

N. B. This Collection is remarkable
for Milton's Lycidas, which closes
the book: and this original edition
of it has some slight variations from
the copy printed in Milton's works.

A few years after the preceding
note was written, Mr. V. Warton has
published his edition of Milton's
Juvenile Poems, & has pointed out most
of the variations from this edition.
But it should seem, that his own
explanation of the word "apile"

in line 27] would have been strongly confirmed
if he had printed it "a-field" as in this edition.

"lord" instead of "loved" [in line 55] being a
plain error of the press is properly unnoticed
by Mr Warton: but surely he should have
observed, that line 577

"in the ble. kingdoms meek of jone lord"
is not in this original edition; nor is
it at all necessary either to the sense
or metre.



JUSTA
EDOVARDO KING

naufrago,

ab

Amicis mœrentibus,

amoris

&

invidias hæc.

Si rectè calculum ponas, ubique naufragium est.

Pct. Arb.

CANTABRIGIÆ:

Apud Thomam Buck, & Rogerum Daniel, celeberrimæ
Academiæ typographos. 1638.

EDWARDUS KING

EDWARDUS

sp

audire macturpns

quora

1753

Apud Thomam Bock & Rogertum D. Daniel, edidit



Apud Thomam Bock & Rogertum D. Daniel, edidit

P. M. S.

EDWARDUS KING, F. JOANNIS, (EQUITIS AU-
RATI, QUI SSS. RRR. ELISABETHÆ, JACOBO,
CAROLO, PRO REGNO HIBERNIÆ A SECRETIS)
COLL. CHRISTI IN ACADEMIA CANTEBRIG.
SOCIUS, PIETATIS ATQUE ERUDITIONIS CON-
SCIENTIA ET FAMA FELIX, IN QUO NIHIL IM-
MATURUM PRÆTER ÆTATEM, DUM HIBERNIAM
COGITAT, TRACTUS DESIDERIO SUORUM, PA-
TRIAM, AGNATOS ET AMICOS, PRÆ CÆTERIS
FRATREM, DOMINUM ROBERTUM KING, EQUIT-
TEM AURATUM, VIRUM ORNATISSIMUM; SORO-
RES, FOEMINAS LECTISSIMAS IANIAM DOM.
G. CAULFIELD, BARONIS DE CHARLEMONT;
MARGARETAM DOMINI G. LODER, SUMMI HI-
BERNIÆ JUSTITIARIUM UXOREM; VENERANDUM
PRÆSULEM EDOVARDUM KING, EPISCOPUM
ELPHINENSEM, A QUO SACRO FONTE SUSCE-
PTUS; REVERENDISSIMUM ET DOCTISSIMUM
VIRUM GULIELMUM CHAPPELL, DECANUM EC-
CLESIÆ CASSELIENSIS, ET COLLEGII SAN-
CTÆ TRINITATIS APUD DUBLINIENSES PRÆ-
POSITUM, CUJUS IN ACADEMIA AUDITOR ET
ALUMNUS FUERAT, INVISENS, HAUD PROCU-
L A LITTORE BRITANNICO, NAVI IN SCOPULUM
ALLISA, ET RIMIS EX ICTU FATISCENTE, DUM
ALII VECTORES VITÆ MORTALIS FRUSTRA
SUFAGERENT, IMMORTALEM ANHELANS, IN
GENUA PROVOLUTUS ORANSQUE, UNA CUM
NAVIGIO AB AQUIS ABSORPTUS, ANIMAM DEO
REDDIDIT; IIII. ID. SEXTILEIS; ANNO SA-
LUTIS MDCXXXVII; ÆTATIS XXV.



Hæc, Edovarde, Iusta Tibi solvunt dolor,
 Pietas, amorque: nec illa Iusta, nec Tibi,
 Sed Gratiis Musisque tecum mortuis,
 Apolliniq; naufrago. Quæ funera
 Dispendio tanto paria, quæ Iusta sunt ?

Soli occidenti, nec orituro, secula
 Damnata tenebris, qua parentarent face ?
 Qua nunc prece fatigabit absentes Deos
 Poeta? Phœbus abiit, & si quod aliud
 Est literarum numen ac mentis bonæ,
 Id omne nos reliquit, & sequax Tui
 Fugiente pennâ deseruit ignavam humum.

Quid ergo inania versuum conamina
 Affertis inopes; quid leves panegyrum
 Umbras, fatiscantis crepuscula ingeni ?
 Faceffe, vates; obsequia tam tenuia
 Nec tanta clades postulat nec accipit:
 Abi, poeta, quisquis es; frange calamum,
 Frange imparem, malefane: quem tam frigido
 Encomio celebras, trucidas, improbe;
 Quod unicum reliquit immite pelagus
 Tanta ex ruina, Nomen occidis, mari
 Immanior, scopulisq; crudelis magis.

Dum quantus & quis ceciderit malè creduli
 Hinc æstimabunt posteri, fractus iterum
 Ille ad nepotes infimos, & se minor
 Descendet; atque rebus humanis licèt
 Ereptus astra teneat, æternæ incola.

A. 3

Serenitatis,

Serenitatis, sentiet tamen nova
Iniusta famæ vulnera, subibit alia
Discrimina, procellis sublesti carminis
Sensim obruetur, & epicedio impari;
Calamóque quàm tridente faucibus magis
Rursus peribit, versu in omni naufragus.

Sic Justa solvimus? heu fides prisca, & pudor,
Pietásque iniquè sedula! Quid ille meruit,
Fata ut subiret denuó? Asta funeris
Judex viator, (at nec astare est opus,
Portatile monumentum habes, in quo jacet
Sepultus, is qui nec sepultus nec jacet)
Adsis tamen spectator, & si durior
Nolis peremptum flere, funus desleas.

Ille, ille, quantus juvenis! heu, quantus senex
Olim futurus! (at futurum hoc transit)
Kingus obiit; Rex artium, Princeps togæ,
Scholæ Imperator, & (quod est omni altius
Regno) suorum affectuum Tyrannus, atque
Animi Monarcha (diris & lati imperi,
Quò Cæsar aquilas non tulit, nec barbarus
Signa Macedo, victo orbe non compos sui)
Obiit. Quid ultrà postulas? Ut omnia
Pompæ sepulcrali, & dolore perstreant;
Geminæ ut Sorores lumina (Ipsæ lumina
Sexus sui gentisq;) morientis premant,
Supremum ut hauriant Quaternio nobilis,
Hiberniæ ornamenta, Fratres halitum;
Ut roscidis plantæ Sabææ lacrymis
Singultiens pollinctor admiscens furas,
Fragranti amomo, thure, myrrhâ, balsamis,

Dulcique

Dulcique amara cadaver frigidum
Dudum calentis ingeni exuvias luter,
Affinium ut numerosa nobilium cohors,
Ut literatorum agmen, ut Academia,
Ut (quam suorum scripsit hæredem pius)
Christo domus dicata (quæ superbiens
Tam magno Alumno, læta jam pridem caput
Inter sorores extulit, nunc squalida
Jacet, sepulta pulvere annosas genas,
Et jam ruinas moesta meditatur suas)
Ut templa, rostra, parietes, altaria
Pullatum amictum, ac triste cilicium induant;
Passim ut columnis carmina appensa, & domus
Affixa fulgeant paternæ insignia;
Deductio ut solennis, & lessus sacer,
Rhetorque pallens (præpotentis eloqui,
Quo vivus Ille claruit, frustra æmulus)
Condant sepulcro mortuum; ut nitens ebur,
Marmor perenne, aut Dædali musivum opus
Cineres repostos obtegant; ut aureis
Epigramma scriptum literis & carmine,
Patriam, parentes, iudolem, ætatem, omnia
Narrans, loquatur. Hic situra æterna in domo.
Hæc sacra sanctis manibus: sic debuit
Relictus orbis solvere parentalia.
Atat nec illa Justa; nec sunt (proh dolor!)
Soluta, nec solvenda. Tu tanti rea
Peragenda sceleris, Regibus inimica aqua,
Fergusianæ cædis olim conscia,
Quæ navigantes allicis sub vindicis
Et sospitatoris Georgi nomine;

Nunc

Nunc digna quæ Draconis æternùm audias
Infame pelagus: Περσέρονος Thetis,
Tuâ peremptum cecidit infidâ manu
Apollini Musisq; dilectum caput.
Nec fat peremisse; furit insanum mare
Ultra necem, & terram cadaveri invidens,
Sepulcri honores, funera, exequias rapit.

Vos parcite latices sacri: nil Castalis
Commeruit, insons unda; nil vatum cohors:
Irrigua tellus lacrymis Phœbi suum
Flentis Hyacinthum, folia nomen Regium
Inscripta, ut olim, protulit; flores dedit
Tuo sacrandos funeri. Hæc Musa impotens,
Majora cùm non possit imbellis lyra,
Dat, Edovarde, Justa virtuti, & Tibi.



I
In obitum eruditissimi viri
EDVARDI KING,
C. C. Socii, in mari Hibernico

submersi.

Æ Què secundis æquora fluctibus
Huic si stetit ac sua Castalis,
Vixisset istis major undis,
Quàm propria Deus Hippocrene.

Quantus vel ipso cæruleis super
Vectus quadrigis ïset Hibernico,
Fluctusque multisset sub isto
Mitiùs (ah!) genio tumentes!

Talem serenis ire Thetin genis,
Talesque fufis blanditiis Deas
Sensurus illíc, tale totis
Littoribus resonare murmur:-

Qualem canenti sæpe sibi Chamum,
Quales canenti mox stupuit sacro
Phœbúmque Nymphásque æmulanti
Accinuisse sub amne plausu.

Eheu! quid altùm, Rex pelagi, fremis?
Agnosco vulnus: Fervet adhuc vetus
Præcordiis bilis sub imis,
Phœbicolis nimis (heu!) peremmis,

Ex quo repulsa cuspide triplici,
Sub doctiori præsidio novæ
Crevere Athenæ, Palladósque
Auspicio viguere turres.

His ergò frendes, his, Theti; spumea
His ira pleno gurgite volvitur:
Stirpem Minervalem severo
Sic deuit petiisse bello.

B

Vos

Vos, ô togatæ invisa cohors Dæ,
 Longè ominosæ monstra voraginis
 Vitate; nec quisquam solutam
 Ducat in invida regna pinum.
 En vestra vobis sunt juga, sunt aquæ,
 Cynthive vultis terga, vel avia
 Cirrhea: nullis hîc procellis
 Horret atrox scopulisve vortex.
 Nec ipsa quondam tam mala Caspia
 Portenta nôrunt; sacrilego Notos
 Sprevit volatu dedicatis
 Æsonides tumidus rapinis.
 Huic (en!) comarum huic in pretium suo
 Signatur auro vellus: at hæc suæ
 Devota jamdudum Minervæ,
 Et patrio sacra dona Phœbo.
 Ergo & nefastis rem spoliis tuam,
 Neptune, ditas? Ipse suo quoque
 Phœbus timebit mox capillo,
 Nec capitis tibi crederet aurum.
 Hinc nec stupemus luteolos Tagum
 Crispare fluctus; vilior aureo
 Gangésve, Pactolúsve rivo
 Fonte potest saluisse tanto?
 Feliciores Hesperio sinus
 Jactentur Indo: nempe tyrannicis
 Tanto tenetur terra damno
 Annua ferre tributa regnis.
 At olim adulter Dardanius suos
 Securus ignes Idalæ trabi
 Mandavit, Egæo fremente,
 Nec Nemefin metuit sequacem.
 Tum vindicantes, tum decuit suo
 Fluctus cieri Tartaro, & improbas
 Mersisse flammæ, sic ruina
 Quàm bene sub propria premendas!

Huic

Huic puriores ales Amor faces
 In vela flavit: castior halitus
 Huic remiganti pronus ala
 Carbasum vegetat volatum.
 Suis tumescunt lintea Etefiis,
 Suis reguntur, dum patriæ hic pio
 Anhelât ardore intuentæ,
 Quóque potest vocat ore segnes
 In vota ventos: Nec patiens moræ,
 Dum pleniore navita lentior
 Exposcit Euros, quærit alto
 Mens agilis sua regna nisu.
 Illac tenellus quâ genius foli
 Natalis urget, quâ trahit intimus
 Affectus, arcano tyrannus
 Imperio, solitôque notæ
 Tepore cunæ; quâ vocat ocyor
 Desiderantis pectoris impetus,
 Fluxúsque par fufum canales
 Distrahit in varios amorem.
 Hæc unda multo scinditur alveo;
 Quantus propinqua jam magis Ifide
 Thamus calefcens uberanti
 Tollit aquas in aprica cursu.
 Non mitiori hunc spes vehit orbita.
 Tutis paternas jam putat osculis
 Terras adorari, & cupitos
 Mox oculos levat in Penates.
FRATERNÆ primus pectora destinat
 Amplexus: arcto fœdere quàm juvat
 Miscere lauros utriusque
 Palladis; alteriúsque tristes
 Lenire rugas hujus amabili
 Rifu liquentes: ut genio pari
 Utræq; nexæ se coronent,
 Alterâq; alterius reclinem

B 2

Se

Se fundat ulnis. Quantus Hibernica
 Lyra sonorus staret Hibernicus
 Mavors in armis, dum arma laurus
 Ipsa pia sibi pace nectit.
 Vix hinc *SORORES*, alter amor, trahunt:
 Toto ore pronum; vix trahit in clytæ
 Dilecta cervix *MARGARETÆ*,
 Inque genis vigilans venustas,
 Et quæ serena fronte palam micat
 Aperta virtus, viva modestia,
 Non indolem mentita ficto
 Nec genium simulata fūco.
 Salve; erudito sive sub otio
 Halans, vetusti nomina seculi
 Miraris, aureisque innocentem
 Moribus ingenisque prolem;
 Seu te tabellæ picta tenet mora,
 Seu ditiori tela nitens acu;
 Hæc penicilli dives arte,
 Illa suo pretiosa cultu.
 Nec ipse tantæ meta minor viæ,
 Occurre frontis totius obvio,
 O *ELPHINENSIS* Præsul, astro.
 Te quoque non humili sagitta
 Inclamat arcus: Sidereos juvat
 Multoque comptos lumine cernere
 Vultus, redundantemque sancto
 Ore Deum. Rapit indè magni
 Quondam verendo nomine cognitum
 Pectus *CAPELLI*. Nempe vel huic honor
 Debetur haud frugalis aræ,
 Numine tam facili calenti.
 Te consecratæ fertilis agmine
 Permissis undæ desuper irrigat;
 Diviniórque, haud nota priscis,
 Cyrrha tibi referavit amnes.

Quæ

Quæ vis scatebræ non superabili
 Torrente labens! qui neque desidi-
 Captivus algâ, nec tenaci
 Implicitus petit astra liino;
 Spretoque rumpens fortior obice,
 Suum sublimis quærit Apollinem:
 Sic reflua primum recurrunt
 In pelagus pietate fontes.
 O hos, ut olim, perpetuum lubet
 Duxisse fontes, melléque rivulos
 Noto tumentes! ô beata hoc
 Pocula nectare! Suavitatem
 Agnosco priscam, nec mihi simplices
 Feracem in haustus: Hinc & adhuc bibam;
 Eternâq; æternum *CAPELLI*
 Ubera me teneant alumnum.
 Heu! quanta leni in somnia credulum
 Spes lactat aura! Quò vaga præpetis
 Fert ala voti nescientem,
 Elysióque fugace mendax
 Ludit sopitum? Discute nubili
 Mox vela somni: ni prius hunc, velis,
 Aut rumpat immanis procella,
 Aut alio tetriore claudat.
 Totúmne cernis quæ nebula tegunt
 Repentè coelum? quale crepusculum
 Incumbit axi? Nempe tantum
 Ad scelus his opus est tenebris.
 Neptune, sistas: Nullus Arabicis,
 Hic nullus agris Iccius invidet,
 Aut Indicum quærit phaselis
 Hispanicè sitibundus aurum,
 Quin pone rugas: non tua classibus
 Hic terga bello turgidulis premit;
 Non huic inanis vorticofas
 Cognitio petitur per Alpes.

B 3

Sat

Sat novit olim, cùm tacitis suæ
 Claustris Minervæ, quâ faciles dabat
 Tenuis Camœnas cella, cursu
 Liberiore legebat orbem.
 Errone tum mens incolumi vaga
 Rerum profundos irruit in sinus;
 Majorque lugebat triumphis
 Non alios superesse mundos.
 Quicquid Tonantis fulget in atrio,
 Arcana quicquid viscera Tethyos,
 Fratrisque postremi aula dives
 Circuitu ligat arctiore,
 Claudens capaci pectoris ambitu,
 Aut Univerſum ſedulus alterum
 Attrahit in ſe, aut ipſe docto
 Prodigio ibat in Univerſa.
 Vos talis error, Phœbicolæ, vocet;
 Vos tutus illiſc verſet, ubi freta
 Securiori carpat alâ
 Icarus, Icariûmque temnat:
 Tutâque librans Zodiaci manu
 Portenta, ſacras nec timeat faces
 Candente ſuffurari ab axe,
 Nec ſcopulum timeat Prometheus.
 Nimis timendi hic & ſcopuli, & freta,
 Et quæ profundi monſtra rigentibus
 Terrore non vano minantur
 Naufragium exitiûmque nautis.
 At huic inanes quid facitis metus,
 Sive ipſe multa doctus imagine
 Luſiſſe, Proteu, ſive Triton
 Tartareo truculente riſtu?
 Fruſtrâ cupita pellis Hibernia :
 Cœleſtis illum jam patriæ decor
 Deſixum in ulnas, & flagrantem
 Elevat ad nôva vota mentem.

Deſideratum

Deſideratum tollite in æthera,
 Iſtique ſaltem reddite patriæ,
 Fluctus: tumefcentésne fruſtrâ
 Tanta ſinus levat aura veſtros?
 Quid invidendo, nubila, tegmine
 Jam ſuſtuliftis fidereos mei
 Vultus Olympi, Tartaróque
 Mergitis ora negata veſtro?
 Quocunquè triftis me rapiat furor,
 Quocunquè vortex deprimat, autæ
 Me notus ignis uret æthræ,
 Tôllet & in patrias cupido
 Alata ſedes. Xerxea detonent
 Flagella dorſo vinclâque Hibernico:
 Liveſcat ô brumale tergum
 Ære, fonétq; pluyente ferro.
 Ergóne tuto prædo rapax poteſt
 Luſtrare lembo Balticum, & omnia
 Furtis que, ſupris que, & natanti
 Undique contemerare ſtrage?
 Quid ô Deorum tam citus arbiter
 Auget ſenatum? ſed nec adhuc loco
 Maturus iſto; aptûmq; terris
 Eloquium rudè vagit. Illiſc
 Quis vocem herilis fontem opulentæ
 Bibet fluentem, tam variabilis
 Torrente manantem loquelæ,
 Multiplici ora rigante melle?
 Hic nempe lenis Gallus, & Italus
 Blandè liquenti mitior impetu
 Molleſceret; mox per rigentes
 Gutturis aſperior meatus
 Teuto ſonaret: Proteûs hinc novus
 Turgente Graiæ tramite copiæ
 Exiret; alto mox Iberum
 Indueret tonitru cothurnum.

Quid

Quid tantus oris condidit abditum
 Nilus sub umbris cæruleis caput?
 An edocendis hic in alta
 Piscibus ut comes iret aula?
 Curta tabella sollicitos tenet
 Nos pictus orbis: quærimus hæc loca
 Probrosa jactura recenti,
 Atque novo freta nota damno.
 Orbem (en!) pedalis circuit ambitus;
 Guttâque ponto magna Britannia
 Secernitur Pygmæo ab orbe.
 Quod nocuit (scelus ô pudendum!)
 Vix punctus audit. Deterimus tamen
 Quicquid perosi cernimus æquoris,
 Ultricis unguis vindicante
 Supplicio, aut (leviore pœna)
 Salsis genarum mergimus imbribus.
 O mitis irarum & facilis furor!
 Nunquam procella tam benigna
 Flagitium maris eluendum!
 Quin mista sculptis lacryma fluctibus
 Vivaciores dat sceleris notas,
 Et intuendos tristiori
 Exhibet effigie dolores.
 Nam guttularum per vitreum latus
 Transmissus horror gurgitis, impetu
 Vero videtur fluctuare,
 Dum gemitus tumido dat Euros.
 Crudelis æstus! non ferimus truces
 Vultus ruinæ: tergimus hinc aquas.
 Abire latos ipse latus
 E patrio jubet (ecce!) cœlo.
 Abite, sletus. At Tibi lacryma
 Cyrrhæ jugosis deflua ripulis
 Pompam supremam gemmulato
 Ecce parat famulata luctu.

Hære

Hære notis quàm properat genis,
 Totumque lentis stringere vinculis,
 Ut clausus æterno eruditi
 Sub tumulo rutilis electri!

N. Felton.

DUre nimis, quisquis lacrymis discrimina ponis
 Lugendiq; modum: nullo te præfica lessu,
 Nemo tuum funus ferali crine solutus
 Plangat; & in vacua si quando naufragus ora
 Jactaris vento, nemo squalentia ripis
 Ossa legat; media jaceas neglectus arena.
 Quisnam hîc castiget luctus? In funera planctus
 Quos ego suscipiam? quem non causa una canendi,
 Non trahit unus amor? Quoties (memini) Ille benignam
 Porrexit mihi sæpe manum, si fortè recentem
 Materiam in Musas dederim! quàm lenè serenus
 Riserit, argutos ducens in carmina nutus!
 Hei mihi! jam meus occubuit demersus aquosum
 Phœbus in Oceanum, nunquam exhibiturus apertos
 Ore mihi radios, solitâsque in carmina vires.
 Ut tentem tamen usquè licet; neque funditus omnem
 Solis ab excessu dejecti mente calorem:
 Sed veluti vitrea si quando inclusa sub unda
 Gemma latet, micat usquè tamen, fragilémque mitorem
 Et tremulum jaculata decus; post funera dulces
 Reliquias animæ spiro, procul ore calorem
 Usquè lego, & veteris servo vestigia flammæ.
 Tu qui cæruleis incingis littora vitæ,
 Oceanus pater, audaci tu tale dedisti
 Imperium pelago, sic, quod commisimus, ingens
 Depositem hauriri rapidis que immergier undis?
 Dii superi! *quæ te lymphæ, quæve unda piabit!*
Ipsa unda, atque ipsa meruere piacula lymphæ.

C

Exof

Exosi nimitum fluctus | non *Optima lympha*,
 Pindare, jam saperet tua: tristem quisque mephitim,
 Et Phlegethonteam mallet gustare paludem.
 O si te premerent æterna silentia Lethes,
 Aut pulsare alio didicisses pollice chordam,
 Et titulo meliore legi | Natura creatrix
 Ipsa dolet quod fecit Aquam; rursúmque subiret
 Quàm Phaethontæ gaudens incendia flammæ,
 Sic saltèm (cùm non capiant hæc funera bustum)
 Scilicet inventura rogum | Jam mœsta dolénsque
 Post hanc jacturam, incepit dubitare futurum
 Exitium mundi, & totum nè corruat ævum,
 Néve undis, cùm nil ignes potuere, periret:
 Diffiditque sibi, nè cùm non provida tantum
 Perdiderit specimen, posthac fabricaret inertem
 Degenerémque operam; tentamentúmque sequentis
 Artis in ignavæ solvatur frustula formæ.
 Tanti erat interitus | Tu fato ditior isto,
 Et jam non Tellure minor, nunc gurgite, Nereu,
 Altius insurgas, tumidísque superbiús undis.
 Tandem majorem te Tellus victa fatetur:
 Sed fato, non forte datum est. Da, cærule Nereu;
 Digneris Terræ tanta pro dote pacisci,
 Ut saltèm inveniat lacrymosum ex æquore marmor.
 O ibi securus jaceat, neque terreat ossa
 Scylla frequens ! Quoties aderit revolubilis annus,
 Musa novam tumulo canet indefessa querelam.
 Tam pia cùm videat solennia vota quotannis,
 Nuncius Auster erit. Nunc hæc libamina, manes,
 Hæc vobis, sed parva fero: Neque flumina tantùm
 In mare labuntur; tenui fluit amnis arena.

R. Mason.

Mercator

Mercator fragili Lignæ carina
 Potest gemmiferum videre Gangem,
 Atque alt'ro latitans sub orbe sidus,
 Australi rutilum polo Canopum;
 Mox Indo rediens onustus auro,
 Securus patrio locat reductas
 Merces littore; nauta clamat omnis,
 Emant cinnama purpurámque cives:
 Tutus per mare prædo Maurus errans
 Ventorum laqueum Deo minatur,
 Scyllæ & præteriens sonantis ora,
 Tuta Afro sua furta condit antro,
 Successu intrepidus subinde Hibernas
 Nigro milite territurus oras:
 Nos certè miserabilis togata
 Gens, dum visimus interim penates,
 Divisámve brevi freto Sororem
 Marito modò nobili locatam,
 Absorpti patriis perimus undis.
 Sic, ô sic perit decus chorique
 Nostri gloria magna literati,
 Quæ Dea tribuit maris potenti
 Vectigalis aquas Deo, vagóque
 Fluctu mœnia Cestriæ flagellat,
 Amnis æmulus inclytæ Sabrinæ.
 Hic multis patet ostium carinis
 Adventantibus exeuntibúsque;
 Hoc fido malè primus ille portu
 Scandit arboris improbæ phaselum,
 Cum parvi modò sarcina libelli,
 Jucandi comitis periculosa
 Viæ. Sed malus insciúsque Vector
 Grandis depositi, ratem latenti
 Infixit scopulo, subinde toto
 Invasam Nereo; virente cujus
 Sinu jam latet ille tristis umbra;

C 2

Solus

Solus naufragii unicúsq; gaza
 Nullo merfa refarcienda lucro.
 Talis Persica non natabat olim
 Passim per mare Cycladásque sparsa,
 Certatim Euboicis legenda nautis:
 Talem non vehit ulla, non Ibera
 Auro classis onusta Mexicano,
 Expugnanda rebellibus Batavis.
 Vector, redde virum, sceleste Vector,
 Digne qui bove mugias Perilli,
 Infami ô scopulo ligande Vector.
 O dignum mare compedes patíque
 Rurfus vincula Persici tyranni!
 Exaudi mea vota, bruma, septem
 Potentes quoque frigoris triones:
 Istum, postulo, gurgitem profundum,
 Sub prædáque recente adhuc hiantem,
 Ut mox perpetuo gelu coacta
 Astringat glacies, & alba nigrum
 Locum marmore pensili coronet.
 Cui tu, Phœbe, calorís & diei
 Noster lucidus autor arbitérque,
 Unicam modò (cæteras coerce)
 Notam cuspide virgulam decora
 Effundens, radiomicante sculpe
 Nomen & meritum Viri, parentes,
 Patriam, miseræ modúmque mortis;
 Ut saltè m jaceat sub hoc celebris,
 Dignus vel Cario tegi sepulcro.
 Verùm te tamen, ô facer libelle,
 Infaulti domini comes libelle,
 Volunt fata superstitem periclo.
 Te piscis gelida vorabit alvo
 Tui sedulus anxiusque custos,
 Et, ni mens malè vatis ominatur,
 Per Chami virides natans lacertos.

Nostriis

Nostriis his iterum vomet sub oris:
 Tum plebs gestiet univerfa monstrem
 Circumfusa novum videre; tumque
 Udas volvere paginas licebit,
 Tuas marginis & notare labes,
 Quam passim pia gutta lactymantis
 Fœdârat domini: tua que fronti
 Divinam ejus imaginem imprimemus,
 Munus nobile Cæsari dicandum.

Job. Pullen.

Ⓞ Αὐμασθὸν μάλ' ἐγώνῃ, ἔδ' ἔπ' ἀπὸ δαίμωνος ἐπιλήθομαι,
 Ὡς νῦν διακρυβέσται τ' ἐρεβενά τε κερκυμμένα
 Παντῶς ἄξει τῶν γαῖαν ἴδον Παλλάδιθ' Ἀθανάας
 Θαυμασθὸν δ', ἐρεβινόν τε κ' εἰπέ μοι ὠδὲ πρὶς,
 "Οἴκοι' Τάνδ' ἐρῶσινάν τε φάσεινάν τε κ' ἀγλαάν
 Τῆνθ' εἰσιδέειν θῆκ' ἐπὶ ζωοῖσ' ἐναρίθμθ'.
 "Αὐτὰρ ὄχετο, ἀρὰν ὄχετο μὲν τῶν ἱερῶν φάθ',
 Μοσῶν ἱμεροφῶνων σομα, κῦδ'θ' ἀροφρέτα τον
 Φανῶν, τὰς ἀγίας Θυμειεῖαδ'θ' τ', ἐξοχὰ δ' Ἑλλάδθ'.
 Τὰν αἰνῶς φιλέειν, ὡκ' ἐπὶ τῆς τὸ πλοῦν ἱκαστο,
 "Ὡστ' Ἀεισοτέλει μιν παρεσθῆναι, ὡς τε μιν
 Σὺμπαντας ἐσορᾶν ὡς τὸν αἰοῖδ'ν τὴν Ἰάονα.
 Τῶς γὰρ διετέας πολλὰ παρήλυθε κ' ἀλικας.
 "Οὐτος δ' ἄλιος ὡς δὴ δαλδῶνας ὑπὸ κύματα
 "Αἰδ' ἐπὶνθε νέφους, κ' Κυρῶμεθα νεώτεροι
 "Υμῶς παῖδες Ἀπόλλωνος, ἕκαστοι ποτιδύγχοι
 Νόσον ἀελίο μίμουσας, εἰ τὰχ' ἀνάδυσσεται.
 "Ὡς φᾶ. Τάνος ἐγών' Δάκρυα δ' ὠνθρῶπι, σ' ἐτώστα
 Τῶ γὰρ πάντα βέοντ' ἕκαστ' νόσος πάλιν ἐστέλει.
 "Οἱ θνητὰ ἄθροισι σφαλόντ' ἀνδρὸς ἐπὶ χθόνα
 Δῶρα, διχρῶν ἑί ποτε λατύνθ' ὑπὸ δ' ὕδατα,
 Λάβα ἐσοθροῖς ταῦτα πυθέδαι μὲν ἀεκία.
 Τὰν ἔν, Μῶσα, τῶ πῆμα φίλω κόπτε Χαρίεδος
 Πέτρων, τὰσι δὴλλαισ' ἀνέμων μὲν ἐπιμέμφο,
 Καὶ τὰ κύματα νεκίεις, δάλασσαν κ' ἀμύνηο,
 "Α' Ἀργῶ σὺν ἄραζ' αὐτέρεθ' τ' ἄλεσ' Ἰήσωνα.
 Φανῶν Δαυρὶς ἐσθ' Δαυρὶδος αὐθῆας ὄδ' ἐρῶσται.

Guil. Iveson.

C 3

Tuta

TUta peregrinis sospésque virefcit ab armis,
 Nec timet externam terra Britannia manum;
 Ambitus æquorei quippe irremeabilis alvei
 Difficiles aditus ambiguosque dedit:
 Dum brevia, & Syrtes, medióque latentia ponto
 Terrent ignotas naufraga saxa rates.
 Dii maris hoc, summæ quibus est hæc insula curæ,
 Indulgent nostro præsidium imperio.
 Heul tamen his periit queis nos servamur in undis,
 Gloria Cantabrigi non reparanda chori.
 Mitte malè impensas posthac perfolvere grates
 Numinibus duris, terra Britannia, maris.
 Non hoc præsidium, non sunt ea munera tanti,
 Nec placet hac nobis conditione Salus.

Jo. Pearson.

ERgò obis, & nostras nunquam rediturus ad oras
 Fata indigna subis? Tène ergò laceffere fluctus,
 Te ferus immitti potuit Neptunus hiatu
 Haurire, & sacras tecum raptare carinas?
 O superi! quæ vos pietas cultusve movebit?
 Sic sanctos aris compensant Numina fumos,
 Thuræque, & heu mœsti sic curant vota Lycei?
 Quid verò superos, quid fata fatigo querelis?
 Nam faciles sacra umbra deos, & Numina ponti
 Expertæ est satis æqua sibi, mitésque fuerunt
 Hippotadæ famuli. Sed non periisse putate
 Delitias ævi: nec enim potuere liquores
 Rara tot æternæ disperdere pignora mentis,
 Cùm stetit in patriis exultans pinus arenis,
 Ipsa Salus metuit, cunctæ metuere Camœnæ,
 Passæque sollicitos cum Fama Pallas amores,
 Multa salutifero libarunt vota Tridenti,
 Mox ubi deserto discessit littore puppis,

O quàm

O quàm lascivo portexit brachia motu,
 Et crystallineo gremium repolivit amictu
 Tethys! quàm blandi spirabant murmuris aura,
 Lætæque mobilibus verrebant marmora flabris!
 O quàm festivis mulcebat cantibus Austrum
 Cymothoe virides percurrens pectine crines!
 Quàm Phorci Glauçique cohors, & amœna petuleæ
 Agmina Nerei des, pondus mirata carinæ,
 Uda Pherecleo posuerunt oscula ligno.
 Mitia jucundum sulcabat cærulea rostrum,
 Et subridentùm trudebat vela Notorum
 Turba juvans. O quàm felici fidere fratres
 Oebalii micuere Dei! Nunc aquora rari
 Senferunt oneris pretium, cupiuntque potiri.
 Nil tanti dorso gestas, qui templa Tonantis
 Astræque fers humeris. Ardet jam Tethys, & imos
 Felicésque ratis tentat lustrare recessus:
 Jam puppim ferit; & laxis compagibus omnis
 Cepit rima Deam. Videt hunc, Phœbúmque putavit:
 Sic etenim fulvo crispatos vellere crines
 Vidit, & intonsas tali lanugine malas.
 Protinus accedit metuens, refluóque meatu
 Lambit prona pedes; mox totis irruit undis,
 Et rapit ad proprias avidis amplexibus aulas,
 Donec regales tandem subiere Mæandros
 Neptunique lares, quæ se alta palatia Nerei
 Æquoreisque patent penetralia regia valvis.
 Cede tuis fatis, superùm haud mortalis alumne:
 I, cole cæruleas Tritonum iussus abyssos,
 Et freta divinas discant Hyperionis artes.
 Instrue Sirenas, & flecte lepore Cyclopas;
 Doctæque saxofos emolliat aura Charybdis
 Foetus, & liquidos vincat facundia divos.
 Sic montes & monstra tulit Rhodopeius Orpheus,
 Traxit & ad lyricos Plutonia regna canores.
 Felices nimum vitreæ, gens cærulea, nymphæ

Naiðes

Naïdes, Oceani quæ festinatis ad undas;
 Vos qui dilectam complecti poscitis umbram,
 Sacratamque Diis animam, manésque difertos;
 Flete, & inexhaustos deducant lumina rivos:
 Semper flete, pios totique liquamini in amnes,
 Quælibet ad primum refluit dum lympha profundum.
 Tantæque dum æquoreos nunc erudit umbra Penates,
 Nec vos mutatas posuisse optabitis undas:
 Namque ibi Palladias dum promit pectore gazas,
 Vel Siculæ rupes superabunt Phocidos arcem,
 Et vada Pieriis præstabunt salsa fluentis.

R. Brown.

Quisquis es, invictum cui circum pectora robur
 Constat, & haud timido corda tremore quatit,
 Tu solum tutò nostros meditare dolores,
 Et, mala ni fuerit mens, meditare tuos.
 Tu poteris fixus malefidi in littore Deii
 Audire & fontis temnere murmur aquæ;
 Seu murmur fuerit, seu jam suspiria: tanti
 Forfan aquæ sceleris pœnituisse queant.
 Fortè suas scopulo fatali inciscitur undas,
 Fractæque jam justus flumina Deius agit.
 Tu miseræ spectes fluitantia fragmina cymbæ,
 Sedibus (ah!) mirè dissociata suis.
 Prora domum repetit, puppis festinat in altum,
 Sparsæque diversis vela feruntur aquis.
 Littoribus totis adfunt monumenta ruinæ,
 Et navis portus unica mille subit.
 Fluctibus è saturis transjecta cadavera cernas,
 Et nimis in tumulos & malè lota suos.
 Aspicias charum hoc corpus, simul ora jacentis
 Rorabis lacrymis jam fatiſ uda tuis.

Hæc

Hæc nuper dominae Rationi fida ministra,
 Hæc consummatæ mentis adulta domus.
 Hæc manus assiduo versare volumina nisu,
 Illa repromendo lecta notare libro;
 Utraque ad optatos sese protendere coelos,
 Utraque munificæ nectere mentis opus.
 Hoc caput ô quanto turgebat Apolline! quam non
 Contentum cunctis artibus esse velit!
 Lingua hæc confectis violento melle catenis
 Quot rapuit, quovis sic cupiente rapi!
 His fidæ in fibris caluere altaria flammæ,
 Dum sanctus duplici fervet amore focus:
 Primus amor propriam lambit sua sidera spheram
 Alter amicitia: maxima sacra facit.

Tu sic cantabis; dum nostris artibus horror
 Ingruit, & clausum vocibus hæret iter.

J. B.

Ποιον δαίμων έχει προμερὴν κίβη, ὅστε κεραυνῶ
 Αἰφιδίως διαπλησίον; ἐμοὶ σφοδρίατο γλώσσῳ
 Ἐμβύθιον πένθος, καὶ δεινὸν ὄμμασι δρῆται
 Ἀρνύθαι. Ἰσραὶ ἐν πηγαὶ δακρυῶσι Μουσῶν
 Ὀγκώδεις ὕψιστοι τὸν αὐτοῦ ἐς τέρην ἀνλῶ
 Ρεῖτε Ποσειδάωνος ἐρυγμαίνουσι ἀνίαν
 Παντὴ ἐμῶν παρθέτωνσι τ' ἀνεγείρετε Νύμφας
 Ἄλοη ναύστας, καὶ εὐπρεπὲς τέσσα γυνέθλης
 Ἡερίης μὲν ὁμῶς, ἑπιπυθίας ἀναπέμπειν
 Μολπῆς. Ἄλλ' ἐφ' ὅτῳ ὑμᾶς ἀνόητος ὀτρύνω
 Ταῦτα ματαίως Ὀκυβείης ἀνακλιπτεῖ, ἀχρήστους
 Μὴ ἐκβάλλουσι πρυσμῆς. Ὑμεῖς δ' Ἐλιμῶνος
 Ἀδελφείας ὀδύνας ἴδὼν παρλάζουσι, ἀδίζεν
 Βυσσοῦν ὀμιγῶν ἑπολείπει, ἢ ἀλγῶσι θυμῶς
 Κυμαίνοντες ἐπ' μαρίζεν' ἐ γ' ἰάπην
 Ἐινάλιο θεῶ δυνάτω τριβέλης ὄβρυ ταύτην
 Ὑμετέραν δακρῶν, ἢς πάμοσων ἐγγῶς Ὀλίμπου
 Ἀπ' ἑσθαι δεῖδει, ἢ χλωροσίον κομῶσων

D

Ἰδίας

Ἰδίοις κλάδοις θαλάσσης. Ὅν τῶνδ' ἐκδοκῶν
 Μαργαρίτων πλούτιον ἀμαρτήσιν Ἰμαθῶν
 Ἐρδμουχὸν πόρτου ὅσῳ δ' αὐτῶν ἴδμεν
 Ὀυρανίου βασιλεῦς, ὅρῳ ἐκ ἐξὶ λυμῶν γαίης
 Κοιρανὴν ῥυτίων ἔμῳ τοι γ' ἠερόντι
 Κρύπτεται ἐν ζῶφῳ, αὐτὰρ αἰεὶ ἀνόδρον ἰάλλει
 Μαργαρυγὴν ὁ δ' ἄρ' λαμπαρὸν φάος ἠαλίαισιν.

Ja. Pops.

Purpleis veluti puppis, quæ turgida velis,
 Cui Paphos aut celsis decrèrant Himara sylvis,
 Et tumida spe plena suis jam regnat in undis,
 Dum cupit auratam Triton contingere proram,
 Nereidùmque chorus, votorum spiritus implet
 Lintea, divitiásque Arabum spe præcipit omnes;
 Non fert hoc Nemesis, configunt turbine venti,
 Alta tument, pictósque deos adverberat unda:
 Et longum quam struxit opus ratis æquore lato
 Spargitur, aut seopulo miserè lacerata recumbit:
 Sic periit modò, quem propius sibi junxit Apollo
 Musarùmque chorus, qui nuper carbasa late
 Sustulit ingenti famæ turgentia vento,
 Oceanùmque vagum naturæ transiit, ultra
 Herculeósque sinus Atlanteósque recessus,
 Hesperidum visit, quos dicit fabula, ramos,
 Heliadum & lacrymas, quibus est dignissimus: ipsas
 Tam bene non meruit, præceps qui lapsus in amnem
 Eridanum rutilos flamma populante capillos,
 Sic rosa, sic prati fuerat quæ gloria, mersum
 Deprimit umbre caput; sic felicissima terræ
 Quæ seges, heu gravidis nimium procumbit aristis.

Car. Mason.

Hen!

Heu! quid malignis pontus inhorruit
 Suspensus undis! quid mare perfidum
 Ventisque conspiravit in te,
 Te, decus & Edoarde nostrum!

Fluctus pudendi scilicet obruant
 Tot literarum præmia; scilicet
 Tot noctium (proh!) tot dierum
 Nox simul una premat labores!

Piscésque muti in viscera devorent
 Linguam Latini mellis & Artici
 Stillante plenam suavitate,
 Ah, tumulto meliore dignam!

Delphinus æquor nullus Hibernicum,
 Credo, pererrat: Nempe fidicinem
 Dorso Methymnæum repando
 Piscis amans hominum subivit.

Tutumque arena deposuit sua.
 Quid mille nervos, aut quid Arionas
 Dicemus? unus, unus iste,
 Ille lyras superavit omnes.

Infida pinus, navis inhospita
 Cur ò dehiscit? cur latus impium
 Admisit undam? tutiora
 Promeruit sibi ligna vector.

Non ille cædis, non abiit reus
 Furti, nec hostis vim patriæ tulit,
 Ut legis hinc creptus ira
 Vindice naufragio periret.

D 2

Sincerus

Sincerus (heu!) pectoris, integer
 Vitæ recessit: nil oneris mali
 Ratem gravabat; nil ab illo
 Aut sceleris fuit aut pericli.

Infame litus! te rabidum mare
 Fractis solebat plangere fluctibus:
 Nunc planget illum, quem tremendis
 Faucibus in sua regna sorpsit.

Quæ tibi tanta fides, quæ (Cæsar) pectora, quando
 Horruit infano gurgite cana Thetis?
 Palluit in cymba, qui tristia sidera nôrat,
 Portitor, & dubias sollicitarat aquas,
 Ille trucidæ Boreæ metuebat flabra: sed, inquis,
 Cæsar's & portas fata timenda falo.
 Hic quoque Cæsar erat, sed qualis Scaliger; artis
 Scep'triger, & meruit nomen habere Dei.
 Hei mihi! quàm timui, genero nê carula tanto
 Regna superba forent, Nereidumque domus!
 Si tanti constet fieri te Numen, ut undis
 Imperites, capias has quoque Numen aquas;
 Has lacrymas fletusque meos. Non fida fuerunt
 Æquora, non nostri Cæsar's alta ratis.
 Fortunas non, Kinge, tuas, sed & æquora nostras
 Abripiunt, dum te sic tua fata ferunt.

Steph. Ansie.

Quàm pulchra nostro stella delapsa est polo,
 Cujus coruscum luce non humili jubat.
 Utque ad remotas orbis emicuit plagas!
 Undis sepultus Phosphorus noster jacet,

Et

Et nos tenebris gemimus extinctam facem.
 Quis temperare à lacrymis merito potest,
 Lugubrem amicâ mente qui volvit necem,
 Tantâmq; cladem? Sensimus fato tuo
 Commune damnum patriæ (charum caput)
 Reique literariæ dispendium.
 Quamvis peristi naufragus, tota est tamen
 Jactura nostra: strage concidimus pari,
 Qui lacrymarum flumine obruimur pio.
 Dixi, peristi? Vivis Elysiis plagis,
 Pretiosa superis anima, delictum poli.
 Vitabit Orci fata pars melior tui,
 Nec cedit atris ingenî proles aquis
 Lethes: serenus igneæ mentis vigor
 Nullo furore fluctuum extingui potest.
 Liquisti amœnam memoriam nepotibus,
 Nihilque, quod non & sapit doctum & piûm.
 Caduca talis hortuli Venus, Rosa
 Regina florum, pulchra virgineis comis,
 Jam rore prægnans, gemmulis cœli gravis;
 Violenta quam vel pollice ingrato manus,
 Vel grandinantis saxæus cœli furor
 Decerpfit, antequam suum explicuit decus,
 Plenâmq; mundo gloriam expansam dedit.
 Quamvis venustum purpuræ amittat jubar,
 Et indecoro pulvere obliquet caput,
 Attamen odoros fundit è sinu globos,
 Fragrantiores spargit & nimbos sui.
 Quid ille meruit cereis penais avem
 Mentitus, infortunii faber sui?
 At nomen undis antea ignotis dedit.
 Quid ille meruit fortis ignarus suæ,
 Currus paternos improba frænans manu?
 An non temeritatis malas pœnas tulit?
 At hunc electro virginum plorat Trias.
 Quid ille tandem, dente lunato ferox

D 3

Quem

Quem vulnerabat prædo sylvarum, & rapax
 Nemorum tyrannus fordido frendens specu?
 At hunc dolore & lacrymis plangit Venus.
 Solenniores postulat threnodias
 Hic ille noster. Quos pios læsus canam?
 Hunc transmarini grata dulcedo soli,
 Amorque rapuit patriæ, cum in limine
 Exstantis cecidit immersus sali.
 In. parca Fata | ferreas leges Stygis,
 Quam nulla pietas flectere aut artes valent!
 At nunc beata patria gaudet frui,
 Æternitatis aurea ornatus stola.
 Qualem sacro funeri statuam struem!
 Monumenta condam? Saxa Mausoli ruunt;
 Ruunt colossi; mole succumbit sua
 Acuminato pyramis fastigio,
 Et vix ruina restat: hæc miracula
 Rapit vetustas, ipsa consumptrix sui.
 Meliora doctis manibus, cineris tui
 Perenniores memoriæ lauros dicat
 Mœrens Thalia, carminum trophæaque
 Æterna statuit: Musa te vetat mori.
 Systema periit artium, scientiæ
 Omnis patronus cultor idemque optimus.
 Exhaustit omnem fontis Aganippes penum,
 Et tortuosis nexibus philosophiam.
 Anfractuoso gurgite absorptus senex,
 Quem magna latuit causa refluxus maris,
 Si te tuamque calluisset ingenit
 Subtilitatem, nosset & acumen tuum,
 Non haesitantem ceperat fluctus solum.
 Quid te, tridentis rector æquorei, & maris
 Monarcha vasti, movit ad tantum malum,
 Ut invideres pignori terris dato?
 Metuisne Athenis Palladis victoriam,
 Oleamque doctam mente perpendis tua,

Quod

Quod unionem hunc conditum sinu tenes,
 Præstantiori non ratus præda frui
 Te posse? Fateor, esto. Sed Pallas suam
 Pro derelicto non habebit militem:
 Suum requirit, jure doctrinæ suam
 Jactans alumnum, rore quem docto imbuit.
 Inesse quicquid mente solerti solet,
 Latere quicquid mente generosa potest,
 In arce fixit pectoris sui pedem.
 Quem tanta tamque clara decorarunt bona,
 Maturus obiit regis cœli. Parem
 Natura nobis nec dedit, dare nec potest.

Jo. Hooper.

I N liquido horrentis tumulati marmore ponti
 Hoc solidum marmor nomen inane capit.
 Sed nec inane tamen: dum stat modo pontus & æther,
 Flumina dum Chami lenius ipsa meant;
 Et fluviis placidè surreptenti agmine lapsus
 Exprobrat ipse fretis invidiamque facit.
 Infelix, quid agis? quid tecum Heliconæ remisces?
 Casta quid in falsis fluctibus unda perit?
 Alpheum poterat facili transmittere ductu,
 Nec magis hinc rivos polluit ille suos.
 Ipse negabo meas posthac tibi ducere lymphas:
 Ah! scelus unda tuum nulla piare potest.
 Nil agis, o demens: non primum hic æquore merfus
 Est sophiæ princeps; sed neque merfus erit:
 Æternum Aoniis nomen superenatat undis,
 Murmur aquæ titulos bulliet usque meæ.
 Mota quidem est Thetis, & damnum sua crimina flevit,
 Fluxit & in guttas noxia petra suas.
 Frustrâ; namque virum evexit super æthera virtus:
 Credite, naufragium nesciit illa pati.

Susten-

Suspensaque Deo mens est clapsa tabella,
 Corporis & laceram despicit indè ratem;
 Et sedet in portu, sanctoque armata sereno
 Tranquillum æterno lumine nacta diem est.
 Ite leves undæ, & nequicquam sæva procella,
 Et bene vexati gratior ira maris.
 Vela dabat cælo; liquidam facit unda curulem,
 Qua jam tacturum sidera summa vehit.

R. C.

Τὴν τῆς φρεσὸς πύλην ἐναντιόητά μοι
 Ἐκ πολλῶ ἤδη εἶδειξεν ὁ φιλόσοφος λόγος,
 Ὅτι αἰτίαν εἰδὼτα σαφῶς τῆς δυστυχίας
 Οὐδέν με ἐκπλήξαι τὸ γερνὸς ἕδαμῶς.
 Τί γὰρ τὸ θαύμα, εἰ ποτ' ἐμπροσθ' ἔπι
 Λύχρα φεραυγεί ἀφάνισα τὸ χαροπὸν φάος
 Ἵχθὺς σαλαγμῶς, ἢ νῦν ἢ πῶ ἰεραὴν φλόγα,
 Τηλοπὸν αἴγλην τῆς Ἀθηνῶν λαμπάδος,
 Ἐσθεσέν, ἀφάνισα τὰ πολύτροα κύματα
 Ἄλιμης Ἰερνίδος, ἄλεσιν τὸ νεατὶ
 Τὸ ἀμύδης πόντος ἀμείλιχος ἀγχιότης,
 Νέκταρ σαλάζειν χεῖλα ποτ' εἰδὼτα
 Στύφει θαλάσσης ἀλμυρῆν, καὶ πικρὸν ὕδωρ
 Ἀγνὸν μαλίνει σῶμα. Τῆς Κυπρίδος θεῆς
 Πατὴρ βδελυκτὸς τῆς ἀγαμωμένης ἄλδος
 Ἀφροδῖτις ἀπόπλυτος, εἰδὲ ὡς χειμαζέται
 Ψυχῆς βεβαίας ἀρτι ὁ ζῶντος νεῶς.
 Ἀρετῆς τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐξαρτιμῆν προδύμην
 Βύζει ἢ σῶμα τοῦ πρῶτου τοῦ καρφύνης,
 Ὅταν εἰ ἀσπίδος ἐπικυλινδύουτος ῥοῦς
 Ὀγκώδεις πλάγους. Ὅμως εἰ ἢ δυσφορῶ,
 Τῶ τεθνεῶτι ταυτὰ πως καὶ αὐτὸς κείνων.

H. More.

In

In obitum præstantissimi doctissimiqve viri
 EDVARDI KING,
 Alumni quondam mei charissimi.

Stultus trecentas ingerit plagas freto,
 Et nequit arctas compedes maris Deo,
 Impius in Austros arma Pysyllorum movet,
 Quicumque summi Numinis legi obstrepit.
 Gestare filices Stoici cordis tamen
 Arguerer, & adamanta duri pectoris,
 Me nisi moveret cladis acceptæ dolor:
 Qui fræna justus poscit immitti sibi;
 Si non abominarer Austros, & fretum,
 Scopulos, ratem, improbumque rectorem ratis,
 Cujus scelere juvenis spei ingentis meus
 Peritit alumnus morte acerba, ingloria.
 Sed non peritit à gloria & vita simul:
 Namque illum alumni Phœbi & Aonidum chorus
 Clarant, Lycei mystæ & Academi cohors,
 Virtutis, artium, scientiæ, piæ
 Mentisque testes; famam ab Orco vindicant,
 Portant ad astra nomen, & cælo beant.
 Dudum beatam qui dederat animam Deus,
 Cælo recepit carcere emissam nigro
 Corporis, & addidit novum stellis decus.
 Lessus inanes mittite ergo & nantias:
 Virtute cassos impii & stulti fleant;
 Lugere felices nefas est & furor.
 Vel sic relicto vos salutem dicite,
 Salve, beate Rex, & æternum vale.

Thom. Farnabius.

E

In

¶ *In immaturum obitum*
 EDVARDI KING,
fratris sui charissimi.

Sæpe quidem metui cui longum sicca dolori
 Servassent tacitos lacrymarum lumina fontes.
 Huc ver continuum duxi, sine nube serenos
 Exegi soles, & nullum dulcia fatum
 Intempestivo violavit gaudia luctur
 At nunc in mœstos transivit scena cothurnos;
 Tristis hyems, & perpetuo nox plena dolore
 Irrupit, subitæque rapax violentia fati
 Insolitum sævo stupefecit vulnere pectus.
 Jam tandem, frater, tibi vitrea claustra reclusi,
 Fœcundumque penu jam stagna recondita laxat,
 Accipe perpetuum à nostris vestigal ocellis,
 Dum caput irriguum funebri rore madebit,
 Et poterit frangi in singultus spiritus ægros.
 Hoc amor, hoc pietas vovit. Non dura perusti
 Heliades tantum fleverunt funera fratris,
 Aut nati Andromache Phrygia de turre ruinam:
 Rupibus exhaustis citius Sipyleia mater
 Arebit; fletusque Hyadas certamine vincam.
 Te salvo, fratrum vix movit quarta meorum
 Jactura, & levius cruciarunt bina parentum
 Funera: pensabas partim dispendia tanta,
 Et fueras orbo solamen dulce superstes.
 Te consanguineo, regnum sine lite quietum
 Cessisset propriasque vices Cadmeius hæres.
 Arsisset tecum potius distinguere cœlum
 Oebalius frater, pretiosaque dona Deorum
 Æternamque tibi consorti seindere vitam.
 Tam placidi mores, & nunquam torva superbi
 Bruma supercilii, & lenis constantia vultus.
 Alit (heu!) quam dubio rerum convolvimur astu!

Cuncta

Cuncta vices subeunt cæcas, radiisque totarum
 Volvuntur, pensumque suum Fortuna retexit.
 Scilicet (heu!) periit decus & spes unica nostri
 Nominis, obscuræque suo nos prodidit umbræ
 Occasu, nondum maturis integer annis,
 Dumque suum premeret prona expectatio florem,
 Extremus fati timor, ac injuria summa.

Qualis, victrici nuper dum fulminat ense
 Cæsareas inter turmas, Martisque procellas
 Ingeminans propriis Aquilas exteret ab arvis,
Gustavus sævo fortè interceptus ab ictu
 Concidit, & bellum interruptum morte reliquit:
 Statim vota silent, & spes sublabitur omnis,
 Fervidæque attoniti supet expectatio mundi,
 Sensit ubi ad qualem steterat victoria metam:
 Heu! talis cecidit mœdis in plausibus Ille,
 Ornamentum ingens patriæ, gentisque togatæ
 Deliciæ, magnis ætas dum prima laborat
 Promissis, prelumque suis inhiaret avare
 Primitiis, peteretque caput Respublica tantum.
 Sic labor agricolæ violento stermitur imbre,
 Vernæque sic Libycis afflantur germina ventis.
 Nempe potestatem solet ostentare superba
 Mors, & majores dant funera magna triumphos.
 Stringitur in quercus vicinæque culmina fulmen;
 Et venatoris jaculo cadit ardua cervix.
 Cum diffusa lues, aut inclementia belli,
 Aut funesta fames plebeiis stragibus orbem
 Fœdarit, tellus tantum relevatur inerti
 Pondere, jacturamque suam natura salubrem
 Agnoscit, nec se facem amisisse gravatur;
 Abstersoque nitent cœno felicius urbes.
 Quod si quis magnus pacis vel Martis alumnus,
 Aut scepro clarus fato succumbat iniquo;
 Integra totius quassatur machina mundi,
 Et trepido motu rerum confunditur ordo;

E 2

Fama

In immaturum obitum
EDVARDI KING,
fratris sui charissimi.

Sæpe quidem metui cui longum sicca dolori
Servassent tacitos lacrymarum lumina fontes.
Huc ver continuum duxi, sine nube serenos
Exegi soles, & nullum dulcia fatum
Intempestivo violavit gaudia luctus
At nunc in mœstos transivit scena cothurnos;
Tristis hyems, & perpetuo nox plena dolore
Irrupit, subitque rapax violentia fati
Insolitus salvo stupefecit vulnere pectus,
Jam tandem, frater, tibi vitrea claustra reclusi,
Fœcundumque penu jam stagna recondita laxat,
Accipe perpetuum à nostris vectigal ocellis,
Dum caput irriguum funebri rore madebit,
Et poterit frangi in singultus spiritus ægros.
Hoc amor, hoc pietas vovit. Non dura perusti
Heliades tantum fleverunt funera fratris,
Aut nati Andromache Phrygia de turre ruinam:
Rupibus exhaustis citius Sipylicia mater
Arebit; fletusque Hyadas certamine vincam.

Te salvo, fratrum vix movit quarta meorum
Jactura, & levius cruciarunt bina parentum
Funera: pensabas partim dispendia tanta,
Et fueras orbo solamen dulce superstes.
Te confanguineo, regnum sine lite quietum
Cessisset propriasque vices Cadmeius hæres.
Arsisset tecum potius distinguere coelum
Oebalius frater, pretiosaque dona Deorum
Æternamque tibi conforti seindere vitam.
Tam placidi mores, & nunquam torva superbi
Bruma supercilii, & lenis constantia vultus.
Alit (heu!) quam dubio rerum convolvimur æstu!

Cuncta

Cuncta vices subeunt cæcas, radiisque rotarum
Volvuntur, pensumque suum Fortuna rexit.
Scilicet (heu!) periit decus & spes unica nostri
Nominis, obscuræque suo nos prodidit umbræ
Occasu, nondum maturis integer annis,
Dumque suum premeret prona expectatio florem,
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Statim vota silent, & spes sublabitur omnis,
Fervidaque attoniti stupet expectatio mundi,
Sensit ubi ad qualem steterat victoria metam:
Heu! talis cecidit mediis in plausibus Ille,
Ornamentum ingens patriæ, gentisque togatæ
Deliciæ, magnis ætas dum prima laborat
Promissis, prelumque suis inhiaret avaræ
Primitiis, peteretque caput Respublica tantum.
Sic labor agricolæ violento sternitur Imbre,
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Cum diffusa lues, aut inclementia belli,
Aut funesta famas plebeis stragibus orbem
Fœdarit, tellus tantum relevatur inertii
Pondere, jacturamque suam natura salubrem
Agnoscit, nec se facem amisisse gravatur;
Absterioque mitent cœno felicius urbes.
Quod si quis magnus pacis vel Martis alumnus,
Aut sceptro clarus fato succumbat iniquo;
Integra totius quassatur machina mundi,
Et trepido motu rerum confunditur ordo;

E 2

Fama

Fama volat, mœstis que omnes rumoribus aures
 Contristat, lacrymas passim lamentaque spargens.
 Sic ubi fraternæ totos intercipit ignes
 Luna facis, terramque inopinis implicat umbris,
 Abrumpitque diem medium, plus commovet orbem,
 Quam si cœlestis restincta plebe catervæ
 Æternum informes ageret nox orba tenebras.
 O quantis tibi magni, Academia Mater, Alumni
 Lugendum est lacrymis damnum! Nunc laurea fecta
 Exue, funereamque tibi connecte cupressum.
 Ah! quoties illum Pericleo fulmine rostra
 Quassantem, & dulci fundentem nectar ab ore,
 Vocibus excepit circumsona turba secundis!
 Quantos injiciens captivo retia vero,
 Cæcæque subtilis solvens ænigmata Sphingis,
 Cecropiæque domus adytum & penetrale Lycei
 Pandens, victrici contraxerit arte triumphos!
 Jam verò fileant plausus & blanda favoris
 Murmura: complorent Artes, tristisque Camœnæ
 Castalias superent lacrymarum gurgite ripas.
 Palladis ille pugil, flos ornatissimus horti
 Pierii, stupor ille togæ & pretiosa voluptas
 Præripitur, tacitæque jacet nunc obrutus umbræ.
 Infelix juvenis! certè tibi fata seniles
 Annumerare dies, nec spes deludere nostras
 Debebant, saltem vel lethum mite dedisse,
 Humanoque tuos cineres donasse sepulcro.
 Hæc mores, hæc commeruit sibi præmia virtus:
 Quæ si labentis vitæ producere filium
 Posset, & effoetis membris revocare juventam,
 Secula Cumææ vatis Pyliamque senectam,
 Et Pharii volucris poteras transcendere bustum,
 Atque peregrinum cursu prævertere solem.
 Sed cur incassum querimur, dum fata querelis
 Latentur, lacrymasque bibant pro nectare nostras?
 Hinc nostrum damnum: nam festinantius urget

Parca

Parca viros magnos: propriam putat esse senectæ
 Virtutem; longamque satis, si sit proba, vitam.
 Sic modò crediderat fatali peste doloris
 Innumeras cædes hac una clade dedisse.
 Illum igitur (proh triste nefas!) absorpsit in undis
 Arctoïis, terræ spoliū, pretiūmque profundi.
 Dignior ille fuit sub mole jacere sepulcri,
 O Mausole, tui, aut Pharii sub turre tyranni;
 Dignior & Cilicum sylvis, & messe Sabea,
 Et stacte, & misto Cinyreii germine rami,
 Quicquid & Assyriis spirant opobalsama virgis.
 Attamen haud aliàs credo voluisse perire;
 Ut parem Aristoteli mortem, par funus haberet
 Pompeio, totum complexus corpore regnum
 Neptuni, & facilem indignatus cespitis umbram;
 Scilicet ut terram vita compleverat omnem,
 Sic etiam Oceanum celebraret mortis honore.

Henr. King.

Mitte maris Dominus quis sit disquirere, Selden?
 Oceani Rex est, quem tegit Oceanus.
 Si quanti constet regem maris esse rogatur,
 Scilicet ob titulum hunc perdita vita tibi.
 Mitte, Groti, Batavæ qui gentis gloria, mitte
 Pensum in quo sudas, *Libera num maria.*
 Libera nunc non esse patet; quia non datur isti
 Tam charo capiti transitus innocuus.

Joh. Hayward, Eccl. Cath. Lich. cancellarius
 & canonicus residentiarius.

E 3

Ut

UT primùm audieram tristissima nuncia; amicum,
 Egregium multis nominibusque virum,
 Fluctibus abreptum; velut ictus fulmine, mutus
 Obstupui: arripui tum properus calamum;
 Flebilibusque elegis altum lenire dolorem
 Aggredior; frustra: profiliunt lacrymæ,
 Nomen & inscriptum chartæ torrente frequenti
 Delent: sic iterum fluctibus obruitur.
 Protinus abjiciens calamum chartamque, meipsum.
 Atque oculos unâ corripio graviter.
 Desine: tunc, inquam, Edvardi sine divite vena
 Edvardum dignè concelebrare paras?
 Materiam concedet opus, licet ipsa Maronis
 Musa aspiraret, Nasôque succineret.
 Sistite vos etiam, rivos cohibete; quid, inquam,
 Officiosa nimis lumina, flere juvat?
 Oceani ad facinus funestum ac triste dolendum
 Pro merito, vester sufficit Oceanus?
 Aut levis, aut nullus dolor est, qui suberis instar
 Supremis oculis innatat, ima fugit.
 Passeris extincti sic flevit Lesbia funus,
 Sic illam lacrymis Publius excoluit.
 Talia pompa decet lacrymarum, & præfica fingens
 Funera: mox oritur, mox moriturque dolor.
 Mœroris monumenta mei sint mascula: fletus
 Fœmineum quiddam, vel puerile sapit.
 Planctus ac gemitus, nocturnaque visa, stuporque,
 Luxatumque caput publica damna decet.
 Talis jactura est omnes quam sensimus: unus-
 -Quisque dolet; gemitus qui tenet, intus habet.

M. Honeywood.

Collegii

CUlm peteret patriam Edvardus, multaque saburrâ
 Morum, doctrinæ pressus, & ingenii;
 Mergitur, atque oneri succumbit carnea navis,
 Enatat at vector spiritus in patriam.
 O utinam postliminio revocatus adesles,
 Ut posito Edvardo Virbius esse queas!
 Vel saltem exuvias animæ celestis in oras
 Jactasset nostras æstus! & Oceanus;
 Nos utcunque aliquo cinerum dignatus honore,
 Mœroris nostri grande levasset onus!
 Sed tibi prospexit melius Neptunus, & orbe
 Divisos inter Te latitare vetat.
 Quin potius quotquot gentes præterfluit æquor,
 Gloria quas vestri nominis haud latuit,
 Procerum in litus pulsum cum forte cadaver
 Invenient, credet quælibet esse Tui:
 Certatimque struent mendacia culta; suisque
 Ob commune decus, credere quemque decet.
 Mausolea statim ponent, Parisque columnis
 Edvardi insculpent nomen, & *Illo fons est, qui*
Cujus vel Mundo suffecit gloria; Hiberna
Quem Puerum tellus vendicat; Angla Virum.
 At nos, Neptuno gratos, jactamus honorem
 Eternum Tumulis, Adollis ossa cubent.
 Sic dum de tumulo contendunt regna per orbem,
 Pro uno condentur mille sepulcra Tibi:
 Funeribusque Tuis cedit natalis Homeri,
 Quantum septem urbes gentibus innumeris.

Idem.

Musa filet, nec fando potest quæ fata tulerunt
 Explere, aut vacuis suppeditare schedis.
 Lineolas tantum ducit pigmenta doloris,
 Sed neque tristitiam picta tabella refert.

E 4

Scilicet

Scilicet obstupuit toties afflicta triumphis,
 Principis & cunas concelebrare povin;
 Non gemitus novit, non tridua funera: Nostra
 Usque nitent, lacrymis nec maduere gena.
 En tamen in lacrymas interrupta silentia vocem,
 Nec durum pectus gessit habere capis;
 Filius ut Cræsi, mihi Musa huc nuda, videtur
 Ad tantum sceleris jam didicisse loqui.
 Talia credo equidem poterint fixisse potam
 Argumenta novum! Demonstratioque darent
 Ignotas dudum lacrymas, ac visceta: Mores
 Exue inhumanos, Stoice, disce pati!
 Atque videns flebis, dum sese opponit inermem
 Palladii ductor fluctibus ille chori;
 Dumque sitit vitam, validosque amplexa lacertos
 Eluctaturas implicat unda manibus;
 Interea pia quæ moriens suspiria fundit
 Ante erat hic vita, jam proque mortis olor.
 Ast tua quæ pietas, animo invidiosissima! quæ vis
 Magna precum pelago dicit adesse Deum;
 Atque oculos duplices, quæ manus ad sidera tendens,
 Ostendis Numen quod sit ubique tuum.
 Non te destituit charissima Mater; in urnam
 Quæ legere ossa cupit, reliquiasque tui.
 Et quum non possit in cœcis furtiva fuisse
 Oceani, & cineri solvere iusta sacro;
 Hoc gemebunda dicat carhien; lacrymasque perennes,
 Inque tuum fluxit sanctior unda sinum.
 Nec melius tibi, si vivos de marmore vultus
 Duceret, in longos non periture dies!
 En manus adproperans maria hæc chartacea currit,
 Equè alto ut surgas æquore, navis erit;
 It calamus, titubansque tuos depingit honores,
 In medioque tibi gurgite remus erit;
 Stant tua doctrinæ firmis monumenta columinis,
 Quæ celebrata tuo nomine, vela dabunt;

Mufarumque

Mufarumque loco, spirabunt murmura venti,
 Ut capiat sobolem tristis Ierna suam.
 Nec capiet, cujus nomen volat ocyus Euro;
 Quem neque jactabit terra Britanna suum.
 Garrula te notum faciet, te fama per orbem
 Efferet, atque tibi patria mundus erit.
 Vel tibi si famæque tuæ non sufficit unus
 Orbis, quin virtus altius inde petat:
 En patriam cœlum! quam suspiravit anhelans
 Mens toties meditans jam reditura Deum.
 Hæc capiet: nos huc sequimur, cum non datur ultra;
 Teque hic miratur nescia Musa loqui.

Guil. Brearley.

Non est Ille Deus, non est, sed Spiritus Orei
 Immundus, pelago quisquis sit qui imperat: Astris
 Non regitur, Lunaque; sed infernalis ab imo
 Olla scatet barathro, jactatque reciprocus æquor
 Halitus infandi Cacodæmonis: Amphierite
 Decessit Furiis. Hinc hinc securius undas
 Dum vulgus pecudumque hominumque secat, mare nunquam,
 Nunquam heros impune ratim conscendit, & aurâ
 Oceanum nunquam virtus pietasque secundâ
 Trajecere. Tuos testor, Tros optime, casus;
 Ærumnâque tuas, Ithacensis: testor Amittæ
 Natum, jacturamque Amphionis. At tua solum,
 Incola cœlestis, (satis est si cætera mittam)
 Deploro; satis est, tua, Naufrage, fata referre.
 Sat tu solus, Io, nimumque doces scopulorum
 Savitiem, & surdi maris implacabile numen.
 Nullis (heu durum!) precibus, pietate Tyrannum
 Nullâ mulcendum, aut meritis? Nihil illa procellas
 Flectere, nec potuit fluctus componere mentis
 Integritas sanctæ præstantia corporis, atas

Prima

Prima nihil potuere? nihil facundia, linguæ,
 Artes, virtutes? quid plura? Novit Is unus,
 Quotquot sunt, infensa piis quæ numina placant,
 Technas, quæ lacrymæ, voces, suspiria, gestus,
 Planctus, thura Deo grata & libamina. At iste
 Arbiter Oceani, non est Deus iste; sed orbis
 Damnosus genius, monstrum de cantibus ortum
 Informe, & furiis ablactatum: Æquora non sunt,
 Sed Styx, Cocytusque teter, freta Hibernica: Naves
 Non sunt, sed tumuli fluitantes; suntque Charontes
 Nautæ: pro scopulis hæc astat Scylla, Charybdis.
 Illæc erigitur: Non est insigne Tyranni,
 Imperisque tridens vitrei Neptunius olim,
 Sed sceptrum Eumenidum lethale, & triste trifidum
 Mortis. Parce mihi vindictam hanc, Rector aquarum,
 Devotæque animi diras non iusta ferentis.
 Cum nec Amittidæ remex balæna, nec illi
 Bajulus, Amphion, tuus adfuit, astra Deosque
 Sæpe inclamanti, procul hinc à gurgite nigro
 Absint æternum; procul absit piscis, & undas
 Nemo habitet nisi turba vorax, canis, anthias atrox,
 Et lamia, & lupus insaturabilis. Æquora linque,
 Navita, & undivagos potius committe penates
 Vulcano: Radios aliorum flectat Apollo,
 Et Luna influxus; fœtor caligine mixtus
 Horrorem ingeminet; rudis indigestaque aquarum
 Moles stagnet inerts, cœcæque à lumine abyssum
 Terribilis requies & vasta silentia cingant.
 Hinc demum, Neptune, Chaos dominare, & arenis
 (Tantisper si à cæde tibi vacet) hæc duo scribe;

*Hic ille mortuus jacet,
 Per quem hoc mare jacet Mortuum.*

(b. Bainbrigg.

Collegii

*Collegii Christi de fato Edvardi King, ad
 marinas Nymphas querela.*

Nymphæ caruleis clarum quæ fluctibus ottum
 Debetis, cani littoris indigenæ,
 Nymphæ, si qua manent prisca vestigia laudis,
 Nec penitus vestris obriguistis aquis,
 Flete parum; mœstis elegos dabit Amphitrite,
 Jamque suum discent flumina flere nefas.
 Olim luxistis, quem Phœbus arundine victum
 Occidit: lacrymæ Marsya nomen habent.
 Aut duras nostri si non premit aura doloris,
 Nec movet æquoreas publicæ cura Deas;
 In scopulos migrate novos, & grande cadaver
 Saltem marmoreo sic tumulate sinu.
 Vosque, ô vicini manûs æqua repagula ponti,
 Et nimium damno naufraga saxa meo,
 Delicias quæ so tractetis molliter istas,
 Nec cadat immeritum piscibus esca caput.
 Forsitan & grex iste fœro mitescat in alveo,
 Atque vagum Numen vindicet inter aquas.
 Scilicet hoc fuerat timidæ monuere quod undæ,
 Et cœlum gravidis nubibus omne minax:
 Imperium pelagi Dominus sævumque tridentem
 Venturo voluit deposuisse Deo.
 O malè, quod tecum vitreum regnante per orbem,
 Pars animæ Matri non licet esse tuæ.
 Haud minus ipsa tamen sum fluctibus obruta: fluctus
 Cerne per incultas ire, redire genas.
 Et novus & Pario splendens velamine mutus
 Usquè vetat lacerum dissimulare caput.
 Nec mirum, si me facies neque plena coronet,
 Quippe exurgenti prima columna decet.
 Infelix! quæ te Sirenes in æquore falsa
 Luserunt facilem, quantæve jura freti!

Annè

36
Anne Stagiritæ manes, magnûmque putasti
Crimen Aristotelem præteriisse tuum?
Seu piscatorum lusus fuit iste, nec ultra
Mæonidem, quò tu progrediare, fuit?
Quicquid erat, placet ingenti quòd quælibet umbra
Nusquam suffecit gutta, sed Oceanus.
Verùm ego quid coner diri solamina casus?
Non facit ad luctus mollis arena meos.
Nec me (quod magnum) hæredem scripsisse Parentem,
Nate, iuvat; grata vel data dona manu:
Nec si muneribus flueret Pactolus ab istis,
Et quicquid Gangis potor & Indus habet.
Solutus eras, quem gazæ instar fisci que potentis
Concessit Matri largus Apollo tuæ.
Ah! quoties ignara mali securaque dixi,
Sufficere ad laudes Hunc gennisse meas!
Non tibi magnanimum invidi, Mirandula, Picum;
Nec tibi, quam duplici Scaliger ore beat.
At tanta de spe cecidi. Quid plura loquendo
Vana querat? tacitus cætera luctus habet.

R. Widdrington.

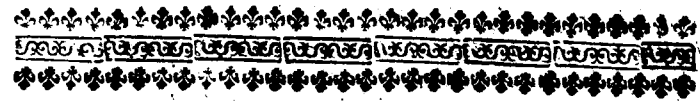


Obsequies to
the memorie
of
Mr EDWARD
KING,

Anno Dom.
1638.

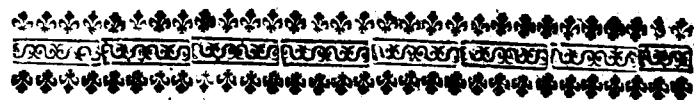


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¶ Obsequies to the memorie of
M^r Edward King.

DO Death! I le not examine Gods decree,
Nor question providence, in chiding thee:
Discreet Religion binds us to admire
The wayes of providence, and not enquire.
My grief is sober, and my faith knows thee
To b^e executioner to destinie;
Brought in by sinne, which still maintains thee here,
As famines, earthquakes, and diseases were,
Poore mans tormentours, with this mischief more,
More grievous farre, his losse whom we deplore;
His, whose perfections had that Atheist seen,
That held souls mortall, he would straight have been
In t^other extreme, and thought his body had
Been as immortall, as his soul was made.
Whose active spirit so swift and clearly wrought
Free from all dregs of earth, that you'd have thought
His body were assum'd, and did disguise
Some one of the celestiaall Hierarchies.
Whose reason quite outstript our faith, and knew
What we are bound but to beleewe is true;
Religion was but the position
Of his own judgement, truth to him alone
Stood nak'd; he strung th' arts chain, and knit the ends,
And made divine and humane learning friends;
Of which he was the best edition,
Not stult with doubts, but all decission;
Conjecture, wonder, probabilitie,
Were terms of weaknesse; nothing bound his eye



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*with fold or knot, but the earths globe did seem
 Full as transparent as the aire to him.
 He drest the Muses in the brav'st attire
 That e're they wore, and taught them a strain higher,
 And farre beyond their winged horses flight.
 But oh! the charming tempest, and his might
 Of eloquence, able to Christianize
 India, or reconcile Antipathies!
 He--- but his flight is past my reach, and I
 May wrong his worth with too much pietie:
 I will not lessen then each single part
 Of goodnesse, by commending; (for the art
 Of severall pens would soon be at a losse)
 But take him whole, and praise him in the grosse,
 And say that goodnesse, learning, vertue, all
 strove to recover him from the first great fall;
 Had not that sad irrevocable breath
 Resisted them, which curst us all to death.
 Spare me suspicion: what though once I shind
 In a relation duty sure does bind
 Me as much now to praise him, as before
 To love his worth: but I will praise no more.
 To count and say what vertues lov'd him most,
 Were but to vex my fancy with his ghost.
 You then whose pious unconfounded wit
 Truly can apprehend this grief, and yet
 Not be struck silent; here, take up this theme,
 And sing the world his Epicedium.
 Pattern a grief, may serve us all to mourn
 For future losses, like the actours urn:
 That all that reade your well-spunne lines with tears,
 May envy you, and wish your grief were theirs.
 Mean while let me poore, senselesse, dead, alone
 Sit and expect my resurrection,
 To follow him; two sorrows sure will do,
 That he is dead, that I am not dead too.*

Yet

*Yet dead I'm once already: for in him
 I lost my best life, which I did esteem
 Farre beyond nature's, reputation
 And credit, which the mere reflection
 Of his worth, like a twilight, cast on me,
 And fix'd me as it were i'th Galaxie:
 But now my stock is shipwrack't all, and lost,
 Quite bankrupt, all my hopes and fortunes cross't.
 Yet as those wretches that in dungeons lie,
 Sorrow the lesse, 'cause they have company:
 So I me thinks do feel my grief abate,
 When I consider that both Church and State
 Joyn in this losse, and many thousands more
 Owe tributarie tears (for 'tis a score
 And generall debt of pietie) though we
 Small sprigs or branches of the self-same tree
 Suffer the worst, since He the fairest arm
 Is torn away by an unluckie storm.
 'Tis nothing for mens houses to reprieve
 Themselves by issue, that may keep alive
 Their ancient names and titles: but 'tis rare
 To find one in the largest rank, whose bare
 Merits and ample fame gilds all the line,
 And makes the whole stemme in his brightnesse shine.
 And such was he, by whose relation
 We had a tincture, and were better known,
 Then by our selves; for he had worth to spare,
 And to dispense to all of his a share.
 But oh! his fatall love did prove too kind,
 To trust the treacherous waves and carelesse wind,
 Which did conspire to intercept this prize
 Aiming t' undo the land by Piracies.
 Curst element, whose nature ever vies
 With fire in mischiefs, as in qualities!
 Thou sav'dst but little more in the whole ark,
 Then thou hast swallow'd now in this small bark;*

As

*As if it strove the last fire to outrunne,
And antedate the worlds destruction.*

*But we have sinn'd, and now must bear the curse,
Even that is our worst plague, which is our nurse:
(Though drowning but a second baptisme was,
T' admit him to the other Churches place)
My griefs eternall hate, hence I le not own
One drop on't in my composition,
But throw't away in tears. And sad sea, thou,
Thou, whose black crime, though the dry sun should now
Drink all thy waters into clouds, and rain
Them on the deserts down in tears again,
Yet could not expiate; may the memorie
Of this be thy perpetuall infamie;
May that hid cause that rocks thee, now be still;
And may thy guilty waters turn as ill
As the dead sea, that it may ne're be said
That any thing lives there, where he lies dead.
Who though he want an Epitaph, yet they
That henceforth crosse those seas, shall use to say,*

*Here lyes one buried in a heap of sand,
Whom this sea drown'd, whose death hath drown'd the land.*

Hen. King.

When first this news, rough as the sea
From whence it came, began to be
Sigh'd out by fame, and generall tears
Drown'd him again, my stupid fears
Would not awake; but fostering still
The calm opinions of my will,
I said, The sea, though with disdain
It proudly comes, does still remain

A

*A slave to him, who never wrought
This piece so fair to wash it out.
I check't that fame, and told her how
I knew her trade, and her; nay, though
Her honest tongue had given before
A faithfull Echo, yet his store
Of grand deserts, which did prepare
For envies tooth such dainty fare,
Would tempt her now to fain his fate
And then her lie for truth relate.*

*But when mature relation grew
Too strong for doubts, and still the new
Spake in the same disastrous grove
With all the old; my hopes alone
Could not sustain the double shock
Of these reports and of the rock:
And when the truth, the first (alas!)
That e're to me deformed was,
Escap'd the sea, and oughly-fair
Did shine in our beloved aire,
At length too soon my losse I found,
Him and my hopes together drown'd.
Oh! why was He (be quiet tears)
Complete in all things, but in yeares?
Why did his proper goodnesse grace
The generous lustre of his race?
Why were his budding times so swell'd
With many fruits, which parallel'd
Their mutuall beauteous selves alone,
In vertues best reflection?
As when th' Hesperian living gold
With priviledg'd power it self did mould
Into the apples, whose divine
And wealthy beams could onely shine
With equall splendour in the graces
Of their brethrens answering faces.*

Why

Why did his youth it self allow
 To purchase that it needed not?
 Why did perfection seek for parts?
 Why did his nature grace the Arts?
 Why strove he both the worlds to know,
 Yet alwayes scorn'd the world below?
 Why would his brain a centre be
 To learnings circularitie,
 Which though the vastest arts did fill
 Would like a point seem little still!
 Why did discretions constant hand
 Direct both his? why did he stand
 Fixt in himself, and those intents
 Deliberate reasons help presents?
 Why did his well-immured mind
 Such strength in resolution find,
 That still his pure and loyall heart
 Did in its panting bear no part
 Of trembling fear; but having wrought
 Eternall peace with every thought,
 Could with the shipwrack-losse abide
 The splitting of the world beside?
 The universall axle so
 Still boldly stands, and lets not go
 The hold it fastens on the pole,
 Though all the heavens about it roll.
 Why would his true-discerning eye
 His neighbours excellencies spie,
 And love those shadows his own worth
 Had upon others darted forth?
 Whom he with double love intends,
 First to make good, and then his friends.
 Why did he with his honey bring
 The medicine of a faithfull sting,
 And to his friend when need did move
 Would cease his praise but not his love?

Why

Why made his life confession,
 That he more mothers had then one?
 Why did his duty tread their way
 His generall Parent to obey,
 Whil'st in a meek and cheerfull fear,
 His whole subjection he did square
 With those pure rules, whose load so light
 Confesse a mother did them write?
 Why did his whole self now begin
 With vertuous violence to win
 Admiring eyes? Why pleased he
 All but his own sweet modestie?
 Why gave his noble worth such ground
 Whereon our proudest hopes might found
 Their choicest promises, and he
 Be Expectations treasure?
 O why was justice made so blind?
 O why was heaven it self so kind,
 And rocks so fierce? O why were we
 Thus partly blest? O why was he?
 Whil'st thus this senselesse murmure broke
 From grieving lips, which would have spoke
 Some longer grones, a sudden noise
 Surpriz'd my soul; which by that voice
 Hath learn'd to quiet her self, and all
 Her questions into question call.
 She saw his soul too mighty grow,
 To be imprison'd thus below;
 And his intelligence fitted here,
 As if intended for a sphere.
 His spirits which meekly soar'd so high,
 Grew good betimes, betimes to die.
 And when in heaven there did befall
 Some speciall busnesse which did call
 For present counsel, he with speed
 Was sent for up. When heaven has need,

G

Let

Let our relenting wills give way,
And teach our comfort thus to say;

Our earth hath bred celestiall flowers:
What heaven did covet, once was ours.

J. Beaumont.

WHiles Phebus shines within our Hemisphere,
There are no starres, or at least none appear:
Did not the sunne go hence, we should not know
Whether there were a night and starres, or no.
Till thou ly'dst down upon thy western bed,
Not one Poetick starre durst shew his head;
Athenian owls fear'd to come forth in verse,
Untill thy fall darkned the Universe:
Thy death makes Poets: Mine eyes flow for thee,
And every tear speaks a dumbe elegie.
Now the proud sea grown richer then the land,
Doth strive for place, and claim the upper hand:
And yet an equall losse the sea sustains,
If it lose alwayes so much as it gains.
Yet we who had the happinesse to know
Thee what thou wast, (oh were it with us so!)
Enjoy thee still, and use thy preciquis name
As a perfume to sweeten our own fame.
And lest thy body should corrupt by death,
To Thetis we our brinish tears bequeath:
As night, close-mourner for the setting sunne,
Bedews her cheeks with tears when he is gone
To th' other world: so we lament and weep
Thy sad untimely fall, who by the deep
Didst climbe to th' highest heav'ns: Where being crown'd
A King, in after-times 'twill scarce be found,

Whether

Whether (thy life and death being without taint)
Thou wert Edward the Confessor, or the Saint.

I Like not tears in tune; nor will I prise
His artificiall grief, that scannes his eyes:
Mine weep down pious beads: but why should I
Confine them to the Muses Rosarie?
I am no Poet here; my penne's the spout
Where the ruin-water of my eyes run out
In pitie of that name, whose fate we see
Thus cop'd out in griefs Hydrographie.
The Muses are not Mayr-maids; though upon
His death the Ocean might turn Helicon.
The sea's too rough for verse; who rhymes upon't,
With Xerxes strives to fetter th' Hellepont.
My tears will keep no chanell, know no laws
To guide their streams; but like the waves, their cause,
Run with disturbance, till they swallow me
As a description of his miserie.
But can his spacious vertue find a grave
Within th' impostum'd bubble of a wave?
Whose learning if we sound, we must confesse
The sea but shallow, and him bottomlesse.
Could not the winds to countermand thy death,
With their whole card of lungs redeem thy breath?
Or some new Iland in thy rescue peep,
To heave thy resurrection from the deep?
That so the world might see thy safety wrought
With no lesse miracle then thy self was thought.
The famous Stagirite, who in his life
Had Nature as familiar as his wife,
Bequeath'd his widow to survive with thee
Queen Dowager of all Philosophie.

G 2

A 9

An ominous legacie, that did portend
 Thy fate, and Predecessours second end!
 Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
 The sea can parallel for shape and kind:
 Books, arts, and tongues were wanting; but in thee
 Neptune hath got an Univerſitie.

We'll dive no more for pearls. The hope to see
 Thy sacred reliques of mortalitie
 Shall welcome storms, and make the sea-man prize
 His ſhipwrack now more then his merchandiſe.
 He ſhall embrace the waves, and to thy tombe
 (As to a Royaller Exchange) ſhall come.
 What can we now expect? Water and Fire
 Both elements our ruine do conſpire;
 And that diſſolves us, which doth us compound:
 One Vatican was burnt, another drown'd.
 We of the Gown our libraries muſt toſſe,
 To underſtand the greatneſſe of our loſſe,
 Be Pupils to our grief, and ſo much grow
 In learning, as our ſorrow overflow.
 When we have fill'd the rundlets of our eyes,
 We'll iſſue 't forth, and vent ſuch elegies,
 As that our tears ſhall ſeem the Iriſh ſeas,
 We floating Ilands, living Hebrides.

J. Cleveland.

I do not come like one affrighted, from
 The ſhades infernall, or ſome troubled tombe;
 Nor like the firſt ſad meſſenger, to wound
 Your hearts, by telling how and who was drown'd.
 I have no ſtarled hairs; nor their eyes, who
 See all things double, and report them ſo.
 My grief is great, but ſober; thought upon
 Long ſince; and Reaſon now, not Paſſion.

Nor

Nor do I like their pietie, who to ſound
 His depth of learning, where they feel no ground,
 Strain till they loſe their own; then think to eaſe
 The loſſe of both, by curſing guiltleſſe ſeas.
 I never yet could ſo farre dote upon
 His rare prodigious lifes perfection,
 As not to think his beſt Philoſophie
 Was this, his ſkill in knowing how to die.
 No, no, they wrong his memorie, that tell
 His life alone, who liv'd and di'd ſo well.
 I have compar'd them both, and think heavens were
 No more unjuſt in this, then partiall there.
 Canſt thou believe their paradox, that ſay
 The way to purchaſe is to give away?
 This was that Merchants faith, who took the ſeas
 At all adventures with ſuch hopes as theſe.
 Which makes me think his thoughts diviner, and
 That he was bound for heaven, not Ireland.
 Tell me no more of Stoicks: Canſt thou tell
 Who 'twas, that when the waves began to ſwell,
 The ſhip to ſink, ſad paſſengers to call,
 Maſter we periſh, ſlept ſecure of all?
 Remember this, and him that waking kept
 A mind as conſtant, as he did that ſlept.
 Canſt thou give credit to his zeal and love,
 That went to heav'n and to thoſe fires above
 Rapt in a fierie chariot? Since I heard
 Who 'twas that on his knees the veſſel ſteer'd
 With hands bolt up to heaven, and ſince I ſee
 As yet no ſigne of his mortalitie;
 Pardon me, Reader, if I ſay he's gone
 The ſelf-ſame journey in a watty one.

W. More.

Pardon

Pardon, blest soul, the slow-pac'd Elegies
 Of sad survivors: they have pregnant eyes
 For vulgar griefs. Our sorrows find a tongue,
 Where verse may not the losse or merit wrong:
 But an amazed silence might become
 Thy obsequies, as fate deni'd a tombe.
 Poetick measures have not learn'd to bound
 Unruly sorrows: shallow streams may sound,
 And with their forward murmures chide the sea,
 While deepest griefs a silent tribute pay.
 Scarce can the widow'd Sisters let thee have
 An Epitaph, as thou dost want a Grave.
 All sun'rall rite earth can afford thee, is
 Not to attend, but weep: and even of this
 The too officious seas the earth prevent,
 And yeeld thee tears, as they a tombe have lent.
 Who doth for thee with his eyes issue grieve,
 Seems but salt water to the seas to give.
 But those ambitious waves which were thy grave,
 Since they have thee, shall our sad tribute have.
 They have usurp'd a new dominion o're
 Us, who did pride our selves their Lords before;
 And are enrich'd more by this single spoil,
 Then had they pass'd their shore to invade our soil.
 Securely did our Iland-Muses sleep,
 And envi'd not the treasures of the deep:
 Unblamed might it re-intombe that ore
 Which once lay buried in the deep before;
 It doth but change gold's grave, or re-assume
 Those pearls which from its watry issue come:
 But now is made the mistresse of a prize,
 Which nor her own, nor earths wealth equalize.
 Heav'n would (it seems) no common grave intrust,
 Nor bury such a Jewel in the dust.
 The fatall barks dark cabbins must inshrine
 That precious dust, which fate would not confine

Te

To vulgar coffins. Marble is not fit
 To inclose rich jewels, but a cabinet.
 Corruption there shall slowly seise its prize,
 Which thus embalm'd in brinie casket lies.
 The saucy worm which doth inhabit here
 In earthy graves, and quickly domineer
 In stateliest marbles, shall not there assail
 The treasure hidden in that watry vale.
 'Twas to secure thee from th' insulting power
 Of these two hasty Tyrants, which devoure
 Our common clay, that heav'n intomb'd thee there
 (Dead friend) where these shall no dominion share.
 Or did for us foreseeing heav'n desire
 To quench in waters thy celestiall fire,
 Lest we adore his ashes in an urn
 Who dazzled all while visall fire did burn?
 Should some enriched earthly tombe inherit
 The empty casket of that parted spirit,
 The easie world would idolize that shrine,
 Or hast to mix their dust with that of thine.
 Grieving survivors, did they know thy grave,
 Would there dissolve, and death a labour save
 By voluntarie melting into tears:
 To spare them, fate to interre thee forbears.
 Thus doth the setting sunne his evening light
 Hide in the Ocean, when he makes it night;
 The world benighted knows not where he lies,
 Till with new beams from seas he seems to rise:
 So did thy light, fair soul, it self withdraw
 To no dark tombe by natures common law,
 But set in waves, when yet we thought it noon,
 And thence shall rise more glorious then the sunne.

W. Hall.

When

When common souls break from their courser clay,
 Nature seems not disturb'd: they passe away
 As strangers meet i' th' rode, and bid farewell:
 No clap of thunder's heard to ring their knell;
 Day strikes not in; nor comet at their fall
 Appears torch-bearer to the funerall.
 But when as noble earth refin'd from drosse
 Returns to dust, the whole world feels the losse.
 Nature's afraid to see such brave men die,
 And travails then with some strange prodigie.
 So dy'd our King, a man of men, whose praise
 Detraction her self durst not but blaze;
 One whom the Muses courted: rigg'd and fraught
 With Arts and Tongues too fully, when he sought
 To crosse the seas, was overwhelm'd; each wave
 Swell'd up, as coveting to be his grave;
 The winds in sighs did languish; Phebus stood
 Like a close-mourner, in a sable hood
 Compos'd of darkest clouds; the pitying skies
 Melted and dropt in funerall elegies.
 Such generall disturbance did proclaim,
 'Twas no slight hurt to Nature, but a maym:
 Nor did it seem one private man to die,
 But a well order'd Universitie.

And is he dead? Alas! too true he's gone:
 Yet I scarce find belief to think it done.
 For when because of sinne God opened all
 Heavens cataracls, to let his vengeance fall,
 And call'd the deeps up to perform his will,
 Making them climbe above the highest hill;
 After his anger was appeas'd, he bound
 Himself, never again the world to drown:
 How can my faith but startle now, that we
 Are yet reserv'd another floud to see,
 To drown this little World! Could God forget
 His covenant which in the clouds he set?

Where

Where was the bow?

But back, my Muse, from hence;

'Tis not for thee to question Providence;
 Rather live sober still: such hot disputes
 Riddle us into atheisme. It ill suites
 With men thus to expostulate with God;
 Who seeing his hand, should rather aw the rod,
 Which as it strook this vertuous King, if thus
 We murmur, may more justly fall on us.

Samson Briggs.

What water now shall vertue have again
 (As once) to purge? The Ocean's self's a stain:
 And at this mourning, weeping eyes do fear
 They sinne against thee, when a pious tear
 Steals from our cheeks. Go, go you waters back
 So foully tainted: all the Muses black
 Came from your surges. Had the Theban Swan
 Who lov'd his Dirce (while it proudly ran
 Swell'd by his lyre) now lov'd, he would repent
 The solemn praises he on Water spent.
 Why did not some officious dolphine hie
 To be his ship and pilot through the frise
 Of wondring Nymphs; and having passed o're,
 Would have given more then Tagus to his shore?
 Be this excuse; Since first the waters gave
 A blessing to him which the soul could save,
 They lov'd the holy body still too much,
 And would regain some vertue from a touch:
 They clung too fast; great Amphitrite so
 Embraces th' earth, and will not let it go.
 So seem'd his soul the struggling surge to greet,
 As when two mighty seas encountering meet:

H

For

For what a sea of arts in him was spent,
Mightier then that above the firmament?
As Achelous with his silver fleet
Runnes through salt Doris purely, so to meet
His Aréthusa; the Sicanian maid
Admires his sweetnesse by no wave decaid:
So should he, so have cut the Irish strand,
And like a lustie bridegroom leapt to land;
Or else (like Peter) trode the waves: but he
Then stood most upright, when he bent his knee.

Isaac Olivier.

To the deceas'd's vertuous sifter.
the Ladie Margaret Loder.

MAdame, I should have feared that this crosse
Would have disturb'd your patience, and the losse
Of such a noble father, such a brother,
Coming upon the neck of one another,
Would have disorder'd you, but that I knew
Your godly breast prepared well enough
With antidotes of grace against such haps
As Divine providence casts in our laps.
The early Mattens which you daily said,
And Vespers, when you dwelt next doore * saint Chad,
And home-devotion when the closet-doore
Was shut, did me this augurie afford,
That when such blustering storms as these should start,
They should not break the calmnesse of your heart.
With joy I recollect and think upon
Your reverent Church-like devotion;
Who by your fair example did excite
Church-men and clerks to do their duty right,

* The Cathedral Church in Lichfield.

And

And by frequenting that most sacred quire,
Taught many how to heav'n they should aspire.
For our Cathedralls to a beamlesse eye
Are quires of angels in epitomie,
Mangre the blatant beast, who cries them down
As savouring of superstition.
Misguided people! But for your sweet self,
Madame, you never dash'd against that self
Of stubbornnesse against the Church; but you
(Pauls virgin and saint Peter's matrone too)
Though I confesse you did most rarely * paint,
Yet were no hypocrite, but a true saint:
Nature hath given you beauty of the skin,
And grace hath made you beautifull within,
* Like a Kings daughter; Nature, Grace and Name,
Concurring all to raise your vertuous fame:
Which may you long enjoy below, till Jove
Call you to your blest'd Pedegree above.

* An excellent Limer.

* Psal. 45. 14.

My verse and tears would gladly sympathize,
And be both without number; but my eyes
Are the best Poet, for they shed great store
Of elegies, when I have not one verse more.

J. H.

To his vertuous sifter.

TEars, whither do you make such haste,
And keep on your way so fast?
Whither throng those waters forth,
Fairest image of his worth?
In staying them, your love make shown;
He has too many of his own.

H 2

Alas!

Alas! you can have no good plea
For adding waters to the sea.

Ours is that grief, those tears we owe:
To us he's dead; he lives in you;
All his vertues in your breast
Have regain'd their place and rest;
And to these, his true counterfeit,
You adde life, and make 'em complete.
Who sees, would say you are no other,
But your sex-transformed brother.

In you he lives, yet lives withall
Where you must once expect a call:
When y' have enricht our earth a while
Heav'n will have you, and beguile
The world, your ever-loving mother;
And we once more shall misse your brother.
Deigne yet a while to stay with us,
Before that universall losse.

G. B.

But must we say he's drown'd? May't not be said,
That as the gold, which cannot be betray'd
To fires corruption, Chymists cast i' th' fire,
Not there to be demalish't, but retire
A more refined metal, and more pure;
Or as the Ocean often doth endure
The absence of his Nymphs, when they exwombe
Their streams into the earth, but after come
With a more copious current to their home:

May't not be said, The sea shall thus restore
Our treasure greater, purer then before,

Repolisht

Repolisht with a soul whose surer eyes
May both descry it self, and mysteries
Such as the Gods and Nature will'd to keep
Hid in the lowest region of the deep
Yes, with a soul refin'd he must revive;
But what's our vantage, if ensphear'd be love,
Where none but starres can their applauses give!

Weep then, ye sonnes of Phebus, ye that know
The burden of this losse, let your tears flow;
Let not one briny drop shroud in your head:
Water enclos'd with banks may swell and spread
Into a Lethe, and more treacherously
Drown all that's left of him, his memory.

Weep forth your tears then, poure out all your tides;
All waters are pernicious since King dy'd.

R. Brown.

Then quit thine own, thou western Moore,
And haste thee to the northern shore;
I' th' Irish sea one jewel lies,
Which thy whole cabinet outvies.
Poets, then leave your wonted strains;
For now you may no longer feigne
Apollo, when he goes to bed,
O' th' western billows layes his head:
I' th' Irish sea, there set our Sun;
And since he's set, the day's undone,
Perpetuall night, sad, black, and grim,
Puts on her mourning-weeds for him.
What man hath sense, or dare avouch
H' ath reason, and yet hath no touch?

H 3

Reason

Reason not limits them that weep,
 But bids them lanch into the deep;
 Tells us they not exceed, that drain
 In tears the mighty Ocean;
 Nor all that in these tears are found
 As in a generall deluge drown'd.

T. Norton.

Lycidas.

YEt once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-seere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and rude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing yeare.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion deare
 Compells me to disturb your season due:
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 (Young Lycidas!) and hath not left his peere.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not stote upon his watry biere
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
 Without the meed of some melodious tear!

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string:
 Hence with demiall vain, and coy excuse.
 So may some gentle Muse
 Wish lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
 And as he passes, turn
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For

For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the glimmering eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the ev'n-starre bright
 Toward heav'ns descent had slop'd his burnisht wheel.
 Mean while the rurall ditties were not mute
 Temper'd to th' oaten flute:
 Rough Satyres danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Dametas lov'd to heare our song.
 But oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee shepherds, thee the woods, and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine oregrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.
 The willows and the hawthorn-copses green
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft layes.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blowes;
 Such, Lycidas, thy losse to shepherds eare.
 Where were ye Nymphs, when the remorselesse deep
 Clos'd o're the head of your lord Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where the old Bards the famous Druids lie,
 Nor on the shaggie top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
 Ah me, I fondly dream!
 Had ye been there——for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse her self that Orphens bore,

The

The Muse her self, for her inchanting sanne?
 Whom universall nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous rore
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.
 Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherds trade,
 And stridly meditate the thanklesse Muse?
 Were it not better done as others do,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Hid in the tangles of Neera's hair?
 Fame is the spurre that the clear spirit doth raise,
 (That last infirmitie of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
 But the fair guerdon where we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Furie with abhorred steers,
 And flits the thin-spun life; But not the praise,
 Phebus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling eares.
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortall soil,
 Nor in the glistring foile
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies;
 But lives, and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witnesse of all-judging Jove:
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed.
 Oh fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd fount,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocall reeds;
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
 But now my oar proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptunes plea.
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings,
 That blowes from off each beaked Promontoric:

They

They knew not of his storie;
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
 The aire was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd:
 It was that fatall and perfidious bark,
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
 Next Chamus (reverend sire) went footing slow,
 His mantle hairie, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with wo;
 Ah! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The Pilot of the Galilean lake,
 Two massie keyes he bore of metalls train,
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Enough of such as for their bellies sake
 Creep and intrude and climbe into the fold?
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
 Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A shephook, or have learn'd ought else the least
 That to the faithfull herdsmans art belongs!
 What recks it them? what need they? they are sped;
 And when they list their lean and flashie songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grimme wolf with privy paw
 Daily devoures apace, and little said,
 But that two-handed engine at the doore,

I

Stands

Stands ready to smite once, and smites no more.
 Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart starre sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showres,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale gessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansie freakt with jeat,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd wood-bine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash farre away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the humming tide
 Visist the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vison of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth,
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the haplesse youth.
 Weep no more, wofull shepherds, weep no more;
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,

Sunk

Sunk though he be beneath the watry floore:
 So sinks the day-starre in the Ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning skie:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves;
 Where other groves, and other Streams along,
 With Nectar pure his oazie locks he laves,
 And heares the unexpressive nuptiall song;
 There entertain him all the Saints above
 In solemn troupes and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perillous flood.
 Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay:
 And now the sunne had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the western bay,
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blew,
 To morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

J. M.

