right  
 Than act the hero, and assume° the fight! *undertake*  
 If by his tongue the orator can shine,  
 These arms can prove the warrior's title mine.  
 I need not boast my conquests on the land:  
 Your eyes bore witness to your hero's hand;  
*Ulysses* tells what trophies are his due,  
 But then the agent is the witness too!
- 20 Great is the palm, and glorious is the claim,  
 But such a rival will pollute my fame:  
 From my success no honour can arise,  
 Because, presumptuous wretch, he hoped the Prize.  
 Fame he must win, tho' vanquisht, sent away,  
 When with big vauntage,° after age shall say, } *boastful arrogance*  
*Ulysses* once with *Ajax* dar'st dispute the day. }
- Had I no soul to boast, no hardy deed,  
 My sires might for their great descendant plead.  
 My father *Telamon* did once destroy, }  
 30 Under *Alcides'* conduct, infant Troy, }  
 And left its second ruin to his boy. }
- From *Æacus* that valiant soul was bred,  
 Elysian judge, and umpire of the dead,  
 Where *Sisyphus'* stone renews his pain,  
 And tumbles down, t' be heav'd slow up again:  
 He claims the father of the Gods above  
 As sire to him; so I'm the third from *Jove*.
- Nor would this lineage in my favour speak,  
 Unless related to the boldest *Greek*.
- 40 *Achilles* was my brother: warriors, see!  
*Ajax* demands a brother's legacy.

He may to *Sisyphus* alliance claim: }  
 Allied alike in perjuries and shame, }  
 With his own, base-born, he brands<sup>o</sup> *Pelides*' name. } *stigmatizes*  
 Is it because I follow'd war's alarms  
 Free and unbid, that I'm denied the Arms?  
 Must he claim first that Weapon as his right }  
 Which last he drew? And, trembling for the fight, }  
 With borrow'd madness hoped to palliate his fright? }  
 50 Till *Palamedes*, of more piercing sense, }  
 Fatally wise, unmask'd the vain pretence, }  
 And dragg'd the coward out in *Græcia*'s just defence. }  
 Let that inglorious arm, that female breast  
 Which would have put on none, now wear the best,  
 While I, who stood the bulwark of the fight,  
 Must mourn indignant for a brother's right.  
 O Heav'n, had that mad fit more credit gain'd,  
 Or real frantic<sup>1</sup> in his bosom reign'd,  
 Had he and all his counsels stayed away, }  
 60 Scarce *Philoctetes* had in *Lemnos* lay, }  
 Or by our follies mourn'd the anguish of this day, }  
 Who now in salvage<sup>o</sup> dens prolongs his years, } *wild, remote*  
 And melts each stone to pity by his tears,  
 Cursing *Ulysses* in the pangs of pain:  
 Heav'n, Heav'n grant that not a curse be vain!  
 He our once dear ally, one valiant part  
 Of *Greece*, dread heir of great *Alcides*' dart,  
 Cover'd and fed by birds, expos'd may lie }  
 To famine, sickness, and those shafts employ }  
 70 In quest of food, once doom'd for smoking *Troy*. }  
 Yet still he lives, because *Laertes*' pow'r  
 Nor hastens, nor protracts the fatal hour.  
 Had *Palamedes* too been left behind,  
 Some happier fate th' unhappy youth might find;  
 In some bleak island guiltless might abide,  
 Still might have liv'd, or unsuspected died,  
 Whom, in the bitter vengeance of his heart,  
*Ulysses* ruin'd by fictitious art:  
 Swore him a traitor to the *Græcian* state,  
 80 Alleg'd the crime, and satisfied the hate,

<sup>1</sup> *frantic*] Recorded as a noun in *OED*, but to describe the sufferer rather than the condition.

Produced the bribe which he himself had laid,<sup>o</sup> } *paid*  
 So banisht one, and one to death betray'd;  
 And thus the hero fights, and thus shall be obey'd. }  
 Tho' *Nestor's* honey melted from his tongue,  
 And soft persuasion on each accent hung,  
 Scarce would the moving rhetoric succeed,  
 Or win my faith, to cry a glorious deed!  
 When hoary *Nestor*, grey with silver age,  
 Slow on his wounded horse, 'midst *Trojan* rage,  
 90 Ask'd this bold rival to assist his pain,  
 Altho'<sup>1</sup> a *Nestor* ask'd, he ask'd in vain.  
*Tydidēs* can attest the things I say,  
 Who view'd the conflict of the dubious day,  
 Tax'd you in public, by your proper name:  
 Trembling you paled, and listen'd to your shame.

With eyes impartial from their thrones of state,  
 The Gods look down upon the turns of Fate,  
 See the deserter now deserted live,  
 And beg that succour he refus'd to give.  
 100 By his own law th' unpitied hero falls,  
 And in extremity assistance calls;  
 Eager I ran to give some small relief,  
 But found a trembling, frighten'd *Græcian* Chief,  
 Pale with the thoughts of death, and damp'd with female grief. }  
 I interpos'd my shield, to screen him whole,  
 Yet small is the praise to save so mean a soul.  
 But should you still persist, remind<sup>o</sup> the place: *remember*  
 Paint the ideal foe, the wound, disgrace;  
 Inglorious, skulk behind my guardian shield,  
 110 And there dispute the Honours of the Field.  
 Yet when I left my charge, the lively cheat }  
 Who late, thro' hostile wounds, had lost his feet,  
 Unhurt, unharm'd appear'd, he fled so fleet. }

*Hector* press'd onwards, and the Gods above  
 Fought as he fought, and aided as he strove:  
 Where'er he urg'd, *Laertes* not alone  
 Confess'd his fear, or would his passion own,  
 But braver men dismay'd with horror shook,  
 Such vengeance follow'd every step he took;  
 120 *Ajax* alone could hurl the missive<sup>o</sup> wound,<sup>o</sup> *lifted missile*

<sup>1</sup> *Altho'*] Ms 'And tho'.

And crush the purple victor to the ground.  
*Ajax* alone repell'd th' incroaching foe;  
*Greece* pray'd for my success, and Heaven will'd it so!  
 Search the event, ye *Greeks*, see who can claim  
 The victor's glory, and the vanquish'd('s) shame.  
 Stung with success, the sons of *Troy* advance }  
 While fire, Fate, and Fortune keenly glance }  
 From ev'ry brand, and flash from ev'ry lance. }  
 Had these desisted for a polish'd word?  
 130 Or tropes have done the duty of the sword?  
 I drove the flaming pestilence° away, } calamity  
 And sav'd the fleet where your assurance lay: }  
 Then let the boon reward the dangers of the day. }  
 If I must vaunt, and naked truth declare, }  
 Those arms will brighten which I deign to wear, }  
 So I and they but equal glory share.  
 'Tis not the hero that their aid demands,  
 'Tis they that seem to court the warrior's hands;  
 Against my feats, my more than mortal deeds,  
 140 All vain *Ulysses'* policies° may plead; } stratagems  
 How *Rhesus* and weak *Dolon* he betray'd, }  
 With *Helenus*, how took the pictur'd maid<sup>1</sup> }  
 By his deceits—more by *Tydides'* aid. }  
 If such low merit can the conquest gain, }  
 As first in action, and as first in fame, }  
 Sure *Diomed* the better half may claim. }  
 Why should he carry this distinguish'd mark,  
 Hero unarm'd, and warrior of the dark?  
 The radiant crest perhaps may gleam too bright  
 150 To do the latent° duties of the night: } concealed  
 Besides, that head, with such a glorious freight,  
 May bend o'ercharg'd, and totter with the weight.  
 Nor can that lazy right arm vainly dare  
 To launch with equal strength the massy spear,  
 And ill agrees the treach'rous left to wield  
 The fair embellishments of yonder shield.  
 Why shouldst thou court a prize to grow more weak?  
 For, should you gain it from the partial *Greek*,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thus sheath'd,° *Ulysses* might more envied grow, } covered

<sup>1</sup> *pictur'd Maid*] The Palladium, the cult image of Pallas Athena on which the safety of Troy supposedly depended.

<sup>2</sup> *partial Greek*] I.e. 'from the Greek contingent, favouring you'.

160 But not more dreaded by the *Græcian* foe;  
 And these, instead of aiding in the fight,  
 May check your course, and may retard the flight.  
 Your shield still glitters with the workman's grace,  
 No bruise, no blow its polish'd orb deface;  
 Crazy and weak my batter'd guard appears,  
 And owns the frequent wounds of *Trojan* spears.  
 A new one must I get. Harangues are vain:  
 Place the rich palm upon the hostile plain,  
 Then bid the rival chiefs for war prepare,

170 And let the arm that wins them, *win* and *wear*.”  
 Thus finish'd *Ajax*; when a murmur loud  
 Follow'd his speech, and buzz'd along the crowd:  
 Till sage *Ulysses* rose. —————

With modest grandeur fix'd upon the ground,  
 Slowly he rais'd his face, and gazing round,  
 Eyed each expecting Chief; then silence broke,  
 And eloquence commended all he spoke.

“Ye *Chiefs*, and *Chieftans*, could our pray'rs succeed,  
 Nor he should fight, nor your *Ulysses* plead.  
 180 Would that *Achilles* could this discord end,  
 He still enjoy his arms, and *Greece* her friend.  
 But since the too severe decrees of Fate  
 Have called our guardian from his envious state  
 (Then wip'd, or seem'd to wipe, his pensive eyes),  
 Who can with juster plea demand that prize  
 Than him who won its aid for his allies?  
 Let not those politics° which well you know  
 A friend to *Greece*, now prove their master's foe:  
 Let this soft tongue, if blest with any sense,  
 190 So often zealous in its friends' defence,  
 Unenvied plead its master's just pretence.  
 Why should we veil the characters° of Heav'n,  
 Stamps which our master has in bounty giv'n?  
 Our fathers' fame cannot our own advance,  
 Since Glory comes not by inheritance.

But since our potent rival first began  
 By sires divine to sanctify the man,  
 We too to *Jove* as near alliance claim:  
 So I and he are in descent the same.

200 *Laertes* was the father unto me;  
*Arcesius* sire to him; from *Jove* sprung he:  
 And not a slave or exile in the three.

}

arts

}

distinguishing marks

By t'other source to *Hermes* I'm allied,  
 So boast a deity on either side.  
 Tho' from a Goddess I derive my breath,  
 And father guiltless of a brother's death,  
 Not hence I sue, not hence our plea be tried:  
 Weigh our peculiar merits, and decide.  
 So *Ajax*' self shall no advantage win  
 210 That *Telamon* and *Peleus* were akin;  
 Make blood no private merit of his own,  
 But from his virtue be his Honour known.  
 Yet if th' immediate branch, the legal heir  
 Must the extinguish'd hero's armour wear,  
*Peleus* his father, *Pyrrhus* was his son;  
 So *Ajax*' vaunted *Heritage* is none!  
 Let them to *Pthias*, *Scyron*<sup>1</sup> carried be,  
 For *Teucer* is as just an heir as he: }  
 Hopes he the prize, or argues for his plea? } *claim*  
 220 But since from merit we success must find,  
 Words would be wanting to express my mind;  
 Yet in their order each will I relate.  
*Thetis*, deep-read in mysteries of Fate,  
 Conceal'd her offspring in a nymph's array;  
 None knew the garb, or could the cheat betray.  
 'Midst female toys the warrior's badge° I laid,  
 To see what hero lurk'd beneath the maid, } *emblem*  
 When with the burnish'd mail *Achilles* play'd. }  
 Thou Goddess-born, said I, awake, command:  
 230 *Troy* waits its fall from thy victorious hand,  
 Why suffer'st thou the destin'd walls to stand? }  
 I press'd his aid, and won him to the fight,  
 So all his actions are *Ulysses*' right.  
 The son of *Hercules* must own me brave:  
 Victor thro' him, the vanquish'd I forgave;  
 By me *Thebes* lies low, prostrate on the ground,  
 And *Lesbos*, *Chrysos*, *Tenedos* have found  
 How much in arms my counsels are renown'd.  
*Cylla* and *Scyron* fell by my command,  
 240 And *Troy's Lyrnessi* own the victor's hand,  
 To name no more; from these my virtues shine. }  
 Great *Hector* ow'd his fall to my design, }  
 So *Hector's* fall is virtually mine. }

<sup>1</sup> Pthias, Scyron] The homes of Peleus and Pyrrhus respectively.

Those arms by me the living hero wore;  
The hero dead, with justice I implore.

When *Menelaus*' injuries were known,  
And ev'ry *Græcian* made the wrong his own,  
When our pent fleet at *Aulis* lay confin'd  
By hostile storms, and bound by adverse wind,  
250 The angry Fates with stern command decreed  
That *Agamemnon*'s guiltless child should bleed,  
Till then, and not till then, our pray'rs succeed. }  
The sire refus'd, at Heav'n impetuous rail'd,  
And all the father o'er the king prevail'd:  
My moving words upon his soul did steal,  
And turn'd his fondness to the common weal.  
I own, *Atrides*, pardon what I say,  
From such a judge 'twas hard to win the day.

At last the Patriot's soul began to rise, }  
260 His brother's wrong, and common good, advise }  
To save the state by such a sacrifice. }  
Nor was this all: a nicer task I try }  
To cheat the fondness of a mother's eye, }  
For to bare reason, woman can't comply. }  
Had *Ajax* gone, still might our lazy sails  
Remain unfurl'd, nor swell with happy gales;  
Me their bold advocate did *Greece* employ:  
I saw, and enter'd in the courts of *Troy*,  
With heroes full; I dauntless told at large  
270 The cause which *Greece* committed to my charge.  
I censur'd *Paris*, ask'd the captive maid,  
And bent old *Priam* by the things I said.  
But *Paris*, and his partners of the shame, }  
You, *Menelaus*, know, could scarce refrain, }  
For in that day our dangers were the same. }

To count the service of my hand and tongue  
Thro' the ten years perhaps may seem too long?  
From their first onset, in the walls of *Troy*  
Immur'd they lay: nor could this arm employ  
280 Its sleeping lance; but then resum'd the shield  
When the tenth year recall'd them to the field.  
Where did the active hero now appear?  
Silent, his vigour rusted with his spear.  
But if you ask how did *Ulysses* aid,

I ramparts rais'd, projected ambushade,  
 Cheer'd my allies, and taught them how to bear  
 With smiles the hardships of a ten-years war;  
 Show'd how to man, and whence to store<sup>o</sup> the fleet,  
 And if my country calls, each danger meet.

*provision*

290 Warn'd by a mystic vision from above }  
 To raise the seige, and from the camp remove }  
 (Our King can warrant ev'ry act from *Jove*), }  
*Ajax* submits not; vows the fall of *Troy*,  
 And swears his utmost efforts to employ.

Where slept his arms? Why check'd he not our flight?  
 Why did he not harangue us to the fight?  
 This was no feat, no mighty task, for you  
 Who boast what gallant actions you can do;  
 But what, ye *Greeks*—flies then our hero too?

300 I saw, and blush'd to see thee with disgrace }  
 Court first thy sails, and lead the coward's race; }  
 I boldly cried, what frantic<sup>1</sup> has possest }  
 Each trembling soul, and ev'ry *Græcian* breast, }  
 Now to relinquish *Troy's* declining wall }  
 For vengeance ripe, and bending for its fall? }  
 What trophies homewards can our heroes bear, }  
 But one perpetual hand of scandal wear }  
 For all the dangers of a ten-years' war?

More eloquent by grief, their bare retreat  
 310 These motives stopp'd, and call'd them from the fleet.

*Atrides* summons'd all his pale allies,  
 But *Ajax* silent stood, nor dar'st advise.  
 While vain *Thersites* made a rash pretence }  
 To scourge our heroes for his insolence, }  
 I lash'd his saucy tongue for the offence. }  
 I spoke, and cheer'd the yet desponding state,  
 And rous'd their fainting vigour into fate:  
 From that great period all the turns of fight  
 Seem to be mine, and my peculiar right.

320 Oft has *Tydidēs* my assistance pray'd: }  
 Partners in war, what feats have we assay'd? }  
 But where is the *Greek* that hopes, or asks, *thy* aid? }  
 From crowds select<sup>o</sup> to march against the foe

*selected*

<sup>1</sup> *frantic* ] See above, line 58n.

Must be some praise; nor was I doom'd<sup>1</sup> to go.  
 Thro' shades of night, and honours of the tent,  
 Dauntless we steal, and *Dolon* circumvent,  
 On the same fatal errand luckless sent; }  
 But first our art and industry employ  
 To learn each latent<sup>o</sup> policy of *Troy*. } *secret*

330 Loaded with praise, secure I might return,  
 But in my breast more glorious ardours burn.  
 Watchful, the tent of *Rhesus* I explore,  
 And left yet welt'ring in the tepid gore }  
 The hero and his peers upon the floor. }  
 Then, as with triumph crown'd, I mount his car,  
 And homewards bear the trophies of the war:  
 Deny the arms to him who won<sup>2</sup> that spoil  
 Which *Troy* design'd to crown an equal toil,  
 And let your *Ajax* greater favours know

340 Than him who ventur'd to surprise the foe.  
 Why should I boast my deeds, or vainly tell  
 How by my hand *Sarpedon's* forces fell?  
 How *Cæranon*, *Alastor*, *Chromius* owe }  
*Alcander*, *Prytanis*, their fatal blow, }  
 All *Trojan* friends, to me their *Trojan* foe;  
 How *Halius*, *Enomos*, *Noemon* speak  
 With young *Chersydamas*, the victor *Greek*.  
 How *Charops*, *Thoon* fell by my command,  
 And five less famous own'd my conqu'ring hand.

350 See, valiant *Greeks*, what deep impressions shine:  
 Stamp of the hero, and the warrior's sign!  
 See your own breast: the honest front abounds  
 In glorious scars, and honourable wounds.  
 Can *Ajax* boast a cut in *Græcia's* cause?  
 Or lost one drop to vindicate her laws?  
 Yet what is this, if vaunting he relate }  
 How he repell'd the force of *Troy* and Fate }  
 From our lost fleet, and sav'd the sinking state?  
 'Tis not my province to detract from fame }  
 360 Small of itself: I own he check'd the flame; }  
 But must he then a nation's glory claim? }

<sup>1</sup> *doom'd*] I.e. 'destined' by chance, as opposed to being deliberately picked.

<sup>2</sup> *won*] Ms 'one' (suggesting the ms may have been copied by dictation).

Great guardian of our fleet! *Patroclus* too  
 Repell'd th' invading foe as well as you.  
 Thinks he alone could *Hector's* prowess see?  
 Nor dreams upon the King, the Chiefs, or me,  
 Ninth in his place, and urg'd by Destiny.  
 But, barb'rous victor, what event was found?  
 Unhurt, their *Hector* scap'd without a wound.

370 With sad reluctance must I pensive tell,  
 The time wherein our *Græcian* bulwark<sup>1</sup> fell.  
 Not damp't with friendly tears or pious grief,  
 I bore the corse<sup>o</sup> of the extinguish'd Chief;  
 On these, these shoulders, loaded I withdrew,  
 And brought the Hero and his Armour too,  
 Which now your friend as his presumes is due.<sup>2</sup>  
 Thus equal to the task my strength you find,  
 And equal to the task I'll prove my mind.

*Thetis* was scarce so over-nice to ask  
 Immortal aid, and such a learned task  
 380 For that rude, vain, unpolisht breast to wear,  
 Which can't explain the figures that they bear.  
*Ajax* knows not the learning of the shield:  
 The Sky, the Stars, the Earth, and liquid Field,<sup>3</sup>  
 The *Hyads*, *Pleiads*, and the northern Bear,  
 The different States, or bright *Orion's* star.  
 Can these mysterious arms become the hand  
 Whose master can't the emblems understand?

What, does he then object it as my shame,  
 That late and last into the field I came,  
 390 Nor sees that this<sup>4</sup> pollutes *Achilles'* name?  
 Was my pretence a fault? *Achilles* too  
 Pretended, and is censur'd thus by you.  
 Was it a crime to stay? And yet we find,  
 Tho' latest come, *Achilles* was behind.  
 A tender wish detain'd me from the field,  
 And to a mother did *Pelides* yield.  
 We ask'd few moments for a last adieu,  
 And bravely sacrific'd the rest to you:  
 Nor do I fear but what *Ulysses* can

<sup>1</sup> *bulwark*] I.e. *Achilles*.      <sup>2</sup> *as his... is due*] Ms 'and his... as due'.  
<sup>3</sup> *liquid Field*] 'Liquid expanse', i.e. 'sea'.      <sup>4</sup> that this] Ms 'that that'.

400 Defend a fault, when join'd to such a man.  
 I wisely found where his imposture lay,  
 But was it *Ajax* that could mine betray?  
 Nor do I wonder that he casts on me  
 Such base aspersions, since surpris'd I see  
 He blushes not to stain your dignity. }

If he imputes it to your hero's shame  
 To coin new crimes on purpose to arraign,  
 How can it turn unto a nation's grace  
 To execute, and act the judge's place?

410 But *Palamedes* could not clear the charge:  
 Plain was the crime, and ev'ry fact at large  
 Was seen. You saw the proffer'd gold,  
 Not acted only as the tale was told:  
 Tho' *Philoctetes* still in *Lemnos* lies,  
 The fault's not mine. I grant I did advise:  
 You gave consent, and deem'd my counsels true,  
 And so in censuring me, he censures you.

I bad th' afflicted be content to stay,  
 And shun the dangers of the war and way;  
 420 The *Græcian* lives because he did obey. }  
 Nor did my words alone bespeak the friend,  
 But ev'n prov'd successful in the end, }  
 Tho' plain sincerity may recommend. }

But since the sullen Fates of *Greece* command  
 That *Troy* can never fall without his hand,  
 Command not me; let all my service cease,  
 And *Ajax* be the delegate of *Greece*.

His subtle rhetoric will soon assuage  
 The pangs of sickness, or the storms of rage,  
 430 And by some trick can lure him to the seige. }

Sooner shall *Simois* seek her parent spring,  
 And *Ida's* top no leavy<sup>o</sup> honours bring;  
 Sooner shall *Greece* assist the *Phrygian* boy,  
 Than I forget my counsels to employ,  
 Or *Ajax* aid his *Greece*, or injure *Troy*. }

Tho' in full rage and bitterness of heart  
 One long, promiscuous curse our friend impart;  
 Tho' *Philoctetes* wish that Heav'n may shed  
 Its choicest plague on my devoted head;

440 Tho' in his agonies he pray that I  
 May as a victim to his vengeance die,  
 Yet still th' advent'rous province will I try, }

leafy

Will by soft eloquence his rage appease,  
 Recall the destin'd darts, and lure him to the seige.  
 As sure, if Fortune favour my design,  
 As *Helenus*, the *Phrygian* bard was mine;  
 As sure as your *Ulysses* could relate  
 The *Oracles of Jove*, and *Trojan* fate;  
 As sure as I could tread the hostile way,  
 450 And their *Palladium* from its fane° betray, } shrine  
 Where all their hopes and their assurance lay. }  
 Ye sons of war these valiant actions see:  
 And ventures *Ajax* yet to rival me?  
 Where is now the soldier, and the boasts ye hear?  
 Pale and dismay'd, why trembles he with fear?  
 While I, nor aw'd by dread, nor chill'd by fright,  
 Dare pass the watch, and venture thro' the night,  
 And not alone deceive the guarded foe,  
 But pierc'd their inmost forts, and dar'd to go  
 460 With silent pace into *Minerva's* shrine, }  
 Stole the *Palladium*, and with art divine }  
 Bore the big triumph<sup>1</sup> thro' the hostile line. }

Without this deed, in vain might *Ajax* wield  
 The massy orbit of his sev'n-fold shield:  
 That night I conquer'd *Troy*, since by my aid  
 The fall of *Troy* was practicable made.<sup>2</sup>  
 No more object: let all thy malice end.  
 That *Diomed* assisted as my friend,  
 Part of the praise is his, I freely own;  
 470 Nor was it you that sav'd our fleet alone: }  
 Troops lent their aid to you, to me but one. }  
 Due to his strength these might he justly claim,  
 Did he not, vaunter, know, unto thy shame,  
 That cool advice was greater to control  
 Than the hot sallies of the hero's soul.  
*Thoas*, *Euripalus*, and *Merion* too, }  
 Mild *Ajax*, and *Idomeneus* may sue, }  
 And *Menelaus* has a right like you. }

480 Submissive hear, and yield to what I say.

<sup>1</sup> triumph] I.e. the subject of triumph; cp. Milton's 'thee their captive, and their triumph' (*Samson Agonistes*).  
<sup>2</sup> made] Ms 'aid'.

In you a rash, audacious arm we find,  
 That needs the cautious guidance of the mind:  
 Giddy you rush with an impetuous rage;  
 I teach the fittest seasons to engage.

'Tis true you fight, but *Agamemnon* wise  
 Fights as I fight, and stops when I advise.

Your body only can assist your friends,  
 But from my soul their chief success depends,  
 As the sage pilot's office is before

490 The common slave who plies the servile oar,  
 Or as the generals' conduct does exceed  
 The active vigour of the men they lead;  
 So far I conquer thee. The pleader's art  
 Not only speaks, but see the soldier's part:  
 Firm is each limb, intrepid is my heart.

But you, great audience, for my ten-years' task  
 Favour my cause, and yield to what I ask;  
 Requite your servant as a faithful guard,  
 And pay his merit with a due reward.

500 The war is clos'd: I've won the will of Fate,  
 And open'd conquest for the *Græcian* state.  
 By falling *Troy*, and all your fondest pray'rs,  
 By all the Gods, which late ye know were theirs,  
 By all that's great, if aught there still remains  
 That asks my counsels, or demands my pains,  
 If aught there is that can my skill employ,  
 If aught's yet wanting to the fall of *Troy*,  
 Remember me: or, *Greeks*, if ye deny  
 My suit, hear this, and to its voice comply."

510 He held the image<sup>1</sup> out: the warriors yield,  
 And eloquence succeeded in the field;  
*Ulysses* bore the prize, and carried off the Shield.

Th' intrepid breast that had so oft of late  
 Withstood great *Hector*, fire, sword, and Fate,  
 Could not the rising pestilence<sup>o</sup> control,  
 Or calm th' impetuous torrent of his soul.  
 Rage humbled him, who never bent before.  
 In anguish seizing on the sword he wore:

*calamity*

<sup>1</sup> *the image*] The Palladium (see line 142n.). More than one translator is inexplicit here (Dryden has 'the fatal statue', 588), no doubt because the passage was so familiar, but *Ulysses* has already made reference to his theft of the totem.

“This sure is mine: this must its lord command,  
 520 Do this the duty of its master’s hand!  
 And that which reek’d with gore of *Trojans* slain  
 Shall from my heart receive a deeper stain,  
 And lay its bleeding master on the plain. }  
 So may the Sons of *Troy*, and *Græcia* own  
*Ajax* could fall by *Ajax*’ arm alone.”

He said: then drove the weapon in his breast,  
 And one wide monument of woe imprest;  
 Nor could he draw the sabre from the wound:  
 The issuing blood impell’d it on the ground;  
 530 The earth grown fruitful by the crimson show’r  
 Produc’d, as once before, a purple flow’r.  
 Letters inscrib’d upon its leaves we view  
 Common to *Hyacinth* and *Ajax* too.<sup>1</sup>  
 Hence on its top we read the hero’s name,  
 And hence we hear the deity complain.

XOVI3

Henry Richard Fox, Lord Holland: *Metamorphoses* 13.1–734. BL MS Add. 51903, fols 2<sup>r</sup>–28<sup>r</sup> (excerpted at OV15)

For Fox see LE04; for previous English versions of this episode see OV14 or XOVI2, headnotes. Dated translations copied into this ms all belong to the years 1793–5.

The crowd around, the Judges plac’d in state  
 T’award the prize, and hear the stern debate,  
 First from his seat impetuous *Ajax* rose,  
 And, while his breast with inward fury glows,  
 Around the fleet he cast a sullen look,  
 Then stretched his arms to Heav’n, and thus indignant spoke.  
 “Is it then here, ye Gods! before this sea,  
 Before the fleet, *Ulysses* copes° with me? contends  
 Yet when his conqu’ring *Trojans* *Hector* led,  
 10 E’en to these ships th’ affrighted *Hero* fled.  
 ’Twas mine in single valour to oppose,  
 To save your navies, and repel your foes.  
 ’Tis safer, then, to waste a useless life

<sup>1</sup> *Letters... too*] The markings on the petals of the flower known to the Greeks as a hyacinth resembled the Greek letters ‘AI’. ‘AI, AI’ is a mournful exclamation (‘Alas’) and ‘AI’ are the first letters of *Ajax*’s name.



Till Palamedes brought the fraud to light,  
 And with a gen'rous zeal for public good  
 (A zeal for which he paid his forfeit blood),  
 Dragg'd the unwilling coward to the plain,  
 60 To share those dangers he had fear'd in vain.

Let then this armour guard that coward breast,  
 And he who shunn'd all arms enjoy the best.  
 Let me, the first to seek our mighty foe,  
 From your decision robb'd and injur'd go.  
 Would that the madness he so ably feigned  
 Were true, or undetected had remained!  
 Ne'er to these walls had come the treach'rous chief,  
 The guilty author of our present grief;  
 Ne'er had the caverns on the Lemnian strands  
 70 Heard Philoctetes curse the Grecian bands,  
 Who now, expos'd on those deserted shores,  
 Vengeance on him for all his wrongs implores;  
 And, since with justice he may well complain,  
 Gods grant his prayers for vengeance be not vain:  
 For he, in arms our faithful brother sworn,  
 Oppress'd with famine, and with sickness worn,  
 Who bears the arrows once Alcides' boast,  
 Now drags a ling'ring life on Lemnos' coast,  
 Doom'd in ignoble chase of birds t'employ  
 80 Those arrows destin'd to the fall of Troy.

But yet he lives, because from thee removed;  
 A harder fate sad Palamedes proved:  
 Had it been his on Grecian coasts to wait,  
 And shun Ulysses' unrelenting hate,  
 He still had lived—or, sunk in peaceful death,  
 No crime embitter'd his departing breath.  
 For him Ulysses, in whose vengeful heart  
 Lurked the remembrance of his baffled art,  
 Basely of treason charged. To prove the lie  
 90 From which the army doom'd his foe to die,  
 Beneath his tent a treasure he concealed,  
 Then feign'd the story, and the gold reveal'd.  
 By him to exile or to death betrayed,  
 Thus of two chiefs the Greeks have lost the aid,  
 By treach'rous acts to glut his private spleen.  
 'Tis thus Ulysses fights, and here his art is seen.

Though on his lips words more persuasive hung

Than ever grac'd enchanting Nestor's tongue,  
 Not all that eloquence could wipe away  
 100 The deep disgrace of that reproachful day  
 When, all regardless of the hoary sage, }  
 His wounded horses and his trembling age,  
 He left him helpless, and exposed to Hector's rage. }  
 Did not the army see the coward fly?  
 This heavy charge can Diomed deny?  
 He, though his friend, must own the wretch's shame }  
 Who saw his flight, and challenged him by name }  
 To save his honour, and redeem his fame.  
 The Gods are just, and he was soon compell'd  
 110 T'invoke those succours he himself withheld:  
 Then, by the rules he did himself pursue,  
 He in his turn had been abandoned too.  
 But I am near, and to th'impending blows  
 The mass of my protecting shield oppose;  
 I saw his trembling limbs convulsed with dread,  
 And from his coward cheeks the colour fled.  
 Though bad the deed, the wretch's life I save  
 From the just vengeance of an instant grave.  
 But if, Ulysses, thou shouldst still pretend  
 120 For such a prize with Ajax to contend,  
 Give back that moment when the foes were near,  
 Thy wound yet fresh, and thou convuls'd with fear;  
 Let this my shield thy sole protection be,  
 And then adduce thy claims, and there contend with me.  
 But once by me repuls'd, th' impetuous foe  
 Once rescued from the long-expected blow,  
 The wound which forc'd thee to desert the fight  
 No longer check'd thee in the speedy flight.  
 Hector ere long comes thund'ring on amain; }  
 130 The Gods attending in his furious train }  
 Attest his way with thousand Grecians slain. }  
 The threat'ning terrors of that awful day  
 Not thee alone, but every Greek dismay;  
 Such was the horror of the bloody fight,  
 And such the fame of Hector's dreadful might.  
 Him, as triumphant in our woes he stood,  
 Fierce from success, and bath'd in Grecian blood,  
 I hand to hand engag'd; my weighty blow  
 Stretch'd on the earth the Greeks' most deadly foe,

140 And when he proudly challenged hand to hand  
 The bravest leader of the Grecian band,  
 'Twas I was doom'd his valour to oppose.  
 The Greeks confirmed the chief that fortune chose,  
 And blest the lots, which champion had proclaim'd  
 Him, whom each patriot wish in Secret nam'd.

Dost thou the fortune of the fight require?

From Hector's hand unvanquish'd I retire.

Where was Ulysses, when the Trojan host

Favour'd by Jove approach'd this crowded coast,

150 And towards these ships their furious torches tost?

Ajax sustains the charge while all retreat,

His firmness checks the foe, his efforts save the fleet;

By me you still may conquer and return,

And I by this one act, your endless favour earn.

Then, by your navies rescued from the flames,

By all my deeds in war, admit my claims.

Let truth be spoken, you by this decree

Will honour more Achilles' arms than me.

Thus shine my deeds. Let Ithacus relate

160 Sad Rhesus' slaughter, timid Dolon's fate,

And stolen Pallas; nought achiev'd by day—

Nought without fraud, or Diomed away.<sup>o</sup>

If ye approve his claims—to partial eyes

Should paltry deeds appear of mighty size—

Grant Diomed his share, and thus divide the prize.

Why should Ulysses this vain contest choose?

Why seek that armour he can never use?

Th' unwary foe he circumvents by wiles,

Ensnares by ambush, and by fraud beguiles.

170 The glitt'ring Helmet will his schemes defeat,

Betray the fatal spot of his retreat,

Detect his plots, and baffle his deceit;

Ill on that head would nod the weighty crest

That once Achilles' manly temples prest;

Ill would that hand the Pelian faulchion wield;

That frame would sink beneath the Heav'n-wrought Shield

Which, suited to Pelides' matchless might,

Unfit for secret deeds, was formed for open fight.

Leave, then, thou fool, this armour to desire

180 Which bright detects<sup>o</sup> thee, and which vast must tire.

But should the favour of the Grecian band

*aside*

*exposes*

Grant thee the prize thy boundless hope(s) demand,  
 Thee, wretch, 'twill more endanger, than secure  
 Thy force, not fright the foe; these arms their rage allure,<sup>o</sup> *attract*  
 And then in flight (in which bright part alone  
 Each chief by thee shall own himself undone)  
 Their massive weight shall but thy way impede,  
 Defeat thy coward hopes, and stop thy headlong speed.  
 Add, that unus'd to face th' embattl'd field,  
 190 Unpierc'd, entire, remains the coward's shield,  
 While mine expos'd the Trojan darts to bear,  
 Demands your votes its inj'ries to repair.  
 But let not words this arduous strife decide:  
 By instant action be our merits tried.  
 Cast 'midst the foes the subject of debate:  
 Let him who rescues bear the glorious weight,  
 And as the prize, so be the trial great!" }

Thus Ajax said, and through the bands around  
 Was heard awhile a sullen murmuring sound;  
 200 'Till, rising from his seat, Ulysses stood  
 With downcast eyes, as in a musing mood.  
 The crowd, admiring, watched the godlike man;  
 He raised his pensive eyes, and thus began.  
 Fixed was attention when he silence broke,  
 And graceful action tempered all he spoke.  
 "Had favouring Gods those warm entreaties heard  
 Which, joined with Greece, Ulysses still preferred,  
 Ne'er had you sat this contest to decide,  
 Nor for so great a prize our merits had been tried;  
 210 Still had Achilles these bright arms possess,  
 And Greece had still in him, the first of men, been blest.  
 But since the Gods"—and here the Hero sighed,  
 And stopp'd his gushing tears—"this boon denied;  
 Since, O ye chiefs, Pelides' cruel fate  
 Left this great prize the subject of debate,  
 On none so justly Greece this gift bestows  
 As him, to whom Achilles' self she owes.  
 Let not, at least, his coarse and vulgar mind,  
 His rustic thoughts, and language unrefined,  
 220 The want of wit, on which he builds his fame,  
 Assist in Grecian breasts my rival's claim.  
 And let not, if indeed to me belong  
 A polished wit and a persuasive tongue,

The blest possession of so sweet an art  
 From my just claims estrange one Grecian heart.  
 That art, so oft in Greece's int'rests shown,  
 May sure unenvied now enforce its own.

On his own virtues rest Ulysses' claims;  
 For splendid kindreds and illustrious names,  
 230 For gifts to which mere accidents combine,  
 I ask no praise—I scarce can call them mine.  
 But since illustrious Ajax strives to prove  
 His race divine, himself the third from Jove,  
 I too, O Grecians, through Laertes trace  
 From the same Jove an equal splendid race;  
 Nor does an exil'd man my pedigree disgrace. }  
 Add that to Gods my mother is allied:

I claim the race divine from either side.  
 But 'tis not that my mother's kindred came  
 240 From nobler stocks than Ajax e'er can claim,  
 Nor that my sire's renown unsullied stands,  
 That no fraternal blood imbrues his hands:  
 'Tis not on this I build my right. Be tried  
 By worth the cause, let that alone decide:  
 So let not mighty Jove's illustrious seed, }  
 Peleus and Telamon, for Ajax plead;  
 Of merit only be these arms the meed. }

But if we seek the Hero's nearest heir,  
 To Phthia's shores the splendid present bear;  
 250 For sure ere Ajax, Peleus may aspire,  
 Or Pyrrhus claim the arms that graced his Sire,  
 And Teucer too an equal right enjoys;  
 Nor yet does Teucer claim so great a prize.  
 Since by our acts ye judge th' important strife,  
 Hear the most arduous of Ulysses' life:  
 For though each leading feature I unfold,  
 More have I done, and much remains untold.

Warn'd of that death which Grecians now deplore,  
 Thetis awhile from this detested shore  
 260 Detains her son. To cheat enquiring eyes,  
 A woman's robes Achilles' form disguise.  
 Vain is all search; her pious arts succeed  
 With every Greek wise Ajax to mislead.  
 But I, suspecting her maternal care,  
 Arms 'midst the band with other presents bear,

Such as might rouse Achilles' latent fire,  
 Catch his congenial soul, and warlike thoughts inspire.  
 E'en as in sport the hidden Hero held  
 The manly faulchion, and the ponderous shield,  
 270 His sparkling eyes his godlike soul betrayed,  
 Confessed the Hero, and belied the maid.

'Yes, Goddess born,' I cried, 'the Fates decree  
 The fall of Troy to those bright arms and thee!  
 The debt of filial piety is paid;  
 Cease to defraud thy country of thy aid,  
 Nor be thy fame, nor Ilion's fall delay'd.' }  
 'Twas I that urged him to the fields of fight,  
 And sent the mighty to the deeds of might;  
 Hence in each act which swells his pompous<sup>o</sup> fame,

*magnificent*

280 I read my praise, and lay a lawful claim  
 To all the wonders wrought by Peleus' son;  
 The foes he vanquished, and the towns he won.  
 My splendid deeds let Telephus record;  
 Subdued by force, by clemency restored,  
 Thebes, Chryses, Tenedos, to me ye owe,  
 And my success the sad Lyrnessians<sup>1</sup> show. }  
 Scyros I gained, and quelled the Lesbians' foe;  
 By him, whom I to Grecian armies gave,  
 Hector, the boast of Troy, lies silent in the grave.  
 290 Hence I the merit of that death may claim;  
 Your safety, Greeks, exalts my glorious name:  
 Then, by those arms which baffled his disguise,  
 Achilles' arms I ask—a legal prize.  
 I gave them him yet living: now no more,  
 Let him the splendid gift to me restore.

The treach'rous calms, or the opposing wind,  
 At Aulis' ports the Grecian fleet confin'd,  
 The sea to smooth, and Neptune to assuage,  
 To glut the Goddess' unrelenting rage,  
 300 The fates demand Atrides to resign  
 His daughter's blood at stern Diana's shrine.  
 The parent hears, and for a while denies,  
 E'en for his Greece, so vast a sacrifice;  
 Nor from the Gods themselves his rage conceals,  
 Forgets the King, and as a father feels.

<sup>1</sup> *Lyrnessians*] Ms 'Lis-'; the scribe could not follow the original.

'Twas mine to combat with the force of blood,  
 And turn his noble mind to deeds of public good,  
 And, be it with Atrides' leave confess'd,  
 The cause was tried by no impartial breast.

310 Judge, O ye Greeks, how arduous to remove  
 The strong suggestions of paternal love.  
 Yet public calls his firm obedience claim: }  
 A brother's wrongs, a Monarch's mighty name, }  
 The people's good, his gen'rous love of fame. }  
 Duty prevail'd, and grateful Greece repays  
 The glorious sacrifice with endless praise.  
 To Clytemnestra, whose determined mind  
 No duty can to such concessions bind,  
 I too am sent, despairing to persuade;

320 By fraud I gain the cause, and bear away the maid:  
 Had Ajax gone, e'en now, on Aulis' shore,  
 He still in vain should fav'ring winds implore.  
 Me too, a dang'rous charge, the Greeks employ,  
 E'en in their town t'accuse the Sons of Troy;  
 Cheerful and firm where Greece commands I go, }  
 Enter the crowded Senate of the foe, }  
 As yet unthinn'd by war, and undepress'd by woe. }  
 There undismay'd, I plead Atrides' cause,  
 Bewail the breach of hospitable laws,

330 Charge perjur'd Paris with his guilty flame,  
 Menace revenge, and the fair prize reclaim.<sup>1</sup>  
 My strong persuasions won Antenor's mind,  
 And e'en old Priam to our right inclined;  
 But impious Paris, and his lawless crew,  
 Silenc'd with clam'rous rage the wiser few,  
 And scarce their rising fury could repress.  
 Let Menelaus all we risk'd confess:  
 He shared the danger; he alone can say  
 How great the perils of that awful day

340 The war began. Since that important date,  
 How shall Ulysses all his acts relate?  
 What wiles he practis'd, and what dangers braved,  
 The spoils his valour won, the lives his counsels saved?  
 The Sons of Troy within their walls remain  
 For nine long years, and shun the open plain:

<sup>1</sup> *reclaim*] Ms 'I reclaim'.

What aid was then to Greece this Ajax' might—  
 Bulk without sense, and formed alone for fight?  
 Meantime 'twas mine to trace the winding shore,  
 Observe the foe, their hidden arts explore,  
 350 The Grecian camp to fence with ramparts round,  
 Dig the deep foss, and raise the solid mound;  
 I reconcile to war each frail ally,  
 Each murmur silence, and each want supply.  
 Still has Greece found, to serve the common weal,  
 My splendid talents equall'd by my zeal.  
 Thus, when delusive dreams our King affright,  
 And, taught by Jove, he urges instant flight,  
 The Gods' commands might justify the deed,  
 Atrides might his treach'rous vision plead.  
 360 But what shall Ajax boast? No Gods suggest  
 Unfounded terrors in the warrior's breast.  
 He sure, since, uncontroll'd by Jove's command,  
 His choice is free, will glorious war demand;  
 He ne'er unconquer'd Ilion's walls could quit,  
 His spirit ne'er to shameful flight submit.  
 How chanc'd it, then, that his resistless might  
 Nor rous'd the Grecian souls, nor check'd the coward's flight?  
 Not t'have done this is sure sufficient blame  
 To one who boasts of arms, and dares to talk of fame.  
 370 But is this all? O how shall I unfold  
 The dismal scene it grieves me to behold?  
 Himself, the mighty boaster, Ajax, fled;  
 I saw his coward crew the canvas spread,  
 And honest shame, which kindled at the sight,  
 Broke from my lips, and thus arraign'd his flight:  
     'Ye Gods, what frenzy prompts the Greeks to leave  
 A Town their panic fears alone can save?  
 What, have ye borne nine years of endless toil  
 To fly the field, and quit the easy spoil?  
 380 Did then from Greece these plunder'd legions come  
 To war in vain, and bear dishonour home?  
 These glowing words—for grief inspired my tongue—  
 Back to the tents recall'd the coward throng;  
 Our prudent Monarch then convok'd th' allies  
 Depress'd with fear, and stupid with surprise,  
 And Ajax, still in mute amazement lost,  
 Stood dumb, nor ventur'd e'en a single boast.

But base Thersites, with injurious tongue,  
 Reviles our King, and stirs th' impious throng,  
 390 Till I to Greece his coward soul expose,  
 And add to sharp reproaches bitter blows.  
 I rise, and move to war the Grecian host;  
 My words redeem their virtue nearly lost.  
 From that time forth, whate'er these troops have won,  
 Whate'er e'en mighty Ajax' self has done,  
 Is mine, since I arraign'd his coward flight,  
 And I recall'd him to the fields of fight,  
 And, 'midst this army of illustrious Greeks,  
 Who calls him friend, or his assistance seeks?  
 400 'Tis sure no slender boast, when thousands war,  
 That I am Diomed's peculiar care;  
 That I his valour guide, and I his perils share. }  
 Let Ajax boast the honours chance conferr'd:  
 Me the friendship nam'd, and Diomed preferr'd.  
 We undismay'd together dared to go  
 In dead of night amid the slumb'ring foe,  
 And there, unmov'd, we Phrygian Dolon slew,  
 Whom a like purpose to our ramparts drew.  
 But, cautious, I delayed to pierce his breast  
 410 Till all he knew the timorous wretch confest;  
 By fear distracted, he with tears declared  
 Where slept the chiefs, where stood the Phrygian guard,  
 All Hector purposed, and all Troy prepared. }  
 Behold the object of our hopes attain'd!  
 From such a deed no slender fame remain'd;  
 But I (what praise can noble minds content?) }  
 Onward 'midst foes my vent'rous footsteps bent  
 To Thracian camps, and Rhesus' royal tent. }  
 The sleeping Monarch and his heedless train,  
 420 Sworn foes of Greece, were by my weapon slain;  
 Back like a conqueror from a prosp'rous war,  
 I drive his fatal coursers and his car.  
 Achilles' arms were deemed, in Hector's eyes,  
 A just reward for Dolon's enterprise:  
 Shall Greece to my successful acts refuse  
 That Hero's arms, and favour'd Ajax choose?  
 Why should I tell of Chromius, Halius slain, }  
 The deaths I hurl'd among the Lycian train?  
 Alcander and Alastor pressed the plain; }

430 By me Chersidamas and Thoon fell,  
 Noemon passed the closing Gates of Hell,  
 And Enomos, whose fate the Destinies impel,  
 Besides a num'rous, though forgotten, band  
 Of lesser note, who perished by my hand.  
 For I, O Greeks, here still your glory sought;  
 My wounds proclaim how boldly I have fought:  
 Behold these scars (and here he bared his breast),  
 Fix'd in the noblest place my valour to attest;  
 Behold with gratitude a patriot's blood

440 Drawn from a breast still lab'ring for your good.  
 But Ajax' courage no such trials found;  
 His bulky form can show no honourable wound.  
 This charge is paltry, if indeed he strove  
 To save the fleet 'gainst Hector, Troy, and Jove;  
 He did, 'tis true—'twould ill my temper suit  
 Such fame to grudge, such merit to dispute—  
 Yet let not him alone these praises wear,  
 Since every Greek may well demand a share.

Did not the army with the chief conspire  
 450 To save our navies from the hostile fire?  
 Did not, as well as Ajax' vaunted might,  
 Patroclus' borrowed arms our dazzled foe affright?  
 And next, he boasted that our army chose  
 Him as their only champion, to oppose  
 To Hector's might: the braggart sure forgot  
 The nine contending chiefs, and the deciding lot.  
 The same courageous zeal we all confess'd,<sup>o</sup>  
 And he by chance alone surpass'd the rest.

*showed*

But what the end of this prodigious fight  
 460 That Ajax with such triumph can recite?  
 Did Hector fall, or to his valour yield?  
 Unwounded, unsubdued, he left the guiltless field.  
 Alas, ye Greeks, how it renews my grief  
 To name the day when Phthia's godlike chief,  
 The bulwark of our cause, the scourge of Troy,  
 Fell the sad victim of a nerveless boy;  
 Yet not the grief I felt, the tears I shed,  
 The vows I paid to great Achilles dead,  
 So warped my soul, or so subdued my mind,  
 470 That I to sorrow all my zeal confined.  
 I sought his mangled corpse, defil'd with gore,

And from the field his precious burthen bore.  
 But on these shoulders I the hero brought,  
 Clasped in the sacred armour as he fought:  
 Then what avails my haughty rival's sneer?  
 I have a strength that well these arms can bear;  
 I have a mind (can he that merit boast?)  
 On which such gifts would surely not be lost.

480 Was then this splendid shield, by Thetis brought,  
 On all-inventive Vulcan's anvil wrought,  
 With science deck'd, with heav'nly bodies fraught,  
 To grace a soldier's arm whose stupid mind  
 In the bright work can no instruction find?  
 Where roves thy wild ambition? What to thee  
 These various forms, the Bear from Ocean free,  
 The rolling Heav'ns, fix'd earth, and circling sea?  
 'Tis madness, sure, that prompts thee to demand  
 A gift thy dullness cannot understand.

490 Have we not heard the awkward wretch inveigh  
 'Gainst my feign'd madness, and my long delay?  
 And yet perceives he not, the while he speaks,  
 His words condemn the chief whose arms he seeks?  
 Such taunts the great Achilles may apply,  
 And if they injure me, insult his memory.  
 If by disguise to shun the toils of war  
 Be guilt, we both an equal guilt must share;  
 If in delay consist the heavy crime,  
 I plead the least offence, who sinned the shorter time.  
 We both for pious love our honour stain'd:  
 500 His mother him, and me my bride detained;  
 To them a portion of our life was due,  
 The rest, O Grecians, was reserved for you.  
 And if condemned, I seek for no defence  
 While thus convicted of the like offence.  
 Achilles stands: I shun no loss of fame  
 For acts I share with that illustrious name.  
 My wish (t'atone my fault) Achilles brought,  
 But was I e'er by Ajax' cunning caught;  
 Nor can the dictates of his private spite  
 510 Provoke to wonder, or to rage incite.  
 Since his mad words no prudent law retains,  
 Your honour he condemns, your judgement he arraigns.  
 If for forg'd crimes sad Palamedes died,

'Twas I accused him, but 'twas *you* that tried;  
 A portion of his wrongs to all is due,  
 Charg'd by Ulysses, but condemn'd by you.  
 But I nor urged, nor you approved, a lie;  
 Nor could the wretch the glaring fact° deny. *crime*  
 From no uncertain proofs his guilt we draw;  
 520 Each Greek stood witness, all the army saw  
 The Trojan gold, and with one general breath,  
 T'avenge his wrongs decreed the traitor's death.  
     That Philoctetes waits on Lemnian strand  
 Is not my deed, but your express command.  
 Let not the Sons of Greece their acts disown;  
 The deed was theirs, and mine th' advice alone:  
 I bade the chief to shun perplexing care,  
 The perils of the sea, the toils of war,  
 And try if such<sup>1</sup> retreat, and soft repose,  
 530 Can soothe his anguish, and allay his woes.  
     Thus just my motive; honest my advice—  
     Not that alone success has prov'd it wise—  
     And Philoctetes' life my honour justifies. }  
     But since the fall of Troy, so fate commands,  
 Awaits the aid of his illustrious hands,  
 Send not Ulysses to the injured chief,  
 That guilty origin of all his grief,  
 No(r) let my rival's eloquence persuade  
 Th' indignant man to grant his wish'd-for aid.  
 540 Let him his wit, his arts, his might employ,  
 And bring his friend to join the foes of Troy.  
 Sooner shall Simois' current backward flow,  
 And not a tree on spacious Ida grow;  
 Sooner shall Greece with Priam's sons conspire  
 To save the walls of Troy from hostile fire,  
 Than, where Ulysses' arts and ardour fail,  
 Your Ajax' wit in Grecia's cause prevail.  
     Stern Philoctetes, though your soul detest  
 Greece and her Kings, and me beyond the rest;  
 550 On me and mine tho' all your curses fall;  
 Tho' torn with pain on me alone you call,  
 That by my death you may your griefs assuage,  
 And in my blood may glut your furious rage:  
 Yet will I come and soothe your woes away,

<sup>1</sup> *such*] Ms 'each'; speculative emendation.

Your anger soften, and your griefs allay,  
 And bear thee back, when all thy rage shall cease,  
 To combat Ilion, and to succour Greece.  
 May I yet hope, embolden'd by success,  
 Ere long the fatal arrows to possess?

560 E'en as I forced the Trojans to reveal  
 The hidden fates that oracles conceal;  
 E'en as (through foes a harder task) I bore  
 Minerva's image from the hostile shore:  
 Can Ajax boast as much? Can Grecians hope for more?  
 For Fates decreed, while Pallas grac'd their fane,<sup>o</sup>  
 Troy yet secure, and all our efforts vain.  
 Where then was Ajax? Did the mighty man  
 Attempt the feat, devise the mighty plan?  
 Or did the Hero wait inactive here,

570 While weak Ulysses, only born to fear,  
 Dared boldly in incircling danger's spite  
 To pass the foes, and tempt the shades of night?  
 Nor was't enough alone to penetrate  
 Thro' hostile swords beyond the Trojan gate;  
 No: to their citadels and shrines he goes,  
 Around their Gods his bold embraces throws,  
 And bears away the prize amidst a host of foes,  
 Where, had he failed, in vain would Ajax wield  
 His pond'rous faulchion and his sev'nfold shield.

580 I conquered Troy by that illustrious deed,  
 Which thus enabled Greece in conquest to succeed;  
 Cease, Ajax, with thy looks and signs to show  
 How much the great Tydides' aid I owe:  
 I scorn his share of honour to disown;  
 Nor were thy feats, proud chief, achieved by thee alone.  
 All Greece disputes with thee thy doubtful bays,<sup>o</sup>

But Diomed alone divides Ulysses' praise,  
 And he confesses my superior right,  
 And feels that sense outweighs the gift of might;  
 590 Else why declines he this fair prize to seek,  
 In force inferior to no other Greek?  
 Why do the two illustrious chiefs of Crete,  
 Why Teucer strong, and Ajax swift of feet,  
 And Menelaus, last Atreus' line—  
 Why do the leaders all their claims decline,  
 Since or<sup>o</sup> their fame or force can surely match with mine,  
 But that in me alone they see combin'd

}

*altar*

}

*laurels*

}

*either*

A steadfast courage, and a prudent mind?  
 Thine is the brutal strength without a Soul,  
 600 But mine the sense that must that strength control:  
 For combat form'd, it is thy only care;  
 I with our King his inmost councils share,  
 And, ere thou act, the plan of war prepare. }  
 Thy mind to corporeal feats confin'd,  
 But mine the noblest of a thinking mind.  
 As sailors' toils the pilot's art outweighs,  
 Beyond the soldier's as the General's praise,  
 As mental efforts feats of force outshine,  
 E'en so Ulysses' fame surpasses thine.  
 610 Then, O ye judges, grant the prize as due  
 To years devoted to your cause and you;  
 So as the past, my future deeds shall show  
 How well the meed of merit you bestow.  
 E'en now, fair conquest seems our hopes to crown,  
 E'en now we enter this devoted<sup>o</sup> town; *doomed*  
 Mysterious laws of late oppose(d) her fall:  
 My active zeal has now remov'd them all.  
 By me, O Greeks, long since was Ilion ta'en,  
 Since without me all efforts had been vain.  
 620 Then, by those hopes which now more certain grow,  
 And by the Gods I rescued from the foe,  
 By all that yet remains, if aught demand  
 A prudent mind or a courageous hand,  
 If Troy's protecting Deities decree  
 Some glorious enterprise yet left for me,  
 Recall my actions, and if Greece denies,  
 As far beyond my claims, this mighty prize,  
 Yet, O ye Chiefs, let these rewards be paid  
 To this"—and here the fatal Pallas he display'd.  
 630 The votes are giv'n, and the judgement told  
 How far the eloquent exceed the bold:  
 Ulysses won the arms; his rival Chief  
 Untam'd by war, sunk overcome by grief.  
 He whom nor Hector's arms, nor angry Jove,  
 Nor all the guardian fates of Troy could move,  
 Whom men nor Gods could check, cannot control  
 The rising rage of his impetuous soul.  
 Seizing his Sword: "But *thou* belongst to me!  
 Or has", he cries "Ulysses claims on thee?"

640 Thy aid I ask, this my resistless sword,  
 To conquer thy as yet unconquer'd Lord,  
 In his, not Phrygian blood, thy edge t'embrue,  
 So none but Ajax Ajax shall subdue."  
 He said, and, through his yet unwounded breast,  
 E'en to the hilt the deadly weapon prest;  
 So firm the blow, at once the Hero fell,  
 Nor strength remained t'extract the fatal steel  
 Till the warm blood expelled it from the wound,  
 And gushing, dy'd with purple streams the ground.  
 650 As on the earth the drops in circles flow,  
 From the rich soil a plant was seen to grow;  
 The same from Hyacinthus' wounds had sprung,  
 On a green stem a purple blossom hung.  
 The written letters<sup>1</sup> either tale disclose:  
 Or Ajax' name, or Hyacinthus' woes.

Ulysses sails to that unhappy shore  
 Which fam'd Hypsipyle and Thoas bore,  
 Polluted twice, with crimes and native gore; }  
 Thither he tends his daring way, to seek  
 660 The fatal arrows, and deserted Greek.  
 Nor was it long ere his successful arts  
 Brought to the camp the hero and his darts.

The long-protracted war was doomed to close,  
 And Greece, triumphant, witnessed Priam's woes,  
 Bereft at once of kingdom, kindred, life!  
 A harder fate awaits his wretched wife:  
 Destin'd no more a human form to bear,  
 With monstrous howls she frights a foreign air,  
 Where narrowing shores the Hellespont contain.  
 670 Ilium was smoking on th' extended plain,  
 Scarce were the flames extinct; Jove's altar stood  
 Red with the streams of slaughter'd Priam's blood.  
 Dragg'd by her locks, in vain Apollo's maid  
 Stretch'd her exploring arms to Heav'n for aid;  
 The matrons, while that refuge yet remains,  
 Clung to their injur'd Gods, and half-extinguish'd fanes,<sup>o</sup>  
 Till torn away, the savage Victor's spoils;  
 They crown his triumph, and reward his toils.

*altars*

<sup>1</sup> *written letters*] See XOV12, lines 532-3n.

And young Astyanax was headlong thrown  
 680 From those high turrets whence, oft looking down,  
 His Mother bade him view, with fear and joy,  
 His father foremost in the cause of Troy.

And now the Northern Wind's propitious gales  
 Invite the Greeks, and fill the swelling sails;  
 The Phrygian dames exclaim, with dismal sound,  
 "Ilion farewell!", and kiss the sacred ground,  
 And borne by force, with ling'ring eyes regret  
 The domes of Troy o'erturn'd, and smoking yet.  
 And last, a piteous spectacle appears:  
 690 The mournful Queen, opprest with woes and years,  
 Amidst the graves of her unhappy sons.  
 E'en as she clasped their limbs and kissed the scatter'd bones,  
 Ulysses seized her, anxious still to stay,  
 Condemn'd Hector's ashes scarce to bear away.  
 Yet his alone, ador'd beyond the rest, }  
 Of all her sons the bravest and the best, }  
 She hid beneath her robe, and next her heaving breast,  
 And o'er his tomb a flood of tears she shed,  
 And plucked a lock from out her hoary head:  
 700 Sad, piteous off'rings to a hero's shrine,  
 A few white locks, and unavailing brine.

To Phrygian coasts, and to the Trojan strand  
 Oppos'd, where lies the famed Bistonian land,  
 A Palace stood; and there was wont resort<sup>o</sup>  
 King Polymestor and his Thracian Court.  
 To him confiding, in a sovereign's truth,  
 To guard his person, and instruct his youth,  
 The last of all his sons sad Priam gave,  
 Anxious, should Ilion fall, his Polydore to save.  
 710 By stealth he sent him from the Trojan shore; }  
 A wise precaution, had he done no more, }  
 Nor added heaps of crime-suggesting ore:  
 For scarce had Phrygia's day with storms obscur'd  
 Ere Thracia's King, by love of gain allur'd  
 (Such deeds can av'rice prompt), the poniard drew,  
 And e'en the charge he should have rescued, slew.  
 Then from the cliffs the lifeless trunk he tost,  
 As if the guilt could with the corpse be lost.

And soon, for such were Atreus' sons' commands,  
 720 The Greeks had moor'd their fleet on Thracia's sands,

*to resort*

Till calmer seas and more propitious gales  
 Should smooth their way, and fill their spreading sails.  
 Suddenly springing from his opening tomb,  
 Achilles through the fleet was seen to come!  
 Great as he liv'd the godlike hero stood,  
 Gruff looked his brow, and sullen was his mood.  
 Such was his face as when 'gainst Grecia's lord  
 He rav'd, and half-unsheath'd his impious sword:  
 "And thus, forgetful of their champion's might,  
 730 Do Greeks (he cries) from Asia take their flight?  
 My country's gratitude, my fleeting breath—  
 My life, my honour lost by one untimely death?  
 Oh no! Ye Greeks, by all my former pains,  
 Pay the last honours to my poor remains;  
 Let slain Polyxena my shade assuage,  
 And once more glut Achilles' rage."

He said, and vanished; and the Grecian host  
 Hasten'd t'obey th' inexorable ghost.  
 Torn from her mother's arms, whose endless grief  
 740 In her, and her alone, could hope relief,  
 The princess to the destin'd shrine is led,  
 T'appease with guiltless blood the unforgiving dead.  
 A maid inur'd to ills, to fate resign'd,  
 And blest with force beyond a female mind;  
 E'en while before the fatal spot she stood,  
 And saw the knife prepar'd to shed her blood,  
 Saw Pyrrhus' ruthless eye her form survey,  
 And with a savage triumph mark his destined prey.  
 "Strike at my neck and breast", she smiling said,  
 750 And to the blow her neck and breast display'd.  
 "Plunge quickly, plunge thy steel in noble blood,  
 For from these veins shall gush no common flood.  
 Nor of this fatal deed will I complain:  
 I still am free, I bear no Grecian chain,  
 No blood of mine can e'er your Gods appease;  
 Then what is death but a well-timed release?  
 Pleas'd would I meet it as my last relief,  
 Did not the sight renew my Mother's grief;  
 Her painful presents, her unfinish'd woes,  
 760 Blast all the comfort that my death bestows.  
 Yet sure her mis'ry, growing with her years,  
 And not my timely death demands her tears.

Hence, all restraint—hence every hostile hand;  
 Let not your victim bear a Grecian band.<sup>o</sup> *shackle*  
 I ask what is my due, lest chance I go,<sup>o</sup> *to go*  
 A servile spirit to the shades below;  
 For sure, whoe'er he be whose dread and rage  
 My death must satisfy, my blood assuage,  
 He still shall deem that Greece bestows in me  
 770 A dearer victim if I perish free.  
 But if my words can find a friendly ear,  
 Then not a Captive, but a princess hear;  
 Unbought, to Hecuba my corpse restore;  
 Grant me but this, and I will ask no more.  
 Let tears, not gold, secure her daughter's grave;  
 While stores of gold remained, those stores she gave.”  
 She said. Th' admiring Greeks her wrongs confess,  
 Nor can, like her, their rising sobs suppress.  
 Weeping, the priest performed his bloody part,  
 780 And plunged the steel with sorrow to her heart.  
 She fell serene, undaunted and resigned;  
 Her face preserv'd the image of her mind.  
 Her only dread was, falling, to reveal  
 Those limbs which custom's modest laws conceal;  
 Thus honour was her first, her latest care.  
 The Trojan dames receive the slaughter'd fair,  
 All weeping tell how oft their eyes renew,  
 For Priam's slaughter'd race, the mournful dew.  
 Now for Polyxena their sorrow flows,  
 790 And now, O Hecuba, they weep thy woes,  
 Once a bright queen, and blest with many a child,  
 Thee Fame prolific Asia's emblem styled;  
 Now sad reverse: the Grecian chiefs despise,  
 And deem the Queen of Troy a vulgar prize.  
 Had not thy womb the godlike Hector borne,  
 His lot Ulysses had refus'd with scorn.  
 Such is th' uncertain state of human kind:  
 Great Hector's mother scarce a lord could find.  
 Clasping the corse,<sup>o</sup> a flood of tears she shed,  
 800 By turns bestow'd o'er all her children dead,  
 Her ravaged kingdom, and her widow'd bed. } *corpse*  
 Bathing the gaping wounds with tears she stood,  
 Her hoary tresses stain'd with clotted blood;

Kiss'd the pale corpse,<sup>1</sup> and beat her frantic breast,  
 And scatter'd many plaints—and these among the rest.

- “O my last grief (for what can yet remain  
 To move this breast?), do I behold thee slain?  
 For thee as for the rest, am doom'd to groan,  
 And in thy fatal wounds to view my own?  
 810 I deem'd thee for thy sex from vengeance free;  
 Spite of thy sex I now must weep o'er thee.  
 By stern Achilles, Ilion's constant dread,  
 The ruin of our kind, thy brethren bled;  
 And wert thou too a victim, doom'd to fall  
 To the same ruthless foe who murdered all?  
 But when, by Paris' arm and Phoebus' aid,  
 The butcher fell, I thus exulting said:  
 'No more my bane shall stern Achilles be!  
 In vain: his rage was baneful still to me;  
 820 With the same hate 'gainst us his ashes glow,  
 E'en in his grave we feel our furious foe.  
 Fruitful in vain, my num'rous race afford  
 Fresh blood, new triumphs, for Achilles' sword;  
 Troy falls. The scenes of public slaughter close,  
 My grief(s) continue, and my sorrow flows.  
 But late with fortune blest, with envy seen,  
 A fruitful mother, and a prosp'rous queen,  
 I helpless from my slaughter'd kindred torn,  
 To stern Ulysses' wife a gift am borne,  
 830 Who oft, perchance, while my obedient hands  
 With trembling haste perform her harsh commands,  
 Will taunting cry 'Behold the glorious life  
 Of Hector's mother, and of Priam's wife';  
 And thou, O wretched maid, my last relief—  
 Who once appeas'd, but now augments, my grief—  
 Thou too art fallen! And my hapless womb  
 Has borne an offering for Achilles' tomb.  
 Why live I? What from age have I to gain?  
 New scenes of slaughter, and fresh cause of pain.  
 840 O sad calamity, O hapless state,  
 Since Ilion's fall, to envy Priam's fate;  
 Yet saw he not his beauteous daughter's death,

<sup>1</sup> *corpse*] So ms: a departure from 'corse' as in line 799.

But lost his throne, and with his throne his breath.  
 But now thy corse, no doubt, illustrious maid,  
 Shall in thy Trojan tombs with pomp be laid;  
 Nor, since the fortune of thy wretched race,  
 My tears, and Thracia's sands, thy fun'ral grace.  
 'Tis all I can. One offspring yet remains  
 To lighten life, and soothe my endless pains,  
 850 Who was conveyed to this securer shore:  
 My last, and now my only son, young Polydore.  
 Now let me wash these wounds in purer flood,  
 And cleanse that face defild with clotted blood."  
 She said, and sought the shore with trembling pace;  
 But as with pain she stoop'd to dip the vase,  
 The waves retiring left upon the shore  
 Th' unseemly corse of slaughtered Polydore,  
 With Thracian swords transfix'd, and stained with guiltless gore. }  
 The rest exclaim; the Queen is dumb with woe;  
 860 Chok'd was her voice, nor tears were seen to flow:  
 Brooding despair denies that soft relief;  
 Fix'd as a rock, she petrifies with grief.  
 In frantic agony her eyeballs roll,  
 And speak the silent anguish of her Soul.  
 Now raised to heav'n, now fix'd upon the ground,  
 Now on her son's sad face, and ghastly wound,  
 His wound, his death, his wrongs her thoughts engage:  
 On those she dwells, and arms herself with rage,  
 Till she, forgetful of her altered state,  
 870 Her helpless years, lost pow'r, and captive fate,  
 In dreams of rage she loses all her woes,  
 Hopes to avenge her son, and punish Priam's foes.  
 As pants the furious lioness for blood,  
 Who, fierce with vengeance for her slaughtered brood,  
 Seeks through the deserts her uncertain prey,  
 Where signs or doubtful footsteps guide her way,  
 So raves sad Hecuba, to rage resign'd;  
 Age chill'd her blood, but fury fired her mind.  
 She seeks the palace of the perjur'd King:  
 880 New stores, new treasures, to his Court to bring  
 For Polydore she feigns. The tale deceives,  
 And, fired with hopes of gold, the King believes;  
 He hastes to Hecuba, and thus begun.  
 "O generous parent of a hopeful son,

I swear to that dear offspring to restore  
 All thou now givest, and all thou gave before.”  
 Him as he spoke, and studied to betray,  
 The Queen’s indignant eyes with scorn survey,  
 Till uncontrold her furious passions grow,  
 890 And, springing forward on the helpless foe,  
 She with mad hands, such force had fury lent,  
 His bleeding eyeballs from the sockets rent;  
 And pressing on where late the eyeballs stood,  
 Gluts her revenge, and soothes her soul with blood.

The Thracian youths (these acts their rage enflame)  
 Assail with darts and stones the Trojan dame;  
 Turning with rage upon the servile train,  
 She strives to utter, but she strives in vain:  
 Forth from her lips there rush’d a hideous noise,  
 900 And barks and howls succeed a human voice.  
 The place preserves her name through Thracia’s plains;  
 With howls she long bemoans her former pains.  
 E’en Greeks with pity heard so sad a tale;  
 So hard a fortune men and Gods bewail;  
 Juno herself forgot her former hate,  
 And, weeping, own’d she ne’er deserved her fate.

Thus all the Gods her cruel suff’rings mourn,  
 All but the Goddess of the rising morn;  
 But her, though friendly to the cause of Troy,  
 910 Domestic ills and nearer griefs employ.  
 She weeps for Memnon, whom on Phrygia’s plain  
 But late she viewed, by great Achilles slain;  
 She viewed with<sup>1</sup> horror, and the rosy light  
 Which gilds the morning faded at the sight—  
 More the fond parent could not bear, nor stay’d  
 To view the honours to her Memnon paid,  
 But with torn tresses, and with streaming eyes,  
 In haste she sought the Monarch of the Skies,  
 And thus preferr’d her prayers. “O mighty Jove,  
 920 If grief celestial can thy pity move,  
 Though few the altars that my name adore,  
 Yet still a Goddess, I thy aid implore;  
 But I, nor temples sacred to my name,  
 Nor feasts, nor blazing shrines to speak my fame

*presented*

<sup>1</sup> *with horror*] Ms ‘horror’.

Demand, though since I chase the shades of night,  
 I well might claim such honours as my right.  
 Not such my state, nor this the happy hour,  
 To dream of glory, or to hope for power.  
 Robb'd of my Memnon, I thy aid implore,  
 930 Who, as in Priam's cause his arms he bore  
 (Such the stern will of Gods), in bloom of age  
 Fell the sad victim of Achilles' rage.  
 Some honour on his corse, O Jove, bestow,  
 And soothe the anguish of a mother's woe."

Jove heard; and on his pile<sup>o</sup> as Memnon lay, *pyre*  
 And clouds of smoke disguis'd the face of day,  
 As when from streams the foggy vapours rise,  
 And spreading o'er the earth exclude the skies,  
 So the dark ashes in a mass aspire,  
 940 And, form'd, assume the hue of smould'ring fire.  
 The flame their soul, their lightness wings supplies,  
 And now, like birds, they cleave the yielding skies.  
 What they but only seemed, they soon became;  
 Ten thousand birds came issuing from the flame.  
 Thrice they lament the dismal pile around,  
 And thrice affright the air with dismal sound.  
 Then in two troops their num'rous flight divide,  
 And send two feather'd chiefs from either side;  
 The brother birds in furious combat close,  
 950 And beak to beak, and breast to breast, oppose,  
 Till on their parent's tomb they both expire,  
 Heirs to the soul that once enflam'd their sire.  
 In mind, in title, they their birth proclaim,  
 Dauntless their soul; Memnonides their name.  
 Oft as his destin'd course bright Phoebus runs,  
 In Memnon's honour fight, and fall, his sons,  
 Thus with kind pity other Gods bemourn;  
 The Phrygian's woe Aurora weeps her own.  
 Still for her Memnon she her grief renews,  
 960 And with her tears th' extensive earth bedews.  
 Nor were the hopes of Ilion doomed to fall  
 With Priam's wealth, and long-defended wall;  
 Æneas bears from the destructive fire  
 Two sacred loads, his Gods, and sacred sire:  
 Granted one prize by his relentless foes,  
 These and his son the pious hero chose.

His fleet the Trojan from Antander bore,  
 And next he left the guilty Thracian shore  
 Red with the blood of slaughtered Polydore,  
 970 Till, wafted by propitious gales, he came  
 To Delos, sacred to Apollo's name.

Anius, the peoples' King, and Phœbus' priest,  
 With joy receive(s) the noble Trojan guest;  
 To him the wonders of the place he shows,  
 The town, the shrine, and consecrated boughs,  
 To which Latona's grasp in anguish clung,  
 When from her womb the Twins immortal sprung.  
 And, o'er the burning incense pouring wine,  
 They roast the slaughter'd ox before the shrine,  
 980 Then seek the palace, where the sumptuous feasts  
 And spacious bowls regale the cheerful guests.

Then thus Anchises: "Holy Anius, say,  
 Thou chosen favourite of the God of Day,  
 Do I mistake? For if my mind recalls  
 What time I first surveyed those Delian walls,  
 If with my youth my mem'ry be not fled,  
 One son, four daughters, blest thy nuptial bed."  
 Anius replied, and, as he mournful spoke,  
 The snowy chaplet of his head<sup>1</sup> he shook.  
 990 "Nor thou mistaken, nor thy memory fled:  
 Alas! five children blest my nuptial bed.  
 Such is of human things the fickle state:  
 Blest in my offspring thou beheld'st me late;  
 Thou now behold'st me childless, and alone,  
 For what avails, ye Gods, an absent son?  
 In distant Andros, which his name retains,  
 For me, by Phœbus' gift, he lives and reigns.  
 From Bacchus' gen'rous hands the maids receive  
 More than was just to ask, or easy to believe;  
 1000 For all my Daughters, touch'd by pow'r divine,  
 Became at once<sup>2</sup> or corn, or oil, or wine.  
 This splendid gift when fierce Atrides knows,  
 Lest we should chance t'escape thy country's woes,  
 Proud of his force, resistless in his prey,  
 He tears my daughter(s) from my arms away.  
 His country's cause provok'd the worthless deed,

<sup>1</sup> *head*] Ms 'God'.

<sup>2</sup> *at once*] Ms 'at'.



And grief and famine seem'd to haunt the place;  
 Dry was each fount, and bare the blighted wood,  
 Th' affrighted flocks on barren deserts stood,  
 1050 And in the midst of Thebes were seen to shine  
 Two gen'rous nymphs of great Orion's line.  
 This, firm and nobly prodigal of life,  
 Display'd her breast to meet the dreadful knife;  
 Her sister first had shed her patriot blood,  
 A glorious sacrifice to noble good!  
 Her sacred body, through the city borne,  
 With fun'ral flame the grateful people burn;  
 Two youths, lest chance the noble race expire,  
 Born from their ashes, issue through the fire,  
 1060 These same Coroni called. The pomp they led,  
 And paid the honours to their parents dead.

Thus far the tale the able sculptor told,  
 On ancient brass the rest was wrought in gold;  
 These Anius' gifts. Nor did the Trojans bring  
 Less costly presents to the gen'rous King:  
 A censer that the fragrant flames may hold,  
 A sparkling diadem, rich with gems and gold,  
 And then, misled by Phœbus' words, they trace  
 To ancient Teucer's land the Trojan race,  
 1070 And Crete they seek; but forc'd from these abodes  
 By angry climates and unwilling Gods,  
 Once more the crew the daring billows try,  
 And, led by Gods, dare hope for Italy.

More storms, more hardships were they doomed to bear;  
 Appall'd,° Aello's dismal curse they bear,  
 Appall'd by Grecian isles and hostile Gods.  
 By Ithaca, Ulysses' dread abodes,  
 They pass, and then, where famed Ambracia lies,  
 The contest once of rival Deities,  
 1080 And the unhappy Judge transformed to stone,  
 And now to Rome by Actian Phœbus known.  
 Still some new Miracles their ways surround;  
 Dodona's Oak, and the mysterious sound,  
 Chaonia's Bay, whence, flying impious fire,  
 Molossus' sons on wond'rous wings aspire.

Next by Phæacia's happy coasts they steer,  
 Then seek Epirus, where the Phrygian seer  
 His empire holds. They view with wond'ring joy

*terrified*

- A Trojan Monarch and a mimic Troy,  
 1090 And when their fates the prophet had foretold,  
 To fair Sicilia's coast their course they hold.  
 Three promontories mark that happy land,  
 Which to the sea in different quarters stand:  
 Pachynos the tempestuous South assails,  
 And Lilybæum courts the western gales.  
 The northern blasts the firm Pelorus braves,  
 And view(s) the Star that shuns the ocean waves.  
 For this the fleet with fav'ring current stands,  
 And ere the night they gain Zanchl(e)a's sands.  
 1100 And soon two dangers rise before their sight,  
 Charybdis on the left, and Scylla on the right:  
 The fell<sup>o</sup> Charybdis, whose impetuous wave *cruel, dreadful*  
 The vessel hurries to a wat'ry grave;  
 Scylla, encompass'd with a furious race  
 Of angry dogs, still wears a virgin face.

## XOV14

Dudley Digges: *De Remedia amoris* 'Book 2' (i.e. 397–814). Bod. MS Rawl. D. 1147, fols 77<sup>v</sup>–83<sup>r</sup> (continued from OV18)

For Digges see OV18. This line-for-line translation of the *Remedia amoris* is complete; what was known to the Renaissance as Book 1 appears in the main text of *NRECT*. This is a fair copy, with a few minor copying errors. Date: 1630s (see Manuscript Sources).

## The Second Book

- Envy thus answered: "Hold a harder rein,  
 And, poet, move in thy own orb again."  
 When eager Venus shall her guests invite,  
 The time approaching at the promised night,  
 Lest she too much should please, and thou exceed,<sup>o</sup> *go too far*  
 Before at other ready tables feed.  
 Thy stomach, spending in the first his force,  
 Will fail, and languish at the latter course.  
 Her fasts endear her feasts: the cold the sun,  
 10 The sun the shades; to streams the thirsty run.  
 I blush, yet out it must: such figures<sup>o</sup> frame<sup>o</sup> *postures devise*  
 As would put modesty to death with shame.  
 Nor hard to compass; truth they muffle still,  
 And think that nothing can become them ill.

Then open the detecting windows wide;  
 Nor from the day what misbeseems<sup>o</sup> her hide. *does not become*  
 When fainting dalliance hath her vigour spent,  
 When both thy body and thy mind relent,  
 Whilst thou dost loathe, and wish thou hadst forbore,  
 20 And thinkst thou never shalt desire her more:  
 Then all her body's stains print in thy mind;  
 Deformities, before unseen, out-find.  
 Some call these trifles; nor in judgement fail:  
 Though none alone, yet many may prevail.  
 Vast bulls small vipers with their teeth confound,  
 And oft the boar is held by no great hound.  
 Fight with their number; all contract in one:  
 By many little, things have mighty grown.  
 But since so many minds as forms there be,  
 30 What we prescribe will not with all agree.  
 To thee what would not minister offence,  
 Another's hatred may perhaps incense.  
 He, when she all discover'd,<sup>o</sup> saw her fault,  
 And love fell off in his asham'd assault; *exposed to view*  
 He, when she rose from her defiled bed,  
 Loathing the spectacle, got up, and fled.  
 Sport you at pleasure who can thus retire,  
 Nor fear the burning of so cold a fire.  
 Although a boy, Love draws a stronger bow;  
 40 Our patients are not to be curèd so.  
 What help found he who, in a corner hid,  
 Saw what to see good manners doth forbid?  
 The Gods defend we should such things advise  
 Which, though they profit, as unfit despise.  
 At once two mistresses reserve in store:  
 'Twould fortify thee better hadst thou more.  
 When the divided mind runs diverse ways,  
 Another love the other's strength delays.  
 Great streams, branched into many, poorly run;  
 50 Scatter the firebrands, and the flame hath done.  
 Ships scarce securely with one anchor ride;  
 An angler should more hooks than one provide.  
 Two mistresses who<sup>o</sup> wisely long since gain'd,  
 E'en then a happy victory obtain'd. *he who*  
 So thou who unto one hast been too true—  
 Since she too faithless—now must seek anew.

In Procris<sup>1</sup> Minos lost Pasiphae  
 Who to the fresh Idean Nymph gave way.  
 He who much sought it, Pegida<sup>2</sup> forsook  
 60 When to her bed Callirhoe he took.  
 Enone, Paris still had been thy own,  
 Had never he the Argive Helen known,  
 And Progne's form had pleas'd the tyrant well,  
 But fairer was immurèd<sup>o</sup> Philomel. *imprisoned*  
 Examples clog<sup>o</sup> me; time why do I waste? *impede*  
 By a successor all Love is displac'd.  
 'Mongst store,<sup>3</sup> for one a mother is less sad  
 Than when she weeping cries, "Thou'rt all I had!"  
 Yet lest you take it for a new design  
 70 (And would the glory of it might be mine!),  
 This did Atrides see (he all things saw,  
 Whose will was to obeying Greece a law):  
 Chris he lov'd, his sword had her obtain'd;  
 Her aged father everywhere complain'd.  
 Why weeps the fool? She joys in her remove,  
 And hatefully is injur'd by thy love.  
 When Chalchas had (backed by Achilles' aid)  
 Charg'd her release, and he resign'd the maid,  
 "Next her for fair, his bears", said he, "the name;  
 80 And change but the first letter, 'tis the same."<sup>4</sup>  
 If wise, Achilles her unbid will send,  
 Or he shall find how far our arms extend.  
 Achaians, contradict not our command,  
 Nor tempt a sceptre swayed by a strong hand;  
 For if I be a king, she shall be mine,  
 Or to Thersites I my throne resign."  
 Thus he. She came; a bounteous recompense,  
 And his new cares did with the old dispense.  
 By his example, a new mistress choose,  
 90 That love himself betwixt two ways may lose;  
 But ask you whereunto our rats repair,  
 There find a ship full fraught with such fine ware.  
 If I have any knowledge; if Apollo  
 Teach by my mouth, what wiser mortals follow,

<sup>1</sup> *Procris*] Ms 'Plotis'.      <sup>2</sup> *Pegida*] For 'Phegis' (Ovid's line includes the accusative 'Phegida').

<sup>3</sup> *'Mongst store*] 'Amongst a good supply', 'within a number [of children]'.  
<sup>4</sup> *And change... same*] Agamemnon demanded Briseis in return for Chryseis, the daughter of Chryses.

- Though flaming Ætna all thy powers infold,  
 Yet then (to) thy nicest mistress seem more cold.  
 Feign thy self well; hid sorrow silent keep,  
 Nor fetch one sigh, but laugh when thou couldst weep.  
 We bid thee not break off thy strong desires:  
 100 Our mild command an easier task requires.  
 Seem not thy self; the passion free resemble,  
 And shortly be in truth what you dissemble.  
 Oft have I feignèd sleep to 'scape<sup>o</sup> my drink, *avoid*  
 And slept indeed that purpos'd but to wink.  
 I smil'd at his deceit, who Love did feign  
 And worthily was caught by his own train.  
 Love got by custom, custom doth expel;  
 Who health can counterfeit, will soon be well.  
 Bids she thee come at such a night? Be there.  
 110 Locks she the doors? All this with patience bear.  
 Now satire sing, now flatt'ring elegy;  
 Now in the cold, on the hard threshold lie.  
 Next day, let not thy well-washed tongue complain,  
 Nor shapes of sorrow in thy looks retain.  
 As thy love slackens, she will veil her pride:  
 This rich return receive thou by our guide.<sup>o</sup> *guidance*  
     Let Love deceive you whilst you seek his end:  
 Not seldom horses with their curbs<sup>1</sup> contend.  
 The profit hide, profess not what you do:  
 120 For wary fowl apparent nets eschew.  
 Nor be so fond that she contemn thee may:  
 Take courage: unto thine let hers give way.  
 Stand her door open? Though she call, go by.  
 Craves she a night? Uncertainly reply.  
 'Tis easy, if but patient, to endure,  
 And from that ease receive a happy cure.  
     That our receipts are bitter, who will say?  
 Lo, I the part of a procurer<sup>o</sup> play. *advocate*  
 Since minds so vary, vary we our skill:  
 130 A sev'ral medicine for each sev'ral ill.  
 Some by incision hardly become sound,  
 When herbs and juices heal another's wound.  
 Art thou more soft, too feeble to remove,  
 Chain'd to the footstool of insulting Love?

<sup>1</sup> *curbs*] A curb is a chain or strap attached to a horse's bit.

- Forbear to struggle: sail before the wind,  
 And row that way the current is inclin'd.  
 This thirst assuage which so inflames thy blood:  
 Thou hast our leave, carouse in the full flood—  
 But more than thy weak stomach can contain,  
 140 Till forcèd to disgorge itself again.  
 Spend in her arms the day, there spend the night,  
 And surfeit in thy uncontrolld delight.  
 Study to loathe: that done, the end is near,  
 And, though you think you could refrain, stay there  
 Till fully cloyed—till, Love quite starv'd with store,<sup>o</sup> *provision*  
 Thou parts, with purpose to return no more.  
 Long lives the love that's nurs'd by diffidence:  
 Love to exile, of fear exile the sense.  
 Who doubts of his, and dreads a rival's stealth,  
 150 To such Machaon<sup>1</sup> cannot promise health.  
 Of two, to him more love the mother bears  
 Who haunts the wars, and whose return she fears.  
     Near to Colina,<sup>o</sup> for devotion fam'd, *the Coline Gate*  
 A Temple stands: of lofty Eryx nam'd.  
 This shrines Lethæan Love, who cures desires,  
 And pours cold water on his scorching fires.  
 Here he, or she, whom cruel love insnares,  
 Intreat a dear oblivion of their cares.  
 Thus he to me (yet doubt I whether 'twere  
 160 A dream, or he: a dream it should appear,  
 Who pensive Love draws on, and now withdraws):  
 "O Naso, to thy precepts add this clause:  
 From thoughts fix'd on misfortunes, Love doth fall;  
 These, more or less, the gods have given to all.  
 Who usurers and too swift payments fear,  
 Those let their debts perplex, and durance<sup>o</sup> near. *imprisonment*  
 Fear they who have stern fathers (though but so  
 To their affection)<sup>2</sup> that they all will know.  
 He marrying poorly, lives in mean estate:  
 170 Think thou thy wife withstands<sup>o</sup> thy better fate. *stands in the way of*  
 Thou hast a vineyard, planted with rich vines:  
 Fear lest the parching sun exhale<sup>o</sup> their wines.<sup>o</sup> *evaporate...juices*

<sup>1</sup> *Macheon*] A brother of Asclepius' son.

<sup>2</sup> *though...affection*] 'Though only stern where their inclination is concerned'.

Or if ship's homeward bound, fear storms which toss  
 The swallowing waves, and rocks that threat thy loss.  
 His sons in arms, his daughter to bestow,  
 And who hath not a thousand ways to woe!  
 O Paris, if thou wouldst thy Helen hate,  
 Think of thy brother's death, and country's fate."  
 The gentle figure had pursu'd his theme  
 180 When I left dreaming—if it were a dream.  
     Alas, our pilot doth his ship forsake!  
 Through straits unknown a dangerous course we take.  
 Keep not alone—O whither dost thou fly?  
 More safety is there in society.  
 Close<sup>o</sup> sorrows are increas'd by solitude; *secret*  
 Do therefore into company intrude.  
 Alone thou'lt still be sad, still in thy mind  
 Thy absent mistress thou shalt present find.  
 Night is more melancholy than the day,  
 190 Grief-less'ning fellowship being then away;  
 Shun not discourse, nor shut to thee thy door,  
 Nor in the dark thy down-cast looks immure.  
 Let thy Orestes Pylades attend:  
 The dearest use and office of a friend.  
 Poor Phyllis unfrequented woods undo:  
 Death did her solitary steps pursue.  
 Like Bacchanals in wild solemnities,  
 With flowing hair through untrod paths she flies;  
 Sometimes, far as she could, the sea surveys,  
 200 Now on the shore her weary limbs displays.  
 To deafer floods, "False Demophon!" she cried:  
 Her falt'ring tongue, thick throbbing, sorrow tied.  
 Through straits obscur'd by a continued shade,  
 The sad soul to the sea nine journeys made.  
 Quoth she: "Let come what can!" Her girdle views,  
 And then the tree; her cheeks their roses lose.  
 She doubts; avoids what she doth enterprise,  
 Fears, and her fingers to her neck applies.  
 Sithonia, hadst thou not been then alone,  
 210 Thy weeping woods had never hairless<sup>o</sup> grown. *bald, leafless*  
 By her fate, solitary places shun,  
 You maids by youths, you youths by maids undone.  
     The Lover by our rules thus far did steer,

And to the harbour of his health drew near,  
 When, falling into Lovers' company,  
 Those cinders kindled which afore did die.  
 Who loves, nor would let him contagion shun:  
 This often through the drooping herd doth run.  
 Good eyes, sore eyes beholding, become worse,  
 220 And bodies perish by their intercourse.  
 The thirsty sands, and broken, parchèd grounds,  
 The neighb'ring stream not seldom times surrounds.  
 Lovers avoid, or Love will lurk behind:  
 We all of us are witty<sup>o</sup> in this kind. *prudent*  
     Another, cur'd, relapsèd by dwelling near:  
 To pass so oft by her he could not bear.  
 That ill-heal'd wound impostumèd<sup>o</sup> again, *swelled up*  
 And made our frustrated endeavours vain.  
 Thy house will hardly 'scape, the next on fire:  
 230 'Tis fit we should from neighbour harms retire.  
 Cross not her walk, her company forbear,  
 Be thy observances not what they were.  
 The mind why tempt we, too apt to rebel?  
 Find out some other world, and therein dwell.  
 At meals the hungry cannot choose but feed,  
 And bubbling fountains make our thirst exceed.  
 Bulls from seen heifers we can hardly stay,  
 And horses seeing of their mares will neigh.  
     This done, that thou at length may'st touch the shore,  
 240 'Tis not enough for thee to give her o'er.  
 Her mother, sister, shun; her bosom friend,  
 And whosoever do on her depend.  
 Nor boy admit; nor girl, when with false springs  
 Of griefless tears, her sly salutes she brings.  
 Nor ask, What doth she?—though thou fain would know:  
 Much benefit will of thy silence grow.  
     And thou who finished love dost so excuse,  
 Relating still how ill she did thee use,  
 Cease to complain: be thy revenge tongue-tied,  
 250 That she from thy desires may smoothly slide.  
 Nor prate of thy affection's just remove:  
 Who too much tell to all they love not, love.  
 Fire's better quencht by leisure than lost haste:  
 End slowly, and thy safety long will last.  
 Swifter than living streams rash<sup>o</sup> torrents run: *powerful*

Those be eternal, these have quickly done.  
 Let love beguile,° and by degrees impair,° *disappoint(?)... weaken*  
 Till unperceiv'd it vanish into air.  
 'Tis sin to hate the lately lov'd; less rude  
 260 Be savages then those who so conclude.° *make an end*  
 He finds no cure who ends his love in hate:  
 Or loves, or falls into as wretched state.  
 'Tis shame they should be foes, who' embrac'd but now;  
 Not wrangling Appias° will such strife allow. *Venus*  
 Oft they accuse, and Love the suit doth stay:° *halt*  
 More safely without noise Love flies away.  
 One chanc'd his mistress in her coach to meet,  
 Whose loud and bitter threat'nings fill'd the street.  
 Attaching° her: "Come forth, come forth", he cried: *seizing*  
 270 She coming forth, his tongue her beauty tied.  
 Down fell his hands; from them the writings fell;  
 He kissed, and said, "O thus dost thou compel!"  
 More safe to part in peace, with less impute,° *accusation*  
 Then from thy bed to raise a shameful suit.  
 Thy undemanded gifts retain she still:  
 The greater good includes the lesser ill.  
 But if you meet by luckless accident,  
 Then with our counsel steel thy strong intent.  
 Now armour needs; now, O thou valiant, fight!  
 280 Penthesilea must be put to flight.  
 Think of thy rivals then; thy wrongs sustain'd:  
 Vows made to break; and all the gods prophan'd.  
 Curl nor perfume thy well-neglected hair,  
 Nor thither in thy bravery repair.  
 Nor be, to please another, neatly dressed;  
 Nor slight, nor more regard her than the rest.  
 I'll tell what chiefly our attempts impeach:° *impede*  
 Let every one his own example teach.  
 Hoping we are belov'd, we slowly leave,  
 290 And by self-flattery ourselves deceive.  
 Trust not their words; O what more false than they?  
 Nor think th' immortal Gods their actions sway.  
 Against their tears thy bosom's fortress keep:  
 Women instruct their ready eyes to weep.  
 A thousand ways they assail the lover's breast,  
 Like rocks by waves on every side opprest.  
 Do not declare the cause of your divorce,

- Nor tell thy grief, untold of greater force,  
 Nor blaze her guilt, lest she herself should clear,  
 300 And thou do only in° the fault° appear. *at fault*  
 The mute are constant: who debate, inquire,  
 And but to satisfy themselves desire.  
 Dulichian darts, I in no frantic mood,  
 Nor snatched-up fires extinguish in the flood;<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor we to clip Love's purple wings intend,  
 Nor shall our art his sacred bow unbend.  
 I only counsel give; my counsel follow—  
 Assist, thou giver of all health, Apollo.  
 His quiver sounds! His harp enchants my ear!  
 310 The God, the God (his signs I know) is here!  
 Those fleeces in Æmyclæ did compare  
 With Tyrian purple: see how dull they are!  
 So set your loves by those who them outshine,  
 And thou'lt begin to be asham'd of thine.  
 Both might have pleasèd Paris' curious eyes,  
 But both-eclipsing Venus won the prize.  
 Nor face alone, but parts and worths confer,<sup>o</sup> *compare*  
 Lest ignorant love should in his judgement err.  
 Small things I now relate; though small they be,  
 320 They have helped many; 'mongst those many, me.  
 Read not the flattering relics of her love:  
 Revisèd° letters the most constant move. *re-examined*  
 Lay all, though loth, upon the greedy fire:  
 The funeral call it of thy dead desire.  
 That brand which Meleager's life confines,  
 His mother burns: spar'st thou her faithless lines?  
 Shall senseless looks incense°? Her picture hide: *inflammè*  
 Unhappy Laodamia gazing died.  
 The places oft forgotten, grief invite;  
 330 Shun those that conscious° were to your delight. *privy*  
 Here sat, here lay she; in this bed we slept;  
 Here liberal joys Love's wanton vigil kept.  
 Love memory revives: the ruptive wound  
 Will freshly bleed: slight things relapse<sup>2</sup> th'unsound.

<sup>1</sup> *Dulichian...flood*] The translator has not understood the passage. The Latin (699–700) means: 'I would not dare to steal [Cupid's] arrows like the Dulichian [= Ulysses] or douse his stolen torches in water.' Digges has confused the deponent verb 'furari' (= 'to steal') with the noun 'furor' (= 'frenzy').

<sup>2</sup> *relapse*] Transitive use was standard (*OED* 6).

With sulphur touch the scarce-perceivèd fire;  
 'Twill quicken, and in spreading flames aspire.  
 So, 'less you what may Love revoke,<sup>o</sup> eschew, *recall*  
 His late-spent flames will furiously renew.  
 The ships then wished they had Capharia fled,  
 340 Old man, by thy revengeful flames misled.  
 The sailor sings, from Ipheida<sup>1</sup> clear;  
 Those places which were O too grateful, fear.  
 Think those the Syrts, Æroceraunia these;  
 Here dire Charybdis casts th' engulfèd seas.  
 There be whom no compulsion can reclaim:  
 Yet stronger fortune oft compels the same.  
 Grew Phaëdra poor, Hyppolitus had liv'd;  
 Nor by his death mistaking Theseus griev'd,  
 Nor had her sister (then more wise) complain'd.  
 350 Luxurious love by riches is sustain'd:  
 None Hercules, nor Iris could allure.  
 What was the cause? Both he and she were poor.  
 The poor want wherewithall their loves to feed;  
 Yet better love than to be cur'd by need.  
 The much frequented theatres forbear,  
 Till thou of love thy empty bosom clear.  
 Songs, music, dances, action, all preserve  
 The life of passion, and our hearts unnerve.  
 There daily do they personate the lover,  
 360 And with sly cunning teach what they discover.<sup>o</sup> *present*  
 Nor touch those poets who do treat of love:  
 My own endowments,<sup>2</sup> wicked I, remove.  
 Callimachus to Cupid is no foe:  
 His secret fires the Coän Muses blow.  
 By Sappho I a better servant prov'd;  
 Anacreon's verse my rougher manners smooth'd.  
 Who can Tibullus read, and feel no fire?  
 Or thee, whom Cynthia only could inspire?  
 Not Venus' eyes like Gallus' verses wound:  
 370 And mine, I know not how, have such a sound.  
 If our Apollo fail not in his skill,  
 A rival chiefly cherisheth this ill:

<sup>1</sup> *Ipheida*] Some error affects this name. In Ovid it is Niseïde, i.e. 'Nisus' daughter', meaning Scylla.

<sup>2</sup> *endowments*] 'Productions bestowed upon you'; 'gifts'.

- O therefore be thou jealous<sup>1</sup> of none,  
 But think she unattempted lies alone.  
 Hermione increased Orestes' flame  
 When she another's bed-fellow became.  
 Why mourns Atrides? Thou at Crete couldst stay,  
 And revel when thy Helen runs away,  
 Yet being vanish't, couldst not rest in peace,  
 380 Till re-obtain'd: his love did thine increase.  
 With feeble tears Achilles shames his eyes,  
 Whilst Agamemnon with his Brisis lies.  
 Nor griev'd in vain he did; though she were loth,  
 Or else had<sup>o</sup> been, to be reprov'd of sloth. *would have*  
 I sure had donè't; yet am not I so wise:  
 This mischief from his envy did arise.  
 Yet by his sceptre he the deed forswore;  
 He knew his sceptre was no God before.  
 The Gods enable thee to pass along  
 390 By her crossed doors, and make thy sinews strong;  
 Thou may'st, if willing, now apply thy force:  
 Thou now hast need; now spur thy forward<sup>o</sup> horse. *eager*  
 The Cyclops' cave, the Syren-haunted shores,  
 Be that to thee: and sails add to thy oars.  
 Thou whom a rival lately vexèd so,  
 No longer now esteem thou him thy foe.  
 Or, though thou hate, salute him as thy friend,  
 And couldst thou kiss, thy cure were at an end.  
 And lo, that we in all may prove complete,  
 400 The food fit to forbear, and fit to eat:  
 The Daunian saffron, both from Lydia brought,  
 And from Megara: all of it is nought.  
 From stirring rocket tie thy appetite,  
 Or what beside ill-heated lust excite.  
 With better proof<sup>o</sup> assume<sup>o</sup> sight-sharpening rue, *outcome... accept*  
 Or what besides well-coolèd Lust undo.  
 Of Bacchus' bounty would you know th' effect?  
 I'll teach you sooner than you could expect.  
 Wine lust provokes, unless too much you drink,  
 410 Then, all imbrew'd,<sup>o</sup> the stupid<sup>o</sup> spirits sink; *soaked... stupefied*  
 Winds kindle fire, and winds put out the same:  
 The moderate feed, the great disperse the flame.

<sup>1</sup> *jealous*] An attested spelling, and so pronunciation also; see *OED* 4b, cit. c.1601.

Drink not at all, or what may cares expel:  
Herein th' extremes their hurtful mean excel.

    This work is done: our ship with garlands shade:  
    The port's obtain'd; we have our voyage made.  
    You, by our verse redeemèd from decay,  
    Your pious vows unto the poet pay.

# 8

## Seneca the Younger (XSE)

### XSE01

Anon.: *Hercules furens*. Bod. MS Rawl. poet. 76, pp. 1–43 (excerpted at SE12)

The ms contains English versions of three plays: *Hercules furens*, *Thyestes*, and *Oedipus* (XSE01–XSE03). By 1700, the approximate date of composition, *Hercules furens* and *Oedipus* had been previously translated into English only in one printed version apiece, within the Elizabethan *Tenne Tragedies* of 1581. *Thyestes* had proved more popular, and received the attentions of three translators. The ms is not autograph and provides no indications of authorship. The translations might conceivably have been made for purposes of acting or declaiming, but the ms itself shows few if any signs of being performance-related. Neither would these texts serve scholarly purposes: *Hercules furens* is drastically abridged, down to 650 lines against 1344 in modern texts of the Latin. Further analysis is required to establish the purpose of these versions.

A number of cancellations and substitutions made by a later hand in the first 100 lines of the ms copy are ignored in this text of *Hercules furens*.

### Hercules Furens: a Tragedy translated out of SENECA

Act: 1<sup>mus</sup> Scen: 1<sup>ma</sup>

#### **Juno sola**

Am I Jove's sister? Is 't the<sup>o</sup> only name<sup>o</sup>  
Of Thunderer's wife that I, Heaven's queen, can claim,  
And not the power? Now banish'd from his bed,  
And from Heaven's towers, I to the Earth am fled  
A widow, whilst my place i' th' heavenly sphere  
Base whores and concubines possess: the Bear<sup>1</sup>  
With her worse whelp takes up the frozen zone;  
The torrid Tyrian Europe<sup>2</sup> claims her own.  
One part of Heaven Orion doth possess,  
In th' Eastern pole are plac'd th' Atlantides.  
Here Leda's bastard eggs affront me; there,  
Fixt in the stars, the drunken God appears.

*only the name*

10

<sup>1</sup> *Bear*] Callisto.

<sup>2</sup> *Europe*] Europa, princess of Tyre.

Why name I these? Lo, proud Alcmene's come,  
 And I, being banisht, must possess<sup>o</sup> my room. *occupy*  
 Now let Alcides promis'd Heaven ascend,  
 At whose unlucky birth black Nox could lend  
 Her double darkness, whilst from th' Eastern main  
 Sol drives his coursers with a sluggish rein.  
 Shall I, Heaven's Queen, bear these affronts? My will  
 20 Crost by a mortal boy, and I yet still  
 Endure it? No: he shall my vengeance feel;  
 What Earth, Air, Sea, what sword, what keenest steel  
 Can e'er produce—but he hath quell'd my ire,  
 And to my shame proves mighty Jove his sire.  
 What'e'er new, dangerous labours I can raise,  
 He by his valour turns into his praise;  
 His triumphs, Victory's fame brings from far.  
 Where'er the fiery Arabs drive the Car  
 Of Phoebus, all my Stygian monsters fall:  
 30 Hydras nor basilisks his mind appal.<sup>o</sup> *dismay*  
 He easier far fresh conquests can obtain  
 Than I impose; all enmity is vain;  
 Himself he with Nemean's terror arms,  
 And so extracts defence ev'n from his harms.  
 Earth hath not room his valour to contain:  
 He to black Styx descends, and tears the chain  
 Of Theseus, spoils Dis, the black god of night,  
 Of's Porter, thence unto the hated Light  
 Dragging his triple head; thus he can foil  
 40 The dreadful monsters of the Stygian soil.  
 I saw him bravely (tho' I griev'd to see)  
 The Emblem of the black God's majesty  
 Hale from his fatal courts; infernal Jove  
 Why drags he not? And to the Gods above  
 Present him with his Furies bound? And lay  
 From mortals to forbidden Styx a way?  
 He now the adamantine gates breaks down,  
 And proudly triumphs through th' Argolic town;  
 With's captive porter frights away Sol's light,  
 50 Making him, trembling, yield his place to night.  
 Yea, whilst that I amaz'd did gazing stand,  
 Repented I e'er gave that sharp command.  
 But now, alas! I fear lest Heav'n's high throne  
 He should ascend, who hath o'ercome the crown

Of Pluto, and usurp his father's power,  
 Nor stay till Death gives him th' æthereal tower,  
 Lest he, triumphing in his stately pride,  
 Should banish<sup>o</sup> heavenly mansions the whole tribe *banish from*  
 Of gods. He hath already bore the Pole,  
 60 And with his brawny shoulders could control  
 The axle-tree of Heaven, which I press down  
 With all th' æthereal powers. Yet my dire frown  
 Nothing avails; he a brave hero still  
 Strikes on, and valiantly resists my will.  
 Yet shall he 'scape? No. I decree his doom,  
 And from the skies terrible beasts send down  
 To tear him. Let Enceladus forsake  
 His fire-belching couch, and burning lake  
 70 Of Acheron; more lions let the Moon  
 Bring forth; but these, alas, are overcome.  
 Since then, from equals Hercules is free,  
 Himself an equal to himself shall be;  
 He shall o'ercome himself. Eumenides  
 With fiery scourges, snaky hairs, possess  
 His valiant breast; let him see Hell on Earth,  
 And let Megara with her spurious birth  
 Of all Hell's magic punishments invest  
 Herself into his sad tormented breast.  
 Begone, ye vengeful deities of night,  
 80 Infernal hags, and his great soul affright  
 With fiery torches; thus revenge great Dis,  
 And violated laws, with horrid hiss  
 Of serpents; let hot Ætna's fiery smart  
 Be light to those that shall torment his heart.  
 Let him, returning, meet his sons, and so  
 Kill them in their blood, himself undo.  
 Then let him, newly come from Hell, still mourn<sup>o</sup> *deplore*  
 Cross<sup>o</sup> Fates, and wish he might to Hell return. *opposed*  
 In this I'll favour him. Now I have done  
 90 My work: the night is fled, and day comes on.

### Chorus

Now pale the twinkling host of Heaven appears,  
 Sparingly scatter'd in their shining spheres;  
 Phosphorus drives out his resplendent Train,

And banishes<sup>o</sup> the skies great Charles his Wain;<sup>1</sup> *banishes from*  
 The shining morn doth her kind reds display,  
 And with her blushes ushers in bright day.  
 With his proud coursers Heaven's charioteer  
 Leaves th' Eastern billows in his swift career,  
 Whilst Cynthia with her silver-hornèd beam  
 Gives up the Heav'n to Phœbus' fiercer team.  
 100 And with the Sun fresh labours rise, and cares:  
 The shepherd for his flocks new grass prepares,  
 The wanton bullocks in the forests play,  
 The tripping kid welcomes the newsprung day;  
 The nightingale, with her melodious tune,  
 And trembling voice, salutes the morning Sun.  
 Th' audacious seaman with wind-swelling sheets  
 Commits to th' wat'ry element his fleet;  
 The quiet fisher, sitting on the strand,  
 110 Catcheth the silly<sup>o</sup> fish with trembling wand.<sup>o</sup> *helpless...rod*  
 The pleasant life poor villagers can lead:  
 Their riches are in that they nothing need.  
 The city, with her bright retinue, boasts  
 Her marble pillars and her gilded posts;  
 Her slender<sup>2</sup> value she proclaims to all  
 In stately towers and high-mounted walls.  
 There lives the Miser, glorying in his store,  
 With coffers rich, whilst he himself is poor;  
 There lives th' ambitious, proudly who commands  
 120 His slaves; and there the babbling<sup>o</sup> Lawyer stands, *prating*  
 Robbing poor clients. Quiet they only are  
 Who, mindful of the posting<sup>o</sup> time, debar<sup>o</sup> *flying...deprive*  
 Themselves of nothing. Time behind is bald,<sup>3</sup>  
 And past is ne'er recover'd, ne'er recall'd.  
 Why thus, Alcides, hastest thou to see  
 Hell's dismal shades, once vanquishèd by thee?  
 Let others get themselves a glorious name,  
 And swell the cheeks of the great talker, Fame;  
 Let me a rural lease<sup>o</sup> enjoy; let me *pasturage*  
 130 Contented with a private cottage be.  
 But lo, Megara with torn hair appears,  
 With her Amphitryon, lame with many years.

<sup>1</sup> *Charles his Wain*] The Plough.

<sup>2</sup> *slender*] So ms, but a word with the opposite meaning is required.

<sup>3</sup> *Time...bald*] In reference to seizing time by the forelock. Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, 5.2: 'Begin betimes; Occasion's bald behind.'

Actus 2<sup>dus</sup> Scena 1<sup>ma</sup>

**Meg:** Great Jove, shall never my sinistre<sup>o</sup> fate *unlucky*  
 Cease to pursue me? Shall proud Juno's hate  
 Follow me always? Shall I never see  
 One happy day from my misfortune free?  
 One grief another brings; Jove's envious queen  
 Hath ever to Alcides cruel been.  
 He slew two serpents in his tender age,  
 140 Death's fatal messengers: a sad presage  
 Of fiery Hydra. The swift-footed deer  
 Of Mænalus with never-erring spear  
 He smote, and made the dismal terror groan  
 Of the Nemean woods, and th' tyrant's throne  
 Of Thrace; and fed th' inhospitable steeds  
 With their own master's flesh. Thence he proceeds,  
 And the fierce triple-headed robber bends,  
 And 'twixt two oaks his mighty members rends;  
 He tore up mountains, gave the Ocean space  
 150 To roll his billows in a wider place.  
 He with the fiery dragon nobly strove;  
 He strove and conquer'd. From th' Hesperian grove  
 He takes the precious fruit, and stoutly frees  
 Arcadia from her wingèd Enemies;  
 He slew Lerna's dread monster; th' Amazon  
 Conquering, he bravely snatch'd the royal zone;<sup>1</sup>  
 The Augæan stables then he cleans'd, the stream  
 Of Alpheus making the swift channel clean.  
 But now the world its absent champion mourns,  
 160 Whilst Lycus Cadmus' noble lineage spurns.  
 I saw old Creon lose his crown and head:  
 Now may Thebes mourn her hoary monarch dead;  
 Thebes, whose hard earth brought forth resplendent Arms,  
 Who nourisht gods, whose walls Amphion's charms  
 First founded; these bright tow'rs, this stately wall,  
 Under a Tyrant's haughty rage must fall.  
 Shall unjust Lycus' tyranny possess  
 Alcides' kingdoms, and his cities press?  
 No; the right lord shall find, or make, his way  
 170 From Acheron, and see bright Phœbus' ray.

<sup>1</sup> *th' Amazon...zone*] Hercules snatched the magical girdle of Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons.

Come, my brave victor, up the hills, and wield  
 The mountains, as thou didst fair Tempe's field  
 Make plain; vast promontories cast aside;  
 So tear the womb of earth, make haste, and slide  
 Through her dark concave<sup>o</sup> to set free thy Crown,  
 And wife, and sadly conquer'd Theban town.  
 Let me at last behold that Sun, when charms  
 And chaste embraces may those brawny arms  
 Encircle: when that happy day I see,  
 Great Jove, I vow a hecatomb to thee.

*hollow*

180

Act: 2<sup>dus</sup> Scena 2<sup>da</sup>

Amphitryon, Megara

**Amph:** Come, chaste Megara, thou that art the grace  
 Of Creon's lineage, who adorn'st the race  
 Of me(n), and dost Alcides nobly prove  
 Thy husband, whilst those pledges of his love,  
 Those pretty babes, thou bravely dost preserve.  
 Take courage: from thy better hopes ne'er swerve.

**Meg:** Those that are miserable still believe  
 Aid to be coming, but can ne'er perceive  
 Their hopes fulfill'd. **Amph:** No, those that much do fear  
 Despair of better fates, tho' aid is near.

190

**Meg:** Can one deep buried in Hell's caverns find  
 A way to Jove's bright mansions e'er to climb?

**Amph:** He broke through Libyan Syrts, where the hot sand  
 Forc'd by the wind makes up unstable lands,  
 And so from Hell may reascend. **Meg:** But Fate  
 Pursues great virtue with her greatest hate;  
 And he who from great dangers can advance  
 Secure, at last must yield to unjust chance.  
 But see the tyrant, how he proudly stalks!  
 High pride appears ev'n in his private walks.  
 How like a tyrant doth he use Thebes' towers,  
 Unjustly swaying all the Grecian powers.

200

Act: 2<sup>dus</sup> Scen: 3<sup>tia</sup>

Lycus, Megara, Amphitryon

**Lyc:** My generous ambition ne'er shall claim  
 A lineage drawn from Gods; nor can contain  
 My father's base estate my noble mind.  
 I'll give aspiring thoughts free wing, and climb

To kingdoms by my valour; Honours and  
 Riches wait on you if bright steel command.  
 Megara's love shall reinforce my state,  
 210 Nor dare she my just suit reward with hate;  
 But if she dare my proffer'd love deny,  
 It is resolv'd Hercules' stock shall die:  
 Nor shall black envy my stout<sup>o</sup> projects stop; *splendid*  
 All those brave sprouts from the firm root I'll crop.  
 But here she comes. How nobly she appears!  
 Outshining all the lamps that gild the spheres.

**Meg:** What brings this monster? This destructive bane  
 Of all that sprung from my Alcides' name.

**Lyc:** Beauteous divinity, that draw'st thy line  
 220 From those that now possess the heavenly clime,  
 Should mortal enmity in men remain,  
 Nothing but war, but fire and sword, would reign.  
 Fate-threat'ning torches would our cities burn,  
 Ruin would all things into chaos turn;  
 Therefore the victor war deserts for peace,  
 From war the conquer'd is compell'd to cease.  
 Come then, fair Queen, and of my throne partake,  
 And bed; the perisht Hercules forsake.

**Meg:** Shall I embrue my hands in Creon's fate?  
 230 Shall I my brothers' cruel slaughter rate  
 So cheaply? First the Sun shall leave the East  
 To rise with all his glories in the West!  
 Thou hast took from me all; nothing is here  
 Fixt in this breast—only the hate I bear  
 To thee. **Lyc:** Proud queen, learn better to obey  
 From Hercules. Did not thy kindred slay  
 The chance of war?<sup>1</sup> Therefore let envy cease,  
 And let my love their memories appease;  
 It is thy duty, conquer'd Queen, to be  
 240 Submissive when I cease my enmity.

**Meg:** An horrid trembling runs through ev'ry vein.  
 Can I hear this? How the proud Tyrant feigns<sup>o</sup>! *invents*  
 I did not tremble at war's dreadful sound,  
 But name of marriage gives my heart a wound;  
 Let all Death's engines rack me: rage, sword, fire,

<sup>1</sup> *Did... war?*] 'Were thy kindred not killed by the fortunes of war?'

- Yet only thine, Alcides, I'll expire.<sup>1</sup>
- Lyc:** Alcides drown'd in Styx thou nam'st in vain.
- Meg:** He went to Hell, that so he Heaven might gain.
- Lyc:** Alcides by the weight of Earth is torn.
- 250 **Meg:** No weight can press him who hath Heaven borne.
- Lyc:** I will compel thee to be pliant. **Meg:** I  
Can never be compell'd whilst I can die.
- Lyc:** But dar'st thou die? **Meg:** Dare I my husband meet,  
And in Elysium my Alcides greet?
- Lyc:** Wilt choose a slave before a monarch's crown?
- Meg:** My slave is greater than great monarchs grown.
- Lyc:** Black hell can crush these vaunts. **Meg:** It is no even  
Path that can reach from the dull Earth to Heaven.
- Lyc:** What God's his great progenitor, that dare  
260 That servile slave unto the Skies prefer?
- Amph:** Peace, peace, Alcides' love. After those deeds  
Which made the stout Thessalian Giant bleed,  
After those deeds fam'd through the East and West,  
To whom proud Juno's hatred gives no rest,  
Must we doubt great Jove's son? **Lyc:** Dar'st thou profane  
With thy vile slave's begetting great Jove's name?  
He that is miserable is a man.
- Meg:** He that is valiant, miserable can  
Never be counted. **Lyc:** He the lion's skin  
270 And club cast off, and to the Lydian queen  
Submitted, drest in a fine Tyrian loom;<sup>2</sup>  
Can he be valiant? Can he overcome?
- Meg:** Bacchus ne'er blusht sometimes to trim his hairs;  
Virtue with love sometimes itself repairs.<sup>o</sup> *revives*
- Lyc:** To kill oppress'd Eurytus ne'er was taught  
By virtue, whilst the daughter's love he sought.  
Are these his labours? **Amph:** Why by thee are nam'd  
His vices, not his virtues? He fierce Eryx tam'd,  
And great Antæus and Geryon slew;  
280 These trophies to Alcides' name are due.
- Lyc:** Well then, those things which thou didst grant to Jove,  
Grant to a king: give me thy daughter's love.  
As thou gav'st him thy wife, scorn not my bed,

<sup>1</sup> *only... expire*] I.e. 'I will die yours alone, Alcides.'

<sup>2</sup> *Tyrian loom*] According to Seneca, Hercules wore Tyrian robes when he met Omphale. But according to OED, 'loom' can refer only to the apparatus on which fabrics are woven.

Lest Megara to it by force be led.  
**Meg:** Revengeful ghost of Creon, thy curst Fate  
 Bring to the nuptials which I bear with hate.  
 Come, Danaus' bloody offspring. I shall boast<sup>o</sup> *threaten*  
 To fill her place, who by her virtue lost  
 Her place among the fifty.<sup>1</sup> **Lyc:** Since my will  
 290 Thou spurn'st, thou straight shalt know a king can kill.  
 There's not a god can save thee from my hands,  
 Not tho' Alcides should cast off his bands  
 And be translated to the stars. I'd raze  
 His temples, and his altars I'd deface.  
**Amph:** Alcides' father, grant me this request:  
 Show me the way by which I first may rest  
 In death. **Lyc:** He that can punish all with death  
 Can never be a tyrant: I'll unsheathe  
 My fury in a worser sort. So give  
 300 My vows to Neptune. **Amph:** Do the gods yet live  
 And hold their thunder yet? Why do I tear  
 In vain the sky with vows? My' Alcides, hear.  
 But why do thus the sacred altars shake?  
 Why doth convulsive Earth thus trembling quake?  
 Sure Hercules is near. I hear the sound  
 Of his triumphant steps come through the ground.

### Chorus

Why, Fortune, dost thou still oppress the brave  
 Alcides, whilst thou favour'st the base slave  
 Eurystheus? Who in idleness can reign  
 310 Whilst he doth hydras, lions, Heav'n sustain?  
 But thou and Juno busily combine,  
 And send him to the shades of Proserpine.  
 Break Fate, let Hell be seen; Orpheus could come  
 From its dark caverns, charming with his tune  
 The spirits of darkness, and his long-sought Wife,  
 Dragg'd from Elysium to a second life.  
 By him the Thracian Daughters ceas'd to wail  
 Her absence; he his love could sweetly bail  
 From Hell's hard judges, if he would not look  
 320 Behind him till he pass'd Styx' fatal brook.  
 But true love hates delays: the husband could

<sup>1</sup> *who . . . fifty*] The fifty Danaides or daughters of Danaus (line 287) agreed to kill their fifty husbands on their wedding night; one did not follow the plan.

Not stay, but straight looks back, and whilst he would  
 Keep near, he lost his wife. What he at length  
 Obtain'd by prayer, Alcides will by strength.

Actus 3<sup>tus</sup> Scena 1<sup>ma</sup>

**Hercules solus**

Pardon, great Sol, if I offend thy sight,  
 Dragging this hell-hound to thy sacred Light;  
 And thou, great Jove, veil thy divinity,  
 And place some cloud between this dog and Thee.  
 Neptune, descend into thy wat'ry deep;  
 330 Out of thy billows dare not once to peep  
 Upon this monster—this dread sight must see  
 None but my envious stepmother and me.  
 Unlucky Fates! Could not the spacious world  
 Allow me labours, but I must be hurl'd  
 Into the dismal shades which Phœbus' ray  
 Ne'er can illuminate with shining day?  
 I in those shades plac'd, in th' Antarctic Pole  
 Where Pluto reigns in a dark dismal hole?  
 There, had I pleas'd, I might have reign'd, and bore  
 340 Th' infernal sceptre whilst Fate's books I tore.  
 I conquer'd Pluto, guarded with his Sprites,  
 And Proserpine and Death; hence as my rights  
 I might have ta'en his kingdom; I made plain  
 A way to Hell: Juno, what doth remain?  
 But why do arms the temple thus infest?  
 Why are the altars by rude wars opprest?

Act: 3<sup>tus</sup> Scen: 2<sup>da</sup>

Amphitryon, Hercules, Theseus.

**Amph:** What? Do I dream? Is the Greeks' honour come  
 From Acheron to his oppressèd home?  
 Is 't thy brave body, or thy shade I see?  
 350 My son, I know these arms, I know 'tis thee.  
**Herc:** Whence comes this squalid mourning, whence these weeds  
 Of grief? Speak, father, what inhuman deeds  
 Molest our house? **Amph:** Thy father Creon's dead.  
 Lycus enthron'd, to death his sons hath led.  
**Herc:** Could the ingrateful world afford no aid  
 To me opprest? Or was the Earth afraid  
 To help my house? The Tyrant straight shall die.  
**Thes:** Shall that base Coward, shall that Tyrant lie

- Slain by those valiant arms? No, let him bleed,  
 Slain by my arms; he'll stain thy noble deeds.
- 360 **Herc:** Hold, Theseus, Father, hold; Love, let thy sweet  
 Embrace, the battle done, thy husband meet.  
 My club shall thrust base Lycus to his urn,  
 And make him tell Dis news of my return.
- Thes:** Fair Megara, wipe, wipe away these tears,  
 And old Amphitryon, cast away thy fears.  
 For Creon's death he shall be punish'd. Shall?  
 That is too long; he is, he hath: ye all  
 Are free. **Amph:** Jove prosper his intent and Fate,  
 Whilst thou his journey dost to me relate.
- 370 **Thes:** Thou bidst tell acts which yet affright my Soul  
 With horror; scarce my fears I yet control.  
 Pardon, infernal gods, if I relate  
 Your hidden mysteries, and secret Fate.  
 Where Sparta's rising hills and woods hang o'er  
 With shady branches the Tænarian shore,  
 There is a way to Styx, not dark, but where  
 A doubtful twilight glimm'ring doth appear.  
 This path doth lead through many pleasant lands  
 To the dull stream of Lethe's quiet sands,  
 Which doubts, like swift Mæander's winding creek,  
 Whether the Spring, or Neptune's waves to seek.  
 Hard by, dismal Cocytus' rivers slide  
 Where vultures and foul screech-owls still<sup>o</sup> abide. *always*  
 There's pallid death, shame, famine, terror; there  
 Sad grief, diseases, weak old age and war;  
 There the world's confines end, the Earth so far  
 Can reach; there stands thick and unmov'd the air.
- Amph:** But where doth Pluto keep his burning throne?  
 Where's Pandæmonium<sup>1</sup> kept, and where his crown?
- 390 **Thes:** Beneath Hell's caverns spring two founts: the one  
 With rapid course is termèd Acheron,  
 The other, Styx, in slow lethargic dreams,  
 Through dismal shades, moving his liquid streams.  
 Between the double ford, Pluto's Court stands,  
 Encompass'd round with shades and rolling sands;  
 There sits majestic Dis, high-thron'd above

<sup>1</sup> *Pandæmonium*] The word was coined by Milton in *Paradise Lost* (1667). Its use here suggests a parallel between Hercules grappling Cerberus and Satan's encounter with Death in Milton's epic.

His peers, fierce like the face of thund'ring Jove:  
 There sit the fatal Judges, who dispense  
 400 Through all Hell's kingdoms the grave influence  
 Of justice, who to gross offenders gave  
 Due punishments, rewards unto the brave.  
 There I saw Tyrants, and great captains, gasht  
 With common swords, and by dire furies lasht,  
 Ixion tortur'd on his rapid wheel,  
 While Sisyphus his rolling stone doth feel;  
 Old Tantalus in waters stands, which leave<sup>o</sup> *lave, wash*  
 His tongue, whilst th' apples do his mouth deceive.  
**Amph:** Now tell my Son's great valour, and the foils<sup>1</sup>  
 410 He gave; is Cerberus a gift, or spoil?  
**Thes:** Hell's ford-keeper, Charon, who from Earth wafts o'er  
 Departed souls to th' other Stygian shore,  
 Alcides calls him; Charon doth reply,  
 "From these dark shades, presumptuous mortal, fly."  
 But he by force takes the large boat, which sinks,  
 Oppress'd with weight, in Lethe, to the brinks.<sup>o</sup> *brim*  
 Fierce giants tremble and stout centaurs fear,  
 Taking Alcides for the God of War.  
 Lo, next appear the Palaces of Dis,  
 420 And cruel Cerberus, guarded with the hiss  
 Of serpents wound about his triple head;  
 His shape moves terror, and his anger, dread.  
 Soon as he heard a mortal tread, he stares,  
 Shaking the knotty vipers of his hairs,  
 But at the sight of him, he made the ground  
 And spirits, too, tremble at his hideous sound.  
 Then both approach, but Hercules his arms  
 And Cleonæan skin defend from harms.  
 Then with redoubled strokes, and held-up shield,  
 430 He made the hellish fiend by force to yield.  
 But Pluto gave the conquer'd hound and me  
 To brave Alcides' just request. But he,  
 Stroking his serpents, made them pleas'd, and fawn,  
 And willingly obey, till to the dawn  
 Of light he came; but then he rav'd, the reins  
 Of government he scorn'd, and shook his chains.  
 But we with double strength vanquish'd his rage

<sup>1</sup> *foils*] 'Throws', as in wrestling.

And hellish fury did at last assuage—  
 But lo! Alcides comes, and soldiers round  
 440 About him with triumphant laurels crown'd.

**Chorus**

The world wants monsters for Alcides' sword:  
 He must to Hell. He's gone, and to the ford  
 Of Styx, but not alone—there thousands fly,  
 But ne'er return; some young, some old, all die.  
 But now Apollo's ray gives to the Earth  
 That happy morn which gave Alcides birth;  
 Fly to the sacred altars in the dance,  
 With their set orders let the youth advance.  
 Now quiet peace hath stout Alcides' hand  
 450 Brought to the spacious world, and ev'ry land.  
 Hell conquer'd, he returns from Styx: no fear  
 Beyond the bounds of Hell can now appear.

Actus 4<sup>tus</sup>, Scena 1<sup>ma</sup>

Hercules, Theseus, Amphitryon, Megara

**Herc:** Lycus is dead, and they who partners are  
 Of 's tyranny, his punishment shall share.  
 But now I'll to the altars go, and bring  
 My promis'd Hecatomb to Heav'n's great king.

**Amph:** First purge thy hands from blood, then sacrifice  
 To Jove, lest he thy offering despise.

**Herc:** Could I but sacrifice the Tyrant's blood,  
 460 I'd shed it freely on the pil'd up wood.

**Amph:** Send humble prayers to great Jove, that he  
 At last may set thee from these labours free. }  
**Herc:** I'll send up prayers worthy Jove and me. }  
 Skies in their wonted station let him place,  
 And Earth, Air, Sea; let stars the Heavens grace;  
 Let wars and tempests cease, reign peace and love.  
 Let there no light'ning come from angry Jove;  
 Let all foul poisons die, and if the Earth  
 Is now in travail with some monstrous birth,  
 470 Let it be mine. What is 't I see? Black night  
 In the Meridian doth obscure Sol's light.  
 Why do the stars shine out? The lion's claws,  
 One of my labours, frowning with him draws  
 Part of the stars; how cruelly he raves,  
 And frosty winter's fierceness far outbraves.

- Amph:** What quick unhappy change is this, my son?  
Why with false eyes view'st thou the shining Sun?
- Herc:** Through all the world fierce monsters I did trace;  
I pierc'd hell's darkness, rolling waves gave place.  
480 Heaven yet is free: I'll climb into the sky  
And conquer that—'tis promis'd when I die.  
Shall Jove on Earth my valiant sword retain?  
I'll Saturn, and gigantic force, unchain,  
I'll mighty rocks, and centaurs, mountains, throw,  
Whilst Pelion set on Ossa's stately brow,  
And third Olympus to the stars shall come.  
Or° I shall force them thus, I'll Jove dethrone. *ere*  
What? Do I see the Giants moving wars  
With 'scap'd Tityus against the stars?
- 490 Cithæron trembles, high Pallene quakes,  
Whilst one snatch'd Pindus, and another shakes  
Proud Cete; Erynnis shakes her fiery wand,  
And Hell's strong gate doth shut at the command  
Of foul Tisiphone. Cerberus is gone—  
But lo! The offspring of proud Lycus' throne.
- Amph:** Where doth his madness drive him? Now he bends  
His bow, on which still wingèd Death attends.
- Herc:** I'll root out this whole stock. To Mycen's wall  
I'll go, the Cyclopæan rocks and all;  
500 Eurytheus' palaces I'll tear; but here  
Another child lies hid, which thus I tear.
- Amph:** How cruelly he whirl'd the babe, and tore  
His limbs, making the pavement blush with gore!  
Whilst his poor Megara with another flies,  
Tearing the firmament with woeful cries.
- Herc:** Shouldst thou to Heaven ascend, and in Jove's breast  
Lie hid, thee from his hand this hand should wrest.
- Amph:** Megara, where fliest? Thou can't avoid the face  
Of Hercules: win him with thy embrace.
- 510 **Meg:** Know'st not this face, my love? Know'st not thy wife?  
Whom but thy children dost thou rob of life?
- Herc:** I've caught proud Juno; now to pay th' art sure  
For all those labours I did long endure!
- Amph:** The silly° infant, frighten'd with the sound *harmless*  
Of 's father's anger, died before the wound.  
But now he brandisheth his dart, and strikes  
His fearful wife, whilst his poor Megara shrieks

And falls, struck dead. Can my old age forbear  
 And see this slaughter? Hercules, strike here!  
 520 **Thes:** Hold, hold, Amphitryon, rather fly from charms,  
 And hide thyself from Hercules' mad arms.  
**Herc:** Juno, to thee this sacrifice I give!  
**Amph:** But first strike me, let not an old wretch live;  
 Let me no longer only live to weep.  
 But lo! Alcides is o'ercome with sleep.

### Chorus

Weep, Sea and Earth and Air, let Heaven's high towers  
 Groan out in thunder and shed tears in showers;  
 Weep, Titan; for thee brave Alcides met  
 At thy Eastern rising, and thy Western set.  
 530 Sweet Sleep, Death's brother, ease his weary eyes,  
 Compose his madness, while secure he lies.  
 Scarce hast thou yet settled his troubled brain:  
 How his right hand he brandisheth in vain!  
 Oh, how he beats his breast, with the same hand  
 Which once did Hell, and Sea, and Earth command!  
 Hear, Heaven and Earth, hear, Proserpine and Hell,  
 Hear his complaints, let dismal Chaos tell  
 In echoes his sad strokes. O, how the ground  
 Trembles! Three kingdoms at one stroke resound.  
 540 Go mourn ye darts in monsters' blood embru'd,  
 But now polluted with more sacred blood.

Act: 5<sup>th</sup> Scen: 1<sup>st</sup>

Hercules, Amphitryon, Theseus  
**Herc:** Under what climate do I breathe? What land  
 Now holds me? Is 't where the wide Ocean's band  
 Circles the Earth? Or th' Arctic Pole, or East,  
 Or where the setting Sun lies in the West?  
 Am I in Earth, or not return'd from Hell?  
 O my prophetic soul!<sup>1</sup> All is not well.  
 Whose are these bloody bodies? Sure I see  
 Slain trunks of some infernal deity.  
 550 O how I fear! My mind presageth ill;  
 Where is my father? Where my wife? Worse still  
 I fear, I fear. Where are my children gone?

<sup>1</sup> O... soul!] Quoting *Hamlet* 1.5.40, and thus creating an intertextual moment in which, among other things, *Hercules furens* is identified as another revenge play.

Why am I thus forsaken, left alone?  
 Where is my club, my darts, my lion's toils?  
 What mortal durst steal from me those brave spoils?  
 Who fears not Hercules asleep? Rise, rise,  
 Alcides, find the robbers, snatch the prize.  
 What is't I see? My children slain! My wife  
 Murder'd! What, Lycus, durst maintain a strife  
 'Gainst Hercules return'd? Come forth, appear,  
 Alcides' conqueror: if thou bear'st a share  
 In Geryon's flocks, or wilt revenge the day  
 In which Antæus fell, make no delay.  
 Why doth my faithful Theseus weep and fly,  
 And why doth old Amphitryon? Speak, and dry  
 Those tears, and tell who this destruction wrought?  
 Were they the soldiers of slain Lycus brought  
 This damage? **Amph:** Let these evils pass unknown.  
**Herc:** Pass by? Then shall I not revenge my own?  
 Did ever any silently pass by  
 Such signal injuries? And then shall I?  
 Speak, father, whence those wounds, that bloody dart  
 Poison'd with blood of Lerna's serpent's heart?  
 I see my darts; I need not seek the hand  
 Which bent that bow scarce bent at my command.  
 Is 't not my crime? It is, they silent stand.

**Amph:** They are thy deeds, but 'twas proud Juno's rage  
 Which caus'd thee so to grieve my latter age.

**Herc:** Hold not thy thunder, Jove, let the bright pole  
 On me fierce lightning's dismal fires roll.  
 Why doth high Caucasus stand void? Let me  
 In freed Prometheus' place there fast'ned be.  
 In an heap'd funeral pile myself I'll burn,  
 And so I'll Hercules to Hell return.

**Amph:** He turns his madness 'gainst himself; and still  
 He raves, and now, alas, himself would kill.

**Herc:** Torments for damned souls prepar'd I crave,  
 And Hell's most dismal mansions beg to have.  
 How shall I mourn thy fate, my child? Bring back  
 My sword and darts: I'll break them for thy sake,  
 I'll break my club and arrows at thy urn,  
 And my fond<sup>1</sup> weapons in thy pile I'll burn.

**Thes:** Now Hercules let Hercules sustain;

<sup>1</sup> *fond*] 'Valued only by fools, trifling, trivial' (*OED* 4).

- Conquer thyself, so greatest trophies gain.
- Herc:** My arms, my Theseus, bring my arms; I'll find  
A way in death to ease my troubled mind.
- Amph:** By all that's good, by the most sacred tie  
Which binds the son unto the father, I  
Entreat thee, leave not my old age a prey  
600 To enemies: thou only pillar, stay,  
Reserve thyself. **Herc:** Whether I die or live,  
'Tis nothing, since I did myself deprive  
Of wife, of children, arms and fame; my grief  
In nothing else but death can find relief.
- Thes:** Wilt kill thy father? **Herc:** No. I therefore fall,  
Lest, mad, I dash his brains against the wall.  
Rise, father, let hard fates, let piety,  
Let virtue move; bring, bring those arms to me.  
Proud Juno and cross<sup>o</sup> fates I now defy: *contrary*
- 610 **Thes:** This hand shall vanquish fortune while I die.  
If father's prayers cannot move thee, then let  
My tears prevail. Rise, conquer<sup>o</sup> bravely yet *win*  
Dominion o'er thy passion. **Herc:** If I die,  
I purge the Earth of foul impiety.  
Could I but now my crying Infants kill,  
And dearer wife than they, and can I still  
Live after this? No: fetch my club, or, Thrace,  
I'll rob thee of thy Pindus, and displace  
The groves of Bacchus. Then I will lament  
620 And burn myself, and make my monument  
The ruins of proud Thebes. But if that town  
With her seven gates cannot well press me down,  
The stars from their fixt seats shall soon be hurl'd,  
And in my ruin I'll involve the world.  
Give me my arms. **Amph:** Then with this dart I'll pierce  
My breast, and go with my dear grandchild's hearse.
- Thes:** With comfort cross thy father's black intent.
- Herc:** What shall I do? **Amph:** If die, this breast I'll rent.<sup>o</sup> *rend*  
Not speak? Then thus to Pluto's shades I'm gone.
- 630 **Herc:** Hold, father, hold thy hand, I now have done.  
I banish virtue, and will thee obey.  
One great Herculean labour his black day  
Hath finisht. Whither shall I fly? What land  
Will hide me from the Furies' vengeful hand?  
Nor Nile nor Tanais, Tigris nor Rhene,

Nor the rich sand of Tagus' yellow stream,  
 Nor Scythian Mæotis, nor the brine  
 Of Neptune e'er can wash away my crime.  
 The world flies from me; me all mankind shun  
 640 As some dire monster; the resplendent Sun  
 With freer beams beholds the hellish fiend.  
 But come, my Theseus, come, my faithful friend,  
 Find out some den to rest my weary'd mind.  
 Come, some just punisher of crimes be kind,  
 Ease me, and send me to Hell's shades; thou wilt  
 So give me ease from wickedness and guilt.  
**Thes:** Then come for° Athens; there great Mars was freed to  
 From all his murders, all his wicked deeds.  
 That land shall boast to make thee innocent  
 650 Which heretofore gave mighty gods content.

Finis

## XSE02

Anon.: *Thyestes*. Bod. MS Rawl. poet. 76, pp. 44–98 (excerpted at SE05)

Many translators who produced a version of the second chorus of *Thyestes* must have identified the play's subject, or one of them, as kingship, 'greatness'. This translator has also identified it as a revenge tragedy, so that this English version is cross-fertilized by the Jacobean revenge plays which were themselves responding to Seneca (see line 426 for one example). For further introductory comments see XSE01, headnote.

Ms corrections to and annotations on this text are ignored here. They appear not to be authorial, and in many cases consist merely of a word scored through without another being provided to replace it.

## THYESTES

Actus 1<sup>mus</sup> Scena 1<sup>ma</sup>

Tantalus his Ghost, Megæra

**Tant:** What Fury hales me from infernal Night?  
 What God drags Tantalus to hated Light?  
 Can I worse punishments endure than burn  
 With everlasting thirst? What, must I turn  
 The still backsliding stone? Or must the wheel  
 That racks Ixion tear me? Must I feel  
 Tityus's fierce vulture and the night repay  
 My mangled liver what it lost by day?  
 The ravenous bird admires her pregnant store,

10 Which grows as fast as he did glut before.  
 But whither now? O thou, whoe'er dost sit  
 Grim judge of Pluto's universal pit,  
 Double the native terror of Hell's face,  
 Invent new Furies, and worse tortures place  
 (If worse to Hell, than Hell itself can be),  
 Such as, when porter Cerberus shall see,  
 Shall sneak to's lodge, and his hair's vipers shrink,  
 Sad Acheron softly creeping by his brink.  
 Nay, I myself shall stand aghast, and fear.

20 Invent, invent! Here comes a gang who are  
 The greatest sinners of their race, whose crimes  
 Outdo all ages, nay their Grandsires' times.  
 Compar'd with these I seem all innocent;  
 My guilt is nothing when I theirs resent.<sup>o</sup>  
 Well with my kindred Hell I'll fill, nor shall  
 Minos be idle till my House doth fall.

*experience*

**Meg:** Hence, impious shade, hence to the world; thy fate  
 Take with thee; scatter Malice, Envy, Hate,  
 High-mettled Sin let straggle with loose reins.

30 Let civil wars upon the Grecian plains  
 Be wag'd, rage licens'd, fury wield their swords  
 Till they are oergorg'd with blood, and all accords  
 Be broke and cancelled. Let thy crimes survive  
 In these thy Grandchildren, and let them strive  
 Their Grandsires' sins not only to maintain,  
 But thrive in firming,<sup>o</sup> and new conquests gain.  
 Let brave<sup>o</sup> sin never through oppression fade,  
 Nor of that bugbear, Justice, be afraid.

*confirming  
 excellent*

40 And when two Brothers thus do sin and fight  
 To gain the Kingdom, let both lose their right,  
 And fortune for a while usurp the throne,  
 Pluck down their Empire, and erect her own.

At last propitious fate shall them restore,  
 First to their Kingdom, then to sinning more,  
 For which the sceptre they had lost before. }

Let all hate them as they themselves: let Brother  
 His Brother hate, and Son be fear'd by Mother;  
 He her, she him alternately shall hate,  
 Make all distracted with confused debate;  
 50 Make children basely die, but worse be born:  
 I'll let them be, as ill begotten, torn.

Make wife the husband kill, let raging war,  
 With fiercer sword from Greece transported far,  
 Stain the whole world with blood; let lust encrease,  
 Let faith, love, friendship, all good actions cease,  
 Nor Heaven itself let 'scape thy rage. Let Night  
 With her black curtains veil the wonted light;  
 Let Sol himself at their black deeds retreat,  
 Lurk into clouds, and rob the day of heat.  
 60 Fill, fill thy house with wickedness, with rage,  
 With fire, and that with hotter blood assuage.  
 A greater crime than Thracian annals tell  
 When beauteous Progne's offspring sadly fell.  
 Haste, haste; but why is Atreus' hand grown slack?  
 Dares he not now the generous sin attack?  
 I hear not yet Thyestes groan, nor see  
 The sodden offals<sup>o</sup> of his Progeny; *bloody limbs*  
 Haste, haste, it's time the festivals were done;  
 You'll find no novelty: begone, begone.  
 70 This day a respite to thy pains I grant:  
 Go glut thyself, and ease thy former want.  
 Quaff full carouses<sup>o</sup> in brisk blood, and see *draughts*  
 That all drink off their bowls as well as thee.  
 Nay stand,<sup>o</sup> the feast is good, of tender boys— *remain*  
 I fear I've cook'd a dish thy stomach cloy.  
**Tant:** Let me return unto my dismal pool.  
 Let me for ever water want to cool  
 My thirst; if that's too little, let me fry  
 In Phlegethon's hot streams eternally.  
 80 Thou who art subject to the laws of Hell, }  
 Thou who liest trembling in a tott'ring cell, }  
 Fearing its fall, and wishing it had fell;  
 Thou who fear'st lion's jaws, thou that art lasht  
 With snakes, and livest to see thy body gasht;  
 What'e'er malignant grapples with the flames,  
 And all Hell's rigours in their dreadful names,  
 Hear Tantalus, believe me, and embrace  
 Your milder tortures. I my better place  
 Am forc'd to leave (Styx, my kind Styx I love)  
 90 To visit the more Stygian world above.  
**Meg:** Never return, till thou hast rais'd all strife.  
 Make war the joy, because thence death, of life.  
**Tant:** Is't not enough that here in pains I lie,

Unless to others I a pain must be?  
 Behold, I go, and to the world rebound  
 Like some dire vapour that has cleft the ground  
 T'engender with the Night, and blast the Day,  
 Or Pestilence that riseth to display  
 Infection to the world. Great Jove, I'll tell  
 100 These dire designs, nor will I e'er conceal  
 From Atreus such disasters, such black deeds,  
 Tho' Hell's whole magazine of punishment succeeds.  
 Why frown'st thou so, grim fiend, and wav'st thy snakes,  
 With threats far worse than those their hissing makes?  
 O how she scourges me! Hold, hold thy hand,  
 I go, I fly to finish thy command.  
**Meg:** Divide thy fury ere its vigour stops,  
 And thus, and thus disperse the spreading drops. [shaking her torch  
 Let Brother thirst after his Brother's blood,  
 110 Earnest as thou at Styx's failing flood.<sup>o</sup> *river*  
 So—'tis well done—the world will straightway burn  
 By thee infected; now to Styx return.  
 See how the grass grows pale, and shrivels up;  
 Mark how the rivers which o'erflow'd the cup  
 Just now start back, forgetting nature's course,  
 Thronging unto the rocks, their parent source.  
 The trees through fear shake off their leaves and fruit,  
 Scarce dares the shiv'ring top trust to its root;  
 Old Alpheus does his streams refuse to lead,  
 120 And grave Cithæron shakes his hoary head;  
 The frighted mountains sweat a flow'ry dew,  
 The sun grows wan, methinks, and pale and blue,  
 And backward reins his horses; all things fade  
 At the approach of Tantalus his shade.

### Chorus

If any God propitious is  
 To the Argolic Palaces,  
 If any from his shining seat  
 Elis regard, Elis the great,  
 Whose gilded towers reflect their grace  
 130 On the fair hours of the place,  
 Or if the separated sea  
 Near Corinth's walls defended be  
 By Powers above; if they do know  
 Taygetus his silver snow

(Which when bold Boreas with his blasts  
 Heaps up together, and o'ercasts  
 A binding surface, the warm steam  
 Of summer gales resolve, and free 'em);  
 If any honour Alpheus' name,  
 140 Which glides near the Olympic game;  
 Let them to us now candid be,  
 And from this mischief set us free,  
 Lest Atreus worse than's Grandsire prove,  
 And Tantalus his crimes should love.  
 No more, ye Gods, let this curst race  
 Themselves with bloodshed thus deface;° *defame*  
 Nor justice nor unjustice could  
 Debar this crew from shedding blood.  
 Deceiving Myrtilus was deceiv'd,  
 150 And for his cheat a worse receiv'd.  
 Him Pelops hurl'd into the sea,  
 A fit reward for perjury;  
 Pelops his Father went to greet,  
 But he th'officious° youth does meet *dutiful*  
 With a drawn sword; thus the son must  
 Fall victim to the Father's lust.° *desire*  
 His tender limbs were cut and drest  
 To make the Gods and him a feast,  
 But, for the feast he then prepar'd,  
 160 The host the worse for ever far'd;  
 In hunger and in thirst is pin'd° *made to suffer*  
 Still for the dainty° he design'd. *delicacy*  
 Justly who thus the Gods durst use,  
 Eternal punishment pursues;  
 In waters deep the wretch is set,  
 His thirst craves drink, his hunger meat;  
 Near him there dangles Autumn's pride,  
 And tempting rivers by him glide,  
 But he, alas, too oft espies  
 170 Their fraud, and therefore shuts his eyes,  
 And with clos'd lips strives to restrain  
 His appetite: but then, again,  
 Rich fruit displays its pleasures, and  
 His hungry maw his hands command  
 To snatch. But all in vain he tries:  
 They're gone, and only tantalize.

Act: 2<sup>dus</sup> Scen: 1<sup>ma</sup>

Atreus, Servant

- Atr:** Base, slothful sluggard that I am! Shall I  
 Only° complain° after the Tragedy *merely lament*  
 My Brother acted? No: all Greece shall burn,  
 180 Mycene and Argos I'll to ashes turn;  
 My sword shall rage, my angry horse shall spurn  
 The Grecian fields. I'll give him no retreat° *refuge*  
 Until I can my enemy defeat:  
 Nor wood, nor dens,° nor hills, nor lofty tower *caverns*  
 Shall hide his guilty army from my power;  
 He that defends him is my enemy,  
 And vanquisht shall in the same ruins lie.  
 I wish this palace, with its tow'ring head,° *top*  
 Would fall and strike me, so° it strike him, dead. *provided that*  
 190 Revenge, revenge, my soul! Do that which all  
 Times future may condemn, but never shall  
 Forget; I'll do some horrid, bloody fact° *deed*  
 Which he could wish he had on me to act.  
 Atreus, thy wrongs thou ne'er revengest well  
 Unless in wickedness thou canst excel  
 Thyestes; and can then a greater sin  
 Invented be than that was done by him?  
 What can him quell°? Can misery suppress? *overcome*  
 Can prosperous fortune make him sin the less?  
 200 Fair means will ne'er him from his plots revoke.° *dissuade*  
 Well, tho' he can't be bent, he may be broke:  
 I must surprise him ere he can prepare.  
 Both strive; he that strikes first is conqueror.
- Serv:** Doth not the sense of rumour breed remorse,  
 And people's talk? **Atr:** Kings may their subjects force  
 As well to praise their pleasures as to bear.
- Serv:** They who to praise are forc'd by only° fear° *fear alone*  
 Speak well indeed, but still surmises° raise, *suspicious*  
 And hate in mind; but they who get true praise,  
 210 As well the hearts as tongues of subjects gain.
- Atr:** True praise the meanest person may obtain;  
 The great alone can to the false pretend.  
 I'll rule their tongues, and me they shall commend.  
 I'll make 'em willing, tho' they are not so.
- Serv:** Do you but justice, and so all will do.

- Atr:** If to mere justice princes are confin'd,  
They rule not by their own, but subjects' mind.
- Serv:** Where neither shame, laws, faith, nor goodness is,  
That fading kingdom seldom flourishes.
- 220 **Atr:** That faith, that goodness, and those virtues all  
Are private men's concerns; we monarchs fall  
Under no curb, we our own mind fulfil,<sup>o</sup> *comply with*  
And this or that we do because we will.
- Serv:** Grant this, great Sir, yet 'tis an injury  
To hurt a Brother, tho' he wicked be.
- Atr:** And no less injury can be argued, when  
That Brother nothing did but injure men.  
What sin has 'scap'd him? Or what wickedness  
Has he not trial made of more or less?
- 230 **Atr:** By incest he has robb'd me of my wife,  
By theft my Kingdom's gone, and now my life  
He seeks. He has already stol'n the fleece  
On which depends the government of Greece.  
There is a ram, the noblest of all rams,  
Which gloried Pelops' flock; him th' bleating lambs  
Follow'd with joy, and from his golden side  
Young princes gather'd to their sceptre's pride,  
On whose possession hangs the kingdom's fate;  
Maugre<sup>o</sup> all laws, in him consists the state. *despite*
- 240 **Atr:** Him I secur'd in a close pleasant field,  
Firmly wall'd in with whate'er art could yield;  
Yet this Thyestes, through my wife's advice,  
Durst venture to remove this sacred prize.  
Hence sprung our mutual enmity; he fled  
Through all my empire, and has stain'd my bed.  
He stole my subjects' hearts; no part is free,  
Of all my kingdom, from his treachery.  
His business was to wander up and down  
Tempting my people, hazarding my crown.
- 250 **Atr:** He hath took all: here nothing does remain  
But the eternal hate I bear his name.  
Shall I, tame soul, endure all this? Speak, speak:  
How shall I execute revenge, and break  
My fury on him? I'll example take,  
And hence in sinning some progression make.
- Serv:** A satisfaction let thy sword compel:

- Stab him, and send his guilty soul to Hell.
- Atr:** Thou vot'st the end of punishment, but I  
The pains themselves; I'll make him wish to die.
- 260 **Serv:** Can no persuasions force thee to relent,  
Nor no respect to virtue? **Atr:** No, I am bent.  
Hence, virtue, if thou here didst ever dwell;  
Come, Furies, the whole regiment of Hell,  
Possess my vengeful soul: 'tis not yet hot;  
It hungers after some more cruel plot.<sup>o</sup> *scheme*
- Serv:** What new design is hatching now? **Atr:** Resolv'd  
To ease those griefs in which I am involv'd,  
I'll no occasion pass, no sin neglect:  
Tho' means were infinite, I do none reject.
- 270 **Serv:** Is not the sword enough? **Atr:** That cure is small.  
**Serv:** Add to it fire, what then? **Atr:** Nothing at all.  
**Serv:** What weapon then can satisfy thy grief?  
**Atr:** I must Thyestes play<sup>o</sup>—there's no relief. *use*  
**Serv:** This resolution's worse than fury was.  
**Atr:** I do confess it is, but yet must pass.  
A crowd of troubles fill my lab'ring brain,  
An horrid trembling runs through every vein,  
I am tost and rack'd, and of amazement full.  
Somewhat<sup>o</sup> me hither, thither, all ways pull. *something*
- 280 O whither am I snatcht? How the deep holes  
And caverns of the Earth resound, the Poles  
Dart down their thund'ring notes in the clear day,  
The houses crack, Sol hides his blushing ray;  
The Tutelar Gods<sup>1</sup> retire. I'll do a deed  
At which each God shall shake his awful head,  
And, trembling, fly himself to see them fled. }  
**Serv:** I' th' name of Jove what means he now? **Atr:** Some thought  
A strange regret upon my soul has brought.  
Wild fancies coming, going, do possess
- 290 My wavering breast—strange things—I cannot guess—  
Begone, wild—so—this revenge will be  
A crime fit for thy Brother, fit for thee.  
Tereus th' Odrysian tables furnishèd  
With a roast Carcase and a bleeding head;  
I must confess the sin is good and great,  
But old—I can't with credit it repeat—

<sup>1</sup> *Tutelar Gods*] Or (in Seneca) Lares, as guardians of a particular house or lineage.

- I must some new and braver<sup>o</sup> deed invent. *worthier*  
 My grief is great. I can't, I can't repent.  
 Assist me, Tantalus; I'll make the Sire  
 300 Bury his children, not in funeral fire,  
 But his own bowels—so—this punishment  
 Seems pleasing to me. But now where is the man?  
 Atreus, how canst thou thus long idle stand?  
 Methinks before mine eyes Death's image stalks;  
 Horror, by fancy painted, slowly walks.  
 Dull soul, what ails thee? Dost thou feel remorse?  
 Thou must not feel it; there's no greater curse  
 Than to relent, and timely scrup'lous prove.  
 What is the highest sin? That thou must love.  
 310 **Serv:** But tell me, Sir, what stratagems you'll use  
 To catch your Brother in this wily noose?  
**Atr:** Just then I'll catch him when he would catch me,  
 And in his bait shall lurk his Destiny;  
 He hopes to get my kingdom, by which thought  
 He will against Jove's thunderbolts be brought.  
 Rais'd by this hope, he'll cross the Libyan sands;  
 Rais'd by this hope, he'll fall into my hands.  
**Serv:** Who can persuade him you're at peace? Or who  
 Those closer secrets of his heart can know?  
 320 **Atr:** Hope for great things is credulous. I'll send  
 My sons from me their uncle to attend,  
 With invitation that, his exile left,  
 He'd be no longer of his due bereft.  
 If he refuse, I'll take his sons; their grief  
 Will them persuade to come and seek relief.  
 Ambition then, now uncouth poverty,  
 And the sad sense of present misery,  
 Will force compliance, and the proffer please.  
**Serv:** The suffering long those toils,<sup>o</sup> the toils do ease. *hardships*  
 330 **Atr:** Your pardon, Sir, for that; in grief's no gain.  
 The longer it is on, the more's the pain.  
**Serv:** Seek, Sir, some other messengers of fate  
 To execute your crimes, your unjust hate.  
 In youth bad precepts soon impression make:  
 Their Uncle's side they against you may take.  
 Sin often to its forger proves a trap.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Sin... trap*] So ms, but a rhyming line is lacking, unless a triplet is intended.

**Atr:** Dost think to sin from hence they will begin?  
 No sooner were they, but they were all sin.  
 And this same plot which you call bad, my Brother  
 340 Perhaps 'gainst me is hatching such another.

**Serv:** Thy sons through ignorance may the plot reveal.

**Atr:** Dull fool! The plot I will from them conceal.  
 They shall be innocent, for why should I  
 Involve my children in my cruelty?  
 What? Starts my soul? Thy children's guilt dost fear?  
 In sparing them thou dost Thyestes spare.  
 Come, Agamemnon, Menelaus, come:  
 By this I'll know which of you is my son.  
 They weigh not the great errand; but do you  
 350 Be secret. **Serv:** Fear not, Sir, my faith is true.

### Chorus

Now we expect a peaceful reign,  
 We hope the Brothers will again  
 Divide the Kingdom and combine;  
 By its division they two join.  
 What fury Brothers doth persuade  
 Each other's Kingdoms to invade  
 With civil broils? Can ye descry  
 The fate which doth on Empires lie?  
 Not the magic chests of gold  
 360 Which spite of grandeur still grows old,  
 Not jewels which from Ganges come,  
 Nor garments from the Tyrian loom,  
 Nor badge of royal countenance,  
 Can make a King his fame advance.  
 He is a King whom no fears move,  
 Nor pride, nor fickle people's love,  
 Whom neither Tagus' golden sands,  
 Nor Mexico, which fills the hands  
 Of greedy Spaniards, nor the crops  
 370 Of fertile Libya, nor the drops  
 Of threat'ning thunderbolts, nor wind  
 Can toss, like weathercock, his mind,  
 Nor change the purpose he design'd. }  
 Who from his lofty throne can show  
 Himself the petty men below,  
 Can freely meet grim Death, nor strive

With vulgar wishes a reprieve  
 To get; tho' all the Dacian arms,  
 And the Walachian, seek his harms;  
 380 Tho' Germany draws up its force  
 With Scythian and Armenian horse;  
 He has a Kingdom in his heart,  
 Nor trusts to horse, nor sword, nor dart  
 (At which the Parthians claim most skill  
 Who can at once both fly and kill),  
 Defies all engines, rams or stone,  
 To beat down walls of ransacked towns.  
 He is a King who still aspires,  
 He is a King who nought desires,  
 390 He is a King who Fortune tires. }  
 Let him who likes it be styled great  
 Upon the slippery tops of state.  
 Give me, O Gods, a quiet life,  
 Nor let debate, nor law, nor strife  
 E'er haunt my cottage, where I find  
 All joys can bless a Mortal's mind.  
 Let time as smooth as swiftly run,  
 And all the craggy roads quite shun  
 Which lead to honour, which at last  
 400 Is lost, and life in seeking passed.  
 A life I wish wherein I may  
 Live old, and silent pass away;  
 Unhappy he who dies well known  
 To all, but to himself alone.  
 A man of outside who lives high,  
 Is called a Wit, a Debauchee,<sup>1</sup>  
 But knows not, vain fool, how to die. }

Act: 3<sup>tius</sup> Scen: 1<sup>ma</sup>

Thyestes, Plisthenes. Tantalus jun & Frater—mute persons<sup>2</sup>

**Thy:** Now I behold the Grecian towns, and see  
 My country, the best gift that heaven to me,  
 410 An exiled man, can give; the ground I tread

<sup>1</sup> *Debauchee*] At this date often written 'debauché(e)', which might better rhyme with 'high'. The connotations were not always negative: 'sensualist', almost 'epicure', is suggested by some early uses.

<sup>2</sup> *mute persons*] This may be a sign that the translator had performance in mind. All the speeches here given to Plisthenes are given to Tantalus by editors today.

- To which at first me midwife Nature led.  
 I see the goodly pinnacles and towers  
 Rais'd high with marble by the Cyclops' powers,  
 I see the race where I past prizes won  
 When vigorous youth made pliant joints; anon  
 I shall see Argos, where the vulgar throng  
 Will flock in crowds to see me pass along;  
 But I shall Atreus there, my Brother, see—  
 What? Said I Brother? I mean enemy!  
 420 Retire to woods, to shady groves, there rest  
 Among the dens,<sup>o</sup> and rather turn a beast; *caves*  
 Let no Crown's splendid rays dazzle thine eyes;  
 First view the donor, then receive the prize.  
 Whilst I in banishment my life did lead,  
 'Twas free, and pleasant; now, alas, 'tis dead,  
 Heavy and dull: O my prophetic Soul!<sup>1</sup>  
 Why dost thou curb my body in, and roll  
 Surmises<sup>o</sup> in my breast? I fear some ill; *suspicious*  
 My feet do forward move against my will.
- 430 **Plisth:** What means my royal father? Does he doubt  
 Whether to fly again or finish out  
 His journey? Whether country forsake,  
 Or Argos' promis'd Kingdom to partake?  
**Th:** What ails my mind to hold me in suspense?  
 A Brother and a Kingdom? Or can ills  
 Which are by use conformable to will  
 Seem irksome? Now in misery's my joy.  
 Return, return before he can destroy.
- Plisth:** Whether or wherefore dost thou change, and fly  
 440 Crown, Kingdom and a Brother's amity?  
**Th:** I know no cause, and yet I fear; I burn  
 With love of Argos; yet my heart return.  
 So fares the tott'ring ship which doubtful rides,  
 On this side forc'd by rudder, that by tides.
- Plisth:** Banish vain terrors which afflict your breast,  
 Consider what you come to: Crown, and rest.  
**Th:** By Death I shall, which otherwise may come;  
 I shall enjoy a Crown without this doom.
- Plisth:** Maugre<sup>o</sup> all that, a regal power is brave.<sup>o</sup> *despite...fine*

<sup>1</sup> O...soul!] From *Hamlet* 1.5.40, repeating the quotation at line 547 of the *Hercules furens* translation (XSE01) found in this ms.

- 450 **Th:** 'Tis nothing, if you nothing wish to have.  
**Plisth:** But take the Sceptre and enjoy thy ease,  
That thou mayst leave it us at thy decease.  
**Th:** Two Suns at once in heaven never shine,  
Nor can two Brothers in one state combine.  
**Plisth:** Would anyone such miseries endure  
That for his miseries can get a cure?  
**Th:** Honour's indeed cloth'd in false words' delight,  
And meaner fortunes, meanly deck'd, affright;  
But see the fate of Kings: while I stood high  
460 Upon the tow'ring wings of majesty,  
I always fear'd lest those I did prepare  
To guard my life should falsely it ensnare.  
How happily the peasant lives and sings,  
And envies not the gilded state of Kings;  
Proud sin, with all its numerous retinue,  
Can't in a cottage lodge, with poor continue.  
Bright tankards oft black poisons overflow;  
I speak by sad experience what I know.  
Whilst Argos has alternately<sup>o</sup> her fears, *successively*  
470 The smaller towns are void of all such cares;  
These rob no seas for luxury or state,  
Nor live by tribute, or the people's hate.  
I have, I must confess, no foreign land;  
I don't engross a worship,<sup>1</sup> or command  
By sacrilegious right to rob great Jove,  
And so his altars to my own improve;<sup>2</sup>  
I ne'er built gardens on the air, nor heat  
Vast ponds to wash off my luxurious<sup>o</sup> sweat. *excessive*  
I sport no nights in revelling and masque,  
480 Nor sleep the day, nor in the sunshine bask;  
But still my comfort is, I never fear;  
No troublesome state counsels rack my ear.  
The greatest kingdom's when a Prince can live  
Content, and of his Crown himself deprive.  
**Plisth:** But Sir, a kingdom, when the Gods make offer  
Is not contemptible. **Th:** Nor is the proffer  
Slightly<sup>o</sup> being made to be too soon embrac'd, *carelessly*

<sup>1</sup> *engross... worship*] 'Monopolize a position of honour'.

<sup>2</sup> *his... improve*] I.e. (evidently) 'appropriate Jove's altars for my self'; but the use of 'improve' seems strained.

- Lest by relapse I am shamefully disgrac'd.
- 490 **Plisth:** My Uncle bids you take it. **Th:** Some deceit  
Doth sure on his unusual kindness wait.
- Plisth:** Fear not, his broken love will firmer prove.
- Th:** How's that? Can Atreus e'er Thyestes love?  
First corn shall grow in furrows of the sea,  
The Sun shall rule the night, the Moon the day.
- Plisth:** But yet what danger can you, Sir, surmise?  
You cannot fear, because you him despise.
- Th:** I all things fear, yet he can nothing do  
'Gainst me. Alas, my Sons, I fear for you.
- Plisth:** 'Tis now too late to fly: the Gods defend  
500 The innocent, and us their succour lend.

Act: 3<sup>tius</sup> Scen: 2<sup>da</sup>

Atreus, Thyestes

- Atr:** Fortune, I thank thee: now revenge I've took;  
Thyestes and his Sons in a fine hook.<sup>o</sup> *snare*  
Scarce Reason can my' unruly mind control;  
Scarce can my hands deny my willing Soul.  
So, when the prudent hound, swell'd<sup>o</sup> by the scent *excited*  
That's left behind which way the wild beast went,  
He hunts it closely; as it hotter grows,  
And promises his understanding nose  
That prey is near, at last he gains a sight;  
510 Then no slip<sup>o</sup> holds him from the long-sought fight. *slip lead*  
My blood boils hot within my breast; my rage  
Rules all, which yet at present I'll assuage—  
Brother, dear Brother, welcome! See how grief  
And pining sorrows work on human life;  
I'm growing old; eyes sunk, face warp'd, beard gray  
Are symptoms which both age and grief betray.  
Now we're united; let me but embrace  
That body, joy in that desired face.  
Let war and enmity between us cease,  
520 Let piety and love their place possess.
- Th:** I'd weep out all, could I with that excuse  
The base indignities which I did use  
To you extinguish; but alas! My fate  
Your love more cruel makes than did your hate.  
My guilt is greater than you can forgive;  
It was but fit that I ought not to live,

A Brother wrong'd. I can't ingratiate:<sup>o</sup> *gain favour*  
 All I can do is to bewail my fate.  
 Behold these tears, these hands which ne'er did know  
 530 To any yet submissively to bow:  
 Can you forgive? You can; I see him melt  
 In tears; he has with me like passions felt.  
 Here, take these pledges of my love. **Atr:** Rise, rise,  
 Dear Brother; cease such vows to sacrifice  
 To me; I am thy Brother, not thy God.  
 And you, dear pledges<sup>o</sup> of your Father, come, *children*  
 Throw off these squalid vestures, and put on  
 Rich ornaments; come, Brother, share my Crown.  
 Prevent thyself in floods of tears to drown;  
 540 In this I triumph, that I can but live,  
 What chance once gave, by virtue now to give.  
**Th:** The Gods reward you; but I'll not admit  
 A Diadem on this sad brow to sit.  
**Atr:** This kingdom will hold two. **Th:** Believe it mine:  
 Believe it, Brother, whatsoever is thine.  
**Atr:** Will any then from Fortune's favour fly?  
**Th:** Yes, I who know her light inconstancy.  
**Atr:** Take thine, or from my part I will be free.  
**Th:** I take the name, but thine the power shall be.  
 550 **Atr:** Long shine upon thy head this fulgent ray,  
 While to the Gods I thankful victims pay.

### Chorus

Could any think Atreus' fierce mind  
 Could to Thyestes e'er be kind?  
 He melted when his Brother he  
 Beheld, so strong is piety!  
 When war had broke the laws of peace,  
 And all fraternal love did cease,  
 When trumpets' dismal, glorious sound  
 Terror and courage mixt around,  
 560 When fiery steeds pranc'd o'er the plains,  
 And weapons blush'd in crimson stains,  
 This piety the wars could charm,  
 And every reeking hand disarm.  
 Whilst from a cloud of deadly strife  
 Breaks forth a welcome ray of life,  
 E'en now through Mycen's towns there ran

All the fierce terrors which war can  
 Produce; the mother for her son  
 Looks pale, while wives for husbands run  
 570 To th' Altars, and for safety call.  
 Whilst others rear the ruin'd wall,  
 And towers defac'd, one keeps the ports  
 And orders sentries to the forts.  
 Thus fear of war the war exceeds,  
 The shadow more than substance dreads.  
 But now the times have chang'd their face,  
 Victorious peace succeeds war's place;  
 No more is heard drum's doleful noise:  
 Without a trumpet all rejoice.  
 580 So, when the drunken Sea spews out  
 His floods, made headsick<sup>1</sup> by the rout  
 Of winds in hurricanes out sent,  
 Searching all borders for a vent,  
 Sometimes the lesser crowded waves  
 Echo their pains in Scylla's caves;  
 Snarling Charybdis, swoln before,  
 Barks at its still new-coming store,  
 While the fierce Cyclops dreads the force  
 Of's father Neptune, lest the source  
 590 Of waters, and the Ocean's band,  
 Forsaking him, should on the land  
 Break forth, and, still aspiring higher,  
 At last extinguish Ætna's fire.  
 But on a sudden, when the wind  
 Is laid, the swelling waves can find  
 A way to their old channel, and  
 Invite the mariner from land  
 To launch again to sea, and trace  
 Neptune's more kind and smoother face.  
 600 How diverse things can time create!  
 Nothing is free from change or Fate;  
 Pleasure, strength, and wealth and power  
 Have but their short flourishing hour;  
 Sleek-coated mirth and drooping grief  
 Alternately their guards relieve.  
 To you Kings, therefore, I appeal,

<sup>1</sup> *headsick*] This word is not otherwise known in the period.

Who oversway<sup>o</sup> the commonweal: *hold sway over*  
 Level your minds, kill monster pride  
 That doth your Sceptres override;  
 610 Know ye that what to subjects you,  
 A mightier Jove to you can do.

Act: 4<sup>tus</sup> Scen: 1<sup>ma</sup>  
 Messenger, Chorus

**Mess:** Will no kind whirlwind hurry me away,  
 And hide me from the deeds of this black day?  
 O for a mantle-cloud<sup>1</sup> of Pharian air,  
 To seaward bound, and did unload me there.<sup>2</sup>  
 This is a crime will Pelops' house accuse  
 And Tantalus himself will damn. **Ch:** What news?

**Mess:** Or brains or body is transported; sure  
 620 Either I am not what I was, or where:  
 This is not Argos, but some Scythian land,  
 Where Brother doth embrue<sup>o</sup> his guilty hand *defile*  
 In blood of Brother; 'tis so. See, there glides  
 Th' Alanian frozen Ister; on it rides  
 A tiger huge and cruel, rough and grim,  
 The truest emblem of its country's kin.

**Ch:** Reveal—O how I thirst to know—reveal  
 The tragic news: no longer it conceal.

**Mess:** Yes—but my fainting heart cries no—I see  
 630 Before mine eyes th' impious Tragedy.  
 Some swift-wing'd tempest hence my body bear,  
 Wrapt up in clouds to t'other hemisphere;  
 Far let me go, like lightning let me fly,  
 As far and fast as day swims from the sky.

**Ch:** Speak quickly: who has done this horrid deed?  
 What Brother is't has made his Brother bleed?

**Mess:** There is a part of Pelops' house so high  
 It seems rebelliously to threat the sky.  
 This part kens<sup>o</sup> o'er the city from a hill, *looks*  
 640 And, as its lord, keeps down the people's will.  
 Close by does stand a palace large and strong;  
 There have I often seen a crowding throng

<sup>1</sup> *mantle-cloud*] Figuratively, a mantle may be any kind of covering; 'mantling cloud'.

<sup>2</sup> *To . . . there*] Copying error must affect this line. 'To' is a speculative correction from ms 'Tho'; perhaps 'did' should be 'would'.

Of barking lawyers, in the outward hall—  
 A hall most glorious, royal, wide and tall.  
 Not many furlongs off this stately house,  
 There is a grove whose thick and spreading boughs  
 Of Fir and Cypress, and these darker trees  
 By close intextures cause obscurities  
 Through which the Sun could never force his rays.  
 There no rude faun, nor wanton sylvan plays,  
 650 No nymph disports, but cruel deities  
 Claim barb'rous rites and cruel sacrifice.  
 This was the mystic place where monarchs would  
 Foresee events, and causes' knots unfold,  
 Hence know effects, and prodigies of state,  
 By still unravelling the great clew of Fate.  
 Here hang devoted spoils, nor any tree  
 Did want a relic of some sacred prey.  
 The priest himself trembles, afraid to spy  
 The devilship of his own deity.  
 660 There is a well, a wond'rous well; around  
 Grow smoky sloe-trees, and the sodden ground  
 Steams forth thick vapours, while the boiling pot  
 Spews out black scummings, muddy, thick and hot.  
 'Tis thought by night the yelling fiends here meet,  
 And out of complaisance each other greet  
 With pleasant screeches, howls, and rhyming charms;  
 Baleful their eyes, and livid are their arms.  
 Hither, O hither (can it be exprest?)  
 Atreus, the worst of fiends and cruellest,  
 670 His innocent nephews dragg'd, then after he  
 Had drest the Altars, from such victims free,<sup>1</sup>  
 With bounden hands the youths to death he led  
 And bound the sacred fillet round each head,  
 Sprinkled the wine, the frankincense, and knife  
 Religiously prepar'd to take their life.  
 He not the meanest ceremony slights,  
 Such is his zeal, so great his care of rites.  
**Ch:** What bloody priest so strange an offering slew?  
**Mess:** He played the priest himself, and wisely knew,  
 680 With much discretion, and with wicked care,  
 In all concerns to manage the affair.

<sup>1</sup> *from...free*] Perhaps 'previously unencumbered by such victims'.

The grove, which crews of devils could not move,  
 Trembled to see a man a devil prove.  
 His mother Earth groan'd much; the strong-built hall  
 Totter'd, as doubtful how to softly fall;  
 The angry heavens shot a vengeful fire,<sup>1</sup>  
 Deep was the colour, and the form as dire.<sup>2</sup>  
 This flew obliquely through the yielding sky,  
 Scudded o'er Atreus' head, and, as't did fly,  
 690 Display'd to us its blood-portending hair<sup>o</sup>— *tail*  
 So glanc'd away, and vanish'd into air.  
 Twice dropp'd from's head the regal Diadem,  
 And twice he took it up to drop again.  
 All things of fear plain symptoms had but he,  
 Who fear in all but in himself could see.  
 He unamaz'd saw all these dooms and bodes,<sup>3</sup>  
 Grew strong, and boldly fac'd the threat'ning Gods:  
 He paus'd, then rush'd at both, then paus'd again,  
 Considering which of both should first be slain.  
 700 So have I<sup>4</sup> often seen in th' Indian land  
 A leering Tiger 'twixt two heifers stand:  
 At this he grinds his teeth, at that his jaw  
 Draws up, and thus, distracted by his maw,  
 Greedy of both, is doubtful which to kill.  
 So Atreus doubted whose blood first to spill;  
 He doubtful, cares not which. At last he came  
 And stabb'd the eldest, Tantalus by name.  
**Ch:** How did the pretty youth behave himself?  
 How was his face, his courage t'wards the elf<sup>o</sup>? *demon*  
 710 **Mess:** The Youth died nobly, nor did e'er desire  
 To 'scape by force the sacrificer's ire.<sup>5</sup>  
 On(e) great remark<sup>o</sup> of's dying corpse I took: *observation*  
 He<sup>6</sup> could not, tho' he did alive, it brook;<sup>7</sup>  
 Just when the fluttering soul forsook its cage,  
 The body fell on't's murderer in rage.  
 Next Plisthenes he dragg'd, whom by his skill  
 In murder he designs not so to kill:

<sup>1</sup> *a...fire*] I.e. a shooting star (as in Seneca, line 699).

<sup>2</sup> *dire*] 'Dreadful', and in this context probably 'dirus', 'portentous'.

<sup>3</sup> *dooms and bodes*] 'Judgements (?) and omens'.

<sup>4</sup> *have I*] Ms 'have'. <sup>5</sup> *ire*] Ms 'fire'. <sup>6</sup> *He*] Ms 'They'; speculative emendation.

<sup>7</sup> *could...brook*] 'Could not hold it [the body], though he did when it was alive'.

Him he beheads; the head then mov'd around,  
 Muttering, methoughts, a low, imperfect sound  
 720 Of—"Revenge—Revenge"—

**Ch:** After these slaughters, sure he spar'd the child  
 From that Death's ruder<sup>o</sup> jaws? **Mess:** Ev'n as a wild *harsher*  
 Armenian lion glutted with bulls' blood  
 Spares not the weaker cattle of the wood,  
 So Atreus, full but not yet satisfied,  
 Adds this to's former butcheries and pride.  
 He pierc'd his tender body, which did bleed  
 From both wounds quickly the small store. **Ch:** O deed  
 To be abhorr'd! **Mess:** Alas! This is but small  
 730 To what I shall relate. **Ch:** Is not this all?

**Mess:** He then tore out the trembling veins and heart,  
 And view'd his auspice<sup>o</sup> in every part; *auspices, prognostic*  
 The limbs he after jointed, flay'd the skin,  
 Broke all the bones, and, just beneath the chin,  
 Sever'd the body from the head, which he  
 Choicely reserv'd for future misery.  
 Some limbs for spit,<sup>1</sup> and some for pot he took,  
 Others in savoury dishes did he cook.  
 The fire, which never tender<sup>o</sup> was till now, *gentle*  
 740 Stifled itself, and would not heat allow.  
 It pin'd away in mourning, and the smoke  
 Flies not on high, but does itself revoke,  
 And to condense a cloud does kindly try,  
 Wherewith to veil the sin from heaven's eye.  
 But it too soon to its cost spied out the sin:  
 He stood, and fear'd his eyesight bad had been;  
 After he found 'twas true, th' impatient Sun  
 Tries with unwonted speed his course to run:  
 He lash'd his fiery horses from the place,  
 750 And rais'd deep scarlet blushes in his face.  
 They snuft in anger at the goblin<sup>2</sup> crime,  
 Then back they started, discomposing time.  
 The parent eats his child: to whom he gave  
 Life first, to him he now doth give a grave.

<sup>1</sup> *spit*] I.e. for roasting.

<sup>2</sup> *goblin*] Attributive use of the noun, passing into an adjective, is not unknown (compare Milton cit. *OED* 1649: 'Goblin word').

## Chorus

What awkward light now rules the day,  
 Forsaking its long-beaten way?  
 Phœbus, thou'rt wrong: come, wheel about,  
 Show us thy face, and still be stout.  
 Thou fly'st so fast, thou will benight  
 760 Our glorious Meridian light.  
 Sure the wicked supper spy'st,  
 And therefore so from Sparta fly'st.  
 What makes ye hasten thus to lead  
 Thy horses to their wat'ry bed?  
 Doth Tityus with his wounded breast  
 Rebel? Or doth Typhœus cast  
 Ætna his heavy load of fire  
 Against the Gods in sullen ire?  
 Nature is cast into a trance  
 770 At news of such a sudden chance.<sup>1</sup>  
 I doubt the world is at an end,  
 And all things will to Chaos tend;  
 The trudging Sun no more the year  
 Shall measure out, no more appear  
 The silver-hornèd Moon; deep night  
 Hath swallow'd up, for ever, light;  
 Heaven's girdle's fallen into the sea,  
 There to remain eternally.  
 O what unhappy age is this,  
 780 Doom'd to see this analysis!<sup>2</sup>  
 But let us rather comfort take,  
 And best of a bad fortune make.  
 Hence all complaints, hence all vain tears;  
 Let's banish cowardice, and fears.  
 He covets life, who will not die  
 When all things bear him company.

Act: 5<sup>us</sup> Scen: 1<sup>ma</sup>

**Atreus:** 'Twas bravely done—how big methinks I'm grown!  
 My head is garnisht with a starry crown.  
 No more, ye Gods, your altars I'll frequent:  
 790 I've purchas'd<sup>o</sup> that for which I always went;

*obtained*<sup>1</sup> *chance*] Ms 'trance'.<sup>2</sup> *analysis*] The 'breaking up of a complex whole into its constituent parts' (*OED*).

I am equal to you, Gods, for now I hold  
 The regal badge, the sacred fleece of gold.  
 For this it was I have so often pray'd:  
 Enough, enough, I've done. What have I said?  
 Enough? No, 'tis not, I'll go forward still,  
 I'll make him eat his sons which I did kill:  
 For once I'll be his Brother and his cook,  
 I will consummate what in hand I took.  
 Why do I stay<sup>o</sup>? All things are finish'd now; *wait*  
 800 Nothing remains but only that he know  
 His evils. Faith, his stomach is not bad;  
 He eats and drinks as well as if he had  
 The greatest dainty,<sup>o</sup> truly so it is. *pleasure*  
 Him I shall envy his thought<sup>o</sup> happiness: *imagined*  
 See where he lies, o'ergorg'd with wicked<sup>o</sup> meat,<sup>o</sup> *horrid food*  
 And belches up what greedily he ate.  
 O happy I! Could I have done a thing  
 Could such delight to my past fury bring?  
 See how he staggers, now he's drunk with blood.  
 810 But hark, he sings: this doth me the most good.

Act: 5<sup>tus</sup> Scen: 2<sup>da</sup>

**Th:** Cheer up, my soul: this day has crown'd my head  
 With all the joys could be imaginèd.  
 I banish grief from my long-sorrowing heart,  
 Hence want, fear, terror: now with you I part;  
 I cannot fall much lower than I was.  
 'Tis bravely done, when that great man who has  
 Ruled Kingdoms can himself degrade from state,<sup>1</sup>  
 And live in some mean village free from hate.  
 Who with a noble mind bears fortune's frown,  
 820 And cares not when his palaces fall down,  
 He from the high-built roof of Majesty  
 Slides soft, and on his feet lights manfully,  
 Then hugs himself, and silently looks up  
 From his sound station to the slippery top.  
 But that dull happiness I disavow:  
 The noblest joys that ever were, are now.  
 Away with that miscall'd felicity,  
 That holy happiness of poverty.

<sup>1</sup> *degrade from state*] 'Descend from high rank.'

830 I have put off the former man, disown,  
 And quite discard Thyestes, with his moan.<sup>o</sup> *sorrow*  
 But what is this within me doth forbid?  
 What is't that cries "deceiv'd"? What is't lies hid  
 Within my breast? Which to put off commands  
 This crown of flowers? Lo! The roses stand  
 All pale about my brow, tears trickle down  
 My joyful cheeks; methinks I hate my crown.  
 Nothing but grief is pleasant, and to tear  
 My Tyrian garments is my only care.  
 My mind misgives me, and I know not why;  
 840 Can seamen tempests have, and not descry  
 The swelling waves and winds? Why do I feign  
 New terrors to myself? I'll try again  
 To drive these fancies from my troubled mind.  
 I am persuaded I no harm shall find:  
 By all I see, my Brother must be true;  
 If not, 'tis now, alas, too late to rue.

Act: 5<sup>tus</sup> Scen: 3<sup>a</sup>

Atreus, Thyestes

**Atr:** Come let's be merry, Brother, for this feast  
 Will bring this Kingdom an eternal rest.  
**Th:** 'Twould much encrease my pleasure if I might  
 850 Among this mirth enjoy my children's sight.  
**Atr:** Fancy 'em here encircled in thy arms:  
 They'll quickly come; I'll warrant them from harms.  
 You shall be wrong'd of no least limb they have,  
 You shall be satisfied with what you crave.  
 They're now a-sporting with their merry mates,  
 And feed more pleasantly with childish cates,<sup>o</sup> *foods*  
 Yet I will call 'em.—Brother, here's to thee,  
 Rememb'ring well our royal family.  
**Th:** This cup I take as thy dear pledge; but why  
 860 Does not my hand my willing heart obey?  
 The cup grows heavy, and your froward<sup>o</sup> wine *refractory*  
 Deceives my mouth, and pours upon my chin:  
 What means this alteration? Heaven shakes,  
 The qualmish<sup>o</sup> earth with deep convulsions shakes, *nausea-inducing*  
 A gloomy darkness seems to hide the night,  
 And unkind stars deny their golden light.  
 Give me my children, Brother. **Atr:** I will give

- Thy Sons, who shall with thee for ever live.
- Th:** What, does my breast thus rack and torture still?  
 870 I am press'd with some intolerable ill.  
 There hangs on my presaging soul the weight  
 Of an impatient and a grievous fate.  
 Come in, dear children, your sad father calls:  
 Come in —  
 Where are they? I their voices hear as plain  
 As if they were within me, or I feign.
- Atr:** Here are thy children, Brother:<sup>1</sup> now embrace.  
 Nay, these are they, consult each single grace:  
 Do you not know them? **Th:** I know too well.  
 880 So great a mass of sins not yet in Hell?  
 Dear mother Earth, how can thou bear a son  
 So graceless, so impure, to tread upon  
 Thy worthy face? Open thy gaping womb,  
 And in the centre of thyself entomb  
 This lump of filth, nor let me stay behind  
 (I am his Brother, tho' not of his mind):  
 There we shall Tantalus, our old sinner, meet,  
 And all our friends in words of brimstone greet.  
 Unloose thy close embraces, gape awide,  
 890 And let us in a whirlwind downward ride;  
 There we shall live long in tempestuous flames,  
 Swim in blue fire, and bathe in scalding streams.  
 Over our heads unhappy souls shall race,  
 And hover in the scorching smoke we raise.
- Atr:** Here, take thy children, man, and crown thy joys  
 In solace with thy long-expected boys.
- Th:** Brother, one boon I humbly must request;  
 Do me the grace I may enjoy the rest,  
 That I may pay to them, and Nature, all  
 900 The duty that I owe them: burial.
- Atr:** All the remainder thou shalt freely have,  
 And what doth not remain, to thee I gave.
- Th:** What means this riddle? —  
 Thou dost not, sure, for rough-mouth'd beasts reserve  
 My tender children; can I this deserve?
- Atr:** The merest<sup>o</sup> beast, for rank impiety, *most absolute*  
 I chose to eat the prey—and that was thee.
- Th:** Oh! Me unfortunate! —

<sup>1</sup> Here... brother] Atreus at this point displays their severed heads.

Ah! Fond credulity, thou'rt beetle-ey'd.<sup>o</sup> *blind*  
 910 Thou didst my reason blind, and mischief hide;  
 Hence 'tis (oh that I live to know!) the rise  
 Of all our lately dismal prodigies.  
 What can I say, or what expressions make?  
 Oh! Oh! My stomach gripes, my bowels ache,  
 The unconcocted<sup>o</sup> meal rolls in my breast, *undigested*  
 And seeks about to vent, and finds no rest.  
 Lend me that sword, to rip a larger vent  
 Than that at which they crowded as they went.  
 —Not grant, unkind defender of my life?  
 920 What shall I do to end intestine strife?  
 I'll tear their passage out—  
 But hold, impatient hands—no violence  
 Must be in Death to tender innocence.  
 I'll not affront their pretty ghosts with blood,  
 Tho' whilst they liv'd it could not be withstood.  
**Atr:** This yet is scarce enough: thou shouldst indeed  
 Have drunk the blood whilst it did warmly bleed,  
 And see them live to see thee drink. This sin  
 Was done in haste, while anger rag'd within.  
 930 I had some pleasure, I must needs confess,  
 In petty mangling,<sup>1</sup> but the happiness  
 Had been far greater, if the parent had  
 (Which I repent of now) the slaughter made.  
**Th:** Hear, heaven and Earth, hear, Hell, my misery,  
 Hear, day and night, and Jove who rul'st the sky;  
 Throw forth thy thunder in such bolts as fell  
 When rebel Giants were thrown down to Hell.  
 Athwart the sky let thy swift fireballs roll,  
 And lend some light to the late-darken'd Pole;  
 940 Pile a thick shock of fleeter darts with fire,<sup>2</sup>  
 And draw them high, and shoot with killing ire.  
 These level all at me: I'll stand my ground,  
 Tho' thou flew'st down thyself to give the wound.  
 Thus shall I glory in my last desire  
 That I am made my children's funeral fire.  
**Atr:** The triumph now of my revenge is this;  
 The more you grieve, the more my pleasure is.  
**Th:** But, Tyrant, how did children thee offend?

<sup>1</sup> *petty mangling*] 'Hacking into small pieces.'

<sup>2</sup> *shock...fire*] A 'shock' is a bundle; the 'darts' are lightning bolts.

**Atr:** In being thine —  
 950 No more, mad man, play here these frantic<sup>o</sup> tricks: *insane*  
 I know the motive of these conscience pricks;  
 All that provokes your passion to this height  
 Is your not first embracing this conceit.<sup>o</sup> *conception*  
 Yet you had purpos'd such a plot, I heard,  
 And would have serv'd me the same sauce, but fear'd  
 Lest, in the mingled frigacee, you might  
 On some of your adulterous issue light.  
**Th:** Ye Gods, if such ye be, now show y'are true.  
 I freely wish revenge: you it pursue.

Finis

### XSE03

Anon.: *Oedipus*. Bod. MS Rawl. poet. 76, pp. 99–152 (excerpted at SE13)

For introductory comments on the three Seneca translations in this ms see XSE01, headnote. The *Oedipus* is the last and the longest, its 1,048 lines nearly matching the length of the Latin text. One of its special features is that it contains the only stanzaic chorus the translator has attempted (second chorus, 392–534 of this version: one of the two polymetric choruses in Senecan tragedy). The procedure is to start a new stanza when a change of metre occurs in the Latin, though it must be remembered that in the Latin the lines would have been arranged differently from the way they stand in editions today.

A small number of corrections to this text made in another hand after the main copyist's work improve the sense. They may well be authorial, and are adopted here. In the final dozen leaves, damage to the top margin occasionally extends into the text, creating a few small lacunae.

### OEDIPUS

Act: 1<sup>mus</sup> Scena 1<sup>ma</sup>

Oedipus, Jocasta

**Oed:** There anguisht Night yields to the rising day,  
 Which in a black cloud hides its gloomy ray,  
 And only holds us forth a mournful light  
 To see the slaughter of foregoing Night.  
 Who'd to that gilded reed a sceptre trust?  
 Kings are themselves fram'd but of common dust.  
 How many smiling evils lurking lie  
 Under the flatt'ring name of monarchy?  
 As tallest hills struck by swift thunder's blow

10           Envy the peace of humble vales below,  
           As vastest rocks that seas from seas divide  
           Feel the salt washings of the calmest tide,  
           So power, and thrones, and kingdom's slippery height  
           Obnoxious are to the storms of Fate.  
           How well did I fly from my Father's throne,  
           And all the watchful cares that wait thereon?  
           By heavens, by all that's good or sacred thought,  
           I found a kingdom which I never sought;  
 20           Yet still this fear my kingly joys does quell,  
           Lest by this hand my royal Father fell.  
           The Delphian Laurels have this crime foretold,  
           And something else more impiously bold.  
**Joc:**       T'have slain at once a Father and a King  
           Is sure a horrid and unheard of thing;  
           And can there then be nam'd a greater sin?  
**Oed:**       Yes, to have whor'd a Mother and a Queen.  
           This the Prophetic Priest's inspired rage  
           To wretched Oedipus did once presage;  
           'Twas this me from my father's Empire sent  
 30           Not to a forc'd, but willing banishment.  
           For when you fear what's dangerous and ill,  
           Yet fear it, tho' it be impossible.  
           All things I fear, and my self most of all;  
           And now methinks the Fates conspire my fall,  
           Or something else that's worse (if worse can be)  
           Than is the common Theban destiny.  
           Why else should this proud plague that stalks along,  
           And scatters Death 'midst the admiring throng,  
           So fatal unto Cadmus' sacred line,  
 40           Strike without fear at every breast but mine?  
           What greater ills has Fate for me in store?  
           When Death walks free, and knocks at ev'ry door,  
           The falls of sinking Thebes, and fun'ral fires  
           Not to be quenched with fresh supplies of tears,  
           Safe I behold? For with so great a sin,  
           A healthful kingdom, or an air serene,  
           How could I fondly hope? 'Tis we that thus  
           Infect the Heavens, not the Heavens us.  
           No gentle gale refreshing comfort brings,  
 50           Or burning hearts does fan with downy wings,  
           But the celestial Dog shoots pointed beams,

And outward helps adds to our inward flames.  
 And on the Lion, Nemea's fear and pride,  
 Over our heads doth flaming Titan ride;  
 The brooks themselves with heat and thirst grow dry,  
 And healthful herbs hang down their heads, and die.  
 Even Dirce fails, and fair Ismenus slides  
 By his dry banks, and hardly wets their sides;  
 Down from her shining orb the silent Moon  
 60 Hides, and a veil of thickest night puts on.  
 No twinkling stars, those scatter'd seeds of Light,  
 With sprightly flames gild the fair face of Night;  
 Over our heads clouds big with tempests swell,  
 And Heaven itself puts on the face of Hell;  
 Ceres no more can corn to man supply,  
 And she by whom man lives, her self doth die:  
 Death now, and funerals, are grown so brief<sup>p</sup>  
 That it would seem ridiculous to grieve. *common*  
 But, would we weep, it were in vain to try:  
 70 The thirsty plague our eyes hath drainèd dry;  
 The worst of evils angry Fate hath sent  
 Is want of power those evils to lament.  
 Before the altars of the Gods I lie,  
 And call for Death to end my misery,  
 That I may first before my people fall,  
 A royal victim to atone for all,  
 And not alone survive the sinking state,  
 Kept as the last reserve for greedy Fate.  
 O Heavens, too kind at once, and too severe,  
 80 That me alone so cruelly do spare!  
 Lay down thy power, vain monarch, lay aside  
 Thy royal purple, and thy sceptre's pride;  
 Leave this corrupted air, and carry hence  
 What you have hither brought, the pestilence.  
 Rather than stay in Thebes, by Fate accurst,  
 Fly to those parents whom you fled from first.  
**Joc:** What boots it with complaints thus to augment  
 Those evils which complaints can not prevent?  
 'Tis great, and kingly, with an equal mind  
 90 To receive fortune or severe or kind,  
 And by how much Fate threatens, so much more  
 To show a greater courage than before,  
 To stand upright and bear alone the weight,

The only pillar of the sinking state.  
 Basely to yield to Fortune is below  
 Not a King only, but a Man also.

**Oed:** In my fixt courage, what does there appear  
 That carries with it but the show of fear?  
 Should groves of pikes come moving from afar,  
 100 And Mars himself whet his keen sword to war,  
 I against Giants would the war maintain,  
 And strow with massy heaps the blushing plain.  
 Did I from Sphinx, the subtle monster, fly,  
 Folding her words in dark obscurity?  
 I the foul witch's bloody jaws withstood,  
 And without fear beheld the valley strow'd  
 With scatter'd bones. And when from her high rock,  
 Hov'ring above her prey, her tail she shook,  
 And like some Libyan lion lasht her side  
 110 To rouse her sleeping anger and her pride,  
 And clapp'd her joyful wings, I from below  
 Bid her let me the fatal riddle know.  
 She with a hideous sound the dreadful verse,  
 Swelling her cheeks, did from above rehearse;  
 Her angry claws, impatient of delay,  
 Pull'd up the stones, expecting me their prey.  
 I as the wingèd monster growing bold,  
 The knotty words did instantly unfold.

**Joc:** Why do you then invoke when 'tis too late,  
 120 What then had been a lawful wish, your Fate?  
 But having got a sceptre, which to you  
 For slaying the sly sorceress was due,  
 Wishing your death, you wish your people's too.

**Oed:** Yes, I that monster's magic force did quell,  
 And now her ashes against us rebel.  
 This monster, kill'd by me, my Thebes doth kill;  
 No hope is left but from the Oracle.

**Chorus**

The noble race of Cadmus falls:  
 Thebes, thou hast nothing but thy walls  
 130 Of a full city, left to show  
 Thy men are dead that made thee so:  
 Thy warlike youth who heretofore  
 With Bacchus saw the shining shore

Of farthest Indus, idly fall  
 By meagre Death, that swallows all.  
 They boldly in the Eastern plains  
 To their proud coursers gave the reins,  
 And fixt thy standards in the sight  
 Of the first world, and rising light.  
 140 They saw and smelt Arabia, blest  
 With choicest spices of the East.  
 They saw, and 'twas a noble sight,  
 The Parthians' victorious flight;  
 Here first the Sun drives out the day,  
 And, with too near and potent ray,  
 The naked Indians as black  
 As he himself is fair doth make.  
 We, the great offspring of that line,  
 Our triumphs unto Death resign;  
 150 Death smiles the mournful pomp to see,  
 And with how great solemnity,  
 With how long train he's waited on,  
 Down to his dark dominion.  
 On cattle the unjust disease,  
 And innocent Sheep, at first did seize:  
 They from their wither'd pastures fly,  
 Bleat their souls into air, and die.  
 The crownèd Ox with gilded horns  
 Before the Altar stands, and scorns  
 160 To wait Death, from the Priest too slow:  
 Falls, and prevents the lifted blow.  
 The gen'rous horse in full career,  
 With nostrils snuffing up the air,  
 In midst of his unbridled heat,  
 Sinks down beneath his rider's feet.  
 The serpent, with gay painted skin,  
 More poison than her own drinks in,  
 Drinks poison till her own is dry,  
 And having drunk enough, doth die.  
 170 The woods no more the mountains shade  
 With a cool veil of branches made;  
 No more that sacred plant, the Vine,  
 Doth loaded arms to Earth encline,  
 Bow'd by that noble Deity  
 Hid in her purple fruit doth lie.

All things the fall of Thebes do feel:  
 The fatal Sisters, broke from Hell,  
 Wander with snaky hairs about,  
 And fright to Death the dying rout;  
 180 Hot Phlegethon boils o'er, and Styx;  
 With the Sidonian waters mix.  
 Death with extended wings doth over  
 The ruins of the Thebans hover;  
 The aged Ferryman no more  
 With wearied arms can tug his oar;  
 The Shades another Charon lack  
 To waft 'em o'er the Stygian lake;  
 Cadmus his hill, from his steep brow  
 190 Has twice shook off the silver snow,  
 And the Dircean sacred flood  
 Is lost in a new stream of blood.  
 Sad messengers of Death and Hell,  
 Worse than the Death they do foretell!  
 Now a cold shiv'ring fit doth make  
 The well-knit joints and sinews shake;  
 Anon man's capitol, the head,  
 Is set on fire, the eye grows red:  
 This lest world's Sun, with too much heat,  
 Being too red, is near to set.  
 200 Some, that their inward heat might cease,  
 Heat the cold stones with their embrace;  
 Others do drink whole rivers up,  
 Making their burning hands the cup:  
 Their heat by this is greater grown,  
 As lime when water's on it thrown.  
 Some flat before the altars lie,  
 Their only wish and prayer, to die.  
 Thither not to appease the Gods they fly,  
 But to wear out and glut their cruelty.  
 210 —But who is this that in so speedy sort  
 Directs his hasty steps unto the Court?  
 Creon? Or do my eyes, whom fain I'd see,  
 Deceive me that I see him? No. 'Tis he.

Act: 2<sup>dus</sup>. Sc. 1<sup>a</sup>.

Oedipus, Creon

**Oed:** I'm in an ague till I know how fate  
 Doth his dread will on this occasion state,

- For when events ambiguously appear,  
 What we should chiefly shun, we chiefly fear.  
 Creon, if thou canst ease me, Creon, say:  
 Vex me no longer with a dumb delay.
- 220 **Cr:** The Delphic tongue is split, and what he spoke  
 Remains yet mantled in a gloomy cloak.
- Oed:** In dusky veils kind promises to shroud  
 Helps not the poor, but leaves them in a cloud.
- Cr:** It is Apollo's way to twist his words.
- Oed:** But speak 'em, Creon, I'll unhoist the cords.<sup>1</sup>
- Cr:** Revenge on murder strictly he commands:  
 The Prince's blood must stain the Traitor's hands.  
 Till then the Sun will never smile kind rays,  
 But make us penance do in mourning days.
- 230 **Oed:** Who does his Godship say this traitor was,  
 If punishing of him as cure might pass?
- Cr:** Scarce can I truly with a gust° relate *relish*  
 What was to see and hear so desperate:  
 My blood congeals, and dew swims o'er my face  
 With bare reflection on the sullen place.  
 Now had I trod the brink of sacred ground,  
 Now had I paid my orisons around,  
 Now had I humbly bow'd, and now I meant  
 My suit with all submission to present.
- 240 **Oed:** Soon had I spoke, when lo! An horrid groan  
 Belch'd from the bowels of a troubled stone,  
 Agèd Parnassus shook his forkèd head,  
 And round him plumy° hoariness° was spread. *feathery whiteness*  
 The God's green laurels trembled on his brow,  
 Trembled, and made the temple tremble too.  
 The virgin° bristled then her grisly hair, *priestess*  
 Look'd big and bladder'd° with inspired air. *swollen*  
 Then 'twas, O then! The terrifying noise  
 Sent out these words with somewhat more than voice:
- 250 "The Stars to Thebes once more their kindly beams shall yield,  
 If Dirce banks the wandering stranger be expell'd.<sup>2</sup>  
 He did the fact,° him Phœbus knows and knew of old, *deed*  
 Knew him from th' womb to which again he's basely roll'd.

<sup>1</sup> *But... cords]* 'Only speak them, Creon, and I shall untwist the strings.'

<sup>2</sup> *If... expell'd]* 'If the wandering stranger be expelled from Dirce's shore.' 'Expel', *OED* 1a, notes possibility of double object by omission of 'from'.

Nor shall the sin advantage much, for we foresee  
 War to himself, and war to his Posterity.”

**Oed:** The execution of this dread command  
 Ought to have came from a more timely hand.  
 Wrongs done to princes claim a quick redress:  
 His person suffers, and his crown no less.

260 But few revenge his death whose life was fear'd;  
 Kings only must who on Kings' dust are rear'd.

**Cr:** The ills we suffer by his death is small:  
 Some greater mischief hastens to us all.

**Oed:** What, does thy fear presage some broken rite?  
**Cr:** The Oracles presage my fear was slight.

**Oed:** Now may ye, Gods, at once this mighty band,<sup>1</sup>  
 Expiate the sin, and perfect your command.  
 Thou then, great Jove, whose universal will  
 Hurries by poles as fast as thou' keepst Earth still;

270 And thou of Heav'n's fair face the fairest eye,  
 Who coursest o'er the girdle of the sky;  
 Thou too, who tripp'st with modesty behind,  
 And thou who triumphst in a coach of wind;  
 And thou, O great controller of the shades,  
 Crowd my desires with your united aids:  
 Let him that Laius treacherously slew,  
 His treason in perpetual exile rue.  
 Let him be banish'd from his banishment,  
 From far-plac'd regions further yet be sent;

280 Let him endure (for who can wish him more?)  
 What I have shunn'd, and yet have almost bore.  
 I will no pardon to the traitor give.  
 I swear, as you, ye Gods, and I do live,  
 So may my Polybus on gladness ride,  
 So may his days in hoary calmness slide,  
 So may my Merope love her Polybus  
 As no one shall extort reprieve from us.  
 But, Creon, tell, how was this villany:  
 Was it by open war, or treachery?

290 **Cr:** Now was the peaceful King nigh Delphos, now  
 Over the triple-headed<sup>o</sup> lane did go, *triplly forking*  
 When lo! The fatal troop did issue out,

<sup>1</sup> *band*] Ms 'hand'; speculative emendation. The gods alluded to subsequently are Jove, Phoebus, Phoebe, Neptune, and Pluto.

And slew our King, and safely wheel'd about.  
 But here, Great Sir, I see Tiresias come.  
 You may remain, but I must quit the room.

Act: 2<sup>dus</sup> Scen: 2<sup>da</sup>

Oedipus, Tiresias, Manto

- Oed:** Sage Bard, disclose the criminal; untie,  
 Thou next to Phoebus, Phoebus' mystery.
- Tir:** I beg your gracious pardon for a time,  
 If I suspend<sup>o</sup> the author of the crime. *hold in suspense*
- 300 A dim confusion cloisters<sup>o</sup> up my sight: *closes*  
 I in the dark can't soon bring that to light.  
 But when my country and my God oblige,  
 I'll ransack fate to pleasure you, my Liege:  
 Then some fair bull to th' sacred altar draw,  
 Who never yet felt goad, not harness saw.  
 Thy father's dimness, Manto, thou supply:  
 See but the signs, I'll see the mystery.
- Mant:** Before the altar now the victim stands.
- Tir:** Then patiently expect the God's commands,  
 310 But let the holy place with spice be drest,  
 Pickt from the flow'ry bosom of the East.
- Mant:** Around the Altar now I scatter spice.
- Tir:** How speaks the flame? Doth it with vigour rise?
- Mant:** It flash'd, and flashing, fainted<sup>o</sup> in a time. *became faint*
- Tir:** Did its golden breathings strongly vent?  
 Did they fly clear, as if at heaven meant,  
 And scatter spangling threads about the air?
- Mant:** The flame confus'd, confus'd the colour was,  
 320 As when gay Iris with her painted face  
 Runs o'er the wat'ry pavement of the sky,  
 As smiling prologue to a tragedy:  
 She tempers colours, so that in her glance  
 Nor what she has we know, nor what she wants;  
 So did the blinded flashes of the fire  
 Lour in strip'd dullness, and at last expire.  
 But lo! A schism does in it now appear:  
 The fuel parts. Bad omens, sir, I fear.  
 The sacred wine turns to a deeper dye,  
 Thickens, and now for wine I blood espy.
- 330 A cloud of smoke swims round the Prince's head,  
 And in the air a duskishness is spread.

- Divine, wise parent, what the things portend.  
**Tir:** What shall I say, what can from hence be kenn'd,  
 When all the subtle travels of my mind  
 Can no true track in this confusion find?  
 Bad are the tokens, but bewilder'd still.  
 Gods us'd more clearly to reveal their will;  
 Or they're deceitful, or they're modest grown,  
 That to deny which now they seem'd to own.  
 340 Gross is the crime: the business must be base  
 For which no God dares to unveil his face.  
 Once more adventure, Manto, the request;  
 Offer one bull, one cow, and both the best.  
 Tell me what brow their lofty foreheads curl:  
 Does't joy, or frowns, from the dread eyelids hurl?  
 Does it with pleasure seem to meet the stroke?  
 Or every footstep with a snort revoke?
- Mant:** The Bull, Sir, when his head was eastward plac'd,  
 Twinkled his eyes, and seem'd to be outfac'd.<sup>o</sup> *disconcerted*
- 350 **Tir:** Tell, at one blow did either victim fall?  
**Mant:** The heifer, Sir, did so, and did withal  
 Run wildly on the knife to meet the wound.  
 The bull bore two, then reel'd, then fell to ground.  
 There weltring in his blood he long did lie,  
 Till with reluctance he at last did die.
- Tir:** Does blood from th' wound gently or fiercely flow?  
**Mant:** From one it thus doth come, from t'other so.  
**Tir:** I tremble at the strangeness of the thing,  
 But view: what omens do the entrails bring?
- 360 **Mant:** O heavens, Sir, what means this horrid sign?  
 The bowels, as unwilling to resign,  
 Struggle extremely, crowd together, and  
 When I but touch, they buffet oft my hand.  
 Now issue out fresh torrents from the veins,  
 The heart grows livid, and corrupt<sup>o</sup> remains. *diseased*  
 Each rib from rib as in a schism doth fall,  
 The clotted liver's venom'd<sup>o</sup> with the gall. *poisoned*  
 And lo! Its tip is forkèd, Sir; I see  
 An omen which of nought but kings can be.
- 370 The wounded carcasses attempt to rise,  
 Not as they were, but claim a sacrifice.  
 Each horn makes at a priest, and fain would gore  
 By whom they more than gorèd were before;

The bowels, too, as stubborn are and strong,  
 As if more life did in by dying throng.  
 Nor are the lowings which your ears admire°  
 Sent from the beasts, but from their blood and fire.

*marvel at*

**Oed:**    Unfold, wise man, this holy, dreadful thing:  
 A desperate cure doth often safety bring.  
 380    Tell me but only what the Gods desire;

**Tir:**    Who was the murd'rer of my goodly Sire?  
 For this we must make friends to very Hell,  
 And ask his ghost who can the secret tell.  
 We must pluck up the juices of Earth's womb,  
 And beg the Devil to let Laius come  
 Ere we can know. But whom, Sir, do you put  
 To see this frightful rite? For Kings must not.

**Oed:**    Then, Creon, you must the black business wait  
 From which my empire must expect its fate.  
 390    **Tir:**    While we unhinge the gate o' th' Stygian lake,  
 Some pleasing hymn ye to our Bacchus make.

### Chorus

(1)

Hither your flow'ry garlands bring,  
 Crown your harps, and let them sing,  
 Sing to great Bacchus, our eternal King.

}

    Thee, rosy Bacchus, we adore,  
 Thee, the most glorious of the gilded eyes°  
 That trample o'er the pavement of the skies.  
 Come, come, gay, spangled God,  
 Come, kind refresher of a troubled mind,  
 400    And to thy temples ivy bind.

*suns*

    Join the jocund berry too,  
 And the Thyrsus bring with you,  
 The Thyrsus, thy almighty verdant rod.

(2)

Thy humble Thebes doth thee invoke,  
 Thebes, now obnoxious to a heavy stroke.  
 Come, Bacchus, with a joyful smile,  
 Glance on thy Thebes with joy awhile.  
 Dispel these thicken'd sulph'rous mists  
 That rise from Pluto's broken lists,°

*regions*

410    Intermingle lively rays

To scatter these black clouds that blast our days.  
 With flowers, then, adorn thy brows,  
 And, in the curling tresses of thy head,  
 Let the lily, let the rose,  
 Let the tulip's gaudy eye,  
 Let carnation's purple dye,  
 Let all the pride of Flora there be spread.

(3)

What was the garb? How comely was the grace?  
 How much of God and Goddess had the face?  
 420 When thou in grovy Nisa's hill,  
 In a loose flow'ring vest  
 Of gaudy Eastern silks, like a gay Virgin drest,  
 From thy stepmother scarce couldst shroud  
 Thy bright effulgent Deity within the silken cloud.

(4)

Thee all the shining Monarchs of the East,  
 All who in silver shells that lie on Ganges' brink,  
 His more silver waters drink,  
 All who the glassy frost of cold Araxes break,  
 And let in air to the expiring God,  
 430 Beheld with wonder and a burning cheek,  
 In what triumphant state you rode,  
 Giving the tame and willing lion's reins  
 To snatch° the golden chariot o'er the Eastern plains, *carry*  
 Whilst in the wanton air thy curlèd robe did play,  
 Or hid the lion's crispèd mane on which it loosely lay.

(5)

Thee ag'd Silenus, who as softly treads  
 As the grave beast he leads,  
 Reeling doth follow, with plump clusters round  
 His blushing temples bound,  
 440 With smiling flowers which there do sweetly twine,  
 Kissing the purple offspring of the vine,  
 With all old Autumn's wealth and young Spring's beauties crown'd.

(6)

With him a busy rout there swarms,  
 Whom thou with wine dost heighten and inspire  
 With ruddy drops of liquid fire,  
 And brandish the exalted Thyrsus in their arms.

*processional*

The brave Bassanides, thy noble slaves,  
 Are the retinue of thy pompous<sup>o</sup> pride,  
 Whether o'er Pindus' rocks or Edon's caves  
 450 Thou dost in thy all-glorious Chariot ride.  
 Nor doth facetious Mænas<sup>1</sup> stay,  
 But with her fury makes her way;  
     The Theban dames wonder to see  
     The virgin so full-fraught with glad divinity,  
 Free, if her fancy and her humour such,  
 She thinks not all to please her Lord too much.  
     Glad are the days, and royal is the state,  
     That on thy godhead always wait.  
 460 Once, and but once, thou saw'st grim grief,  
 Thou saw'st, and all the hairy curlings shed  
 From thy dishevell'd amorous head,  
 When Virtue wanted thy relief.  
     The lusty Thyades, inrag'd with wine,  
     Snatch'd the modest Pentheus in.  
 Snatch'd, and committed straight the crime  
 Which they lamented in a calmer time.

## (7)

The aunt of Bacchus, Ino, rules the seas;  
 Round her the blue-ey'd Nereides  
 470 With amorous sport the wat'ry Goddess please.  
     Sometimes they drive the foaming wheels  
     Of their bright chariots made of pearly shells,  
 And sometimes, with a virgin grace,  
 Skim lightly o'er the Ocean's smoothèd face.  
     Palæmon too, the cousin of the purple God,  
     Equal command and power claims,  
 And shakes his forkèd rod  
     O'er all the Ocean, and o'er all his tributary streams.

## (8)

The Thuscan pirates once stole thee,  
 In the fresh bloom of thy divinity.  
 480                 When straight the angry billows of the main  
                     Forgot to roar,

<sup>1</sup> *facetious Mænas*] The translator seems to have taken 'mænas', 'a maenad', for a proper name. Nor does 'facetious' seem a good translation for Seneca's 'impia'. This and the next few lines reflect early modern Latin texts in which line order differs from more recent arrangements.

And gently slid by the admiring shore,  
 And to their cheated eyes appear'd a verdant plain,  
 A sudden beech rais'd up his lofty head. }  
 The laurel, too, the poets' sacred meed, }  
 Its deeper green display'd. }  
 And in the floating grove,  
 Which their new fury painted there,  
 How many painted birds did move,  
 490 Tickling with fancy'd warblings the deluded ear.  
 About the mast did sacred ivy twine, }  
 And into mazy knots combine }  
 With the curl'd ringlets of the vine. }  
 Wild beasts as in a moving island stood:  
 The Tiger, wont to drink of Ganges' flood;  
 The terror of th' Idæan wood,  
 The fancy'd Lion, shake his mane, and gap'd for food.<sup>1</sup>  
 The frighted pirates from the terrors flee  
 Which their own sickly brains create,  
 500 Plunge into the green pasture of the sea,  
 And follow their too fast pursuing fate;  
 When a new shape them from themselves did steal.  
 In a continued, even line,  
 Their scaly breasts and bellies join;  
 Their stretcht-out arms falling away they feel,  
 Only, instead of hands, a spreading fin  
 Stuck to the slippery skin;  
 The silver crescents of their tails they move,  
 And, loth to sink, still dance above,  
 510 And in this posture, so surprising new,  
 Like dolphins, with erected tails the flying ship pursue.

(9)

Thou on the proud Pactolus' golden tide  
 In a triumphant pine<sup>o</sup> didst ride; *ship*  
 At thy dread feet the Scythian laid  
 His bow, his quiver, all a Scythian's trade.  
 He laid his bowl of milk blended with blood,  
 He cring'd<sup>o</sup> and thought he saw in thee a God.<sup>2</sup> *bowed*  
 And well he might respect the boon

<sup>1</sup> *The fancy'd... gap'd* 'The imagined lion, shook his mane and opened his mouth'. The translator takes some care to stress the unreality of what the pirates experience ('fancy'd' in line 490 does not translate any of the Latin words either).

<sup>2</sup> *a God*] Ms 'as good'; speculative emendation.

From thee whose will is powerful as the Sun;  
 520 Thou spakst, and forthwith came  
 From th' bowels of the Earth a brisk Nectarean stream.<sup>1</sup>  
 It foam'd and mantl'd at the fountain head,  
 Then gush'd, and swiftly overspread  
 Flora's smiling, verdant bed;  
 Each flower rejoic'd, and bow'd its thirsty lip  
 To kiss the pleasing novelty,  
 And, lest the flood might every leaf outstrip,  
 Each sips and fuddles<sup>o</sup> with the rarity. *tipples*

(10)

Whilst the rich spangles of the sky remain,  
 530 Whilst the round world shall welter in the main,  
 And Phœbe<sup>2</sup> shall her monthly horns make full,  
 And Lucifer be harbinger to Sol,  
 We'll speak the glories of our potent King;  
 His glories we eternally will sing.

Act: 3<sup>tius</sup> Scen: 1<sup>ma</sup>

Oedipus, Creon

**Oed:** Tho' your chang'd looks something of sorrow have,  
 Say who's the sacrifice the Gods do crave.  
**Creon:** You ask where fear doth secrecy suggest.  
**Oed:** If not thy ruin'd country, pity at least  
 The lost state of an ally'd Crown.  
 540 **Cr:** What you so much intreat you'll wish unknown.  
**Oed:** Ignorance is the dull remedy of ill,  
 But will you thus the common good conceal?  
**Cr:** Where the relief is base, we shun the cure,  
 Rather than we'll the sordid means endure.  
**Oed:** Speak then what did you hear, or you'll know  
 What kingly power, when provok't, can do.  
**Cr:** Princes do often into question call  
 What they themselves command. **Oed:** Speak, or thou'lt fall,  
 Doom'd as a common sacrifice for all.  
 550 **Cr:** That I may silent be, afford your leave:  
 What meaner liberty can Princes give?  
**Oed:** That liberty doth oft disasters bring

<sup>1</sup> *Nectarean stream*] But even in earlier printed texts the Latin is 'Nyctelius latex', meaning 'wine' (Nyctelius being a surname of Bacchus).

<sup>2</sup> Phœbe] Ms 'Phœbus', probably a copyist's error. But the Latin is 'Luna', so either name would be another of the many examples in this chorus of the translator introducing a personified god.

More noxious to the people and their King  
 Than doth the tongue. **Cr:** In that unhappy clime,  
 What lawful is, where silence is a crime?  
**Oed:** Silence, if not commanded, wrongs the State.  
**Cr:** Then that which I with such regret relate  
 Be pleas'd not to distaste<sup>o</sup> — *dislike*

**Oed:** Be bold: no penance on thy words shall wait.  
 560 **Cr:** A gloomy grove there stands far from the town,  
 Where Dirce's waters do the meadows crown.  
 Here an old cypress tree o'ertops the wood,  
 Which long with ever-flourishing arms has stood,  
 Embracing the whole shade, whose every stroke  
 Bears down the aged branches of the oak.  
 This time hath smitten, and compell'd to owe  
 His aged glories to a neighbouring bough.  
 Here laurel doth with Paphian myrtle stand,  
 And the elder forced to exchange the land  
 570 For the vast sea; here lofty pines, too, rose,  
 Who their smooth sides so oft to winds expose.  
 In the midst —  
 Stands a tall plant whose spreading top is made  
 The sole defence to the subjected shade,  
 Under whose root, a stranger to the Sun,  
 Eternally exempt from warmth, doth run  
 An unhappy rivulet, whose stream is sent  
 From lazy springs in filthy marshes spent.  
 Here stood the priest, nor did for evening wait:  
 580 The place itself did dismal night create.  
 We dig the earth, with fire the altars crown,  
 Whilst th' prophet his dark vestment doth put on.  
 The mourning robe flow'd to the very ground,  
 A fatal wreath of yew his forehead bound,  
 And, whilst a wand he in his right hand wove,<sup>o</sup> *waved*  
 In this unhappy garb, enters the grove.  
 Black rams and bulls were backwards led, away  
 To Death; the fire did on its banquet prey,  
 Whilst the slain beast trembled beneath the flame.  
 590 He invokes th' infernal powers, and sounds the name  
 Of ghost-commanding Pluto; prayers doth make  
 To the fell<sup>o</sup> keeper of the fatal lake, *dreadful*  
 Mutters a magic charm, from his mouth sends  
 Whatever could entice or force the fiends.



So many troops of cranes the air ne'er bore,  
 When the approaching tempests they presage,  
 And fly from Winter's and from Strymon's rage,  
 When through the firmament their way they hold,  
 And in warm Nile wash off their Northern cold,  
 640 As here were fiends which the distracted ground  
 Belch'd from its bowels at the Prophet's sound.  
 Zetus then first appear'd, who in his hand  
 Crush'd the bull's horns; next with his harp did stand  
 Learn'd Amphion, Thebes' sweet architect,  
 Whose notes delicious did a town erect.  
 Next, Niobe amidst her offspring rose;  
 Proudly she stalks, and counts them as she goes.  
 Agave, th' stranger mother of the two,        }  
 Next from infernal shades distracted flew,        }  
 650 And all that raving tribe that Pentheus slew.        }  
 Its shameful head at last the spectre show'd,        }  
 Whom we so long with sacrifice had woo'd,        }  
 Conceal'd at distance from the magic crowd.        }  
 Now Laius doth appear, whose every limb°        *body part*  
 In its own gore with horror seem'd to swim;  
 Much filth did his undecent hair attend,  
 And with fierce accents thus exclaim'd the fiend:  
 "Dire line of Cadmus, which so long hast stood  
 T'adorn thy triumph with thy nearest blood,  
 660 Now rather raving Bacchus' ensigns bear,  
 And with a frantic hand thy issue tear.  
 The mother's love is now the greatest fault,  
 And thy own crimes, O Thebes, do thee assault,  
 Not the Gods' ire: thy plague ne'er ow'd its birth  
 To the dry vapours of the parch'd Earth,  
 Nor to unwholesome southwinds, but the King  
 Whose bloody hands rewarded for his sin,  
 And the unhuman, hated parricide  
 Enjoys his father's empire and his bride,  
 670 Who, of the two, the worst is now become,  
 Her Son receiving back into her womb.  
 Her Son, who did even savages outdo,  
 Become at once father and brother too:  
 A riddle so perplex that Sphinx herself

- Did not propose to the inhuman elf.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thee, thee, O King, who fill'st the bloody throne,  
 Thy unrevengèd King through all the town  
 Will seek, thy<sup>o</sup> bridemaids Furies will I lead, *as thy*  
 Lashing their snakes about thy marriage bed.  
 680 Therefore with speed the Monarch force away  
 From utmost bounds of his Bœotia:  
 Restor'd to the fresh glories of the spring,  
 The fields, when left by the infectious King,  
 Shall smile, pure spirits come from wholesome air,  
 The woods their ruin'd gaiety repair.  
 With hasty steps our country he shall flee,  
 But his swift flight retarded be by me:  
 You bar him Earth, I'll chase him<sup>2</sup> from the skies.”
- Oed:** A cold swift trembling on my limbs doth seize.  
 690 The only things I ever fear'd to do,  
 By hellish rage are charg'd upon me now.  
 Yet my surviving parents bid me be<sup>o</sup> *declared me to be*  
 As well from incest as from slaughter free.  
 Nor can it be, since Laius long was slain  
 Before these feet trod the Boœtian plain.  
 Or the priest lies, or Gods 'gainst Thebes are bent.  
 Too well I see your politic<sup>o</sup> intent: *cunning*  
 Your forgèd lie is stamp't with heaven's decree,  
 Whilst he my sceptre doth assure to thee.
- 700 **Cr:** Shall I the Queen, my Sister, then dethrone?  
 Could I my faith, plighted to her, disown?  
 From changing of my proper<sup>o</sup> state, the fear *own*  
 Of your still grievous fortune would deter.  
 This weight of empire you may safely now  
 Lay down; less to its fury you should bow.  
 A private state is for your griefs most fit.
- Oed:** Do you advise I unconstrain'd should quit  
 This painful empire? **Cr:** To them advice is due,  
 Who being free may either choose; not you,  
 710 Who by constraint your fortune must obey.
- Oed:** To them who empires wish, the surest way  
 Is meanness to applaud, and slothful peace.
- Cr:** Think you that such undecent<sup>o</sup> crimes as these *offensive, mean*

<sup>1</sup> *inhuman elf*] Doubtless intended vaguely as an equivalent for Seneca's 'monstrum'. *Elf*: 'demon'.

<sup>2</sup> *chase him*] Ms 'chase'; speculative emendation.

- My long experienc'd loyalty attend?  
**Oed:** Hence 'twas you took th' occasion to offend.  
**Cr:** Do I, O King, as guilty then appear  
 Before my trial? **Oed:** Did you my life e'er hear?  
 Or did Tiresias know our cause? Yet he  
 Condemns; 'tis your example warrants me.  
 720 **Cr:** Suppose I should be innocent found? **Oed:** Kings  
 Fear probabilities as real things.  
**Cr:** Whatever potentates that timorous are  
 So vainly, show they really can fear.<sup>1</sup>  
**Oed:** —Guards—  
 The guilty wretch into a dungeon cast  
 While I unto my royal palace haste.

### Chorus

- Not on thee these plagues depend,  
 Nor thy family alone attend.  
 The Gods' old grudge doth Thebes pursue;  
 730 E'er since Agenor's highborn son,  
 In quest of Jove through th' world did run,  
 Here from his pilgrimage did rest,  
 And nam'd us from th' unlucky beast.  
 Castalian grove has ever been  
 A shelter to Sidonian guest,  
 And Tyrians transplanted Dirce seen.  
 Ever since that time, the Earth  
 Prodigious monsters has brought forth,  
 Or about th' oaks some serpent clings,  
 740 Which out of deepest valleys springs,  
 Who lofty as Chaonian grove  
 His azure head 'bove that doth move,  
 Hissing o'er th' wood, whilst on the ground  
 The larger part of him is found,  
 Or the mischievous, pregnant Earth  
 Gives an army birth.  
 Straight the harsh trumpet sounds th' alarms,  
 They snatch with hostile shouts their arms,  
 They who no other language knew,

<sup>1</sup> *Whatever...fear*] Much about this couplet is unsatisfactory, including its translation of the Latin and the syllable count of line 723.

750 { }<sup>1</sup>  
 And exact order do retain,  
 Marshall'd upon their mother plain.  
 The worthy Sons o'th' viper's jaw  
 Whom only one day living saw,  
 Who scarcely with this morn begun,  
 Were dying with the setting Sun;  
 The stranger, with such monsters scar'd,  
 Fears the young army that appear'd,  
 Amaz'd at the prolific tooth,  
 760 Till Death did seize the Earth-born youth,  
 And, into her bosom parent land,  
 Her newborn issue redemand.  
 Why should Cadmus' Nephew's fate,  
 When he a stag became, relate?  
 The horns did call the Dogs away  
 To mistake their Master for their prey.  
 Through deserts and through mountains, fleet  
 Actæon guides his agile feet,  
 And trips it o'er the lawns, afraid  
 770 Of toils and nets himself had laid,  
 Till he his horns, and fiercer look,  
 Descried in that untroubled brook,  
 Where the too rigorously chaste  
 Her virgin limbs had washt.

Actus 4<sup>tus</sup> Scen: 1<sup>ma</sup>

Oedipus, Jocasta

**Ed:** Each doubt have I revolv'd,<sup>o</sup> and scann'd each fear. *considered*  
 Both Heaven and Hell impeach me of the guilt  
 That Laius' blood by wicked me was spilt.  
 But yet my mind, still innocently clear,  
 Less to itself than to the Gods unknown  
 780 Denies the fact. My memory doth own  
 Some slender tracks of the past action,  
 That once my club an ancient man did kill,  
 When the proud dotard drove his chariot wheel  
 Upon young me, then in my nonage run;<sup>o</sup> *arrived*  
 But this in Phocis, far from Thebes, was done.  
 This error, dearest consort, drive away:

<sup>1</sup> The copyist began a fresh page here, presumably distracting him enough to omit a line which rhymed with 749.

When murder'd Laius died, therefore, say,  
What age had he arriv'd to?

- 790 **Joc:** He then in(cclinèd to) be old.<sup>1</sup> **Oed:** Did th' King  
A full and populous retinue bring?  
**Joc:** Ignorance o'th' road many did retard,  
And forc'd the Monarch to a slender guard.  
**Oed:** Did no one's ruin on the Prince's wait?  
**Joc:** Loyalty and virtue did but one compel  
To be companion in his sov'reign's fate.  
**Oed:** Too well the criminal I know. But tell,  
What was the time the aged Monarch fell?  
**Joc:** Ten years have since expir'd. —

Act 4<sup>th</sup> Sc: 2<sup>da</sup>

Oedipus, Old man

- 800 **Old:** With your Father's crown Corinth doth invest,  
Since Polybus enjoys eternal rest.  
**Oed:** How on all sides doth Fortune me attack!  
Say, by what means do I my parent lack?  
**Old:** A gentle sleep did his ag'd soul release.  
**Oed:** My father without murder perishes;  
Then may these hands to heaven lifted be,  
Pure, and from conscious fear of slaughter free.  
But my more dreadful fate remaineth yet.  
**Old:** Your father's Kingdom will no fear admit.  
**Oed:** I accept that Kingdom, but my mother dread.  
810 **Old:** Can you with fear of her be tortured  
Who your return so carefully doth wish?  
**Oed:** Even piety itself adviseth this.  
**Old:** And will you, then, a widow, her desert?  
**Oed:** You hit the very cause of grief in me.  
**Old:** Declare, what are those hidden fears that lie  
In thy oppressèd breast? I'm wont to be  
Faithful to Monarchs in my secrecy.  
**Oed:** Phœbus commands me shun my mother's bed.  
**Old:** Those dishonest fears and frivolous dread  
820 Depose,<sup>o</sup> not Merope that Mother is. *lay down*  
**Oed:** In owning me what aim'd she at? **Old:** The prize  
A Kingdom was: children allegiance bind.  
**Oed:** Whence knew you this? **Old:** I from these hands resign'd

<sup>1</sup> *He then... old*] Ms damaged; speculative reconstruction from the Latin.

- You to your parents. **Oed:** Whence did you receive  
That present? **Old:** Sir, a herdsman did it give  
To me under Cithæron's snowy cliff.
- Oed:** Say by what (cause)<sup>1</sup> arriv'd you there? **Old:** My Goats  
I sought. **Oed:** Declare my body's chiefest notes.
- Old:** Your feet were bor'd; hence the occasion came  
830 As well of your distemper as your name.
- Oed:** What was the donor? **Old:** Herdsman to the King.
- Oed:** His name? **Old:** Forgetful age denies the thing.
- Oed:** Know you his face? **Old:** Some slender token will  
My aged memory perchance repeal.<sup>o</sup> *recall*
- Oed:** Our pleasure is, to our chief herdsmen bear;  
They at the altar with their charge appear.
- Old:** What has been long hid, let be ever so:  
Th' enquirer to his cost the truth may know.
- Oed:** What greater mischief can we fear than this?
- 840 **Old:** Of what importance the enquiry is  
May by these circumstances well be learn'd.  
The King and Country both are here concern'd;  
Rest you, let Fate unravell'd be by Fate,  
Nor is fit t'disturb your happy state.
- Oed:** What things not safe at the last pitch we wage?
- Old:** Wish you than Kings a nobler parentage?  
Lest of your parent you (complai)nd, beware.
- Oed:** No causes to repent required are,  
But know I must—
- Enter Phorbas
- Oed:** —Seest thou that aged person there?  
850 Phorbas, who th' Royal flocks attended then:  
Doth either name or looks speak him the man?<sup>2</sup>
- Old:** When Laius did Thebes' Diadem obtain,  
Drove you his princely flocks upon the plain  
That bordereth upon Cithæron's brow?
- Phorb:** Yes. **Old:** Know you this face? **Phorb:** My memory  
Mistrusts. **Oed:** Gave you to him an Infant? Say.  
Why altered thus? Doubt you to speak? Delay  
To truth is hateful. **Phorb:** Forgot things you move.
- Oed:** Speak, or the rack the hidden truth shall prove.
- 860 **Phorb:** I to this person did an Infant give,

<sup>1</sup> Ms damaged.

<sup>2</sup> Lines 841–2 of the Latin (in modern texts) are omitted at this point, perhaps making this exchange read slightly oddly.

A worthless present, and not like to live.

**Old:** He lives, and may he still, ye gods, live on.

**Oed:** That he survives why do you then disown<sup>o</sup>? *deny*

**Phorb:** A slender wire both pierc'd and bound his feet,  
An inbred swelling in the wound did meet,  
And foul corruption through his body pass.

**Old:** What would you more? **Oed:** Say who that infant was.

**Phorb:** That my fidelity doth disapprove.

**Oed:** Fire here! The flames that scruple shall remove.

870

Pardon if I too cruel seem to you,  
In such bloody paths tracing what is true.

**Phorb:** Here's your revenge. **Oed:** Say, who his parents were.

**Phorb:** As for his mother, you've espousèd her.

**Oed:** Fly open, Earth, and thou of darkness king,  
Into thy deepest Hell this monster fling,  
This most incestuous, nature-thwarting thing. }  
May stones, my countrymen, be thunderèd,  
And showers of arrows on this hateful head.

On me may sons, may parents wreck<sup>o</sup> their spite, *wreak*

880

The violator of each sacred rite.  
May the sick people<sup>1</sup> rob the dead, and be  
Compell'd to dart the ravish'd flames<sup>2</sup> at me.  
But courage: thou who art a father now,  
Acts worthy of thy other mischiefs do:  
Go to thy mother, to thy palace flee,  
Congratulate her pregnancy by thee.

### Chorus

890

Were I but master of my fate,  
To elect and command my state,  
Soft Zephyrus should fill my sail,  
Lest rougher blasts on it prevail;  
A gentle and a moderate air  
My ever-steady bark should bear;  
The safest path of life I'd tread,  
That to the middle way doth lead;  
Whilst through the clouds the daring boy  
From the Cnossian King did fly,  
And with false pinions strove t'outbear  
The genuine tenants of the air.  
He fell, and gave a Sea its name;

<sup>1</sup> *the ... people*] I.e. the populace of Thebes, currently afflicted by the plague.

<sup>2</sup> *ravish'd flames*] I.e. the burning brands the people steal ('ravish') from funeral pyres.



May I revive, may I regenerate  
 Eternally, that punishment may wait  
 On every life. Now prove thy subtle wit,  
 940 And long be doing (what)<sup>1</sup> you can't repeat.  
 A ling'ring death I'll meet, and choose that way  
 By which, not number'd with the dead I may,  
 And yet exempted from the living, stray. }  
 And dost thou flinch, my soul? A shower of tears  
 On my wet cheeks so suddenly appears?  
 Is it enough my eyes be waterèd?  
 I'll make those eyes pursue the tears they shed."  
 He spake, and doth through anger furious grow;  
 His face doth with a horrid fervour glow,  
 950 His eyes scarce could their proper seats retain.  
 Then, terrible become, he groans amain,  
 Then, groaining<sup>2</sup> on, his hands he flingeth at  
 His hated face; his eyes with terror wait, }  
 Nor do they shun the wound, but meet their fate.  
 Following those hands, which being thither sent,  
 Ev'n from their very roots his eyeballs rent,  
 And rooting thus their orbs, his hands do light  
 Upon the inmost caverns of his sight.  
 Thus in the empty holl(ows left)<sup>3</sup> he prest,  
 960 Himself by something more than rage possest;  
 Then, lifting up his head against the Sun,  
 Strives to confirm his blindness, and that done  
 He tears the hanging relics of his eyes.  
 "Pity my country, then, ye Gods", he cries,  
 "Ye are obey'd, and I am punishèd;  
 This night alone becomes my marriage bed."

**Chorus**

Guided by Fate our life is past;  
 To Fate we all resign at last.  
 Nor raw-bon'd care, nor plump delight,  
 970 Can against Clotho's distaff fight;  
 What doth vain man, or can he, that  
 Was not design'd before by Fate?

<sup>1</sup> Ms damaged.

<sup>2</sup> *groaining*] Perhaps a combination of 'groaning' with 'groining', an obsolete verb used of both animals (to mean 'grunt') and humans (to mean 'murmur', 'complain').

<sup>3</sup> Ms damaged.

Be this or that, or what he will,  
 The spin of Lachesis must reel.<sup>1</sup>  
 Inexorable is the dame,  
 And what she saith, we do the same,  
 For she designs, at hour of birth,  
 All our transactions upon Earth.  
 Nor can the Gods effects amend  
 980 Which on their causes do depend.  
 Thus some through folly damag'd are,  
 And oft they die 'cause Death they fear.  
 —But here comes Oedipus, who, blind,  
 Yet doth attempt his way to find.

Act: 5<sup>th</sup> Scen: 2<sup>da</sup>

Oedipus, Chorus, Jocasta

**Oed:** Well, now I've done, and paid my Father's shade  
 The debt I ow'd, and glory that it's paid.  
 I triumph in the damage of my sight:  
 I had been less noble had I kept my light.  
 What God is't then that rended out my eyes?

990 Who was so good to take that sacrifice?  
 Brave hand, thou'rt nought indebted to me now;  
 Thou didst the murder, and thou didst this too!  
 This face becomes the valiant Oedipus:  
 He once lost fame,<sup>o</sup> but has regain'd it thus.

**Chor:** Behold, behold how our Jocasta raves:  
 Her tongue can't utter (what it is she)<sup>2</sup> craves.  
 She would accost him, but her fears suppress  
 The words she meaneth, nor her shame doth less.

*reputation*

**Joc:** I tremble to perform what I desire;  
 1000 What can I say when all my heart's on fire?  
 Art thou my son? Base man, he seems to doubt.  
 Thou art, I'll (vouch)<sup>3</sup> thee, tho' thy eyes are out.

**Oed:** Who haunts me still, in my disasters too?  
 Mischiefs I meet, and mischiefs do pursue.  
 For this my eyes I want, and trust<sup>4</sup> my ears.  
 In vain they went, when still to these appears  
 Horrid vexation and a dismal noise:  
 Curs't man am I; it is my mother's voice.  
 I cannot see her more, nor will I hear.

<sup>1</sup> *The spin . . . reel*] 'Lachesis' spinning must be wound'.

<sup>2</sup> Ms damaged. <sup>3</sup> Ms damaged; speculative reconstruction.

<sup>4</sup> *trust*] Ms 'must'; speculative emendation.

1010 I'll go where her sharp voice shan't reach my ear;  
 If any world beyond this world can be,  
 There will I live; if not, ubiquity<sup>1</sup>  
 Shall be my home, no land shall be untrod.  
 This then I boast: I wander like a God.

**Joc:** This is the chief and sharpest fault of fate;  
 None are o{ }<sup>2</sup> but when too late.

**Oed:** Dear mother, spare thy words, and spare my ears:  
 To iterate is to augment our cares.  
 By these maim'd relics of a grovelling man,  
 1020 By the unhappy issue of us twain,  
 By all the good and bad of all our name,  
 By Gods and, what is greater, by my fame.

**Joc:** What, dost thou falter, soul? Exert thy might,  
 Embrace a pain who didst enjoy delight:  
 Suffer this hand to pierce thy wicked case,<sup>o</sup> *body*  
 Lest thou, kept in, should fly into my face.  
 Now thou art great, and thus, and thus I die, [Stabs herself  
 Taking revenge of my calamity.

**Ch:** O Gods! She dies, the sword sticks in the wound.  
 1030 It's lost within her breast, and can't be found.  
 The torrent of her blood now drives it out;  
 Her soul is strong, her very Death proves stout.

**Oed:** Phœbus, I challenge thee to right my fate;  
 Thou'rt an impostor, not an advocate.  
 Thou saidst my father only I should slay,  
 But I my mother too to Death betray.  
 My Fates I conquer, then, and conquer thee:  
 I have outdone my destin'd cruelty.  
 On then, bold Oedipus, and tho' thy light  
 1040 Is taen away, grope out thy way in spite  
 Of eyes; and trust for once a wooden guide;  
 With this, all o'er the Earth's vast globe I'll ride.  
 Behold, ye children of great Cadmus' race,  
 Behold, I travel with a clouded face;  
 Long may your kingdom flourish; may it long  
 Want one who hath so many mischiefs sprung<sup>o</sup> *brought forth*  
 As I have done. Come hunger, Furies come,  
 Ye be my guides: I o'er the world will roam.

Finis

<sup>1</sup> *ubiquity*] The meaning is clear but the word is not recorded as meaning 'everywhere'.

<sup>2</sup> Ms damaged.

# 9

## Virgil (XVI)

### XVI01

Sir William Kingsmill: *Aeneid* 1–4 selections. Lichfield Cathedral MS 2 (excerpted at VI05)

Sir William Kingsmill (1613–1661) was the eldest son and heir of a Hampshire family whose prominence dated back to the time of King John. He was also the father of the poetess Anne Finch, a relationship explored in Wright 2013. His known verse, much of which is on political themes, including a sequence of nineteen satires, was almost all composed in the years 1643–53. He was an occasional translator: of Horace (six odes), of Juvenal (S13), of Martial (Ep. 8.30), and of Justin (*History* 1–2) as well as of Virgil. His *Aeneid* selections run to nearly 1,200 lines, and form a continuous narrative taken from Books 1, 2, and 4, though not in that order. This is set out as a gift to the Lady Lisle, daughter of the second earl of Salisbury; many other poems in Kingsmill's ms are also addressed to her, surprisingly *after* her marriage to Philip Sidney, later third earl of Leicester. An initial ninety-two-line verse 'paraphrase' introduces the Trojan War: it was caused by the power of love, a point that will be reiterated at the end. Thereafter a 'translation' (explicitly so headed) follows of the story of Troy and the earlier part of the story of Dido and Aeneas, rearranged from Virgil (and given here in full). Other period examples can be found of English versions which select specific portions of these early Books of the *Aeneid*, but the reordering Kingsmill undertakes is paralleled only by the little-known Sir William Mure's (ed. Tough 1898).

Fourteener couplets had been prominently used for classical epic much earlier in the seventeenth century: by (*inter alia*) George Chapman for Homer and Arthur Golding for Ovid. For Virgil, the last examples of printed *Aeneid* translations in fourteeners were Sir Thomas Wroth's Book 2 and the final edition of the Phaer–Twine *Aeneid* (both 1620). Old-fashioned as the metre seems for c.1650, it is hardly unknown for amateur poets to hark back to the verse forms they had encountered when younger. Kingsmill's choice of metre is also connected with the hexameters he is translating, since his other verse is composed in other measures (the Juvenal is in octosyllabics).

Kingsmill's only verse ever to reach print appears to be the samples presented in the course of discussion in Eames 1986; but Eames expressly excludes translations from his account.

In a departure from *NRECT*'s usual practice, this full text of Kingsmill's Virgil (unlike the excerpt given at VI05) is presented without editorial intervention other than minimal revision of punctuation and initial capitalization. This is because it is likely to be of interest mainly for specialized purposes.

A Collection of parts of some Bookes of Virgill, with some interpositions of the Author, for entertainment of my Lady Lisle, begunn but left unfinisht. Partly paraphrasd, but for the most part strictly translated.

The loues that Poetts sing, the liues of Heros high in fame  
 Not subiect to theyr humble wiues but wingd with lofty flame,  
 My Muse assist mee while I write, and giue my passion way  
 To celebrate with some delight her prayse to whom I pray;  
 Nor lett mee lacke the fruit soe deare to those that burn in loue.  
 Thou Goddess that dost louers heare, graunt what I tell may moue  
 The rocke within her marble brest, and her attentiu eare  
 Incline to stoope to thy beheast, my loathed life to cheere.

Ioue first gaue lawes of loue, from Ioue wee doe deriue our flames,  
 10 Whose power aboue the rest did moue onely in choyce of Dames.  
 Old time is fill'd with large reports of his deceptfull scapes,  
 And Naso sings the numerous sorts of his triumphant rapes,  
 For this hee gott the name of God, nor could Apollos Lyre  
 Though toucht by him, nor Hermes rodd with loue soe much inspire;  
 Mars with destruction strewes the feilds and thunders hott Allar'ms,  
 Yet vnto Ioue in loue hee yeelds and sleeps in Venus armes;  
 Plump Bacchus rays'd with lofty wine, soft Venus vsefull friend,  
 Though vnto loue hee much incline to Ioue his Sire will bend;  
 The watry God, the bleweyd Nimphs that bekeneth and commaunds,  
 20 To Iupiter (with Thunder shodd) resignes with willing hands;  
 Hee that in baggs doth bind the winds, stern Æolus the lowd,  
 When Ioue his dearest Mistress finds will wrapp them in a cloud;  
 Only the God of Hell escapes, I neuer readd that Ioue  
 In his darke Caue attempted Rapes, soe well hee far'd aboue.  
 Such tales as these inrich the bookes, and guild those Poetts pen  
 That writt soe early; hee that lookes shall find these Gods were men  
 Who did affect lowd sounding fame, and stroue for high renown,  
 Who should deserue the brightest Dame, whose sonns theyr glory crown.  
 The seeds of Priam, seed of Ioue, such sonnes and daughters blest,  
 30 As for theyr prowess and theyr loue were æquall to the best,  
 But courtly Paris bore the prize of beauty from them all  
 Who for fayre Hellen did despise what else from heauen could fall;  
 Then wonder not at this his choyce, the cause of soe much bloud,  
 That gift of Venus did reioyce him more then all theyr good;  
 Forthwith hee crost the swelling Mayne, and reacht the slender side  
 Of Hellen, then return'd againe with Menelaus bride,  
 At which inrag'd, the Græcians storm, and rigg theyr royall fleet

(Prouokt by Menelaus scorn) rich Priams towers to greet:  
 With Agamemnon, Medon fell, both Merions full of force,  
 40 Eumelus who did all excell for swift and expert horse,  
 Elphenor, Helos, Dorion, Protesilaus feirce,  
 Well shapt Nireaus Ptelion, and more then I rehearse  
 Aduanc'd as Bees in sholes that swarm, with threats of fire and sward,  
 Vpon theyr heads that brought this harm vnto that Princely Lord.  
 Behold what cares attend on Loue; was this offence soe high  
 As to ingadge Olimpicke Ioue and every Diety?  
 The loue that drawes noe enuy's lost, full peace doth pleasure cloy,  
 Wee value whats admired most, though hardest to enioy,  
 Loue made this breach, noe less to mend then for to find releife  
 50 Or her obdurat heart to bend that doth neglect my greife,  
 In vaine through all the chaunce of time, through all my shap I mourn  
 And pay my offerings to her shrine; but now I must returne  
 And tell of Philoctetes shafts that caused Troy to burn,  
 Of Sinons subtle periur'd crafts that made fayre Hellen mourn,  
 Of Princely Peleus hardy Sonn, and of his foule disgrace  
 Done by the King Agamemnon first born of Atræus race:

Achilles (heauenly born,) that sprung from Thætis and from Ioue,  
 Whose dreadfull name through Troians rung whilst hee was sick of loue,  
 For Briseis fayre Mistress mourn'd, the purchase of his sword,  
 60 Whom Agamemnon (that hee scorn'd) withheld from such a Lord  
 As was esteemd of all the best for prowess, wealth and state,  
 But came with him at his request and did not Paris hate;

How quickly loue to fury growes, increasing fiercer flame  
 Within our brests then first arose from passion of the same,  
 How quickly did Achilles wrath inforce him to retire  
 Aboard his shipps, whose feigned sloth did feed a feruent fire,  
 Which brake not forth till Hectors hands bereau'd Patroclus sight  
 And brau'd theyr fleet with blazing brands, this put the King to flight,  
 Who sent to Peleus warlike sonn an Embassy of grace,  
 70 Desiring him at length to come and looke on Hectors face,  
 Besides rich presents, humble woords, and peeres well skilld to treat  
 Who could abate the sharpest swords and coole the keenest heat,  
 But first restor'd his spottless prize, whose chastity he vowd  
 Was cleerer then the cristall skyes, and this hee sware aloud;  
 His high offended minde was mou'd, but not reueng'd by these,  
 For his Patroclus whom hee lou'd his fury did increase,  
 Then straight hee staynd his armes with gore of aged Priams sonns,

And chas'd the Illians from the shore by Tenedos that runns;  
 But loue had sharper darts then hee that slew the child of fame,  
 80 Hector the bold (that could not flee but at Achilles name)  
 Whose corse which dirt did all besmeare for young Patroclus death,  
 His fiery charriott wheeles did teare, not satisfy'd in death.

What would not Briseis thinke you doe for this her constant loue?  
 I dare not Madam aske of you whom tis in vaine to moue,  
 For though you say but fayth is good, and I desire noe more,  
 I feare you'l say I vnderstood your mind for that before.  
 If wee knew nothing but our own, and did not measure worth  
 By such examples as are shewn of others setting forth,  
 How quickly would our ioyes decrease, and leaue our empty soules  
 90 A prey to sloth, and slackned ease, which choyce conuerse controules,  
 Then lett these warm your brest soe cold, my Muse I doubt is proud  
 And will not mount till shee behold your smiles disperse her cloud.

#### TRANSLATION

When after ten yeares seidge and more King Agamemnons fleet  
 Had rode vpon the siluer shore, and troupes with weary feet  
 Had fac'd the lofty walls of Troy with vnsuccessfull paine  
 And restles labour to destroy theyr forts, (but still in vaine,)  
 They call'd a counsell, all but stayd Vlisses would returne,  
 Whose heart abhorr'd theyr feares and sayd, this hand proud Troy shall burne,  
 Hee straight consults Minervas preist, who told him force was vaine,  
 100 But Pallas pleasd at his request should yeeld it by a trayne.  
 A Horse in stature like a hill, was built with Græcian hands,  
 Contriud by Pallas heauenly skill, and fill'd with armed bands,  
 This horse they plac'd before the gate, and feign'd a hasty flight,  
 Then to theyr shippes retreated late in silence of the night;  
 At which amaz'd the Troian youth insulting draw theyr gates,  
 Find Sinon bound, approue the truth of what hee thus relates;  
 O King I am a Græcian borne, I will not feign to thee,  
 Nor shall my fortun (though forlorn) a lyar make mee bee;  
 If ever Palæmedes name hath happennd in discourse  
 110 To reach thy eare of glorious fame, whom Greeks without remorse  
 To death most impiously condemnd because hee told the fate  
 Of these successless wars, whose end they now bewayle to late,  
 I bare him company to Troy, and was his kinsman deare.  
 My father poore euen from a boy did leaue mee to his care,  
 And whilst he prospered I did well and liud in some renown,

Till by Vlisses pride hee fell which also cast mee down.  
 These things are known, I did deplore my most vnguilty mate,  
 And like a madd man storm'd and swore I would reuenge his fate,  
 Hence sprung my mischeife, hence begunn more false complaints to rise,  
 120 And threats from false Lærtius sonn; but all these you'l despise  
 Or doe not credit, why withhold you now your hands of Greekes  
 If all you wish to know bee told? My life Vlisses seekes.  
 These woords prouoked theyr desire to search the whole design,  
 And with a full beleife inquire what hee proceeds to feign:  
 The Greekes haue oft assay'd to flye and leaue your stately town,  
 But still foule seas with tempests high theyr sayles have ouerthrowne,  
 And cheifly, euen before this horse was fram'd, the winds did blow  
 With fearefull stormes and raging force, the cause whereof to know  
 Wee sent to Delphos oracle the sage Euripilus,  
 130 Who (soon return'd) did truly tell Appollos answer thus;  
 With Virgins bloud the winds were pleas'd when first you came to Troy,  
 With bloud they must bee now appeas'd if you will Greece enioy:  
 Which woords a great discomfort strooke through every Græcians eare,  
 And cold distrust each hearer shooke who should this censure beare,  
 Ten dayes did Calchas keep the vote, and none to death ordain'd  
 Till threats from false Vlisses throat on mee that fate constrain'd,  
 Which all approu'd, and Girlonds green ordain'd for sacrifice.  
 I stole away by night vnseen and hidd mee from theyr eyes,  
 Close in a loathsome seddgy lake, whilst they should hoist theyr sayles,  
 140 And most accursed flight should take; but now what hope auayles  
 To see my country, children deare, or feeble aged Sire?  
 To whom these men will hatred beare for mee that they require,  
 Who by the Gods that know this truth, and fayth of men doe pray,  
 O King, thy pittie and thy ruth to take my cares away:  
 With this and most submissiue teares his falshood gott beleife,  
 Whom (first that spake) King Priam cheeres, and sayd, lay by thy grief.  
 What ere thou art, forgett the Greeks, thou shalt be ours. Then tell  
 What meanes this horse, and why hee seeks so neare our walls to dwell,  
 Whether ador'd, or made for warrs? Hee quickly vnderstands,  
 150 And frames this answer, to the starrs vpholding both his hands.  
 O you æternal lights, you swords, you altars (whom I fledd),  
 You holy wreaths now heare my woords (that crown'd my dying head)  
 And wittness with mee that I may most truly heere reueale  
 The Greekes designs, and open lay what they so close conceale,  
 Soe that your fayth be firme to mee, nor you your promise breake,  
 If I with truth your doubts doe free, and weighty secretts speake:  
 Theyr hopes still built on Pallas ayde, which false Vlysses thought

With Diomed to have betray'd and to their purpose wrought,  
 Who stole her Statue from her Shrine, and sacrilegiously  
 160 With bloud defild her wreaths diuine of Priests they forc'd to dye.  
 Hence all their hope and strength declin'd, the shoare with monsters swarms,  
 Mineruas high offended mind by signes foretells theyr harmes,  
 Scarse in theyr tents her Image plac'd, bright flames begann to rise,  
 Salt sweat bedew'd the limbes and face, feirce fury fill'd the eyes,  
 And next the Goddess (straunge to speak) with dreadful shield and spear,  
 In shining arms herself to wreake did threatfully appear,  
 Then Calchas bidd them sayle away, for Troy they could not burn  
 Vnless to Argos without stay this Image they returne;  
 And to attone the Goddess Ire, they built this horse soe vast,  
 170 Which Calchas strictly did require, lest (o'er your city plac'd)  
 The people trust in Pallas still, whose gift if they pollute  
 Know this, the angry Goddess will sharp vengeaunce execute,  
 Which let the Gods on him confer before on Priams state,  
 But if your hands this horse transferr within your citty gate,  
 Through Asia into Pelops walls your warlike troupes shall spread,  
 And we with shame (which now befalls) shall be extinguished.

Thus those whom thousand shippes, ten yeares fierce Diomed could not stroy,  
 Nor great Achilles, Sinons tears, and periured wiles betray:  
 Moreouer, this most dire portent was offered to theyr eyes,  
 180 As Neptunes preist Laocon went a Bull to sacrifice,  
 Behold, two snakes from Tenedos (most fearefull for to tell)  
 With bloody crests together rose, whose Cropps with poison swell.  
 Theyr hinder parts inforce a sound, with strokes their tayles they waue,  
 Their eyes with fire and bloud abound, theyr sharp tounges hissing raue,  
 And had noe sooner reacht the shore, but both Laocons sonnes  
 Infolded round with teeth they tore, then both upon him runnes.  
 The people fled, hee stroue a while to keep them of by force,  
 They twine about him, and defile with foam his bloody corse,  
 Who while his life remain'd did rore much like a Bull when misst  
 190 By sacrificers stroake, and tore at knotts that faster twist,  
 But both the Dragons hauing prey'd, did swiftly slide away  
 To Pallas Temple where they stay'd and by her altar lay:  
 Then all mens brests were fill'd with feare, all cried Laocons death  
 Was iust who through this horse his speare with wicked hands did wreath,  
 And all inuoke Mineruas ayde, this fatal Engine plye  
 With cords and pullyes which conuey'd it ore the walls soe high.  
 The virgins sing, the boyes with ioy lay hands vpon the rope  
 O Troian walls (O Gods house Troy), O country voide of hope:

Fowre times from sinnewy cables force this burden slidd to ground,  
 200 And in the gate fowre times this horse with armes repleat did sound.  
 The virgins sing, the boyes with ioy lay hands vpon the rope  
 O Troian walls O Gods house Troy O Country voyde of hope,  
 They blind with furious zeale persist, regardles of the fate  
 Cassandra sung, whom they resist, nor creditt till to late,  
 And with well pleasing braunches stucke the Temple where it lay,  
 Nor with preuenting care did looke on this theyr latest day:  
 Meane while the nights blacke mantle veyles the Myrmydon decept,  
 The Troians rest secure, up sayles the Royal Argiue fleet,  
 And by the Moon that shone soe bright in silence reach the town  
 210 From Tenedos, ere morning light, by secrett paths well known.  
 But as they landed with a signe they warned Synons watch,  
 From forth the Kings shipp lights did shine, which made him soon dispatch  
 The closed horse, from whose vast wombe Tysandrus, Sthenelus,  
 And slye Vlysses forth did come with Neoptolemus,  
 But first Machaon, Menelaus, and Epeus slidd by rope  
 (Theyr crafty Engineeer that was) who straight the doores sett ope;  
 Then Athamas, and Thoas bold, with all theyr warlike crew  
 That this deceptfull horse did hold, the guards about them slew,  
 And ioiñ'd with those that came from fleet about the dead of night  
 220 When wine and sleep drown'd euery street call'd vp by fire to flight.

What tounge can tell or teares express that nights destructiue toyle,  
 Troyes auntient seat long Misteress of Kings is made a spoyle,  
 Pale death bestrewes her numerous lanes, sad slaughter heapes doth pile  
 And all her wayes and holy fanes dead Carcasses defile,  
 Nor onely Troians are bereft, sometimes the conquered  
 Assume theyr little courage left, and Græcians bloud doe shedd.

Perhaps of Priam you would know and his peculiar fate,  
 When all theyr army in did flow and forced euery gate  
 About the Pallace; poore old man, with armes that long hung by  
 230 Girt on his feeble limbs, hee rann amidst his foes to dye;  
 Neere to an auntient bay tree was an Altar lardge and old  
 Within an open Court, which place theyr houshold Gods did hold.  
 Like Doues by tempests driuen, in about this Altar clung  
 His louely daughters and his Queen in vaine to scape the throng,  
 But when shee saw her Priam cladd in youthfull armes she cry'd,  
 My wretched spouse what makes thee madd, come heere thy selfe and hide  
 Or dye with vs, for all in vaine my Hector if aliuie,  
 And only to bee quickly slaine, with all his force could striue;

This sayd, by Hecub downe hee sate, which was noe sooner done  
 240 But young Polites from his fate to him for succour runn.  
 Of all the noble valiaunt race of Priam, hee alone  
 Remain'd whom Pirrhus sword did chase euen from his fathers throne  
 Vnto the auntient Altar where his Sire for refuge stood,  
 Who at his feet fell downe for feare, but lost his life and blood,  
 At which the old King could not hold, though death inclosd him round,  
 But with a wrathfull voyce and bold these woords aloud did sound;  
 For this thy wicked enterprize (if there bee Gods aboue  
 That doe regard with holy eyes whom iust reuenge doth moue)  
 They shall reward thy impudence, who in his fathers sight  
 250 Hast slaine his sonn, for this offence I am compell'd to fight.  
 But this Achilles (falsly nam'd thy Sire) with mee his foe  
 Kept fayth, and at my teares asham'd did lett my Hector goe,  
 And gauē mee time for Funerall of him that hee had slaine.  
 This sayd, the old King straight lett fall his feeble shaft in vaine,  
 To whom Neoptolemus reply'd; These tidings therefore beare  
 Vnto my father, from thy side that I thy Sonn did teare  
 Degenerating from his worth; now dye and lett thy blood  
 By my reuenging arme lett forth stream with thy Sonnes full flood.  
 This sayd, his sword with blood made drunke hee to the hilt did sheath  
 260 In Asias prowde King, now a trunke without a name or breath.  
 But when Ænæas, Venus sonn, when first he spy'd the King  
 Lye weltring in his blood that runn fresh from him like a spring  
 (Astonisht at that dismal sight) reflected on his Sire,  
 His wife, his child his deare delight, and hasted to retire,  
 For all had left him, in a trice his company was gone  
 And onely death before his eyes was his companion,  
 And as alone hee sought to passe by Vestas holy fire  
 Hee lookt into a secret place where Hellen did retire.  
 The cleere direction of the flame vnto his eyes gauē light  
 270 Hee knew her feares to suffer shame and of the Greeks despight.  
 What, shall this Queen to Greece return and triumph there, quoth hee,  
 Who was the cause that Troy did burn and Priams death I see?  
 Shall shee in wedlocke with her Lord behold her Sonnes and Sire  
 With troupes of Troians round her boord to wayt on her desire?  
 Or shall shee triumph like a Queen? Did Priam fall by steele  
 Or Troy by fire? (her shores oft seen a bloody sweat to feele).  
 Not soe; though noe conquest bee gain'd, nor prayse by woemans paine,  
 Yet to reuenge her crim's ordain'd for friends for her sake slaine:  
 Whilst thus his passion did resolue, his Mother in the night  
 280 Appeares, his fury to dissolue, whose eyes affoord him light.

Hee knew her by her ample shape, shee seiz'd on his right hand  
 And sayd, my Sonne thou canst not scape if heere inrag'd thou stand.  
 Then hurt not her whom I respect, thy Sire Anchises seeke,  
 Thy wife Creusa; and protect Ascanius tender cheeke,  
 All these the Greekes had now inclos'd, but that my constant care  
 Theyr fatall fire and swords oppos'd, goe see then how they fare,  
 Not Hellens face nor Paris loue for Troys fall blam'd can bee,  
 The Gods vniustly from aboue inflict this cruelty.  
 Who would not pray to such a power that soe preserues her own  
 290 As time nor force can ere deuowre those ioyes that shee doth crown?  
 Who would not Madam lend an eare to what shee doth inspire,  
 Who would not freely without feare fullfill her whole desire?  
 For all her guifts are safe and sweet, nor giues shee power to harme,  
 But cheeres theyr hearts with blessings meet whom shee with loue doth warm.

Behold my Sonne, feare not, shee sayd, to doe what I commaund;  
 Whereas thy mortall sight betray'd with misty clouds doth stand  
 (Which doe eclipse thy purer sence) those clouds I will remoue,  
 My precepts and my prouidence if thou obey and proue.  
 Heere when thou seest these heaps cast down, and stones in sunder crusht,  
 300 With smoake in billowes rising, blown aloft in clouds of dust,  
 God Neptune with his trident shakes this walls foundation,  
 And from this ruin'd city takes the ground it rested on;  
 Heere Iuno at the Scaean Ports with sword in hand doth stand,  
 And raging calls the Greeke consorts (a numerous host) to land;  
 See Pallas on the highest towers with vgly Gorgons face  
 Wrappt in a darkesom cloud that lowres through which her beams doe blaze;  
 And euen my father giues them strength, and prospereth theyr ends,  
 Inciting all the Gods at length against our Troian friends:  
 My Sonne flye fast, and end thy toyle, Ile not bee from thy side  
 310 And safely in the Countreys soyle will cause the to abide.  
 With that shee vanisht to the skyes with nights darke mantle veyld,  
 And he perceiu'd with cleerer eyes the Gods that Troy assayld;  
 But then all Troy in flames appear'd and from the ground oreturn'd  
 Like some tall Oake on high hills rear'd with auntient limbs adorn'd,  
 Whom clownes in clusters circle round, and hew with frequent stroakes  
 Of iron hatchetts neere the ground, which threatning on them lookes,  
 And nodd her shaggy trembling topp against her foes a while  
 Till with her wounds infort to stoope shee falls a mighty spoyle:  
 Hee hasteth downe and through the fire, and thickest of his foes  
 320 (The Goddess leading) doth retire, whom darts nor flames oppose,  
 But when he reacht the auntient house of his beloved Sire

(Whom ore the mountaines from his foes to beare hee did desire)  
 His father flatly did deny with exile to prolong  
 His aged life, and did reply, O you whose yeares are young  
 And bloud supplies your strength and force, from Troy that burneth flye,  
 And leaue mee heere a vseless corse with ruin'd Troy to lye,  
 It is to much that I suruiue to see soe many slaine,  
 The Gods (if pleas'd to haue mee liue) would Troy should mee sustaine,  
 My owne hand shall find out my death, my foe shall grieue a while  
 330 When hee perceiues mee gaspe for breath and then receaue my spoyle.  
 The hazards light of Sepulcher I haue already stayd  
 To long, on whom the Gods conferr old age with hate repay'd;  
 Hee thus resoluing fixed stood, nor could Ænæas feares  
 To loose by this all hopes of good, or all his house in teares  
 With young Ascanius and his wife Creusa ioynd to trye  
 For to prolong his fathers life, perswade him for to flye.  
 Hee still denyes; and sitting still his first resolves doth hold:  
 Ænæas rage againe doth fill his armes with weapons bold,  
 Desiring death, for what aduice to him in this distress  
 340 Or fate or fortune could arise that could then death bee less?  
 Hop'st thou quoth hee (O father) I my foot can hence unloose  
 Or leauing thee behind mee flye? Or shall thy mouth disclose  
 Soe great impiety? Of Troy if heauen will leaue noe signe  
 And thou determine to destroy with her thy selfe and thine,  
 That gate of death stands open wide. And now apace doth come  
 The bloody Pirrus from the side of Priams last slaine Sonn  
 That fell by him before the shrine in aged Priams sight,  
 Who with his fathers bloud diuine both Sonn and Altar dight;  
 Was it for that, O mother deare, through darts and fire that glowes  
 350 Thou didst mee soe securely beare? To see within my house  
 My sonn Ascanius, and my wife Creusa with my Sire,  
 By one another voyde of life lye drencht in bloody mire?  
 To armes my friends, to armes hee cryes, our last day doth vs call,  
 Wee vow some Greekes to sacrifice, not vnreung'd to fall;  
 Againe hee girt him with his swoord, then to his left arme ty'd  
 His buckler; while his heart abhorr'd within his house to bide.  
 Behold his wife imbrac'd his feet, and stayd him in the doore,  
 And for her selfe and sonne soe sweet his succour did implore;  
 If thou wilt needs to ruine runn then take vs with thee to,  
 360 Which if thou hopest by armes to shunn heere saue vs from the foe.  
 To whom wilt thou thy sonne expose thy wife and Sire (alas)?  
 Whilest such complaints from her arose and through the house did passe,  
 Behold a wonder straunge to tell did suddainly arise.

Bright flames on young Iulus fell from heauen, before theyr eyes  
 And euen between his fathers hands, and lightly lickt his hayre,  
 Then circling round his temples stands, which they (appalld with feare)  
 Endeauour from his locks to shake and quench the sacred flame,  
 But old Anchises ioyes awake, whose eyes to heauens bright flame  
 Hee lifted, and with both his hands vpheld alowd hee prayd;  
 370 Almighty Ioue that all commaundst (if prayers can moue, he sayd,  
 Or wee deserue for piety to bee beheld by thee)  
 Affoord vs helpe, and ratifye these tokens that wee see;  
 Scarse thus then this old father spake when thunder did resound  
 Vpon his left hand, and did shake with good presage the ground,  
 A blazing starr did eke appeare which from the sckye did glide,  
 And shining o're the house most cleere in Idas shade did hide,  
 Which pointing forth theyr way did stream in length a furrowes space  
 All round whose bright refulgent beam blacke Sulphure smoakt the place;  
 Anchises heerby was subdu'd, to heauen did lift his eyes,  
 380 Adord the Starr, the Gods ayd su'd, to whom alowd hee cries,  
 I follow now with speed and ioy whither soere you lead,  
 O saue my house you Gods of Troy and bless Iulus head,  
 For this is your good Augury, and Troy is in your power,  
 I yeeld deare sonn with thee to flye nor will I stay an hower.  
 When this was sayd a greater sound of fire approached neere  
 And through theyr walls down to the ground the raging flames burnt cleer  
 Therefore dispatch O father deare on mee thy selfe do throw,  
 My necke and shoulders shall thee beare and lightly undergoe.  
 Whatere befalls one danger both one safty shall attend  
 390 (Ænæas said;) Iulus goeth with vs, my wife behind,  
 And you my seruauents marke quoth hee what I aduertise you.  
 Without the city you shall see a Temple (which you know)  
 Neer to an auntient Cypress high vpon a hill doth stand  
 Now long forsaken, formerly for Ceres worship fram'd  
 And reuerenc'd by our ancestors for many yeares long space,  
 From all parts thither have recourse, weel meet in that same place.  
 Thou father in thyne hand shalt hold our conquer'd Gods; twere sinn  
 As yet for mee to bee soe bold till I haue washt mee clean  
 From warr and slaughter in a floud of living streames, hee sayd.  
 400 And all his neck and shoulders broad a Lyons pelt array'd  
 Which downe he bent vnto his load. His right hand claspt his sonn  
 Whose footstepps slidd, and shorter trodd as after him hee runn.  
 His wife did follow in the darke, and him (who dangers neere  
 Nor troups of Greeks before did marke) now euery blast doth feare,  
 And euery noise both for his mate and burthen doth dismay.

Now had hee reacht the citty gate, escaped euery way  
 (As hee conceiud) when suddenly a noise of mouing feet,  
 And shapés of daungers drawing nigh, his fathers eyes did meet,  
 Who cries, my sonn make hast and flee, I see theyr shining swords  
 410 And glittering sheilds aduance to thee. Who, frighted with these woords,  
 Or ill befriended from aboue, (whilest priuate paths hee crost,)  
 Alas his deare and onely loue Creusa there hee lost,  
 Vncertaine whither stay'd by fate, or stray'd, or downe shee sate,  
 But from his eyes shee was escap't and much bewayl'd to late.  
 Nor did her losse his sorrows fill, nor mist hee her before  
 Hee stayd vpon the auntient hill at Ceres Temple doore,  
 Where hee suruey'd his friends and mates, of whom not one was lost  
 Saue her deteynd by angry fates that all their hopes had crost;  
 What Gods or men, Ænæas cry'd, haue done mee this despight,  
 420 Or what in ruind Troy beside more fatall reacht my sight?  
 Ascanius with Anchises old and house Gods hee commends  
 (Hidd in a crooked valleys fold) vnto his carefull friends;  
 Back to the towne in shining armes hee then returnes againe  
 Resolu'd to trye the woorst of harmes and daungers that remaine,  
 And first the citty walls hee mounts, and searcheth round the gate,  
 Then in the secrett paths recounts theyr stepps by night soe late.  
 Horror and silence fill'd his mind, and did his thoughts dismay,  
 Then to his house his feet inclin'd least there shee chaunc'd to stay,  
 But that the Greekes did spoyle and hold, for hee perceiud the fire  
 430 Blown to the rooffe and uncontroull'd with flames to heauen aspire.  
 From thence to Priams court hee stray'd, surueyes the empty rooms  
 And towers destroy'd by Iunos ayd, where hee noe sooner comes  
 But Phoenix and Vlisses stern were chose to guard the prey  
 And thither what did most concerne from all parts did conuey:  
 Rich spoyles that Temples burnt did hold, the Gods most sacred boords,  
 And standing cupps of massy gold, gay robes this tower affoords,  
 All which a troope of fearfull boyes and matrons did surround;  
 Then hee made bold to vse his voyce Creusas name to sound.  
 Againe hee call'd her, and againe with mournefull heart he cry'd  
 440 Through all the wayes and streets in vaine least houses should her hide.  
 And thus with endles rage hee sought the citty rooffes. Hee spyde  
 The ghostly image (as hee thought) of his vnhappy Bride  
 In larger shape before his eyes then heeretofore to stand,  
 At which amaz'd his hayre did rise, nor could hee woords commaund,  
 And this to ease his cares shee spake: What makes the madd my deare,  
 And only loue such paines to take? the Gods haue stayd mee heere,  
 Nor will Olimpicke Ioue that I thy wife Creusa goe

Along with thee for company. Long exile thou must know,  
 And plough the Seas vnbounded Maine with long and weary sayle,  
 450 Till to Hesperia thou attaine where Tibers streams doe trayle  
 And fill the Meads and Vallyes sown with rich fertility.  
 There ioyes, a wife, a Kingdom, Crowne and Queen shall comfort thee;  
 Then doe not weep for thy belou'd that shall not goe to see  
 The Myrmidons or Dolops prowde or Græcian handmayd bee,  
 I shall to Venus daughter bee, and with the Troian trayne  
 Of Ladyes lead a life most free in the Elysian plaine,  
 But heere the mother of the Gods a while detaineth mee,  
 And now farewell, from these abodes preserue our sonn, and flee:  
 This hauing sayd with watry eyes, when more shee would haue spake,  
 460 Shee lightly vanisht to the skyes and did his armes forsake.  
 Thrice hee assay'd to claspe her neck, and thrice her shaddow fledd  
 And from his frustrat hands did breake like winde or dreams in bed.  
 The night thus spent, hee did retire to seeke his company,  
 Whose number vast hee did admire that still did multiply.  
 Stout men, graue matrons, tender youth, a miserable rout  
 From all parts flockt to him with truth of hearts, that made noe doubt  
 To sayle to exile, cross the seas to whatsoeuer shore,  
 With ready minds his will did please and beare theyr wealthy store:  
 Now had the daystarr rose aboue the Mountaine Idas shade,  
 470 The day was broke, the Græcians stroue all ports to barricade,  
 And cutting of all hopes of ayd, Ænæas did deterr  
 Who on his neck his father layd and towards the hills did stirr,  
 Thence march apace the nearest way with all theyr warlike trayn  
 Vnto his fleet that ready lay to launch in to the maine;  
 With twenty shippes they sayled out whose Captaines names were these:  
 Orontes, Ilioneus stout, and faythfull Achates,  
 Alethes, Abas, Antheus, Sergestus (high of sp'rite,  
 Amycus, Capis, Cloanthus, Caycus (men of might,  
 With Lycas, Gyas, and the bold renowned Admirall  
 480 (Ænæas vnto heauen extolld) conductor of them all;  
 Whose mates that for Hesperia sought strong lofty vessells bore,  
 Hee seauen tall shippes well tackled brought from of the Troian shore,  
 (Soe great in warr, and vnto none for pious vertue next,  
 Ænæas (Venus deerest Sonn) whom Iunos hate perplext.  
 Then warn'd by fate, for Italy hee steered on his course  
 But in the Seas of Sicily was stayd by tempests sourse,  
 At length by stormes on Libya cast, with his most faythfull friend  
 Achates hee arriu'd at last, nor there his toyle did end.  
 But as they walked to descry the nature of the place

490 That was unpeopl'd, suddenly they saw before theyr face  
 A Virgin with a quiuer dect and hunting bow in hand,  
 Of lovely shape with hayre neglect who did of them demaund  
 Which of her sisters they had seen persuing in the chase  
 A sauadge Bore, or pass that green cladd in a Linxes case,  
 To whom Ænæas thus reply'd; none seen or heard (fayre mayd  
 O virgin surely deified) hath past this way (he sayd).  
 Whither thou bee from Nimphs deriu'd or Phœbus sister deare,  
 Bee happy to vs heere arriu'd, and ease our toylesom care,  
 Our sacrifice shall fall apace before thy Altars feet  
 500 If thou vouchsafe to name this place, whither our weary fleet  
 By raging windes is forced in, and what these people are;  
 The Queen of Loue did then Beginn of Dido to declare,  
 And told him that hee now was come vnto the Tyrian land,  
 The Punick Realm, Agenors town, but coast of Libyas strand,  
 Where rich Sichæus once did liue in high and ample state  
 With Dido, whom her Sire did giue to bee his princely mate  
 That was inflamed with her loue, whom, after hee had wedd,  
 Pigmalion (though his kinsman) stroue to have dishonoured  
 Who then did rule the Realm of Tyre and bore a Tyrants mind,  
 510 But lust did sett his heart on fire with auarice combin'd;  
 Hee, vnaware Sichæus slew before the Altars feet,  
 Conceal'd the fact which none else knew, and Dido fayre did treat,  
 Vntill her husbands ghost in sleep appeared to her sight  
 Wounded and pale, which made her weep and soon prepare for flight,  
 Discouering to her hidden wealth which, whilst the Tyrant sought,  
 Her friends conueigh'd with her by stealth and to theyr vessells brought,  
 That ready lay to waft them ore vnto those walls you see  
 Beginn to rise. with Gold great store, thither did Dido flee  
 And purchas't soe much of that earth which men do Birsa call,  
 520 As with a Bulls hide shee could girt and compass round her wall,  
 Whose stately towers which buisy hands erect with such delight  
 (New Carthage call'd) gainst Tiber stands and Italy ore right;  
 But whence are yee, the Goddess sayd, or whither are yee bound?  
 Then sighthing with a voyce dismay'd, quoth hee, to tell the ground  
 Of our misfortunes, and the paines soe hardly vndergone  
 A story from the morn containes to setting of the Sunn:  
 Wee from old Troy, (if ere the name of Troy hath reacht thine eare)  
 With shipwrackt vessells hither came where Libyas sands appeare,  
 Tosst by the stormes on diuers Seas, at length on Libya thrown,  
 530 Pious Ænæas seeks for ease, whose fame to heauen is known.  
 My household Gods I snatcht from foes and bare aboard with mee,

My stocke from Ioue Olimpick flowes, I'm bound for Italy,  
 Which country I desire to find; with twenty shippes I plow'd  
 The Phrigian Seas, my mother kind directing forth our rode,  
 By Eurus rage, whilst wee our fate ordained did persue  
 Stirrd up from Iunos furious hate. Scarse seauen were left in veiw,  
 The rest in foule Seas overthrown. With these few left I stray  
 Through Libyas deserts, poore, vnknown, and banished away,  
 And now from Asia and Europe fly. Then Venus would not stay  
 540 To heare him more, but did reply, what ere thou art this way  
 That to the Tyrian town are come, I scarce beleeeue the Gods  
 Against theyr wills would lett the roame to these remote aboades.  
 Lay by thy greif, to Didos Court, I will thee safely lead,  
 And bring thy lost shippes to the port and friends supposed dead  
 Vnless I fayle of Augury which mee my parents taught.  
 And heere behold downe from the skye Ioues princely bird hath brought  
 Twelue troubled Swanns which on the sand theyr ruffled feathers prune,  
 And now securely on the strand theyr wonted notes resume,  
 Whilst all reioycing in a clump their wanton wings display,  
 550 Soe shall thy shippes return'd triumph and youth that went astray,  
 Which haue by this time reacht the port with all theyr Canuas spread,  
 Now therefore hye the to the Court whither this way doth lead;  
 This sayd her rosy cheeke shee turn'd, and neck that shone soe white,  
 Which curl'd Ambrosian locks adorn'd perfum'd with heauenly spright,  
 Her vesture flow'd down to her feet, and by her gate hee knew  
 It was his mother hee did meet, a heauenly Goddess true.  
 And calling after her hee sayd, O stay my mother deare.  
 Why am I still by the betray'd with shapes of empty ayre?  
 Why may not I thy right hand hold, and fast imbrace with mine,  
 560 Returning woords most truly told in answer vnto thine?  
 As thus hee spake, and towards the town his weary stepps did bend,  
 Thicke folded clouds begirt them round, and hidd him with his friend.  
 But Venus ioyfull parted thence to Paphos temple, where  
 Her hundred Altars franke incense and girlonds greene did beare,  
 Reuoluing still within her minde what Ioue Almighty sayd  
 And seald to her with kisses kind, when for her Sonn shee pray'd,  
 Who bidd her all her feares lay by, and heare the establishment  
 To which the fates most constantly had giuen theyr firme consent;  
 Thou shalt behold Lauinus town and promist walls to rise  
 570 And after take thy great sould Sonn to the supernall skyes,  
 Nor can I this decree reuerse, for heere I will declare  
 And secretts of the fates rehearse to ease thy farrther care;  
 Great warrs hee shall in Italy feirce people overcome,

Rule men and manners prudently, designe the walls of Room,  
 Three scorching summerrs shall hee reign and gouern powerfully,  
 And shall three winters more remaine the Prince of Italy,  
 But young Ascanius (whose surname now men Iulus call,  
 Once Ilus till the lofty fame of Troy receau'd a fall)  
 Ore Latium thirty yeares shall reigne, and chaunge the Latine seat  
 580 To Albas walls, which shall remaine three hundred yeares compleat  
 Vnder the race of Hectors line most strongly fortified,  
 Till Illia Queen and preist diuine of twinns bee brought abed.  
 Hence Romulus great Mars his sonn, nurst by a wolfe shall spring,  
 And build the walls of Mars his town (the first great Roman King)  
 Whence boundles Romans wing'd with fame to all eternity  
 Shall rule the world and take theyr name, though Iuno furiously  
 Now fill the Sea the Heauen and earth, with fruitles weary plaint,  
 Fomenting feares, whom Ile convert, giuing her will restraint,  
 And ioyne her counsells vnto mine, for I have fast decreed  
 590 The Romans and theyr gowned line shall all the world exceed;  
 The time shall come Assaracus renowned offspring shall  
 Achilles Pthias, Misenus, with Argos fam'd intrhall,  
 Great Cæsar born in Room shall reigne of gallant Troian race,  
 Commaunding all the boundles maine whose acts the starrs shall blaze,  
 That Iulius Cæsar shall descend from great Iulus name  
 And by thy hands to Heauen ascend with Eastern spoyles of fame,  
 And after him shall piety and fayth the lawes maintaine,  
 Remus with Romulus comply and in Augustus reigne  
 Sharpe warr shall cease, and generall peace shall close warrs iron gate,  
 600 Foule fury shall bee bound and thrall ore bleeding armes that sate.  
 This sayd hee sent down Mayas sonne who from the heauens did flye  
 Vnto the towers of Carthage town where Dido then did lye.  
 Hee (soon arriu'd) did warn the Queen to take the Troians in  
 And lett her bounteous mind bee seen in succour to theyr men;  
 Meanwhile Ænæas climb'd a hill that overlookt the town  
 From whence he did behold his fill of Didos infant crown  
 And vei'd her towers and cityes frame, the which hee did admire,  
 From sheepcotes once without a name now vnto heauen t'aspire,  
 Whose gates and streets with mighty noise of Tyrians did resound:  
 610 Some building walls, some towers, reioyce to lift the stones from ground,  
 Some houses floores in furrowes draw, some Magistrates elect,  
 Theyr holy Senate and theyr law with iustice to protect,  
 Heere Ports, there Theaters they meat, and theyr foundation place  
 With Pillars cutt from Rocks soe great (high Scænes to come to grace:)  
 As buisy Bees in summers prime all the long Sunnshine day

Buzze to and fro full fraught with Thyme and down theyr burdens lay  
 Which some receauē, whilest others steep the honey in the Combes,  
 All ply theyr woorke while some doe keep and chase away the Drones;  
 O happy folke, Ænæas cryes who with a cloud was hidd,  
 620 Whose walls doe soon beginn to rise, and down amongst them slidd;  
 A groue amidst the Citty stood that gauē a pleasaunt shade  
 Where Didos men that scapt the flood, arriued brought a spade,  
 And digging found a horses head, which signe Queen Iuno gauē  
 And promist that it should them stead in conquests they should haue;  
 Heere Dido built a Temple vast to Iuno rich with gifts  
 And brazen stayres ascending plac'd, beames linckt with brass shee lifts  
 Vp to the roofe, and all her doores on brazen hinges moue.  
 Ænæas round about him pores, and in this shady groue  
 First hopes of comfort did appeare, and newly represent  
 630 Such tokens as recall'd his feare and slak'd his discontent.  
 For as hee veiwd the Temple round, the Queen, the Cittyes state,  
 And troopes of workmen on the ground admir'd soe fortunate,  
 Hee sees in liuely figures drawn the sundry famous fights  
 Or Troy, Atrides, of Priam, and, who them both despights,  
 Great sould Achilles; then hee stands, and weeping calls his friend,  
 { }  
 Achates (O quoth hee) what land in all the world disdaines  
 To lend our sufferings helping hand and to record our paines?  
 Behold our Priam, Trophyes here behold vp to his prayse,  
 640 See heere are teares, then banish feare this fame some help will rayse.  
 Thus on the Picture fedd his eyes, and thus he mourn'd and wept,  
 Whilest gazing up and downe hee spyes the fighting Troians heapt,  
 Together chasing of the Greekes, the Greekes rechasing them,  
 Heere plum'd Achilles Charriott breakes the rankes of horse and men.  
 Not farr from hence the snow white tents of Rhoesus (ill betray'd  
 By Diomed) he much resents do sleep but newly layd,  
 Whom slaine, his milky steeds hee tooke before they tasted had  
 Of Troian food or Xanthus brooke. This next sight makes him sad:  
 Young Troilus, vnæqual match for fierce Achilles speare,  
 650 (His armes first lost) his hands dispatch, nor could hee Charriott steer  
 But sate vpriight and held his reines in vaine, till down hee fell  
 His neck drawn on the ground, his braines forsooke theyr natiue cell;  
 Meanwhile the Troians did repayre to wrathfull Pallas shrine  
 And smote theyr breasts, lett loose theyr hayre, brought Poplar, sought  
 tēcline  
 With suppliant teares the Goddess ayd. shee turnd away her eyes  
 Which fixt on earth and nothing sayd, all hopes of help denies;

Three times about the city walls Achilles Charriott tore  
 Great Hectors corse, then funeralls hee graunts for gold good store,  
 But then Ænæas fetcht a sighth when hee beheld his friend  
 660 Despoyled of his armes and life and Priams fatall end.  
 He spyes himselfe amongst a croud of Græcian Princes chardge,  
 Black Memnons armes and Indians proud hee fighting veiues at large,  
 And how the warrlike Amazon, Penthesilia fierce,  
 Mongst thousands ledd her maydens on to wedlock rights auerse  
 And though a mayd durst combat men, her right brest burnt away,  
 A golden girdle laced in her left which naked lay.  
 Whilst (all Ænæas hauing seen) admir'd those sights of fame,  
 Dido the fayrest louely Queen vnto the Temple came  
 Guarded with all the youth of Tyre; as on Eurotas banks  
 670 Diana dauncing to the Lyre, whom thousand Nymphs in ranks  
 On Cinthus topp doe circle round, shee on her shoulders weares  
 A sheaf of shafts and from the ground taller then all appears  
 (Which gladds Latona's silent mind,) soe cheerfull Dido walks  
 Amidst her men whose work design'd, shee of her kingdom talks.  
 Then on a Throne (sublimely plac'd without the Goddess shrine,  
 Surrounedd midst the Temple vast with armes soe bright that shine)  
 Shee takes her state, and distributes impartiall lawes to all,  
 Diuides theyr talkes, giues eare to suites, and for theyr help doth call;  
 But straight more faces numerous Ænæas did behold,  
 680 Anthæus, Sergestus, Cloanthus, with Troians manifold,  
 Whose wandring fleet feirce whirlwinds tost, and ore foule seas remote  
 Darke clouds dispers'd (supposed lost); which sight with wonder smote  
 Ænæas and Achates brest who much desir'd to shake  
 Theyr friends right hands, but still did rest more notice for to take,  
 And vayled with a hollow cloud attended theyr success,  
 Nor where to land they were allowd or left theyr fleet could guesse,  
 For heere the cheifest Captaines came select from euery shipp,  
 And humble prayers to Dido fram'd theyr fleet from fire to keep;  
 When entred in and audience giuen, first Ilioneus spake  
 690 And lifting both his hands to Heauen his hearers friends did make;  
 O Queen, quoth hee, whom Iupiter this City giues to build  
 And o're these Nations lawes conferr to which proud people yeeld,  
 Wee Troians tost about the Seas by Tempests doe intreat  
 That thou command these men to cease that seeke to fire our fleet.  
 O spare our sacred progeny and vs commiserate,  
 That came not with our swords to prey on this your Libyan state,  
 Noe such presumption yet doth fall within our conquered breast.  
 There is a place the Greekes doe call Hesperias land, our rest,

An auntient soyle that doth abound with armes and wealthy graine.  
 700 CEnetrians once did till that ground which doth theyr name retaine  
 But now men call it Italy from theyr great Captaines name.  
 Thither our ready course did lye, when suddenly there came  
 Cloudy Orion that arose from Surges of the deep  
 (Stirring up Austers gusts) and blowes vs to the Rocks soe steep,  
 Then into quicksands loose and blind, the Sea preuayld ore most.  
 Hither wee few the way did find, but landing on your coast  
 What men what Customes barbarous doth this your Realm afford?  
 They did deny to harbour vs and offered fire and sword.  
 If you despise all human kind, and mortall armes contemne,  
 710 Yet know the Gods the good will mind and wicked men condemne.  
 Ænæas was our King, most iust, most pious and most stout,  
 Whom if hee liue (which hope wee must), and scape, you need not doubt  
 Nor yet repent first to oblige. In Sicily there dwells  
 Acestes, a renowned Leige whom in his armes excells  
 And Cittyes great, a Troian born. Permitt vs but to mend  
 And reinforce our Nauy torne, then forthwith we will bend  
 Our ready course for Italy, whither wee hope our King  
 And mates (as yet lost) ioyfully through all these stormes to bring.  
 But if our safety hath vs left, and best of Troians bee  
 720 In Libyans Seas of life bereft, nor more his Sonn shall see,  
 Yet vnto King Acestes Court in Sicily our fleet  
 With young Iulus shall resort. All this in language sweet  
 Ilioneus roundly spake, whom all the Troians hemm,  
 Then Dido answer short did make, and thus reply to them.  
 O Troians slacke your feares and cares, the newnes of our state  
 And hardship felt constraine these larrs, else neighbours would dilate  
 Their bounds to ours which wee defend. Of Troy who hath not heard,  
 Ænæas race, the Cittyes end, and men the Gods that fear'd.  
 Wee Tyrians beare noe hearts soe hard, nor from our town soe farr  
 730 Of Phœbus rays are wee debarr'd as sauadge people are,  
 Whither you sayle to Saturns land and Italy the great  
 Or seeke the shore of Eryx strand, and King Acestes seat,  
 I safely will dismisse your fleet with all reliefe I may,  
 But if your thoughts with mine doe meet, and heere you wish to stay  
 My towne is yours. Your shippes withdraw, twixt you and men of Tyre  
 Noe difference will I put, one law shall fayth from both require;  
 And would your King Ænæas were (driuen by the self same wind)  
 Arriu'd amongst us safly heere, whom I will send to find  
 If happily on Libyas coast he chaunceth for to stay,  
 740 Or into woods or Cittyes tost perhaps as yet doth stray.

These words reioyc'd Ænæas mind and cheer'd his valiaunt friend  
 Who now to breake the cloud inclin'd and giue theyr labours end.  
 First graue Achates did beginn, and to Ænæas sayd,  
 O Goddess Sonn of what is seen how is thy iudgment sway'd?  
 Thy shippes are safe, and men escap't, saue one that wee did see  
 Sunke in the sea, all else is happ't thy mother sayd to thee.  
 Scarse had hee spoke, when round about the cloud dissolu'd to ayre,  
 Departing from Ænæas stout that shone in light soe fayre,  
 His face and shoulders like a God, for Venus had him giuen  
 750 A comely hayre that seem'd a load, and eyes as bright as Heauen,  
 Such hands as Ladyes vse to grace with Iuory braceletts dight,  
 Or marble stones which workmen case in gold or siluer bright;  
 Then vnawares to all vnwayld hee thus bespake the Queen;  
 Ænæas sought is hither sayld before you to bee seen,  
 O Queen that does commiserate and Troyes misfortune mourn,  
 According succour to our state by land and Sea forlorn  
 With townes and houses. Wee the last that haue escap't the Greeke,  
 Scattered throughout the world soe vast a resting place to seeke,  
 Shall offer but an empty prayse that cannot make amends,  
 760 But if the Gods the iust will rayse and help theyr pious friends,  
 If men that beare an vpright mind deseru'd reward shall haue,  
 Blest bee the age and parents kind that such a daughter gaue;  
 Whilset fouds into the maine shall runn, and crooked mountains breed  
 Coole shades defensiuie from the Sunn, whilset Poles the Starrs shall feed,  
 Thy prayse and honour shall remaine, and I will speak thy worth  
 What lands soeuer mee retaine. This sayd, hee stepping forth  
 Gaue Ilioneus his right hand, his left Sergestus tooke,  
 Cloanthus, Gyas as they stand hee all in order shooke.  
 The Queen at first was much amaz'd to see the gallant man  
 770 And heare his chauce, on whom she gaz'd, and after thus began:  
 What force or Fortune (Goddess Sonn) amongst such dangers tost  
 Compell'd thy fleet ashore to runn on this inhumane Coast?  
 Art thou Ænæas, him that fame calles Troyes Anchises seed  
 And Venus Sonn? Art thou the same that Simois fouds did breed?  
 And I remember Teucer well to Sidon towers did come,  
 Whom cruell parents did expell and force to seek an home,  
 Desiring help at Belus hand; this Belus was my Sire  
 And then was wasting Cyprus land by force of sword and fire.  
 What fate from that time forth befell your most vnhappy town  
 780 I knew, I knew your name full well and Princes of renown,  
 And though this Teucer was a foe hee bare a Troian name  
 And did desire that wee should know from Troians first hee came.

Wherefore depart vnto the town O Troian youth I say  
 And in our houses sett you down, for I my selfe did stray,  
 And suffered much vnworthy toyle before I could bee plac't  
 By Fortune heer vpon this soyle where I remaine at last.  
 I sorrow know and learn from hence to help the men in woe.  
 This sayd shee ledd Ænæas thence and to the Court did goe;  
 To all the Temples shee resorts, the Godds due worship gaue,  
 790 And then remembers his consorts ashore her help did craue.  
 Shee sent them twenty Bulls well fedd, an hundred bristled swine,  
 An hundred Damms theyr Lambs did lead the Gods for to incline.  
 But all the inner roomes were grac't with Regall luxury,  
 And in the midst huge banquetts plac't, round which rich Tapestry  
 And proudest Purple wrought with skill a glorious preference gaue,  
 Vast gold and siluer plate did fill rich boords, that were ingraue  
 With histories of Heroes stout whom long succession crown'd  
 And all the battayles that were fought on Tyrus famous ground.  
 Ænæas thoughts were on his Sonn, who to Achates spake  
 800 And bidd him to the shippes to runn, from thence Iulus take,  
 Relating what had happened heere and bring him to the walls,  
 For all his care vpon his deare Ascanius welcome calls;  
 Moreouer gifts hee bidds him bring that had escapt the flame,  
 An vpper coat (a pretious thing) worn by the Princely Dame  
 Hellen, with gold and pictures wrought, another vesture braue  
 That woue with flowers to Troy shee brought, the which her mother gaue  
 A scepter that Iliones (King Priams daughter) was,  
 A double crown with Pearle sett high, a Necklace all did pass.  
 But Citheræa new designs new Counsellis did inuent,  
 810 Who Cupid to her will inclines Iulus to preuent  
 And beare the guifts to fire the Queen filling her brest with loue,  
 For why, the Troians false haue been and soe shee feares will proue;  
 Fierce Iuno raues all day with rage and takes noe rest at night,  
 Whose fury Venus to asswage thus treats her deare delight:  
 My Sonn, my strength, my only stay, that canst not bee affrayd  
 Of Ioues feirce flame, I now thee pray thou wilt affoord mee ayd.  
 Ænæas is thy brother deare seabeaten vp and downe  
 By hatred Iuno doth him beare, which vnto thee is known,  
 Him Dido holds with flattering woords, and doth detaine awhile,  
 820 I feare what Iunos seat affoordis and how shee may beguile.  
 Thou oft with mee hast mourn'd his fate, now therfore I desire  
 (Least first some power may chaunge her state) thou sett the Queen on fire  
 And fill her with Ænæas loue, which thus shall come to pass:  
 The Kingly boy from fleet will moue as hee commaunded was

And beare rich guifts vnto the town of Sidon to his Sire,  
 Whom I with gentle sleep will crown on Mount Cythæras spire  
 Or in Idalian groues will hide, least hee our plotts detect,  
 Thou for a night and vndescryd putt on the Boyes aspect,  
 And euery semblaunce of the boy doe thou exactly feigne,  
 830 Then when the Queen with feasts of ioy and healths shall entertaine  
 And dandle thee vpon her knee and kissing thee imbrace,  
 Loues poison see thou close lett flee and breath a silent blaze:  
 All this young Cupid readily prepared to obey  
 And gladly did his wings vntye to immitate the boy,  
 But Venus gently laid to rest Ascanius tender limbs,  
 And hauing lull'd him on her breast tall shady Ida climbs  
 And midst the flowers doth him repose, sweet shaddow vayles him ore,  
 Meanwhile the flatt'ring Cupid goes with Princely guifts to shore  
 Whom graue Achates glad did guide vnto the Tyrian court,  
 840 Whereas arriu'd hee soon esp'd the Queen, the great resort,  
 The pompous hangings, midst the which a stately bed did hold  
 The louely Dido fayre and rich all fram'd of massy gold.  
 Ænæas and the youth of Troy about the bed hee found  
 On scarlett plac'd with mirth and ioy which through the court did sound,  
 Some seruants water for their hands and finest towells reach,  
 And fifty more within there stands for housegods fire to fetch,  
 And see the bread on tables plac'd, an hundred more there bee  
 That put the meat on tables vast and sett the bowles soe free,  
 Nore were the Tyrian Princes barr'd from this solemnity  
 850 But in the mirth of Troians shar'd and on gay beds did lye.  
 They all admir'd Ænæas guifts, Iulus feigned grace,  
 The Gods alluring crafty shifts and loue commaunding face,  
 But cheifly the vnhappy Queen, who deeply entertaines  
 Loues plague within her breast vnseen which fireth all her veins,  
 Who with the boy and guifts hee brings is æqually deceau'd.  
 Hee fast about Ænæas clings (and for his Sonn receau'd)  
 Hangs on his neck fulfill'd with loue, and from his kind imbrace  
 Vnto the Queen doth gently moue who dotes vpon his face.  
 She veiues him well and in her armes and sometimes on her brest  
 860 Imbraceth him, nor knows his charmes, nor how great God shee presst,  
 But Cupid mindfull of his chardge beginns to vndermine  
 Sichæus, and her heart at lardge to liuing loue t'incline.  
 When first the tables were remou'd and costly banquetts ceast,  
 Rich massy boles old wine belou'd with Iuye wreaths to feast  
 Is brought and plact, then through the house, and through the ample court,  
 The noyse of those that healths carouse resounds with mirth and sport,

Great Lampes were hung in golden chaines which all the night did burne,  
 And Lampes whose lights till day remains and night to day can turne;  
 The Queen a massy bole commaunds full filld with purest wine,  
 870 A Bole which Belus sacred hands did lift to Gods diuine  
 Of weighty gold inricht with stones, then (silence giuen to all)  
 The God of guestright-lawes attones and thus on them doth call;  
 O Iupiter propitious bee and crown this day with ioy  
 That ages long from hence may see the loue of Tyre to Troy,  
 Bee present Bacchus, make vs glad, let Iuno mirth incline,  
 And you my Tyrians bee not sad but cheere our guests with wine.  
 This sayd she pow'rd some dropps of wine to consecrate the boord,  
 Then kist the cupp soe soft and fine as shee had wine abhorr'd  
 And vnto Bytias gaued the Bole, hee quickly tooke the cupp,  
 880 The liquor downe his throat did trole and turn'd the bottom vp,  
 All pledgd the health, whilest on a Harpe of gold Iopas gay  
 With cunning skill and fingers sharpe what Atlas taught did play.  
 Hee sings the monthly chaunging Moon and labours of the Sunn,  
 Tells you whence men and beasts doe come, how raine and fire begun,  
 Of starrs, Arcturus, Hyades, the Trions called Twinns,  
 Why winters Sunn to touch the Seas soe swift a course inclines  
 And why the nights are then soe long; the Tyrians highly lawd,  
 The Troians all admire his song and Didos mirth applawd,  
 Vnhappy Dido that soe deep a draught of loue had ta'ne  
 890 That all the night shee could not sleep but entertain'd her bane.  
 The noble Hero shee desires of Priam more to tell  
 And more of Hectors fights and fires and how at length hee fell,  
 What armes Auroras Sonn did beare when hee to field did passe,  
 What horses Diomedes were, how bigg Achilles was.  
 My princely guest I pray beginn, shee sayd, for to relate  
 How Greekes your wealthy Realm did winn, and all the wandring state  
 Of you and yours for seauen yeares past, the hardship that befell  
 By land and Sea, the daungers vast how you escapt soe well.

The beginning of the fourth Booke.

But all this while the wounded Queen within her veines doth feed  
 900 Her loues blind flame, whose wounds vnseen with heauy care doe bleed.  
 Much of the man, his worth and face, were printed in her brest,  
 Much of his woords and noble race shee thought and took noe rest.  
 Next day when Phoebus did adorne the world with lusture bright  
 And fayre Aurora raysed the morne from moist thicke shades of night,  
 Shee thus bespake her sister Ann, like one besides her witts,  
 What dreames my dearest sister can thus startle mee by fitts?

What guest haue wee receau'd of late? How braue himself hee beares  
 With hardy brest and armes that sate soe free from harmes and feares?  
 Of Gods race I suppose him borne, it is noe vaine surmise,  
 910 Feare from degenerate and forlorne is euer wont to rise.  
 What warrs orepast did hee rehearse, alas how tost by fate.  
 If I to loue were not auerse or could at any rate  
 Forgett Sichæus, or againe bee ioyn'd in wedlocks band,  
 Perhaps I could not thus remaine nor this one fault withstand,  
 For dearest sister I confess since my poore husband dy'd  
 None could my heart and sense possesse inforcing both to slide  
 But only this man, hee alone can loues old stepps reuiue.  
 But first the earth shall snatch mee down and swallow mee aliue,  
 Or Iupiter to deepest night and Erebus pale shade  
 920 With scorching Lightning shall mee smite ere I chast bands inuade.  
 My deare Sichæus first possess'd my loue in wedlocke sure  
 And with him still my loue shall rest, and in his graue indure.  
 This sayd shee wept; to whom fayre Ann, O more to mee then light  
 My sister deare, alas why stand you thus in mourning plight?  
 Are you alone for euer bound to banish youthfull ioyes  
 Or to neglect loues guifts profound and bring noe pretty boyes?  
 Can you beleue his buried dust or ghost for this doth care?  
 O graunt long since you would not trust a Spouse with you to share  
 And haue despised heeretofore in Tyrus, Lybias King  
 930 Iarbas, and a number more that Tropheys home did bring  
 Whom Affricks wealthy soyle did send with Triumphs rich adorn'd,  
 And will you still with loue contend? Or is your mind forewarn'd  
 What foes surround your dwelling place? Hee the unconquer'd Gæte,  
 And Numids yet vntamed race with sauadge Syrt doe threat,  
 On that side warrlike Barcæans dwell neere to the land of thirst  
 And, though farr hence, with fury swell noe less then doe the first.  
 What shall I say of German vaunts, or shall I lett them passe?  
 How they doe threat with bitter tawnts the towers of Tyre to raze,  
 I surely thinke the Gods doe smile on thee, (and well content)  
 940 Thy Goddess Iuno to this Isle this welcom fleet hath sent.  
 How glorious would this Citty rise by such thy wedded state  
 And Tyrians fame vnto the Skyes with Troians mixt elate?  
 Then seeke the Gods propitious ayd, and hauing sacrific'd  
 Bee sure to please thy guests (she sayd) and stay them soe surpris'd  
 While winter on the Sea doth rore, and moist Orions cloud  
 Inforce theyr fleet to keep the shore, and heauens doe thunder loud:  
 With these kind woords her brest was fir'd, and to her doubtfull hope  
 Her loue gauë wings who long admir'd chast modesty layes ope.

Then first they to the churches goe with incense seeking peace,  
 950 And kill fatt sheep (accustom'd soe), which fruitfull Ceres please,  
 To Phœbus (old Lyæus sonn) they also sacrifice,  
 To Iuno about all alone that wedlocks fetters tyes.  
 Fayre Dido to the powers diuine betwixt a white cowes horns  
 Throwes a full bole of sacred wine which her right hand adorns,  
 Or walkes in presence of the Gods before the altars fatt  
 Which all the morne with guifts shee loades, then down to counsell sate  
 Beholding beasts but newly slaine, whose reaking inwards tell.  
 Alas the Augures striue in vaine loues raging flames to quell:  
 What helps the Temples? What her vowes? The wound within her breast  
 960 (Though silent) liues, nor leaue allowes nor any time for rest;  
 Meanwhile vnhappy Dido burns, and wandring all about  
 The spacious City frantique mourns, as when a lurking rout  
 (This sheapherd) shootes a Hinde aloof amidst the woods of Creet.  
 His arrow swift as thought doth moue, shee trusting to her feet  
 Flyes the Dictæan woods and plaines (which though shee quickly leaue)  
 The deadly shaft still fixt remains and to her side doth cleaue;  
 She shewes Ænæas first her walls, then the Sydonian wealth  
 And rising City, speakes, and falls abruptly of by stealth,  
 Stopps in the midst. To end the day more banquetts then doth seeke  
 970 And greedily Ænæas pray more toiles of Troy to speake,  
 Still gazing on his lipps the while. When parted to theyr rest  
 The glimmerring Moon began to smile (all other light supprest,  
 Saue falling starrs which sleep inuite) shee mourneth all alone,  
 And where hee sate doth take delight to lye and make her moan.  
 Shee absent from him heares him there, and sees him though shee winks,  
 Or his Ascanius shee doth cheere whom like his Sire shee thinks,  
 Desiring only to beguile (whilst shee the boy doth wooe)  
 Her loues strong passion but a while, which yet shee cannot doe.  
 Noe towers are built, noe youth are traint to martiall discipline,  
 980 But all her Ports and Forts ordain'd for warr to wracke incline,  
 Her woorkes her walls (that threat the skyes) with warrlike engines high  
 And all her mighty batterries now interrupted lye,  
 Which when the wife of Ioue perceiu'd, and that her fame gaue place  
 Vnto her fury, much aggrieu'd shee flyes in Venus face  
 With this reproofe. A mighty prayse and ample spoyles of fame  
 Your Sonn and you thereby shall rayse, a great and lasting name,  
 If yore two powers one wooman foyle. But mee you cannot blinde  
 Who know you doe suspect our soyle where Carthage high's destinynde.  
 What end of this why striue wee still? Or shall wee peace imbrace?  
 990 All your desire I will fullfull; poore Didos loue doth blaze

And in her bones her fury fryes. These people lett us ioine  
 And rule with æquall auspicyes, lett Troy with Tyre combine,  
 Lett Dido wedd her Troian deare, and heereto giue thy hand;  
 But Venus knew shee feign'd for feare, and well did vnderstand  
 Shee moued this to chaunge theyr course design'd for Italy  
 And thus reply'd: twere maddnes straunge if I should this deny  
 Or wish to haue a warr with thee; (soe fortune this approue,)  
 But fates vncertayn carry mee. If that the will of Ioue  
 Shall crown the league of Troy with Tyre and lett the people ioine,  
 1000 Thou this of him with prayers desire, my prayers shall second thine:  
 Quoth Iuno, that my taske shall bee, and how I will it doe  
 Then marke mee well, whilest vnto thee in these few woords I shew.  
 Next morn when Titans beames display, Ænæas and the Queen  
 A hunting mean to take theyr way vnto the couertts green,  
 Then whilest the horsmen next the plain with Toyles the woods surround,  
 Ile powre black clouds of hayle and raine with rattling thunders sound  
 Which shall distract theyr followers whom darkness shall diuide,  
 The King and Queen to scape the shewers into one caue shall ride.  
 I will be present, lett thy will but vnto mine incline  
 1010 There shall they weddlock rites fulfill and married both bee thine:  
 Fayre Venus smiling answerd Yea, but did her drift perceauē;  
 Meanwhile Aurora rose from Sea, and soon as day gaue leaue,  
 Choyce youth on swift Massylian horse, well sented hounds and Speares,  
 Netts, Toyles, doe bring, and take theyr course to hunt wild Bores and Beares.  
 The cheifest Tyrians wait the Queen who to bee drest doth stay,  
 Her horse hooves sound vpon the green in gold and scarlett gay,  
 All glittering with his foamy mouth he champs his frothy raine.  
 At length the Queen on horsebacke go'th begirt with mighty traine,  
 Clad in a Tyrian riding gowne, edg'd with a costly lace, }  
 1020 A golden quiuer hanging downe, gold braides her hayr did grace,  
 Of richest purple was her gown which golden brooch did brace. }  
 Then ioyfull young Iulus brought his Phrigian company,  
 All whom Ænæas did excell in forme and Maiesty  
 And ioining with his ranked men theyr squadrons makes them hold;  
 Much like to louely Phœbus when forsaking Lycia cold  
 And Xanthus streames, hee turns to feast himself in Delos Isle  
 Which gaue his wearyed mother rest, whose Altars round the while  
 Hee leades his troupes of Epirots and painted Scithyan rout  
 With Cretans mixt, whose various notes hee gouerns round about,  
 1030 Hee on the top of Cinthus hill amidst them walkes in state,  
 Whose flowing hayre soft leaues doe fill woue in with golden plate,  
 His arrowes rattle down his back; nor of his louely grace

Did braue Ænæas seem to lacke or his maiestique pace:  
 When hills and dennis of beasts soe wild all wayles they had reacht,  
 A flock of wild goates (thence exild) rann downe the Rocks outstretcht,  
 On tother side behold a heard of Staggs (the field o're spredd)  
 Drew close, and clouds of dust vprear'd where swift as thought they fled,  
 But young Ascanius took delight amidst the vallyes space  
 To runn his horse as swift as sight and win from all the race,  
 1040 Desiring that a foaming Bore or Lyon would descend  
 Among the fearefull beasts before, with whom he might contend;  
 Meanwhile great murmur fill'd the skye, then followed raine and hayle,  
 The Tyrian ladds were faine to fly, nor did the Troians fayle  
 To seeke to houses for defence, dispersed to and fro,  
 With whom Ascanius parted thence. Down hills great riuers flow;  
 Ænæas and the Queen descend into one darkesome caue  
 Whose solace earth and Iuno blend with fearefull signes they gaue,  
 The skye is wittness to theyr locks where nuptiall flames doe shine  
 And from the tops of highest rocks the Sea Nymphs houle and whine.  
 1050 That dismall day first caus'd her death, first caus'd all her woe,  
 From whence loues ioyes her lipps doe breath which are auowed; Now  
 Shee calls them marriage, with this name shee shadow's ore her crime,  
 But straight to Lybias towers the fame of her offence did climbe  
 And to Iarbas eares was brought (a potent neighbour King  
 That long to her for loue had sought) who heard with maruelling  
 That shee the Troian Prince had tooke vnto her stately bed  
 And his deseruing loue forsooke whom shee refus'd to wedd;  
 Hee (held the natiue sonn to bee of horned Hammon Ioue,  
 Gott on the Nymph Garmantide when raiisht to his loue)  
 1060 And hundred Temples to his Sire an Altars did erect  
 In which were plac'd perpetuall fire which waking Priests protect.  
 Inrag'd with rumors, madd in minde, before his Altars bow'd  
 And both his hands to heauen inclin'd hee thus besought alowd;  
 Almighty Ioue dost thou behold, or doe wee feare in vaine  
 Thy lightnings flame? This wooman bold our Nuptialls did refraine,  
 Who lately wandring bought a spott of barren earth to plow  
 Vpon our shore, and hath forgott what lawes wee gaue; but Now  
 Shee hath a Citty fortified and took Ænæas in,  
 A Carpett Prince whom I defyed with an effemminat chinn,  
 1070 A Paris and a rauisher that holds her now by force  
 Whilst I my gifts and prayers prefer to thee without remorse;  
 Thus praying hee was heard of Ioue, who thence beheld the walls  
 Those louers built, who drown'd in loue lost greater fame, then calls  
 The winged Hermes, bidde him flye on Zephires gentle wing

Vnto new Carthage instantly, and tell the Dardan King:  
 Not such thy mother promist thee (from Greeks preserued twice)  
 But one whose rule o're Italye and all the world should rise,  
 If noe such hope thy labour moue, nor glory stirr thy minde,  
 Hath heere Ascanius fixt his loue and thoughts of Roome declin'd?  
 1080 What hopes detaine him heer soe long amidst his enimyces?  
 Or will hee thus his offspring wrong and Latian feilds despise?  
 Tis my commaund hee launch with speed; this Mercury obeyd  
 Who to his mighty Sire gaue heed; and first of all hee tyed  
 His golden shooes with wings soe swift vnto his nimble feet,  
 That through the ayre aloft him lift ore all the world soe fleet,  
 Then takes his rodd with which pale soules hee calls from Erebus,  
 Whilest down as many more hee rowles to grizly Tartarus.  
 With this sweet sleep hee giues and takes, and closeth dying eyes,  
 With this the winds and clouds hee slakes when they in surges rise,  
 1090 And now hee flying spyes the topp and hardy sides appeare  
 Of Atlas, that doth vnderprop and on his shoulders beare  
 The weight of heauen, and round about his tall pine bearing head,  
 Black clouds with winds and showers doe flout, his shoulders snows orespread,  
 Then down the old manns chinn doe flow swift Riuolettis vnheard,  
 And hoary ice doth ouergrow his rough vnshauen beard;  
 Heere first the winged Hermes stayes, from hence hee takes his flight,  
 And all his body headlong layes cast towards the Sea down right,  
 Much like the Cormorant that round the Rocks and Shores doth prey  
 And fishing sometimes neer the ground and next the waues doth flye,  
 1100 Soe Mayas Sonn, great Atlas seed, ore Libyan sands did flee  
 Twixt heauen and earth, and as hee fledd and cutt the winds did see  
 New Carthage towers, where first hee lights and rests his weary wing  
 Beholding all those stately sights, and that more glorious King  
 (Ænæas) buisy building forts, and raising roofes apace,  
 Whose sparkling scabberd many sorts of Iaspar stone did chase.  
 A costly loose robe down his necke of gold and Tyrian dye  
 (Which Dido gaue) his limbs did deck, hung round him carelessly.  
 The God begins; what dost thou now designe high Carthage walls  
 To please a wife? Alas then know thy own Realme for thee calls,  
 1110 And Ioue himself (that rules the Gods) from heauen hath sent me down  
 To seeke thee out in these aboads. That God that with a frown  
 Turns heauen and earth, appointed mee to bring thee this commaund  
 And swift as thought to Libya flee; what meanst thou in this land  
 Soe long to stay? Or whats thy hope? If nothing more the moue  
 And thou forgett'st thy gloryes scope, yet lett Ascanius loue  
 And rising hopes bee call'd to mind to whom th'Hesperian reign

And Roman kingdome is design'd. This Hermes told him plaine,  
 Then forthwith vanisht from his sight; Ænæas frantiquely  
 With hayre all staring bolt vpright, amaz'd made noe reply,  
 1120 And musing on Ioues mandat stood, resolving to bee gone  
 And leaue that land soe sweet and good, the Gods will must bee done.

But how to circumuent the Queen when shee should come to heare  
 Of this, or with what face beginn to tell her hee did feare.  
 His thoughts long wauering to and fro (and nothing left vnweighd)  
 At last hee to his mates did goe and thus vnto them sayd;  
 Mnestheus, Sergestus, Cloanthus, with speed prepare our fleet,  
 Our armes and mates that came with vs lett all on shippboord meet,  
 And well dissemble when they aske the cause of this Parade.  
 Meanwhile Ile make it all my taske this best Queen to perswade  
 1130 From feare of our escape, that when shee thinks our loues most sure  
 I may withdraw mee to my men and sayle away secure.  
 They all with cheerefullnes obey; but who can loue deceiue?  
 For wicked fame did soon bewray what Dido did belieue  
 Who their first motions vnderstood, but when that fame did say  
 Their fleet all arm'd at Anchor rode prepar'd to launch away,  
 Shee fearing all things nere soe safe, and fill'd with fainting doubt,  
 Like Bacchus froes beginns to raue and through the streets to shout;  
 As those that Bacchus Orgies keep (a third yeares drunken feast)  
 Inspir'd by him doe neuer sleep nor from lowd clamors rest,  
 1140 Which Mount Cythæron ecchoes back in signe the God is pleasd,  
 Soe Dido raues; at length shee spake and thus her fury easd;  
 What! hop'st thou to disguise thy flight perfidious man (quoth shee)  
 And that soe great a sinn by night with thee can steal from mee,  
 That nor my loue, nor plighted fayth (betray'd to thee before)  
 Nor dying Dido can, shee sayth, detaine thee on my shore,  
 But in the winters sharpest rage, against the northren blast  
 Thy fleets and mates thou must ingage to cutt the deep in haste.  
 What if noe straungers feilds or town vnknown to thee thou seek,  
 Or Troy should hold her old renown vnconquerd by the Greeke,  
 1150 Must Troy bee sought through waues with feares, and wilt thou flye from mee?  
 I doe beseech thee by these teares, my right hand giuen to thee,  
 And (since that miserable I haue nothing left beside)  
 By my betrayed chastity and Bride-knott newly tyde,  
 If e're I well deseru'd of thee (or any ioyes were sweet  
 That euer thou receau'd of mee) my prayers may stay thee yet.  
 For thee the Lybians, Affricke Kings, and Tyrians beare mee hate,  
 My fame and shame (the best of things) for thee I lost of late.

Whom wilt thou leaue mee to, my guest (I dying vse that name)  
 For nothing of a wife doth rest? How can I stay for shame  
 1160 To see Pigmalion raze my walls, Iarbas capture mee?  
 Alas (what euer mee befalls) had I but had by thee  
 A young Ænæas in my court that had been like thy face,  
 Hee would haue playd and made mee sport, and eas'd my captiu'd case.

Heere you may see what loue can doe; what frantique restles flame  
 Persued a Queen noe less then you. Loue can the proudest tame;  
 But different fates diuide you both; shee lou'd and you disdain.  
 Heauen with her last loue was to wroth, heauen graunt your first remaine.  
 You now soe gallant and soe great, that count your selfe soe fayre  
 And can despise all flames, to treat your selfe soe proud and rare,  
 1170 Bee sure, such shaddowes cannot last; ere long your beauty fades,  
 And then despaire that pride shall blast and driue to deadly shades.  
 I with my selfe shall then consult to tempt some other flame,  
 Not mourn dejected or insult, but prayse the melting Dame.  
 Presume not then beyond your self, bright Venus is not blinde,  
 I know not what her blinking Elfe God Cupid hath design'd.  
 My prayers and vowes shall neuer cease vnto those powers diuine  
 Vntill they doe vouchsafe mee ease, or make your heart like mine,  
 Diana was the only mayde (of an immortall streyne)  
 That durst neglect fayre Venus ayde, her Gods and men disdain.