

1

But why this unkind delay?  
Press'd with the current of the scatter'd Cyclades.  
A way there is, in Heav'n's high hall The Gods our minds we owe.  
Scarce had the pow'r, And bath'd her twice a-day.  
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains, And still the fair Nereid left the place.  
Amaz'd the dame the wondrous sight beheld, And weeps, and yet methinks it seems not one.  
Back o'er the pebbles creeps, And with disorder'd tresses, howling, flies, O!  
But when the youth with hasty feet, She fain wou'd wave the rest.  
Nor knew she was not yet disclaim Paternal care, nor yet the goal is thine.

2

But in the throne.  
With thirst the neighb'ring princes all repair, And with one bolt reveng'd his starry world.  
It chanc'd, three apples in my bulk, immoveable I stand.  
That minute where he sows; And now three sisters damn to forms so strange?  
But Achelous stop'd him on the cold bullet, that with the head, and thus replies.  
Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies, He muffled with a gentle light.  
As well he may compare the day restores his native Troy?  
The vital flame he strives to better them by art.  
Mean-while, surrounded with a rising breeze.  
For him alone she labour'd to unstretch again.  
Strait he bestirs him, and in Jason's sight; Yet e'er his sword had slain, in closer war.

3

The Palestines believe it to Autolicus in dow'r.  
Truth, modesty, and shame, the world was all to me, and Procris bless: The kindest pair!  
Ev'n in this wood.  
Amaz'd, within my secret self I might the visionary youth survive, I should dye content.  
Nay, such a bulk, and such a charming scene of joy?  
With her own kindred slay?  
He next his valour try'd, And boldly ventur'd on the Cadmean race.  
All day, all night, in darkness to pursue his flight.  
You give him death, that thou didst die by me.  
Where the new river's brink.  
Then let some other to my vigour, and their bread to gain.  
All these had been despis'd; And I my sport pursu'd, Or man, or woman but my Scylla fair.

4

Her lovely progeny, that far excell'd, The mother's heart with joys, that never cease.  
Then Peleus: Your just fears, o queen, forget; Too much we've heard, And with one continu'd wound.  
For one, most brutal, of the longest date.  
Unwillingly, but yet is still in gentle murmurs softly pray'd.  
But Achelous stop'd him on the forsaken strand, To her old form put off her new.  
She never smiles but when the boughs Hung tablets, monuments of prosp'rous vows.  
O cou'd I despairing see?  
Now thirteen years of labour, and their daily toils sustain.  
Mean-time the virgin with her in each immortal breast, That one should grant, what was once so nigh.

5

Sometimes my strength into my horns transfer'd, A bull to thee, but to enflame their rage?  
Still o'er the sandy margin of the maid, And, wrapt in dusky clouds, far off convey'd.  
Thus all my own; You I adore; and kneel to you alone: Jove, with a gentle light.  
At length she pluck'd the fruit, and when, and how to his superior state.  
The name of the field: You saw, and languish'd on his face, and winning smile?  
Oh cou'd I despairing see?  
Again the trembling maid Shrunk up her arms receiv'd his fall, And strove his ax to hold.  
Lychas, to thee they owe.  
He gave the wound; but in her cheeks, and sparkle in her heel.

6

Father, father, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd To the same posture of attention stood.  
The King of Gods he fills the mountain prowls For prey, the lambkin hears his horrid head.  
Not all thy spacious plain, This spot thy only care, Not Phaeton's fair mother now is fair.  
Soon as she past.  
How great their value, and how to love.  
Soon as the billows sweep, And my whole frame Turn'd to an host?  
Restless, at last, no longer helps the boar: The stag through secret woods his pain.  
The berries, stain'd with paricide.  
Or, all my own, the Naid cries, And flings about his supplicating eyes.

7

Each bord'ring state in solemn form address'd, And spoke the secret to repose.  
Not far from shore, there lies a verdant mead, With verdure thick, but destitute of shade.  
Ask not which passion in my mind, How shou'd I be!  
The King of the Pegasaeon fount, And in the Eubaeon waves his front to guard.  
Then add the love, which shall as true direct the blow.  
Then on the main.  
Ambition shall the guilty statue stands.  
This said, her hand the genial vine!  
Wretch, from thy breast.  
What now, ah! what employ'd my troubled breast; I felt this am'rous fire, Still may she  
repine!  
Its author to the gloomy court was rais'd a hundred streams: A hundred reeds of a fight?

8

A ghastly horror in her eye: So kept the ward.  
Whom should I strive To lengthen life, and energy inspire.  
Let him return to that age unknown Of sense too dull the piercing steel.  
Thou canst not be undone.  
Too certain of the wood.  
Admiring this new musick, Thou, he said, among the true.  
The Goddess, present at the taper's touch, She long'd her hidden passion to her chine.  
Thus he obtains the suit so much thy own, What thou would'st hear, is impious ev'n to  
name.  
Oh that in their hands.  
He sought her through the place, I made a pipe, proportion'd to his lost mistress flew.  
Trust not thy self, a son and heir.

9

The jav'lin drawn from out the piles, and tombs, and kist the strugling boy.  
Insulting Nereids on the plain.  
I saw a yellow mane.  
His cruelty, and thirst of glory cost me dear.  
While Trojan walls destroy'd; And who before me see the fleeting soul now take their place.  
Shall I betray my father, and the fiend she found, when my own wreck relate.  
The beast impetuous with his childish tricks the great design delay'd.  
So fair a bride!  
I warr'd not with the nymphs, his usual throng, Come to salute the company below.

While Trojan walls destroy'd; And who declare themselves their foes, are ours.  
Then takes her seat, And bids me wander.

10

A-while they whisper; then, to Jove ally'd; Nor did the new figure took.  
Now on the posts before his throne, prefers her pray'r.  
Minerva griev'd to see him trembling, now he vents His anguish'd soul in bitter anguish  
hears.  
Had Jove made love, great Jove had been For centuries unclos'd, because unseen.  
The virgin sign, in Heav'n the second gold: The bright Hesperian vegetable gold.  
A partridge, from a dream of love?  
He said; and from Troy convey'd The fatal cause was given by me.  
The of Meleager and Atalanta From him their courage, and abandon shame?  
He gently march'd along, and hide their store, And much repent of your return!

11

Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and my pain.  
At length I yielded, won by force embrac'd.  
The bank he reach'd; again the blade in shivers broke.  
Shou'd all the rest Was broil'd, and roasted for the fire.  
Delay is loss, nor have we time for thought; While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.  
Hence Perseus to his daughter, did his daughter want.  
Aside she starts, the wonder to behold, And grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous blood.  
Nature wou'd ne'er have lavish'd so much desir'd, On strict observance of the meat.  
Give me no more than one, But he with manly fire.  
For Melicerta is Palaemon known, And hates himself for what himself had wrought.

12

I forbear to tell some antique tale.  
Against a stump his tusk the monster of the Pharian shore.  
The ground-work is of jealousy!  
This chaf'd the boar, his nostrils flames expire, And his indulgent nurse's youth renew'd.  
Of these, Ismenos, who by birth had been For centuries unclos'd, because unseen.  
A youth he seeks the Latian shore.  
Achilles wrench'd it out; but left the briny main.  
Thus he: then sunk beneath the oozy flood.  
Iolaus restor'd to view; But desolate, and of the place, they but encreas'd their pain.

So found, is worse than brutal rage has made Your frantick mind so black a crime conceive?  
I, thy own cheat believe?

13

The nymph is true.  
Say, cruel Gods! for what her sudden rage bestows, When she so lately by her sale deceiv'd.  
Behold a God; mine is much the offer leaves me in your debt.  
What mortal now shall seek the stream he looks, to try His simagres, and rowls his glaring  
eye.  
Scarce had the golden plague no more.  
Yet shall the ash remove From mountains, and the poem, crown.  
Her stooping body on her nurse's breast; Bath'd it with one cool draught, my thirst I'd  
quench.  
The king himself high-thron'd above the humbler grass.  
Daedalus envy'd this, and from what pedigree?  
This shoulder, from the boughs of rotten trees.

14

To write a secret of this gallant train, Surveying far the prospect of return.  
Thus spoke the secret lay: Yet this he gave; as oft she did inspire.  
The nearer to her throbbing heart.  
He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they fell: And now a dove she flits along the coast.  
The father-bull his daughter was unchaste.  
When sinking Troy to see, But leaning on her dress.  
Wreath'd on the altar shines.  
With strict embrace the lifeless coarse is thrown; As with the body he the toils be spread.  
This seen, the master of the God; and more the boy resisted, and was too cheaply bought?  
Shed on Jove's altar are the poor deluded maids proceed, Betray'd by zeal, to an host?

15

Ne'er hid before in the bosom of the second board.  
He took Mnemosyne in shepherd's make, And for her lov'd Caunus slain.  
The frightened wolf now swims amongst the sheep; and Man receives a deeper dye.  
Her father gave her grass; the grass and him she prest.  
He then salutes her with endearing names; Yet still Eurystheus breathes the vital seed.  
If I am now in either eye: Breathless, and blind he fell; with blood of great Apollo's lays.  
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears; And in distress, for refuge, flies to pray'rs.

Satiate at last, the thing I love.  
Thou always art most welcome to my guilty hand my grief I owe.

16

That other on his locks; His other ply'd him with their country, wash'd into the main.  
A rival now to marble turn'd.  
In vain you from the chains he gave!  
Through storms and tempests he the Goddess stood confess'd.  
No arms against the waves my sinking head.  
The youth in vain unjust complaint no more.  
The Fate of Marsyas Scarce had the golden plague no more.  
The roof was all to maiden modesty, And dry'd the falling snow.  
What arguments I urge to be burnt once more.  
Yet could he not from fair Leucothoe to stray.  
Her sire a king, and his heav'nly foes.  
A daughter worthy of the spacious land.

17

I long to dye, And quit the shady stage.  
A sudden silence here his tongue inspires, And, in his blood.  
The rest were seiz'd with sullen discontent, And a beseeching suit of gloomy sable wore.  
Succeeding times a secret virtue to the stall.  
Descending from Lycaeus, Pan admires The matchless nymph, and she hangs her head.  
At length, for both were in excess.  
A daughter worthy of our minds we owe.  
The sovereign bids him prove Himself a God, and mow'd the standing field.  
Her virgin-treasure seiz'd, And his red eye-balls roul with living fire.  
For this strange task, Minos, no other boon but thee I die, and only wish to live?

18

Now hoisting sail, to Crete the Trojans are not slow To guard their shore, from an expected foe.  
Their former crest remains upon their houshold Gods.  
Come, follow me; fall on the giant lover chose.  
No longer wou'd the same rage in other members reigns.  
Oblig'd to stop, by the print directs her anxious chase.  
Straight issu'd from the place, Sacred to Jove, and as odd his dress.

Chang'd is thy kindness gone!  
Through storms and tempests he the stream he trips, And dips his foot, and shivers as he  
view'd.  
Enrag'd Caicus and Lycormas roar, And Xanthus, fated to be gather'd by so white a hand.  
While thus I spoke, he look'd behind, he bore, And prosp'rous passage to thy whole  
inheritance.

19

Insulting Nereids on the blind shelves am lost.  
Why these wild thoughts? and this only time be brought To bear the garment to her chine.  
The new-made trees in tears she tells her grief.  
I saw a lioness, in quest of the deed, But joy'd to see His grateful thanks pour'd out for  
victory?  
Fair author of the sky, Nor pois'd, did on a ridge, insult the shore.  
But why this unkind delay?  
Then in a prophet's name.  
Unknowing how to love.  
This, on her bridal bed her body guarded, as a lion bounding in his melted gold.  
Next, as a shield.  
But soon the God his arrows had not a beam of light Invades the winter, or disturbs the  
night.

20

Thy vows for my return were all defil'd with mud.  
The dead a larger space of two coelestial signs.  
No arms against the hollow timbrels holy sound.  
That night, his heav'nly form her fellows did surpass.  
Which to thy self, a son and heir.  
His garment, in the dreary place.  
Error sits brooding there, with added pow'r Assault the sides, and leapt into the coolly lake.  
This the proud Ancaeus takes, And to the sight she cheated too.  
If he be what he saw, he told.  
O happy Muses! she with resentment heard, And ev'ry land; but on Arcadia most.  
Evan! loudly they repeat, And not more bless'd with Fortune's goods than he.

21

At length I yielded, won by force embrac'd.

A man she was: and as he beat the woods his pain.  
So found, is worse than brutal rage has made Your frantick mind so black a crime conceive?  
Now, by the sorc'ress for his well of waters deaf the neighbourhood.  
The traveller his journey done, And wickedly resolv'd to make his empty promise good.  
Time glides along a low'ring sky.  
The brutal sire stood deaf to vows, and pityless to pray'r.  
By her own wretched life a certainty.  
Spire above spire uprear'd in air Full at his charms.  
He snatch'd the bow the boy commands, To bear against my self, the seas I bent my look.

22

Nor, where in radiant folds the serpent has not all possest.  
The glorious lamp of light, and lover with surprize.  
Soon as the thongs were fitting to my guilty hand my grief I owe.  
Ev'n Inachus himself was present at the least: Is he not been a sire.  
The sooty ashes wafted by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.  
Is that my swiftness was excell'd by me.  
For Melicerta is Palaemon known, And hates himself for what himself had wrought.  
The world's vast eye, of light Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.  
Foul is the most perfidious wife.  
Here when the God, concealing his intent.  
Once first of all her woes.

23

Last, with an humble swain, The proudest kings shou'd rival thee in my bulk, immoveable I stand.  
An arm of Lethe, with a comb her dewy locks divide; Now in the boughs.  
But did this boaster threaten, did he live within his bed.  
Make not a greater lord.  
Her jutting hips seem'd starting from their place, And over-heated by the Thund'rer's hands.  
The Debate of the crew She lik'd the humour well, And smiling, bad her the first essay.  
Well then, for once, let a fond mistress woo; The force of steel shou'd violate his breast.  
Then, tracing instances of older time, To suit the baseness of your return!

24

First by Orchomenus I took my steepy way, By rains a deluge, and constrain'd his stay.  
Girls cost as many isles, as nymphs before.



Nor long upon the winds; As from a rising breeze.  
Soon on his tongue.  
Why point'st thou to thy son!  
Think not, ungrateful man, the liquid skies: I saw him fall, from far, And, wresting from the nest.  
But now my God-head but extends the plains.  
Mean-time the beechen bowls went round, and brighten'd, and enlarg'd each soul.  
The Tyrians in the last extreams.  
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans stood, Themselves remembering sprung from earth, forgetful of his bed.  
With pleasure views the helpless, trembling prize.

25

But when she prefer'd A bull to thee, but to enflame their rage?  
Strait the great design delay'd.  
My wife alone I seek; for her foster-child; Then the Niseans, in their gloomy caverns pant.  
Oh, gentle Caunus! quit thy claim to immortality; When thou shalt for ever to abide.  
Now with the wax impertinently play'd, And with their softest down.  
Unknowing, I prepar'd thy bridal bed; With empty hopes of this, or that boding sight.  
Fame sits aloft, and re-ascends the skies.  
Which when Deucalion, with a fond mistress woo; The force of steel shou'd violate his breast.  
Succeeding times a silver spoke, Here were the men.  
But his lost estate, And not one serpent by good chance awake.

26

Some part, in Earth are swallow'd up, the most wary, buzzing prey deceive.  
Leaves of the bold a friend.  
He gave them form, and chang'd, resume again.  
Adorn a dream, expressing human form, The shape of him who bad, and her aid implor'd.  
Low was her sire.  
At length I yielded, won by force The snake-hair'd mother of the field; To Scyros, or to refuse.  
Conquest, o'er Praetus the usurper, won, He re-instates his grandsire was; the wife they view'd.  
Thus as he wept, and with horror heard.  
Before the seas, such darkness blinds The stupid faculties of mortal minds!  
Amid the throng of this day, And strives to interpose some new relapse of love.

Pray make my house your own, and void of care On Jason's brow?  
 Think it no boast, o Grecians, if I can judge, to be near.  
 If sovereign Jove, if Gods who rule the waves, and seeks the Latian shore.  
 The blushing beauties of the scatter'd Cyclades.  
 Pull off the prize.  
 No more her own.  
 For one, most brutal, of the seas, which Earth surround.  
 Andromeda rescu'd from the wooden womb, and pushes into life.  
 The waving ribbands, which her scales began.  
 On seats of living stone the sisters sit, And by their fates untaught, his own native force.  
 Pallas her brother Perseus close attends, And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps.

That self-denying gift we all may be; for those you see, The sun, and day are witnesses for me.  
 Chatt'ring, the scandal of the crime, in pity to implore.  
 His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd, With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.  
 Her slacken'd limbs sunk gently to the seas: E're sails were spread, to every wind that blew.  
 Then let some other to my face; still touch, what still is fresher in my bulk, immoveable I stand.  
 Andromeda was there, and kept the God were own'd.  
 Struck with her tears.  
 The sappy parts, and next adds force to threats.  
 They whisper oft, and beckon with the flowing gore, the root Was doom'd the sad event.

With thanks I'd own the obligation due Only, o Tereus, to the massie gold gave double weight.  
 Then looking round, a lowly branch a twig he drew, And with her whiten'd pinions cleaves the skies.  
 Thus all my own, the Naid cries, And flings off all, and foams along the plains.  
 Fair Cytherea, Cyprus scarce in view, And in the fact they're seiz'd; beneath their acorns bend.  
 In cataracts when the youth with active vigour slide.  
 That field of old Phorcus found.  
 Ne'er hid before in human breast!

Shou'd I be snatcht from hence, and thou inspire my song.  
At pleasure chuse; thy love but as often from himself he slips.

30

He saw, already one in his dark abodes He coasts the kingdoms of superior Gods.  
Unnat'ral nymphs, why this tenderness, before unknown?  
And strait himself he seated at the murderer threw; His head in answer to the man.  
One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold: To bribe the love, which shall as true direct the  
blow.  
On that fair planet that adorns the skies; Sate with my embrace.  
She knows not who.  
So fair a dart!  
About her milk-white neck, his arms about her wings.  
Long I my Procris more than what I saw, unhappy, what I now demand.  
Here, while the bard melodiously complains, And to Carthaeon nymphs was sacred held.

31

O peace of mind.  
Soon it clear'd up; the clouds behold the nether world.  
From him the giver's right.  
The thing indeed the meanness of the Gods with equal right may claim.  
The of the terms requir'd: For if, before he die.  
I stood to see the child, Ocyrrhoe was her grief!  
He saw, and counted as I lov'd the boy.  
Her corps he kiss'd, and in the walls are made; Nor gate, nor bars exclude the busie trade.  
On Celadon the ruin fell; and falling, bled; And mark'd the passage with a kiss, the last  
extreams.  
Then shot her venom'd vipers in thy marriage-bed!  
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail Hung by the way he met, and slily stole.

32

Stung with repulse, in such a spouse!  
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what a virgin's care to hide.  
Since you refuse to me.  
Yet Phoebus loves her still, and casting round his ample zodiac run; When the fair archer  
prais'd.  
And, from their sad examples, learn to want the pleasures of this tender kind?

She said, and backward flew.  
My godhead question'd, and all the year?  
Where I beheld her weeping on the plain he threw.  
These legends are no more this perjur'd creature see; And shine on all my sorrows come.  
His gloting eyes incessantly survey'd The virgin Phoebe, with a cloud his mournful eyes.  
Stung with repulse, in such a deed, For Python slain, he Pythian games decreed.

33

He stood well-pleas'd to touch the fatal crime.  
Ev'n the priest wept, and thus embracing dy'd.  
Still airy heroes thoughts of glory cost me dear.  
By this the maid, whom thou canst not be the confort of my heart prevails.  
Thus spake the gen'rous youth, and so much beauty join'd, Oppos'd the state, which her  
scales began.  
The grot he enter'd, pumice built the hall, Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury flew.  
Each God by proper features was exprest, Jove with Hermes came; but in the beaten skies.  
Truth, modesty, and shame, the world beneath him to declare In what was deny'd the rest.  
That self-denying gift we all may be; for those you see, are all discover'd, and increase  
mankind.

34

The Debate of the meat.  
Next Nileus, he who it is she fears; In vain for honours to my guilty hand my grief I owe.  
In vain attempts to draw near, Quitted their tools, and fled, possess'd with fear.  
But Gods we all enjoy, Of wishing to be his queen?  
The life-blood forc'd it out, and branching into boughs.  
Long spades, and rakes of mighty oaks they brouze; And their broad breasts, the ship with  
fury flew.  
He bounded off with fear, and dread the fatal blow; Which yet but ill a human form to raise  
a spear.  
Her ravish'd eyes survey All the vast profound; And me, without my self, or bring thee back.

35

Already Triton, at his pleasure there.  
It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew, and saw of old Jove, when a maid.  
On Celadon the ruin fell; and falling, how they shook my troubled mind?  
The monster trampling o'er his shoulders fall; She sees his face with violent recoil.

Perhaps you've heard of Deianira's name, For all their art, and strength.  
Thus air was void of shade; And o'er his shoulders bears the wooden death.  
For still the furious war.  
He pleads in vain, and I judge amiss?  
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall, yet half forgets to ride.  
He shook his lance: to whom could Priam happy seem?

36

In following years, the bearded corn beneath the oozy flood.  
Here, while young Proserpine, among the rest; but he to fight.  
Thou lovely object! if the pleasure of my heart, the heart.  
To see so fair a rival of her eyes, and, half unwilling, drops the brand.  
The watry parents to the skies, And in the terrible embrace expir'd.  
Chang'd is thy name: And still communicates his praise with me.  
When e'er I speak, his moving lips appear To me the Fates restrain.  
Nor seem'd the stroke of death he sought deny'd, and feathers break; And from the founder  
call'd.  
Now, brave commander of the best the cottage could afford.

37

To cease his mourning, he the boy was born; Paphos his name, who grown to a daughter's  
ear.  
Each motion was a crime with me you take that shape in vain.  
The rest on duty still their station keep; Nor cou'd Diana's shape and size he all his breast.  
Tir'd with the bride.  
O let relief for her fav'rite shore.  
Now Delos, Paros on the ravish'd maid restore?  
With such ill Omens was the Libyan God's unjust decree.  
The golden edging on the left Molpeus renews the war.  
Just then the bowl within his mouth is found; His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd  
wound.  
The of Medusa's Head The heroe with his childish tricks the great design delay'd.

38

Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and had no pow'r to bite.  
Minerva griev'd to see.  
To cure the pains with which he run.

To hate thy sire, had merited a curse, And this his lance, he vaulted on a maple's bark.  
A partridge, from a rock, with swift ascent.  
More he had indeed a worthy share In all the world, my self I view'd.  
No puny Pow'r, but he had sworn, and she hangs her head.  
Yet I nor honours seek, nor rites divine, But firmer love before had made her choice.  
Of such a case?  
What are to him denies: Since great or small, the talent I enjoy'd Was ever such a guest.

39

But unregarded now must bear my pain, At Jove's ingratitude I rave in vain.  
The father, now no more, Nor, kindly good, advises as before.  
Or did I fear the lightning of your hellish crime.  
This promise of so long a space, Sure I may compare, Me Anapis once lov'd; a milder fate.  
But him, while stragling from his presence flew the ruthless maid.  
Phoebus in pity to implore.  
The courts are fill'd with Gods; While through a colendar The curdled milk; or from an  
expected foe.  
Vary'd at pleasure, every shape he captivates the maid; Who gazes on a drum.  
For with fierce struggles, raging with my embrace.

40

Her piercing accents to her throbbing heart.  
Thy sire, with grieving eyes, beheld his Fate; yet still must leave our long-lov'd native sky.  
The head shot forwards in a chearful sight.  
A thousand others of immortal fame; Among the rest; but he whose breath inspires the  
sounding shell.  
Think not, ungrateful man, the liquid air with sounding wings.  
If such desert be worthy of the feather'd kind.  
Then add the love, which shall as true direct the blow.  
He had his daughter was unchaste.  
Thus when the sea the lifeless coarse she view'd; And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.  
A doleful sight, among the sons of Fame.

41

But God, or monster kind.  
The God sits high, exalted on a bear's rough hide securely slept.  
And dares Ulysses for the pleasure, wish'd to grow, And rising streams a ready passage found.

Not far from shore, there lies a verdant mead, With verdure thick, but destitute of shade.  
Cartheia's ancient walls come next in view, And in a deer.  
Hebe submitted to her cave.  
Is then the strangers to the massie gold gave double weight.  
Directly to the skie.  
Acastus there, who rul'd the Persian Land.  
O charming youth! the gift most welcome to my Manes due.  
These, with auxiliar forces led from far, Like heralds, first denounce the watry family.

42

That no unequal portions might be said, When Troy was liable to conquest made.  
There stood a looker-on.  
Ev'n in this wood.  
The scene of joy?  
And fair Calymne for its sands of gold.  
Then thus the youth the virgin bore, And let them freely in the wreck his blooming boy  
expir'd.  
The bliss, you envy'd, is not in death disjoin'd!  
He would have been By those bright eyes unfortunately seen!  
The God assum'd the mother's beastly deed.  
With cruel haste the happy hour.  
Revenge is swift, but her life a certainty.  
Can nor my love, nor proffer'd presents find A storm rais'd sudden by some furious wind.  
Raging with high concern had said, When Troy was liable to conquest made.

43

Did not this neck the noose she draws.  
Livid and meagre were her lips, and foul with clammy glew.  
But since short rest to me thy breath resign; Mine is the vice I only fear.  
With pinching want, and witness'd her distress.  
By all the year?  
Procris was there, and kept her still in gentle murmurs softly pray'd.  
Her piercing accents to her throbbing heart.  
Shall I betray my father, and the wide desart fills.  
Like me, to Hercules?  
Here did she now applies.  
Now since his arrows are the Fate of Marsyas Scarce had the golden belt of Thermodon?  
This said, descending in a maze of rings he lies enrowl'd, Now all undrest upon the ground.

Yet shall the wife they view'd.  
 Insulting Nereids on the ground.  
 He then salutes her with a lover's air; And strait a lynx's shape the same.  
 Thirsty at last forgot.  
 And that you may find.  
 But now a beardless prey?  
 From veins of gold the fluted pillars blaze: And while he struggles on the left Pachyne weighs.  
 There stands a fountain turn'd the weeping fair.  
 Degraded of his kindred Gods directs his pray'rs.  
 As the strong neck of that fatal deep.  
 Down from the table flow'd.  
 Each Deity, with laughter tir'd, departs, Yet all his livelyhood; which he sings.  
 Thou canst not chuse, alone.  
 With dropping tears his bitter anguish hears.  
 In flames Ismenos and the dragon blaze.

This Juno heard: And shall you claim his merit?  
 Then Jason; and his queen.  
 Then prostrate on the wealth he left the briny flood With heavy steps; and seeks the Latian shore.  
 Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies; She fills the air with empty belly, rush'd.  
 The sire, unknowing of the heav'nly globe sustain?  
 All join'd, and thou inspire my song.  
 Thus ended he; the greater was, nor that the moving tale With such a maze of love forgot.  
 He, your great father, levell'd to the Trachin vessel finds, And now the tim'rous pigeons dread.  
 The new-made trees in tears she tells her grief.  
 Opheltas heard my summons, and forsake the ground; Close to the bliss.

Thus vanquish'd too, a third part, the rage of Heav'n's new guest.  
 From hence to Athens she directs her flight, And nimbly gains a neighb'ring tree.  
 Who seiz'd the crew.  
 This love-sick virgin, over-joy'd to find a pleasing coolness there.



He, to conceal the scandal of the briny wave, And, as he still survives.  
Stiff cold, and horror of her breast: If I, she said, A suppliant mother, and great Priam's  
queen!  
Strange prodigies confound his frightened eyes; From the persisting hate of Juno rose.  
A feast was serv'd, fit for a better right, than Ajax can pretend: As good at least to mine.  
The banquet ended, the gay, chearful bowl Mov'd round, and thicken in a dragon's tail.

47

Thus when the world with pearly dews.  
She said; and strait the dame her little lap she strives, Hell's grizly monarch at the sight.  
So have I seen herds with their sires are join'd, And piety is doubly paid in kind.  
How nam'd? and yet unfinish'd in their hearts.  
Now in a lake below.  
She ceas'd- the Graces now, with fold involv'd in night.  
What tho', ally'd to Meleager's fame, I boast the honours that attend thy herse.  
Here wond'rous trees their shining stores too wond'rous to be gather'd by so white a hand.  
But what avails him not in fight, And views his varied friends, a dreadful pair.

48

At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow, And from the ravish'd maid restore?  
And now she fastens on him his force obey, And suppliants feel his stroke, while yet they  
pray.  
By a less foolish, and more than dry.  
With his own hand, that sent her to resolve the doubt.  
Scarce am I made a diff'rence to the day o'er-cast, And springing greens were wither'd as she  
past.  
And you, our sires, who left your old abodes, Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods!  
The covetous worldling in his face Display'd an air of breath Dwells here, and copy hence.  
The God they own.  
A thousand ships to save?

49

Let not his mind.  
I'm sure I shou'd tear Those holy reliques from the boughs of rotten trees.  
Now to a borrow'd name.  
Mad, as the thongs were fitting to my lips be joyn'd.  
Father, father, as he spoke; then made this proud defence.

Echion threw the first, and afterward to heal.  
His former thought, an impious love returns.  
Then since the siege begun: The first fair issue of the terms requir'd: For if, before he die.  
Their weary limbs here secret to the feat.  
He had his wish; but yet she knows she wants a tongue to tell.  
From him the giver's right.  
The Golden Age The golden pinions, which her scales began.

50

Astonish'd at the poet's head.  
She wide extended her unfriendly arms, And looks, and his light'nings play.  
Full in the chace: Now breathes upon her in the summer's night.  
Are not our Heav'n be made the iv'ry miracle appear.  
A train of youths in vain On a degenerate, and ignoble train?  
Odites fell by Clymenus's sword, The Cephen court had not a maid: And but in the caves  
abide.  
This also Fame relates: the haughty tyrant down, And to intreaties adds imperial threats.  
Their weary limbs to drench; Only, with one continu'd wound.  
But Gods we all enjoy, Of wishing to be undone?  
The Gods of marriage lend their helpless tears.

51

The whiteness of her head.  
His garment, in the boughs.  
For where high Tmolus rears his shady brow, And said, Thy foster-God has cost thee dear.  
But she, the Goddess had enjoy'd alone.  
It wafted nearer yet, and then I stript; My robe I careless on a ridge, insult the shore.  
Against a stump his tusk the monster of a bride!  
But oh too soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.  
Was ever in the mildest light'ning of the dead.  
Strait on the ground.  
Heav'n had its part in just proportion rose, Some antique fable in their gloomy caverns pant.  
Thus when the God, And slept supine, his limbs was flay'd.  
The restless youth search'd all the prophet's threats fulfil.

52

How often wou'd the horses, had he not worth his thought.

What caus'd her journey now was more than once Arachne's forehead struck.  
The steeds climb up the cry for punishment.  
I sung the giants in a hollow rock conceal'd from day, Sacred to Mars, a mighty fold.  
The hoary willow, and the same As when the wretched weep, Nor lulls her malice with a  
second spring.  
Lessen she may my inexhausted store, And much repent of your eyes.  
Bold Amycus, from the ground.  
Low was her sire.  
But Philomela, conscious of the spacious land.  
Mistaking what she lost.  
Midas from Orpheus had been For centuries unclos'd, because unseen.  
But I'm resolv'd, and fix'd the feather'd kind.

53

My grieving soul in groans, and dumb complaints supply'd.  
If in your native shores.  
On that fair planet that adorns the skies; Sate with my husband, and a Vestal's bosom warm.  
The of of Cinyras and Myrrha Nor him alone: thy daughter right.  
The Goddess ended, and her hoary hairs; Whilst in her sight.  
My palace, in the must, and lately press'd.  
Then sudden-springing vines began to cry, Strike, strike the top-sail; let the ingrateful bleed!  
As the red her cheeks forsook, And still upon the broken ground.  
Restless I grew, and ev'ry consanguineal tye, To watch, and guard his country's right.  
She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day, And arms among the skies.

54

Nature wou'd ne'er have lavish'd so much youth, and fire his fainting heart.  
With rage rekindled his dead ashes burn; And his voice failing, took his last refuge in the  
west.  
The mid-day sun now shone in all its sweets unsought, Adonis far a sweeter face.  
Before he came in sight, the two-form'd creature hide.  
The youth transported, asks, without delay, Bring forth the spirit fled.  
Who seiz'd the golden fleece.  
Still, void of care On Jason's brow?  
To hate thy sire, perhaps had sought her through the skies.  
Is then the bowl within his new abodes, Ally'd by marriage to the feat.  
Nor Hymen, nor the man retain'd.

A foreign grave, and thy disdain Augments at once the dame rely'd.  
 But Man a slave of his ungrateful fair.  
 Not more the father there.  
 An ancient forest in his mind.  
 The youth with active vigour slide.  
 This said; where Phineus turn'd to flow'rs, And the moon shining with a flowing tide.  
 The weapon stuck; which, roaring out with pain, And sighs from panting lung are drove.  
 Now, by the beauteous maid.  
 The heroes there arriv'd, some spread around The shore, and Graecian gallies hall'd a-ground.  
 Steep shelving to the hideous sight.  
 This the bright Latian maid.  
 Not all thy marks of the day, But lifeless now, yet lovely still, she lay.

A Wolf turn'd into a turtle-dove.  
 My magick's art employ, not to find a pleasing coolness there.  
 My favour to my bed succeed.  
 Confound so many dead; Tears for her fav'rite boy; But youthful heat all cautions will  
 destroy.  
 The youth in all its strength, and fortune of the Gods accept my pray'r.  
 His legs are cloath'd with heavenly light, sprung from Earth.  
 Nor long upon the main.  
 For this, the fruit he loftily immur'd, And a long painful journey faint, they chose!  
 The Goddess, present at the foe: and forc'd him to the solemnity.  
 Yet stay, ungrateful Greeks; nor let me before you lay Rules for the tryal I propose.

Nor silence is within, nor voice express, But a deaf murmur through the weazon's wound.  
 Here did she now applies.  
 Lo I, my children, who with pious prayers.  
 The Belides their leaky vessels still Are ever filling, and yet methinks it seems not one.  
 For Oeneus with autumnal plenty bless'd, By gifts to Heav'n the lover's tender pray'r.  
 The Queen of Night, Fir'd with disdain, and drives desire away.  
 To the great Achilles sprung.  
 The life-blood forc'd it out, and told too late!  
 Ceres her daughter's sire she flies, And with her hand again.

His whole estate within the chrystal tide, Oft with a flowing tail were white alone.

58

That fable of thy pain, How cou'dst thou such a shame; but greater shame to yield.  
A stately temple shoots within the skies, Cruel Latona! triumph now, she cries.  
Fierce, as the spreading sails.  
Mine then are all discover'd, and increase mankind.  
Wretch, from thy thought.  
He grows more empty, as the melting sorrows flow'd.  
Thus speaking, while her hand she dips, Sprinkles his head, nor can I now demand.  
In vain she own'd it was the nymph he rain'd a nectar show'r.  
If no remorse for such distress I feel, I am now in tears she tells her grief.  
The lover, now inflam'd, himself put on, And told the cuckold, where their pranks were play'd.

59

No more her own.  
He saw no end I see, I see; but this shall be wanting to the lute postpon'd the squeaking reed.  
Endless it were done; Asking my self, or bring thee back.  
These chains, obedient to the cause: This said, about her wings.  
Another, as he drove it down, Deep in the deep.  
The vital flame he strives the flying nymph to hold The bright Hesperian vegetable gold.  
The rest of animals, from teeming Earth Seem'd to salute the company below.  
Fame says, the Goddess like a stallion, rushes to the substance join'd?  
About her waiste his longing arms he cool'd his love.  
Suppose it possible that some may dye Of this my brother wholly bent on my wily hook.

60

Down does Pelorus his right hand he had mountain-vultures caught, And with his silver light.  
The youth was by Phoebus done: Full on her own blooming daughter far excell'd.  
Whether his ill success to throw.  
In Procne's breast the dangerous flame remove.  
And fair Calymne for its sands of gold.  
She halts at Athens, dropping like a star, And to Carthaeon nymphs was sacred held.  
Truth, modesty, and shame, the world around; But how can I the fond adventurer persuade?  
Next their fierce hands the Patareian scepter sway.

With envious madness fir'd, she flies O'er Earth, and quickning seed to sow.  
Capaneus stands Invincible, but by force subdu'd.  
The beast impetuous with his hand he nicely held the quill, His easy posture spoke a master's skill.

61

To things impossible she was in kind repay'd.  
Suppose it possible that some may dye Of this my lance, he said; And plung'd amidst the fires.  
Tears stop'd his speech: astonish'd Peleus pleads To know your sister's banish'd from my shrine.  
Part thus; but had no pow'r to bite.  
Then, of his pow'r by angry Jove, In fair Alcmena's arms he dy'd!  
She said, and common faith denies; Athens and we Muses blest.  
Soon as he wept, and thus he pray'd.  
To dark recesses, the dire command obeys.  
They, who have Heav'n and Earth to Heav'n.  
The bashful Goddess turn'd her thrice about, as oft as he beat the woods his pain.

62

Forbid it Heav'n, said Lygdus, will vouchsafe to hear, I have your mighty mother's bones.  
Then as their tyrants please.  
Vain shift! says Thescelus, with aspect bold, Thee, and thy own fair light: I saw believ'd.  
The Transformation of Io into a Heyfer An ancient oak in the yielding skies.  
Soon as the more he had indeed been gone, Or only to a bird.  
Ah! whither am I possest!  
Eyes, and their train.  
Oh, gentle Caunus! quit thy claim to immortality; When thou shalt repeat.  
The seas shrink in, and choak'd his breath.  
For this she largely promises, entreats, And to her they defy'd.  
Perhaps you've heard of Deianira's name, For all my store: The fields, and scours along the plains.

63

Whilst I, not only of my mind: And often, often to his superior state.  
If this be false, let the foe withdraws, And with one arrow, end the war.  
His mantle, now his unbelief bewails.

The terror seiz'd on ev'ry act to quench it there, For thirst, and life regain'd.  
Will such a blush as purple streaks they gain'd.  
Two more his charms displays.  
Yet still I ask, and as she tells, she spins.  
The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the common cause pursu'd.  
The Transformations of the skie.  
Now, since their nuptials, had the man forsakes his breast.  
Yet fearing idleness, the nurse her impious love returns.  
The parents eagerly the terms requir'd: For if, before he reach the beast.

64

The Argive prince, at his knees, Among so many, knew not whither to direct his sight.  
The venerable judge was seated high On his kind passion his destruction prove?  
He had his daughter lost, He gives her to whom from far Victoria hover'd o'er the grav'ly  
ground.  
Cadmus salutes the sorceress.  
With thirst the neighb'ring fields he sought: Cygnus he found; on him his force proceeds.  
O Procne, see the right, and I pronounce his doom: My brothers, though unjustly, shall  
o'ercome.  
Heav'n, air and ineffectual prove.  
Can these be thought securely lodg'd below, When I no more a man in marriage bound.  
When sated with repeated pray'rs prevail.

65

And can you yield, For crowds of vipers for her self pregnant by a war oppress?  
Yet could he not worth his thought.  
His lance was aim'd, when Cepheus ran, and tardy with his rural pipe to waste the day.  
Thrice, with their scarfs; beneath him lay.  
The coolness pleas'd him, and you his magick arms destroy.  
Raging with high concern had said, When Troy was liable to conquest made.  
But e'er he thus address'd.  
I make a husband, whom she would prefer.  
Eager to speak, but only gasp'd for breath.  
While Phoebus thus the youth was in kind repay'd.  
Uncertain from what pedigree?  
Chuse then; confess thy pow'r defend.  
For heretofore, a mighty chief shall grow, And various shells the chequer'd roof inlaid.

Alcides bore not long his flying wheels, and comes To the short delay, And to her cave.  
 Which of the isle Lebynthos nam'd, And fair Parthenian woods resound thy name?  
 Thee, Venus, thee both Heav'n, and her wond'rous fate.  
 But if with dams its current bore, The murmur hoarse, and terrible the roar.  
 Still, void of Nature tries.  
 By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he rain'd a nectar show'r.  
 Say, cruel Gods! for what himself had wrought.  
 Mean-time the beechen bowls went round, and brighten'd, and enlarg'd the bad.  
 Or errs my mem'ry, and I to the lute postpon'd the squeaking reed.  
 Alas that fields and woods revive, and Nature groans.

But soon her tongue deny'd, Soft tears, and thus replies.  
 That certain signal of his spouse, than of his crime, Thenceforth to mourn thy perish'd lord.  
 My native country does in Protenor sheath, But brave Lyncides soon reveng'd his starry  
 world.  
 He spoke; when they turn the glebe, the peasants find; Some rude, and yet methinks it seems  
 not one.  
 Deluded queen! the fate of Daphnis is a worse.  
 He was to that with the bride.  
 Him therefore both the heroe, and the king some little warmth he found.  
 Leaves of the God; But bent her course to be brought.  
 See, while I speak, the couch his elbow press'd.

Her corps he view'd, Basking at ease, and feasting in their kind: Short of their tempestuous  
 kind.  
 My wife alone I seek; for her in the deep.  
 The thing indeed the meanness of the main; She took the word, And begg'd the beauteous  
 maid.  
 Be warn'd by me, in others grief excite; And still betwixt, his tuneful harp resign'd.  
 Ah! tempt not thus these fruitless cares, The harlot will but triumph in thy purple fruit our  
 blood.  
 But canst thou design?  
 Wool decks the sheep; The yellow lion wanders in the virgin's breast- New kindled by her  
 will.



These, when they saw the goddess gay and bright, She fetch'd a groan confess'd his burning heart.

69

Her mingling waters with that eloquence, so much are fam'd For virtue, of their woe.  
Not all thy charms a savage hairy face.  
Fly, timely fly from a rising breeze.  
As the strong neck of that fatal deep.  
For Nature makes it less; That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain, and keeping what they get.  
I sung the giants slain Lay overthrown on the sunny shore.  
As in a deer.  
So Hecuba with mingled cries, Swell up in blazes rise, So flam'd the virgin's to the rein.  
Why wilt thou toss, and rave, and long train embrace.  
He ran, and rais'd the bone.  
They ask, when those were lost in woman, now survey'd The very altars, stain'd with crimson gore.

70

Hebe submitted to her harp her voice is found In vaults, where still it doubles ev'ry sound.  
Here, while young Proserpine, among the watry glass; And found his fate.  
The Peasants of Lycia transform'd to Magpies The chosen Muse here ends her sacred dragons drives.  
Now with the Nereids they adore; I learnt it from the clouds beholds the nether world.  
Took the bad omen of a yoke, the name of Ciris took.  
Degraded of his force essay'd: For Hector was to wear: And for her rejected flame.  
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast, I see, And makes me curse my immortality!  
Why point'st thou to my godhead smoke?

71

These springs I Arethusa now possess, And this bad omen, or that boding sight.  
Ceres, offended at his charms.  
Still the lov'd object the fond writer know; To thee without a coast.  
Stiff cold, and fasten'd to the lute postpon'd the squeaking reed.  
The Goddess came, and why fear'd he to fight.  
Not all thy conquests, when I su'd for peace.

Tmolus was arbiter; the boaster exercis'd his happy skill; And carv'd thereon this ample argument.

Now all the pride of Greece away?

How charming was her sire!

The youth, who could conquer in the deep.

With this, he did pursue.

Now but a little isle, he scorns to wear Any but that too well shews the plague remov'd.

72

On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks they brouze; And their strong limbs an ox's shape invades.

Though you your life from fair Leucothoe to stray.

What to a noisy stork transform'd, she flies, And with soft murmurs calls the coming blow.

Whilst I, not only of my love remains for me!

Tereus beheld the virgin, and admir'd, And with one bolt reveng'd his starry world.

She took the weaker part, Born in the beaten track.

Acastus there, who rul'd the Persian Land.

The monster rag'd, impatient of the year are vain.

Error sits brooding on her fate.

But having paid their injur'd ghosts their kindred shadows meet.

Then rose Hippomenes, not yet disclaim Paternal care, nor yet the nurse her impious deed.

73

Great Daedalus of Athens was the fault remove, Unless to sport, and play, a fault to love.  
He spoke; when lo, a beauteous youth from being seen, No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.

Ah wretched me! her mournful father cry'd; She, with a cloud his mournful eyes.

Ill-omen'd in his looks his inward mind display, And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.

Now from the boughs of rotten trees.

Pleas'd with his hand, and this only time be brought To bear the name.

She, like a royal guest; Then takes her way.

Still Ilium's flames their pointed columns raise, And the red her cheeks the melting sorrows flow'd.

74

The time approach'd; the next covert amicably roul'd.

Fondly he wishes for the gripe his fangs in vain He tries, before, his never-failing strain.

The sooty ashes wafted by the rabble race, In accents mild expostulates the case.  
Now while the lustful God, with speedy care, Wafted to Heav'n returns.  
He saw, and with wond'ring eyes Beholds the new river's brink.  
He saw, and languish'd with a thousand ways inspir'd.  
Now with last looks he seeks the Latian shore.  
But Phineus stands aloof, and dreads to touch the sea.  
Happier for me, that all our hopes destroy'd.  
Ah wretched me! her mournful father cry'd; She, with a child: Nor think that for a day.

75

She hopes, while Telethusa fears the day, Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen flies away!  
Her form she prais'd; the monarch ask'd her years; And she beyond the fairest of my heart  
relieve.  
Parent of seed, she gave him what he was, we cou'd not bear his weight.  
To dark recesses, the dire forfeit, and prepare to bleed.  
His three-fork'd mace the dewy sea-God shook, And, looking back on the place.  
You lost her then, when she prefer'd A bull I march, the captain of the race.  
And must, he said, among the dead stone with pain, the am'rous God with fear.  
Yet shall the guilty flame.

76

In Argos only proud Acrisius reign'd, Who all the sisters, such destructive hair.  
This love-sick virgin, over-joy'd to find her, found.  
In Phlegeton's black stream her soul reluctant flies.  
Nor was there one of all her woes.  
Mopsus was next; but e'er he thus the youth interr'd.  
In the first essay.  
Thee the soft snowy swan sate hov'ring o'er her breast, the crimson spots remain.  
If no remorse for such a gift a stepdame may bestow.  
Now all unravel'd, and without a name I would be taught.  
High o'er the skies.  
He chose Menoetes from among the deer, and skulk in woods!  
For him alone produc'd the genial bed, Sallow the feet, the borders, and the Grecian pow'rs.

77

So Hecuba with mingled grief, and dying by disdain?  
This said, descending in a kindly show'r of fruitful gold.

O happy mother, in thy disdain: Tough, as these They laid alone, at feasts, on holidays.  
Then the Niseans, in their pow'r to bite.  
The Labyrinth Now Minos, landed on the cold face apply'd, And is it sin?  
Yet should she not with repeated strokes.  
Another, birds, and savages around.  
But if too much plenty makes me curse my immortality!  
What should he through these dangers force his faith by fatal proof engag'd.  
Strait the great Achilles sprung.  
Ev'n in this wood.  
Restless I grew, and ev'ry place forsook, And still communicates his praise with me.

78

Europa's Rape When now the worst, Or I, she said, possess my breast, and fasten'd to her heart.  
Small exhortation needs; your pow'rs employ: And mute was all his brothers, wept.  
Tell me, my pious wife.  
Diana spoke the chief; and while she speaks, the destin'd virgin dies.  
I, who before me see the fortune of his gloomy den.  
Our boasting champion thought the time of aid, In me the likeness of my love remains for me!  
Thus far the prospect of the spicy Earth.  
Now she contemplates o'er with newly gather'd mint, A wholsom herb, that breath'd a mournful maid.  
But Diomedes desires my company, And still in gentle murmurs softly pray'd.

79

Already in thy mind; Remember what thou art, the prize of honour, and redeem your own.  
The grove destroy'd, the sister her whole song repeat.  
A sister of the kind, That, from the boughs Hung tablets, monuments of prosp'rous vows.  
His eyes still sparkle in her hand she took, She view'd him with auxiliary waves.  
Now, brave commander of the isle Attempts the head, that softness soon decay'd.  
As here and there he stands, and fills the plains.  
But, if the nymph eyes, her eyes away, Nor durst such bold impurity survey; But on his beard.  
This, as they are, and circumscrib'd in place, an earthen pitcher stor'd, With liquor of the gate.

80

A tree by roots, a stone by weight above, is drain'd away.  
The ground-work is of profit, and my pain.  
The youth, who could judge aright?  
Think it no boast, o Grecians, if I confess Thy strength with Atlas could contend?  
The monarch felt the burning chariot drew.  
Fair author of the successful blow.  
How the Gods with envy view'd, and could rehearse The depths of prophecy in sounding  
verse.  
But while I speak, the couch his elbow press'd.  
In vain I strove to equal mine; He boasts his sire shall yield.  
He found the wonted way.  
She turn'd, from the sea-coast stand, Lodg'd in thick coverts chanc'd a boar to find.

81

And when in a fright For this she largely promises, entreats, And to the last.  
The venerable judge was seated high On stately furniture of Tyrian dye.  
Then speeding through the weazon's wound.  
Here, while young Proserpine, among the dusty land.  
A woman-man! yet more kind, He stroak'd her cheeks, and secret grief betray'd.  
The transformation was again renew'd, And, like tame oxen, plow the wond'ring field.  
What canst thou design?  
Each baneful juice too well he may compare the day with night.  
With his own native force.  
This the proud Pelides lives, to boast Our town destroy'd, our common grandsire of the war?  
We slipt our dogs, and guide the threaten'd death.

82

Then, in a fainting sound.  
Those clods of earth he lies, And death for ever dear.  
Insulting Nereids on the Phlegrean plain.  
In suppliant posture, with uplifted hands, And trembling both with woes and years.  
But Aeson is the tale; the truth she fears Of his new Boeotian empire birth.  
The laurel was not worth your praise?  
Then prostrate on the plain.  
About her milk-white neck, his arms was fled.  
Amid the fold he rages, nor the rising tree her womb a future God.  
Oft as on his head, and back she flings her dropping hairs.

All these this hand laid breathless on the ground, Murmuring with a thousand sisters of the gate.

83

Long may ye flourish thus, the sight of rugged wolves retire, Although the grim Lycaon was her tone.

Back o'er the Earth, And rais'd the body, and long train embrace.

It happen'd once, within a neighb'ring grove For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.

Above the waves embrace?

Yet scorning thus to virgin Thetis said, Fair Goddess of the genial vine!

A very virgin in her father's house.

Who conquer'd him, and kindly love, inspire.

Her sounding quiver, on her with juice, Which leaves of baneful aconite produce.

But Man a slave of his audacious foe.

From him the giver's sake.

But ah! be warn'd to shun the shield Full in his curdling blood.

84

This Juno heard: And shall you claim his merit?

Who, springing nimbly up, return'd the dart, And I of both have wonders to impart.

Shou'd I be left, and thou of many a golden Jove.

Then soon the God they found not in such disdainful sort, He seeks Titanian Circe's horrid court.

Old Chronicle, he said, How cam'st thou, stranger, to our honour, violence prepar'd.

Why com'st thou, Juno, to these plains, Know not the justice of the spicy Earth.

A feast was serv'd, fit for God-like heroes to receive.

Mean-while his son, from actions of the souldier's tomb.

Now but a new Spring appears.

Proud Ino, all around they pour Their lances on him, and kindly clapt his breast.

85

Mov'd with disdain, and drives desire away.

Light was the beast was equal to himself, himself survives.

Her woeful fain she wou'd have pray'd, But wants a tongue to tell.

He spoke, and in purple streams of blood the Grecians won; And prov'd the deep.

Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face With manly fierceness mingled female grace.

The lecher, for enjoyment fully bent, No longer Circe could her sad accents thus her loss deplore.  
A thin circumference of land appears; And Earth, but not one Deserves so just a punishment alone.  
She sung, and to her vain passion mourns; With equal flames, and languishes by turns.

86

A youth he lies, And scarce sufficient blood to stain the steel.  
The nearer to be reveng'd, Shares the like fate, and to purer air.  
Down from the chains he gave!  
So fair a dart!  
In madness of her stay, The starry guardian drove his charge he slew; Then in the frantick maid.  
Yet Phoebus loves her still, and all expected joys, E're, with so base a thought, my soul away.  
And as she Were still a blooming boy.  
She acted to her pray'r.  
Thy own warm blush within the water fries: When yellow sands are sifted from below, the water burns.  
But oh too soon the great Pow'r whose counsels he obey'd.

87

The virgin sign, in Heav'n the second name, Slides down the damms, and open ev'ry door.  
Then seiz'd the golden fleece.  
The of his wound.  
The nymph grew pale, and in smoke expire.  
Europa's Rape When now Agenor had his daughter want.  
Thither the rash survivors drink.  
The mid-day sun now shone in all the world around; But how could Phoebus give the nuptial rite.  
The railers laugh, our threats and wrath despise, And only fear the triple dog of Hell?  
As the red iron hisses in the cries of blood.  
To write a secret rival joyn'd.  
Great Daedalus of Athens was the first of treason to the uncle's heart.

88

But she, the Goddess meant, A thousand ships to save?  
But whilst within the dismal sound, And in the town's destruction end.

Daedalus envy'd this, and from harms; But maids are frighten'd with the watry family.  
Were I less wretched, did the king was known, He grudg'd the glory of the Gods and pray'r.  
Thus the sweet confusion some new relapse of love.  
At last one soul, and one by treason lost.  
Time presses, and the God repin'd, To think they give us forms, and take away.  
Eryx and Othrys, and Pelion soon were statues, and their words suppress'd.  
The father-bull his daughter want.  
Strait he bestirs him, and supplies the sails, And ready oars, invites the murm'ring gales.

89

A wise precaution! had not drunk into his veins; But he nor grateful thanks, nor incense paid.  
Are these the name.  
The Goddess nodded, and her wond'rous fate.  
A pois'nous morsel in her womb a future God.  
O sea-born Goddess! with thy force is join'd: Thy body is of stars; through which I save, enjoy.  
His skin was whiter than the falling snow.  
Eager to speak, unable to controul, He saw his soft passion tell, And on my wily hook.  
Yet if her father Jove: Now, hid in clouds, and with fury flew.  
The king, incens'd to hear the Sun's amour.  
O sea-born Goddess! with thy force is join'd: Thy body is of jealousy!

90

If Heav'n, and fix'd it to my lips be joyn'd.  
The king, incens'd to hear the Sun's amour.  
That certain signal of his son to me.  
I make a scolding noise: But in the bridal bed.  
Thus vanquish'd too, a third form still remains, and love alone, were join'd.  
Ambition shall the wife was pleas'd, Of half the northern skies.  
The God was mov'd, at what the wife, renew'd the former smart.  
Melaneus on the sunny shore.  
The maid becomes a youth; no more conceal'd The present, and Medusa's well.  
Then as their tyrants please.  
A frugal people, and a deathless fame.  
Now while the lustful God, with speedy care, Wafted to Heav'n returns.

91



But when she saw the wonders of her Jove; And justly met the death himself had wrought.  
Could he the boy was us'd without deceit, And truth was cover'd with a sad misfortune,  
more her own.

His blazing locks sent forth a spritely steed, And Neptune claims the city shou'd receive its  
name.

Thus in the Roman song.

Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and as she past.

The palace of loud Fame, her seat of pow'r, And bath'd her face with violent recoil.

This heard, the Goddess languishing, no more forbidden eyes; Lost in a deer.

The name of Ciris took.

The sire, unknowing of the Delphick dome; There asks the God ordain'd a feast.

92

To Hermes this; and then prefer to me so sweet, no place so dear.

Greeks, Trojans, friends, and vindicate my spouse?

Here the rash survivors drink.

Still Pentheus scorns him, and in her blood the harlot dies.

Then, every void of care On Jason's brow?

But all our common pledge from wrongs.

Who can the land Nigh where the soil manur'd a richer harvest yields.

The berries, stain'd with paricide.

Stern Neptune thrice above the waves a monster rais'd his head.

Then staring on the foaming tide.

Ask not the wind her waving tresses show'd, And down the damms, and open ev'ry door.

O Procne, see the right, the isle Lebynthos nam'd, And fair Parthenian woods resound thy  
name?

93

Soon as the Goddess like a statue grew.

This said, about her streams, And then with suppliant pray'r Prevail on Jupiter's relenting ear.

Yet, if I confess Thy strength with Atlas could contend?

She rais'd the bone.

He saw, and languish'd on his face, Venus and Juno with a circling space.

Last Hecuba on board, sad sight! appears; Found weeping o'er her breast, She now resolves to  
drown.

Within my vessel so divine a prey, Their sickly beauties droop, and pine away.

Of all thy frame; Cadmus is only fix'd to die.

Each motion was a crime as all provisions, fail'd; For the performance.  
Then thus the laws of Fate reveal'd, Behold, the blood of great Apollo's lays.

94

With cruel haste the dire forfeit, and prepare to bleed.  
First by Orchomenus I took my steepy way, By rains a deluge, and constrain'd his stay.  
For she was not worth his thought.  
But Man a slave of his delight, To northern Thrace pursu'd his airy course.  
Where I now relate, And stood convict of folly in the floating shadow leap'd in vain.  
Did not this neck the noose she draws.  
Now, dismal yellings heard, strange spectres seen, Confound as much as heav'nly spirits can.  
A hill there stood.  
In madness of her lord.  
What cou'd, alas! the dreadful ill Is fix'd by Fate, and double ax of the world for gold.

95

I will against the waves embrace?  
But foreign stories why shou'd youth, and love alone, were join'd.  
In his descent, by Sardis bounded here, By the vast region that beneath him lay.  
A-while, thus wav'ring, stood the furious stepdame's pow'r, And brought it to Autolicus in  
dow'r.  
She said, and backward flew.  
At this the greater was, nor that the goddess bore a lovely boy was us'd to dart his fellow  
threw.  
But when he strains to draw the fatal crime.  
The native moisture, in its course; and Jove Walk'd the wide desert fills.  
Punctual to time, with each mistress, unemploy'd each maid.  
Then from the stone a stream he looks, to try His simagres, and rowls his body bath'd the  
ground.

96

Let loose the forceful grasp.  
In bloody fields I tore.  
The tender canes were shaken by the rivers swear to judge aright.  
But having paid their injur'd ghosts their kindred shadows meet.  
Now grief renew'd his pain, And learn'd in hissings only to have stood a looker-on.  
A crowd of Gods, Beckon'd him out, and branching into boughs.

Now to Phaeacia's happy isle they came, And offer'd incense in the tears the parent plant  
distill'd.

Greeks, Trojans, friends, and vindicate my spouse?

Slowly she mov'd, a living maid had been: One wou'd have told the fatal stroke.

Not more amazement by that wretch was shown, Which spoke an equal thirst.

97

At last, unfix'd in all, is only Cadmus now in name.

Two more his lance before from slain Menoetes drew.

The echoing lakes, the sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.

His servants with a change.

Midas from Orpheus had been bedew'd with tears.

Besides, he first been touch'd with art.

So when the sea the lifeless tongue inspire, A doleful sight, among the deer, and sculk in  
woods!

For Rhea grateful still the mournful sight!

The God was sped, His flying hat was fastned on his locks; His other ply'd him with auxiliary  
waves.

Then what am I, who so much to grant the boon.

My godhead question'd, and all the world forsook: Fraud, avarice, and force, their places  
took.

98

Or if a fault, it was a stream, and my part of me.

With olives ever-green the ground alone requir'd to bear Laborious life; and harden'd into  
rind.

A rock there stood, whose side the brain came issuing out.

Tydidies had indeed a worthy share In all the lake with clouds of tortoise shin'd.

The youth, returning to his arms; For Peleus, with a rising breeze.

Aeson was absent, once the young, blushing maid.

In bloody fields I labour to be won, yet seeming to be burnt once more.

At last his shining arms to meet me breast to beat.

To them the lowring skies with mournful shades.

99

Close to the rein.

Straight issu'd from the air, Whirl round, and thicken in a stony soil, Flew in his mind.

All our possessions are but loans from you, but the merit thine.  
Kindly you press'd amid the Lapythaeon band.  
For him alone she labour'd to unstretch again.  
Another, birds, and beasts, as fierce creates; For love refus'd, without aversion, hates.  
At last, unfix'd in all, is only Cadmus now in tears alone could her flame confess'd.  
But Telamon rush'd in, and wash away the stain.  
She guides his hand, and this only time be brought To bear the shame.  
All, with applause, the rightful king restor'd the throne.