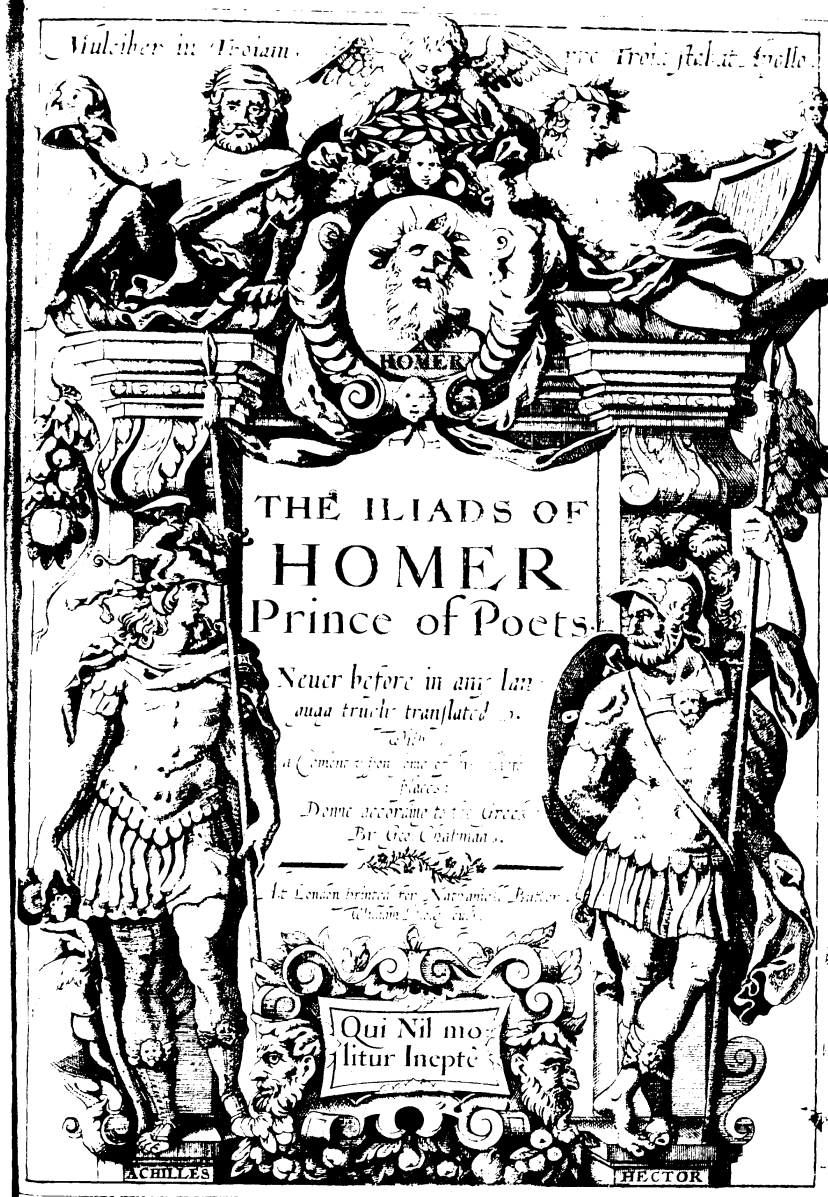
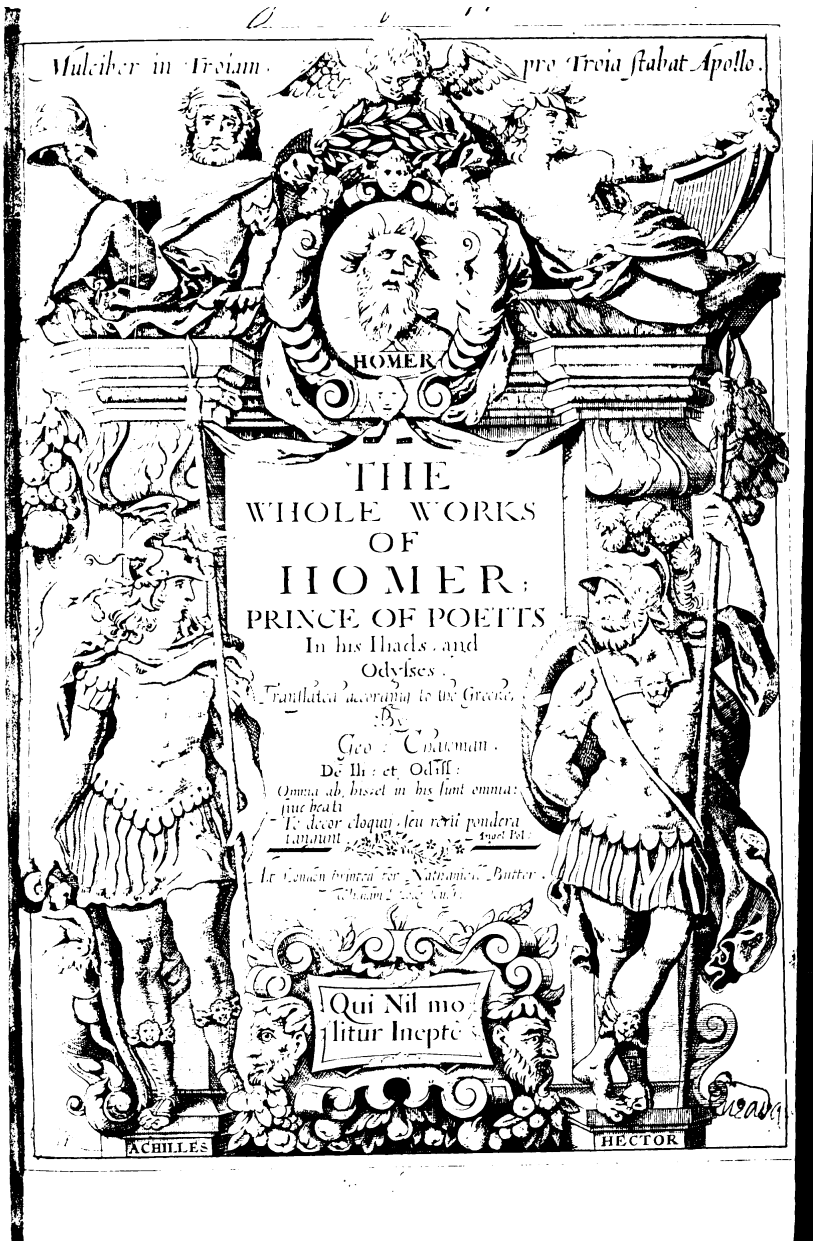
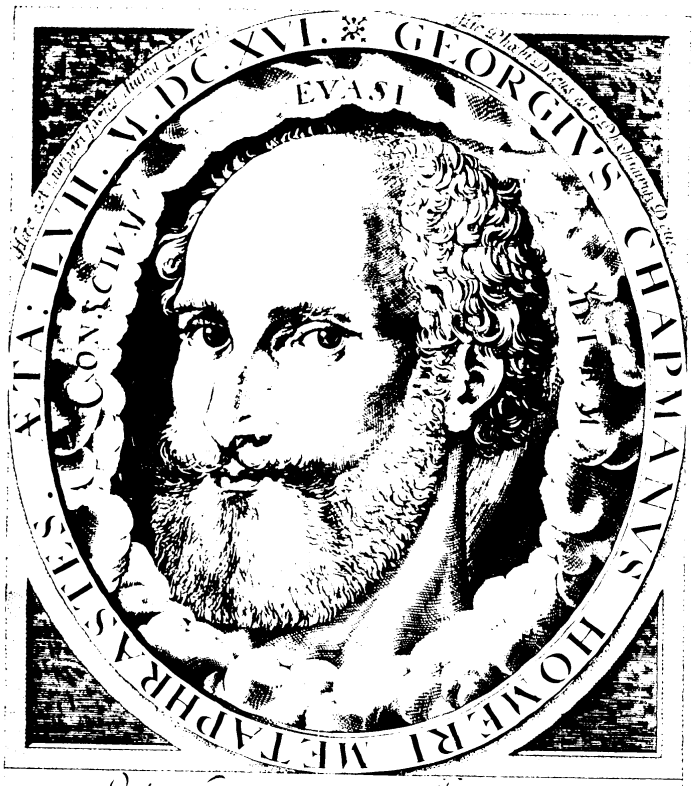
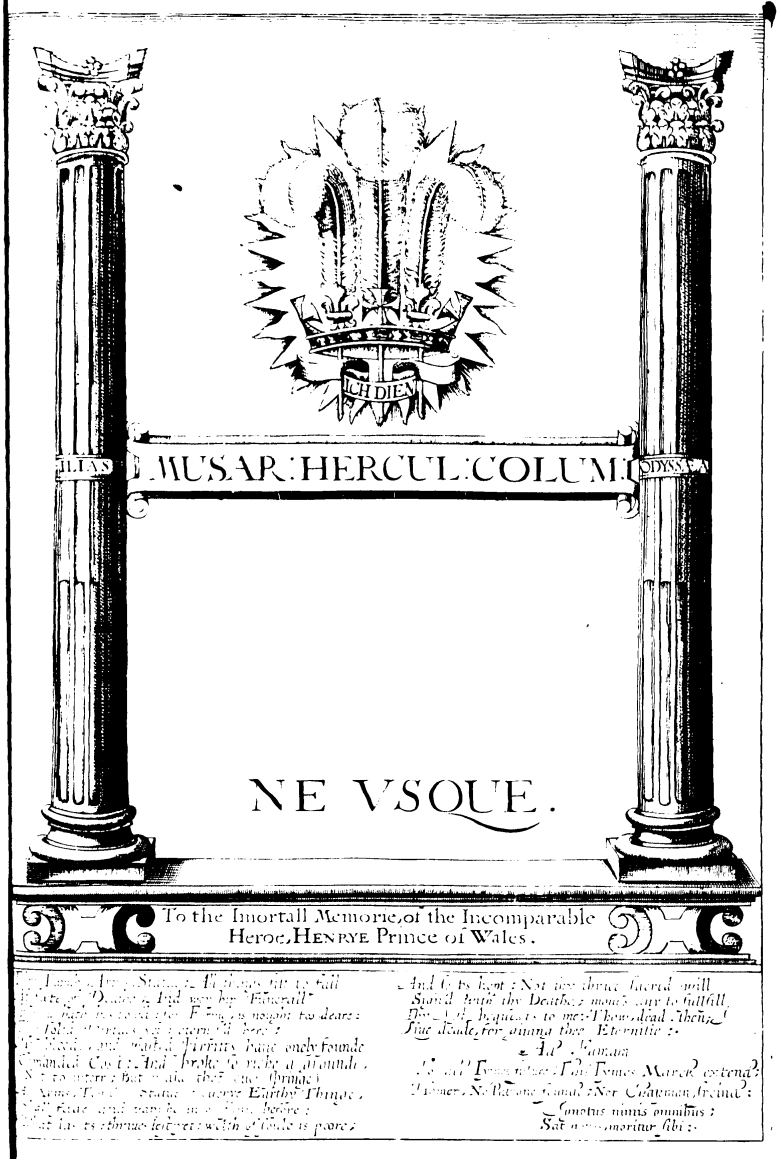

Vulcaben in Troiam
HOMER
THE ILIADS OF
HOMER
Prince of Poets
Neuer before in any lan
guage truely translated
Qui Nil mo
litur Ineptè
ACHILLES
HECTOR


Mulciber in Troiam, pro Troia stabat Apollo.
HOMER.
THE
WHOLE WORKS
OF
HOMER:
PRINCE OF POETTS
In his Iliads, and
Odysses.
Translated according to the Greeke
By
Geo: Chapman.
De Il: et Odiss:
Omnia ab hisce in his sunt omnia:
nihil heatis
Te decor eloqui, seu vatis pondera
tangunt
Angel Pol:
At London Printed for Nathaniel Butter
and
ACHILLES
HECTOR





To the Inortall Memorie, of the Incomparable
Heroe, HENRYE Prince of Wales.

TO THE HIGH
BORNE PRINCE OF
MEN, *HENRIE* THRICE
Royall inheritor to the vnited kingdoms
of Great BRITTAINE, *&c.*

SInce perfect happineſſe, by Princes ſought,
Is not with birth, borne, nor Exchequers bought;
Nor followes in great Traines; nor is poſſeſt
VVith any outward State; but makes him bleſt
That gouernes inward; and beholdeth theare,
All his affections ſtand about him bare;
That by his power can ſend to Towre, and death,
All traitrous paſſions; marſhalling beneath
His iuſtice, his meere will; and in his minde
Holds ſuch a ſcepter, as can keepe confinde
His whole lifes actions in the royall bounds
Of Vertue and Religion; and their grounds
Takes in, to ſow his honours, his delights,
And complete empire. You ſhould learne theſe rights
(Great Prince of men) by Princely preſidents;
VVhich here, in all kinds, my true zeale preſents
To furniſh your youths groundworke, and firſt State;
And let you ſee, one Godlike man create
All ſorts of worthieſt men; to be contriu'd
In your worth onely; giuing him reuiu'd,
For whoſe life, *Alexander* would haue giuen
One of his kingdomes: who (as ſent from heauen,
And thinking well, that ſo diuine a creature
VVould neuer more enrich the race of Nature)

Kept as his Crowne his workes; and thought them ſtill
His Angels; in all power, to rule his will.
And would affirme that *Homers* poeſie
Did more aduance his Aſian victorie,
Then all his Armies. O! tis wondrous much
(Though nothing priſde) that the right vertuous touch
Of a well written ſoule, to vertue moues.
Nor haue we ſoules to purpoſe, if their loues
Of fitting obiects be not ſo inflam'd.
How much then, were this kingdomes maine ſoule maim'd,
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That moue in humane ſoules? All Realmes but yours,
Are honor'd with him; and hold bleſt that State
That haue his workes to reade and contemplate.
In which, Humanitie to her height is raiſde;
VVhich all the world (yet, none enough) hath praiſde.
Seas, earth, and heauen, he did in verſe compriſe;
Out-ſung the Muſes, and did equaliſe
Their king *Apollo*; being ſo farre from cauſe
Of Princes light thoughts, that their graueſt lawes
May finde ſtuffe to be faſhiond by his lines.
Through all the pompe of kingdomes ſtill he ſhines,
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
Your Lutes, and Viols, and more loftily
Make the Heroiques of your *Homer* ſung,
To Drums and Trumpets ſet his Angels tongue:
And with the Princely ſport of Haukes you vſe,
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muſe:
And ſee how like the Phœnix ſhe renues
Her age, and ſtarrie feathers in your ſunne;
Thouſands of yeares attending; euerie one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their ſeaſons, kingdomes, nations that haue bin
Subuerted in them; lawes, religions, all
Offerd to Change, and greedie Funerall;
Yet ſtill your *Homer* laſting, liuing, raigning;
And proues, how firme Truth builds in Poets fayning.

A Princes ſtatue, or in Marble caru'd,
Or ſteele, or gold, and ſhrin'd (to be preſeru'd)
Aloft on Pillars, or Pyramides;
Time into loweſt ruines may depreſſe:
But, drawne with all his vertues in learn'd verſe,
Fame ſhall reſound them on Obliuions herſe,
Till graues gaſpe with her blaſts, and dead men riſe.
No gold can follow, where true Poeſie flies.
Then let not this Diuinitie in earth
(Deare Prince) be ſleighted, as ſhe were the birth
Of idle Fancie; ſince ſhe workes ſo hie:
Nor let her poore diſpoſer (Learning) lie
Stil bed-rid. Both which, being in men defac't;
In men (with them) is Gods bright image rac't.
For, as the Sunne, and Moone, are figures giuen
Of his refulgent Deitie in Heauen:
So, Learning, and her Lightner, Poeſie,
In earth preſent his fierie Maieſtie.
Nor are Kings like him, ſince their Diademes
Thunder, and lighten, and proiect braue beames;
But ſince they his cleare vertues emulate;
In Truth and Iuſtice, imaging his State;
In Bountie, and Humanitie ſince they ſhine;
Then which, is nothing (like him) more diuine:
Not Fire, not Light; the Sunnes admired courſe;
The Riſe, nor Set of Starres; nor all their force
In vs, and all this Cope beneath the Skie;
Nor great *Exiſtence*, term'd his Treaſurie.
Since not, for being greateſt, he is bleſt;
But being Iuſt, and in all vertues beſt.
VVhat ſets his Iuſtice, and his Truth, beſt forth,
(Beſt Prince) then vſe beſt; which is Poeſies worth.
For, as great Princes, well inform'd and deckt
VVith gracious vertue, giue more ſure effect
To her perſwaſions, pleaſures, reall worth,
Then all th'inferiour ſubiects ſhe ſets forth;
Since there, ſhe ſhines at full; hath birth, wealth, ſtate,

Power, fortune, honor, fit to eleuate
Her heauenly merits; and ſo fit they are
Since ſhe was made for them, and they for her:
So, Truth, with Poeſie grac't, is fairer farre,
More proper, mouing, chaſte, and regular,
Then when ſhe runnes away with vntruſs't Proſe;
Proportion, that doth orderly diſpoſe
Her vertuous treaſure, and is Queene of Graces;
In Poeſie, decking her with choiceſt Phraſes,
Figures and numbers: when looſe Proſe puts on
Plaine letter-habits; makes her trot, vpon
Dull earthly buſineſſe (ſhe being meere diuine:)
Holds her to homely Cates, and harſh hedge-wine,
That ſhould drinke Poeſies Nectar; euerie way
One made for other, as the Sunne and Day,
Princes and vertues. And, as in a ſpring,
The plyant water, mou'd with any thing
Let fall into it, puts her motion out
In perfect circles, that moue round about
The gentle fountaine, one another, raiſing:
So Truth, and Poeſie worke; ſo Poeſie blazing,
All ſubiects falne in her exhauſtleſſe fount,
VVorks moſt exactly; makes a true account
Of all things to her high diſcharges giuen,
Till all be circular, and round as heauen.
And laſtly, great Prince, marke and pardon me;
As in a flouriſhing, and ripe fruite Tree,
Nature hath made the barke to ſaue the Bole;
The Bole, the ſappe; the ſappe, to decke the whole
VVith leaues and branches; they, to beare and ſhield
The vſefull fruite; the fruite it ſelfe to yeeld
Guard to the kernell, and for that all thoſe
(Since out of that againe, the whole Tree growes:)
So, in our Tree of man, whoſe neruie Roote
Springs in his top; from thence euen to his foote,
There runnes a mutuall aide, through all his parts,
All ioyn'd in one to ſerue his Queene of Arts.

The ſoule.

In

In which, doth Poeſie, like the kernell lie
Oſcur'd; though her Promethean facultie
Can create men, and make euen death to liue;
For which ſhe ſhould liue honor'd; Kings ſhould giue
Comfort and helpe to her, that ſhe might ſtill
Hold vp their ſpirits in vertue; make the will,
That gouernes in them, to the power conform'd;
The power to iuſtice; that the ſcandals, ſtorm'd
Againſt the poore Dame, clear'd by your faire Grace,
Your Grace may ſhine the clearer. Her low place,
Not ſhewing her, the higheſt leaues obſcure.
VVho raiſe her, raiſe themſelues: and he ſits ſure,
VVhom her wing'd hand aduanceth; ſince on it
Eternitie doth (crowning Vertue) ſit.
All whoſe poore ſeed, like violets in their beds,
Now grow with boſome-hung, and hidden heads.
For whom I muſt ſpeake (though their Fate conuinces
Me, worſt of Poets) to you, beſt of Princes.

By the moſt humble and faithfull implorer for all the graces to your highneſſe eternized by your diuine Homer.

Geo. Chapman.

AN ANAGRAM OF THE NAME OF OVR DRAD PRINCE, MY MOST Gracious and ſacred *Mæcenas;*

HENRYE PRINCE OF VVALES
OVR SVNN, HEYR, PEACE, LIFE.

BE to vs as thy great Name doth import,
(Prince of the people;) nor ſuppoſe it vaine,
That in this ſecret, and prophetique ſort,
Thy Name and Nobleſt Title doth containe
So much right to vs; and as great a good.
Nature doth nothing vainly; much leſſe Art
Perfecting Nature. No ſpirit in our blood,
But in our ſoules diſcourſes beares a part.
What Nature giues at random in the one,
In th'other, orderd, our diuine part ſerues.
Thou art not HEYR *then, to our ſtate alone;*
But SVNN, PEACE, LIFE. *And what thy powre deſerues*
Of vs, and our good, in thy vtmoſt ſtrife;
Shall make thee to thy ſelfe, HEYR, SVNN, PEACE, LIFE.

TO

TO THE SACRED FOVNTAINE OF PRINCES; SOLE EMPRESSE OF BEAVTIE AND VERTVE; ANNE, Queene of England, &c.

WIth whatſoeuer Honour we adorne
Your Royall iſſue; we muſt gratulate yow
Imperiall Souer aigne. Who of you is borne,
Is you; One Tree, make both the Bole, and Bow.
If it be honour then to ioyne you both
To ſuch a powerfull worke, as ſhall defend
Both from foule Death, *and* Ages *ougly Moth;*
This is an Honor, that ſhall neuer end.
They know not vertue then, that know not what
The vertue of defending vertue is:
It comprehends the guard of all your State,
And ioynes your Greatneſſe to as great a Bliſſe.
Shield vertue, and aduance her then, Great Queene;
And make this Booke your Glaſſe, to make it ſeene.

Your Maieſties in all ſubiection moſt
humbly conſecrate,

Geo. Chapman.

TO THE READER.

Eſt with foule hands you touch theſe holy Rites;
And with preiudiciates too prophane,
Paſſe Homer, *in your other Poets ſleights;*
Wash here. In this Porch to his numerous Phane,
Heare ancient Oracles ſpeake, and tell you whom
You haue to cenſure. Firſt then Silius *heare,*
Who thrice was Conſull in renowned Rome;
Whoſe verſe (ſaith Martiall*) nothing ſhall out-weare.*

Silius Italicus, Lib. 13.

HE, in *Elyſium*, hauing caſt his eye
Vpon the figure of a Youth, whoſe haire
With purple Ribands braided curiouſly,
Hung on his ſhoulders wondrous bright and faire;
Said, Virgine, What is he whoſe heauenly face
Shines paſt all others, as the Morne the Night;
Whom many maruelling ſoules, from place to place,
Purſue, and haunt, with ſounds of ſuch delight?
Whoſe countenance (wer't not in the Stygian ſhade)
Would make me, queſtionleſſe, beleeue he were
A verie God. The learned Virgine made
This anſwer: If thou ſhouldſt beleeue it here,
Thou ſhouldſt not erre: he well deſeru'd to be
Eſteem'd a God; nor held his ſo-much breaſt
A little preſence of the Deitie:
His verſe compriſde earth, ſeas, ſtarres, ſoules at reſt:
In ſong, the Muſes he did equaliſe;
In honor, *Phœbus*: he was onely ſoule;
Saw all things ſpher'd in Nature, without eyes,
And raiſde your *Troy* vp to the ſtarrie Pole.
Glad *Scipio*, viewing well this Prince of Ghoſts,
Said, O if Fates would giue this Poet leaue,
To ſing the acts done by the Romane Hoaſts;
How much beyond, would future times receiue
The ſame facts, made by any other knowne!
O bleſt *Æacides*! to haue the grace
That out of ſuch a mouth, thou ſhouldſt be ſhowne
To wondring Nations, as enricht the race
Of all times future, with what he did know:
Thy vertue, with his verſe, ſhall euer grow.

Now

Now heare an Angell ſing our Poets Fame;
Whom Fate, for his diuine ſong, gaue that name.
Angelus Politianus, in Nutricia.

More liuing, then in old *Demodocus*,
Fame glories to waxe yong in *Homers* verſe.
And as when bright *Hyperion* holds to vs
His golden Torch; we ſee the ſtarres diſperſe,
And euery way flie heauen; the pallid Moone
Euen almoſt vaniſhing before his ſight:
So with the dazling beames of *Homers* Sunne,
All other ancient Poets loſe their light.
Whom when *Apollo* heard, out of his ſtarre,
Singing the godlike Acts of honor'd men;
And equalling the actuall rage of warre,
With onely the diuine ſtraines of his pen;
He ſtood amaz'd, and freely did confeſſe
Himſelfe was equall'd in *Maeonides*.

Next, heare the graue and learned Plinie *vſe*
His cenſure of our ſacred Poets Muſe.
Plin. Nat. hiſt. lib. 7. Cap 29.
Turnd into verſe, that no Proſe may come neare *Homer*.

Whom ſhall we chooſe the glorie of all wits,
Held through ſo many ſorts of diſcipline,
And ſuch varietie of workes, and ſpirits;
But Grecian *Homer?* like whom none did ſhine,
For forme of worke and matter. And becauſe
Our proud doome of him may ſtand iuſtified
By nobleſt iudgements; and receiue applauſe
In ſpite of enuie, and illiterate pride;
Great *Macedon*, amongſt his matchleſſe ſpoiles,
Tooke from rich *Perſia* (on his Fortunes caſt)
A Casket finding (full of precious oyles)
Form'd all of gold, with wealthy ſtones enchac't:
He tooke the oyles out; and his neareſt friends
Askt, in what better guard it might be vſde?
All giuing their conceipts, to ſeuerall ends;
He anſwerd; His affections rather chuſde
An vſe quite oppoſite to all their kinds:
And *Homers* bookes ſhould with that guard be ſeru'd;
That the moſt precious worke of all mens minds,
In the moſt precious place, might be preſeru'd.
Idem. lib. 17. cap. 5. Idem. lib. 25. cap. 3.
The Fount of wit was *Homer*; Learnings Syre,
And gaue Antiquitie, her liuing fire.

VOlumes of like praiſe, I could heape on this,
Of men more ancient, and more learn'd then theſe:
But ſince true Vertue, enough louely is

With

With her owne beauties; all the ſuffrages
Of others I omit; and would more faine
That *Homer*, for himſelfe, ſhould be belou'd
Who euerie ſort of loue-worth did containe.
Which how I haue in my conuerſion prou'd,
I muſt confeſſe, I hardly dare referre
To reading iudgements; ſince, ſo generally,
Cuſtome hath made euen th'ableſt Agents erre
In theſe tranſlations; all ſo much apply
Their paines and cunnings, word for word to render
Their patient Authors; when they may as well,
Make fiſh with fowle, Camels with Whales engender;
Or their tongues ſpeech, in other mouths compell.
Of Tranſlation, and the naturall difference of Dialects, neceſſarily to be obſerued in it.
For, euen as different a production
Aske Greeke and Engliſh; ſince as they in ſounds,
And letters, ſhunne one forme, and vniſon;
So haue their ſenſe, and elegancie bounds
In their diſtinguiſht natures, and require
Onely a iudgement to make both conſent,
In ſenſe and elocution; and aſpire
As well to reach the ſpirit that was ſpent
In his example; as with arte to pierce
His Grammar, and etymologie of words.
Ironice.
But, as great Clerkes, can write no Engliſh verſe;
Becauſe (alas! great Clerks) Engliſh affords
(Say they) no height, nor copie; a rude toung,
(Since tis their Natiue): but in Greeke or Latine
Their writs are rare; for thence true Poeſie ſprong:
Though them (Truth knowes) they haue but skil to chat-in,
Compar'd with that they might ſay in their owne;
Since thither th'others full ſoule cannot make
The ample tranſmigration to be ſhowne
In Nature-louing Poeſie: So the brake
That thoſe Tranſlators ſticke in, that affect
Their word-for-word traductions (where they loſe
The free grace of their naturall Dialect
And ſhame their Authors, with a forced Gloſe)
I laugh to ſee; and yet as much abhorre
More licence from the words, then may expreſſe
The neceſſarie neareneſſe of tranſlation to the example.
Their full compreſſion, and make cleare the Author.
From whoſe truth, if you thinke my feet digreſſe,
Becauſe I vſe needfull Periphraſes;
Reade *Valla*, *Heſſus*, that in Latine Proſe,
And Verſe conuert him; reade the *Meſſines*,
That into Tuſcan turns him; and the Gloſe
Graue *Salel* makes in French, as he tranſlates:
Which (for th'aforeſaide reaſons) all muſt doo;
And ſee that my conuerſion much abates

The

The licence they take, and more ſhowes him too:
Whoſe right, not all thoſe great learn'd men haue done
(In ſome maine parts) that were his Commentars:
But (as the illuſtration of the Sunne
Should be attempted by the erring ſtarres)
They fail'd to ſearch his deepe, and treaſurous hart.
The cauſe was, ſince they wanted the fit key
The power of nature, aboue Art in Poeſie. Of Nature, in their down right ſtrength of Art;
With Poeſie, to open Poeſie.
Which in my Poeme of the myſteries
Reueal'd in *Homer*, I will clearely proue.
Till whoſe neere birth, ſuſpend your Calumnies,
And farre-wide imputations of ſelfe loue.
Tis further from me, then the worſt that reades;
Profeſsing me the worſt of all that wright:
Yet what, in following one, that brauely leades,
The worſt may ſhow, let this proofe hold the light.
But grant it cleere: yet hath detraction got
My blinde ſide, in the forme, my verſe puts on;
Much like a dung hill Maſtife, that dares not
Aſſault the man he barkes at; but the ſtone
He throwes at him, takes in his eager iawes,
And ſpoyles his teeth becauſe they cannot ſpoyle.
The long verſe hath by proofe receiu'd applauſe
Beyond each other number: and the foile,
That ſquint-ey'd Enuie takes, is cenſur'd plaine.
For, this long Poeme askes this length of verſe,
Which I my ſelfe ingenuouſly maintaine
Too long, our ſhorter Authors to reherſe.
Our Engliſh language, aboue all others, for Rhythmicall Poeſie. And, for our tongue, that ſtill is ſo empayr'd
By trauailing linguiſts; I can proue it cleare,
That no tongue hath the Muſes vtterance heyr'd
For verſe, and that ſweet Muſique to the eare
Strooke out of rime, ſo naturally as this;
Our Monoſyllables, ſo kindly fall
And meete, oppoſde in rime, as they did kiſſe:
French and Italian, moſt immetricall;
Their many ſyllables, in harſh Colliſion,
Fall as they brake their necks; their baſtard Rimes
Saluting as they iuſtl'd in tranſition,
And ſet our teeth on edge; nor tunes, nor times
Kept in their falles. And me thinkes, their long words
Shew in ſhort verſe, as in a narrow place,
Two oppoſites ſhould meet, with two-hand ſwords
Vnweildily, without or vſe or grace.
Thus hauing rid the rubs, and ſtrow'd theſe flowers
In our thrice ſacred *Homers* Engliſh way;
What reſts to make him, yet more worthy yours?

To cite more prayſe of him, were meere delay
To your glad ſearches, for what thoſe men found,
That gaue his praiſe, paſt all, ſo high a place:
Whoſe vertues were ſo many, and ſo cround,
By all conſents, Diuine; that not to grace,
Or adde increaſe to them, the world doth need
Another *Homer*; but euen to rehearſe
And number them: they did ſo much exceed;
Men thought him not a man; but that his verſe
Some meere celeſtiall nature did adorne.
And all may well conclude, it could not be,
That for the place where any man was borne,
So long, and mortally, could diſagree
So many Nations, as for *Homer* ſtriu'd,
Vnleſſe his ſpurre in them, had bene diuine.
Then end their ſtrife, and loue him (thus reuiu'd)
As borne in *England*: ſee him ouer-ſhine
All other-Countrie Poets; and truſt this,
That whoſe-ſoeuer Muſe dares vſe her wing
When his Muſe flies, ſhe will be truſs't by his;
And ſhow as if a Bernacle ſhould ſpring
Beneath an Eagle. In none ſince was ſeene
A ſoule ſo full of heauen as earth's in him.
O! if our moderne Poeſie had beene
As louely as the Ladie he did lymne,
What barbarous worldling, groueling after gaine,
Could vſe her loudly parts, with ſuch rude hate,
As now ſhe ſuffers vnder euery ſwaine?
Since then tis nought but her abuſe and Fate,
That thus empaires her; what is this to her
As ſhe is reall? or in naturall right?
But ſince in true Religion men ſhould erre
As much as Poeſie, ſhould th'abuſe excite
The like contempt of her Diuinitie?
And that her truth, and right ſaint ſacred Merites,
In moſt liues, breed but reuerence formally;
What wonder is't if Poeſie inherits
Much leſſe obſeruance; being but Agent for her,
And ſinger of her lawes, that others ſay?
Forth then ye Mowles, ſonnes of the earth abhorre her;
Keepe ſtill on in the durty vulgar way,
Till durt receiue your ſoules, to which ye vow;
And with your poiſon'd ſpirits bewitch our thrifts.
Ye cannot ſo deſpiſe vs as we you.
Not one of you, aboue his Mowlehill lifts
His earthy Minde; but, as a ſort of beaſts,
Kept by their Guardians, neuer care to heare
Their manly voices; but when, in their fiſts,

They breathe wild whiſtles; and the beaſts rude eare
Heares their Curres barking; then by heapes they flie,
Headlong together: So men, beaſtly giuen,
The manly ſoules voice (ſacred Poeſie,
Whoſe Hymnes the Angels euer ſing in heauen)
Contemne, and heare not: but when brutiſh noiſes
(For Game, Luſt, Honour, in litigious Proſe)
Are bellow'd-out, and cracke the barbarous voices
Of Turkiſh *Stentors*; O! ye leane to thoſe,
Like itching Horſe, to blockes, or high May-poles;
And breake nought but the wind of wealth, wealth, All
In all your Documents; your Aſinine ſoules
(Proud of their burthens) feele not how they gall.
But as an Aſſe, that in a field of weeds
Affects a thiſtle, and falls fiercely to it;
That pricks, and gals him; yet he feeds, and bleeds;
Forbeares a while, and licks; but cannot woo it
To leaue the ſharpnes; when (to wreake his ſmart)
He beates it with his foote; then backward kickes.
Becauſe the Thiſtle gald his forward part;
Nor leaues till all be eate, for all the prickes;
Then falles to others with as hote a ſtrife;
And in that honourable warre doth waſte
The tall heate of his ſtomacke, and his life:
So, in this world of weeds, you worldlings taſte
Your moſt-lou'd dainties; with ſuch warre, buy peace;
Hunger for torment; vertue kicke for vice;
Cares, for your ſtates, do with your ſtates increaſe:
And though ye dreame ye feaſt in Paradiſe,
Yet Reaſons Day-light, ſhewes ye at your meate
Aſſes at Thiſtles, bleeding as ye eate.

THE

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

All bookes of humane wiſedome.

OF all bookes extant in all kinds, Homer *is the firſt and beſt. No one before him* (Ioſephus *affirmes,*) *nor before him* (*ſaith* Velleius Paterculus) *was there any whom he imitated: nor after him, any that could imitate him. And that Poeſie may be no cauſe of detraction from al the eminence we giue him*; Spondanus (*preferring it to all Arts and ſciences*) *vnanſwerably argues and proues. For to the glory of God, and the ſinging of his glories*, (*no man dares deny*) *man was chiefly made. And what art performes this chiefe end of man, with ſo much excitation, and expreſſion as Poeſie?* Moſes, Dauid, Salomon, Iob, Eſay, Ieremy, &c. *chiefly vſing that to the end aboueſaid. And ſince the excellence of it cannot be obtained by the labor and art of man* (*as all eaſily confeſſe it,*) *it muſt needs be acknowledged, a diuine infuſion. To proue which in a word, this diſtich,* (*in my eſtimation*) *ſerues ſomething nearely:*

Great Poeſie, blind *Homer*, makes all ſee
Thee capable of all Arts, none of thee.

For out of him (*according to our moſt graue and iudicial* Plutarch) *are all Arts deduced, confirmed, or illuſtrated. It is not therfore the worlds vilifying of it, that can make it vile: for ſo we might argue, & blaſpheme the moſt incomparably ſacred. It is not of the world indeed: but* (*like* Truth) *hides it ſelfe frō it. Nor is there any ſuch reality of wiſdomes truth in all humane excellence, as in Poets fictions. That moſt vulgar & fooliſh receipt of Poeticall licence, being of all knowing men to be exploded*; (*accepting it, as if Poets had a tale-telling priuiledge aboue others,*) *no Artiſt being ſo ſtrictly, and inextricably confined to all the lawes of learning, wiſedome, and truth, as a Poet. For were not his fictions compoſed of the ſinewes and ſoules of all thoſe*; *how could they differ farre from, and be combined with eternitie? To all ſciences therefore, I muſt ſtill* (*with our learned and ingenious* Spondanus) *preferre it*; *as hauing a perpetuall commerce with the diuine Maieſty; embracing and illuſtrating al his moſt holy precepts; and enioying continuall diſcourſe with his thrice perfect, and moſt comfortable ſpirit. And as the contemplatiue life is moſt worthily & diuinely preferred by* Plato, *to the actiue*; *as much as the head to the foote; the eye to the hand*; *reaſon to ſence*; *the ſoule to the bodie: the end it ſelfe, to all things directed to the end: quiet to motion*; *and Eternitie to Time*; *ſo much preferre I diuine Poeſie to all worldly wiſedome. To the onely ſhadow of whoſe worth yet, I entitle not the bold rimes of euerie Apiſh and impudent Braggart, (though he dares aſſume any thing) (ſuch I turne ouer to the weauing of Cobwebs; and ſhall but chatter on molehils (farre vnder the hill of the Muſes) when their fortunat'ſt ſelfloue and ambition hath aduanced them higheſt. Poeſie is the flower of the Sunne, & diſdains to open to the eye of a candle. So kings hide their treaſures & counſels frō the vulgar*; ne euileſcant (*ſaith our* Spond.) *we haue example ſacred enough; that true Poeſies humility, powerty & contempt, are badges of diuinity*; *not vanity. Bray then, and barke againſt it ye Wolf-fac'd worldlings; that nothing but*

honours, riches, and magiſtracie, neſcio quos, turgidè ſpiratis (*that I may vſe the words of our friend ſtill,*) Qui ſolas leges *Iuſtinianas* crepatis; paragraphum vnum aut alterum, pluris quàm vos ipſos facitis, &c. *I* (*for my part*) *ſhall euer eſteeme it much more manly and ſacred, in this harmeleſſe and ſtous ſtudie, to ſit ſtill I ſinke into my graue, then ſhine in your vainglorious bubbles, and impettes; al your poore policies, wiſedomes, and their trappings, as no more valuing them a muſty Nut. And much leſſe I wey the frontleſſe d tractions of ſome ſtupide ignorants; that no more knowing me, then their owne beaſtly ends; and I, euer (to my knowledge) bleſt from their ſight; whiſper behind me vilifyings of my tranſlation: out of the* French *affirming them; when both in* French, *and all other languages but his owne, our withall-skill enriched Poet, is ſo poore and vnpleaſing, that no man can diſcerne from whence flowed his ſo generally giuen eminence, and admiration. And therfore (by any reaſonable creatures conference, of my ſleight comment, and conuerſion) it will eaſily appeare how I ſhunne them: and whether the originall be my rule or not. In which, he ſhall eaſily ſee, I vnderſtand the vnderſtandings of all other interpreters, and commenters in places of his moſt depth, importance, and rapture. In whoſe expoſition and illuſtration, if I abhorre from the fence that others wreſt, and racke out of him; let my beſt detractor examine how the Greeke word warrants me. For my other freſh fry, let them fry in their fooliſh gals; nothing ſo much weighed as the barkings of puppies, or fox-ſting hounds; too vile to thinke of our ſacred* Homer, *or ſet their prophane feete within their lines lengths of his thresholds. If I faile in ſomething, let my full performance in other ſome reſtore me; haſte ſpurring me on with other neceſſities. For as at my concluſion I proteſt, ſo here at my entrance, leſſe then fifteene weekes was the time, in which all the laſt twelue books were entirely new tranſlated. No cõference had with any one liuing in al the nouelties I preſume I haue found. Only ſome one or two places I haue ſhewed to my worthy and moſt learned friend,* M. Harriots, *for his cenſure how much mine owne weighed: whoſe iudgement and knowledge in all kinds, I know to be incomparable, and bottomleſſe: yea, to be admired as much, as his moſt blameles life, and the right ſacred expence of his time, is to be honoured and reuerenced. Which affirmation of his cleare vnmatchednesſe in all manner of learning; I make in contempt of that naſtie obiection often thruſt vpon me; that he that will iudge, muſt know more then he of whom he iudgeth; for ſo a man ſhould know neither God nor himſelf. Another right learned, honeſt, and entirely loued friend of mine,* M. Robert Hews, *I muſt needs put into my conſeſt conference touching* Homer, *though very little more then that I had with* M. Harriots. *Which two, I proteſt, are all, and preferred to all. Nor charge I their authorities with any allowance of my generall labour; but onely of thoſe one or two places, which for inſtances of my innouation, and how it ſhewed to them, I imparted. If any taxe me for too much periphraſis or circumlocution in ſome places, let them reade* Laurentius Valla, *and* Eobanus Heſſus, *who either vſe ſuch ſhortneſſe as cometh nothing home to* Homer; *or where they ſhun that fault, are ten parts more paraphraſticall then I. As for example; one place I will trouble you (if you pleaſe) to conferre with the originall, and one interpreter for all. It is in the end of the third booke; and is* Hellens *ſpeech to* Venus, *fetching her to* Paris, *from ſeeing his cowardly combat with* Menelaus: *part of which ſpeech I will here cite:*

Οὐδέκα δή πω τόσσον Ἀλέξανδρον Μενελάος
Νικήσας, &c. *For auoiding the common readers trouble here, I muſt referre the more* Greekiſh *to the reſt of the ſpeech in* Homer, *whoſe tranſlation ad* verbum *by* Spondanus, *I will here cite; and then pray you to conferre it with that which*

which followeth of Valla.

Quoniam verò nunc *Alexandrum, Menelaus*
Poſtquam vicit; vult odioſam me domum abducere;
Propterea verò nunc dolum (ceu dolos) cogitans aduenisti?
Sede apud ipſum vadens, deorum abnega vias,
Neque vnquam tuis pedibus reuertaris in cœlum,
Sed ſemper circa eum ærumnas perfer, & ipſum ſerua
Donec te vel vxorem faciat, vel hic ſeruam, &c.

Valla *thus*:

Quoniam victo *Paride, Menelaus*, me miſeram, eſt reportaturus ad lares, ideo tu, ideo falſa ſub imagine veniſti, vt me deciperes ob tuam nimiam in *Paridem* beneuolentiã: eò dum illi ades, dum illi ſtudes, dum pro illo ſatagis, dum illum obſeruas atque cuſtodis, deorum commercium reliquiſti, nec ad eos reuerſura es amplius; adeò (quantum ſuſpicor) aut vxor eius efficieris, aut ancilla, &c.

Wherein note if there be any ſuch thing as moſt of this in Homer; *yet only to expreſſe (as he thinkes)* Homers *conceipt, for the more pleaſure of the reader, he vſeth this ouerplus* dum illi ades, dum illi ſtudes, dum pro illo ſatagis, dum illum obſeruas, atque cuſtodis, deorum commercium reliquiſti. *Which (beſides his ſuperfluitie) is vtterly falſe. For where he ſaith,* reliquiſti deorum commercium, Hellen *ſaith,* Θεῶν δ' ἀπόπτης κρυπτάδιος, deorum autem abnega, *or* abnue vias, ἀπόπτην (vel ἀποπτῶν, *as it is vſed poetically*) *ſignifying* denegare, *or* abnuere; & Hellen (*in contempt of her too much obſeruing men*) *bids her renounce heauen, and come liue with* Paris *till he make her his wife or ſeruant; ſcoptically or ſcornefully ſpeaking it: which both* Valla, Eobanus, *and all other interpreters (but theſe* ad verbum) *haue vtterly miſt. And this one example I thought neceſſarie to inſert here, to ſhew my detractors that they haue no reaſon to vilifie my circumlocution ſometimes, when their moſt approued* Grecians, Homers *interpreters, generally hold him fit to be ſo conuerted. Yet how much I differ, and with what authoritie, let my impartiall, and iudiciall reader iudge. Alwaies conceiuing how pedanticall and abſurd an affectation it is, in the interpretation of any Author (much more of* Homer) *to turn him word for word; when (according to* Horace *and other beſt lawgiuers to tranſlators) it is the part of euery knowing and iudiciall interpreter, not to follow the number and order of words, but the materiall things themſelues, and ſentences to weigh diligently; and to clothe and adorne them with words, and ſuch a ſtile and forme of Oration, as are moſt apt for the language into which they are conuerted. If I haue not turned him in any place falſly (as all other his interpreters haue in many, and moſt of his chiefe places;) if I haue not left behind me any of his ſentence, elegancie, height, intention, and inuention: if in ſome few places (eſpecially in my firſt edition, being done ſo long ſince, & following the cõmon tract) I be ſomething paraphraſticall & faulty; is it iuſtice in that poore fault (if they will needs haue it ſo) to drowne all the reſt of my labour? But there is a certaine enuious Windſucker, that houers vp and downe, laboriouſly engroſſing al the aire with his luxurious ambition; and buzzing into euery eare my detraction; affirming I turne* Homer *out of the Latine onely, &c. that ſets all his aſſociates, and the whole rabble of my maligners on their wings with him, to beare about my empaire, and poyſon my reputation. One that, as he thinkes, whatſoeuer he giues to others, he takes from himſelfe; ſo whatſoeuer he takes from others, he addes to himſelfe. One that in this kinde of robberie, doth like* Mercurie, *that ſtole good, and ſupplied it with counterfeit bad*

ſtill. One like the two gluttons, Phyloxenus *and* Gnatho, *that would ſtill empire their noſes in the diſhes they loued, that no man might eate but themſelues. For ſo this* Caſtrill, *with too hote a liuer, and luſt after his owne glorie, and to deuoure all himſelfe, diſcourageth all appetites to the fame of another. I haue ſtriken ſingle him as you can. Nor note I this, to caſt any rubbes, or plaſters out of the particular way of mine owne eſtimation with the world, for I reſolue this with the wilfully obſcure:*

Sine honore viuam, nullo{q}; numero ero.
Without mens honors I will liue, and make
No number, in the manleſſe courſe they take.

But to diſcourage (if it might be) the generall detraction of induſtrious, and well-meaning vertue. I know I cannot too much diminiſh, and deiect my ſelfe; yet that paſſing little that I am, God onely knowes: to whoſe euer-implored reſpect, and comfort, I onely ſubmit me. If any further edition of theſe my fillie endeuors ſhall chance, I will mend what is amiſſe (God aſiſting me) and amplifie my harſh Comment to Homers *farre more right, and mine owne earneſt, and ingenious loue of him. Notwithſtanding, I know, the curious, and enuious, will neuer ſit downe ſatisfied. A man may go ouer and ouer, till he come ouer and ouer; and his paines be onely his recompence: euery man is ſo loded with his particular head; and nothing in all reſpects perfect, but what is perceiued by few.* Homer *himſelfe hath met with my fortune, in many maligners; and therefore may my poore-ſelfe, put vp with motion. And ſo little I will reſpect malignitie; and ſo much encourage my ſelfe with mine owne knowne ſtrength, and what I finde within me, of comfort, and confirmance; (examining my ſelfe throughout, with a farre more iealous and ſeuere eye, then my greateſt enemie; imitating this:*

Iudex ipſe ſui totum ſe explorat ad vnguem, &c.)

That after theſe Iliads, *I will (God lending me life and any meaneſt meanes) with more labour then I haue loſt here, and all vncheckt alacritie, diue through his* Odyſſes. *Nor can I forget here (but with all heartie gratitude remember) my moſt ancient, learned, and right noble friend* M. Richard Stapilton, *firſt moſt deſeruſull mouer in the frame of our* Homer. *For which (and much other moſt ingenious and vtterly vndeſerued deſert) God make me amply his requiter; and be his honorable families ſpeedy and full reſtorer. In the mean ſpace, I intreate my impartiall, and iudiciall Reader; that all things to the quicke he will not pare; but humanely and nobly pardon defects; and if he find any thing perfect, receiue it vnenuied.*

Of Homer.

OF his countrey, and time, the difference is ſo infinite amongſt all writers, that there is no queſtion (in my coniecture) of his antiquitie beyond all. To which opinion, the neareſt I will cite; Adam Cedrenus *placeth him vnder* Dauids *&* Solomons *rule; & the deſtruction of* Troy *vnder* Sauls. *And of one age with* Solomon, Michael Glycas Siculus *affirmeth him.* Ariſtotle (in tertio de Poetica) *affirmes he was borne in the Ile of* Io, *begot of a* Genius, *one of them that vſed to dance with the* Muſes, *and a virgine of that Ile, compreſt by that* Genius, *who being quicke with child (for ſhame of the deed) came into a place called* Ægina, *and there was taken of theeues, and brought to* Smyrna, *to* Mœon *king of the* Lydians, *who for her beautie maried her. After which, ſhe walking neare the flood* Meletes; *on that ſhore being ouertaken with the throwes of her deliuerie, ſhe brought foorth* Homer, *and inſtantly*

ſtantly died. The infant was receiued by Mœon, *and brought vp as his owne till his death; which was not long after. And according to this, when the* Lydians *in* Smyrna, *were afflicted by the* Æolians, *and thought fit to leaue the citie, the Captaines by a Herald willing all to go out that would, and follow them;* Homer (*being a little child*) *ſaid he would alſo* ὁμηρεῖν. (*that is,* ſequi.) *And of that, (for* Meleſigenes, *which was his firſt name) he was called* Homer. *Theſe* Plutarch.

The varieties of other reports touching this, I omit for length: and in place thereof, thinke it not vnfit to inſert ſomething of his praiſe, and honour amongſt the greateſt of all Ages; not that our moſt abſolute of himſelfe, needs it; but that ſuch authenticall teſtimonies of his ſplendor and excellence, may the better conuince the malice of his maligners.

Firſt, what kind of perſon Homer *was, (ſaith* Spondanus) *his ſtatue teacheth, which* Cedrenus *deſcribeth. The whole place we will deſcribe, that our relation may hold the better coherence; as* Nylander *conuerts it. Then was the* Octagonon *at* Conſtantinople *conſumed with fire; and the Bath of* Seuerus, *that bore the name of* Zeuxippus: *in which there was much varietie of ſpectacle, and ſplendor of Arts; the workes of all Ages being conferred, and preſerued there. of* Marble, Rockes, Stones, *and* Images *of Braſſe; to which, this onely wanted; that the ſoules of the perſons they preſented, were not in them. Amongſt theſe maſter peeces, and all-wit-exceeding workmanſhips, ſtood* Homer, *as he was in his age; thoughtfull, and muſing: his hands folded beneath his boſome; his beard vntrimmed, and hanging downe; the haire of his head in like ſort thinne on both ſides before; his face with age and cares of the world (as thoſe imagine) wrinkled and auſtere; his noſe proportioned to his other parts; his eyes fixt or turned vp to his eye browes, like one blind (as it is reported he was) not born blind (ſaith* Vell. Paterculus) *which he that imagins (ſaith he) is blind of all ſenſes. Vpon his vnder-coate he was attired with a looſe robe; and at the baſe beneath his feet, a braſen chaine hung. This was the ſtatue of* Homer, *which in that conflagration periſhed. Another renowned ſtatue of his (ſaith* Lucian *in his* Encomion *of* Demoſthenes) *ſtood in the temple of* Ptolomy, *on the vpper hand of his own ſtatue.* Cedrenus *likewiſe remembreth a Library in the Pallace of the king, at* Conſtantinople, *that contained a thouſand a hundred and twentie foote long; in which, in letters of gold; the* Iliads, *and* Odyſſes *of* Homer *were inſcribed: which miracle (in* Baſilifcus *the Emperours time) was conſumed with fire.*

For his reſpect, amongſt the moſt learned; Plato *in* Ione *calleth him,* ἄριστον καὶ θειότατον τῶν τε ποητῶν, Poetarum omnium, & præſtantiſſimum, & diuiniſſimum. *In* Phædone, θεῖον ποητὴν, diuinum Poetam, *and in* Theætetus, Socrates *citing diuerſe of the moſt wiſe and learned for confirmation of his there held opinion, (as* Protagoras, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Epicharmus, *and* Homer) *whoſe ſaith* Socrates) *againſt ſuch an armie, being all led by ſuch a Captaine as* Homer, *dares fight or reſiſt, but he will be held ridiculous? This for* Scaliger, *and all* Homers *enuious and ignorant detractors. Why therefore,* Plato *in another place baniſheth him with all other Poets out of his* Common-wealth, *dealing with them like a Politician indeed; vſe men, and then caſt them off, (though* Homer *he thinks fit to ſend out crowned and annointed;) I ſee not, ſince he maketh ſtill ſuch honorable mention of him; and with his verſes, (as with precious lemmes) enerie where enchaceth his writings. So* Ariſtotle, *continually celebrateth him. Nay euen amongſt the Barbarous, not onely* Homers *name, but his Poems haue bene recorded and reuerenced. The* Indians (*ſaith*

(*ſaith* Ælianus var. hiſt. lib. 12. cap. 48.) *in their owne tongue had* Homers *Poems tranſlated and ſung. Nor thoſe* Indians *alone, but the kings of* Perſia. *And amongſt the* Indians (*of all the* Greek *Poets,* Homer *being euer firſt in eſtimatiõ;*) *whenſoeuer they vſed any diuine duties according to the cuſtome of their houſholds and hoſpitalities, they inuited euer,* Apollo, *and* Homer. Lucian *in his* Encomion *of* Demoſth. *affirmeth all Poets celebrated* Homers *birth day; & ſacrificed to him the firſt frutes of their verſes. So* Theſagoras *anſwereth* Lucian, *he vſed to do himſelfe.* Alex. Paphius (*ſaith* Euſtathius) *deliuers* Homer, *as borne of* Egyptian *Parents;* Dinaſagoras *being his father, and* Æthra *his mother; his nurſe being a certaine Propheteſſe, and the daughter of* Oris, Iſis *Prieſt; from whoſe breaſts, of ſundrie times, honey flowed in the mouth of the infant. After which, in the night, he vttered nine ſeuerall notes or voices of fowles, viz. of a Swallow, a Peacocke, a Doue, a Crow, a Partrich, a red Shank, a Stare, a Blackebird, and a Nightingale: and being a little boy, was found playing in his bed with nine Doues.* Sibylla *being at a feaſt of his Parents, was taken with ſodaine furie; and ſung verſes, whoſe beginning was* Δμεσσγορα πολύτικε: polynice, *ſignifying much victorie; in which ſong alſo ſhe called him* μεγαλλα *great in glorie; and* τορνεύω, *ſignifying gyrlond ſeller; and commanded him to build a temple to the* Pegridarij, *that is, to the Muſes.* Herodotus *affirmes, that* Phæmius (*teaching a publicke ſchoole at* Smyrna) *was his maiſter;* and Dionyſius *in in 56. oration ſaith,* Socrates *was* Homers *ſcholler. In ſhort; what he was, his workes ſhew moſt truly; to which (if you pleaſe) goon and examine him.*

Faults eſcaped.

In the margin. page 176. for paſtime, reade paſt time. Page 177. for whom, reade who. Page 188 in the margine for ορισθεν, reade ορισθεν. p. 195. for totas, reade totus. p. 197. for backe, reade backs: for poſſeſſions, reade poſſeſſion. p. 200. for deſiderat, reade deſideat. p. 202. for inconſtant, reade in conſtant. in the ſame p. for through r. though. p. 205. in the margin, ioyne the diſioyned note of *Inp. Nept. Pluto*, p. 213. for hill, r. wood. p. 214. for gainſt, r. againſt. p. 223. for a bowle of mightie wine, reade a mightie bowle of wine. p. 226. for heads, r. head. p. 141. for nere more, r. now no. p. 244. in the margin, for imitable, r. inimitable. in the ſame p. for ofs, r. oft. p. 248. at the end, for or, r. our. p. 250. for t'Aiaces this, r. th'Aiaces. p. 256. for friend, reade fiend. p. 263. for the ſpritely, r. their ſpritely. in the ſame p. for were, r. where. p. 264. for larg'd, r. lardge. p. 266. in the Comment, for to which, r. which. in the ſame, for the eares, r. th'eares. p. 284. for ſteeles. r. ſeeles. p. 290. for with blinde, r. which blinde. p. 293. for hands, r. ſands. p. 303, for all the feete, r. at the feete. p. 306. for fetcht, r. fetch. p. 324. at the end, for Teucer, reade Teucers.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

APollos *Prieſt to th' Argiue fleete doth bring*
Gifts for his daughter, priſoner to the King;
For which, her tendred freedome, he intreats.
But, being diſmiſt, with contumelious threats,
At Phœbus *hands, by vengefull prayer he ſeekes,*
To haue a plague inflicted on the Greekes.
Which had, Achilles *doth a Councell cite,*
Embouldning Chalchas, *in the Kings diſpite,*
To tell the truth, why they were puniſht ſo.
From hence their fierce and deadly ſtrife did grow.
For wrong in which, Æacides *ſo raues,*
That Goddeſſe Thetis, *from her throne of waues,*
(Aſcending heauen) of Ioue *aſſiſtance wonne,*
To plague the Greekes, by abſence of her Sonne:
And make the Generall himſelfe repent,
To wrong ſo much his Armies Ornament.
This, found by Iuno, *ſhe with* Ioue *contends,*
Till Vulcan, *with heauens cup, the quarell ends.*

Æacides ſirname of Achilles being the grand child of Æacus.

Another Argument.

Alpha, *the prayer of* Chryſes, *ſings:*
The Armies plague: the ſtrife of Kings.

SIng *Achilles* baneſull wrath reſound, O Goddeſſe, that impoſd, *His propoſition and inuocation.*
Infinite ſorrowes on the *Greekes*; and many braue ſoules loſd
From breaſts Heroique: ſent them farre, to that [a] inuiſible caue
That no light comforts: & their limbs, to dogs & vultures gaue.
To [b] all which, *Ioues will* gaue effect; [c] from whom, firſt ſtrife begunne,
Betwixt *Atrides*, king of men; and *Thetis* godlike Sonne.
What God gaue *Eris* their command, and op't that fighting veine?
Ioues, and *Latonas* Sonne; who fir'd, againſt the king of men,
For contumelie, ſhowne his Prieſt; infectious ſickneſſe ſent,
To plague the armie; and to death, by troopes, the ſouldiers went.
Occaſiond thus; *Chryſes* the Prieſt, came to the fleete, to buy
For preſents of vnualued price, his daughters libertie.
The golden ſcepter, and the crowne, of *Phœbus*, in his hands
Propoſing; and made ſuite to all, but moſt to the Commands
Of both th' *Atrides*, who moſt rulde. Great *Atreus* ſonnes (ſaid he)
And all ye wel-grieu'd Greekes; the Gods whoſe habitations be
In heauenly houſes, grace your powers, with *Priams* razed towne,

Atrides ſirname of Agamemnon, being ſon to Atreus. Eris the Goddes of contention. Narration.

Agamemnon & Menelaus: called the Atrides being brothers, & both ſonnes to Atreus.

And

And grant ye happy conduct home: to winne which wisht renowne
Of *Ioue*, by honouring his sonne (farre-shooting *Phœbus*) daine
Chryses, the Priest of Apollo, to the Atrides, and other Greekes. For these fit presents to dissolue, the ransomeable chaine
Of my lou'd daughters seruitude. The Greekes entirely gaue
Glad [d] acclamations, for signe, that their desires would haue
The graue Priest reuerenc'd, and his gifts, of so much price embrac'd.
The Generall yet, bore no such mind, but viciously disgrac'd,
Agamemnons contumelious reuoke of Chryses. With violent termes, the Priest, and said: Doterd, auoid our fleete,
Where lingring be not found by me, nor thy returning feete
Let euer visite vs againe, lest nor thy Godheads crowne,
Nor scepter saue thee. Her thou seekst, I still will hold mine owne,
Till age deflоure her. In our court, at Argos (farre transferd
* *See my bed made, it may be english: the word is armea ea, which signifies cõtra lian termas standing of one side, opposite to another on the other side which yet others manstate capessentem, & adornantem: which, since it showes best to a reader, I follow. The prayer of Chryses to Apollo.* From her lou'd countrie) she shall plie, her web, and see * prepard
(With all fit ornaments) my bed. Incense me then no more,
But, (if thou wilt be safe) be gone. This said, the sea-beate shore,
(Obeying his high will) the Priest, trod off with haste, and feare.
And walking silent, till he left, farre off his enemies eare;
Phœbus (faire-haird *Latonas* sonne) he stird vp, with a vow,
To this sterne purpose: Heare, thou God, that bear'st the siluer bow,
That *Chrysa* guard'st, rulest Tenedos, with strong hand, and the [c] round
Of Cilla most diuine dost walke: O *Smintheus*, if crownd
With thankfull offerings thy rich Phane, I euer saw, or fir'd.
Fat thighs of oxen, and of goates, to thee: this grace desir'd
Vouchsafe to me: paines for my teares, let these rude Greekes repay,
Forc'd with thy arrowes. Thus he praid, and *Phœbus* heard him pray;
And vext at heart, downe from the tops, of steepe heauen stoopt; his bow
And quiuer couerd round; his hands, did on his shoulders throw;
And, of the angrie deitie, the arrowes as he mou'd
Rat'l'd about him. Like the night, he rang'd the host, and rou'd
(Apart the fleete set:) terribly, with his hard-loosing hand
His siluer bow twang'd, and his shafts, did first, the Mules command,
Apollo sends the plague among the Greekes. And swift hounds: then the Greekes themselues, his deadly arrowes shot.
The fires of death went neuer out, nine daies his shafts flew hot
About the armie, and the tenth, *Achilles* cald a court
* *Iuno.* Of all the Greeks: heauens * white-arm'd Queene, (who euery where cut shot t
Beholding her lou'd Greeks by death) suggested it: and he
Achilles to Agamemnon. (All met in one) arose, and said: *Atrides*, Now I see
We must be wandering againe, flight must be still our stay,
(If flight can saue vs now) at once, sicknesse and battell lay
Such strong hand on vs. Let vs aske, some Prophet, Priest, or proue
Some dreame interpreter (for dreames, are often sent fr m *Ioue*)
Why *Phœbus* is so much incenst? If vnperformed vowes
He blames in vs; or Hecatombs; and if these knees he bowes
To death, may yeeld his graues no more; but offering all supply
Of sauours, burnt from lambes, and goates; auert his feruent eye,
And turne his temperate. Thus he sate; and then stood vp to them
Calchas the Prophet. *Chalcas*, sirnam'd *Thestorides*, of Augures, the supreme:
He knew things present, past, to come; and rulde the Equinpage,

Of

Of th'Argiue fleete to Ilion, for his Prophetique rage
Giuen by *Apollo*: who well seene, in th'ill they felt, propos'd
This to *Achilles*: *Ioues* belou'd? would thy charge see disclos'd,
Calchas to Achilles. The secret of *Apollos* wrathe then couenant, and take oth,
To my discouerie; that with words, and powrefull actions both,
Thy strength will guard the truth, in me; because I well conceiue
That he whose Empire gouerns all, whom all the Grecians giue,
Confirm'd obedience, will be mou'd; and then you know the state,
Of him that moues him. When a king, hath once markt for his hate,
A man inferior; though that day, his wrath seemes to digest
Th'offence he takes; yet euermore, he rakes vp in his brest,
Brands of quicke anger; till reuenge, hath quencht to his desire,
The fire reserued. Tell me then, if, whatsoeuer, ire
Suggests, in hurt of me, to him; thy valour will preuent?
Achilles answerd; All thou know'st, speake, and be confident:
Achilles to Chalchas. For by *Apollo*, *Ioues* belou'd (to whom, performing vowes,
O *Calchas*, for the state of Greece; thy spirit Prophetique showes
Skils that direct vs) not a man, of all these Grecians here,
(I liuing, and enioying the light, shot through this flowrie sphere)
Shall touch thee, with offensiue hands; though *Agamemnon* be
The man in question, that doth boast, the mightiest Emperie,
Of all our armie. Then tooke heart, the Prophet vnreprou'd,
And said: They are not vnpaid vowes; nor Hecatombs, that mou'd,
Calchas discouers to the Greekes the cause of their plague. The God against vs: his offence, is for his Priest, empaird,
By *Agamemnon*; that refusd, the present he preferd,
And kept his daughter. This is cause, why heauens farre-darter darts,
These plagues amongst vs; and this still, will emptie in our hearts
His deathfull quiuer, vncontaind; till to her loued sire,
The blacke-eyd damsell be resign'd; no redemptorie hire,
Tooke for her freedome; not a gift; but all the ransome quit;
And she conuaide, with sacrifice; till her enfranchisd feete,
Treade Chrysa vnder: then the God (so pleasd) perhaps we may
Moue to remission. Thus he sate; and vp, the great in sway,
Heroique *Agamemnon* rose; eagerly bearing all:
His minds seate ouercast with fumes: an anger generall,
Fill'd all his faculties; his eyes, sparckl'd like kindling fire;
Which, sternly cast vpon the Priest, thus vented he, his ire;
Agamemnon inueighs to Calchas Prophet of ill? For neuer good, came from thee towards me;
Not to a words worth: euermore, thou tookst delight to be
Offensiue in thy Auguries; which thou continuest still;
Now casting thy prophetique gall, and vouching all our ill
(Shot from *Apollo*,) is impos'd; since I refusd the prise
Of faire *Chryseis* libertie; which would in no worth rise,
To my rate of her selfe; which moues, my vowes to haue her home;
Past *Clytemnestra* louing her; that grac't my nuptiall roome,
With her virginitie, and flowre. Nor aske her merits lesse,
For person, disposition, wit, and skill in housewiferie
And yet, for all this, she shall go; if more conducible

That courſe be, then her holding here. I rather wiſh the weale
Of my lou'd armie, then the death. Prouide yet, inſtantly,
Supplie for her, that I alone, of all our royaltie,
Loſe not my winnings: tis not fit, ye ſee all, I loſe mine
Forc't by another: ſee as well, ſome other may reſigne,
Achilles to Agamemnon. His Priſe to me. To this, replied, the ſwift-foote God-like ſonne
Of *Thetis*, thus: King of vs all, in all ambition;
Moſt couetouſe of all that breath; why ſhould the great-ſoul'd Greekes
Supply thy loſt priſe, out of theirs? nor what thy auarice ſeekes,
Our common treaſurie can find; ſo little it doth guard
Of what our rac'd towns, yeelded vs; of all which, moſt is ſhar'd,
And giuen our ſouldiers; which againe, to take into our hands
Were ignominious, and baſe. Now then, ſince God commands,
Part with thy moſt-lou'd priſe to him: not any one of vs,
Exacts it of thee: yet we all, all loſſe thou ſuffer'ſt thus,
Will treble; quadruple in gaine, when *Iupiter* beſtowes
The ſacke of well-wall'd Troy on vs; which by his word, he owes.
Agamemnon to Achilles. Do not deceiue your ſelfe with wit, (he anſwerd) God-like man;
Though your good name may colour it; tis not your ſwift foote can
Out runne me here; nor ſhall the gloſſe, ſet on it, with the God,
Perſwade me to my wrong. Woulſt thou, maintaine in ſure abode
Thine owne priſe, and sleight me of mine? Reſolue this: if our friends
(As fits in equitie, my worth) will right me with amends,
So reſt it; otherwiſe my ſelfe, will enter perſonally
On thy priſe; that of *Ithacus*, or *Aiax*, for ſupply;
Let him, on whom I enter, rage. But come we'le order theſe,
Hereafter, and in other place. Now put to ſacred ſeas
Our blacke ſaile; in it rowers put, in it fit ſacrifiſe;
And to theſe, I will make aſcend, my ſo much enuied priſe,
Bright-cheekt *Chryſeis*. For conduct, of all which, we muſt chuſe
A chiefe out of our counſellors; thy ſeruice we muſt vſe,
Idomeneus; *Aiax*, thine, or thine, wiſe *Ithacus*;
Or thine, thou terribleſt of men, thou ſonne of *Peleus*;
Which fitteſt were, that thou mightſt ſee, theſe holy acts performd,
For which thy cunning zeale ſo pleades; and he whoſe bow thus ſtormd
Achilles to Agamemnon. For our offences, may be calmd. *Achilles*, with a frowne,
Thus anſwerd: O thou impudent! of no good but thine owne,
Euer reſpectfull; but of that, with all craft, couetous;
With what heart can a man attempt, a ſeruice dangerous,
Or at thy voice be ſpirited, to flie vpon a foe,
Thy mind thus wretched? For my ſelfe, I was not iniur'd ſo,
By any Troian, that my powers, ſhould bid them any blowes;
In nothing beare they blame of me. Phthia, whoſe boſome flowes
With corne and people, neuer felt, empaire of her increaſe,
By their inuaſion: hils enow, and farre-reſounding ſeas,
Powre out their ſhades, and deepes, betweene: but thee thou frontleſſe man,
We follow, and thy triumphs make, with bonfires of our bane:
Thine, and thy brothers vengeance ſought (thou dogs eyes) of this Troy

By

By our expoſd liues; whoſe deſerts, thou neither doſt employ,
With honour, nor with care. And now, thou threatſt to force from me,
The fruite of my ſweate, which the Greekes, gaue all; and though it be
(Compar'd with thy part, then ſnatcht vp) nothing: nor euer is,
At any ſackt towne: but of fight, (the fetcher in of this)
My hands haue moſt ſhare: in whoſe toyles, when I haue emptied me
Of all my forces; my amends, in liberalitie
(Though it be little) I accept, and turne pleaſd to my tent:
And yet that little, thou eſteemſt, too great a continent
In thy incontinent auarice. For Phthya therefore now
My courſe is; ſince tis better farre, then here endure, that thou
Shouldſt ſtill be rauiſhing my right, draw my whole treaſure drie;
And adde diſhonor. He replied: If thy heart ſerue thee, flie:
Agamemnon to Achilles. Stay not for my cauſe; others here, will aid, and honor me;
If not, yet *Ioue* I know, is ſure; that counſellor is he
That I depend on: as for thee, of all our *Ioue*-kept kings,
Thou ſtill art moſt my enemie: ſtrifes, battels, bloodie things,
Make thy blood feaſts ſtill. But if ſtrength, that theſe moods build vpon,
Flow in thy nerues; God gaue thee it; and ſo tis not thine owne,
But in his hands ſtil: what then lifts, thy pride in this, ſo hie?
Home with thy fleete, and Myrmidons; vſe there their Emperie,
Command not here: I weigh thee not, nor meane to magnifie
Thy rough hewne rages; but in ſtead, I thus farre threaten thee:
Since *Phœbus* needs will force from me, *Chryſeis*; ſhe ſhall go;
My ſhips, and friends, ſhall waft her home: but I will imitate ſo,
His pleaſure; that mine owne ſhall take, in perſon, from thy tent
Bright-cheekt *Briſeis*; and ſo tell, thy ſtrength-how eminent
My powre is, being compar'd with thine: all other, making feare
To vaunt equalitie with me; or in this proud kind beare
Their beards againſt me. *Thetis* ſonne, at this ſtood vext; his heart
Briſtled his boſome, and two waies, drew his diſcurſiue part;
Achilles angrie with Agamemnon. If from his thigh, his ſharpe ſword drawne, he ſhould make roome about
Atrides, perſon ſlaughtring him; or ſit his anger out
And curb his ſpirit. While theſe thoughts, ſtriu'd in his bloud and mind,
And he his ſword drew: downe from heauen, *Athenia** ſtoopt, and ſhind
* *Pallas.* About his temples; being ſent, by th'Iuorie-wriſted queene
Saturnia; who, out of her heart, had euer louing bene,
And carefull for the good of both. She ſtood behind, and tooke
Achilles by the yellow curles; and onely gaue her looke
To him apparance: not a man, of all the reſt could ſee.
He, turning backe his eye; amaze, ſtrooke euerie facultie;
Yet ſtraight, he knew her, by her eyes; ſo terrible they were
Sparkling with ardor, and thus ſpake: Thou ſeed of *Iupiter*,
Achilles to Pallas. Why com'ſt thou? to behold his pride, that boſts our Emperie?
Then witneſſe, with it, my reuenge; and ſee that inſolence die,
That liues to wrong me. She replied, I come from heauen to ſee
Pallas to Achilles. Thy anger ſettled: if thy ſoule, will vſe her ſoueraignetie;
In fit reflection. I am ſent, from *Iuno*, whoſe affects,

Stand

Stand heartily inclind to both: Come, giue vs both reſpects,
And ceaſſe contention: draw no ſword; vſe words, and ſuch as may
Be bitter to his pride, but iuſt; for truſt in what I ſay,
A time ſhall come, when thrice the worth, of that he forceth now,
He ſhall propoſe for recompence, of theſe wrongs: therefore throw
Reines on thy paſſions, and ſerue vs. He anſwerd: Though my heart
Achilles Palladi, lacrẽ, rationi obſequitur. Burne in iuſt anger; yet my ſoule, muſt conquer th' angrie part,
And yeeld you conqueſt. Who ſubdues, his earthly part for heauen,
Heauen to his prayres ſubdues his with. This ſaid, her charge was giuen,
Fit honor: in his ſiluer hilt, he held his able hand,
And forc't this broad ſword vp; and vp, to heauen did reaſcend
Minerua, who in *Ioues* high roofe, that beares the rough ſhield, tooke
Her place with other deities. She gone, againe forſooke,
Patience his paſſion; and no more, his ſilence could contine
Achilles againe inſurit. His wrath, that this broad language gaue: Thou euer ſleept in wine,
Dogs face? with heart, but of a Harte that nor in th'open eye
Of fight, dar'ſt thruſt into a preaſe; nor with our nobleſt, lie
In ſecret ambuſh. Theſe works ſeeme, too full of death for thee;
Tis ſafer farre, in th'open hoſt, to dare an iniurie,
To any croſſer of thy luſt. Thou ſubiect-eating king,
Baſe ſpirits thou gouernſt; or this wrong, had bene the laſt fowle thing
Thou euer author'dſt: yet I vow, and by a great oath ſweare,
Euen by this ſcepter; that as this, neuer againe ſhall beare
This ſimile Virgil directly tranſlates. Greene leaues, or branches, nor increaſe, with any growth, his ſiſe;
Nor did, ſince firſt it left the hils, and had his faculties
And ornaments bereft, with iron; which now to other end
Iudges of Greece beare; and their lawes, receiu'd from *Ioue*, defend;
(For which, my oath to thee is great.) So whenſoeuer need
Shall burne with thirſt of me, thy hoſt, no prayres ſhall euer breed
Affection in me, to their aid; though well deſerued woes
Afflict thee for them; when to death, man-ſlaughtring *Hector* throwes
Whole troopes of them; and thou torment'ſt, thy vext mind with conceit
Of thy rude rage now: and his wrong, that moſt deſeru'd the right
Of all thy armie. Thus he threw, his ſcepter gainſt the ground,
With golden ſtuds ſtucke; and tooke ſeate. *Atrides* breaſt was drownd
In riſing choler. Vp to both, ſweet-ſpoken *Neſtor* ſtood,
Neſtors age and eloquence. The cunning Pylian Orator; whoſe tongue powrd foorth a flood
Of more-then-hony-ſweet diſcourſe: two ages were increaſt
Of diuerſe-languag'd men; all borne, in his time, and deceaſt
In ſacred Pylos, where he reignd, amongſt the third-ag'd men:
He (well ſeene in the world) aduiſd, and thus expreſt it then.
Neſtor to Achilles, and Agamemnon. O Gods, our Greeke earth will be drownd, in iuſt teares; rapefull Troy,
Her king, and all his ſonnes, will make, as iuſt a mocke, and ioy
Of theſe diſiunctions; if of you, that all our hoſt excell,
In counſell, and in skill of fight, they heare this: Come, repell
Theſe yong mens paſſions: y'are not both, (put both your yeares in one)
So old as I: I liu'd long ſince, and was companion
With men ſuperior to you both: who yet would euer heare,

My

My counſels with reſpect. My eyes, yet neuer witneſſe were, *Decorum ab ætate.*
Nor euer will be, of ſuch men, as then delighted them;
Perithous, *Exadius*, and god-like *Polypheme*;
Cenetus, and *Dryas*, prince of men; *Ægean Theſeus*.
A man, like heauens immortals formd; all, all moſt vigorous,
Of all men, that euen thoſe daies bred; moſt vigorous men, and fought
With beaſts moſt vigorous; mountain beaſts, (for mẽ in ſtrength were nought
Match with their forces) fought with them; and bravely fought them downe;
Yet euen with theſe men, I conuerſt, being cald to the renowne
Of their ſocieties, by their ſuites, from Pylos farre, to fight
In th'Aſian kingdome; and I fought, to a degree of might
That helpt euen their mights; againſt ſuch, as no man now would dare,
To meete in conflict; yet euen theſe, my counſels ſtill would heare,
And with obedience, crowne my words. Giue you ſuch palme to them;
Tis better, then to wreath your wraths. *Atrides*, giue not ſtreame
To all thy powre, nor force his priſe; but yeeld her ſtill his owne,
As all men elſe do. Nor do thou, encounter with thy crowne
(Great ſonne of *Peleus*) ſince no king, that euer *Ioue* allowd
Grace of a ſcepter, equals him. Suppoſe thy nerues endowd
With ſtrength ſuperior, and thy birth, a verie Goddeſſe gaue;
Yet he of force, is mightier; ſince, what his owne nerues haue
Is amplified, with iuſt command, of many other. King of men
Command thou then thy ſelfe; and I, with my prayres will obtaine,
Grace of *Achilles*, to ſubdue, his furie; whoſe parts are
Worth our intreatie, being chiefe checke, to all our ill in warre.
All this, good father (ſaid the king) is comely, and good right;
Agamemnon to Neſtor. But this man breakes all ſuch bounds; he, affects paſt all men height.
All would in his powre hold, all make, his ſubiects, giue to all
His hote will for their temperate law: all which he neuer ſhall
Perſwade at my hands. If the Gods, haue giuen him the great ſtile
Of ableſt ſouldier; made they that, his licence to reuile
Men with vile language? *Thetis* ſoonſt, preuented him, and ſaid:
Achilles to Agamemnon. Fearefull and vile I might be thought, if the exactions laid
By all meanes on me I ſhould beare. Others command to this,
Thou ſhalt, not me; or if thou doſt, farre my free ſpirit is
From ſeruing thy command. Beſide, this I affirme (afoord
Impreſſion of it in thy ſoule) I will not vſe my ſword
On thee, or any, for a wench: vniuſtly though thou tak'ſt
The thing thou gau'ſt; but all things elſe, that in my ſhip thou mak'ſt
Greedie ſuruey of, do not touch, without my leaue; or do
Adde that acts wrong to this; that theſe, may ſee that outrage too;
And then comes my part: then be ſure, thy bloud vpon my lance,
Shall flow in vengeance. Theſe high termes, theſe two at variance
Vſd to each other; left their ſeates, and after them aroſe
The Grecian councell diſſolued. The whole court. To his tents and ſhips, with friends and ſouldiers, goes
Angrie *Achilles*. *Atreus* ſonne, the ſwift ſhip lancht, and put
Within it twentie choſen row'rs: within it likewiſe ſhut
The Hecatomb, t'appeaſe the God. Then cauſd to come abord

Faire cheekt *Chryſeis*. For the chiefe, he in whom *Pallas* pourd
Chryſeis ſent to her father. Her ſtore of counſels, (*Ithacus*) aboord went laſt, and then
The moiſt waies of the ſea they ſaild. And now the king of men
Bad all the hoaſt to ſacrifice. They ſacrific'd and, caſt
The offall of all to the deepes: the angrie God they grac't
With perfect Hecatombs; ſome buls, ſome goates along the ſhore
Of the vnfruitfull ſea, inflam'd. To heauen the thicke fumes bore
Enwrapped ſauours. Thus though all, the politique king made ſhew
Reſpects to heauen; yet he himſelfe, all that time did purſue
His owne affections. The late iarre, in which he thunderd threats
Againſt *Achilles*, ſtill he fed, and his affections heats
Thus vented to *Talthybius*, and graue *Eurybates*
Heralds, and miniſters of truſt, to all his meſſages.
Agamemnon to Talthybius and Eurybates his Heralds. Haſte to *Achilles* tent, where take, *Briſeis* hand, and bring
Her beauties to vs; if he faile, to yeeld her; ſay your king
Will come himſelfe with multitudes, that ſhall the horribler
Make both his preſence and your charge, that ſo he dares deferre.
This ſaid, he ſent them with a charge, of hard condition.
They went vnwillingly, and trod, the fruitleſſe ſeas ſhore: ſoone
They reacht the nauie and the tents, in which the quarter lay
Of all the Myrmidons, and found, the chiefe Chiefe in their ſway,
Set at his blacke barke in his tent. Nor was *Achilles* glad
To ſee their preſence; nor themſelues, in any glorie, had
Their meſſage; but with reuerence ſtood, and fear'd th'offended king.
Askt not the dame; nor ſpake a word. He yet, well knowing the thing
Achilles Prince-ly receipt of the Heralds. That cauſd their coming; grac'd them thus: Heralds, ye men that beare
The meſſages of men and Gods; y'are welcome, come ye neare.
I nothing blame you, but your king; tis he, I know, doth ſend
You for *Briſeis*; ſhe is his. *Patroclus!* honourd friend,
Bring foorth the damſell; and theſe men, let leade her, to their Lord.
But, Heralds, be you witneſſes, before the moſt ador'd;
Before vs mortals, and before, your moſt vngentle king,
Of what I ſuffer: that if warre, euer hereafter bring
My aide in queſtion; to auert, any ſeuereſt bane,
It brings on others; I am ſcuſde, to keepe my aide in wane,
Since they mine honour. But your king, in tempting miſchiefe, raues;
Nor ſees at once, by preſent things, the future; how like waues,
Ills follow ills; iniuſtices, being neuer ſo ſecure
In preſent times; but after plagues, euen then, are ſeene as ſure.
Which yet he ſees not; and ſo ſooths, his preſent luſt; which checkt,
Would checke plagues future; and he might, in ſuccouring right, protect
Such as fight for his right at fleete; they ſtill in ſafetie fight,
That fight ſtill iuſtly. This ſpeech vſd, *Patroclus* did the rite
Briſeis led to Agamemnon. His friend commanded; and brought forth, *Briſeis* from her tent;
Gaue her the heralds, and away, to th'Achiue ſhips they went:
She ſad, and ſcarce for griefe, could go; her loue, all friends forſooke,
And wept for anger. To the ſhore, of th'old ſea, he betooke
Himſelfe alone; and caſting forth, vpon the purple ſea,

His

His wet eyes, and his hands to heauen, aduancing; this ſad plea,
Achilles to Thetis. Made to his mother: Mother, ſince, you brought me forth to breath,
So ſhort a life: *Olympius*, had good right to bequeath
My ſhort life, honor; yet that right, he doth in no degree:
But lets *Atrides* do me ſhame, and force that priſe from me
That all the Greekes gaue: this with teares, he vttерd, and ſhe heard;
Set with her old ſire, in his deepes; and inſtantly appeard,
Vp, from the gray ſea, like a cloud: ſate by his ſide, and ſaid; (laid
Thetis to Achilles. Why weepes my ſonne? what grieues thee? ſpeake; conceale not what hath
Such hard hand on thee: let both know. He (ſighing like a ſtorme)
Achilles to Thetis. Replied: Thou doſt know; why ſhould I, things knowne; againe informe?
We marcht to Thebs, the ſacred towne, of king *Eetion*,
Sackt it, and brought to fleete the ſpoile, which euerie valiant ſonne
Of Greece, indifferently ſhar'd. *Atrides* had for ſhare,
Faire-cheekt *Chryſeis*; after which, his prieſt, that ſhoots ſo farre,
Chryſes, the faire *Chryſeis* ſire, arriu'd at th'Achiue fleete,
With infinite ranſome; to redeeme, the deare impriſon'd feete,
Of his faire daughter. In his hands, he held *Apollos* crowne,
And golden ſceptre; making ſuite, to euerie Grecian ſonne,
But moſt, the ſonnes of *Atreus*, (the others orderers)
Yet they leaſt heard him; all the reſt, receiu'd with reuerend eares,
The motion: both the Prieſt, and gifts, gracing; and holding worth
His wiſht acceptance. *Atreus* ſonne, yet (vext) commanded forth
With rude termes, *Phœbus* reuerend Prieſt: who, angrie, made retreat,
And prayd to *Phœbus*; in whoſe grace, he ſtanding paſſing great,
Got his petition. The God, an ill ſhaft ſent abrode,
That tumbl'd downe the Greekes in heapes. The hoſt had no abode,
That was not viſited; we askt, a Prophet that well knew
The cauſe of all; and from his lips, *Apollos* prophecies flew;
Telling his anger. Firſt my ſelfe, exhorted to appeaſe
The angerd God; which *Atreus* ſonne, did at the heart diſpleaſe.
And vp he ſtood, vſde threats, performd. The blacke-eyd Greeks ſent home
Chryſeis to her ſire; and gaue, his God a Hecatome;
Then, for *Briſeis* to my tents, *Atrides* Heralds came,
And tooke her, that the Greekes gaue, all. If then thy powres can frame
Wreake for thy ſonne, affoord it; ſcale, Olympus, and implore
Ioue, (if by either word, or fact; thou euer didſt reſtore
Ioy to his greeu'd heart) now to helpe. I oft haue heard thee vant
In court of *Peleus*; that alone, thy hand was conuerſant,
In reſcue from a cruell ſpoile, the blacke-clowd-gathering *Ioue*; (moue
Neptune, Iuno, and Pallas, confederates in the binding of Iupiter. Whom other Godheads, would haue bound. (The powre whoſe pace doth
The round earth; heauens great Queene, and *Pallas*) to whoſe bands
Thou cam'ſt with reſcue; bringing vp, him with the hundred hands,
The fiction of Briareus. To great Olympus; whom the Gods, call *Briareus*; men
Ægeon; who, his ſire ſurpaſt, and was as ſtrong againe;
And in that grace, ſat glad, by *Ioue*; th'immortals ſtood diſmaid
At his aſcenſion; and gaue, free paſſage to his aid.
Of all this, tell *Ioue*; kneele to him; embrace his knee; and pray

(If

(If Trois aide he will euer deigne) that now their forces may
Beate home the Greeks to fleete, and ſea; embruing their retreat
In ſlaughter: their pains paying the wreake, of their proud Soueraigns heart:
And that farre-ruling king may know, from his poore ſouldiers harms,
His owne harme fals: his owne, and all, in mine; his beſt in arms.

Thetis to Achilles.

Her anſwer ſhe powr'd out in teares: O me, my ſonne (ſaid ſhe)
Why brought I vp, thy being at all; that brought thee forth to be
Sad ſubiect of ſo hard a fate? O would to heauen, that ſince,
Thy fate is little, and not long; thou mightſt without offence,
And teares performe it. But to liue, thrall to ſo ſterne a fate
As grants thee leaſt life; and that leaſt, ſo moſt vnfortunate,
Grieues me t'haue giuen thee any life. But what thou wiſheſt now
(If *Ioue* will grant) ile vp, and aske. Olympus crownd with ſnow
Ile clime: but ſit thou faſt at fleete: renounce all warre, and feed
Thy heart with wrath, and hope of wreake: till which come, thou ſhalt need,

Iupiter feaſts with the Æthiops.

A little patience: *Iupiter*, went yeſterday to feaſt
Amongſt the blameleſſe Æthiops, in th'Oceans deepned breaſt;
All Gods attending him: the twelfth, high heauen againe he ſees,
And then his braſſe-pau'd court Ile skale; cling to his powrefull knees,
And doubt not, but to winne thy wiſh. Thus made ſhe her remoue,
And left wrath tyring on her ſonne, for his enforced loue.

Nauigation to Chryſa.

Vlyſſes, with the Hecatomb, arriu'd at *Chryſas* ſhore:
And when, amids the hauens deepe mouth, they came to vſe the oare,
They ſtraite ſtroke ſaile, then rold them vp, and on the hatches threw.
The top maſt, to the kelſine then, with haleyards downe they drew;
Then brought the ſhip to Port with oares, then forked anchor caſt,
And gainſt the violence of ſtormes, for drifting made her faſt.
All come aſhore, they all expoſd, the holy Hecatomb
To angrie *Phœbus*; and with it, *Chryſeis* welcomd home:
Whom, to her ſire, wiſe *Ithacus*, that did at th'altar ſtand,

Vlyſſes to Chryſes.

For honour, led; and (ſpoken thus) reſignd her to his hand:
Chryſes, the mightie king of men (great *Agamemnon*) ſends
Thy lou'd ſeed, by my hands, to thine; and to thy God commends
A Hecatomb, which my charge is, to ſacrifice, and ſeeke
Our much-ſigh-mixt-woe, his recure, inuokt by euerie Greeke.
Thus he reſignd her, and her ſire, receiu'd her, highly ioyd.
About the well-built altar then, they orderly emploide
The ſacred offring. Waſht their hands, tooke ſalt cakes, and the Prieſt
(With hands held vp to heauen) thus praid: O thou that all things ſeeſt,

Chryſes prayer to Apollo for appeaſing the plague.

Fautour of *Chryſa*, whoſe faire hand, doth guardfully diſpoſe
Celeſtiall Cilla: gouerning, in all powre, Tenedos:
O heare thy Prieſt, and as thy hand, in free grace to my prayers
Shot feruent plague-ſhafts through the Greekes: now hearten their affaires,
With health renewd, and quite remoue, th'infection from their blood.
He praid; and to his praiſrs againe, the God propitious ſtood.

The Sacrifice.

All, after prayre, caſt on ſalt cakes; drew backe, kild, flaid the beeues,
Cut out, and dubd with fat their thighes, faire dreſt with doubled leaues;
And on them, all the ſweet-breads prickt. The Prieſt, with ſmall fere wood

Did

Did ſacrifice; powr'd on red wine, by whom the yong men ſtood,
And turnd (in fiue ranks) ſpits; on which, (the legs enough) they eate

The banquet.

The inwards; then in giggots cut, the other fit for meate;
And put to fire; which (roſted well) they drew; the labour done,
They ſeru'd the feaſt in; that fed all, to ſatisfaction.
Deſire of meate, and wine, thus quencht, the youths crownd cups of wine
Drunke off, and fild againe to all. That day was held diuine;
And ſpent in Pæans to the Sunne; who heard with pleaſed eare;
When whoſe bright chariot ſtoopt to ſea, and twilight hid the cleare;

The euening.

All, ſoundly on their cables ſlept, euen till the night was worne:
And when the Lady of the light, the roſie fingerd morne

The morning.

Roſe from the hils: all freſh aroſe, and to the campe retir'd.
Apollo with a fore-right wind, their ſwelling barke inſpir'd.
The top-maſt hoiſted; milke-white ſailes, on his round breaſt they put;
The Miſens ſtrooted with the gale; the ſhip her courſe did cut,
So ſwiftly, that the parted waues, againſt her ribs did rore,
Which coming to the campe, they drew, aloft the ſandie ſhore:
Where, laid on ſtocks, each ſouldier kept, his quarter, as before.
But *Pelius* ſonne, ſwift-foote *Achilles*, at his ſwift ſhips ſate,
Burning in wrath, nor euer came, to Councels of eſtate,
That make men honord: neuer trod, the fierce embattaild field,
But kept cloſe, and his lou'd heart pin'd: what fight and cries could yeeld,
Thirſting, at all parts, to the hoaſt. And now ſince firſt he told
His wrongs to *Thetis*: twelue faire mornes, their enſignes did vnfold.
And then the euerliuing Gods, mounted Olympus; *Ioue*

Iupiter and the other Gods from the Æthiops.

Firſt in aſcenſion. *Thetis* then, remembred well to moue
Achilles motion: roſe from ſea, and by the mornes firſt light,
The great heauen, and Olympus climbd; where, in ſupremeſt height

Iupiter.

Of all that many-headed hill, ſhe ſaw the farre-ſeene ſonne
Of *Saturne*, ſet from all the reſt, in his free ſeate alone:
Before whom (on her owne knees ſalne) the knees of *Iupiter*
Her left hand held, her right his chinne; and thus ſhe did prefer
Her ſonnes petition: Father *Ioue*, if euer I haue ſtood

Thetis prayer to Iupiter.

Aidfull to thee in word or worke: with this implored good
Requite my aide: renowne my ſonne, ſince in ſo ſhort a race,
(Paſt others) thou confin'ſt his life: an inſolent diſgrace
Is done him by the king of men: he forc't from him, a priſe
Wonne with his ſword. But thou, *O Ioue*, that art moſt ſtrong, moſt wiſe,
Honour my ſonne, for my ſake; adde, ſtrength to the Troians ſide
By his ſides weakneſſe, in his want: and ſee Troy amplifide
In conqueſt, ſo much, and ſo long, till Greece may giue againe
The glorie reft him; and the more, illuſtrate the free raigne
Of his wrongd honour. *Ioue*, at this, late ſilent; not a word
In long ſpace paſt him: *Thetis* ſtill, hung on his knee; implor'd
The ſecond time, his helpe, and ſaid: Grant, or denie my ſuite,
Be free in what thou doeſt; I know, thou canſt not ſit thus mute,
For feare of any: ſpeake, denie, that ſo I may be ſure
Of all heauens Goddeſſes, tis I, that onely muſt endure.

Diſhonor

Diſhonor by thee. *Iupiter*, the great cloud-gatherer, grieu'd
With thought of what a world of griefes, this ſuite askt, being atchieu'd;
Ioue to Thetis. Sweld, ſigh'd, and anſwerd: Works of death, thou vrgeſt; O at this
Iuno will ſtorme, and all my powers, inflame with contumelies.
Euer the wrangles, charging me, in eare of all the Gods,
That I am partiall ſtill; that I, adde the diſpleaſing oddes
Of my aide to the Ilians. Be gone then, leſt ſhe ſee:
Leaue thy requeſt to my care: yet, that truſt may hearten thee
With thy deſires grant, and my powre, to giue it act, approue
How vaine her ſtrife is: to thy praire, my eminent head ſhall moue,
Which is the great ſigne of my will, with all th'immortall ſtates:
Irreuocable, neuer falſes; neuer without the rates
Of all powers elſe: when my head bowes, all heads bow with it ſtill;
As their firſt mouer; and giues powre, to any worke I will.
He ſaid; and his blacke-ey-brows bent; about his deathleſſe head,
Th'Ambroſian curls flowed; great heauen ſhooke, and both were ſeuered,
Their counſels broken. To the depth, of *Neptunes* kingdome, diu'd,
Thetis; from heauens height: *Ioue* aroſe; and all the Gods receiu'd,
(All riſing from their thrones) their ſire; attending to his court;
None ſate, when he roſe; none delaid, the furniſhing his port,
Till he came neare: all met with him, and brought him to his throne.
Nor ſate great *Iuno* ignorant, when ſhe beheld, alone,
Old *Nereus* ſiluer-footed ſeed, with *Ioue*; that ſhe had brought
Counſels to heauen; and ſtraight her tongue, had teeth in it, that wrought
Iuno to Iupiter. This ſharpe inuectiue: Who was that, (thou craftieſt counſellor
Of all the Gods) that ſo apart, ſome ſecret did implore?
I euer apart from me, thou louſt, to counſell and decree,
Things of more cloſe truſt then thou thinkſt, are fit t'impart to me:
What euer thou determin'ſt, I, muſt euer be denied
Iupiter t. Iuno. The knowledge of it, by thy will. To her ſpeech, thus replied;
The Father, both of men, and Gods: Haue neuer hope to know,
My whole intentions; though my wife: it fits not, nor would ſhow,
Well to thine owne thoughts: but what fits, thy womans care to heare;
Woman, nor man, nor God, ſhall know, before it grace thine care.
Yet, what apart from men and Gods, I pleaſe to know; forbeare
T'examine, or enquire of that. She with the cowes faire eyes
Iunes replie. (Reſpected *Iuno*) this returnd: Auſtere king of the skies,
What haſt thou vttерd? when did I, before this time, enquire,
Or ſift thy counſels? paſſing cloſe, you are ſtill; your deſire,
Is ſeru'd with ſuch care, that I feare, you can ſcarce vouch the deed
That makes it publike; being ſeduc't, by this old ſea-Gods ſeed,
That could ſo early vſe her knees, embracing thine. I doubt,
The late act of thy bowed head, was for the working out,
Of ſome boone ſhe askt; that her ſonne, thy partiall hand would pleaſe
Ioue incenſed. With plaguing others. Wretch (ſaid he) thy ſubtle ielouſies,
Are ſtill exploring: my deſignes, can neuer ſcape thine eye;
Which yet thou neuer canſt preuent. Thy curioſitie
Makes thee leſſe car'd for, at my hands; and horrible the end

Shall

Shall make thy humor. If it be, what thy ſuſpects intend,
What then? tis my free will it ſhould: to which, let way be giuen,
With ſilence; curbe your tongue in time, leſt all the Gods in heauen
Too few be, and too weake to helpe, thy puniſht inſolence,
When my inacceſſible hands, ſhall fall on thee. The ſence
Of this high threatning, made her feare; and ſilent ſhe ſate downe,
Humbling her great heart. All the Gods, in court of *Ioue*, did frowne
At this offence giuen: amongſt whom, heauens famous Artizan,
Ephaiſtus, in his mothers care, this comely ſpeech began: *A name of Vulcan.*
Beleeue it, theſe words will breed wounds, beyond our powres to beare,
If thus for mortals ye fall out. Ye make a tumult here
That ſpoiles our banquet. Euermore, worſt matters put downe beſt.
But mother, though your ſelfe be wiſe, yet let your ſonne requeſt
His wiſdome audience. Giue good termes, to our lou'd father *Ioue*,
For feare he take offence againe; and our kind banquet proue
A wrathfull battell. If he will, the heauenly lightner can
Take you, and toſſe you from your throne; his power Olympian
Is ſo ſurpaſſing. Soften then, with gentle ſpeech his ſplene,
And drinke to him; I know his heart, will quickly downe againe.
This ſaid, ariſing from his throne, in his lou'd mothers hand
He put the double handeld cup, and ſaid: Come, do not ſtand *Vulcan fils and giues the cup to Iuno.*
On theſe croſſe humors: ſuffer, beare, though your great boſome grieue,
And leſt blowes force you: all my aide, not able to relieue
Your hard condition; though theſe eyes, behold it, and this heart
Sorrow to thinke it; tis a taske, too dangerous to take part
Againſt *Olympius*. I my ſelfe, the proofe of this ſtill feele;
When other Gods would faine haue helpt, he tooke me by the heele
And hurld me out of heauen: all day, I was in falling downe, *The fall of Vulcan.*
At length in Lemnos I ſtrooke earth; the likewiſe falling Sunne,
And I, together ſet: my life, almoſt ſet too; yet there
The *Sinty* cheard, and tooke me vp. This did to laughter cheare
White-wriſted *Iuno*; who now tooke, the cup of him and ſmil'd.
The ſweete-peace-making-draught went round; and lame *Ephaiſtus* fild *Vulcan skinker to the Gods.*
Nectar, to all the other Gods. A laughter neuer left,
Shooke all the bleſſed deities, to ſee the lame ſo deft
At that cup ſeruice. All that day, euen till the Sunne went downe,
They banqueted, and had ſuch cheere, as did their wiſhes crowne.
Nor had they muſicke leſſe diuine, *Apollo* there did touch
His moſt ſweete harpe; to which, with voice, the Muſes pleaſd as much. *Apollo touches his harpe at the banquet, and the Muſes ſing to it.*
But when the Suns faire light was ſet, each Godhead to his houſe
A ldreſt for ſleepe, where euerie one, with art moſt curious
(By heauens great both-foote halting God) a ſeuerall roofe had built;
Euen he to ſleepe went, by whoſe hand, heauen is with lightning guilt.
(High *Ioue*) where he had vſd to reſt, when ſweet ſleepe ſeiſd his eyes:
By him the golden-thron'd Queene ſlept: the Queene of deities.

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COMMENTARIVS.

Since I diſſent from all other Tranſlators, and Interpreters, that euer aſſaid expoſition of this miraculous Poeme, *eſpecially where the diuine rapture is moſt exempt from capacitie, in Grammarians meerely, and Grammaticall Criticks, and where the inward ſenſe or ſoule of the ſacred Muſe is onely within eye-ſhot of a Poeticall ſpirits inſpection, (leſt I be preiudiced with opinion, to diſſent of ignorance, or ſingularity) I am bound by this briefe Comment, to ſhew I vnderſtand how all other extants vnderſtand; my reaſons why I reiect them; and how I receiue my Author. In which labour, if where all others find diſcords and diſſonances, I proue him entirely harmonious and proportionate: if where they often alter, and ſtile his originall, I at all parts ſtand faſt, and obſerue it: if where they mixe their moſt pitifull caſtigations with his praiſes, I render him without touch, and beyond admiration: (though truth in her verie nakednesſe ſits in ſo deepe a pit, that from* Gades *to* Aurora, *and* Ganges, *few eyes can ſound her:) I hope yet, thoſe few here, will ſo diſcouer and confirme her, that the date being out of her darkeneſſe in this morning of our* Homer; *he ſhall now gird his Temples with the Sunne, and be confeſt (againſt his good friend)* Nunquam dormitare. *But how all Tranſlators, Cenſors, or Interpretors, haue ſlept, and bene dead to his true vnderſtanding; I hope it will neither caſt ſhadow of arrogance in me to affirme, nor of difficultie in you to beleeue: if you pleaſe to ſuſpend cenſure, & diminution, till your impartiall conference of their paines and mine be admitted. For induction and preparatiue to which patience, and perſwaſion, trouble your ſelues but to know this. This neuer-enough-glorified Poet, (to vary & quicken his eternal* Poem) *hath inſpired his chiefe perſons with different ſpirits, moſt ingenious and inimitable characters; which not vnderſtood, how are their ſpeeches? being one by another, as conueniently, and neceſſarily knowne, as the inſtrument by the ſound. If a Tranſlator or Interpreter of a ridiculous and cowardly deſcribed perſon (being deceiued in his character) ſo violates, and vitiates the originall, to make his ſpeech graue, and him valiant: can the negligence and numbneſſe of ſuch an Interpreter or Tranſlator, be leſſe then the ſleepe, and death, I am bold to ſprinckle vpon him? or could I do leſſe then affirme and enforce this, being ſo happily diſcouered? This therfore (in his due place) approued and explaned, let me hope my other aſſumpts will proue as conſpicuous.*

This firſt and ſecond booke, I haue wholly tranſlated againe; the ſeuenth, eighth, ninth, and tenth bookes, deferring ſtill imperfect, being all Engliſhed ſo long ſince; and my late hand (ouercome with labour) not yet reſted enough to refine them. Nor are the wealthie veines of this holy ground, ſo amply diſcouered in my firſt twelue labours, as my laſt; not hauing competent time, nor my profit in his myſteries being ſo ample, as when driuing through his thirteenth and laſt books, I drew the main depth, and ſaw the round coming of this ſiluer bow of our Phœbus; *the cleare ſcope and cõtexture of his worke; the full and moſt beautifull figures of his perſons. To thoſe laſt twelue then, I muſt referre you, for all the chiefe worth of my cleare diſcouerres. And in the meane ſpace, I intreate your acceptance of ſome few new touches in theſe firſt. Not perplexing you in firſt or laſt, with any thing handled in any other Interpreter, further then I muſt conſcionably make congreſſion with ſuch as haue diminiſht, mangled, and maimed, my moſt worthily moſt tendered Author.*

a Αἰδηλοέλιον: ἀϊδηλος (*being compounded* ex à priuatiua: & εἴδω, video) *ſignifies*, locus tenebricoſus, *or* (*according to* Virgil) ſine luce domus; *and therefore* (*different from others*) *I ſo conuert it.*

b Κυνεσσιν, ὀϊωνοισι τε πασι. (διος &c.) *is the vulgar reading, which I reade:* κυνεσσιν οἰωνοισι τε πασι διος δὲ τελειετο βουλη) *becauſe* πασι *referd to* κυνεσσιν, *&c. is redundant and idle; to the miſeries of the Greekes by* Ioues *counſell, graue, and ſententious.*

c Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα, *&c.* ex quo quidem primùm: Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα, *&c.* ex quo. *Here our common readers would haue* tempore *vnderſtood; becauſe* βουλη *(to which they thinke the Poet muſt otherwiſe haue reference) is the feminine gender. But* Homer *vnderſtands* Ioue; *as in* τεῦ, *verſe* 273. *he expounds himſelfe in theſe words:* —αλλα περὶ Ζευς, *&c. which* Pindarus Thebanus *in his Epitome of theſe Iliads, rightly obſerues, in theſe verſes:*

Conficiebat enim ſummi ſententia Regis,
Ex quo contulerant diſcordi pectore pugnas
Sceptriger *Atrides*, & bello clarus *Achilles*.

d Ἐπευφημησαν Ἀχαιοι, comprobarunt Græci, *all others turne it; but ſince,* Ἐπευφημεω *ſignifies properly,* fauſta acclamatione do ſignificationem approbationis, *I therefore accordingly conuert it, becauſe the other intimates a comprobation of all the Greekes by word; which was not ſo, but onely by inarticulate acclamations, or ſhowtes.*

e Ἀμφιβεβηκας: ἀμφιβαινω, *ſignifies properly* circumambulo, *and onely* metaphoricè, protego, *or* tueor, *as it is alwaies in this place tranſlated; which ſuffers alteration with me. ſince our vſuall phraſe of walking the round in townes of garriſon, for the defence of it, fits ſo well the propertie of the originall.*

f Πρὸ δ' ἧκε Θεὰ λευκωλενος Ἥρη. Præmiſerat enim Dea alba vlnis *Iuno? Why* Iuno *ſhould ſend* Pallas, *is a thing not noted by any: I therefore anſwer; Becauſe* Iuno *is Goddeſſe of ſtate. The allegory therfore in the* Proſopopœia *both of* Iuno *&* Pallas, *is, that* Achilles *for reſpect to the ſtate there preſent, the rather vſed that diſcretion and reſtraint of his anger. So in diuers other places, when ſtate is repreſented,* Iuno *procures it: as in the eighteenth booke, for the ſtate of* Patroclus *his fetching off,* Iuno *commands the Sunne to go downe before his time, &c.*

g Ὣς Φατο δακρυχέων: ſic dixit lachrimans, &c. *Theſe teares are called by our Cõmentors, vnworthie, and fitter for children, or women, then ſuch an Heroe as* Achilles: *and therefore* Plato *is cited in* 3. de Repub. *where he ſaith,* οἷος ὦσα, *&c.* Meritò igitur, clarorum virorum ploratus è medio tolleremus, &c. *To anſwer which, and iuſtifie the fitneſſe of teares generally (as they may be occaſioned) in the greateſt, and moſt renowmed men; (omitting examples of* Virgils Æneas, Alexander *the Great, &c.) I oppoſe againſt* Plato, *onely one preſident of great and moſt perfect humanitie, (to whom infinitely aboue all other, we muſt proſtrate our imitations) that ſhed teares, viz. our All-perfect and Almightie Sauiour, who wept for* Lazarus. *This then, leauing the fitneſſe of great mens teares generally, vtterly vnanſwerable: theſe particular teares of vnuented anger in* Achilles, *are in him moſt naturall: teares being the higheſt effects of greateſt and moſt fierie ſpirits; either when their abilities cannot performe to their wils, or that they are reſtrained of reuenge, being iniured, out of other conſiderations: as now the conſideration of the ſtate, and grauitie of the counſell, and publike good of the armie curbd* Achilles. *Who can denie, that there are teares of manlineſſe, and magnanimitie, as well as womaniſh and puſillanimous? So Diomed, wept for curſt heart, when* Apollo *ſtrooke his ſcourge from him, and hindered his horſe race: hauing bene warned by* Pallas *before not to reſiſt the Deities; and ſo his great ſpirits being curbed of reuenge, for the wrong he receiued then. So when not-enough-vented anger, was not to be expreſt enough by that teare-ſtarting affection in couragious and fierce men, our moſt accom-*

pliſht expreſſor, helpes the illuſtration in a Simile of his feruour, in moſt feruent-ſpirited fowles, reſembling the wrathfull fight of Sarpedon *and* Patroclus *to two Vultures, fighting, and crying on a rocke; which thus I haue afterwards Engliſhed, and here for example inſerted:*

Downe iumpt he from his chariot; downe leapt his foe as light:
And as on ſome far-ſeeing rocke, a caſt of Vultures fight,
Flie on each other, ſtrike, and truſſe; part, meete, and then ſticke by;
Tugge both with crooked beakes, and ſeres; crie, fight, and fight, and cry.
So fiercely fought theſe angrie kings, &c.

Wherein you ſee, that crying in theſe eagerlie fought fowles (which is like teares in angrie men) is ſo farre from ſoftneſſe or faintneſſe, that to the ſuperlatiue of hardineſſe and courage, it expreſſeth both. Nor muſt we be ſo groſſe to imagine, that Homer *made* Achilles, *or* Diomed *blubber, or ſob, &c. but in the verie point and ſting of their vnuented anger, ſhed a few violent and ſeething-ouer teares. What Aſſe-like impudence is it then, for any meerely vaineglorious, and ſelfe-louing puffe, that euerie where may reade theſe inimitable touches of our* Homers *maiſterie, any where to oppoſe his arrogant and ignorant caſtigations? when he ſhould rather (with his much better vnderſtander* Spondanus) *ſubmit where he ouerſees him faulty: and ſay thus:* Quia tu tamen hoc voluiſti, ſacroſanctæ tuæ authoritati, per me nihil detrahetur.

The end of the firſt Booke.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

IOue *calls a viſion vp, from* Somnus *den;*
To bid Atrides, *muſter vp his men.*
The king (to Greekes diſſembling his deſire)
Perſwades them to their countrie to retire.
By Pallas *will,* Vlyſſes *ſtayes their flight;*
And wiſe old Neſtor, *heartens them to fight.*
They take their meate: which done, to armes they goe:
And march in good array, againſt the foe.
So thoſe of Troy, when Iris, *from the skie,*
Of Saturns *ſonne, performs the Ambaſſie.*

Another Argument.

Beta, *the dreame and Synod cites,*
And catalogues the nauall knights.

Iupiter careſull in performing his vow to Thetis.

THe other Gods, and knights at armes, all night ſlept: onely *Ioue*, Sweet ſlumber ſeiſd not; he diſcourſt, how beſt he might approue His vow made for *Achilles* grace, and make the Grecians find His miſſe, in much death. Al waies caſt; this coũſel ſeru'd his mind With moſt allowance: to diſpatch, a harmefull dreame to greet The king of men; and gaue this charge: Go, to the Achiue fleet, (Pernicious dreame) and being arriu'd, in *Agamemnons* tent, Deliuer truly all this charge; command him to conuent His whole hoaſt arm'd, before theſe towres; for now Troys broad-waid towne He ſhall take in: the heauen-houſd Gods, are now indifferent growne, *Iunos* requeſt hath wonne them: Troy, now vnder imminent ils, At all parts labours. This charge heard, the viſion ſtraight fulfils; The ſhips reacht, and *Atrides* tent, in which he found him laid; Diuine ſleepe powrd about his powres. He ſtood aboue his head Like *Neſtor* (grac't, of old men, moſt) and this did intimate:

Iupiter cals vp a viſion.

Sleepes the wiſe *Atreus*-tame-horſe ſonne? a counſellour of State,
Muſt not, the whole night, ſpend in ſleepe; to whom the people are,
For guard committed; and whoſe life, ſtands bound to ſo much care.
Now heare me then, (*Ioues* meſſenger,) who, though farre off from thee,
Is neare thee yet; in ruth, and care: and giues command by me,
To arme thy whole hoaſt. Thy ſtrong hand, the broad-waid towne of Troy,
Shall now take in: no more the Gods, diſſentiouſly imploy
Their high-houſd powers: *Iunos* ſuite, hath wonne them all to her;
And ill fates ouer-hang theſe towres, addreſt by *Iupiter*.

The viſion to Agamemnon.

Fixe in thy mind this; nor forget, to giue it action, when
Sweet ſleepe ſhall leaue thee. Thus he fled, and left the king of men
Agamemnon diſcourſeth of his viſion. Repeating, in diſcourſe, his dreame; and dreaming ſtill, awake,
Of powre, not readie yet for act. O foole, he thought to take
In that next day, old *Priams* towne; not knowing what affaires
Ioue had in purpoſe; who prepar'd, (by ſtrong fight) ſighes and cares
For Greekes, and Troians. The dreame gone, his voice ſtill murmured
About the kings eares: who ſate vp, put on him, in his bed,
His ſilken inner weed; faire, new, and then in haſt aroſe;
Caſt on his ample mantle, tied, to his ſoft feet faire ſhoes;
His ſiluer-hilted ſword he hung, about his ſhoulders, tooke
His fathers ſcepter, neuer ſtaind: which then abroad he ſhooke,
The morning. And went to ſleete. And now great heauen, Goddeſſe *Aurora*, ſcall'd
To *Ioue*, and all Gods, bringing light. When *Agamemnon* call'd
His heralds, charging them aloud, to call to inſtant Court
The thicke-haird Greekes. The heralds call'd, the Greekes made quicke reſort:
The Councell chiefly he compoſd, of old great minded men,
At *Neſtors* ſhips, the Pylian king: all there aſſembled then,
Agamemnon. Thus *Atreus* ſonne begunne the Court: Heare friends, a dreame diuine,
Amids the calme night in my ſleepe, did through my ſhut eyes ſhine,
Within my fantaſie: his forme, did paſſing naturally
Reſemble *Neſtor*: ſuch attire, a ſtature iuſt as hie.
He ſtood aboue my head; and words, thus faſhiond, did relate.
Agamemnon tells his viſion. Sleepes the wiſe *Atreus*-tame-horſe ſonne? A counſellor of ſtate
Muſt not, the whole night ſpend in ſleepe; to whom the people are
For guard committed; and whoſe life, ſtands bound to ſo much care.
Now heare me then, (*Ioues* meſſenger,) who, though farre off from thee,
Is neare thee yet, in loue, and care: and giues command by me,
To arme thy whole hoaſt. Thy ſtrong hand, the broad-waid towne of Troy,
Shall now take in: no more the Gods, diſſentiouſly imploy
Their high-houſd powres: *Saturnius* ſuite, hath wonne them all to hers;
And ill fates ouer-hang theſe towres, addreſt by *Iupiter*.
Fixe in thy mind this. This expreſt, he tooke wing and away;
And ſweet ſleepe left me: let vs then, by all our meanes aſſay,
To arme our armie; I will firſt, (as farre as fits our right)
Trie their addictions, and command, with full-ſail'd ſhips our flight:
Which if they yeeld to, oppoſe you. He ſate; and vp aroſe
Neſtor, of ſandy Pylos, king: who, (willing to diſpoſe
Their counſell to the publicke good) propoſd this to the State:
Neſtor to the Greekes. Princes, and Counſellors of Greece? If any ſhould relate
This viſion, but the king himſelfe; it might be held a tale,
And moue the rather our retraite: but ſince our Generall
Affirmes he ſaw it, hold it true; and all our beſt meanes make
To arme our armie. This ſpeech vſde, he firſt the Councell brake;
The other ſcepter-bearing States, aroſe to, and obeyd
The peoples Rector. Being abroad, the earth was ouerlaid
With flockers to them, that came forth: as when, of frequent Bees
Simile. Swarmes riſe out of a hollow rocke, repairing the degrees

Of their egreſſion endleſſly; with euer riſing new,
From forth their ſweet neſt: as their ſtore, ſtill as it faded, grew,
And neuer would ceaſſe ſending forth, her cluſters to the ſpring
They ſtill crowd out ſo; this flocke here; that there, belabouring
The loaded flowres. So from the ſhips, and tents, the armies ſtore,
Troopt to theſe Princes, and the Court; along th'vnmeaſur'd ſhore:
Amongſt whom, *Ioues* Ambaſſadreſſe, (*Fame*) in her vertue ſhin'd, *Fame, Ioues ambaſſadreſſe.*
Exciting greedineſſe to heare. The rabble thus inclin'd,
Hurried together; vprore feiſd, the high Court; earth did grone
Beneath the ſetling multitude; tumult was there alone.
Turſe three voiciferous heralds roſe, to checke the rout, and get
Eare to their *Ioue*-kept Gouernors; and inſtantly was ſet
That huge confuſion; euery man, ſet faſt, and clamor ceaſt:
Then ſtood diuine *Atrides* vp, and in his hand compreſt
His ſcepter, th'elaborate worke, of fierie *Mulciber*: *The ſcepter of Agamemnon.*
Who gaue it to *Saturnian Ioue*; *Ioue* to his meſſengers;
His meſſenger (*Argicides*,) to *Pelops*, skild in horſe;
Pelops, to *Atreus* chiefe of men; he dying, gaue it courſe
To Prince *Thyeſtes*, rich in heards; *Thyeſtes* to the hand
Of *Agamemnon* renderd it, and with it, the command
Of many Iles, and Argos, all. On this he leaning, ſaid:
O friends, great ſonnes of *Danaus*, ſeruants of *Mars*; *Ioue* laid *Agamemnon to the Greekes.*
A heauie curſe on me, to vow, and binde it with the bent
Of his high forehead; that (this Troy, of all her people ſpent)
I ſhould returne; yet now to mocke, our hopes, built on his vow:
And charge ingloriouſly my flight; when ſuch an ouerthrow
Of braue friends, I haue authored. But to his mightieſt will
We muſt ſubmit vs; that hath raz't, and will be razing ſtill,
Mens footſteps, from ſo many townes; becauſe his power is moſt,
He will deſtroy moſt. But how vile, ſuch, and ſo great an hoaſt,
Will ſhew to future times? that matcht, with leſſer numbers farre,
We flie, not putting on the crowne, of our ſo long-held warre?
Of which, there yet appeares no end. Yet ſhould our foes and we
Strike truce, and number both our powers; Troy taking all that be
Her arm'd inhabitants; and we, in tens ſhould all ſit downe
At our truce banquet: euerie ten, allow'd one of the towne
To fill his feaſt-cup; many tens, would their attendant want:
So much I muſt affirme, our power, exceeds th'inhabitant.
But their auxiliarie bands; thoſe brandiſhers of ſpeares,
(From many cities drawne) are they, that are our hinderers;
Not ſuffering well-raiſd Troy to fall. Nine yeares are ended now,
Since *Ioue* our conqueſt vow'd, and now, our veſſels rotten grow,
Our tackling failes, our wiues, yong ſonnes, ſit in their doores, and long
For our arriuall: yet the worke, that ſhould haue wreakt our wrong,
And made vs welcome, lies vnwrought: Come then, as I bid, all
Obey, and flie to our lou'd home; for now, nor euer ſhall
Our vtmoſt, take in broad-waid Troy. This ſaid, the multitude
Was all for home, and all men elſe, that what this would conclude

Had not diſcouerd. All the crowd, was ſhou'd about the ſhore;
Simile. In ſway, like rude, and raging waues, rowſd with the feruent blore (borne
Of th'Eaſt, and South winds; when they breake, from *Ioues* clouds, and are
On rough backs of th'Icarian ſeas: or like a field of corne
High growne, that *Zephyrs* vehement guſts, bring eaſily vnderneath,
And make the ſtiffe-vp-briſtl'd eares, do homage to his breath:
For euen ſo eaſily, with the breath, *Atrides* vſde, was ſwaid
The violent multitude. To fleet, with ſhowts, and diſaraid,
All ruſht; and with a fogge of duſt, their rude feete, dimd the day;
Each cried to other, cleanſe our ſhips; come, lanch, aboord, away.
The clamor of the runners home, reacht heauen; and then paſt fate,
The Greekes had left Troy, had not then, the Goddeſſe of eſtate,
Iuno to Pallas. Thus ſpoke to *Pallas*: O foule ſhame, thou vntam'd ſeed of *Ioue*,
Shall thus the ſeas broad backe be charg'd, with theſe our friends remoue?
Thus leauing Argiue *Hellen* here? thus *Priam* grac't? thus Troy?
In whoſe fields, farre from their lou'd owne, (for *Hellens* ſake) the ioy,
And life of ſo much Grecian birth, is vaniſht? take thy way
Tour braſſe-arm'd people; ſpeake them faire, let not a man obey
The charge now giuen, nor lanch one ſhip. She ſaid, and *Pallas* did
As ſhe commanded: from the tops, of heauens ſteepe hill ſhe ſlid;
And ſtraight, the Greekes ſwift ſhips, ſhe reacht: *Vlyſſes*, (like to *Ioue*
In gifts of counſell) ſhe found out; who, to that baſe remoue,
Stird not a foote, nor toucht a ſhip; but grieu'd at heart to ſee
That fault in others. To him cloſe, the blue-eyd deitie
Made way, and ſaid: Thou wiſeſt Greeke, diuine *Laertes* ſonne,
Thus flie ye homewards, to your ſhips, ſhall all thus headlong runne?
Glorie to *Priam*, thus ye leaue; glorie to all his friends,
If thus ye leaue her here; for whom, ſo many violent ends
Haue cloſd your Greeke eyes? and ſo farre, from their ſo loued homes
Go to theſe people, vſe no ſtay; with faire termes ouercome
Their foule endeuour: not a man, a flying ſaile let hoice.
Thus ſpake ſhe, and *Vlyſſes* knew, twas *Pallas* by her voice:
Ranne to the runners; caſt from him, his mantle, which his man
And Herald, graue *Eurybates*, the Ithacenſian
That followd him, tooke vp. Himſelfe, to *Agamemnon* went;
His incorrupted ſcepter tooke; his ſcepter of deſcent;
And with it, went about the fleete. What Prince, or man of name,
He found flight-giuen; he would reſtraine, with words of gentleſt blame;
Vlyſſes temper in reſtraining the flight. Good ſir, it fits not you to flie, or fare as one aftaid;
You ſhould not onely ſtay your ſelfe, but ſee the people ſtaid.
You know not clearely (though you heard, the kings words) yet his mind,
He onely tries mens ſpirits now; and whom his trials find
Apt to this courſe, he will chaſtiſe. Nor you, nor I, heard all
He ſpake in councell: nor durſt preaſſe, too neare our Generall,
Leſt we incenſt him to our hurt. The anger of a king
Is mightie; he is kept of *Ioue*, and from *Ioue* likewiſe ſpring
His honors; which, out of the loue, of wiſe *Ioue*, he enioyes.
Thus, he the beſt ſort vſd; the worſt, whoſe ſpirits brake out in noiſe,

He

He cudgeld with his ſcepter, chid, and ſaid: Stay wretch, be ſtill,
And heare thy betters; thou art baſe, and both in powre and skill
Poore and vnworthie; without name, in counſell, or in warre.
We muſt not all be kings: the rule, is moſt irregulare,
Where many rule; one Lord, one king, propoſe to thee; and he
To whom wiſe *Saturns* ſonne hath giuen, both law, and Emperie,
To rule the publicke, is that king. Thus, ruling, he reſtrain'd
The hoaſt from flight: and then, againe, the Councell was maintain'd
With ſuch a concourſe, that the ſhore, rung with the tumult made;
As when the farre-reſounding ſea, doth in his rage inuade
His ſandie confines; whoſe ſides grone, with his inuolued waue,
And make his owne breaſt eccho ſighes. All ſate, and audience gaue;
Therſites onely would ſpeake all. A moſt diſorderd ſtore
Of words, he fooliſhly powrd out; of which his mind held more
Then it could manage; any thing, with which he could procure
Laughter, he neuer could containe. He ſhould haue yet bene ſure
To touch no kings. T'oppoſe their ſtates, becomes not ieſters parts.
But he, the filthieſt fellow was, of all that had deſerts *Therſites deſcription.*
In Troyes braue ſiege: he was ſquint-eyd, and lame of either foote:
So crooke-backt, that he had no breaſt: ſharpe headed, where did ſhoote
(Here and there ſperſt) thin moſſie haire. He moſt of all enuide
Vlyſſes and *Æacides*, whom ſtill his ſplene would chide; *Achilles.*
Nor could the ſacred king himſelfe, auoid his ſaucie vaine,
Againſt whom, ſince he knew the Greekes, did vehement hates ſuſtaine
(Being angrie for *Achilles* wrong) he cride out; railing thus:
Atrides? why complainſt thou now? what wouldſt thou more of vs? *Therſites to Agamemnon.*
Thy tents are full of braſſe, and dames; the choice of all are thine:
With whom, we muſt preſent thee firſt, when any townes reſigne
To our inuaſion. Wantſt thou then (beſides all this) more gold
From Troyes knights, to redeeme their ſonnes? whom, to be dearely ſold,
I, or ſome other Greeke, muſt take? or wouldſt thou yet againe,
Force from ſome other Lord, his priſe; to ſooth the luſts that raigne
In thy encroching appetite? it fits no Prince to be
A Prince of ill, and gouerne vs; or leade our progenie
By rape to ruine. O baſe Greekes, deſeruing infamie,
And ils eternall: Greekiſh girls, not Greekes ye are: Come, flie
Home with our ſhips; leaue this man here, to periſh with his preys;
And trie if we helpt him, or not: he wrong'd a man that weys
Farre more then he himſelfe in worth: he forc't from *Thetis* ſonne,
And keepes his priſe ſtill: nor think I, that mightie man hath wonne
The ſtile of wrathfull worthily; he's ſoft, he's too remiſſe,
Or elſe *Atrides*, his had bene, thy laſt of iniuries.
Thus he the peoples Paſtor chid; but ſtraight ſtood vp to him
Diuine *Vlyſſes*; who with lookes, exceeding graue, and grim, *Vlyſſes to Therſites.*
This bitter checke gaue: Ceaſſe, vaine foole, to vent thy railing vaine
On kings thus, though it ſerue thee well: nor thinke thou canſt reſtraine,
With that thy railing facultie, their wils in leaſt degree,
For not a worſe, of all this hoaſt, came with our king then thee,

To

To Troys great ſiege: then do not take, into that mouth of thine,
The names of kings; much leſſe reuile, the dignities that ſhine
In their ſupreme ſtates; wreſting thus, this motion for our home
To ſooth thy cowardiſe; ſince our ſelues, yet know not what will come
Of theſe deſignments: if it be, our good, to ſtay, or go:
Nor is it that thou ſtandſt on; thou, reuil'ſt our Generall ſo,
Onely, becauſe he hath ſo much, not giuen by ſuch as thou,
But our Heroes. Therefore this, thy rude veine, makes me vow,
(Which ſhall be curiouſly obſeru'd) if euer I ſhall heare
This madneſſe from thy mouth againe, let not *Vlyſſes* beare
This head, nor be the father cald, of yong *Telemachus*;
If to thy nakednеſſe, I take, and ſtrip thee not, and thus
Whip thee to fleete from Councell; ſend, with ſharpe ſtripes, weeping hence,
This glory thou affect'ſt to raile. This ſaid, his inſolence
He ſetl'd with his ſcepter; ſtrooke, his backe and ſhoulders ſo,
That bloody wales roſe; he ſhrunke round; and from his eyes did flow
Moiſt teares, and looking filthily, he ſate, feard, ſmarted; dried
His blubberd cheekes; and all the preaſſe, (though grieu'd to be denied,
Their wiſht retrait for home) yet laught, delight ſomely, and ſpake
Either to other: O ye Gods, how infinitely take
Vlyſſes vertues in our good? author of Counſels, great
In ordering armies: how moſt well, this act became his heate
To beate from Councell this rude foole? I thinke his ſawcie ſpirit
Hereafter will not let his tongue, abuſe the ſoueraigne merit,
Exempt from ſuch baſe tongues as his. Thus ſpake the people: then
The citie-razer, *Ithacus*, ſtood vp to ſpeake againe,
Holding his Scepter. Cloſe to him, gray-eyd *Minerua* ſtood;
And like a herald, ſilence cauſd, that all the Achiue brood
(From firſt to laſt) might heare and know, the counſell: when (inclind
To all their good) *Vlyſſes* ſaid: *Atrides*, now behind,
Vlyſſes to Agamemnon and the people.
Theſe men would render thee the ſhame, of all men; nor would pay,
Their owne vowes to thee, when they tooke, their free and honord way,
From Argos hither; that till Troy, were by their braue hands rac't,
They would not turne home; yet like babes, and widowes, now they haſt
To that baſe refuge. Tis a ſpite, to ſee men melted ſo
In womaniſh changes. Though tis true, that if a man do go
Onely a moneth to ſea, and leaue, his wife farre off, and he
Tortur'd with winters ſtormes, and toſt, with a tumultuous ſea,
Growes heauy, and would home; vs then, to whom the thrice three yeare
Hath fild his reuoluble orbe, ſince our arriuall here,
I blame not, to wiſh home, much more: yet all this time to ſtay
(Out of our iudgements) for our end; and now to take our way
Without it, were abſurd and vile. Suſtaine then friends, abide,
The time ſet to our obiect: trie, if *Calchas* prophecied
True of the time or not. We know, ye all can witneſſe well
(Whom theſe late death-conferring-fates, haue faild to ſend to hell)
That when in Aulis, all our fleet, aſſembl'd with a freight
Of ils to Ilion, and her friends: beneath the faire growne height

A Platane bore, about a fount, whence chriſtall water flow'd,
And neare our holy altar, we, vpon the Gods beſtow'd
Accompliſht Hecatombs; and there, appear'd a huge portent,
A Dragon with a bloody skale, horride to ſight, and ſent
To light by great *Olympius*; which crawling from beneath
The Altar, to the Platane climbd; and ruthleſſe craſht to death
A Sparrowes yong, in number eight, that in a top-bow lay
Hid vnder leaues: the dam the ninth, that houerd euery way,
Mourning her lou'd birth; till at length, the Serpent watching her,
Her wing caught, and deuourd her too. This dragon, *Iupiter*
(That brought him forth) turnd to a ſtone; and [b] made a powrefull meane
To ſtirre our zeales vp, that admir'd, when of a fact ſo cleane
Of all ill as our ſacrifice, ſo fearefull an oſtent
Should be the iſſue. *Calchas* then, thus prophecied the euent;
Why are ye dumbe ſtrooke, faire-haird Greekes? wiſe *Ioue* is he hath ſhowne
This ſtrange oſtent to vs. Twas late, and paſſing lately done,
But that grace it foregoes to vs, for ſuffering all the ſtate
Of his apparence, (being ſo ſlow) nor time ſhall end, nor fate.
As theſe eight Sparrowes, and the dam, (that made the ninth) were eate
By this ſterne Serpent; ſo nine yeares, we are t'endure the heate
Of rauenous warre, and in the tenth, take in this broad-waid towne.
Thus he interpreted this ſigne; and all things haue their crowne
As he interpreted, till now. The reſt then, to ſucceed,
Beleeue as certaine: ſtay we all, till that moſt glorious deed
Of taking this rich towne, our hands, are honord with. This ſaid,
The Greekes gaue an vnmeaſur'd ſhout; which backe the ſhips repaid
With terrible ecchoes, in applauſe, of that perſwaſion
Diuine *Vlyſſes* vſd; which yet, held no compariſon
With *Neſtors* next ſpeech, which was this: O ſhamefull thing! ye talke
Neſtor to the Greeks.
Like children all, that know not warre. In what aires region walke
Our oathes, and couenants? Now I ſee, the fit reſpects of men
Are vaniſht quite; our right hands giuen, our faiths, our counſels vaine;
Our ſacrifice with wine; all fled, in that prophaned flame
We made to bind all: for thus ſtill, we vaine perſwaſions frame,
And ſtriue to worke our end with words; not ioyning ſtratagemes
And hands together; though thus long, the powre of our extremes
Hath vrg'd vs to them. *Atreus* ſonne? firme as at firſt howre ſtand:
Make good thy purpoſe; talke no more, in counſels, but command
In actiue field. Let two or three, that by themſelues aduiſe,
Faint in their crowning; they are ſuch, as are not truly wiſe.
They will for Argos, ere they know, if that which *Ioue* hath ſaid
Be falſe or true. I tell them all, that high *Ioue* bowd his head
As firſt we went aboord our fleet, for ſigne we ſhould confect
Theſe Troians, their due fate and death; almightie *Iupiter*,
All that day darting forth his flames, in an vnmeaſur'd light,
On our right hands; let therefore none, once dreame of coward flight,
Till (for his owne) ſome wife of Troy, he ſleepes withall; the rape
Of *Hellen* wreaking; and our ſighes, enforc't for her eſcape.

If any yet dare dote on home, let his diſhonor'd haſt
His blacke, and well-built barke but touch, that (as he firſt diſgrac't
His countries ſpirit) fate, and death, may firſt his ſpirit let go.
But be thou wiſe (king) do not truſt, thy ſelfe, but others. Know
I will not vſe an abiect word: ſee all thy men arraid
In tribes and nations; that tribes, tribes; nations may nations aid:
Which doing, thou ſhalt know, what chiefs, what ſouldiers play the men;
And what the cowards: for they all, will fight in ſeuerall then,
(Eaſie for note.) And then ſhalt thou, if thou deſtroiſt not Troy,
Know if the prophecies defect, or men thou doſt employ
In their approu'd arts, want in warre: or lacke of that braue heate
Fit for the ventrous ſpirits of Greece, was cauſe to thy defeate.

Agamemnon to Neſtor.

To this the king of men replied; O father, all the ſonnes
Of Greece thou conquerſt, in the ſtrife, of conſultations.
I would to *Ioue*, *Athenia*, and *Phœbus*, I could make
(Of all) but ten ſuch Counſellers; then inſtantly would ſhake
Kings *Priams* citie; by our hands, laid hold on, and laid waſt.
But *Ioue* hath orderd I ſhould grieue, and to that end hath caſt
My life into debates, paſt end. My ſelfe, and *Thetis* ſonne,
(Like girles) in words fought for a girle, and I th'offence begunne:
But if we euer talke as friends, Troys thus deferred fall
Shall neuer vexe vs more one houre. Come then, to victles all,
That ſtrong *Mars*, all may bring to field; each man his lances ſteele
See ſharpned well; his ſhield well lin'd, his horſes meated well,
His chariot carefully made ſtrong; that theſe affaires of death,
We all day may hold fiercely out: no man muſt reſt, or breath.
The boſomes of our targatiers, muſt all be ſteept in ſweate.
The lanciers arme, muſt fall diſſolu'd; our charriot horſe with heate
Muſt ſeeme to melt. But if I find, one ſouldier take the chaſe,
Or ſtirre from fight, or fight not ſtill, fixt in his enemies face;
Or hid a ſhipboord: all the world, for force, nor price, ſhall ſaue
His hated life; but fowles, and dogs, be his abhorred graue.

Similie.

He ſaid, and ſuch a murmure roſe, as on a loftie ſhore
The waues make, when the Southwind comes, and tumbles them before
Againſt a rocke, growne neare the ſtrand, which diuerſly beſet
Is neuer free; but here and there, with varied vprores beat.
All roſe then, ruſhing to the fleete, perfum'd their tents, and eate:
Each offring to th'immortall Gods, and praying to ſcape th'heate
Of warre and death. The king of men, an Oxe of fiue yeares ſpring
T'almightie *Ioue* ſlue: call'd the Peeres, firſt *Neſtor*, then the king
Idomenæus: after them, th'*Aiaces*, and the ſonne

Diomed.

Of *Tydeus*; *Ithacus* the ſixth, in counſell Paragon
To *Ioue* himſelfe. All theſe he bad, but [c]at-a-martiall-crie.
Good *Menelaus*, ſince he ſaw, his brother buſily
Employd at that time, would not ſtand, on inuitation,
[d] But of himſelfe came. All about, the offring ouerthrowne
Stood round, tooke ſalt-cakes, and the king, himſelfe thus praid for all:
O *Ioue*, moſt great, moſt glorious, that in that ſtarrie hall,

Sitſt

Sit'ſt drawing darke clouds vp to aire: let not the Sunne go downe,
Darkneſſe ſupplying it; till my hands, the Pallace, and the towne
Of *Priam* ouerthrow, and burne; the armes on *Hectors* breſt
Diuiding; ſpoiling with my ſword, thouſands (in intereſt
Of his bad quarrell) laid by him, in duſt, and eating earth.
He pray'd, *Ioue* heard him not, but made, more plentifull the birth
Of his ſad toiles; yet tooke his gifts. Prayres paſt, cakes on they threw:
The Oxe then (to the altar drawne,) they kill'd, and from him drew
His hide: then cut him vp; his thighes (in two hewne) dubd with fat,
Prickt on the ſweet-breads; and with wood, leaueleſſe, and kindl'd at
Appoſed fire, they burne the thighes; which done, the inwards ſlit,
They broild on coales, and eate. The reſt, in giggots cut, they ſpit,
Roaſt cunningly, draw, ſit, and feaſt: nought lackt to leaue alaid
Each temperate appetite; which ſeru'd, *Neſtor* began and ſaid:

Neſtor to Agamemnon.

Atrides, moſt grac't king of men, now no more words allow,
Nor more deferre the deed *Ioue* vowes. Let heralds ſummon now
The braſen-coted Greekes; and vs, range euerie where the hoſt,
To ſtirre a ſtrong warre quickly vp. This ſpeech no ſillable loſt;
The high-voic't heralds, inſtantly, he charg'd to call to armes
The curld-head Greeks; they call'd; the Greeks, ſtraight anſwerd their alarmes.
The *Ioue*-kept kings, about the king, all gatherd, with their aide
Rang'd all in tribes and nations. With them the gray-eyd maide
Great *Ægis* (*Ioues* bright ſhield) ſuſtain'd, that can be neuer old;
Neuer corrupted, fring'd about, with ſerpents forg'd of gold,
As many as ſuffiſde to make, an hundred fringes, worth
A hunderd oxen, euerie ſnake, all ſprawling, all ſet forth
With wondrous ſpirit. Through the hoſt, with this the Goddeſſe ranne
In furie, caſting round her eyes; and furniſht euerie man
With ſtrength; exciting all to armes, and fight inceſſant. None
Now lik't their lou'd homes like the warres. And as a fire vpon
A huge wood, on the heights of hils, that farre off hurles his light:
So the diuine braſſe ſhin'd on theſe, thus thruſting on for fight;
Their ſplendor through the aire reacht heauen: and as about the flood
Caiſter, in an Aſian meade, flockes of the airie brood,
(Cranes, Geeſe, or long-neckt Swans) here, there, proud of their pinions flie,
And in their fals lay out ſuch throats, that with their ſpiritfull crie
The meddow ſhrikes againe: ſo here, theſe many nation'd men,
Flow'd ouer the Scamandrian field; from tents, and ſhips; the din
Was dreadfull, that the feete of men, and horſe, beate out of earth.
And in the floriſhing meade they ſtood, thicke as the odorous birth
Of flowres, or leaues bred in the ſpring; or thicke as ſwarmes of flies
Throng then to ſhip-coates; when each ſwarme, his erring wing applies
To milke deawd on the milke maids pailes: all eagerly diſpoſd,
To giue to ruine th'Ilians. And as in rude heapes cloſd
Though huge Goate-heards are at their food, the Goate-heards eaſly yet,
Sort into ſundry heards; ſo here, the Chiefes in battell ſet,
Here tribes, here nations, ordring all. Amongſt whom ſhin'd the king,
With eyes, like lightning-louing *Ioue*; his forehead anſwering,

In breaſt like *Neptune*, *Mars* in waſte: and as a goodly Bull
Moſt eminent of all a heard, moſt ſtrong, moſt maſterfull;
So *Agamemnon*, *Ioue* that day, made ouerheighten clere,
That heauen-bright armie; and preferd, to all th'Heroes there.

Inuocation.

Now tell me *Muſes*, you that dwell, in heauenly roofes (for you
Are Goddeſſes; are preſent here, are wiſe, and all things know;
We onely truſt the voyce of fame, know nothing:) who they were
That here were captains of the Greekes? Commanding Princes here,
The multitude exceed my ſong; though fitted to my choice
Ten tongues were, hardned pallats ten, a breaſt of braſſe, a voyce
Infract, and trumplike: that great worke, vnleſſe the ſeed of *Ioue*
(The deathleſſe *Muſes*) vndertake, maintaines a pitch aboue
All mortall powers. The Princes then, and nauie that did bring
Thoſe ſo inenarrable troopes; and all their ſoyles, I ſing.

The Catalogue of the Grecian *ſhips and Captaines.*

The Bœotian captaines.

PEneleus, and *Leitus*, all that Bœotia bred,
Arceſilaus, *Clonius*, and *Prothoenor*, led;
Th'inhabitants of *Hyria*, and ſtonie *Aulida*;
Schœne, *Schole*, the hilly *Eteon*, and holy *Theſpia*;
Of *Graa*, and great *Mycaleſſe*, that hath the ample plaine;

The places in Bœotia.

Of *Harma*, and Ileſius, and all that did remaine,
In *Erith*, and in *Eleon*; in *Hylen*, *Peteona*,
In faire *Ocalea*, and the towne, well builded, *Medeona*;
Copas, *Eutreſis*, *Thiſbe* that, for Pigeons doth ſurpaſſe;
Of *Coroneia*, *Harlurt*; that hath ſuch ſtore of graſſe.
All thoſe that in *Plateа* dwelt, that *Gliſſa* did poſſeſſe;
And *Hypothebs*, whoſe wel-built wals, are rare and fellowleſſe;
In rich *Oncheſtus* famous wood, to watrie *Neptune* vow'd;
And *Arne*, where the vine-trees are, with vigorous bunches bow'd:
With them that dwelt in *Mydea*, and *Niſſa* moſt diuine.
All thoſe whom vtmoſt *Anthedon*, did wealthily confine.

The nauie of the Bœotians fifteе.

From all theſe coaſts in generall, full fiftie ſaile were ſent,
And ſixſcore ſtrong, *Bœotian* youths, in euerie burthen went.
But thoſe who in *Aſpledon* dwelt, and *Mynian Orchomen*;

Aſcalaphus and Ialmenus, ſonnes of Mars.

God *Mars* his ſonnes did leade (*Aſcalaphus*, and *Ialmen*.)
Who in *Azidon Aſtors* houſe, did of *Aſtioche* come;
The baſhfull Maide, as ſhe went vp, into the higher roome,
The warre-god ſecretly compreſt: in ſafe conduct of theſe,

Their nauie 30.

Did thirtie hollow-bottom'd barkes, diuide the wauie ſeas.

The Phocenſian captains Schedius and Epiſtrophus.

Braue *Schedius* and *Epiſtrophus*, the Phocean captaines were,
Naubolida, *Iphitus* ſonnes, all-proofe gainſt any feare;
With them the Cyparifians went, and bold Pythonians,
Men of religious *Chryſa* ſoyle, and fat *Daulidians*:
Panopæans, *Anemores*, and fierce *Hyampolyſts*:
And thoſe that dwell where *Cephiſus*, caſts vp his ſilken miſts.

The men that faire *Lylea* held, neare the *Cephiſian* ſpring,
All which did fortie ſable barkes, to that deſignement bring.

Their fleet 40.

About th'entoyld *Phocenſian* fleete, had theſe their ſaile aſſignde:
And neare to the ſiniſter wing, the arm'd Bœotians ſhinde.
Aiax the leſſe, *Oileus* ſonne, the Locrians led to warre,

Aiax Oielus, captaines of the Locrians.

Not like to *Aiax Telamon*, but leſſer man by farre.
Little he was, and euer wore, a breaſtplate made of linne;
But for the manage of his lance, he generall praiſe did winne.
The dwellers of *Caliarus*, of *Beſſa*, *Opoen*;

The towns of the Locrians.

The youths of *Cynus*, *Scarphia*, and, *Augias*, louely men;
Of *Tarphia*, and of *Thronius*, neare flood *Boagrius* tall;
Twiſe twentie martiall barkes of theſe, leſſe *Aiax* ſaild withall.

Their nauie 40.

Who neare *Eubœas* bleſſed ſoile, their habitations had,
Strength-breathing *Abants*, who their ſeats, in ſweet *Eubœa* made:

Eubœans and their townes.

The *Aſtiæans* rich in grapes, the men of *Chalcida*;
The *Cerinths*, bordring on the ſea, of rich *Eretria*;
Of *Dyons* highly-ſeated towne; *Chariſtus*, and of *Styre*;
All theſe the Duke *Alphenor* led, a flame of *Mars* his fire;

Alphenor their Commander.

Surnam'd *Chalcodontiades*, the mightie *Abants* guide;
Swift men of foot, whoſe broad-ſet backes, their trailing haire did hide,
Well ſeene in fight, and ſoone could pierce, with farre extended darts
The breaſt plates of their enemies, and reach their deareſt hearts.
Fortie blacke men of warre did ſaile, in this *Alphenors* charge.

Their fleet 40.

The ſouldiers that in *Athens* dwelt, a citie builded large,

The Athenians.

The people of *Eriſthius*, whom *Ioue*-ſprung *Pallas* fed:
And plentious-feeding *Tellus* brought, out of her flowrie bed:
Him, *Pallas* plac't in her rich Fane, and euerie ended yeare,
Of Buls and Lambes, th'*Athenian* youths, pleaſe him with offrings there.
Mightie *Meneſtheus*, *Peteus* ſonne, had their deuided care:

Meneſtheus their Chiefe.

For horſemen and for targatiers, none could with him compare:
Nor put them into better place, to hurt or to defend:
But *Neſtor* (for he elder was) with him did ſole contend:
With him came fiftie ſable ſaile. And out of *Salamine*

Naues Attica 50.

Great *Aiax* brought twelue ſaile, that with, th'Athenians did combine.

The Salamines ioined with the. Their leader Aiax Telamonius. Ships 12.

Who did in fruitfull *Argos* dwell; or ſtrong *Hyrmtha* keepe:
Hermion, or in *Aſinen*, whoſe boſome is ſo deepe;
Trazena, *Elion*, *Epidaure*, where *Bacchus* crownes his head;
Egina, and *Mazetas* ſoyle, did follow *Diomed*.
And *Sthenelus*, the deare lou'd ſonne, of famous *Capaneus*:

The Arginer Diomed their captaine with Sthenelus and Eurialus.

Together with *Eurialus*, heire of *Meciſtæus*,
The king of *Taleonides*; paſt whom, in deeds of warre,
The famous ſouldier *Diomed*, of all was held by farre;
Foureſcore blacke ſhips did follow theſe. The men faire *Mycene* held:

Their fleet 80. ſaile.

The wealthy *Corinth*, *Cleon* that, for beautious ſight exceld:
Arathiræa louely ſeate, and in *Ornias* plaine,
And *Sicyona*, where at firſt, did king *Adraſtus* raigne:

The Myceneans. Their townes.

High ſeated *Gonoeſſas* towers, and *Hyperiſius*;
That dwelt in fruitfull *Pellenen*, and in diuine *Ægius*:

With all the ſea-ſide borderers, and wide *Helices* friends;
Agamemnon captaine. Ships 100. To *Agamemnon* euerie towne, her natiue birth commends,
In double fiftie ſable barks: with him a world of men
Moſt ſtrong and full of valure went: and he in triumph then
Put on his moſt reſplendent armes, ſince he did ouerſhine
The whole heroique hoſt of *Greece*, in power of that deſigne.
The Lacedæmonians and their townes. Who did in *Lacedæmons* rule, th'vnmeaſur'd concaue hold:
High *Phares*, *Spartas*, *Meſſes* towers, for doues ſo much extold;
Bryſeias and *Augias* grounds; ſtrong *Laa*, *Oetylon*;
Amyclas, *Helos* harbor-towne, that *Neptune* beats vpon:
Menelaus captaine. Ships 60. All theſe did *Menelaus* leade, (his brother that in cries
Of warre was famous) ſixtie ſhips, conuaid theſe enemies,
To Troy in chiefe; becauſe their king, was chiefly iniur'd there,
In *Hellens* rape; and did his beſt, to make them buy it deare.
The Pylians and their townes. Who dwelt in *Pylos* ſandie ſoyle, and *Arene* the faire;
In *Thryon*, neare *Alphæus* flood, and *Aepy* full of aire:
In *Cypariſſeus*, *Amphygen*, and little *Pteleon*;
The towne where all the Iliots dwelt, and famous *Doreon*;
Where all the Muſes (oppoſite, in ſtrife of Poeſie,
Thamyris deprined of ſight and Poeſie by the Muſes. To ancient *Thamyris* of *Thrace*) did vſe him cruelly;
He coming from *Eurytus* court, the wiſe *Oechalian* king:
Becauſe he proudly durſt affirme, he could more ſweetly ſing,
Then that Pyerean race of *Ioue*; who (angrie with his vant)
Bereft his eye-ſight, and his ſong, that did the eare enchant;
And of his skill to touch his Harpe, diſfurniſhed his hand:
Neſtor captaine. Ships 90. All theſe in ninetie hollow keeles, graue *Neſtor* did command.
The Arcadians and their townes. The richly bleſt inhabitants of the Arcadian land
Below *Cyllenes* mount, that by, *Epyrus* tombe did ſtand;
Where dwell the bold neare-fighting men; who did in *Pheneus* liue:
And *Orchomen*, where flockes of ſheepe, the ſhepheards cluſtering driue:
In *Rypé* and in *Stratié*, the faire Mantinean towne;
And ſtrong *Eniſpe*, that for height, is euer weather-blowne;
Tegea, and in *Stimphalus*; *Parrhaſia* ſtrongly wall'd;
Agapenor their leader. Ships 60. All theſe *Alceus* ſonne, to field (king *Agapenor*) call'd;
In ſixtie barks he brought them on, and euerie barke well mand,
With fierce *Arcadians*, skild to vſe, the vtmoſt of a band.
King *Agamemnon* on theſe men, did well-built ſhips beſtow,
To paſſe the gulfie purple ſea, that did no ſea rites know.
The Epians and their townes. They who in *Hermin*, *Buphraſis*, and *Elis* did remaine,
What *Olens* Cliffes, *Aliſius*, and *Myrſin* did containe;
Ships 40. Were led to warre by twiſe two Dukes, and each ten ſhips did bring,
Which many venterous *Epyans*, did ſerue for burthening.
Captaines Alphimachus, Talphius, Diores Polixenus. Dulichians. Beneath *Alphimacus* his charge, and valiant *Talphius*,
Sonne of *Euritus Actor*, one; the other *Cteatus*;
Diores Amarincides, the other did imploy;
The fourth diuine *Polixenus*, *Agaſthenis* his ioy:
The king of faire *Angeiades*, who from *Dulichius* came,
And from *Echinaus* ſweet Iles, which hold their holy frame

By

By ample *Elis* region, *Meges Phelides* led: *Meges captaine.*
Whom Duke *Phyleus*, *Ioues* belou'd, begat, and whilome fled
To large *Dulychius* for the wrath, that fir'd his fathers breaſt.
Twiſe twentie ſhips with Ebon ſailes, were in his charge addreſt. *Ships 40.*
The Cephaleans and their townes. The war-like men of *Cephale*, and thoſe of *Ithaca*,
Wooddy *Nerytus*, and the men, of wet *Crocilia*:
Sharpe *Ægilipha*, *Samos* Ile, *Zacynthus*, ſea-encloſd;
Epyrus, and the men that hold, the Continent oppoſd;
Vlyſſes captaine. Ships 12. All theſe did wiſe *Vlyſſes* leade, in counſell Peere to *Ioue*:
Twelue ſhips he brought, which in their courſe, vermilion ſternes did moue.
The Ætolians their captaines and townes. Thoas captaine. *Thoas*, *Andremons* wel-ſpoke ſonne, did guide th'Etolians well;
Thoſe that in *Pleuron*, *Olenon*, and ſtrong *Pylene* dwell:
Great *Calcis* that by ſea-ſide ſtands, and ſtony *Calydon*;
For now no more of *Oeneus* ſonnes, ſuruiu'd; they all were gone:
No more his royall ſelfe did liue, no more his noble ſonne,
The golden Meleager; now, their glaſſes all were run.
All things were left to him in charge, the Ætolians Chiefe he was,
And fortie ſhips to Troian warres, the ſeas with him did paſſe. *Ships 40.*
The Cretans, their townes and Captaines. The royall ſouldier *Idomen*, did leade the Cretans ſtout:
The men of *Gnoſſus*, and the towne, *Cortima*, wall'd about.
Of *Lictus* and *Myletus* towres, of white *Lycaſtus* ſtate,
Of *Pheſtus* and of *Rhiſtias*, the cities fortunate:
And all, the reſt inhabiting, the hundred townes of *Crete*; *Idomeneus. A hundred cities in Crete. Ships 80.*
Whom warre-like *Idomen* did leade, copartner in the fleete,
With kil-man *Merion*; eightie ſhips, with them did Troy inuade.
Tlepolemus captaine of the Rhodians. Ships 9. Townes. *Tlepolemus Heraclides*, right ſtrong and bigly made,
Brought nine tall ſhips of warre from *Rhodes*, which hautie *Rhodians* mand,
Who dwelt in three diſſeuer'd parts, of that moſt pleaſant land;
Which *Lyndus* and *Ialiſſus* were, and bright *Camyrus*, cald:
Tlepolemus commanded theſe, in battell vnappald:
Whom faire *Aſtioche* brought forth, by force of *Hercules*;
Led out of *Ephyr* with his hand, from riuer *Sellees*;
When many townes of princely youths, he leueld with the ground.
Tlepolem (in his fathers houſe, for building much renownd,
Brought vp to head-ſtrong ſtate of youth) his mothers brother ſlue,
The flowre of armes, *Lycymnius*, that ſomewhat aged grew:
Then ſtraight he gathred him a fleete, aſſembling bands of men,
And fled by ſea, to ſhun the threats, that were denounced then,
By other ſonnes and nephewes of, th'Alciden fortitude.
He in his exile came to *Rhodes*, driuen in with tempeſts rude:
The Rhodians were diſtinct in tribes, and great with *Ioue* did ſtand,
The king of men and Gods, who gaue, much treaſure to their land.
The Symeans. Nireus their Chiefe, faireſt of all the Greekes but Achilles. Ships 3. *Nireus*, out of *Symas* hauen, three wel-built barkes did bring;
Nireus faire *Aglaias* ſonne, and *Charopes* the king:
Nireus was the faireſt man, that to faire *Ilion* came,
Of all the Greekes, ſaue *Peleus* ſonne; who paſt for generall frame.
But weake this was, not fit for warre, and therefore few did guide.
Who did in *Caſſus*, *Niſyrus*, and *Crapathus* abide,

The Calydnians, and other Ilanders. In *Co*, *Euripilus* his towne, and in *Calydnas* ſoyles,
Phydippus and bold *Antiphus*, did guide to Troian toyles;
Their Chiefe Phydippus and Antiphus. The ſonnes of crowned *Theſſalus*, deriu'd from *Hercules*,
Ships 30. Who went with thirtie hollow ſhips, well ordred to the ſeas.
The Pelaſgians Theſſal. Myrmidons. Now will I ſing the ſackfull troopes, Pelaſgian *Argos* held,
That in deepe *Alus*, *Alopé*, and ſoft *Trechina* dweld;
In *Pthya* and in *Hellade*, where liue the louely dames,
Achilles their Captaine. The *Myrmidons*, *Helenians*, and *Achiues*, robd of Fames:
Ships 50. All which the great *Æacides*, in fiftie ſhips did leade.
For, theſe forgat warres horride voice, becauſe they lackt their head,
That would haue brought them brauely foorth; but now at fleete did lie,
That wind-like vſer of his feet, faire *Thetis* progenie;
Wroth for bright-cheekt *Bryſeis* loſſe; whom from *Lyrneſſus* ſpoiles,
(His owne exploit) he brought away, as trophee of his toiles,
When that towne was depopulate; he ſunke the Theban towres;
Myneta, and *Epiſtrophus*, he ſent to *Plutoes* bowres,
Who came of king *Euenus* race, great *Helepiades:*
Yet now he idely liues enrag'd, but ſoone muſt leaue his eaſe.
Phylaces, and their townes. Of thoſe that dwelt in *Phylace*, and flowrie *Pyrraſon*
The wood of *Ceres*, and the ſoyle, that ſheepe are fed vpon,
Iten and *Antron*, built by ſea, and *Pteleus* full of graſſe,
Proteſilaus captaine. *Proteſilaus* while he liu'd, the worthie captaine was:
Whom now the ſable earth detaines: his teare-torne faced ſpouſe
He wofull left in *Philace*, and his halfe finiſht houſe:
A fatall Dardane firſt his life, of all the Greekes, bereft,
As he was leaping from his ſhip; yet were his men vnleft
Without a Chiefe; for though they wiſht, to haue no other man,
But good *Proteſilay* their guide; *Podarces* yet began
To gouerne them, *Iphitis* ſonne, the ſonne of *Philacus*,
Moſt rich in ſheepe, and brother to, ſhort-liu'd *Proteſilaus*:
Of yonger birth, leſſe, and leſſe ſtrong; yet ſeru'd he to direct
The companies, that ſtill did more, their ancient Duke affect.
Ships 40. Twiſe twentie lettie ſailes with him, the ſwelling ſtreame did take.
The Pheretians and their towns. But thoſe that did in *Pheres* dwell, at the Bæbreian lake,
In *Bebe*, and in *Glaphira*, *Iaolcus* builded faire:
In thriſe ſixe ſhips to *Pergamus*: did through the ſeas repaire,
Eumelus captaine. Ships 11. With old *Admetes* tender ſonne, *Eumelus*, whom he bred,
Of *Alceſt Pelius* faireſt child, of all his femall feed.
The Methonians and their borderers. The ſouldiers that before the ſiege, *Methones* vales did hold:
Their chiefe, Philoctetes, left maimed at Lemnos. *Thaumacia*, flowrie *Melibœa*, and *Oliſon* the cold,
Duke *Philoctetes* gouerned, in darts of fineſt ſleight:
Seuen veſſels in his charge conuaid, their honorable freight;
By fiftie rowers in a barke, moſt expext in the bow:
But he in ſacred *Lemnos* lay, brought miſerably low,
By torment of an vlcer growne, with *Hydra* poyſon'd bloud:
Medon Oyleus baſe ſonne, captaine in Philoct. place. Whoſe ſting was ſuch, *Greece* left him there, in moſt impatient moode:
Yet thought they on him at his ſhip, and chuſde to leade his men,
Medon, *Oyleus* baſtard ſonne, brought forth to him by *Rhen*.

From

From *Thricce*, bleake Ithomens cliffes, and hapleſſe *Oechaly*:
Euritus citie rul'd by him, in wilfull tyranny,
In charge of *Eſculapius* ſonnes, phyſition highly praiſd:
Machaon, *Podalirius*, were thirtie veſſels raiſd:
The Thriccians, Ithomenians, and Oechalians, whoſe captaines were Podalirius and Machaon. Ships 30. Who neare *Hiperias* fountaine dwelt, and in *Ormenius*:
The ſnowy tops of *Titannus*, and in *Aſterius*:
The Ormenians, with their borderers. Their captaine Euripilus. Ships 40. *Euemons* ſonne *Euripilus*, did leade into the field:
Whoſe townes did fortie blacke-ſaild ſhips, to that encounter yeeld.
Argiſſeans with their borderers. Meneptolemus their chiefe, and Leonteus. Ships 40. Who *Gyrton*, and *Argiſſa* held, *Orthen* and *Elons* ſeate,
And chalkie *Olooſſone*, were led by *Polypete*;
The iſſue of *Perithous*, the ſonne of *Iupiter*.
Him the *Athenian Theſeus* friend, *Hypodamy* did beare;
When he the briſtled ſauages: did giue *Ramnuſia*,
And draue them out of *Pelius*, as farre as *Ethica*.
He came not ſingle, but with him, *Leonteus*, *Corons* ſonne,
An arme of *Mars*; and *Corons* life, *Ceneus* ſeed begunne.
Twiſe twentie ſhips, attended theſe. *Cuneus* next did bring,
The Cyphians, Enians, Perabians. Their chiefe Guneus. Ships 22. From *Cyphus*, twentie ſaile and two, the *Enians* following;
And fierce *Perabi*, that about, *Dodones* frozen mold,
Did plant their houſes, and the men, that did the medowes hold,
Which *Titoreſius* deckes with flowers, and his ſweet current leades,
Into the bright *Peneius*, that hath the ſiluer heads.
Yet with his admirable ſtreame, doth not his waues commixe;
But glides aloft on it like oyle: for tis the floud of Stix,
By which th'immortall Gods do ſweare. *Teuthredons* honor'd birth
The Magnets. Prothous their chiefe. Ships 40. *Prothous* led the *Magnets* forth, who neare the ſhadie earth,
Of *Pelius*, and *Peneion*, dwelt; fortie reuengefull ſaile
Did follow him; theſe were the Dukes, and Princes of auaile,
That came from Greece: but now the man, that ouerſhin'd them all;
Sing Muſe: and their moſt famous Steeds, to my recitall call,
That both th'*Atrides* followed; faire *Pheretiedes*,
Eumelus had the beſt mares of the armie. The braueſt mares, did bring by much; *Eumelus* manag'd theſe:
Swift of their feete as birds of wings; both of one haire did ſhine,
Both of an age, both of a height, as meaſur'd by a line:
Whom ſiluer-bow'd *Apollo* bred, in the *Pterean* meade;
Both ſlicke and daintie, yet were both, in warre of wondrous dread.
Aiax Telamonius the ſtrongeſt Greeke next Achilles. Achilles the beſt horſe. Great *Aiax Telamon* for ſtrength, paſt all the Peeres of warre,
While vext *Achilles* was away: but he ſurpaſt him farre.
The horſe that bore that faultleſſe man, were likewiſe paſt compare:
Yet lay he at the crookt-ſtern'd ſhips, and furie was his fare,
For *Atreus* ſonnes vngracious deed: his men yet pleaſd their hearts,
With throwing of the holed ſtone; with hurling of their darts,
And ſhooting fairely on the ſhore. Their horſe at chariots fed,
On greateſt parſly, and on ſedge, that in the fens is bred.
His Princes tents their chariots held, that richly couerd were.
His Princes, amorous of their Chiefe, walkt ſtorming here and there,
About the hoſt, and ſcorn'd to fight: their breaths, as they did paſſe,
Before them flew, as if a fire, fed on the trembling graſſe.

Earth

Earth vnder-gron'd their high raiſd feet, as when offended *Ioue*,
In *Arime*, *Typhoeus*, with rating thunder droue,
Beneath the earth: in *Arime*, men ſay the graue is ſtill,
Where thunder tomb'd *Typhoeus*, and is a monſtrous hill.
And as that thunder made earth grone, ſo gron'd it as they paſt,
They trode with ſuch hard-fet-downe ſteps, and ſo exceeding faſt.
Iris to the Troians, from Ioue. To Troy the rainbow-girded dame, right heauie newes relates,
From *Ioue* (as all to Councell drew, in *Priams* Pallace gates)
Reſembling *Priams* ſonne in voice, *Polytes* ſwift of feet:
In truſt whereof (as Sentinell, to ſee when from the fleet,
The Grecians ſallied) he was ſet, vpon the loftie brow
Of aged *Eſietes* tombe, and this did *Iris* ſhow;
Iris to Priam. O *Priam* thou art alwaies pleaſd, with indiſcreet aduiſe:
And fram'ſt thy life to times of peace, when ſuch a warre doth riſe
As threats inceitable ſpoyle; I neuer did behold
Such and ſo mightie troupes of men, who trample on the mold,
In number like *Autumnus* leaues, or like the marine ſand:
All ready round about the walles, to vſe a ruining hand.
Hector: I therefore charge thee moſt, this charge to vndertake:
A multitude remaine in *Troy*, will fight for *Priams* ſake,
Of other lands and languages; let euerie leader then
Bring forth, well arm'd into the field, his ſeuerall bands of men.
Strong *Hector* knew, a deitie, gaue charge to this aſſay:
Diſmiſt the Councell ſtraight; like waues, cluſters to armes do ſway:
The ports are all wide open ſet: out ruſht the troopes in ſwarmes,
Both horſe and foote, the citie rung, with ſuddaine cryed alarmes.
Batieia tumulus A Columne ſtands without the towne, that high his head doth raiſe,
A little diſtant, in a plaine, trod downe with diuers waies:
Which men do *Batieia* call, but the immortals name
Myrinnes famous ſepulcher, the wondrous actiue dame.
Here were th' *Auxiliarie* bands, that came in *Troyes* defence,
Diſtinguiſht vnder ſeuerall guides, of ſpeciall excellence.
The Duke of all the Troian power, great helme-deckt *Hector* was:
Maſtor Generall of the Troians. The catalogue of other captaines. Dardans, and Æneas their captaine. Which ſtood of many mightie men, well skild in darts of braſſe:
Æneas of commixed ſeed (a goddeſſe with a man,
Anchiſes, with the Queene of loue:) the troopes Dardanian,
Led to the field; his louely Sire, in *Idas* lower ſhade,
Begat him of ſweet *Cypridis*; he ſolely was not made
Chiefe leader of the Dardan powers: *Antenors* valiant ſonnes,
Archilochus, and *Acamas*, were ioyn'd companions.
Archilochus. Acamas. Who in *Zelia* dwelt, beneath, the ſacred foote of *Ide*,
That drinke of blacke Æſepus ſtreame, and wealth made full of pride;
The Aphnij. Pandarus their leader. (The *Aphnij*) *Lycaons* ſonne, whom *Phœbus* gaue his bow,
(Prince *Pandarus*) did leade to field. Who *Adreſtinus* owe,
(*Apeſus* citie, *Pitei*, and mount *Tereies*)
Adreſtians. Their Chiefe Adreſtus and Amphius. *Adreſtus*, and ſtout *Amphius* led; who did their Sire diſpleaſe,
(*Merops Percoſius*) that exceld, all Troy in heauenly skill,
Of futures-ſearching propheſie: for much againſt his will,

His

His ſonnes were agents in thoſe armes: whom ſince they diſobeyd;
The Fates, in letting ſlip their threds, their haſtie valures ſtaid.
Percoſians, Seſtians, Abidens, Arisbeians, led by Aſius. Who in *Percotes*, *Practius*; *Arisbe* did abide,
Who *Seſtus* and *Abidus* bred, *Hyrtacides* did guide:
Prince *Aſius Hyrtacides*, that through great *Selees* force,
Brought from *Arisba* to that fight, the great and fierie horſe.
The Pelaſgians. Their chiefe, Hypothous and Pyleus. *Pyleus*, and *Hypothous*, the ſtout Pelaſgians led,
Of them *Larriſſas* fruitfull ſoyle, before had nouriſhed:
Theſe were Pelaſgian *Pithus* ſonnes, ſonne of *Teutamidas*.
The Thracians. Their chiefe Pyrous & Acamas. Euphemus Capt. of the Ciconians, Pyrechmes Commander of the Paons. The Thracian guides were *Pyrous*, and valiant *Acamas*.
Of all that the impetuous flood, of *Helleſpont* encloſd,
Euphemus, the Ciconian troopes, in his command diſpoſd;
Who from *Trezenius Ceades*, right nobly did deſcend.
Pyrechmes did the Peons rule, that crooked bowes do bend.
From *Axius* out of *Amidon*, he had them in command:
From *Axius*, whoſe moſt beautious ſtreame, ſtill ouerflowes the land.
Pylemē captain of the Paphlagonians. *Pylemen* with the well arm'd heart, the Paphlagonians led,
From *Enes*, where the race of mules, fit for the plough is bred:
The men that broad *Cytorus* bounds, and *Seſamus* enfold,
About *Parthenius* loftie floud, in houſes much extold;
From *Cromna* and *Ægialus*, the men that armes did beare,
And *Eurithymus* ſituate high, *Pylemens* ſoldiers were.
Halizonians, their captaine Epiſtrophus and Dius. *Epiſtrophus* and *Dius* did, the Halizonians guide,
Far-fetcht from *Alybe*, where firſt, the ſiluer mines were tride.
The Myſians. Eunomus and Chronius. *Chronius*, and Augur *Eunomus*, the Myſians did command,
Who could not with his auguries, the ſtrength of death withſtand:
But ſuffred it beneath the ſtroke, of great *Æacides*,
In *Xanthus*; where he made more ſoules, diue to the Stygian ſeas.
The Phrygians. Their Chiefes Phorcis and Aſcanius. *Phorcys* and faire *Aſcanius*, the Phrygians brought to warre;
Well train'd for battell, and were come, out of *Aſcania* farre.
With *Methles*, and with *Antiphus* (*Pylemens* ſonnes) did fight,
The men of *Mæzon*, whom the fenne, *Gygæa* brought to light.
The Mæonians. Antiphus and Methles captaines. The Caribe, and Maleſians led by Amphimacus and Nauſtes. And thoſe Mæonians that beneath, the mountaine *Tmolus* ſprong;
The rude vnletterd *Caribæ*, that barbarous were of tongue,
Did vnder *Nauſtes* colours march, and young *Amphimachus*,
(*Nomyons* famous ſonnes) to whom, the mountaine *Phthirorus*,
That with the famous wood is crown'd; *Miletus*, *Micales*,
That hath ſo many loftie markes, for men that loue the ſeas;
The crooked armes *Meander* bow'd, with his ſo ſnakie flood,
Reſign'd for conduct the choice youth, of all their martiall brood.
The foole *Amphimachus*, to field, brought gold to be his wracke;
Proude-girlelike that doth euer beare, her dowre vpon her backe;
Which wiſe *Achilles* markt; ſlue him, and tooke his gold in ſtrife,
At *Xanthus* floud; ſo little death, did feare his golden life.
The Lycians whoſe Commanders were Sarpedon & Glaucus. *Sarpedon* led the Lycians, and *Glaucus* vnreprou'd,
From *Lycia* and the gulfic flood, of *Xanthus* farre remou'd.

COMMENTARIVS.

a Ὁσσ' ἄνθρα, &c. Sicut examina prodeunt apum frequentium, &c. *In hùc* Simile,

mile, Virgil (*vſing the like in imitation*) *is preferd to* Homer; *with what reaſon I pray you ſee. Their ends are different*: Homer *intending to expreſſe the infinite multitude of ſouldiers euerie where diſperſing*; Virgil, *the diligence of builders.* Virgils Simile *is thus.* 1. Æneid.

Qualis apes æſtate noua, per florea rura
Exercet ſub ſole labor; cum gentis adultos
Educunt fœtus; aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant; & dulci diſtendunt Nectare cellas;
Aut onera accipiunt venientum; aut agmine facto;
Ignauum fucos pecus à præſepibus arcent:
Feruet opus; redolent thymo fragrantia mella.

Now compare this with Homers, *but in my tranſlation*; *and iudge if to both their ends, there be any ſuch betterneſſe in* Virgils: *but that the reuerence of the ſcholler, due to the maiſter (euen in theſe his maligners) might well haue containd their lame cenſures of the Poeticall furie; from theſe vnmannerlie and hatefull compariſons. Eſpecially, ſince* Virgil *hath nothing of his owne, but onely elocution; his inuention, matter, and forme, being all* Homers: *which laid by a man; that which he addeth, is onelie the worke of a woman, to neteſie and poliſh. Nor do I alas, but the formoſt ranke of the moſt ancient and beſt learned that euer were, come to the field for* Homer; *hiding all other Poets vnder his enſigne: hate not me then, but them; to whom, before my booke I referre you. But much the rather I inſiſt on the former* Simile; *for the word* ἴλαδον, cateruatim, *or* confertim, *which is noted by* Spondanus *to containe all the* ἀπόδοσιν, *reddition, or application of the compariſon; and is nothing ſo. For though it be all the reddition* Homer *expreſſeth; yet he intends two ſpeciall parts in the application more; which he leaues to his iudicial readers vnderſtanding, as he doth in all his other* Similes: *ſince a man may perſpicuouſly (or as he paſſeth) diſcerne all that is to be vnderſtood. And here, beſides the throngs of ſouldiers, expreſt in the ſwarmes of Bees; he intimates the infinite number in thoſe throngs or companies, iſſuing from fleete ſo ceaſleſly, that there appeared almoſt no end of their iſſue: and thirdly, the euerie where diſperſing themſelues. But* Spondanus *would excuſe* Homer, *for expreſſing no more of his application; with affirming it impoſsible; that the thing compared, and the compariſon, ſhould anſwer in all parts; and therefore alledges the vulgar vnderſtanding of a* Simile, *which is as groſſe as it is vulgar; that a ſimilitude muſt* vno pede ſemper claudicare. *His reaſon for it as abſurd as the reſt: which is this,* ſi ea inter ſe omnino reſpõderent, falleret illud axioma, nullum ſimile eſt idem; *as though the generall application of the compared, and the compariſon, would make them any thing more the ſame, or all one; more then the ſwarmes of Bees, and the throng of ſouldiers are all one, or the ſame; for anſwering moſt aptly. But that a* Simile *muſt needs halt of one foote ſtill; ſheweth how lame vulgar tradition is, eſpecially in her cenſure of* Poeſie. *For who at firſt ſight, will not conceiue it abſurd to make a* Simile; *which ſerues to the illuſtration and ornament of a* Poeme; *lame of a foote, and idle? The incredible violence ſuffered by* Homer *in all the reſt of his moſt inimitable* Similes, *being expreſt in his place, will abundantly proue the ſtupiditie of this tradition: and how iniuriouſly ſhort his interpreters muſt needs come of him, in his ſtreight and deepeplaces; when in his open and faire paſſages, they halt and hang backe ſo.*

[b] τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θῆκεν θεὸς, &c. hunc quidem clarũ (*or* illuſtrem) fecit Deus; *as it is by all tranſlated; wherein I note the ſtrange abuſe (as I apprehend it) of the word* ἀρίζηλος; *beginning here, & continuing where ſoeuer it is found in theſe Iliads. It is by the tranſition of* Z *into* Δ *in deriuation, according to the Doricke: for which cauſe our Interpreters will needs haue* Homer *intend* ἀρίδηλος, *which is* clarus *or* illuſtris, *when he himſelfe ſaith,* ἀρίζηλος: *which is a compound of* ἀρι, *which is* valde, *and* ζηλος, *and ſignifies,* quem valde æmulamur, *or* valde æmulandus, *according to* Scap. *But becauſe* ζηλος *is moſt authentically expounded,* impetus mentis ad cultum diuinum, *that expoſition I follow in this place, and expound* τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θῆκεν θεὸς; hunc quidem magnum impulſum ad cultum diuinum fecit Deus; *becauſe he turned ſo ſodainly and miraculouſly the Dragon to a ſtone. To make it* ἀρίδηλον, *and ſay,* clarum, *or* illuſtrem fecit Deus; qui oſtendit, *or* oſtenderat, *(which followes in the verſe) and ſaith thus much in our tongue: God that ſhewed this, made it cleare; is verie little more, then God that ſhewed this, ſhewed it. One way it obſerues the word (betwixt which, and the other, you ſee what great difference) and is faire, full, graue; the other alters the originall, and is vglie, emptie, idle.*

[c] Ἀντίμαχος δ' οὐ μάθε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος, &c. Spontanens autem ci venit, voce bonus *Menelaus; and ſome ſay* bello ſtrenuus *Menelaus: which is farre eſtranged from the mind of our* Homer, βοὴ *ſignifying* vociferatio, *or* clamor, *though ſome will haue it* pugna, ex conſequenti; *becauſe fights are often made with clamor. But* in bello ſtrenuus, (*vnleſſe it be ironically taken*) *is here ſtraind beyond ſufferance, & is to be expounded* vociferatione bonus *Menelaus: which agreeth with that part of his character in the next booke, that telleth his maner of vtterance or voice: which is* μακὰ λιγέως, valde ſtridulè, *or* arguto cum ſtridore; λιγέως *being commonly and moſt properlie taken in the worſe part, and ſignifieth ſhrillte or noiſefullie, ſqueaking: howſoeuer in the vulgar conuerſion it is in that place moſt groſſelie abuſed. To the conſideration whereof, being of much importance, I referre you in his place. And in the meane time ſhew you, that in this firſt and next verſe,* Homer (*ſpeaking ſcoptically*) *breakes open the fountaine of his ridiculous humor following: neuer by anie interpreter vnderſtood, or touched at, being yet the moſt ingenious conceited perſon that any man can ſhew in any heroicall* Poeme, *or in any* Comicke Poet. *And that you may ſomething perceiue him before you reade to him in his ſeuerall places: I will, as I can, in haſte, giue you him here together, as* Homer *at all parts preſents him: viz. ſimple, wel-meaning, ſtanding ſtill affectedlie on telling truth, ſmall, and ſhrill voiced (not ſweet, or eloquent, as ſome moſt againſt the haire would haue him) ſhort ſpoken, after his countrie the Laconicall manner: yet ſpeaking thicke and faſt, induſtrious in the field, and willing to be employed. And (being* mollis Bellator *himſelfe) ſet ſtill to call to euerie hard ſeruice, the hardieſt. Euen by the wit of* Aiax, *plaid vpon, about whom he would ſtill be diligent: and what he wanted of the martiall furie and faculties himſelfe, that he would be bold to ſupplie out of* Aiax: Aiax *and he, to any for blowes:* Antilochus *and he for wit:* (Antilochus *old* Neſtors *ſonne, a moſt ingenious, valiant, and excellentlie formed perſon.*)

Sometimes valiant, or daring, (as what coward is not) ſometimes falling vpon ſentence, and good matter in his ſpeeches (as what meaneſt capacitie doth not?) Nor vſeth our moſt inimitable Imitator of nature, this croſſe and deformed mixture of his parts, more to colour and auoid too broad a taxation of ſo eminent a perſon; then to follow the true life of nature, being often, or alwaies, expreſt ſo diſparent in her creatures. And therefore the decorum that ſome poore Criticks haue ſtood vpon; to make fooles alwaies fooliſh, cowards at all times cowardly, &c. is farre from the variant order of nature, whoſe principles being contrary, her productions muſt needes con-

taine

taine the like oppoſition.

But now to the firſt; αυτοματος δ' ου ἦλθε, *&c.* Spontaneus autem ei venit, &c. *about which, a paſſing great peece of worke is pickt out by our greateſt Philoſophers, touching the vnbidden coming of* Menelaus *to ſupper or Counſell, which ſome commend; others condemne in him: but the reaſon why he ſtaid not the inuitement, rendered immediatly by* Homer, *none of the will vnderſtand, viz.* Η' δη ὃ κατα θυμον, *&c.* ſciebat enim in animo quantum frater laborabat: *of which verſe his interpreters crie out for the expunction, onely becauſe it was neuer entered in their apprehenſion; which I more then admire (for the eaſineſſe of it) ſo freely offering it ſelfe to their entertainment; and yet vſing the hoofe of* Pegaſus, *onely with a touch breaking open (as aboueſaid) the fountaine of his humor. For thus I expound it, (laying all againe together, to make it plaine enough for you,)* Agamemnon *inuiting all the chiefe Commanders to ſupper, left out his brother; but he, ſeeing how much his brother was troubled about the dreame, and buſied, would not ſtand vpon inuitement, but came of himſelfe. And this being ſpoken* Scopticè, *or by way of irriſion, argueth what manner of man he made of him.* Ineptus enim (*as it is affirmed in* Plutarch, 1. Symp. *and ſecond queſtion*) fuit *Menelaus*, & locum dedit prouerbio, qui ad conſilium dandum acceſſiſſet, non vocatus: *And to this place he had reference, becauſe a Councell of warre was to be held at this ſupper. And here (I ſay)* Homer *opened the veine of his ſimplicitie, not ſo much in his going vnbidden to ſupper, and Counſell, as in the reaſon for it ironically rendered; that he knew his brother was buſie, &c. And yet that addition, without which the very ſence of our Poet is not ſafe, our interpreters would haue raced.*

The end of the ſecond Booke.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

PAris *(betwixt the Hoaſts) to ſingle fight*
(Of all the Greekes) dares the moſt hardie knight:
King Menelaus, *doth accept his braue,*
Conditioning that he againe ſhould haue
Faire Helena, *with all ſhe brought to Troy,*
If he ſubdu'd; elſe Paris *ſhould enioy*
Her, and her wealth, in peace. Conqueſt doth grant
Her deare wreath to the Grecian combattant;
But Venus, *to her champion: life doth yeeld*
Safe reſcue, and conueyes him from the field,
Into his chamber; and for Hellen *ſends;*
Whom much, her louers foule diſgrace offends;
Yet Venus, *for him ſtill makes good her charmes,*
And ends the ſecond combat in his armes.

Another Argument.

Gamma, *the ſingle fight doth ſing*
That Paris, *and the* Spartan *king.*

WHen euery leaſt Commanders will, beſt ſouldiers had obaide,
And both the hoſts were rang'd for fight, the Troians would haue
The Greeks with noiſes; crying out, in coming rudely on: (fraid
At all parts like the Cranes that fill, with hatſh confuſion,
Of brutiſh clanges, all the aire: and in ridiculous warre,
(Eſchuing the vnſufferd ſtormes, ſhot from the winters ſtarre)
Viſite the Ocean; and conferre, the Pygmei ſouldiers death.
The Greeks charg'd ſilent, and like men, beſtow'd their thriftie breath
In ſtrength of far-reſounding blowes; ſtill entertaining care
Of eithers reſcue, when their ſtrength, did their engagements dare.
And as vpon a hils ſteepe tops, the Southwind powres a cloud
To ſhepheards thanke leſſe; but by theeues, that loue the night, allowd;
A darkneſſe letting downe, that blinds, a ſtones caſt off men eyes:
Such darkneſſe from the Greeks ſwift feet, (made all of duſt) did riſe.
But ere ſterne conflict mixt both ſtrengths, faire *Paris* ſtept before
The Troian hoſt; athwart his backe, a Panthers hide he wore,
A crooked bow, and ſword, and ſhooke, two brazen-headed darts;
With which (well arm'd) his tongue prouok't, the beſt of Grecian hearts
To ſtand with him in ſingle fight. Whom, when the man wrong'd moſt
Of all the Greekes, ſo glorioufly, ſaw ſtalke before the hoſt;

The Troians compared to Cranes.

The ſilent aſſult of the Greekes.

As when a Lion is reioyc't (with hunger halfe forlorne)
That finds ſome ſweet prey; (as a Hart, whoſe grace lies in his horne,
Or Syluane Goate) which he deuours, though neuer ſo purſu'd
With dogs and men; ſo *Spartas* king, exulted, when he view'd
The faire-fac'd *Paris* ſo expoſde, to his ſo thirſted wreake,
Whereof his good cauſe made him ſure. The Grecian front did breake,
And forth he ruſht, at all parts arm'd: leapt from his chariot,
And royally prepar'd for charge. Which ſeene, cold terror ſhot
Paris flieth at ſight of Menelaus. Simile. The heart of *Paris*, who retir'd, as headlong from the king,
As in him, he had ſhund his death: and as a hilly ſpring,
Preſents a ſerpent to a man, full vndermeath his feete,
Her blew necke (ſwolne with poiſon) raiſd, and her ſting out, to greet
His heedleſſe entrie: ſodainely, his walke he altereth;
Starts backe amaz'd, is ſhooke with feare, and lookes as pale as death:
So *Menelaus*, *Paris* fear'd: ſo that diuine fac't foe,
Shrunke in his beauties. Which beheld, by *Hector*, he let go
Hector to Paris. This bitter checke at him. Accurſt, made but in beauties skorne;
Impoſtor, womans man! O heauen, that thou hadſt neare bene borne,
Or (being ſo manleſſe) neuer liu'd, to beare mans nobleſt ſtate,
The nuptiall honor; which I wiſh, becauſe it were a fate
Much better for thee, then this ſhame; this ſpectacle doth make
A man a monſter: Harke how lowd, the Greekes laugh, who did take
Thy faire forme, for a continent, of parts as faire; a rape
Thou mad'ſt of Nature, like their Queene. No ſoule; an emptie ſhape
Takes vp thy being: yet, how ſpight, to euerie ſhade of good,
Fils it with ill? for as thou art, thou couldſt collect a brood
Of others like thee: and farre hence, fetch ill enough to vs;
Euen to thy father: all theſe friends; make thoſe foes mocke them thus,
In thee: for whoſe ridiculous ſake, ſo ſeriouſly they lay,
All Greece, and Fate vpon their necks: O wretch! not dare to ſtay
Weake *Menelaus*? But twas well: for in him, thou hadſt tried
What ſtrength, loſt beautie can infuſe; and with the more griefe died,
To feele thou robdſt a worthier man; to wrong a ſouldiers right.
Your Harps ſweet touch, curld lockes, fine ſhape, and gifts ſo exquiſite,
Giuen thee by *Venus*, would haue done, your fine Dames little good,
When bloud and duſt had ruffled them; and had as little ſtood
Thy ſelfe in ſtead; but what thy care, of all theſe in thee flies,
We ſhould inflict on thee our ſelues: infectious cowardiſe
(In thee) hath terrified our hoſt; for which, thou well deſeru'ſt
A coate of Tomb-ſtone, not of ſteele: in which, for forme thou ſeru'ſt.
Paris to Hector. To this thus *Paris* ſpake, (for forme, that might inhabit heauen)
Hector! Becauſe thy ſharpe reproofe, is out of iuſtice giuen,
I take it well: but though thy heart (inur'd to theſe affrights
Cuts through them, as an axe through Oke; that, more vſd, more excites
The workmans facultie: whoſe art, can make the edge go farre;
Yet I (leſſe practiſd, then thy ſelfe, in theſe extremes of warre)
May well be pardond, though leſſe bold; in theſe, your worth exceeds;
In others, mine: Nor is my mind, of leſſe force to the deeds

Re-

Requir'd in warre; becauſe my forme, more ſhowes in gifts of peace.
Reproach not therefore the kind gifts, of golden *Cypride*;
All heau'ns gifts haue their worthie price; as little to be ſcorn'd,
As to be wonne with ſtrength, wealth, ſtate; with which, to be adorn'd,
Some man would change, ſtate, wealth, or ſtrength. But if your martiall heart
Wiſh me to make my challenge good, and hold it ſuch a part
Of ſhame to giue it ouer thus; cauſe all the reſt to reſt;
And twixt both hoſts, let *Spartas* king, and me performe our beſt,
For *Hellen*, and the wealth ſhe brought: and he that ouercomes,
Or prooues ſuperiour any way, in all your equall doomes,
Let him enioy her vtmoſt wealth, keepe her, or take her home;
The reſt ſtrike leagues of endleſſe date, and heartie friends become;
You dwelling ſafe in gleby Troy, the Greekes retire their force,
T'Achaia, that breeds faireſt Dames: and Argos, faireſt horſe.
He ſaid, and his amendsfull words, did *Hector* highly pleaſe;
Who ruſht betwixt the fighting hoaſts, and made the Troians ceaſe,
By holding vp, in midſt, his lance: the Grecians noted not
The ſignall he for parle vſde, but at him fiercely ſhot;
Hurld ſtones, and ſtill were leuelling darts. At laſt, the king of men
(Great *Agamemnon*) cried alowd: Argiues! for ſhame containe:
Agamemnon reſtraines the fight againſt Hector. Youths of Achaia! ſhoot no more; the faire-helm'd-*Hector* ſhowes
As he deſir'd to treate with vs. This ſaid, all ceaſt from blowes;
Hector to the Greekes and Troians. And *Hector* ſpake to both the hoſts: Troians! and hardie Greekes!
Heare now, what he that ſtird theſe warres, for their ceſſation ſeekes:
He bids vs all, and you diſarme, that he alone may fight
With *Menelaus*, for vs all; for *Hellen* and her right,
With all the dowre ſhe brought to Troy; and he that wins the day,
Or is, in all the art of armes, ſuperiour any way;
The Queene, and all her ſorts of wealth, let him at will enioy;
The reſt ſtrike truce; and let loue ſeale, firme leagues twixt Greece and Troy.
The Greeke hoſt wondred at this Braue: ſilence flew euery where;
Menelaus to both the armies. At laſt, ſpake *Spartas* warlike king: Now alſo giue me eare,
Whom griefe giues moſt cauſe of replie; I now haue hope to free
The Greekes and Troians of all ils, they haue ſuſtaind for me
And *Alexander*, that was cauſe, I ſtretcht my ſplene ſo farre.
Of both then, which is neareſt fate, let his death end the warre:
The reſt immediatly retire, and greet all homes in peace.
Go then (to bleſſe your champion, and giue his powers ſucceſſe)
Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sunne, (the Gods on whom ye call)
Two lambes, a blacke one and a white: a femall, and a male;
And we, another for our ſelues, will fetch, and kill to *Ioue*;
To ſigne which rites, bring *Priams* force; becauſe we well approue,
His ſonnes perfidious, enuious, (and out of practiſd bane
To faith, when ſhe beleeues in them) *Ioues* high truce may prophane,
All yong mens hearts, are ſtill vnſtaid: but in thoſe wel-weigh'd deeds
An old man will conſent to paſſe, things paſt, and what ſucceeds
He lookes into; that he may know, how beſt to make his way
Through both the fortunes of a fact: and will the worſt obay.

(This granted,) A delightfull hope, both Greekes and Troians fed,
Of long'd-for reſt, from thoſe long toyles, their tedious warre had bred.
Their horſes then in ranke they ſet, drawne from their chariots round;
Deſcend themſelues, tooke off their armes, and plac't them on the ground,
Neare one another; for the ſpace, twixt both the hoſts was ſmall.
Hector ſendeth for Priam. *Hector* two heralds ſent to Troy, that they from thence might call
King *Priam*; and to bring the lambes, to rate the truce they ſwore.
But *Agamemnon* to the fleet, *Talthibius* ſent before,
To fetch their lambe; who nothing ſlackt, the royall charge was giuen.
Iris to Helen. a *Iris* the raine-bow then came downe, Ambaſſadreſſe from heauen,
To white arm'd *Hellen*; ſhe aſſum'd, at euery part, the grace
Of *Hellens* laſt loues ſiſters ſhape; who had the higheſt place
In *Hellens* loue; and had to name, *Laodice*; moſt faire
Of all the daughters *Priam* had: and made the nuptiall paire,
With *Helicaon*; royall ſprouts, of old *Antenors* ſeed;
She found Queene *Hellena* at home, at worke about a weed,
Wou'n for her ſelfe: it ſhin'd like fire; was rich, and full of ſiſe;
The worke of both ſides being alike, in which ſhe did compriſe
The many labors, warlike Troy, and braſſe-arm'd Greece endur'd,
For her faire ſake, by cruell *Mars*, and his ſterne friends procur'd.
Iris came in in ioyfull haſte, and ſaid: O come with me,
(Lou'd Nymph) and an admired ſight, of Greekes and Troians ſee;
Who firſt on one another brought, a warre ſo full of teares,
(Euen thirſtie of contentious warre) now euerie man forbeares,
And friendly by each other ſits, each leaning on his ſhield;
Their long and ſhining lances pitcht, faſt by them in the field.
Paris, and *Sparta's* king alone, muſt take vp all the ſtrife;
And he that conquers, onely call, faire *Hellena* his wife.
Thus ſpake the thouſand colour'd Dame: and to her mind commends
Hellens deſire to ſee her firſt huſband & friends. The ioy to ſee her firſt eſpouſd, her natiue tow'rs, and friends;
Which ſtir'd a ſweet deſire in her, to ſerue the which, ſhe hi'd:
Shadowed her graces with white veiles, and (though ſhe tooke a pride
To ſet her thoughts at gaze, and ſee, in her cleare beauties flood
What choice of glorie ſwum to her, yet tender womanhood)
Seaſon'd with teares, her ioyes to ſee, more ioyes the more offence:
And that perfection could not flow, from earthly excellence.
Thus went ſhe forth, and tooke with her, her women moſt of name,
Æthra, *Pittheus* louely birth: and *Clymene*, whom fame
Hath, for her faire eyes, memoriſd. They reacht the Scæan towrs,
Where *Priam* ſat to ſee the fight, with all his Counſellours,
Panthous, *Lampus*, *Clytius*, and ſtout *Hycetaon*,
Thimætes, wife *Antenor*, and profound *Vcalegon*:
All graue old men, and ſouldiers, they had bene, but for age
Old men, and their weake veterance, moſt aptly compared to Graſſhoppers and their ſinging. Now left the warres; yet Counſellors, they were exceeding ſage.
And, as in well-growne woods, on trees, cold ſpinie Graſſhoppers
Sit chirping, and ſend voices out, that ſcarce can pierce our eares,
b For ſoftneſſe, and their weake faint ſounds: So (talking on the towre)
Theſe Seniors of the people ſate: who when they ſaw the powre

Of

Of beautie, in the Queene aſcend; euen thoſe cold-ſpirited Peeres;
Thoſe wiſe, and almoſt witherd men; found this heate in their yeares;
Hellens beautie moues euen the oldeſt. That they were forc't (though whiſpering) to ſay; what man can blame
The Greekes, and Troians to endure, for ſo admir'd a Dame,
So many miſeries, and ſo long? In her ſweet countenance ſhine
Lookes like the Goddeſſes: and yet (though neuer ſo diuine)
Before we boaſt, vniuſtly ſtill, of her enforced priſe,
And iuſtly ſuffer for her ſake, with all our progenies,
Labor, and ruine; let her go: the profit of our land,
Muſt paſſe the beautie. Thus, though theſe, could beare ſo fit a hand
On their affections; yet when all, their graueſt powers were vſde;
They could not chuſe but welcome her; and rather they accuſde
The Gods, then beautie; for thus ſpake, the moſt fam'd king of Troy;
Come, loued daughter, ſit by me, and take the worthy ioy
Priam calls Hellen to informe him of the Greeke Princes. Of thy firſt husbands ſight; old friends, and Princes neare allyed:
And name me ſome of theſe braue Greekes, ſo manly beautified.
Come: do not thinke, I lay the warres, endur'd by vs, on thee;
The Gods haue ſent them, and the teares, in which they ſwumme to me.
Sit then, and name this goodly Greeke, ſo tall, and broadly ſpred,
Who then the reſt, that ſtand by him, is higher by the head;
The braueſt man I euer ſaw, and moſt maieſticall;
His onely preſence, makes me thinke, him king amongſt them all.
The faireſt of her ſexe replyed; Moſt reuerend fath'r in law:
Hellen to Priam Moſt lou'd, moſt fear'd; would ſome ill death, had ſeizd me, when I ſaw
The firſt meane, why I wrong'd you thus; that I had neuer loſt,
The ſight of theſe my ancient friends; of him that lou'd me moſt;
Of my ſole daughter, brothers both; with all thoſe kindly mates,
Of one ſoyle, one age borne with me; though vnder different fates.
But theſe boones enuious ſtarres denie; the memorie of theſe,
In ſorrow pines thoſe beauties now, that then did too much pleaſe,
Nor ſatisfie they your demand; to which I thus replie:
That's *Agamemnon*, (*Atreus* ſonne) the great in Emperie;
A king, whom double royaltie, doth crowne, being great and good;
And one that was my brother in law, when I contain'd my blood,
And was more worthie; if at all, I might be ſaid to be,
My Being, being loſt ſo ſoone, in all that honour'd me.
The good old king admir'd, and ſaid: O *Atreus* bleſſed ſonne!
Priams admiration of Agamemnon. Borne vnder ioyfull deſtinies, that haſt the Empire wonne
Of ſuch a world of Grecian youths, as I diſcouer here;
I once marcht into Phrygia, that many vines doth beare,
Where many Phrygians I beheld, well skild in vſe of horſe;
That of the two men, like two Gods, were the commanded force,
(*Otræus*, and great *Migdonus*) who on Sangarius ſands,
Set downe their tents; with whom my ſelfe (for my aſſiſtant bands)
Was numbred as a man in chiefe: the cauſe of warre was then,
Th'Amazon dames, that in their facts, affected to be men.
In all, there was a mightie powre, which yet did neuer riſe,
To equall theſe Achaian youths, that haue the ſable eyes.

Then (ſeeing *Vlyſſes* next) he ſaid, Lou'd daughter what is he,
That lower then great *Atreus* ſonne, ſeemes by the head to me?
Yet in his ſhoulders, and big breaſt, preſents a broader ſhow;
His armor lies vpon the earth: he vp and downe doth go,
To ſee his ſouldiers keepe their rankes, and ready haue their armes;
If, in this truce, they ſhould be tried, by any falſe alarmes.
Much like a well growne Bel-weather, or feltred Ram he ſhewes,
That walkes before a wealthie flocke, of faire white-fleeced Ewes.
High *Ioue*, and Ledas faireſt ſeed, to *Priam* thus replies:
Vlyſſes deſcribed This is the old *Laertes* ſonne, *Vlyſſes*, cald the wiſe;
Who, though vnfruitfull *Ithaca*, was made his nurſing ſeate,
Yet knowes he euerie ſort of ſleight: and is in counſels great.
Antenor to Hellen by way of digreſſion. The wiſe *Antenor* anſwerd her; Tis true, renowmed dame;
For, ſome times paſt, wiſe *Ithacus*, to Troy a Legate came
With *Menelaus*, for your cauſe: to whom I gaue receit,
As gueſts; and welcom'd to my houſe, with all the loue I might.
I learn'd the wiſdomes of their ſoules, and humors of their blood:
For when the Troian Councell met, and theſe together ſtood,
By height of his broad ſhoulders had, *Atrides* eminence;
Yet ſet, *Vlyſſes* did exceed, and bred more reuerence.
And when their counſels and their words, they woue in one; the ſpeech
Of *Atreus* ſonne was paſſing lowd, ſmall, faſt, yet did not reach
To much; being naturally borne, Laconicall: nor would
His humor lie for any thing; or was (like th'other) old.
But when the prudent *Ithacus*, did to his counſels riſe,
He ſtood a little ſtill, and fixt, vpon the earth his eyes;
His ſcepter mouing neither way, but held it formally,
Like one that vainely doth affect. Of wrathfull qualitie,
And franticke (raſhly iudging him) you would haue ſaid he was;
Vlyſſes wiſdome admirably illuſtrated by ſimilitude. But when out of his ample breaſt, he gaue his great voice paſſe,
And words that flew about our eares, like drifts of winters ſnow;
None thenceforth, might contend with him; though nought admird for ſhow.
The third man, aged *Priam* markt, was *Aiax Telamon*:
Of whom he askt; What Lord is that, ſo large of limme, and bone;
So raiſd in height, that to his breaſt, I ſee there reacheth none?
To him the Goddeſſe of her ſexe, the large veild *Hellen* ſaid;
Aiax Telamon the Grecian bulwarke. That Lord is *Aiax Telamon*, a Bulwarke in their aide.
On th'other ſide ſtands *Idomen*, in Crete of moſt command,
Idomeneus king of Crete. And round about his royall ſides, his Cretane captaines ſtand.
Oft hath the warlike *Spartan* king, giuen hoſpitable due,
To him within our Lacene court, and all his retinue.
And now the other Achiue Dukes, I generally diſcerne;
All which I know; and all their names, could make thee quickly learne.
Two Princes of the people yet, I no where can behold;
Caſtor and Pollux brothers to Hellen. *Caſtor*, the skilfull knight on horſe, and *Pollux* vncontrold,
For all ſtand-fights, and force of hand; both at a burthen bred,
My naturall brothers: either here, they haue not followed,
From louely Sparta; or (arriu'd within the ſea-borne fleet)

(In

(In feare of infamie for me) in broad field ſhame to meet.
Nor ſo; for holy *Tellus* wombe, incloſd thoſe worthy men,
In *Sparta*, their beloued ſoyle. The voicefull heralds then,
The heralds prepare for the compact. The firme agreement of the Gods, through all the citie ring:
Two lambs, and ſpirit-refreſhing wine (the fruit of earth) they bring,
Within a Goate-skin bottle cloſd; *Idæus* alſo brought
A maſſie glittering boll, and cups, that all of gold were wrought:
Idæus to Priamus. Which bearing to the king they cride; Sonne of *Laomedon*?
Riſe; for the wel-rode Peeres of Troy, and braſſe-arm'd Greekes in one,
Send to thee, to deſcend to field, that they firme vowes may make;
For, *Paris* and the *Spartan* king, muſt fight for *Hellens* ſake,
With long arm'd lances; and the man, that proues victorious,
The woman and the wealth ſhe brought, ſhall follow to his houſe;
The reſt knit friendſhip, and firme leagues; we ſafe in Troy ſhall dwell;
In Argos and Achaia they, that do in dames excell.
He ſaid, and *Priams* aged ioints, with chilled feare did ſhake;
Yet inſtantly he bad his men, his chariot readie make.
Which ſoone they did, and he aſcends: he takes the reines, and guide,
Antenor cals; who inſtantly, mounts to his royall ſide;
And through the Scæan ports, to field, the ſwift-foote horſe they driue.
And when at them of Troy and Greece, the aged Lords arriue,
From horſe, on Troyes well feeding ſoyle, twixt both the hoſts they go.
When ſtraight vp roſe the king of men, vp roſe *Vlyſſes* to;
The heralds in their richeſt cotes, repeate (as was the guiſe)
The true vowes of the Gods; term'd theirs, ſince made before their eyes.
Then in a cup of gold they mixe, the wine that each ſide brings;
And next, powre water on the hands, of both the kings of kings.
Which done, *Atrides* drew his knife, that euermore he put
Within the large ſheath of his ſword: with which, away he cut
The wooll from both fronts of the lambs, which (as a rite in vſe
Of execration to their heads, that brake the plighted truce)
The heralds of both hoſts did giue, the Peeres of both. And then
With hands and voice aduanc't to heauen, thus prayd the king of men:
Agamemnon himſelfe prayes. O *Ioue*, that *Ida* doſt protect, and haſt the titles wonne,
Moſt glorious, moſt inuincible; And thou all-ſeeing Sunne;
All-hearing, all-recomforting; floods? earth? and powers beneath?
That all the periuries of men, chaſtiſe euen after death;
Be witneſſes, and ſee perform'd, the heartie vowes we make;
If *Alexander* ſhall the life, of *Menelaus* take,
He ſhall from henceforth *Hellena*, with all her wealth retaine;
And we will to our houſhold Gods, hoyſe ſaile, and home againe.
If by my honourd brothers hand, be *Alexander* ſlaine,
The Troians then, ſhall his forc't Queene, with all her wealth reſtore,
And pay conuenient fine to vs, and ours for euermore.
If *Priam*, and his ſonnes denie, to pay this, thus agreed,
When *Alexander* ſhall be ſlaine; for that perfidious deed,
And for the fine, will I fight here, till dearely they repay
By death and ruine, the amends, that falſhood keepes away.

The contract is confirmed.

This ſaid, the throtes of both the lambs, cut with his royall knife;
He laid them panting on the earth, till (quite depriu'd of life)
The ſteele had robd them of their ſtrength. Then golden cups they crownd,
With wine out of a ciſterne drawne: which powr'd vpon the ground,
They fell vpon their humble knees, to all the deities,
And thus pray'd one of both the hoſts, that might do ſacrifice;

Now one prayes whoſe office was to do ſacrifice.

O *Iupiter*, moſt high, moſt great, and all the deathleſſe powers;
Who firſt ſhall dare to violate, the late ſworne oaths of ours,
So let the bloods and braines of them, and all they ſhall produce,
Flow on the ſtaind face of the earth; as now, this ſacred iuice:
And let their wiues with baſtardile, brand all their future race.
Thus praid they: but with wiſht effects, their prayrs *Ioue* did not grace.

Priam to both hoſts.

When *Priam* ſaid; Lords of both hoaſts: I can no longer ſtay,
To ſee my lou'd ſonne trie his life; and ſo muſt take my way
To winde-expoſed Ilion. *Ioue* yet and heauens high States,
Know onely, which of theſe muſt now, pay tribute to the Fates.

Priam and Antenor returne to Troy.

Thus putting in his coach the lambs, he mounts, and reines his horſe;
Antenor to him; and to Troy, both take their ſpeedie courſe.

Hector and Vlyſſes meaſure the ground for the combat.

Then *Hector* (*Priams* Martiall ſonne) ſtept forth, and met the ground,
(With wiſe *Vlyſſes*) where the blowes, of combat muſt reſound.
Which done, into a helme they put, two lots, to let them know,
Which of the combattants ſhould firſt, his braſſe-pil'd iaueline throw.
When, all the people ſtanding by, with hands held vp to heauen,
Pray'd *Ioue*, the conqueſt might not be, by force or fortune giuen;
But that the man, who was in right, the author of moſt wrong,
Might feele his iuſtice; and no more, theſe tedious warres prolong;
But ſinking to the houſe of death, leaue them (as long before)
Linkt faſt in leagues of amitie, that might diſſolue no more.

Hector ſhakes the helme, and Paris draws the lot to hurle firſt.

Then *Hector* ſhooke the helme that held, the equall doomes of chance;
Look't backe, and drew; and *Paris* firſt, had lot to hurle his lance.
The ſouldiers all ſat downe enrank't, each by his armes and horſe,
That then lay downe, and cool'd their hooſes. And now th'allotted courſe
Bids faire-haird *Hellens* husband arme: who firſt makes faſt his greaues,

He armes.

With ſiluer buckles to his legs: then on his breaſt receiues
The curets that *Lycaon* wore, (his brother) but made fit
For his faire bodie: next, his ſword, he tooke, and faſtned it
(All damaskt) vnderneath his arme: his ſhield then, graue and great,
His ſhoulders wore: and on his head, his glorious helme he ſet;
Topt with a plume of horſes haire, that horribly did dance,
And ſeem'd to threaten as he mou'd. At laſt he takes his lance,
Exceeding big, and full of weight; which he, with eaſe could vſe.

Menelaus arms

In like ſort, Spartas warlike king, himſelfe with armes indues.
Thus arm'd at either armie both, they both ſtood brauely in,
Poſſeſſing both hoſts with amaze: they came ſo chin to chin;
And with ſuch horrible aſpects, each other did ſalute.
A faire large field was made for them: where wraths (for hugeneſſe) mute
And mutuall, made them mutually, at either ſhake their darts,

The combat.

Before they threw: then *Paris* firſt, with his long iaueline parts;

It

It ſmote *Atrides* orbie Targe: but ranne not through the braſſe:
For in it (arming well the thield) the head reflected was.
Then did the ſecond combattant, applie him to his ſpeare:
Which ere he threw, he thus beſought, almightie *Iupiter*:

Menelaus prayeth to Ioue.

O *Ioue*! vouchſafe me now reuenge, and that my enemie,
(For doing wrong ſo vndeſeru'd) may pay deſeruedly
The paines he forfeited; and let, theſe hands inflict thoſe paines,
By conquering, I, by conquering dead, him on whom life complaines:
That any now, or any one, of all the brood of men
To liue hereafter, may with feare, from all offence abſtaine,
(Much more from all ſuch foule offence) to him that was his hoſt,
And entertain'd him, as the man, whom he affected moſt.
This ſaid, he ſhooke, and threw his lance; which ſtrooke through *Paris* ſhield
And with the ſtrength he gaue to it, it made the curets yeeld;
His coate of Maile, his breaſt and all: and draue his intrailes in,
In that low region, where the guts, in three ſmall parts begin:
Yet he, in bowing of his breaſt, preuented fable death.
This taint he follow'd with his ſword, drawne from a ſiluer ſheath:
Which (lifting high) he ſtrooke his helme, full where his plume did ſtand,

Menelaus ſword breaketh.

On which, it peece-meale brake, and fell, from his vnhappie hand.

Menelaus ad Iupiter.

At which, he ſighing ſtood, and ſtar'd, vpon the ample skie,
And ſaid, O *Ioue*, there is no God, giuen more illiberally
To thoſe that ſerue thee, then thy ſelfe; why haue I pray'd in vaine?
I hop't my hand ſhould haue reueng'd, the wrongs I ſtill ſuſtaine
On him that did them; and ſtill dares, their foule defence purſue;
And now my lance hath miſt his end, my ſword in ſhiuers flew,
And he ſcapes all. With this againe, he ruſht vpon his gueſt,
And caught him by the horſe-haire plume, that dangl'd on his creſt;
With thought, to drag him to the Greekes; which he had ſurely done,
And ſo (beſides the victorie) had wondrous glorie wonne;
(Becauſe the needle-painted lace, with which his helme was tied
Beneath his chin, and ſo about, his daintie throte implyed,
Had ſtrangl'd him:) but that in time, the *Cyprian* ſeed of *Ioue*,
Did breake the ſtring, with which was lin'd, that which the needle woue;
And was the tough thong of a Steere, and ſo the victors palme
Was (for ſo full a man at armes) onely an emptie helme.
That then he ſwong about his head, and caſt among his friends;
Who ſcrambled, and took't vp with ſhouts. Againe then he intends,
To force the life blood of his foe, and ranne on him amaine,
With ſhaken iaueline; when the Queene, that louers loues, againe
Attended; and now rauiſht him, from that encounter quite,

Venus rapture of Paris from Menelaus. This place Virgil imitateth.

With eaſe, and wondrous ſodainly; for ſhe (a Goddeſſe) might.
She hid him in a cloud of gold, and neuer made him knowne,
Till in his chamber, (freſh and ſweet) ſhe gently ſet him downe;
And went for *Hellen*, whom ſhe found, in Scæas vtmoſt height;
To which, whole ſwarmes of citie Dames, had climb'd to ſee the fight.
To giue her errand good ſucceſſe; ſhe tooke on her the ſhape,

Venus like Graa to Hellen.

Of beldame *Graa*, who was brought, by *Hellen* in her rape,

From

From Lacedæmon, and had truſt, in all her ſecrets ſtill;
Being old, and had (of all her maids) the maine bent of her will;
And ſpun for her, her fineſt wooll; like her, loues Empreſſe came,
Puld *Hellen* by the heauenly veile, and ſoftly ſaid: Madame?
My Lord cals for you, you muſt needs, make all your kind haſte home;
He's in your chamber, ſtayes, and longs; ſits by your bed; pray come.
Tis richly made, and ſweet; but he, more ſweet; and lookes ſo cleare,
So freſh, and mouingly attir'd: that (ſeeing) you would ſweare,
He came not from the duſtie fight, but from a courtly dance,
Or would to dancing. This ſhe made, a charme for dalliance;
Whoſe vertue *Hellen* felt, and knew (by her ſo radiant eyes,
White necke, and moſt enticing breaſts) the deified diſguiſe.

Hellen chideth Venus.

At which amaz'd, ſhe anſwerd her: vnhappie Deitie?
Why lou'ſt thou ſtill in theſe deceipts, to wrap my phantaſie?
Or whether yet (of all the townes, giuen to their luſt beſide,
In Phrygia, or Mæonia) com'ſt thou to be my guide?
If there (of diuers languag'd men) thou haſt (as here in Troy)
Some other friend, to be my ſhame? ſince here thy lateſt ioy,
By *Menelaus* now ſubdu'd; by him, ſhall I be borne
Home to his Court; and end my life, in triumphs of his ſcorne.
And to this end, would thy deceits, my wanton life allure.
Hence, go thy ſelfe to *Priams* ſonne, and all the wayes abiure
Of Gods, or Godlike minded Dames, nor euer turne againe
Thy earth-affecting feet to heauen: but for his ſake, ſuſtaine
Toiles here: guard, grace him endletly: till he requite thy grace,
By giuing thee my place with him: or take his ſeruants place,
If all diſhonourable wayes, your fauours ſeeke to ſeruе
His neuer-pleaſd incontinence: I better will deſerue,
Then ſerue his dotage now: what ſhame, were it for me to feed
This luſt in him? all honour'd Dames, would hate me for the deed;
He leaues a womans loue ſo ſtain'd, and ſhowes ſo baſe a mind;
To feele, nor my ſhame, nor his owne; griefes of a greater kind
Wound me, then ſuch as can admit, ſuch kind delights ſo ſoone.

Venus terrifies Hellen.

The Goddeſſe (angrie, that paſt ſhame, her meere will was not done)
Replied: Incenſe me not you wretch, leſt (once incenſt) I leaue
Thy curſt life to as ſtrange a hate, as yet it may receiue
A loue from me; and leſt I ſpread, through both hoſts ſuch deſpite,
For thoſe plagues they haue felt for thee, that both abiure thee quite.
And (ſetting thee in midſt of both) turne all their wraths on thee,
And dart thee dead: that ſuch a death, may wreake thy wrong of me.
This ſtrooke the faire Dame with ſuch feare, it tooke her ſpeech away;
And (ſhadowed in her ſnowy veile) ſhe durſt not but obay:
And yet (to ſhun the ſhame ſhe fear'd) ſhe vaniſht vndeſcride
Of all the Troian Ladies there; for *Venus* was her guide.

Hellen follow-eth Venus from the port.

Arriu'd at home; her women both, fell to their worke in haſt;
When ſhe that was of all her ſexe, the moſt diuinely grac't,
Aſcended to a higher roome, though much againſt her will,
Where louely *Alexander* was, being led by *Venus* ſtill.

The

The laughter-louing Dame diſcern'd, her mou'd mind, by her grace:
And (for her mirth ſake) ſet a ſtoole, full before *Paris* face;

Venus mirth with Hellen.

Where ſhe would needs haue *Hellen* ſit: who (though ſhe durſt not chuſe
But ſit, yet) lookt away for all, the Goddeſſe powre could vſe;
And vſd her tongue too, and to chide, whom *Venus* ſooth'd ſo much;

Hellens bitter reproofe of Paris.

And chid too, in this bitter kind; And was thy cowardiſe ſuch,
(So conquerd) to be ſeene aliue? O, would to God thy life
Had periſht by his worthy hand, to whom I firſt was wife.
Before this, thou wouldſt glorifie, thy valour, and thy lance;
And, paſt my firſt Loues, boaſt them farre: Go once more, and aduance
Thy braues againſt his ſingle power: this foile might fall by chance.
Poore conquerd man; twas ſuch a chance, as I would not aduiſe,
Thy valour ſhould prouoke againe: ſhun him thou moſt vnwiſe;
Leſt next, thy ſpirit ſent to hell, thy bodie be his priſe.

Paris to Hellen.

He anſwerd; Pray thee woman ceaſſe, to chide and grieue me thus:
Diſgraces will not euer laſt; looke on their end; on vs
Will other Gods, at other times, let fall the victors wreath,
As on him *Pallas* put it now. Shall our loue ſinke beneath
The hate of fortune? In loues fire, let all hates vaniſh: Come,
Loue neuer ſo inflam'd my heart; no not, when (bringing home
Thy beauties ſo delicious priſe) on Cranaes bleſt ſhore
I long'd for, and enioyd thee firſt. With this, he went before
She after, to the odorous bed. While theſe to pleaſure yeeld,

Menelaus ſeeketh for Paris through the troopes

Perplext *Atrides*, ſauage-like, ran vp and downe the field,
And euery thickeſt troope of Troy, and of their farre-cald aid,
Searcht for his foe; who could not be, by any eye betraid;
Nor out of friendſhip (out of doubt) did they conceale his ſight;
All hated him ſo like their deaths, and ow'd him ſuch deſpight.

Agamemnon to both the armies.

At laſt thus ſpake the king of men: Heare me, ye men of Troy,
Ye Dardans and the reſt, whoſe powers, you in their aides employ;
The conqueſt on my brothers part, ye all diſcerne is cleare:
Do you then Argiue *Hellena*, with all her treaſure here
Reſtore to vs, and pay the mulct, that by your vowes is due,
Yeeld vs an honourd recompence: and all that ſhould accrue,
To our poſteritities, confirme; that when you render it,
Our acts here may be memorifd. This all Greekes elſe thought fit.

COMMENTARIVS.

1 Ἶρις δ' αὖθ' Ἑλένῃ, &c. Iris autem Helene, &c. *Elegantly, and moſt aptly (ſaith* Spondanus) *is* Hellen *called by* Homer, *to the ſpectacle of this ſingle fight: as being the chiefe perſon in cauſe of all the action. The chiefe end of whoſe coming yet, enuiouſly and moſt vainly* Scaligers Criticus *taxeth. Which was her relation to* Priam, *of the perſons he noted there: ieſting (with his French wit) at this Greeke Father, & fount of all wit; for making* Priam *to ſeek now of their names and knowledges, when nine yeares together they had lien there before. A great peece of neceſſitie to make him therefore know them before, when there was no ſuch vrgent occaſion before, to bring* Priam *to note them? nor ſo calme a conuenience, in their ordered and quiet diſtinction? But let his criticiſme in this be weighed with his other faults found in our*

mai-

maſter: as, for making lightning in winter before ſnow or raine; which the moſt ignorant vpland peaſant could teach him out of his obſeruations. For which yet, his Criticus *hath the proiect impudence to taxe* Homer. *Moſt falſly repeating his words too: ſaying,* Vbi ningit, *when he ſaith,* πυκνὰ νιφάδεσσιν ἐοικότα χειμερίῃσιν, *&c.* Parans, *or* ſtruens, vel multum imbrem, immenſamue grandinem, vel niuem: *preparing, or going about thoſe moiſt impreſſions in the aire, not in preſent act with them. From this immediatly and moſt rabidly he ranges to* Vlyſſes *reprehenſion, for killing the woers with his bow, in the* Odyſſes. *Then to his late vomite againe in the* Iliads *the verie next word, and enuieth* Achilles *horſe for ſpeaking, (becauſe himſelfe would haue all the tong) when, in ſacred writ,* Balaams *Aſſe could haue taught him the like hath bene heard of. Yet now to the* Odyſſes *againe with a breath, and challengeth* Vlyſſes *ſhip for ſuffering* Neptune *to turne it to a rocke. Here is ſtrange laying out, for a maſter ſo curiouſly methodicall. Not with what Graces, with what Muſes, we may aske he was inſpired: but with what Harpyes? what Furies? putting the* putidum mendacium *vpon* Homer. Putidus, ineptus, frigidus, puerilis, *(being termes fitter for a ſcold or a bawd, then a man ſoftened by learning) he belcheth againſt him, whom all the world hath reuerenced, and admired, as the fountaine of all wit, wiſdome, and learning. What touch is it to me then, to beare ſpots of deprauations, when my great maiſter is thus muddily dawb'd with it? But who euer ſaw true learning, wiſdome, or wit, vouchſafe manſion in any proud, vaineglorious, and braggartly ſpirit, when their chiefe act and end is, to abandon and abhorre it? Language, reading, habite of ſpeaking, or writing in other learning, I grant in this reuiler great and abundant: but in this* Poeſie, *redundant, I affirme him, and rammiſh. To conclude, I will vſe the ſame words of him, that he of* Eraſmus (in calce Epinomidos) *which are theſe (as I conuert it): Great was his name, but had bene futurely greater, would himſelfe haue bene leſſe: where now, bold with the greatneſſe of his wit, he hath vndertaken the more, with much leſſe exactneſſe; and ſo his confidence ſet on by the renowne of his name, hath driuen him headlong, &c.*

[b] Θαλερὴν ἐπιβησάμενοι ἰάχουσι. Vocem ſuauem emittunt; *ſaith the Interpreter (intending the Graſhoppers, to whom he compareth the old Counſellors) but it is here to be expounded,* vocem teneram, *not* ſuauem: θαλερὸς *in this place ſignifying* tener) *for Graſhoppers ſing not ſweetly, but harſhly and faintly: wherein the weake and tender voices of the old Counſellors is to admiration expreſt. The Simile* Spondanus *highly commends, as moſt apt and expreſſiue: but his application in one part doth abuſe it, in the other right it: and that is, to make the old men reſemble Graſhoppers for their cold, and bloodleſſe ſpinneſſe,* Tython *being for age turned to a Graſhopper. But where they were graue and wiſe Counſellors, to make them garrulous, as Graſhoppers are ſtridulous; that application holdeth not in theſe old men, though ſome old men are ſo. Theſe being* Ἐσθλοὶ ἀγορηταί, boni, & periti concionatores; *the word* Ἐσθλὸς *ſignifying* frugi *alſo, which is temperate or full of al moderation, and ſo farre from intimating any touch of garrulitie. Nor was the conceit of our Poet by* Spondanus *or any other, vnderſtood in this* Simile.

[c] Ἐπιτροχάδην ἀγόρευε. ſuccinctè concionabatur *Menelaus; he ſpake ſuccinctly, or compendiouſly, ſay his interpreters; which is vtterly otherwiſe, in the voice* ἐπιτροχάδην, *ſignifying* velociter, *properly,* modo eorum qui currunt; *he ſpake faſt, or thicke.*

[d] παυρὰ μὲν, *&c. few words yet, he vſed,* ἀλλὰ μάλα λίγεως, ſed valde acutè: *they expound it; when it is* valde ſtridulè, *ſhrilly, ſmally, or alowd;* λιγέως (*as I haue noted before*) *being properly taken in the worſe part: and accordingly expounded, maketh euen with his ſimple character at all parts, his vtterance being noiſefull, ſmall, or ſqueaking: an excellent pipe for a foole. Nor is the voice or manner of vtterance in a man, the leaſt key that diſcouereth his wiſedome or folly. And therefore worth the noting is that of* Vlyſſes *in the ſecond booke: that he knew* Pallas *by her voice:* ἔκ τ' ὄνομ' ἔγνω, quoniam non garrulus, *or* loquax; *being borne naturally Laconical, which agreeth not the leſſe with his faſt or thicke ſpeaking: for a man may haue that kind of vtterance, and yet few words.*

[e] Οὐδ' ἁμαρτοεπὴς: neque in verbis peccans, *ſay the Commentors, as though a foole were perfectly ſpoken: when the word here hath another ſence, and our* Homer *a farre other meaning, the words being thus to be expounded:* neque mendax erat, *he would not lie by any meanes; for that affectedly he ſtands vpon hereafter. But to make a foole* non peccans verbis, *will make a man nothing wonder at any peccancie or abſurditie, in men of meere language.*

You ſee then, to how extreme a difference and contrarietie the word and ſence lie ſubiect: and that without firſt finding the true figures of perſons in this kind preſented, it is impoſſible for the beſt linguiſt liuing to expreſſe an Author truly, eſpecially any Greeke author; the language being ſo differently ſignificant: which not iudicially fitted with the expoſition, that the place (and coherence with other places) requireth, what a motley, and confuſed man a tranſlator may preſent? As now they do all, of Menelaus, *who, whereſoeuer he is called* ἀριζήλος, *is there vntruly tranſlated* bellicoſus; *but* cui Mars eſt charus, *becauſe he might loue the warre, and yet be no good warriour: as many loue many exerciſes at which they will neuer be good: and* Homer *gaue it to him for another of his peculiar Epithets, as a vainglorious affectation in him, rather then a ſolid affection.*

And here haſte makes me giue end to theſe new Annotations, deferring the like in the next nine bookes for more breath and encouragement. Since time (that hath euer oppreſt me) will not otherwiſe let me come to the laſt twelue, in which the firſt freelight of my Author, entred and emboldened me. Where ſo manie rich diſoueries importune my poore expreſſion, that I feare rather to betraie them to the world, then expreſſe them to their price. But how ſoeuer enuy and preiudice ſtand ſquirting their poiſon through the eyes of my Readers, this ſhall appeare to all competent apprehenſions, I haue followed the Originall with authenticall expoſitions (according to the proper ſignification of the word in his place, though I differ therein vtterly from others:) I haue rendred all things of importance, with anſwerable life and height to my Authour, (though with ſome periphraſis, without which no man can worthilie tranſlate anie worthie Poet.) And ſince the tranſlation it ſelfe, and my notes, (being impartially conferred) amplie approoue this, I will ſtill be confident in the woorth of my paines, how idlely and vnworthily ſoeuer I be cenſured. And thus, to the laſt twelue Books (leauing other horrible errors in his other Interpreters vnmoued) with thoſe free ſeet that entred me, I haſte, ſure of nothing but my labour.

The end of the third Booke.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Gods in Counſell, at the laſt decree,
That famous Ilion, *ſhall expugned be.*
And, that their owne contimned faults may proue,
The reaſons that haue ſo incenſed Ioue.
Minerua *ſeekes with more offences done,*
Againſt the lately iniur'd Atreus *ſonne,*
(A ground that cleareſt would make ſene their ſinne)
To haue the Lycian Pandarus *begonne.*
He (gainſt the Truce with ſacred couenants bound)
Giues Menelaus, *a diſhonour'd wound,*
Machaon *heales him.* Agamemnon *then,*
To mort all warre incenſeth all his men:
The battels ioyne, and in the heate of fight,
Cold death ſhuts many eyes in endleſſe night.

Another Argument.

In Delta *is the Gods Aſſize,*
The Truce is broke, warres freſhly riſe.

The Gods in Counſel at Ioues Court.

Hebe filis Nectar

WIthin the faire-pau'd Court of *Ioue*, he and the Gods conferd,
About the ſad euents of Troy; amongſt whom miniſterd,
Bleſt *Hebe*, Nectar. As they ſate, and did Troyes towres beholds;
They drank, and pledg'd each other round, in full crownd cups of (gold.
The mirth, at whoſe feaſt, was begun, by great *Saturnides*,
In vrging a begun diſlike, amongſt the Goddeſſes.
But chiefly, in his ſolemne Queene, whoſe ſplene he was diſpoſd
To tempt yet further; knowing well, what anger it incloſd.
And how wiues angers ſhould be vſd. On which, (thus pleaſd) he playd:
Two Goddeſſes there are, that ſtill, giue *Menelaus* ayd:

Ioues mirth with his wife & daughter Pallas

And one that *Paris* loues. The two, that ſit from vs ſo farre,
(Which Argiue *Iuno* is, and ſhe, that rules in deeds of warre
No doubt are pleaſd, to ſee how well, the late-ſeene-fight did frame.
And (yet vpon the aduerſe part) the laughter-louing Dame,
Made her powre good too, for her friend. For though he were ſo neare,
The ſtroke of death, in th'others hopes, ſhe tooke him from them cleare;
The conqueſt yet, is queſtionleſſe, the martiall Spartan kings;
We muſt conſult then, what euents, ſhall crowne theſe future things.
If warres, and combats, we ſhall ſtill, with euen ſucceſſes ſtrike;
Or (as impartiall) friendſhip plant, on both parts. If ye like

The laſt, and that it will as well, delight, as meerely pleaſe
Your happie Deities: ſtill let ſtand, old *Priams* towne in peace;
And let the Lacedæmon king, againe his Queene enioy.
As *Pallas* and heauens Queene ſat cloſe, complotting ill to Troy;
With ſilent murmures they receiu'd, this ill-lik't choice from *Ioue*;
Gainſt whom was *Pallas* much incenſt, becauſe the Queene of Loue,
Could not without his leaue relieue, in that late point of death,
The ſonne of *Priam*, whom ſhe loath'd; her wrath yet fought beneath
Her ſupreme wiſedome, and was curb'd: but *Iuno* needs muſt eaſe
Her great heart, with her readie tongue, and ſaid: What words are theſe
(Auſtere, and too much *Saturns* ſonne?) why wouldſt thou render ſtill
My labours idle? and the ſweat, of my induſtrious will,
Diſhonor with ſo little power? My chariot horſe are tir'd,
With poſting to and fro, for Greece: and bringing banes deſir'd,
To people-muſtring *Priamus*, and his perfidious ſonnes:
Yet thou proteſt'ſt, and ioyn'ſt with them, whom each iuſt Deitie ſhuns.
Go on, but euer go reſolu'd, all other Gods haue vow'd
To croſſe thy partiall courſe for Troy, in all that makes it proud.

Iuno angry with Iupiter.

Iupiter to Iuno.

At this, the cloud-compelling *Ioue*, a farre fetcht ſight let flie:
And ſaid, Thou Furie, what offence, of ſuch impietie,
Hath *Priam* or his ſonnes done thee? that with ſo high a hate
Thou ſhouldſt thus ceaſleſly deſire, to raze, and ruinate
So well a builded towne as Troy? I thinke (hadſt thou the powre)
Thou wouldſt the ports and farre-ſtretcht wals, flie ouer, and deuoure
Old *Priam*, and his iſſue quicke: and make all Troy thy feaſt;
And then at length I hope, thy wrath, and tired ſpleene would reſt:
To which, run on thy chariot, that nought be found in me,
Of iuſt cauſe to our future iarres. In this yet ſtrengthen thee,
And fixe it in thy memorie faſt; that, if I entertaine
As peremptorie a deſire, to leuell with the plaine,
A citie, where thy loued liue; ſtand not betwixt my ire,
And what it aimes at; but giue way, when thou haſt thy deſire,
Which now I grant thee willingly, although againſt my will.
For not beneath the ample Sunne, and heauens ſtarre-bearing hill,
There is a towne of earthly men, ſo honour'd in my mind,
As ſacred Troy, nor of earths kings, as *Priam* and his kind,
Who neuer let my altars lacke, rich feaſt of offrings ſlaine,
And their ſweet ſauours: for which grace, I honor them againe.

Troy moſt loued of Iupiter, of all other cities.

Drad *Iuno*, with the Cowes faire eyes, replyed; Three townes there are
Of great and eminent reſpect, both in my loue and care,
Mycena, with the brode high waies, and Argos rich in horſe;
And Sparta: all which three deſtroy, when thou enui'ſt their force;
I will not aid them, nor maligne, thy free and ſoueraigne will:
For if I ſhould be enuious, and ſet againſt their ill,
I know my enuie were in vaine, ſince thou art mightier farre:
But we muſt giue each other leaue, and winke at eithers warre.
I likewiſe, muſt haue powre to crowne, my workes with wiſhed end;
Becauſe I am a Deitie, and did from thence deſcend,

Three cities deare to Iuno.

Her deadly hate to Troy.

Whence thou thy ſelfe, and th'elder borne, wiſe *Saturne* was our Sire;
And thus there is a two-fold cauſe, that pleads for my deſire;
Being ſiſter, and am cald thy wife: And more, ſince thy command
Rules all Gods elſe; I claime therein, a like ſuperiour hand.
All wrath before then, now remit, and mutually combine
In eithers Empire; I, thy rule, and thou illuſtrate mine.
So will the other Gods agree: and we ſhall all be ſtrong.
And firſt, (for this late plot) with ſpeed, let *Pallas* go among
The Troians; and ſome one of them, entice to breake the truce,
By offering in ſome treacherous wound, the honourd Greekes abuſe.
The Father both of men and Gods, agreed, and *Pallas* ſent,
Iuppiter to Pallas With theſe wing'd words, to both the hoſts; Make all haſte, and inuent
Some meane, by which the men of Troy, againſt the truce agreed,
May ſtirre the glorious Greekes to armes, with ſome inglorious deed.
Thus charg'd he her with haſte, that did, before, in haſt abound;
Pallas falls from heauen like a Comet. Who caſt her ſelfe from all the heights, with which ſteepe heauen is crownd:
And as *Ioue*, brandiſhing a ſtarre (which men a Comet call)
Hurls out his curled hâire abrode, that from his brand exhals
A thouſand ſparkes; to fleets at ſea, and cuerie mightie hoſt,
(Of all preſages and ill haps, a ſigne miſtruſted moſt:)
So *Pallas* fell twixt both the Camps, and ſodainly was loſt;
When through the breaſts of all that ſaw, ſhe ſtrooke a ſtrong amaze,
With viewing, in her whole deſcent, her bright and ominous blaze.
When ſtraight, one to another turn'd, and ſaid; Now thundring *Ioue*
(Great Arbiter of peace, and armes) will either ſtabliſh loue
Amongſt our nations: or renue, ſuch warre, as neuer was.
Thus either armie did preſage, when *Pallas* made her paſſe
Amongſt the multitude of Troy; who now put on the grace
Of braue *Laodocus*; the flowre, of old *Antenors* race;
And ſought for Lycian *Pandarus*; a man, that being bred
Out of a faithleſſe familie, ſhe thought, was fit to ſhed
The blood of any innocent, and breake the couenant ſworne.
He was *Lycaons* ſonne, whom *Ioue*, into a Wolfe did turne
For ſacrificing of a child; and yet in armes renownd,
As one that was inculpable: him *Pallas*, ſtanding, found,
And round about him, his ſtrong troopes, that bore the ſhadie ſhields.
He brought them from Æſæpus flood, let through the Lycian fields:
Pallas to Pandarus, perſwading him to breake the truce Whom, ſtanding neare, ſhe whiſpred thus: *Lycaons* warlike ſonne?
Shall I deſpaire at thy kind hands, to haue a fauour done?
Nor dar'ſt thou let an arrow flie, vpon the Spartan king?
It would be ſuch a grace to Troy, and ſuch a glorious thing,
That euerie man would giue his gift; but *Alexanders* hand
Would loade thee with them, if he could, diſcouer from his ſtand,
His foes pride ſtrooke downe with thy ſhaft; and he himſelfe aſcend
The flaming heape of funerall: Come, ſhoote him (princely friend.)
But firſt inuoke the God of light, that in thy land was borne,
And is in archers art the beſt, that euer ſheafe hath worne;
To whom a hundred firſt ew'd lambes, vow thou in holy fire,

When

When ſafe to ſacred Zelias towres, thy zealous ſteps retire.
With this, the mad-gift-greedie man, *Minerua* did perſwade;
Who inſtantly drew forth a bow, moſt admirably made
The deſcription of Pandarus his bow. Of th'antler of a iumping Goate, bred in a ſteepe vp land;
Which Archerlike (as long before, he tooke his hidden ſtand;
The Euicke, skipping from a rocke) into the breaſt he ſmote;
And headlong feld him from his cliffe. The forehead of the Gote,
Held out a wondrous goodly palme, that ſixteene branches brought:
Of all which, (ioynd) an vſefull bow, a skilfull Bowyer wrought;
(Which pickt and poliſht,) both the ends, he hid with hornes of gold.
And this bow (bent) he cloſe laid downe, and bad his ſouldiers hold
Their ſhields before him; leſt the Greekes (diſcerning him) ſhould riſe
In tumults, ere the Spartan king, could be his arrowes priſe.
Meane ſpace, with all his care he chuſd, and from his quiuer drew
An arrow, fetherd beſt for flight; and yet, that neuer flew;
Strong headed, and moſt apt to pierce; then tooke he vp his bow,
And nockt his ſhaft; the ground whence all, their future griefe did grow.
When (praying to his God the Sunne, that was in Lycia bred,
And king of Archers; promiſing, that he the blood would ſhed
Of full an hundred firſt fallen lambes, all offred to his name,
When to Zelias ſacred wals, from reſcu'd Troy he came)
He tooke his arrow by the nocke, and to his bended breſt,
The Oxy ſinew cloſe he drew, euen till the pile did reſt,
Virgil vſeth theſe verſes. Pandarus drawes and ſhoots. Vpon the boſome of the bow: and as that ſauage priſe,
His ſtrength conſtraind into an Orb; (as if the wind did riſe)
The coming of it made a noiſe; the ſinew forged ſtring
Did giue a mightie twang; and forth, the eager ſhaft did ſing,
(Affecting ſpeedineſſe of flight) amongſt the Achiue throng:
Nor were the bleſſed heauenly powres, vnmindfull of thy wrong,
O *Menelaus*; but in chiefe, *Ioues* ſeed the Pillager,
Menelaus hurt. Stood cloſe before, and ſtackt the force, the arrow did confer;
With as much care, and little hurt, As doth a mother vſe,
Simile. And keepe off from her babe, when ſleepe, doth through his powers diffuſe
His golden humor; and th'aſſaults, of rude and buſie flies
She ſtill checks with her carefull hand: for ſo the ſhaft ſhe plies,
That on the buttons made of gold, which made his girdle faſt,
And where his curets double were, the fall of it ſhe plac't.
And thus much proofe ſhe put it to: the buckle made of gold;
The belt it faſtned, brauely wrought; his curets double fold;
And laſt, the charmed plate he wore, which helpt him more then all;
And gainſt all darts, and ſhafts beſtowd, was to his life a wall.
So (through all theſe) the vpper skin, the head did onely race,
Yet foorth the blood flow'd, which did much, his royall perſon grace;
And ſhew'd vpon his Iuorie skin, as doth a purple dye,
Laid (by a Dame of Caira, or louely Mæony)
On Iuorie; wrought in ornaments, to decke the checks of horſe;
Which in her mariage roome muſt lie; whoſe beauties haue ſuch force,
That they are wiſht of many knights; but are ſuch precious things,

 That

That they are kept for horſe that draw, the chariots of kings;
Which horſe (ſo deckt) the chariotere, eſteemes a grace to him:
Like theſe (in grace) the blood vpon, thy ſolid thighes did ſwim,
O *Menelaus*, downe thy calues, and ankles to the ground;
For nothing decks a ſouldier ſo, as doth an honour'd wound.
Yet (fearing he had far'd much worſe) the haire ſtood vp on end
On *Agamemnon*, when he ſaw, ſo much blacke blood deſcend.
And ſtifned with the like diſmay, was *Menelaus* to:
But (ſeeing th'arrowes ſtale without,) and that the head did go
No further then it might be ſeene, he cald his ſpirits againe:
Which *Agamemnon* marking not, (but thinking he was ſlaine)
He grip't his brother by the hand, and ſigh't as he would breake:
Which ſigh the whole hoſt rooke from him, who thus at laſt did ſpeake:

Agamemnon complains and feares of his brothers hurt.

O deareſt brother, is't for this? That thy death muſt be wrought,
Wrought I this truce? For this haſt thou, the ſingle combat fought
For all the armie of the Greekes? For this, hath *Ilion* ſworne,
And trod all faith beneath their feet? Yet all this hath not worne
The right we challeng'd, out of force; this cannot render vaine
Our ſtricken right hand; ſacred wine; nor all our offrings ſlaine.
For though *Olympius* be not quicke, in making good our ill,
He will be ſure, as he is ſlow; and ſharplier proue his will.
Their owne hands ſhall be miniſters, of thoſe plagues they deſpiſe:
Which ſhall their wiues and children reach, and all their progenies.
For both in mind, and ſoule, I know, that there ſhall come a day,
When Ilion, *Priam*, all his powre, ſhall quite be worne away;
When heauen-inhabiting *Ioue* ſhall ſhake, his fierie ſhield at all,
For this one miſchiefe. This I know, the world cannot recall.
But, be all this; all my griefe ſtill, for thee will be the ſame,
(Deare brother:) if thy life muſt here, put out his royall flame;
I ſhall to ſandie Argos turne, with infamie, my face;
And all the Greekes will call for home: old *Priam* and his race
Will flame in glorie; *Helena*, vntoucht, be ſtill their pray;
And thy bones in our enemies earth, our curſed fates ſhall lay;
Thy Sepulcher be troden downe; the pride of Troy deſire,
(Inſulting on it:) Thus, ô thus, let *Agamemnons* ire,
In all his acts, be expiate; as now he carries home
His idle armie, emptie ſhips; and leaues here ouercome
Good *Menelaus*. When this Braue, breakes in their hated breath;
Then let the broade earth ſwallow me, and take me quicke to death.

Menelaus to Agamemnon.

Nor ſhall this euer chance (ſaid he,) and therefore be of cheare;
Leſt all the armie (led by you,) your paſſions put in feare.
The arrow fell in no ſuch place, as death could enter at;
My girdle, curets doubled here, and my moſt truſted plate,
Obiected all twixt me and death; the ſhaft ſcarce piercing one.

Agamemnon to Menelaus.

Good brother (ſaid the king) I wiſh, it were no further gone;
For then our beſt in medicines skild, ſhall ope and ſearch the wound;
Applying balmes to eaſe thy paines, and ſoone reſtore thee ſound.
This ſaid, diuine *Talthybius*, he cald, and bad him haſte

Machaon

Machaon (*Æſculapius* ſonne, who moſt of men was grac't
With Phyſicks ſoueraigne remedies) to come and lend his hand
To *Menelaus*; ſhot by one, well skild in the command
Of bow and arrowes; one of Troy, or of the Lycian aid;
Who much hath glorified our foe, and vs as much diſmaid.

Agamemnon ſends Talthybius for Machaon

He heard, and haſted inſtantly; and caſt his eyes about
The thickeſt ſquadrons of the Greekes, to find *Machaon* out.
He found him ſtanding guarded well, with well-arm'd men of Thrace;
With whom he quickly ioynd, and ſaid; Man of *Apollos* race?
Haſte; for the king of men commands, to ſee a wound impreſt,
In *Menelaus* (great in armes) by one inſtructed beſt
In th'art of archerie; of Troy, or of the Lycian bands,
That them with much renowne adornes; vs with diſhonor brands.

Talthybius to Machaon.

Machaon much was mou'd with this, who with the herald flew
From troope to troope, alongſt the hoſt; and ſoone they came in view
Of hurt *Atrides*; circled round, with all the Grecian kings;
Who all gaue ways; and ſtraight he drawes, the ſhaft: which forth he brings
Without the forkes; the girdle then, plate, curets, off he pluckes,
And viewes the wound; when firſt from it, the clotterd blood he ſucks;
Then medicines wondrouſly compoſd, the skilfull Leech applyed,
Which louing *Chyron* taught his Sire; he from his Sire had tryed.

Machaon draws the arrow.

While theſe were thus employd to eaſe, the *Atrean* martialiſt,
The Troians arm'd, and charg'd the Greekes; the Greekes arme and reſiſt.
Then not aſleepe, nor maz'd with feare, nor ſhifting off the blowes,
You could behold the king of men; but in full ſpeed he goes
To ſet a glorious fight on foote: and he examples this,
With toyling (like the worſt) on foote; who therefore did diſmiſſe
His braſſe-arm'd chariot, and his ſteeds, with *Ptolomæus* ſonne,
(Sonne of *Pyraides*) their guide, the good *Eurymidon*;
Yet (ſaid the king) attend with them, leſt wearineſſe ſhould ſeiſe
My lims, ſurcharg'd with ordering troopes, ſo thicke and vaſt as theſe.
Eurymidon then rein'd his horſe, that trotted neighing by;
The king a foot-man, and ſo ſcowres, the ſquadrons orderly.

The Troians renew the fight.

Agamemnon marſhals his armie.

Thoſe of his ſwiftly-mounted Greekes, that in their armes were fit,
Thoſe he put on, with chearfull words, and bad them not remit
The leaſt ſparke of their forward ſpirits, becauſe the Troians durſt
Take theſe abhord aduantages; but let them do their wurſt:
For they might be aſſur'd that *Ioue*, would patroniſe no lies;
And that, who with the breach of truce, would hurt their enemies,
With vultures ſhould be torne themſelues; that they ſhould raze their towne:
Their wiues, and children at their breaſts, led vaſſals to their owne.

Agamemnon to the Greekes.

But ſuch as he beheld hang off, from that increaſing fight;
Such would he bitterly rebuke, and with diſgrace excite;
Baſe Argiues, bluſh ye not to ſtand, as made for Buts to darts?
Why are ye thus diſcomfited, like Hinds that haue no harts?
Who wearied with a long-run field, are inſtantly emboſt,
Stand ſtill, and in their beaſtly breaſts, is all their courage loſt:
And ſo ſtand you ſtrooke with amaze, nor dare to ſtrike a ſtroke.

Agamemnon to the negligent ſouldiers.

Would ye the foe ſhould nearer yet, your daſtard ſplenes prouoke?
Euen where on Neptunes ſomie ſhore, our nauies lie in ſight?
To ſee if *Ioue* will hold your hands, and teach ye how to fight?
Thus he (commanding) rang'd the hoſt; and (paſſing many a band)
He came to the Cretenſian troopes, where all did armed ſtand,
About the martiall *Idomen*; who brauely ſtood before,
In vantguard of his troopes, and matcht, for ſtrength a ſauage Bore.
Merione (his charioteere) the Rereguard bringing on:
Which ſeene to *Atreus* ſonne, to him, it was a ſight alone;
And *Idomens* confirmed mind, with theſe kind words he ſeekes;

Agamemnon to Idomen.

O *Idomen*! I euer lou'd, thy ſelfe paſt all the Greekes;
In warre, or any worke of peace; at table, euery where;
For when the beſt of Greece beſides, mixe euer, at our cheere,
My good old ardent wine, with ſmall; and our inferiour mates
Drinke euen that mixt wine meaſur'd too; thou drink'ſt without thoſe rates
Our old wine, neate; and euermore, thy boll ſtands full like mine;
To drinke, ſtill when, and what thou wilt. Then rowſe that heart of thine;
And whatſoeuer heretofore, thou haſt affium'd to be,
This day be greater. To the king, in this ſort, anſwerd he;

Idomen to Agamemnon.

Atrides, what I euer ſeem'd, the ſame, at euerie part,
This day ſhall ſhew me at the full; and I will fit thy hart.
But thou ſhould'ſt rather cheare the reſt, and tell them they in right
Of all good warre, muſt offer blowes, and ſhould begin the fight.
(Since Troy firſt brake the holy truce) and not endure theſe braues,
To take wrong firſt, and then be dar'd, to the reuenge it craues.
Aſſuring them that Troy, in fate, muſt haue the worſe at laſt;
Since firſt, and gainſt a truce, they hurt; where they ſhould haue embrac't.
This comfort, and aduice did fit, *Atrides* heart indeed,
Who ſtill through new raiſd ſwarmes of men, held his laborious ſpeed:
And came where both th'*Aiaces* ſtood; whom like the laſt he found,
Arm'd, caskt, and readie for the fight. Behind them, hid the ground,
A cloud of foot, that ſeem'd to ſmoke. And as a Goteheard ſpies,

How the troopes of Aiax ſtood.

On ſome hils top, out of the Sea, a rainie vapour riſe,
Driuen by the breath of Zephyrus, which (though farre off he reſt)
Comes on as blacke as pitch, and brings, a tempeſt in his breaſt;
Whereat, he frighted, driues his heards, apace, into a den:
So (darkning earth, with darts and ſhields) ſhew'd theſe with all their men.
This ſight, with like ioy fir'd the king, who thus let forth the flame,

Agamemnon to the Aiaces.

In crying out to both the Dukes: O you of equall name,
I muſt not cheare; nay, I diſclaime, all my command of you,
Your ſelues command with ſuch free minds, and make your ſouldiers ſhew,
As you, nor I led, but themſelues. O would our father *Ioue*,
Minerua, and the God of light, would all our bodies moue
With ſuch braue ſpirits as breathe in you: then *Priams* loftie towne
Should ſoone be taken by our hands, for euer ouerthrowne.
Then held he on to other troopes, and *Neſtor*, next beheld,

Neſtors art in ordering his ſouldiers.

(The ſubtle Pyljan Orator) range vp and downe the field,
Embattelling his men at armes, and ſtirring all to blowes;

Points

Points euerie legion out his Chiefe, and euery Chiefe he ſhowes
The formes, and diſcipline of warre: yet his Commanders were
All expert, and renowmed men: Great *Pelagon* was there;
Alaſtor: manly *Chromius*; and *Hemon*, worth a Throne;
And *Byas*, that could armies leade: with theſe he firſt put on,
His horſe troopes, with their chariots: his foote (of which he chuſde
Many, the beſt and ableſt men, and which he euer vſde,
As rampire to his generall powre) he in the Rere diſpoſd.
The ſlouthfull, and the leaſt of ſpirit, he in the midſt incloſd;
That ſuch as wanted noble wils, baſe need might force to ſtand.
His horſe troopes (that the Vantgard had) he ſtrictly did command
To ride their horſes temperatly; to keepe their rankes, and ſhun
Confuſion; leſt their horſemanſhip, and courage made them run
(Too much preſum'd on) much too farre: and (charging ſo alone)
Engage themſelues, in th'enemies ſtrength; where many fight with one.
Who his owne chariot leaues to range; let him not freely go,
But ſtraight vnhorſe him with a lance: for tis much better ſo.
And with this diſcipline (ſaid he) this forme, theſe minds, this truſt;
Our Anceſtors haue, walles, and townes, laid leuell with the duſt.
Thus prompt, and long inur'd to armes, this old man did exhort;
And this *Atrides* likewiſe tooke, in wondrous chearefull ſort:
And ſaid, O Father! would to heauen, that as thy mind remaines

Agamemnon to Neſtor.

In wonted vigor; ſo thy knees, could vndergo our paines.
But age, that all men ouercomes, hath made his priſe on thee;
Yet ſtill I wiſh, that ſome young man, growne old in mind, might be
Put in proportion with thy yeares; and thy mind (young in age)
Be fitly anſwerd with his youth; that ſtill where conflicts rage,
And young men vſd to thruſt for fame, thy braue exampling hand,
Might double our young Grecian ſpirits, and grace our whole Command.
The old knight anſwer'd: I my ſelfe, could wiſh (O *Atreus* ſonne)
I were as young, as when I ſlue, braue *Ereuthalion*;

Neſtor to Agamemnon.

But Gods, at all times, giue not all, their gifts to mortall men.
If then I had the ſtrength of youth, I miſt the Counſels then,
That yeares now giue me; and now yeares, want that maine ſtrength of youth;
Yet ſtill my mind retaines her ſtrength, (as you now ſaid the ſooth)
And would be, where that ſtrength is vſd, affoording counſels ſage,
To ſtirre youths minds vp; tis the grace, and office of our age;
Let yonger ſinewes, Men ſprong vp, whole ages after me,
And ſuch as haue ſtrength, vſe it; and, as ſtrong in honour be.
The king (all this while comforted) arriu'd next, where he found,
Well-rode *Meneſtheus* (*Peteus* ſonne) ſtand ſtill, inuirond round,
With his well-train'd Athenian troopes: and next to him he ſpide
The wiſe *Vlyſſes*, deedleſſe too, and all his bands beſide,
Of ſtrong Cephalians; for as yet, th'alarme had not bene heard
In all their quarters, Greece, and Troy, were then ſo newly ſtird,
And then firſt mou'd (as they conceiu'd) and they ſo lookt about
To ſee both hoaſts giue proofe of that, they yet had cauſe to doubt.
Atrides (ſeeing them ſtand ſo ſtill) and ſpend their eyes at gaze,

Began

Began to chide; And why (ſaid he) diſſolu'd thus, in a maze,
Agamemnon to Vliſſes and Meneſthem. Thou ſonne of *Peteus*, *Ioue*-nurſt king; and thou in wicked ſleight,
A cunning ſouldier, ſtand ye off? Expect ye that the fight
Should be by other men begun? tis fit the formoſt band
Should ſhew you there; you firſt ſhould front, who firſt lifts vp his hand.
Firſt you can heare, when I inuite, the Princes to a feaſt,
When firſt, moſt friendly, and at will, ye eate and drinke the beſt;
Yet in the fight, moſt willingly, ten troopes ye can behold
Take place before ye. *Ithacus*, at this his browes did fold,
Vliſſes to Agamemnon. And ſaid, How hath thy violent tongue, broke through thy ſet of teeth?
To ſay that we are ſlacke in fight? and to the field of death
Looke others ſhould enforce our way? when we were buſied then,
(Euen when thou ſpak'ſt) againſt the foe, to cheare and leade our men.
But thy eyes ſhall be witneſſes (if it content thy will;
And that (as thou pretendſt) theſe cares, do ſo affect thee ſtill)
The father of *Telemachus* (whom I eſteeme ſo deare,
And to whom, as a Legacie, Ile leaue my deeds done here)
Euen with the formoſt band of Troy, hath his encounter dar'd;
And therefore are thy ſpeeches vaine, and had bene better ſpar'd.
Agamemnon to Vliſſes. He ſmiling, ſince he ſaw him mou'd, recald his words, and ſaid;
Moſt generous *Laertes* ſonne, moſt wiſe of all our aid;
I neither do accuſe thy worth, more then thy ſelfe may hold
Fit (that inferiours thinke not much (being ſlacke) to be controld;)
Nor take I on me thy command: for well I know thy mind
Knowes how ſweet gentle counſels are; and that thou ſtandſt enclind
As I my ſelfe, for all our good. On then: if now we ſpake
What hath diſpleaſd, another time, we full amends will make:
And Gods grant that thy vertue here, may proue ſo free, and braue,
That my reproofes may ſtill be vaine, and thy deſeruings graue.
Thus parted they, and forth he went, when he did leaning find
Againſt his chariot, neare his horſe, him with the mightie mind,
Great *Diomedes* (*Tydeus* ſonne) and *Sthenelus*, the ſeed
Of *Capaneus*; whom the king, ſeeing likewiſe out of deed,
Thus cried he out on *Diomed*: O me! in what a feare
Agamemnon to whom Diomed. The wife great warriour, *Tydeus* ſonne, ſtands gazing euerie where,
For others to begin the fight? It was not *Tydeus* vſe
To be ſo danted; whom his ſpirit, would euermore produce,
Before the formoſt of his friends, in theſe affaires of fright,
As they report that haue beheld, him labour in a fight.
For me, I neuer knew the man, nor in his preſence came:
But excellent aboue the reſt, he was in generall fame.
The hiſtorie of Tydeus. And one renowm'd exploit of his, I am aſſur'd is true,
He came to the Mycenian Court, without armes, and did ſue,
At Godlike *Polinices* hands, to haue ſome worthie aid,
To their deſignes, that gainſt the wals, of ſacred Thebes were laid.
He was great *Polinices* gueſt, and nobly entertaind:
And of the kinde Mycenian ſtate, what he requeſted gaind,
In meere conſent: but when they ſhould, the ſame in act approue,

(By

(By ſome ſiniſter prodigies, held out to them by *Ioue*,)
They were diſcourag'd; thence he went, and ſafely had his paſſe
Backe to Æſopus flood, renowm'd, for Bulruſhes and graſſe;
Yet, once more, their Ambaſſadour, the Grecian Peeres addreſſe,
Lord *Tydeus* to *Eteocles*: to whom being giuen acceſſe,
He found him feaſting with a crew, of Cadmians in his hall;
Amongſt whom, though an enemie, and onely one to all;
To all yet, he his challenge made, at euerie Martiall feate;
And eaſily foild all, ſince with him, *Minerua* was ſo great.
The ranke-rode Cadmians (much incenſt, with their ſo foule diſgrace)
Lodg'd ambuſcados for their foe, in ſome well choſen place,
By which he was to make returne. Twiſe fiue and twentie men,
And two of them, great captaines too, the ambuſh did containe.
The names of thoſe two men of rule, were *Maon*, *Hemons* ſonne;
And *Lycophontes*, Keepe-field cald, the heire of *Autophon*,
By all men honord like the Gods: yet theſe and all their friends,
Were ſent to hell by *Tydeus* hand, and had vntimely ends.
He truſting to the aid of Gods, reueald by Augurie;
Obeying which, one Chiefe he ſau'd, and did his life apply,
To be the heauie meſſenger, of all the others deaths;
And that ſad meſſage (with his life) to *Maon* he bequeaths;
So braue a knight was *Tydeus*: of whom a ſonne is ſprong,
Inferiour farre, in martiall deeds, though higher in his tongue.
All this, *Tydides* ſilent heard, aw'd by the reuerend king;
Which ſtung hote *Sthenelus* with wrath, who thus put forth his ſting:
Atrides? when thou know'ſt the truth, ſpeake what thy knowledge is,
And do not lie ſo; for I know, and I will bragge in this;
Sthenelus rough ſpeech to Agamemnon. That we are farre more able men, then both our fathers were;
We tooke the ſeuen-fold ported Thebes, when yet we had not there
So great helpe as our fathers had; and fought beneath a wall,
Sacred to *Mars*, by helpe of *Ioue*; and truſting to the fall
Of happie ſignes from other Gods, by whom we tooke the towne
Vntoucht; our fathers periſhing there, by follies of their owne:
And therefore neuer more compare, our fathers worth with ours.
Tydides frownd at this, and ſaid; Suppreſſe thine angers pow'rs,
(Good friend) and heare why I refrain'd: thou ſeeſt I am not mou'd
Diomed rebukes Sthenelus. Againſt our Generall, ſince he did, but what his place behou'd,
Admoniſhing all Greekes to fight: for if Troy proue our priſe,
The honor, and the ioy is his. If here our ruine lies,
The ſhame and griefe for that, as much, is his in greateſt kinds.
As he then his charge, weigh we ours: which is our dantleſſe minds.
Thus from his chariot (amply arm'd) he iumpt downe to the ground:
The armor of the angrie king, ſo horribly did ſound,
It might haue made his braueſt foe, let feare, take downe his braues.
And as when with the Weſt-wind flawes, the ſea thruſts vp her waues,
Similie. One after other, thicke, and high, vpon the groning ſhores;
Firſt, in her ſelfe, lowd (but oppoſd, with banks and Rocks) ſhe rores,
And (all her backe in briſtles ſet) ſpits euerie way her ſome;

So

So (after *Diomed*) inſtantly, the field was ouercome
The ſilence of the Greeke fight. With thicke impreſſions of the Greekes; and all the noiſe that grew
(Ordring and chearing vp their men) from onely leaders flew.
The reſt went ſilently away, you could not heare a voice,
Nor would haue thought, in all their breaſts, they had one in their choice;
Their ſilence vttering their awe, of them, that them contrould;
Which made ech man keep bright his arms, march, fight ſtill where he ſhould.
The Troians cõpared to Ewes. The Troians (like a ſort of Ewes, pend in a rich mans fold,
Cloſe at his dore, till all be milkt; and neuer baaing hold,
Hearing the bleating of their lambs) did all their wide hoſt fill,
With ſhowts and clamors; nor obſeru'd, one voice, one baaing ſtill;
But ſhew'd mixt tongs from many a land; of men, cald to their aid:
Mars for the Troians. Pallas for the Greekes. Discord the ſiſter of Mars. Virgil the ſame of Fame. Rude *Mars*, had th'ordring of their ſpirits: of Greeks, the learned Maid.
But Terror follow'd both the hoſts, and flight; and furious Strife,
The ſiſter, and the mate of *Mars*, that ſpoile of humane life;
And neuer is her rage at reſt; at firſt ſhe is but ſmall,
Yet after, (but a little fed) ſhe growes ſo vaſt, and tall,
That while her feet moue here in earth, her forhead is in heauen.
And this was ſhe, that made euen then, both hoſts ſo deadly giuen.
Through euery troope ſhe ſtalkt, and ſtird, rough ſighes vp as ſhe went:
But when in one field, both the foes, her furie did content;
And both came vnder reach of darts, then darts, and ſhields oppoſd
To darts and ſhields, ſtrength anſwerd ſtrength; then ſwords and targets cloſd
With ſwords and targets; both with pikes; and then did tumult riſe
Vp to her height; then conquerors boaſts, mixt with the conquerds cries,
Earth flow'd with blood. And as from hils, raine waters, headlong fall,
That all waies, eate huge Ruts, which, met, in one bed, fill a vall
With ſuch a confluence of ſtreames; that on the mountaine grounds
Farre off, in frighted ſhepheards eares, the buſtling noiſe rebounds:
So grew their conflicts; and ſo ſhew'd, their ſcuffling to the eare;
With flight, and clamor, ſtill commixt, and all effects of feare.
Antilochus ſiue Echepolus. And firſt renowm'd *Antilochus*, ſlew (fighting in the face
Of all *Achaias* formoſt bands, with an vndanted grace)
Echepolus Thalyſiades: he was an armed man;
Whom, on his haire-plum'd helmets creſt, the dart firſt ſmote; then ran
Into his forehead, and there ſtucke; the ſtrele pile making way
Quite through his skull; a haſtie night, ſhut vp his lateſt day.
His fall was like a fight-rac't towre; like which, lying their diſpred,
King *Elephenor*, (who was ſonne to *Chalcodon*, and led
The valiant Abants) couetous; that he might firſt poſſeſſe
His armes, laid hands vpon his feet; hal'd him from the preaſſe
Elephenor drawing of the body of Echepolus is ſlaine by Agenor. Of darts, and Iauelins hurld at him. The action of the king
When (great in heart) *Agenor* ſaw, he made his Iauelin ſing
To th'others labor; and along, as he the trunke did wreſt,
His ſide (at which he bore his ſhield, in bowing of his breaſt)
Lay naked, and receiu'd the lance; that made him loſe his hold,
And life together; which in hope, of that he loſt, he ſold.
But for his ſake the fight grew fierce; the Troians and their foe,

Like

Like wolues, on one another ruſht; and man for man it goes.
The next of name, that ſeru'd his fate; great *Aiax Telamo.* *Aiax ſlaies Simoiſius.*
Preferd ſo ſadly; he was heire, to old *Anthemion*,
And deckt with all the flowre of youth: the fruit of which yet fled,
Before the honourd nuptiall torch, could light him to his bed;
His name was *Symoiſius*; For, ſome few yeares before,
His mother walking downe the hill, of Ida, by the ſhore
Of Syluer Symois, to ſee, her parents flocks; with them,
She (feeling ſodainely the paines, of child-birth) by the ſtreame
Of that bright riuer brought him forth; and ſo (of *Symois*)
They cald him *Symoiſius*. Sweet was that birth of his
To his kind parents; and his growth, did all their care employ;
And yet thoſe rites of pietie, that ſhould haue bene his ioy,
To pay their honourd yeares againe, in as affectionate ſort,
He could not graciouſly performe, his ſweet life was ſo ſhort:
Cut off with mightie *Aiax* lance. For, as his ſpirit put on,
He ſtrooke him at his breaſts right pappe, quite through his ſhoulder bone;
And in the duſt of earth he fell, that was the fruitfull ſoyle
Of his friends hopes; but where he ſow'd, he buried all his toyle.
And as a Poplar ſhot aloft, ſet by a riuer ſide, *Simile.*
In moiſt edge of a mightie fenne, his head in curls implide;
But all his bodie plaine and ſmooth: to which a Wheel-wright puts
The ſharpe edge of his ſhining axe, and his ſoft timber cuts
From his innatiue roote; in hope, to hew out of his bole
The Fell'ffs, or out-parts of a wheele, that compaſſe in the whole;
To ſerue ſome goodly chariot; but (being bigge and ſad,
And to be hal'd home through the bogs) the vſefull hope he had
Sticks there; and there the goodly plant, lies withring out his grace:
So lay, by *Ioue*-bred *Aiax* hand, *Anthemions* forward race.
Nor could through that vaſt fen of toiles, be drawne to ſerue the ends
Intended by his bodies pow'rs, nor cheare his aged friends.
But now the gay-arm'd *Antiphus* (a ſonne of *Priam*) threw *Antiphus one of Priams ſonnes.*
His lance at *Aiax* through the preaſſe, which went by him, and ſlew
On *Leucus*, wiſe *Vlyſſes* friend; his groine it ſmote, as faine
He would haue drawne into his ſpoile, the cariaſſe of the ſlaine;
By which he fell, and that by him; it vext *Vlyſſes* heart;
Who thruſt into the face of fight, well arm'd at euerie part,
Came cloſe, and lookt about to find, an obiect worth his lance;
Which when the Troians ſaw him ſhake, and he ſo neare aduance,
All ſhrunke; he threw, and forth it ſhin'd: nor fell, but where it feld:
His friends griefe gaue it angrie powre, and deadly way it held
Vpon *Democoon*, who was ſprung, of *Priams* wanton force; *Democoon Priãs baſe ſonne ſlain by Vlyſſes.*
Came from *Abydus*, and was made, the maiſter of his horſe.
Through both his temples ſtrooke the dart, the wood of one ſide ſhewd,
The pile out of the other lookt, and ſo the earth he ſtrewd,
With much ſound of his weightie armes. Then backe the formoſt went,
Euen *Hector* yeelded; then the Greekes, gaue worthie clamors vent,
Effecting then their firſt dumbe powers; ſome drew the dead and ſpoild;

 Some

Some followed; that in open flight, Troy might confeſſe it foild.
Apollo excites the Troians. *Apollo* (angrie at the ſight) from top of Ilion cride,
Turne head, ye well-rode Peeres of Troy, feed not the Grecians pride;
They are not charm'd againſt your points, of ſteele, nor Iron fram'd;
Nor fights the faire-haird *Thetis* ſonne, but ſits at fleet inflam'd.
So ſpake the dreadfull God from Troy. The Greekes, *Ioues* nobleſt ſeed,
Pallas encourageth the Greeks. Encourag'd to keepe on the chace: and where fit ſpirit did need,
She gaue it, marching in the midſt; Then flew the fatall howre
Backe on *Diores*, in returne, of Ilions ſun-burnd powre;
Diores. *Diores Amarincides*, whoſe right legs ankle bone,
And both the ſinewes, with a ſharpe, and handfull charging ſtone,
Piros. *Pirus Imbraſides* did breake, that led the Thracian bands,
And came from Ænos; downe he fell, and vp he held his hands
To his lou'd friends; his ſpirit winged, to flie out of his breaſt;
With which not ſatisfied, againe, *Imbraſides* addreſt
His laueline at him, and ſo ript, his nauill, that the wound,
(As endleſly it ſhut his eyes) ſo (opend) on the ground,
It powr'd his entrailes. As his foe, went then ſuffiſd away,
Thoas Ætolius threw a dart, that did his pile conuay
Aboue his nipple, through his lungs; when (quitting his ſterne part)
Piros ſlaine by Thoas. He cloſd with him; and from his breaſt, firſt drawing out his dart,
His ſword flew in, and by the midſt, it wip't his bellie out;
So tooke his life, but left his armes; his friends ſo flockt about,
And thruſt forth lances of ſuch length, before their ſlaughterd king;
Which though their foe were big and ſtrong, and often brake the ring,
Forg'd of their lances; yet (enforc't) he left th'affected priſe;
The Thracian, and Epeian Dukes, laid cloſe with cloſed eyes,
By either other, drownd in duſt; and round about the plaine
All hid with ſlaughterd carkaſſes; yet ſtill did hotely raigne
The martiall planet; whoſe effects, had any eye beheld,
Free, and vnwounded (and were led, by *Pallas* through the field
To keepe of Iauelins, and ſuggeſt, the leaſt fault could be found)
He could not reprehend the fight, ſo many ſtrew'd the ground.

The end of the fourth Booke.

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

King Diomed *(by* Pallas *ſpirit inſpir'd,*
With will and powre) is for his acts admir'd:
Meere men, and men deriu'd from Deities,
And Deities themſelues, he terrifies;
Addes wounds to terrors: his inflamed lance
Drawes blood from Mars, *and* Venus: *In a trance*
He caſts Æneas, *with a weightie ſtone;*
Apollo *quickens him, and gets him gone:*
Mars *is recur'd by* Pæon; *but by* Ioue
Rebuk't, for authoring breach of humane loue.

Another Argument.

In Epſilon, *heauens blood is ſhed,*
By ſacred rage of Diomed.

THEn *Pallas* breath'd in *Tydeus* ſonne: to render whom ſupreame
To all the Greekes, at all his parts, ſhe caſt a hoter beame,
Pallas inſpires and glorifies Diomed. On his high mind; his body fild, with much ſuperiour might,
And made his compleate armor caſt, a farre more complete light.
From his bright helme and ſhield, did burne, a moſt vnwearied fire:
Like rich *Autumnus* golden lampe, whoſe brightneſſe men admire,
This ſimile likewiſe Virgil learns of him. Paſt all the other hoſt of ſtarres, when with his chearefull face,
Freſh waſht in loftie Ocean waues, he doth the skies enchaſe.
To let whoſe glorie loſe no ſight, ſtill *Pallas* made him turne,
Where tumult moſt expreſt his powre, and where the fight did burne.
Dares Prieſt of *Mulciber*, or *Vulcan.* An honeſt and a wealthie man, inhabited in Troy;
Dares the Prieſt of *Mulciber*, who two ſons did enioy,
Idæus, and bold *Phegeus*, well ſeene in euerie fight:
Theſe (ſingl'd from their troopes, and horſt) aſſaild *Mineruas* knight,
Idæus and Phegeus both againſt Diomed. Who rang'd from fight to fight, on foote; all haſting muruall charge,
(And now drawne neare) firſt *Phegeus* threw, a iaucline ſwift and large:
Whoſe head the kings left ſhoulder tooke, but did no harme at all:
Then ruſht he out a lance at him, that had no idle fall;
Phegeus ſlaine Idæus flies. But in his breaſt ſtucke twixt the paps, and ſtrooke him from his horſe.
Which ſterne ſight, when *Idæus* ſaw (diſtruſtfull of his force
To ſaue his ſlaughterd brothers ſpoile) it made him headlong leape
From his faire chariot, and leaue all: yet had not ſcap't the heape
Of heauie funerall, if the God, great preſident of fire,
Had not (in ſodaine clouds of ſmoke, and pittie of his Sire,

To leaue him vtterly vnheird) giuen ſafe paſſe to his feet.
He gone, *Tydides* ſent the horſe, and chariot to the fleet.
The Troians ſeeing *Dares* ſonnes, one ſlaine, the other fled,
Were ſtrooke amaz'd; the blew-eyd maide (to grace her *Diomed*
In giuing free way to his power) made this ſo ruthfull fact,
And aduantage to remoue, the warre-God out of act,
Who rag'd ſo on the Ilion ſide; ſhe grip't his hand and ſaid,
Pallas to Mars. *Mars, Mars*, thou ruinor of men, that in the duſt haſt laid
So many cities, and with blood, thy Godhead doſt diſteine;
Now ſhall we ceaſſe to ſhew our breaſts, as paſſionate as men,
And leaue the mixture of our hands? reſigning *Ioue* his right
(As rector of the Gods) to giue, the glorie of the fight,
Where he affecteth: leſt he force, what we ſhould freely yeeld?
He held it fit, and went with her, from the tumultuous field,
Who ſet him in an heatby ſeate, on brode Scamanders ſhore.
Mars leaues the field, and Troy flies. He gone, all Troy was gone with him, the Greekes draue all before,
And euerie Leader ſlue a man; but firſt the king of men
Deſeru'd the honor of his name, and led the ſlaughter then,
Agamemnon ſlaies Odius. And ſlue a leader; one more huge, then any man he led;
Great *Odius*, Duke of Halizons; quite from his chariots head
He ſtrooke him with a lance to earth, as firſt he flight addreſt;
It tooke his forward-turned backe, and lookt out of his breaſt;
His huge trunke ſounded, and his armes, did eccho the reſound.
Idomeneus ſlaies Phaſtus. *Idomeneus* to the death, did noble *Phaſtus* wound,
The ſonne of *Maon Borus*, that, from cloddie Terna came;
Who (taking chariot) tooke his wound, and tumbl'd with the ſame
From his attempted ſeate; the lance, through his right ſhoulder ſtrooke,
And horrid darkneſſe ſtrooke through him: the ſpoile his ſouldiers tooke.
Menelaus ſlaies Scamandrius. *Atrides-Menelaus* ſlue (as he before him fled)
Scamandrius, ſonne of *Strophius*, that was a huntſman bred;
A skilfull huntſman, for his skill, *Dianas* ſelfe did teach;
And made him able with his dart, infallibly to reach
All ſorts of ſubtleſt ſauages, which many a wooddie hill
Bred for him; and he much preſeru'd, and all to ſhew his skill.
Yet, not the dart-delighting Queene, taught him to ſhun this dart;
Nor all his hitting ſo farre off, (the maſtrie of his art:)
His backe receiu'd it, and he fell, vpon his breaſt withall:
His bodies ruine, and his armes, ſo ſounded in his fall,
That his affrighted horſe flew off, and left him, like his life.
Meriones ſlue Phereclus an excellent Architect. *Meriones* ſlue *Phereclus*, whom ſhe that nere was wife,
Yet Goddeſſe of good houſewiues, held, in excellent reſpect,
For knowing all the wittie things, that grace an Architect;
And hauing pow'r to giue it all, the cunning vſe of hand;
Harmonides his ſire built ſhips, and made him vnderſtand,
(With all the practiſe it requir'd) the frame of all that skill;
He built all *Alexanders* ſhips, that authord all the ill
Of all the Troians and his owne, becauſe he did not know
The Oracles, aduiſing Troy (for feare of ouerthrow)

To meddle with no ſea affaire, but liue by tilling land;
This man *Meriones* ſurpriſd, and draue his deadly hand
Through his right hip; the lances head, ran through the region
About the bladder, vnderneath, th'in-muſcles, and the bone;
He (ſighing) bow'd his knees to death, and ſacrific'd to earth.
Phyſides ſtaid *Pedæus* flight; *Antenors* baſtard birth:
Pedæus ſlain by Phyſides. Whom vertuous *Theano* his wife (to pleaſe her husband) kept
As tenderly as thoſe ſhe lou'd. *Phyſides* neare him ſtept,
And in the fountaine of the nerues, did drench his feruent lance,
At his heads backe-part; and ſo farre, the ſharpe head did aduance,
It cleft the Organe of his ſpeech; and th'Iron (cold as death)
He tooke betwixt his grinning teeth, and gaue the aire his breath.
Eurypilus ſlaits Hypſenor. *Eurypilus* the much renown'd, and great *Euemons* ſonne,
Diuine *Hypſenor* ſlue, begot, by ſtout *Dolopion*,
And conſecrate *Scamanders* Prieſt; he had a Gods regard,
Amongſt the people: his hard flight, the Grecian followed hard;
Ruſht in ſo cloſe, that with his ſword, he on his ſhoulder laid
A blow, that his armes brawne cut off; nor there his vigor ſtaid,
But draue downe, and from off his wriſt, it hewd his holy hand,
That guſht out blood, and downe it dropt, vpon the bluſhing ſand;
Death, with his purple finger ſhut, and violent fate, his eyes.
Thus fought theſe, but diſtinguiſht well; *Tydides* ſo implies
His furie, that you could not know, whoſe ſide had intereſt
Diomed compared to a torrent. In his free labours, Greece or Troy. But as a flood increaſt
By violent and ſodaine ſhowres, let downe from hils, like hils
Melted in furie; ſwels, and fomes, and ſo he ouerfils
His naturall channell; that beſides, both hedge and bridge reſignes
To his rough confluence, farre ſpread: and luſtie flouriſhing vines
Drownd in his outrage. *Tydeus* ſonne, ſo ouer-ran the field,
Strew'd ſuch as flouriſht in his way: and made whole ſquadrons yeeld.
When *Pandarus*, *Lycaons* ſonne, beheld his ruining hand,
With ſuch reſiſtleſſe inſolence, make lanes through euerie band:
He bent his gold-tipt bow of horne, and ſhot him ruſhing in,
Pandarus wounds Diomed At his right ſhoulder; where his armes, were hollow; foorth did ſpin
The blood, and downe his curets ranne; then *Pandarus* cried out,
Ranke riding Troians, Now ruſh in: Now, now, I make no doubt,
Our braueſt foe is markt for death, he cannot long ſuſtaine
My violent ſhaft, if *Ioues* faire Sonne, did worthily conſtraine
My foot from Lycia: thus he brau'd, and yet his violent ſhaft
Strooke ſhort with all his violence, *Tydides* life was ſaft;
Who yet withdrew himſelfe, behind, his chariot and ſteeds,
And cald to *Sthenelus*; Come friend, my wounded ſhoulder needs
Thy hand to eaſe it of this ſhaft. He haſted from his ſeate
Before the coach, and drew the ſhaft: the purple wound did ſweate,
And drowne his ſhirt of male in blood, and as it bled he praid:
Diomed: prayer to Pallas. Heare me, of *Ioue Ægiochus*, thou moſt vnconquerd maid,
If euer in the cruell field, thou haſt aſſiſtfull ſtood,
Or to my father, or my ſelfe, now loue, and do me good;

Giue him into my lances reach, that thus hath giuen a wound,
To him thou guardſt; preuenting me, and brags that neuer more,
I ſhall behold the chearefull Sunne: thus did the king implore.
The Goddeſſe heard, came neare, and tooke, the wearineſſe of fight
Pallas encourageth Diomed. From all his nerues and lineaments, and made them freſh and light,
And ſaid; Be bold, ô *Diomed*, in euerie combat ſhine,
The great ſhield-ſhaker *Tydeus* ſtrength (that knight, that Sire of thine)
By my infuſion breaths in thee. And from thy knowing mind,
I haue remou'd thoſe erring miſts, that made it lately blind,
That thou maiſt difference Gods from men: and therefore vſe thy skill,
Againſt the tempting Deities, if any haue a will
To trie if thou preſum'ſt of that, as thine, that flowes from them;
And ſo aſſum'ſt aboue thy right. Where thou diſcern'ſt a beame
Of any other heauenly power, then ſhe that rules in loue,
That cals thee to the change of blowes; reſiſt not, but remoue;
But if that Goddeſſe be ſo bold (ſince ſhe firſt ſtird this warre)
Aſſault and marke her from the reſt, with ſome infamous ſcarre.
The blew-eyd Goddeſſe vaniſhed, and he was ſeene againe
Amongſt the foremoſt; who before, though he were prompt and faine
To fight againſt the Troians powers; now, on his ſpirits were cald,
Diomed made himſelfe ſo ſtrong as before by Pallas. With thriſe the vigor, Lion-like, that hath bene lately gald,
By ſome bold ſheapheard in a field, where his curld flockes were laid;
Who tooke him as he leapt the fold; not ſlaine yet, but appaid,
With greater ſpirit; comes againe, and then the ſhepheard hides,
(The rather for the deſolate place) and in his Coate abides;
His flockes left guardleſſe; which amaz'd, ſhake and ſhrinke vp in heapes;
He (ruthleſſe) freely takes his prey; and out againe he leapes:
So ſprightly, fierce, victorious, the great Heroe flew
Vpon the Troians; and at once, he two Commanders ſlew;
Hyppenor and Aſtynous ſlaine by Diomed. *Hyppenor* and *Aſtynous*, in one, his lance he fixt,
Full at the nipple of his breaſt: the other ſmote betwixt
The necke and ſhoulder with his ſword; which was ſo well laid on,
It ſwept his arme and ſhoulder off. Theſe left, he ruſht vpon
Abbas, and *Polyeidus*, of old *Eurydamas*
The hapleſſe ſonnes; who could by dreames, tell what would come to paſſe:
Yet, when his ſonnes ſet forth to Troy, the old man could not read
By their dreames, what would chance to them, for both were ſtricken dead
By great *Tydides*: after theſe, he takes into his rage
Xanthus, and *Thoon*, *Phenops* ſonnes, borne to him in his age;
The good old man, euen pin'd with yeares, and had not one ſonne more
To heire his goods: yet *Diomed*, tooke both, and left him ſtore
Of teares and ſorowes in their ſteeds; ſince he could neuer ſee
Egregium ambo. His ſonnes leaue thoſe hote warres aliue: ſo, this the end muſt be
Of all his labours; what he heapt, to make his iſſue great,
Authoritie heird, and with her ſeed, fild his forgotten ſeate.
Simile of a Lyon otherwiſe applied then before. Then ſnatcht he vp two *Priamiſts*, that in one chariot ſtood;
Echemon, and faire *Chromius*; as feeding in a wood
Oxen or ſteeres are; one of which, a Lyon leapes vpon,

Teares

Teares downe, and wrings in two his necke: ſo ſternely *Tydeus* ſonne
Threw from their chariot both theſe hopes, of old *Dardanides*:
Then tooke their armes, and ſent their horſe, to thoſe that ride the ſeas.
Æneas (ſeeing the troopes thus toſt) brake through the heate of fight,
And all the whizzing of the darts, to find the Lycian knight
Lycaons ſonne: whom hauing found, he thus beſpake the Peere:
O *Pandarus*, where's now thy bow? thy deathfull arrowes where? *Æneas to Pandarus.*
In which no one in all our hoſt, but giues the palme to thee;
Nor in the Sun-lou'd Lycian greenes, that breed our Archerie,
Liues any that exceeds thy ſelfe. Come lift thy hands to *Ioue*,
And ſend an arrow at this man (if but a man he proue,
That winnes ſuch God-like victories; and now affects our hoſt
With ſo much ſorrow: ſince ſo much, of our beſt blood is loſt
By his high valour;) I haue feare, ſome God in him doth threat,
Incenſt for want of ſacrifice; the wrath of God is great.
Lycaons famous ſonne replyde; Great Counſellor of Troy, *Pandarus to Æneas.*
This man ſo excellent in armes, I thinke is *Tydeus* ioy;
I know him by his fierie ſhield, by his bright three plum'd caske,
And by his horſe; nor can I ſay, if or ſome God doth maske
In his apparance; or he be (whom I nam'd) *Tydeus* ſonne:
But without God, the things he does (for certaine) are not done;
Some great Immortall, that conueyes, his ſhoulders in a clowd,
Goes by, and puts by euerie dart, at his bold breaſt beſtowd;
Or lets it take with little hurt; for I my ſelfe let flie
A ſhaft that ſhot him through his armes, but had as good gone by:
Yet, which I glorioufly affirm'd, had driuen him downe to hell.
Some God is angrie, and with me; for farre hence, where I dwell,
My horſe and Chariots idle ſtand; with which ſome other way
I might repaire this ſhamefull miſſe: eleuen faire chariots ſtay
In old *Lycaons* Court; new made, new trimd, to haue bene gone;
Curtaind and Arraſt vnder-foote, two horſe to euery one,
That eate white Barly and blacke Otes, and do no good at all:
And theſe *Lycaon*, (that well knew, how theſe affaires would fall)
Charg'd (when I ſet downe this deſigne) I ſhould command with here;
And gaue me many leſſons more, all which much better were
Then any I tooke forth my ſelfe. The reaſon I laid downe,
Was, but the ſparing of my horſe; ſince in a ſieged towne,
I thought our horſe-meate would be ſcant; when they were vſd to haue
Their mangers full; ſo I left them, and like a lackey ſlaue
Am come to Ilion, confident, in nothing but my bow,
That nothing profits me; two ſhafts, I vainly did beſtow
At two great Princes; but of both, my arrowes neither ſlew;
Nor this, nor *Atreus* yonger ſonne: a little blood I drew,
That feru'd but to incenſe them more. In an vnhappie ſtarre,
I therefore from my Armorie, haue drawne thoſe tooles of warre:
That day, when for great *Hectors* ſake, to amiable Troy
I came to leade the Troian bands. But if I euer ioy
(In ſafe returne) my Countries ſight; my wiues, my lofty towres;

Let any ſtranger take this head, if to the firie powres,
This bow, theſe ſhafts, in peeces burſt (by theſe hands) be not throwne;
Idle companions that they are, to me and my renowne.
Æneas to Pandarus. *Æneas* ſaid, Vſe no ſuch words; for, any other way
Then this, they ſhall not now be vſd: we firſt will both aſſay
This man with horſe and chariot. Come then, aſcend to me,
That thou maiſt trie our Troian horſe, how skild in field they be;
And in purſuing thoſe that flie, or flying, being purſude,
How excellent they are of foote: and theſe (if *Ioue* conclude)
The ſcape of *Tydeus* againe, and grace him with our flight)
Shall ſerue to bring vs ſafely off. Come, Ile be firſt ſhall fight:
Take thou theſe faire reines and this ſcourge; or (if thou wilt) fight thou,
And leaue the horſes care to me. He anſwered, I will now
Deſcend to fight; keepe thou the reines, and guide thy ſelfe thy horſe;
Pandarus fights and Æneas guideth the chariot. Who with their wonted manager, will better wield the force
Of the impulſiue chariot, if we be driuen to flie,
Then with a ſtranger; vnder whom, they will be much more ſhye,
And (fearing my voice, wiſhing thine) grow reſtie, nor go on,
To beare vs off; but leaue engag'd, for mightie *Tydeus* ſonne,
Themſelues and vs; Then be thy part, thy one hou'd horſes guide;
Ile make the fight: and with a dart, receiue his vtmoſt pride.
With this the gorgious chariot, both (thus prepar'd) aſcend,
And make full way at *Diomed*; which noted by his friend;
Sthenelus to Diomed. Mine owne moſt loued Mind (ſaid he) two mightie men of warre
I ſee come with a purpoſd charge; one's he that hits ſo farre
With bow and ſhaft, *Lycaons* ſonne: the other fames the brood
Of great *Anchiſes*, and the Queene, that rules in Amorous blood;
(*Æneas* excellent in armes) come vp and vſe your ſteeds,
And looke not warre ſo in the face, leſt that deſire that feeds
Thy great mind be the bane of it. This did with anger ſting
The blood of *Diomed*, to ſee, his friend that chid the king
Before the fight, and then preferd, his ableſſe, and his mind,
Diomed now finds time to make Sthenelus see better his late rebuke of Agamemnon. To all his anceſtors in fight, now come ſo farre behind:
Whom thus he anſwerd; Vrge no flight, you cannot pleaſe me ſo;
Nor is it honeſt in my mind, to feare a coming foe;
Or make a flight good, though with fight; my powers are yet entire,
And ſcorne the help-tire of a horſe; I will not blow the fire
Of their hote valours with my flight; but caſt vpon the blaze
This body borne vpon my knees: I entertaine amaze?
Minerua will not ſee that ſhame: and ſince they haue begun,
They ſhall not both elect their ends; and he that ſcapes ſhall runne;
Or ſtay and take the others fate: and this I leaue for thee;
If amply wiſe *Athenia*, giue both their liues to me,
Reine our horſe to their chariot hard, and haue a ſpeciall heed
To ſeiſe vpon *Æneas* ſteeds; that we may change their breed,
And make a Grecian race of them, that haue bene long of Troy;
For, theſe are bred of thoſe braue beaſts, which for the louely Boy,
That waits now on the cup of *Ioue*, *Ioue*, that farre-ſeeing God.

Gaue

Gaue *Tros* the king in recompence: the beſt that euer trod
The founding Center, vnderneath, the Morning and the Sunne.
Anchiſes ſtole the breed of them; for where their Sires did runne,
He cloſely put his Mares to them, and neuer made it knowne
To him that heird them, who was then, the king *Laomedon*.
Sixe horſes had he of that race, of which himſelfe kept foure,
And gaue the other two his ſonne; and theſe are they that ſcoure
The field ſo brauely towards vs, expert in charge and flight:
If theſe we haue the power to take, our prize is exquiſite,
And our renowne will farre exceed. While theſe were talking thus,
The fir'd horſe brought th'aſſailants neare: and thus ſpake *Pandarus*;
Pandarus to Diomed. Moſt ſuffering minded *Tydeus* ſonne, that haſt of warre the art:
My ſhaft that ſtrooke thee, ſlue thee not, I now will proue a dart:
This ſaid, he ſhooke, and then he threw, a lance, aloft and large,
That in *Tydides* curets ſtucke, quite driuing through his targe;
Then braid he out ſo wild a voice, that all the field might heare;
Now haue I reacht thy root of life, and by thy death ſhall beare
Our praiſes chiefe prize from the field: *Tydides*, vndiſmaid,
Replide; Thou err'ſt, I am not toucht: but more charge will be laid
To both your liues before you part: at leaſt the life of one
Shall ſatiate the throate of *Mars*; this ſaid, his lance was gone:
Minerua led it to his face, which at his eye ranne in,
And as he ſtoopt, ſtrooke through his iawes, his tongs roote, and his chinne.
Diomed ſlaies Pandarus. Downe from the chariot he fell, his gay armes ſhin'd and rung,
The ſwift horſe trembled, and his ſoule, for euer charm'd his tongue.
Æneas with his ſhield and lance, leapt ſwiftly to his friend,
Affraid the Greekes would force his trunke; and that he did defend,
Bold as a Lyon of his ſtrength: he hid him with his ſhield,
Shooke round his lance, and horribly, did threaten all the field
With death, if any durſt make in; *Tydides* raild a ſtone,
With his one hand, of wondrous weight, and powr'd it mainly on
The hip of *Anchiſiades*, wherein the ioynt doth moue
The thigh, tis cald the huckle bone, which all in ſherds it droue;
Æneas being ſonne to Anchiſes. Brake both the nerues, and with the edge, cut all the fleſh away:
It ſtaggerd him vpon his knees, and made th'Heroe ſtay
His ſtrooke-blind temples on his hand, his elbow on the earth;
And there this Prince of men had died, if ſhe that gaue him birth,
(Kiſt by *Anchiſes* on the greene, where his faire oxen fed,
Iones louing daughter) inſtantly, had not about him ſpred
Her ſoft embraces, and conuaid, within her heauenly vaile,
(Vſd as a rampier gainſt all darts, that did ſo hote aſſaile)
Venus takes off Æneas being wounded. Her deare-lou'd iſſue from the field: Then *Sthenelus* in haſt,
(Remembring what his friend aduiſd) from forth the preaſſe made faſt
His owne horſe to their chariot, and preſently laid hand,
Vpon the louely-coated horſe, *Æneas* did command;
The horſe of Æneas made priſe. Which bringing (to the wondring Greekes) he did their guard commend
To his belou'd *Deiphylus*, who was his inward friend,
And (of his equals) one to whom, he had moſt honor ſhowne;

That

That he might ſee them ſafe at fleete: then ſtept he to his owne,
With which he chearefully made in, to *Tydeus* mightie race;
He (madde with his great enemies rape) was hote in deſperate chaſe
Of her that made it; with his lance (arm'd leſſe with ſteele then ſpight)
Well knowing her no Deitie, that had to do in fight;
Minerua his great patroneſſe, nor ſhe that raceth townes,
Bellona; but a Goddeſſe weake, and foe to mens renownes;
Her (through a world of fight) purſude, at laſt he ouer-tooke,
And (thruſting vp his ruthleſſe lance) her heauenly veile he ſtrooke,
Diomed wounds Venus. (That euen the Graces wrought themſelues, at her diuine command)
Quite through, and hurt the tender backe, of her delicious hand:
The rude point piercing through her palme; forth flow'd th'immortall blood,
(Blood, ſuch as flowes in bleſſed Gods, that eate no humane food,
Nor drinke of our inflaming wine, and therefore bloodleſſe are,
And cald immortals:) out ſhe cried, and could no longer beare
Venus for anguiſh throweth away Æneas, whom Apollo receiues. Her lou'd ſonne, whom ſhe caſt from her; and in a fable clowd
Phœbus (receiuing) hid him cloſe, from all the Grecian crowd;
Leſt ſome of them ſhould find his death. Away flew *Venus* then,
And after her cried *Diomed*; Away thou ſpoile of men,
Diomed to Venus. Though ſprung from all-preſeruing *Ioue*; Theſe hote encounters leaue:
Is't not enough that fillie Dames, thy forceries ſhould deceiue,
Vnleſſe thou thruſt into the warre, and rob a ſouldiers right?
I thinke, a few of theſe aſſaults, will make thee feare the fight,
Where euer thou ſhalt heare it nam'd. She ſighing, went her way
Extremely grieu'd, and with her griefes, her beauties did decay;
Iris reſcues Venus. And blacke her Iuorie bodie grew. Then from a dewy miſt,
Brake ſwift-foot *Iris* to her aide, from all the darts that hiſt,
At her quicke rapture; and to *Mars*, they tooke their plaintife courſe,
And found him on the fights left hand; by him his ſpeedie horſe,
Venus to Mars, Quotus tuus, &c. And huge lance, lying in a fogge: the Queene of all things faire,
Her loued brother on her knees, beſought with inſtant prayre,
His golden-ribband-bound-man'd horſe, to lend her vp to heauen,
For ſhe was much grieu'd with a wound, a mortall man had giuen;
Tydides: that gainſt *Ioue* himſelfe, durſt now aduance his arme.
Mars lends his horſe to Venus. He granted, and his chariot (perplext with her late harme)
She mounted, and her wagonneſſe, was ſhe that paints the aire;
The horſe ſhe reind, and with a ſcourge, importun'd their repaire,
That of themſelues out-flew the wind, and quickly they aſcend
Olympus, high ſeate of the Gods; th'horſe knew their iournies end,
Stood ſtill, and from their chariot, the windie footed Dame
Diſſolu'd, and gaue them heauenly food; and to *Dione* came
Her wounded daughter; bent her knees; ſhe kindly bad her ſtand;
With ſweet embraces helpt her vp; ſtrok't her with her ſoft hand;
Dione mother of Venus, to Venus. Call'd kindly by her name; and askt, what God hath bene ſo rude,
(Sweet daughter) to chaſtiſe thee thus? as if thou wert purſude,
Euen to the act of ſome light ſinne, and deprehended ſo:
For otherwiſe, each cloſe eſcape, is in the Great let go.
Venus to Dione. She anſwerd; Haughtie *Tydeus* ſonne, hath bene ſo inſolent;

Since

Since he, whom moſt my heart eſteemes, of all my lou'd deſcent,
I reſcu'd from his bloodie hand: now battell is not giuen,
To any Troians by the Greekes; but by the Greekes to heauen.
She anſwerd, Daughter, thinke not much, though much it grieue thee: vſe *Dione to Venus.*
The patience, whereof many Gods, examples may produce,
In many bitter ils receiu'd; as well that men ſuſtaine
By their inflictions; as by men, repaid to them againe.
Mars ſufferd much more then thy ſelfe, by *Ephialtes* powre, *Mars bound in chaines by Otus and Ephialtes.*
And *Otus*, *Aloeus* ſonnes, who in a brazen towre,
(And in inextricable chaines) caſt that warre-greedie God;
Where twife fixe months and one he liu'd, and there the period
Of his ſad life perhaps had cloſd, if his kind ſtep-dames eye,
Faire *Erebœa* had not ſeene, who told it *Mercurie*;
And he by ſtealth enfranchiſd him, though he could ſcarce enioy
The benefite of franchiſment, the chaines did ſo deſtroy
His vitall forces with their weight. So *Iuno* ſufferd more,
When with a three-fork't arrowes head, *Amphytrios* ſonne did gore
Her right breaſt, paſt all hope of cure. *Pluto* ſuſtaind no leſſe
By that ſelfe man; and by a ſhaft, of equall bitterneſſe,
Shot through his ſhoulder at hell gates; and there (amongſt the dead,
Were he not deathleſſe) he had died: but vp to heauen he fled
(Extremely tortur'd) for recure, which inſtantly he wonne
At *Paons* hand, with ſoueraigne Balme; and this did *Ioues* great ſonne. *Paon Thyeſtion to the Gods.*
Vnbleſt, great-high-deed-daring man, that car'd not doing ill;
That with his bow durſt wound the Gods; but by *Mineruas* will,
Thy wound, the fooliſh *Diomed*, was ſo prophane to giue;
Not knowing he that fights with heauen, hath neuer long to liue;
And for this deed, he neuer ſhall, haue child about his knee
To call him father, coming home. Beſides, heare this from me,
(Strength-truſting man) though thou be ſtrong, and art in ſtrength a towre:
Take heed a ſtronger meet thee not, and that a womans powre
Containes not that ſuperiour ſtrength; and leſt that woman be
Adraſtus daughter, and thy wife, the wife *Ægiale*,
When (from this houre not farre) ſhe wakes, euen ſighing with deſire
To kindle our reuenge on thee, with her enamouring fire,
In chooſing her ſome freſh young friend, and ſo drowne all thy fame,
Wonne here in warre, in her Court-peace, and in an opener ſhame.
This ſaid, with both her hands ſhe cleanſd, the tender backe and palme
Of all the ſacred blood they loſt; and neuer vſing Balme,
The paine ceaſt, and the wound was cur'd, of this kind Queene of loue.
Iuno and *Pallas* ſeeing this, aſſaid to anger *Ioue*,
And quit his late made-mirth with them, about the louing Dame,
With ſome ſharpe ieſt, in like ſort built, vpon her preſent ſhame.
Grey-eyd *Athenia* began, and askt the Thunderer, *Pallas to Ioue*
If (nothing mouing him to wrath) ſhe boldly might preferre
What ſhe conceiu'd, to his conceipt: and (ſtaying no reply)
She bade him view the *Cyprian* fruite, he lou'd ſo tenderly,
Whom ſhe though hurt, and by this meanes, intending to ſuborne

Some

Some other Ladie of the Greekes (whom louely veiles adorne)
To gratifie ſome other friend, of her much-loued Troy,
Sceptica. As ſhe embrac't and ſtird her blood, to the Venerean ioy,
The golden claſpe thoſe Grecian Dames, vpon their girdles weare,
Tooke hold of her delicious hand, and hurt it, ſhe had feare.
Ione to Venus. The Thunderer ſmil'd, and cald to him, loues golden Arbitreſſe,
And told her, thoſe rough workes of warre, were not for her acceſſe:
She ſhould be making mariages, embracings, kiſſes, charmes;
Sterne *Mars* and *Pallas* had the charge, of thoſe affaires in armes.
While theſe thus talkt, *Tydides* rage, ſtill thirſted to atchieue
His priſe vpon *Anchiſes* ſonne; though well he did perceiue
The Sunne himſelfe protected him: but his deſires (inflam'd
With that great Troian Princes blood, and armes ſo highly fam'd)
Not that great God did reuerence. Thriſe ruſht he rudely on;
And thriſe betwixt his darts and death, the Sunnes bright target ſhone:
But when vponthe fourth aſſault (much like a ſpirit) he flew,
The far-off-working Deitie, exceeding wrathfull grew,
Apollo to Dio-med. And askt him: What? Not yeeld to Gods? thy equals learne to know:
The race of Gods is farre aboue, men creeping here below.
This draue him to ſome ſmall retreite; he would not tempt more neare
The wrath of him that ſtrooke ſo farre; whoſe powre had now ſet cleare
Apollo beares Æneas to Troy. *Æneas* from the ſtormie field, within the holy place
Of Pergamus; where, to the hope, of his ſo ſoueraigne grace
A goodly Temple was aduanc't; in whoſe large inmoſt part
He left him, and to his ſupply, enclin'd his mothers heart
(*Latona*) and the dart-pleaſd Queene, who cur'd, and made him ſtrong.
The Image of Æneas. The ſiluer-bow'd-faire God, then threw, in the tumultuous throng,
An Image, that in ſtature, looke, and armes he did create
Like *Venus* ſonne; for which the Greekes, and Troians made debate,
Laid lowd ſtrokes on their Ox-hide ſhields, and bucklers eaſily borne:
Which error *Phœbus* pleaſd to vrge, on *Mars* himſelfe in ſcorne:
Apollo to Mars. *Mars, Mars,* (ſaid he) thou plague of men, ſmeard with the duſt and blood
Of humanes, and their ruin'd walls; yet thinks thy God-head good,
To fright this Furie from the field? who next will fight with *Ione.*
Firſt, in a bold approch he hurt, the moiſt palme of thy Loue:
And next (as if he did affect, to haue a Deities powre)
He held out his aſſault on me. This ſaid, the loftie towre
Of Pergamus he made his ſeate, and *Mars* did now excite
The Troian forces, in the forme, of him that led to fight
The Thracian troopes; ſwift *Acamas*. O *Priams* ſonnes (ſaid he)
Mars like Acamas to the ſons of Priam. How long, the ſlaughter of your men, can ye ſuſtaine to ſee?
Euen till they braue ye at your gates? Ye ſuffer beaten downe
Æneas, great *Anchiſes* ſonne; whoſe proweſſe we renowne
As much as *Hectors*: fetch him off, from this contentious preaſe.
With this, the ſtrength and ſpirits of all, his courage did increaſe;
Sarpedon re-proues Hector. And yet *Sarpedon* ſeconds him, with this particular taunt
Of noble *Hector*; *Hector?* where, is thy vnthankfull vaunt,
And that huge ſtrength on which it built? that thou, and thy allies,

With

With all thy brothers (without aid of vs or our ſupplies,
And troubling not a citizen) the Citie ſafe would hold:
In all which, friends, and brothers helps, I ſee not, nor am told
Of any one of their exploits; but (all held in diſmay
Of *Diomed*; like a ſort of dogs, that at a Lion bay,
And entertaine no ſpirit to pinch;) we (your aſſiſtants here)
Fight for the towne, as you helpt vs: and I (an aiding Peere,
No Citizen, euen out of care, that doth become a man,
For men and childrens liberties) adde all the aide I can:
Not out of my particular cauſe; far hence my profit growes:
For far hence *Aſian Lycia* lies, where gulfie *Xanthus* flowes:
And where my lou'd wife, infant ſonne, and treaſure nothing ſcant,
I left behind me, which I ſee, thoſe men would haue, that want:
And therefore they that haue, would keepe; yet I (as I would loſe
Their ſure fruition) cheere my troupes, and with their liues propoſe
Mine owne life, both to generall fight, and to particular cope,
With this great ſouldier: though (I ſay) I entertaine no hope
To haue ſuch gettings as the Greeks, nor feare to loſe like Troy:
Yet thou (euen *Hector*) deedleſſe ſtandſt, and car'ſt not to employ
Thy towne-borne friends; to bid them ſtand, to fight and ſaue their wiues:
Leſt as a Fowler caſts his nets, vpon the ſilly liues
Of birds of all ſorts; ſo the foe, your walls and houſes hales,
(One with another) on all heads: or ſuch as ſcape their fals,
Be made the prey and prize of them, (as willing ouerthrowne)
That hope not for you, with their force: and ſo this braue-built towne
Will proue a Chaos: that deſerues, in thee ſo hote a care
As ſhould conſume thy dayes and nights, to hearten and prepare
Th'aſſiſtant Princes: pray their minds, to beare their far-brought toiles,
To giue them worth, with worthy fight; in victories and foiles
Still to be equall; and thy ſelfe (exampling them in all)
Need no reproofes nor ſpurs: all this, in thy free choice ſhould fall.
This ſtung great *Hectors* heart: and yet, as euery generous mind
Should ſilent beare a iuſt reproofe, and ſhew what good they find
In worthy counſels, by their ends, put into preſent deeds:
Not ſtomacke, nor be vainly ſham'd: ſo *Hectors* ſpirit proceeds:
And from his Chariot (wholly arm'd) he iumpt vpon the ſand:
On foote, ſo toiling through the hoaſt; a dart in either hand,
And all hands turn'd againſt the Greeks; the Greeks deſpiſde their worſt,
And (thickning their inſtructed powres) expected all they durſt.
Then with the feet of horſe and foote, the duſt in clouds did riſe.
And as in ſacred floores of barnes, vpon corne-winowers flies
The chaffe, driuen with an oppoſite wind, when yellow *Ceres* dites;
Simile from the husbandman, expreſſing notably. Which all the Diters feet, legs, armes, their heads and ſhoulders whites:
So lookt the Grecians gray with duſt, that ſtrooke the ſolide heauen,
Raiſd from returning chariots, and troupes together driuen.
Each ſide ſtood to their labours firme: fierce *Mars* flew through the aire,
And gatherd darkneſſe from the fight: and with his beſt affaire,
Obeyd the pleaſure of the Sunne, that weares the golden ſword,

Who bad him raiſe the ſpirits of Troy, when *Pallas* ceaſt t'afford
Apollo brings Æneas from his Temple to field cured. Her helping office, to the Grecks; and then his owne hands wrought;
Which (from his Phanes rich chancell, cur'd) the true *Æneas* brought,
And p'ac't him by his Peeres in field; who did (with ioy) admire,
To ſee him both aliue and ſafe, and all his powers entire:
Yet ſtood not ſifting, how it chanc't: another ſort of taske,
Then ſtirring th'idle ſiue of newes, did all their forces aske:
Inflam'd by *Phœbus*, harmfull *Mars*, and *Eris*, eagrer farre:
The Grecks had none to hearten them; their hearts roſe with the warre;
But chiefly *Diomed*, *Ithacus*, and both th'*Ataces* vſde
Stirring examples, and good words: their owne fames had infuſde
Spirit enough into their blouds, to make them neither feare
The Troians force, nor Fate it ſelfe; but ſtill expecting were
When moſt was done, what would be more; their ground they ſtil made good;
Simile. And (in their ſilence, and ſet powers) like faire ſtill clouds they ſtood:
With which, *Ioue* crownes the tops of hils, in any quiet day,
When *Boreas* and the ruder winds (that vſe to driue away
Aires duskie vapors, being looſe, in many a whiſtling gale)
Are pleaſingly bound vp and calme, and not a breath exhale;
So firmely ſtood the Greeks, nor fled, for all the *Ilions* ayd.
Atrides yet coaſts through the troupes, confirming men ſo ſtayd:
O friends (ſaid he) hold vp your minds; ſtrength is but ſtrength of will;
Reuerence each other's good in fight, and ſhame at things done ill:
Where ſouldiers ſhew an honeſt ſhame, and loue of honour liues,
That ranks men with the firſt in fight; death fewer liueries giues
Then life; or then where Fames neglect, makes cow-herds fight at length:
Flight neither doth the bodie grace, nor ſhewes the mind hath ſtrength.
He ſaid; and ſwiftly through the troupes, a mortall Lance did ſend,
That reft a ſtandard-bearers life, renownd *Æneas* friend;
Pergaſides ſlain by Agamemnon. *Deicoon Pergaſides*, whom all the Troians lou'd,
As he were one of *Priams* ſonnes; his mind was ſo approu'd
In alwayes fighting with the firſt: the Lance his target tooke,
Which could not interrupt the blow, that through it cleerly ſtrooke,
And in his bellies rimme was ſheath'd, beneath his girdle-ſtead;
He ſounded falling; and his armes, with him reſounded, dead.
Orſilochus and Crethon ſlain by Æneas. Then fell two Princes of the Greeks, by great *Æneas* ire,
Diocleus ſonnes (*Orſilochus*, and *Crethon*) whoſe kind Sire
In brauely-builded Phæra dwelt; rich, and of ſacred bloud;
He was deſcended lineally, from great *Alphæus* floud,
The pedigree of Orſilochus. That broadly flowes through Pylos fields: *Alphæus* did beget
Orſilochus; who in the rule, of many men was ſet:
And that *Orſilochus* begat, the rich *Diocleus*:
Diocleus ſire to *Crethon* was, and this *Orſilochus*:
Both theſe, arriu'd at mans eſtate, with both th'*Atrides* went,
To honor them in th'*Ilion* warres; and both were one way ſent;
To death as well as Troy; for death, hid both in one blacke houre.
Simile. As two yong Lions (with their dam, ſuſtaind but to deuoure)
Bred on the tops of ſome ſteepe hill, and in the gloomie deepe

Of

Of an inacceſſible wood, ruſh out, and prey on ſheepe,
Steeres, Oxen; and deſtroy mens ſtals, ſo long that they come ſhort,
And by the Owners ſteele are ſlaine: in ſuch vnhappie ſort,
Fell theſe beneath *Æneas* powre. When *Menelaus* view'd
(Like two tall fir-trees) theſe two fall; their timeleſſe fals he rew'd;
And to the firſt fight, where they lay, a vengefull force he tooke;
His armes beat backe the Sunne in flames; a dreadfull Lance he ſhooke:
Mars put the furie in his mind, that by *Æneas* hands,
(Who was to make the ſlaughter good) he might haue ſtrewd the ſands.
Antilochus voluntary care of Menelaus, and their charge of Æneas. *Antilochus* (old *Neſtors* ſonne) obſeruing he was bent
To vrge a combat of ſuch ods; and knowing the euent,
Being ill on his part, all their paines (alone ſuſtaind for him)
Er'd from their end, made after hard, and tooke them in the trim
Of an encounter; both, their hands, and darts aduanc't, and ſhooke,
And both pitcht, in full ſtand of charge; when ſuddenly the looke
Of *Anchiſiades* tooke note, of *Neſtors* valiant ſonne,
In full charge too; which two to one, made *Venus* iſſue ſhunne
The hote aduenture, though he were, a ſouldier well approu'd.
Then drew they off their ſlaughterd friends; who giuen to their belou'd,
They turnd where fight ſhewd deadlieſt hate; and there mixt with the dead
Pylemen, that the targatiers of Paphlagonia led,
A man like *Mars*; and with him fell, good *Mydon* that did guide
His chariot; *Atymnius* ſonne. The Prince *Pylemen* died
By *Menelaus*; *Neſtors* ioy, ſlue *Mydon*; one before,
Menelaus ſlayes Pylemen. The other in the chariot: *Atrides* lance did gore
Pylemens ſhoulder, in the blade: *Antilochus* did force
A mightie ſtone vp from the earth, and (as he turnd his horſe)
Strooke *Mydons* elbow in the midſt: the reines of Iuorie
Antilochus ſlayes Mydon. Fell from his hands into the duſt: *Antilochus* let flie,
His ſword withall, and (ruſhing in) a blow ſo deadly layd
Vpon his temples, that he gron'd; tumbl'd to earth, and ſtayd
A mightie while prepoſterouſly (becauſe the duſt was deepe)
Vpon his necke and ſhoulders there, euen till his foe tooke keepe
Of his priſde horſe, and made them ſtirre; and then he proſtrate fell:
His horſe *Antilochus* tooke home. When *Hector* had heard tell,
Hectors manner of aſſault. (Amongſt the vprore) of their deaths, he laid out all his voice,
And ran vpon the Greeks: behind, came many men of choice;
Before him marcht great *Mars* himſelfe, matcht with his femall mate,
The drad *Bellona*: ſhe brought on (to fight for mutuall Fate)
A tumult that was wilde, and mad: he ſhooke a horrid Lance,
And, now led *Hector*, and anon, behind would make the chance.
This ſight, when great *Tydides* ſaw, his haire ſtood vp on end:
And him, whom all the skill and powre, of armes did late attend,
Now like a man in counſell poore, that (trauelling) goes amiſſe,
Simile. And (hauing paſt a boundleſſe plaine) not knowing where he is,
Comes on the ſodaine, where he ſees, a riuer rough, and raues
With his owne billowes rauiſhed, into the king of waues;
Murmurs with ſome, and frights him backe: ſo he, amazd, retirde,

And thus would make good his amaze; O friends, we all admirde
Great *Hector*, as one of himſelfe, well-darting, bold in warre;
When ſome God guards him ſtill from death, and makes him dare ſo farre;
Now *Mars* himſelfe (formd like a man), is preſent in his rage:
And therefore, whatſoeuer cauſe, importunes you to wage
Warre with theſe Troians; neuer ſtriue, but gently take your rod;
Leſt in your boſomes, for a man, ye euer find a God.
As Greece retirde, the power of Troy, did much more forward preaſe;
Hector ſlaughters Meneſthes and Anchialus. Aiax ſlayes Amphius Sclages.
And *Hector*, two braue men of warre, ſent to the fields of peace;
Meneſthes, and *Anchialus*; one chariot bare them both:
Their fals made *Aiax Telamon*, ruthfull of heart, and wroth;
Who lightned out a lance, that ſmote, *Amphius Selages*,
That dwelt in Pædos; rich in lands, and did huge goods poſſeſſe:
But Fate, to *Priam* and his ſonnes, conducted his ſupply:
The Iaulin on his girdle ſtrooke, and pierced mortally
His bellies lower part; he fell; his armes had lookes ſo trim,
That *Aiax* needs would proue their ſpoile; the Troians powrd on him
Whole ſtormes of Lances, large, and ſharpe: of which, a number ſtucke
In his rough ſhield; yet from the ſlaine, he did his Iaulin plucke:
But could not from his ſhoulders force, the armes he did affect;
The Troians, with ſuch drifts of Darts, the body did protect:
And wiſely *Telamonius* fear'd, their valorous defence;
So many, and ſo ſtrong of hand, ſtood in, with ſuch expence,
Of deadly proweſſe; who repeld (though big, ſtrong, bold he were)
The famous *Aiax*; and their friend, did from his rapture beare.
Thus this place, fild with ſtrength of fight, in th'armies other preaſe,
Tlepolemus, a tall big man, the ſonne of *Hercules*,
A cruell deſtinie inſpir'd, with ſtrong deſire to proue
Encounter with *Sarpedons* ſtrength, the ſonne of *Cloudy Ioue*;
Ioues ſon Sarpedon, and Tlepolemus his nephew ſon to Hercules, draw to encounter. Nepolemus to Sarpedon.
Who, coming on, to that ſterne end, had choſen him his foe:
Thus *Ioues* great Nephew, and his ſonne, 'gainſt one another go:
Tlepolemus (to make his end, more worth the will of Fate)
Began, as if he had her powre; and ſhewd the mortall ſtate
Of too much confidence in man, with this ſuperfluous Braue;
Sarpedon, what neceſſitie, or needleſſe humor draue
Thy forme, to theſe warres: which in heart, I know thou doeſt abhorre;
A man not ſeene in deeds of armes, a Lycian counſellor;
They lie that call thee ſonne to *Ioue*, ſince *Ioue* bred none ſo late;
The men of elder times were they, that his high powre begat,
Such men, as had *Herculean* force; my father *Hercules*
Was *Ioues* true iſſue; he was bold; his deeds did well expreſſe
They ſprung out of a Lions heart: he whilome came to Troy,
(For horſe that *Iupiter* gaue *Tros*, for *Ganimed* his boy)
With ſixe ſhips onely and few men, and tore the Citie downe,
Left all her broad wayes deſolate, and made the horſe his owne:
For thee, thy mind is ill diſpoſde, thy bodies powers are poore,
And therefore are thy troopes ſo weake: the ſouldier euermore
Followes the temper of his chiefe; and thou pull'ſt downe a ſide.

But

But ſay, thou art the ſonne of *Ioue*; and haſt thy meanes ſupplide,
With forces fitting his deſcent: the powers, that I compell,
Shall throw thee hence; and make thy head, run ope the gates of hell.
Sarpedon to Tlepolemus.
Ioues Lycian iſſue anſwerd him, *Tlepolemus*, tis true;
Thy father, holy *Ilion*, in that ſort ouerthrew;
Th'iniuſtice of the king was cauſe, that where thy father had
Vſde good deſeruings to his ſtate, he quitted him with bad.
Heſione, the ioy and grace, of king *Laomedon*,
Thy father reſcude from a whale; and gaue to *Telamon*
In honourd Nuptials; *Telamon*, from whom your ſtrongeſt Greeke
Boaſts to haue iſſude; and this grace, might well expect the like:
Yet he gaue taunts for thanks, and kept, againſt his oath, his horſe;
And therefore both thy fathers ſtrength, and iuſtice might enforce
The wreake he tooke on Troy: but this, and thy cauſe differ farre;
Sonnes ſeldome heire their fathers worths; thou canſt not make his warre:
What thou aſſum'ſt from him, is mine, to be on thee impoſde.
With this, he threw an aſhen dart; and then *Tlepolemus* loſde
Another from his glorious hand: Both at one inſtant flew;
Sarpedon ſlaughters Tlepolemus.
Both ſtrooke, both wounded; from his necke, *Sarpedons* Iaulin drew
The life-bloud of *Tlepolemus*; full in the midſt it fell:
And what he threatned, th'other gaue; that darkneſſe, and that hell.
Himſelfe ſore hurt by Tlepolemus.
Sarpedons left thigh tooke the Lance; it pierc't the ſolide bone;
And with his raging head, ranne through; but *Ioue* preſerv'd his ſonne.
The dart yet vext him bitterly, which ſhould haue bene puld out;
But none conſiderd then ſo much; ſo thicke came on the rout,
And fild each hand ſo full of cauſe, to plie his owne defence;
Twas held enough (both ſafne) that both, were nobly caried thence.
Vlyſſes valour.
Vlyſſes knew the euents of both, and tooke it much to hart,
That his friends enemie ſhould ſcape; and in a twofold part
His thoughts contended; if he ſhould, purſue *Sarpedons* life,
Or take his friends wreake on his men. Fate did conclude this ſtrife;
By whom twas otherwiſe decreed, then that *Vlyſſes* ſteele
Should end *Sarpedon*. In this doubt, *Minerua* tooke the wheele
From fickle Chance; and made his mind, reſolue to right his friend
With that bloud he could ſureſt draw. Then did Reuenge extend
Her full powre on the multitude; Then did he neuer miſſe;
Alaſtor, *Halius*, *Chromius*, *Noemon*, *Pritanis*,
Alcander, and a number more, he ſlue, and more had ſlaine,
If *Hector* had not vnderſtood; whoſe powre made in amaine,
And ſtrooke feare through the Grecian troupes; but to *Sarpedon* gaue
Sarpedon to Hector.
Hope of full reſcue; who thus cried, O *Hector*! helpe and ſaue
My body from the ſpoile of Greece; that to your loued towne,
My friends may ſee me borne; and then, let earth poſſeſſe her owne,
In this ſoyle, for whoſe ſake I left, my countries; for no day
Shall euer ſhew me that againe; nor to my wife diſplay
(And yong hope of my Name) the ioy, of my much thirſted ſight:
All which, I left for Troy; for them, let Troy then do this right.
To all this *Hector* giues no word: but greedily he ſtriues,

With all ſpeed to repell the Greekes, and ſhed in floods their liues,
And left *Sarpedon*: but what face, ſoeuer he put on
Of following the common cauſe; he left this Prince alone
For his particular grudge; becauſe, ſo late, he was ſo plaine
In his reproofe before the hoſt, and that did he retaine;
How euer, for example ſake, he would not ſhew it then;
And for his ſhame to, ſince twas iuſt. But good *Sarpedons* men
Venturd themſelues, and forc't him off, and ſet him vnderneath
The goodly Beech of *Iupiter*, where now they did vnſheath
The Aſhen lance: ſtrong *Pelagon*, his friend, moſt lou'd, moſt true,
Sarpedon in a trance. Enforc't it from his maimed thigh: with which his ſpirit flew,
And darkneſſe ouer-flew his eyes, yet with a gentle gale
That round about the dying Prince, coole *Boreas* did exhale,
He was reuiu'd, recomforted; that elſe had grieu'd and dyed.
All this time, flight draue to the fleet, the Argiues, who applyed
No weapon gainſt the proud purſuite, nor euer turnd a head;
They knew ſo well that *Mars* purſude, and dreadfull *Hector* led.
Then who was firſt, who laſt, whoſe liues, the Iron *Mars* did ſeiſe,
And *Priams Hector? Helenus*, ſurnam'd *Oenopides*,
Good *Teuthras*, and *Oreſtes*, skild, in managing of horſe;
Bold *Oenomaus*, and a man, renownd for martiall force,
Trechus, the great Ætolian Chiefe; *Oresbius*, that did weare
The gawdy Myter; ſtudied wealth, extremely, and dwelt neare
Th'Athlantique lake Cephiſides, in Hyla; by whoſe ſeate,
The good men of Bœotia dwelt. This ſlaughter grew ſo great,
It flew to heauen: *Saturnia*, diſcernd it, and cried out
To *Pallas*; O vnworthy fight! to ſee a field ſo fought,
And breake our words to Spartas king, that Ilion ſhould be rac't,
And he returne reueng'd? when thus, we ſee his Greekes diſgrac't
And beate the harmfull rage of *Mars*! Come, let vs vſe our care
That we diſhonor not our powers. *Minerua* was as yare
As ſhe, at the deſpight of Troy. Her golden-bridl'd ſteeds,
Then *Saturns* daughter brought abrode; and *Hebe*, ſhe proceeds
T'addreſſe her chariot; inſtantly, ſhe giues it either wheele,
Iunos Chariot. Beam'd with eight Spokes of ſounding braſſe, the Axle-tree was ſteele;
The Felffes, incorruptible gold; their vpper bands, of braſſe;
Their matter moſt vnuallued; their worke of wondrous grace.
The Naues in which the Spokes were driuen, were all with ſiluer bound;
The chariots ſeate, two hoopes of gold, and ſiluer, ſtrengthned round;
Edg'd with a gold and ſiluer fringe; the beame that lookt before,
Was maſſie ſiluer; on whoſe top, geres all of gold it wore,
And golden Poitrils. *Iuno* mounts, and her hote horſes rein'd,
That thirſted for contention, and ſtill of peace complaind.
Minerua wrapt her in the robe, that curiouſly ſhe woue,
Pallas armed. With glorious colours, as ſhe ſate, on th'Azure floore of *Ioue*;
And wore the armes that he puts on, bent to the tearefull field:
Ægis (Ioues ſhield) deſcribed. About her brode-ſpred ſhoulders hung, his huge and hortid ſhield,
Fring'd round with euer-fighting Snakes; through it, was drawne to life

The miſeries, and deaths of fight; in it frownd bloodie *Strife*;
In it ſhin'd ſacred *Fortitude*; in it fell *Purſuit* flew;
In it the monſter *Gorgons* head, in which (held out to view)
Were all the dire oſtents of *Ioue*; on her big head ſhe plac't
His foure-plum'd glittering caske of gold, ſo admirably vaſt,
It would a hundred garriſons, of ſouldiers comprehend.
Then to her ſhining chariot, her vigorous feet aſcend:
And in her violent hand ſhe takes, his graue, huge, ſolid lance,
With which the conqueſts of her wrath, ſhe vſeth to aduance,
And ouerturne whole fields of men; to ſhew ſhe was the ſeed
Of him that thunders. Then heauens Queene (to vrge her horſes ſpeed)
Takes vp the ſcourge, and forth they flie; the ample gates of heauen
Rung, and flew open of themſelues; the charge whereof is giuen
(With all *Olympus*, and the skie) to the diſtinguiſht Howres,
That cleare, or hide it all in clowds; or powre it downe in ſhowres.
This way their ſcourge-obeying horſe, made haſte, and ſoone they wonne
The top of all the topfull heauens, where aged *Saturns* ſonne
Sate ſeuerd from the other Gods; then ſtaid the white-arm'd Queene
Her ſteeds; and askt of *Ioue*, if *Mars*, did not incenſe his ſpleene
With his foule deeds; in ruining, ſo many, and ſo great
In the Command and grace of Greece, and in ſo rude a heate.
At which (ſhe ſaid) *Apollo* laught, and *Venus*; who ſtill ſue
To that mad God for violence, that neuer iuſtice knew;
For whoſe impietie ſhe askt, if with his wiſhed loue
Her ſelfe might free the field of him? He bade her rather moue
Athenia to the charge ſhe ſought, who vſd of old to be
The bane of *Mars*; and had as well, the gift of ſpoile as he.
This grace ſhe ſlackt not, but her horſe, ſcourg'd, that in nature flew
Betwixt the cope of ſtarres and earth: And how farre at a view
A man into the purple Sea, may from a hill deſcrie:
* So farre a high-neighing horſe of heauen, at euerie iumpe would flie.
Arriu'd at Troy, where broke in curls, the two floods mixe their force,
(*Scamander*, and bright *Simois*) *Saturnia* ſtaid her horſe;
Tooke them from chariot; and a clowd, of mightie depth diffuſd
About them; and the verdant bankes, of Symois produc'd
(In nature) what they * eate in heauen. Then both the Goddeſſes
March't like a paire of timorous Doues, in haſting their acceſſe,
To th'Argiue ſuccour. Being arriu'd, where both the moſt, and beſt
Were heapt together, (ſhewing all, like Lyons at a feaſt
Of new ſlaine carkaſſes; or Bores, beyond encounter ſtrong.)
There found they *Diomed*; and there, midſt all th'admiring throng,
Saturnia put on *Stentors* ſhape; that had a brazen voice,
And ſpake as lowd as fiftie men; like whom ſhe made a noiſe,
And chid the Argiues; O ye Greekes, in name, and outward rite,
But Princes onely; not in act: what ſcandall! what deſpight
Vſe ye to honor! all the time, the great *Æacides*
Was conuerſant in armes; your foes, durſt not a foote addreſſe
Without their ports; ſo much they feard, his lance that all controld;

The three Howres Guardians of heauen gates.

* *How farre a heauenly horſe took at one reach or ſtroke in gal-loping or running; wherein Homers mind is farre from being expreſt in his Interpreters, at taking it for how far Deities were borne from the earth: when in-ſtantly they came downe to earth: τοσσον ὀπιπεύων ὁσσον τε, &c. tantum vno ſaltu conficiunt, vel, tantũ ſubtilium progrediuntur deorum altitoni equi, &c. vno, ſpringe vnderſtood, and the horſes ſwiftneſs highly expreſſt. The ſeuenth verſe is ſtill ſpe, and contracted here.*

* *Ambroſia is the original word, which Sea feeder exactly, yet very tediouſly, aſking how the horſe came by it on theſe bankes, when the text tells vs Symois produced it: better, willing to expreſſe by Hyperbole the delicacie of that foode. If not, I hope the Deities could euer command it.*

And now they out-ray to your fleete. This did with ſhame make bold
The generall ſpirit and powre of Greece; when (with particular note
Of their diſgrace) *Athenia*, made *Tydeus* iſſue hote.
She found him at his chariot, refreſhing of his wound
Inflicted by ſlaine *Pandarus*; his ſweat did ſo abound,
It much annoid him, vnderneath, the brode belt of his ſhield;
With which, and tired with his toile, his ſoule could hardly yeeld
His bodie motion. With his hand, he lifted vp the belt,
And wip't away that clotterd blood, the feruent wound did melt.
Minerua leand againſt his horſe, and neare their withers laid
Pallas to Diomed. Her facred hand; then ſpake to him; Beleeue me *Diomed*,
Tydeus exampl'd not himſelfe, in thee his ſonne; not Great,
But yet he was a ſouldier; a man of ſo much heate,
That in his Ambaſſie for Thebes, when I forbad his mind
To be too ventrous; and when Feaſts, his heart might haue declind
(With which they welcom'd him) he made, a challenge to the beſt,
And foild the beſt; I gaue him aide, becauſe the ruſt of reſt
(That would haue ſeiſd another mind) he ſufferd not; but vſd
The triall I made like a man; and their ſoft feaſts refuſd:
Yet when I ſet thee on, thou faint'ſt; I guard thee, charge, exhort,
That (I abetting thee) thou ſhouldſt, be to the Greekes a Fort,
And a dilmay to Ilion; yet thou obey'ſt in nought:
Affraid, or ſlouthfull, or elſe both: henceforth, renounce all thought
Diomed to Pallas. That euer thou wert *Tydeus* ſonne. He anſwerd her; I know
Thou art *Ioues* daughter, and for that, in all iuſt dutie owe
Thy ſpeeches reuerence: yet affirme, ingenuouſly, that feare
Doth neither hold me ſpiritleſſe, nor ſloth. I onely beare
Thy charge in zealous memorie, that I ſhould neuer warre
With any bleſſed Deitie, vnleſſe (exceeding farre
The limits of her rule) the Queene, that gouerns Chamber ſport
Should preaſſe to field; and her, thy will, enioynd my lance to hurt:
But he whoſe powre hath right in armes, I knew in perſon here
(Beſides the *Cyprian* Deitie) and therefore did forbeare;
And here haue gatherd in retreit, theſe other Greekes you ſee
Pallas againe. With note and reuerence of your charge. My deareſt mind (ſaid ſhe)
What vnius warre. What then was fit is chang'd: Tis true, *Mars* hath iuſt rule in warre,
But iuſt warre; otherwiſe he raues, not fights; he's alterd farre;
He vow'd to *Iuno* and my ſelfe, that his aide ſhould be vſd
Againſt the Troians, whom it guards; and therein he abuſd
His rule in armes, infring'd his word, and made his warre vniuſt:
He is inconſtant, impious, mad: Reſolue then; firmly truſt
My aide of thee againſt his worſt, or any Deitie:
Adde ſcourge to thy free horſe, charge home: he fights perfidiouſly.
This ſaid, as that braue king, her knight, with his horſe-guiding friend,
Were ſet before the chariot, (for ſigne he ſhould deſcend,
That ſhe might ſerue for wagonneſſe) ſhe pluckt the waggoner backe,
And vp into his ſeate ſhe mounts: the Beechen tree did cracke
Beneath the burthen; and good cauſe, it bore ſo huge a thing:

A Goddeſſe ſo repleate with powre, and ſuch a puiſſant king.
She ſnatcht the ſcourge vp and the reines, and ſhut her heauenly looke
In hels vaſt helme, from *Mars* his eyes: and full careere ſhe tooke
At him, who then had newly ſlaine, the mightie *Periphas*,
Renown'd ſonne to *Ochęſius*; and farre the ſtrongeſt was
Of all th'Ætolians; to whoſe ſpoile, the bloodie God was run:
But when this man-plague ſaw th'approch, of God-like *Tydeus* ſonne;
He let his mightie *Periphas* lie, and in full charge he ran
The combat of Mars and Diomed. At *Diomed*; and he at him; both neare; the God began,
And (thirſtie of his blood) he throwes, a brazen lance, that beares
Full on the breaſt of *Diomed*, aboue the reines and geres;
But *Pallas* tooke it on her hand, and ſtrooke the eager lance
Beneath the chariot: then the knight, of *Pallas* doth aduance,
Mars hurt by Diomed. And caſt a laueline off, at *Mars*; *Minerua* ſent it on;
That (where his arming girdle girt) his bellie graz'd vpon,
Iuſt at the rim, and rancht the fleſh: the lance againe he got,
But left the wound; that ſtung him ſo, he laid out ſuch a throat,
As if nine or ten thouſand men, had bray'd out all their breaths
In one confuſion; hauing felt, as many ſodaine deaths.
The rore made both the hoſts amaz'd. Vp flew the God to heauen;
And with him, was through all the aire, as blacke a tincture driuen
(To *Diomeds* eyes) as when the earth, halfe chok't with ſmoking heate
Of gloomie clouds, that ſtifle men; and pitchie tempeſts threat,
Vſherd with horrid guſts of wind: with ſuch blacke vapors plum'd,
Mars flies to heauen. *Mars* flew t'*Olympus*, and brode heauen; and there his place reſum'd.
Sadly he went and ſate by *Ioue*, ſhew'd his immortall blood,
Mars to Iupiter. That from a mortall-man-made-wound, powrd ſuch an impious flood;
And (weeping) powr'd out theſe complaints: O Father, ſtormſt thou not
To ſee vs take theſe wrongs from men? extreme griefes we haue got
Euen by our owne deepe counſels held, for gratifying them;
And thou (our Councels Preſident) conclud'ſt in this extreme
Of fighting euer; being ruld, by one that thou haſt bred;
One neuer well, but doing ill; a girle ſo full of head,
That, though all other Gods obey, her mad moods muſt command
By thy indulgence; nor by word, nor any touch of hand
Correcting her; thy reaſon is, ſhe is a ſparke of thee,
And therefore ſhe may kindle rage, in men, gainſt Gods; and ſhe
May make men hurt Gods; and thoſe Gods, that are (beſides) thy feed.
Firſt in the palms height *Cyprides*; then runs the impious deed
On my hurt perſon: and could life, giue way to death in me;
Or had my feete not fetcht me off; heaps of mortalitie
Had kept me conſort. *Iupiter*, with a contracted brow,
Iupiter to Mars Thus anſwerd *Mars:* Thou many minds, inconſtant changling thou;
Sit not complaining thus by me; whom moſt of all the Gods
(Inhabiting the ſtarrie hill) I hate: no periods
Being ſet to thy contentions, brawles, fights, and pitching fields;
Iuſt of thy mother *Iunos* moods; ſtiffe-neckt, and neuer yeelds,
Though I correct her ſtill, and chide; nor can forbeare offence,

Though to her ſonne; this wound I know, taſts of her inſolence;
But I will proue more naturall, thou ſhalt be cur'd, becauſe
Thou com'ſt of me: but hadſt thou bene, ſo croſſe to ſacred lawes,
Being borne to any other God; thou hadſt bene throwne from heauen
Long ſince, as low as Tartarus, beneath the Giants driuen.
This ſaid, he gaue his wound in charge, to *Paon*, who applied
Such ſoueraigne medicines, that as ſoone, the paine was qualified,
And he recur'd; as nouriſhing milke, when runnet is put in,
Runs all in heapes of tough thicke curd, though in his nature thin:
Euen ſo ſoone, his wounds parted ſides, ran cloſe in his recure;
For he (all deathleſſe) could not long, the parts of death endure.
Hebe attires Mars. Then *Hebe* bath'd, and put on him, freſh garments, and he ſate
Exulting by his Sire againe, in top of all his ſtate;
So (hauing from the ſpoiles of men, made his deſir'd remoue)
Iuno and *Pallas* reaſcend, the ſtarrie Court of *Ioue*.

The end of the fifth Booke.

THE

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Gods now leauing an indifferent field,
The Greekes preuaile, the ſlaughterd Troians yeeld;
Hector (by Hellenus aduice) retires
In haſte to Troy; and Hecuba, *deſires*
To pray Mineiua, *to remoue from fight*
The ſonne of Tydeus, *her afflicted knight;*
And vow to her (for fauour of ſuch price)
Twelue Oxen ſhould be ſlaine in ſacrifice.
In meane ſpace, Glaucus *and* Tydides *meete;*
And either other, with remembrance greet
Of old loue twixt their fathers; which enclines
Their hearts to friendſhip; who change armes for ſigues
Of a contin'ued loue for either's life.
Hector, *in his returne, meets with his wife;*
And taking, in his armed armes, his ſonne,
He propheſies the fall of Ilion.

Another Argument.
In Zeta, Hector *Propheſies;*
Prayes for his ſonne: wifs ſacrifice.

THe ſtern fight freed of al the Gods; conqueſt, with doubtful wings
Flew on their lances; euerie way, the reſtleſſe field ſhe flings,
Betwixt the floods of Symois, and Xanthus, that confin'd
All their affaires at Ilion, and round about them ſhin'd.
The firſt that weigh'd downe all the field, of one particular ſide,
Was *Aiax*, ſonne of *Telamon*: who like a bulwarke plide
The Greekes protection, and of Troy, the knottie orders brake:
Held out a light to all the reſt, and ſhew'd them how to make
Way to their conqueſt: he did wound, the ſtrongeſt man of Thrace,
The talleſt, and the biggeſt ſet, (*Euſſorian Acamas:*)
His lance fell on his caskes plum'd top, in ſtooping; the fell head
Draue through his forehead to his iawes; his eyes Night ſhadowed.
Tydides ſlue *Teuthranides*, *Axilus*, that did dwell
In faire Ariſbas well-built towres, he had of wealth a Well,
And yet was kind and bountifull: he would a traueller pray
To be his gueſt; his friendly houſe, ſtood in the brode high way;
In which, he all ſorts nobly vſd: yet none of them would ſtand,
Twixt him and death; but both himſelfe, and he that had command
Of his faire horſe, *Calisius*, fell liueleſſe on the ground.
Euryalus; *Opheltius*, and *Dreſus* dead did wound;

Tydides, alias Diomed (ſiring ſon to Tydeus)

Noi

Nor ended there his fierie courſe, which he againe begins,
And ran to it ſucceſſfully, vpon a paire of twins,
Æſepus, and bold *Pedaſus*, whom good *Bucolion*,
(That firſt cald father, though baſe borne, renown'd *Laomedon*)
On *Naïs* Abarbaræa got, a Nymph that (as ſhe fed
Her curled flocks) *Bucolion* woo'd, and mixt in loue and bed.
Both theſe were ſpoild of armes, and life, by *Mecißiades*.
Then *Polypates*, for ſterne death, *Aßalus* did ſeiſe:
Vlyſſes ſlue *Percoſius*: *Teucer*, *Aretaon*:
Antilochus (old *Neſtors* ioy) *Ablerus*: the great ſonne
Of *Atreus*, and king of men, *Elatus*; whoſe abode
He held at vpper Pedaſus, where Satnius riuer flow'd.
The great Heroe *Leitus*, ſtaid *Phylacus* in flight,
From further life: *Eurypilus*, *Melanthius* reft of light.
The brother to the king of men, *Adreſtus* tooke aliue;
Whoſe horſe, (affrighted with the flight) their driuer now did driue,
Amongſt the low-growne Tamricke trees; and at an arme of one
The chariot in the draught-tree brake; the horſe brake looſe, and ron
The ſame way other flyers fled; contending all to towne:
Himſelfe cloſe at the chariot wheele, vpon his face was throwne,
And there lay flat, roll'd vp in duſt: *Atrides* inwards draue;
And (holding at his breaſt his lance) *Adreſtus* ſought to ſaue
His head, by loſing of his feet, and truſting to his knees:
On which, the ſame parts of the king, he hugs, and offers fees
Of worthie value for his life; and thus pleades their receipt:
Take me aliue, O *Atreus* ſonne, and take a worthie weight
Of braſſe, elaborate iron, and gold: a heape of precious things
This Virgil imitates. Are in my fathers riches hid; which (when your ſeruant brings
Newes of my ſafetie to his eares) he largely will diuide
With your rare bounties: *Atreus* ſonne, thought this the better ſide,
And meant to take it; being about, to ſend him ſafe to fleete:
Which when (farre off) his brother ſaw, he wing'd his royall feet,
Agamemnon to Menelaus. And came in threatning, crying out; O ſoft heart? whats the cauſe
Thou ſpar'ſt theſe men thus? haue not they, obſeru'd theſe gentle lawes
Of mild humanitie to thee, with mightie argument,
Why thou ſhouldſt deale thus? In thy houſe? and with all preſident
Of honord gueſt rites entertaind? not one of them ſhall flie
A bitter end for it, from heauen; and much leſſe (dotingly)
Scape our reuengefull fingers; all, euen th'infant in the wombe
Shall taſt of what they merited, and haue no other tombe,
Then razed Ilion; nor their race, haue more fruite, then the duſt.
This iuſt cauſe turnd his brothers mind, who violently thruſt
The priſoner from him; in whoſe guts, the king of men impreſt
His aſhen lance; which (pitching downe, his foote vpon the breſt,
Of him that vpwards fell) he drew; then *Neſtor* ſpake to all:
Neſtor to the Greekes. O friends and houſehold men of *Mars*, let not your purſuit fall
With thoſe ye fell, for preſent ſpoile; nor (like the king of men)
Let any ſcape vnfeld: but on, diſpatch them all; and then

Ye

Ye ſhall haue time enough to ſpoile. This made ſo ſtrong their chace,
That all the Troians had bene houſd, and neuer turnd a face,
Had not the *Priamiſt Helenus* (an Augure moſt of name)
Hellenus to Hector and Æneas Will'd *Hector*, and *Æneas* thus: *Hector*? *Anchiſes* fame?
Since on your ſhoulders, with good cauſe, the weightie burthen lies
Of Troy and Lycia, (being both, of nobleſt faculties,
For counſell, ſtrength of hand, and apt, to take chance at her beſt,
In euery turne ſhe makes) ſtand faſt, and ſuffer not the reſt
(By any way ſearcht out for ſcape) to come within the ports:
Leſt (fled into their wiues kind armes) they there be made the ſports
Of the purſuing enemie: exhort and force your bands
To turne their faces: and while we, employ our ventur'd hands
(Though in a hard condition) to make the other ſtay:
Hector, go thou to Ilion, and our Queene mother pray,
To take the richeſt robe ſhe hath; the ſame that's chiefly deare
To her Court fancie: with which Iemme, (aſſembling more to her,
Of Troys chiefe Matrones) let all go, (for feare of all our fates)
To *Pallas* temple: take the key, vnlocke the leauie gates;
Enter, and reach the higheſt towre, where her Palladium ſtands,
And on it put the precious veile, with pure, and reuerend hands:
And vow to her (beſides the gift) a facrificing ſtroke
Of twelue fat Heifers of a yeare, that neuer felt the yoke:
(Moſt anſwering to her maiden ſtate) if ſhe will pittie vs;
Our towne, our wiues, our yongeſt ioyes: and (him that plagues them thus)
Take from the conflict; *Diomed*, that Furie in a fight;
That true ſonne of great *Tydeus*; that cunning Lord of Flight:
Whom I eſteeme the ſtrongeſt Greeke: for we haue neuer fled
Achilles (that is Prince of men, and whom a Goddeſſe bred)
Like him; his furie flies ſo high, and all mens wraths commands.
Hector intends his brothers will; but firſt through all his bands,
He made quicke way, encouraging, and all (to feare) affraide:
All turnd their heads and made Greece turne. Slaughter ſtood ſtill diſmaid,
On their parts; for they thought ſome God, falne from the vault of ſtarres,
Was ruſht into the Ilions aide, they made ſuch dreadfull warres.
Thus *Hector*, toyling in the waues, and thruſting backe the flood
Hector to the Troians. Of his ebb'd forces: thus takes leaue: So, ſo, now runs your blood
In his right current, Forwards now, Troians? and farre cald friends?
Awhile hold out, till for ſucceſſe, to this your braue amends,
I haſte to Ilion, and procure, our Counſellours, and wiues
To pray, and offer Hecatombs, for their ſtates in our liues.
How Hector left the field. Then faire-helm'd *Hector* turnd to Troy, and (as he trode the field)
The blacke Buls hide, that at his backe, he wore about his ſhield,
(In the extreme circumference) was with his gate ſo rockt,
That (being large) it (both at once) his necke and ankles knockt.
The encounter of Diomed and Glaucus. And now betwixt the hoſts were met, *Hippolochus* braue ſonne
Glaucus, who (in his verie looke) hope of ſome wonder wonne:
And little *Tydeus* mightie heire: who ſeeing ſuch a man
Offer the field; (for vſuall blowes) with wondrous words began.

I What

Diomed to Glaucus.

What art thou (ſtrongſt of mortall men) that putſt ſo farre before?
Whom theſe fights neuer ſhew'd mine eyes? they haue bene euermore
Sonnes of vnhappie parents borne, that came within the length
Of this *Minerua*-guided lance, and durſt cloſe with the ſtrength
That ſhe inſpires in me. If heauen, be thy diuine abode,
And thou a Deitie; thus inform'd, no more, with any God
Will I change lances: the ſtrong ſonne, of *Dr.as* did not liue
Long after ſuch a conflict dar'd, who godlieſly did driue
Niſæus Nurſes through the hill, made ſacred to his name,
And cald *Niſſeius*: with a goade, he puncht each furious dame,
And made them euery one caſt downe, their greene and leauie ſpeares.
This, t'homicide *Lycurgus* did; and thoſe vngodly feares,
He put the Froes in, ſeild their God. Euen *Bacchus* he did driue
From his *Niſſeius*; who was faine (with huge exclaimes) to diue
Into the Ocean: *Thetis* there, in her bright boſome tooke
The flyiing Deitie; who ſo feard, *Lycurgus* threats, he ſhooke:
For which, the freely-liuing Gods, ſo highly were incenſt,
That *Saturns* great ſonne ſtrooke him blind, and with his life diſpenc't
But ſmall time after: all becauſe, th'immortals lou'd him not:
Nor lou'd him, ſince he ſtriu'd with them: and his end hath begot
Feare in my powres to fight with heauen: but if the fruits of earth
Nouriſh thy bodie, and thy life, be of our humane birth,
Come neare, that thou maiſt ſoone arriue, on that life-bounding ſhore,

Glaucus his worke to know an end to Diomed's queſtion of his pedigree drawne euen from Syſiphus.

To which I ſee thee hoiſe ſuch ſaile. Why doſt thou ſo explore,
(Said *Glaucus*) of what race I am? when like the race of leaues
The race of man is, that deſerues, no queſtion; nor receiues
My being any other breath: The wind in Autumne ſtrowes
The earth with old leaues; then the Spring, the woods with new endowes:
And ſo death ſcatters men on earth: ſo life puts out againe
Mans leauie iſſue: but my race, if (like the courſe of men)
Thou ſeekſt in more particular termes: tis this; (to many knowne)

The hiſtorie of Bellerophon.

In midſt of Argos, nurſe of horſe, there ſtands a walled towne
Ephyré, where the Manſion houſe, of *Syſiphus* did ſtand;
Of *Syſiphus Æolides*, moſt wiſe of all the land:
Glaucus was ſonne to him, and he, begat *Bellerophon*,
Whoſe bodie heauen endued with ſtrength, and put a beautie on,
Exceeding louely: *Prætus* yet, his cauſe of loue did hate,
And baniſht him the towne: he might; he ruld the Argiue ſtate:
The vertue of the one, *Ioue* plac't, beneath the others powre.
His exile grew, ſince he denied, to be the Paramour
Of faire *Anteia*, *Prætus* wife; who felt a raging fire
Of ſecret loue to him: but he, whom wiſedome did inſpire
As well as prudence (one of them, aduiſing him to ſhunne
The danger of a Princeſſe loue: the other, not to runne
Within the danger of the Gods: the act being ſimply ill)
Still entertaining thoughts diuine, ſubdu'd the earthly ſtill.
She (rul'd by neither of his wits) preferd her luſt to both;
And (falſe to *Prætus*) would ſeeme true, with this abhorr'd vntroth;

Prætus or die thy ſelfe (ſaid ſhe) or let *Bellerophon* die;
He vrg'd diſhonour to thy bed: which ſince I did denie,
He thought his violence ſhould grant, and fought thy ſhame by force.
The king, incenſt with her report, reſolu'd vpon her courſe;
But doubted, how it ſhould be runne: he ſhund his death direct;
(Holding a way ſo neare, not ſafe) and plotted the effect,
By ſending him with letters ſeald (that, opened, touch his life)
To *Rheuns* king of Lycia, and father to his wife.
He went, and happily he went: the Gods walkt all his way.
And being arriu'd in Lycia, where Xanthus doth diſplay
The ſiluer enſignes of his waues: the king of that brode land
Receiu'd him, with a wondrous free, and honourable hand.
Nine daies he feaſted him, and kild, an Oxe in euery day,
In thankfull ſacrifice to heauen, for his faire gueſt; whoſe ſtay,
With roſie fingers, brought the world, the tenth wel-welcomd morne:
And then the king did moue to ſee, the letters he had borne
From his lou'd ſonne in law; which ſeene, he wrought thus their conten's.
Chymæra the inuincible, he ſent him to conuince:
Sprung from no man, but meere diuine; a Lyons ſhape before,
Behind, a dragons, in the midſt, a Gotes ſhagg'd forme ſhe bore;
And flames of deadly feruencie, flew from her breath and eyes:
Yet her he ſlue, his confidence, in ſacred prodigies
Renderd him victor. Then he gaue, his ſecond conqueſt way,
Againſt the famous *Solymi*, when (he himſelfe would ſay
Reporting it) he enterd on, a paſſing vigorous fight.
His third huge labour he approu'd, againſt a womans ſpight
That fild a field of Amazons: he ouercame them all.
Then ſet they on him ſlie *Deceipt*, when *Force* had ſuch a fall;
An ambuſh of the ſtrongeſt men, that ſpacious Lycia bred,
Was lodg'd for him; whom he lodg'd ſure: they neuer raiſd a head.
His deeds thus ſhewing him deriu'd, from ſome Celeſtiall race,
The king detaind, and made amends, with doing him the grace
Of his faire daughters Princely gift; and with her (for a dowre)
Gaue halfe his kingdome; and to this, the Lycians on did powre
More then was giuen to any king: a goodly planted field,
In ſome parts, thicke of groues, and woods: the reſt, rich crops did yeeld.
This field, the Lycians futurely (of future wandrings there
And other errors of their Prince, in the vnhappie Rere
Of his ſad life) the Errant cald: the Princeſſe brought him forth
Three children (whoſe ends grieu'd him more, the more they were of worth)
Iſander, and *Hippolochus*, and faire *Laodomy*:
With whom, euen *Iupiter* himſelfe, left heauen it ſelfe, to lie;
And had by her the man at armes, *Sarpedon*, cald diuine.
The Gods then left him (leſt a man ſhould in their glories ſhine)
And ſet againſt him, for his ſonne, *Iſandrus*, (in a ſtrife,
Againſt the valiant *Solymi*) *Mars* reft of light and life,
Laodamia (being enuied, of all the Goddeſſes)
The golden-bridle-handling Queene, the maiden Patroneſſe,

Bellerephontis litera. Ad. Eraſ. The long ſpeech many Critickes taxe as vntimely, being (as they take it) in the heate of fight. Hier Vidas (a late obſeruer) be inge earneſt againſt Homer, whoſe ignorance in this, I cannot but note, and prone to you: for (beſides the authority & office of a Poet, to vary and quicken his Poem with theſe epiſods ſometimes beyond the leaſure of their actions) the Critick notes not how far his fore-runner preuents his worſt as farr: and ſets downe his ſpeech, at the ſodain & ſtrage turning of the Troian field, ſet on a little before by Hector: and that ſo fiercely, it made an admiring ſtand amõg the Grecians, & therein gaue fit time for theſe great captaines to vtter their admirations: the whole field in that part being to ſtand like their Commanders. And then how full of decorum this gallant ſhew and ſpeech was to ſound vnderſtandings, I leaue onely to ſuch, and let our Criticks go cauill.

Sarpedons birth

Slue with an arrow: and for this, he wandred euermore
Alone through his Aleian field; and fed vpon the core
Of his ſad boſome: flying all, the loth'd conſorts of men.
Yet had he one ſuruiu'd to him, of thoſe three childeren;
Hippolochus, the root of me: who ſent me here, with charge,
That I ſhould alwaies beare me well, and my deſerts enlarge
Beyond the vulgar: leſt I ſham'd, my race, that farre exceld
All that *Ephyræ* famous towres, or ample Lycia held.
This is my ſtocke, and this am I. This cheard *Tydides* heart,
Who pitcht his ſpeare downe; leand, and talkt, in this affectionate part.
Certeſſe (in thy great Ancetor, and in mine owne) thou art
A gueſt of mine, right ancient; king *Oeneus* twentie daies
Detaind, with feaſts, *Bellerophon*, whom all the world did praiſe:
Betwixt whom, mutuall gifts were giuen: my Grandſire gaue to thine,
A girdle of Phœnician worke, impurpl'd wondrous fine:
Thine gaue a two-neckt Iugge of gold, which though I vſe not here,
Yet ſtill it is my gemme at home. But if our fathers were
Familiars; or each other knew, I know not: ſince my ſire
Left me a child, at ſiege of Thebes: where he left his lifes fire.
But let vs proue our Grandſires ſonnes, and be each others gueſts:
To Lycia when I come, do thou, receiue thy friend with feaſts:
Peloponneſus, with the like, ſhall thy wiſht preſence greet;
Meane ſpace, ſhun we each other here, though in the preaſſe we meet:
There are enow of Troy beſide, and men enough renownd,
To right my powres, whom euer heauen, ſhall let my lance confound:
So are there of the Greeks for thee: kill who thou canſt: and now
For ſigne of amitie twixt vs, and that all theſe may know
We glorie in th'hoſpitious rites, our Grandſires did commend,
Change we our armes before them all. From horſe then Both deſcend,
Ioyne hands, giue faith, and take; and then, did *Iupiter* elate
The mind of *Glaucus*: who to ſhew, his reuerence to the ſtate
Of vertue in his grandſires heart, and gratulate beſide
The offer of ſo great a friend: exchang'd (in that good pride)
Curets of gold for thoſe of braſſe, that did on *Diomed* ſhine:
One of a hundred Oxens price, the other but of nine.
By this, had *Hector* reacht the ports, of Scæa, and the tow'rs:
About him flockt the wiues of Troy, the children, paramours,
Enquiring how their husbands did, their fathers, brothers, loues.
He ſtood not then to anſwer them, but ſaid; It now behoues
Ye ſhould go all t'implore the aide, of neauen, in a diſtreſſe
Of great effect, and imminent. Then haſted he acceſſe,
To *Priams* goodly builded Court; which round about was runne
With walking porches, galleries, to keepe off raine and Sunne;
Within, of one ſide, on a rew, of ſundrie colourd ſtones,
Fiftie faire lodgings were built out, for *Priams* fiftie ſonnes:
And for as faire ſort of their wiues; and in the oppoſite view
Twelue lodgings of like ſtone, like height, were likewiſe built arew;
Where, with their faire and vertuous wiues, twelue Princes, ſons in law,

To

Diomed exchanges armes with Glaucus.

ἀφνειὸς ἐὼν ἑκατόμβοιος, ἐννεαβοίου. Mentem ademit Iup. the text hath it: which onely I alter of all Homers originall, ſince Plutarch againſt the Stoicks, excuſeth him ſuppoſed folly in Glaucus. Spond. likewiſe encouraging my alteration, which I vſe for the loued and ſimple Nobility of the free exchange in Glaucus, contrarie to ouers that for the ſuppoſed folly in Glaucus, turned his change into a Prouerb.

Χρύσεα χαλκείων, ἑκατόμβοι εἰνοσιβοίων. golde for braſſe. Priams Court.

To honourable *Priam*, lay: And here met *Hecuba*
(The louing mother) her great ſonne, and with her, needs muſt be
The faireſt of her femall race, the bright *Laodice*.
The Queene grip't hard her *Hectors* hand, and ſaid; O worthieſt ſonne, *Hecuba to Hector.*
Why leau'ſt thou field? is't not becauſe, the curſed nation
Afflict our countrimen and friends? they are their mones that moue
Thy mind to come and lift thy hands (in his high towre) to *Ioue:*
But ſtay a little, that my ſelfe, may fetch our ſweeteſt wine,
To offer firſt to *Iupiter*: then that theſe ioynts of thine
May be refreſht: for (wo is me) how thou art toyld and ſpent!
Thou for our cities generall ſtate: thou, for our friends farre ſent,
Muſt now the preaſſe of fight endure: now ſolitude to call
Vpon the name of *Iupiter*: thou only for vs all.
But wine will ſomething comfort thee: for to a man diſmaid,
With carefull ſpirits; or too much, with labour ouerlaid,
Wine brings much reſcue, ſtrengthning much, the bodie and the mind.
The great Helme-mouer thus receiu'd, the authreſſe of his kind;
My royall mother, bring no wine, leſt rather it impaire, *Hector to Hecuba.*
Then helpe my ſtrength; and make my mind, forgetfull of th'affaire
Committed to it. And (to poure, it out in ſacrifice)
I feare; with vnwaſht hands to ſerue, the pure-liu'd Deities;
Nor is it lawfull, thus imbrew'd, with blood, and duſt; to proue
The will of heauen: or offer vowes, to clowd-compelling *Ioue.*
I onely come to vſe your paines (aſſembling other Dames,
Matrons, and women honourd moſt, with high and vertuous names)
With wine and odors; and a robe, moſt ample, moſt of price;
And which is deareſt in your loue, to offer ſacrifice,
In *Pallas* temple: and to put, the precious robe ye beare,
On her Palladium; vowing all, twelue Oxen of a yeare,
Whoſe necks were neuer wrung with yoke; ſhall pay her Grace their liues,
If ſhe will pittie our ſieg'd townes; pittie our ſelues, our wiues;
Pittie our children; and remoue, from ſacred Ilion,
The dreadfull ſouldier *Diomed*; and when your ſelues are gone
About this worke, my ſelfe will go, to call into the field,
(If he will heare me) *Hellens* loue; whom would the earth would yeeld,
And headlong take into her gulfe, euen quicke before mine eyes:
For then my heart, I hope, would caſt, her lode of miſeries;
Borne for the plague he hath bene borne, and bred to the deface
(By great *Olympius*) of Troy, our Sire, and all our race.
This ſaid, graue *Hecuba* went home, and ſent her maids about,
To bid the Matrones: ſhe her ſelfe, deſcended, and ſearcht out
(Within a place that breath'd perfumes) the richeſt robe ſhe had:
Which lay with many rich ones more, moſt curiouſly made,
By women of Sydonia; which *Paris* brought from thence,
Sailing the brode Sea, when he made, that voyage of offence,
In which he brought home *Hellena*. That robe, transferd ſo farre,
(That was the vndermoſt) ſhe tooke; it glitterd like a ſtarre;
And with it, went ſhe to the Fane, with many Ladies more:

Amongſt whom, faire cheekt *Theano*, vnlockt the folded dore;
Chaſte *Theano*, *Antenors* wife, and of *Ciſſeus* race,
Siſter to *Hecuba*, both borne, to that great king of Thrace.
Her, th'Ilions made *Minervas* Prieſt; and her they followed all,
Vp to the Temples higheſt towre; where, on their knees they fall;
Lift vp their hands, and fill the Fane, with Ladies pitious cries.
Theano Minervas Prieſt, and Antenors wife, prayes to Pallas.
Then louely *Theano* tooke the veile, and with it ſhe implies
The great *Palladium*, praying thus; Goddeſſe of moſt renowne!
In all the heauen of Goddeſſes! great guardian of our towne!
Reuerend *Minerua!* breake the lance, of *Diomed*; ceaſſe his grace;
Giue him to fall in ſhamefull flight, headlong, and on his face,
Before our ports of Ilion; that inſtantly we may,
Twelue vnyok't Oxen of a yeare, in this thy Temple ſlay
To thy ſole honor; take their bloods, and baniſh our offence;
Accept Troyes zeale; her wiues, and ſaue, our infants innocence.
She praid, but *Pallas* would not grant. Meane ſpace was *Hector* come
Where *Alexanders* lodgings were; that many a goodly roome
Had, built in them by Architects, of Troys moſt curious ſort;
And were no lodgings, but a houſe; nor no houſe, but a Court;
Or had all theſe containd in them; and all within a towre,
Next *Hectors* lodgings and the kings. The lou'd of heauens chiefe powre,
(*Hector*) here entred. In his hand, a goodly lance he bore,
Ten cubits long; the braſen head, went ſhining in before;
Helpt with a burniſht ring of gold; he found his brother then
Amongſt the women; yet prepar'd, to go amongſt the men.
For in their chamber he was ſet, trimming his armes, his ſhield,
His curets, and was trying how, his crooked bow would yeeld
To his ſtreight armes; amongſt her maids, was ſet the Argiue Queene,
Commanding them in choiſeſt workes. When *Hectors* eye had ſeene
His brother thus accompanied; and that he could not beare
The verie touching of his armes, but where the women were;
And when the time ſo needed men: right cunningly he chid,
That he might do it bitterly; his cowardiſe he hid
(That ſimply made him ſo retir'd) beneath an anger faind,
Hector diſſembles the cowardiſe he finds in Paris, turning it, as if he chid him for his anger at the Troians for hating him being conquered by Menelaus: when it is for his effeminacie: which is all paraphraſticall in my tranſlation.
In him, by *Hector*; for the hate, the citizens ſuſtaind
Againſt him, for the foile he tooke, in their cauſe; and againe,
For all their generall foiles in his. So *Hector* ſeemes to plaine
Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and not his cowardiſe;
As that were it that ſhelterd him, in his effeminacies;
And kept him in that dangerous time, from their fit aid in fight:
For which he chid thus; Wretched man! ſo timeleſſe is thy ſpight,
That tis not honeſt; and their hate, is iuſt, gainſt which it bends:
Warre burns about the towne for thee; for thee our ſlaughterd friends
Beſiege Troy with their carkaſſes, on whoſe heapes our high wals
Are ouerlookt by enemies: the ſad ſounds of their fals
Without, are eccho'd with the cries, of wiues, and babes within;
And all for thee: and yet for them, thy honor cannot win
Head of thine anger: thou ſhouldſt need, no ſpirit to ſtirre vp thine,

But thine ſhould ſet the reſt on fire; and with a rage diuine
Chaſtiſe impartially the beſt, that impiouſly forbeares:
Come forth, leſt thy faire towers and Troy, be burnd about thine eares.
Paris acknowledg'd (as before) all iuſt that *Hector* ſpake;
Allowing iuſtice, though it were, for his iniuſtice ſake:
And where his brother put a wrath, vpon him, by his art;
He takes it (for his honors ſake,) as ſprung out of his hart:
And rather would haue anger ſeeme, his fault, then cowardiſe:
And thus he anſwerd: Since with right, you ioynd checke with aduiſe, *Paris to Hector.*
And I heare you; giue equall care; It is not any ſpleene
Againſt the Towne (as you conceiue) that makes me ſo vnſeene;
But ſorrow for it: which to eaſe, and by diſcourſe digeſt,
(Within my ſelfe) I liue ſo cloſe: and yet, ſince men might wreſt
My ſad retreat, like you; my wife, (with her aduice) inclinde
This my addreſſion to the field; which was mine owne free minde,
As well as th'inſtance of her words: for though the foyle were mine,
Conqueſt brings forth her wreaths by turnes: ſtay then this haſt of thine,
But till I ar me; and I am made, a conſort for thee ſtreight;
Or go, Ile ouertake thy haſte. *Hellen* ſtood at receipt,
And tooke vp all great *Hectors* powers, t'attend her heauie words; *Hellens vnfulfild complaint to Hector.*
By which had *Paris* no reply; this vent her griefe affords:
Brother, (if I may call you ſo, that had bene better borne
A dog, then ſuch a horride Dame, as all men curſe and ſcorne;
A miſchiefe maker, a man-plague) O would to God the day
That firſt gaue light to me, had bene, a whirlwind in my way,
And borne me to ſome deſert hill, or hid me in the rage
Of earths moſt far-reſounding ſeas; ere I ſhould thus engage
The deare liues of ſo many friends: yet ſince the Gods haue beene
Helpleſſe foreſeers of my plagues, they might haue likewiſe ſeene,
That he they put in yoke with me, to beare out their award,
Had bene a man of much more ſpirit; and, or had noblier dar'd
To ſhield mine honour with his deed; or with his mind had knowne
Much better the vpbraids of men; that ſo he might haue ſhowne
(More like a man) ſome ſence of griefe, for both my ſhame and his:
But he is ſenſleſſe, nor conceiues, what any manhood is;
Nor now, nor euer after will: and therefore hangs, I feare,
A plague aboue him. But come neare; good brother, reſt you here,
Who (of the world of men) ſtands charg'd, with moſt vnreſt for me,
(Vile wretch) and for my Louers wrong; on whom a deſtinie
So bitter is impoſde by *Ioue*, that all ſucceeding times
Will put (to our vn-ended ſhames) in all mens mouthes our crimes.
He anſwerd: *Hellen*, do not ſeeke, to make me ſit with thee: *Hector to Hellen.*
I muſt not ſtay, though well I know, thy honourd loue of me:
My mind cals forth to aid our friends, in whom my abſence breeds
Longings to ſee me: for whoſe ſakes, importune thou, to deeds,
This man by all meanes, that your care, may make his owne make haſt,
And meete me in the open towne, that all may ſee at laſt,
He minds his louer: I my ſelfe, will now go home, and ſee

My houſhold, my deare wife, and ſonne, that little hope of me.
For (ſiſter) tis without my skill, if I ſhall euer more
Returne and ſee them; or to earth, her right in me reſtore:
The Gods may ſtoupe me by the Greekes. This ſaid, he went to ſee
The vertuous Princeſſe, his true wife, white arm'd *Andromache*.
She (with her infant ſonne, and maide) was climb'd the towre, about
The ſight of him that ſought for her, weeping and crying out.
Hector, not finding her at home, was going forth; retir'd;
Stood in the gate: her woman cald; and curiouſly enquir'd,
Where ſhe was gone; bad tell him true, if ſhe were gone to ſee
His ſiſters, or his brothers wiues? or whether ſhe ſhould be
At Temple with the other Dames, t'implore *Minerua's* ruth.
Her woman anſwerd; ſince he askt, and vrg'd ſo much the truth;
The truth was, ſhe was neither gone, to ſee his brothers wiues,
His ſiſters, nor t'implore the ruth, of *Pallas* on their liues;
But (ſhe aduertiſde of the bane, Troy ſufferd; and how vaſt
Conqueſt had made her ſelfe, for Greece) like one diſtraught, made haſt
To ample *Ilion*, with her ſonne, and Nurſe; and all the way
Mournd, and diſſolu'd in teares for him. Then *Hector* made no ſtay;
But trod her path, and through the ſtreets (magnificently built)
All the great Citie paſt, and came, where (ſeeing how bloud was ſpilt)
Andromache might ſee him come; who made as he would paſſe
The ports without ſaluting her, not knowing where ſhe was:
She, with his ſight, made breathleſſe haſt, to meet him: ſhe, whoſe grace
Brought him, withall, ſo great a dowre; ſhe that of all the race
Of king *Action*, onely liu'd: *Action*, whoſe houſe ſtood
Beneath the mountaine Placius, enuirond with the wood
Of Theban Hippoplace, being Court, to the Cilician land:
She ran to *Hector*, and with her (tender of heart and hand)
Her ſonne, borne in his Nurſes armes: when like a heauenly ſigne,
Compact of many golden ſtarres, the princely child did ſhine;
Whom *Hector* cald *Scamandrius*; but whom the towne did name
Aſtianax; becauſe his ſire, did onely prop the ſame.
Hector (though griefe bereft his ſpeech, yet) ſmil'd vpon his ioy:
Andromache cride out, mixt hands, and to the ſtrength of Troy,
Andromaches paſſion to Hector. Thus wept forth her affection: O nobleſt in deſire;
Thy mind, inflam'd with others good, will ſet thy ſelfe on fire:
Nor pitieſt thou thy ſonne, nor wife, who muſt thy widdow be,
If now thou iſſue: all the field, will onely run on thee.
Better my ſhoulders vnderwent, the earth, then thy deceaſe;
For then would earth beare ioyes no more: then comes the blacke increaſe
Of griefes (like Greeks on *Ilion*): Alas, what one ſuruiues
To be my refuge? one blacke day, bereft ſeuen brothers liues,
By ſterne *Achilles*; by his hand, my father breath'd his laſt:
Thebes a moſt rich citie of Cilicia. His high-wald rich Cilician Thebes, ſackt by him, and laid waſt;
The royall bodie yet he left, vnſpoild: Religion charm'd
That act of ſpoile; and all in fire, he burnd him compleat arm'd;
Built ouer him a royall tombe: and to the monument

He

He left of him; Th'*Orerdes* (that are the high deſcent
Of *Ægis*-bearing *Iupiter*) another of their owne
Did adde to it, and ſet it round, with Elms; by which is ſhowne
(In theirs) the barrenneſſe of death: yet might it ſerue beſide
To ſhelter the ſad Monument, from all the ruffinous pride
Of ſtormes and tempeſts, vſde to hurt, things of that noble kind:
The ſhort life yet, my mother liu'd, he ſau'd; and ſeru'd his mind
With all the riches of the Realme; which not enough eſteemd,
He kept her priſoner; whom ſmall time, but much more wealth redeemd:
And ſhe in ſyluane Hyppoplace, Cilicia rul'd againe;
But ſoone was ouer-rul'd by death: *Dianas* chaſt diſdaine
Gaue her a Lance, and tooke her life; yet all theſe gone from me,
Thou amply render'ſt all; thy life, makes ſtill my father be;
My mother; brothers: and beſides, thou art my husband too;
Moſt lou'd, moſt worthy. Pitie then (deare loue) and do not go;
For thou gone, all theſe go againe: pitie our common ioy,
Leſt (of a fathers patronage, the bulwarke of all Troy)
Thou leau'ſt him a poore widdowes charge; ſtay, ſtay then, in this Towre,
And call vp to the wilde Fig-tree, all thy retired powre:
For there the wall is eaſieſt ſcal'd, and fitteſt for ſurpriſe;
And there, th'*Aiaces*, *Idomen*, th'*Atrides*, *Diomed*, thriſe
Haue both ſuruaid, and made attempt; I know not, if induc'd
By ſome wiſe Augure; or the fact, was naturally infuſd
Into their wits, or courages. To this, great *Hector* ſaid; *Hector to Andromache.*
Be well aſſur'd wife, all theſe things, in my kind cares are waid:
But what a ſhame, and feare it is, to thinke how Troy would ſcorne
(Both in her husbands and her wiues, whom long-traind gownes adorne)
That I ſhould cowardly flie off? The ſpirit I firſt did breath,
Did neuer teach me that; much leſſe, ſince the contempt of death
Was ſettl'd in me; and my mind, knew what a Worthy was;
Whoſe office is, to leade in fight, and giue no danger paſſe
Without improuement. In this fire, muſt *Hectors* triall ſhine;
Here muſt his country, father, friends, be (in him) made diuine.
And ſuch a ſtormy day ſhall come, in mind and ſoule I know,
When ſacred Troy ſhall ſhed her towres, for teares of ouerthrow;
When *Priam*, all his birth and powre, ſhall in thoſe teares be drownd.
But neither Troyes poſteritie, ſo much my ſoule doth wound:
Priam, nor *Hecuba* her ſelfe, nor all my brothers woes
(Who though ſo many, and ſo good, muſt all be food for foes)
As thy ſad ſtate; when ſome rude Greeke, ſhall leade thee weeping hence;
Theſe free dayes clouded; and a night, of captiue violence
Loding thy temples: out of which, thine eyes muſt neuer ſee;
But ſpin the Greeke wiues, webs of taske; and their Fetch-water be,
To Argos, from Meſſeides, or cleare Hyperias ſpring: *The names of two fountaines: of which, one in Theſſaly, the other neer Argos: or according to others, in Peloponneſus or Lacedemon.*
Which (howſoeuer thou abhorſt) Fate's ſuch a ſhrewiſh thing,
She will be miſtris: whoſe curſt hands, when they ſhall cruſh out cries
From thy oppreſſions, (being beheld, by other enemies)
Thus they will nouriſh thy extremes: This dame was *Hectors* wife,

A man, that at the warres of Troy, did breath the worthieſt life
Of all their armie. This againe, will rub thy fruitfull wounds,
To miſſe the man, that to thy bands, could giue ſuch narrow bounds:
But that day ſhall not wound mine eyes; the ſolide heape of night
Shall interpoſe, and ſtop mine eares, againſt thy plaints, and plight.
This ſaid, he reacht to take his ſonne: who (of his armes atraid;
And then the horſe-haire plume, with which, he was ſo ouerlaid,
Nodded ſo horribly) he clingd, backe to his nurſe, and cride.
Laughter affected his great Sire; who doft, and laid aſide
His fearfull Helme; that on the earth, caſt round about it, light;
Then tooke and kiſt his louing ſonne; and (ballancing his weight
In dancing him) theſe louing vowes, to liuing *Ioue* he vſde,
Hector's prayer for his ſonne. And all the other bench of Gods: O you that haue infuſde
Soule to this Infant; now ſet downe, this bleſſing on his ſtarre:
Let his renowne be cleare as mine; equall his ſtrength in warre;
And make his reigne ſo ſtrong in Troy, that yeares to come may yeeld
His facts this fame; (when rich in ſpoiles, he leaues the conquerd field
Sowne with his ſlaughters.) Theſe high deeds, exceed his fathers worth:
And let this eccho'd praiſe ſupply, the comforts to come forth
Of his kind mother, with my life. This ſaid; th'Heroicke Sire
Gaue him his mother; whoſe faire eyes, freſh ſtreames of loues ſalt fire,
Billow'd on her ſoft cheekes, to heare, the laſt of *Hectors* ſpeech;
In which his vowes compriſde the ſumme, of all he did beſeech
In her wiſht comfort. So ſhe tooke, into her odorous breſt,
Her husbands gift; who (mou'd to ſee, her heart ſo much oppreſt)
He dried her teares; and thus deſir'd: Afflict me not (deare wife)
With theſe vaine griefes; He doth not liue, that can diſioyne my life
And this firme boſome; but my Fate; and Fate, whoſe wings can flie?
Noble, ignoble, Fate controuls: once borne, the beſt muſt die:
Go home, and ſet thy houſwiftrie, on theſe extremes of thought;
And driue warre from them with thy maids; keepe them from doing nought:
Theſe will be nothing: leaue the cares, of warre, to men, and mee;
In whom (of all the *Ilion* race) they take their high'ſt degree.
On went his helme; his Princeſſe home, halfe cold with kindly feares;
When euery feare, turnd backe her lookes; and euery looke ſhed teares.
To ſlaughtering *Hectors* houſe, ſoone reacht, her many women there
Wept all to ſee her: in his life, great *Hectors* funerals were;
Neuer lookt any eye of theirs, to ſee their Lord ſafe home,
Scap't from the gripes and powers of Greece. And now was *Paris* come
Paris ouertakes Hector. His ſimile: high and expreſſiue: which Virgil almoſt word for word hath tranſlated, Æn. From his high towres; who made no ſtay, when once he had put on
His richeſt armour; but flew forth: the flints he trod vpon
Sparkled with luſter of his armes; his long-ebd ſpirits, now flowd
The higher, for their lower ebbe. And as a faire Steed, proud
With ful-giuen mangers; long tied vp, and now (his head-ſtall broke)
He breakes from ſtable, runnes the field, and with an ample ſtroke
Meaſures the center; neighs, and lifts, aloft his wanton head:
About his ſhoulders, ſhakes his Creſt; and where he hath bene fed,
Or in ſome calme floud waſht; or (ſtung, with his high plight) he flies

Amongſt

Amongſt his femals; ſtrength put forth; his beautie beautifies.
And like Lifes mirror, beares his gate: ſo Paris from the towre
Of loftie Pergamus came forth; he ſhewd a Sun-like powre
In cariage of his goodly parts, addreſt now to the ſtrife;
And found his noble brother neere, the place he left his wife;
Him (thus reſpected) he ſalutes; Right worthy, I haue feare
Paris to Hector. That your ſo ſerious haſte to field, my ſtay hath made forbeare;
And that I come not, as you wiſh. He anſwerd, Honourd man,
Hector to Paris. Be confident; for not my ſelfe, nor any others can
Reproue in thee, the worke of fight; at leaſt, not any ſuch,
As is an equall iudge of things: for thou haſt ſtrength as much
As ſerues to execute a mind, very important: But
Thy ſtrength too readily flies off: enough will is not put
To thy abilitie. My heart, is in my minds ſtrife, ſad,
When Troy (out of her much diſtreſſe, ſhe and her friends haue had
By thy procurement) doth depraue, thy nobleſſe in mine eares:
But come, hereafter we ſhall calme, theſe hard conceits of theirs,
When (from their ports the foe expulſt) high *Ioue* to them hath giuen
Wiſht peace; and vs free ſacrifice, to all the powers of heauen.

The end of the ſixth Booke.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

HEctor, *by* Hellenus *aduice d.th ſeeke*
Aduenturous combat on the boldeſt Greeke.
Nine Greeks ſtand vp, Acceptants euery one,
But lot ſelects ſtrong Aiax Telamon.
Both, with high honor, ſtand th'important fight,
Till Heralds part them by approched night.
Laſtly, they graue the dead: the Greeks erect
A mightie wall, their Nauie to protect;
Which angers Neptune. Ioue, *by hapleſſe ſignes,*
Indepth of night, ſucceeding woes diuines.

Another Argument.

In Era, Priams *ſtrongeſt ſonne*
Combats with Aiax Telamon.

Theſe neuct foure bookes haue not my laſt hand: & becauſe the reſt (for a time) will be ſufficient to employ your cenſures, ſuſpend them of theſe: ſpare not the other.

THis ſaid; braue *Hector* through the ports, with Troyes bane-bringing
Made iſſue to th'inſatiate field, reſolu'd to feruent fight. (Knight,
And as the weather-wielder ſends, to Sea-men proſperous gales,
When with their fall aw-poliſht Oares, long lifted from their fals,
Their wearied armes, diſſolu'd with toyle, can ſcarce ſtrike one ſtroke more;
Like thoſe ſweet winds appear'd theſe Lords, to Troians tir'd before.
Then fell they to the works of death: by *Paris* valour fell
King *Aretthous* hapleſſe ſonne, that did in Arna dwell,
(*Meneſthius*) whoſe renown'd Sire, a Club did euer beare,
And of *Phylomeduſa* gat (that had her eyes ſo cleare)
This ſlaughter'd iſſue: *Hectors* dart, ſtrooke *Eioneus* dead;
Beneath his good ſteele caske, it pierc't, aboue his gorget ſtead.
Glaucus (*Hyppolochus* his ſonne) that led the Lycian crew,
Iphinous-Dexiades, with ſodaine lauelin ſlew,
As he was mounting to his horſe: his ſhoulders tooke the ſpeare;
And ere he ſate, in tumbling downe, his powres diſſolued were.

Pallas to the Grecian ayd: Apollo to the Troian.

When gray-eyd *Pallas* had perceiu'd, the Greekes ſo fall in fight;
From high Olympus top ſhe ſtoopt, and did on *Ilion* light.
Apollo (to encounter her) to Pergamus did flie;
From whence he (looking to the field) wiſht Troians victorie.

Apollo to Pallas

At *Ioues* broad Beech theſe godheads met; and firſt *Ioues* ſonne obiects;
Why, burning in contention thus, do thy extreme affects
Conduct thee from our peacefull hill? is it to ouerſway

The doubtfull victorie of fight, and giue the Greeks the day?
Thou neuer pitieſt periſhing Troy: yet now let me perſwade,
That this day no more mortall wounds, may either ſide inuade.
Hereafter, till the end of Troy, they ſhall apply the fight,
Since your immortall wils reſolue, to ouerturne it quite.

Pallas to Apollo.

Pall.as replide, It likes me well; for this came I from heauen:
But to make either army ceaſſe, what order ſhall be giuen?

His reply.

He ſaid, We will direct the ſpirit, that burnes in *Hectors* breſt,
To challenge any Greeke to wounds, with ſingle powers impreſt;
Which Greeks (admiring) will accept; and make ſome one ſtand out,
So ſtout a challenge to receiue, with a defence as ſtout:
It is confirmd; and *Hellenus* (King *Priams* loued ſeed)

Hellenus Priams ſonne, and a Prophet, to Hector.

By Augurie, diſcernd th'euent, that theſe two powres decreed.
And (greeting *Hector*) askt him this: Wilt thou be once aduiſde?
I am thy brother, and thy life, with mine is euenly priſde;
Command the reſt of Troy and Greece, to ceaſſe this publicke fight;
And what Greeke beares the greateſt mind, to ſingle ſtrokes excite:
I promiſe thee that yet thy ſoule, ſhall not deſcend to fates;
So heard I thy ſuruiuall caſt, by the celeſtiall States.
Hector, with glad allowance gaue, his brothers counſell eare;
And (fronting both the hoaſts) aduanc't, iuſt in the midſt, his ſpeare.
The Troians inſtantly ſurceaſſe; the Greeks *Atrides* ſtaid:

The combat prepared.

The God that beares the ſiluer Bow, and warres triumphant Maide,
On *Ioues* Beech, like two Vultures ſat, pleaſd to behold both parts,
Flow in, to heare; ſo ſternly arm'd, with huge ſhields, helmes and darts.
And ſuch freſh horror as you ſee, driuen through the wrinkled waues
By riſing *Zephyre*, vnder whom, the ſea growes blacke, and raues:

Simile.

Such did the haſtie gathering troupes, of both hoaſts make, to heare;
Whoſe tumult ſettl'd, twixt them both, thus ſpake the challenger:
Heare Troians, and ye well arm'd Greeks, what my ſtrong mind (diffuſde
Through all my ſpirits) commands me ſpeake; *Saturnius* hath not vſde
His promiſt fauour for our truce, but (ſtudying both our ils)
Will neuer ceaſſe till *Mars*, by you, his rauenous ſtomacke fils,
With ruin'd Troy; or we conſume, your mightie Sea-borne fleet.
Since then, the Generall Peeres of Greece, in reach of one voice meete;

Hector to both hoaſts.

Amongſt you all, whoſe breaſt includes, the moſt impulſiue mind,
Let him ſtand forth as combatrant, by all the reſt deſignde.
Before whom thus I call high *Ioue*, to witneſſe of our ſtrife;
If he, with home-thruſt iron can reach, th'expoſure of my life,
(Spoiling my armes) let him at will, conuey them to his tent;
But let my body be returnd; that Troys two-fext deſcent
May waſte it in the funerall Pile: if I can ſlaughter him,
(*Apollo* honoring me ſo much) Ile ſpoile his conquerd lim,
And beare his armes to *Ilion*, where in *Apollos* ſhrine
Ile hang them, as my trophies due: his body Ile reſigne
To be diſpoſed by his friends, in flamie funerals,
And honourd with erected tombe, where *Helleſpontus* falls
Into Egæum; and doth reach, euen to your nauall rode;

That when our beings, in the earth, ſhall hide their period;
Suruiuers, ſailing the blacke ſea, may thus his name renew:
Epitaphiũ per anticipationem. This is his monument, whoſe bloud, long ſince, did fates embrew;
Whom, paſſing farre in fortitude, illuſtrate *Hector* ſlew.
This ſhall poſteritie report, and my fame neuer die.
This ſaid, dumbe ſilence ſeiz'd them all; they ſhamed to denie,
And fear'd to vndertake. At laſt, did *Menelaus* ſpeake,
Menelaus chides Checkt their remiſneſſe, and ſo ſigh'd, as if his heart would breake;
Aye me, but onely threatning Greeks, not worthy Grecian names:
O veré Phrygia, nequæ enim Phrygas: fatih his imitator. This more and more, not to be borne, makes grow our huge defames,
If *Hectors* honorable proofe, be entertaind by none;
But you are earth and water all, which (ſymboliz'd in one)
Haue fram'd your faint vnfirie ſpirits: ye ſit without your harts,
Groſly inglorious: but my ſelfe, will vſe acceptiue darts,
And arme againſt him; though you thinke, I arme gainſt too much ods:
But conqueſts garlands hang aloft, amongſt th'immortall gods.
He arm'd, and gladly would haue fought: but (*Atenelaus*) then,
By *Hectors* farre more ſtrength, thy ſoule, had fled th'abodes of men;
Had not the kings of Greece ſtood vp, and thy attempt reſtraind;
And euen the king of men himſelfe, that in ſuch compaſſe raign'd;
Agamemnon miſer then his brother. Who tooke him by the bold right hand, and ſternly pluckt him backe:
Mad brother, tis no worke for thee, thou ſeekſt thy wilfull wracke:
Containe though it deſpite thee much; nor for this ſtrife engage
Thy perſon with a man more ſtrong, and whom all feare t'enrage:
Yea whom *Æacides* himſelfe, in men-renowning warre,
Makes doubt t'encounter: whoſe huge ſtrength, ſurpaſſeth thine by farre;
Sit thou then by thy regiment; ſome other Greeke will riſe
(Though he be dreadleſſe, and no warre, will his deſires ſuffice,
That makes this challenge to our ſtrength) our valours to auow:
To whom, if he can ſcape with life, he will be glad to bow.
This drew his brother from his will, who yeelded, knowing it true,
Neſtor to the Greeks. And his glad ſouldiers tooke his armes: when *Neſtor* did purſue
The ſame reproofe he ſet on foote; and thus ſupplide his turne:
What huge indignitie is this! how will our country mourne!
Old *Peleus* that good king will weepe: that worthy counſellor,
That trumpet of the Myrmidons, who much did aske me for
All men of name that went to Troy: with ioy he did enquire
Their valour and their towardneſſe: and I made him admire.
But that ye all feare *Hector* now, if his graue cares ſhall heare,
How will he lift his hands to heauen, and pray that death may beare
O ſi præteritos referat mihi Iupiter annos, Qualis eram, &c. His grieued ſoule into the deepe! O would to heauens great King,
Minerua and the God of light, that now my youthfull ſpring
Did flouriſh in my willing veines, as when at *Pheas* towres,
About the ſtreames of *Iardanus*, my gather'd Pylean powres,
And dart-employed Arcadians fought, neere raging *Celadon:*
Amongſt whom, firſt of all ſtood forth, great *Ereuthalion*,
Who th'armes of *Areithous* wore (braue *Areithous*)
And (ſince he ſtill fought with a club) ſirnam'd *Clauigerus*;

All

All men, and faire-girt Ladies both, for honour cald him ſo:
He fought not with a keepe-off ſpeare, or with a farre ſhot bow;
But with a maſſie club of iron, he brake through armed bands:
And yet *Lycurgus* was his death, but not with force of hands;
With ſleight (encountring in a lane, where his club wanted ſway)
He thruſt him through his ſpacious waſte, who fell, and vpwards lay;
In death not bowing his face to earth: his armes he did deſpoile;
Which iron, *Mars* beſtowd on him: and thoſe, in *Mars* his toile,
Lycurgus euer after wore; but when he aged grew,
Enforc't to keepe his peacefull houſe, their vſe he did renew,
On mightie *Ereuthalions* lims; his ſouldier, loued well;
And with theſe Armes he challeng'd all, that did in Armes excell:
All ſhooke and ſtood diſmaid, none durſt, his aduerſe champion make;
Yet this ſame forward mind of mine, of choice, would vndertake
To fight with all his confidence; though yongeſt enemie
Of all the armie we conduct; yet I fought with him, I;
Minerua made me ſo renownd; and that moſt tall ſtrong Peere
I ſlue; his big bulke lay on earth, extended here and there,
As it were couetous to ſpread, the center euery where.
O that my youth were now as freſh, and all my powers as ſound;
Soone ſhould bold *Hector* be impugn'd: yet you that moſt are crownd
With fortitude, of all our hoaſt; euen you, me thinkes are ſlow,
Not free, and ſet on fire with luſt, t'encounter ſuch a foe.
With this, nine royall Princes roſe; *Atrides* for the firſt;
Nine Princes ſtand vp to anſwer Hector. Then *Diomed*: th'*Aiaces* then, that did th'encounter thirſt:
King *Idomen* and his conſorts; *Mars*-like *Meriones*;
Euemons ſonne, *Euripilus*; and *Andremonides*;
Whom all the Grecians *Thoas* cald; ſprong of *Andremons* bloud;
And wiſe *Vlyſſes*; euery one, propoſd, for combat ſtood.
Againe *Gerenius Neſtor* ſpake; Let lots be drawne by all,
Lots aduiſed by Neſtor for the combattant. His hand ſhall helpe the wel-armd Greeks, on whom the lot doth fall;
And to his wiſh ſhall he be helpt, if he eſcape with life,
The harmfull danger-breathing fit, of this aduentrous ſtrife.
Each markt his lot, and caſt it in, to *Agamemnons* caske;
The ſouldiers praid, held vp their hands, and this of *Ioue* did aske,
(With eyes aduanc't to heauen): O *Ioue*, ſo leade the Heralds hand,
That *Aiax* or great *Tydeus* ſonne, may our wiſht champion ſtand:
Or elſe the King himſelfe, that rules, the rich Mycenian land.
This ſaid, old *Neſtor* mixt the lots: the foremoſt lot ſuruaid,
With *Aiax Telamon* was ſign'd; as all the ſouldiers praid;
One of the Heralds drew it forth, who brought and ſhewd it round,
Beginning at the right hand firſt, to all the moſt renownd:
None knowing it; euery man denide: but when he forth did paſſe,
To him which markt and caſt it in, which famous *Aiax* was,
He ſtretcht his hand, and into it, the Herald put the lot,
Who (viewing it) th'inſcription knew; the Duke denied not,
But ioyfully acknowledg'd it, and threw it at his feet;
The lot falls to Aiax. And ſaid, (O friends) the lot is mine, which to my ſoule is ſweet;

For now I hope my fame ſhall riſe, in noble *Hectors* fall.
He to the Greeks But whilſt I arme my ſelfe, do you, on great *Saturnius* call;
But ſilently, or to your ſelues, that not a Troian heare:
Or openly (if you thinke good) ſince none aliue we feare;
None with a will, if I will not, can my bold powers affright,
At leaſt for plaine fierce ſwinge of ſtrength, or want of skill in fight:
For I will well proue that my birth, and breed in Salamine,
Was not all conſecrate to meate, or meere effects of wine.
This ſaid, the wel-giuen ſouldiers prayed: vp went to heauen their eyne;
O *Ioue*, that *Ida* doeſt protect, moſt happie, moſt diuine;
Send victorie to *Aiax* ſide; fame; grace, his goodly lim:
Or (if thy loue, bleſſe *Hectors* life, and thou haſt care of him)
Beſtow on both, like power, like fame. This ſaid, in bright armes ſhone
The good ſtrong *Aiax*: who, when all, his warre attire was on,
Aiax armed, & his dreadful manner of approch to the combat. Marcht like the hugely figur'd *Mars*, when angry *Iupiter*,
With ſtrength, on people proud of ſtrength, ſends him forth to inferre
Wreakfull contention; and comes on, with preſence full of feare;
So th'Achiue rampire, *Telamon*, did twixt the hoaſts appeare:
Smil'd; yet of terrible aſpect; on earth with ample pace,
He boldly ſtalkt, and ſhooke aloft, his dart, with deadly grace.
It did the Grecians good to ſee; but heartquakes ſhooke the ioynts
Of all the Troians; *Hectors* ſelfe, felt thoughts, with horrid points,
Tempt his bold boſome: but he now, muſt make no counterflight;
Nor (with his honour) now refuſe, that had prouokt the fight.
The ſhield of Aiax, like a towre. *Aiax* came neare; and like a towre, his ſhield his boſome bard;
The right ſide braſſe, and ſeuen Oxe hides, within it quilted hard:
Tychius the currier. Old *Tychius* the beſt currier, that did in Hyla dwell,
Did frame it for exceeding proofe, and wrought it wondrous well.
Hunc illud: Domitum clypei ſeptemplicis Aiax. With this ſtood he to *Hector* cloſe, and with this Braue began:
Now *Hector* thou ſhalt clearly know, thus meeting man to man,
What other leaders arme our hoaſt, beſides great *Thetis* ſonne:
Who, with his hardie Lions heart, hath armies ouerrunne.
But he lies at our crookt-ſternd fleet, a Riuall with our King
In height of ſpirit; yet to Troy, he many knights did bring,
Cocquall with *Æacides*; all able to ſuſtaine
All thy bold challenge can import: begin then, words are vaine.
Hector to Aiax. The Helme-grac't *Hector* anſwerd him; Renowned *Telamon*,
Prince of the ſouldiers came from Greece; aſſay not me like one,
Yong and immartiall, with great words, as to an Amazon dame;
I haue the habit of all fights; and know the bloudie frame
Of euery ſlaughter: I well know, the ready right hand charge;
I know the left, and euery ſway, of my ſecurefull targe;
I triumph in the crueltie, of fixed combat fight,
And manage horſe to all deſignes; I thinke then with good right,
I may be confident as farre, as this my challenge goes,
Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne out with emptie ſhowes.
But (being a ſouldier ſo renownd) I will not worke on thee,
With leaſt aduantage of that skill, I know doth ſtrengthen me;

And ſo with priuitie of ſleight, winne that for which I ſtriue:
But at thy beſt (euen open ſtrength) if my endeuours thriue.
The combat. Thus ſent he his long Iauelin forth; it ſtrooke his foes huge ſhield,
Neere to the vpper skirt of braſſe, which was the eighth it held.
Sixe folds th'vntamed dart ſtrooke through, and in the ſeuenth tough hide
The point was checkt: then *Aiax* threw: his angry Lance did glide
Quite through his bright orbicular targe, his curace, ſhirt of maile;
And did his manly ſtomacks mouth, with dangerous taint aſſaile:
But in the bowing of himſelfe, blacke death too ſhort did ſtrike;
Then both to plucke their Iauelins forth, encountred Lion-like;
Whoſe bloudie violence is increaſt, by that raw food they eate:
Or Bores, whoſe ſtrength, wilde nouriſhment, doth make ſo wondrous great.
Againe *Priamides* did wound, in midſt, his ſhield of braſſe,
Yet pierc't not through the vpper plate, the head reflected was:
But *Aiax* (following his Lance) ſmote through his target quite,
And ſtayd bold *Hector* ruſhing in; the Lance held way outright,
And hurt his necke; out guſht the bloud: yet *Hector* ceaſt not ſo,
But in his ſtrong hand tooke a Flint (as he did backwards go)
Aaxis pugnant. Blacke, ſharpe and big, layd in the field: the ſeuenfold targe it ſmit,
Full on the boſſe; and round about, the braſſe did ring with it.
But *Aiax* a farre greater ſtone, lift vp, and (wreathing round,
With all his bodie layd to it) he ſent it forth to wound,
And gaue vnmeaſur'd force to it; the round ſtone broke within
Hector ſtrooke on his knees. His rundled target: his lou'd knees, to languiſh did begin;
And he leand, ſtretcht out on his ſhield; but *Phœbus* raiſd him ſtreight.
Then had they layd on wounds with ſwords, in vſe of cloſer fight;
Vnleſſe the Heralds (meſſengers, of Gods and godlike men)
The one of Troy, the other Greece; had held betwixt them then
Imperiall ſcepters: when the one (*Idæus*, graue and wiſe)
Said to them; Now no more my ſonnes: the Soueraigne of the skies
Doth loue you both; both ſouldiers are, all witneſſe with good right:
But now night layes her mace on earth; tis good t'obey the night.
Aiax to Idæus. *Idæus?* (*Telamon* replide,) To *Hector* ſpeake, not me:
He that cald all our Achiue Peeres, to ſtation fight, twas he;
Hector to Aiax. If he firſt ceaſſe, I gladly yeeld: great *Hector* then began:
Aiax, ſince *Ioue* to thy big forme, made thee ſo ſtrong a man,
And gaue thee skill to vſe thy ſtrength; ſo much, that for thy ſpeare,
Thou art moſt excellent of Greece, now let vs fight forbeare:
Hereafter we ſhall warre againe, till *Ioue* our Herald be,
And grace with conqueſt, which he will; heauen yeelds to night, and we.
Go thou and comfort all thy Fleet; all friends and men of thine,
As I in Troy my fauourers; who in the Fane diuine
Hector giues Aiax a ſword: Aiax, Hector a girdle. Both which gifts were afterward cauſe of both their deaths. Haue offerd Oriſons for me; and come, let vs impart
Some enſignes of our ſtriſe, to ſhew, each others ſuppled hart;
That men of Troy and Greece may ſay, Thus their high quarrell ends:
Thoſe that encountring, were ſuch foes, are now (being ſeparate) friends.
He gaue a ſword, whoſe handle was, with ſiluer ſtuds through driuen,
Scabard and all, with hangers rich: By *Telamon* was giuen

A faire well glofſed purple waſte. Thus *Hector* went to Troy,
And after him a multitude, fild with his ſafeties ioy;
Deſpairing he could euer ſcape, the puiſſant fortitude
And vnimpeached *Aiax* hands. The Greeks like ioy renude,
For their reputed victorie, and brought him to the King;
Sacrifice for victorie. Feaſt of amit. Who to the great *Saturnides*, preferd an offering:
An Oxe that fed on fiue faire ſprings; they fleyd and quartred him,
And then (in peeces cut) on ſpits, they roſted euery lim:
Communion a ſacrifice. Neſtor to the Greeks. Which neatly dreſt, they drew it off: worke done, they fell to feaſt:
All had enough; but *Telamon*, the King fed paſt the reſt,
With good large peeces of the chine. Thus, thirſt and hunger ſtaid,
Neſtor (whoſe counſels late were beſt) vowes new, and firſt he ſaid:
Atrides, and my other Lords, a ſort of Greeks are dead,
Whoſe blacke bloud neare Scamanders ſtreame, inhumane *Mars* hath ſhed:
Their ſoules to hell deſcended are: it fits thee then our king,
To make our ſouldiers ceaſſe from warre; and by the dayes firſt ſpring
Let vs our ſelues, aſſembled all, the bodies beare to fire,
With Mules and Oxen neare our fleet; that when we home retire,
Each man may carrie, to the ſonnes, of fathers ſlaughterd here,
Their honourd bones: one tombe for all, for euer let vs reare;
Circling the pile without the field: at which we will erect
Wals, and a rauceling, that may ſafe, our fleet and vs protect.
And in them let vs faſhion gates, ſolid and bard about,
Through which our horſe and chariots, may well get in and out.
Without all, let vs dig a dike; ſo deepe it may auaile
Our forces gainſt the charge of horſe, and foote, that come t'aſſaile:
And thus th'attempts, that I ſee ſwell, in Troys proud heart, ſhall faile.
The Kings do his aduice approue: ſo Troy doth Court conuent,
Antenor counſells to the Troians. At *Priams* gate, in th'Ilion tower, fearfull and turbulent.
Amongſt all, wiſe *Antenor* ſpake: Troians and Dardan friends,
And Peeres aſſiſtants, giue good care, to what my care commends
To your conſents, for all our good: reſolue, let vs reſtore
The Argiue *Helen*, with her wealth, to him ſhe had before:
We now defend but broken faiths. If therefore ye refuſe,
No good euent can I expect, of all the warres we vſe.
Paris replies. He ceaſt, and *Alexander* ſpake, husband to th'Argiue Queene;
Antenor, to mine cares thy words, harſh and vngracious beene:
Thou canſt vſe better if thou wilt: but if theſe truly fit
Thy ſerious thoughts; the Gods, with age, haue reft thy grauer wit:
To war-like Troians I will ſpeake; I clearly do denie
To yeeld my wife: but all her wealth, Ile render willingly,
What euer I from *Argos* brought; and vow to make it more;
Which I haue readie in my houſe, if peace I may reſtore.
Priam to the Troians. *Priam*, ſirnam'd *Dardanides* (godlike in counſels graue)
In his ſonnes fauour well aduiſde, this reſolution gaue;
My royall friends of euery ſtate, there is ſufficient done,
For this late counſell we haue cald, in th'offer of my ſonne;
Now then let all take needfull food; then let the watch be ſet,

And

And euerie court of guard held ſtrong: ſo when the morne doth wet
The high raiſd battlements of Troy, *Idæus* ſhall be ſent
To th'Argiue fleet, and *Atreus* ſonnes, t'vntold my ſonnes intent,
From whoſe fact our contention ſprings: and (if they will) obtaine
Reſpit from heate of fight, till fire, conſume our ſouldiers ſlaine:
And after, our moſt fatall warre, let vs importune ſtill,
Till *Ioue* the conqueſt haue diſpoſd, to his vnconquer'd will.
All heard, and did obey the king, and (in their quarters all,
That were to ſet the watch that night) did to their ſuppers fall.
Idæus to the Grecian fleet. *Idæus* in the morning went, and th'Achiue Peeres did find
In counſell at *Atrides* ſhip: his audience was aſſignd:
Idæus to the Greekes. And in the midſt of all the kings, the vocall Herald ſaid:
Atrides? my renowned king, and other kings his aid,
Propoſe by me, in their commands, the offers *Paris* makes,
(From whoſe ioy all our woes proceed) he Princely vndertakes
That all the wealth he brought from Greece (would he had died before)
He will (with other added wealth) for your amends reſtore:
But famous *Menelaus* wife, he ſtill meanes to enioy,
Though he be vrg'd the contrarie, by all the Peeres of Troy.
And this beſides, I haue in charge, that if it pleaſe you all;
They with both ſides may ceaſſe from warre, that rites of funerall
May on their bodies be performd, that in the fields lie ſlaine:
And after to the will of Fate, renue the fight againe.
Diomed to Idæus All ſilence held at firſt: at laſt, *Tydides* made reply;
Let no man take the wealth, or Dame; for now a childs weake eye
May ſee the imminent blacke end, of *Priams* Emperie.
This ſentence quicke, and briefly giuen, the Greeks did all admire:
Agamemnon to Idæus. Then ſaid the King; Herald, thou hear'ſt, in him, the voice entire
Of all our Peeres, to anſwer thee, for that of *Priams* ſonne:
But, for our burning of the dead, by all meanes I am wonne
To ſatisfie thy king therein, without the ſlendreſt gaine
Made of their ſpoiled carkaſſes; but freely (being ſlaine)
They ſhall be all conſumd with fire: to witneſſe which, I cite
High thundring *Ioue*, that is the king, of *Junos* beds delight.
With this, he held his ſcepter vp, to all the skie thron'd powres:
And graue *Idæus* did returne, to ſacred Ilions towres,
Where Ilians, and Dardanians, did ſtill their counſels plie,
Expecting his returne: he came, and told his Legacie.
All, whirlewind like, aſſembled then: ſome, bodies to tranſport,
Some to hew trees: On th'other part, the Argiues did exhort
Their ſouldiers to the ſame affaires: then did the new fir'd Sunne
Smite the brode fields, aſcending heauen, and th'Ocean ſmooth did runne:
When Greece and Troy mixt in ſuch peace, you ſcarce could either know:
Then waſht they off their blood and duſt, and did warme teares beſtow
Vpon the ſlaughterd, and in Carres, conueid them from the field:
Priam commanded none ſhould mourne, but in ſtill ſilence yeeld
Their honord carkaſſes to fire, and onely grieue in heart.
All burnd: to Troy, Troyes friends retire: to fleet, the Grecian part.

Yet doubtfull night obſcur'd the earth, the day did not appeare:
When round about the funerall pile, the Grecians gatherd were;
The pile they circled with a tombe, and by it raiſd a wall,
High towres to guard the fleet and them: and in the midſt of all
They built ſtrong gates, through which the horſe, and chariots paſſage had:
Without the rampire a brode dike, long and profound they made,
On which they Palliſados pitcht; and thus the Grecians wrought.
Their huge workes in ſo little time, were to perfection brought,
That all Gods, by the Lightner ſet, the frame thereof admir'd;
Mongſt whom, the earthquake-making God, this of their King enquir'd:
Neptune to Iupiter. Father of Gods, will any man, of all earths graſſie ſphere,
Aske any of the Gods conſents, to any actions there,
If thou wilt ſee the ſhag-haird Greekes, with headſtrong labours frame
So huge a worke, and not to vs, due offrings firſt enflame?
As farre as white *Auroras* dewes, are ſprinkled through the aire,
Fame will renowne the hands of Greece, for this diuine affaire:
Men will forget the ſacred worke, the Sunne and I did raiſe,
For king *Laomedon* (bright Troy) and this will beare the praiſe.
Ioue to Neptune. *Ioue* was extremely mou'd with him, and ſaid: What words are theſe,
Thou mightie ſhaker of the earth, thou Lord of all the ſeas?
Some other God, of farre leſſe powre, might hold conceipts diſmaid,
The fortification that in the twelfe Booke is razed. With this rare Grecian ſtratageme, and thou reſt well apaid;
For it will glorifie thy name, as farre as light extends:
Since, when theſe Greekes ſhall ſee againe, their natiue ſoile and friends,
(The bulwarke battred) thou maiſt quite, deuoure it with thy waues,
And couer (with thy fruitleſſe ſands) this fatall ſhore of graues:
That what their fierie induſtries, haue ſo diuinely wrought,
In raiſing it: in razing it, thy powre will proue it nought.
Thus ſpake the Gods among themſelues: ſet was the feruent Sunne;
And now the great worke of the Greeks, was abſolutely done.
Then ſlue they Oxen in their tents, and ſtrength with food reuiu'd;
A fleete of wine of a thouſand tun ſent by Euneus king of Lemnos Iaſons ſon. When out of *Lemnos* a great fleete, of odorous wine arriu'd,
Sent by *Euneus*, *Iaſons* ſonne, borne of *Hypſiphile*.
The fleete contain'd a thouſand tunne: which muſt tranſported be
To *Atreus* ſons, as he gaue charge; whoſe merchandize it was.
The Greeks bought wine for ſhining ſteele, and ſome for ſounding braſſe;
Some for Oxe hides; for Oxen ſome, and ſome for priſoners.
A ſumptuous banquet was prepar'd, and all that night the Peeres,
And faire-haird Greeks conſum'd in feaſt: ſo Troians and their aide.
And all the night *Ioue* thunderd lowd: pale feare all thoughts diſmaide.
While they were gluttonous in earth, *Ioue* wrought their banes in heauen:
They pourd full cups vpon the ground; and were to offrings driuen,
In ſtead of quaffings: and to drinke, none durſt attempt, before
In ſolemne ſacrifice they did, almightie *Ioue* adore.
Then to their reſts they all repaird: bold zeale their feare bereau'd:
And ſodaine ſleepes refreſhing gift, ſecurely they receiu'd.

The end of the ſeuenth booke.

THE

THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

When Ioue to all the Gods had giuen command,
That none, to either hoſt, ſhould helpfull ſtand;
To Ida he deſcends: and ſees from thence
Iuno *and* Pallas *haſte the Greeks defence:*
Whoſe purpoſe, his command by Iris *giuen,*
Doth intermit; then came the ſilent Euen;
When Hector *charged fires ſhould conſume the night.*
Leſt Greeks in darkeneſſe tooke ſuſpected flight.

Another Argument.

In Theta *gods a Counſell haue,*
Troyes conqueſt, glorious Hectors *Braue.*

Periphraſis of the Morning. He chearfull Ladie of the light, deckt in her ſaffron robe,
Diſperſt her beames through euery part, of this enflowred globe,
When thundring *Ioue* a Court of Gods, aſſembled by his will,
In top of all the topfull heights, that crowne th'Olympian hill.
Ioue to the bench of Deities. He ſpake, and all the Gods gaue eare: Heare how I ſtand inclind:
That God nor Goddeſſe may attempt, t'infringe my ſoueraigne mind:
But all giue ſuffrage; that with ſpeed, I may theſe diſcords end.
What God ſoeuer I ſhall find, indeuour to defend
Or Troy or Greece, with wounds to heauen, he (ſham'd) ſhall reaſcend;
Or (taking him with his offence) Ile caſt him downe as deepe
As *Tartarus* (the brood of night) where *Barathrum* doth ſteepe
Virgil maketh this likewiſe his place, adding, Bis patet in præceps, tantum tenditq; ſub vmbras, &c. *Homers golden chaine.* Torment in his profoundeſt ſinks; where is the floore of braſſe,
And gate of iron: the place, for depth, as farre doth hell ſurpaſſe,
As heauen (for height) exceeds the earth; then ſhall he know from thence,
How much my power paſt all the Gods, hath ſoueraigne eminence.
Indanger it the whiles and ſee: let downe our golden chaine;
And, at it, let all Deities, their vtmoſt ſtrengths conſtraine,
To draw me to the earth from heauen: you neuer ſhall preuaile,
Though with your moſt contention, ye dare my ſtate aſſaile:
But when my will ſhall be diſpoſd, to draw you all to me;
Euen with the earth it ſelfe, and ſeas, ye ſhall enforced be.
Then will I to Olympus top, our vertuous-engine bind,
And by it euerie thing ſhall hang, by my command inclind:
So much I am ſupreme to Gods; to men ſupreme as much.
The Gods ſat ſilent, and admir'd; his dreadfull ſpeech was ſuch.

At

At laſt, his blue-eyd daughter ſpake: O great *Saturnides*,
Pallas to Ioue. O Father, ô heauens higheſt King; well know we the exceſſe
Of thy great power, compar'd with all: yet the bold Greekes eſtate
We needs muſt mourne, ſince they muſt fall, beneath ſo hard a fate:
For if thy graue command enioyne, we will abſtaine from fight:
But to afford them ſuch aduice, as may relieue their plight,
We will (with thy conſent) be bold; that all may not ſuſtaine
The fearefull burthen of thy wrath, and with their ſhames be ſlaine.
Ioue to Pallas. He ſmil'd, and ſaid; Be confident, thou art belou'd of me:
I ſpeake not this with ſerious thoughts, but will be kind to thee.
Ioues horſe. This ſaid, his braſſe hou'd winged horſe, he did to chariot bind,
Whoſe creſts were fring'd with manes of gold, and golden garments ſhin'd
On his rich ſhoulders; in his hand, he tooke a golden ſcourge,
Diuinely faſhiond, and with blowes, their willing ſpeed did vrge,
Ioue deſcends to Ida. Mid way betwixt the earth and heauen; to Ida then he came,
Abounding in delicious ſprings, and nurſe of beaſts vntame;
Where (on the mountaine Gargarus) men did a Fane erect
To his high name, and altars ſweet; and there his horſe he checkt;
Diſſolu'd them from his chariot, and in a cloud of ſeate
He couerd them, and on the top, tooke his triumphant ſeate;
Ioues proſpect. Beholding *Priams* famous towne, and all the Fleet of Greece,
Both hoſts arme. The Greeks tooke breakfaſt ſpeedily, and arm'd at euerie peece:
So Troians; who though fewer farre, yet all to fight tooke armes:
Dire need enforc't them, to auert, their wiues and childrens harmes.
All gates flew open, all the hoſt, did iſſue, foote and horſe,
The fight. In mightie tumult: ſtraite one place, adioynd each aduerſe force: (poſd:
Then ſhields with ſhields met, darts with darts, ſtrength againſt ſtrength op-
The boſſe-pik't targets were thruſt on, and thunderd as they cloſd
In mightie tumult; grone for grone, and breath for breath did breath:
Of men then ſlaine and to be ſlaine; earth flowd with fruits of death.
While the faire mornings beautie held, and day increaſt in height;
Their lauelins mutually made death, tranſport an equall freight:
Anteps victoria The Meridian ſolis Ioui Auree. Virg. tranſtulit Macrobius 5. But when the hote Meridian point, bright *Phœbus* did aſcend,
Then *Ioue* his golden Ballances, did equally extend:
And of long-reſt-conferring death, put in two bitter fates
For Troy and Greece he held the midſt: the day of finall dates
Fell on the Greeks: the Greeks hard lots, ſunke to the flowrie ground.
The Troians leapt as high as heauen, then did the claps reſound,
Ioues thunder amongſt the Grecians. Of his fierce thunder; lightning leapt, amongſt each Grecian troope:
The fight amaz'd them; pallid feare, made boldeſt ſtomacks ſtoope.
Then *Idomen* durſt not abide; *Atrides* went his way,
And both th'*Aiaces*: *Neſtor* yet, againſt his will did ſtay
(That graue Protector of the Greekes): for *Paris* with a dart
Enrag'd one of his chariot horſe; he ſmote the vpper part
Of all his skull, euen where the haire, that made his foretop, ſprung:
The hurt was deadly, and the paine, ſo ſore the courſer ſtung,
(Pierc't to the braine) he ſtampt and plung'd: one on another beares:
Entangled round about the beame; then *Neſtor* cut the geres

With

With his new drawne authentique ſword; meane while the firie horſe
Of *Hector* brake into the preaſſe, with their bold rulers force:
Then good old *Nector* had bene ſlaine, had *Diomed* not eſpied;
Diomed to Vlyſſes. Who to *Vlyſſes*, as he fled, importunately cried;
Thou, that in counſels doſt abound, O *Laertiades*,
Why flyeſt thou? why thus cowardlike, ſhunſt thou the honourd preaſe?
Take heed thy backe take not a dart: ſtay, let vs both intend
To driue this cruell enemie, from our deare aged friend.
He ſpake: but warie *Ithacus*, would find no patient eare:
Vlyſſes flies and Diomed alone ſteps to the reſcue of Neſtor. But fled forth right, euen to the fleet: yet though he ſingle were,
Braue *Diomed* mixt amongſt the fight, and ſtood before the ſteeds
Of old *Neleides*, whoſe eſtate, thus kingly he areeds:
O father, with theſe youths in fight, thou art vnequall plac't,
Thy willing ſinewes are vnknit, graue age purſues thee faſt,
And thy vnruly horſe are ſlow; my chariot therefore vſe,
And trie how readie Troian horſe, can flie him that purſues;
Purſue the flier, and euery way, performe the varied fight:
I forc't them from *Anchiſes* ſonne, well skild in cauſe of flight.
Then let my Squire leade hence thy horſe: mine thou ſhalt guard, whilſt I
(By thee aduanc't) aſſay the fight; that *Hectors* ſelfe may trie
If my lance dote with the defects, that faile beſt minds in age,
Or find the palſey in my hands, that doth thy life engage.
This, noble *Neſtor* did accept; and *Diomeds* two friends,
Eurymedon, that valour loues; and *Sthenelus*, aſcends,
Old *Neſtors* coach: of *Diomeds* horſe, *Neſtor* the charge ſuſtains
And *Tydeus* ſonne tooke place of fight; *Neleides* held the rains,
And ſcourg'd the horſe, who ſwiftly ran, direct in *Hectors* face,
Diomed charges Hector. Whom fierce *Tydides* brauely charg'd: but, he turnd from the chace,
His lauceline *Eniopeus* ſmit, mightie *Thebæus* ſonne,
And was great *Hectors* chariotere; it through his breaſt did runne,
Neare to his pappe; he fell to earth, backe flew his frighted horſe;
His ſtrength and ſoule were both diſſolu'd. *Hector* had deepe remorſe
Of his miſhap: yet left he him, and for another ſought;
Nor long his ſteeds did want a guide: for ſtraight good fortune brought
Bold *Archeptolemus*, whoſe life, did from *Iphytis* ſpring;
He made him take the reines and mount: then ſoules were ſet on wing:
Then high exploits were vndergone, then Troians in their wals
Had bene infolded like meeke Lambs, had *Ioue* winkt at their fals;
Who hurld his horrid thunder forth, and made pale lightnings flie
Into the earth, before the horſe, that *Neſtor* did applie.
A dreadfull flaſh burnt through the aire, that ſauourd ſulphure-like,
Which downe before the chariot, the dazled horſe did ſtrike:
The faire reines fell from *Neſtors* hand; who did (in feare) intreate
Renownd *Tydides*, into flight, to turne his furies heate.
Neſtor to Diomed. For knoweſt thou not, ſaid he, our aide, is not ſupplide from *Ioue*?
This day he will giue fame to Troy, which when it fits his loue
We ſhall enioy; let no man tempt, his vnreſiſted will,
Though he exceed in gifts of ſtrength: for he exceeds him ſtill.

Father

Diomed to Neſtor.

Father (replied the king) t'is true: but both my heart and ſoule
Are moſt extremely grieu'd to thinke, how *Hector* will controule
My valour with his vants in Troy: that I was terror-ſicke
With his approch: which when he boaſts, let earth deuoure me quicke.

Neſtor to Diomed.

Ah warlike *Tydeus* ſonne (ſaid he,) what needleſſe words are theſe?
Though *Hector* ſhould report thee faint, and amorous of thy eaſe,
The Troians nor the Troian wiues, would neuer giue him truſt,
Whoſe youthfull husbands thy free hand, hath ſmotherd ſo in duſt.
This ſaid, he turn'd his one-hou'd horſe, to flight, and troope did take;
When *Hector* and his men with ſhowts, did greedie purſute make,
And pour'd on darts, that made aire ſigh: then *Hector* did exclame;

Hector braue to Diomed.

O *Tydeus* ſonne, the kings of Greece, do moſt renowne thy name
With higheſt place, feaſts, and full cups; who now will do thee ſhame:
Thou ſhalt be like a woman vſd, and they will ſay; Depart
Immartiall minion, ſince to ſtand, *Hector*, thou hadſt no hart:
Nor canſt thou ſcale our turrets tops, nor leade the wiues to fleet
Of valiant men; that wifelike fear'ſt, my aduerſe charge to meet.
This, two waies mou'd him; ſtill to flie, or turne his horſe and fight:
Thriſe thruſt he forward to aſſault; and euery time the fright
Of *Ioues* fell thunder draue him backe: which he propoſd for ſigne
(To ſhew the change of victorie) Troians ſhould victors ſhine.

Hector to his friends.

Then *Hector* comforted his men; All my aduentrous friends,
Be men, and of your famous ſtrength, thinke of the honourd ends.
I know, benеuolent *Iupiter*, did by his becke profeſſe
Conqueſt, and high renowne to me; and to the Greeks diſtreſſe.
O fooles, to raiſe ſuch ſilly forts, not worth the leaſt account,
Nor able to reſiſt our force; with eaſe our horſe may mount,
Quite ouer all their hollow dike: but when their fleet I reach,
Let Memorie to all the world, a famous bonfire teach:
For, I will all their ſhips inflame; with whoſe infectiue ſmoke
(Feare-ſhrunke and hidden neare their keels) the conquerd Greeks ſhall choke.

The names of Hectors horſe.

Then cheriſht he his famous horſe: O *Xanthus*, now, ſaid he,
And thou *Podargus*: *Æthon* to, and *Lampus*, deare to me;
Make me ſome worthy recompence, for ſo much choice of meate,
Giuen you by faire *Andromache*, bread of the pureſt wheate;

Vinum ejus.

And with it (for your drinke) mixt wine, to make ye wiſhed cheare,
Still ſeruing you before my ſelfe (her husband young and deare:)
Purſue and vſe your ſwifteſt ſpeed, that we may take for priſe
The ſhield of old *Nelcides*, which Fame lifts to the skies;

Neſtors ſhield all of gold.

Euen to the handles, telling it, to be of maſſie gold:
And from the ſhoulders let vs take, of *Diomed* the bold,
The royall curace *Vulcan* wrought, with art ſo exquiſite.
Theſe if we make our facred ſpoile, I doubt not, but this Night,
Euen to their nauie to enforce, the Greekes vnturned flight.
This *Iuno* tooke in high diſdaine; and made Olympus ſhake,
As ſhe but ſtird within her throne; and thus to *Neptune* ſpake;

Iuno to Neptune.

O *Neptune*, what a ſpite is this? thou God ſo huge in power,
Afflicts it not thy honor'd heart, to ſee rude ſpoile deuoure

Theſe

Theſe Greekes that haue in Helice, and Aege, offred thee
So many and ſuch wealthie gifts, let them the victors be;
If we that are the aids of Greece, would beate home theſe of Troy,
And hinder brode-eyd *Ioues* prowd will, it would abate his ioy.

Neptune to Iuno

He (angrie) told her, ſhe was raſh, and he would not be one,
Of all the reſt, ſhould ſtriue with *Ioue*, whoſe power was matcht by none.
Whiles they conferd thus, all the ſpace, the trench containd before,
(From that part of the fort that flankt, the nauie-anchoring ſhore)
Was fild with horſe and targateirs, who there for refuge came,
By *Mars*-ſwift *Hectors* power engagde; *Ioue* gaue his ſtrength the fame:
And he with ſpoilefull fire had burnt, the fleet: if *Iunos* grace
Had not inſpirde the king himſelfe, to run from place to place,
And ſtirre vp euerie ſouldiers powre, to ſome illuſtrous deed;

Agamemnons labor in ranging his armie.

Firſt viſiting their leaders tents, his ample purple weed
He wore, to ſhew all who he was; and did his ſtation take
At wiſe *Vlyſſes* ſable barkes, that did the battell make
Of all the fleet: from whence his ſpeech, might with more eaſe be driuen
To *Aiax* and *Achilles* ſhips; to whoſe chiefe charge were giuen
The Vantguard and the Rereguard both: both for their force of hand,
And truſtie boſomes. There arriu'd, thus vrg'd he to withſtand
Th'inſulting Troians: O what ſhame, ye emptie hearted Lords,

Agamem nons exprobration of the Greeks.

Is this to your admired formes? where are your glorious words?
In Lemnos vaunting you the beſt, of all the Grecian hoſt?
We are the ſtrongeſt men (ye ſaid) we will command the moſt:
Eating moſt fleſh of high hornd beeues, and drinking cups full crownd:
And euerie man a hundred foes, two hundred will confound:
Now all our ſtrength, dar'd to our worſt, one *Hector* cannot tame,
Who preſently with horrid fire, will all our fleet inflame.

Apoſtrophe ad Iouem.

O Father *Ioue*, hath euer yet, thy moſt vnſuffred hand
Afflicted, with ſuch ſpoile of ſoules, the king of any land?
And taken ſo much fame from him? when I did neuer faile
(Since vnder moſt vnhappie ſtarres, this fleet was vnder ſaile)
Thy glorious altars, I proteſt; but aboue all the Gods,
Haue burnt fat thighs of beeues to thee; and praid to race th'abodes
Of rape-defending Ilions: yet grant (almightie *Ioue*)
One fauour, that we may at leaſt, with life from hence remoue:
Not vnder ſuch inglorious hands, the hands of death imploy,
And where Troy ſhould be ſtoopt by Greece, let Greece fall vnder Troy.
To this euen weeping king, did *Ioue*, remorſefull audience giue,
And ſhooke great heauen to him, for ſigne, his men and he ſhould liue:
Then quickly caſt he off his hawke, the Eagle prince of aire,

Ioue caſts off his Eagle on the Greeks right hand, that truſt a Hinde calfe.

That perfects his vnſpotted vowes; who ſeiſd in her repaire
A ſucking hinde calfe; which ſhe truſt, in her enforciue feeres,
And by *Ioues* altar let it fall, amongſt th'amazed peeres,
Where the religious Achiue kings, with ſacrifice did pleaſe
The authour of all Oracles, diuine *Saturnides*.
Now when they knew the bird of *Ioue*, they turnd couragious head:
When none (though many kings put on) could make his vaunt, he led

Diomed. *Tydides* to renewd aſſault: or iſſued firſt the dike,
Or firſt did fight: but farre the firſt, ſtone dead his lance did ſtrike
Arm'd *Agelaus*; by deſcent, ſurnam'd *Phradmonides*;
He turn'd his readie horſe to flight; and *Diomeds* lance did ſeiſe
His backe betwixt his ſhoulder blades, and lookt out at his breſt;
He fell, and his armes rang his fall. Th'*Atrides* next addreſt
Themſelues to fight; th'*Aiaces* next, with vehement ſtrength endude:
Idomeneus and his friend, ſtout *Merion*, next purſude:
And after theſe *Euripilus*, *Euemons* honord race:
The ninth, with backward wreathed bow, had little *Teucer* place;
Teucer ſerving vnder Aiax ſhield. He ſtill fought vnder *Aiax* ſhield; who ſometimes held it by,
And then he lookt his obiect out, and let his arrow flie:
And whomſoeuer in the preaſſe, he wounded, him he ſlue;
Then vnder *Aiax* ſeuen-fold ſhield, he preſently withdrew.
He far'd like an vnhappie child, that doth to mother run
For ſuccour, when he knowes full well, he ſome ſhrewd turne hath done.
What Troians then were to their deaths, by *Teucers* ſhafts impreſt:
Hapleſſe *Orſylochus* was firſt; *Ormenus*, *Opheleſt*,
Detor, and hardie *Cronius*, and *Lycophon* diuine;
And *Amopaon*, that did ſpring, from *Polyemons* line,
And *Menalippus*: all on heapes, he tumbled to the ground.
The king reioyc't to ſee his ſhafts, the Phrygian ranks confound:
Agamemnon to Teucer. Who ſtraight came neare, and ſpake to him; O *Teucer* louely man,
Strike ſtill ſo ſure, and be a grace, to cuerie Grecian;
And to thy father *Telamon*, who tooke thee kindly home,
(Although not by his wife, his ſonne) and gaue thee ſofter roome,
Euen from thy childhood; then to him, though far from hence remou'd,
Make *good fame* reach; and to thy ſelfe, I vow what ſhall be prou'd:
If he that dreadfull *Egis* beares, and *Pallas* grant to me
Th'expugnance of wel-builded Troy, I firſt will honour thee,
Next to my ſelfe with ſome rich gift, and put it in thy hand:
A three-foot veſſell, that for grace, in ſacred Fanes doth ſtand:
Or two horſe and a chariot, or elſe a louely Dame,
That may aſcend on bed with thee, and amplifie thy name.
Teucer to Agamemnon. *Teucer* right nobly anſwerd him: Why (moſt illuſtrate king)
I being thus forward of my ſelfe, doſt thou adioyne a ſting?
Without which, all the power I haue, I ceaſſe not to imploy:
For, from the place where we repulſt, the Troians towards Troy,
I all the purple field haue ſtrew'd, with one or other ſlaine:
Eight ſhafts I ſhot, with long ſteele heads, of which not one in vaine;
All were in youthfull bodies fixt, well skild in warres conſtraint:
Yet this wild dog, with all my aime, I haue no power to taint.
This ſaid, another arrow forth, from his ſtiffe ſtring he ſent,
At *Hector*, whom he long'd to wound; but ſtill amiſſe it went:
His ſhaft ſmit faire *Gorgythion*, of *Priams* princely race,
Who in Æpina was brought forth (a famous towne in Thrace)
By *Caſtianira*; that, for forme, was like celeſtiall breed.
And as a crimſon Poppie flower, ſurcharged with his ſeed,

And vernall humors falling thicke, declines his beauie brow;
So, of one ſide, his helmets weight, his fainting head did bow:
Vertue Pallante imitatus eſt.
Yet *Teucer* would another ſhaft, at *Hectors* life diſpoſe;
So faine, he ſuch a marke would hit: but ſtill beſides it goes,
Apollo did auert the ſhaft: but *Hectors* charioteere
Bold *Archeptolemus* he ſmit, as he was ruſhing neere
To make the fight: to earth he fell, his ſwift horſe backe did flie,
And there, were both his ſtrength and ſoule, exilde eternally.
Huge griefe, for *Hectors* ſlaughterd friend, pincht-in his mightie mind:
Yet was he forc't to leaue him there, and his void place reſignd
To his ſad brother, that was by; *Cebriones*: whoſe eare
Receiuing *Hectors* charge, he ſtraight, the weightie reines did beare;
And *Hector*, from his ſhining coach (with horrid voice) leapt on,
To wreake his friend on *Teucers* hand; and vp he tooke a ſtone,
Hector with a ſtone at Teucer. With which he at the Archer ran; who, from his quiuer, drew
A ſharpe-pild ſhaft, and nockt it ſure: but, in great *Hector* flew,
With ſuch fell ſpeed, that in his draught, he his right ſhoulder ſtrooke,
Where twixt his necke and breaſt, the ioynt, his natiue cloſure tooke:
The wound was wondrous full of death, his ſtring in ſunder flees;
His nummed hand fell ſtrengthleſſe downe, and he vpon his knees.
Aiax neglected not to aid, his brother thus depreſt;
But came and ſaſt him with his ſhield; and two more friends addreſt
To be his aide, tooke him to fleet; *Mecifius*, *Echius* ſon,
And gay *Alaſtor*: *Teucer* ſigh'd, for all his ſeruice done.
Then did *Olympius*, with freſh ſtrength, the Troian powers reuiue;
Who to their trenches once againe, the troubled Greekes did driue.
Hector brought terror with his ſtrength, and euer fought before:
As when ſome highly ſtomackt hound, that hunts a ſyluan Bore,
Or kingly Lion, loues the hanch, and pincheth oft behind,
Bold of his feet, and ſtill obſerues, the game, to turne inclind,
Not vtterly diſſolu'd in flight: ſo *Hector* did purſue;
And whoſoeuer was the laſt, he euer did ſubdue.
They fled, but when they had their dike, and Palliſados paſt,
(A number of them put to ſword) at ſhips they ſtaid at laſt:
Then mutuall exhortations flew, then all with hands and eyes,
Aduanc't to all the Gods, their plagues, wrung from them open cries.
Hector with his fowre rich-man'd horſe, aſſaulting alwaies rode;
Hectors terrible aſpect. The eyes of *Gorgon* burnt in him, and warres vermilion God.
The Goddeſſe that all Goddeſſes (for ſnowie armes) out ſhin'd,
Thus ſpake to *Pallas*; to the Greeks, with gracious ruth inclin'd.
Iuno to Pallas. O *Pallas*, what a griefe is this? is all our ſuccour paſt
To theſe our periſhing Grecian friends? at leaſt withheld at laſt?
Euen now, when one mans violence, muſt make them periſh all,
In ſatisfaction of a Fate, ſo full of funerall?
Hector Priamides now raues, no more to be indur'd;
That hath alreadie on the Greeks, ſo many harmes inur'd.
The Azure Goddeſſe anſwerd her; This man had ſurely found
His fortiude and life diſſolu'd, euen on his fathers ground,

By Grecian valour; if my Sire, infested with ill moods,
Did not so dote on these of Troy, too ielous of their bloods:
And euer, an vniust repulse, stands to my willing powres;
Little remembring what I did, in all the desperate howres
Of his affected *Hercules*: I euer rescued him,
In labours of *Eurisitheus*, vntoucht in life or lim:
When he (heauen knowes) with drowned eyes, lookt vp for helpe to heauen:
Which euer at command of *Ioue*, was by my supppliance giuen.
But had my wisdome reacht so farre, to know of this euent,
When to the solid-ported depths, of hell his sonne was sent,
To hale out hatefull *Plutoes* dog, from darksome *Erebus*,
He had not scap't the streames of *Styx*, so deepe and dangerous:
Yet *Ioue* hates me, and shews his loue, in doing *Thetis* will,
That kist his knees, and strok't his chin; praid, and importun'd still,
That he would honour with his aid, her cittie-razing sonne,
Displeasd *Achilles*: and for him, our friends are thus vndone.
But time shall come againe, when he (to do his friends some aid)
Will call me his *Glaucopides*; his sweet and blew-eyd maid.
Then harnesse thou thy horse for me, that his bright Pallace gates
I soone may enter, arming me, to order these debates:
And I will trie if *Priams* sonne, will still maintaine his cheare,
When in the crimson paths of warre, I dreadfully appeare;
For some prowd Troian shall be sure, to nourish dogs and soules,
And paue the shore with fat, and flesh, dispriu'd of liues and soules.
Iuno prepar'd her horse, whose manes, Ribands of gold enlac't:
Pallas armes. *Pall.es* her partie coloured robe; on her bright shoulders cast,
Diuinely wrought with her owne hands, in th'entrie of her Sire:
Then put she, on her ample breast, her vnder-arming tire,
And on it her celestiall armes: the chariot streight she takes,
With her huge heauie violent lance, with which she slaughter makes
Iuno her waggonesse. Of armies, fatall to her wrath: *Saturnia* whipt her horse,
And heauen gates, guarded by the Howres, op't by their proper force:
Through which they flew. Whom when *Ioue* saw (set neare th'Idalian spring)
Highly displeasd: he *Iris* cald, that hath the golden wings,
Ioue to Iris. And said; Flie *Iris*, turne them backe, let them not come at me:
Our meetings (seuerally disposd) will nothing gracious be.
Beneath their o'rethrowne chariot, Ile shiuer their prowd steeds:
Hurle downe themselues, their wagon breake, and for their stubborne deeds,
In ten whole yeares they shall not heale, the wounds I will impresse
With horrid thunder; that my maid, may know, when to addresse
Armes against her father. For my wife, she doth not so offend,
T'is but her vse to interrupt, what euer I intend.
Iris to heauen. *Iris*, with this, left Idas hils, and vp t'Olympus flew,
Met (neare heauen gates) the Goddesses, and thus their haste with-drew.
What course intend you? why are you, wrapt with your fancies storme?
Ioue likes not ye should aid the Greeks, but threats, and will performe,
To crush in peeces your swift horse, beneath their glorious yokes,
Hurle downe your selues, your chariot breake: and those impoysoned strokes
His

His wounding thunder shall imprint, in your celestiall parts,
In ten full Springs ye shall not cure: that she that tames proud hearts
(Thy selfe, *Minerua*) may be taught, to know for what, and when,
Thou doest against thy father fight; for sometimes childeren
May with discretion plant themselues, against their fathers wils;
But not where humors onely rule, in works beyond their skils.
For, *Iuno*, she offends him not, nor vexeth him so much;
For, t'is her vse to crosse his will, her impudence is such.
The habite of offence in this, she onely doth contract, *Facile facit quod semper facit.*
And so grieues or incenseth lesse, though nere the lesse her fact:
But thou most grieu'st him (dogged Dame) whom he rebukes in time,
Left silence should peruert thy will, and pride too highly clime
In thy bold bosome (desperate girle) if seriously thou dare
Lift thy vnwieldie lance gainst *Ioue*, as thy pretences are.
She left them, and *Saturnia* said, Ay me thou seed of *Ioue*, *Iuno to Pallas.*
By my aduice we will no more, vnfit contention moue
With *Iupiter* for mortall men; of whom, let this man die,
And that man liue, who euer he, pursues with destinie:
And let him (plotting all euents) dispose of either host,
As he thinks fittest for them both, and may become vs most.
Thus turnd she backe, and to the Howres, her rich man'd horse resign'd
Who them t'immortall mangers bound; the chariot they inclin'd
Beneath the Christall walls of heauen, and they in golden thrones
Conforted other Deities, repleate with passions.
Ioue, in his bright-wheeld chariot, his firie horse now beats,
Vp to Olympus; and aspir'd, the Gods eternall seats.
Great *Neptune* loosd his horse; his Carre, vpon the Altar plac't,
And heauenly-linnen Couerings, did round about it cast.
The farre-seer vsd his throne of gold: the vast Olympus shooke
Beneath his feete, his wife, and maid, apart their places tooke;
Nor any word afforded him: he knew their thoughts, and said;
Why do you thus torment your selues? you need not sit dismaid *Ioue to Iuno and Pallas.*
With the long labours you haue vsd, in your victorious fight,
Destroying Troians: gainst whose liues, you heape such high despight. *Sceptice.*
Ye should haue held your glorious course; for be assur'd, as farre
As all my powres (by all meanes vrg'd) could haue sustaind the warre:
Not all the host of Deities, should haue retir'd my hand,
From vowd inflictions on the Grecks: much lesse, you two withstand.
But you before you saw the fight, much lesse the slaughter there,
Had all your goodly lineaments, possest with shaking feare;
And neuer had your chariot borne, their charge to heauen againe:
But thunder should haue smit you both, had you one Troian slaine.
Both Goddesses let fall their chins, vpon their Iuorie breasts,
Set next to *Ioue*; contriuing still, afflicted Troyes vnrests:
Pallas for anger could not speake, *Saturnia*, contrarie,
Could not for anger hold her peace, but made this bold replie;
Not-to-be-suffred *Iupiter*, what needst thou still enforce
Thy matchlesse power? we know it well: But we must yeeld remorse *Iuno to Iupiter.*

To them that yeeld vs ſacrifice: nor needſt thou thus deride
Our kind obedience, nor our griefes, but beare our powers applide
To iuſt protection of the Greeks; that anger tombe not all
In Troyes foule gulfe of periurie, and let them ſtand, ſhould fall.
Iupiter to Iuno. Greeue not (ſaid *Ioue*) at all done yet: for if thy faire eyes pleaſe,
This next red morning they ſhall ſee, the great *Saturnides*
Bring more deſtruction to the Greekes: and *Hector* ſhall not ceaſe,
Till he haue rowſed from the Fleet, ſwift-foot *Æacides*:
In that day, when before their ſhips, for his *Patroclus* ſlaine,
The Greekes in great diſtreſſe ſhall fight; for ſo the Fates ordaine.
I weigh not thy diſpleaſed ſpleene; though to th'extremeſt bounds
Of earth and ſeas it carrie thee; where endleſſe night confounds
Iapet, and my deiected Sire; who ſit ſo farre beneath,
They neuer ſee the flying Sunne, nor heare the winds that breath,
Neare to profoundeſt *Tartarus*: nor thither if thou went,
Would I take pittie of thy moods, ſince none more impudent.
To this, ſhe nothing did replie: and now *Sols* glorious light
Fell to the ſea, and to the land, drew vp the drowſie night:
The Night. The Troians grieu'd at *Phœbus* fall, which all the Greeks deſir'd:
And ſable night (ſo often wiſht) to earths firme throne aſpir'd.
Hector (intending to conſult) neare to the gulfie flood
Farre from the Fleet; led to a place, pure, and exempt from blood,
The Troians forces: from their horſe, all lighted, and did heare
Th'Oration *Ioue*-lou'd *Hector* made; who held a goodly ſpeare,
Eleuen full cubits long; the head, was braſſe, and did reflect
A wanton light before him ſtill; it round about was deckt
With ſtrong hoops of new burniſht gold. On this he leand, and ſaid:
He ſo orations friends. Heare me, my worthie friends of Troy, and you our honord aid;
A little ſince, I had conceipt, we ſhould haue made retreate,
By light of the inflamed fleet, with all the Greeks eſcheate;
But darkneſſe hath preuented vs; and ſafte, with ſpeciall grace,
Theſe Achiues, and their ſhore-hal'd fleet. Let vs then render place,
To ſacred Night; our ſuppers dreſſe; and from our chariot free
Our faire-man'd horſe, and meate them well: then let there conuoid be,
From forth the citie preſently, Oxen, and well fed ſheepe;
Vina parant ad-uenti. Sweet wine, and bread; and fell much wood, that all night we may keepe
Plentie of fires, euen till the light, bring forth the louely morne;
And let their brightneſſe glaſe the skies, that night may not ſuborne
The Greeks eſcape, if they, for flight, the ſeas brode backe would take;
At leaſt they may not part with eaſe; but as retreit they make,
Each man may beare a wound with him, to cure when he comes home,
Made with a ſhaft or ſharpned ſpeare; and others feare to come,
With charge of lamentable warre, gainſt ſouldiers bred in Troy.
Then let our Heralds, through the towne, their offices imploy,
To warne the youth, yet ſhort of warre; and time-white fathers, paſt;
That in our god-built towres they ſee, ſtrong courts of guard be plac't,
About the wals; and let our Dames, yet flouriſhing in yeares,
That (hauing beauties to keepe pure) are moſt inclin'd to feares

(Since

(Since darkneſſe in diſtreſſe full times, more dreadfull is then light)
Make loftie fires in euery houſe: and thus, the dangerous night,
Held with ſtrong watch; if th'enemie, haue ambuſcadoes laid
Neare to our wals (and therefore ſeeme, in flight the more diſmaid,
Intending a ſurpriſe, while we, are all without the towne)
They euery way ſhall be impugn'd, to euery mans renowne.
Performe all this braue Troian friends: what now I haue to ſay,
Is all expreſt; the chearfull morne, ſhall other things diſplay;
It is my glorie (putting truſt, in *Ioue*, and other Gods)
That I ſhall now expulſe theſe dogs, fates ſent to our abodes;
Who bring oſtents of deſtinie, and blacke their threatning fleet.
But this night let vs hold ſtrong guards: to morrow we will meet
(With fierce-made warre) before their ſhips; and Ile make knowne to all,
If ſtrong *Tydides*, from their ſhips, can driue me to their wall,
Or I can pierce him with my ſword; and force his bloudy ſpoile;
The wiſhed morne ſhall ſhew his powre, if he can ſhun his foile,
I running on him with my Lance; I thinke when day aſcends,
He ſhall lie wounded with the firſt, and by him many friends.
O that I were as ſure to liue, immortall, and ſuſtaine
No frailties, with increaſing yeares, but euermore remaine
Ador'd like *Pallas*, or the Sunne; as all doubts die in me,
That heauens next light ſhall be the laſt, the Greekes ſhall euer ſee.
This ſpeech all Troians did applaud; who from their traces loſde
Their ſweating horſe; which ſeuerally with headſtals they repoſde,
And faſtned by their chariots; when others brought from towne,
Fat ſheepe and oxen, inſtantly; bread, wine; and hewed downe
Huge ſtore of wood: the winds transferd, into the friendly skie,
Their ſuppers ſauour; to the which, they ſate delightfully,
And ſpent all night in open field; fires round about them ſhinde;
As when about the ſiluer Moone, when aire is free from winde,
And ſtars ſhine cleare; to whoſe ſweete beames, high proſpects, and the brows
Of all ſteepe hils and pinnacles, thruſt vp themſelues for ſhowes;
Ignes Troianorũ aſtris ſimiles.
And euen the lowly vallies ioy, to glitter in their ſight,
When the vnmeaſur'd firmament, burſts to diſcloſe her light,
And all the ſignes in heauen are ſeene, that glad the ſhepheards hart;
So many fires diſcloſde their beames, made by the Troian part,
Before the face of *Ilion*; and her bright turrets ſhow'd.
A thouſand courts of guard kept fires: and euery guard allow'd
Fiftie ſtout men, by whom their horſe, eate oates and hard white corne,
And all did wilfully expect, the ſiluer-throned morne.

The end of the eighth Booke.

THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

TO Agamemnon *(vrging hopeleſſe flight)*
Stand Diomed, *and* Neſtor *oppoſite:*
By Neſtors *counſell, Legats are diſmiſt,*
To Thetis *ſonne, who ſtill denies t'aſſiſt.*

Another Argument.

Iota *ſings the Ambaſſie,*
And great Achilles *ſterne replie.*

SO held the Troians ſleepleſſe guard; the Greeks to flight were giuen:
The feeble conſort of cold feare (ſtrangely infuſde from heauen)
Griefe, not to be endur'd, did wound, all Greeks of greateſt worth.
And as two laterall-ſited winds (the Weſt wind and the North)
Meete at the Thracian ſeas blacke breaſt; ioyne in a ſodaine blore;
Tumble together the darke waues, and powre vpon the ſhore
A mightie deale of froth and weed, with which men manure ground:
So *Ioue* and Troy did driue the Greeks, and all their minds confound:
But *Agamemnon* moſt of all, was tortur'd at his heart,
Who to the voicefull Heralds went, and bad them cite, apart,
Each Grecian leader ſeuerally, not openly proclaime;
In which he labourd with the firſt: and all together came.
They ſadly ſate; the king aroſe, and pour'd out teares as faſt
As from a loftie rocke, a ſpring, doth his blacke waters caſt.
Agamemnon to the Greeks. And deeply ſighing, thus beſpake, the Achiues; O my friends,
Princes and leaders of the Greeks; heauens aduerſe king extends
His wrath, with too much detriment, to my ſo iuſt deſigne;
Since he hath often promiſt me, and bound it with the ſigne
Of his bent forehead, that this Troy, our vengefull hands ſhould race,
And ſafe returne: yet now ingag'd, he plagues vs with diſgrace;
When all our truſt to him hath drawne, ſo much bloud from our friends.
My glorie, nor my brothers wreake, were the propoſed ends,
For which he drew you to theſe toiles; but your whole countries ſhame,
Which had bene huge, to beare the rape, of ſo diuine a Dame,
Made in deſpite of our reuenge: and yet not that had mou'd
Our powres to theſe deſignes, if *Ioue*, had not our drifts approu'd;
Which ſince we ſee he did for bloud; tis deſperate fight in vs
To ſtriue with him; then let vs flie: tis flight he vrgeth thus.

Long

Long time ſtill ſilence held them all; at laſt did *Diomed* riſe:
Atrides, I am firſt muſt croſſe, thy indiſcreet aduiſe,
As may become me, being a king, in this our martiall court.
Be not diſpleaſd then: for thy ſelfe, didſt broadly miſreport
In open field my fortitude, and cald me faint and weake;
Yet I was ſilent, knowing the time; loth any rites to breake,
That appertaind thy publicke rule: yet all the Greekes knew well
(Of euery age) thou didſt me wrong. As thou then didſt refell
My valour firſt of all the hoaſt, as of a man diſmaid:
So now, with fit occaſion giuen, I firſt blame thee afraid.
Inconſtant *Saturnes* ſon hath giuen, inconſtant ſpirits to thee;
And with a ſcepter ouer all, an eminent degree:
But with a ſcepters ſoueraigne grace, the chiefe powre, Fortitude,
(To bridle thee) he thought not beſt, thy breaſt ſhould be endude.
Vnhappie king, think'ſt thou the Greeks, are ſuch a ſilly ſort,
And ſo exceſſiue impotent, as thy weake words importe?
If thy mind moue thee to be gone; the way is open, go:
Mycenian ſhips enow ride neare, that brought thee to this wo;
The reſt of Greece will ſtay, nor ſtirre, till Troy be ouercome,
With full ouerſion; or if not, but (doters of their home)
Will put on wings to flie with thee; my ſelfe and *Sthenelus*
Will fight till (truſting fauouring *Ioue*) we bring home Troy with vs.
Diomed to Agamemnon: and takes fit time to anſwer his wrongs done by Agamemnon in the fourth booke.

This, all applauded, and admir'd, the ſpirit of *Diomed*;
When *Neſtor* (riſing from the reſt) his ſpeech thus ſeconded:
Neſtor approues Diomeds counſell, and goes further. *Tydides*, thou art (queſtionleſſe) our ſtrongeſt Greecke, in warre,
And graueſt in thy counſels too, of all that equall are
In place with thee, and ſtand on ſtrength; Nor is there any one
Can blame, or contradict thy ſpeech: And yet thou haſt not gone
So farre, but we muſt further go; th'art yong, and well mightſt be
My yongeſt ſonne, though ſtill I yeeld, thy words had high degree
Of wiſedome in them to our king; ſince well they did become
Their right in queſtion, and refute, inglorious going home;
But I (well knowne thy ſenior far) will ſpeake, and handle all
Yet to propoſe: which none ſhall checke; no not our Generall.
A hater of ſocietie, vniuſt, and wilde is he,
That loues inteſtine warre; being ſtuft, with manleſſe crueltie:
And therefore in perſwading peace, and home-flight, we the leſſe
May blame our Generall; as one lothe, to wrap in more diſtreſſe
His loued ſouldiers: but becauſe, they bravely are reſolu'd
To caſt liues after toyles, before, they part in ſhame inuolu'd;
Prouide we for our honourd ſtay; obey blacke night, and fall
Now to our ſuppers; then appoint, our guards without the wall,
And in the bottome of the dike; which guards I wiſh may ſtand
Of our braue youth. And (*Atreus* ſon) ſince thou art in command
Before our other Kings; be firſt, in thy commands effect:
It well becomes thee; ſince tis both, what all thy Peeres expect;
And in the royall right of things, is no impaire to thee;
Nor ſhall it ſtand with leſſe then right, that they inuited be

To

To ſupper by thee; all thy tents, are amply ſtor'd with wine,
Vinum Thracii Brought dayly in Greeke ſhips from Thrace; and to this grace of thine
All neceſſaries thou haſt fit, and ſtore of men to wait;
And many meeting there; thou maiſt, heare euery mans conceit,
And take the beſt: it much concernes, all Greekes to vſe aduiſe
Of graueſt nature; ſince, ſo neare, our ſhips, our enemies
Haue lighted ſuch a ſort of fires: with which, what man is ioyd?
Looke, how all beare themſelues this night, ſo liue, or be deſtroyd.
All heard, and followd his aduice: there was appointed then
Seuen Captaines of the watch and their names. Seuen Captaines of the watch, who forth, did march with all their men.
The firſt was famous *Thraſymed*, aduicefull *Neſtors* ſonne;
Aſcalaphus and *Ialmen*, and mightie *Merion*;
Alphareus and *Deipyrus*, and louely *Lycomed*;
Old *Creons* ioy: Theſe ſeuen bold Lords, an hundred ſouldiers led
In euery ſeuerd company; and euery man his pike:
Some placed on the rampires top, and ſome amidſt the dike:
All fires made, and their ſuppers tooke: *Atrides* to his tent
Inuited all the Peeres of Greece; and food ſufficient
Appoſde before them; and the Peeres, appoſde their hands to it.
Hunger and thirſt being quickly quencht, to counſell ſtill they ſit.
And firſt ſpake *Neſtor*, who they thought, of late, aduiſde ſo well,
A father graue, and rightly wiſe, who thus his tale did tell.
Neſtor to Agamemnon. Moſt high *Atrides*, ſince in thee, I haue intent to end,
From thee will I begin my ſpeech, to whom *Ioue* doth commend
The Empire of ſo many men, and puts into thy hand
A Scepter, and eſtabliſht lawes, that thou mayſt well command
And counſell all men vnder thee. It therefore doth behoue
Thy ſelfe to ſpeake moſt, ſince of all, thy ſpeeches moſt will moues
And yet to heare as well as ſpeake: and then performe as well
A free iuſt counſell; in thee ſtill, muſt ſticke, what others tell.
For me; what in my iudgement ſtands, the moſt conuenient
I will aduiſe; and am aſſur'd, aduice more competent
Shall not be giuen: the generall proofe, that hath before bene made
Of what I ſpeake, confirmes me ſtill; and now may well perſwade,
Becauſe I could not then, yet ought, when thou (moſt royall King)
Euen from the tent, *Achilles* loue, didſt violently bring,
Againſt my counſell, vrging thee, by all meanes to relent:
But you (obeying your high mind) would venture the euent,
Diſhonoring our ableſt Greeke, a man th'immortals grace:
Againe, yet let's deliberate, to make him now embrace
Affection to our generall good, and bring his force to field:
Both which, kind words and pleaſing gifts, muſt make his vertues yeeld.
Agamemnon to Neſtor. O father (anſwered the King) my wrongs thou tell'ſt me right;
Mine owne offence, mine owne tongue grants; one man muſt ſtand in fight
For our whole armie; him I wrongd, him *Ioue* loues from his hart:
He ſhewes it in thus honoring him; who liuing thus apart,
Proues vs but number: for his want, makes all our weakneſſe ſeene:
Yet after my confeſt offence, ſoothing my humorours ſpleene,

Ile

Ile ſweeten his affects againe, with preſents infinite,
Which (to approue my firme intent) Ile openly recite;
Gifts offered to Achilles. Seuen facred Tripods free from fire, ten talents of fine gold,
Twentie bright caldrons, twelue yong horſe, well ſhap't and well controld,
And victors too; for they haue wonne, the price at many a race:
That man ſhould not be poore, that had, but what their winged pace
Hath added to my treaſury; nor feele ſweet golds defect.
Seuen Lesbian Ladies he ſhall haue, that were the moſt ſelect,
And in their needles rarely skild: whom (when he tooke the towne
Of famous Lesbos) I did chuſe; who wonne the chiefe renowne,
For beautie from their whole faire ſexe; amongſt whom Ile reſigne
Faire *Bryſes*; and I deeply ſweare (for any fact of mine
That may diſcourage her receit) ſhe is vntouchт, and reſts
As ſhe reſign'd her. To theſe gifts (if *Ioue* to our requeſts
Vouchſafe performance, and affoord, the worke for which we waite;
Of winning Troy) with braſſe and gold, he ſhall his nauie freight;
And (entring when we be at ſpoile) that princely hand of his
Shall chuſe him twentie Troian Dames, excepting *Tyndaris*,
The faireſt Pergamus infolds: and if we make retreat
To *Argos* (cald of all the world, the Nauill, or chiefe ſeat)
He ſhall become my ſonne in law, and I will honour him
Euen as *Oreſtes*, my ſole ſonne, that doth in honours ſwim.
Three daughters in my wel-built court, vnmarried are, and faire;
Laodice, *Chryſothemis*, that hath the golden haire,
And *Iphianaſſa*: of all three, the worthieſt let him take
All ioyncture leſſe, to *Peleus* Court: I will her ioyncture make;
And that ſo great, as neuer yet, did any maide preferre;
Seuen cities right magnificent, I will beſtow on her:
Enope, and Cardamile; Hyra for herbes renownd;
The faire Æpæa, Pedaſus, that doth with grapes abound:
Antea, girded with greene meades: Phera, ſurnam'd Diuine;
All with ſlie bright turrets, on the ſeas, in ſandie Pylos ſhine:
Th'inhabitants in flockes and heards, are wondrous confluent;
Who like a God will honour him, and him with gifts preſent;
And to his throne will contribute, what tribute he will rate;
All this I gladly will performe, to pacifie his hate:
Let him be milde and tractable: tis for the God of ghoſts
To be vnrul'd, implacable, and ſeeke the bloud of hoaſts;
Whom therefore men do much abhorre: then let him yeeld to me;
I am his greater, being a King, and more in yeares then he.
Neſtor makes choice of Ambaſſadors to Achilles. Braue King (ſaid *Neſtor*) theſe rich gifts, muſt make him needs relent:
Chuſe then fit legates inſtantly, to greete him at his Tent;
But ſtay, admit my choice of them; and let them ſtrait be gone:
Ioue-loued *Phœnix* ſhall be chiefe; then *Aiax Telamon*,
And Prince *Vlyſſes*; and on them, let theſe two heralds wait,
Graue *Odius* and *Eurybates*. Come Lords, take water ſtrait,
Make pure your hands; and with ſweet words, appeaſe *Achilles* mind,
Which we will pray, the king of Gods, may gently make inclin'd.

All

All lik't his ſpeech, and on their hands, the Heralds water ſhed:
The youths, crownd cups of ſacred wine, to all diſtributed:
But, hauing ſacrific'd and drunke, to euerie mans content,
(With many notes by *Neſtor* giuen) the Legats forwards went:
With courtſhip in fit geſtures vſd, he did prepare them well,
But moſt *Vlyſſes*; for his grace, did not ſo much excell:
Such rites beſeeme Ambaſſadors: and *Neſtor* vrged theſe,
That their moſt honours might reflect, enrag'd *Æacides*.
They went along the ſhore, and praid, the God that earth doth bind
In brackiſh chaines, they might not faile, but bow his mightie mind.
The quarter of the Myrmidons, they reacht, and found him ſet
Achilles at his Harpe. Delighted with his ſolemne harpe, which curiouſly was fret
With workes conceited, through the verge: the bawdricke that embrac't
His loftie necke, was ſiluer twiſt: this (when his hand laid waſte
Achilles loue of Muſicke. Him ſelfe ſings the deeds of Heroes. *Aetions* citie) he did chuſe, as his eſpeciall priſe,
And (louing ſacred muſicke well) made it his exerciſe:
To it he ſung the glorious deeds, of great Heroes dead,
And his true mind, that practiſe faild, ſweet contemplation fed.
With him alone, and oppoſite; all ſilent ſat his friend,
Attentiue, and beholding him, who now his ſong did end.
Th'Ambaſſadors did forwards preaſſe, renown'd *Vlyſſes* led,
And ſtood in view: their ſodaine ſight, his admiration bred;
Who with his harpe and all aroſe: ſo did *Menetius* ſonne
When he beheld them: their receipt, *Achilles* thus begun.
Achil. gentle recett of Vlyſſes, Aiax, &c. Health to my Lords: right welcome men, aſſure your ſelues you be;
Though ſome neceſſitie I know, doth make you viſite me,
Incenſt with iuſt cauſe gainſt the Greeks. This ſaid, a ſeuerall ſeate
With purple cuſhions he ſet forth, and did their eaſe intreate:
And ſaid, Now friend, our greateſt bolle, with wine vnmixt, and neate,
Appoſe theſe Lords; and of the depth, let euerie man make proofe:
Theſe are my beſt-eſteemed friends, and vnderneath my roofe.
Principes ipſi ferunlia munera obeunt, yet dubi. *Patroclus* did his deare friends will: and he that did deſire
To cheare the Lords (come faint from fight) ſet on a blaſing fire
A great braſſe pot, and into it, a chine of mutton put,
And fat Goates fleſh: *Automedon*, held, while he peeces cut
To roſt and boile, right cunningly: then of a well fed ſwine,
A huge fat ſhoulder he cuts out, and ſpits it wondrous fine;
His good friend made a goodly fire: of which the force once paſt,
He laid the ſpit low, neare the coales, to make it browne at laſt:
Then ſprinkled it with ſacred ſalt, and tooke it from the rackes:
This roſted and on dreſſer ſet, his friend *Patroclus* takes
Bread in faire baskets; which ſet on, *Achilles* brought the meate;
And to diuineſt *Ithacus*, tooke his oppoſed ſeate
Sacrifice before meate. Vpon the bench: then did he will, his friend to ſacrifice;
Who caſt ſweet incenſe in the fire, to all the Deities.
Thus fell they to their readie food: hunger and thirſt allaid,
Aiax to *Phenix* made a ſigne, as if too long they ſtaid,
Before they told their Legacie. *Vlyſſes* ſaw him winke,

And

And (filling the great boule with wine) did to *Achilles* drinke.
Health to *Achilles*; but our plights, ſtand not in need of meate, *Vlyſſes oration.*
Who late ſupt at *Atrides* tent, though for thy loue we eate
Of many things, whereof a part, would make a compleat feaſt:
Nor can we ioy in theſe kind rites, that haue our hearts oppreſt
(O Prince) with feare of vtter ſpoile: tis made a queſtion now
If we can ſaue our fleet or not, vnleſſe thy ſelfe endow
Thy powers with wonted fortitude: now Troy and her conſorts,
Bold of thy want, haue pitcht their tents, cloſe to our fleet and forts;
And made a firmament of fires; and now no more they ſay
Will they be priſon'd in their wals, but force their violent way
Euen to our ſhips; and *Ioue* himſelfe, hath with his lightnings ſhowd
Their bold aduentures happie ſignes; and *Hector* growes ſo prowd
Of his huge ſtrength, borne out by *Ioue*, that fearfully he raues;
Preſuming neither men nor Gods, can interrupt his braues.
Wilde rage inuades him, and he prayes, that ſoone the ſacred morne
Would light his furie; boaſting then, our ſtreamers ſhall be torne,
And all our nauall ornaments, fall by his conquering ſtroke;
Our ſhips ſhall burne, and we our ſelues, lie ſtiff'd in the ſmoke.
And I am ſeriouſly affraid, heauen will performe his threats;
And that tis fatall to vs all, farre from our natiue ſeates
To periſh in victorious Troy: but riſe, though it be late,
Deliuer the afflicted Greeks, from Troyes tumultuous hate.
It will hereafter be thy griefe, when no ſtrength can ſuffiſe
To remedie th'effected threats, of our calamities;
Conſider theſe affaires in time, while thou maiſt vſe thy powre,
And haue the grace to turne, from Greece, fates vnrecouered houre.
O friend: thou knoweſt, thy royall Sire, forewarnd what ſhould be done,
That day he ſent thee from his Court, to honour *Atreus* ſonne:
My ſonne (ſaid he) the victory, let *Ioue* and *Pallas* vſe
At their high pleaſures; but do thou, no honor'd meanes refuſe
That may aduance her; in fit bounds, containe thy mightie mind;
Nor let the knowledge of thy ſtrength, be factiouſly inclind,
Contriuing miſchiefes; be to fame, and generall good profeſt;
The more will all ſorts honour thee; Benignitie is beſt.
Thus charg'd thy ſire, which thou forgetſt: yet now thoſe thoughts appeaſe
That torture thy great ſpirit with wrath: which if thou wilt forceaſe,
The King will merit it with gifts; (and if thou wilt giue eare)
Ile tell how much he offers thee, yet thou ſitſt angrie here.
Seuen Tripods that no fire muſt touch; twiſe ten pans fit for flame:
Ten talents of fine gold; twelue horſe, that euer ouercame,
And brought huge priſes from the field, with ſwiftnes of their feete:
That man ſhould beare no poore account, nor want golds quickning ſweete,
That had but what he won with them: ſeuen worthieſt Lesbian Dames,
Renown'd for skill in houſwifrie, and beare the ſoueraigne fames,
For beautie, from their generall ſexe; which at thy ouerthrow
Of wel-built Lesbos he did chuſe; and theſe he will beſtow;
And with theſe, her he tooke from thee, whom (by his ſtate ſince then)

He

He ſweares he toucht not, as faire Dames, vſe to be toucht by men.
All theſe are readie for thee now: and if at length we take,
By helpes of Gods, this wealthie towne, thy ſhips ſhall burthen make
Of gold and braſſe at thy deſires, when we the ſpoile diuide:
And twentie beautious Troian Dames, thou ſhalt ſelect beſide,
(Next *Hellen*) the moſt beautifull; and (when return'd we be
To Argos) be his ſonne in law: for he will honour thee
Like his *Oreſtes*, his ſole ſonne, maintaind in height of bliſſe:
Three daughters beautifie his Court, the faire *Chryſothemis*,
Laodice, and *Iphianeſſe*; of all, the faireſt take
To *Peleus* thy graue fathers Court, and neuer ioynture make:
He will the iointure make himſelfe, ſo great, as neuer Sire
Gaue to his daughters nuptials: ſeuen cities left entire;
Cardamile, and *Enope*, and *Hyra* full of flowers;
Anthæa, for ſweet meadowes praiſd; and *Phera*, deckt with towers;
The bright *Epea*; *Pedaſſus*, that doth God *Bacchus* pleaſe,
All on the the Sandie *Pylos* ſoyle, are ſeated neare the ſeas:
Th'inhabitants, in droues and flocks, exceeding wealthie be,
Who like a God with worthie gifts, will gladly honour thee;
And tribute of eſpeciall rate, to thy high ſcepter pay:
All this he freely will performe, thy anger to allay.
But if thy hate to him be more, then his gifts may repreſſe,
Yet pittie all the other Greeks, in ſuch extreme diſtreſſe;
Who with religion honour thee: and to their deſperate ill,
Thou ſhalt triumphant glorie bring; and *Hector* thou maiſt kill,
When pride makes him encounter thee: fild with a banefull ſprite,
Who vaunts, our whole-fleet brought not one, equall to him in fight.

Achilles anſwers Vlyſſes Oration.

Swift-foot *Æacides* replide: Diuine *Laertes* ſonne,
Tis requiſite I ſhould be ſhort, and ſhew what place hath wonne
Thy ſerious ſpeech: affirming nought, but what you ſhall approue
Eſtabliſht in my ſettled heart; that in the reſt I moue
No murmure nor exception: for like hell mouth I loath,
Who holds not in his words and thoughts, one indiſtinguiſht troth.
What fits the freeneſſe of my mind, my ſpeech ſhall make diſplaid;
Nor *Atreus* ſonne, nor all the Greeks, ſhall winne me to their aid:
Their ſuite is wretchedly enforc't, to free their owne deſpaires;
And my life neuer ſhall be hir'd, with thankleſſe deſperate praires:
For neuer had I benefite, that euer foild the foe;
Euen ſhare hath he that keepes his tent, and he to field doth go;
With equall honour cowards die, and men moſt valiant:
The much performer, and the man, that can of nothing vant.
No ouerplus I euer found, when with my minds moſt ſtrife,
To do them good, to dangerous fight, I haue expoſd my life.
But euen as to vnfeatherd birds, the carefull dam brings meate,
Which when ſhe hath beſtow'd, her ſelfe, hath nothing left to eat:
So when my broken ſleepes haue drawne, the nights extremeſt length;
And ended many bloodie daies, with ſtill-employed ſtrength,
To guard their weakneſſe: and preſerue, their wiues contents infract;

I haue bene robd before their eyes; twelue cities I haue ſackt,
Aſſaild by ſea; eleuen by land, while this ſiege held at Troy:
And of all theſe, what was moſt deare, and moſt might crowne the ioy
Of *Agamemnon*, he enioyd; who here behind remaind:
Which when he tooke, a few he gaue, and many things retaind:
Other, to Optimates and Kings, he gaue, who hold them faſt;
Yet mine he forceth; onely I, lit with my loſſe diſgrac't.
But ſo he gaine a louely Dame, to be his beds delight,
It is enough; for what cauſe elſe, do Greeks and Troians fight?
Why brought he hither ſuch an hoaſt? was it not for a Dame?
For faire-hair'd *Hellen?* and doth loue, alone the hearts inflame
Of the *Atrides* to their wiues, of all the men that moue?
Euery diſcreet and honeſt mind, cares for his priuate loue,
As much as they: as I my ſelfe, lou'd *Bryſis* as my life,
Although my captiue; and had will, to take her for my wife:
Whom, ſince he forc't, preuenting me; in vaine he ſhall prolong
Hopes to appeaſe me, that know well, the deepneſſe of my wrong.
But good *Vlyſſes*, with thy ſelfe, and all you other Kings,
Let him take ſtomacke to repell, Troyes firie threatenings:
Much hath he done without my helpe; built him a goodly fort,
Cut a dike by it, pitcht with pales, broad, and of deepe import:
And cannot all theſe helpes repreſſe, this kil-man *Hectors* fright?
When I was arm'd amongſt the Greekes, he would not offer fight
Without the ſhadow of his wals; but to the Scæan ports,
Or to the holy Beech of *Ioue*, come backt, with his conſorts;
Where once he ſtood my charge alone, and hardly made retreat;
And to make new proofe of our powers, the doubt is not ſo great.
To morrow then with ſacrifice, perform'd t'imperiall *Ioue*
And all the Gods, Ile lanch my fleet, and all my men remoue;
Which (if thou wilt vſe ſo thy ſight, or think'ſt it worth reſpect)
In forehead of the morne thine eyes, ſhall ſee with ſailes erect
Amidſt the fidhie Helleſpont, helpt with laborious oares:
And if the ſea-god ſend free ſaile, the fruitfull Pthian ſhores
Within three dayes we ſhall attaine; where I haue ſtore of priſe,
Left, when with preiudice I came, to theſe indignities;
There haue I gold as well as here, and ſtore of ruddie braſſe,
Dames ſlender, elegantly girt, and ſteele as bright as glaſſe;
Theſe will I take as I retire, as ſhares I firmly ſaue;
Though *Agamemnon* be ſo baſe, to take the gifts he gaue.
Tell him all this, and openly; I on your honors charge,
That others may take ſhame to heare, his luſts command ſo large:
And if there yet remaine a man, he hopeth to deceiue,
(Being dide in endleſſe impudence) that man may learne to leaue
His truſt and Empire: but alas, though like a wolfe he be,
Shameleſſe and rude; he durſt not take, my priſe, and looke on me.
I neuer will partake his works, nor counſels, as before;
He once deceiu'd, and iniur'd me, and he ſhall neuer more
Tie my affections with his words; enough is the increaſe

Of one ſucceſſe in his deceits; which let him ioy in peace,
And beare it to a wretched end; wiſe *Ioue* hath reft his braine,
To bring him plagues; and theſe his gifts, I (as my foes) diſdaine:
Euen in the numneſſe of calme death, I will reuengefull be,
Though ten or twentie times ſo much, he would beſtow on me:
All he hath here, or any where; or *Orchomen* containes,
To which men bring their wealth for ſtrength; or all the ſtore remaines
In circuite of Ægyptian Thebes, where much hid treaſure lies,
Whoſe wals containe an hundred ports, of ſo admir'd a ſize,
Two hundred ſouldiers may, afront, with horſe and chariots paſſe.
Nor, would he amplifie all this, like ſand, or duſt, or graſſe;
Should he reclaime me, till his wreake, payd me for all the paines,
The free and moſt ingenuous part of Achilles. That with his contumely burnd, like poiſon in my veines.
Nor ſhall his daughter be my wife, although ſhe might contend
With golden *Venus* for her forme; or if ſhe did tranſcend
Blew-eyd *Minerua* for her works: let him a Greecke ſelect
Fit for her, and a greater King. For if the Gods protect
My ſafetie to my fathers court, he ſhall chuſe me a wife.
Many faire Achiue Princeſſes, of vnimpeached life,
In Helle and in Pthia liue, whoſe Sires do cities hold,
Of whom I can haue whom I will. And more, an hundred fold,
My true mind in my countrie likes, to take a lawfull wife,
Then in another nation; and there delight my life
With thoſe goods that my father got, much rather then die here.
Not all the wealth of wel-built Troy, poſſeſt when peace was there:
All that *Apollos* marble Fane, in ſtonie Pythos holds,
I value equall with the life, that my free breaſt infolds.
Sheepe, Oxen, Tripods, creſt-deckt horſe, though loſt, may come againe:
But when the white guard of our teeth, no longer can containe
Our humane ſoule, away it flies; and once gone, neuer more
To her fraile manſion any man, can her loſt powres reſtore.
And therefore ſince my mother-queene (fam'd for her ſiluer feet)
Told me two fates about my death, in my direction meet:
The one, that if I here remaine, t'aſſiſt our victorie,
My ſafe returne ſhall neuer liue, my fame ſhall neuer die:
If my returne obtaine ſucceſſe, much of my fame decayes,
But death ſhall linger his approach, and I liue many dayes.
This being reueal'd, twere fooliſh pride, t'abridge my life for praiſe.
Then with my ſelfe, I will aduiſe, others to hoiſe their ſaile;
For, gainſt the height of Ilion, you neuer ſhall preuaile:
Ioue with his hand protecteth it, and makes the ſouldiers bold.
This tell the King in euery part: for ſo graue Legates ſhould;
That they may better counſels vſe, to ſaue their fleet and friends
By their owne valours; ſince this courſe, drown'd in my anger ends.
Phœnix may in my tent repoſe; and, in the morne, ſtere courſe
For Pthia, if he thinke it good; if not, Ile vſe no force.
All wondred at his ſterne reply; and *Phœnix* full of feares,
His words would be more weake then iuſt, ſupplide their wants with teares.

If

If thy returne incline thee thus, (*Peleus* renowned ioy)
And thou wilt let our ſhips be burnd, with harmfull fire of Troy,
Phœnix Oration to Achilles.
Since thou art angrie, O my ſonne, how ſhall I after be
Alone in theſe extremes of death, relinquiſhed by thee?
I, whom thy royall father ſent, as orderer of thy force,
When to *Atrides* from his Court, he left thee, for this courſe;
Yet young, and when in skill of armes, thou didſt not ſo abound;
Nor hadſt the habite of diſcourſe, that makes men ſo renownd:
In all which, I was ſet by him, t'inſtruct thee as my ſonne,
That thou mightſt ſpeake when ſpeech was fit, and do, when deeds were done;
Not ſit as dumbe, for want of words; idle, for skill to moue:
I would not then be left by thee; deare ſonne, begot in loue;
No not if God would promiſe me, to raze the prints of time
Caru'd in my boſome, and my browes; and grace me with the prime
Of manly youth, as when at firſt, I left ſweet *Helles* ſhore
Deckt with faire Dames, and fled the grudge, my angrie father bore;
Who was the faire *Amyntor* cald, furnam'd *Ormenides*:
Morem ſeo obſeruat, qui de præteritis libenter ſolent meminiſſe.
And for a faire-haird harlots ſake, that his affects could pleaſe,
Contemnd my mother his true wife; who ceaſleſſe vrged me
To vſe his harlot *Clytia*, and ſtill would claſpe my knee
To do her will; that ſo my Sire, might turne his loue to hate
Of that lewde Dame; conuerting it, to comfort her eſtate.
At laſt, I was content to proue, to do my mother good,
And reconcile my fathers loue; who ſtraight ſuſpitious ſtood,
Purſuing me with many a curſe, and to the Furies praide
No Dame might loue, nor bring me ſeed: the Deities obay'd
That gouerne hell: infernall *Ioue*, and ſterne *Perſephone*.
Then durſt I in no longer date, with my ſterne father be:
Yet did my friends, and neare allies: encloſe me with deſires
Not to depart: kild ſheepe, bores, beeues; roſt them at ſolemne fires:
And from my fathers tuns we drunke, exceeding ſtore of wine.
Nine nights they guarded me by turns; their fires did ceaſleſſe ſhine,
One in the porch of his ſtrong hall, and in the portall one,
Before my chamber: but when day, beneath the tenth night ſhone,
I brake my chambers thick-fram'd dores, and through the hals guard paſt,
Vnſeene of any man or maide. Through Greece, then rich, and vaſt,
I fled to Pthia, nurſe of ſheepe: and came to *Peleus* Court,
Who entertaind me heartily, and in as gracious ſort
As any Sire his onely ſonne; borne when his ſtrength is ſpent,
And bleſt with great poſſeſſions, to leaue to his deſcent.
He made me rich, and to my charge, did much command commend:
I dwelt in th'vtmoſt region, rich *Pthia* doth extend;
And gouernd the Dolopians; and made thee what thou art,
O thou that like the Gods art fram'd: ſince (deareſt to my heart)
I vſde thee ſo, thou lou'dſt none elſe; nor any where wouldſt eate,
Till I had crownd my knee with thee, and kàru'd thee tenderſt meate,
And giuen thee wine ſo much, for loue, that in thy infancie
(Which ſtill diſcretion muſt protect, and a continuall eye)

My boſome louingly ſuſtain'd; the wine thine could not beare:
Then, now my ſtrength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as deare;
Much haue I ſufferd for thy loue, much labour'd, wiſhed much;
Thinking ſince I muſt haue no heire, (the Gods decrees are ſuch)
I would adopt thy ſelfe my heire: to thee my heart did giue
What any Sire could giue his ſonne; in thee I hop't to liue:
O mitigate hy mightie ſpirits: it fits not one that moues
The hearts of all, to liue vnmou'd, and ſuccour hates, for loues:
The Gods themſelues are flexible, whoſe vertues, honors, powers,
Are more then thine: yet they will bend, their breaſts as we bend ours.
Perfumes, benigne deuotions, ſauors of offrings burnd,
And holy rites, the engines are, with which their hearts are turnd,
By men that pray to them; whoſe faith, their ſinnes haue falſified:
Prayers, how neceſſary and helpful: if ſlund or neglected, how wreakefull. Ioues daughters, and cald Lita.
For, prayers are daughters of great *Ioue*; lame, wrinkled, ruddie eyd,
And euer following iniury; who (ſtrong and ſound of feet)
Flies through the world, afflicting men: Pray'rs yet obtaine their cure:
And whoſoeuer reuerenceth, that ſeed of *Ioue*, is ſure
To haue them heare, and helpe him too: but if he ſhall refuſe,
And ſtand inflexible to them, they flie to *Ioue*, and vſe
Their powres againſt him; that the wrongs, he doth to them, may fall
On his owne head, and pay thoſe paines, whoſe cure he failes to call.
Then great *Achilles* honour thou, this ſacred ſeed of *Ioue*,
And yeeld to them; ſince other men, of greateſt minds they moue:
If *Agamemnon* would not giue, the ſelfe ſame gifts he vowes,
But offer other afterwards; and in his ſtil-bent browes
Entombe his honour and his word; I would not thus exhort
(With wrath appeaſde) thy aide to Greece, though plagu'd in heavieſt ſort:
But, much he preſently will giue; and after, yeeld the reſt:
T'aſſure which, he hath ſent to thee, the men thou loueſt beſt,
And moſt renownd of all the hoaſt, that they might ſoften thee:
Then let not both their paines and prayers, loſt and deſpiſed be.
Before which, none could reprehend, the tumult of thy heart:
But now to reſt inexpiate, were much too rude a part.
Of ancient worthies we haue heard, when they were more diſpleaſde,
(To their high fames) with gifts and prayers, they haue bene ſtill appeaſde.
For inſtance, I remember well, a fact perform'd of old,
Another narration de bello Ætolico.
Which to you all my friends Ile tell: The Curets warres did hold
With the well-fought Etolians; where mutuall liues had end
About the citie *Calidon*; th'Etolians did defend
Their flouriſhing countrie; which to ſpoile, the Curets did contend.
Diana with the golden throne (with *Oeneus* much incenc't,
Since with his plenteous lands firſt fruits, ſhe was not reuerenc't;
Yet other Gods, with Hecatombes, had feaſts; and ſhe alone,
(Great *Ioues* bright daughter) left vnſeru'd; or by obliuion,
Or vndue knowledge of her dues) much hurt in heart ſhe ſwore:
And ſhe enrag'd, excited much: ſhe ſent a ſyluan Bore
Aper Calidonius
From their greene groues, with wounding tuskes, who vſually did ſpoile
King *Oeneus* fields: his loftie woods, layd proſtrate on the ſoile;

Rent

Rent by the roots, trees freſh, adornd, with fragrant apple flow'rs:
Which *Meleager* (*Oeneus* ſonne) ſlue with aſſembled pow'rs
Of hunters, and of fierceſt hounds; from many cities brought:
For, ſuch he was, that with few liues, his death could not be bought;
Heapes of dead humanes, by his rage, the funerall piles applide:
Yet (ſlaine at laſt) the Goddeſſe ſtird, about his head, and hide
A wondrous tumult; and a warre, betwixt the Curets wrought
And braue Ætolians: all the while, fierce *Meleager* fought,
Ill far'd the *Curets*: neare the wals, none durſt aduance his creſt
Though they were many: but when wrath, inflam'd his hautie breſt,
(Which oft the firme mind of the wiſe, with paſſion doth infeſt)
Since twixt his mother Queene and him, aroſe a deadly ſtrife;
He left the Court, and priuately, liu'd with his lawfull wife:
Faire *Cleopatra*, femall birth, of bright *Marpiſſas* paine,
And of *Idæus*; who, of all, terreſtriall men, did raigne
(At that time) king of fortitude; and, for *Marpiſſas* fake,
Gainſt wanton *Phœbus*, king of flames, his bow in hand did take,
Since he had rauiſht her, his ioy; whom her friends, after, gaue
The ſurname of *Alcyone*; becauſe they could not ſaue
Their daughter from *Alcyones* Fate: in *Cleopatras* armes
Lay *Meleager*, feeding on, his anger for the harmes
His mother praid might fall on him; who, for her brother ſlaine
By *Meleager*, grieu'd, and praid, the Gods to wreake her paine,
With all the horror could be pour'd, vpon her furious birth:
Still knockt ſhe, with her impious hands, the many-feeding earth,
To vrge ſterne *Pluto* and his Queene, t'incline their vengefull eares;
Fell on her knees, and all her breaſt, dewd with her fierie teares
To make them maſſacre her ſonne; whoſe wrath enrag'd her thus.
Erynnis (wandring through the aire) heard, out of *Erebus*,
Pray'rs, fit for her vnpleaſed mind; yet *Meleager* lay,
Obſcurd in furie; then the bruit, of the tumultuous fray,
Rung through the turrets as they ſcal'd; then came the Ætolian Peeres,
To *Meleager* with low ſuits, to riſe and free their feares:
Then ſent they the chiefe Prieſts of Gods, with offered gifts t'attone
His differing furie; bad him chuſe, in ſweet-ſoild *Calidon*,
Of the moſt fat and yeeldie ſoile, what with an hundred ſteares,
Might in a hundred dayes be plowde; halfe, that rich vintage beares,
And halfe of naked earth to plow: yet yeelded not his ire.
Then to his loftie chamber dore, aſcends his royall Sire
With ruthfull plaints: ſhooke the ſtrong barres; then came his ſiſters cries,
His mother then, and all intreate: yet ſtill more ſtiffe he lies:
His friends, moſt reuerend, moſt eſteem'd; yet none impreſſion tooke,
Till the high turrets where he lay, and his ſtrong chamber ſhooke
With the inuading enemie: who now forc't dreadfull way
Along the cittie: then his wife (in pittifull diſmay)
Beſought him weeping: telling him, the miſeries ſuſtaind
By all the citizens, whoſe towne, the enemie had gaind;
Men ſlaughterd, children bondſlaues made; ſweet Ladies forc't with luſt:

Fires

Fires climing towres, and turning them, to heapes of fruitleſſe duſt.
Theſe dangers ſoftned his ſteele heart: vp the ſtout Prince aroſe,
Indude his bodie with rich armes, and freed th'Ætolians woes:
His ſmotherd anger giuing aire, which gifts did not aſſwage,
But his owne perill. And becauſe, he did not diſ-ingage
Their liues for gifts, their gifts he loſt. But for my ſake (deare friend)
Be not thou bent to ſee our plights, to theſe extremes deſcend,
Ere thou aſſiſt vs; be not ſo, by thy ill angell, turnd
From thine owne honor: it were ſhame, to ſee our nauie burnd,
And then come with thy timeleſſe aide. For offerd preſents come,
And all the Greeks will honour thee, as of celeſtiall roome.
But if without theſe gifts thou fight, forc't by thy priuate woe,
Thou wilt be nothing ſo renown'd, though thou repell the foe.

Achilles to Phœnix.

Achilles anſwerd the laſt part, of this oration, thus:
Phœnix, renown'd and reuerend; the honors vrgde on vs
We need not; *Ioue* doth honor me, and to my ſafetie ſees,
And will whiles I retaine a ſpirit, or can command my knees.
Then do not thou, with teares and woes, impaſſion my affects,
Becoming gracious to my foe: nor fits it the reſpects
Of thy vowd loue, to honor him, that hath diſhonord me;
Leſt ſuch looſe kindneſſe loſe his heart, that yet is firme to thee.
It were thy praiſe to hurt, with me, the hurter of my ſtate;
Since halfe my honor and my Realme, thou maiſt participate.
Let theſe Lords then returne th'euent; and do thou here repoſe;
And when darke ſleepe breakes with the day; our counſels ſhall diſcloſe
The courſe of our returne or ſtay. This ſaid, he with his eye
Made to his friend, a couert ſigne, to haſten inſtantly
A good ſoft bed, that the old Prince, ſoone as the Peeres were gone,
Might take his reſt; when ſouldier-like, braue *Aiax Telamon*
Spake to *Vlyſſes*, as with thought; *Achilles* was not worth
The high direction of his ſpeech; that ſtood ſo ſternly forth,
Vnmou'd with th'Orators: and ſpake, not to appeaſe
Peltides wrath, but to depart: his arguments were theſe:

Aiax ſouldier-like ſpeech and faſhion.

High-iſſued *Laertiades!* let vs inſiſt no more
On his perſwaſion; I perceiue, the world would end before
Our ſpeeches end, in this affaire: we muſt with vtmoſt haſte
Returne his anſwer, though but bad: the Peeres are elſe-where plac't,
And will not riſe till we returne; great *Thetis* ſonne hath ſtor'd
Prowd wrath within him, as his wealth, and will not be implor'd;
Rude that he is; nor his friends loue, reſpects, do what they can:
Wherein paſt all, we honourd him. O vnremorſefull man!
Another for his brother ſlaine, another for his ſonne,
Accepts of ſatisfaction: and he the deed hath done
Liues in belou'd ſocietie, long after his amends;
To which, his foes high heart for gifts, with patience condeſcends:
But thee a wild and cruell ſpirit, the Gods for plague haue giuen,
And for one girle; of whoſe faire ſexe, we come to offer ſeauen,
The moſt exempt for excellence, and many a better priſe.

Then

Then put a ſweet mind in thy breaſt, reſpect thy owne allies,
Though others make thee not remiſſe: a multitude we are,
Sprung of thy royall familie, and our ſupremeſt care
Is to be moſt familiar, and hold moſt loue with thee,
Of all the Greeks, how great an hoſt, ſoeuer here there be.

Achil es to Aiax

He anſwerd; Noble *Telamon*, Prince of our ſouldiers here:
Out of thy heart I know thou ſpeakſt, and as thou holdſt me deare:
But ſtill as often as I thinke, how rudely I was vſd,
And like a ſtranger for all rites, fit for our good, refuſd:
My heart doth ſwell againſt the man, that durſt be ſo profane
To violate his ſacred place: not for my priuate bane;
But ſince wrackt vertues generall lawes, he ſhamelеſſe did infringe:
For whoſe ſake I will looſe the reines, and giue mine anger ſwinge,
Without my wiſedomes leaſt impeach. He is a foole, and baſe,
That pitties vice-plagu'd minds, when paine, not loue of right giues place.
And therefore tell your king, my Lords, my iuſt wrath will not care
For all his cares: before my tents, and nauie charged are
By warlike *Hector*; making way, through flockes of Grecian liues,
Enlightned by their nauall fire: but when his rage arriues
About my tent, and ſable barke, I doubt not but to ſhield
Them and my ſelfe: and make him flie, the there-ſtrong bounded field.
This ſaid, each one but kiſt the cup, and to the ſhips retir'd,
Vlyſſes firſt. *Patroclus* then, the men and maids requir'd
To make graue *Phœnix* bed with ſpeed, and ſee he nothing lacks:
They ſtraite obeyd, and thereon laid, the ſubtile fruite of flax,
And warme ſheep-fels for couering: and there the old man ſlept,
Attending till the gelden Morne, her vſuall ſtation kept.
Achilles lay in th'inner roome, of his tent richly wrought;
And that faire Ladie by his ſide, that he from Lesbos brought,
Bright *Diomeda*, *Phorbas* ſeed: *Patroclus* did embrace
The beautious *Iphis*, giuen to him, when his bold friend did race
The loftie Syrus, that was kept, in *Enyeies* hold.
Now at the tent of *Atreus* ſonne, each man with cups of gold

Agamemnon to Vlyſſes.

Receiu'd th'Ambaſſadors returnd; all cluſterd neare to know
What newes they brought: which firſt the king, would haue *Vlyſſes* ſhow.
Say moſt praiſe-worthie *Ithacus*; the Grecians great renowne,
Will he defend vs? or not yet, will his prowd ſtomacke downe?

Vlyſſes to Agamemnon.

Vlyſſes made replie; Not yet, will he appeaſed be,
But growes more wrathfull, prizing light, thy offerd gifts and thee;
And wils thee to conſult with vs, and take ſome other courſe
To ſaue our armie and our fleete: and ſayes, with all his force,
The morne ſhall light him on his way, to *Pthias* wiſhed ſoile:
For neuer ſhall high-ſeated Troy, be ſackt with all our toile:
Ioue holds his hand twixt vs and it: the ſouldiers gather heart.
Thus he replies: which *Aiax* here, can equally impart,
And both theſe Heralds: *Phœnix* ſtayes, for ſo was his deſire
To go with him, if he thought good; if not, he might retire.
All wondred he ſhould be ſo ſterne: at laſt bold *Diomed* ſpake:

Would

Diomed to Agamemnon.

Would God, *Atrides*, thy requeſt, were yet to vndertake;
And all thy gifts vnofferd him, he's proud enough beſide:
But this ambaſſage thou haſt ſent, will make him burſt with pride.
But let vs ſuffer him to ſtay, or go at his deſire:
Fight when his ſtomacke ſerues him beſt; or when *Ioue* ſhall inſpire:
Meane while our watch being ſtrongly held, let vs a little reſt
After our food: ſtrength liues by both; and vertue is their gueſt.
Then, when the roſie-fingerd Morne, holds out her ſiluer light,
Bring forth thy hoſt, encourage all; and be thou firſt in fight.
The kings admir'd the fortitude, that ſo diuinely mou'd
The skilfull horſeman *Diomed*; and his aduice approu'd:
Then with their nightly ſacrifice, each toooke his ſeuerall tent;
Where all receiu'd the ſoueraigne gifts, ſoft *Somnus* did preſent.

The end of the ninth Booke.

THE

THE TENTH BOOKE
OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

TH'Atrides watching, wake the other Peeres:
And (in the Fort, conſulting of their feares)
Two kings they ſend, moſt ſtout, and honord moſt,
For royall skouts, vnto the Troian hoſt:
Who meeting Dolon (Hectors *bribed Spie*)
Take him; and learne, how all the Quarters lie.
He told them, in the Thracian regiment
Of rich king Rheſus, *and his royall Tent;*
Striuing for ſafetie; but they end his ſtrife,
And rid poore Dolon, *of a dangerous life.*
Then with digreſſiue wyles, they vſe their force
On Rheſus *life, and take his ſnowie horſe.*

Another Argument.

Kappa *the Night exploits applies;*
Rheſus *and* Dolons *tragedies.*

THE other Princes at their ſhips, ſoft fingerd ſleepe did bind,
But not the Generall; *Somnus* ſilkes, bound not his laboring mind,
That turnd, and returnd, many thoughts. And as quicke lightnings
From well-deckt-*Iunos* ſoueraigne, out of the thickned skie, (flie
Preparing ſome exceeding raine, or haile, the fruite of cold:
Or downe-like Snow, that ſodainly, makes all the fields looke old;
Or opes the gulfie mouth of warre, with his enſulphur'd hand
In dizling flaſhes, pour'd from clouds, on any puniſht land:
So from *Atrides* troubled heart, through his darke ſorowes, flew
Redoubled ſighes: his intrailes ſhooke, as often as his view
Admir'd the multitude of fires, that gilt the Phrygian ſhade,
And heard the ſounds of fifes, and ſhawmes, and tumults ſouldiers made.
But when he ſaw his fleet and hoſt, kneele to his care and loue,
He rent his haire vp by the roots, as ſacrifice to *Ioue*:
Burnt in his firie ſighes, ſtill breath'd, out of his royall heart;
And firſt thought good, to *Neſtors* care, his ſorowes to impart:
To trie if royall diligence, with his approu'd aduiſe,
Might faſhion counſels, to preuent, their threatned miſeries.
So vp he roſe, attir'd himſelfe, and to his ſtrong feet tide
Rich ſhoes, and caſt vpon his backe, a ruddie Lions hide,
So ample, it his ankles reacht: then tooke his royall ſpeare.
Like him was *Menelaus* pierc't, with an induſtrious feare,

Agamemnons cares.
Theſe are the lightnings before ſnow, &c. that Scaligers Criticus ſo vnworthily taxeth; citing the place falſly, as in the 3. bookes annotations, &c

Agamemnons habite riſing in the night.
He wearing a Lions hide.

Nor

Nor ſat ſweet ſlumber on his eyes; leſt bitter Fates ſhould quite
The Greekes high fauours, that for him, reſolu'd ſuch endleſſe fight.
Menelaus a Leopards. And firſt a freckled Panthers hide, hid his brode backe athwart:
His head, his braſen helme did arme; his able hand his dart;
Then made he all his haſte to raiſe, his brothers head as rare,
That he who moſt exceld in rule, might helpe t'effect his care.
He found him at his ſhips crookt-ſterne, adorning him with armes;
Who ioyd to ſee his brothers ſpirits, awak't without alarmes:
Well weighing th'importance of the time. And firſt the yonger ſpake:
Why brother, are ye arming thus? is it to vndertake
Menelaus to Agamemnon. The ſending of ſome ventrous Greeke, t'explore the foes intent?
Alas I greatly feare, not one, will giue that worke conſent,
Expoſd alone to all the feares, that flow in gloomie night:
He that doth this, muſt know death well; in which ends euerie fright.
Brother (ſaid he) in theſe affaires, we both muſt vſe aduice;
Agamemnon to Menelaus. *Ioue* is againſt vs, and accepts, great *Hectors* ſacrifice;
For I haue neuer ſeene, nor heard, in one day, and by one,
So many high attempts well vrg'd, as *Hectors* power hath done
Againſt the hapleſſe ſons of Greece: being chiefly deare to *Ioue*;
And without cauſe; being neither fruite, of any Godeſſe loue,
Nor helpfull God: and yet I feare, the deepneſſe of his hand
Ere it be rac't out of our thoughts, will many yeares withſtand.
But brother, hie thee to thy ſhips, and *Idomen* diſeaſe
With warlike *Aiax*: I will haſte, to graue *Nelcides*;
Exhorting him to riſe, and giue, the ſacred watch command;
For they will ſpecially embrace, incitement at his hand;
And now his ſonne, their captaine is; and *Idomens* good friend
Bold *Merion*; to whoſe diſcharge, we did that charge commend.
Commandſt thou then (his brother askt) that I ſhall tarrie here
Attending thy reſolu'd approach, or elſe the meſſage beare
Directions for command in wars extremity. And quickly make returne to thee? He anſwerd: Rather ſtay,
Leſt otherwiſe we faile to meete: for many a different way
Lies through our labyrinthian hoſt; ſpeake euer as you go;
Command ſtrong watch; from Sire to ſonne, vrge all t'obſerue the foe;
Familiarly, and with their praiſe, exciting euerie eye;
Not with vnſeaſon'd violence, of prowd authoritie.
We muſt our patience exercife, and worke, our ſelues with them,
Ioue in our births combin'd ſuch care, to eithers Diadem.
Thus he diſmiſt him, knowing well, his charge before he went,
Neſtors armes, and readineſſe to v/e them. Himſelfe to *Neſtor*, whom he found, in bed within his tent:
By him, his damaske curets hung, his ſhield, a paire of darts;
His ſhining caske, his arming waſte: in theſe he led the hearts
Of his apt ſouldiers to ſharpe warre, not yeelding to his yeares.
He quickly ſtarted from his bed, when to his watchfull eares
Vntimely feet told ſome approach: he tooke his lance in hand,
And ſpake to him; Ho, what art thou? that walk'ſt at midnight? ſtand;
Is any wanting at the guards? or lack'ſt thou any Peere?
Speake, come not ſilent towards me: ſay what intendſt thou heare?

He

He anſwerd, O *Neleides*, graue honour of our hoſt:
Agamemnon to Neſtor. T'is *Agamemnon* thou maiſt know, whom *Ioue* afflicteth moſt
Of all the wretched men that liue; and will, whilſt any breath
Giues motion to my toiled limbs, and beares me vp from death.
I walke the round thus, ſince ſweet ſleepe, cannot incloſe mine eyes,
Nor ſhut thoſe Organs care breaks ope, for our calamities.
My feare is vehement for the *Greeks*: my heart (the fount of heate)
With his extreme affects, made cold; without my breaſt doth beate;
And therefore are my ſinewes ſtrooke, with trembling: euerie part
Of what my friends may feele, hath act, in my diſperſed heart.
But if thou thinkſt of any courſe, may to our good redound,
(Since neither thou thy ſelfe canſt ſleepe) come, walke with me the round;
In way whereof we may confer, and looke to euerie guard:
Leſt watching long, and wearineſſe, with labouring ſo hard,
Drowne their oppreſſed memories, of what they haue in charge.
The libertie we giue the foe, (alas) is ouer large;
Their campe is almoſt mixt with ours; and we haue forth no ſpies,
To learne their drifts; who may perchance, this night intend ſurpriſe.
Graue *Neſtor* anſwerd: Worthie king, let good hearts beare our ill:
Neſtor to Agamemnon. *Ioue* is not bound to perfect all, this buſie *Hectors* will;
But I am confidently giuen, his thoughts are much diſmaid
With feare, leſt our diſtreſſe incite, *Achilles* to our aide:
And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours with further pride.
But I will gladly follow thee, and ſtirre vp more beſide:
Tydides, famous for his lance; *Vlyſſes*, *Telamon*,
And bold *Phyleus* valiant heire: or elſe if any one
Would haſte to call king *Idomen*, and *Aiax*, ſince their ſaile
Lie ſo remou'd; with much good ſpeed, it might our haſte auaile.
But (though he be our honord friend,) thy brother I will blame,
Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his vtter ſhame
He ſhould commit all paines to thee, that ſhould himſelfe imploy,
Paſt all our Princes, in the care, and cure of our annoy;
And be ſo farre from needing ſpurres, to theſe his due reſpects,
He ſhould apply our ſpirits himſelfe, with pray'rs, and vrg'd affects.
Neceſſitie (a law to lawes, and not to be endur'd)
Makes proofe of all his faculties; not found, if not inur'd.
Good father (ſaid the king) ſometimes, you know I haue deſir'd
Agamemnons excuſe of his brother. You would improue his negligence, too oft to eaſe retir'd:
Nor is it for defect of ſpirit, or compaſſe of his braine,
But with obſeruing my eſtate, he thinks, he ſhould abſtaine
Till I commanded, knowing my place: vnwilling to aſſume,
For being my brother, any thing, might proue he did preſume.
But now he roſe before me farre, and came, t'auoid delaies:
And I haue ſent him for the man, your ſelfe deſir'd to raiſe;
Come, we ſhall find them at the guards, we plac't before the fort:
For thither my direction was, they ſhould with ſpeed reſort.
Why now (ſaid *Neſtor*) none will grudge, nor his iuſt rule withſtand;
Examples make excitements ſtrong, and ſweeten a command.

N Thus

Thus put he on his arming truſſe, faire ſhoes vpon his feet,
About him a mandilion, that did with buttons meet,
Of purple, large, and full of folds; curld with a warmefull nap;
A garment that gainſt cold in nights, did ſouldiers vſe to wrap:
Then tooke he his ſtrong lance in hand; made ſharpe with proued ſteele,
And went along the *Grecian* fleet. Firſt at *Vlyſſes* keele,
He cald; to breake the ſilken fumes, that did his ſences bind:
The voice through th'Organs of his eares, ſtraight rung about his mind.
Vlyſſes to Agamemnon and Neſtor. Forth came *Vlyſſes*, asking him; Why ſtirre ye thus ſo late?
Suſtaine we ſuch enforciue cauſe? He anſwerd, Our eſtate
Doth force this perturbation; vouchſafe it worthie friend,
Neſtor to Vlyſſes. And come, let vs excite one more, to counſell of ſome end
To our extremes, by fight, or flight. He, backe, and tooke his ſhield,
The manner of Diomedes Bedding. And both tooke courſe to *Diomed*; they found him laid in field
Farre from his tent: his armour by; about him was diſpread
A ring of ſouldiers; euerie man, his ſhield beneath his head:
His ſpeare fixt by him as he ſlept, the great end in the ground:
The point, that briſtled the darke earth, caſt a reflection round,
Like pallid lightnings throwne from *Ioue*; thus this Heroe lay,
And vnder him a big Oxe hide: his royall head had ſtay
On Arras hangings, rolled vp: whereon he ſlept ſo faſt,
Neſtor vnder-takes Diomed. That *Neſtor* ſtird him with his foote, and chid to ſee him caſt
In ſuch deepe ſleepe, in ſuch deepe woes: and askt him why he ſpent
All night in ſleepe, or did not heare, the *Troians* neare his tent?
Their Campe drawne cloſe vpon their dike, ſmall ſpace twixt foes and foes?
Diomed to Neſtor. He, ſtarting vp, ſaid, Strange old man, that neuer tak'ſt repoſe;
Thou art too patient of our toile; haue we not men more yong,
To be imploid from king to king? thine age hath too much wrong.
Neſtor to him. Neuer cold of thine reproofe-tations. Who ſeeks ſecurity at ſuch a time? Inuents into a Councels aſſembly? Exerciſes in Diomed out of Homer. Said like a king, replied the Sire: for I haue ſonnes renownd;
And there are many other men, might go this toileſome round:
But you muſt ſee, imperious *Need*, hath all at her command:
Now on the eager razors edge, for life or death we ſtand.
Then go (thou art the yonger man,) and if thou loue my eaſe,
Call ſwift-foot *Aiax* vp thy ſelfe, and young *Phyleides*.
This ſaid, he on his ſhoulders caſt, a yellow Lions hide,
Big, and reacht earth; then tooke his ſpeare; and *Neſtors* will applide:
Raiſd the Heroes, brought them both. All met, the round they went,
And found not any captaine there, aſleepe or negligent:
But waking, and in armes, gaue eare, to euerie loweſt ſound.
Simile. And as keene dogs, keepe ſheepe in Cotes, or folds, of Hurdles bound:
And grin at euerie breach of aire, enuious of all that moues:
Still liſtning when the rauenous beaſt, ſtalks through the hilly groues:
Then men and dogs ſtand on their guards, and mightie tumults make,
Sleepe wanting weight to cloſe one winke: ſo did the Captaines wake,
That kept the watch the whole ſad night: all with intentiue eare
Conuerted to the enemies tents, that they might timely heare
If they were ſtirring to ſurpriſe: which *Neſtor* ioyd to ſee.
Why ſo (deare ſons) maintaine your watch; ſleepe not a winke (ſaid he)

Rather

Rather then make your fames, the ſcorne, of *Troian* periurie.
Neſtor to the Guards. This ſaid, he formoſt paſt the dike, the others ſeconded;
Euen all the kings that had bene cald, to counſell, from the bed:
And with them went *Meriones*, and *Neſtors* famous ſonne:
For both were cald by all the kings, to conſultation.
Beyond the dike they chuſde a place, neare as they could from blood;
Where yet appear'd the fals of ſome, and whence (the crimſon flood
Of Grecian liues being pour'd on earth, by *Hectors* furious chace)
He made retreate, when night repour'd, grim darkneſſe in his face.
There ſate they downe, and *Neſtor* ſpake: O friends remaines not one,
Neſtor to the Grecian Princes That will relie on his bold mind, and view the campe alone,
Of the prowd *Troians*? to approue, if any ſtragling mate
He can ſurpriſe neare th'vtmoſt tents; or learne the briefe eſtate
Of their intentions for the time, and mixe like one of them
With their outguards, expiſcating, if the renown'd extreme,
They force on vs, will ſerue their turnes; with glorie to retire,
Or ſtill encampe thus farre from Troy? This may he well enquire,
And make a braue retreate vntoucht; and this would win him fame
Of all men canapied with heauen; and euerie man of name
In all this hoſt ſhall honor him, with an enriching meed;
A blacke Ewe and her ſucking Lambe, (rewards that now exceed
All other beſt poſſeſſions, in all mens choice requeſts)
And ſtill be bidden by our kings, to kind and royall feaſts.
All reuerenc't one anothers worth; and none would ſilence breake,
Leſt worſt ſhould take beſt place of ſpeech: at laſt did *Diomed* ſpeake:
Diomed to Neſtor. *Neſtor*, thou ask'ſt if no man here, haue heart ſo well inclin'd
To worke this ſtratageme on Troy: yes, I haue ſuch a mind:
Yet if ſome other Prince would ioyne; more probable will be
The ſtrengthned hope of our exploite: two may together ſee
(One going before another ſtill) ſlie danger euerie way;
One ſpirit vpon another workes; and takes with firmer ſtay
The benefit of all his powers: for though one knew his courſe,
Yet might he well diſtruſt himſelfe; which th'other might enforce.
This offer euerie man aſſum'd, all would with *Diomed* go:
The two *Aiaces*, *Merion*, and *Menelaus* too:
But *Neſtors* ſonne enforc't it much, and hardie *Ithacus*,
Who had to euerie ventrous deed, a mind as venturous.
The graue counſell of Agamemnon to Diomed. Amongſt all theſe, thus ſpake the king; *Tydides*, moſt belou'd;
Chuſe thy aſſociate worthily; a man the moſt approu'd
For vſe and ſtrength in theſe extremes. Many thou ſeeſt ſtand forth:
But chuſe not thou by height of place, but by regard of worth;
Leſt with thy nice reſpect of right, to any mans degree,
Thou wrongſt thy venture, chuſing one, leaſt fit to ioyne with thee,
Although perhaps a greater king: this ſpake he with ſuſpect,
That *Diomed* (for honors ſake) his brother would ſelect.
Then ſaid *Tydides*; Since thou giu'ſt, my iudgement leaue to chuſe,
Diomeds choice of Vlyſſes. How can it ſo much truth forget, *Vlyſſes* to refuſe?
That beares a mind ſo moſt exempt, and vigorous in th'effect

Of all high labors, and a man, *Pallas* doth moſt reſpect:
We ſhall returne through burning fire, if I with him combine:
He ſets ſtrength in ſo true a courſe, with counſels ſo diuine.
Vlyſſes loth to be eſteemd, a louer of his praiſe,
Vlyſſes modeſtie in accepting. With ſuch exceptions humbled him, as did him higher raiſe:
And ſaid; *Tydides* praiſe me not, more then free truth will beare,
Nor yet empaire me: they are Greeks, that giue iudiciall eare.
But come, the morning haſts; the ſtars, are forward in their courſe,
Two parts of night are paſt; the third, is left t'imploy our force.
The explorators armed. Now borrowed they, for haſte, ſome armes: bold *Thraſymedes* lent
Aduentrous *Diomed* his ſword, (his owne was at his tent)
His ſhield, and helme, tough and well tann'd, without or plume or creſt,
And cald a murrion; archers heads, it vſed to inueſt.
Meriones lent *Ithacus*, his quiuer and his bow;
His helmet faſhiond of a hide: the workman did beſtow
Much labour in it, quilting it, with bowſtrings; and without,
With ſnowie tuskes of white-mouthd Bores, twas armed round about
Right cunningly: and in the midſt, an arming cap was plac't,
That with the fixt ends of the tuskes, his head might not be rac't.
This (long ſince) by *Autolycus*, was brought from Eleon,
When he laid waſte *Amyntors* houſe, that was *Ormenus* ſonne.
In Scandia, to *Cytherius*, ſurnam'd *Amphydamas*,
Autolycus did giue this helme: he, when he feaſted was
By honord *Molus*, gaue it him, as preſent of a gueſt:
Molus to his ſonne *Merion*, did make it his bequeſt.
Augurium ex casto Ardea. With this *Vlyſſes* arm'd his head; and thus they (both addreſt)
Tooke leaue of all the other kings: to them a glad oſtent,
(As they were entring on their way) *Minerua* did preſent,
A Hernſhaw conſecrate to her; which they could ill diſcerne
Through ſable night: but by her clange, they knew it was a Herne.
Vlyſſes inuoketh Pallas. *Vlyſſes* ioy'd, and thus inuok't: Heare me great ſeed of *Ioue*,
That euer doſt my labors grace, with preſence of thy loue:
And all my motions doſt attend; ſtill loue me (ſacred Dame)
Eſpecially in this exploit, and ſo protect our fame,
We both may ſafely make retreate, and thriftily imploy
Out boldneſſe in ſome great affaire, banefull to them of Troy.
Diomed to Pallas. Then praid illuſtrate *Diomed*: Vouchſafe me likewiſe eare,
O thou vnconquerd Queene of armes: be with thy fauors neare,
As to my royall fathers ſteps, thou wentſt a bountious guide,
When th'Achiues, and the Peeres of Thebes, he would haue pacifide,
Sent as the Greeks Ambaſſador, and left them at the flood
Of great Æſopus; whoſe retreat, thou mad'ſt to ſwim in blood
Of his enambuſht enemies: and if thou ſo protect
My bold endeuours; to thy name, an Heiffer, moſt ſelect,
That neuer yet was tam'd with yoke, brode fronted, one yeare old,
Ile burne in zealous ſacrifice, and ſet the hornes in gold.
The Goddeſſe heard, and both the kings, their dreadleſſe paſſage bore,
Through ſlaughter, ſlaughterd carkaſſes; armes; and diſcolord gore.

Nor

Nor *Hector* let his Princes ſleepe, but all to counſell cald:
And askt, What one is here will vow, and keepe it vnappald, *Hector to the Troians.*
To haue a gift fit for his deed; a chariot and two horſe,
That paſſe for ſpeed the reſt of *Greece?* what one dares take take this courſe,
For his renowne (beſides his gifts) to mixe amongſt the foe,
And learne if ſtill they hold their guards? or with this ouerthrow
Determine flight, as being too weake, to hold vs longer warre?
All ſilent ſtood, at laſt ſtood forth, one *Dolon*, that did dare *Dolon offers to be explorator.*
This dangerous worke; *Eumedes* heire, a Herald much renownd:
This *Dolon* did in gold and braſſe, exceedingly abound;
Put in his forme was quite deform'd; yet paſſing ſwift to run:
Amongſt fiue ſiſters he was left, *Eumedes* onely ſon;
And he told *Hector*, his free heart, would vndertake t'explore
The *Greecks* intentions; but (ſaid he) thou ſhalt be ſworne before,
By this thy ſcepter, that the horſe, of great *Æacides*
And his ſtrong chariot, bound with braſſe, thou wilt (before all theſe)
Reſigne me as my valours priſe: and ſo I reſt vnmou'd
To be thy ſpie, and not returne, before I haue approu'd
(By venturing to *Atrides* ſhip, where their conſults are held)
If they reſolue ſtill to reſiſt; or flie, as quite expeld.
He put his ſcepter in his hand, and cald the thunders God *Hector ſweares to Dolon.*
(*Saturnius* husband to his oath, thoſe horſe ſhould not be ro de
By any other man then he; but he for euer ioy
(To his renowne) their ſeruices, for his good done to *Troy*.
Thus ſwore he, and forſwore himſelfe; yet made baſe *Dolon* bold: *Dolon armes.*
Who on his ſhoulders hung his bow, and did about him fold
A white wolues hide; and with a helme, of weaſels skins did arme
His weaſels head; then tooke his dart, and neuer turnd to harme
The *Greecks* with their related drifts: but being paſt the troopes
Of horſe and foote, he promptly runs; and as he runs he ſtoopes
To vnder-mine *Achilles* horſe; *Vlyſſes* ſtraight did ſee,
And ſaid to *Diomed*; this man, makes footing towards thee,
Out of the tents; I know not well, if he be vſde as ſpie *Vlyſſes to Diomed.*
Bent to our fleet; or come to rob, the ſlaughterd enemie.
But let vs ſuffer him to come, a little further on,
And then purſue him. If it chance, that we be ouergone
By his more ſwiftneſſe; vrge him ſtill, to run vpon our fleet,
And (left he ſcape vs to the towne) ſtill let thy Iaueline meet
With all his offers of retreate. Thus ſtept they from the plaine
Amongſt the ſlaughterd carkaſſes; *Dolon* came on amaine,
Suſpecting nothing; but once paſt, as farre as Mules outdraw
Oxen at plough; being both put on, neither admitted law,
To plow a deepe foild furrow forth; ſo farre was *Dolon* paſt;
Then they purſude, which he perceiu'd, and ſtaid his ſpeedleſſe haſt;
Subtly ſuppoſing *Hector* ſent, to countermand his ſpie:
But in a Iaulins throw or leſſe, he knew them enemie.
Then laid he on his nimble knees; and they purſude like wind.
As when a brace of greyhounds are, laid in, with Hare or Hind;

 Simile.

Cloſe-mouth'd, and skild to make the beſt, of their induſtrious courſe;
Serue eithers turne, and ſet on hard; loſe neither ground nor force:
So conſtantly did *Tydeus* ſonne, and his towne-razing Peere,
Purſue this ſpie; ſtill turning him, as he was winding neare
His couert: till he almoſt mixt, with their out-courts of guard.
Diomed to Dolon. Then *Pallas* prompted *Diomed*, leſt his due worths reward
Should be empaird, if any man, did vant he firſt did ſheath
His ſword in him, and he be cald, but ſecond in his death:
Then ſpake he (threatning with his lance,) or ſtay, or this comes on,
And long thou canſt not run, before, thou be by death out-gone.
This ſaid, he threw his Iaueline forth: which miſt, (as *Diomed* would)
Aboue his right arme making way; the pile ſtucke in the mould:
He ſtaid and trembled, and his teeth, did chatter in his head.
Dolons ſurpriſe and offer. They came in blowing, ſeiſd him faſt; he, weeping, offered
A wealthy ranſome for his life, and told them he had braſſe,
Much gold, and iron, that fit for vſe, in many labours was;
From whoſe rich heapes his father would, a wondrous portion giue,
If, at the great Achaian fleet, he heard his ſonne did liue.
Vlyſſes to Dolon. *Vlyſſes* bad him cheare his heart. Thinke not of death, ſaid he,
But tell vs true, why runſt thou forth, when others ſleeping be?
Is it to ſpoile the carkaſſes? or art thou choicely ſent,
T'explore our drifts? or of thy ſelfe, ſeek'ſt thou ſome wiſht euent?
Dolons anſwer. He trembling anſwerd: Much reward, did *Hectors* oth propoſe,
And vrg'd me much againſt my will, t'indeuour to diſcloſe,
If you determin'd ſtill to ſtay, or bent your courſe for flight,
As all diſmaid with your late foile, and wearied with the fight:
For which exploite, *Pelides* horſe, and chariot, he did ſweare
I onely euer ſhould enioy. *Vlyſſes* ſmil'd to heare
So baſe a ſwaine haue any hope, ſo high a priſe t'aſpire;
Vlyſſes to Dolon. And ſaid, his labors did affect, a great and precious hire:
And that the horſe *Pelides* rein'd, no mortall hand could vſe
But he himſelfe; whoſe matchleſſe life, a Goddeſſe did produce.
But tell vs, and report but truth, where leſiſt thou *Hector* now?
Where are his armes? his famous horſe? on whom doth he beſtow
The watches charge? where ſleepe the Kings? intend they ſtill to lie
Thus neare encampt? or turne ſuffiſd, with their late victorie?
Dolons relation. All this, ſaid he, Ile tell moſt true. At Ilus monument
Hector with all our Princes ſits, t'aduiſe of this euent;
Who chuſe that place remou'd, to ſhun, the rude confuſed ſounds
The common ſouldiers throw about: but, for our watch, and rounds,
Whereof (braue Lord) thou mak'ſt demand; none orderly we keepe:
The Troians that haue roofes to ſaue, onely abandon ſleepe,
And priuately without command, each other they exhort
To make preuention of the worſt; and in this ſlender ſort
Is watch, and guard maintaind with vs. Th'auxiliarie bands
Sleepe ſoundly, and commit their cares, into the Troians hands;
For they haue neither wiues with them, nor children to protect;
The leſſe they need to care, the more, they ſuccour dull neglect.

But

But tell me (ſaid wiſe *Ithacus*,) are all theſe forreine powres *Ithacus.*
Appointed quarters by themſelues, or elſe commixt with yours?
And this (ſaid *Dolon*) too (my Lords,) Ile ſeriouſly vnfold: *Dolon.*
The *Peons* with the crooked bowes, and *Carets*, quarters hold
Next to the ſea; the *Leleges*, and *Caucons* ioyn'd with them,
And braue Pelaſgians; *Thimbers* meade, remou'd more from the ſtreame,
Is quarter to the *Licians*; the loftie *Myſian* force;
The *Phrygians* and *Meonians*, that fight with armed horſe.
But what need theſe particulars? if ye intend ſurpriſe
Of any in our Troian campe; the *Thracian* quarter lies
Vtmoſt of all, and vncommixt, with Troian regiments,
That keepe the voluntary watch: new pitcht are all their tents.
King *Rheſus*, *Eioneus* ſon, commands them; who hath ſteeds
More white then ſnow, huge, and well ſhap't; their firie pace exceeds
The winds in ſwiftneſſe: theſe I ſaw: his Chariot is with gold *Virgilianum.*
And pallid ſiluer richly fram'd, and wondrous to behold.
His great and golden armour is, not fit a man ſhould weare;
But for immortall ſhoulders fram'd: come then, and quickly beare
Your happie priſoner to your fleet: or leaue him here faſt bound
Till your well vrg'd and rich returne, proue my relation ſound.
Tydides dreadfully replide: Thinke not of paſſage thus, *Diomeds ſterne reply to Dolon.*
Though of right acceptable newes, thou haſt aduertiſde vs;
Our hands are holds more ſtrict then ſo: and ſhould we ſet thee free
For offerd ranſome; for this ſcape, thou ſtill wouldſt ſcouting be
About our ſhips; or do vs ſcathe, in plaine oppoſed armes;
But if I take thy life, no way, can we repent thy harmes.
With this, as *Dolon* reacht his hand, to vſe a ſuppliants part, *Dolons ſlaughter by Diomed.*
And ſtroke the beard of *Diomed*; he ſtrooke his necke athwart,
With his forc't ſword; and both the nerues, he did in ſunder wound;
And ſuddenly his head, deceiu'd, fell ſpeaking on the ground:
His weſels helme they tooke, his bow, his wolues skin, and his lance;
Which to *Minerua*, *Ithacus*, did zealouſly aduance
With lifted arme into the aire; and to her thus he ſpake;
Goddeſſe, triumph in thine owne ſpoiles: to thee we firſt will make *Vlyſſes offers Dolons armes to Pallas.*
Our inuocations, of all powers, thron'd on th'Olympian hill;
Now to the *Thracians*, and their horſe, and beds, conduct vs ſtill.
With this, he hung them vp aloft, vpon a Tamricke bow,
As eyefull Trophies: and the ſprigs, that did about it grow,
He proined from the leauie armes, to make it eaſier viewd,
When they ſhould haſtily retire, and be perhaps purſude.
Forth went they, through blacke bloud and armes; and preſently eſpir'd
The guardleſſe Thracian regiment, faſt bound with ſleepe, and tir'd:
Their armes lay by, and triple rankes, they as they ſlept did keepe,
As they ſhould watch and guard their king; who, in a fatall ſleepe,
Lay in the midſt; their charriot horſe, as they coach fellowes were,
Fed by them; and the famous ſteeds, that did their Generall beare,
Stood next him, to the hinder part, of his rich chariot tied.
Vlyſſes ſaw them firſt, and ſaid: *Tydides*, I haue ſpied *Vlyſſes to Diomed.*

The horſe that *Dolon* (whom we ſlue) aſſur'd vs we ſhould ſee:
Now vſe thy ſtrength; now idle armes, are moſt vnfit for thee:
Priſe thou the horſe; or kill the guard; and leaue the horſe to me.
Minerua with the Azure eyes, breath'd ſtrength into her King,
Who fild the tent with mixed death: the ſoules, he ſet on wing,
Iſſued in grones, and made aire ſwell, into her ſtormie ſloud:
Horror, and ſlaughter had one power; the earth did bluſh with bloud.
As when a hungrie Lion flies, with purpoſe to deuoure
On flocks vnkept, and on their liues, doth freely vſe his power:
So *Tydeus* ſonne aſſaild the foe; twelue ſoules before him flew;
Vlyſſes waited on his ſword; and euer as he ſlew,
He drew them by their ſtrengthleſſe heeles, out of the horſes ſight;
That when he was to leade them forth, they ſhould not with affright
Bogle, nor ſnore, in treading on, the bloudie carkaſes;
For being new come, they were vnuſde, to ſuch ſterne ſights as theſe.
Diomed ſlaughters Rheſus king of Thrace. Through foure ranks now did *Diomed*, the king himſelfe attaine;
Who (ſnoring in his ſweeteſt ſleepe) was like his ſouldiers ſlaine.
An ill dreame by *Minerua* ſent, that night, ſtood by his head,
Which was *Oenides* royall ſonne, vnconquer'd *Diomed*.
Meane while *Vlyſſes* looſd his horſe; tooke all their raines in hand,
And led them forth: but *Tydeus* ſonne, did in contention ſtand
With his great mind, to do ſome deed, of more audacitie;
If he ſhould take the chariot, where his rich armes did lie,
And draw it by the beame away, or beare it on his backe;
Or if of more dull Thracian liues, he ſhould their boſomes ſacke.
Minerua to Diomed. In this contention with himſelfe, *Minerua* did ſuggeſt,
And bad him thinke of his retreate; leſt from their tempted reſt,
Some other God ſhould ſtirre the foe, and ſend him backe diſmaid.
He knew the voice; tooke horſe, and fled; the *Troians* heauenly aid
(*Apollo* with the ſiluer bow) ſtood no blind ſentinell
To their ſecure and drowſie hoaſt; but did diſcouer well
Minerua following *Diomed*; and angrie with his act,
The mightie hoaſt of *Ilion*, he entred; and awak't
The couſen germane of the king, a counſellor of *Thrace*,
Hopocoon; who when he roſe; and ſaw the deſert place
Where *Rheſus* horſe did vſe to ſtand, and th'other diſmall harmes,
Alarmes amongſt the Troians. Men ſtrugling with the pangs of death; he ſhriekt out thicke alarmes;
Cald *Rheſus? Rheſus?* but in vaine: then ſtill, arme, arme, he cride:
The noiſe and tumult was extreme, on euery ſtartled ſide
Of *Troyes* huge hoaſt; from whence in throngs, all gatherd and admir'd,
Who could performe ſuch harmfull facts, and yet be ſafe retir'd.
Now, comming where they ſlue the ſcout, *Vlyſſes* ſtayd the ſteeds;
Tydides lighted, and the ſpoiles (hung on the *Tamricke* reeds)
He tooke and gaue to *Ithacus*; and vp he got againe;
Then flew they ioyfull to their fleet: *Neſtor* did firſt attaine
Neſtor to the Greeks. The ſounds the horſe hooſes ſtrooke through aire, and ſaid; My royall Peeres!
Do I but dote? or ſay I true? me thinks about mine eares
The ſounds of running horſes beate. O would to God they were

Our

Our friends thus ſoone returnd with ſpoiles: but I haue heartie feare,
Leſt this high tumult of the foe, doth their diſtreſſe intend.
He ſcarce had ſpoke, when they were come: Both did from horſe deſcend,
All, with embraces and ſweet words, to heauen their worth did raiſe.
Then *Neſtor* ſpake; Great *Ithacus*, euen heapt with Grecian praiſe;
How haue you made theſe horſe your priſe? pierc't you the dangerous hoſt,
Where ſuch gemmes ſtand? or did ſome God, your high attempts accoſt,
And honord you with this reward? why, they be like the Rayes
The Sunne effuſeth. I haue mixt, with Troians all my daies;
And now, I hope you will not ſay, I alwaies lye abord
Though an old ſoldier I confeſſe: yet did all Troy afford
Neuer the like to any ſence, that euer I poſſeſt;
But ſome good God, no doubt, hath met, and your high valours bleſt:
For he that ſhadowes heauen with clouds, loues both, as his delights:
And ſhe that ſupples earth with blood, can not forbeare your ſights.
Vlyſſes to Neſtor. *Vlyſſes* anſwerd, Honord Sire, the willing Gods can giue
Horſe much more worth, then theſe men yeeld, ſince in more power they liue:
Theſe horſe are of the Thracian breed; their king *Tydides* ſlue,
And twelue of his moſt truſted guard: and of that meaner crew
A skowt for thirteenth man we kild, whom *Hector* ſent to ſpie
The whole eſtate of our deſignes, if bent to fight or flie.
Thus (followed with whole troopes of friends,) they with applauſes paſt
The ſpacious dike, and in the tent, of *Diomed* they plac't
The horſe without contention, as his deſeruings meed:
Which (with his other horſe ſet vp) on yellow wheat did feed.
Poore *Dolons* ſpoiles *Vlyſſes* had; who ſhrin'd them on his ſterne,
As trophies vow'd to her that ſent, the good-aboding Herne.
Then entred they the meere maine ſea, to cleanſe their honord ſweate
From off their feet, their thighes and neckes: and when their vehement heate
Was calm'd, and their ſwolne hearts refreſht; more curious baths they vſd;
Where odorous and diſſoluing Oyles, they through their lims diffuſde.
Then, taking breakfaſt, a big boule, fild with the pureſt wine,
They offerd to the maiden Queene, that hath the azure eyne.

The end of the tenth Booke.

THE

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADS.

The Argument.

Atrides and his other Peeres of name,
Leade forth their men; whom Eris *doth inflame.*
Hector (*by* Iris *charge*) *takes deedlesse breath,*
Whiles Agamemnon *plies the worke of death:*
Who with the first beares his imperiall head.
Himselfe, Vlysses, *and King* Diomed,
Euripylus, *and* Æsculapius *sonne,*
(*Enforc't with wounds*) *the furious skirmish shun.*
Which martiall sight, when great Achilles *viewes,*
A little his desire of fight renewes:
And forth he sends his friend, to bring him word
From old Nelcides, *what wounded Lord*
He in his chariot from the skirmish brought:
Which was Machaon. Nestor *then besought*
He would perswade his friend to wreake their harmes,
Or come himselfe, decke vp his dreadfull armes.

Another Argument.

Lambda *presents the Generall,*
In fight the worthiest man of all.

AVrora, out of restfull bed, did from bright *Tython* rise,
To bring each deathlesse essence light, and vse, to mortall eyes,
When *Ioue* sent *Eris* to the Greekes, sustaining in her hand
Sterne signes of her designes for warre: she tooke her horrid stand
Vpon *Vlysses* huge blacke Barke, that did at anchor ride,
Amidst the fleet; from whence her sounds, might ring on euery side;
Both to the tents of *Telamon*, and th'authors of their smarts;
Who held, for fortitude and force, the nauies vtmost parts.
Eris (contention) fiers and excites the Grecians.
The red-eyd Goddesse seated there, thunderd th'Orthian song,
High, and with horror, through the eares, of all the Grecian throng;
Her verse with spirits inuincible, did all their breasts inspire;
Blew out all darknesse from their lims, and set their hearts on fire;
And presently was bitter warre, more sweet a thousand times
Then any choice in hollow keeles, to greet their native climes.
Agamemnon armes for the field.
Atrides summon'd all to armes; to armes himselfe dispos'de:
First on his legs he put bright Greaues, with siluer buttons clos'de;
Then with rich Curace arm'd his breast, which *Cynirus* bestow'd
To gratifie his royall guest; for euen to Cyprus flow'd

Th'vn-

Th'vnbounded fame of those designes, the Greeks propos'de for *Troy*;
And therefore gaue he him those armes, and wisht his purpose ioy.
Ten rowes of azure mixt with blacke: twelue golden like the Sunne:
Twise ten of tin, in beaten paths, did through this armour runne.
Three serpents to the gorget crept, that like three rain-bowes shin'd,
Such as by *Ioue* are fixt in clouds, when wonders are diuin'd.
About his shoulders hung his sword; whereof the hollow hilt
Was fashion'd all with shining barres, exceeding richly gilt:
The scabberd was of siluer plate, with golden hangers grac't:
Then tooke he vp his weightie shield, that round about him cast
Defensiue shadowes: ten bright zones, of gold-affecting brasse
Were driuen about it; and of tin (as full of glosse as glasse)
Sweld twentie bosses out of it: in center of them all,
One of blacke mettall had engrauen (full of extreme appall)
An vgly Gorgon, compassed, with Terror and with Feare:
At it, a siluer Bawdricke hung, with which he vs'de to beare
(Wound on his arme) his ample shield; and in it there was wouen
An azure Dragon, curl'd in folds; from whose one necke, was clouen
Three heads contorted in an orbe: then plac't he on his head
His foure-plum'd caske; and in his hands, two darts he managed,
Arm'd with bright steele, that blaz'd to heauen: then *Iuno* and the maide
That conquers Empires; trumpets seru'd, to summon out their aide,
In honor of the Generall: and on a sable cloud
(To bring them furious to the field) sate thundring out aloud.
Then all enioyn'd their charioteers, to ranke their chariot horse
Close to the dike: forth marcht the foot; whose front they did r'enforce
With some horse troupes: the battell then, was all of Charioteers,
Lin'd with light horse: but *Iupiter*, disturb'd this forme with feares;
And from aires vpper region, did bloudie vapors raine;
For fid oftent, much noble life, should ere their times be slaine.
The *Troian* host, at *Ilus* tombe, was in *Battalia* led
By *Hector* and *Polydamas*, and old *Anchises* seed,
Who God-like was esteem'd in *Troy*; by graue *Antenors* race,
Diuine *Agenor*, *Polybus*, vnmaried *Acamas*,
Proportion'd like the states of heauen: in front of all the field,
Troyes great *Priamides* did beare, his al-wayes-equall shield,
Still plying th'ordering of his power. And as amids the skie
We sometimes see an ominous starre, blaze cleare and dreadfully,
Simile.
Then run his golden head in clouds, and straight appeare againe:
So *Hector* otherwhiles did grace, the vaunt-guard, shining plaine;
Then in the rere-guard hid himselfe, and labour'd euery where,
To order and encourage all: his armor was so cleare,
And he applide each place so fast; that like a lightning throwne
Out of the shield of *Iupiter*, in euery eye he shone.
And as vpon a rich mans crop, of barley or of wheate,
Another comparison.
(Oppos'de for swiftnesse at their worke,) a sort of reapers sweate,
Beare downe the furrowes speedily, and thicke their handfuls fall:
So at the ioyning of the hosts, ran Slaughter through them all;

None

None ſtoopt to any fainting thought, of foule inglorious flight,
But equall bore they vp their heads, and far'd like wolues in fight:
Sterne *Eris*, with ſuch weeping fights, reioyc't to feed her eies;
Who onely ſhew'd her ſelfe in field, of all the Deities.
The other in Olympus tops, ſate ſilent, and repin'd,
That *Ioue* to do the *Troians* grace, ſhould beare ſo fixt a mind.
He car'd not, but (enthron'd apart) triumphant ſat in ſway
Ioues proiect. Of his free power; and from his ſeate, tooke pleaſure to diſplay
The citie ſo adorn'd with towres, the ſea with veſſels fild;
The ſplendor of refulgent armes, the killer and the kild.
As long as bright *Aurora* rul'd, and ſacred day increaſt,
So long their darts made mutuall wounds, and neither had the beſt:
Periphrasis of Noon. But when in hill-enuiron'd vales, the timber-feller takes
A ſharpe ſet ſtomacke to his meate, and dinner ready makes,
His ſinewes fainting, and his ſpirits, become ſurcharg'd and dull;
Time of accuſtom'd eaſe arriu'd; his hands with labour full:
Then by their valours *Greeks* brake through, the *Troian* rankes, and chear'd
Their generall Squadrons through the hoaſt: then firſt of all appear'd
The perſon of the King himſelfe; and then the *Trojans* loſt
Isanor, by his royall charge, a leader in the hoſt:
Agamemnon ſlaughters. Who being ſlaine, his chariotere (*Oileus*) did alight,
And ſtood in skirmiſh with the king; the king did deadly ſmite
His forehead with his eager lance, and through his helme it ranne,
Enforcing paſſage to his braine, quite through the hardned pan;
His braine mixt with his clotterd bloud, his body ſtrewd the ground.
There left he them; and preſently he other obiects found;
Iſus and *Antiphus*, two ſonnes, king *Priam* did beget;
One lawfull, th'other wantonly; both in one chariot met
Their royall foe; the baſer borne, *Iſus* was chariotere,
Achilles. And famous *Antiphus* did fight: both which, king *Peleus* heire,
(Whilome in *Ida* keeping flocks) did deprehend and bind
With pliant Oſiers; and for prize, them to their Sire reſign'd.
Atrides with his well aim'd lance, ſmote *Iſus* on the breſt
Aboue the nipple; and his ſword, a mortall wound impreſt
Beneath the eare of *Antiphus*: downe from their horſe they fell.
The king had ſeene the youths before, and now did know them well,
Remembring them the priſoners, of ſwift *Æacides*,
Who brought them to the ſable fleet, from *Idas* foodie leas.
Simile. And as a Lion hauing found, the furrow of a Hind,
Where ſhe hath calu'd two little twins; at will and eaſe doth grind
Their ioynts ſnatcht in his ſollide iawes; and cruſheth into miſt
Their tender liues; their dam (though neare) not able to reſiſt;
But ſhooke with vehement feare her ſelfe, flies through the Oaken chace
From that fell ſauage, drown'd in ſweat; and ſeekes ſome couert place:
So when with moſt vnmatched ſtrength, the *Grecian* Generall bent
Gainſt theſe two Princes, none durſt ayd, their natiue kings deſcent;
But fled themſelues before the Greeks: and where theſe two were ſlaine,
Pyſander and *Hypolochus*, (not able to reſtraine

Their

Their head-ſtrong horſe, the ſilken reines, being from their hands let fall)
Were brought by their vnruly guides, before the Generall.
Antimachus begat them both; *Antimachus* that tooke
Rich guifts, and gold of *Hellens* loue; and would by no meanes brooke
Laſt reſtitution ſhould be made, of *Menelaus* wealth,
Beriſt him, with his rauiſht Queene, by * *Alexanders* ſtealth. *Paris.*
Atrides, Lion-like did charge, his ſonnes; who on their knees
Fell from their chariot, and beſought, regard to their degrees;
Who, being *Antimachus* his ſonnes, their father would affoord
A worthie ranſome for their liues; who in his houſe did hoord
Much hidden treaſure; braſſe, and gold, and ſteele, wrought wondrous choiſe.
Thus wept they, vſing ſmoothing terms; and heard this rugged voice
Agamemnon to Pyſander and Hippolochus. Breath'd from the vnrelenting king: If you be of the breed
Of ſtout *Antimachus*, that ſtaid, the honorable deed
The other Peeres of *Ilion*, in counſell had decreed,
To render *Hellen*, and her wealth; and would haue baſely ſlaine
My brother and wiſe *Ithacus*, Ambaſſadors, t'attaine
The moſt due motion: now receiue, wreake for his ſhamefull part.
This ſaid, in poore *Pyſanders* breaſt, he fixt his wreakfull dart;
Who vpward ſpread th'oppreſſed earth: his brother croucht for dread,
And as he lay, the angrie king, cut off his armes and head,
And let him like a football lie, for euerie man to ſpurne.
Then to th'extremeſt heate of fight, he did his valour turne,
And led a multitude of *Greeks*; where foote did foote ſubdue,
Horſe ſlaughterd horſe, *Need* featherd flight, the batterd center flew
In clouds of duſt about their eares, raiſd from the horſes hooues,
That beat a thunder out of earth, as horrible as *Ioues*.
The king (perſwading ſpeedie chace) gaue his perſwaſions way
With his owne valour, ſlaughtring ſtill: As in a ſtormie day,
In thicke-ſet woods a rauenous fire, wraps in his fierce repaire
The ſhaken trees, and by the rootes, doth toſſe them into aire:
Euen ſo beneath *Atrides* ſword, flew vp *Troyes* flying heeles:
Their horſe drew emptie chariots, and fought their thundring wheeles
Some fleſh directors through the field, where leaſt the purſuite driues:
Thicke fell the *Troians*, much more ſweet, to Vultures, then their wiues.
Then *Ioue* drew *Hector* from the darts, from duſt, from death and blood,
And from the tumult: ſtill the king, firme to the purſuite ſtood;
Till at old *Ilus* monument, in midſt of all the field,
They reacht the wild Figtree, and long'd, to make their towne their ſhield.
Yet there they reſted not; the king, ſtill cride; Purſue, purſue,
And all his vnreproued hands, did blood and duſt embrue.
But when they came to *Sceas* ports, and to the Beech of *Ioue*,
There made they ſtand; there euerie eye, fixt on each other, ſtroue
Who ſhould outlooke his mate amaz'd: through all the field they fled.
And as a Lion, when the night, becomes moſt deafe and dead, *Simile.*
Inuades Oxe heards, affrighting all, that he of one may wreake
His dreadfull hunger; and his necke, he firſt of all doth breake;
Then laps his blood and entrailes vp: ſo *Agamemnon* plide

The manage of the *Troian* chace, and ſtill the laſt man di'd;
The other fled; a number fell, by his imperiall hand:
Some groueling downwards from their horſe: ſome vpwards ſtrew'd the ſand.
High was the furie of his lance: but hauing beat them cloſe
Beneath their walls, the both worlds Sire, did now againe repoſe
On fountaine-flowing *Idas* tops, being newly ſlid from heauen,
And held a lightning in his hand: from thence this charge was giuen
Ioue to the Rainbow. To *Iris* with the golden wings: *Thaumantia*, flie (ſaid he)
And tell *Troys Hector*, that as long, as he enrag'd ſhall ſee
The ſouldier-louing *Atreus* ſonne, amongſt the formoſt fight,
Depopulating troopes of men: ſo long he muſt excite
Some other to reſiſt the foe, and he no armes aduance:
But when he wounded takes his horſe, attain'd with ſhaft or lance:
Then will I fill his arme with death, euen till he reach the Fleet,
And peacefull night treads buſie day, beneath her ſacred feet.
The wind-foot ſwift *Thaumantia*, obeyd, and vſd her wings
To famous *Ilion*, from the mount, enchaſte with ſiluer ſprings:
And found in his bright chariot, the hardie *Troian* knight:
To whom ſhe ſpake the words of *Ioue*, and vaniſht from his ſight.
He leapt vpon the ſounding earth, and ſhooke his lengthfull dart,
And euerie where he breath'd exhorts, and ſtird vp euerie heart:
A dreadfull fight he ſet on foote, his ſouldiers ſtraight turnd head:
The *Greekes* ſtood firme, in both the hoaſts, the field was perfected.
But *Agamemnon* formoſt ſtill, did all his ſide exceed:
And would not be the firſt in name, vnleſſe the firſt in deed.
Now ſing faire Preſidents of verſe, that in the heauens embowre,
Who firſt encountred with the king, of all the aduerſe powre:
Iphydamas, *Antenors* ſonne, ample and bigly ſet,
Brought vp in paſture-ſpringing-*Thrace*, that doth ſoft ſheepe beget:
In graue *Ciſſeus* noble houſe, that was his mothers Sire;
(Faire *Theano*) and when his breaſt, was heightned with the fire
Of gaiſome youth; his grand-Sire gaue, his daughter to his loue:
Who ſtraight his bridall chamber left; *Fame*, with affection ſtroue,
And made him furniſh twelue faire ſhips, to lend faire *Troy* his hand.
His ſhips he in *Percope* left, and came to *Troy* by land:
And now he tried the fame of *Greece*, encountring with the king,
Who threw his royall lance and miſt: *Iphydamas* did fling,
And ſtrooke him on the arming waſte, beneath his coate of braſſe,
Which forc't him ſtay vpon his arme, ſo violent it was:
Yet pierc't it not his wel-wrought zone; but when the lazie head
Tried hardneſſe with his ſiluer waſte, it turnd againe like lead.
He follow'd, graſping the ground end: but with a Lions wile,
That wreſts away a hunters ſtaffe; he caught it by the pile,
Iphydamas ſlain by Agamemnon And pluckt it from the caſters hand; whom with his ſword he ſtrooke
Beneath the eare, and with his wound, his timeleſſe death he tooke:
He fell and ſlept an iron ſleepe; wretched young man, he dide
Farre from his newly-married wife, in aide of forreine pride;
And ſaw no pleaſure of his loue; yet was her ioynture great:

An hundred Oxen gaue he her, and vow'd in his retreate
Two thouſand head of ſheepe and Goates, of which he ſtore did leaue:
Much gaue he of his loues firſt fruits, and nothing did receiue.
When *Coon* (one that for his forme, might feaſt an amorous eye,
And elder brother of the ſlaine) beheld this tragedie:
Deepe ſorrow ſate vpon his eyes; and (ſtanding laterally,
And to the Generall vndiſcernd) his Iauelin he let flie:
That twixt his elbow and his wriſt, transfixt his armeleſſe arme:
The bright head ſhin'd on th'other ſide. The vnexpected harme
Impreſt ſome horror in the king: yet ſo he ceaſt not fight,
But ruſht on *Coon* with his lance, who made what haſte he might
(Seeing his ſlaughterd brothers foote) to draw him from the field,
And cald the ableſt to his aide; when vnder his round ſhield
The kings braſſe Iauelin, as he drew, did ſtrike him helpleſſe dead:
Who made *Iphydamas* the blocke, and cut off *Coons* head.
Thus vnder great *Atrides* arme, *Antenors* iſſue thriu'd,
And to ſuffiſe preciſeſt fate', to *Plutos* manſion diu'd.
He with his lance, ſword, mightie ſtones, pour'd his Heroicke wreake
On other Squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warme blood did breake
Through his cleft veines: but when the wound, was quite exhauſt and crude;
The eager anguiſh did approue, his Princely fortitude.
As when moſt ſharpe and bitter pangs, diſtract a labouring Dame;
Which the diuine *Ilithiæ*, that rule the painefull frame
Of humane chid-birth poure on her: th'*Ilithiæ* that are
The daughters of *Saturnia*: with whoſe extreme repaire
The woman in her trauell ſtriues, to take the worſt it giues:
With thought it muſt be, tis loues fruite, the end for which ſhe liues;
The meane to make her ſelfe new borne: what comforts will redound:
So *Agamemnon* did ſuſtaine, the torment of his wound.
Then tooke he chariot, and to Fleet, bad haſte his charioteere;
But firſt pour'd out his higheſt voice, to purchaſe euerie eare:
Princes and Leaders of the *Greekes*, braue friends, now from our fleet *Agamemnon to the Greeke Princes.*
Do you expell this boſtrous ſway: *Ioue* will not let me meet
Illuſtrate *Hector*, nor giue leaue, that I ſhall end the day
In fight againſt the *Ilian* power: my wound is in my way.
This ſaid, his readie charioteere, did ſcourge his ſpritefull horſe,
That freely to the ſable fleet, performd their fierie courſe:
To beare their wounded Soueraigne, apart the Martiall thruſt,
Sprinkling their powerfull breaſts with foame, and ſnowing on the duſt.
When *Hector* heard of his retreate, thus he for fame contends: *Hector to the Troians.*
Troians, *Dardanians*, *Lycians*, all my cloſe-fighting friends,
Thinke what it is to be renownd: be ſouldiers all of name:
Our ſtrongeſt enemie is gone; *Ioue* vowes to do vs fame:
Then in the *Grecian* faces driue, your one-hou'd violent ſteeds,
And fare aboue their beſt, be beſt, and glorifie your deeds.
Thus as a dog-giuen Hunter ſets, vpon a brace of Bores,
His white-toothd hounds-pufs, ſhowts, breaths terms, & on his empreſe pores,
All his wild art to make them pinch: ſo *Hector* vrg'd his hoſt

To charge the *Greeks*, and he himſelfe, moſt bold, and actiue moſt:
He brake into the heate of fight: as when a tempeſt raues,
Stoops from the clouds, and all on heapes, doth cuffe the purple waues.
Who then was firſt, and laſt, he kild, when *Ioue* did grace his deed?
Whom Hector ſlue. *Aſſeus*, and *Autonous*; *Opys*, and *Clytus* ſeed:
Prince *Dolops*, and the honord Sire, of ſweet *Euryalus*:
(*Ophelites*) *Agelaus* next; and ſtrong *Hipponous*:
Orus, *Eſſymnus*, all of name. The common ſouldiers fell,
Simile. As when the hollow flood of aire, in *Zephires* cheeks doth ſwell,
And ſparſeth all the gatherd clouds, white *Notus* power did draw;
VVraps waues in waues, hurls vp the froath, beat with a vehement flaw:
So were the common ſouldiers wrackt, in troops, by *Hectors* hand.
Then ruine had enforc't ſuch works, as no *Greeks* could withſtand:
Then in their fleete they had bene houſd, had not *Laertes* ſonne
Stird vp the ſpirit of *Diomed*, with this impreſſion.
Vlyſſes to Diomed. *Tydides*, what do we ſuſtaine, forgetting what we are?
Stand by me (deareſt in my loue:) twere horrible impaire
For our two valours to endure, a cuſtomarie flight,
To leaue our nauie ſtill ingag'd, and but by fits to fight.
He anſwerd; I am bent to ſtay, and any thing ſuſtaine:
Diomeds anſwer to Vlyſſes. But our delight to proue vs men, will proue but ſhort and vaine;
For *Ioue* makes *Troians* inſtruments; and virtually then,
Wields arms himſelfe: our croſſe affaires, are not twixt men and men.
This ſaid, *Thimbræus* with his lance, he tumbled from his horſe;
Neare his left nipple wounding him: *Vlyſſes* did enforce
Faire *Molion*, minion to this king, that *Diomed* ſubdue:
Both ſent they thence, till they returnd: who now the king purſude
And furrowed through the thickned troopes. As when two chaced Bores
Turne head gainſt kennels of bold hounds, and race way through their gores:
So (turnd from flight) the forward kings, ſhew'd *Troians* backward death:
Nor fled the *Greeks* but by their wils, to get great *Hector* breath.
Vlyſſes and Diomeds ſlaughters. Then tooke they horſe and chariot, from two bold citie foes,
Merops Percoſius mightie ſonnes: their father could diſcloſe,
Beyond all men, hid Auguries; and would not giue conſent
To their egreſſion to theſe wars: yet wilfully they went;
For Fates, that order fable death, enforc't their tragedies:
Tydides ſlue them with his lance, and made their armes his priſe.
Hypporochus, and *Hyppodus*, *Vlyſſes* reft of light:
But *Ioue*, that out of *Ida* lookt, then equallíſde the fight;
A *Grecian* for a *Trotan* then, paide tribute to the Fates:
Yet royall *Diomed* ſlue one, euen in thoſe euen debates,
That was of name more then the reſt; *Pæons* renowned ſonne,
The Prince *Agaſtrophius*: his lance, into his hip did run:
His Squire detaind his horſe apart, that hindred him to flie;
Which he repented at his heart: yet did his feet applie
His ſcape with all the ſpeed they had, alongſt the formoſt bands;
And there his loued life diſſolu'd. This, *Hector* vnderſtands,
And ruſht with clamor on the king; right ſoundly ſeconded

With

With troupes of *Troians*: which perceiu'd, by famous *Diomed*;
The deepe conceit of *Ioues* high will, ſtifned his royall haire;
VVho ſpake to neare-fought *Ithachus*; The fate of this affaire
Diomed to Vlyſſes. Is bent to vs: come let vs ſtand, and bound his violence.
Thus threw he his long Iauelin forth; which ſmote his heads defence
Full on the top, yet pierc't no skin; braſſe, tooke repulſe with braſſe;
His helme (with three folds made, and tharpe,) the gift of *Phœbus* was.
The blow made *Hector* take the troupe; ſunke him vpon his hand,
And ſtrooke him blind: the king purſude, before the formoſt band,
His darts recouerie: which he found, laid on the purple plaine:
By which time, *Hector* was reuiu'd, and taking horſe againe,
Was farre commixt within his ſtrength, and fled his darkſome graue.
He followd with his thirſtie lance, and this eluſiue Braue:
Once more be thankfull to thy heeles, (proud dog) for thy eſcape:
Diomed inſults on Hector. Miſchiefe ſate neare thy boſome now; and now another rape
Hath thy *Apollo* made of thee, to whom thou well maiſt pray,
When through the ſinging of our darts, thou findſt ſuch guarded way:
But I ſhall meet with thee at length, and bring thy lateſt houre,
If with like fauour any God, be fautor of my powre:
Meane while, ſome other ſhall repay, what I ſuſpend in thee.
This ſaid, he ſet the wretched ſoule, of *Pæons* iſſue free;
Whom his late wound, not fully ſlue: but *Priams* amorous birth,
Paris at Diomed. Againſt *Tydides* bent his bow, hid with a hill of earth;
Part of the ruinated tombe, for honor'd *Ilus* built:
And as the Curace of the ſlaine (engrauen and richly gilt)
Tydides from his breaſt had ſpoild, and from his ſhoulders raft,
His target and his ſolide helme, he ſhot; and his keene ſhaft
(That neuer flew from him in vaine) did naile vnto the ground
The kings right foot: the ſpleenfull knight, laught ſweetly at the wound,
Crept from his couert, and triumpht: Now art thou maimd, ſaid he,
Paris inſults on Diomed. And would to God my happie hand, had ſo much honor'd me,
To haue infixt it in thy breaſt, as deepe as in thy foote,
Euen to th'expulſure of thy ſoule: then bleſt had bene my ſhoote
Of all the *Troians*: who had then, breath'd from their long vnreſts,
Who feare thee as the braying Goates, abhorre the king of beaſts.
Diomeds reply. Vndanted *Diomed* replide: You Brauer, with your bow,
You ſlick-hair'd louer: you that hunt, and fleere at wenches ſo:
Durſt thou but ſtand in armes with me, thy ſilly archerie
Would giue thee little cauſe to vaunt: as little ſuffer I
In this fame tall exploit of thine, perform'd when thou wert hid:
As if a woman or a child, that knew not what it did,
Had toucht my foote: a cowards ſteele, hath neuer any edge:
But mine (t'aſſure it ſharpe) ſtill layes, dead carkaſſes in pledge;
Touch it: it renders liueleſſe ſtraight: it ſtrikes the fingers ends
Of hapleſſe widowes in their cheeks; and children blind of friends:
The ſubiect of it makes earth red; and aire with ſighes inflames:
And leaues limbs more embrac't with birds, then with enamour'd Dames.
Lance-fam'd *Vlyſſes* now came in, and ſtept before the king;

Kneeld oppoſite, and drew the ſhaft: the eager paine did ſting
Through all his bodie; ſtraight he tooke, his royall chariot there,
And with direction to the fleete, did charge his chariotere.
Now was *Vlyſſes* deſolate, feare made no friend remaine:
Vlyſſes to himſelfe. He thus ſpake to his mightie mind: What doth my ſtate ſuſtaine?
If I ſhould flie this ods in feare, that thus comes cluſtring on,
Twere high diſhonour: yet twere worſe, to be ſurpriſd alone:
Tis *Ioue* that driues the reſt to flight: but thats a faint excuſe;
Why do I tempt my mind ſo much? pale cowards fight refuſe.
He that affects renowne in warre, muſt like a rocke be fixt;
Wound, or be wounded: valours truth, puts no reſpect betwixt.
In this contention with himſelfe, in flew the ſhadie bands
Of targateres, who ſieg'd him round, with miſchiefe-filled hands.
As when a crew of gallants watch, the wild muſe of a Bore;
Their dogs put after in full crie, he ruſheth on before:
Whets, with his lather-making iawes, his crooked tuskes for blood:
And (holding firme his vſuall haunts) breakes through the deepned wood:
They charging, though his hote approch, be neuer ſo abhord:
So, to aſſaile the *Ioue*-lou'd *Greeke*, the *Ilians* did accord,
And he made through them: firſt he hurt, vpon his ſhoulder blade,
Deiops a blameleſſe man at armes: then ſent to endleſſe ſhade
Socus wounds Vlyſſes. *Thoon* and *Eunomus*: and ſtrooke, the ſtrong *Cherſidamas*,
As from his chariot he leapt downe, beneath his targe of braſſ:
Who fell, and crawld vpon the earth, with his ſuſtaining palmes,
And left the fight: nor yet his lance, left dealing Martiall almes:
But *Socus* brother by both ſides, yong *Carops* did impreſſe:
Then Princely *Socus* to his aide, made brotherly acceſſe,
And (coming neare) ſpake in his charge; O great *Laertes* ſonne,
Inſatiate in ſlie ſtratagems, and labours neuer done:
This houre, or thou ſhalt boaſt to kill, the two *Hypaſides*,
And prize their armes, or fall thy ſelfe, in my reſolu'd acceſſe.
This ſaid, he threw quite through his ſhield, his fell and well-driuen lance:
Which held way through his curaces, and on his ribs did glance:
Plowing the fleſh alongſt his ſides: but *Pallas* did repell
All inward paſſage to his life. *Vlyſſes* knowing well
The wound vndeadly; (ſetting backe, his foote to forme his ſtand)
Thus ſpake to *Socus*: O thou wretch, thy death is in this hand:
That ſtay'ſt my victorie on *Troy*: and where thy charge was made
In doubtfull terms (or this or that) this ſhall thy life inuade.
This frighted *Socus* to retreate; and in his faint reuerſe,
The lance betwixt his ſhoulders fell, and through his breaſt did perſe:
Downe fell he ſounding, and the king, thus playd with his miſeaſe:
Vlyſſes inſultation. O *Socus*, you that make by birth, the two *Hypaſides*:
Now may your houſe and you perceiue, death can outflie the flier:
Ah wretch, thou canſt not ſcape my vowes: old *Hypaſus* thy ſire,
Nor thy well honord mothers hands; in both which lies thy worth,
Shall cloſe thy wretched eyes in death; but Vultures dig them forth,
And hide them with their darkſome wings: but when *Vlyſſes* dies,

Diuineſt

Diuineſt *Greeks* ſhall tombe my corſe, with all their obſequies.
Now from his bodie and his ſhield, the violent lance he drew,
That Princely *Socus* had infixt: which drawne, a crimſon dew
Fell from his boſome on the earth: the wound did dare him ſore.
And when the furious *Troians* ſaw, *Vlyſſes* forced gore:
(Encouraging themſelues in groſſe) all his deſtruction vowd;
Then he retir'd, and ſummond aide: thriſe ſhowted he allowd,
(As did denote a man ingag'd:) thriſe *Menelaus* eare
Obſeru'd his aid-ſuggeſting voice: and *Aiax* being neare,
He told him of *Vlyſſes* ſhowts, as if he were encloſd
From all aſſiſtance: and aduiſd, their aids might be diſpoſd
Againſt the Ring that circled him: leſt, charg'd with troopes alone
(Though valiant) he might be oppreſt, whom *Greece* ſo built vpon.
He led, and *Aiax* ſeconded: they found their *Ioue*-lou'd king
Circled with foes. As when a den, of bloodie Lucerns cling
About a goodly palmed Hart, hurt with a hunters bow,
Whoſe ſcape, his nimble feet inforce, whilſt his warme blood doth flow,
And his light knees haue power to moue: but (maiſtred of his wound,
Emboſt within a ſhadie hill) the Lucerns charge him round,
And teare his fleſh; when inſtantly, fortune ſends in the powres
Of ſome ſterne Lion, with whoſe ſight, they flie, and he deuours:
So charg'd the Ilians *Ithacus*, many and mightie men:
But then made *Menelaus* in, and horrid *Aiax* then,
Aiax and Menelaus to the reſcue of Vlyſſes. Bearing a target like a tower: cloſe was his violent ſtand,
And euerie way the foe diſperſt; when, by the royall hand,
Kind *Menelaus* led away, the hurt *Laertes* ſonne,
Till his faire ſquire had brought his horſe: victorious *Telamon*
Still plied the foe, and put to ſword, a young *Priamides*;
Doriclus, *Priams* baſtard ſonne: then did his lance impreſſe
Pandocus, and ſtrong *Pyraſus*; *Lyſander* and *Palertes*,
As when a torrent from the hils, ſwolne with *Saturnian* ſhowres,
Fals on the fields; beares blaſted Oakes, and witherd roſine flowres,
Looſe weeds, and all diſperſed filth, into the Oceans force:
So, matchleſſe *Aiax* beat the field, and ſlaughterd men and horſe.
Yet had not *Hector* heard of this, who fought on the left wing
Of all the hoſt, neare thoſe ſweet herbs, *Scamanders* flood doth ſpring:
Where many forcheads trode the ground, and where the skirmiſh burnd
Neare *Neſtor*, and king *Idomen*; where *Hector* ouerturnd
The Grecian ſquadrons; authoring, high ſeruice with his lance,
And skilfull manadge of his horſe: nor yet the diſcrepance
He made in death betwixt the hoſts, had made the *Greeks* retire,
If faire-haird *Hellens* ſecond ſpouſe, had not repreſt the fire
Of bold *Machaons* fortitude, who with a three-forkt head
In his right ſhoulder wounded him: then had the *Grecians* dread,
Left in his ſtrength declin'd, the foe, ſhould ſlaughter their hurt friend:
Then *Cretes* king vrg'd *Neleides*, his chariot to aſcend,
And getting neare him, take him in, and beare him to their tents;
A Surgeon is to be preferd, with phyſicke ornaments,

Before a multitude: his life, giues hurt liues natiue bounds,
With ſweet inſperſion of fit balmes, and perfect ſearch of wounds.
Thus ſpake the royall *Idomen*: *Neleides* obeyd,
And to his chariot preſently, the wounded Greeke conuaid
The ſonne of *Eſculapius*, the great Phiſition:
To fleet they flew. *Cebriones*, perceiu'd the ſlaughter done
By *Aiax* on the other troopes, and ſpake to *Hector* thus:
Whiles we encounter *Grecians* here, ſterne *Telamonius*
Is yonder raging, turning vp, in heapes our horſe and men:
I know him by his ſpacious ſhield: let vs turne chariot then
Where both of horſe and foote the fight, moſt hotely is propoſde,
In mutuall ſlaughters: harke, their throats, from cries are neuer cloſd.
This ſaid, with his ſhrill ſcourge he ſtrooke, the horſe that faſt enſude,
Stung with his laſhes, toſſing ſhields, and carkaſſes imbrude:
The chariot tree was drownd in blood, and th'arches by the ſeate,
Diſperpled from the horſes houes, and from the wheelebands beate.
Great *Hector* long'd to breake the rankes, and ſtartle their cloſe fight:
Who horribly amaz'd the *Greeks*, and plyed their ſuddaine fright
With buſie weapons, euer wingd: his lance, ſword, weightie ſtones:
Yet charg'd he other Leaders bands, not dreadfull *Telamons*,
With whom he wiſely ſhund foule blowes: but *Ioue* (that weighs aboue
All humane pow'rs) to *Aiax* breaſt, diuine repreſſions droue,
And made him ſhun, who ſhund himſelfe: he ceaſt from fight amaz'd:
Caſt on his backe his ſeauen-fold ſhield, and round about him gaz'd,
Like one turnd wilde; lookt on himſelfe, in his diſtract retreate:
Knee before knee did ſcarcely moue: as when from heards of Neate
Whole threaues of Bores and mungrils chace, a Lion skulking neare,
Loth he ſhould taint the wel-priſd fat, of any ſtall-fed ſteere,
Conſuming all the night in watch; he (greedie of his prey)
Oft thruſting on, is oft thruſt off: ſo thicke the Iauelins play
On his bold charges, and ſo hote, the burning fire brands ſhine,
Which he (though horrible) abhors, about his glowing eyne;
And early his great heart retires: ſo *Aiax* from the foe,
For feare their fleet ſhould be inflam'd: gainſt his ſwolne heart did go.

Another ſimile expreſſing the manner of Aiax retreate.

As when a dull mill Aſſe comes neare, a goodly field of corne
Kept from the birds by childrens cries; the boyes are ouerborne
By his inſenſible approach, and ſimply he will eate:
About whom many wands are broke, and ſtill the children beate;
And ſtill the ſelfe-prouiding Aſſe, doth with their weakneſſe beare,
Not ſtirring till his panch be full; and ſcarcely then will ſtere.
So the huge ſonne of *Telamon*, amongſt the *Troians* far'd;
Bore ſhowers of darts vpon his ſhield, yet ſcornd to flie, as skar'd;
And ſo kept ſoftlie on his way; nor would he mend his pace
For all their violent purſuits, that ſtill did arme the chace
With ſinging lances: but at laſt, when their Cur-like preſumes,
More vrg'd, the more forborne; his ſpirits, did ratifie their fumes,
And he reuokt his actiue ſtrength; turnd head, and did repell
The horſe troopes that were new made in: twixt whom the fight grew fell;

And

And by degrees he ſtole retreate, yet with ſuch puiſſant ſtay
That none could paſſe him to the fleet: in both the armies ſway
He ſtood, and from ſtrong hands receiu'd, ſharpe Iauelins on his ſhield;
Where many ſtucke, throwne on before; many fell ſhort in field,
Ere the white bodie they could reach: and ſtucke, as telling how
They purpoſd to haue pierc't his fleſh: his perill pierced now
The eyes of Prince *Eurypilus*, *Euemons* famous ſonne;
Who came cloſe on, and with his dart, ſtrooke Duke *Apiſaon*,
Whoſe ſurname was *Phauſiades*; euen to the concrete blood
That makes the liuer: on the earth, out guſht his vitall blood.
Eurypilus made in, and eaſd, his ſhoulders of his armes:
Which *Paris* ſeeing, he drew his bow, and wreakt in part the harmes
Of his good friend *Phauſiades*: his arrow he let flie,
That ſmote *Eurypilus*, and brake, in his attainted thie:
Then tooke he troope, to ſhun blacke death; and to the flyers cride;

Eurypilus to the Greekes.

Princes, and Leaders of the *Greeks*, ſtand, and repulſe the tide
Of this our honour-wracking chace; *Aiax* is drownd in darts,
I feare paſt ſcape: turne honord friends, helpe out his ventrous parts.
Thus ſpake the wounded *Greeke*; the ſound, caſt on their backs their ſhields,
And raiſd their darts: to whoſe reliefe, *Aiax* his perſon wields:
Then ſtood he firmely with his friends, retiring their retire:
And thus both hoſts indifferent ioynd, the fight grew hote as fire.
Now had *Neleides* ſweating ſteeds, brought him and his hurt friend
Amongſt their Fleet; *Æacides*, that wiſhly did intend
(Standing aſterne his tall neckt ſhip) how deepe the skirmiſh drew
Amongſt the *Greeks*; and with what ruth, the inſecution grew:
Saw *Neſtor* bring *Machaon* hurt, and from within did call
His friend *Patroclus*: who like *Mars*, in forme celeſtiall

Achilles to Patroclus.

Came forth with firſt ſound of his voice (firſt ſpring of his decay)
And askt his Princely friends deſire: Deare friend, ſaid he, this day
I doubt not will enforce the *Greeks*, to ſwarme about my knees:
I ſee vnſufferd Need imployd, in their extremities.
Go ſweet *Patroclus* and enquire, of old *Neleides*,
Whom he brought wounded from the fight: by his backe parts, I gueſſe
It is *Machaon*: but his face, I could not well deſcrie,
They paſt me in ſuch earneſt ſpeed. *Patroclus* preſently
Obeyd his friend, and ran to know. They now deſcended were,
And *Neſtors* ſquire, *Eurimedon*, the horſes did vngeare:
Themſelues ſtood neare th'extremeſt ſhore, to let the gentle aire
Drie vp their ſweat; then to the tent; where *Hecamed* the faire
Set chaires, and for the wounded Prince, a potion did prepare.
This *Hecamed*, by wars hard fate, fell to old *Neſtors* ſhare,
When *Thetis* ſonne ſackt *Tenedos*. She was the Princely ſeed
Of worthie king *Arſynous*, and by the *Greeks* decreed
The prize of *Neſtor*: ſince all men, in counſell he ſurpaſt.
Firſt, a faire table ſhe appoſd, of which, the feet were grac't
With blewiſh mettall, mixt with blacke: and on the ſame ſhe put
A braſſe fruit diſh, in which ſhe ſeru'd, a holſome Onion cut,

For

For pittance to the potion, and honey newly wrought;
And bread, the fruite of ſacred meale: then to the boord ſhe brought
A right faire cup, with gold ſtuds driuen; which *Neſtor* did transfer
From *Pylos*; on whoſe ſwelling ſides, foure handles fixed were;
And vpon euerie handle ſate, a paire of doues of gold;
Some billing, and ſome pecking meate. Two gilt feet did vphold
The antique body: and withall, ſo weightie was the cup,
That being propoſd brim full of wine, one ſcarſe could lift it vp:
Yet *Neſtor* drunke in it with eaſe, ſpite of his yeares reſpect.
In this the Goddeſſe-like faire Dame, a potion did confect
With good old wine of *Pramnius*; and ſcrap't into the wine
Cheeſe made of Goates milke; and on it, ſperſt flow'r exceeding fine:
In this ſort for the wounded Lord, the potion ſhe prepar'd,
And bad him drinke: for companie, with him old *Neſtor* ſhar'd.
Thus phyſically quencht they thirſt, and then their ſpirits reuiu'd
With pleaſant conference. And now, *Patroclus* being arriu'd,
Made ſtay at th'entrie of the tent: old *Neſtor* ſeeing it,
Roſe, and receiu'd him by the hand, and faine would haue him ſit.
He ſet that courteſie aſide; excuſing it with haſt;
Since his much to be reuerenc't friend, ſent him to know who paſt
(Wounded with him in chariot) ſo ſwiftly through the ſhore;
Whom now, ſaid he, I ſee and know, and now can ſtay no more:
You know good father, our great friend, is apt to take offence:
Whoſe fierie temper will inflame, ſometimes with innocence.
Neſtor to Patroclus. He anſwerd, When will *Peleus* ſonne, ſome royall pittie ſhow
On his thus wounded countrimen? Ah, is he yet to know
How much affliction tires our hoſts? how our eſpeciall aide
(Tainted with lances, at their tents) are miſerably laide?
Vlyſſes, *Diomed*, our King, *Eurypylus*, *Machaon*:
All hurt, and all our worthieſt friends; yet no compaſſion
Can ſupple thy friends friendleſſe breaſt. Doth he reſerue his eye
Till our fleet burne, and we our ſelues, one after other die?
Alas, my forces are not now, as in my yonger life.
Oh would to God I had that ſtrength, I vſed in the ſtrife
Betwixt vs and the *Eleans*, for Oxen to be driuen;
When *Itymonius* loftie ſoule, was by my valour giuen
As ſacrifice to deſtinie; *Hyppocous* ſtrong ſonne,
That dwelt in *Elis*, and fought firſt, in our contention.
We forrag'd (as proclaimed foes) a wondrous wealthie boote;
And he, in reſcue of his Herds, fell breathleſſe at my foote.
All the Dorpe Bores with terror fled; our prey was rich and great,
Twiſe fiue and twentie flocks of ſheepe; as many herds of neate;
As many goates, and naſtie ſwine; a hundred fiftie mares
All ſorrell, moſt with ſucking foales; and theſe ſoone-monied wares,
We draue into *Neileus* towne, faire *Pylos*; all by night.
My fathers heart was glad to ſee, ſo much good fortune quite
The forward mind of his young ſonne, that vſde my youth in deeds,
And would not ſmother it in moods. Now drew the Suns bright ſteeds

Light

Light from the hils; our heralds now, accited all that were
Endamag'd by the *Eleans*; our Princes did appeare;
Our boote was parted; many men, th'*Epeians* much did owe,
That (being our neighbors) they did ſpoile; afflictions did ſo flow
On vs poore *Pyleans* though but few. In brake great *Hercules*
To our ſad confines of late yeares, and wholly did ſuppreſſe
Our hapleſſe Princes: twice ſixe ſonnes, renownd *Neleius* bred;
Onely my ſelfe am left of all: the reſt ſubdude and dead.
And this was it that made ſo proud, the baſe *Epeian* bands:
On their neare neighbors, being oppreſt, to lay iniurious hands,
A heard of Oxen for himſelfe: a mightie flocke of ſheepe,
My Syre ſelected; and made choice, of ſhepheards for their keep:
And from the generall ſpoyle, he culd, three hundred of the beſt:
The *Elean* ought him infinite, moſt plagu'd of all the reſt.
Foure wager-winning horſe he loſt, and chariots interuented
Being led to an appointed race. The prize that was preſented
Was a religious threefoote vrne: *Augeas* was the king,
That did detaine them, and diſmiſt, their keeper ſorrowing
For his lou'd charge, loſt with foule words. Then both for words and deeds
My Sire being worthily incenſt, thus iuſtly he proceeds
To ſatisfaction, in firſt choice, of all our wealthie prize:
And as he thar'd much, much he left, his ſubiects to ſuffiſe;
That none might be oppreſt with power, or want his portion due:
Thus for the publike good we thar'd. Then we to temples drue
Our complete citie: and to heauen, we thankfull rights did burne
For our rich conqueſt. The third day, enſuing our returne
The *Elean* flew on vs in heapes: their generall Leaders were
The two *Moliones*, two boyes, vntrained in the feare
Of horrid warre, or vſe of ſtrength. A certaine citie ſhines
Vpon a loftie Prominent; and in th'extreme confines
Of fandie *Pylos*, ſeated where, *Alpheus* flood doth run,
And cal'd *Threſſa*: this they ſieg'd, and gladly would haue wun:
But (hauing paſt through all our fields) *Minerua* as our ſpie,
Fell from *Olympus* in the night, and arm'd vs inſtantly:
Nor muſtred ſhe vnwilling men, nor vnprepar'd for force.
My Sire yet, would not let me arme, but hid away my horſe,
Eſteeming me no ſouldier yet: yet ſhin'd I nothing leſſe
Amongſt our Gallants, though on foote; *Minerua* mightineſſe
Led me to fight, and made me beare, a ſouldiers worthie name.
There is a floud fals into ſea, and his crookt courſe doth frame
Cloſe to *Arena*, and is cald, bright *Mynieus* ſtreame:
There made we halt: and there the Sun, caſt many a glorious beame
On our bright armours; horſe and foote, inſea'd together there:
Then marcht we on: By fierie noone, we ſaw the ſacred cleare
Of great *Alpheus*; where to *Ioue*, we did faire ſacrifice:
And to the azure God that rules, the vnder-liquid skies:
We offerd vp a ſolemne Bull; a bull t'*Alpheus* name,
And to the blew eyd maid we burnd, a heifer neuer tame.

Now

Now was it night, we ſupt, and ſlept, about the flood in armes;
The foe laide hard ſiege to our towne, and ſhooke it with alarmes:
But for preuention of their ſplenes, a mightie worke of warre
Appeard behind them. For as ſoone, as *Phœbus* fierie Carre
Caſt nights foule darknes from his wheeles (inuoking reuerend *Ioue*,
And the vnconquerd maide (his birth) we did th'euent approue,
And gaue them battell: firſt of all, I ſlue (the armie ſaw)
The mightie ſouldier *Mulius*, *Augeus* ſonne in law;
And ſpoyld him of his one-hou'd horſe: his eldeſt daughter was
Bright *Agamede*, that for skill, in ſimples did ſurpaſſe:
And knew as many kind of drugs, as earths brode center bred:
Him charg'd I with my braſſe arm'd lance, the duſt receiu'd him dead.
I (leaping to his chariot) amongſt the formoſt preſt:
And the great hearted *Elyans*, fled frighted, ſeeing their beſt
And lofti'ſt ſouldier taken downe, the Generall of their horſe.
I follow'd like a blacke whirlwind, and did for prize enforce
Full fiftie chariots, euerie one, furniſht with two arm'd men;
Who eate the earth, ſlaine with my lance; and I had ſlaughterd then
The two young boyes, *Moliones*, if their world circling Sire,
(Great *Neptune*) had not ſaft their liues; and couered their retire
With vnpierc'd clouds: then *Ioue* beſtow'd a haughtie victorie
Vpon vs *Pyleans*. For ſo long, we did the chaſe apply,
Slaughtring and making ſpoile of armes; till ſweet *Bupraſius* ſoile,
Aleſius, and *Olenia*, were fam'd with our recoile.
For there *Minerua* turnd our power: and there the laſt I ſlew;
As when our battell ioyn'd, the firſt: the *Peleans* then withdrew
To *Pylos* from *Bupraſius*. Of all the Immortals then,
They moſt thankt *Ioue* for victorie; *Neſtor*, the moſt of men.
Such was I euer, if I were, employd with other Peeres,
And I had honour of my youth, which dies not in my yeares.
But Great *Achilles* onely ioyes, habilitie of act
In his braue Prime, and doth not daine, t'impart it where tis lackt.
No doubt he will extremely mourne, long after that blacke howre,
Wherein our ruine ſhall be wrought, and rue his ruthleſſe powre.
O friend, my memorie reuiues, the charge *Menetius* gaue
Thy towardneſſe; when thou ſetſt forth, to keepe out of the graue
Our wounded honour; I my ſelfe, and wiſe *Vlyſſes* were
Within the roome, where euerie word, then ſpoken we did heare:
For we were come to *Peleus* Court, as we did muſtering paſſe
Through rich *Achaia*; where thy Sire, renownd *Menetius* was,
Thy ſelfe and great *Æacides*; when *Peleus* the King
To thunder-louing *Ioue* did burne, an Oxe for offering,
In his Court-yard: a cup of gold, crownd with red wine he held
On th'holy Incenſorie pour'd. You, when the Oxe was feld,
Were dreſſing his diuided limbs; we in the Portall ſtood.
Achilles ſeeing vs come ſo neare; his honorable blood,
Was ſtrooke with a reſpectiue ſhame, roſe, tooke vs by the hands,
Brought vs both in, and made vs ſit, and vſde his kind commands,

For

For ſeemely hoſpitable rights; which quickly were appoſd.
Then (after needfulneſſe of foode) I firſt of all diſcloſd
The royall cauſe of our repaire; mou'd you and your great friend,
To conſort our renown'd deſignes: both ſtraight did condeſcend;
Your fathers knew it, gaue conſent, and graue inſtruction
To both your valours. *Peleus* charg'd, his moſt vnequald ſonne,
To gouerne his victorious ſtrength, and ſhine paſt all the reſt
In honour, as in meere maine force. Then were thy partings bleſt
With deare aduices from thy Sire. My loued ſonne, ſaid he,
Achilles by his grace of birth, ſuperiour is to thee,
And for his force more excellent; yet thou more ripe in yeares:
Then with ſound counſels (ages fruits) imploy his honord yeares,
Command and ouerrule his moodes; his nature will obay
In any charge diſcreetly giuen, that doth his good aſſay.
Thus charg'd thy Sire, which thou forgetſt; yet now at laſt approue
(With forced reference of theſe) th'attraction of his loue.
Who knowes if ſacred influence, may bleſſe thy good intent,
And enter with thy gracious words, euen to his full conſent?
The admonition of a friend, is ſweet and vehement.
If any Oracle he ſhun, or if his mother Queene
Hath brought him ſome inſtinct from *Ioue*, that fortifies his ſpleene;
Let him reſigne command to thee, of all his *Myrmidons*,
And yeeld by that meanes ſome repulſe, to our confuſions;
Adorning thee in his bright armes, that his reſembled forme
May haply make thee thought himſelfe, and calme his hoſtile ſtorme:
That ſo a little we may eaſe, our ouercharged hands;
Draw ſome breath, not expire it all: the foe but faintly ſtands
Beneath his labours; and your charge, being fierce, and freſhly giuen,
They eaſily from our tents and fleet, may to their walls be driuen.
This mou'd the good *Patroclus* mind, who made his vtmoſt haſte,
T'informe his friend; and at the fleet, of *Ithacus* he paſt,
(At which there markets were diſpoſd, counſels and martiall courts,
And where to th'Altars of the Gods, they made diuine reſorts)
He met renownd *Eurypilus*, *Euemons* noble ſonne
Halting; his thigh hurt with a ſhaft: the liquid ſweate did run
Downe from his ſhoulders, and his browes: and from his raging wound
Forth flow'd his melancholy blood, yet ſtill his mind was ſound.
His ſight, in kinde *Patroclus* breaſt, to ſacred pittie turnd,
And (nothing more immartiall, for true ruth) thus he mournd;
Ah wretched progenie of *Greece*, Princes, deiected kings:
Was it your fates to nouriſh beaſts, and ſerue the outcaſt wings
Of ſauage Vultures here in *Troy*? Tell me, *Euemons* fame,
Do yet the *Greeks* withſtand his force, whom yet no force can tame?
Or are they hopeleſſe throwne to death, by his reſiſtleſſe lance?
Diuine *Patroclus* (he replide) no more can *Greece* aduance
Defenſiue weapons; but to fleet, they headlong muſt retire:
For thoſe that to this howre haue held, our fleet from hoſtile fire,
And are the bulwarks of our hoſt, lie wounded at their tents;

 And

And *Troys* vnuanquiſhable powre, ſtill as it toiles augments.
But take me to thy blacke ſterne ſhip, ſaue me, and from my thie
Cut out this arrow; and the blood, that is ingor'd and drie,
Waſh with warme water from the wound: then gentle ſalues apply,
Which thou knoweſt beſt; thy Princely friend, hath taught thee ſurgerie;
Whom (of all Centaures the moſt iuſt) *Chyron* did inſtitute:
Thus to thy honorable hands, my eaſe I proſecute,
Since our Phyſitians cannot helpe: *Machaon* at his tent
Needs a Phyſitian himſelfe, being Leach and patient:
And *Podalirius* in the field, the ſharpe conflict ſuſtaines.
Strong *Menetiades* replide; How ſhall I eaſe thy paines?
What ſhall we do *Eurypilus*? I am to vſe all haſte,
To ſignifie to *Thetis* ſonne, occurrents that haue paſt
At *Neſtors* honorable ſuite: but be that worke atchieu'd,
When this is done, I will not leaue, thy torments vnrelieu'd.
This ſaid, athwart his backe he caſt, beneath his breaſt, his arme,
And nobly helpt him to his tent: his ſeruants ſeeing his harme,
Diſpread Ox-hides vpon the earth, whereon *Machaon* lay:
Patroclus cut out the ſharpe ſhaft, and clearely waſht away
With luke-warme water the blacke blood: then twixt his hands he bruſde
A ſharpe and mitigatorie roote: which when he had infuſde
Into the greene well-cleanſed wound, the paines he felt before
Were well, and inſtantly allaid, the wound did bleed no more.

The end of the eleuenth Boooke.

THE

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Troians *at the trench, their powres engage,*
Though greeted by a bird, of bad preſage.
In fiue parts they deuide, their powre, to skale,
And Prince Sarpedon *forceth downe the pale;*
Great Hector *from the Ports, teares out a ſtone,*
And with ſo dead a ſtrength, he ſets it gone
At thoſe brode gates the Grecians *made to guard*
Their tents and ſhips: that, broken, and vnbard,
They yeeld way to his powre; when all contend
To reach the ſhips: which all at laſt aſcend.

Another Argument.

My, *workes the* Troians *all the grace,*
And doth the Grecian *Fort deface.*

PAtroclus, thus emploid in cure, of hurt *Eurypilus*;
Both hoſts are all for other wounds, doubly contentious;
One, all wayes labouring to expell; the other to inuade: (made
Nor could the brode dike of the *Grecks*, nor that ſtrong wall they
To guard their fleete, be long vnrac't; becauſe it was not raiſd,
By graue direction of the Gods; nor were their Deities praiſd
(When they begun) with Hecatombes, that then they might be ſure
(Their ſtrength being ſeaſon'd wel with heaues) it ſhould haue force t'endure;
And ſo, the ſafeguard of their fleete, and all their treaſure there
Infallibly had bene confirm'd; when now, their bulwarks were
Not onely without powre of checke, to their aſſaulting foe
(Euen now, as ſoone as they were built) but apt to ouerthrow:
Such, as in verie little time, ſhall burie all their ſight
And thought, that euer they were made: as long as the deſpight
Of great Æacides held vp, and *Hector* went not downe:
And that by thoſe two meanes ſtood ſafe, king *Priams* ſacred towne:
So long their rampire had ſome vſe, (though now it gaue ſome way:)
But when *Troyes* beſt men ſufferd Fate, and many *Greeks* did pay
Deare for their ſufferance; then the reſt, home to their countrie turnd,
The tenth yeare of their warres at *Troy*, and *Troy* was ſackt and burnd.
And then the Gods fell to their Fort: then they their powres imploy
To ruine their worke, and left leſſe, of that then they, of *Troy*.
Neptune and *Phœbus* tumbl'd downe, from the *Idalian* hils,
An inundation of all floods, that thence the brode ſea fils

Neptune and Phœbus ouerturne the Grecian rampire.

On their huge rampire; in one glut, all theſe together rorde,
The names of the riuers about Troy. *Rheſus*, *Heptaporus*, *Rhodius*, *Scamander*, (the adorde)
Careſus, *Simois*, *Grenicus*, *Æſepus*: of them all,
Apollo open'd the rough mouths; and made their luſtie fall
Rauiſh the duſtie champian, where, many a helme and ſhield,
And halfe-god race of men were ſtrew'd: and that all theſe might yeeld
Full tribute to the heauenly worke: *Neptune* and *Phœbus* wun
Ioue to vnburthen the blacke wombes, of clouds (fild by the Sun)
And poure them into all their ſtreames, that quickly they might ſend
The huge wall ſwimming to the Sea. Nine dayes their lights did ſpend
To nights, in tempeſts; and when all, their vtmoſt depth had made,
Ioue, *Phœbus*, *Neptune*, all came downe, and all in ſtate did wade
To ruine of that impious fort: Great *Neptune* went before,
Wrought with his trident, and the ſtones, trunkes, rootes of trees he tore
Out of the rampire: toſt them all, into the Helleſpont;
Euen all the prowd toile of the *Greeks*, with which they durſt confront
The to-be-ſhunned Deities: and not a ſtone remaind,
Of all their huge foundations, all with the earth were plaind.
Which done; againe the Gods turnd backe, the ſiluer-flowing floods,
By that vaſt channell, through whoſe vaults, they pourd abrode their broods,
And couerd all the ample ſhore, againe with duſtie ſand:
And this the end was of that wall, where now ſo many a hand
Was emptied of ſtones and darts, contending to inuade;
Where *Clamor* ſpent ſo high a throate; and where the fell blowes made
The new-built woodden turrets grone. And here the *Greeks* were pent,
Tam'd with the Iron whip of *Ioue*: that terrors vehement
Shooke ouer them by *Hectors* hand, who was (in euerie thought)
Hector like a whirlwind, and Lion. The terror-maiſter of the field, and like a whirlewind fought;
As freſh, as in his morns firſt charge. And as a ſauage Bore
Or Lion, hunted long; at laſt, with hounds and hunters ſtore,
Is compaſt round; they charge him cloſe: and ſtand (as in a towre
They had inchac't him) pouring on, of darts an Iron ſhowre:
His glorious heart yet, nought appald, and forcing forth his way:
Here ouerthrowes a troope, and there; a running ring doth ſtay
His vtter paſſage: when againe, that ſtay he ouerthrowes,
And then the whole field frees his rage: ſo *Hector* wearies blowes,
Runs out his charge vpon the Fort: and all his force would force
To paſſe the dike. Which being ſo deepe, they could not get their horſe
To venter on: but trample, ſnore, and on the verie brinke,
To neigh with ſpirit, yet ſtill ſtand off: nor would a humane thinke
The paſſage ſafe; or if it were, twas leſſe ſafe for retreate,
The dike being euerie where ſo deep; and (where twas leaſt deep) ſet
With ſtakes exceeding thicke, ſharpe, ſtrong, that horſe could neuer paſſe;
Much leſſe their chariots, after them: yet for the foote there was
Some hopefull ſeruice, which they wiſht. *Polydamas* then ſpake;
Polydamas ſould counſell to Hector. *Hector*, and all our friends of *Troy*, we indiſcreetly make
Offer of paſſage with our horſe: ye ſee the ſtakes, the wall,
Impoſſible for horſe to take: nor can men fight at all,

The place being ſtreight, and much more apt, to let vs take our bane,
Then giue the enemie: and yet, if *Ioue* decree the wane
Of *Grecian* glory vtterly: and ſo bereaue their hearts,
That we may freely charge them thus, and then, will take our parts:
I would with all ſpeed, wiſh th'aſſault: that vgly ſhame might ſhed
(Thus farre from home) theſe *Grecians* bloods. But if they once turne head,
And ſallie on vs from their fleet, when in ſo deepe a dike
We ſhall lie ſtruggling; not a man, of all our hoaſt is like
To liue, and carrie backe the newes: and therefore, be it thus:
Here leaue we horſe, kept by our men, and all on foot let vs
Hold cloſe together, and attend, the grace of *Hectors* guide;
And then they ſhall not beare our charge, our conqueſt ſhall be dide
In their liues purples. This aduice, pleaſd *Hector*, for twas found:
Who firſt obeyd it, and full arm'd, betooke him to the ground:
And then all left their chariots, when he was ſeene to leade;
Ruſhing about him, and gaue vp, each chariot and ſteed
To their directors to be kept, in all procinct of warre:
There, and on that ſide of the dike. And thus the reſt prepare
Their onſet: In fiue regiments, they all their powre diuide:
Each regiment allow'd three Chiefes; of all which, euen the pride,
Seru'd in great *Hectors* Regiment: for all were ſet on fire
(Their paſſage beaten through the wall) with hazardous deſire,
That they might once, but fight at fleete. With *Hector*, Captaines were,
Polydamas, and *Cebriones*, who was his chariotere:
But *Hector* found that place a worſe. Chiefes of the ſecond band,
Were *Paris*, and *Alcathous*, *Agenor*. The command
The third ſtrong Phalanx had, was giuen, to th'Augure *Hellenus*;
Deiphobus, that God-like man, and mightie *Aſius*;
Euen *Aſius Hyrtacides*, that from *Arisba* rode
The huge bay horſe, and had his houſe, where riuer *Sellëis* flowde.
The fourth charge, good *Æneas* led, and with him were combinde
Archelochus, and *Acamas* (*Antenors* deareſt kinde)
And excellent at euerie fight. The fifth braue companie,
Sarpedon had to charge; who chuſde, for his commands ſupply,
Aſteropæus great in armes, and *Glaucus*; for both theſe
Were beſt of all men, but himſelfe: but he was fellowleſſe.
Thus fitted with their well wrought ſhields, downe the ſteepe dike they go;
And (thirſtie of the walls aſſault) beleeue in ouerthrow:
Not doubting but with headlong fals, to tumble downe the *Greeks*,
From their blacke nauie: in which truſt, all on; and no man ſeeks
To croſſe *Polydamas* aduice, with any other courſe,
But *Aſius Hyrtacides*, who (prowd of his bay horſe)
Would not forſake them; nor his man, that was their manager,
(Foole that he was) but all to fleete: and little knew how neare
An ill death ſat him, and a ſure; and that he neuer more
Muſt looke on loftie *Ilion*: but lookes, and all, before,
Put on th'all-couering miſt of Fate; that then did hang vpon
The lance of great * *Deucalides*: he fatally ruſht on

* *Idomeneus.*

The left hand way; by which the *Greeks*, with horſe and chariot,
Came vſually from field to fleet: cloſe to the gates he got,
Which both vnbard and ope he found; that ſo the eaſier might
An entrie be for any friend, that was behind in flight;
Yet not much eaſier for a foe: becauſe there was a guard
Maintaind vpon it, paſt his thought; who ſtill put for it hard,
Eagerly ſhowting: and with him, were fiue more friends of name
That would not leaue him, though none elſe, would hunt that way for fame
(In their free choice) but he himſelfe. *Oreſtes*, *Iamenus*,
And *Acamas*, *Aſiades*, *Thoon*, *Oenomaus*,
Were thoſe that followed *Aſius*: within the gates they found
Two eminently valorous, that from the race renownd
Of the right valiant *Lapithes*, deriu'd their high deſcent.
Such match Virgil Pandarus and Bitias. Fierce *Leonteus* was the one, like *Mars* in detriment;
The other mightie *Polepat*, the great *Perithous* ſonne.
Theſe ſtood within the loftie gates, and nothing more did ſhun,
The charge of *Aſius* and his friends, then two high hill-bred Okes,
Well rooted in the binding earth, obey the airie ſtrokes
Of wind and weather, ſtanding firme, gainſt euerie ſeaſons ſpight:
Yet they poure on continued ſhowrs, and beare their ſhields vpright:
When in the meane ſpace *Polypat*, and *Leonteus* cheard
Their ſouldiers to the fleets defence: but when the reſt had heard
The *Troians* in attempt to skale, *Clamor* and flight did flow
Amongſt the *Grecians*: and then (the reſt diſmaid) theſe two
Met *Aſius* entring; thruſt him backe, and fought before their doores:
Nor far'd they then like Okes, that ſtood, but as a brace of Bores
Coucht in their owne bred hill, that heare, a ſort of hunters ſhowt
And hounds in hote traile coming on; then from their dens breake out,
Trauerſe their force, and ſuffer not, in wildneſſe of their way,
About them any plant to ſtand: but thickets, offering ſtay,
Breake through, and rend vp by the roots; whet gnaſhes into aire,
Which *Tumult* fils, with ſhowts, hounds, horns, and all the hote affaire
Beates at their boſomes: ſo their armes, rung with aſſailing blowes;
And ſo they ſtird them in repulſe, right well aſſur'd that thoſe
Who were within, and on the wall, would adde their parts; who knew
They now fought for their tents, fleet, liues, and fame; and therefore threw
Stones from the wals and towres, as thicke, as when a drift wind ſhakes
Blacke-clouds in peeces, and plucks ſnow, in great and plumie flakes
From their ſoft boſomes, till the ground, be wholly cloth'd in white;
So earth was hid with ſtones and darts: darts from the *Troian* fight,
Stones from the *Greeks*, that on the helms, and boſſie *Troian* ſhields
Kept ſuch a rapping, it amaz'd, great *Aſius*, who now yeelds
Sighes, beates his thighes: and in a rage, his fault to *Ioue* applies.
Aſius neare his death blames Ioue for it. O *Ioue* (ſaid he) now cleare thou ſhew'ſt, thou art a friend to lies;
Pretending, in the flight of *Greece*, the making of it good,
To all their ruines: which I thought, could neuer be withſtood,
Aptaad rem comparation. Yet they, as yellow Waſpes, or Bees (that hauing made their neſt
The gaſping Cranny of a hill) when for a hunters feaſt,

Hunters

Hunters come hote and hungrie in; and dig for honny Comes:
They flie vpon them, ſtrike and ſting: and from their hollow homes
Will not be beaten, but defend, their labours fruite, and brood:
No more will theſe be from their port, but either loſe their blood
(Although but two, againſt all vs) or be our priſoners made;
All this, to do his action grace, could not firme *Ioue* perſwade,
Who for the generall counſell ſtood; and (gainſt his ſingular braue)
Beſtow'd on *Hector* that daies fame. Yet he, and theſe behaue
Themſelues thus nobly at this port: but how at other ports,
And all alongſt the ſtony wall, ſole force, gainſt force and forts,
Rag'd in contention twixt both hoaſts: it were no eaſie thing,
(Had I the boſome of a God) to tune to life, and ſing.
The *Troians* fought not of themſelues, a fire from heauen was throwne
That ran amongſt them, through the wall, meere added to their owne.
The *Greeks* held not their owne: weake griefe, went with her witherd hand,
And dipt it deepely in their ſpirits; ſince they could not command
Their forces to abide the field, whom harſh *Neceſſitie*
(To ſaue thoſe ſhips ſhould bring them home) and their good ſorts ſupply
Draue to th'expulſiue fight they made; and this might ſtoope them more
Then *Need* it ſelfe could eleuate: for euen Gods did deplore
Their dire eſtates, and all the Gods, that were their aids in war: (far,
Who (though they could not cleare their plights) yet were their friends thus
Still to vphold the better ſort: for then did *Polepat* paſſe
A lance at *Damaſus*, whoſe helme, was made with cheekes of braſſe,
Yet had not proofe enough; the pyle, draue through it, and his skull;
His braine in blood drownd; and the man, ſo late ſo ſpiritfull,
Fell now quite ſpirit-leſſe to earth. So emptied he the veines
Of *Pylon*, and *Ormenus* liues: and then *Leonteus* gaines
The lifes end of *Hippomachus*, *Antimachus*-his ſonne;
His lance fell at his girdle ſtead, and with his end, begun
Another end: *Leonteus*, left him, and through the preaſe
(His keene ſword drawne) ran deſperately, vpon *Antiphates*;
And liueleſſe tumbled him to earth. Nor could all theſe liues quench
His fierie ſpirit, that his flame, in *Menons* blood did drench,
And rag'd vp, euen to *Iamens*, and yong *Oreſtes* life;
All heapt together, made their peace, in that red field of ſtrife.
Whoſe faire armes while the victors ſpoild; the youth of *Ilion*
(Of which there ſeru'd the moſt and beſt) ſtill boldly built vpon
The wiſedome of *Polydamas*, and *Hectors* matcheleſſe ſtrength;
And follow'd, fild with wondrous ſpirit; with wiſh, and hope at length
(The *Greeks* wall wun) to fire their fleet. But (hauing paſt the dike,
And willing now, to paſſe the wall) this prodigie did ſtrike
Their hearts with ſome deliberate ſtay: A high-flowne-Eagle ſorde
On their troopes left hand, and ſuſtaind, a Dragon all engorde,
In her ſtrong feres, of wondrous ſize, and yet had no ſuch checke
In life and ſpirit, but ſtill ſhe fought; and turning backe her necke
So ſtung the Eagles gorge, that downe, ſhe caſt her feruent prey,
Amongſt the multitude; and tooke, vpon the winds, her way;

 Crying

Crying with anguiſh. When they ſaw, a branded Serpent ſprawle
So full amongſt them; from aboue, and from *Ioues* fowle let fall:
They tooke it an oſtent from him; ſtood frighted; and their cauſe
Polydamas to Hector. *Polydamas* thought iuſt, and ſpake; *Hector*, you know, applauſe
Of humour hath bene farre from me; nor fits it, or in warre,
Or in affaires of Court, a man, imploid in publicke care,
To blanch things further then their truth, or flatter any powre:
And therefore, for that ſimple courſe, your ſtrength hath oft bene ſowre
To me in counſels: yet againe, what ſhewes in my thoughts beſt,
I muſt diſcouer: let vs ceaſſe, and make their flight our reſt
For this dayes honor; and not now, attempt the *Grecian* fleet;
For this (I feare) will be th'euent; the prodigie doth meet
So full with our affaire in hand. As this high flying fowle,
Vpon the left wing of our hoſt, (implying our controwle)
Houerd aboue vs; and did truſſe, within her golden ſeres
A Serpent ſo embrew'd, and bigge, which yet (in all her feares)
Kept life, and feruent ſpirit to fight, and wrought her owne releaſe;
Nor did the Eagles Airie, feed: So though we thus farre preaſe
Vpon the *Grecians*; and perhaps, may ouerrune their wall,
Our high minds aiming at their fleet; and that we much appall
Their truſſed ſpirits; yet are they, ſo Serpent-like diſpoſd
That they willl fight, though in our ſeres; and will at length be loſd
With all our outeries; and the life, of many a *Troian* breaſt,
Shall with the Eagle flie, before, we carrie to our neſt
Them, or their nauie: thus expounds, the Augure this oſtent;
Whoſe depth he knowes; & theſe ſhould feare. *Hector*, with countenance bent
Thus anſwerd him: *Polydamas*, your depth in augurie
Hector to Polydamas. I like not; and know paſſing well, thou doſt not ſatisfie
Thy ſelfe in this opinion: or if thou think'ſt it true,
Thy thoughts, the Gods blind; to aduiſe, and vrge that as our due,
That breakes our duties; and to *Ioue*, whoſe vow and ſigne to me
Is paſt directly for our ſpeed: yet light-wingd birds muſt be
(By thy aduice) our Oracles, whoſe feathers little ſtay
My ſerious actions. What care I, if this, or th'other way
Their wild wings ſway them: if the right, on which the Sunne doth riſe,
Or, to the left hand, where he ſets? Tis *Ioues* high counſell flies
With thoſe wings, that ſhall beare vp vs: *Ioues*, that both earth and heauen,
Both men and Gods ſuſtaines and rules: One augurie is giuen
To order all men, beſt of all; fight for thy countries right.
But why feareſt thou our further charge? for though the dangerous fight
Strew all men here about the fleet, yet thou needſt neuer feare
To beare their Fates; thy warie heart, will neuer truſt thee, where
An enemies looke is; and yet fight: for, if thou dar'ſt abſtaine,
Or whiſper into any eare, an abſtinence ſo vaine
As thou aduiſeſt: neuer feare, that any foe ſhall take
Thy life from thee, for tis this lance. This ſaid, all forwards make,
Himſelfe the firſt: yet before him, exulting *Clamor* flew;
And thunder-louing-*Iupiter*, from loftie *Ida* blew

A ſtorme that vſherd their aſſault, and made them charge like him:
It draue directly on the fleet, a duſt ſo fierce and dim,
That it amaz'd the *Grecians*: but was a grace diuine,
To *Hector* and his following troopes, who wholly did encline
To him, being now in grace with *Ioue*: and ſo put boldly on
To raze the rampire: in whoſe height, they fiercely ſet vpon
The Parrapets, and puld them downe, rac't euery formoſt fight;
And all the Buttereſſes of ſtone, that held their towers vpright;
They tore away, with Crowes of Iron; and hop't to ruine all.
The *Greeks* yet ſtood, and ſtill repaird, the forefights of their wall
With hides of Oxen, and from thence, they pourd downe ſtones in ſhowres
Vpon the vnderminers heads. Within the formoſt towres,
Both the *Aiaces* had command; who anſwer'd euerie part,
Th'aſſaulters, and their ſouldiers; repreſt, and put in heart:
Repairing valour as their wall: ſpake ſome faire, ſome reprou'd,
Who euer made not good his place: and thus they all ſorts mou'd;
O countrimen, now need in aid, would haue exceſſe be ſpent:
The excellent muſt be admir'd; the meaneſt excellent;
The worſt, do well: in changing warre, all ſhould not be alike,
Nor any idle: which to know, fits all, leſt *Hector* ſtrike
Your minds with frights, as eares with threats, forward be all your hands,
Vrge one another: this doubt downe, that now betwixt vs ſtands,
Ioue will go with vs to their wals. To this effect, alow'd
Spake both the Princes: and as high (with this) th'expulſion flow'd.
And as in winter time, when *Ioue*, his cold-ſharpe iauelines throwes *Simile.*
Amongſt vs mortals; and is mou'd, to white earth with his ſnowes:
(The winds aſleepe) he freely poures, till higheſt Prominents,
Hill tops, low meddowes, and the fields, that crowne with moſt contents
The toiles of men: ſea ports, and ſhores, are hid, and euerie place,
But floods (that ſnowes faire tender flakes, as their owne brood, embrace:)
So both ſides couerd earth with ſtones, ſo both for life contend,
To ſhew their ſharpneſſe: through the wall, vprore ſtood vp an end.
Nor had great *Hector* and his friends, the rampire ouerrun,
If heauens great Counſellour, high *Ioue*, had not inflam'd his ſonne
Sarpedon (like the forreſts king, when he on Oxen flies)
Againſt the *Grecians*: his round targe, he to his arme applies
Braſſe-leau'd without: and all within, thicke Oxe-hides quilted hard:
The verge naild round with rods of gold, and with two darts prepard;
He leades his people: as ye ſee, a mountaine Lion fare,
Long kept from prey: in forcing which, his high mind makes him dare,
Aſſault vpon the whole full fold: though guarded neuer ſo
With well-arm'd men, and eager dogs; away he will not go,
But venture on, and either ſnatch, a prey, or be a prey:
So far'd diuine *Sarpedons* mind, reſolu'd to force his way
Through all the fore-fights, and the wall: yet ſince he did not ſee
Sarpedon ſtretcht to Glaucus, neuer excelled by any (in this kind) of all that haue written, Others as great as he, in name, as great in mind as he:
He ſpake to *Glaucus*: *Glaucus*, ſay, why are we honord more
Then other men of *Lycia*, in place? with greater ſtore

Of

Of meates and cups? with goodliest roofes? delightsome gardens? walks?
More lands, and better? so much wealth, that Court and countrie talks
Of vs, and our possessions; and euery way we go,
Gaze on vs as we were their Gods? this where we dwell, is so:
The shores of *Xanthus* ring of this; and shall not we exceed,
As much in merit, as in noise? Come, be we great in deed
As well as looke; shine not in gold, but in the flames of fight;
That so our neat-arm'd-*Lycians*, may say; See, these are right
Our kings, our Rulers; these deserue, to eate, and drinke the best;
These gouerne not ingloriously: these, thus exceed the rest,
Do more then they command to do. O friend, if keeping backe
Would keepe backe age from vs, and death; and that we might not wracke
In this lifes humane sea at all: but that deferring now
We shund death euer; nor would I, halfe this vaine valour show,
Nor glorifie a folly so, to wish thee to aduance:
But since we must go, though not here; and that, besides the chance
Propos'd now, there are infinite fates, of other sort in death,
Which (neither to be fled nor scap't) a man must stinke beneath:
Come, trie we, if this sort be ours: and either render thus,
Glorie to others, or make them, resigne the like to vs.

Sarpedon and Glaucus incharge to fight.

This motion, *Glaucus* shifted not, but (without words) obeyd;
Fore-right went both, a mightie troope, of *Lycians* followed.
Which, by *Menestheus* obseru'd; his haire stood vp on end,
For at the towre where he had charge, he saw *Calamitie* bend
Her horrid browes in their approch. He threw his looks about
The whole fights neare, to see what Chiefe, might helpe the miserie out
Of his poore souldiers, and beheld, where both th'*Aiaces* fought,
And *Teucer*, newly come from fleete: whom it would profit nought
To call, since Tumult on their helmes, shields, and vpon the ports
Laid such lowde claps; for euerie way, defences of all sorts
Were adding, as *Troy* tooke away; and *Clamor* flew so high
Her wings strooke heauen, and drownd all voice. The two Dukes yet so nigh
And at the offer of assault; he to th'*Aiaces* sent

The sent to the Aiaces is aided by Men Shaun.

Thoos the herald, with this charge: Run to the regiment
Of both th'*Aiaces*, and call Both, for both were better here,
Since here will slaughter, instantly; be more enforc't then there.
The *Lycian* Captaines this way make, who in the fights of stand,
Haue often shew'd much excellence: yet if laborious hand
Be there more needfull then I hope, at least afford vs some,
Let *Aiax Telamonius*, and th'Archer *Teucer* come.
The Herald hasted, and arriu'd; and both th'*Aiaces* told,
That *Peteus* noble sonne desir'd, their little labour would
Employ it selfe in succouring him. Both their supplies were best,
Since death assaild his quarter most: for on it fiercely prest
The well-prou'd mightie *Lycian* Chiefs. Yet if the seruice there
Allowd not both, he praid that one, part of his charge would beare,
And that was *Aiax Telamon*, with whom he wisht would come,
The Archer *Teucer*. *Telamon*, left instantly his roome

To

To strong *Lycomedes*, and will'd, *Aiax Oileades*
With him to make vp his supply, and fill with courages
The *Grecian* hearts till his returne, which should be instantly
When he had well relieu'd his friend. With this, the companie
Of *Teucer* he tooke to his aide: *Teucer*, that did descend
(As *Aiax* did) from *Telamon:* with these two did attend
Pandion, that bore *Teucers* bow. When to *Menestheus* towre
They came, alongst the wall; they found, him, and his heartned powre
Toyling in making strong their fort. The *Lycian* Princes set
Blacke whirlwind-like, with both their powers, vpon the Parapet.
Aiax, and all, resisted them. *Clamor* amongst them rose:
The slaughter, *Aiax* led; who first, the last deare fight did close
Of strong *Epicles*, that was friend, to *Ioues* great *Lycian* sonne.
Amongst the high munition heape, a mightie marble stone
Lay highest, neare the Pinnacle; a stone of such a paise,
That one of this times strongest men, with both hands, could not raise:
Yet this did *Aiax* rowse, and throw; and all in sherds did driue
Epicles foure-crept caske and skull; who (as ye see one diue
In some deepe riuer) left his height; life left his bones withall.

Glaucus wounded by Teucer.

Teucer shot *Glaucus* (rushing vp, yet higher on the wall)
Where naked he discerned his arme, and made him steale retreat
From that hote seruice; least some *Greeke*, with an insulting threat,
(Beholding it) might fright the rest. *Sarpedon* much was grieu'd,
At *Glaucus* parting, yet fought on; and his great heart relieu'd

Sarpedon reuengeth Glaucus.

A little with *Alcmaons* blood, surnam'd *Thesprotides*,
Whose life he hurld out with his lance; which following through the preasse,
He drew from him. Downe from the towre, *Alcmaon* dead it strooke;
His faire armes ringing out his death. Then fierce *Sarpedon* tooke
In his strong hand the battlement, and downe he tore it quite:
The wall stript naked, and brode way, for entrie and full fight,
He made the many. Against him, *Aiax* and *Teucer* made;
Teucer, the rich belt on his breast, did with a shaft inuade:
But *Iupiter* auerted death; who would not see his sonne
Die at the tailes of th'Achiue ships. *Aiax* did fetch his run,
And (with his lance) strooke through the targe, of that braue *Lycian* king;
Yet kept he it from further passe; nor did it any thing
Dismay his mind, although his men, stood off from that high way,
His valour made them; which he kept, and hop't that stormie day
Should euer make his glorie cleare. His mens fault thus he blam'd;
O *Lycians*, why are your hote spirits, so quickly disinflam'd?

Sarpedon to his souldiers.

Suppose me ableſt of you all: tis hard for me alone,
To ruine such a wall as this; and make *Confusion*,
Way to their Naues; lend your hands. What many can dispatch
One cannot thinke: the noble worke, of many, hath no match.

Discourse is no impediment.

The wise kings iust rebuke did strike, a reuerence to his will
Through all his souldiers; all stood in; and gainst all th'Achiues still
Made strong their Squadrons; insomuch, that to the aduerse side
The worke shewd mightie; and the wall, when twas within descride,

No

No eaſie ſeruice; yet the *Greeks*, could neither free their wall,
Of theſe braue *Lycians*, that held firme, the place they firſt did skale:
Nor could the *Lycians* from their fort, the ſturdie *Grecians* driue,
Nor reach their fleet. But as two men, about the limits ſtriue
Of land that toucheth in a field; their meaſures in their hands,
They mete their parts out curiouſly, and either ſtiffely ſtands,
That ſo farre is his right in law; both hugely ſet on fire
About a paſſing little ground: ſo greedily aſpire
Both theſe foes, to their ſeuerall ends; and all exhauſt their moſt
About the verie battlements (for yet no more was loſt.)
With ſword, and fire they vext for them, their targes hugely round,
With Oxehides lin'd; and bucklers light, and many a ghaſtly wound
The ſterne ſteele gaue, for that one priſe; whereof though ſome receiu'd
Their portions on their naked backs; yet others were bereau'd
Of braue liues, face-turnd, through their ſhields: towres, bulwarks euery where
Were freckled with the blood of men; nor yet the *Greeks* did beare
Baſe back-turnd faces; nor their foes, would therefore be outfac't.
But as a Spinſter poore and iuſt, ye ſometimes ſee ſtrait lac't
About the weighing of her web, who (carefull) hauing charge,
For which, ſhe would prouide ſome meanes, is loth to be too large
In giuing, or in taking weight; but euer with her hand,
Is doing with the weights and wooll, till Both in iuſt paiſe ſtand:
So euenly ſtood it with theſe foes, till *Ioue* to *Hector* gaue
The turning of the skoles; who firſt, againſt the rampire draue;
And ſpake ſo lowd that all might heare: O ſtand not at the pale
(Braue *Troian* friends) but mend your hands: vp, and breake through the wall,
And make a bonfire of their fleet. All heard, and all in heapes
Got skaling ladders, and aloft. In meane ſpace, *Hector* leapes
Vpon the port, from whoſe out-part, he tore a maſſie ſtone
Thicke downwards, vpward edg'd; it was ſo huge an one
That two vaſt * yoemen of moſt ſtrength (ſuch as theſe times beget)
Could not from earth lift to a Cart: yet he did brandiſh it,
Alone (*Saturnius* made it light:) and ſwinging it as nought,
He came before the plankie gates, that all for ſtrength were wrought,
And kept the Port: two fold they were, and with two rafters bard;
High, and ſtrong lockt: he raiſd the ſtone, bent to the hurle ſo hard,
And made it with ſo maine a ſtrength, that all the gates did cracke;
The ratters left them, and the folds one from another brake:
The hinges peece-meale flew, and through, the feruent little rocke
Thundred a paſſage; with his weight, th'inwall his breaſt did knocke:
And in ruſht *Hector*, fierce and grimme, as any ſtormie night;
His braſſe armes, round about his breaſt, reflected terrible light.
Each arme held vp, held each a dart: his preſence cald vp all
The dreadfull ſpirits his Being held, that to the threatned wall
None but the Gods might checke his way: his eyes were furnaces;
And thus he look't backe, cald in all: all fir'd their courages,
And in they flow'd: the *Grecians* fled, their fleet now, and their freight
Askt all their reſcue: *Greece* went downe, *Tumult* was at his height.

The end of the twelfth Booke.

Admiranda & pene immutabilis comparatio (ſaith Strab.) and yet in the exclamation of it, he makes it ſo perfume but three words, ὦ τοῦ θαύματος, ἐξαίφνης γὰρ τοῦτο, using not other words more expreſſive with his old Poet, vno pede, &c.

A ſimile face to face or to the other, in which, comparing mightieſt things with meaneſt, & the meaneſt illuſtrating the mightieſt, but meeting in one end of true life; preternaturall, and creditleſſe. Homer is beyond compariſon and admiration.

Hector to the Troians.

* οὐ νῦν γε βροτοί, duo viri plebei.

THE XIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

NEptune (*in pittie of the* Greeks *hard plight*)
Like Calchas, *both th'* Aiaces, *doth excite*
And others; to repell, the chayſing foe.
Idomeneus, *bravely doth beſtow*
His kingly forces; and doth ſacrifice
Othryoneus *to the* Deſtinies;
With diuers other. Faire Deiphobus,
And his prophetique brother Hellenus
Are wounded. But the great Priamides,
(Gathering his forces) hartens their addreſſe
Againſt the enemie; and then, the field,
A mightie death, on either ſide doth yeeld.

Another Argument.

The Greeks *with* Troyes *bold powre diſmaide,*
Are chear'd by Neptunes *ſecret aide.*

IOue helping *Hector*, and his hoſt; thus cloſe to th'*Achiue* fleet,
He let thē then their own ſtrēgths try; & ſeaſon there their ſweet
With ceaſleſſe toils, and grieuances. For now he turnd his face,
Looke down, & viewd the far-off land, of welrode mē in *Thrace*.
Of the renown'd a milk-nouriſht men, the *Hippemolgians*,
Long-liu'd; moſt iuſt, and innocent. And cloſe-fought *Myſians*:
Nor turnd he any more to *Troy*, his euer-ſhining eyes:
Becauſe he thought, not any one, of all the Deities;
(When his care left th'indifferent field) would aide on either ſide.
But this ſecuritie in *Ioue*, the great *Sea-Rector* eſpide,
Who ſate aloft, on th'vtmoſt top, of ſhadie *Samothrace*,
And viewd the fight. His choſen ſeate, ſtood in ſo braue a place,
That *Priams* cittie, th'*Achiue* ſhips, all *Ida* did appeare,
To his full view; who from the ſea, was therefore ſeated there.
He tooke much ruth, to ſee the *Greeks*, by *Troy*, ſuſtaine ſuch ill,
And (mightily incenſt with *Ioue*) ſtoopt ſtrait from that ſteepe hill;
That ſhooke as he flew off: ſo hard, his parting preſt the height.
The woods, and all the great hils neare, trembled beneath the weight
Of his immortall mouing feet: three ſteps he onely tooke,
Before he far-off *Ægas* reacht; but with the fourth, it ſhooke
With his drad entrie. In the depth, of thoſe ſeas, he did hold
His bright and glorious pallace built, of neuer-ruſting gold;
And there arriu'd, he put in Coach, his brazen-footed ſteeds,

Neptunes proſpect.

The horſe of Neptune.

All golden man'd, and pac't with wings; and all in golden weeds
He cloth'd himſelfe. The golden ſcourge, (moſt elegantly done)
He tooke, and mounted to his ſeate: and then the God begun
To driue his chariot through the waues. From whirlepits euery way
The whales exulted vnder him, and knew their king: the Sea
For ioy did open; and his horſe, ſo ſwift, and lightly flew:
The vnder-axeltree of Braſſe, no drop of water drew.
And thus, theſe deathleſſe Courſers brought, their king to th' *Achiue* ſhips.
Twixt th' *Imber* Cliffs, and *Tenedos*, a certaine Cauerne creepes
Cher graphia. Into the deepe ſeas gulphie breaſt, and there th'earth-shaker ſtaid
His forward ſteeds: tooke them from coach, and heauenly fodder laid
In reach before them. Their braſſe houes, he girt with giues of gold
Not to be broken, nor diſſolu'd; to make them firmely hold
A fit attendance on their king. Who went to th' *Achiue* hoſt,
Neptune gets to the Greekes. Which (like to tempeſts, or wild flames) the cluſtring *Troians* toſt;
Inſatiably valourous, in *Hectors* like command;
High ſounding, and reſounding ſhouts: for *Hope* chear'd euery hand
To make the *Greek* fleete now their priſe, and all the *Greeks* deſtroy.
But *Neptune* (circler of the earth) with freſh heart did employ
The *Grecian* hands. In ſtrength of voice, and body, he did take
Calchas reſemblance, and (of all) th' *Aiaces* firſt beſpake;
Neptune to the Aiacides. Who of themſelues were free enough: *Aiaces!* you alone
Suſtaine the common good of *Greece*, in euer putting on
The memorie of *Fortitude*: and flying thamefull *Flight*.
Elſewhere, the deſperate hands of *Troy*, could giue me no affright,
The braue *Greeks* haue withſtood their worſt: but this our mightie wall
Being thus tranſcended by their powre; graue *Feare* doth much appall
My cu-ſtuff'd ſpirits, leſt we feele, ſome fatall miſchiefe here;
Where *Hector* raging like a flame, doth in his charge appeare,
And boaſts himſelfe the beſt Gods ſonne. Be you conceited ſo,
And fire ſo, more then humane ſpirits; that God may ſeeme to do
In your deeds: and with ſuch thoughts chear'd, others to ſuch exhort,
And ſtich reſiſtance: theſe great minds, will in as great a ſort,
Strengthen your bodies, and force checke, to all great *Hectors* charge,
Though nere ſo ſpirit-like; and though *Ioue* ſtill, (paſt himſelfe) enlarge
His facred actions. Thus he toucht, with his forckt ſceptors point
The breſts of both; fild both their ſpirits, and made vp euery ioynt
Simile. With powre reſponſiue: when hawk-like, ſwift, and ſet ſharpe to flie,
That fiercely ſtooping from a rocke, inacceſſible, and hie,
Cuts through a field, and ſets a fowle, (not being of her kind)
Hard, and gets ground ſtill: *Neptune* ſo, left theſe two; either's mind
Beyond themſelues raiſd. Of both which, *Oileus* firſt diſcern'd
Aiax Oileus to Aiax Telamonius. The maſking Deitie: and ſaid, *Aiax!* ſome God hath warn'd
Our powres to fight, and ſaue our fleet. He put on him the hew
Of th' Augure *Calchas*: by his pace (in leauing vs) I knew
(Without all queſtion) twas a God: the Gods are eaſily knowne:
And in my tender breſt I feele, a greater ſpirit blowne,
To execute affaires of fight: I find my hands ſo free

To

To all high motion; and my feete, ſeeme featherd vnder me.
The two Aiaces to one another. This, *Telamonius* thus receiu'd: So, to my thoughts, my hands
Burne with deſire to toſſe my lance; each foote beneath me ſtands
Bare on bright fire, to vſe his ſpeed: my heart is raiſd ſo hie,
That to encounter *Hectors* ſelfe, I long inſatiately.
While theſe thus talkt, as, ouer-ioyd, with ſtudie for the fight,
(Which God had ſtird vp in their ſpirits) the ſame God did excite
The *Greekes* that were behind at fleet, refreſhing their free hearts
And ioynts; being euen diſſolu'd with toyle: and (ſeeing the deſprate parts
Playd by the *Troians*, paſt their wall) *Griefe* ſtrooke them; and their eyes
Sweat teares from vnder their ſad lids: their inſtant deſtinies
Neuer ſuppoſing they could ſcape. But *Neptune* ſtepping in,
With eaſe ſtird vp the able troopes; and did at firſt begin
With *Teucer*, and *Peneleus*; th'Heroe *Leitus*;
Deipirus, *Meriones*, and yong *Antilochus*;
All expert in the deeds of armes: O youths of *Greece* (ſaid he)
Neptune to the Greekes. What change is this? In your braue fight, I onely lookt to ſee
Our fleets whole ſafetie; and if you, neglect the harmefull field;
Now ſhines the day, when *Greece* to *Troy*, muſt all her honours yeeld.
O griefe! ſo great a miracle, and horrible to fight,
As now I ſee; I neuer thought, could haue prophan'd the light:
The *Troians* braue vs at our ſhips, that haue bene heretofore,
Like faint and fearefull Deare in woods; diſtracted euermore
With euerie ſound: and yet ſcape not, but proue the torne-vp fare
Of *Lynces*, *Wolues*, and *Leopards*; as neuer borne to warre:
Nor durſt theſe *Troians* at firſt ſiege, in any leaſt degree,
Expect your ſtrength; or ſtand one ſhocke, of *Grecian* Chiualrie.
Yet now, farre from their walles they dare, fight at our fleet maintaine;
All by our Generals cowardiſe, that doth infect his men;
Who (ſtill at ods with him) for that, will needs themſelues neglect;
And ſuffer *Slaughter* in their ſhips. Suppoſe there was defect
(Beyond all queſtion) in our king, to wrong *Æacides*;
And he, for his particular wreake, from all aſſiſtance ceaſe:
We muſt not ceaſſe t'aſſiſt our ſelues. Forgiue our Generall then;
Good minded men apt to forgiue. And quickly too: apt to forgiue, are all good minded men.
Yet you (quite voide of their good minds) giue good, in you quite loſt,
For ill in others: though ye be, the worthieſt of your hoſt.
As old as I am, I would ſcorne, to fight with one that flies,
Or leaues the fight, as you do now. The Generall ſlothfull lies,
And you (though ſloughtfull to) maintaine, with him, a fight of ſplene.
Out, out, I hate ye from my heart; ye rotten minded men.
In this, ye adde an ill thats worſe, then all your ſloths diſlikes.
But as I know, to all your hearts, my reprehenſion ſtrikes;
So thither let iuſt ſhame ſtrike to; for while you ſtand ſtill here,
A mightie fight ſwarms at your fleete, great *Hector* rageth there,
Hath burſt the long barre and the gates. Thus *Neptune* rowſd theſe men;
[b] And round about th' *Aiaces* did, their Phalanxes maintaine,
Their ſtation firme; whom *Mars* himſelfe, (had he amongſt them gone)

Could not diſparage; nor *Ioues* Maide, that ſets men fiercer on:
For now the beſt were choſen out, and they receiu'd th'aduance
Of *Hector* and his men ſo full, that lance, was lin'd with lance;
Shields, thickned with oppoſed ſhields; targets to targets nail'd:
Helmes ſtucke to helmes; and man to man, grew; they ſo cloſe aſſail'd:
Plum'd caskes, were hang'd in eithers plumes: all ioyn'd ſo cloſe their ſtands;
Their lances ſtood, thruſt out ſo thicke, by ſuch all-daring hands.
All bent their firme breſts to the point; and made ſad fight their ioy
Of both: *Troy* all in heapes ſtrooke firſt, and *Hector* firſt of *Troy*.
Simile. And as a round peece of a rocke, which with a winters flood
Is from his top tome; when a thowre, powr'd from a burſten cloud,
Hath broke the naturall bond it held, within the rough ſteepe rocke;
And iumping, it flies downe the woods, reſounding euerie ſhocke;
And on, vncheckt, it headlong leapes, till in a plaine it ſtay:
And then (though neuer ſo impeld) it ſtirs not any way.
So *Hector*, hereto throated threats, to go to ſea in blood,
And reach the *Grecian* ſhips and tents; without being once withſtood:
But when he fell into the ſtrengths, the *Grecians* did maintaine,
And that they fought vpon the ſquare, he ſtood as fetterd then.
And ſo, the aduerſe ſons of *Greece*, laid on with ſwords and darts,
(Whoſe both ends hurt) that they repeld, his worſt; and he conuerts
His threats, by all meanes, to retreats; yet, made as he retir'd
Onely t'encourage thoſe behind; and thus thoſe men inſpir'd:
Troians? Dardanians? Lycians? all warlike friends, ſtand cloſe;
He ſtrikes his friends. The *Greeks* can neuer beare me long, though towre-like they oppoſe;
This lance (be ſure) will be their ſpoile: it, euen the beſt of Gods,
(High-thundring *Iunos* husband) ſtirres, my ſpirite with true abodes.
With this, all ſtrengths and minds he mou'd; but yong *Deiphobus*,
Deiphobus valor. (Old *Priams* ſonne) amongſt them all, was chiefly vertuous.
He bore before him his roune ſhield; tript lightly through the preaſe,
At all parts couerd with his ſhield: And him *Merions*
Charg'd with a glittring dart, that tooke, his bul-hide orbie ſhield,
Yet pierc't it not, but in the top, it ſelfe did peecemeale yeeld.
Deiphobus thruſt forth his targe, and fear'd the broken ends
Of ſtrong *Mertones* his lance, who now turnd to his friends;
The great Heroe, ſcorning much, by ſuch a chance to part
With lance and conqueſt: forth he went, to fetch another dart
Left at his tent. The reſt fought on, the *Clamor* heightned there
Teucers valor. Was moſt vnmeaſur'd; *Teucer* firſt, did ſlaſh the *Maſſacre*,
And ſlue a goodly man at armes, the ſouldier *Imbrius*,
The ſonne of *Mentor*, rich in horſe; he dwelt at *Pedaſus*
Before the ſonnes of *Greece* lieg'd *Troy*; from whence he married
Medeſicaſte, one that ſprung, of *Priams* baſtard bed.
But when the *Greeke* ſhips, (double oar'd) arriu'd at *Ilion*,
To *Ilion* he returnd, and prou'd, beyond compariſon
Amongſt the *Troians*; he was lodg'd, with *Priam*, who held deare
His naturall ſonnes no more then him; yet him, beneath the care
The ſonne of *Telamon* attain'd, and drew his lance. He fell

As

As when, an Aſh on ſome hils top, (it ſelfe topt wondrous well) *Simile.*
The ſteele hewes downe, and he preſents, his young leaues to the ſoyle:
So fell he, and his faire armes gron'd; which *Teucer* long'd to ſpoyle,
And in he ranne; and *Hector* in, who ſent a thining lance
At *Teucer*; who (beholding it) ſlipt by, and gaue it chance
On *Actors* ſonne *Amphimachus*, whoſe breaſt it ſtrooke; and in
Flew *Hector*, at his ſounding fall, with full intent to win
The tempting helmet from his head; but *Aiax* with a dart,
Reacht *Hector* at his ruthing in, yet toucht not any part
About his bodie; it was hid, quite through with horrid braſſe;
The boſſe yet of his targe it tooke, whoſe firme ſtuffe ſtaid the paſſe,
And he turnd ſafe from both the trunks: both which the *Grecians* bore
From off the field; *Amphimachus*, *Meneſtheus* did reſtore,
And *Stichius*, to th'*Achaian* ſtrength: th'*Aiaces* (that were pleaſd
Still moſt, with moſt hote ſeruices) on *Troian Imbrius* ſeald:
And, as from ſharply-bitten hounds, a brace of Lions force *Simile.*
A new ſlaine Goate; and through the woods, beare in their iawes the corſe
Aloft, lift vp into the aire: ſo, vp, into the skies
Bore both th'*Aiaces*, *Imbrius*; and made his armes their priſe.
Yet (not content) *Orileades*, enrag'd, to ſee there dead
His much belou'd *Amphimachus*; he hewd off *Imbrius* head,
Which (ſwinging round) bowle like he toſt, amongſt the *Troian* preaſe,
And full at *Hector's* feete it fell. *Amphimachus* deceaſe
(Being nephew to the God of waues) much vext the Deities mind;
And to the ſhips and tents he marcht: yet more, to make inclinde
The *Grecians*, to the *Troian* bane. In haſting to which end,
Idomeneus met with him, returning from a friend,
Whoſe hamme late hurt, his men brought off; and hauing giuen command
To his Phyſitians for his cure, (much fir'd to put his hand
To *Troyes* repulſe) he left his tent. Him (like *Andremons* ſonne,
Prince *Thoas*, that in *Pleuron* tulde, and loftie *Calidon*,
Th'*Aetolian* powres; and like a God, was of his ſubiects lou'd)
Neptune encountred: and but thus, his forward ſpirit mou'd.
Idomeneus, Prince of *Crete*? O whither now are fled *Neptune to Idomen*
Thoſe threats in thee, with which the reſt, the *Troians* menaced?
O *Thoas* (he replide) no one, of all our hoſt, ſtands now
In any queſtion of reproofe (as I am let to know)
And why is my intelligence falſe? We all know how to fight,
And (*Feare* diſminimating none) all do our knowledge right.
Nor can our harmes accuſe our ſloth; not one from worke we miſſe:
The great God onely workes our ill, whoſe pleaſure now it is,
That farre from home, in hoſtile fields, and with inglorious fate,
Some *Greeks* ſhould periſh. But do thou, O *Thoas* (that of late
Haſt prou'd a ſouldier, and was wont, where thou haſt *Sloth* beheld,
To chide it, and exhort to paines) now hate to be repeld,
And ſet on all men. He replied, I would to heauen, that he
Who euer this day doth abſtaine, from battell willinglie,
May neuer turne his face from *Troy*, but here become the prey

And skorne of dogs. Come then, take armes, and let our kind aſſay
Ioyne both our forces: though but two, yet being both combinde,
The worke of many ſingle hands, we may performe; we finde
That *Vertue* coaugmented thriues, in men of little minde:
But we, haue ſingly, matcht the great. This ſaid, the God again
(With all his conflicts) viſited, the ventrous fight of men.
The king turnd to his tent; rich armes, put on his breſt, and toooke
Two darts in hand, and forth he flew; his haſte on made him looke
Much like a fierie Meteor, with which, *Ioues* ſulphrie hand
Opes heauen, and hurles about the aire, bright flaſhes, ſhowing aland
Abodes; that euer run before, tempeſt, and plagues to men:
So, in his ſwift pace, ſhew'd his armes: he was encountred then
By his good friend *Meriones*, yet neare his tent; to whom
Thus ſpake the powre of *Idomen*: What reaſon makes thee come,
(Thou ſonne of *Molus*, my moſt lou'd) thus leauing fight alone?
Is't for ſome wound? the Iauelins head, (ſtill ſticking in the bone)
Deſir'ſt thou eaſe of? Bring'ſt thou newes? or what is it that brings
Thy preſence hither? Be aſſur'd, my ſpirite needs no ſtings,
To this hote conflict. Of my ſelfe, thou ſeeſt I come; and loth
For any tents loue, to deſerue, the hatefull taint of *Sloth*.
He anſwerd, Onely for a dart, he that retreat did make,
(Were any left him at his tent:) for, that he had, he brake
On proud *Deiphobus* his ſhield. Is one dart all? (ſaid he)
Take one and twentie, if thou like, for in my tent they be;
They ſtand there ſhining by the walls: I tooke them as my priſe
From thoſe falſe *Troians* I haue ſlaine. And this is not the guiſe
Of one that loues his tent, or fights, afarre off with his foe:
But ſince I loue fight, therefore doth, my martiall ſtarre beſtow
(Beſides thoſe darts) helmes, targets boſt, and corſlets, bright as day.
So I (ſaid *Merion*) at my tent, and ſable barke, may ſay,
I many *Troian* ſpoiles retaine: but now, not neare they be,
To ſerue me for my preſent vſe; and therefore aske I thee.
Not that I lacke a fortitude, to ſtore me with my owne:
For euer in the formoſt fights, that render men renowne,
I fight, when any fight doth ſtirre: and this perhaps, may well
Be hid to others, but thou know'ſt, and I to thee appeale.
I know (replide the king) how much, thou weigh'ſt in euerie worth,
What needſt thou therefore vtter this? If we ſhould now chuſe forth
The worthieſt men for ambuſhes, in all our fleet and hoſt:
(For ambuſhes are ſeruices, that trie mens vertues moſt;
Since there, the fearefull and the firme, will, as they are, appeare:
The fearefull altering ſtill his hue, and reſts not any where;
Nor is his ſpirit capable, of th'ambuſh conſtancie,
But riſeth, changeth ſtill his place, and croucheth curiouſly
On his bent hanches; halfe his height, ſcarce ſeene aboue the ground,
For feare to be ſeene, yet muſt ſee: his heart with many a bound,
Offring to leape out of his breaſt, and (euer fearing death)
The coldneſſe of it makes him gnaſh, and halfe ſhakes out his teeth.

Where

Where men of valour, neither feare, nor euer change their lookes,
From lodging th'ambuſh till it riſe: buut ſince there muſt be ſtrokes,
With to be quickly in their midſt:) thy ſtrength and hand in theſe,
Who ſhould reproue? For if, farre off, or fighting in the preaſe,
Thou ſhouldſt be wounded, I am ſure, the dart that gaue the wound
Should not be drawne out of thy backe, or make thy necke the ground;
But meete thy bellie, or thy breaſt; in thruſting further yet
When thou art furtheſt, till the firſt, and before him thou get.
But on; like children, let not vs, ſtand bragging thus, but do;
Leſt ſome heare, and paſt meaſure chide, that we ſtand ſtill and wooe.
Go, chuſe a better dart, and make, *Mars* yeeld a better chance.
This ſaid, *Mars*-ſwift *Meriones*, with haſte, a brazen lance
Tooke from his tent; and ouertooke (moſt carefull of the wars)
Idomeneus. And ſuch two, in field, as harmfull *Mars*,
And *Terror*, his belouèd ſonne, that without terror fights;
And is of ſuch ſtrength, that in warre, the frighter he affrights;
When, out of *Thrace*, they both take armes, againſt th'*Ephyran* bands;
Or gainſt the great-ſoul'd *Phlegians*: nor fauour their owne hands,
But giue the grace to others ſtill. In ſuch ſort to the fight,
Marcht theſe two managers of men; in armours full of light.
And firſt ſpake *Merion*: On which part, (ſonne of *Deucalion*)
Serues thy mind to inuade the fight? is't beſt to ſet vpon
The *Troians* in our battels aide, the right or left-hand wing,
For all parts I ſuppoſe employd. To this the *Cretan* king,
Thus anſwerd: In our nauies midſt, are others that aſſiſt,
The two *Aiaces*, *Teucer* too; with ſhafts, the experteſt
Of all the *Grecians*, and though ſmall, is great in fights of ſtand.
And theſe (though huge he be of ſtrength) will ſerue to fill the hand
Of *Hector* ſelfe, that *Priamſt*, that ſtudier for blowes:
It ſhall be cald a deed of height, for him (euen ſuffring throwes
For knocks ſtill) to out labour them: and (bettring their tough hands)
Enflame our fleet: if *Ioue* himſelfe, caſt not his fier-brands
Amongſt our nauie; that affaire, no man can bring to field:
Great *Aiax Telamonius*, to none aliue will yeeld,
That yeelds to death; and whoſe life takes, *Ceres* nutritions
That can be cut with any iron, or paſht with mightie ſtones.
Not to *Æacides* himſelfe, he yeelds for combats ſet,
Though cleare he muſt giue place for pace, and free ſwinge of his feete.
Since then, the battell (being our place, of moſt care) is made good
By his high valour; let our aid, ſee all powres be withſtood,
That charge the left wing: and to that, let vs direct our courſe,
Where quickly, feele we this hote foe, or make him feele our force.
This orderd; ſwift-*Meriones*, went, and forewent his king;
Till both arriu'd, where one enioynd: when in the *Greeks* left wing,
The *Troians* ſaw the *Cretan* king, like fire in fortitude;
And his attendant in bright armes, ſo gloriouſly indude,
Both chearing the ſiniſter troopes: all at the king addreſt,
And ſo the skirmiſh at their ſternes, on both parts were increaſt:

Simois.

That, as from hollow buſtling winds, engenderd ſtormes ariſe,
When duſt doth chiefly clog the waies, which vp into the skies
The wanton tempeſt rauiſheth; begetting *Night* of *Days*;
So came together both the foes: both luſted to aſſay,
And worke with quicke ſteele, eithers death. Mans fierce *Corruptreſſe Fight*
Set vp her briſtles in the field, with lances long and light,
Which thicke, fell foule on eithers face: the ſplendor of the ſteele,
In new skowrd curets, radiant caskes, and burniſht ſhields, did ſeele
Th'aſſailers eyes vp. He ſuſtaind, a huge ſpirit that was glad
To ſee that labour, or in ſoule, that ſtood not ſtricken ſad.
Thus theſe two diſagreeing Gods, old *Saturns* mightie ſonnes,
Afflicted theſe heroique men, with huge oppreſſions.
Ioue honouring *Æacides*, (to let the *Greeks* ſtill trie
Their want without him) would beſtow, (yet ſtill) the victorie
On *Hector*, and the *Troian* powre; yet for *Æacides*,
And honor of his mother Queene, great Goddeſſe of the ſeas,
He would not let proude *Ilion* ſee, the *Grecians* quite deſtroid:
And therefore, from the hoarie deepe, he ſuffer'd ſo imploid
Great *Neptune* in the *Grecian* aid; who grieu'd for them, and ſtorm'd
Extremely at his brother *Ioue*. Yet both, one Goddeſſe form'd,
And one ſoile bred: but *Iupiter*, precedence tooke in birth,
And had more * knowledge: for which cauſe, the other came not forth
Of his wet kingdome, but with care, of not being ſeene t'excite
The *Grecian* hoſt, and like a man, appeard, and made the fight.
So theſe Gods made mens valours great; but equald them with warre
As harmefull, as their hearts were good; and ſtretcht thoſe chaines as farre
On both ſides as their limbs could beare: in which they were inuolu'd
Paſt breach, or looſing; that their knees, might therefore be diſſolu'd.
Then, though a halfe-gray man he were, *Cretes* ſoueraigne did excite
The *Greeks* to blowes; and flew vpon, the *Troians*, euen to ſlight:
For he, in ſight of all the hoſt, *Othryoneus* ſlew,
That from *Cabeſus*, with the fame, of thoſe warres, thither drew
His new-come forces, and requir'd, without reſpect of dowre,
Caſſandra, fair'ſt of *Priams* race; aſſuring with his powre,
A mightie labour: to expell, in their deſpite from *Troy*
The ſons of *Greece*. The king did vow, (that done) he ſhould enioy
The goodlieſt daughter. He, (in truſt, of that faire purchaſe) fought,
And at him threw the *Cretan* king, a lance, that ſingl'd out
This great aſſumer; whom it ſtrooke, iuſt in his nauils ſtead;
His brazen curets helping nought, reſigned him to the dead.
Then did the conquerour exclaime, and thus inſulted then:
Othryoneus, I will praiſe, beyond all mortall men,
Thy liuing vertues; if thou wilt, now perfect the braue vow
Thou mad'ſt to *Priam*, for the wife, he promiſd to beſtow.
And where he ſhould haue kept his word, there we aſſure thee here,
To giue thee for thy Princely wife, the faireſt, and moſt deare,
Of our great Generals femall race, which from his *Argiue* hall,
We all will waite vpon to *Troy*; if with our aids, and all,

Thou

* *The Prowes of Loue excells Neptune's, with Poets, in this place becauſe he was more vncertaine, and leſſe excellent in warre, and wel nie none. And yet in the verie, yet, and laſt ſeconds, ere he was worthy to be noted ſo much worſe then Loue, Ithuriel-like, for all his Iuſtice, ſodainely ſtretcht maieſtie, with a God enough, that that by any paſſion he ſo get out of him preſently appeares, headie, or other wiſe the ſame Iudge, or voice ſtraining for any fact, and immortality: and in the latter, yet Times. Plut. de Iside & Oſir. Homers inuitation on Othryoneus.*

Thou wilt but race this well-built towne. Come therefore, follow me,
That in our ſhips, we may conclude, this royall match with thee:
He be no iote worſe then my word. With that he tooke his feete,
And dragg'd him through the feruent fight; In which, did *Aſius* meete
The victor, to inflict reuenge. He came on foote before
His horſe, that on his ſhoulders breath'd; ſo cloſely euermore
His coachman led them to his Lord: who held a huge deſire
To ſtrike the King, but he ſtrooke firſt; and vnderneath his chin,
At his throats height, through th'other ſide, his eager lance draue in;
And downe he buſt'd, like an Oake, a Poplar, or a Pine,
Hewne downe for ſhipwood, and ſo lay: his fall did ſo decline
The ſpirit of his charioteere; that left he ſhould incenſe
The victor to empaire his ſpoile, he durſt not driue from thence
His horſe and chariot: and ſo pleaſd, with that reſpectiue part
Antilochus, that for his feare, he reacht him with a dart,
About his bellies midſt; and downe, his fad corſe fell beneath
The richly-builded chariot, there labouring out his breath.
The horſe *Antilochus* tooke off; when, (grieu'd for this euent)
Deiphobus drew paſſing neare, and at the victor ſent
A ſhining lauelin; which he ſaw, and ſhund; with gathring round
His body, in his all-round ſhield; at whoſe top, with a ſound,
It ouer flew; yet ſeiſing there, it did not idlely flie
From him that wing'd it; his ſtrong hand, ſtill draue it mortally
On Prince *Hypſenor*; it did pierce, his liuer, vnderneath
The veines it paſſeth: his ſhrunke knees, ſubmitted him to death.
And then did lou'd-*Deiphobus*, miraculouſly vant:
Now *Aſius* lies not vnreueng'd, nor doth his ſpirit want
The ioy I with it; though it be, now entring the ſtrong gate
Of mightie *Pluto*: ſince this hand, hath ſent him downe a mate.
This glorie in him grieu'd the *Greeks*, and chiefly the great mind
Of mou'tfull *Antilochus*; whom, (though to griefe inclind)
He left not yet his friend, but ran, and hid him with his ſhield;
And to him came two louely friends, that freed him from the field:
Meciſteus, ſonne of *Echius*; and the right nobly borne
Alaſtor, bearing him to fleet, and did extremely mourne.
Idomeneus ſuncke not yet, but held his nerues entire;
His mind much leſſe deficient, being fed with firme deſire
To hide more *Troians* in dim night, or ſinke himſelfe, in guard
Of his lou'd countrimen. And then, *Alcathous* prepar'd
Worke for his valour; offring fate, his owne deſtruction.
A great Heroe, and bad grace, to be the loued ſonne
Of *Æſetes*, ſonne in law, to Prince *Æneas* Sire;
Hippodamia marrying: who moſt enflam'd the fire
Of her deare parents loue; and tooke, precedence in her birth,
Of all their daughters; and as much, exceeded in her worth
(For beautie anſwerd with her mind; and both, with houſewiferie)
All the faire beautie of young Dames, that vſde her companie;
And therefore (being the worthieſt Dame) the worthieſt man did wed

Of

Aſius ſlaine.

Antilochus ſlaughters the charioteere of Aſius.

Deiphobus at Antilochus, and kils Hypſenor.

Deiphobus his Brauo.

Of ample *Troy*. Him *Neptune* ſtoopt, beneath the royall force
Of *Idomen*; his ſparkling eyes, deluding; and the courſe
Of his illuſtrous lineaments, ſo, out of nature bound,
That backe, nor forward, he could ſtirre: but (as he grew to ground
Stood like a pillar, or high tree, and neither mou'd, nor fear'd:
When ſtrait the royall *Cretans* dart, in his mid breaſt appear'd;
It brake the curets that were proofe, to euerie other dart,
Yet now they cleft and rung; the lance, ſtucke ſhaking in his heart:
His heart with panting made it ſhake. But *Mars* did now remit
The greatneſſe of it, and the king, now quitting the bragge fit
Of glorie in *Deiphobus*, thus terribly exclam'd:

Idomeneus to Deiphobus.

Deiphobus, now may we thinke, that we are euenly fam'd,
That three for one haue ſent to *Du*. But come, change blowes with me,
Thy vaunts for him thou ſlew'ſt were vaine: Come wretch, that thou maiſt ſee
What iſſue *Ioue* hath; *Ioue* begot, *Minos*, the ſtrength of *Crete*:
Minos begot *Deucalion*; *Deucalion* did beget
Me *Idomen* now *Cretas* king, that here my ſhips haue brought,
To bring thy ſelfe, thy father, friends, all *Ilions* pompe to nought.
Deiphobus at two wayes ſtood, in doubt to call ſome one
(With ſome retreat) to be his aide, or trie the chance alone.
At laſt, the firſt ſeem'd beſt to him; and backe he went to call,
Anchiſes ſonne to friend; who ſtood, in troope the laſt of all,

Æneas angrie being euer diſgraced by Priā.

Where ſtill he ſeru'd: which made him ſtill, incenſe againſt the king,
That, being amongſt his beſt, their Peere, he grac't not any thing
His wrong'd deſerts. *Deiphobus*, ſpake to him, ſtanding neare:

To him Deiphobus.

Æneas! Prince of *Troians*! if any touch appeare
Of glorie in thee: thou muſt now, aſſiſt thy ſiſters Lord,
And one, that to thy tendreſt youth, did carefull guard afford,
Alcathous, whom *Cretas* king, hath chiefly ſlaine to thee;
His right moſt challenging thy hand: come therefore follow me.
This much excited his good mind, and ſet his heart on fire,
Againſt the *Cretan*: who child-like, diſſolu'd not in his ire,

Simile.

But ſtood him firme: As when, in hils, a ſtrength-relying Bore,
Alone, and hearing hunters come (whom *Tumult* flies before)
Vp thruſts his briſtles, whets his tusks, ſets fire on his red eyes,
And in his braue-prepar'd repulſe, doth dogs and men deſpiſe.
So ſtood the famous for his lance; nor ſhund the coming charge
That reſolute *Æneas* brought; yet (ſince the ods was large)

Idomeneus calls his friends to aid

He cald, with good right, to his aide, war-skild *Aſcalaphus*,
Aphareus, *Meriones*, the ſtrong *Deipyrus*,
And *Neſtors* honorable ſonne: Come neare, my friends (ſaid he)
And adde your aids to me alone: *Feare* taints me worthilie,
Though firme I ſtand, and ſhew it not: *Æneas* great in fight,

Æneas yet a youth as Virgil makes him.

And one, that beares youth in his flowre, (that beares the greateſt might
Comes on, with aime, direct at me: had I his youthfull lim
To beare my mind, he ſhould yeeld *Fame*, or I would yeeld it him.
This ſaid, all held, in many ſoules, one readie helpfull mind,
Clapt ſhields and ſhoulders, and ſtood cloſe. *Æneas* (not inclind

With

With more preſumption then the king) cald aid as well as he:
Diuine *Agenor*; *Hellens* loue; who followd inſtantly,
And all their forces following them: as after Bellwethers
The whole flocks follow to their drinke; which fight the ſhepheard cheres.
Nor was *Æneas* ioy leſſe mou'd, to ſee ſuch troopes attend
His honord perſon; and all theſe, fought cloſe about his friend.
But two of them, paſt all the reſt, had ſtrong deſire to ſhed
The blood of either; *Idomen*, and *Cythereas* ſeed.

Æneas and Idomeneus in conflict.

Æneas firſt beſtowd his lance, which th'other ſeeing, ſhund;
And that (throwne from an idle hand) ſtucke trembling in the ground.
But *Idomen* (diſcharg'd at him) had no ſuch vaine ſucceſſe,
Which *Oenomaus* entrailes found, in which it did impreſſe
His ſharpe pile to his fall: his palms, tore his returning earth.
Idomeneus ſtrait ſtept in, and pluckt his Iauelin forth,
Put could not ſpoile his goodly armes, they preſt him ſo with darts.
And now the long toile of the fight, had ſpent his vigorous parts,
And made them leſſe apt to auoid, the foe that ſhould aduance;
Or (when himſelfe aduanc't againe) to run and fetch his lance.
And therefore in ſtiffe fights of ſtand, he ſpent the cruell day:
When (coming ſoftly from the ſlaine) *Deiphobus* gaue way
To his bright Iauelin at the king, whom he could neuer brooke;
But then he loſt his enuie too: his lance yet, deadly, tooke

Aſcalaphus the ſonne of Mars ſlaine by Æneas

Aſcalaphus, the ſonne of *Mars*; quite through his ſhoulder flew
The violent head, and downe he fell. Nor yet by all meanes knew
Wide throated *Mars*, his ſonne was ſalne: but in *Olympus* top
Sad canapied with golden clouds. *Ioues* counſell had ſhut vp
Both him, and all the other Gods, from that times equall taske,
Which now about *Aſcalaphus*, *Striſe* left; his ſhining caske
Deiphobus had forc't from him: but inſtantly leapt in
Mars ſwift *Meriones*, and ſtrooke, with his long Iauelin,
The right arme of *Deiphobus*, which made his hand let fall

Deiphobus wounded by Meriones.

The ſharp-topt helmet; the preſt earth, reſounding therewithall.
When, Vulture-like, *Meriones*, ruſht in againe, and drew
(From out the low part of his arme) his Iauelin, and then flew
Backe to his friends. *Deiphobus* (faint with the bloods exceſſe
Salne from his wound) was carefully, conuaid out of the preaſſe
By his kind brother, by both ſides, (*Polites*) till they gat
His horſe and chariot, that were ſtill, ſet fit for his retreate;
And bore him now to *Ilion*. The reſt, fought fiercely on,
And ſet a mightie fight on foote. When next, *Anchiſes* ſonne,
Aphareus Caletorides (that ran vpon him) ſtrooke
Juſt in the throate with his keene lance, and ſtrait his head forſooke
His vpright cariage; and his ſhield, his helme, and all with him,
Fell to the earth: where ruinous death, made priſe of euerie lim.
Antilochus (diſcouering well, that *Thoons* heart tooke checke)
Let nie, and cut the hollow veine, that runs vp to his necke,
Along his backe part, quite in twaine: downe in the duſt he fell,
Vpwards, and with extended hands, bad all the world farewell.

Anti-

Antilochus ruſht nimbly in; and (looking round) made priſe
Of his faire armes; in which affaire, his round ſet enemies
Let flie their lances; thundering, on his aduanced targe,
But could not get his fleſh: the God, that ſhakes the earth, tooke charge
Of *Neſtors* ſonne, and kept him ſafe: who neuer was away,
But ſtill amongſt the thickeſt foes, his buſie lance did play;
Obſeruing euer when he might, far-off, or neare, offend;
And watching *Aſius* ſonne, in preaſe, he ſpide him, and did ſend
(Cloſe coming on) a dart at him, that ſmote in midſt his ſhield;
In which, the ſharpe head of the lance, the blew-hair'd God made yeeld,
Not pleaſd to yeeld his pupils life; in whoſe ſhield, halfe the dart
Stucke like a trunchion, burnd with fire; on earth lay th'other part.
He ſeeing no better end of all, retir'd; in feare of worſe;
But him, *Meriones* purſude; and his lance found full courſe
To th'others life: it wounded him; betwixt the priuie parts
And nauill; where (to wretched men, that wars moſt violent ſmarts
Muſt vndergo) wounds chiefly vexe. His dart, *Meriones*,
Purſude, and *Adamas* ſo ſtriu'd, with it, and his miſeaſe,
Simile. As doth a Bullocke puffe and ſtorme; whom, in diſdained bands,
The vpland heardſmen ſtriue to caſt: ſo (falne beneath the hands
Of his ſterne foe) *Aſiades*, did ſtruggle, pant, and raue,
But no long time; for when the lance, was pluckt out, vp he gaue
His tortur'd ſoule. Then *Troys* turne came; when with a *Thracian* ſword
The temples of *Deipyrus*, did *Hellenus* afford
So huge a blow; it ſtrooke all light, out of his cloudie eyes,
And cleft his helmet; which a *Greeke*, (there fighting) made his priſe,
(It fell ſo full beneath his feet.) *Atrides* grieu'd to ſee
That fight; and (threatning) ſhooke a lance, at *Hellenus*; and he
A bow, halfe drew, at him; at once, out flew both ſhaft and lance:
The ſhaft, *Atrides* curets ſtrooke, and farre away did glance:
Hellenus wounded. *Atrides* dart, of *Hellenus*, the thruſt out bow-hand ſtrooke,
And through the hand, ſtucke in the bow; *Agenors* hand did plucke
From forth the nailed priſoner, the Iauelin quickly out;
And fairely with a little wooll, enwrapping round about
The wounded hand; within a ſcarffe, he bore it; which his Squire
Had readie for him: yet the wound, would needs he ſhould retire.
Pyſander to reuenge his hurt, right on the King ran he;
A bloodie fate ſuggeſted him, to let him runne on thee
**Sceptica.* O * *Menelaus*, that he might, by thee, in dangerous warre,
Be done to death. Both coming on, *Atrides* lance did erre:
Piſander ſtrooke *Atrides* ſhield, that brake at point, the dart
Not running through; yet he reioyc't; as playing a victors part.
Atrides (drawing his faire ſword) vpon *Piſander* flew:
Piſander, from beneath his ſhield, his goodly weapon drew;
Two-edg'd, with right ſharpe ſteele, and long; the handle Oliue tree,
Well poliſht; and to blowes they go; vpon the top ſtrooke he
Atrides horſe-hair'd-featherd helme; *Atrides*, on his brow
(Aboue th'extreme part of his noſe) laid ſuch a heauie blow,

That

That all the bones craſht vnder it, and out his eyes did drop
Before his feete, in bloodie duſt; he after, and ſhrunke vp
His dying bodie: which the foote, of his triumphing foe
Opened; and ſtood vpon his breaſt, and off his armes did go:
This inſultation vſde the while: "At length forſake our fleete, *Menelaus moſt ridiculous inſultation.*
(Thus ye falſe *Troians*) to whom warre, neuer enough is ſweet:
Nor want ye more impieties; with which ye haue abuſde
Me, (ye bold dogs) that your chiefe friends, ſo honourably vſde:
Nor feare you hoſpitable *Ioue*, that lets ſuch thunders go:
But build vpon't, he will vnbuild, your towres, that clamber ſo;
For rauiſhing my goods, and wife, in flowre of all her yeares,
And without cauſe; nay when that faire, and liberall hand of hers
Had vſde you ſo moſt louingly; and now againe ye would,
Caſt fire into our fleet, and kill, our Princes if ye could.
Go too, one day you will be curb'd (though neuer ſo ye thirſt
Rude warre) by warre. O Father *Ioue*, they ſay thou art the firſt
In wiſedome, of all Gods and men; yet all this comes from thee;
And ſtill thou gratifieſt theſe men, how lewd ſo ere they be;
Though neuer they be cloid with ſinnes: nor can be ſatiate
(As good men ſhould) with this vile warre. Satietie of ſtate,
Satietie of ſleepe and loue, Satietie of eaſe,
Of muſicke, dancing, can find place; yet harſh warre ſtill muſt pleaſe
Paſt all theſe pleaſures, euen paſt theſe. They will be cloyd with theſe
Before their warre ioyes: neuer warre, giues *Troy* ſatieties.
This ſaid, the bloody armes were off, and to his ſouldiers throwne,
He mixing in firſt fight againe: and then *Harpalion*,
(Kind King *Pylemens* ſonne) gaue charge; who, to thoſe warres of *Troy*,
His loued father followed; nor euer did enioy
His countries ſight againe; he ſtrooke, the targe of *Atreus* ſonne
Full in the midſt, his iauelins ſteele; yet had no powre to runne
The target through: nor had himſelfe, the heart to fetch his lance,
But tooke him to his ſtrength, and caſt, on euery ſide a glance,
Left any his deare ſides ſhould dart: but *Merion* as he fled, *Meriones ſlayes Harpalion.*
Sent after him a brazen lance, that ranne his eager head,
Through his right hippe, and all along, the bladders region,
Beneath the bone; it ſettl'd him, and ſet his ſpirit gone,
Amongſt the hands of his beſt friends; and like a worme he lay,
Stretcht on the earth; which his blacke blood, embrewd and flow'd away;
His corſe the *Paphlagonians*, did ſadly waite vpon
(Repoſd in his rich chariot) to ſacred *Ilion*.
The king his father following, diſſolu'd in kindly teares,
And no wreake ſought for his ſlaine ſonne. But, at his ſlaughterers
Incenſed *Paris* ſpent a lance (ſince he had bene a gueſt,
To many *Paphlagonians*) and through the preaſſe it preſt.
There was a certaine Augures ſonne, that did for wealth excell,
And yet was honeſt; he was borne, and did at *Corinth* dwell:
Who (though he knew his harmefull fate) would needs his ſhip aſcend;
His father (*Polyidus*) oft, would tell him, that his end

Would either ſeiſe him at his houſe, vpon a ſharpe diſeaſe;
Or elſe amongſt the *Grecian* ſhips, by *Troians* ſlaine. Both theſe
Together he deſir'd to ſhun; but the diſeaſe (at laſt,
And lingring death in it) he left, and warres quicke ſtroke embrac't:
The lance betwixt his eare and cheeke, ran in; and draue the mind
Of both thoſe bitter fortunes out: *Night* ſtrooke his whole powres blind.
Thus fought they like the ſpirit of fire, nor *Ioue*-lou'd *Hector* knew
How in the fleets left wing, the *Greekes*, his downe-put ſouldiers flew
Almoſt to victorie: the God, that ſhakes the earth, ſo well
Helpt with his owne ſtrength, and the *Greeks*, ſo fiercely did impell.
Yet *Hector* made the firſt place good, where both the ports and wall,
(The thicke rancke of the *Grecke* ſhields broke) he entred, and did skall,
Where on the gray ſeas ſhore, were drawne (the wall being there but ſleight,)
Proteſilaus ſhips, and thoſe, of *Aiax*, where the fight
Of men and horſe were ſharpeſt ſet. There the *Bœotian* band,
By Ianuſſy for Ianuary, he intend. the Athenians. Long-rob'd *Ianes*, *Locrians*, and (braue men of their hands)
The *Phthian*, and *Epeian* troopes, did ſpritefully aſſaile,
The God-like *Hector* ruſhing in; and yet could not preuaile
To his repulſe, though choiceſt men, of *Athens*, there made head:
The names of the Captaines of the fleet at the wals, and their ſouldiers. Amongſt whom, was *Meneſthius* Chiefe; whom *Phidas* followed:
Stichius, and *Bias*, huge in ſtrength. Th'*Epeian* troopes were led
By *Meges*, and *Phyleides* cares, *Amphion*, *Dracius*.
Before the *Phthians*, *Medon* marcht, and *Meneſtolemus*;
And theſe (with the *Bœotian* powres) bore vp the fleets defence.
Oileus, by his brothers ſide, ſtood cloſe, and would not thence
Simile, wherein the two Aiaces are compared to two ſtrong oxen. For any moment of that time: but as through fallow fields,
Blacke Oxen draw a well-ioyn'd plough, and either, euenly yeelds
His thriftie labour; all heads coucht, ſo cloſe to earth, they plow
The fallow with their hornes, till out, the ſweate begins to flow;
The ſtretcht yokes cracke, and yet at laſt, the furrow forth is driuen:
So toughly ſtood theſe to their taske, and made their worke as euen.
But *Aiax Telamonius*, had many helpfull men,
That when ſweate ran about his knees, and labour flow'd, would then
Helpe beare his mightie ſeuen-fold ſhield: when ſwift *Oileades*
The Locrians which to Aiax Oileus, were all Archers. The *Locrians* left, and would not make, thoſe murthrous fights of preaſe,
Becauſe they wore no bright ſteele caskes, nor briſtl'd plumes for ſhow,
Round ſhields, nor darts of ſolid Aſh; but with the truſtie bow,
And iackes, well quilted with ſoft wooll, they came to *Troy*, and were
(In their fit place) as confident, as thoſe that fought ſo neare;
And reacht their foes ſo thicke with ſhafts, that theſe were they that brake
The *Troian* orders firſt; and then, the braue arm'd men did make
Good worke with their cloſe fights before. Behind whom, hauing ſhot,
The *Locrians* hid ſtill; and their foes, all thought of fight forgot;
With ſhewes of thoſe farre ſtriking ſhafts, their eyes were troubled ſo:
And then, aſſur'dly, from the ſhips, and tents, th'inſulting foe,
Had miſerably fled to *Troy*, had not *Polydamas*
Polydamas to Hector. Thus ſpoke to *Hector*. *Hector* ſtill, impoſſible tis to paſſe
Good counſell vpon you: but ſay, ſome God prefers thy deeds

In counſels wouldſt thou paſſe vs too? In all things none exceeds.
To ſome, God giues the powre of warre; to ſome the ſleight to dance;
Polydamas aduice to Hector. To ſome, the art of inſtruments; ſome doth for voice aduance:
And that far-ſeeing God grants ſome, the wiſedome of the minde,
Which no man can keepe to himſelfe: that (though but few can finde)
Doth profite many, that preſerues, the publique weale and ſtate:
And that, who hath, he beſt can priſe: but, for me, Ile relate
Onely my cenſure what's our beſt. The verie crowne of warre
Doth burne about thee; yet our men, when they haue reacht thus farre,
Suppoſe their valours crownd, and ceaſſe. A few ſtill ſtir their feet,
And ſo a few with many fight; ſperſt thinly through the fleet.
Retire then, leaue ſpeech to the route, and all thy Princes call;
That, here, in counſels of moſt weight, we may reſolue of all.
If hauing likelihood to beleeue, that God wil conqueſt giue,
We ſhall charge through; or with this grace, make our retreate, and liue:
For (I muſt needs affirme) I feare, the debt of yeſterday
(Since warre is ſuch a God of change) the *Grecians* now will pay.
And ſince th'inſatiate man of warre, remaines at fleet, if there
We tempt his ſafetie: no howre more, his hote ſoule can forbeare.
This ſound ſtuffe *Hector* lik't, approu'd, iumpt from his chariot,
And ſaid; *Polydamas!* make good, this place, and ſuffer not
One Prince to paſſe it; I my ſelfe, will there go, where you ſee
Thoſe friends in skirmiſh; and returne (when they haue heard from me,
Hector for his goodly forme compared to a hill of ſnow. Command, that your aduice obeys) with vtmoſt ſpeed: this ſaid,
With day-bright armes, white plume, white skarffe, his goodly limbs arraid,
He parted from them, like a hill, remouing, all of ſnow:
And to the *Troian* Peeres and Chiefes, he flew; to let them know
The Counſell of *Polydamas*. All turnd, and did reioyce;
To haſte to *Panthus* gentle ſonne, being cald by *Hectors* voyce.
Who (through the forefights making way) lookt for *Deiophobus*;
King *Hellenus*, *Aſiades*, *Hyrtaſian Aſius*:
Of whom, ſome were not to be found, vnhurt, or vndeceaſt;
Some onely hurt, and gone from field. As further he addreſt,
He found within the fights left wing, the faire-hair'd *Hellens* loue,
By all meanes mouing men to blowes; which could by no meanes moue
Hectors forbearance; his friends miſſe, ſo put his powres in ſtorme:
Hector chideth Paris. But thus in wonted terms he chid: You, with the fineſt forme,
Impoſtor, womans man: Where are (in your care markt) all theſe?
Deiphobus, king *Hellenus*, *Aſius Hyrtacides?*
Othryoneus, *Acamas?* now haughtie *Ilion*
Shakes to his loweſt ground worke: now, iuſt ruine fals vpon
Thy head, paſt reſcue. He replyed; *Hector*, why chid'ſt thou now
When I am guiltleſſe? other times, there are for eaſe I know,
Then theſe; for ſhe that brought thee forth, not vtterly left me
Without ſome portion of thy ſpirit, to make me brother thee.
But ſince thou firſt brought'ſt in thy force, to this our nauall fight:
I, and my friends, haue ceaſleſſe fought, to do thy ſeruice right.
But all thoſe friends thou ſeek'ſt are ſlaine, excepting *Hellenus*,

(Who parted wounded in his hand) and ſo *Deiphobus*;
Ioue yet auerted death from them. And now leade thou as farre
As thy great heart affects; all we, will ſecond any warre
That thou endureſt: And I hope, my owne ſtrength is not loſt,
Though leaſt, Ile fight it to his beſt; nor further fights the moſt.
This calm'd hote *Hectors* ſpleene; and both, turnd where they ſaw the face
Of warre moſt fierce: and that was, where, their friends made good the place
About renowm'd *Polydamas*, and God-like *Polyphet*,
Palmus, *Aſcanius*; *Morus*, that, *Hippotion* did beget;
And from *Aſcanias* wealthie fields, but euen the day before
Arriu'd at *Troy*; that with their aide, they kindly might reſtore
Some kindneſſe they receiu'd from thence: and in fierce fight with theſe,
Phalces and tall *Orthaus* ſtood, and bold *Cebriones*.
And then the doubt that in aduice, *Polydamas* diſcloſd,
To fight or flie, *Ioue* tooke away, and all to fight diſpoſd.
Simile. And as the floods of troubled aire, to pitchie ſtormes increaſe
That after thunder ſweepes the fields, and rauith vp the ſeas,
Encountring with abhorred roares, when the engroſſed waues
Boile into ſoame; and endleſſly, one after other raues:
So rank't and guarded, th'*Ilians* marcht; ſome now, more now, and then
The Troiaus, and Hector reioyced. More vp on more, in ſhining ſteele; now Captaines, then their men.
And *Hector*, like man killing *Mars*, aduanc't before them all,
His huge round target before him, through thickn'd, like a wall,
With hides well coucht, with ſtore of braſſe; and on his temples ſhin'd
His bright helme, on which danc't his plume: and in this horrid kind,
(All hid within his worldlike ſhield) he euerie troope aſſaid
For entrie; that in his deſpite, ſtood firme, and vndiſmaid.
Which when he ſaw, and kept more off; *Aiax* came ſtalking then,
And thus prouokt him: O good man, why fright'ſt thou thus our men?
Aiax his ſpeech to Hector, &c. Come nearer; not *Arts* want in warre, makes vs thus nauie-bound,
But *Ioues* direct ſcourge; his arm'd hand, makes our hands giue you ground:
Yet thou hop'ſt (of thy ſelfe) our ſpoile: but we haue likewiſe hands
To hold our owne, as you to ſpoile: and ere thy countermands
Stand good againſt our ranſackt fleete; your hugely-peopl'd towne
Our hands ſhall take in; and her towres, from all their heights pull downe.
And I muſt tell thee, time drawes on, when, flying, thou ſhalt crie
To *Ioue*, and all the Gods, to make, thy faire-man'd horſes flie
More ſwift then Falkons; that their hoofes, may rouſe the duſt, and beare
Thy bodie, hid, to *Ilion*. This ſaid, his bold words were
Confirm'd, as ſoone as ſpoke; *Ioues* bird, the high flowne Eagle tooke
The right hand of their hoſt, whoſe wings, high acclamations ſtrooke,
From foorth the glad breaſts of the *Greeks*. Then *Hector* made replie:
Hector to Aiax. Vaine-ſpoken man, and glorious; what haſt thou ſaid? would I
As ſurely were the ſonne of *Ioue*, and of great *Iuno* borne;
Adorn'd like *Pallas*, and the God, that lifts to earth the Morne;
As this day ſhall bring harmefull light, to all your hoſt; and thou,
(If thou dar'ſt ſtand this lance) the earth, before the ſhips ſhalt ſtrow,
Thy boſome torne vp; and the dogs, with all the fowle of *Troy*,

Be

Be ſatiate with thy fat, and fleth. This ſaid, with ſhowting ioy
His firſt troopes follow'd; and the laſt, their ſhowts with ſhowts repeld:
Greece anſwerd all, nor could her ſpirits, from all ſhew reſt conceald.
And to ſo infinite a height, all acclamations ſtroue,
They reacht the ſplendors, ſtucke about, the vnreacht throne of *Ioue*.

COMMENTARIVS.

Ἀγαυῶν Ἱππημολγῶν, &c. illuſtrium Hippemolgorum: Γλακτοφαγῶν, Lacte Veſcentium, &c. Laurentius Valla, *and* Eobanus Heſſus, (*who I thinke tranſlated* Homer *into Hexameters out of* Vallas *proſe*) *take* ἀγαυὸν, *the Epithete to* Ἱππημολγὸν, *for a nation ſo called, and* Ἱππημολγῶν Γλακτοφαγῶν, ἀβιοντῶν *tranſlates*, vt quæ ſine vllis diuitijs, equino victitat lacte; *intending* gens Agauorum: *which he takes for thoſe iuſt men of life likewiſe, which* Homer *commends: vtterly miſtaking* ἀγαὸς *ſignifying* preclarus, *or* illuſtris, *whoſe genitiue caſe plurall is vſed here: and the word, Epithete to* Ἱππημολγῶν, *together ſignifying*, Illuſtrium Hippemolgorum, *and they being bred, and continually fed with milke (which the next word* Γλακτοφαγῶν *ſignifies)* Homer *calls moſt iuſt, long-liued & innocẽt, in the words* ἀβιοντῶν τε δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων ἐστὲ, *ſignifying* longæuus; ab α epitatico, & βίος vita. *But of ſome* ἱπποι, *being a compound* ex α priuat. & βίος victus: *and frõ thence had* Valla *his interpretation*: vt quæ ſine vllis diuitijs, *but where is* equino lacte? *But not to ſhew their errors, or that I vnderſtand how others take this place different from my tranſlation, I vſe this note, ſo much as to intimate what* Homer *would haue noted, and doth teach; that men brought vp with that gentle, and ſoft-ſpirit-begetting-milk, are long liued, & in nature moſt iuſt and innocent. Which kind of food, the moſt ingenious and graue* Plutarch, *in his oration*, De eſu carnium, *ſeems to prefer before the foode of fleſh: where he ſaith, By this meanes alſo, Tyrants laide the foundations of their homicides: for, (as amongſt the* Athenians) *firſt, they put to death the moſt notorious or vileſt* Sycophant Epitedeius; *ſo the ſecond and third: then being accuſtomed to blood; they ſlue good, like bad: as* Niceratus, *the Emperour* Theramenes, Polemarchus *the Philoſopher, &c. So at the firſt, men killed ſome harmfull beaſt or other, then ſome kind of fowle, ſome fiſh; till taught by theſe, and ſtirred vp with the luſt of their pallats, they proceeded to ſlaughter of the laborious Ox, the man clothing, or adorning ſheepe, the houſe guarding cocke, &c. and by little and little cloyed with theſe: warre, and the foode of men, men fell to, &c.*

Αἰεὶ γὰρ Αἰαντας, &c. Circum autem Aiaces, &c. *To iudgement of this place* Spondanus *calleth all ſound iudgements, to condemnation of one* Panædes *a Iudge of games on* Olympus: *whoſe brother* Amphidamas *being dead*, Gammictor *his ſon celebrated his funerals, calling all the moſt excellent to contention, not onely for ſtrength and ſwiftneſſe, but in learning likewiſe, and force of wiſedome. To this generall contention came* Homer, *and* Heſiodus: *who caſting downe verſes on both parts, and of all meaſures,* (Homer *by all conſents queſtionleſſe obtaining the garland.*) Panædes *bade both recite briefly their beſt: for which* Heſiodus *cited theſe verſes: which as well as I could, in haſte, I haue tranſlated out of the beginning of his ſecond Booke of workes and dayes.*

When *Atlas* birth, (the *Pleiades*) ariſe,
Harueſt begin; plow, when they leaue the skies.
Twiſe twentie nights, and daies, theſe hide their heads:
The yeare then turning, leaue againe their beds,
And ſhew when firſt to whet the harueſt ſteele.

This likewiſe is the fields law, where men dwell
Neare *Neptunes* Empire: and where farre away,
The winding vallies, flie the flowing ſea,
And men inhabite the fat region.
There, naked plow, ſow naked, nak't cut downes;
If *Ceres* labours thou wilt timely vſe,
That timely fruits, and timely reuenewes,
Serue thee at all parts, leſt at any, *Need*
Send thee to others grudging dores to feed, &c.

Theſe verſes (howſoeuer Spondanus *ſtands for* Homers*) in reſpect of the peace and thriſt they repreſent; are like enough to carrie it for* Heſiodus, *euen in theſe times iudgements.* Homers *verſes are theſe.*

——Thus *Neptune* rowſd theſe men;
And round about th'*Aiaces* did, their Phalanxes maintaine,
Their ſtation firme; whom *Mars* himſelfe, (had he amongſt them gone)
Could not diſparage; nor *Ioues* Maide, that ſets men fiercer on.
For now the beſt were choſen out, and they receiu'd th'aduance
Of *Hector* and his men ſo full, that lance, was lin'd with lance;
Shields, thickned with oppoſed ſhields; targets to targets nail'd:
Helmes ſtucke to helmes; and man to man, grew; they ſo cloſe aſſail'd:
Plum'd caskes, were hang'd in eithers plumes: all ioyn'd ſo cloſe their ſtands;
Their lances ſtood, thruſt home ſo thicke, by ſuch all-daring hands.
All bent their firme breaſts to the point; and made fad fight their ioy
Of both: *Troy* all in heapes ſtrooke firſt, and *Hector* firſt of *Troy*.
And as a round peece of a rocke, &c.

Which martiall verſes, though they are as high as may be for their place, and end of our Homer: *are yet infinitely ſhort of his beſt in a thouſand other places. Nor thinke I the contention at any part true;* Homer *being affirmed by good Authors, to be a hundred yeares before* Heſiodus: *and by al others much the older,* Heſiodus *being neare in blood to him. And this, for ſome varietie in your delight, I thought not amiſſe to inſert here.*

[c] Σκυδάλιον, *the Commentors tranſlate in this place,* funda, *moſt vntruly: there being no ſlings ſpoken of in all theſe Iliads; nor any ſuch ſeruice vſed in all theſe wars, which in my laſt annotation in this booke will appeare more apparent. But here, and in this place, to tranſlate the word* funda *(though moſt commonly it ſignifieth ſo much) is moſt ridiculous.* Σκυδάλιον *likewiſe ſignifying,* ornamentum quoddam muliebre: *which therefore I tranſlate a skarffe: a fitter thing to hang his arme in then a ſling; and likely that his Squire carried about him, either as a fauour of his owne miſtreſſe, or his maiſters, or for either ornament: skarffs being no vnuſuall weare for ſouldiers.*

[d] Λείψατέ θην ἔτι, *&c.* Relinquetis demum ſic, &c. *At length forſake our fleete, &c. Now come we to the continuance (with cleare notes) of* Menelaus *ridiculous character. This verie beginning of his inſultation, (in the maner of it) preparing it, and the ſimply vttered vpbraids of the* Troians *following, confirming it moſt ingeniouſly. Firſt, that the* Troians *rauiſhed his wife in the flowre of her yeares, calling her* κυδιόωντα ἄλοχον, *which* Spondanus *tranſlateth* virginẽ vxorem, *being here to be tranſlated* iuuenilẽ vxorem: κυδιόωσα *ſignifying* iuuenilis: *but they will haue it* virginem; *becauſe* Homer *muſt be taxed, with ignorance of what the next age after* Troys *ſiege reuealed of the age before; in which* Theſeus *is remembred firſt to haue rauiſht* Hellen

Hellen; *and that by* Theſeus, Iphigenia *was begotten of her: which being granted, maketh much againſt* Homer (*if you marke at*) *for making* Menelaus *thinke yet, he maried her a virgin (if* Spondanus *tranſlation ſhould paſſe.) Firſt, no man being ſo ſimple to thinke, that the Poet thinketh alwaies as he maketh others ſpeake: and next, it being no verie ſtrange, or rare credulitie, in men, to beleeue they marrie maids when they do not. Much more ſuch a man made for the purpoſe as* Menelaus, *whoſe good husbandly imagination of his wiues maidenhead at their mariage, I hope anſwereth at full the moſt fooliſh taxation of* Homers *ignorance: in which a man may wonder at theſe learned* Criticks *ouerlearnednes: and what ropes of ſand they make with their kinde of intelligencing knowledge. I meane, in ſuch as abuſe the name of* Criticks, *as many verſers do, of Poets: the reſt, for their induſtries, I reuerence. But all this time, I loſe my collection of* Menelaus *fillie and ridiculous vpbraids here giuen to the* Troians. *Firſt, (as aboue ſaid) for rauiſhing his wife in the flowre of her yeares: when ſhould a man play ſuch a part but then? though in deed poore* Menelaus *had the more wrong or loſſe in it, and yet* Paris *the more reaſon. He addeth then, and without cauſe or iniurie, a moſt ſharp one in* Homer, *and in* Menelaus *as much ridiculous: as though louers looked for more cauſe in their loue-ſuits, then the beauties of their beloued: or that men were made cuckolds only for ſpite, or reuenge of ſome wrong precedent. But indeed,* Menelaus *true ſimplicitie in this, to thinke harmes ſhould not be done without harmes foregoing (no not in theſe vnſmarting harmes) maketh him well diſerue his Epithete* ἀγαθὸς. *Yet further ſee how his pure imbecillitie prenaileth: and how by a thred* Homer *cutteth him out here,* καὶ φιλέοντε παρ' αὐτῇ, poſtquam amicè tractati fuiſtis apud ipſam, *after ye had bene kindly entertaind at her hands. I hope you will thinke nothing could encourage them more then that. See how he ſpeaketh againſt her in taking her part: and how ingeniouſly* Homer *giueth him ſtill ſome colour of reaſon for his ſenſleſneſſe, which colour yet, is enough to deceiue our Commentors: they finde not yet the tame figure of our horned. But, they and all Tranſlators, ſtill force his ſpeeches to the beſt part. Yet further then make we our diſſection. And now (ſaith our* Simplician) *you would againe ſhew your iniquities, euen to the caſting of pernicious fire into our fleete, and killing our Princes if you could. Would any man thinke this in an Enemie? and ſuch an Enemie as the* Troians? *Chide Enemies in armes, for offering to hurt their Enemies? Would you haue yet plainer this good Kings ſimplicity? But his ſlaughters ſometimes, and wiſe words, are thoſe miſts our* Homer *caſteth before the eyes of his Readers, that hinderеth their proſpects, to his more conſtant and predominant ſoftneſſe and ſimplicitie. Which he doth, imagining his vnderſtanding Readers eyes more ſharpe, then not to ſee perſpicually through them. And yet, would not haue theſe great ones themſelues needes ſo fabtle flatteries: but that euerie ſhadow of their worth might remoue all the ſubſtance of their worthleſneſſe. I am weary with beating this thin thicket for a woodcocke, and yet, leſt it proue ſtill too thicke for our ſanguine and gentle complexions to ſhine through, in the next words of his lame reproofe, he crieth out againſt* Iupiter, *ſaying,* πάντες ὅσοι περὶ ἄξιναι ἔμμεναι ἀλλον. Profectò, te aiunt ſapientia (vel circa mentem) ſuperare cæteros homines atque Deos: *wherein he affirmeth, that men ſay ſo, building (poore man) euen that vnknowne ſecret to himſelfe, vpon others, & now, I hope, ſheweth himſelfe emptie enough. But, leſt you ſhould ſay I ſtriue to illuſtrate the Sun, and make cleare a thing plaine, heare how darke, and perplext a riddle it ſheweth yet to our good* Spondanus, *being an excellent ſcholler, and* Homers *Commentor. Whoſe words vpon this ſpeech, are theſe:* Facundiam Menelai cum a-

cumine, antea prædicauit Homerus (*intending in* Antenors *speech*, lib. 3. *vnto which I pray you turne*) cuius hîc luculentum exemplum habes. Vehemens autem est eius hoc loco oratio, vt qui iniuriarum sibi à *Troianis* in vxoris raptu illatarum recordetur, qua præsens eorundem in *Græcos* impetus exacerbauit. Primùm itaque in *Troianos* inuehitur, & eorum furorem tandem aliquando cohibitum iri comminatur. Deindè, per Apostrophem, ad *Iouem* conqueritur, de inexplebili pugnandi ardore, quibus *Troians* vehementer inflammantur. *Would any man beleeue this serious blindnes in so great a scholler? Nor is he alone so taken in his eyes, but al the rest, of our most prophaned and holy* Homers *Traducers.*

ᶜ Καὶ ἰυτρεφὲω ὀἰὸς ἀάτῳ, &c. Et benè torta ouis lana (*or rather*, benè torto ouis flore.) Definitio fundæ (*saith Spondanus*) vel potius periphrastica descriptio. *The definition, or rather paraphrasticall description of a sling: a most vnsufferable exposition: not a sling being to be heard of (as I before affirmed) in all the seruices expresst in these* Iliads. *It is therefore the true periphrasis of a light kind of armor called a iacke, that all our archers vsed to serue in of old: and were euer quilted with wooll: and (because* ἰυτρεφὲος *signifieth as well* qui facili motu versatur & circumagitur, *as well as*, benè vel pulchrè tortus) *for their lightnesse and aptnesse to be worne, partaketh with the word in that signification. Besides, note the words that follow, which are:* παρὰα βαλλοντες, & ὀπισθεν βαλλοντες, &c. frequenter iacientes, *and* à tergo iacientes, *shooting, striking, or wounding so thicke, and at the backes of the armed men; not hurling: here being no talke of any stones, but onely* σωεκλύδον γὰρ ὄιστοι, conturbabant enim sagittæ. *And when saw any man slings lined with woolle to keepe their stones warme? or to dull their deliuerie? and I am sure they hurled not shafts out of them? The agreement of the* Greekes *with our* English, *as well in all other their greatest vertues, as this skill with their bowes: other places of these Annotations shall clearely demonstrate; and giue (in my conceipt) no little honour to our Countrie.*

* Metri causa vsurpatur ἐπεῦν

The end of the thirteenth Booke.

THE

THE XIIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ATrides, *to behold the skirmish, brings*,
Old Nestor, *and the other wounded kings.*
Iuno (*receiuing of the* Cyprian *Dame*
Her Cestos, whence her sweet enticements came)
Descends to Somnus, *and gets him to bind*
The powres of Ioue *with sleepe, to free her mind.*
Neptune *assists the* Greeks, *and of the foe,*
Slaughter *inflicts a mightie ouerthrow.*
Aiax, *so sore, strikes* Hector *with a stone,*
It makes him spit blood, and his sense sets gone.

Another Argument.

In Ξ *with sleepe, and bed, heauens Queene,*
Euen Ioue *himselfe, makes ouerseene.*

NOt wine, nor feasts, could lay their soft chaines on old *Nestors* eare — *This first verse (after the first foure syllables) is to be read as one of our Tens.*
To this high *Clamor*; who requir'd, *Machaons* thoughts to beare
His care in part, about the cause; for me thinke still (said he)
The crie increases. I must needs, the watch towre mount to see
Which way the flood of warre doth driue. Still drinke thou wine, and eate
Till faire-hair'd *Hecamed* hath giuen, a little water heate,
To cleanse the quitture from thy wound. This said, the goodly shield
Of war-like *Thrasimed*, his sonne, (who had his owne in field)
He tooke; snatcht vp a mightie lance; and so stept forth to view
Cause of that Clamor. Instantly, th'vnworthy cause he knew,
The *Grecians* wholly put in rout; the *Troians* rowting still,
Close at the *Greeks* backs, their wall rac't: the old man mourn'd this ill;
And as when, with vnwieldie waues, the great Sea forefeeles winds, — *Simile.*
That both waies murmure, and no way, her certaine current finds,
But pants and swels confusedly; here goes, and there will stay,
Till on it, aire casts one firme winde, and then it rolles away:
So stood old *Nestor* in debate, two thoughts at once on wing
In his discourse; if first to take, direct course to the King,
Or to the multitude in fight. At last, he did conclude
To visite *Agamemnon* first: meane time both hosts imbrewd
Their steele in one anothers blood, nought wrought their healths but harmes:
Swords, huge stones, double-headed darts, still thumping on their armes.
And now the *Ioue*-kept Kings, whose wounds, were yet in cure, did meet
Old *Nestor*, *Diomed*, *Ithacus*, and *Atreus* sonne, from fleet,

Bent

Agamemnon, Vlysses, and Diomed wounded, go towards the field.

Bent for the fight, which was farre off, the ſhips being drawne to ſhore
On heapes at firſt, till all theire ſterns, a wall was raiſd before;
Which (though not great) it yet ſuffiſd, to hide them, though their men
Were ſomething ſtreighted; for whoſe ſcope, in forme of battel then,
They drew them through the ſpacious ſhore, one by another ſtill;
Till all the boſome of the Strand, their ſable bulks did fill:
Euen till they tooke vp all the ſpace, twixt both the Promontories.
Theſe kings (like *Neſtor*) in deſire, to know for what thoſe cries
Became ſo violent; came along (all leaning on their darts)
To ſee, though not of powre to fight; ſad, and ſuſpicious hearts

Agamemnon to Neſtor.

Diſtempring them, and (meeting now, *Neſtor*) the king in feare
Cried out, O *Neſtor* our renowne? why ſhewes thy preſence here?
The harmefull fight abandoned? now *Hector* will make good,
The threatning vow he made, (I feare) that till he had our blood,
And fir'd our fleet, he neuer more, would turne to *Ilion*.
Nor is it long, I ſee, before, his whole will, will be done.
O Gods, I now ſee all the *Greeks*, put on *Achilles* ire,
Againſt my honour; no meane left, to keepe our fleet from fire.

Neſtor to Agamemnon.

He anſwerd; Tis an euident truth, not *Ioue* himſelfe can now,
(With all the thunder in his hands) preuent our ouerthrow.
The wall we thought inuincible, and truſted more then *Ioue*;
Is ſcal'd, rac't, enterd, and our powres, (driuen vp) paſt breathing, proue
A moſt incurable fight: both ſlaughters ſo commixt,
That for your life, you cannot put, your diligent'ſt thought betwixt
The *Greeks* and *Troians*; and as cloſe, their throates cleaue to the skie.
Conſult we then (if that will ſerue;) for fight, aduiſe not I;
It fits not wounded men to fight. *Atrides* anſwerd him,

Agamemnon reuiues Neſtor, reproued.

If ſuch a wall, as coſt the *Greeks*, ſo many a tired lim,
And ſuch a dike be paſt, and rac't, that (as your ſelfe ſaid well)
We all eſteemd inuincible, and would, paſt doubt repell
The world, from both our fleete and vs: it doth directly ſhow,
That here *Ioue* vowes our ſhames, and deaths. I euermore did know
His hand from ours, when he helpt vs: and now I ſee as cleare
That (like the bleſſed Gods) he holds, our hated enemies deare;
Supports their armes, and pinnions ours. Conclude then, tis in vaine
To ſtriue with him. Our ſhips drawne vp, now let vs lanch againe,
And keepe at anchor, till calme *Night*; that then (perhaps) our foes
May calme their ſtormes, and in that time, our ſcape we may diſpoſe:
« It is not any ſhame to flie, from ill, although by night:
« Knowne ill, he better does that flies, then he it takes in fight.

Vlyſſes better anſwer to Agamemnon.

Vlyſſes frown'd on him, and ſaid; Accurſt, why talk'ſt thou thus?
Would thou hadſt led ſome babarous hoſt, and not commanded vs
Whom *Ioue* made ſouldiers from our youth, that age might ſcorne to flie
From any charge it vndertakes; and euery dazeled eye
The honord hand of warre might cloſe. Thus wouldſt thou leaue this towne
For which our many miſeries felt, entitle it our owne?
Peace, leſt ſome other *Greeke* giue eare, and heare a ſentence ſuch
As no mans pallate ſhould prophane; at leaſt, that knew how much

His

His owne right weigh'd, and being a Prince, and ſuch a Prince as beares
Rule of ſo many *Greeks* as thou. This counſell lothes mine eares;
Let others toyle in fight and cries, and we ſo light of heeles
Vpon their verie noiſe, and grones, to hoiſe away our keeeles.
Thus we ſhould fit the wiſh of *Troy*, that being ſomething neare
The victorie, we giue it cleare: and we were ſure to beare
A ſlaughter to the vtmoſt man: for no man will ſuſtaine
A ſtroke, the fleete gone; but at that, looke ſtill, and wiſh him ſlaine:
And therefore (Prince of men) be ſure, thy cenſure is vnfit.
O *Ithacus* (replied the King) thy bitter termes haue ſmit
My heart in ſunder. At no hand, gainſt any Princes will
Do I command this; would to God, that any man of skill,

Agamemnon to Vlyſſes.

To giue a better counſell would; or old, or younger man:
My voice ſhould gladly go with his. Then *Diomed* began.

Diomed to Agamemnon and the reſt.

The man not farre is, nor ſhall aske, much labour to bring in,
That willingly would ſpeake his thoughts, if ſpoken, they might win
Fit eare; and ſuffer no empaire, that I diſcouer them,
Being yongeſt of you: ſince, my Sire, that heir'd a Diadem,
May make my ſpeech to Diadems, decent enough, though he
Lies in his ſepulcher at *Thebes*. I boſt this pedigree,[b]

Diomeds pedigree.

Tydeus, three famous ſonnes begot, that in high *Calidon*,
And *Pleuron* kept, with ſtate of kings, their habitation.
Agrius, *Melas*, and the third, the horſeman *Oeneus*,
My fathers father, that exceld, in actions generous,
The other two: but theſe kept home, my father being driuen
With wandring, and aduentrous ſpirits; for ſo the king of heauen,
And th'other Gods, ſet downe their willes: and he to *Argos* came,
Where he begun the world, and dwelt; there marying a dame,
One of *Adraſtus* femall race. He kept a royall houſe,
For he had great demeanes, good land, and (being induſtrious)
He planted many orchard grounds, about his houſe; and bred
Great ſtore of theepe. Beſides all this, he was well qualited,
And paſt all *Argiues* for his ſpeare: and theſe digreſſiue things
Are ſuch as you may well endure; ſince (being deriu'd from kings,
And kings not poore, nor vertuleſſe) you cannot hold me baſe,
Nor ſcorne my words: which oft (though true) in meane men, meet diſgrace.
How euer; they are theſe in ſhort. Let vs be ſeene at fight,
And yeeld to ſtrong *Neceſſitie*, though wounded; that our fight
May ſet thoſe men on, that of late, haue to *Achilles* ſpleene
Bene too indulgent, and left blowes: but be we onely ſeene
Not come within the reach of darts; leſt wound, on wound we lay:
(Which reuerend *Neſtors* ſpeech implide) and ſo farre him obay.
This counſell gladly all obſeru'd; went on, *Atrides* led;
Nor *Neptune* this aduantage loſt, but cloſely followed;

Neptune appears like an aged man to Agamemnon.

And like an aged man appear'd, t' *Atrides*; whoſe right hand
He ſeiſd, and ſaid; *Atrides*, this, doth paſſing fitly ſtand
With ſterne *Achilles* wreakfull ſpirit; that he can ſtand a ſterne
His ſhip; and both in fight and death, the *Grecian* bane diſcerne:

Since

Since, not in his breaſt glowes one ſparke, of any humane mind;
Neptune to Agamemnon. But, be that his owne bane; let God, by that loſſe make him find
How vile a thing he is: for know, the bleſt Gods haue not giuen
Thee euer ouer; but perhaps, the *Troians* may from heauen
Receiue that iuſtice. Nay tis ſure, and thou ſhalt ſee their fals:
Your fleete ſoone freed; and for fights here, they glad to take their wals.
This ſaid, he made knowne who he was, and parted with a crie,
As if ten thouſand men had ioynd, in battaile then; ſo hie
His throate flew through the hoſt: and ſo, this great earth-ſhaking God
Chear'd vp the *Greeke* hearts, that they wiſht, their paines no period.
Saturnia from *Olympus* top, ſaw her great brother there,
And her great husbands brother too, exciting euery where
The glorious ſpirits of the *Greeks*; which, as ſhe ioy'd to ſee:
So (on the fountfull *Idas* top) *Ioues* ſight did diſagree
With her contentment; ſince ſhe fear'd, that his hand would deſcend,
And checke the ſea-Gods practiſes. And this ſhe did contend
Iuno prepares her ſelfe to deceiue Ioue. How to preuent; which thus ſeem'd beſt: To decke her curiouſly,
And viſite the *Idalian* hill, that ſo the Lightners eye
She might enamour with her lookes, and his high temples ſteepe
(Euen to his wiſedome) in the kind, and golden iuyce of ſleepe.
So tooke ſhe chamber, which her ſonne, the God of ferrary,
With firme doores made, being ioyned cloſe, and with a priuie key,
That no God could command but *Ioue*; where (enterd) ſhe made faſt
The ſhining gates; and then vpon, her louely bodie caſt
Ambroſia, that firſt made it cleare; and after, laid on it
Tethymenon vnguentum. An odorous, rich, and ſacred oyle, that was ſo wondrous ſweet,
That, euer, when it was but touchт, it ſweetn'd heauen and earth.
Her body being cleanſd with this, her Treſſes ſhe let forth,
And comb'd, (her combe dipt in the oyle) then wrapt them vp in curles:
And thus (her deathleſſe head adornd) a heauenly veile ſhe hurles
On her white ſhoulders; wrought by her, that rules in houſewiferies,
Who woue it full of antique workes, of moſt diuine deuice.
And this, with goodly clalps of gold, ſhe faſtn'd to her breaſt:
Then with a girdle (whoſe rich ſphere, a hunderd ſtuds impreſt)
She girt her ſmall waſt. In her eares (tenderly pierc't) ſhe were
Pearles, great, and orient: on her head, a wreath not worne before
Caſt beames out like the Sunne. At laſt, ſhe to her feete did tie
Faire ſhoes; and thus entire attir'd, ſhe ſhin'd in open skie:
Cald the faire *Paphian* Queene apart, from th'other Gods, and ſaid;
Iuno to Venus. Lou'd daughter? ſhould I aske a grace, ſhould I, or be obeyd?
Or wouldſt thou croſſe me? being incenſt, ſince I croſſe thee, and take
Venus to Iuno. The *Greeks* part, thy hand helping *Troy*? She anſwerd, That ſhall make
No difference in a different cauſe: aske (ancient Deitie)
What moſt contents thee; my mind ſtands, inclin'd as liberally,
To grant it, as thine owne to aske; prouided that it be
A fauour fit, and in my powre. She (giuen deceiptfully)
Thus ſaid; Then giue me thoſe two powres, with which both men and Gods
Thou vanquiſheſt, *Loue*, and *Deſire*. For now, the periods

Of

Of all the many-feeding earth, and the originall
Of all the gods, *Oceanus*; and *Thetis*, whom we call
Our mother; I am going to greet: they nurſt me in their court,
And tooke vp ſaught me vp; receiuing me, in moſt reſpectfull ſort
From *Rhea*; when *Ioue* vnder earth, and the vnfruitfull ſeas
Caſt *Saturne*. Theſe I go to ſee, intending to appeaſe
Iarres growne betwixt them, hauing long, abſtaind from ſpeech and bed;
Which haues, could I ſo reconcile, that, in their angers ſtead
Loue might place loue; and ſo renew, their firſt ſocietie;
Their bed ſhould then beſt lou'd be eſteem'd, and honord ſo dieſly.
She anſwerd, Tis not fit, nor iuſt, thy will ſhould be denied,
Venus to Iuno. Whom *Ioue*, in his embraces holds. This ſpoken, ſhe vntied,
And from her odorous boſome tooke, her Ceſtus; in whoſe ſphere
Were all enticements to delight, all *Loues*; all *Longings* were,
Kind conference; *Faire ſpeech*, whoſe powre, the wiſeſt doth enflame:
This, ſhe reſigning to her hands, thus vrg'd her by her name.
Receiue this bridle, thus faire wrought; and put it twixt thy breſts:
Where all things, to be done, are done; and whatſoeuer reſts
In thy deſire, returne with it. The great-eyd *Iuno* ſmild,
And put it twixt her breſts. Loues Queene, thus cunningly beguild,
To *Ioues* court flew. *Saturnia*, (ſtraight ſtooping from heauens height)
Pieria, and *Emathia*, (thoſe countries of delight)
Soone reacht, and to the ſnowy mounts, where *Thracian* ſouldiers dwell,
(Approaching) paſt their tops vntoucht. From *Athos* then ſhe fell,
Paſt all the brode ſea; and arriu'd, in *Lemnos*, at the towres,
Of godlike *Thoas*; where ſhe met, the Prince of all mens powres,
Death's brother, *Sleepe*; whoſe hand ſhe tooke, and ſaid; Thou king of men,
Iuno to Somnus. Prince of the Gods too: if before, thou heardſt my ſuites: againe
Giue helpefull eare, and through all times, Ile offer thanks to thee.
Lay ſlumber on *Ioues* fierie eyes: that I may comfort me
With his embraces. For which grace, Ile grace thee with a throne
Incorruptible, all of gold, and elegantly done
By *Vulcan*: to which, he forg'd, a footeſtoole for the eaſe
Of thy ſoft feete; when wine, and feaſts, thy golden humours pleaſe.
Sweet *Sleepe* replyed; *Saturnia*, there liues not any god
Somnus to Iuno. (Beſides *Ioue*) but I would becalme: I, if it were the flood
That fathers all the Deities, the great *Oceanus*.
But *Ioue* we dare not come more neare, then he commandeth vs.
Now you command me, as you did, when *Ioues* great minded ſonne,
Alcides (hauing ſackt the towne, of ſtubborne *Ilion*)
Tooke ſaile from thence; when by your charge, I pour'd about *Ioues* mind
A pleaſing ſlumber; calming him, till thou drau'ſt vp the wind,
In all his cruelties, to ſea; that ſet his ſonne aſhore,
In *Cous*, farre from all his friends; which (waking) vext ſo ſore
The ſupreme godhead, that he caſt, the gods about the skie,
And me (aboue them all) he ſought: whom he had vtterly
Hurld from the ſparkling firmament; if all-gods-taming *Night*,
(Whom, flying, I beſought for aid) had ſufferd his deſpight,

And not preferu'd me: but his wrath, with my offence diſpene'r,
For feare t'offend her; and ſo ceaſt, though neuer ſo incenſt:
And now another ſuch eſcape, you with I ſhould prepare.
Iuno to Somnus. She anſwerd; What hath thy deepe reſt, to do with his deepe care?
As though *Ioues* loue to *Ilion*, in all degrees were ſuch,
As twas to *Hercules*, his ſonne: and ſo would ſtorme as much
For their diſpleaſure, as for his: away, I will remoue
Thy feare, with giuing thee the dame, that thou didſt euer loue;
One of the faire young Graces borne, diuine *Paſithae*.
This ſtarted *Somnus* into ioy; who anſwerd, Sweare to me,
By thoſe inuiolable ſprings, that feed the Stygian lake:
With one hand touch the nouriſhing earth; and in the other, take
The marble ſea; that all the gods, of the infernall ſtate,
Which circle *Saturne*, may to vs, be witneſſes; and rate
What thou haſt vow'd: that with all truth, thou wilt beſtow on me,
The dame (I grant) I euer lou'd, diuine *Paſithae*.
The oath of Iuno to Somnus. She ſwore, as he enioyn'd in all, and ſtrengthend all his ioyes,
By naming all th'infernall gods, ſurnam'd the *Titanets*.
The oath thus taken, both tooke way, and made their quicke repaire
To *Ida*, from the towne, and Ile, all hid in liquid aire.
At *Lectos* firſt, they left the ſea; and there, the land they trod:
The fountfull nurſe of ſauages, with all her woods did nod.
Beneath their feete: there *Somnus* ſtaid, leſt *Ioues* bright eye ſhould ſee;
Somnus climes a firre tree. And yet (that he might ſee to *Ioue*) he climb'd the goodlieſt tree
That all th'*Italian* mountaine bred, and crownd her progenie:
A firre it was, that ſhot paſt aire, and kiſt the burning skie.
There ſate he hid in his darke armes, and in the ſhape, withall,
Of that continuall prating bird, whom all the Deities call
Chalcis; but men *Cymmindis* name. *Saturnia* tript apace
Vp to the top of *Gargarus*, and ſhewd her heauenly face
To *Iupiter*; who ſaw, and lou'd; and with as hote a fire,
(Being curious in her tempting view) as when with firſt deſire
(The pleaſure of it being ſtolne) they mixt, in loue and bed.
And (gazing on her ſtill) he ſaid: *Saturnia*, what hath bred
Iupiter to Iuno. This haſte in thee, from our high court: and whither tends thy gate?
That voide of horſe and chariot, fit for thy ſoueraigne ſtate,
Iunos anſwer. Thou lackieſt here? Her ſtudied fraude, replyed; My iourney now
Leaues ſtate, and labours to do good. And where, in right I owe
All kindneſſe to the Sire of gods; and our good mother Queene,
That nurſt, and kept me curiouſly, in court, (ſince both haue bene
Long time at diſcord) my deſire, is to attone their hearts;
And therefore go I now to ſee, thoſe earths extremeſt parts;
For whoſe farre-ſeate, I ſpar'd my horſe, the skaking of this hill,
And left them at the foote of it: for they muſt taſte their fill
Of trauaile with me; that muſt draw, my coach, through earth and ſeas;
Whoſe farre-intended reach, reſpect, and care not to diſpleaſe
Thy graces: made me not attempt, without thy gracious leaue.
The cloud-compelling god, her guile, in this ſort did receiue;

Iuno?

Iuno, thou ſhalt haue after leaue, but ere ſo farre thou ſtray,
Ioue inflamed with his loue to Iuno. Conuert we our kind thoughts to loue; that now, doth euery way
Circle, with victorie, my powers: nor yet with any dame,
(Woman, or goddeſſe) did his fires, my boſome ſo enflame
As now, with thee: not when it lou'd, the parts ſo generous
Ixions wife had, that brought foorth, the wiſe *Pyrithous*;
Nor when the louely dame, *Acriſius* daughter ſtird
My amorous powres, that *Perſeus* bore, to all men elſe preferd;
Nor when the dame that *Phenix* got, ſurpriſd me with her ſight;
Who, the diuine-ſoul'd *Rhadamanth*, and *Minos* brought to light;
Nor *Semele*, that bore to me, the ioy of mortall men,
The ſprightly *Bacchus*; Nor the dame, that *Thebes* renowned then,
Alcmena, that bore *Hercules*; *Latona*, ſo renownd;
Queene *Ceres*, with the golden haire; nor thy faire eyes did wound,
My entrailes to ſuch depth as now, with thirſt of amorous eaſe.
Iunos modeſty to Ioue, in ſatisfying his loue. The cunning dame ſeem'd much incenſt, and ſaid, what words are theſe,
Vnſufferable *Saturns* ſonne? What? here? in *Idas* height?
Deſir'ſt thou this? how fits it vs? or what if in the ſight
Of any god, thy will were pleaſd? that he, the reſt might bring
To witneſſe thy incontinence; t'were a diſhonourd thing.
I would not ſhew my face in heauen, and riſe from ſuch a bed.
But if loue be ſo deare to thee, thou haſt a chamber ſted,
Which *Vulcan* purpoſely contriu'd, with all fit ſecrecie:
Iupiter to Iuno. There ſleepe at pleaſure. He replyed; I feare not if the eye
Of either god, or man obſerue; ſo thicke a cloude of gold
Ile caſt about vs, that the Sunne, (who furtheſt can behold)
Shall neuer find vs. This reſolu'd, into his kind embrace,
The bed of Iupiter and Iuno. He tooke his wife: beneath them both, faire *Tellus* ſtrewd the place
With freſh-ſprung herbes, ſo ſoft, and thicke, that vp aloft it bore
Their heauenly bodies: with his leaues, did deawy *Latus* ſtore
Th'*Elyſian* mountaine; Saffron flowres, and *Hyacinths* helpt make
The ſacred bed; and there they ſlept: when ſodainly there brake,
A golden vapour out of aire, whence ſhining dewes did fall;
In which they wrapt them cloſe, and ſlept, till *Ioue* was tam'd withall.
Somnus to Neptune. Meane ſpace flew *Somnus* to the ſhips, found *Neptune* out, and ſaid,
Now, chearfully aſſiſt the *Greeks*, and giue them glorious head;
At leaſt, a little, while *Ioue* ſleepes; of whom through euery limme,
I pour'd darke ſleepe; *Saturnias* loue, hath ſo illuded him.
This newes made *Neptune* more ſecure, in giuing *Grecians* heart;
And through the firſt fights, thus he ſtird, the men of moſt deſert.
Neptune to the Greekes. Yet, *Grecians*: ſhall we put our ſhips, and conqueſt in the hands,
Of *Priams Hector*, by our ſloth? he thinks ſo, and commands,
With pride according; all becauſe, *Achilles* keepes away.
Alas, as we were nought but him? we little need to ſtay;
On his aſſiſtance, if we would, our owne ſtrengths call to field,
And mutually maintaine repulſe. Come on then, all men yeeld
To what I order; we that beare, beſt armes in all our hoſt;
Whoſe heads ſuſtaine the brighteſt helms; whoſe hands are briſtl'd moſt

With longeſt lances, let vs on: But ſtay, Ile leade you all;
Nor thinke I, but great *Hectors* ſpirits, will ſuffer ſome apall,
Though they be neuer ſo inſpir'd: the ableſt of vs then,
That on our ſhoulders worſt ſhields beare, exchange with worſer men
That fight with better. This propoſd, all heard it, and obeyd:
The kings (euen thoſe that ſufferd wounds, *Vlyſſes*, *Diomed*,
And *Agamemnon*) heplt t'inſtruct, the complete army thus;
To good, gaue good armes; worſe, to worſe; yet none were mutinous.
Thus (arm'd with order) forth they flew, the great Earth-ſhaker led;
A long ſword in his ſinowy hand, which when he brandiſhed,
Neptune leades the Greekes. It lighten'd ſtill: there was no law, for him, and it; poore men
Muſt quake before them. Theſe thus man'd, illuſtrous *Hector* then
His hoaſt brought vp. The blew-hair'd god, and he, ſtretcht through the preaſe
A greiuous fight: when to the ſhips, and tents of *Greece*, the ſeas
Brake looſe, and rag'd. But when they ioynd, the dreadfull *Clamor* roſe
To ſuch a height; as not the ſea, when vp the North-ſpirit blowes
Her raging billowes; bellowes ſo, againſt the beaten ſhore:
Nor ſuch a ruſtling keeps a fire, driuen with violent blore,
Through woods that grow againſt a hill: nor ſo the feruent ſtrokes
Hector at Ajax. Of almoſt-burſting winds reſound, againſt a greue of Okes;
As did the clamor of theſe hoaſts, when both the battels cloſd.
Of all which, noble *Hector* firſt, at *Ajax* breaſt diſpoſd
His iauelin, ſince ſo right on him, the great-ſoul'd ſouldier bore;
Nor miſt it, but the bawdricks both, that his brode boſome wore,
To hang his ſhield and ſword, it ſtrooke; both which, his fleſh preſeru'd:
Hector (diſdaining that his lance, had thus, as good as ſweru'd)
Ajax at Hector. Trode to his ſtrength; but going off, great *Ajax* with a ſtone,
(One, of the many props for ſhips, that there lay trampl'd on)
Strooke his brode breaſt, aboue his ſhield, iuſt vnderneath his throte;
And ſhooke him peecemeale. When the ſtone, ſprung backe againe & ſmote
(Earth, like a whirlewind gathering duſt, with whirring fiercely round,
For ſeruour of his vnſpent ſtrength, in ſetling on the ground:
Smoke. And, as when *Ioues* bolt, by the rootes, rends from the earth an Oke;
His ſulphure caſting with the blow, a ſtrong, vnſauoury ſmoke;
And on the ſalne plant none dare looke, but with amazed eyes,
Hector ouer-throwne. (*Ioues* thunder being no laughing game) ſo bowd ſtrong *Hectors* thyes;
And ſo, with toſt-vp heeles he fell: away, his lance he flung,
His round ſhield followd; then his helme, and out his armour rung.
The *Greeks* then ſhowted, and ran in, and hop't to hale him off;
And therefore powr'd on darts, in ſtormes, to keepe his aide aloofe;
But none could hurt the peoples guide; nor ſtirre him from his ground:
Hector reſcued. *Sarpedon*, prince of *Lycia*; and *Glaucus*, ſo renownd,
Diuine *Agenor*, *Venus* ſonne, and wiſe *Polydamas*
Ruſht to his reſcue, and the reſt: no one, neglectiue was
Of *Hectors* ſafetie; all their ſhields, they coucht about him cloſe;
Raiſd him from earth, and (giuing him, in their kind armes repoſe)
From off the labour, caried him, to his rich chariot,
And bore him mourning towards *Troy*. but when the flood they got

Of

Of gulphy *Xanthus*, that was got, by deathleſſe *Iupiter*;
There tooke they him from chariot, and all beſprinkled there
His temples with the ſtreame; he breath'd, lookt vp, aſſaid to riſe,
And on his knees ſtaid, ſpitting blood: againe then, cloſd his eyes,
And backe againe his body fell; the maine blow had not done
Yet with his ſpirit. When the *Greeks*, ſaw worthy *Hector* gone;
Then thought they of their worke, then charg'd, with much more chere the foe
And then (farre firſt) *Oileades*, began the ouerthrow;
He darted *Satnius*, *Enops* ſonne, whom famous *Nais* bore,
(As ſhe was keeping *Enops* flocks) on *Satnius* riuers ſhore:
And ſtrooke him in his bellies rimme; who vpwards fell, and raiſd
A mightie skirmiſh with his fall: and then *Panthædes* ſeiſd
Prothenor Areilycides, with his reuend'gfull ſpeare,
On his right ſhoulder; ſtrooke it through, and laid him breathleſſe there.
For which he inſolently bragd, and cryed out; Not a dart *Polydamas his inſultation.*
From great-ſoul'd *Panthus* ſonne, I thinke, ſhall euer vainlier part;
But ſome *Greeke* boſome it ſhall take, and make him giue his ghoſt.
This bragge the *Grecians* ſtomackt much, but *Telamonius* moſt,
Who ſtood moſt neare *Prothenors* fall: and out he ſent a lance,
Which *Panthus* ſonne (declining) ſcap't, yeet tooke it to ſad chance,
Archelochus, *Antenors* ſonne, whom heauen did deſtinate
To that ſterne end, twixt necke, and head, the iauelin wrought his fate,
And ran in at the vpper ioint, of all the backe long bone,
Cut both the nerues, and ſuch a lode, of ſtrength, laid *Aiax* on,
As, that ſmall part, he ſeiſd, outwaid, all th'vnder limbs; and ſtrooke
His heeles vp ſo, that head, and face, the earths poſſeſſions tooke,
When all the low parts ſprung in aire; and thus did *Aiax* quit
Panthædes Braue; Now, *Panthus* ſonne, let thy prophetique wit, *Aiax inſults in requitall of Polydamas.*
Conſider, and diſcloſe a truth, if this man do not wey
Euen with *Prothænor?* I conceiue, no one of you will ſay,
That either he was baſe himſelfe, or ſprung of any baſe;
Antenors brother, or his ſonne, he ſhould be, by his face;
One of his race, paſt queſtion, his likeneſſe ſhewes he is.
This ſpake he, knowing it well enough. The *Troians* ſtorm'd at this,
And then ſlue *Acamas* (to ſaue, his brother yet ingag'd)
Bæotius, dragging him to ſpoile; and thus the *Greeks* enrag'd.
O *Greeks?* euen borne to beare our darts, yet euer breathing threats;
Not alwayes vnder teares, and toyles, ye ſee our fortune ſweats;
But ſometimes you drop vnder death: ſee now, your quicke among
Our dead, intranc't with my weake lance; to proue I haue, ere long
Reueng'd my brother: tis the wiſh, of euery honeſt man,
His brother ſlaine in *Mars* his field, may reſt wreakt in his Phane.
This ſtird freſh enuie in the *Greeks*, but vrg'd *Peneleus* moſt,
Who hurld his lance at *Acamas*; he ſcap't: nor yet it loſt
The force he gaue it, for it found, the flocke-rich *Phorbas* ſonne,
Ilioneus, whoſe deare Sire, (paſt all in *Ilion*)
Was lou'd of *Hermes*, and enricht; and to him onely bore
His mother, this now ſlaughterd man. The dart did vndergore

His eye-lid, by his eyes deare rootes; and out the apple fell,
The eye pierc't through: nor could the nerue, that ſtaies the necke, repell
His ſtrong-wing'd lance; but necke and all, gaue way, and downe he drept.
Peneleus then vnſheath'd his ſword, and from the ſhoulders chopt
His luckleſſe head; which downe he threw; the helme ſtill ſticking on:
And ſtill the lance, fixt in his eye; which, not to ſee, alone,
Contented him; but vp againe, he ſnatcht, and ſhewd it all;
With this ſterne Braue; *Ilians*, relate, braue *Ilioneus* fall,
To his kind parents; that their roofes, their teares may ouerrunne:
For ſo the houſe of *Promachus*, and *Alegenors* ſonne,
Muſt with his wiues eyes, ouerflow: ſhe neuer ſeeing more
Her deare Lord, though we tell his death; when to our native ſhore,
We bring from ruin'd *Troy* our fleete, and men ſo long forgone.
This ſaid, and ſeene, pale Feare poſſeſt, all thoſe of *Ilion*:
And eu'ry man caſt round his eye, to ſee, where Death was not,
That he might flie him. Let not then, his grac't hand be forgot,
(O Muſes you that dwell in heauen) that firſt embrude the field,
With Troian ſpoile; when *Neptune* thus, had made their irons yeeld.
Firſt *Aiax Telamonius*, the Myſian Captaine ſlew
Great *Hyrtius Gyrtiades*. *Antilochus* o'rethew
Phalces and *Mermer*, to their ſpoyle. *Meriones* gaue end,
To *Moris* and *Hippotion*. *Teucer*, to Fate did ſend,
Prothoon and *Periphetes*. *Atrides* Iauelin chac't
Duke *Hyperenor*; wounding him, [d] in that part that is plac t
Betwixt the ſhort ribs and the bones, that to the triple gut
Haue pertinence. The Iauelins head, did out his entrailes cut,
His ſore't ſoule breaking through the wound: nights black hand cloſde his eies.
Aiax Oileus vertue for wiſe-neſſe. Then *Aiax*, great *Oileus* ſonne, had diuers victories:
For when *Saturnius* ſuffer'd flight; of all the Grecian race,
Not one with ſwiftneſſe of his feete, could ſo enrich a chace.

COMMENTARIVS.

[a] Ὄχμασε λαῶν. Princeps populorum (*the end of* Vlyſſes *ſpeech in the beginning of this booke*) *which aſcription our* Spond. *takes to be giuen in ſcorne: and that all* Vlyſſes *ſpeech is* ακωπτικὴ, *or ſcoffing; which is ſpoken altogether ſeriouſly and better's to this title at the end: which was ſpoken* ἤπιως, molliter *or* benigne; *of purpoſe to make* Agamemnon *beare the better the iuſtice of his other auſteritie.*

[b] Καὶ ἐγω γένος εὔχομαι εἶναι, & ego quoad genus glorior eſſe. *The long digreſſion, that followes this, in the ſpeech of* Diomed (*being next to* Agamemnons *reply to* Vlyſſes) *bewrayes an affectation he had by all-any-thing-fit-meanes, to take of his pedigree: and by reaſon of that humor, hath ſhewne his deſire elſewhere, to learne the pedigrees of others: as in the ſixt booke, in his enquirie of* Glaucus *pedigree. And herein is extreſt part of his character.*

[c] Στρεψεν δ' ὡς ὅτε τε ταῦρον βάλον, &c. *ouerpaſſing, for ſpeed, many things in this booke that crie out for the praiſe of our* Homer, *and note of that, which in moſt readers I know will be loſt: I muſt onely inſiſt ſtill on thoſe parts that (in my poore vnderſtanding) could neuer yet find apprehenſion in any of our Commentors or tranſlators: as in this ſimile againe of the whirlewind; to which the ſtone that* Aiax *hurled at* Hector, *is reſembled.* Valla *and* Eobanus, Salel *in French, ſo vnderſtanding,* Hector *turned*

turned about with the blow, like a whirlewind. Vallas *words are theſe*, (*tranſlating* στρεψεν δ' ὡς ὅτε ταῦρον βάλον, περὶ δ' ἴδρεϊ πάντη, *which* ad verbum *ſate thus much in euery common tranſlation*; Trochum autem ſicut concuſſit feriens, rotatuſque eſt vndique.) Quo ictu Hector velut turbo, quem Strombum dicunt, rotato corpore, &c. Eobanus *converting it thus:*

——Stetit ille tremens, ceu turbo rotatus.

Which though it harpe vpon the other, makes yet much worſe muſicke, ſaying, Hector *ſtood trembling, being wheeled about like a whirlwind. He ſtood, yet was turned about violently. How groſſe both are, I thinke, the blindeſt ſee: and muſt needs acknowledge a man how vnworthines in theſe men to touch our* Homer, *eſteeming it an extreme loſſe to the world, to haue this and the like vndiſcouered. For (as I apprehend it) being greateſt no better then in my ſilly conuerſion (and the ſtone, not* Hector *likened to the whirlewind) it is aboue the wit of a man to imitate our* Homers *wit; for the moſt fierce illuſtration both of* Aiax *ſtrength, and* Hectors: *of* Aiax *for giuing ſuch a force to it, as could not ſpend it ſelfe vpon* Hector, *but turne after vpon the earth, in that whirlewind-like violence: of* Hector, *for ſtanding it ſo ſtoutly; for without that conſideration, the ſtone could neuer haue recoild ſo fiercely. And here haue we a ruled caſe againſt our plaine and ſmug writers; that becauſe their owne vnweildineſſe will not let them riſe thẽſelues, would haue euery man groueling like thẽ: their feathers not paſſing the pitch of euery womans capacity. And (indeed) where a man is vnderſtood, there is euer a proportiõ betwixt the writers wit & the writees (that I may ſpeake with authority, according to my old leſſon in Philoſophy:* Intellectus in ipſa intelligibilia tranſit. *But herein this caſe is ruled againſt ſuch men, that they affirme theſe hyperbolicall or ſuperlatiue ſort of expreſſions & illuſtratiõs are too bold, and bumbaſted; and out of that word is ſpanne that which they call our Fuſtian: their plaine writing, being ſtuffe nothing ſo ſubſtantial, but ſuch groſſe ſowedge, or hairepatch, as euery gooſe may cate oates through. Againſt which, and all theſe plebeian opinions, that a man is bound to write to euery vulgar readers vnderſtanding, you ſee the great maſter of all elocution hath written ſo darkly, that almoſt three thouſand ſunnes haue not diſcouered him, no more in fiue hundred other places then here; and yet all peruſall enough (you may well ſay) when ſuch a one as I comprehend them. But the cheefe end why I extend this annotation, is onely to intreate your note here of* Homers *maner of writing, which (to vtter his after ſtore of matter and varietie) is ſo preſſe, and puts on with ſo ſtrong a current, that it farre ouer runnes the moſt laborious purſuer, if he haue not a Poeticall ſoſte, and Poeſies quicke eye to guide it. The verſe in queſtion, I referre you to before, which ſayes,* χερμαδίοις, *ſignifying a ſtone of a handfull, or that with one hand may be raiſed and caſt, ſpoken of before; and (here being vnderſtood) ſpooke* Hector *at all parts, in ſtriking him, and like a whirlwind wheeled or whirred about. Wherein he ſpeakes not of bounding to the earth again, and raiſing a duſt with his violent turnings: in which the conceit and life of his ſimile lies, but leaues it to his reader, and he leaues it to him: notwithſtanding he vtters enough to make a ſtone vnderſtand it; how ſtupidly ſoeuer all his interpreters would haue* Hector (*being ſtroke into a trembling, and almoſt dead*) *turne about like a whirlewind. I conclude then with this queſtion: What fault is it in me, to furniſh and adorne my verſe (being his Tranſlator) with tranſlating and adding the truth and fulneſſe of his conceit; it being as like to paſſe my reader, as his, and therefore neceſſarie? If it be no fault in me, but fit, then may I iuſtly be ſaid to better* Homer? *or not to haue all my inuention, matter and forme from him, though a little I enlarge his forme?* Virgil, *in all places*

where he is compared and preferred to Homer, *doth nothing more. And therefore my assertion in the second Booke is true, that* Virgil *hath in all places, wherein he is compared and preferred to* Homer *by* Scaliger, *&c. both his invention, matter and forme from him.*

[d] Οὖτα κατα λαπαρὸν, &c. vulnerauit ad Ilę; *it is translated: and is in the last verses of this Booke, where* Menelaus *is said to wound* Hyperenor. *But* λαπάρη, dicitur ea pars corporis quæ posita est inter costas nothas, & ossa quæ ad Ilia pertinent, quòd inanis sit, & desiderat. Hip. in lib. περὶ ἀγμῶν; *and therfore I accordingly translate it. And note this beside, both out of this place and many others, how excellent an Anatomist our* Homer *was, whose skill in those times, me thinkes, should be a secret.*

The end of the fourteenth Booke of Homers *Iliads.*

THE

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

IOue waking, and beholding Troy *in flight,*
Chides Iuno, *and sends* Iris *to the fight,*
To charge the sea-god, to forsake the field;
And Phœbus, *to inuade it, with his shield,*
Recouering Hectors *broosde, and erased powres.*
To field he goes, and makes new conquerours;
The Troians *quiuing now, the* Grecians *chace,*
Euen to their fleete. Then Aiax *turnes his face,*
And feeds, with many Troian *liues, his ire;*
Who then brought brands to set the fleete on fire.

Another Argument.

Ioue *sees in, O, his ouersight,*
Chides Iuno, Neptune *cals from fight.*

THe *Troians* (beate past pale and dike, and numbers prostrate laide)
All got to chariot, feare-driuen all; and fear'd as men dismaide:
Then *Ioue*, on *Idas* top, awakt; rose from *Saturnias* side,
Stood vp, and lookt vpon the warre; and all inuerted, spide,
Since he had seene it, th'*Ilians* now, in rowt; the *Greeks* in fight:
King *Neptune*, with his long sword, Chiefe; great *Hector* put downe quite,
Laide flat in field, and with a crowne, of Princes compassed;
So stopt vp, that he scarce could breath; his minds sound habite fled,
And he still spitting blood. Indeed, his hurt was not set on
By one that was the weakest *Greeke*. But him *Ioue* lookt vpon
With eyes of pittie: on his wife, with horrible aspect;
To whom he said: O thou in ill, most cunning Architect
All Arts, and comments that exceedst! not onely to enforce
Hector from fight; but with his men, to shew the *Greeks* a course.
I feare (as formerly) so now, these ils haue with thy hands,
Their first fruits sowne, and therefore could, lode all thy lims with bands.
Forgetst thou, when I hangd thee vp; how to thy feete I tyed
Two Anuils; golden manacles, on thy false wrists implied,
And let thee mercilesly hang, from our refined heauen
Euen to earths vapors; all the gods, in great *Olympus*, giuen
To mutinies about thee; yet, (though all stood staring on)
None durst dissolue thee; for these hands (had they but seisd vpon
Thy friend) had headlong throwne him off, from our star-bearing round,
Till he had tumbl'd out his breath; and peecemeale dasht the ground.

Iupiters wrath against Iuno.

Nor

Nor was my angry ſpirit calm'd, ſo ſoone, for thoſe foule ſeas,
On which (inducing Northerne flawes) thou ſhipwrack'dſt *Hercules*,
And toſt him to the Coon ſhore; that thou ſhouldſt tempt againe
My wraths importance, when thou ſeeſt (beſides) how groſſly vaine,
My powres can make thy policies: for from their vtmoſt force,
I freed my ſonne, and ſet him ſafe, in *Argos*, nurſe of horſe.
Theſe I remember to thy thoughts, that thou mayſt ſhun theſe ſleights,
And know how badly bed-ſports thriue, procur'd by baſe deceits.
This frighted the offending Queene, who, with this ſtate, excuſde
Iunoes oath in clearing her ſelf to Iupiter. Her kind vnkindneſſe: Witneſſe earth, and heauen, ſo farre diffuſde:
Thou Flood, whoſe ſilent-gliding waues, the vnder ground doth beare,
(Which is the great'ſt, and graueſt oath, that any god can ſweare)
Thy ſacred head; thoſe ſecret ioyes, that our yong bed gaue forth,
(By which I neuer raſhly ſwore) that he who ſhakes the earth,
Not by my counſell did this wrong, to *Hector* and his hoſt;
But (pittying th'oppreſſed Greekes, their fleete being neerly loſt)
Relieu'd their hard condition; yet vtterly impeld
By his free mind: which ſince I ſee, is ſo offenſiue held,
To thy high pleaſure, I will now, aduiſe him not to tread,
But where thy tempeſt-raiſing feete, (O *Iupiter*) ſhall leade.
Ioue laught to heare her ſo ſubmiſſe; and ſaid: My faire-eyd loue,
Iupiters charge to Iuno, and reconciliation. If ſtill thus thou and I were one, (in counſels held aboue)
Neptune would ſtill, in word and fact, be ours, if not in heart;
If then thy tongue and heart agree, from hence to heauen depart,
To call the excellent in bowes; the Raine-bow, and the Sunne,
That both may viſite both the hoſts; the Grecian armie, one;
And that is *Iris*; let her haſte, and make the ſea-god ceaſe,
T'aſſiſt the Greekes; and to his court, retire from warre, in peace.
Let *Phœbus* (on the *Trotan* part) inſpire with wonted powre
Great *Hectors* ſpirits: make his thoughts, forget the late ſterne houre,
And all his anguiſh; ſetting on, his whole recouer'd man
To make good his late grace in fight, and hold inconſtant wane
The Grecian glories, till they fall, in flight before the fleete
Of vext *Achilles*; which extreme, will proue the meane to greete
Thee with thy wiſh: for then the eyes, of great *Æacides*,
(Made witneſſe of the generall ill, that doth ſo neare him preaſe)
Will make his owne particular, looke out; and by degrees
Abate his wrath, that through himſelfe, for no extremities
Will ſeeme reflected; yet his friend, may get of him the grace,
To helpe his countrey, in his Armes; and he ſhall make fit place,
For his full preſence, with his death; which ſhall be well forerunne:
For I will firſt renowne his life, with ſlaughter of my ſonne,
(Diuine *Sarpedon*) and his death, great *Hectors* powre ſhall wreake,
Ending his ends. Then at once, out ſhall the furie breake
Of fierce *Achilles*: and with that, the flight now felt, ſhall turne;
And then laſt, till in wrathfull flames, the long-ſieg'd Ilion burne.
Mineruaes counſell ſhall become, graue meane, to this my will;
Which no god ſhall neglect, before, *Achilles* take his fill

Of

Of ſlaughter, for his ſlaughterd friend: euen *Hectors* ſlaughter, throwne
Vnder his anger; that theſe facts, may then make fully knowne
My vowes performance, made of late: and with my bowed head,
Confirm'd to *Thetis*, when her armes, embrac't my knees, and praid
That to her citie-racing ſonne, I would all honour ſhew.
This heard, his charge ſhe ſeem'd t'intend, and to *Olympus* flew.
But, as the mind of ſuch a man, that hath a great way gone, *Simile*
And either knowing not his way; or then would let alone
His purpoſde iourney, is diſtract; and in his vexed mind
Reſolues now not to go; now goes, ſtill many wayes inclin'd:
So reuerend *Iuno* headlong flew, and 'gainſt her ſtomacke ſtriu'd.
For (being amongſt th'immortall gods, in high heauen, ſoone arriu'd,
All riſing, welcoming with cups, her litle abſence thence)
She all their courtſhips ouerpaſt, with ſolemne negligence,
Saue that which faire-cheekt *Themis* ſhewd; and her kind cup ſhe tooke:
For firſt, ſhe ranne and met with her, and aſkt; What troubled looke *Themis to Iune*
She brought to heauen? She thought (for truth) that *Ioue* had terrified
Her ſpirits ſtrangely, ſince ſhe went. The faire arm'd Queene replide:
That truth may eaſily be ſuppoſde, you (goddeſſe *Themis*) know *Iunoes reply.*
His old ſoueritie and pride; but you bear't out with ſhow,
And like the banquets arbiter, amongſt th'Immortals fare,
Though well you heare amongſt them all, how bad his actions are;
Nor are all here, nor any where, mortals, nor gods (I feare)
Entirely pleaſd with what he does, though thus ye banquet here.
Thus tooke ſhe place, diſpleaſedly; the feaſt in generall,
Bewraying priuie ſplenes at *Ioue*; and then (to colour all)
She laught, but meerly from her lips: for, ouer her blacke browes
Her ſtill-bent forehead was not cleer'd; yet this her paſſions throwes,
Brought forth in ſpight, being lately ſchool'd; alas, what fooles are wee
That enuie *Ioue*? or that by act, word, thought, can fantaſie,
Any reſiſtance to his will? he ſits farre off, nor cares,
Nor moues, but ſayes he knowes his ſtrength, to all degrees compares
His greatneſſe, paſt all other gods: and that in fortitude,
And euery other godlike powre; he reignes, paſt all indude.
For which great eminence, all you Gods, what euer ill he does
Suſtaine with patience: here is *Mars*, I thinke, not free from woes;
And yet he beares them like himſelfe. The great God had a ſonne,
Whom he himſelfe yet iuſtifies, one that from all men wonne, *Iunoes ſpeech of purpoſe to incite Mars Scepticus.*
Iuſt ſurname of their beſt belou'd, *Aſcalaphus*; yet he
(By *Ioues* high grace to *Troy*) is ſlaine. *Mars* ſtarted horribly
(As *Iuno* knew he would) at this; beate, with his hurld out hands,
His brawnie thighes; cried out, and ſaid: O you that haue commands
In theſe high temples, beare with me, if I reuenge the death
Of ſuch a ſonne; Ile to the fleete; and though I ſinke beneath
The fate of being ſhot to hell, by *Ioues* fell thunder ſtone:
And lie all grim'd amongſt the dead, with duſt and bloud; my ſonne,
Reuenge ſhall honour. Then he charg'd, Feare and Diſmay to ioyne
His horſe and chariot: he got armes, that ouer heauen did ſhine:

And

And then a wrath, more great and graue, in *Ioue* had bene prepar'd
Againſt the gods, then *Iuno* cauſde; if *Pallas* had not car'd
More for the peace of heauen then *Mars*; who leapt out of her throne,
Rapt vp her helmet, lance, and ſhield, and made her Phanes porch grone,
With her egreſſion to his ſtay: and thus his rage defers:
Iuno to Mars. Furious, and fooliſh? th'art vndone; haſt thou, for nought, thine eares?
Heard'ſt thou not *Iuno*, being arriu'd, from heauens great king but now?
Or wouldſt thou he himſelfe ſhould riſe (tore't with thy rage) to ſhow,
The dreadfull powre ſhe vrg'd in him, ſo iuſtly being ſtird?
Know (thou moſt impudent and mad) thy wrath had not inferd
Miſchiefe to thee; but to vs all: his ſpirit had inſtantly
Left both the hoſts, and turn'd his hands, to vprores in the skie.
Guiltie and guiltleſſe, both to wracke, in his high rage had gone;
And therefore (as thou loueſt thy ſelfe) ceaſſe furie for thy ſonne.
Another, farre exceeding him, in heart and ſtrength of hand,
Or is, or will be ſhortly ſlaine. It were a [b] worke would ſtand
Ioue in much trouble, to free all, from death, that would not die.
This threat, euen nail'd him to his throne, when heauens chiefe Maieſtie,
Cald bright *Apollo* from his Phane; and *Iris* that had place
Of Internuncieſſe from the Gods; to whom ſhe did the grace
Iuno to Apollo and Iris. Of *Iupiter*, to this effect: It is *Saturnius* will,
That both, with vtmoſt ſpeed, ſhould ſtoope, to the Idalian hill,
To know his further pleaſure, there. And this let me aduiſe,
When you arriue, and are in reach, of his refulgent eyes:
His pleaſure heard, performe it all, of whatſoeuer kind.
Thus mou'd the backe, and vſde her throne. Thoſe two outſtript the wind,
And Ida (all enchac't with ſprings) they ſoone attaind, and found
Where farre-diſcerning *Iupiter*, in his repoſe, had crown'd
The browes of *Gargarus*, and wrapt, an odoriferous cloud
About his boſome. Coming neare, they ſtood; nor now he ſhowd
His angry countenance, ſince ſo ſoone, he ſaw they made th'acceſſe
That his lou'd wife enioyn'd. But firſt, the faire Ambaſſadreſſe,
Iris to him. He thus commanded; *Iris*, Go, to *Neptune*, and relate
Our pleaſure truly, and at large; command him from the Fate
Of humane warre; and either greete, the gods ſocietie,
Or the diuine ſea, make his ſeate. If proudly he denie,
Let better counſels be his guides, then ſuch as bid me warre,
And tempt my charge, though he be ſtrong; for I am ſtronger farre,
And elder borne: nor let him dare, to boaſt euen ſtate with me,
Whom all Gods elſe preferre in feare. This ſaid: downe haſted ſhe
From Idaes top to Ilion; and like a mightie ſnow,
Or gelide haile, that from the clouds, the Northerne ſpirit doth blow;
So fell the windie-footed Dame; and found with quicke repaire
Iris to Neptune. The watrie God; to whom ſhe ſaid: God, with the ſable haire,
I came from Æ*gis*-bearing *Ioue*, to bid thee ceaſſe from fight,
And viſite heauen, or th'ample ſeas; which, if in his deſpight,
Or diſobedience, thou denieſt; he threatens thee to come
(In oppoſite fight) to field himſelfe: and therefore warnes thee home,

His

His hands eſchewing; ſince his powre, is farre ſuperiour;
His birth before thee; and affirmes, thy lou'd heart ſhould abhorre
To vaunt equalitie with him, whom euery deitie feares.
He anſwerd, O vnworthy thing! though he be great, he beares *Neptune to Iris, being incenſt with Iupiter.*
His tongue too proudly; that our ſelfe, borne to an equall ſhare
Of ſtate and freedome, he would force. Three brothers borne, we are,
To *Saturne*; *Rhea* brought vs forth: this *Iupiter*, and I,
And *Pluto*, god of vnder-grounds. The world indifferently *The rul- proper to Iupiter.*
Diſpoſde betwixt vs; euery one his kingdome; I, the ſeas;
Pluto the blacke lot; *Iupiter*, the principalities *Neptune and Pluto being three brothers.*
Of broad heauen; all the skie and clouds, was ſorted out: the earth
And high *Olympus*, common are, and due to eithers birth.
Why then ſhould I be aw'd by him? Content he his great heart,
With his third portion; and not thinke, to amplifie his part
With terrors of his ſtronger hands, on me, as if I were
The moſt ignoble of vs all: let him containe in feare,
His daughters and his ſonnes, begot, by his owne perſon: this
Holds more conuenience: they muſt heare, theſe violent threats of his.
Shall I (ſaid *Iris*) beare from thee, an anſwer ſo auſtere?
Or wilt thou change it? Changing minds, all noble natures beare: *Iris to Neptune.*
And well thou know'ſt, theſe greateſt borne, the Furies follow ſtill.
He anſwerd: *Iris*, thy reply, keepes time, and ſhewes thy skill: *Neptune againe to Iris.*
O tis a moſt praiſe-worthy thing, when meſſengers can tell
Beſides their meſſages) ſuch things, as fit th'occaſion well.
Eat this much grieues my heart and ſoule, that being in powre and ſtate
All wayes his equall, and ſo fixt, by one decree in fate,
He ſhould to me, as vnder him, ill language giue, and chide;
Yet now (though ſtill incenſt) I yeeld, affirming this beſide:
And I enforce it with a threat, that if without conſent
Of me, *Minerua*, *Mercurie*; the Queene of regiment,
And *Vulcan*; he will either ſpare, high *Ilion*, or not race
Her turrets to the loweſt ſtone; and (with both theſe) not grace
The *Greekes*, as victors abſolute: informe him this from me;
His pride and my contempt ſhall liue, at endleſſe enmitie.
This ſaid, he left the *Greeks*, and ruſht, into his wattie throne;
Much miſt of all the th'heroicke hoſt. When *Ioue* diſcern'd him gone,
Acolloes ſeruice he employd, and ſaid: Lou'd *Phœbus*, go
To *Hector*: now th'earth-ſhaking god, hath taken ſea, and ſo *Iupiter to Apollo*
Shrunke from the horrors I denounc't; which ſtanding, he, and all
The vnder-ſeated deities, that circle *Saturnes* fall,
Had heard of me in ſuch a fight, as had gone hard for them.
But both for them and me, tis beſt, that thus they flie th'extreme,
That had not paſt vs without ſweate. Now then, in thy hands take
My Adder-fring'd affrighting ſhield, which, with ſuch terror ſhake,
That Feare may ſhake the *Greekes* to flight: beſides this, adde thy care
(O *Phœbus* farre-off-ſhooting god) that this ſo ſickly fare,
Of famous *Hector* be recur'd; and quickly ſo excite
His ampleſt powres, that all the *Greeks*, may grace him with their flight,

Euen to their ſhips, and *Helleſpont*; and then will I deuiſe
All words and facts againe for *Greece*, that largely may ſuffice,
To breathe them from their inſtant toiles. Thus from th'Idean height,
(Like ayres ſwift-pigeon-killer, ſtoupt, the far-ſhot God of light,
Apollo viſits Hector. And found great *Hector*, ſitting vp, not ſtretcht vpon his bed;
Not wheaſing with a ſtopt-vp ſpirit; not in cold ſweates; but fed
With freſh and comfortable veines: but his mind, all his owne;
But round about him, all his friends, as well as euer knowne.
And this was with the mind of *Ioue*, that flew to him before
Apollo came; who (as he ſaw, no ſigne of any ſore)
Askt (like a chearfull viſitant) why in this ſickly kind
(Great *Hector*) ſitſt thou ſo apart? can any griefe of mind,
Hector to Apoll. Inuade thy fortitude? He ſpake; but with a feeble voice:
O thou, the beſt of deities! why (ſince I thus reioyce
By thy ſo ſerious benefite) demandſt thou (as in mirth,
And to my face) if I were ill? for (more then what thy worth
Muſt needs take note of) doth not Fame, from all mouthes fill thine eares;
That (as my hand at th'Achiue fleete, was making maſſacres
Of men, whom valiant *Ayax* led) his ſtrength, ſtrooke with a ſtone,
All powre of more hurt from my breſt? my very ſoule was gone:
And once to day, I thought to ſee, the houſe of *Dis* and *Death*.
Apollo to Hector Be ſtrong (ſaid he) for ſuch a ſpirit, now ſends the god of breath
From aire *Ida*, as ſhall runne, through, all *Greeke* ſpirits in thee;
Apollo with the golden ſword, the cleare farre-ſeer, ſee,
Him, who betwixt death and thy life; twixt ruine and thoſe towres,
Ere this day, oft hath held his ſhield. Come then, be all thy powres,
In wonted vigour: let thy knights, with all their horſe aſſay
The *Grecian* fleete; my ſelfe will leade, and ſcoure ſo cleare the way,
That Flight ſhall leaue no *Greeke* a Rub. Thus inſtantly inſpir'd
Were all his nerues with matchleſſe ſtrength; and then his friends he fir'd
Againſt their foes; when (to his eyes) his eares confirm'd the god.
Simile. Then, as a goodly headed Hart, or Goate, bred in the wood,
A rout of country huntſmen chaſe, with all their hounds in crie;
The beaſt yet, or the ſhadie woods, or rocks exceſſiue hie,
Keepe ſafe; or our vnwieldie fates (that euen in hunters ſway)
Barre them, the poore beaſts pulling downe; when ſtraight the clamorous fray,
Cals out a Lion, hugely man'd; and his abhorred view
Turnes headlong in vnturning flight (though ventrous) all the crew:
So hitherto the chaſing *Greeks*, their ſlaughter dealt by troupes;
But, after *Hector* was beheld, range here and there; then ſtoupes
The boldeſt courage; then their heeles, tooke in their dropping harts,
And then ſpake *Andremonides*, a man of farre-beſt parts
Of all th'*Ætolians*, skild in darts; ſtrenuous in fights of ſtand;
And one of whom few of the *Greekes*, could get the better hand,
(For Rhetorique) when they fought with words; with all which, being wiſe,
Andremonides to the Greekes. Thus ſpake he to his *Grecian* friends: O miſchiefe! now mine eyes
Diſcerne no litle miracle; *Hector* eſcapt from death,
And all recouerd, when all thought, his ſoule had ſunke beneath

The

The hands of *Aiax*: but ſome God, hath ſau'd and freed againe,
Him that but now diſſolu'd the knees, of many a *Grecian*.
And now I feare will weaken more; for not without the hand
Of him that thunders, can his powres, thus ſtill the forefights ſtand;
Thus ſtill triumphant: heare me then; our troupes in quicke retreate,
Let's draw vp to our fleete, and we, that boaſt our ſelues, the Great,
Stand firme, and trie, if theſe that raiſe, ſo high their charging darts,
May be reſiſted: I beleeue, euen this great heart of harts,
Will feare, himſelfe to be too bold, in charging thorow vs.
They eaſely heard him, and obeyd, when all the generous
They cald t'encounter *Hectors* charge, and turn'd the common men
Backe to the fleete: and theſe were they, that brauely furniſht then
The fierce forefight; th'*Ataces* both; the worthy *Cretan* king;
The *Mars*-like *Meges*; *Merion*, and *Teucer*. Vp then, bring
The *Trojan* chiefes, their men in heapes; before whom (amply pac't)
Marcht *Hectors*; and in front of him, *Apollo*, who had caſt
About his bright aſpect, a cloud; and did before him beare
Ioues huge and each-where ſhaggie ſhield; which (to containe in feare
Offending men) the god-ſmith gaue, to *Ioue*; with this he led
The *Trojan* forces. The *Greeks* ſtood; a feruent clamor ſpred
The aire on both ſides as they ioyn'd; out flew the ſhafts and darts,
Some falling ſhort, but otherſome, found buts in breſts and harts.
As long as *Phœbus* held but out, his horrid ſhield, ſo long
The darts flew raging either way, and death grew both wayes ſtrong.
Apollos fight diſcomfits the Grecians. But when the *Greeks* had ſeene his face, and who it was that ſhooke
The briſtled targe, knew by his voice; then all their ſtrengths forſooke
Their nerues and minds; and then looke how, a goodly herd of Neate,
Simile. Or wealthy flocke of ſheepe, being cloſe, and dreadleſſe at their meate,
In ſome blacke midnight, ſodainly (and not a keeper neere)
A brace of horrid Beares ruſh in, and then flie here and there
The poore affrighted flocks or herds; So euery way diſperſt
The heartleſſe *Grecians*: ſo the Sunne, their headſtrong chace reuerſt
To headlong flight; and that day raiſde, with all grace, *Hectors* head.
Arceſilaus then he ſlue, and *Stichius*; *Stichius* led
Protus brazen-coted men: the other was the friend
Of mightie-ſoul'd *Meneſtheus*. *Æneas* brought to end,
Medon, and *Iaſius*; *Medon* was, the brother (though but baſe)
Of ſwift *Oileades*; and dwelt, farre from his breeding place,
In *Phylaca*; the other led, th'Athenian bands: his Sire
Was *Spelus*, *Bucolus* his ſonne. *Meciſtheus* did expire
Beneath *Polydamas* his hand. *Polites*, *Echius* flew
Iuſt at the ioyning of the hoſts. *Agenor* ouerthrew
Clonius. Bold *Deiochus*, felt *Alexanders* lance;
It ſtrooke his ſhoulders vpper part, and did his head aduance
Quite through his breſt, as from the fight, he turn'd him for retreat.
While theſe ſtood ſpoiling of the ſlaine, the *Greeks* found time to get
Beyond the dike, and th'vndik't pales: all ſcapes they gladly gain'd,
Till all had paſt the vtmoſt wall; Neceſſitie ſo raign'd.

Then

Hector to his ſouldiers.

Then *Hector* cried out: Take no ſpoile, but ruſh on to the fleete;
From whoſe aſſault (for ſpoile, or flight) if any man I meete,
He meets his death: nor in the fire, of holy funerall,
His brothers or his ſiſters hands, ſhall caſt (within our wall)
His lothed body; but without, the throtes of dogs ſhall graue
His manleſſe limbs. This ſaid; the ſcourge, his forward horſes draue
Through euery order; and with him, all whipt their chariots on;
All threatningly, out thundering ſhouts, as earth were ouerthrowne.

Apollo leades the Troians.

Before them marcht *Apollo* ſtill; and, as he marcht, digd downe,
(Without all labour) with his feete, the dike; till, with his owne,
He fild it to the top; and made, way, both for man and horſe,
As broade and long, as with a lance (caſt out to trie ones force)
A man could meaſure. Into this, they powr'd whole troupes as faſt,
As numerous: *Phœbus* ſtill, before, for all their haſt,
Still ſhaking *Ioues* vnualewed ſhield, and held it vp to all.
And then, as he had chok't their dike, he tumbl'd downe their wall.

A ſimile, from how low things it may be taken, to expreſſe the higheſt.

And looke how eaſely any boy, vpon the ſea-clod ſhore,
Makes with a little ſand a toy, and cares for it no more;
But as he raiſd it childiſhly, ſo in his wanton vaine,
Both with his hands and feete, he puls, and ſpurnes it downe againe:
So ſleight, O *Phœbus*, thy hands made, of that huge Grecian toile;
And their late ſtand, ſo well reſolu'd, as eaſely mad'ſt recoile.
Thus ſtood they driuen vp at their fleete, where each heard others thought,
Exhorted: paſſing humbly prayd: all, all the gods beſought,
(With hands held vp to heauen) for helpe; 'mongſt all, the good old man,
Graue *Neſtor* (for his counſels cald, the Argiues guardian)
Fell on his aged knees, and prayd; and to the ſtarrie hoſt,
Stretcht out his hands for ayd to theirs; of all, thus moſt:

Neſtors prayer to Iupiter.

O father *Ioue*, if euer man, of all our hoſt did burne
Fat thighes of oxen or of ſheepe (for grace of ſafe returne)
In fruitfull *Argos*; and obtaind, the bowing of thy head,
For promiſe of his humble prayers: O now remember him,
(Thou meerly heauenly) and cleare vp; the foule browes of this dim
And cruell day; do not deſtroy, our zeale for *Troian* pride.
He prayd, and heauens great Counſellor, with ſtore of thunder tride
His former grace good; and ſo heard, the old mans heartie prayres.
The *Troians* tooke *Ioues* ſigne for them; and powr'd out their affaires
In much more violence on the *Greeks*; and thought on nought but fight.

Simile.

And as a huge waue of a ſea, ſwolne to his rudeſt height,
Breakes ouer both ſides of a ſhip; being all vrg'd by the wind;

Intending they were ruſht vp by Apollo.

For that's it makes the waue ſo proud: in ſuch a borne-vp kind,
The *Troians* ouergat the wall; and getting in their horſe,
Fought cloſe at fleete; which now the *Greeks*, aſcend'ed for their force.
Then from their chariots, they with darts; the *Greeks* with bead-hooks fought,
(Kept ſtill aboord for nauall fights) their heads with iron wrought,
In hookes and pikes. *Achilles* friend, ſtill while he ſaw the wall
That ſtood without their fleete, affoord, employment for them all,
Was neuer abſent from the tent, of that man-louing *Greeke*,

Late-hurt

Late-hurt *Eurypilus*; but fate, and euery way did ſeeke
To ſpend the ſharpe time of his wound, with all the eaſe he could,
In medicines, and in kind diſcourſe: but when he might behold
The *Troians* paſt the wall; the *Greekes*, flight driuen, and all in cries;
Then cride he out, Caſt downe his hands, and beate with griefe his thighes:

Patroclus to Eurypilus.

Then, O *Eurypilus*, (he cride) now all thy need of me,
Muſt beare my abſence: now a worke, of more neceſſitie,
Cals hence; and I muſt haſt to call, *Achilles* to the field:
Who knowes, but (God aſſiſting me) my words may make him yeeld?
The motion of a friend is ſtrong. His feete thus tooke him thence.
The reſt yet ſtood their enemies firme; but all their violence
(Though *Troy* fought there with fewer men) lackt vigor to repell
Thoſe fewer from their Nauies charge; and ſo, that charge as well
Lackt force to ſpoile their fleete, or tents. And as a ſhipwrights line

A diuine ſimile.

(Diſpoſde by ſuch a hand, as learn'd, from th'Artizan diuine,
The perfect practiſe of his Art) directs or guards ſo well
The nauall timber then in frame; that all the layd-on ſteele,
Can hew no further then may ſerue, to giue the timber th'end,
Fore-purpoſde by the skilfull wright: ſo both hoſts did contend,
With ſuch a line, or law applide, to what their ſteele would gaine.
At other ſhips fought other men, but *Hector* did maintaine
His quarrell firme at *Aiax* ſhip; and ſo did both employ,
About one veſſell, all their toyle: nor could the one deſtroy
The ſhip with fire; nor force the man, nor that man yet get gone
The other from ſo neare his ſhip, for God had brought him on.
But now did *Aiax* with a dart, wound deadly in the breſt,
Calctor, ſonne of *Clytius*, as he with fire addreſt

Aiax ſlaughters Caletor.

To burne the veſſell; as he fell, the brand fell from his hand.
When *Hector* ſaw his ſiſters ſonne, lie ſlaughterd in the ſand,
He cald to all his friends, and prayd, they would not in that ſtreight
Forſake his nephew, but maintaine, about his corſe the fight,
And ſaue it from the ſpoile of *Greece*. Then ſent he out a lance

Hector at Aiax.

At *Aiax*, in his nephewes wreake; which miſt, but made the chance
On *Lycophron Maſtorides*, that was the houſhold friend
Of *Aiax*, borne in *Cythera*, whom *Aiax* did defend,

Hector miſſing Aiax, ſlayeth his friend.

(Being fled to his protection) for killing of a man
Amongſt the god-like *Cytherans*: the vengefull Iaulin ran
Quite through his head, aboue his eare, as he was ſtanding by
His Fautor, then aſterne his ſhip, from whence his ſoule did flie,
And to the earth his body fell: the haire ſtood vp an end
On *Aiax*; who to *Teucer* cald, (his brother) ſaying: Friend,
Our loued conſort, whom we brought, from *Cythera*; and grac't,
So like our father; *Hectors* hand, hath made him breathe his laſt.
Where then are all thy death-borne ſhafts? and that vnuallewed bow
Apollo gaue thee? *Teucer* ſtrait, his brothers thoughts did know,
Stood neare him, and diſpatcht a ſhaft, amongſt the *Troian* fight
It ſtrooke *Pyſenors* goodly ſonne, yong *Clytus*, the delight
Of the renowm'd *Polydamas*; the bridle in his hand,

As he was labouring his horſe, to pleaſe the high command
Of *Hector*, and his Troian friends; and bring him, where the fight
Made greateſt tumult. But his ſtrife, for honour in their ſight,
Wrought not what fight or wiſhes helpt; for turning backe his looke,
The hollow of his necke, the ſhaft, came ſinging on, and ſtrooke,
And downe he fell; his horſes backe, and hurried through the field
The emptie chariot. *Panthus* ſonne, made all haſte, and withheld
Their looſe cariers; diſpoſing them, to *Protaons* ſonne,
Aſtinous; with ſpeciall charge, to keepe them euer on,
And in his ſight: ſo he againe, amongſt the foremoſt went.

Teucer at Hector.

At *Hector* then another ſhaft, incenſed *Teucer* ſent;
Which, had it hit him, ſure had hurt; and had it hurt him, ſlaine;
And had it ſlaine him, it had driuen all thoſe to *Troy* againe.
But *Ioues* mind was not ſleeping now; it wak't to *Hectors* fame,
And *Teucers* infamie; himſelfe (in *Teucers* deadly aime)

Ioue breakes Teucers bow.

His well-wrought ſtring diſſeuering, that ſeru'd his braueſt bow;
His ſhaft flew quite another way; his bow the earth did ſtrow.
At all which, *Teucer* ſtood amaz'd, and to his brother cride,

Teucer to Aiax.

O prodigie! without all doubt, our Angell doth deride
The counſels of our fight; he brake, a ſtring, my hands put on
This morning, and was newly made; and well might haue ſet gone
A hundred arrowes; and beſide, he ſtrooke out of my hand

Aiax to Teucer.

The bow *Apollo* gaue. He ſayd, Then (good friend) do not ſtand
More on thy archerie, ſince God (preuenter of all grace,
Deſir'd by *Grecians*) fleights it ſo. Take therefore in the place,
A good large lance; and on thy necke, a target caſt, as bright;
With which, come fight thy ſelfe with ſome, and otherſome excite,
That without labour at the leaſt (though we proue worſer men)
Troy may not brag it tooke our ſhips: come, mind our buſineſſe then.

Teucer changeth his armes.

This ſaid, he haſted to his tent; left there his ſhafts and bow,
And then his double, double ſhield, did on his ſhoulders throw;
Vpon his honor'd head he plac't, his helmet, thickly plum'd;
And then his ſtrong, and well pilde lance, in his faire hand aſſum'd,
Return'd, and boldly tooke his place, by his great brothers ſide.

Hectors admiration of Ioues breaking Teucers bow.

When *Hector* ſaw his arrowes broke, out to his friends he cride,
O friends! be yet more comforted, I ſaw the hands of *Ioue*,
Breake the great Grecian archers ſhafts: tis eaſie to approue,
That *Ioues* powre is direct with men; as well in thoſe ſet hie
Vpon the ſodaine, as in thoſe, depreſt as ſodainly:
And thoſe not put in ſtate at all: as now he takes away
Strength from the *Greeks*, and giues it vs; then vſe it, and aſſay
With ioyn'd hands this approched fleete. If any brauely buy
His fame or fate, with wounds or death; in *Ioues* name let him die.
Who for his country ſuffers death, ſuſtaines no ſhamefull thing:
His wife in honour ſhall ſuruiue, his progenie ſhall ſpring
In endleſſe ſummers; and their roofes, with patrimonie ſwell;
And all this, though with all their freight, the Greeke ſhips we repell.
His friends thus cheer'd, on th'other part, ſtrong *Aiax* ſtird his friends:

Aiax to the Greekes.

O *Greeks* (laid he) what ſhame is this, that no man more defends,
His fame and ſafetie; then to liue, and thus be forc't to ſhrinke:
Now either ſaue your fleet, or die; vnleſſe ye vainly thinke,
That you can liue, and they deſtroyd: perceiues not euery eare,
How *Hector* hartens vp his men: and hath his firebrands here,
Now ready to enflame our fleet: he doth not bid them dance;
That you may take your eaſe, and ſee; but to the fight aduance.
No counſell can ſerue vs but this: to mixe both hands and harts
And beare vp cloſe; tis better much, t'expoſe our vtmoſt parts
To one daies certaine life or death; then languiſh in a warre
So baſe as this; beate to our ſhips, by our inferiours farre.
Thus rowſd he vp their ſpirits and ſtrengths: To work then, both ſides went
When *Hector*, the *Phocenſian* Duke, to fields of darkneſſe ſent;
Fierce *Schedius*, *Perimedes* ſonne; which *Aiax* did requite,
With ſlaughter of *Laodamas*, that led the foote to fight,
And was *Antenors* famous ſonne. *Polydamas* did end
Otus, ſurnam'd *Cyllenius*; whom *Phrydas* made his friend;
Being chiefe of the *Epeians* Bands: whoſe fall, when *Meges* viewd,
He let flie at his fellers life; who (ſhrinking-in) eſchew'd
The wel-aym'd lance: *Apollos* will, denied that *Panthus* ſonne
Should fall amongſt the foremoſt fights; the dart, the mid-breſt wonne
Of *Craſmus*; *Meges* wonne his armes. At *Meges*, *Dolops* then
Beſtow'd his lance; he was the ſonne, of *Lampus*, beſt of men:
And *Lampus*, of *Laomedon*, well skild in ſtrength of mind;
He ſtrooke *Phylides* ſhield quite through, whoſe curets, better lin'd
And hollow'd fitly, ſau'd his life: *Phyleus* left him them,
Who from *Epirus* brought them home; on that part where the ſtreme
Of famous *Seleës* doth runne; *Euphetes* did beſtow
(Being gueſt with him) thoſe wel-prou'd armes, to weare againſt the foe,
And now they ſau'd his ſonne from death. At *Dolops*, *Meges* threw
A ſpeare well pilde; that ſtrooke his caske, full in the height; off flew
His purple feather, newly made; and in the duſt it fell.
While theſe thus ſtriu'd for victorie; and either hope ſeru'd well;
Atrides came to *Meges* aide; and (hidden with his ſide)
Let looſe a iauelin at his foe, that through his backe implied
His luſtie head, euen paſt his breaſt; the ground receiu'd his weight.
While theſe made-in, to ſpoyle his armes; great *Hector* did excite,
All his allies to quicke reuenge; and firſt he wrought vpon
Strong *Menalippus* (that was ſonne, to great *Hycetaon*)
With ſome reproofe. Before theſe warres, he in *Percote* fed
Clouen-footed Oxen; but did ſince, returne where he was bred;
Exceld amongſt the *Ilians*, was much of *Priam* lou'd;
And in his court kept, as his ſonne; him *Hector* thus reprou'd.

Hector to Menalippus.

Thus *Menalippus*, ſhall our blood, accuſe vs of neglect?
Nor moues it thy lou'd heart (thus vrg'd) thy kinſman to protect?
Seeſt thou not, how they ſeeke his ſpoyle? Come, follow; now no more
Our fight muſt ſtand at length, but cloſe: nor leaue the cloſe, before
We cloſe the lateſt eye of them; or they, the loweſt ſtone

Teare vp, and ſacke the citizens, of loftie *Ilion*.
He led; he followd like a god: and then muſt *Aiax* needs
(As well as *Hector*) cheare his men; and thus their ſpirits he feeds:
Aiax to his ſouldiers, in imitation of Agamemnon, emphatically by him beſeeching the ſame words.
Good friends bring but your ſelues to feele, the noble ſtings of ſhame,
For what ye ſuffer, and be men: reſpect each others fame;
For which, who ſtriues, in ſhames fit feare; and puts on neare ſo farre,
Comes oftner off, then ſticke engag'd: theſe fugitiues of warre,
Saue neither life, nor get renowne; nor beare more minds then ſheepe.
This ſhort ſpeech fir'd them in his aide, his ſpirit toucht them deepe;
And turn'd them all before the fleet, into a wall of braſſe:
To whoſe aſſault, *Ioue* ſtird their foes: and young *Atrides* was
Ioues inſtrument; who thus ſet on, the yong *Antilochus*:
Menelaus to Antilochus.
Antilochus, in all our hoſt, there is not one of vs
More yong then thou; more ſwift of foote; nor (with both thoſe) ſo ſtrong.
O would thou wouldſt then (for thou canſt) one of this luſtie throng,
That thus comes skipping out before, (whoeuer, any where)
Make ſticke (for my ſake) twixt both hoſts, and leaue his bold blood there.
He ſaid no ſooner, and retir'd; but forth he ruſht, before
The foremoſt fighters, yet his eye, did euery way explore
For doubt of ods; out flew his lance: the *Troians* did abſtaine
While he was darting; yet his dart, he caſt not off in vaine:
Antilochus ſlaughters Menalippus.
For *Menalippus* (that rare ſonne) of great *Hyetaon*;
(As brauely he put foorth to fight) it fiercely flew vpon;
Simile.
And, at the nipple of his breaſt, his breaſt, and life did part.
And then, much like an eager hound, caſt off at ſome yong Hart,
Hurt by the hunter; that had left, his couert then, but new,
The great-in-warre *Antilochus*, (O *Menalippus*) flew
On thy torne boſome, for thy ſpoyle. But thy death could not lie
Hid to great *Hector*; who all haſte, made to thee, and made flie
Antilochus; although in warre, he were at all parts skild:
But as ſome wild beaſt, hauing done, ſome ſhrewd turne, (either kild
The heardſman, or the heardſman dogge,) and skulks away before
A Simile ſuiting the other before it to the life.
The gatherd multitude makes in: ſo *Neſtors* ſonne forbore,
But after him, with horrid cryes, both *Hector* and the reſt
Showres of teare-thirſtie lances powr'd; who hauing arm'd his breſt
With all his friends, he turn'd it then. Then on the ſhips, all *Troy*,
Like raw-fleſh-nouriſht Lions ruſht, and knew they did imploy
Their powres to perfect *Ioues* high will; who ſtill their ſpirits enflam'd,
And quencht the *Grecians*; one, renownd; the other, often ſham'd;
For *Hectors* glorie ſtill he ſtood; and euer went about,
To make him caſt the fleet ſuch fire, as neuer ſhould go out;
Heard *Thetis* foule petition; and wiſht, in any wiſe,
The ſplendor of the burning ſhips, might fatiate his eyes.
From him yet, the repulſe was then, to be on *Troy* conferd,
The honor of it giuen the *Greeks*; which (thinking on) he ſtird
(With ſuch addition of his ſpirit) the ſpirit *Hector* bore,
To burne the fleet; that of it ſelfe, was hote enough before.
But now he far'd like *Mars* himſelfe, ſo brandiſhing his lance;

As

As through the deepe ſhades of a hill, a raging fire ſhould glance;
Held vp to all eyes by a hill; about his lips, a ſome
Hectors horrible apparance.
Stood; as when th'*Ocean* is enrag'd; his eyes were ouercome
With feruour, and reſembl'd flames; ſet off, by his darke browes:
And from his temples, his bright helme, abhorred lightnings throwes.
For *Ioue*, from foorth the ſphere of ſtarres, to his ſtate, put his owne;
And all the blaze of both the hoſts, confin'd, in him alone.
And all this was, ſince after this, he had not long to liue;
This lightning flew before his death: which *Pallas* was to giue,
(A ſmall time thence, and now prepar'd) beneath the violence
Of great *Pelides*. In meane time, his preſent eminence,
Thought all things vnder it: and he, ſtill where he ſaw the ſtands
Of greateſt ſtrength, and braueſt arm'd, there he would proue his hands:
Or no where; offering to breake through But that paſt all his powre,
Although his will, * were paſt all theirs; they ſtood him like a towre
Conioynd ſo firme: that as a rocke, exceeding high and great;
And ſtanding neare the hoarie ſea, beares many a boiſterous threate
Of high-voic'd winds, and billowes huge, beleht on it by the ſtormes;
So ſtood the *Greeks* great *Hectors* charge, nor ſtird their battellous formes.
He (guirt in fire, borne for the fleet) ſtill ruſht at euery troope;
Simile.
And fell vpon it like a waue, high raiſd, that then doth ſtoope
Out from the clouds; grows as it ſtoops, with ſtormes; then downe doth come
And cuffe a ſhip; when all her ſides, are hid in brackiſh ſome;
Strong gales ſtill raging in her ſailes; her ſailers minds diſmaid,
Death being but little from their liues: ſo *Ioue*-like *Hector* fraid,
And plyde the *Greeks*; who knew not what, would chance, for all their guards.
Simile.
And as the banefull king of beaſts, leapt in to Oxen heards,
Fed in the meddowes of a fenne, exceeding great; the beaſts
In number infinite; mongſt whom, (their heardſmen wanting breaſts
To fight with Lions, for the price, of a blacke Oxes life,)
He here, and there iumps; firſt, and laſt, in his bloodthirſtie ſtrife,
Chac't and aſſaulted; and at length, downe in the midſt goes one,
And all the reſt, ſperſt through the fenne: ſo now, all *Greece* was gone.
So *Hector* (in a flight from heauen, vpon the *Grecians* caſt)
Turnd all their backs; yet onely one, his deadly lance laid faſt:
Braue *Mycenæus Periphes*, *Cypreus* deareſt ſonne;
Who, of the heauens-Queene-lou'd-king, (great *Eurytheus*) wonne
The grace, to greet in Ambaſſie, the ſtrength of *Hercules*,
Was farre ſuperiour to his ſire; in feete, fight, noblenes
Of all the vertues; and all thoſe, did ſuch a wiſedome guide,
As all *Mycena* could not match: and this man dignified,
(Stil making greater his renowne) the ſtate of *Priams* ſonne.
For his vnhappie haſtie foote, as he addreſt to runne,
Stucke in th'extreme ring of his ſhield, that to his ankles reacht;
And downe he vpwards fell, his fall, vp from the center fetcht
A huge ſound, with his head, and helme; which *Hector* quickly ſpide;
Ranne in, and in his worthy breaſt, his lances head did hide;
And ſlue about him all his friends, who could not giue him aide:

They

They grieu'd; and of his god-like foe, fled ſo extreme afraid.
And now, amongſt the neareſt ſhips, that firſt were drawne to ſhore,
The *Greeks* were driuen; beneath whoſe ſides, behind them, and before;
And into them they powr'd themſelues, and thence were driuen againe
Vp to their tents, and there they ſtood: not daring to maintaine
Their guards more outward; but betwixt, the bounds of *Feare* and *Shame*,
Chear'd ſtill each other; when th'old man, that of the *Grecian* name,
Was cald the pillar; euery man, thus by his parents praid:

Neſtor to the Greekes.

O friends, be men, and in your minds, let others ſhames be weigh'd;
Know you haue friends beſides your ſelues; poſſeſſions, parents, wiues;
As well thoſe that are dead to you, as thoſe ye loue with liues;
All ſharing ſtill their good, or bad, with yours: by theſe I pray,
That are not preſent (and the more, ſhould therefore make ye wey
Their miſſe of you, as yours of them) that you will brauely ſtand
And this fore't flight, you haue ſuſtain'd, at length yet countermand.
Supplies of good words, thus ſupplide, the deeds and ſpirits of all;

Minerua clears the day, yet Ioue powres on the Grecian armes.

And ſo, at laſt *Minerua* clear'd, the cloud that *Ioue* let fall
Before their eyes: a mightie light, flew beaming euery way;
As well about their ſhips, as where, their darts did hoteſt play:
Then ſaw they *Hector* great in armes, and his aſſociates;
As well all thoſe, that then abſtaind, as thoſe that helpt the fates;
And all their owne fight at the fleete. Nor did it now content
Aiax, to keepe downe like the reſt; he, vp the hatches went,
Stalkt here and there; and in his hand, a huge great beadhooke held,
Twelue cubits long, and full of Iron; And as a man well skild

A ſimile of Aiax managing the fight at the fleet.

In horſe, made to the martiall race; when, (of a number more)
He chuſeth foure, and brings them foorth, to runne them all before
Swarmes of admiring citizens, amids their townes high-ways;
And (in their full carier) he leapes, from one, to one; no ſtay
Enforc't on any; nor failes he, in either ſeate or leape:
So *Aiax* with his beadhooke leapt, nimbly from ſhip to ſhip,
As actiuely, commanding all; them in their men, as well
As men in them: moſt terribly, exhorting to repell;
To ſaue their nauie, and their tents. But *Hector* nothing needs
To ſtand on exhortations now, at home; he ſtriues for deeds.

Simile of Hector

And looke how *Ioues* great Queene of birds, (ſharpe ſet) lookes out for prey;
Knowes floods that nouriſh wild-wing'd fowles, and (from her airie way)
Beholds where Cranes, Swans, Cormorands, haue made their foody fall;
Darkens the riuer with her wings, and ſtoopes amongſt them all:
So *Hector* flew amongſt the *Greekes*, directing his command
(In chiefe) gainſt one oppoſite ſhip; *Ioue* with a mightie hand
Still backing him, and all his men: and then againe there grew,
A bitter conflict at the fleet; you would haue ſaid, none drew
A wearie breath, nor euer would; they layd ſo freſhly on:
And this was it that fir'd them both; the *Greeks* did build vpon
No hope, but what the field would yeeld; flight, an impoſſible courſe.
The *Troians* all hope entertaind, that ſword, and fire ſhould force
Both ſhips, and liues, of all the *Greekes*; and thus, vnlike affects

Bred

Bred like ſtrenuitie in both. Great *Hector* ſtill directs
His powres againſt the firſt neare ſhip. Twas that faire barke that brought
Proteſilaus to thoſe warres; and now, her ſelfe to nought,
With many *Greeke* and *Troian* liues; all ſpoyld about her ſpoyle:
One ſlue another deſperately; and cloſe the deadly toyle
Was pitcht on both parts: not a ſhaft, nor farre-off ſtriking dart,
Was vſde through all: one fight fell out, of one deſpitefull hart;
Sharpe axes, twibils, two-hand ſwords, and ſpeares with two heads borne,
Were then the weapons; faire ſhort ſwords, with ſanguine hilts ſtill worne,
Had vſe in like ſort; of which laſt, ye might haue numbers view'd,
Drop with diſſolu'd armes from their hands; as many downright hew'd
From off their ſhoulders as they fought, their bawdricks cut in twaine:
And thus the blacke blood flow'd on earth, from ſouldiers hurt and ſlaine.
When *Hector* once had ſeiſd the ſhip, he clapt his faire brode hand
Faſt on the ſterne, and held it there; and there gaue this command:

Hector ſeiſing Proteſilaus ſhip, to the Troians.

Bring fire, and altogether ſhowt; now *Ioue* hath drawne the veile
From ſuch a day, as makes amends, for all his ſtormes of haile:
By whoſe bleſt light, we take thoſe ſhips, that in deſpite of heauen
Tooke ſea, and brought vs worlds of woe: all, ſince our Peeres were giuen
To ſuch a laſineſſe and feare; they would not let me end
Our lingring banes; and charge thus home; but keepe home, and defend.
And ſo they rul'd the men I led; but though *Ioue* then withheld
My naturall ſpirit: now by *Ioue*, tis freed; and thus impeld.
This more inflam'd them; in ſo much, that *Aiax* now, no more,

Aiax forced to withdraw himſelfe from the fight.

Kept vp, he was ſo drownd in darts; a little he forbore
The hatches, to a ſeate beneath, of ſeuen foote long; but thought
It was impoſſible to ſcape; he ſate yet, where he fought,
And hurld out lances thicke as haile, at all men that aſſaid
To fire the ſhip; with whom he found, his hands ſo ouerlaid,
That on his ſouldiers thus he cryed: O friends, fight I alone?
Expect ye more wals at your backes? townes rampir'd, here are none;
No citizens to take ye in; no helpe in any kind;
We are, I tell you, in *Troys* fields; haue nought but ſeas behind,
And foes before; farre, farre, from *Greece*; for ſhame, obey commands;
There is no mercie in the warres; your healthes lie in your hands.
Thus rag'd he, and powr'd out his darts: who euer he eſpied
Come neare the veſſell, arm'd with fire, on his fierce dart he died;
All that pleaſd *Hector*, made him mad: all, that his thanks would erne;
Of which twelue men, his moſt reſolu'd, lay dead before his ſterne.

COMMENTARIVS.

I muſt here be enforced (for your eaſier examination) of a ſimile before, to cite the originall words of it; which of all Homers *tranſlators and commentors haue bene moſt groſly miſtaken; his whole intent and ſence in it, vtterly falſified. The ſimile illuſtrates the manner of* Iunos *parting from* Ioue, *being commanded by him to a buſineſſe ſo abhorring from her will, is this:*

Ως δ' ὅτε πὰι αἰζὴν νιφετὸν ἢ χάλαζαν ἢ χιόνα λευκὴν, ὅθοτ' ἐκλάσσησι κελαινὴ
Ἐν δ' εἶσιν ἐὸν θάλαμον μαιμάουσα τὸ πρὶν ἐόντα.

Which

Which is thus conuerted ad verbum *by* Spondanus:

Sicut autem quando diſcurrit mens viri, qui per multam
Terram profectus, mentibus prudentibus conſideraiit,
Huc iueram vel illuc, cogitaritq; multa;
Sic citò properans peruolauit veneranda Iuno.

Which Lauren. Valla *in proſe thus tranſlates.*

Subuolauit *Iuno* in cœlum, eadem feſtinatione, ac celeritate, qua mens prudentis hominis, & qui multum terrarum peragrauit, recurſat, cum multa ſibi agenda inſtant, huc ſe conferat an illuc.

Eobanus Heſſus *in verſe thus*:

Tam ſubitò, quàm ſana viri mens plura ſcientis,
Quique peragrarit vaſtæ loca plurima terræ,
Multa mouens animo, nunc huc, nunc auolat illuc.

To this purpoſe likewiſe the Italian *and* French *copies haue it. All vnderſtanding* Homers *intent was (as by the ſpeedineſſe of a mans thought or mind) to illuſtrate* Iunos *ſwiftneſſe in haſting about the commandement of* Iupiter, *which was vtterly otherwiſe: viz. to ſhew the diſtraction of* Iunos *mind, in going againſt her will, and in her deſpite about* Ioues *commandment, which all the hiſtory before, in her inueterate and inflexible grudge to do any thing for the good of the* Troians, *confirmeth without queſtion. Beſides, her moroſitie, and ſolemne apparance amongſt the gods and goddeſſes, (which* Themis *notes in her lookes) ſhewes, if ſhe went willingly, much leſſe ſwiftly about that buſines. Nor can the illuſtration of ſwiftnes be* Homers *end in this ſimile, becauſe he makes the mans mind, to which he reſembles her going, ſtagger; inclining him to go this way, and that; not reſolued which way to go: which very poorely expreſſeth ſwiftneſſe, and as properly agrees with the propertie of a wiſe man; when he hath vndertaken, and gone farre in a iourney, not to know whether he ſhould go forward or backeward. Let vs therefore examine the originall words.*

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀναΐξῃσι βόος ἔτι πουλὺν
Γαῖαν καλινδόμε[ν]ος, &c. Sicut verò quando diſcurrit vel protumpit; vel cum impetu exurgit mens viri, ἀναΐσσω *ſignifying* ruo, prorumpo, vel cum impetu exurgo: *as hauing trauelled farre on an irkeſome iourney (as* Iuno *had done for the* Greekes; *faining to* Ioue *and* Venus, *ſhe was going to viſite* τελευτάτην περατα γαίης, multa nutrientes fines terræ,) *and then knowes not whether he ſhould go backeward or forward, ſuſtaines a vehement diſcourſe with himſelfe, on what courſe to reſolue: and next in mind, (which the words,* ὀρσὶ πυκαλίμῃσι, *expreſſe: being to be vnderſtood* mentibus amaris, vexatis, *or* diſtractis: *with a ſpitefull, ſorrowfull, vext, or diſtracted mind: not* mentibus prudentibus, *as all moſt vnwiſely in this place conuers it: though in other places it intimates ſo much. But here the other holds congruence with the reſt of the ſimile; from which in the wiſe ſence it abhorres:* πυκαλιμος *ſignifying* amarus *more properly then* prudens; *being tranſlated* prudens *meerely metaphorically, according to the ſecond deduction; where here it is vſed more properly according to the firſt deduction: which is taken from* πυκη *the Larcher tree, whoſe gumme is exceeding bitter; and becauſe things irkeſome and bitter, (as afflictions, croſſes, &c.) are meanes to make men wiſe, and take heede by others harmes: therefore according to the ſecond deduction,* πυκαλιμος *is taken for* cautus *or* prudens. *But now, that the* απόδοσις *or application ſeemes to make with their ſence of ſwiftneſſe, the words* ὃς κραιπνος μεμαυια, *being tranſlated by them* ſic citò properans; *it is thus to be turned in this place,* ſic rapidè & impetu pulſa, *ſo*

ſo ſnatchingly or headlongly driuen, ſhew Iuno. *As we often ſee with a clap of thunder, Doues or other fowles driuen headlong from their ſeates, not in direct flight; but as they would breake their neckes with a kind of reeling:* μαιμαω *being deriued of* μαιω *or* μαιμαω *ſignifying* impetu ferri, vel furibundo impetu ferri: *all which moſt aptly agreeth with* Iunos *enforced and wrathfull parting from* Ioue, *and doing his charge diſtractedly. This for me; if another can giue better, let him ſhew it, and take it. But in infinite other places is this diuine Poet thus prophaned; which for the extreme labour I cannot yet touch at.*

[b] Ἀργαλέον, &c. Difficile eſt, *it is a hard thing (ſaith* Minerua *to* Mars, *when ſhe anſwers his anger for the ſlaughter of his ſonne* Aſcalaphus) *for* Ioue *to deliuer the generation and birth of all men from death; which Commentors thus vnderſtand; There were ſome men that neuer died; as* Tython *the husband of* Aurora, Chyron, Glaucus *made a ſea god, &c. and in holy Writ (as* Spondanus *pleaſeth to mixe them)* Enoc *and* Elias: *but becauſe theſe few were freed from death,* Mars *muſt not looke that all others were. But this interpretation (I thinke) will appeare to all men at firſt ſight, both ridiculous and prophane.* Homer *making* Minerua *onely ieſt at* Mars *here, (as ſhe doth in other places) bidding him not ſtorme that his ſonne ſhould be ſlaine more then better borne, ſtronger, and worthier men; for* Ioue *ſhould haue enough to do (or it were hard for* Ioue) *to free all men from* Death *that are vnwilling to die. This mine, with the reſt: the other others; accept which you pleaſe.*

The end of the fifteenth Booke.

V THE

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ACHilles, *at* Patroclus *ſuite, doth yeeld*
His armes, and Myrmidons; *which brought to field,*
The Troians *flie.* Patroclus *hath the grace*
Of great Sarpedons *death, ſprong of the race*
Of Iupiter; *he hauing ſlaine the horſe*
Of Thetis *ſonne, (fierce* Pedaſus.) *the force*
Of Hector *doth reuenge, the much-rui'dend*
Of moſt renown'd Sarpedon, *on the friend*
Of Thetides; *firſt, by* Euphorbus, *harm'd*
And by Apollos *perſonall powre diſarm'd.*

Another Argument.

In ♏, Patroclus *beares the chance*
Of death, impoſd by Hectors *lance.*

THus fighting for this well-built ſhip; *Patroclus* all that ſpace
Stood by his friend, preparing words, to win the *Greeks* his grace
With powre of vncontained teares: and (like a fountaine pour'd
In blacke ſtreams, frō a lofty rocke) the *Greeks*, ſo plagu'd, deplor'd.
Achilles (ruthfull for his teares) ſaid: Wherefore weepes my friend
So like a girle, who, though ſhe ſees, her mother cannot tend
Her childiſh humours, hangs on her, and would be taken vp;
Stil viewing her, with teare-drownd eyes, when ſhe hath made her ſtoope.
To nothing liker, I can ſhape, thy ſo vnſeemely teares;
What cauſeth them? hath any ill, ſollicited thine eares,
Befalne my *Myrmidons*? or newes, from loued *Phthia* brought,
Told onely thee? leſt I ſhould grieue, and therefore thus hath wrought
On thy kind ſpirit? *Actors* ſonne, the good *Menœtius*,
(Thy father) liues; and *Peleus* (mine) great ſonne of *Æacus*,
Amongſt his *Myrmidons*; whoſe deaths, in dutie we ſhould mourne.
Or is it what the *Greeks* ſuſtaine, that doth thy ſtomacke turne?
On whom (for their iniuſtice ſake) plagues are ſo iuſtly laide?
Speake man, let both know eithers heart. *Patroclus* (ſighing ſaid)
O *Peleus* ſonne, (thou ſtrongeſt *Greeke*, by all degrees, that liues)
Still be not angrie; our ſad ſtate, ſuch cauſe of pittie giues.
Our greateſt *Greeks* lie at their ſhips, ſore wounded; *Ithachus*,
King *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and good *Eurypilus*:
But theſe, much-medcine-knowing men (Phyſitions) can recure;
Thou yet vnmedcinable ſtill; though thy wound, all endure.
Heauen bleſſe my boſome from ſuch wrath, as thou ſooth'ſt as thy bliſſe,
(Vnprofitable

Achilles chides Patroclus for his teares.

Patroclus anſwer to Achilles.

(Vnprofitably vertuous) How ſhall our progenies,
Borne in thine age, enioy thine aide? when theſe friends in thy flowre
Thou leau'ſt to ſuch vnworthy death? O idle, cruell powre;
Great *Peleus* neuer did beget, nor *Thetis*, bring foorth thee;
Thou, from the blew ſea, and her rockes, deriu'ſt thy pedegree.
What ſo declines thee? If thy mind, ſhuns any augurie,
Related by thy mother Queene, from heauens foreſeeing eye,
And therefore thou forſak'ſt thy friends; let me go caſe their mones
With thoſe braue reliques of our hoſt, thy mightie *Myrmidons*;
That I may bring to field more light, to *Conqueſt* then hath bene;
To which end grace me with thine armes, ſince any ſhadow ſeene
Of thy reſemblance; all the powre, of periur'd *Troy* will flie,
And our ſo tired friends will breathe: our freſh-ſet-on ſupplie
Will eaſily driue their wearied off. Thus (fooliſh man) he ſu'd
For his ſure death; of all whoſe ſpeech, *Achilles* firſt renu'd
The laſt part, thus: O worthy friend, what haue thy ſpeeches bene?
I ſhun the fight for Oracles? or what my mother Queene
Hath told from *Ioue*? I take no care, nor note of one ſuch thing;
But this fit anger ſtings me ſtill, that the inſulting king,
Should from his equall take his right; ſince he exceeds in powre.
This, (ſtill his wrong) is ſtill my griefe; he tooke my Paramour
That all men gaue: and whom I wonne, by vertue of my ſpeare,
That (for her) ouerturn'd a Towne. This rape he made of her,
And vſde me like a fugitiue; an Inmate in a towne,
That is no citie libertine, nor capable of their gowne.
But, beare we this, as out of date; tis paſt, nor muſt we ſtill
Feed anger in our nobleſt parts; yet thus, I haue my will
As well as our great king of men; for I did euer vow,
Neuer to caſt off my diſdaine, till (as it fals out now)
Their miſſe of me, knockt at my fleet; and told me in their cries,
I was reueng'd, and had my wiſh, of all my enemies.
And ſo of this repeate enough: Take thou, my fame-blaz'd armes,
And my fight-thirſtie *Myrmidons*, leade to theſe hote alarmes.
Whole clouds of *Troians* circle vs, with hatefull eminence:
The *Greeks* ſhut in a little ſhore; a ſort of citizens
Skipping vpon them: all becauſe, their prowd eyes do not ſee
The radiance of my helmet there, whoſe beames had inſtantly
Thruſt backe, and all theſe ditches fild, with carrion of their fleſh,
If *Agamemnon* had bene kind: where now, they fight as freſh,
As thus farre they had put at eaſe; and at our tents contend.
And may; for the repulſiue hand, of *Diomed*, doth not ſpend
His raging darts there, that their *Death*, could fright out of our fleet:
Nor from that head of enmitie, can my poore hearers meet
The voice of great *Atrides* now: now *Hectors* onely voyce,
Breakes all the aire, about both hoſts; and with the very noiſe,
Bred by his lowd encouragements, his forces fill the field,
And fight the poore *Achaians* downe. But on; put thou my ſhield
Betwixt the fire-plague and our fleet: ruſh brauely on, and turne

Achilles to Patroclus.

Warres tide as headlong on their throtes. No more let them aiourne
Our ſweet-home-turning: but obſerue, the charge I lay on thee
To each leaſt point, that thy rul'd hand, may highly honour me;
And get ſuch glorie from the *Greeks*, that they may ſend againe
My moſt ſweet wench, and gifts to boote; when thou haſt caſt a raine
On theſe ſo head-ſtrong citizens, and forc't them from our fleet.
Iupiter called the god of ſounds for the thunder ſound his thunder. With which grace, if the god of ſounds, thy kind egreſſion greet;
Retire, and be not tempted on (with pride, to ſee thy hand
Raine ſlaughterd carkaſſes on earth) to runne forth thy command
As farre as *Ilion*; leſt the gods, that fauour *Troy*, come forth
To thy encounter; for the Sunne, much loues it; and my worth
(In what thou ſuffer'ſt) will be wrong'd, that I would let my friend
Aſſume an action of ſuch weight, without me; and tranſcend
His friends preſcription; do not then, affect a further fight,
Then I may ſtrengthen: let the reſt, (when thou haſt done this right)
Performe the reſt. [a] O would to *Ioue*, thou *Pallas*, and thou Sunne,
That not a man houſd vnderneath, thoſe towres of *Ilion*,
Nor any one of all the *Greeks*, (how infinite a ſumme
Soeuer, altogether make) might liue vnouercome:
But onely we two (ſcaping death) might haue the thundring downe
Of euery ſtone, ſtucke in the wals, of this ſo ſacred towne.
Thus ſpake they onely twixt themſelues. And now the foe no more
Could *Aiax* ſtand, being ſo oppreſt, with all the iron ſtore
The *Troians* powr'd on; with whoſe darts, and with *Ioues* will beſide,
His powres were cloyd, and his bright helme, did deafning blowes abide;
His plume, and all head * ornaments, could neuer hang in reſt:
His arme yet laboured vp his ſhield; and, hauing done their beſt,
They could not ſtirre him from his ſtand; although he wrought it out
With ſhort reſpitings, and with ſweate; that ceaſleſſe flow'd about
His reeking lims: no leaſt time giuen, to take in any breath;
Ill ſtrengthned ill; when one was vp, another was beneath.
Now *Muſes*, you that dwell in heauen, the dreadfull meane inſpire
That firſt enforc't the *Grecian* fleete, to take in *Troian* fire:
Firſt *Hector* with his huge brode ſword, cut off, at ſetting on,
The head of *Aiax* Aſhen lance; which *Aiax* ſeeing gone;
And that he ſhooke a headleſſe ſpeare (a little while vnware)
His warie ſpirits told him ſtraight, the hand of heauen was there,
And trembl'd vnder his conceipt; which was, [b] that twas *Ioues* deed:
Who, as he pold off his darts heads; ſo, ſure he had decreed,
That all the counſels of their warre, he would polle off like it,
And giue the *Troians* victorie: ſo, truſted he his wit,
And left his darts. And then the ſhip, was heapt with horrid brands
Of kindling fire; which inſtantly, was ſeene through all the ſtrands,
In vnextinguiſhible flames, that all the ſhip embrac't:
And then *Achilles* beate his thighes; cryed out, *Patroclus*, haſte,
Make way with horſe; I ſee at fleet, a fire of fearfull rage:
Arme, arme, leſt all our fleet it fire, and all our powre engage;
Arme quickly, Ile bring vp the troopes. To theſe ſo dreadfull warres

Patroclus

Patroclus, in *Achilles* armes, (enlightned all with ſtarres,
And richly ameld) all haſte made: he wore his ſword, his ſhield,
His huge-plum'd helme; and two ſuch ſpeares, as he could nimbly wield.
But the moſt fam'd *Achilles* ſpeare, big, ſolid, full of weight,
He onely left, of all his armes; for that, farre paſt the might
Of any *Greeke* to ſhake, but his; *Achilles* onely ire
Shooke that huge weapon; that was giuen, by *Chyron* to his ſire,
Cut from the top of *Pelion*, to be Heroes deaths.
His ſteeds, *Automedon* ſtraight ioyn'd; like whom no man that breaths
(Next *Peleus* ſonne) *Patroclus* lou'd; for like him, none ſo great
He found, in faith, at euery fight, nor to out-looke a threat:
Automedon did therefore guide (for him) *Achilles* ſteeds,
(*Xanthus*, and *Balius* ſwift as wind) begotten by the ſeeds
Of *Zephyr*, and the *Harpie* borne, *Pordarge*; in a meade
Cloſe to the waue *Ocean*, where that fierce *Harpye* feade.
Automedon ioyn'd theſe before, and with the hindmoſt geres
He faſtn'd famous *Pedaſus*, whom, from the maſſakers
Made by *Achilles*, when he tooke, *Eetions* wealthie towne,
He brought; and (though of mortall race) yet gaue him the renowne
To follow his immortall horſe. And now, before his tents,
Himſelfe had ſeene his *Myrmidons*, in all habiliments
Of dreadfull warre: And when ye ſee (vpon a mountaine bred)
A den of Wolues, (about whoſe hearts, vnmeaſur'd ſtrengths are fed)
New come from currie of a Stagge; their iawes all blood-beſmeard;
And when from ſome blacke water-fount, they altogether herd;
There hauing plentifully lapt, with thin, and thruſt out tongs,
The top and cleareſt of the ſpring; go belching from their lungs
The clotterd gore; looke dreadfully, and entertaine no dread,
Their bellies gaunt; all taken vp, with being ſo rawly fed:
Then ſay, that ſuch, in ſtrength, and looke, were great *Achilles* men,
Now orderd for the dreadfull fight: and ſo with all them then
Their Princes, and their Chiefes did ſhow, about their Generals friend;
His friend, and all, about himſelfe: who chiefly did intend
Th'embattelling of horſe, and foote. To that ſiege, held ſo long,
Twiſe fiue and twenty ſaile he brought; twiſe fiue and twentie ſtrong
Of able men, was euery ſaile: fiue Colonels he made
Of all thoſe forces, truſtie men; and all of powre to leade,
But he, of powre, beyond them all. *Meneſthius* was one,
That euer wore diſcolour'd armes; he was a riuers ſonne
That fell from heauen, and good to drinke, was his delightfull ſtreame:
His name, vnwearied *Sperchius*; he lou'd the louely dame
Faire *Polydora*, *Peleus* ſeed; and deare in *Borus* fight,
And ſhe, to that celeſtiall flood, gaue this *Meneſthius* light:
A woman, mixing with a god. Yet *Borus* bore the name
Of father to *Meneſthius*: he marrying the dame,
And giuing her a mightie dowre; he was the kind deſcent
Of *Perieris*. The next man, renown'd with regiment,
Was ſtrong *Eudorus*; brought to life, by one ſuppoſd a maide;

Automedon friend to Patroclus, and manager of Achilles horſes.

A ſimile moſt lively expreſſiue.

The powers Achilles brought to Troy.

Bright *Polymela* (*Phylas* ſeed;) but had the wanton plaid,
With *Argus*-killing *Mercurie*; who (fir'd with her faire eyes
As ſhe was ſinging in the quire, of her that makes the cries
In clamorous hunting, and doth beare, the crooked bow of gold)
Stole to her bed, in that chaſte roome, that *Phebe* chaſt did hold;
And gaue her that ſwift-warrelicke ſonne, (*Eudorus*) brought to light
Eudorus borne as Polymela his mother was dancing. As ſhe was dancing: but as ſoone, as ſhe that rules the plight
Of labouring women, eaſd her throwes; and ſhew'd her ſonne the Sunne,
Strong *Echeclaus*, *Actors* heire; woo'd earneſtly, and wonne
Her ſecond fauour, feeing her, with gifts of infinite priſe;
And after brought her to his houſe; where, in his grandſires eyes,
(Old *Phylas*) *Polymelas* ſonne, obtaind exceeding grace,
And found as carefull bringing vp, as of his naturall race
Menalides the third Colonell. He had deſcended. The third chiefe, was faire *Menalides*
Pyſandrus; who in skill of darts, obtaind ſupremeſt praiſe
Of all the *Myrmidons*, except, their Lords companion.
Phœnix the fourth. Alcimedon the fifth. The fourth charge aged *Phœnix* had. The fifth, *Alcimedon*,
Sonne of *Laercus*, and much fam'd. All theſe digeſted thus
In fit place, by the mightie ſonne, of royall *Peleus*;
Achilles to his Myrmidons. This ſterne remembrance he gaue all: You *Myrmidons*, (ſaid he)
Left any of you ſhould forget, his threatnings vſde to me
In this place; and through all the time, that my iuſt anger raign'd;
Attempting me with bitter words, for being ſo reſtrain'd
(For my hote humour) from the fight: remember them, as theſe:
Thou cruell ſonne of *Peleus*, whom ſhe that rules the ſeas,
Did onely nouriſh with her gall; thou doſt vngently hold
Our hands, againſt our wills, from fight; we will not be controld;
But take our ſhips and ſaile for home; before we loyter here,
And feed thy furie. Theſe high words, exceeding often were
The threates, that in your mutinous troopes, ye vſde to me, for wrath
To be detaind ſo from the field: now then, your ſplenes may bath
In ſweate of thoſe great works ye wiſht; now he that can employ
A generous heart, go fight, and fright, theſe bragging ſonnes of *Troy*.
This ſet their minds, and ſtrengths on fire; the ſpeech enforcing well,
Being vſde in time; but being their kings, it much more did impell;
Simile. And cloſer ruſht-in all the troopes. And, as for buildings hie,
The Mazon layes his ſtones more thicke, againſt th'extremitie
Of wind and weather; and euen then, if any ſtorme ariſe,
He thickens them the more for that; the preſent act ſo plies
His honeſt mind to make ſure worke. So, for the high eſtate
This worke was brought to, theſe mens minds, (according to the rate)
Were raiſd, and all their bodies ioyn'd: but there well-ſpoken king,
With his ſo timely-thought-on ſpeech, more ſharpe made valours ſting;
And thickn'd ſo their targets boſt; ſo all their helmets then;
That ſhields propt ſhields; helmes helmets knockt, and men encourag'd men.
Patroclus, and *Automedon*, did arme before them all
Patroclus and Automedon arme together. Two bodies, with one mind inform'd; and then the Generall,
Betooke him to his priuate Tent, where (from a coffer wrought

Moſt

Moſt rich and curiouſly; and giuen, by *Thetis*, to be brought
In his owne ſhip, top-fild with veſts; warme robes to checke cold wind;
And tapiſtries, all golden fring'd, and curl'd with thrumbs behind:
Achilles ſacrifice for his friends ſafe returne. He tooke a moſt vnualewed boule, in which none dranke but he;
Nor he, but to the deities; nor any deitie,
But *Ioue* himſelfe was ſeru'd with that; and that he firſt did cenſe
With ſulphure, then with fluences, of ſweeteſt water renſe.
Then waſht his hands, and drew himſelfe, a boule of mightie wine;
Which (ſtanding midſt the place encloſde, for ſeruices diuine,
And looking vp to heauen and *Ioue*, who ſaw him well) he pour'd
Vpon the place of ſacrifice, and humbly thus inplor'd:
Achilles inuocation. Great *Dodonæus*, Preſident, of cold *Dodonæs* towres;
Diuine *Pelaſgicus*, that dwell'ſt, farre hence; about whoſe bowres
Th'auſtere prophetique *Sells* dwell, that ſtill ſleepe on the ground,
Go bare, and neuer cenſe their feete: as I before haue found
Grace to my vowes, and hurt to *Greece*, ſo now my prayres intend.
I ſtill ſtay in the gatherd fleete, but haue diſmiſt my friend
Amongſt my many *Myrmidons*, to danger of the dart.
O grant his valour my renowne; arme with my mind his hart,
That *Hectors* ſelfe may know, my friend, can worke in ſingle warre;
And not then onely ſhew his hands, ſo hote and ſingular,
When my kind preſence ſeconds him: but, fight he nere ſo well;
No further let him truſt his fight: but when he ſhall repell
Clamor and Danger from our fleete, vouchſafe a ſafe retreate
To him and all his companies, with fames and armes compleate.
He prayd, and heauens great Counſellor, gaue ſatisfying eare,
To one part of his oriſons, but left the other there:
He let him free the fleete of foes, but ſafe retreate denide.
Achilles left that vtter part, where he his zeale applide;
And turn'd into his inner tent; made faſt his cups; and then
Stood forth, and with his mind beheld, the foes fight and his men,
That follow'd his great minded friend, embattail'd, till they brake
Simile. With gallant ſpirit vpon the foe: And as fell waſpes, that make
Their dwellings in the broade high way; which fooliſh children vſe
(Their cottages being neare their neſts) to anger and abuſe
With euer vexing them, and breed (to ſooth their childiſh warre)
A common ill to many men; ſince if a traueller
(That would his iourneys end apply, and paſſe them vnaſſayd)
Come neare and vexe them, vpon him, the childrens faults are layd;
For on they flie, as he were ſuch, and ſtill defend their owne:
So far'd it with the feruent mind, of euery *Myrmidon*,
Who pour'd themſelues out of their fleete, vpon their wanton foes,
That needs would ſtirre them, thruſt ſo neare; and cauſe the ouerthrowes
Of many others that had elſe, bene neuer toucht by them,
Patroclus to the Myrmidons. Nor would haue toucht. *Patroclus* then, put his wind to the ſtreame,
And thus exhorted: Now my friends, remember you expreſſe
Your late-vrg'd vertue, and renowme, our great *Æacides*;
That he being ſtrongſt of all the *Greeks*, his eminence may dimme

All others likewiſe in our ſtrengths, that farre off imitate him.
And *Agamemnon* now may ſee, his fault as generall,
As his place high; diſhonoring him, that ſo much honors all.
Thus made he ſparkle their fiefh fire, and on they ruſht; the fleete
Fild full her hollow ſides with ſounds, that terribly did greete
Th'amazed *Troians*: and their eyes, did ſecond their amaze,
The terror of Patroclus to the Troians. When great *Menetius* ſonne they ſaw, and his friends armor blaze;
All troupes ſtood troubl'd with conceit, that *Peleus* ſonne was there;
His anger caſt off at the ſhips; and each lookt euery where
For ſome authoritie to leade, the then prepared flight.
Patroclus greeted with a lance, the region where the fight
Made ſtrongeſt tumult; neare the ſhip, *Protæſilaus* brought,
And ſtrooke *Pyrechmes*, who before, the taine-helmd *Peons* fought,
Led from *Amydon*, neare whoſe wals, the broad ſtream'd *Axius* flowes.
Pyrechmes ſlain by Patroclus, and the ſhips re-ſcued. Through his right ſhoulder flew the dart, whoſe blow ſtrooke all the blowes
In his powre, from his powreleſſe arme; and downe he groning fell:
His men all flying (their Leader fled.) 'Th his one dart did repell
The whole guard plac't about the ſhip; whoſe fire extinct, halfe burn'd
The *Peons* left her; and full crie, to clamorous flight return'd.
Then ſpread the *Greeks* about their ſhips; triumphant tumult flow'd:
Simile. And as from top of ſome ſteepe hill, the lightner ſtrips a clowd,
And lets a great skie out from heauen; in whoſe delightſome light,
All prominent foreheads, forreſts, towres, and temples cheare the ſight:
So clear'd theſe *Greeks*, this *Troian* cloud; and at their ſhips and tents
Obtain'd a litle time to breathe, but found no preſent vents
To their incluſions; nor did *Troy* (though theſe *Pæonians* fled)
Loſe any ground, but from this ſhip, they needfully turn'd head.
Then euery man, a man ſubdude; *Patroclus* in the thigh
Strooke *Areilicus*; his dart, the bone did breake, and flie
Quite through, and ſunke him to the earth. Good *Menelaus* flew
Accomplisht *Thoas*, in whoſe breaſt (being nak'd) his lance he threw,
Aboue his ſhield, and freed his ſoule. *Phylides* (taking note
That bold *Amphidus* bent at him) preuented him, and ſmote
His thighes extreme part, where (of man) his fatteſt muſcle lies,
The nerues torne with his lances pile, and darkneſſe cloſde his eyes.
Antilochus, *Atymnius* ſeizd, his ſteele lance did impreſſe
His firſt three guts, and looſd his life. At yong *Neſtorides*,
Mars, *Atymnius* bother flew; and at him, *Thraſimed*,
(The brother to *Antilochus*) his eager Iauelins head,
The muſcles of his arme cut out, and ſhiuer'd all the bone;
Night cloſde his eyes; his liueleſſe corſe, his brother fell vpon.
And ſo by two kind brothers hands, did two kind brothers bleed:
Both being diuine *Sarpedons* friends; and were the darting ſeed
Of *Amiſodarus*, that kept, the bane of many men,
Abhord *Chimæra*; and ſuch bane, now caught his childeren.
Aiax Oileades did take, *Cleobulus* aliue,
Inuading him, (ſtaid by the preaſe) and at him then let driue,
With his ſhort ſword, that cut his necke; whoſe bloud warm'd all the ſteele:

And

And cold Death, with a violent fate, his ſable eyes did ſeele.
Peneleus and *Lycon*, caſt, together off their darts;
Both miſt, and both together then, went with their ſwords; in parts
The blade and hilt went, laying on, vpon the helmets height;
Peneleus ſword caught *Lycons* necke, and cut it thorough quite.
His head hung by the very skin. The ſwift *Meriones*,
(Purſuing flying *Acamas*) iuſt as he got acceſſe
To horſe and chariot, ouertooke, and tooke him ſuch a blow
On his right ſhoulder, that he left, his chariot, and cold ſtrow
The duſtie earth; life left his lims, and night his eyes poſſeſt.
Idomeneus his ſterne dart, at *Erymas* addreſt,
As (like to *Acamas*) he fled; it cut the ſundry bones
Beneath his braine, betwixt his necke, and foreparts, and ſo runs
(Shaking his teeth out) through his mouth; his eyes all drown'd in blood:
So through his noſtrils and his mouth (that now dart-open ſtood)
He breath'd his ſpirit. Thus had death, from euery *Grecian* Chiefe,
A Chiefe of *Troy*. For, as to Kids, or Lambes, their cruelſt thiefe *Simile.*
(The Wolfe) ſteales in; and when he ſees, that by the ſhepheards ſloth,
The dams are ſperſt about the hils; then ſerues his rauenous tooth
With eaſe, becauſe his prey is weake: So ſeru'd the *Greeks* their foes,
Diſcerning well, how ſhrieking flight, did all their ſpirits diſpoſe;
Their biding vertues quite forgot; And now the naturall ſplene
That *Aiax* bore to *Hector*, ſtill, by all meanes would haue bene
Within his boſome with a dart: but he, that knew the warre,
(Well couer'd in a well-lin'd ſhield) did well perceiue how farre
The arrowes and the iauelins reacht, by being within their ſounds
And ominous ſingings; and obſeru'd, the there-inclining bounds
Of Conqueſt, in her aide of him, and ſo obeyd her change;
Tooke ſafeſt courſe for him and his, and ſtood to her as ſtrange.
And as when *Ioue* intends a ſtorme, he lets out of the ſtarres *Simile*
From ſteepe *Olympus*, a blacke cloud, that all heauens ſplendor barres
From men on earth: ſo from the hearts, of all the *Troian* hoſt,
All comfort lately found from *Ioue*, in flight and cries was loſt.
Nor made they any faire retreat; *Hectors* vnruly horſe,
Would needs retire him; and he left, engag'd his *Troian* force;
Forc't by the ſteepneſſe of the dike, that in ill place they tooke,
And kept them that would faine haue gone. Their horſes quite forſooke
A number of the *Troian* kings, and left them in the dike;
Their chariots in their foreteames broke. *Patroclus* then did ſtrike
While ſteele was hote, and chear'd his friends; nor meant his enemies good:
Who when they once began to flie, each way receiu'd a flood,
And chok't themſelues with drifts of duſt. And now were clouds begot
Beneath the clouds; with flight, and noiſe; the horſe neglected not
Their home intendments; and where rout, was buſieſt, there pour'd on
Patroclus moſt exhorts and threats; and then lay ouerthrowne
Numbers beneath their axle-trees, who (lying in flights ſtreame)
Made th'after chariots iot and iumpe, in driuing ouer them.
Th'immortall horſe *Patroclus* rode, did paſſe the dike with eaſe,

And

And wiſht the depth and danger more: and *Menetiades*
As great a ſpirit had to reach, retiring *Hectors* haſt;
But his fleete horſe had too much law, and fetcht him off too faſt.
Simile. And as in Autumne the blacke earth, is loden with the ſtormes,
That *Ioue* in gluts of raine poures downe; being angry with the formes
Of iugdement in authoriſde men, that in their courts maintaine
(With violent office) wreſted lawes, and (fearing gods, nor men)
Exile all iuſtice; for whoſe faults, whole fields are ouerflowne,
And many valleys cut away, with torrents headlong throwne,
From neighbour mountaines; till the ſea, receiue them, roring in;
And iudg'd mens labours then are vaine, plagu'd for their Iudges ſin:
So now the foule defaults of ſome, all *Troy* were laid vpon:
So like thoſe torrents roar'd they backe, to windie *Ilion*;
And ſo like tempeſts, blew the horſe, with rauiſhing backe againe
Thoſe hote aſſailants, all their workes, at fleete now rendred vaine.
Patroclus (when he had diſperſt, the formoſt Phalanxes)
Cald backe his forces to the fleete, and would not let them preaſe
(As they deſir'd) too neare the towne; but twixt the ſhips and ſtoud,
And their ſteepe rampire, his hand ſteept, *Reuenge* in ſeas of bloud.
Then *Pronous* was firſt that fell, beneath his fierie lance,
Which ſtrooke his bare breſt, neare his ſhield. The ſecond, *Theſtors* chance
(Old *Enops* ſonne) did make himſelfe; who ſhrinking, and ſet cloſe
In his faire ſeate (euen with th'approch, *Patroclus* made) did loſe
All manly courage; inſomuch, that from his hands, his raines
Fell flowing downe; and his right iaw, *Patroclus* lance, attaines;
Strooke through his teeth, and there it ſtucke, and by it, to him drew
Simile. Dead *Theſtor* to his chariot: it ſhewd, as when you view
An Angler from ſome prominent rocke, draw with his line and hooke
A mightie fiſh out of the ſea: for ſo the *Greeke* did plucke
The *Troian* gaping from his ſeate; his iawes op't with the dart;
Which when *Patroclus* drew, he fell; his life and breſt did part.
Then ruſht he on *Eryalus*, at whom he hurl'd a ſtone,
Which ſtrake his head ſo in the midſt, that two was made of one;
Two wayes it fell, cleft through his caske: and then *Tlepolemus*,
Epaltes, *Damaſtorides*, *Euippus*, *Echius*,
Ipheas, bold *Amphoterus*, and valiant *Erymas*,
And *Polymelus* (by his ſire, ſurnam'd *Argeadas*)
He heapt vpon the much-fed earth. When *Ioues* moſt worthy ſonne
(Diuine *Sarpedon*) ſaw theſe friends thus ſtayd, and others runne;
Sarpedon to the Lycians. O ſhame! why flie ye, then he cride? now ſhew ye ſeete enow:
On, keepe your way; my ſelfe will meete, the man that ſtartles you;
To make me vnderſtand his name, that ſtants in conqueſt thus,
And hath ſo many able knees, ſo ſoone diſſolu'd to vs.
Downe iumpt he from his chariot; downe leapt his foe as light:
Simile. And as on ſome farre-looking rocke, a caſt of Vultures fight,
Flie on each other, ſtrike, and truſſe, part, meete, and then ſticke by,
Tug, both with crooked beakes, and feres; crie, fight, and fight, and cry:
So fiercely fought theſe angry kings, and ſhew'd as bitter gals.

Ioue

Ioue (turning eyes to this ſterne fight) his wife and ſiſter cals, *Ioue to Iuno about the fate of Sarpedon.*
And (much mou'd for the *Lycian* Prince) ſaid: O that to my ſonne,
Fate, by this day, and man ſhould cut, a thread ſo nobly ſpunne.
Two minds diſtract me; if I ſhould, now rauiſh him from fight,
And ſet him ſafe in *Lycia*, or giue the Fates their right.
Auſtere *Saturnius*, (the replide) what vniuſt words are theiſe? *Iuno to Ioue.*
A mortall long ſince markt by Fate, wouldſt thou immortaliſe?
Do; but by no god be approu'd; free him, and numbers more
(Sonnes of immortals) will liue free, that death muſt taſte before
Theſe gates of *Ilion*; euery god, will haue his ſonne a god,
Or ſtorme extremely. Giue him then, an honeſt period,
In braue fight, by *Patroclus* ſword, if he be deare to thee,
And grieues thee, for his danger'd life: of which, when he is free,
Let *Death* and *Somnus* beare him hence; till *Lycias* naturall wombe
Receiue him from his brothers hands, and citizens; a Tombe
And columne raiſd to him; this is, the honor of the dead.
She ſaid; and her ſpeech rul'd his powre: but in his ſafeties ſtead,
For ſad oſtent of his neare death, he ſteept his liuing name
In drops of blood, heauen ſwet for him, which earth drunke to his fame.
And now, as this high combat grew, to this too humble end;
Sarpedons death had this ſtate more; twas vſherd by his friend,
And charioteere, braue *Thraſimed*; whom, in his bellies rim,
Patroclus wounded with his lance, and endleſſe ended him.
And then another act of name, foreranne his princely fate;
His firſt lance miſſing, he let flie, a ſecond that gaue date *Sarpedon kils Pedaſus, one of Achilles horſe.*
Of violent death to *Pedaſus*; who (as he ioy'd to die
By his ſo honorable hand) did (euen in dying) ney.
His ruine ſtartl'd th'other ſteeds; the geres crackt, and the raines
Strappl'd his fellowes; whoſe miſ-rule, *Automedon* reſtraines,
By cutting the intangling geres; and ſo diſſundering quite,
The braue-ſlaine Beaſt; when both the reſt, obeyd, and went foreright:
And then the royall combattants, fought for the finall ſtroke, *The laſt encounter of Sarpedon and Patroclus.*
When *Lycias* Generall miſt againe; his high-raiſde Iauelin tooke,
Aboue his ſhoulder, emptie way. But no ſuch ſpeedleſſe flight
Patroclus let his ſpeare performe, that on the breaſt did light,
Of his braue foe; where lifes ſtrings cloſe, about the ſolid hart,
Impreſſing a recureleſſe wound; his knees then, left their part,
And let him fall; when like an Oke, a Poplar, or a Pine,
New feld by arts-men on the hils; he ſtretcht his forme diuine
Before his horſe and chariot. And as a Lion leapes
Vpon a goodly yellow Bull, driues all the herd in heapes; *Simile.*
And vnder his vnconquerd iawes, the braue beaſt ſighing dies:
So ſigh'd *Sarpedon* vnderneath, this prince of enemies;
Cald *Glaucus* to him (his deare friend,) and ſaid: Now friend, thy hands *Sarpedon dying, to Glaucus his friend.*
Much dutie owe to fight, and armes; now, for my loue, it ſtands
Thy heart in much hand to approue, that warre is harmefull; now
How actiue all thy forces are, this one houres act muſt ſhow.
Firſt call our *Lycian* Captaines vp, looke round, and bring vp all,

And

And all exhort, to ſtand like friends, about *Sarpedons* fall;
And ſpend thy ſelfe thy ſteele for me: for be aſſur'd, no day
Of all thy life, to thy laſt houre, can cleare thy blacke diſmay
In woe and infamie for me; if I be taken hence,
Spoil'd of mine armes; and thy renowme, deſpoil'd of my defence.
Stand firme then, and confirme thy men. This ſaid; the bounds of death
Concluded all ſight to his eyes, and to his noſthrils breath.
Patroclus (though his guard was ſtrong) forc't way through euery doubt:
Climb'd his high boſome with his foote, and pluckt his iauelin out;
And with it drew the filme and ſtrings, of his yet panting hart;
And laſt, together with the pile, his princely ſoule did part.
His horſe (ſpoil'd both of guide and king, thicke ſnoring, and amaz'd,
And apt to flight) the *Myrmidons*, made nimbly to, and feaz'd.
Glaucus, to heare his friend aske aide, of him paſt all the reſt;
The ſorrow of Glaucus for Sarpedon, and prayer to Phœbus. (Though well he knew his wound vncur'd) Confuſion fild his breſt,
Not to haue good in any powre; and yet ſo much good will.
And (laying his hand vpon his wound, that pain'd him ſharply ſtill;
And was by *Teucers* hand ſet on, from their aſſail'd ſteepe wall,
In keeping hurt from other men) he did on *Phœbus* call
(The god of Medcines) for his cure: Thou king of cures (ſaid he)
That art perhaps in *Lycia*, with her rich progenie,
Or here in *Troy*; but any where, ſince thou haſt power to heare;
O giue a hurt, and wofull man (as I am now) thine eare.
This arme ſuſtaines a cruell wound, whoſe paines ſhoot euery way,
Athwart this ſhoulder, and this hand, and nothing long can ſtay,
A fluxe of blood ſtill iſſuing; nor therefore can I ſtand
With any enemie in fight, nor hardly make my hand
Support my lance; and here lies dead, the worthieſt of men;
Sarpedon, worthy ſonne to *Ioue*; (whoſe power could yet abſtaine
From all aide in this deadly need) giue thou then aide to me,
(O king of all aide to men hurt) aſſwage th'extremitie
Of this armes anguiſh; giue it ſtrength, that by my preſident,
I may excite my men to blowes; and this dead corſe preuent
Of further violence. He praid, and kind *Apollo* heard;
Allayd his anguiſh, and his wound, of all the blacke bloud clear'd,
That vext it ſo; infuſde freſh powres, into his weakened mind,
And all his ſpirits flow'd with ioy, that *Phœbus* ſtood inclin'd
(In ſuch a quicke bountie) to his prayres. Then, as *Sarpedon* wild,
He caſt about his greedie eye, and firſt of all inſtild
To all his Captaines, all the ſtings, that could inflame their fight,
For good *Sarpedon*. And from them, he ſtretcht his ſpeedie pace,
T'*Æneor*, *Hector*, *Venus* ſonne, and wife *Polydamas*;
Glaucus being cured, to Hector. And (onely naming *Hector*) ſaid: *Hector*, you now forget
Your poore auxiliarie friends, that in your toiles haue ſwet
Their friendleſſe ſoules out, farre from home; *Sarpedon*, that ſuſtain'd
With Iuſtice, and his vertues a'l, broade *Lycia* hath not gain'd
The like guard for his perſon here; for yonder dead he lies,
Beneath the great *Patroclus* lance: but come, let your ſupplies

(Good

(Good friends) ſtand neare him: O diſdaine, to ſee his corſe defil'd
With *Grecian* furie; and his armes, by their oppreſſions ſpoil'd;
The *Myrmidons* are come enrag'd, that ſuch a mightie boote
Of *Greekes*, *Troys* darts haue made at fleete. This ſaid, from head to foote
Griefe ſtrooke their powres, paſt patience, and not to be reſtrain'd,
To heare newes of *Sarpedons* death; who, though he appertain'd
To other cities; yet to theirs, he was the very Fort,
And led a mightie people there; of all whoſe better ſort,
Himſelfe was beſt. This made them runne, in flames vpon the foe;
The firſt man, *Hector*, to whoſe heart, *Sarpedons* death did go.
Patroclus ſtird the *Grecian* ſpirits; and firſt, th'*Aiaces*, thus:
Patroclus to the Grecians, and particularly to both the Aiaces. Now brothers, be it deare to you, to fight, and ſuccour vs,
As euer heretofore ye did, with men firſt excellent.
The man lies ſlaine, that firſt did ſcale, and raze the battlement,
That crown'd our wall; the Lycian Prince. But if we now ſhall adde
Force to his corſe, and ſpoile his armes, a priſe may more be had
Of many great ones, that for him, will put on to the death.
To this worke, theſe were prompt enough; and each ſide ordereth
Thoſe Phalanxes that moſt had rate, of reſolutions;
The *Troians*, and the *Lycian* powres; the *Greeks*, and *Myrmidons*.
Theſe ranne together for the corſe, and cloſde with horrid cries;
Their armours thundering with the claps, laid on about the priſe.
And *Ioue* about th'impetuous broile, pernicious night powr'd out,
As long as for his loued ſonne, pernicious *Labour* fought.
The firſt of *Troy*, the firſt *Greekes* foil'd, when, not the laſt indeed,
Amongſt the *Myrmidons* was ſlaine: the great *Aiacleus* ſeed;
Diuine *Epigeus*, that before, had exerciſde command
In faire *Budeus*; but becauſe, he laid a bloudie hand
On his owne ſiſters valiant ſonne; To *Peleus*, and his Queene,
He came for pardon, and obtain'd; His ſlaughter being the meane
He came to *Troy*, and ſo to this. He ventur'd euen to touch
The princely carkaſſe, when a ſtone, did more to him, by much;
(Sent out of able *Hectors* hand) it cut his skull in twaine,
And ſtrooke him dead. *Patroclus* (grieu'd, to ſee his friend ſo ſlaine)
Before the foremoſt thruſt himſelfe: and as a Faulcon frayes *Simile.*
A flocke of Stares or Caddeſſes; ſuch feare brought his aſſayes
Amongſt the *Troians*, and their friends; and (angry at the hart,
As well as grieu'd) for him ſo ſlaine: another ſtonie dart,
As good as *Hectors*, he let flie, that duſted in the necke
Of *Sthenelaus*; thruſt his head, to earth firſt, and did breake
The nerues in ſunder, with his fall; off fell the *Troians* too;
Euen *Hectors* ſelfe, and all as farre, as any man can throw,
(Prouokt for games, or in the warres, to ſhed an enemies ſoule)
A light, long dart. The firſt that turn'd, was he that did controule
The Targatiers of *Lycia*; Prince *Glaucus*, who to hell
Sent *Bathycleus*, *Chalcons* ſonne; he did in *Hellas* dwell,
And ſhin'd, for wealth and happineſſe, amongſt the *Myrmidons*;
His boſomes midſt the Iauelin ſtrooke, his fall gat earth with grones.

The *Grecks* grieu'd, and the *Troians* ioy'd, for ſo renowm'd a man;
About whom ſtood the *Grecians* firme: and then the death began
On *Troyes* ſide by *Meriones*; he ſlue one great in warre,
Laogonus, *Onetors* ſonne, the Prieſt of *Iupiter*,
Created in th'Idean hill. Betwixt his iaw and eare
The dart ſtucke faſt, and looſde his ſoule; ſad miſts of Hate and Feare
Inuading him. *Anchiſes* ſonne, diſpatcht a brazen lance
At bold *Meriones*; and hop't, to make an equall chance
On him, with bold *Laogonus*; though vnder his broade ſhield
He lay ſo cloſe. But he diſcern'd, and made his bodie yeeld,
So low, that ouer him it flew, and, trembling tooke the ground;
With which, *Mars* made it quench his thirſt; and ſince the head could wound
No better bodie; and yet throwne, from nere the worſe a hand;
Æneas ieſts at Meriones. It turnd from earth, and lookt awrie. *Æneas* let it ſtand,
Much angrie at the vaine euent; and told *Meriones*,
He ſcap't but hardly; nor had cauſe, to hope for ſuch ſucceſſe
Another time; though well he knew, his dancing facultie,
By whoſe agilitie he ſcap't; for had his dart gone by
With any leaſt touch, inſtantly, he had bene euer ſlaine.
Meriones to Æneas. He anſwerd: Though thy ſtrength be good, it cannot tender vaine
The ſtrength of others with thy ieſts; nor art thou ſo diuine,
But when my lance ſhall touch at thee, with equall ſpeed to thine,
Death will ſhare with it, thy lifes powres; thy confidence can ſhun
No more then mine, what his right claimes. *Menætius* noble ſonne
Rebuk't *Meriones*, and ſaid: What needſt thou vſe this ſpeech?
Nor thy ſtrength is approu'd with words, (good friend) nor can we reach
The bodie, nor make th'enemie yeeld, with theſe our counterbraues;
We muſt enforce the binding earth, to hold them in her graues.
If you will warre, Fight; will you ſpeake? giue counſell; counſell, blowes
Are th'ends of warres, and words; talke here, the time in vaine beſtowes.
He ſaid, and led, and nothing leſſe, for any thing he ſaid,
(His ſpeech being ſeaſon'd with ſuch right) the Worthy ſeconded.
Similie. And then, as in a ſounding vale, (neare neighbour to a hill)
Wood-fellers make a farre-heard noiſe, with chopping, chopping ſtill,
And laying on, on blocks and trees: ſo they, on men laid lode,
And beate like noiſes into aire, both as they ſtrooke and trod.
But (paſt their noiſe) ſo full of bloud, of duſt, of darts, lay ſmit
Diuine *Sarpedon*, that a man, muſt haue an excellent wit,
That could but know him; and might faile: ſo from his vtmoſt head,
Euen to the low plants of his feete, his forme was altered.
All thruſting neare it euery way, as thicke as flies in ſpring,
That in a ſheepe-cote (when new milke, aſſembles them) make wing,
And buzze about the top-full pailes: nor euer was the eye
Of *Ioue* auerted from the fight; he viewd, thought, ceaſleſly,
And diuerſly vpon the death, of great *Achilles* friend:
If *Hector* there (to wreake his ſonne) ſhould with his iauelin end
His life, and force away his armes, or ſtill augment the field;
He then concluded, that the flight, of much more ſoule, ſhould yeeld

Achilles

Achilles good friend more renowne; and that, euen to their gates
He ſhould driue *Hector* and his hoſt: and ſo diſanimates
The mind of *Hector*, that he mounts, his chariot, and takes *Flight*
Vp with him, tempting all to her; affirming, his inſight
Knew euidently, that the beame, of *Ioues* all-ordering ſcoles,
Was then in ſinking on their ſide, ſurcharg'd with flockes of ſoules.
Then, not the noble *Lycians* ſtaid, but left their ſlaughterd Lord
Amongſt the corſes common heape; for many more were pour'd
About, and on him; while *Ioues* hand, held out the bitter broile.
And now they ſpoil'd *Sarpedons* armes; and to the ſhips the ſpoile
Was ſent by *Menætiades*. Then *Ioue*, thus charg'd the Sunne:
Ioue to Phœbus. Haſte, honor'd *Phœbus*, let no more, *Greeke* violence be done
To my *Sarpedon*; but his corſe, of all the fable bloud
And iauelins purg'd; then carry him, farre hence to ſome cleare floud,
With whoſe waues waſh, and then embalme, each thorough-cleanſed lim,
With our *Ambroſia*; which perform'd, diuine weeds put on him:
And then to thoſe ſwift mates, and twins, ſweete Sleepe and Death commit
His princely perſon, that with ſpeed, they both may carrie it
To wealthy *Lycia*; where his friends, and brothers will embrace,
And tombe it in ſome monument, as fits a Princes place.
Apollo ſends Sarpedons body by Sleep and Death to Lycia. Then flew *Apollo* to the fight, from the Idalian hill,
At all parts putting into act, his great Commanders will:
Drew all the darts, waſht, balm'd the corſe; which (deckt with ornament,
By *Sleepe* and *Death*, thoſe featherd twins) he into *Lycia* ſent
Patroclus then, *Automedon*, commands to giue his ſteeds
Large raines, and all way to the chace: ſo madly he exceeds
The ſtrict commiſſion of his friend; which had he kept, had kept
A blacke death from him. But *Ioues* mind, hath euermore outſtept
The mind of man; who both affrights, and takes the victorie
From any hardieſt hand, with eaſe; which he can iuſtifie,
Though he himſelfe commands him fight: as now, he put this chace
In *Menætiades* his mind. How much then weighs the grace
(*Patroclus?*) that *Ioue* giues thee now, in ſcoles put, with thy death?
Of all theſe great and famous men, the honorable breath.
Of which, *Adreſtus* firſt he ſlue, and next *Autonous*;
Epiſtora, and *Perimus*; *Pylartes*, *Elaſus*,
Swift *Menalippus*, *Molius*; all theſe were ouerthrowne
Patroclus aſſaulting the walls of Troy, reſiſted by Phœbus. By him, and all elſe, put in rout; and then proud *Ilion*
Had ſtoopt beneath his glorious hand: he rag'd ſo with his lance,
If *Phœbus* had not kept the towre, and helpt the *Ilians*,
Suſtaining ill thoughts gainſt the Prince. Thrice to the prominence
Of *Troys* ſteepe wall he brauely leapt: thrice *Phœbus* thruſt him thence:
Obiecting his all-dazeling ſhield, with his reſiſtleſſe hand.
But fourthly, when (like one of heauen) he would haue ſtird his ſtand,
Apollo threatens Patroclus. *Apollo* threatned him, and ſaid; Ceaſſe, it exceeds thy fate
(Forward *Patroclus*) to expugne, with thy bold lance, this ſtate;
Nor vnder great *Achilles* powres, (to thine ſuperiour farre)
Lies *Troyes* graue ruine. When he ſpake, *Patroclus* left that warre.

Leapt farre backe; and his anger ſhund. *Hector* detain'd his horſe
Within the Scæan ports, in doubt, to put his perſonall force
Amongſt the rout, and turne their heads, or ſhun in *Troy* the ſtorme.
Apollo ſeeing his ſuſpence, aſſum'd the goodly forme
Archetipe ſhape of Æneas to Hector. Of *Hectors* vnkle, *Æſius*, the Phrygian *Dymas* ſonne,
Who neare the deepe *Sangarius*, had habitation;
Being brother to the Troian Queene. His ſhape *Apollo* tooke;
And askt of *Hector*, why his ſpirit, ſo cleare the fight forſooke;
Affirming twas vnfit for him: and wiſht his forces were
As much aboue his, as they mou'd, in an inferiour ſphere:
He ſhould (with ſhame to him) be gone; and ſo bad, driue away
Againſt *Patroclus*, to approue, if he that gaue them day,
Would giue the glorie of his death, to his preferred lance.
So left he him; and to the fight, did his bright head aduance,
Mixt with the multitude, and ſtird, foule Tumult for the foe.
Then *Hector* bad *Cebriones*, put on; himſelfe let go
All other *Greeks* within his reach, and onely gaue command,
To front *Patroclus*. He at him; iumpt downe; his ſtrong left hand
A Iauelin held; his right, a ſtone; a marble ſharpe; and ſuch
As his large hand had powre to gripe; and gaue it ſtrength as much
As he could lie to: nor ſtood long, in feare of that huge man
That made againſt him; but full on, with his huge ſtone he ran
Diſcharg'd, and draue it twixt the browes, of bold *Cebriones*:
Nor could the thicke bone there prepar'd, extenuate ſo th'acceſſe,
But out it draue his broken eyes, which in the duſt fell downe;
And he diu'd after; which conceit, of diuing, tooke the ſonne
Of old *Menatius*, who thus plaid, vpon the others bane.
Patroclus diuing at the fall, ſeeks his eyes. O heauens! for truth, this *Troian* was, a paſſing actiue man;
With what exceeding eaſe he diues? as if at worke he were
Within the fiſhie ſeas. This man, alone would furniſh cheare
For twentie men; though twere a ſtorme, to leape out of a faile,
And gather oiſters for them all; he does it here as well;
And there are many ſuch in *Troy*. Thus ieſted he ſo neare
His owne graue death; and then made in, to ſpoile the Chariotere,
With ſuch a Lions force, and fate; as (often ruining,
Stals of fat oxen) gets at length, a mortall wound to ſling
His ſoule, out of that rauenous breaſt, that was ſo inſolent;
And ſo his lifes bliſſe proues his bane: ſo deadly confident
Wert thou *Patroclus*, in purſuite, of good *Cebriones*,
A ſimile ex preſſing Patroclus encounter and Hector. To whoſe defence now *Hector* leapt. The oppoſite addreſſe,
Theſe maſters of the crie in warre, now made, was of the kind
Of two fierce kings of beaſts, oppoſd, in ſtrife, about a Hind
Slaine on the forehead of a hill; both ſharpe, and hungry ſet,
And to the Currie neuer came, but like two *Deaths* they met:
Nor theſe two entertain d leſſe mind, of mutuall preiudice,
About the bodie; cloſe to which, when each had preſt for priſe,
Hector the head laid hand vpon; which once gript, neuer could
Be forc't from him; *Patroclus* then, vpon the feete got hold,

And

And he pincht with as ſure a naile: ſo both ſtood tugging there,
While all the reſt, made eager fight, and grappl'd euery where.
Simile. And as the Eaſt and South wind ſtriue, to make a loftie wood
Bow to their greatneſſe; barkie Elmes, wild Aſhes, Beeches bowd
Euen with the earth; in whoſe thicke armes, the mightie vapors lie,
And toſſe by turnes, all, either way; their leaues at randon flie,
Boughs murmure, and their bodies cracke; and with perpetuall din,
The Syluans falter, and the ſtormes, are neuer to begin:
So rag'd the fight; and all from Flight, pluckt her forgotten wings;
While ſome ſtill ſtucke; ſtill new wingd ſhafts, flew dancing from their ſtrings;
Huge ſtones ſent after, that did ſhake, the ſhields about the corſe,
Who now (in duſts ſoft forehead ſtretcht) forgat his guiding horſe.
As long as *Phœbus* turn'd his wheeles, about the midſt of heauen,
So long the touch of eithers darts, the fals of both made euen:
But when his waine drew neare the Weſt, the *Greeks* paſt meaſure were
The abler ſouldiers, and ſo ſwept, the *Troian* tumult cleare
From off the bodie; out of which, they drew the hurl'd-in darts;
And from his ſhoulders ſtript his armes; and then to more ſuch parts
Patroclus turn'd his ſtriuing thoughts, to do the *Troians* ill:
Thrice, like the god of warre, he charg'd; his voice as horrible:
And thrice nine thoſe three charges ſlue; but in the fourth aſſay,
O then *Patroclus*, ſhew'd thy laſt; the dreadfull Sunne made way
Againſt that on-ſet; yet the Prince, diſcern'd no deitie;
He kept the preaſe ſo; and beſides, obſcur'd his glorious eye
With ſuch felt darkneſſe. At his backe, he made a ſodaine ſtand,
And twixt his necke and ſhoulders laid, downe-right with either hand,
A blow ſo weightie, that his eyes, a giddie darkneſſe tooke,
And from his head, his three-plum'd helme, the bounding violence ſhooke,
That rung beneath his horſes hooues; and like a water-ſpout,
Was cruſht together with the fall. The plumes that ſet it out,
All ſpatterd with blacke bloud and duſt; when euer heretofore
It was a capitall offence, to haue, or duſt, or gore
Defile a triple-feather'd helme; but on the head diuine,
And youthfull temples of their Prince, it vſde, vntoucht, to ſhine.
Yet now *Ioue* gaue it *Hectors* hands; the others death was neare.
Beſides; whoſe loſt and filed helme, his huge long weightie ſpeare,
Well bound with iron, in his hand, was ſhiuerd, and his ſhield
Fell from his ſhoulders to his feete; the bawdricke ſtrewing the field.
His Curets left him, like the reſt; and all this onely done
By great *Apollo*. Then his mind, tooke in confuſion;
The vigorous knittings of his ioynts, diſſolu'd; and (thus diſmaid)
A *Dardan* (one of *Panthus* ſons, and one that ouerlaid
All *Troians*, of his place, with darts, ſwift footing, skill, and force,
In noble horſmanſhip; and one, that tumbl'd from their horſe,
One after other, twentie men: and when he did but learne
The art of warre; nay when he firſt, did in the field diſcerne
A horſe and chariot of his guide: this man, with all theſe parts
(His name *Euphorbus*) comes behind, and twixt the ſhoulders darts

Forlorne *Patroclus*, who yet liu'd, and th'other (getting forth
His lauelin) tooke him to his ſtrength; nor durſt he ſtand the worth
Of thee *Patroclus*, though diſarmd; who yet (diſcomfited
By *Phœbus*, and *Euphorbus* wound) the red heape of the dead
He now too late ſhund, and retir'd. When *Hector* ſaw him yeeld,
And knew he yeelded with a wound, he ſcour'd the armed field;
Came cloſe vp to him, and both ſides, ſtrooke quite through with his lance;
He fell, and his moſt weightie fall, gaue fit tune to his chance.
Simile. For which, all *Greece* extremely mourn'd. And as a mightie ſtrife
About a litle fount, begins, and riſeth to the life
Of ſome fell Bore, reſolu'd to drinke; when likewiſe to the ſpring
A Lion comes, alike diſpoſde; the Bore thirſts, and his King;
Both proud, and both will firſt be ſeru'd; and then the Lion takes
Aduantage of his ſoueraigne ſtrength; and th'other (fainting) makes
Reſigne his thirſt vp with his bloud: *Patroclus* (ſo enforc't
When he had forc't ſo much braue life) was, from his owne diuorc't.
Hector's inſultation ouer Patroclus being wounded vnder him. And thus his great Diuorcer brau'd; *Patroclus*, thy conceit,
Gaue thee th'euerſion of our *Troy*; and to thy fleete a freight
Of Troian Ladies, their free liues, put all in bands by thee:
But (too much priſer of thy ſelfe) all theſe are propt by me.
For theſe, haue my horſe ſtretcht their hoofes, to this ſo long a warre;
And I (farre beſt of *Troy* in armes) keepe off from *Troy* as farre;
Euen to the laſt beame of my life, their neceſſary day.
And here (in place of vs and ours) on thee ſhall Vultures prey,
Poore wretch; nor ſhall thy mightie Friend, affoord thee any aid,
That gaue thy parting much deepe charge; And this perhaps he laid;
Martiall *Patroclus*, turne not face, nor ſee my fleete before
The curets from great *Hectors* breaſt, all guilded with his gore,
Thou hew'ſt in peeces: it thus vaine, were his far-ſtretcht commands;
As vaine was thy heart to beleeue, his words lay in thy hands.
Patroclus languiſhing, replies to Hector. He languiſhing, replide: This proues, thy glory worſe then vaine,
That when two gods haue giuen thy hands, what their powres did obtaine,
(They conquering, and they ſpoiling me, both of my armes and mind,
It being a worke of eaſe for them) thy ſoule ſhould be ſo blind,
To ouerſee their euident deeds, and take their powres to thee;
When, if the powres of twentie ſuch, had dar'd t'encounter me,
My lance had ſtrew'd earth with them all. Thou onely doſt obtaine
A third place in my death; whom firſt, a harmfull fate hath ſlaine
Effected by *Latonas* ſonne; ſecond and firſt of men,
Euphorbus. And this one thing more, concernes thee; note it then:
Thou ſhalt not long ſuruiue thy ſelfe; nay, now Death cals for thee,
And violent fate; *Achilles* lance, ſhall make this good for me.
Thus death ioyn'd to his words, his end; his ſoule tooke inſtant wing,
And to the houſe that hath no lights, deſcended, ſorrowing
For his ſad fate, to leaue him yong, and in his ableſt age.
He dead; yet *Hector* askt him why, in that prophetique rage,
He ſo foreſpake him: when none knew, but great *Achilles* might
Preuent his death; and on his lance, receiue his lateſt light.

Thus

Thus, ſetting on his ſide his foote, he drew out of his wound,
His brazen lance, and vpwards caſt, the body on the ground;
When quickly, while the dart was hote, he charg'd *Automedon*,
Hector charges on Automedon for Achilles horſes. (Diuine guide of *Achilles* ſteeds) in great contention
To ſeiſe him to: but his ſo ſwift, and deathleſſe horſe, that fetch
Their gift to *Peleus* from the gods, ſoone rap't him, from his reach.

COMMENTARIVS.

[a] Αἰ δ' Ζεύ τι πάτερ, &c. *Theſe laſt verſes in the originall, by many auſtere ancients haue ſuffered expunction; as being vnworthy the mouth of an Heroe, becauſe he ſeems to make ſuch a wiſh in them: which is as poorely conceipted of the expungers, as the reſt of the places in* Homer, *that haue groned or laughed vnder their caſtigations.* Achilles *not out of his heart (which any true eye may ſee) wiſhing it; but out of a frolicke and delightſome humour, being merry with his friend in priuate, which the verſe following in part expreſſeth:*

Ὣς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον.

Sic hi quidem talia inter ſe loquebantur. Inter ſe, *intimating the meaning aforeſaid. But our diuine Maiſters moſt ingenious imitating the life of things, (which is the ſoule of a Poeme) is neuer reſpected nor perceiued by his Interpreters onely ſtanding pedantically on the Grammar and words, vtterly ignorant of the ſence and grace of him.*

[b] Τὸν δ' Αἴας κατὰ θυμὸν, &c. Ἔργα θεῶν, &c. Agnouit autem *Aiax* in animo inculpato, opera deorum; ἴθυνεν τε: exhorruitque. *Another moſt ingenious and ſpriteſull imitation of the life, and ridiculous humor of* Aiax, *I muſt needs note here, becauſe it flies all his Tranſlators and Interpreters; who take it meerely for ſerious, when it is apparently ſcopticall and ridiculous; with which our author would delite his vnderſtanding Reader; and mixe mirth with matter. He ſaith, that* Hector *cut off the head of* Aiax *lance, which he ſeeing, would needs affect a kind of prophetique wiſedome (with which he is neuer charged in* Homer) *and imagined ſtrongly, the cutting off his lances head, caſt a figure thus deepe; that as* Hector *cut off that,* Ioue *would vtterly cut off the heads of their counſels to that fight, and giue the* Troians *victory: which to take ſeriouſly and gravely, is moſt dull (and as I may ſay) Aiantical: the voyce κείρει (which they expound* præcidebat, *and indeed is* tondebat; κείρω *ſignifying moſt properly* tondeo) *helping well to decipher the Ironie. But to vnderſtand gravely that the cutting off his lances head, argued* Ioues *intent to cut off their counſels, and to allow the wit of* Aiax *for his ſo farre-fetcht apprehenſion: I ſuppoſe no man can make leſſe then idle, and witleſſe. A plaine continuance therefore it is of* Aiax *humor, whom in diuers other places he playes vpon: as in likening him in the eleuenth booke to a mill Aſſe, and elſe where to be noted hereafter.*

[c] Τὸν μὲν ἔπειτα θάνατος καὶ δὴ ὑμαόεσσα] *by* Sleepe *and* Death (*which he ingeniouſly calleth* Twins) *was the body of* Ioues *ſonne* Sarpedon *taken from the fight, and borne to* Lycia. *On which place,* Euſtathius *doubts, whether truly and indeed it was tranſferd to* Lycia: *and he makes the cauſe of his doubt, this: That* Death *and* Sleepe *are* inania quædam, *things empty and voide;* ἀσώματα καὶ σκιώδη, *not ſolid or firme perſons,* ἀλλ' ἀνυπόστατα πάθη, *but* quæ nihil ferre poſſunt. *And therefore he thought there was* κατηγόριον quoddam; *that is, ſome voyde or emptie ſepulcher or monument prepared for that Heroe in* Lycia, *&c. or elſe makes another ſtrange tranſlation of it, by wonder; which* Spondanus *thinkes to haue happened truly. But rather would interprete it merely and nakedly a poeticall fiction: his reaſon I will forbeare to vtter be-*

cauſe it is vnworthy of him. But would not a man wonder that our great and graue Euſtathius, *would doubt whether* Sleepe *and* Death *carried* Sarpedons *perſon perſonally to* Lycia: *or not rather make no queſtion of the contrary?* Homer *nor any Poets end in ſuch poeticall relations, being to affirme the truth of things perſonally done; but to pleaſe with the truth of their matchleſſe wits, and ſome worthy doctrine conueyed in it. Nor would* Homer *haue any one beleeue the perſonall tranſportance of* Sarpedon *by* Sleepe *and* Death, *but onely varieth and graceth his Poeme with theſe* Proſopopeiaes, *and deliuers vs this moſt ingenious and graue doctrine in it: that the* Heroes *body, for which both thoſe mightie Hoſts ſo mightily contended,* Sleepe *and* Death (*thoſe ſame* quædam inania) *tooke from all their perſonall and ſolid forces. Wherein he would further note to vs, that from all the bitterеſt and deadlieſt conflicts and tyrannies of the world,* Sleepe *and* Death, *when their worſt is done, deliuers and tranſfers men: a little mocking withall, the vehement, and greedy proſecutions of tyrants, and ſouldiers againſt, or for that, which two ſuch deedleſſe poore things takes from all their Emperie. And yet, againſt* Euſtathius *manner of ſleighting their powers, what is there of all things belonging to man, ſo powerfull ouer him as* Death *and* Sleepe? *And why may not our* Homer (*whoſe words I hold with* Spondanus *ought to be an vndiſputable deed and authoritie with vs*) *as well perſonate* Sleepe *and* Death, *as all men beſides perſonate* Loue, Anger, Sloth, *&c. Thus onely where the ſence and ſoule of my moſt worthily reuerenced Author is abuſed, or not ſeene, I ſtill inſiſt; and gleane theſe few poore corne eares after all other mens haruеſts.*

The end of the ſixteenth Booke.

THE

THE XVII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

A dreadfull fight, about Patroclus *coſe.*
Euphorbus *ſlaine, by* Menelaus *force.*
Hector, *in th'armour of* Æacides,
Antilochus, *relating the deceaſe*
Of ſlaine Patroclus, *to ſaue* Thetis *ſonne.*
The body from the ſtruing Toians *wonne.*
Th' Aiaces, *making good the after field,*
Make all the ſubiect that this booke doth yeeld.

Another Argument.

In Rho, *the ventrous hoſts maintaine*
A ſlaughterous conflict, for the ſlaine.

NOr could his ſlaughter reſt conceald, from *Menelaus* care;
Who ſtew amongſt the formoſt fights, & with his targe & ſpeare
Circled the body: as much grieu'd, and with as tender heed
To keepe it theirs; as any damme, about her firſt-borne feed;
Not prouing what the paine of birth, would make the loue beNor to purſue his firſt attaint, *Euphorbus* ſpirit forbore; (fore;
But ſeeing *Menelaus* chiefe, in reſcue of the dead,
Aſſaid him thus: *Atrides*, ceaſſe, and leaue the ſlaughtered
With his embrew'd ſpoyle, to the man, that firſt, of all our ſtate
And famous ſuccours, in faire fight, made paſſage to his fate;
And therefore ſuffer me to weare, the good name I haue wonne
Amongſt the *Troians*; leſt thy life, repay what his hath done.
O *Iupiter* (ſaid he, incenſt) Thou art no honeſt man
To baoſt, ſo paſt thy powre to do. Not any Lion can;
Nor ſpotted Leopard; nor Bore, (whoſe mind is mightieſt
In powring furie from his ſtrength) aduance ſo prowd a creſt
As *Panthus* fighting progenie. But *Hyperenors* pride,
That ioy'd ſo little time his youth; when he ſo vilifide
My force in armes, and cald me worſt, of all our chevalrie,
And ſtood my worſt; might teach ye all, to ſhun this ſurcuidrie:
I thinke he came not ſafely home, to tell his wife his acts.
Nor leſſe right of thy inſolence, my equall fate exacts;
And will obtaine me, if thou ſtay'ſt, retire then, take aduiſe:
A foole ſees nought, before tis done; and ſtill too late is wiſe.
This mou'd not him, but to the worſe; ſince it renew'd the ſting,

Euphorbus to Menelaus. This Euphorbus was he, that in Ouid, Pythagoras ſaith he was in the wars of Troy.

Menelaus to Euphorbus.

That

That his ſlaine brother ſhot in him; remembrd by the king,
To whom he anſwer'd: Thou ſhalt pay, for all the paines endur'd
By that ſlaine brother; all the wounds, ſuſtaind for him, recur'd
With one, made in thy heart by me. Tis true, thou mad'ſt his wife
A heauie wid ow; when her ioyes, of wedlocke ſcarce had life;
And hurt'ſt our parents with his griefe; all which thou glorieſt in:
Foreſpeaking ſo, thy death, that now, their griefes end ſhall begin.
To *Panthus*, and the ſnowy hand, of *Phrontes*, I will bring
Thoſe armes, and that proud head of thine; and this laborious thing
Shall aske no long time to performe: nor be my words alone,
But their performance; *Strength*, and *Fight*, and *Terror* thus ſets on.
This ſaid, he ſtrooke his all-round ſhield; nor ſhrunke that, but his lance
Euphorbus ſlain by Menelaus. That turn'd head in it: then the king, aſſaid the ſecond chance,
Firſt praying to the king of gods, and his dart, entrie got
(The force much driuing backe his foe) in low part of his throte,
And ranne his necke through. Then fell pride, and he, and all with gore
His locks, that like the *Graces* were; and which he euer wore
In gold and ſiluer ribands wrapt; were piteouſly wet.
Smile. And, when alone, in ſome choice place, a husband-man hath ſet
The young plant of an Oliue tree, whoſe roote being euer fed
With plentie of delicious ſprings; his branches brauely ſpred,
And all his freſh and louely head, growne curld with ſnowy flowres,
That dance, and floriſh with the winds, that are of gentleſt powres:
But when a whirlewind (got aloft) ſtoopes, with a ſodaine gale;
Teares from his head his tender curles, and toſſeth therewithall
His fixt roote, from his hollow mines: it well preſents the force
Of *Spartas* king; and ſo the Plant, *Euphorbus*, and his Corſe.
He ſlaine; the king ſtript off his armes, and with their worthy priſe,
(All fearing him) had clearely paſt: if heauens faire eye, of eyes,
Had not (in enuy of his acts) to his encounter ſtird
The *Mars*-like *Hector*; to whoſe powres, the reſcue he preferd
Of thoſe faire armes: and tooke the ſhape, of *Mentas* (Colonell
Of all the *Cicones* that neare, the *Thracian Hebrus* dwell)
Like him, he thus put forth his voice. *Hector*, thou ſcowr'ſt the field
In headſtrong purſuite of thoſe horſe, that hardly are compeld
To take the draught of chariots, by any mortals hand.
Achilles. The great grand child of *Æacus*, hath onely their command;
Whom an immortall mother bore: while thou attendſt on theſe,
Patroclus, ſo called, of Menetius his father. The young *Atrides* in defence, of *Menætiades*,
Hath ſlaine *Euphorbus*. Thus the god, tooke troope with men againe,
And *Hector* (heartily perplext) lookt round, and ſaw the ſlaine,
Still ſhedding riuers from his wound: and then tooke enuious view
Of braue *Atrides* with his ſpoyle; in way to whom he flew,
Note the manly & graue diſcourſe of Menelaus with himſelfe, ſeeing Hector aduancing towards him. Like one of *Vulcans* quenchleſſe flames: *Atrides* heard the crie
That euer vſherd him, and ſigh'd, and ſaid: O me, if I
Should leaue theſe goodly armes, and him, that here lies dead for me;
I feare I ſhould offend the *Greeks*. If I ſhould ſtay, and be
Alone with *Hector* and his men, I may be compaſt in;

Some

Some ſleight or other they may vſe. Many may quickly win
Their wils of one; and all *Troy* comes, euer where *Hector* leades.
But why (deare mind) doſt thou thus talke? when men dare fet their heads
Againſt the gods, (as ſure they do, that fight with men they loue)
Straight one or other plague enſues: it cannot therefore moue
The grudge of any *Greeke*, that ſees, I yeeld to *Hector*; he
Still fighting with a ſpirit from heauen. And yet if I could ſee
Braue *Ajax*; he and I, would ſtand, though gainſt a god; and ſure
Tis beſt I ſeeke him: and then ſee, if we two can procure
This Corſes freedome through all theſe: a little then let reſt
The body, and my mind be ſtill; of two bads chuſe the beſt.
In this diſcourſe, the troopes of *Troy*, were in with him; and he
Made ſuch a Lionlike retreate; as when the herdſmen ſee
The royall ſauage; and come on, with men, dogs, cries, and ſpeares,
Smile. To cleare their horned ſtall; and then, the kingly heart he beares,
(With all his high diſdaine) fals off: ſo, from this ods of aide
The golden-haird *Atrides* fled: and, in his ſtrength, diſplaid
Vpon his left hand, him he wiſht; extremely buſied
About encouraging his men; to whom, an extreme dread
Apollo had infuſde: the king, reacht *Ajax* inſtantly,
Menelaus to Ajax. And ſaid; Come friend, let vs two haſte, and from the tyranny
Of *Hector*, free *Patroclus* corſe. He ſtrait, and gladly went;
And then was *Hector* haling of, the body, with intent
To ſpoile the ſhoulders of the head, and giue the dogs the reſt;
(His armes he hauing priſde before.) When *Ajax* brought his breſt
To barre all further ſpoyle; with that, he had ſure, *Hector* thought
Twas beſt to ſatisfie his ſplene; which temper *Ajax* wrought
With his mere ſight, and *Hector* fled: the armes he ſent to *Troy*,
To make his citizens admire, and pray *Ioue* ſend him ioy.
Then *Ajax* gatherd to the corſe, and hid it with his targe:
There ſetting downe as ſure a foote, as (in the tender charge
Of his lou'd whelps) a Lion doth: two hundred hunters neare,
Smile. To giue him onſet; their more force, make him the more auſtere;
Drownes all their clamors in his rores; darts, dogs, doth all deſpiſe,
And lets his rough browes downe ſo low, they couer all his eyes.
So *Ajax* lookt, and ſtood, and ſtayd, for great *Priamides*.
Glaucus reproaches Hector. When *Glaucus Hippolochides*, ſaw *Ajax* thus depreſſe
The ſpirit of *Hector*: thus he chid; O goodly man at armes;
In Fight, a *Paris*; why ſhould *Fame*, make thee fort gainſt our harmes,
Being ſuch a fugitiue? now marke, how well thy boaſts defend,
Thy citie onely with her owne. Be ſure, it ſhall deſcend,
To that proofe wholly. Not a man, of any *Lycian* ranke;
Shall ſtrike one ſtroke more, for thy towne: for no mans gets a thanke,
Should he eternally fight here: nor any guard of thee.
How wilt thou (worthleſſe that thou art) keepe off an enemie
From our poore ſouldiers, when their Prince, *Sarpedon*, gueſt and friend
To thee, (and moſt deſeruedly) thou flew'ſt from in his end,
And left'ſt to all the luſt of *Greece*? O gods, a man that was

(In

(In life) ſo huge a good to *Troy*; and to thee ſuch a grace,
(In death) not kept by thee from dogs? if my friends will do well;
We'le take our ſhoulders from your walls, and let all ſinke to hell:
As all will, were our faces turn'd. Did ſuch a ſpirit breath
In all you *Troians*, as becomes, all men that fight beneath
Their countries ſtanderd; you would ſee, that ſuch as prop your cauſe
With like expoſure of their liues, haue all the honour'd lawes
Of ſuch a deare confederacie, kept to them to a thred:
As now ye might repriſe the armes, *Sarpedon* forfeited,
By forfeit of your rights to him; would you but lend your hands,
And force *Patroclus* to your *Troy*? Ye know how deare he ſtands
In his loue, that of all the *Greeks*, is (for himſelfe) farre beſt,
And leades the beſt, neare-fighting men: and therefore would (at leaſt)
Redeeme *Sarpedons* armes: nay him, whom you haue likewiſe loſt.
This body drawne to *Ilion*, would after draw, and coſt
A greater ranſome, if you pleaſd: but *Aiax* ſtartles you;
Tis his breaſt, barres this right to vs. His lookes are darts enow
To mixe great *Hector* with his men. And, not to blame ye are,
You chuſe foes vnderneath your ſtrengths; *Aiax* exceeds ye farre.

Hector to Glaucus.

Hector looke paſſing fowre at this; and anſwerd, why dar'ſt thou,
(So vnder) talke aboue me ſo? O friend, I thought till now,
Thy wiſdome was ſuperiour, to all th'inhabitants
Of glorby *Lycia*; but now, impute apparent wants
To that diſcretion thy words ſhew; to ſay I loſt my ground
For *Aiax* greatneſſe: nor feare I, the field in combats drownd;
Nor force of chariots: but I feare, a powre much better ſeene,
In right of all warre, then all we: That god that holds betweene,
Our victorie and vs, his ſhield: lets conqueſt come and go
At his free pleaſure; and with feare, conuerts her changes ſo
Vpon the ſtrongeſt: men muſt fight, when his iuſt ſpirit impels,
Not their vaine glories. But come on, make thy ſteps parallels
To theſe of mine; and then be iudge, how deepe the worke will draw:
If then I ſpend the day in ſhifts? or thou canſt giue ſuch law
To thy detractiue ſpeeches then? or if the *Grecian* hoſt,
Holds any, that in pride of ſtrength, holds vp his ſpirit moſt,
Whom (for the cariage of this Prince, that thou enforceſt ſo)
I make not ſtoope in his defence. You, friends? ye heare and know,
How much it fits ye to make good, this *Grecian* I haue ſlaine,
For ranſome of *Ioues* ſonne, our friend; play then the worthy men,
Till I endue *Achilles* armes. This ſaid, he left the fight,
And cald backe thoſe that bore the armes; not yet without his ſight,
In conuoy of them towards *Troy*. For them, he chang'd his owne;
Remou'd from where it rained teares, and ſent them backe to towne.
Then put he on th'eternall armes, that the celeſtiall ſtates
Gaue *Peleus*; *Peleus* being old, their vſe appropriates
To his *Achilles*, that (like him) forſooke them not for age.
When he, whoſe Empire is in clouds, ſaw *Hector* bent to wage
Warre in diuine *Achilles* armes; he ſhooke his head, and ſaid:

Poore

Ioues diſcourſe with himſelfe of Hector on the armes of Achilles

Poore wretch, thy thoughts are farre from death; though he ſo neare hath laid
His ambuſh for thee. Thou putſt on, thoſe armes (as brauing him)
Whom others feare; haſt ſlaine his friend, and from his youthfull lim,
Torne rudely off his heauenly armes; himſelfe, being gentle, kind,
And valiant. Equall meaſure then, thy life in youth muſt find.
Yet ſince the iuſtice is ſo ſtrickt, that not *Andromache*,
(In thy denied returne from fight) muſt euer take of thee
Thoſe armes; in glory of thy acts: thou ſhalt haue that fraile blaze
Of excellence, that neighbours death: a ſtrength euen to amaze.
To this, his ſable browes did bow; and he made fit his lim
To thoſe great armes; to fill which vp, the *Warre god* entred him;
Auſtere and terrible: his ioynts, and euery part extends
With ſtrength and fortitude; and thus, to his admiring friends,
High *Clamor* brought him. He ſo ſhin'd, that all could thinke no leſſe,
But he reſembl'd euery way, great-ſoul'd *Æacides*.
Then, euery way he ſcowr'd the field; his Captaines calling on;
Aſteropæus, *Eunomus*, (that foreſaw all things done)
Glaucus, and *Medon*, *Deſinor*, and ſtrong *Therſilochus*;
Phorcis, and *Meſthles*, *Chromius*, and great *Hippothous*:
To all theſe, and their populous troopes; theſe, his excitements were:

Hector to his Captaines and ſouldiers.

Heare vs, innumerable friends; neare-bordering nations, heare;
We haue not cald you from our townes, to fill our idle eye
With number of ſo many men, (no ſuch vaine Emperie
Did euer ioy vs;) but to fight, and of our *Troian* wiues
With all their children, manfully, to ſaue the innocent liues.
In whoſe cares, we draw all our townes, of aiding ſouldiers drie,
With gifts, guards, victuall, all things fit; and hearten their ſupplie
With all like rights; and therefore now, let all ſides ſet downe this,

The ſecret of Warre.

Or liue, or periſh: this, of warre, the ſpeciall ſecret is.
In which moſt reſolute deſigne, who euer beares to towne
Patroclus (laid dead to his hand) by winning the renowne
Of *Aiax* ſlaughter; the halfe ſpoyle, we wholly will impart
To his free vſe; and to our ſelfe, the other halfe conuert:

The promiſe of Hector of Patroclus body could be forced off to their part.

And ſo the glory ſhall be ſhar'd; our ſelfe will haue no more
Then he ſhall ſhine in. This drew all, to bring abrode their ſtore
Before the body: euery man, had hope it would be his,
And forc't from *Aiax*: Silly fooles, *Aiax* preuented this,
By raiſing rampiers to his friend, with halfe their carkaſſes.
And yet his humour was to rore, and feare: and now, no leſſe
To ſtartle *Spartas* king; to whom, he cried out: O my friend!
O *Menelaus*! nere more hope, to get off; here's the end

Aiax to Menelaus.

Of all our labours: not ſo much, I feare to loſe the Corſe,
(For that's ſure gone, the fowles of *Troy*, and dogs, will quickly force
That peece-meale) as I feare my head, and thine ô *Atreus* ſonne;
Hector a cloud brings, will hide all; inſtant deſtruction
Grieuous, and heauie comes; ô call, our Peeres to aid vs; flie.
He haſted, and vſde all his voice; ſent farre, and nere his crie:
O Princes, chiefe lights of the *Greeks*; and you that publickly

Eate with our Generall and me : all men of charge; O know,
Ioue giues both grace, and dignitie, to any that will ſhow
Good minds, for onely good it ſelfe; though preſently the eye
Of him that rules diſcerne him not. Tis hard for me t'elpie
(Through all this ſmoke of burning fight) each Captaine in his place,
And call aſſiſtance to our need. Be then each others grace,
And freely follow each his next; diſdaine to let the ioy
Of great *Æacides* be forc't, to feed the beaſts of *Troy*.
His voyce was firſt heard and obeyd, by ſwift *Oileades*.
Idomeneus, and his mate, (renown'd *Meriones*)
Were ſeconds to *Oileus* ſonne: but, of the reſt, whoſe mind
Can lay vpon his voice the names, that after theſe combind,
In ſetting vp this fight on end? the *Troians* firſt gaue on;
And as into the ſeas vaſt mouth, when mightie riuers run,
Their billowes, and the ſea, reſound; and all the vtter ſhore
Rebellowes (in her angry ſhocks) the ſeas repulſiue rore.
With ſuch ſounds gaue the *Troians* charge; ſo was their charge repreſt:
One mind fild all *Greeks*; good braſſe ſhields, cloſe coucht to euery breſt:
And on their bright helmes *Ioue* powr'd downe, a mightie deale of night
To hide *Patroclus*. Whom aliue, and when he was the knight
Of that grand child of *Æacus*, *Saturnius* did not hate;
Nor dead, would ſee him dealt to dogs, and ſo did inſtigate
His fellowes, to his worthy guard. At firſt the *Troians* drane
The blacke-ey'd *Grecians* from the Corſe; but not a blow they gaue
That came at death. A while they hung, about the bodies heeles,
The *Greekes* quite gone. But all that while, did *Aiax* whet the ſteeles
Of all his forces; that cut backe, way to the Corſe againe.
Braue *Aiax* (that for forme, and fact, paſt all that did maintaine
The *Grecian* fame, next *Thetis* ſonne;) now flew before the firſt:
And as a ſort of dogs, and youths, are by a Bore diſperſt
About a mountaine: ſo fled theſe, from mightie *Aiax*, all
That ſtood in conflict for the Corſe. Who thought, no chance could fall
Betwixt them and the priſe, at *Troy*. For bold *Hippothous*,
(*Lethus*, *Pelaſgus* famous ſonne) was ſo aduenturous,
That he would ſtand, to bore the Corſe, about the ankle bone,
Where all the neruie fiuers meete, and ligaments in one,
That make the motion of thoſe parts: through which he did conuay
The thong or bawdricke of his ſhield; and ſo was drawing away
All thanks from *Hector*, and his friends: but in their ſteed he drew
An ill that no man could auert: For *Telamonius* threw
A lance that ſtrooke quite through his helme; his braine came leaping out:
Downe fell *Letheides*; and with him, the bodies hoiſted foote.
Farre from *Lariſſas* ſoyle he fell; a little time allow'd
To his induſtrious ſpirits, to quit, the benefits beſtow'd
By his kind parents. But his wreake, *Priamides* aſſaid,
And threw at *Aiax*; but his dart, (diſcouered) paſt, and ſtaid
At *Schedius*, ſonne of *Iphitus*: a man of ableſt hand
Of all the ſtrong *Phocenſians*; and liu'd with great command,

In

In *Panopeus*. The fell dart, fell through his channell bone;
Pierc't through his ſhoulders vpper part; and ſet his ſpirit gone.
When (after his) another flew; the ſame hand giuing wing
To martiall *Phorcis* ſtartled ſoule, that was the after ſpring
Of *Phænops* ſeed: the iauelin ſtrooke, his curets through, and tore
The bowels from the bellies midſt. His fall made thoſe before
Giue backe a little: *Hectors* ſelfe, enforc't to turne his face.
And then the *Greeks* beſtow'd their ſhowts, tooke vantage of the chace;
Drew off, and ſpoild *Hippothous*, and *Phorcis* of their armes;
And then aſcended *Ilion*, had ſhaken with alarmes,
(Diſcouering th'impotence of *Troy*) euen paſt the will of *Ioue*;
And by the proper force of *Greece*: had *Phœbus* faild to moue
Æneas, in ſimilitude, of *Periphas* (the ſonne
Of graue *Epytes*) king at armes; and had good ſeruice done
To old *Anchiſes*; being wiſe, and euen with him in yeares.
But (like this man) the farre-ſeene god, to *Venus* ſonne appeares,
And askt him how he would maintaine, ſteepe *Ilion* in her height,
In ſpite of gods (as he preſum'd) when men approu'd ſo ſleight,
All his preſumptions? and all theirs, that puſt him with that pride,
Beleeuing in their proper ſtrengths? and generally ſupplied
With ſuch vnfrighted multitudes? But he well knew that *Ioue*,
(Beſides their ſelfe conceipts ſuſtaind, their forces with more loue
Then theirs of *Greece*; and yet all that, lackt power to hearten them.
Æneas knew the god, and ſaid; It was a ſhame extreme
That thoſe of *Greece* ſhould beate them ſo; and by their cowardiſe,
Not want of mans aide, nor the gods; and this (before his eyes)
A deitie ſtood, euen now, and voucht, affirming *Ioue* their aide.
And ſo bad *Hector*, and the reſt, (to whom all this he ſaid)
Turne head; and not, in that quicke eaſe, part with the Corſe to *Greece*.
This ſaid, before them all he flew; and all (as of a peece)
Againſt the *Greeks* flew. *Venus* ſonne, *Leocritus* did end,
Sonne of *Arisbas*; and had place, of *Lycomedes* friend;
Whoſe fall he friendly pitied: and in reuenge, beſtow'd
A lance, that *Apiſaon* ſtrooke, ſo ſore, that ſtraite he ſtrow'd
The duſtie center; it did ſticke, in that congealed blood
That formes the liuer. Second man, he was of all that ſtood
In name for armes, amongſt the troope, that from *Pæonia* came;
Aſteropæus being the firſt: who was, in ruth, the ſame
That *Lycomedes* was; like whom, he put forth for the wreake
Of his ſlaine friend: but wrought it not, becauſe he could not breake
That bulwarke made of *Grecian* ſhields; and briſtl'd wood of ſpeares
Combin'd about the body ſlaine. Amongſt whom *Aiax* beares
The greateſt labour; euery way, exhorting to abide,
And no man flie the Corſe a foote; nor breake their rankes in pride
Of any foremoſt daring ſpirit; but each foote hold his ſtand,
And vſe the cloſeſt fight they could. And this was the command
Of mightie *Aiax*: which obſeru'd; they ſteept the earth in blood.
The *Troians* and their friends fell thicke. Nor all the *Grecians* ſtood

Y 2 Thoug

Apollo diſguiſed like Periphas to Æneas.

Aenas to the Troians.

Aiax his ſtiffe exhortatory command

(Though farre the fewer ſuffred fate) for euer they had care
To ſhun confuſion, and the toyle, that ſtill oppreſſeth there.
So ſet they all the field on fire; with which you would haue thought,
The Sunne and Moone had bene put out, in ſuch a ſmoke they fought
About the perſon of the Prince. But all the field beſide
Fought vnderneath a lightſome heauen: the Sun was in his pride,
And ſuch expanſure of his beames, he thruſt out of his throne,
That not a vapour durſt appeare, in all that region:
No, not vpon the higheſt hill. There fought they ſtill and breathd;
Shund danger; caſt their darts aloofe; and not a ſword vnſheathd.
The other plyde, it and the warre, and *Night*, plyde them as well:
The cruell ſteele afflicting all; the ſtrongeſt did not dwell
Vnhurt within their iron roofes. Two men of ſpeciall name,
Antilochus, and *Thraſimed*, were yet vnſeru'd by *Fame*
With notice of *Patroclus* death: they thought him ſtill aliue,
In foremoſt tumult: and might well: for (ſeeing their fellowes thriue
In no more comfortable ſort, then *Fight*, and *Death* would yeeld)
They fought apart; for ſo their Sire, old *Neſtor*, ſtrictly wild,
Enioyning fight, more from the fleet: warre here increaſt his heate
The whole day long; continually, the labour, and the ſweate,
The knees, calues, feete, hands, faces, ſmear'd, of men that *Mars* applide
About the good *Achilles* friend. And [a] as a huge Oxe hide,
A Currier giues amongſt his men, to ſupple, and extend
With oyle, till it be drunke withall; they tug, ſtretch out, and ſpend
Their oyle, and licour liberally, and chaſe the leather ſo,
That out they make a vapour breathe; and in their oyle doth go:
A number of them ſet on worke, and in an Orbe they pull;
That all waies, all parts of the hide, they may extend at full:
So here and there, did both parts hale, the Corſe in little place,
And wrought it, alwaies, with their ſweate; the *Troians* hop't for grace
To make it reach to *Ilion*; the *Grecians* to their fleet:
A cruell tumult they ſtird vp, and ſuch, as ſhould *Mars* lee't;
(That horrid hurtrier of men) or ſhe that betters him,
Minerua, neuer ſo incenſt; they could not diſeſteeme.
So banefull a *Contention*, did *Ioue*, that day extend
Of men and horſe about the ſlaine. Of whom, his god-like friend
Had no inſtruction. So farre off, and vnderneath the wall
Of *Troy*, that conflict was maintaind: which was not thought at all
By great *Achilles*; ſince he charg'd, that hauing ſet his foote
Vpon the Ports, he would retire; well knowing *Troy* no boote
For his aſſaults, without himſelfe; ſince not by him, as well,
He knew, it was to be ſubdu'd. His mother oft would tell
The mind of mightie *Ioue* therein; ofs hearing it in heauen;
But of that great ill to his friend, was no inſtruction giuen
By carefull *Thetis*: by degrees, muſt ill euents be knowne.
The foes cleft one to other ſtill, about the ouerthrowne.
His death, with death infected both. Euen priuate *Greekes* would ſay
Either to other; Twere a ſhame, for vs to go our way;

Anamnestike Simile.

And let the *Troians* beare to *Troy*, the praiſe of ſuch a priſe:
Which let the blacke earth gaſpe and drinke, our blood for ſacrifiſe,
Before we ſuffer: tis an act, much leſſe infortunate,
And then would thoſe of *Troy* reſolue; Though certainly our fate,
Will fell vs altogether here: of all not turne a face.
Thus either ſide, his fellowes ſtrength, excited paſt his place;
And thus through all th'vnfruitfull aire, an iron ſound aſcended
Vp to the golden firmament; when ſtrange affects contended,
In theſe immortall heauen-bred horſe, of great *Æacides*;
Whom (once remou'd from forth the fight) a ſodaine ſenſe did ſeiſe
Of good *Patroclus* death; whoſe hands, they oft had vndergone;
And bitterly they wept for him: nor could *Automedon*,
With any manage make them ſtirre; oft vſe the ſcourge to them;
Oft vſe his faireſt ſpeech; as oft, threats neuer ſo extreme;
They neither to the *Helleſpont*, would beare him; nor the fight:
But ſtill as any tombe-ſtone layes, his neuer-ſtirred weight
On ſome good man, or womans graue, for rites of funerall:
So vnremoued ſtood theſe ſteeds; their heads to earth let fall,
And warme teares guſhing from their eyes, with paſſionate deſire,
Of their kind manager; their manes, that floriſht with the fire
Of endleſſe youth allotted them: fell through the yokie ſphere,
Ruthfully ruſt'd and defilde. *Ioue* ſaw their heauy cheare,
And (pittying them) ſpake to his mind; Poore wretched beaſts (ſaid he)
Why gaue we you t'a mortall king? when immortalitie,
And incapacitie of age, ſo dignifies your ſtates?
Was it to haſt the miſeries, pour'd out on humane fates?
Of all the miſerabl'ſt things that breathe, and creepe on earth,
No one more wretched is then man. And for your deathleſſe birth,
Hector muſt faile to make you priſe: is't not enough he weares,
And glories vainly in thoſe armes? your chariots, and rich geares,
(Beſides you) are too much for him. Your knees and ſpirits againe
My care of you ſhall fill with ſtrength; that ſo ye may ſuſtaine
Automedon, and beare him off. To *Troy* I ſtill will giue
The grace of ſlaughter, till at fleet, their bloody feete arriue:
Till *Phœbus* drinke the Weſterne ſea; and ſacred darkneſſe throwes,
Her ſable mantle, twixt their points. Thus in the ſteeds he blowes
Exceſſiue ſpirit; and through the *Greeks*, and *Ilians* they rapt
The whirring chariot; ſhaking off, the crumbl'd center, wrapt
Amongſt their treſſes: and with them, *Automedon* let flie
Amongſt the *Troians*; making way, through all as frightfully,
As through a iangling flocke of Geeſe, a lordly Vulture beats;
Giuen way with ſhrikes, by euery Gooſe, that comes but neare his threats;
With ſuch ſtate fled he through the preaſſe, purſuing as he fled;
But made no ſlaughter; nor he could: alone being carried
Vpon the ſacred chariot. How could he both works, do,
Direct his iauelin, and command, his fiery horſes too?
At length, he came where he beheld, his friend *Alcimedon*,
That was the good *Lærcius*, the ſonne of *Æmons* ſonne;

The common ſouldiers reſolutions.

Simile.

Ioues diſcourſe with himſelfe of the wretched ſtate of humanitie.

Alcimedon to Automedon. Who cloſe came to his chariot ſide, and aſkt; What god is he,
That hath ſo robd thee of thy ſoule, to runne thus frantickly
Amongſt theſe foreſights, being alone? thy fighter being ſlaine,
And *Hector* glorying in his armes? he gaue theſe words againe:
Automedon to Alcimedon. *Alcimedon*, what man is he? of all the *Argiue* race,
So able as thy ſelfe, to keepe, in vſe of preaſſe, and pace
Theſe deathleſſe horſes? himſelfe being gone, that like the gods had th'art.
Of their high manage? therefore take, to thy command his part,
And eaſe me of the double charge, which thou haſt blam'd with right.
He tooke the ſcourge and reines in hand, *Automedon* the fight:
Which *Hector* ſeeing, inſtantly (*Æneas* ſtanding neare)
Hector to Æneas He told him, he diſcern'd the horſe, that were immortall were,
Addreſt to fight, with coward guides; and therefore hop't to make
A rich priſe of them; if his mind, would helpe to vndertake:
For thoſe two could not ſtand their charge. He granted, and both caſt
Dric ſolid hides vpon their neckes, exceeding ſoundly braſt;
And forth they went, aſſociate, with two more god-like men,
Aretus, and bold *Chromius*; nor made they queſtion then
To priſe the goodly creſted horſe, and ſafely ſend to hell
The ſoules of both their guardians: O fooles, that could not tell,
They could not worke out their returne, from fierce *Automedon*
Without the liberall coſt of blood; who firſt made Orizon
To father *Ioue*, and then was fild, with fortitude, and ſtrength;
When (counſelling *Alcimedon*, to keepe at no great length
The horſe from him; but k t them breathe, vpon his backe, becauſe
He ſaw th'aduance that *Hector* made; whoſe furie had no lawes
Propoſd to it, but both their liues, and thoſe horſe, made his priſe,
Or his life theirs) he cald to friend, theſe well-approu'd ſupplies;
Th' *Aiaces*, and the *Spartan* king: and ſaid, Come, Princes, leaue
Automedon calls for aid to the Aiaces and Menelaus. A ſure guard with the corſe; and then, to your k ind care receiue
Our threatned ſafeties; I diſcerne, the two chief props of *Troy*
Prepar'd againſt vs: But herein, what beſt men can enioy,
Lies in the free knees of the gods; my dart ſhall leade ye all;
In the Greeke always thus ſtands w ſpeare, not in the hand: but vpon your arme, in the knees of the gods lies our helpe. The ſequell, to the care of *Ioue*, I leaue, what euer fall.
All this, ſpake good *Automedon*; then, brandiſhing his lance,
He threw, and ſtrooke *Aretus* ſhield, that gaue it entrance
Through all the ſteele, and (by his belt) his bellies inmoſt part
It pierc't, and all his trembling lims, gaue life vp to his dart.
Then *Hector* at *Automedon*, a blazing lance let flie,
Whoſe flight he ſaw, and, falling flat, the compaſſe was too hie,
And made it ſticke beyond in earth, th'extreme part burſt, and there
Mars buried all his violence. The ſword then, for the ſpeare,
Had chang'd the conflict, had not haſte, ſent both th' *Aiaies* in,
(Both ſeruing cloſe their fellowes call) who, where they did begin
There drew the end. *Priamides*, *Æneas*, *Chromius*,
(In doubt of what ſuch aid might worke) left broken hearted thus,
Aretus to *Automedon*, who ſpoild his armes, and ſaid:
Automedon inſults. A little this reuiues my life, for him ſo lately dead,

(Though

(Though by this nothing counteruail'd) And with this litle vent
Of inward griefe, he tooke the ſpoile; with which, he made aſcent,
Vp to his Chariot; hands and feete, of bloudie ſtaines ſo full,
That Lion-like he lookt, new turn'd, from tearing vp a Bull.
And now another bitter fight, about *Patroclus* grew;
Teare-thirſtie, and of toile enough; which *Pallas* did renew,
Deſcending from the cope of ſtarres, diſmiſt by ſharp-eyd *Ioue*,
To animate the *Greeks*; for now, inconſtant change did moue
His mind from what he held of late: And as the purple bow, *Simile.*
Ioue bends at mortals, when of warre, he will the ſignall ſhow;
Or make it a preſage of cold, in ſuch tempeſtuous ſort,
That men are of their labours eaſde, but labouring cattell hurt:
So *Pallas* in a purple cloud, inuolu'd her ſelfe, and went
Amongſt the *Grecians*; ſtird vp all; but firſt encouragement
She breath'd in *Atreus* yonger ſonne; and (for diſguiſe) made choiſe
Of aged *Phœnix* ſhape; and ſpake, with his vnwearied voice.
O *Menelaus*, much defame, and equall heauineſſe, *Pallas like Phœnix to Menelaus*
Will touch at thee; if this true friend, of great *Æacides*,
Dogs teare beneath the *Troian* wals; and therefore beare thee well,
Toile through the hoſt; and euery man, with all thy ſpirit, impell.
He anſwerd: O thou long-ſince borne? O *Phœnix*? that haſt wonne *Menelaus to Pallas ſuppoſed Phœnix.*
The honor'd foſter-fathers name, of *Thetis* god-like ſonne:
I would *Minerua* would but giue, ſtrength to me; and but keepe
Theſe buſie darts off; I would then, make in indeed, and ſteepe
My income in their bloods, in aide, of good *Patroclus*; much
His death afflicts me; much: but yet, this *Hectors* grace is ſuch
With *Ioue*; and ſuch a fieric ſtrength, and ſpirit he has, that ſtill
His ſteele is killing, killing ſtill. The kings ſo royall will,
Minerua ioy'd to heare; ſince ſhe, did all the gods outgo
In his remembrance. For which grace, ſhe kindly did beſtow
Strength on his ſhoulders, and did fill, his knees as liberally
With ſwiftneſſe, breathing in his breaſt, the courage of a flie.
Which loues to bite ſo, and doth beare, mans bloud ſo much good will,
That ſtill (though beaten from a man) ſhe flies vpon him ſtill:
With ſuch a courage *Pallas* fild, the blacke parts neare his hart;
And then he haſted to the ſlaine; caſt off a ſhining dart;
And tooke one *Podes*, that was heire, to old *Eetion*,
A rich man, and a ſtrenuous; and by the people done
Much honour; and by *Hector* too, being conſort, and his gueſt;
And him the yellow-headed king, laid hold on at his waſte;
In offering flight, his iron pile, ſtrooke through him; downe he fell;
And vp *Atrides* drew his corſe. Then *Phœbus* did impell
The ſpirit of *Hector*; *Phœnops* like, furnam'd *Aſiades*, *Phœbus like Aſiades to Hector.*
Whom *Hector* vſde (of all his gueſts) with greateſt friendlineſſe;
And in *Abydus* ſtood his houſe; in whoſe forme, thus he ſpake:
Hector? what man of all the *Greeks*, will any terror make,
Of meeting thy ſtrength any more; when thou art terrified
By *Menelaus*? who before, he ſlue thy friend, was tried,

A paſſing eaſie ſouldier; where now (beſides his end,
Impoſde by him) he drawes him off (and not a man to friend)
From all the *Troians*. This friend is, *Podes*, *Eetions* ſonne.
This hid him in a cloud of griefe; and ſet him formoſt on;
And then *Ioue* tooke his Snake-fring'd ſhield; and *Ida* couer'd all
With ſulphurie clouds; from whence he let, abhorred lightnings fall,
And thunderd till the mountaine ſhooke: and with this dreadfull ſtate,
He vſherd victorie to *Troy*; to *Argos* flight and fate.
Peneleus Bœotius, was he that formoſt fled,
Being wounded in his ſhoulders height; but there the lances head
Strooke lightly, glancing to his mouth, becauſe it ſtrooke him neare,
Throwne from *Polydamas*: *Leitus*, next left the fight in feare,
(Being hurt by *Hector*, in his hand) becauſe he doubted ſore
His hand, in wiſhed fight with *Troy*, would hold his lance no more.
Idomeneus ſent a dart, at *Hector* (ruſhing in,
Idomeneus at Hector. And following *Leitus*) that ſtrooke, his boſome, neare his chin,
And brake at top; the *Ilians*, for his eſcape did ſhout.
When *Hector*, at *Deucalides*, another lance ſent out,
As in his chariot he ſtood; it miſt him narrowly;
For (as it fell) *Caranus* braue, his ſpeedie chariot by,
And tooke the *Troian* lance himſelfe; he was the Chariotere
Of ſterne *Meriones*; and firſt, on foote did ſeruice there,
Which well he left to gouerne horſe; for ſauing now his king,
With driuing twixt him and his death; though thence his owne did ſpring;
Which kept a mightie victorie, from *Troy*, in keeping death
From his great Soueraigne: the fierce dart, did enter him beneath
His eare, betwixt his iaw and it; braue downe, cut through his tongue,
And ſtrooke his teeth out; from his hands, the horſes raines he flung;
Which now *Meriones* receiu'd, as they beſtrew'd the field,
And bad his Soueraigne ſcourge away; he ſaw that day would yeeld
No hope of victorie for them. He fear'd the ſame, and fled.
Nor from the mightie minded ſonne, of *Telamon*, lay hid
(For all his clouds) high *Ioue* himſelfe; nor from the Spartan king.
They ſaw him in the victorie, he ſtill was varying
For *Troy*; for which ſight, *Aiax* ſaid: O heauens, what foole is he,
That ſees not *Ioues* hand in the grace, now done our enemie?
Not any dart they touch, but takes; from whom ſoeuer throwne,
Aiax good counſell. Valiant or coward; what he wants, *Ioue* addes; not any one
Wants his direction to ſtrike ſure; nor ours, to miſſe, as ſure:
But come, let vs be ſure of this, to put the beſt in vre
That lies in vs; which two-fold is; both to fetch off our friend,
And ſo to fetch him off, as we, may likelieſt contend
To fetch our ſelues off; that our friends, ſuruiuing may haue right
In ioy of our ſecure retreat; as he that fell in fight,
Being kept as ſure from further wrong: of which perhaps they doubt;
And looking this way, grieue for vs, not able to worke out
Or paſſe from this man-ſlaughterer, great *Hector*, and his hands,
That are too hote for men to touch; but that theſe thirſtie ſands,

Before

Before our fleete will be enforc't, to drinke our headlong death.
Which to preuent by all fit meanes, I would the parted breath
Of good *Patroclus*, to his friend, with ſpeed imparted were
By ſome he loues: for I beleeue, no heauie meſſenger
Hath yet inform'd him; but alas, I ſee no man to ſend;
Both men and horſe are hid in miſts, that euery way deſcend.
O father *Iupiter*, do thou, the ſonnes of *Greece* releaſe
Of this felt darkneſſe; grace this day, with fit tranſparences;
And giue the eyes thou giu'ſt, their vſe; deſtroy vs in the light,
And worke thy will with vs, ſince needs, thou wilt againſt vs fight.
This ſpake he weeping; and his teares, *Saturnius* pitie ſhow'd,
Diſperſt the darkneſſe inſtantly, and drew away the clowd,
From whence it fell: the Sunne ſhin'd out, and all the hoſt appear'd;
And then ſpake *Aiax*, (whoſe heard prayre, his ſpirits highly chear'd.
Braue *Menelaus*, looke about; and if thou canſt deſcrie
Aiax to Menelaus. *Neſtors Antilochus* aliue, incite him inſtantly,
To tell *Achilles*, that his friend, moſt deare to him, is dead.
He ſaid; nor *Menelaus* ſtucke, at any thing he ſaid,
(As loth to do it) but he went; as from a Graſiers ſtall,
Simile. A Lion goes, when ouerlaid (with men, dogs, darts, and all
Not eaſely loſing a fat Oxe, but ſtrong watch, all night held)
His teeth yet watering; oft he comes, and is as oft repeld;
The aduerſe darts ſo thicke are pour'd, before his brow-hid eyes,
And burning firebrands; which for all, his great hearts heate, he flies,
And (grumbling) goes his way betimes: So from *Patroclus* went
Atrides, much againſt his mind; his doubts being vehement,
Leſt (he gone from his guard) the reſt, would leaue (for very feare)
Another direct ſcoffe at Menelaus. The perſon to the ſpoile of *Greece*. And yet his guardians were,
Th' *Aiaces*, and *Meriones*, whom much, his care did preſſe,
And thus exhort; *Aiaces* both, and you *Meriones*:
Menelaus to the Aiaces, like himſelfe. Now let ſome true friend call to mind, the gentle and ſweete nature
Of poore *Patroclus*; let him thinke, how kind to euery creature,
His heart was, liuing, though now dead. Thus vrg'd the faire-hair'd king,
Simile. And parted, caſting round his eye.[d] As when vpon her wing
An Eagle is, whom men affirme, to haue the ſharpeſt ſight
Of all aires region of fowles; and though of mightie height,
Sees yet within her leauie forme, of humble ſhrubs, cloſe laid
A light-foote Hare, which ſtraight ſhe ſtoupes, truſſes, and ſtrikes her dead:
So dead thou ſtrook'ſt thy charge (O king,) through all warres thickets ſo
Thou look'dſt, and ſwiftly found'ſt thy man; exhorting gainſt the foe,
And heartning his plied men to blowes, vſde in the warres left wing:
To whom thou ſaidſt; Thou god-lou'd man, come here, and heare a thing,
Which I wiſh neuer were to heare; I thinke euen thy eye ſees
What a deſtruction God hath laid, vpon the ſonnes of *Greece*;
And what a conqueſt he giues *Troy*; in which, the beſt of men
(*Patroclus*) lies exanimate; whoſe perſon, paſſing faine,
The *Greeks* would reſcue, and beare home; and therefore giue thy ſpeed
To his great friend, to proue if he, will do ſo good a deed,

To

To fetch the naked perſon off; for *Hectors* ſhoulders weare
Antilochus griefe for Patroclus. His priſed armes. *Antilochus*, was highly grieu'd to heare
This heauie newes; and ſtood ſurpriſde, with ſtupid ſilence long;
His faire eyes ſtanding full of teares; his voice ſo ſweete and ſtrong,
Stucke in his boſome; yet all this, wrought in him no neglect
Of what *Atrides* gaue in charge: but for that quicke effect,
He gaue *Laodolus* his armes, (his friend that had the guide
Of his ſwift horſe) and then his knees, were ſpeedily applide
In his ſad meſſage, which his eyes, told all the way in teares.
Another notable Ironie, expreſſing what Homer made of Menelaus. Nor would thy generous heart aſſiſt, his ſore-charg'd ſouldiers
(O *Menelaus*) in meane time, though left in much diſtreſſe;
Thou ſentſt them god-like *Thraſimede*, and mad'ſt thy kind regreſſe
Backe to *Patroclus*; where arriu'd, halfe breathleſſe thou didſt ſay
To both th'*Aiaces* this: I haue ſent, this meſſenger away
To ſwift *Achilles*, who, I feare, will hardly helpe vs now,
(Though mad with *Hector*;) without armes, he cannot fight, ye know:
Let vs then thinke of ſome beſt meane, both how we may remoue
The bodie; and get off our ſelues, from this vociferous droue,
And fate of *Troians*. Brauely ſpoke, at all parts (*Aiax* ſaid)
O glorious ſonne of *Atreus*; take thou then ſtraite the dead,
And thou *Meriones*. We two, of one mind, as one name,
Will backe ye ſoundly; and on vs, receiue the wild-fire flame,
That *Hectors* rage breathes after you, before it come at you.
This ſaid, they tooke into their armes, the bodie; all the ſhow
Menelaus and Meriones beare off the body of Patroclus. Simile. That might be, made to thoſe of *Troy*, at armes end bearing it.
Out ſhriekt the *Troians*, when they ſaw, the bodie borne to fleete;
And ruſht on: As at any Bore, gaſht with the hunters wounds,
A kennell of the ſharpeſt ſet, and foreſt bitten hounds,
Before their youthfull huntſmen haſte; and eagerly a while
Purſue, as if they were aſſur'd, of their affected ſpoile;
But when the Sauage (in his ſtrength, as confident as they)
Turnes head amongſt them; backe they flie, and euery one his way:
So troope-meale *Troy* purſu'd a while, laying on with ſwords and darts;
But when th'*Aiaces* turn'd on them, and made their ſtand; their harts
Drunke from their faces all their blouds; and not a man ſuſtain'd
The forechace, nor the after fight. And thus *Greece* nobly gain'd,
The perſon towards home: but thus, the changing warre was rackt
Out to a paſſing bloudie length: For as once put in act
Simile. A fire inuading citie roofes, is ſodainly engroſt,
And made a wondrous mightie flame; in which is quickly loſt
A houſe, long building; all the while, a boiſterous guſt of wind
Lumbring amongſt it: So the *Greekes* (in bearing of their friend)
More and more foes drew: at their heeles, a tumult thundering ſtill
Simile. Of horſe and foote. Yet, as when Mules, in haling from a hill
A beame or maſt, through foule deepe way, well clapt and heartned, cloſe
Lie to their labour, tug, and ſweate, and paſſing hard it goes:
(Vrg'd by their driuers, to all haſt) So dragg'd they on the corſe;
Still both th'*Aiaces* at their backs; who backe ſtill turn'd the force;

Though

Though after, it grew ſtill the more; yet as a ſyluane hill
Thruſts backe a torrent, that hath kept, a narrow channell ſtill,
Till at his Oken breaſt it beates; but there a checke it takes,
That ſends it ouer all the vale, with all the ſtirre it makes;
Nor can with all the confluence, breake through his rootie ſides:
In no leſſe firme and braue repulſe, th'*Aiaces* curb'd the prides
Of all the *Troians:* yet all held, the purſuite in his ſtrength;
Their chiefes being *Hector*, and the ſonne, of *Venus*, who at length
Put all the youth of *Greece* beſides, in moſt amazefull rout;
Forgetting all their fortitudes, diſtraught, and ſhricking out;
A number of their rich armes loſt, falne from them, here and there
About, and in the dike; and yet, the warre concludes not here.
Simile, illuſtrating the valour of both the Aiaces.

COMMENTARIVS.

α ξύς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ σταχύεσσι βοὸς μεγάλοιο βοείης
λαῖτμα δι' αὐχενίων μαδάων κληῖδι περήσῃ,
ὑγρὴν ἀμφὶς ἑοῦσαν· ὁ δ' ἐν τάχα δίεται ὑγρὴν
κυκλόσε, ἠδὲ δι' ἀγκῶνος ἴδε, ἄλλοθι δ' ἄλλομαι ἔπλω
πολλὸν ὑπαίσσων, πάντοσε δ' ἐν πόδας ἔστη ἀμφὶ
αὐτῷ· τὸν δ' οὔτε ῥοὴ ἰθύσαι ἔκλιθρα οὔτε χάλαζα
ἔβλαπτ' ἀμφίστηκεν.

Thus tranſlated ad verbum *by* Spondanus:

Sicut autem quando vir tauri bouis magni pellem
Populis dederit diſtendendam temulentam pinguedine,
Accipientes autem vtique hi diſpoſiti extendunt
In orbem; ſtatim autem humor exijt, penetratque adeps.
Multis trahentibus: tenditur autem tota vndique;
Sic hi huc & illuc cadauer paruo in ſpacio
Trahebant vtrique.

Laurent. Valla *thus in proſe:*

Et quemadmodum ſi quis pinguem Tauri pellem à pluribus extendi iuberet; inter extendendum & humor & pingue defudat. Sic illi huc paruo in ſpacio diſtrahebant.

Eobanus *thus in verſe:*

——Ac ſi quis diſtendere pellem
Taurinam iubeat, craſſam pinguedine multa,
Multorum manibus, terræ defudet omaſum
Et liquor omnis humi. Sic ipſum tempore paruo
Patroclum in diuerſa, manus numeroſa, trahebat, &c.

To anſwer a hote obiection made to me by a great ſcholler, for not tranſlating Homer *word for word, and letter for letter (as out of his heate he ſtrained it,) I am enforced to cite this admirable Simile, (like the other before) in my annotations at the end of the fifteenth Booke) and referre it to my iudiciall readers examination, whether ſuch a tranſlation becomes* Homer *or not; by noting ſo much as needs to be by one example; whether the two laſt aboue-ſaid tranſlators, in being ſo ſhort with our euerlaſting maſter; do him ſo much right, as my poore conuerſion; expreſsing him by neceſſary expoſition and illuſtration of his words and meaning, with more words, or not. The reaſon of his Simile, is to illuſtrate the ſtrife of both the armies for the body of* Patroclus; *which it doth performe moſt inimitably; their toile and ſweate about it, being conſidered (which I muſt pray you to turne to before:) the Simile it ſelfe yet, I thought*

thought not vnfit to inſert here, to come vp the cloſer to them, with whom I am to be compared. My paines and vnderſtanding conuerting it thus:

——And as a huge oxe hide,
A Currier giues amongſt his men, to ſupple and extend
With oile, till it be drunke withall: they tug, ſtretch out, and ſpend
Their oile and licour liberally; and chafe the leather ſo,
They make it breathe a vapour out; and in their licours go,
A number of them ſet a worke; and in an orbe they pull,
That all wayes, all parts of the hide, they may extend at full:
So here and there did both hoſts hale, the corſe in litle place;
And wrought it all wayes with their ſweate, &c. *In which laſt words of the application conſidered, lies the life of this illuſtration. Our* Homers *diuine inuention wherein, I ſee not in any of their ſhorter tranſlations touch't at. But what could expreſſe more the toile about this body, forcing it this way and that, as the oppoſite aduantage ſerued on both ſides? An* Oxes *hide, after the tanning, asking ſo much labour and oile to ſupple and extend it,* —— παυσειν μαδυσαι αλοιφη, diſtendendam, temulentam pinguedine; *to be ſtretcht out, being drunke with tallow, oile, or licour: the word* μεθυσκειν, *which ſignifies* temulentam; *of* μεθυω, *ſignifying* ebrius ſum, *(being a metaphor) and vſed by* Homer, *I thought fit to expreſſe ſo; both becauſe it is* Homers, *and doth much more illuſtrate then* craſſam pinguedine multa, *as* Eoban. *turnes it. But* Valla *leaues it clearely out; and with his breſeneſſe, vtterly maimes the Simile; which (to my vnderſtanding being ſo excellent) I could not but with thus much repetition and labour inculcate the ſence of it; ſince I ſee not that any tranſlator hath euer thought of it. And therefore (againſt the obiector, that would haue no more words then* Homer *vſed, in his tranſlator) I hope thoſe few words I vſe more, being neceſſarie to expreſſe ſuch a ſence as I vnderſtand in* Homer, *will be at leaſt borne withall; without which, and other ſuch needfull explanations, the moſt ingenious inuention and ſence of ſo matchleſſe a writer, might paſſe endleſly obſcured and vnthought on. My manner of tranſlation being partly built on this learned and iudicious authoritie:* Eſt ſciti interpretis, non verborum numerum, & ordinem ſectari; ſed res ipſas, & ſententias attentè perpendere; eaſque verbis, & formulis orationis veſtire idoneis, & aptis ei linguæ in quam conuertitur.

[b] ——ως δ Αθλωνη, *&c.* Minerua *appearing* to Menelaus *like* Phœnix, *and encouraging him (as you may reade before) to fight; he ſpeakes as to* Phœnix, *and wiſhes* Minerua *would but put away the force or violence of the darts, and he would aid and fight brauely: which is a continuance of his character, being expreſt for the moſt part by* Homer *ridiculous and ſimple. The originall words yet (becauſe neither* Eobanus *nor* Valla *vnderſtood the character) they vtterly peruert; as if you pleaſe to examine them, you may ſee. The words are theſe,* βελεων δ' απεϝυκοι ερωω, *which* Spondanus *truly interprets* telorum verò depulerit impetum; Απεϝυκω, *being a compound of* ϝυκω, *ſignifying* arceo, repello, propulſo, abigo; *and yet they tranſlate the words,* & telis vim afferret: *as if* Menelaus *wiſht that* Pallas *would giue force to his darts; which* Eobanus *followes, ſaying,* & tela valentia præſtet, *moſt ignorantly and vnſufferably conuerting it; ſuppoſing them to be his owne darts he ſpake of; and would haue bleſt with* Miueruaes *addition of vertue and power; where* Homers *are plaine, he ſpake of the enemies darts; whoſe force if ſhe would auert, he would fight for* Patroclus.

[c] Και οι μαλ' ωκα θορων επι ϛηθεσσιν ωκας, *&c.* Et ei Muſcæ audaciam in pectoribus immiſit.

miſit. Minerua *inſpired him with the courage of a flie; which all his interpreters very ridiculouſly laugh at in* Homer; *as if he heartily intended to praiſe* Menelaus *by it, not vnderſtanding his Ironie here, agreeing with all the other ſillineſſe noted in his character.* Eobanus Heſſus, *in pitie of* Homer, *leaues it vtterly out; and* Valla *comes ouer him with a little ſalue for the ſore diſgrace he hath by his ignorant readers laughters; and expounds the words aboue ſaid thus:* Lene namque eius ingenium prudenti audacia impleuit: *laying his medicine nothing neare the place.* Spondanus (*diſliking* Homer *with the reſt in this Simile*) *would not haue* Lucian *forgotten in his merry* Encomium *of a Flie; and therefore cites him vpon this place, playing vpon* Homer; *which, becauſe it is already anſwered in the Ironie to be vnderſtood in* Homer, (*he laughing at all men ſo ridiculous*) *I forbeare to repeate; and cite onely* Euſtathius, *that would ſalue it, with altering the word* θαρσος, *which ſignifies* confidentia, *or* audacia (per Metatheſin literæ ϱ) *for* θρασος, *which is* temeritas; *of which I ſee not the end: and yet cite all, to ſhew how ſuch great Clerks are perplext, and abuſe* Homer, *as not being* ſatis compotes mentis Poeticæ; *for want of which (which all their reading and language cannot ſupply) they are thus often graueld and miſtaken.*

[d] Ως δ' αιετος &c. Veluti Aquila: *The ſport* Homer *makes with* Menelaus, *is here likewiſe confirmed and amplified in another Simile, reſembling him intentionally to a harefinder, though for colours ſake he vſeth the word* Eagle; *as in all other places where he preſents him (being ſo eminent a perſon) he hides his ſimplicity with ſome ſhadow of glory or other. The circumſtances making it cleare; being here, and in diuers other places made a meſſenger from* Aiax, *and others, to call ſuch and ſuch to their aid; which was vnfit for a man of his place, if he had bene in magnanimitie and valour equall, or any thing neare it. But to confirme his imperfection therein in diuers other places, he is called* μαλθακος αιχμητης, mollis bellator; *and therefore was fitteſt to be employed to cal vp thoſe that were hardier and abler. In going about which buſineſſe,* Homer *ſhewes how he looket about, leering like a hare-finder: for to make it ſimply a Simile illuſtrating the ſtate of his addreſſe in that baſe affaire, had neither wit nor* decorum. *Both which being at their heights in the other ſence (becauſe our* Homer *was their great maiſter to all accompliſhment) let none detract ſo miſerably from him, as to take this otherwiſe then a continuance of his Ironie.*

The end of the ſeuenteenth Booke.

THE XVIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ACHilles *mourner, told of* Patroclus *end;*
When Thetis *doth from forth the ſea aſcend.*
And comfort him; aduiſing to abſtaine
From any fight, till her requeſt could gaine
Fit armes of Vulcan. Iuno *yet commands*
To ſhew himſelfe. And at the dike he ſtands
In ſight of th'enemie; who with his ſight
Flies; and a number periſh in the flight.
Patroclus *perſon (ſafe brought from the warres)*
His ſouldiers waſh. Vulcan *the armes prepares.*

Another Argument.

Sigma *continues the alarmes,*
And faſhions the renowmed armes.

THey fought ſtill, like the rage of fire. And now *Antilochus*
Came to *Æacides*; whoſe mind, was much ſolicitous,
For that, which (as he fear'd) was falne. He found him neer the fleet
With vpright ſaile-yeards, vttering this, to his heroike conceit:
Ay me; why ſee the *Greeks* themſelues, thus beaten from the field,
Achilles to himſelfe concerning Patroclus. And routed headlong to their fleet. O let not heauen yeeld
Effect to what my ſad ſoule feares; that (as I was foretold)
The ſtrongeſt *Myrmidon*, (next me) when I ſhould ſtill behold
The Sunnes faire light, muſt part with it. Paſt doubt, *Menatius* ſonne
Is he on whom that fate is wrought; O wretch, to leaue vndone
What I commanded; that the fleete, once freed of hoſtile fire,
(Not meeting *Hector*) inſtantly, he ſhould his powres retire.
As thus his troubl'd mind diſcourſt, *Antilochus* appear'd,
Antilochus relates Patroclus death. And told with teares the ſad newes thus: My Lord, that muſt be heard,
Which would to heauen I might not tell; *Menatius* ſonne lies dead;
And for his naked corſe (his armes alreadie forfeited,
And worne by *Hector*) the debate, is now moſt vehement.
This ſaid, *Griefe* darkned all his powres. With both his hands he rent
Achilles his rage The blacke mould from the forced earth, and pour'd it on his head;
Smear'd all his louely face; his weeds (diuinely faſhioned)
All filde and mangl'd; and himſelfe, he threw vpon the ſhore;
Lay, as laid out for funerall. Then tumbl'd round, and tore
His gracious curles; his Eſtacie, he did ſo farre extend,
That all the Ladies wonne by him, and his now ſlaughterd friend,
(Afflicted

(Afflicted ſtrangely for his plight) came ſhricking from the tents,
And fell about him; beate their breaſts; their tender lineaments
Diſſolu'd with ſorrow. And with them, wept *Neſtors* warlike ſonne,
Fell by him, holding his faire hands, in feare he would haue done
His perſon violence; his heart (extremely ſtreightned) burn'd,
Beate, ſweld, and ſighd, as it would burſt. So terribly he mourn'd:
That *Thetis* ſitting in the deepes, of her old fathers ſeas;
Heard, and lamented. To her plaints, the bright *Nereides*
Flockt all; how many thoſe darke gulfes, foeuer comprehend.
There *Glauce* and *Cymodoce*, and *Spyo* did attend;
Neſæa and *Cymothoa*, and calme *Amphithoe*;
Thalia, *Thoa*, *Panope*, and ſwift *Dynanime*;
Actæa and *Lymnoria*; and *Halia* the faire,
Fam'd for the beautie of her eyes; *Amathia* for her haire;
Iæra, *Proto*, *Clymene*, and curl'd *Dexamine*;
Pheruſa, *Doris*; and with theſe, the ſmooth *Amphinome*;
Chaſt *Galathea* ſo renown'd; and *Callianira* came
With *Doto* and *Orythia*, to cheare the mournfull Dame;
Apſeudes likewiſe viſited; and *Callianaſſa* gaue
Her kind attendance; and with her, *Agaue* grac't the Caue;
Nemertes, *Mæra* followed; *Melita*, *Ianeſſe*,
With *Ianira*, and the reſt, of thoſe *Nereides*,
That in the deepe ſeas make abode; all which together beate
Their dewie boſomes; and to all, thus *Thetis* did repeate
Her cauſe of mourning: Siſters, heare, how much the ſorrowes wey,
Thetis to the Nereides. Whoſe cries, now cald ye: hapleſſe I, brought forth vnhappily
The beſt of all the ſonnes of men; who (like a well-ſet plant,
In beſt ſoiles) grew and flouriſhed; and when his ſpirit did want
Employment for his youth and ſtrength: I ſent him with a fleete
To fight at *Ilion*; from whence, his fate-confined feete
Paſſe all my deitie to retire. The court of his high birth,
The glorious court of *Peleus*, muſt entertaine his worth,
Neuer hereafter. All the life, he hath to liue with me,
Muſt waſt in ſorrowes; and this ſonne, I now am bent to ſee,
Being now afflicted with ſome griefe; not vſually graue;
Whoſe knowledge and recure I ſeeke. This ſaid, ſhe left her caue;
Which all left with her; ſwimming forth; the greene waues, as they ſwom,
Cleft with their boſomes, curld, and gaue, quicke way to *Troy*. Being come,
They all aſcended; two and two; and trod the honor'd ſhore,
Till where the fleete of *Myrmidons* (drawne vp in heapes) it bore.
There ſtayd they at *Achilles* ſhip; and there did *Thetis* lay
Thetis to Achilles. Her faire hand on her ſonnes curl'd head, ſigh'd, wept, and bad him ſay,
What griefe drew from his eyes thoſe teares: conceale it not (ſaid ſhe)
Till this houre, thy vplifted hands, haue all things granted thee.
The *Greeks* (all thruſt vp at their ſternes) haue pour'd out teares enow;
And in them ſeene how much they miſſe, remiſſion of thy vow.
He ſaid, Tis true, *Olympius*, hath done me all that grace:
Achilles to Thetis. But what ioy haue I of it all: when thus, thruſts in the place,

Loſſe of my whole ſelfe, in my friend: whom, when his foe had ſlaine,
He ſpoil'd of thoſe prophaned armes, that *Peleus* did obtaine
From heauens high powres, ſolemnizing, thy ſacred nuptiall bands,
As th'onely preſent of them all; and fitted well their hands;
Being louely, radiant, maruellous; O would to heauen thy throne,
With theſe faire deities of the ſea, thou ſtill hadſt ſate vpon;
And *Peleus* had a mortall wife; ſince by his meanes is done
So much wrong to thy grieued mind; my death being ſet ſo ſoone,
And neuer ſuffering my returne, to grace of *Peleus* court;
Nor do I wiſh it; nor to liue, in any mans reſort;
But onely that the crying bloud, for vengeance, of my friend,
Mangl'd by *Hector*, may be ſtild; his foes death paying his end.

Thetis to Achilles.

She weeping, ſaid: That houre is neare, and thy deaths houre then nie;
Which in thy wiſh ſeru'd of thy foe, ſucceedeth inſtantly.

Achilles to Thetis.

And inſtantly it ſhall ſucceed, (he anſwerd) ſince my fate
Allow'd not to my will a powre, to reſcue (ere the date
Of his late ſlaughter) my true friend. Farre from his friends he died;
Whoſe wrong therein my eyes had light, and right to ſee denied.
Yet now I neither light my ſelfe, nor haue ſo ſpent my light,
That either this friend or the reſt, (in numbers infinite
Slaughterd by *Hector*) I can helpe; nor grace, with withe repaire
To our deare country; but breathe here, vnprofitable aire,
And onely liue a lode to earth, with all my ſtrength, though none
Of all the *Grecians* equall it. In counſell, many a one
Is my ſuperiour; what I haue, no grace gets; what I want,
Diſgraceth all. How then too ſoone, can haſtieſt death ſupplant
My fate-curſt life? her inſtrument, to my indignitie,
Being that blacke friend *Contention*; whom, would to God might die
To gods and men; and *Anger* too, that kindles tyrannie
In men moſt wiſe; being much more ſweete, then liquid hony is
To men of powre, to ſatiate, their watchfull enmities;
And like a pliant fume it ſpreds, through all their breaſts; as late
It ſtole ſterne paſſage thorough mine; which he did inſtigate,
That is our Generall. But the fact, ſo long paſt, the effect
Muſt vaniſh with it, though both grieu'd; nor muſt we ſtill reſpect
Our ſoothed humours; *Need* now takes, the rule of eithers mind.
And when the loſer of my friend, his death in me ſhall find;
Let death take all. Send him, ye gods; Ile giue him my embrace;
Not *Hercules* himſelfe ſhund death, though deareſt in the grace
Of *Iupiter*; euen him, *Fate* ſtoopt, and *Iunoes* crueltie;
And if ſuch Fate expect my life; where death ſtrikes, I will lie.
Meane time I wiſh a good renowme, that theſe deepe-breſted Dames
Of *Ilion* and *Dardania*, may, for th'extinguiſht flames
Of their friends liues, with both their hands, wipe miſerable teares
From their ſo curiouſly-kept cheekes; and be the officers
To execute my ſighs on *Troy*; when (ſeeing my long retreate
But gatherd ſtrength, and giues my charge, an anſwerable heate)
They well may know twas I lay ſtill; and that my being away,

Preſented

Preſented all their happineſſe. But any further ſtay,
(Which your much loue perhaps may wiſh) aſſay not to perſwade;
All vowes are kept; all prayres heard; now, free way for fight is made.
The ſiluer-footed Dame replide: It fits thee well, my ſonne,

Thetis to Achilles.

To keepe deſtruction from thy friends; but thoſe faire armes are wonne
And worne by *Hector*, that ſhould keepe, thy ſelfe in keeping them,
Though their fruition be but ſhort; a long death being neare him,
Whoſe cruell glorie they are yet: by all meanes then forbeare
To tread the maſſacres of warre, till I againe appeare
From *Mulciber* with fit new armes; which, when thy eye ſhall ſee
The Sunne next riſe, ſhall enter here, with his firſt beames and me.
Thus to her ſiſters of the ſea, ſhe turn'd, and bad them ope
The doores and deepes of *Nereus*; ſhe, in Olympus top
Muſt viſite *Vulcan* for new armes, to ſerue her wreakfull ſonne;

Thetis and the Nymphs leaue Achilles.

And bad informe her father ſo, with all things further done.
This ſaid, they vnderwent the ſea, her ſelfe flew vp to heauen;
In meane ſpace, to the Helleſpont, and ſhips, the *Greeks* were driuen,
In ſhamefull rout; nor could they yet, from rage of *Priams* ſonne,
Secure the dead of new aſſaults; both horſe and men made on,
With ſuch impreſſion: thrice the feete, the hands of *Hector* ſeaſd;
And thrice th'*Aiaces* thumpt him off. With whoſe repulſe diſpleaſd,
He wreakt his wrath vpon the troupes; then to the corſe againe,
Made horrid turnings, crying out, of his repulſed men,
And would not quit him quite for death. A Lion almoſt ſteru'd,
Is not by vpland herdſmen driuen, from vrging to be ſeru'd
With more contention, then his ſtrength, by thoſe two of a name;
And had perhaps his much praiſd will; if th'airie-footed dame
(Swift *Iris*) had not ſtoopt in haſt, Ambaſſadreſſe from heauen,
To *Peleus* ſonne, to bid him atme; her meſſage being giuen

Iris ambaſſadreſſe to Achilles from Iuno.

By *Iuno*; kept from all the gods; ſhe thus excited him:
Riſe thou moſt terrible of men, and ſaue the precious lim
Of thy belou'd; in whoſe behalfe, the conflict now runnes hie
Before the fleete; the either hoſt, fels other mutually;
Theſe to retaine, thoſe to obtaine; amongſt whom, moſt of all
Is *Hector* prompt; hee's apt to drag, thy friend home; he your pall
Will make his ſhoulders; his head forc't; hee'l be moſt famous; riſe,
No more lie idle; ſet the foe, a much more coſtly priſe
Of thy friends value; then let dogs, make him a monument,
Where thy name will be grauen. He askt, What deitie hath ſent
Thy preſence hither? She repli'd; *Saturnia*; ſhe alone,
Not high *Ioue* knowing; nor one god, that doth inhabite on
Snowie Olympus. He againe; How ſhall I ſet vpon
The worke of ſlaughter, when mine armes, are worne by *Priams* ſon?
How will my goddeſſe mother grieue, that bad I ſhould not arme,
Till ſhe brought armes from *Mulciber*? But ſhould I do ſuch harme
To her and dutie: who is he (but *Aiax*) that can vant
The fitting my breſt with his armes? and he is conuerſant
Amongſt the firſt, in vſe of his; and rampiers of the foe

(Slaine neare *Patroclus*) builds to him. All this (ſaid ſhe) we know,
And wiſh, thou onely wouldſt but ſhow, thy perſon to the eyes
Of theſe hote *Ilians*, that (afraid, of further enterpriſe)
The *Greeks* may gaine ſome litle breath. She woo'd, and he was won,
And ſtraite *Minerua* honor'd him; who *Ioues* ſhield clapt vpon
His mightie ſhoulders; and his head, girt with a cloud of gold,
That caſt beames round about his browes. And as when armes enfold
A citie in an Ile; from thence, a fume at firſt appeares,
(Being in the day) but when the Euen, her cloudie forehead reares,
Thicke ſhow the fires, and vp they caſt, their ſplendor, that men nie
Seeing their diſtreſſe, perhaps may ſet, ſhips out to their ſupply:
So (to ſhew ſuch aid) from his head, a light roſe, ſcaling heauen.
And forth the wall he ſtept and ſtood; nor brake the preceipt giuen
By his great mother (mixt in fight,) but ſent abroad his voice,
Which *Pallas* farre off eechoed; who did betwixt them hoiſe
Shrill Tumult to a topleſſe height. And as a voice is heard
With emulous affection, when any towne is ſpher'd
With ſiege of ſuch a foe, as kils, mens minds; and for the towne
Makes ſound his trumpet: ſo the voice, from *Thetis* iſſue throwne,
Won emulouſly th'eares of all. His brazen voice once heard,
The minds of all were ſtartl'd ſo, they yeelded; and ſo teard
The faire-man'd horſes, that they flew, backe, and their chariots turn'd,
Preſaging in their augurous hearts, the labours that they mourn'd
A litle after; and their guides, a repercuſſiue dread
Tooke from the horrid radiance, of his refulgent head.
Which *Pallas* ſet on fire with grace. Thrice great *Achilles* ſpake;
And thrice (in heate of all the charge) the *Troians* ſtarted backe.
Twelue men, of greateſt ſtrength in *Troy*, left with their liues exhald,
Their chariots and their darts, to death, with his three ſummons cald.
And then the *Grecians* ſpritefully, drew from the darts the corſe,
And hearſt it, bearing it to fleete. His friends, with all remorſe
Marching about it. His great friend, diſſoluing then in teares,
To ſee his truly-lou'd return'd, ſo horſt vpon an herſe,
Whom with ſuch horſe and chariot, he ſet out ſafe and whole;
Now wounded with vnpittying ſteele, now ſent without a ſoule,
Neuer againe to be reſtor'd, neuer receiu'd but ſo;
He follow'd mourning bitterly. The Sunne (yet farre to go)
Iuno commanded to go downe; who in his powres deſpight,
Sunke to the Ocean; ouer earth, diſperſing ſodaine Night.
And then the *Greeks*, and *Troians* both, gaue vp their horſe and darts.
The *Troians* all to counſell call'd, ere they refreſht their hearts
With any ſupper; nor would ſit; they grew ſo ſtiffe with feare,
To ſee (ſo long from heauie fight) *Æacides* appeare.
Polydamas began to ſpeake, who onely could diſcerne
Things future by things paſt; and was, vow'd friend to *Hector*; borne
In one night both; he thus aduiſde: Confider well (my friends)
In this ſo great and ſodaine change, that now it ſelfe extends;
What change is beſt for vs t'oppoſe. To this ſtands my command;

Simile.

Simile.

Iuno commands the Sunne to go downe before her time.

Polydamas to Hector and the Troians.

Make

Make now the towne our ſtrength; not here, abide lights roſie hand;
Our wall being farre off, and our foe, (much greater) ſtill as nere.
Till this foe came, I well was pleaſde, to keepe our watches here;
My fit hope, of the fleetes ſurpriſe, enclin'd me ſo; but now,
Tis ſtronglier guarded; and (their ſtrength, increaſt) we muſt allow
Our owne proportionate amends. I doubt exceedingly
That this indifferencie of fight, twixt vs and th'enemie;
And theſe bounds we prefixe to them; will nothing ſo confirie,
Th'vneurb'd mind of *Æacides*. The height of his deſigne
Aimes at our citie, and our wiues; and all barres in his way
(Being backt with leſſe then wals) his powre, will ſcorne to make his ſtay;
And ouerrunne, as ouerſeene; and not his obiect. Then
Let *Troy* be freely our retreate; left being enforc't, our men
Twixt this, and that, be taken vp, by Vultures; who by night
May ſafe come off; it being a time, vntimely for his might
To ſpend at randome; that being ſure. If next light ſhew vs here
To his aſſaults, each man will wiſh, that *Troy* his refuge were;
And then feele, what he heares not now. I would to heauen mine eare
Were free euen now of thoſe complaints, that you muſt after heare,
If ye remoue not. If ye yeeld (though wearied with a fight)
So late and long; we ſhall haue ſtrength, in counſell, and the night.
And (where we here haue no more force, then *Need* will force vs to,
And which muſt riſe out of our nerues) high ports, towres, walls will do
What wants in vs. And in the morne, all arm'd vpon our towres;
We all will ſtand out to our foe. Twill trouble all his powres,
To come from fleet, and giue vs charge; when his high-creſted horſe,
His rage ſhall ſatiate with the toyle, of this, and that wayes courſe;
Vaine entrie ſeeking vnderneath, our well-defended wals;
And he be glad to turne to fleet, about his funerals.
For of his entrie here, at home; What mind will ſerue his thirſt?
Or euer feed him with ſackt *Troy*? the dogs ſhall eate him firſt.
At this ſpeech, *Hector* bent his browes; and ſaid, This makes not great
Your grace with me, *Polydamas*; that argue for retreate
To *Troys* old priſon; haue we not, enough of thoſe towres yet?
And is not *Troy*, yet, charg'd enough, with impoſitions ſet
Vpon her citizens; to keepe, our men from ſpoyle, without?
But ſtill we muſt impoſe, within? that houſes, with our rout,
As well as purſes, may be plagu'd? Before time, *Priams* towne
Traffickt with diuerſ-languag'd men; and all gaue the renowne
Of rich *Troy* to it; braſſe, and gold, abounding: but her ſtore
Is now from euery houſe exhauſt; poſſeſſions euermore,
Are ſold out into *Phrygia*, and louely *Mæonie*;
And haue bene, euer ſince *Ioues* wrath. And now his clemencie
Giues me the meane, to quit our want, with glorie; and concludde
The *Greeks* in ſea-bords, and our ſeas; to ſlacke it, and extrude
His offerd bountie by our flight. Foole that thou art, bewray
This counſell to no common eare; for no man ſhall obay.
If any will, Ile checke his will. But what our ſelfe command,

Hector angerly to Polydamas.

Let all obſerue: take ſuppers all; keepe watch of euery hand.
If any *Troian* haue ſome ſpoyle, that takes his too much care,
Make him diſpoſe it publickly; tis better any fare
The better for him, then the *Greeks*. When light then deckes the skies,
Let all arme for a fierce aſſault. If great *Achilles* riſe,
And will enforce our greater toyle; it may riſe ſo to him;
On my backe, he ſhall find no wings; my ſpirit, ſhall force my lim
To ſtand his worſt; and giue, or take; *Mars* is our common Lord,
And the deſtrous ſword-mans life; he euer puts to ſword.
This counſell gat applauſe of all; ſo much were all vnwiſe;
Minerua robd them of their braines, to like the ill aduice
The great man gaue; and leaue the good, ſince by the meaner giuen.
All tooke their ſuppers; but the *Greeks*, ſpent all the heauy Euen
About *Patroclus* mournfull rites; *Pelides* leading all
In all the formes of heauineſſe: he, by his ſide did fall;
And his man-ſlaughtering hands impoſd, into his oft-kiſt breſt;
Simile. Sighes, blew vp ſighes: and Lion-like, grac't with a goodly creſt,
That in his abſence being robd, by hunters of his whelps,
Returnes to his ſo deſolate den: and (for his wanted helps)
Beholding his vnlookt-for wants, flies roring backe againe;
Hunts the ſlie hunter; many a vale, reſounding his diſdaine.
So mourn'd *Pelides*, his late loſſe; ſo weightie were his mones,
Achilles to his Myrmidons. Which (for their dumbe ſounds) now gaue words, to all his *Myrmidons*.
O gods (ſaid he) how vaine a vow, I made, (to cheare the mind)
Of ſad *Menætius*, when his ſonne, his hand to mine reſign'd;
That high-towr'd *Opus* he ſhould ſee; and leaue rac't *Ilion*,
With ſpoyle, and honor, euen with me? but *Ioue* vouchſafes to none,
Wiſht paſſages to all his vowes; we both were deſtinate
To bloody one earth here in *Troy*; nor any more eſtate
In my returne, hath *Peleus*, or *Thetis*; but becauſe,
I, laſt muſt vndergo the ground, Ile keepe no funerall lawes
(O my *Patroclus*) for thy Corſe; before I hither bring,
Achilles to Patroclus body. The armes of *Hector*, and his head, to thee for offering.
Twelue youths, the moſt renown'd of *Troy*, Ile ſacrifice beſide,
Before thy heape of funerall, to thee vnpacifide.
In meane time, by our crooked ſternes, lye drawing teares from me;
And round about thy honour'd Corſe, theſe dames of *Dardanie*,
And *Ilion*, with the ample breaſts (whom our long ſpeares, and powres,
And labours, purchaſt from the rich, and by-vs-ruind towres,
And cities ſtrong, and populous, with diuerſ-languag'd men)
Shall kneele, and neither, day, nor night, be licenſt to abſtaine
From ſolemne watches; their toil'd eyes, held ope with endleſſe teares.
This paſſion paſt; he gaue command, to his neare ſouldiers,
To put a Tripod to the fire, to cleanſe the feſtred gore,
From off the perſon. They obeyd, and preſently did powre
Freſh water in it; kindl'd wood, and with an inſtant flame,
The belly of the Tripod girt; till fires hote qualitie came
Vp to the water. Then they waſht, and fild the mortall wound

With

With wealthy oyle, of nine yeares old; then wrapt the body round,
In largeneſſe of a fine white ſheete, and put it then in bed,
When all, watcht all night, with their Lord, and ſpent ſighes on the dead.
Then *Ioue* askt *Iuno*, if at length, ſhe had furniſde her ſplene; *Ioue to Iuno.*
Achilles being wonne to armes? or if ſhe had not bene
The naturall mother of the *Greeks*; ſhe did ſo ſtill preferre
Their quarrell? She incenſt, askt why, he ſtill was tanting her,
For doing good to thoſe ſhe lou'd? ſince man to man might ſhow
Kind offices, though thrall to death; and though they did not know
Halfe ſuch deepe counſels, as diſcloſd; beneath her farre-ſeeing ſtate: *Iuno to Ioue.*
She, reigning Queene of goddeſſes; and being ingenerate
Of one ſtocke with himſelfe; beſides, the ſtate of being his wife;
And muſt her wrath, and ill to *Troy*, continue ſuch a ſtrife
From time to time, twixt him and her? This priuate ſpeech they had;
And now the ſiluer-footed Queene, had her aſcenſion made, *Thetis enters the Court of Vulcan.*
To that incorruptible houſe, that ſtarry golden court
Of fiery *Vulcan*; beautifull, amongſt th'immortall ſort.
Which yet the lame god built himſelfe: ſhe found him in a ſweate,
About his bellowes; and in haſte, had twentie Tripods beate,
To ſet for ſtooles about the ſides, of his well-builded hall.
To whoſe feete, little wheeles of gold, he put, to go withall;
And enter his rich dining roome; alone, their motion free
And backe againe go out alone, miraculous to ſee.
And thus much he had done of them; yet handles were to adde;
For which he now was making ſtuds. And while their faſhion had
Employment of his skilfull hand; bright *Thetis* was come neare,
Whom firſt, faire well-haird *Charis* ſaw, that was the nuptiall fere,
Of famous *Vulcan*; who, the hand, of *Thetis* tooke, and ſaid;
Why, faire-train'd, lou'd, and honour'd Dame, are we thus viſited
By your kind preſence? You I thinke, were neuer here before; *Charis the wife of Vulcan to Thetis.*
Come neare, that I may banquet you, and make you viſite more.
She led her in, and in a chaire, of ſiluer (being the fruite
Of *Vulcans* hand) ſhe made her ſit: a footſtoole, of a ſuite,
Appoſing to her Criſtall feete; and cald the god of fire
For *Thetis* was arriu'd (ſhe ſaid) and entertain'd deſire,
Of ſome grace, that his art might grant. *Thetis* to me (ſaid he) *Vulcan to Charis*
Is mightie, and moſt reuerend, as one that nouriſht me,
When *Griefe* conſum'd me; being caſt, from heauen, by want of ſhame
In my proud mother, who becauſe, ſhe brought me forth ſo lame,
Would haue me made away; and then, had I bene much diſtreſt,
Had *Thetis* and *Eurynome*, in eithers ſiluer breaſt
Not reſcu'd me. *Eurynome*, that to her father had
Reciprocall *Oceanus*; nine yeares with them I made
A number of well-arted things; round bracelets, buttons braue;
Whiſtles, and Carquenets: my forge, ſtood in a hollow Caue,
About which (murmuring with ſome) th'vnmeaſur'd *Ocean*
Was euer beating; my abode, knowne nor to god, nor man,
But *Thetis*, and *Eurymone*, and they would ſee me ſtill:

They

They were my louing guardians: now then the ſtarry hill,
And our particular roofe thus grac't, with bright-hair'd *Thetis* here;
It fits me alwaies to repay, a recompence as deare
To her thoughts, as my life to me. Haſte *Charis*, and appoſe
Some daintie gueſt-rites to our friend, while I my bellowes loſe
From fire, and lay vp all my tooles. Then from an anuile roſe
Th'vnweildy Monſter; halted downe, and all awry he went.
He tooke his bellowes from the fire, and euery inſtrument
Lockt ſafe vp in a ſiluer cheſt. Then with a ſponge he dreſt
His face all ouer, necke and hands, and all his hairie breaſt:
Put on his Cote, his Scepter tooke, and then went halting forth:
Vulcans attendants. Handmaids of gold, attending him; reſembling in all worth,
Liuing yong damzels; fild with minds, and wiſedome, and were train'd
In all immortall miniſtrie; virtue, and voice contain'd,
And mou'd with voluntarie powres: and theſe ſtill waited on
Their fierie Soueraigne; who (not apt, to walke) ſate neare the throne
Of faire-hair'd *Thetis*; tooke her hand; and thus he courted her:
Vulcan to Thetis. For what affaire, ô faire-train'd Queene, reuerend to me, and deare,
Is our Court honord with thy ſtate? That haſt not heretofore
Perform'd this kindneſſe? Speake thy thoughts; thy ſuite can be no more,
Then my mind giues me charge to grant; can my powre get it wrought?
Or that it haue not onely powre, of onely act in thought?
Thetis to Vulcan. She thus: O *Vulcan*, is there one, of all that are of heauen,
That in her neuer-quiet mind, *Saturnius* hath giuen
So much affliction as to me? whom onely he ſubiects
(Of all the Sea-Nymphs) to a man; and makes me beare th'affects
Of his fraile bed: and all againſt, the freedome of my will.
And he worne to his roote, with age: from him, another ill,
Ariſeth to me; *Iupiter*, you know, hath giuen a ſonne
(The excelleſt of men) to me; whoſe education,
On my part, well hath anſwered, his owne worth; hauing growne,
As in a fruitfull ſoyle, a tree, that puts not vp alone,
His body to a naked height; but ioyntly giues his growth
A thouſand branches; yet to him, ſo ſhort a life I brought,
That neuer I ſhall ſee him more, return'd to *Peleus* Court.
And all that ſhort life he hath ſpent, in moſt vnhappy ſort.
For firſt he wonne a worthy Dame, and had her by the hands
Of all the *Grecians*: yet this Dame, *Atrides* countermands:
For which, in much diſdaine he mourn'd, and almoſt pin'd away,
And yet, for this wrong, he receiu'd, ſome honor, I muſt ſay;
The *Greeks* being ſhut vp at their ſhips; not ſufferd to aduance,
A head out of their batterd ſternes; and mightie ſuppliance,
By all their graue men hath bene made, gifts, honors, all propoſde
For his reflection; yet he ſtill, kept cloſe, and ſaw encloſde
Their whole hoſt, in this generall plague. But now his friend put on
His armes; being ſent by him to field, and many a *Myrmidon*
In conduct of him; all the day, they fought before the gates

Of

Of *Scæa*; and moſt certainly, that day had ſeene the dates,
Of all *Troyes* honors, in her duſt; if *Phœbus* (hauing done
Much miſchiefe more) the enuyed life, of good *Menœtius* ſonne,
Had not with partiall hands enforc'd; and all the honor giuen
To *Hector*, who hath priſd his armes; and therefore I am driuen,
T'embrace thy knees, for new defence, to my lou'd ſonne: ahlas,
His life prefixt, ſo ſhort a date, had need ſpend that with grace.
A ſhield then for him, and a helme, faire greaues, and curets ſuch,
As may renowne thy workmanſhip; and honor him as much;
I ſue for, at thy famous hands. Be confident (ſaid he)
Let theſe wants breed thy thoughts, no care; I would it lay in me,
To hide him from his heauy death; when Fate ſhall ſeeke for him;
Vulcan to Thetis As well, as with renowned armes, to fit his goodly limme;
Which thy hands ſhall conuey to him; and all eyes ſhall admire:
See, and deſire againe to ſee, thy ſatisfied deſire.
This ſaid, he left her there; and forth, did to his bellows go,
Appoſde them to the fire againe, commanding them to blow.
Vulcan begins to forge armes for Achilles. Through twenty holes made to his harth, at once blew twenty paire,
That fir'd his coles, ſometimes with ſoft, ſometimes with vehement ayre;
As he will'd, and his worke requir'd. Amids the flame he caſt,
Tin, Siluer, precious Gold, and Braſſe; and in the ſtocke he plac't,
A mightie anuile; his right hand, a weightie hammer held;
His left his tongs. And firſt he forg'd, a ſtrong and ſpacious ſhield
Adornd with twenty ſeuerall hewes: about whoſe verge he beate,
A ring, three-fold and radiant; and on the backe he ſet,
A ſiluer handle; fiue-fold were, the equall lines he drew
About the whole circumference: in which, his hand did ſhew,
(Directed with a knowing mind) a rare varietie:
For in it he preſented earth; in it, the ſea, and skie:
In it, the-neuer-wearied Sunne; the Moone exactly round,
And all thoſe ſtarres, with which the browes, of ample heauen are crownd:
Orion, all the *Pleiades*; and thoſe ſeuen *Atlas* got;
The cloſe-beam'd *Hyades*. The *Beare*, ſurnam'd the Chariot,
That turnes about heauens axeltree; holds ope a conſtant eye
Vpon *Orion*; and, of all, the Creſſets in the skie,
His golden forehead neuer bowes, to th'*Ocean* Emperie.
Two cities in the ſpacious ſhield, he built with goodly ſtate,
Two cities forged in Achilles armes Of diuerſe-languag'd men: the one, did nuptials celebrate,
Obſeruing at them, ſolemne feaſts: the Brides from foorth their bowres
With torches, vſherd through the ſtreets: a world of Paramours
Excited by them; youths, and maides, in louely circles danc't:
To whom the merrie Pipe, and Harpe, the ſpritely ſounds aduanc't;
The matrones ſtanding in their dores, admiring. Otherwhere,
A ſolemne Court of law was kept, were throngs of people were:
The caſe in queſtion, was a fine, impoſde on one, that ſlue
The friend of him that follow'd it, and for the fine did ſue;
Which th'other pleaded he had paide. The aduerſe part denied,

And

And openly affirm'd he had, no penny ſatisfied.
Both put it to arbitrement; the people cryed twas beſt
For both parts; and th'Aſſiſtants too, gaue their doomes like the reſt.
The Heralds made the people peace: the Seniors then did beare
The voicefull Heralds ſcepters; ſate, within a ſacred ſphere
On poliſht ſtones; and gaue by turnes, their ſentence. In the Court
Two talents gold were caſt, for him, that iugd'd in iuſteſt ſort.

The martiall citie in the ſhield of Achilles.

The other citie, other warres, employ'd as buſily,
Two armies glittering in armes, of one confederacie,
Beſieg'd it; and a parle had, with thoſe within the towne;
Two wayes they ſtood reſolu'd; to ſee, the citie ouerthrowne:
Or that the citizens ſhould heape, in two parts all their wealth,
And giue them halfe. They neither lik't, but arm'd themſelues by ſtealth:
Left all their old men, wiues, and boyes, behind, to man their wals;
And ſtole out to their enemies towne. The Queene of martials,
And *Mars* himſelfe conducted them; both which being forg'd of gold,
Muſt needs haue golden furniture: and men might ſo behold,
They were preſented deities. The people, *Vulcan* forg'd
Of meaner mettall. When they came, where that was to be vrg'd
For which they went; within a vale, cloſe to a flood, whoſe ſtreame
Vſde to giue all their cattell drinke; they there enambuſht them:
And ſent two ſcouts out to deſcrie, when th'enemies heards, and ſheepe
Were ſetting out. They ſtrait came forth, with two that vſde to keepe
Their paſſage alwayes; both which pip't, and went on merrily;
Nor dream'd of Ambuſcados there. The Ambuſh then let flie,
Slue all their white fleec't ſheepe, and neate, and by them laid their guard.
When thoſe in ſiege before the towne, ſo ſtrange an vprore heard,
Behind, amongſt their flocks, and heards; (being then in counſell ſet)
They then ſtart vp, tooke horſe, and ſoone, their ſubtle enemie met;
Fought with them on the riuers ſhore, where both gaue mutuall blowes
With well pil'd darts. Amongſt them all: peruerſe *Contention* roſe,
Amongſt them *Tumult* was enrag'd: amongſt them ruinous *Fate*,
Had her red-finger; ſome they tooke, in an vnhurt eſtate;
Some hurt; yet liuing; ſome quite ſlaine: and thoſe they tug'd to them
By both the feete; ſtrip't off and tooke, their weeds, with all the ſtreame
Of blood vpon them; that their ſteeles, had manfully let out.
They far'd as men aliue indeed, drew dead indeed about.

A new eared field in the ſhield.

To theſe, the fierie Artizan, did adde a new-ear'd field
Larg'd and thrice plowd; the ſoyle being ſoft, and of a wealthy yeeld,
And many men at plow he made, that draue earth here and there,
And turnd vp ſtitches orderly; at whoſe end when they were,
A fellow euer gaue their hands, full cups of luſcious wine;
Which emptied, for another ſtitch, the earth they vndermine;
And long till th'vtmoſt bound be reacht, of all the ample Cloſe:
The ſoyle turnd vp behind the plow, all blacke like earth aroſe,
Though forg'd of nothing elſe but gold, and lay in ſhow as light,
As if it had bene plowd indeed; miraculous to ſight.

A field of corne.

There grew by this, a field of corne, high, ripe; where reapers wrought,
And

And let thicke handfuls fall to earth; for which, ſome other brought
Bands, and made ſheaues. Three binders ſtood, and tooke the handfuls reapt,
From boyes that gatherd quickly vp; and by them armefuls heapt.
Amongſt theſe at a furrowes end, the king ſtood pleaſd at heart;
Said no word, but his ſcepter ſhewd. And from him, much apart,
His harueſt Bailiffes, vnderneath, an Oke, a feaſt prepar'd:
And hauing kild a mightie Oxe, ſtood there to ſee him ſhar'd;
Which women, for their haruеſt folks (then come to ſup) had dreſt;
And many-white-wheate-cakes beſtow'd, to make it vp a feaſt.

A vine of gold.

He ſet neare this, a vine of gold; that crackt beneath the weight
Of bunches, blacke with being ripe, to keepe which, at the height,
A ſiluer raile ranne all along; and round about it flow'd
An azure mote; and to this guard, a quick-ſet was beſtow'd
Of Tin, one onely path to all; by which the preſſemen came
In time of vintage; youths, and maids, that bore not yet the flame
Of manly *Hymen*; baskets bore, of grapes, and mellow fruite.
A lad that ſweetly toucht a harpe, to which his voice did ſuite,
Centerd the circles of that youth; all whoſe skill could not dot
The wantons pleaſure to their minds, that danc't, ſung, whiſtl'd to.

A heard of oxen

A herd of Oxen then he caru'd, with high raiſd heads; forg'd all
Of Gold and Tin (for colour mixt) and bellowing from their ſtall,
Rusht to their paſtures, at a flood, that eccho'd all their throtes;
Exceeding ſwift, and full of reeds; and all in yellow cotes,
Foure heardſmen follow'd; after whom, nine Maſtiues went. In head
Of all the heard, vpon a Bull, that deadly bellowed,
Two horrid Lions rampt, and ſeiſd, and (tugg'd off) bellowing ſtill,
Both men, and dogs came; yet they tore, the hide, and lapt their fill
Of blacke blood; and the entrailes eate. In vaine the men aſſayd,
To ſet their dogs on: none durſt pinch, but curre-like ſtood and bayd
In both the faces of their kings; and all their onſets fled.

Flocks of ſheepe.

Then in a paſſing pleaſant vale, the famous Artſman fed,
(Vpon a goodly paſture ground) rich flocks, of white-fleec't ſheepe;
Built ſtables, cottages, and cotes; that did the ſheapheards keepe
From winde and weather. Next to theſe, he cut a dancing place,

A labyrinth.

All full of turnings; that was like, the admirable maze
For faire-hair'd *Ariadne* made, by cunning *Dedalus*;
And in it, youths, and virgins danc't; all yong and beautious,
And glewed in anothers palmes. Weeds that the winde did toſſe,
The virgines wore: the youths, wouen cotes, that caſt a faint dimme gloſſe,
Like that of oyle. Freſh garlands to, the virgines temples crownd;
The youths guilt ſwords wore, at their thighs; with ſiluer bawdricks bound:
Sometimes all wound cloſe in a ring; to which as faſt they ſpunne,
As any wheele a Turner makes, being tried how it will runne,
While he is ſet; and out againe, as full of ſpeed, they wound;
Not one left faſt, or breaking hands. A multitude ſtood round;
Delighted with their nimble ſport: to end which two begun
(Mids all) a ſong, and turning ſung, the ſports concluſion.
All this he circl'd in the ſhield, with pouring round about

(In all his rage) the *Ocean*, that it might neuer out.
This ſhield thus done, he forg'd for him, ſuch curets, as out ſhin'd
The blaze of fire: a helmet then (through which no ſteele could find
Fore't paſſage) he compoſde, whoſe hue, a hundred colours tooke;
And in the creſt, a plume of gold, that each breath ſtirr'd, he ſtucke.
All done; he all to *Thetis* brought, and held all vp to her;
She tooke them all, and lik't the hawke, (ſurnam'd the Offſpringer)
From *Vulcan* to her mightie ſonne; with that ſo glorious ſhow,
Stoopt from the ſteepe *Olympian* hill, hid in eternall ſnow.

COMMENTARIVS.

α Ὡς ἓφ' ἁρίζηλος φαίνετο νηλὴς ὀλοτύξ
Κὰν θεσπεσίαν αὐτὴν δαίμονα ὕπνος ἐφύπνιζεν.
Sic tunc ἀρίζηλος clara fuit Æacidæ.
Hi autem poſtquam igitur audiuerunt vocem ferream Æacidæ.
Hinc ἀρίζηλος ὄμμασι.

Thus turned by Spondanus ad verbum:

Vt autem cognitu facilis vox eſt, cum clangit tuba
Vrbem obſidentes hoſtes propter pernicioſos:
Sic tunc clara vox fuit *Æacidæ*,
Hi autem poſtquam igitur audiuerunt vocem ferream *Æacidæ*:
Omnibus commotus eſt animus.

Valla *thus*:

Sicut enim cum obſidentibus ſæuis vrbem hoſtibus, vel clarior vox, vel claſſicum perſtrepit; ita nunc *Achilles* magna voce inclamauit. — quam cum audirent *Troiani*, perturbati ſunt animis.

Eobanus Heſſus *thus*:

—— Nam ſicut ab vrbe Obſeſſa increpuere tubæ, vel claſſica cantu Ferrea; ſic *Troas* vox perturbabat *Achillis*.

Mine owne harſh conuerſion (in which I will be bold to repeate after theſe, thus cloſely for your eaſier examination) is this; as before,

——And as a voice is heard
With emulous attention, when any towne is ſpher'd
With ſiege of ſuch a foe as kils, mens minds; and for the towne
Makes ſound his trumpet: ſo the voice, from *Thetis* iſſue throwne,
Wonne emulouſly the eares of all. His brazen voice once heard,
The minds of all were ſtartl'd ſo, they yeelded.

In conference of all our tranſlations, I would gladly learne of my more learned Reader; if the two laſt conuerſions do any thing neare expreſſe the conceipt of Homer, *or if they beare any grace worth the ſignification of his words, and the ſence of his illuſtration. Whoſe intent was not to expreſſe the clearenеſſe or ſhrilneſſe of his voice in it ſelf; but the enuious terror it wrought in the* Troians. ἀρίζηλος φωνη, *not ſignifying in this place* clara, *or* cognitu facilis vox; *but* emulanda vox. ἀρίζηλος *ſignifying*, quē valde æmulamur, aut valde æmulandus: *though theſe interpreters would rather receiue it here for* ἀρίδηλος, verſo δ in ζ, vt ſit clarus, illuſtris, &c. *But how ſilly a curioſitie is it to alter the word vpon ignorance of the ſignificatiō it hath in his place? the word* ἀρίζηλος *being a compound of* ἀρι, *which ſignifieth* valde, *and* ζηλος, *which is* æmulatio: *or of* ζηλόω *which ſignifies* æmulor? *To this effect then (ſaith* Homer *in this Simile,) As a voice that workes a terror, carrying an enuy with it, ſounds to a citie*

citie beſieged when the trumpet of a dreadfull and mind-deſtroying enemie ſummons it, (for ſo δηϊοφρασίων, ſignifies, συμοφλεγὴς *ſignifying* animum deſtruens, *being a compound of* φλέω, *which ſignifies* deſtruo; *and* συμὸς *which is* animus,) *that is, when the parle comes, after the trumpets ſound, vttering the reſolution of the dreadfull enemie before it. The further application of this ſimile is left out by miſchance.*

The end of the eighteenth Booke.

THE XIX. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

THetis, preſenting armour to her ſonne;
He calls a Court, with full reflection
Of all his wrath. Takes of the king of men
Free-offer'd gifts. All take their breakefaſt then;
He (onely faſting) Armes, and brings abrode,
The Grecian *hoſt. And (hearing the aboade*
Of his neare death by Xanthus *prophecied)*
The horſe, for his ſo bold preſage, doth chide

Another Argument.

Thetis giues the anger period
And great Achilles *comes abrode.*

THe Morne aroſe, and from the *Ocean*, in her ſaffron robe,
Gaue light to all: as well to gods, as men of th'vnder globe.
Thetis ſtoopt home, and found the proſtrate perſon of her ſonne, *Thetis appeares To Achilles.*
About his friend; ſtill pouring out, himſelfe in paſſion:
A number more, being heauy conſorts to him in his cares.
Amongſt them all, *Thetis* appear'd; and ſacred comforters
Made thoſe ſhort words. Though we muſt grieue, yet beare it thus; (my ſon)
It was no man that proſtrated, in this ſad faſhion
Thy deareſt friend; it was a god, that firſt laid on his hand;
Whoſe will is law: the gods decrees, no humane muſt withſtand.
Do thou embrace this Fabricke of a god; whoſe hand, before,
Nere forg'd the like; and ſuch as yet, no humane ſhoulder wore.
Thus (ſetting downe;) The precious mettall of the armes was ſuch,
That all the roome rung with the weight, of euery ſlendreſt touch.
Cold tremblings tooke the *Myrmidons*; none durſt ſuſtaine, all fear'd
T'oppoſe their eyes: *Achilles* yet, as ſoone as they appear'd, *Achilles rapture at the ſight of his armes.*
Sterne *Anger* enterd. From his eyes (as if the day-ſtarre roſe)
A radiance terrifying men, did all the ſtate encloſe.
At length, he tooke into his hands, the rich gift of the god;
And (much pleaſd, to behold the art, that in the ſhield he ſhow'd)
He brake forth into this applauſe; O mother, theſe, right well,
Shew an immortall fingers touch; mans hand muſt neuer deale
With armes againe. Now I will arme; yet (that no honour make
My friend forgotten) I much feare, leſt with the blowes of flies,
His braſſe-inflicted wounds are filde; life gone; his perſon lies

All apt to putrifaction. She bad him, doubt no harme,
Of thoſe offences: ſhe would care, to keepe the petulant ſwarme
Of flies (that vſually taint, the bodies of the ſlaine)
From his friends perſon: though a yeare, the earths top ſhould ſuſtaine
His ſlaughterd body, it ſhould ſtill, reſt ſound, and rather hold
A better ſtate, then worſe; ſince time, that death firſt made him cold:
And ſo bad call a Councell to, diſpoſe of new alarmes,
Where (to the king, that was the Paſtor of that flocke in armes)
He ſhould depoſe all anger and, put on a fortitude
Fit for his armes. All this, his powres, with dreadfull ſtrength indude.
She, with her faire hand, ſtill'd into, the noſtrils of his friend,
Red *Nectar*, and *Ambroſia*; with which ſhe did defend
The Corſe from putrifaction. He trod along the ſhore,
Achilles ſummons all the Greeks to Counſell. And ſummon'd all th'Heroique *Greekes*; with all that ſpent before
The time in exerciſe with him; the Maſters, Pilots to,
Victlers, and all; all when they ſaw, *Achilles* ſummon ſo,
Swarm'd to the Councell, hauing long, left the laborious wars.
To all theſe, came two halting kings, true ſeruitors of *Mars*,
Tydides, and wiſe *Ithacus*, both leaning on their ſpeares:
Their wounds ſtill painefull; and both theſe, ſat firſt of all the Peeres.
The laſt come, was the king of men, ſore wounded with the lance
Achilles firſt ſpeaker in the Councell. Of *Coon Antenorides*. All ſet, the firſt in vtterance,
Was *Thetis* ſonne; who roſe, and ſaid; *Atrides*, had not this
Conſerd moſt profite to vs both? when both our enmities
Conſum'd vs for and for a wench? whom, when I chuſde for priſe,
(In laying *Lyrneſſus* ruin'd walls, amongſt our victories)
I would to heauen (as firſt ſhe ſet, her daintie foote abord)
Dianes hand had tumbl'd off, and with a iauelin gor'd.
For then, th'vnmeaſurable earth, had not ſo thick bene gnawne,
(In deaths conulſions) by our friends; ſince my affects were drawne
To ſuch diſtemper. To our foe, and to our foes chiefe friend
Our iarre brought profite: but the *Greeks*, will neuer giue an end
To thought of what it preiudic't them. Paſt things yet, paſt our aide;
Fit griefe, for what wrath rulde in them; muſt make th'amends repaid
With that neceſſitie of loue; that now forbids our ire;
Which I with free affects obey. Tis for the ſenſleſſe fire
Still to be burning, hauing ſtuffe; but men, muſt curbe rage ſtill,
Being fram'd with voluntarie powres, as well to checke the will,
As giue it raines. Giue you then charge, that for our inſtant fight,
The *Greeks* may follow me to field; to trie if ſtill the *Night*
Will beare out *Troians* at our ſhips. I hope there is ſome one,
Amongſt their chiefe encouragers, will thanke me to be gone;
And bring his heart downe to his knees, in that ſubmiſſion.
The *Greeks* reioyc't, to heare the heart, of *Peleus* mightie ſonne,
So quallified. And then the king (not riſing from his throne,
For his late hurt) to get good eare; thus orderd his replie:
Agamemnon to the Princes of Greece. Princes of *Greece*, your ſtates ſhall ſuffer no indignitie;
If (being farre off) ye ſtand and heare; nor fits it ſuch as ſtand,

At greater diſtance, to diſturbe, the counſell now in hand,
By vprore; in their too much care, of hearing. Some, of force,
Muſt loſe ſome words: for, hard it is, in ſuch a great concourſe,
(Though hearers eares be neuer ſo ſharpe) to touch at all things ſpoke.
And in aſſemblies of ſuch thruſt, how can a man prouoke
Fit powre to heare, or leaue to ſpeake? beſt auditors may there,
Loſe fitteſt words; and the moſt vocall Orator, fit eare.
My maine end then, to ſatisfie, *Peleides* with replie,
My words ſhall proſecute. To him, my ſpeech eſpecially
Shall beare direction. Yet I wiſh, the court in generall,
Would giue fit eare; my ſpeech ſhall need, attention of all.
Oft haue our Peeres of *Greece*, much blam'd, my forcing of the priſe,
Due to *Achilles*; of which act, not I, but deſtinies,
And *Ioue* himſelfe; and blacke *Erynnis* (that caſts falſe miſts ſtill
Betwixt vs, and our actions done, both by her powre, and will)
Are authors: what could I do then? The very day, and howre,
Of our debate, that furie ſtole, in that act, on my powre.
And more; All things are done by ſtrife: that ancient ſeed of *Ioue*
Ate, that hurts all, perfects all. Her feete, are ſoft; and moue *Ate the goddeſſe of contention.*
Not on the earth; they beare her ſtill, aloft men heads; and there,
The harmefull hurts them. Nor was I, alone her priſoner;
Ioue (beſt of men, and gods) hath bene. Not he himſelfe hath gone
Beyond her fetters: no ſhe made, a woman put them on.
For when *Alcmena* was to vent, the force of *Hercules*,
In well wall'd *Thebes*: thus *Ioue* triumpht; Heare gods, and goddeſſes,
The words, my ioyes vrg'd: In this day, *Lucina* (bringing paine,
To labouring women) ſhall produce, into the light of men,
A man, that all his neighbour kings, ſhall in his Empire hold;
And vant, that more then manly race, whoſe honor'd veines enfold
My eminent blood. *Saturnia*, conceiu'd a preſent ſleight,
And vrg'd confirmance of his vant, t'infringe it; her conceipt,
In this ſort vrg'd: Thou wilt not hold, thy word with this rare man;
Or if thou wilt, confirme it with, the oath *Olympian*;
That whoſoeuer fals this day, betwixt a womans knees,
Of thoſe mens ſtockes, that from thy blood, deriue their pedigrees
Shall all his neighbour townes command. *Ioue* (ignorant of fraude)
Tooke that great oth, which his great ill, gaue little cauſe t'applaude. *Iuno deceipt of Iupiter.*
Downe from *Olympus* top, ſhe ſtoopt; and quickly reacht the place
In *Argos*, where the famous wife, of *Sthenelus* (whoſe race
He fetch from *Ioue*, by *Perſeus*) dwelt. She was but ſeuenths months gone
With iſſue; yet ſhe brought it forth; *Alcmenas* matchleſſe ſonne
Delaide from light; *Saturnia*, repreſt the teeming throwes
Of his great mother. Vp to heauen, ſhe mounts againe, and ſhowes,
(In glorie) her deceipt to *Ioue*. Bright lightning *Ioue* (ſaid ſhe)
Now th'*Argiues* haue an Emperour; a ſonne deriu'd from thee *Iunos inſultatiō after her deceipt*
Is borne to *Perſean Sthenelus*; *Euryſtheus*, his name;
Noble and worthy of the rule, thou ſwor'ſt to him. This came
Cloſe to the heart of *Iupiter*; and *Ate*, that had wrought

This anger by *Saturnia*, by her bright-haire he caught;
Held downe her head, and ouer her, made this infallible vow:
That neuer to the cope of ſtarres, ſhould reaſcend that brow,
Being ſo infortunate to all. Thus, ſwinging her about,
He caſt her from the fierie heauen; who euer ſince thruſt out
Her forkt ſting, in th'affaires of men. *Ioue* euer ſince did grieue,
Since his deare iſſue *Hercules*, did by his vow atchieue,
Th'vniuſt toyles of *Euryſteus*: thus fares it now with me;
Since vnder *Hectors* violence, the *Grecian* progenie,
Fell ſo vnfitly by my ſplene; whoſe fals will euer ſticke
In my grieu'd thoughts; my weakneſſe yet, (*Saturnius* making ſicke
The ſtate my mind held) now recur'd; th'amends ſhall make euen weight
With my offence: and therefore rouſe, thy ſpirits to the fight,
With all thy forces; all the gifts, propoſde thee, at thy tent,
(Laſt day) by royall *Ithacus*, my officers ſhall preſent;
And (if it like thee) ſtrike no ſtroke, (though neuer ſo on thornes
Thy mind ſtands to thy friends reuenge) till my command, adornes
Thy tents, and cofers, with ſuch gifts, as well may let thee know,
Achilles his noble anſwer of Agamemnon. How much I wiſh thee ſatisfied. He anſwerd, let thy vow,
(Renown'd *Atrides*) at thy will, be kept, (as iuſtice would)
Or keepe thy gifts, tis all in thee. The counſell now we hold,
Is for repairing our maine field, with all our fortitude.
My faire ſhew made, brookes no retreat; nor muſt delaies delude
Our deeds expectance. Yet vndone, the great worke is; all eyes
Muſt ſee *Achilles* in firſt fight, depeopling enemies;
As well as counſell it in court: that euery man ſet on;
May chuſe his man, to imitate, my exerciſe vpon.
Vlyſſes anſwerd, do not yet, (thou man, made like the gods)
Vlyſſes to Achilles. Take faſting men to field: ſuppoſe, that whatſoeuer ods,
It brings againſt them, with full men, thy boundleſſe eminence,
Can amplie anſwer; yet refraine, to tempt a violence.
The conflict wearing out our men, was late, and held as long;
Wherein, though moſt, *Ioue* ſtood for *Troy*; he yet made our part ſtrong
To beare that moſt. But twas to beare, and that breeds little heart.
Let wine and bread then adde to it: they helpe the twofold part,
The ſoule, and body in a man; both force, and fortitude.
All day men cannot fight, and faſt; though neuer ſo indude
With minds to fight; for that ſuppoſde, there lurks yet ſecretly,
Thirſt, hunger, in th'oppreſſed ioynts; which no mind can ſupply.
They take away a marchers knees. Mens bodyes throughly fed,
Their minds ſhare with them in their ſtrength; and (all day combatted)
One ſtirres not, till you call off all. Diſmiſſe them then to meate,
And let *Atrides* tender here, in ſight of all this ſeate,
The gifts he promiſt. Let him ſweare, before vs all, and riſe
To that oath; that he neuer toucht, in any wanton wiſe,
The Ladie he enforc't. Beſides, that he remaines in mind
As chaſtly ſatisfied: not toucht, or priuily enclind
With future vantages. And laſt; tis fit he ſhould approue

All theſe rites, at a ſolemne feaſt, in honour of your loue;
That ſo you take no mangl'd law, for merites abſolute.
And thus the honours you receiue, reſoluing the purſuite
Of your friends quarrell, well will quit, your ſorrow for your friend.
And thou *Atrides* in the taſt, of ſo ſeuere an end;
Hereafter may on others hold, a iuſter gouernment.
Nor will it ought empaire a king, to giue a ſound content
To any ſubiect, ſoundly wrong'd. I ioy (replide the king)
Agamemnon to Vlyſſes. O *Laertiades*, to heare, thy liberall counſelling.
In which is all *decorum* kept; nor any point lackes touch,
That might be thought on, to conclude, a reconcilement, ſuch
As fits example; and vs two. My mind yet makes me ſweare,
Not your impulſion. And that mind, ſhall reſt ſo kind and cleare,
That I will not forſweare to God. Let then *Achilles* ſtay,
(Though neuer ſo inflam'd for fight) and all men here I pray,
To ſtay, till from my tents theſe gifts, be brought here; and the truce,
At all parts finiſht before all. And thou, of all I chuſe,
(Diuine *Vlyſſes*) and command, to chuſe of all your hoſt,
Youths of moſt honour, to preſent, to him we honour moſt,
The gifts we late vow'd; and the Dames. Meane ſpace, about our tents,
Talthybius ſhall prouide a Bore; to crowne theſe kind euents,
With thankfull ſacrifice to *Ioue*, and to the God of light.
Achilles anſwerd: Theſe affaires, will ſhew more requiſite
Achilles to Vlyſſes. (Great king of men) ſome other time, when our more free eſtates
Yeeld fit ceſſation from the warre; and when my ſplene abates.
But now (to all our ſhames beſides) our friends by *Hector* ſlaine,
(And *Ioue* to friend) lie vnfetch off. Haſte then, and meate your men;
Though I muſt ſtill ſay: My command, would leade them faſting forth,
And all together feaſt, at night. Meate will be ſomething worth,
When ſtomacks firſt haue made it way, with venting infamie,
(And other ſorrowes late ſuſtain'd) with long'd for wreakes, that lie
Heauie vpon them, for rights ſake. Before which lode be got
From off my ſtomacke; meate nor drinke, I vow, ſhall downe my throte;
My friend being dead; who digd with wounds, & bor'd through both his feet,
Lies in the entrie of my tent; and in the teares doth fleete
Of his aſſociates. Meate and drinke, haue litle merit then
To comfort me; but bloud and death, and deadly grones of men.
Vlyſſes in reply. The great in counſels, yet made good, his former counſels thus:
O *Peleus* ſonne, of all the *Greeks*, by much moſt valorous;
Better and mightier then my ſelfe; no little, with thy lance,
I yeeld thy worth; in wiſedome yet, no leſſe I dare aduance
My right aboue thee; ſince aboue, in yeares, and knowing more.
Let then thy mind reſt in thy words; we quickly ſhall haue ſtore,
And all facietie of fight; whoſe ſteele heapes ſtore of ſtraw,
And litle corne vpon a floore; when *Ioue* (that doth withdraw,
And ioyne all battels) once begins, t'encline his ballances,
In which he weighs the liues of men. The *Greeks* you muſt not preſſe,
To mourning with the belly; death, hath nought to do with that,

In healthfull men, that mourne for friends. His ſteele we ſtumble at,
And fall at, euery day you ſee, ſufficient ſtore, and faſt.
What houre is it that any breathes? we muſt not vſe more haſt
Then ſpeed holds fit for our reuenge: nor ſhould we mourne too much.
Who dead is, muſt be buried; mens patience ſhould be ſuch,
That one dayes mone ſhould ſerue one man: the dead muſt end with Death,
And life laſt with what ſtrengthens life. All thoſe that held their breath
From death in fight, the more ſhould eate, that ſo they may ſupply
Their fellowes that haue ſtucke in field; and fight inceſſantly.
Let none expect reply to this, nor ſtay; for this ſhall ſtand,
Or fall with ſome offence to him, that lookes for new command;
Who euer in diſlike holds backe. All ioyne then; all things fit,
Allow'd for all; ſet on a charge; at all parts anſwering it.
This ſaid, he chuſde (for nobleſt youths, to beare the preſents) theſe,

The names of thoſe that caried the preſents to Achilles.

The ſonnes of *Neſtor*; and with them, renown'd *Meriones*.
Phylidas, *Thoas*, *Lycomed*, and *Meges*, all which went
(And *Menalippus* following, *Vlyſſes*) to the tent
Of *Agamemnon*. He but ſpake; and with the word, the deed
Had ioynt effect: the fitneſſe well, was anſwerd in the ſpeed.
The preſents, added to the Dame, the Generall did enforce,
Were twentie Caldrons, Tripods ſeuen, twelue yong and goodly horſe:

The preſents.

Seuen Ladies excellently ſeene, in all *Mineruaes* skill;
The eight *Briſæis*, who had powre, to rauiſh euery will.
Twelue talents of the fineſt gold; all which *Vlyſſes* weyd,
And caried firſt; and after him, the other youths conueyd
The other preſents; tenderd all, in face of all the Court.
Vp roſe the King. *Talthybius* (whoſe voice had a report
Like to a god) cald to the rites; there, hauing brought the Bore,
Atrides with his knife tooke ſcy, vpon the part before;

Agamemnons adoreſtation.

And lifting vp his ſacred hands, to *Ioue*, to make his vowes;
Graue Silence ſtrooke the compleate Court; when (caſting his high browes,
Vp to the broad heauen) thus he ſpake: Now witneſſe *Iupiter*,
(Firſt, higheſt, and thou beſt of gods) thou Earth, that all doeſt beare;
Thou Sunne; ye Furies vnder earth, that euery ſoule torment,
Whom impious periury diſtaines; that nought incontinent,
In bed, or any other act, to any ſlendreſt touch
Of my light vowes, hath wrong'd the Dame; and let my plagues be ſuch,
As are inflicted by the gods, in all extremitie
On whomſoeuer periur'd men, if godleſſe periurie
In leaſt degree diſhonor me. This ſaid, the briſtl'd throte
Of the ſubmitted ſacrifice, with ruthleſſe ſteele he cut.
Which ſtraight into the horie ſea, *Talthybius* caſt, to feed
The ſea-borne nation. Then ſtood vp, the halfe-celeſtiall ſeed
Of faire-hair'd *Thetis*, ſtrengthning thus, *Atrides* innocence.

Achilles to Iupiter.

O father *Iupiter*, from thee, deſcends the confluence
Of all mans ill; for now I ſee, the mightie king of men,
At no hand fore't away my priſe; nor firſt inflam'd my ſplene,
With any ſet ill in himſelfe; but thou, the king of gods,

(Incenſt

(Incenſt with *Greece*) made that the meane to all their periods.
Which now, amend we, as we may; and giue all ſuffrages
To what wife *Ithacus* aduiſde. Take breakfaſts, and addreſſe
For inſtant conflict. Thus he raiſd, the Court, and all tooke way
To ſeuerall ſhips. The *Myrmidons*, the preſents did conuay
T'*Achilles* fleete; and in his tents, diſpoſde them; doing grace,
Of ſeate, and all rites to the Dames. The horſes put in place,
With others of *Æacides*. When (like Loues golden Queene)
Briſeis (all in ghaſtly wounds) had dead *Patroclus* ſeene;
She fell about him, ſhricking out; and with her white hands tore
Her haire, breaſts, radiant cheekes; and drown'd, in warme teares, did deplore
His cruell deſtinie. At length, ſhe gat powre to expreſſe
Her violent paſſion; and thus ſpake, this-like-the goddeſſes.

Briſeis complaint ouer the body of Patroclus.

O good *Patroclus*, to my life, the deareſt grace, it had;
I (wretched dame) departing hence, enforc't; and dying ſad,
Left thee aliue, when thou hadſt chear'd, my poore captiuitie;
And now return'd, I find thee dead; miſery on miſerie,
Euer increaſing with my ſteps. The Lord to whom my Sire,
And deareſt mother gaue my life, in nuptials; his lifes fire
I ſaw before our citie gates, extinguiſht; and his fate,
Three of my worthy brothers liues, in one wombe generate,
Felt all, in that blake day of death. And when *Achilles* hand
Had ſlaine all theſe, and rac't the towne, *Mynetes* did command;
(All cauſe of neuer-ending griefes, preſented) thou took'ſt all
On thy endeuour, to conuert, to ioy as Generall;
Affirming, he that hurt, ſhould heale; and thou wouldſt make thy friend
(Braue Captaine that thou wert) ſupply, my vowed husbands end;
And in rich *Phthia* celebrate, amongſt his *Myrmidons*,
Our nuptiall banquets; for which grace, with theſe moſt worthy mones,
I neuer ſhall be ſatiate; thou euer being kind;
Euer delightſome; one ſweete grace, fed ſtill with one ſweete mind.
Thus ſpake ſhe weeping; and with her, did th'other Ladies mone,
Patroclus fortunes in pretext, but in ſad truth their owne.
About *Æacides* himſelfe, the kings of *Greece* were plac't,
Entreating him to food; and he, entreated them as faſt,
(Still intermixing words and ſighes) if any friend were there
Of all his deareſt; they would ceaſſe, and offer him no cheare,
But his due ſorrowes; for before, the Sunne had left that skie,
He would not eate; but of that day, ſuſtaine th'extremitie.
Thus all the kings (in reſolute griefe, and faſting) he diſmiſt;

Neſtor.

But both th' *Atrides*, *Ithacus*, and warres *old Martialiſt;
Idomeneus and his friend; and *Phœnix*; theſe remain'd
Endeuoring comfort; but no thought, of his vow'd woe reſtrain'd.
Nor could, till that dayes bloudie fight, had calm'd his bloud; he ſtill
Remembred ſomething of his friend; whoſe good, was all his ill.
Their vrging meate, the diligent faſhion of his friend renew'd,
In that excitement: thou (ſaid he) when this ſpeed was purſu'd
Againſt the *Troians*; euermore, appoſedſt in my tent,

A pleasing breakfast; being so free, and sweetly diligent,
Thou mad'st all meate sweete. Then the warre, was tearefull to our foe,
But now to me; thy wounds so wound me, and thy ouerthrow.
For which my readie food I flie, and on thy longings feed.
Nothing could more afflict me: Fame, relating the foule deed
Of my deare fathers slaughter; bloud, drawne from my sole sonnes heart.
No more could wound me. Curled man, that in this forrein part,
(For hatefull *Hellen*) my true loue; my countrey, Sire, and son,
Scyros was an Ile in the sea Ægeum, where Achilles himself was brought vp as well as his son I thus should part with. *Scyros* now, giues education
(O *Neoptelemus*) to thee, (if liuing yet) from whence
I hop't (deare friend) thy longer life, (safely return'd from hence,
And my life quitting thine) had powre, to ship him home; and show
His yong eyes *Phthia*, subiects, court; my father being now
Dead, or most short-liu'd; troublous age, oppressing him, and feare
Still of my deaths newes. These sad words, he blew into the eare
Of euery visitant, with sighs; all eccho'd by the Peares,
Remembring who they left at home. All whose so humane teares
Ioue pitied: and since they all, would in the good of one
Ioue to Minerua Be much reuiu'd; he thus bespake, *Minerua*: *Thetis* sonne,
(Now daughter) thou hast quite forgot. O, is *Achilles* care
Extinguisht in thee? prostrated, in most extreme ill fare,
He lies before his high-sail'd fleet, for his dead friend; the rest
Are strengthning them with meate; but he, lies desperately oppresst
With heartlesse fasting: Go thy wayes, and to his breast instill
Red *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*; that Fast procure no ill
To his neare enterprise. This spurre, he added to the free;
And like a Harpye (with a voice, that shrickes so dreadfully,
And feathers that like needles prickt) she stoopt through all the starres
Amongst the *Grecians*; all whose tents, were now fill'd for the warres.
Her feres strooke through *Achilles* tent; and closely she instill'd
Heauens most-to-be-desired feast, to his great breast; and fill'd
His sinewes with that sweete supply, for feare vnsauorie Fast
Should creepe into his knees. Her selfe, the skies againe enchac't.
The flowre of the army, setting forth vnder Achilles conduct. The host set forth; and pour'd his steele waues, farre out of the fleete.
And as from aire; the frostie Northwind blowes a cold thicke sleete,
That dazels eyes; flakes after flakes, incessantly descending:
So thicke helmes, curets, ashen darts, and round shields, neuer ending,
Flow'd from the nauies hollow wombe: their splendors gaue heauens eye,
His beames againe; Earth laught to see, her face so like the skie.
Armes shin'd so hote; and she such clouds, made with the dust she cast,
She thunderd; feete of men and horse, importun'd her so fast.
In midst of all; diuine *Achilles* his faire person arm'd;
His teeth gnasht as he stood; his eyes, so full of fire, they warm'd.
Vnsufferd griefe and anger at, the *Troians* so combin'd.
His greaues first vsde, his goodly curets on his bosome shin'd;
His sword, his shield; that cast a brightnesse from it, like the Moone.
And as from sea, sailers discerne, a harmfull fire, let runne
By herdsmens faults, till all their stall, flies vp in wrastling flame;

Which

Which being on hils, is seene farre off; but being alone, none came
To giue it quench; at shore no neighbours; and at sea, their friends
Driuen off with tempests; such a fire, from his bright shield extends
His ominous radiance; and in heauen, impresst his feruent blaze.
His crested helmet, graue and high, had next triumphant place,
On his curl'd head: and like a starre, it cast a spurrie ray;
About which, a bright thickned bush, of golden haire, did play;
Which *Vulcan* forg'd him for his plume. Thus compleate arm'd, he tride
How fit they were: and if his motion could with ease abide
Their braue instruction; and so farre, they were from hindring it;
That to it they were nimble wings; and made so light his spirit,
That from the earth, the princely Captaine they tooke vp to aire.
Then from his armoury he drew, his lance, his fathers speare,
Huge, weightie, firme; that not a *Greeke*, but he himselfe alone
Knew how to shake; it grew vpon, the mountaine *Pelion*;
From whose height, *Chiron* hew'd it for, his Sire; and fatall twas
To great-soul'd men, of *Peleus* and *Pelion*, surnamed *Pelias*.
Then from the stable, their bright horse, *Automedon* withdrawes,
And *Alcymus*. Put Poitrils on, and cast vpon their iawes,
Their bridles; hurling backe the raines, and hung them on the seate.
The faire scourge then *Automedon*, takes vp, and vp doth get,
To guide the horse. The fights seate last, *Achilles* tooke behind;
Who lookt so arm'd, as if the Sunne, there falne from heauen had shin'd.
Achilles to his horses. And terribly, thus charg'd his steeds. *Xanthus*, and *Balius*,
Seed of the Harpye; in the charge, ye vndertake of vs;
Discharge it not; as when *Patroclus* ye left dead in field.
But when with bloud, for this dayes fast obseru'd *Reuenge*, shall yeeld
Our heart facietie; bring vs off. Thus since *Achilles* spake,
As if his aw'd steeds vnderstood: twas *Iunoes* will to make
Vocall the pallat of the one; who shaking his faire head,
(Which in his mane (let fall to earth) he almost buried)
Thus *Xanthus* spake: Ablest *Achilles* now (at least) our care
Xanthus the horse of Achi. to Achilles. Shall bring thee off; but not farre hence, the fatall minutes are,
Of thy graue ruine. Nor shall we, be then to be reprou'd,
But mightiest Fate, and the great God. Nor was thy best belou'd
Spoil'd so of armes by our slow pace; or courages empaire;
The best of gods, *Latonaes* sonne, that weares the golden haire,
Gaue him his deaths wound; though the grace, he gaue to *Hectors* hand.
We, like the spirit of the West, that all spirits can command
For powre of wing, could runne him off: but thou thy selfe must go;
So Fate ordaines; God and a man, must giue thee ouerthrow.
This said, the Furies stopt his voice. *Achilles* farre in rage,
Achilles reply to Xanthus. Thus answerd him: It fits not thee, thus proudly to presage
My ouerthrow; I know my selfe, it is my fate to fall
Thus farre from *Phthia*; yet that Fate, shall faile to vent her gall,
Till mine vent thousands. These words vsde, he fell to horrid deeds;
Gaue dreadfull signall; and forthright, made flie, his one-hou'd steeds.

COMMENTA.

COMMENTARIVS.

[a] Κάπρον ἱτιμασάτω, &c. Aprum præparet mactandum Iouique Soliúe: He ſhall prepare a Bore for ſacrifice to *Ioue* and the Sunne. *It is the end of* Agamemnons *ſpeech in this booke before to* Vlyſſes, *and promiſeth that ſacrifice to* Ioue *and the Sun, at the reconciliation of himſelfe and* Achilles. *Our Commentors* (Euſtathius *and* Spondanus, &c.) *will by no meanes allow the word* καπρος *here for* Homers, *but an vnskilfulneſſe in the diuulger; and will needs haue it* ὗς *or* σῦς; *which* Spondanus *ſayes is altogether here to be vnderſtood: as* Euſtathius *words teach: for to offer ſo fierce a beaſt to* Ioue *as a Bore, he ſayes is abſurd: and cites* Natalis lib. 1. cap. 17. *where he ſayes,* Homer *in this place makes a tame Sow ſacrificed to* Ioue, *who was as tamely and ſimply deceiued as the reſt.* Euſtathius *reaſon for it, is, that* Sus *is* animal ſalax; *and ſince the oath* Agamemnon *takes at this ſacrifice to ſatisfie* Achilles (*that he hath not touch't* Briſeis) *is concerning a woman, very fitly is a Sow here ſacrificed. But this ſeemes to* Spondanus *ſomething ridiculous (as I hope you will eaſily iudge it.) And, as I conceiue, ſo is his owne opinion to haue the originall word* καπρον *altered, and expounded* ſuem. *His reaſon for it, he makes nice to vtter, ſaying, he knowes what is ſet downe amongſt the learned touching the ſacrifice of a Sow. But becauſe it is (he ſayes)* ἀκρασθησόμενον, nihil ad rem, *(though as they expound it, is too much* ad rem) *he is willing to keepe his opinion in ſilence; vnleſſe you will take it for a ſplayed or gelded Sow, as if* Agamemnon *would inuinate, that as this Sow being ſplayed, is free from* Venus, *ſo had he neuer attempted the dishonour of* Briſeis. *And peraduenture (ſayes* Spondanus) *you cannot think of a better expoſition: when a worſe cannot be coniectured, vnleſſe that of* Euſtathius; *as I hope you will clearly grant me, when you heare but mine. Which is this: The ſacrifice is not made by* Agamemnon, *for any reſemblance or reference it hath to the Lady now to be reſtored, (which ſince theſe Clerkes will needs haue it a Sow, in behalfe of Ladies, I diſdaine) but onely to the reconciliation of* Agamemnon *and* Achilles; *for a ſacred ſigne whereof, and that their wraths were now abſolutely appeaſed,* Agamemnon *thought fit, a Bore (being the moſt wrathfull of all beaſts) ſhould be ſacrificed to* Ioue; *intimating, that in that Bore, they ſacrificed their wraths to* Iupiter, *and became friends. And thus is the originall word preſerued, which (together with the ſacred ſence of our* Homer) *in a thouſand other places, ſuffers moſt ignorant and barbarous violence. But here (being weary, both with finding faults, and my labour) ſtill a refreſhing come, I wil end my poore Comment. Holding it not altogether vnfit with this ridiculous contention of our Commentors, a little to quicken you, and make it ſomething probable, that their ouerſight in this triſle, is accompanied with a thouſand other errors in matter of our diuine* Homers *depth and grauitie. Which will not open it ſelfe to the curious auſteritie of belabouring art, but onely to the naturall and moſt ingenuous ſoule of our thrice ſacred Poeſie.*

The end of the nineteenth Booke.

THE

THE XX. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

BY Ioues *permiſſion, all the gods deſcend*
To aide on both parts. For the Greekes contend,
Iuno, Minerua, Neptune, Mulciber,
And Mercurie. *The deities that preſer*
The Troian part, are, Phœbus, Cyprides,
Phœbe, Latona, *and the foe to Peace;* Mars.
With bright Scamander. Neptune *in a muſt*
Preſerues Æneas, *(daring to reſiſt*
Achilles;) *by whoſe hand, much ſkath is done;*
Beſides the ſlaughter of old Priams *ſonne,*
(Young Polydor) *whoſe reſcue,* Hector *makes:*
Him (flying) Phœbus, *to his reſcue takes,*
The reſt (all ſtunning their importun'd fates)
Achilles *beates, euen to the Ilian gates.*

Another Argument.

In Ypſilon *Strife ſtirres in heauen.*
The dayes grace, to the Greekes is giuen.

HE *Greeks* thus arm'd; and made inſatiate, with deſire of fight,
About thee, *Peleus* ſonne; The foe, in ground of greateſt height,
Stood oppoſite, rang'd. Then *Ioue* charg'd *Themis*, frō *Olympus* top
To call a court; ſhe euery way, diſperſt, and ſummon'd vp
All deities; Not any floud (beſides *Oceanus*) *Ioue ſummons all the deities to counſell.*
But made apparance: not a Nymph (that arbours odorous,
The heads of flouds, and flowrie medowes make their ſweete abodes)
Was abſent there; but all at his court that is king of gods,
Aſſembl'd; and in lightſome ſeates, of admirable frame
(Perform'd for *Ioue*, by *Vulcan*) ſate. Euen angry *Neptune* came;
Nor heard the goddeſſe with vnwilling eare; but with the reſt,
Made free aſcenſion from the ſea; and did his ſtate inueſt
In midſt of all: begun the counſell, and inquir'd of *Ioue*,
His reaſon for that ſeſſion; and on what point did moue
His high intention for the foes; he thought the heate of warre,
Was then neare breaking out in flames. To him, the Thunderer:
Thou know'ſt this counſell by the reſt, of thoſe forepurpoſes,
That ſtill inclin'd me; my cares ſtill, muſt ſuccour the diſtreſſe
Of *Troy*; though in the mouth of Fate; yet vow I, not to ſtirre
One ſtep from off this top of heauen; but all th'affaire referre

To any one. Here Ile hold ſtate, and freely take the ioy
Of eithers fate: helpe whom ye pleaſe; for tis aſſur'd, that *Troy*,
Not one dayes conflict can ſuſtaine, againſt *AEacides*,
If heauen oppoſe not. His meere lookes, threw darts enow, t'impreſſe
Their powres with trembling; but when blowes, ſent from his fiery hand,
(Thrice beat by ſlaughter of his friend) ſhall come and countermand
Their former glories: we haue feare, that though Fate keepe their wall,
Hee'l ouerturne it. Then deſcend; and ceaſſe not till ye all
Adde all your aides; mixe earth and heauen, together with the fight
Achilles vrgeth. Theſe his words, did ſuch a warre excite,
As no mans powre could wraſtle downe; the gods with parted harts,
Departed heauen, and made earth warre. To guide the *Grecian* darts,
The names of the gods partakers with either part. *Iuno* and *Pallas*, with the god, that doth the earth embrace,
And moſt-for-mans-vſe, *Mercurie* (whom good wiſe inwards grace)
Were partially, and all emploid; and with them halted downe
(Proud of his ſtrength) lame *Mulciber*; his walkers quite miſgrowne,
But made him tread exceeding ſure. To aide the *Ilian* ſide,
The changeable in armes, went (*Mars*); and him accompanied
Dictna, that delights in ſhafts; and *Phœbus*, neuer ſhorne;
And *Aphrodite*, laughter-pleaſde; and ſhe, of whom was borne
Still-yong *Apollo*; and the ſtoud, that runnes on golden ſands
Bright *Xanthus*. All theſe aided *Troy*; and till theſe lent their hands,
The *Grecians* triumpht in the aide, *AEacides* did adde;
The *Troians* trembling with his ſight; ſo gloriouſly clad,
He ouerſhin'd the field; and *Mars*, no harmfuller then hee.
He bore the iron ſtreame on cleare; but when *Ioues* high decree
Let fall the gods amongſt their troupes; the field ſweld, and the fight
Dictæ. Grew fierce and horrible. The *Dame, that armies doth excite,
Thunderd with Clamor; ſometimes ſet, at dike without the wall,
And ſometimes on the bellowing ſhore. On th'other ſide, the Call
Of *Mars* to fight was terrible; he cried out, like a ſtorme;
Set on the cities pinnacles; and there he would informe
Sometimes his heartnings; Other times, where *Simois* powres on
His ſiluer currant, at the foote, of high *Callicolon*.
And thus the bleſt gods, both ſides vrg'd; they all ſtood in the mids,
The ſtate of the preparation to the fight, when the gods were to encounter. And brake Contention to the hoſts. And ouer all their heads,
The gods king, in abhorred claps, his thunder rattl'd out.
Beneath them, *Neptune* toſt the earth; the mountaines round about,
Bow'd with affright, and ſhooke their heads: *Ioues* hill, the earth quake felt;
(Steepe Ida) trembling at her rootes, and all her fountaines ſpilt:
Their browes all crannied. *Troy* did nod; the *Grecian* nauie plaid
(As on the ſea): th'infernall king, that all things frayes, was fraid;
And leapt affrighted from his throne; cried out, leſt ouer him
Neptune ſhould rend in two the earth; and ſo his houſe ſo dim,
So lothſome, filthy, and abhord, of all the gods beſide,
Should open, both to gods and men. Thus, all things ſhooke and cri'd,
When this blacke battell of the gods, was ioyning; thus arraied:
Gainſt *Neptune*, *Phœbus* with wing'd ſhafts; gainſt *Mars* the blew-eyd maid:

Gainſt

Gainſt *Iuno*, *Phœbe*, whoſe white hands, bore ſinging darts of gold;
Her ſide arm'd with a ſheafe of ſhafts; and (by the birth twofold
Of bright *Latona*) ſiſter twin, to him that ſhootes ſo farre;
Againſt *Latona*, *Hermes* ſtood (graue guard in peace and warre,
Of humane beings;) gainſt the god, whoſe Empire is in fire;
The watry godhead; that great flood, to ſhew whoſe powre entire
In ſpoile as th'other: all his ſtreame, on lurking whirlepits trod;
Xanthus, by gods; by men *Scamander* cald. Thus, god gainſt god,
Enterd the field. *Æacides*, ſuſtain'd a feruent mind
To cope with *Hector*; paſt all theſe, his ſpirit ſtood enclin'd,
To glut *Mars* with the bloud of him. And at *Æacides*,
Apollo ſet *Anchiſes* ſonne. But firſt he did impreſſe,
A more then naturall ſtrength in him; and made him feele th'exceſſe,
Apollo inſtigates Æneas to the encounter of Achilles, in ſhape of Lycaon. Infuſde from heauen. *Lycaons* ſhape, gaue ſhow to his addreſſe,
(Old *Priams* ſonne) and thus he ſpake: Thou counſeller of *Troy*,
Where now flie out thoſe threats, that late, put all our Peeres in ioy
Of thy fight with *Æacides*? Thy tongue once (ſteept in wine)
Æneas to Apollo. Durſt vant as much. He anſwerd him: But why wouldſt thou incline
My powres gainſt that proud enemie, and gainſt my preſent heate?
I meane not now to bid him blowes; that feare ſounds my retreate,
That heretofore diſcourag'd me: when after he had rac't
Lyrneſus, and ſtrong *Pedaſus*, his ſtill breath'd furie chac't
Our oxen from th'Idæan hill, and ſet on me; but *Ioue*
Gaue ſtrength and knees, and bore me off, that had not walkt aboue
This center now, but propt by him. *Mineruaes* hand (that held
A light to this her fauorite; whoſe beames, ſhew'd, and impeld
His powres to ſpoile) had ruin'd me. For theſe eares heard her crie:
Kill, kill the ſeed of *Ilion*; kill, th'Aſian *Lelegi*.
Meere man then muſt not fight with him, that ſtill hath gods to friend;
Auerting death on others darts; and giuing his no end,
But with the ends of men. If God, like Fortune in the fight,
Would giue my forces; not with eaſe, wing'd *Victorie* ſhould light
On his proud ſhoulders; nor he ſcape, though all of braſſe he boſts
His plight conſiſteth. He replide: Pray thou, thoſe gods of hoſts,
Whom he implores, as well as he; and his chance may be thine;
Thou cam'ſt of gods like him: the Queene, that reignes in *Salamine*,
Fame ſounds, thy mother; he deriu'd, of lower deitie.
Old *Nereus* daughter bearing him; Beare then thy heart as hie,
And thy vnwearied ſteele as right; nor vtterly be beate
With onely crueltie of words; not prooſe againſt a threat.
This ſtrengthned him; and forth he ruſht; nor could his ſtrengthening ſlie,
White-wriſted *Iuno*; nor his driſts. She, euery deitie
Of th'Achiue faction cald to her; and ſaid: Ye muſt haue care
Iuno to the gods of Greece. (*Neptune* and *Pallas*) for the frame, of this important warre
Ye vndertake here; *Venus* ſonne (by *Phœbus* being impeld)
Runnes on *Achilles*; turne him backe; or ſee our friend vpheld
By one of vs. Let not the ſpirit of *Æacides*,
Be ouer-dar'd; but make him know, the mightieſt deities

Stand kind to him; and that the gods, protectors of theſe towres
That fight againſt *Greece*; and were here, before our eminent powres,
Beare no importance. And beſides, that all we ſtoope from heauen
To curbe this fight, that no empaire, be to his perſon giuen
By any *Troians*, nor their aides, while this day beares the Sunne;
Hereafter, all things that are wrapt, in his birth-threed, and ſpunne
By *Parcas*, (in that point of time, his mother gaue him aire)
He muſt ſuſtaine. But if *Report*, performe not the repaire
Of all this to him, by the *Voice*, of ſome immortall ſtate,
He may be fearfull, (if ſome god, ſhould ſet on him) that Fate,
Makes him her miniſter. The gods, when they appeare to men,
And manifeſt their proper formes, are paſſing dreadfull then.

Neptune to Ioue. *Neptune* replide: *Saturnia*, at no time let your Care
Exceed your Reaſon; tis not fit. Where onely humanes are,
We muſt not mixe the hands of gods; our odds is too extreme.
Sit we by, in ſome place of height, where we may ſee to them,
And leaue the warres of men, to men. But if we ſee from thence,
Or *Mars*, or *Phœbus*, enter fight; or offer leaſt offence
To *Thetis* ſonne; not giuing free way to his conquering rage;
Then comes the conflict to our cares; we ſoone ſhall diſ-engage
Achilles, and ſend them to heauen, to ſettle their abode
With Equals; flying vnder-ſtrifes. This ſaid, the blacke-hair'd god,
Led to the towre of of *Hercules*; built circular and hie
By *Pallas* and the *Ilians*, for fit ſecuritie
Hercules. To *Ioues* diuine ſonne, gainſt the Whale, that draue him from the ſhore,
To th'ample field. There *Neptune* ſate, and all the gods that bore
The *Greekes* good meaning; caſting all, thicke mantles made of clouds,
On their bright ſhoulders. Th'oppos'd gods, ſate hid in other ſhrouds,
On top of ſteepe *Callicolon*; about thy golden ſides,
O *Phœbus*, brandiſher of darts; and thine, whoſe rage abides
No peace in cities. In this ſtate, theſe gods in counſell ſate;
All lingring purpoſde fight, to trie, who firſt would eleuate
His heauenly weapon. High-thron'd *Ioue*, cried out, to ſet them on;
Ioue ſets on the other gods to fight. Said; all the field was full of men; and that the earth did grone
With feete of proud encounterers, burn'd with the armes of men,
And barbed horſe. Two champions, for both the armies then,
Met in their midſt, prepar'd for blowes; diuine *Æacides*,
And *Venus* ſonne; *Æneas* firſt, ſtept threatning forth the preaſſe,
His high helme nodding; and his breaſt, bard with a ſhadie ſhield,
And ſhooke his iauelin. *Thetis* ſonne, did his part to the field,
Simile. As when the harmfull king of beaſts, (ſore threatn'd to be ſlaine,
By all the countrie vp in armes) at firſt makes coy *Diſdaine*
Prepare reſiſtance; but at laſt, when any one hath led
Bold charge vpon him with his dart; he then turnes yawning head;
Fell Anger lathers in his iawes; his great heart ſwels; his ſterne
Laſheth his ſtrength vp; ſides and thighes, wadl'd with ſtripes to learne
Their owne powre; his eyes glow; he rores; and in he leapes, to kill,
Secure of killing: So his powre, then rowſde vp to his will,

Matchleſſe

Matchleſſe *Achilles*, coming on, to meete *Anchiſes* ſonne.
Both neare; *Achilles* thus enquir'd: Why ſtandſt thou thus alone, *Achilles to Æneas.*
Thou ſonne of *Venus*? cals thy heart, to change of blowes with me?
Sure *Troyes* whole kingdome is propoſde; ſome one hath promiſt thee
The throne of *Priam* for my life; but *Priams* ſelfe is wiſe;
And (for my ſlaughter) not ſo mad, to make his throne thy priſe.
Priam hath ſonnes to ſecond him. Is't then ſome peece of land,
Paſt others, fit to ſet and ſow, that thy victorious hand,
The *Ilians* offer for my head? I hope that priſe will proue
No eaſie conqueſt: once, I thinke, my buſie iauelin droue,
(With terror) thoſe thoughts from your ſpleene. Retain'ſt thou not the time,
When ſingle on th'Idæan hill, I tooke thee with the crime
Of Run-away? thy Oxen left? and when thou hadſt no face,
That I could ſee; thy knees bereft, it, and *Lyrneſus* was
The maske for that. Then that maske too, I opened to the aire,
(By *Ioue* and *Pallas* helpe) and tooke, the free light from the faire;
Your Ladies bearing priſoners. But *Ioue* and th'other gods,
Then lift thee; yet againe I hope, they will not adde their ods,
To ſaue thy wants, as thou preſum'ſt; retire then, aime not at
Troys throne by me; flie ere thy ſoule, flies; fooles are wiſe too late.
He anſwerd him: Hope not that words, can child-like terrifie *Æneas to Achilles.*
My ſtroke-proofe breaſt; I well could ſpeake, in this indecencie,
And vſe tart termes; but we know well, what ſtocke vs both put out;
Too gentle to beare fruites ſo rude. Our parents ring about,
The worlds round boſome; and by fame, their dignities are blowne
To both our knowledges; by ſight; neither, to either knowne;
Thine, to mine eyes; nor mine to thine. Fame ſounds thy worthineſſe
From famous *Peleus*; the ſea Nymph, that hath the louely treſſe,
(*Thetis*) thy mother; I my ſelfe, affirme my Sire to be
Great-ſoul'd *Anchiſes*; ſhe that holds, the Paphian deitie,
My mother; and of theſe, this light, is now t'exhale the teares
For their lou'd iſſue; thee or me; childiſh, vnworthy dares,
Are not enough to part our powres; for if thy ſpirits want
Due excitation (by diſtruſt, of that deſert I vant)
To ſet vp all reſts for my life; Ile lineally proue
(Which many will confirme) my race. Firſt, cloud commanding *Ioue* *Æneas pedigree.*
Was fire to *Dardanus*, that built, *Dardania*; for the wals
Of ſacred *Ilion*, ſpred not yet, theſe fields; thoſe faire-built hals,
Of diuers languag'd men, not raiſd; all then made populous
The foote of *Idaes* fountfull hill. This *Ioue*-got *Dardanus*,
Begot king *Ericthonius*; for wealth, paſt all compares,
Of liuing mortals; in his fens, he fed three thouſand mares,
All neighing by their tender foles; of which, twice ſixe were bred
By loftie *Boreas*; their dams, lou'd by him, as they fed;
He tooke the braue forme of a horſe, that ſhooke an azure mane,
And ſlept with them. Theſe twice ſixe colts, had pace, ſo ſwift they ranne
Vpon the top-ayles of corne-eares; nor bent them any whit.
And when the brode backe of the ſea, their pleaſure was to ſit;

The ſuperficies of his waues, they ſlid vpon; their houes
Not dipt in danke ſweate of his browes. Of *Ericthonius* loues
Sprang *Tros*, the king of *Troians*; *Tros* three yong princes bred,
Ilus, renowm'd *Aſſaracus*, and heauenly *Ganymed*,
The faireſt youth of all that breath'd; whom (for his beauties loue)
The gods did rauiſh, to their ſtate, to beare the cup to *Ioue*.
Ilus begot *Laomedon*; god-like *Laomedon*
Got *Tithon*, *Priam*, *Clytius*, *Mars*-like *Hycetaon*,
And *Lampus*. Great *Aſſaracus*, *Capys* begot; and he,
Anchiſes; Prince *Anchiſes*, me. King *Priam*, *Hector*; we
Sprang both of one high family. Thus, fortunate men giue birth;
But *Ioue* giues vertue; he augments; and he empaires the worth
Of all men; and his will, their Rule; he ſtrong'ſt; all ſtrength affoords;
Why then paint we (like dames) the face, of *Conflict* with our words?
Both may giue language, that a ſhip, driuen with a hundred ores,
Would ouer-burthen: a mans tongue, is voluble, and poures
Words out, of all ſorts; euery way; ſuch as you ſpeake, you heare.
What then need we vie calumnies, like women that will weare
Their tongues out, being once incenſt; and ſtriue for ſtrife, to part
(Being on their way) they trauell ſo: from words, words may auert;
From vertue, not; it is your ſteele (diuine *Æacides*)
Muſt proue my proofe, as mine ſhall yours. Thus amply did he eaſe
Æneas chargeth *Achilles.* His great heart of his pedigree; and ſharply ſent away
A dart, that caught *Achilles* ſhield; and rung ſo, it did fray
The ſonne of *Thetis*; his faire hand, farre-thruſting out his ſhield,
For feare the long lance had driuen through; O foole, to thinke twould yeeld;
And not to know, the gods firme gifts, want want, to yeeld ſo ſoone
To mens poore powres; the eager lance, had onely conqueſt wonne
Of two plates; and the ſhield had fiue; two forg'd of tin, two braſſe,
One (that was center-plate) of gold, and that forbad the paſſe
Of *Anchiſiades* his lance. Then ſent *Achilles* forth
Achilles at Æneas. His lance, that through the firſt fold ſtrooke; where braſſe of litle worth,
And no great proofe of hides was laid; through all which *Pelias* ranne
His iron head; and after it, his aſhen body wanne
Paſſe to the earth, and there it ſtucke; his top on th'other ſide:
And hung the ſhield vp; which, hard downe, *Æneas* pluckt to hide
His breaſt from ſword blowes; ſhrunke vp round, and in his heauie eye,
Was much griefe ſhadowed; much afraid, that *Pelias* ſtucke ſo nie.
Then prompt *Achilles* ruſhing in, his ſword drew; and the field
Rung with his voice. *Æneas* now, left, and let hang his ſhield,
And (all diſtracted) vp he ſnatcht, a two mens ſtrength of ſtone;
And either, at his ſhield or caske, he ſet it rudely gone,
Nor car'd where; ſo it ſtrooke a place, that put on armes, for death;
But he (*Achilles* came ſo cloſe) had doubtleſſe ſunke beneath,
His owne death, had not *Neptune* ſeene, and interpoſde the ods
Of his diuine powre; vttering this, to the *Achaian* gods:
Neptune to the other gods of Greece. I grieue for this great hearted man; he will be ſent to hell,
Euen inſtantly, by *Peleus* ſonne, being onely mou'd to deale

By *Phœbus* words? What foole is he? *Phœbus* did neuer meane,
To adde to his great words, his guard; againſt the ruine then
Summon'd againſt him: and what cauſe, hath he, to head him on
To others miſeries? He being cleare, of any treſpaſſe done
Againſt the *Grecians*? thankfull gifts, he oft hath giuen to vs;
Let vs then quit him; and withdraw, this combat; for if thus,
Achilles end him: *Ioue* will rage; ſince his eſcape in fate,
Is purpoſde; leſt the progenie, of *Dardanus* take date;
Whom *Ioue*, paſt all his iſſue, lou'd, begot of mortall dames:
Homers prophecy of Æneas, to propagate the Troian race. All *Priams* race he hates; and this, muſt propagate the names
Of *Troians*; and their ſonnes ſonnes rule, to all poſteritie.
Saturnia ſaid, make free your pleaſure; ſaue, or let him die;
Iuno to Neptune *Pallas* and I haue taken many, and moſt publique oathes,
That th'ill day neuer ſhall auert, her eye (red with our wroths)
From hated *Troy*: No, not when all, in ſtudied fire ſhe flames
The *Greeke rage*, blowing her laſt coale. This nothing turn'd his aimes
From preſent reſcue: but through all, the whizzing ſpeares he paſt;
And came where both were combatting; when inſtantly he caſt,
A miſt before *Achilles* eyes; drew from the earth, and ſhield,
His lance, and laid it at his feete: and then tooke vp, and held
Aloft, the light *Anchiſes* ſonne; who paſt (with *Neptunes* force)
Whole orders of Heroes heads; and many a troope of horſe
Leapt ouer, till the bounds he reacht, of all the feruent broyle,
Neptune to Æneas. Where all the *Caucons* quarters lay. Thus (farre freed from the toyle)
Neptune had time to vſe theſe words: *Æneas*, who was he
Of all the gods, that did ſo much, neglect thy good, and thee,
To vrge thy fight with *Thetis* ſonne? who, in immortall rates,
Is better, and more deare then thee? Hereafter, leſt (paſt fates)
Hell be thy headlong home, retire; make bold ſtand neuer neare,
Where he aduanceth: but his fate, once ſatisfied; then beare,
A free, and full fayle: no *Greeke* elſe, ſhall end thee. This reueald;
He left him, and diſperſt the cloud, that all this act conceald
From vext *Achilles*: who againe, had cleare light from the skies;
Achilles admires the eſcape of Æneas. And (much diſdaining the eſcape) ſaid: O ye gods, mine eyes
Diſcouer miracles: my lance, ſubmitted, and he gone
At whom I ſent it, with deſire, of his confuſion?
Æneas ſure was lou'd of heauen; I thought his vaunt from thence,
Had flow'd from glorie. Let him go, no more experience
Will his mind long for, of my hands: he flies them now ſo cleare:
Cheare then the *Greeks*, and others trie. Thus rang'd he euery where
The *Grecian* orders; euery man, (of which the moſt lookt on
To ſee their freſh Lord ſhake his lance) he thus put charge vpon:
☞ Diuine *Greeks*, ſtand not thus at gaze; but man to man apply
Your ſeuerall valours: tis a taske, laide too vnequally
On me, left to ſo many men; one man, oppoſde to all.
Not *Mars*, immortall and a god, nor warres ſhe Generall;
A field of ſo much fight could chace, and worke it out with blowes;
But what a man may execute, that all lims will expoſe,

And all their ſtrength to th'vtmoſt nerue (though now I loſt ſome play,
By ſome ſtrange miracle) no more, ſhall burne in vaine the day;
To any leaſt beame; all this hoſt, Ile ranſacke, and haue hope,
Of all; not one (againe) will ſcape; whoeuer giues ſuch ſcope
To his aduenture; and ſo neare; dares tempt, my angry lance.
Thus he excited. *Hector* then, as much ſtriues to aduance,
The hearts of his men; adding threates, affirming he would ſtand,
Hector to his Ilians. In combat with *Æacides*. Giue *Feare* (ſaid he) no hand,
Of your great hearts, (braue *Ilians*) for *Pelæus* talking Sonne;
Ile fight with any god with words; but when their ſpeares put on,
The worke runs high; their ſtrength exceeds, mortalitie ſo farre.
And they may make works crowne their words; which holds not in the warre
Achilles makes; his hands haue bounds; this word he ſhall make good,
And leaue another to the field: his worſt ſhall be withſtood,
With ſole obiection of my ſelfe. Though in his hands he beare
A rage like fire; though fire it ſelfe, his raging fingers were;
And burning ſteele flew in his ſtrength. Thus he incited his;
Phœbus to Hector. And they raiſd lances, and to worke, with mixed courages;
And vp flew *Clamor*; but the heate, in *Hector*, *Phœbus* gaue
This temper: Do not meet (ſaid he) in any ſingle braue,
The man thou threatn'ſt, but in preaſſe; and in thy ſtrength impeach
His violence; for farre off, or neare, his ſword, or dart will reach.
The gods voice made a difference, in *Hectors* owne conceipt,
Betwixt his, and *Achilles* words; and gaue ſuch ouerweight,
As weigh'd him backe into his ſtrength, and curb'd his flying out.
At all threw fierce *Æacides*, and gaue a horrid ſhout.
Iphition ſlaine by Achilles. The firſt of all he put to dart, was fierce *Iphition*;
Surnam'd *Otryntides*, whom *Nais*, the water Nymph made ſonne
To towne-deſtroyer *Otrynteus*. Beneath the ſnowy hill,
Of *Tmolus*, in the wealthie towne, of *Ide*: at his will,
Were many able men at armes. He ruſhing in, tooke full,
Pelides lance, in his heads midſt; that cleft, in two, his skull.
Achilles knew him, one much fam'd; and thus inſulted then:
Th'art dead *Otryntides*, though cald, the terribleſt of men;
Thy race runs at *Gygæus* lake, there thy inheritance lay,
Neare filthy *Hillus*; and the gulfs, of *Hermus*: but this day,
Remoues it to the fields of *Troy*. Thus left he Night to ſeaſe
His cloſed eyes, his body laid, in courſe of all the preaſe;
Which *Grecian* horſe, broke with the ſtrakes, naild to their chariot wheeles.
Demoleon ſlaine by Achilles. Next (through the temples) the burſt eyes, his deadly iauelin ſteeles
Of great-in-*Troy Antenors* ſonne, renown'd *Demoleon*;
A mightie turner of a field. His ouerthrow, ſet gone
Hippodamas, who leapt from horſe, and as he fled before
Æacides; his turned backe, he made fell *Pelias* gore,
And forth he puft his flying ſoule; and as a tortur'd Bull;
Simile. (To *Neptune* brought for ſacrifice) a troope of yongſters pull
Downe to the earth, and dragge him round, about the hallowed ſhore;
To pleaſe the watry deitie, with forcing him to rore;

And

And forth he powres his vtmoſt throte. So bellow'd this ſlaine friend,
Of flying *Ilion*, with the breath, that gaue his being end.
Then ruſht he on; and in his eye, had heauenly *Polydore*,
Old *Priams* ſonne; whom laſt of all, his fruitfull Princeſſe bore;
And for his youth (being deare to him) the king forbad to fight.
Yet (hote of vnexperienc't blood, to ſhew how exquiſite
He was of foote: for which of all, the fiftie ſonnes he held
The ſpeciall name.) He flew before, the firſt heate of the field;
Polydore ſlaine by Achilles. Euen till he flew out breath and ſoule: which, through the backe, the lance
Of ſwift *Achilles*, put in ayre, and did his head aduance
Out at his nauill: on his knees, the poore Prince crying fell;
And gatherd with his tender hands, his entrailes; that did ſwell
Quite through the wide wound, till a cloud, as blacke as death, conceald
Their ſight, and all the world from him. When *Hector* had beheld
His brother tumbl'd ſo to earth (his entrailes ſtill in hand)
Darke ſorrow ouercaſt his eyes; nor farre off could he ſtand
A minute longer: but like fire, he brake out of the throng;
Shooke his long lance, at *Thetis* ſonne; And then came he along;
Achilles paſſion at the ſight of Hector. To feed th'encounter: O (ſaid he) here comes the man that moſt,
Of all the world deſtroyes my minde: the man by whom I loſt
My deare *Patroclus*; now not long, the crooked paths of warre,
Can yeeld vs any priuie ſcapes: Come, keepe not off ſo farre,
(He cryed to *Hector*) make the paine, of thy ſure death as ſhort,
As one, ſo deſperate of his life, hath reaſon. In no ſort,
Hector to Achilles. Thi. frighted *Hector*, who bore cloſe: and ſaid; *Æacides*,
Leaue threates for children; I haue powre, to thunder calumnies,
As well as others; and well know, thy ſtrength ſuperiour farre,
To that my nerues hold; but the gods, (not nerues) determine warre.
And yet (for nerues) there will be found, a ſtrength of powre in mine,
To driue a lance home to thy life; my lance, as well as thine
Hath point, and ſharpeneſſe, and tis this. Thus brandiſhing his ſpeare,
He ſet it flying; which a breath, of *Pallas*, backe did beare
Pallas breathes backe Hectors lance throwne at Achilles. From *Thetis* ſonne, to *Hectors* ſelfe; and at his feet it fell.
Achilles vſde no dart; but cloſe, flew in; and thought to deale
With no ſtrokes, but of ſure diſpatch; but what with all his blood
He labor'd; *Phœbus* clear'd with eaſe, as being a god; and ſtood
For *Hectors* guard; as *Pallas* did, *Æacides* for thine.
He rapt him from him; and a cloud, of much *Night* caſt betweene
His perſon, and the point oppoſde. *Achilles* then exclaim'd
Apollo reſcues Hector. O ſee, yet more gods are at worke; *Apollos* hand hath fram'd
(Dog that thou art) thy reſcue now: to whom, go, pay the vowes
Thy ſafetie owes him; I ſhall vent, in time, thoſe fatall blowes,
That yet be itc in my heart, on thine; if any god remaine,
My equall fautor. In meane time, my anger muſt maintaine
His fire on other *Ilians*. Then laid he at his feet,
Great *Demochus*, *Philetors*, ſonne; and *Dryope* did greet
With like encounter. *Dardanus*, and ſtrong *Laogonus*,
(Wiſe *Bias* ſonnes) he hurld from horſe, of one, victorious

With

With his cloſe ſword; the others life, he conquerd with his lance.
Then *Tros*, *Alaſtors* ſonne made in, and ſought to ſcape their chance,
With free ſubmiſſion. Downe he fell, and praid about his knees,
He would not kill him, but take ruth; as one that Deſtinies
Made to that purpoſe; being a man, borne in the ſelfe ſame yeare
That he himſelfe was: O poore foole, to ſue to him to beare
A ruthfull mind; he well might know, he could not faſhion him.
In *Ruths* ſoft mould; he had no ſpirit, to brooke that interim
In his hote furie: he was none, of theſe remorſefull men;
Gentle, and affable: but fierce, at all times, and mad then.
He gladly would haue made a prayre, and ſtill ſo hugg'd his knee,
He could not quit him: till at laſt, his ſword was faine to free
His fetterd knees: that made a vent, for his white liuers blood,
That cauſd ſuch pittifull affects: of which, it pour'd a flood
About his boſome; which it fild, euen till it drownd his eyes;
And all ſenſe faild him. Forth then flew, this Prince of tragedies,
Who next, ſtoopt *Mulius*, euen to death, with his inſatiate ſpeare:
One eare it enterd, and made good, his paſſe to th'other eare.
Echeclus then, (*Agenors* ſonne) he ſtrooke betwixt the browes;
Whoſe blood ſet fire vpon his ſword, that coold it till the throwes
Of his then labouring braine, let out, his ſoule to fixed fate,
And gaue cold entrie to blacke death. *Deucalion* then, had ſtate
In theſe mens beings: where the nerues, about the elbow knit,
Downe to his hand his ſpeares ſteele piere't, and brought ſuch paine to it,
As led *Death* ioyntly; whom he ſaw, before his fainting eyes;
And in his necke felt, with a ſtroke, laid on ſo; that off flies
His head: one of the twiſe twelue bones, that all the backe bone make,
Let out his marrow; when the head, he helme and all did take,
And hurl'd amongſt the *Ilians*; the body ſtretcht on earth.
Rhigmus of fruitfull *Thrace*, next fell; he was the famous birth
Of *Pireus*: his bellies midſts, the lance tooke; whoſe ſterne force,
Quite tumbl'd him from chariot. In turning backe the horſe,
Their guider *Areithous*, receiu'd another lance,
That threw him to his Lord. No end, was put to the miſchance
Simile. *Achilles* enterd: But, as fire, falne in a flaſh from heauen;
Inflames the high-woods of drie hils; and with a ſtorme is driuen,
Through all the Syluane deepes; and raues, till downe goes euery where
The ſmotherd hill: So euery way, *Achilles* and his ſpeare
Conſum'd the Champaine, the blacke earth, flow'd with the veines he tore.
And looke how Oxen, (yok't and driuen, about the circular floore,
Of ſome faire barne) treade ſodainly, the thicke ſheaues, thin of corne;
Simile. And all the corne, conſum'd with chaffe: ſo mixt and ouerborne,
Beneath *Achilles* one-hou'd horſe, ſhields, ſpeares, and men lay trod;
His axel-tree, and chariot wheeles, all ſpatterd with the blood
Hurl'd from the ſteeds houes, and the ſtrakes. Thus to be magnified,
His moſt inacceſſible hands, in humane blood he died.

The end of the twentieth Booke.

THE

THE XXI. BOOKE
OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

IN two parts, Troyes *hoſt parted*; Thetis *ſonne*,
One to Scamander, *one to* Ilion
Purſues. Twelue Lords he takes aliue, to end
In ſacrifice, for vengeance to his friend.
Aſteropæus, dies by his fierce hand,
And Priams *ſonne*, Lycaon. *Ouer land*
The flood breakes: where, Achilles *being engag'd*,
Vulcan *preſerues him; and with ſpirit enrag'd,*
Sets all the Champaine, and the Flood on fire;
Contention *then, doth all the gods inſpire.*
Apollo, *in* Agenors *ſhape, doth ſtay*
Achilles *furie; and by giuing way,*
Makes him purſue; till the deceipt giues leaue,
That Troy, *in ſafetie, might her freinds receiue.*

Another Argument.

Phy, *at the floods ſhore, doth expreſſe*
The labours of Æacides.

AND now they reacht, the goodly ſwelling channell of the flood,
Gulfe-eating *Xanthus*; whom *Ioue* mixt, with his immortall brood:
And there *Achilles* cleft the hoſt, of *Ilion*: one ſide fell
On *Xanthus*, th'other on the towne: and that did he impell
The ſame way, that the laſt daies rage, put all the *Greeks* in rout,
When *Hectors* furie reign'd. Theſe now, *Achilles* powr'd about
The ſcatterd field. To ſtay the flight, *Saturnia* caſt before
Their haſtie feete, a ſtanding fogge; and then *Flights* violence bore
The other halfe full on the flood. The ſiluer-gulphed deepe
Receiu'd them with a mightie crie: the billowes vaſt and ſteepe,
Ror'd at their armours; which the ſhores, did round about reſound:
This way, and that, they ſwum, and ſhriekt; as in the gulphs they drownd:
And as in fir'd fields, *Locuſts* riſe, as the vnwearied blaze *Simile.*
Plies ſtill their riſing, till in ſwarmes, all ruſh as in amaze,
(For ſcape) into ſome neighbour flood: So, th'*Achilleian* ſtroke,
Here draue the foe. The gulfie flood, with men and horſe did choke.
Then on the ſhore, the Worthy hid, and left his horrid lance
Amids the Tamriskes; and ſpritelike, did with his ſword aduance,
Vp to the riuer; ill affaires, tooke vp his furious braine,
For *Troyes* engagements: euery way, he doubl'd ſlaine on ſlaine.

A moſt vnmanly noiſe was made, with thoſe he put to ſword,
Of grones and outcries; the flood bluſht, to be ſo much engor'd
With ſuch baſe ſoules: And as ſmall fiſh, the ſwift-finn'd Dolphin flie,
Simile. Filling the deepe pits in the ports; on whoſe cloſe ſtrength they lie:
And there he ſwallowes them in ſholes: So here, to rockes, and holes,
About the flood, the *Troians* fled; and there moſt loſt their ſoules:
Euen till he tir'd his ſlaughterous arme. Twelue faire yong Princes then,
He chuſde of all, to take aliue; to haue them freſhly ſlaine
On that moſt ſolemne day of wreake, reſolu'd on for his friend.
Theſe led he trembling forth the flood; as fearefull of their end,
As any Hinde calues: all their hands, he pinnioned behind
With their owne girdles; worne vpon, their rich weeds; and reſign'd
Their perſons to his *Myrmidons*, to beare to fleete: and he
Plung'd in the ſtreame againe; to take, more worke of *Tragedie*.
He met, then iſſuing the flood; with all intent of flight,
Lycaon, (*Dardan Priams* ſonne;) whom lately in the night,
Achilles his ſtraunge encounter of Lycaon. He had ſurpriſde; as in a wood, of *Priams*, he had cut,
The greene armes of a wild figge tree; to make him ſpokes to put
In Naues of his new chariot. An ill then, all vnthought,
Stole on him in *Achilles* ſhape, who tooke him thence, and brought
To well-built *Lemnos*, ſelling him, to famous *Iaſons* ſonne:
From whom, a gueſt then, in his houſe; (*Imbrius Eetion*)
Redeem'd at high rate, and ſent home, t'*Arisba*; whence he fled,
And ſaw againe his fathers court: eleuen daies banquetted,
Amongſt his friends; the twelfth god thruſt, his hapleſſe head againe
In thands of ſterne *Æacides*; who now muſt ſend him ſlaine,
To *Pluto's* Court; and gainſt his will. Him, when *Achilles* knew
Naked of helmet, ſhield, ſword, lance; (all which for eaſe he threw
To earth, being ouercome with ſweate; and labour wearying
His flying knees) he ſtorm'd, and ſaid; O heauen, a wondrous thing
Inuades mine eyes; thoſe *Ilians*, that heretofore I ſlue,
Riſe from the darke dead, quicke againe: this man, fate makes eſchew
Her owne ſteele fingers: he was ſold, in *Lemnos*; and the deepe
Of all Seas, twixt this *Troy*, and that (that many a man doth keepe
From his lou'd countrie) barres not him; Come then; he now ſhall taſt
The head of *Pelias*; and trie, if ſteele will downe as faſt
As other fortunes; or kind earth, can any ſurer ſeiſe
On his ſlie perſon; whoſe ſtrong armes, haue held downe *Hercules*.
Lycaons feare to be ſeene of Achilles. His thoughts thus mou'd, while he ſtood firme; to ſee if he, he ſpide,
Would offer flight, (which firſt he thought) but when he had deſcride,
He was deſcried, and flight was vaine; fearefull, he made more nie,
With purpoſe to embrace his knees; and now long'd much to flie
His blacke fate, and abhorred death, by coming in. His foe
Obſeru'd all this; and vp he raiſd, his lance, as he would throw;
And then *Lycaon* cloſe ran in; fell on his breaſt, and tooke
Achilles knees; whoſe lance (on earth, now ſtaid) did ouerlooke,
His ſtill-turn'd backe; with thirſt to glut, his ſharpe point with the blood,
That lay ſo readie; but that thirſt, *Lycaons* thirſt withſtood;

To

To ſaue his blood, *Achilles* knee, in his one hand he knit;
His other held the long lance hard, and would not part with it:
But thus beſought: I kiſſe thy knees, diuine *Æacides*:
Reſpect me, and my fortunes rue; I now preſent th'acceſſe
Lycaons ruthfull interceſſion to Achilles for his life. Of a poore ſuppliant, for thy ruth: and I am one that is
Worthy thy ruth (ô *Ioues* belou'd.) Firſt houre my miſeries
Fell into any hand, twas thine: I taſted all my bread
By thy gift ſince: O ſince that houre, that thy ſurpriſall led
From forth the faire wood, my ſad feete; farre from my lou'd allies,
To famous *Lemnos*, where I found, an hundred Oxens priſe
To make my ranſome: for which now, I thriſe the worth will raiſe.
This day, makes twelue ſince I arriu'd, in *Ilion*: many daies
Being ſpent before in ſufferance: and now a cruell fate,
Thruſts me againe into thy hands. I ſhould hant *Ioue* with hate,
That with ſuch ſet malignitie, giues thee my life againe.
There were but two of vs, for whom, *Laothoe* ſufferd paine,
(*Laothoe*, old *Altes* ſeed; *Alte*, whoſe pallace ſtood
In height of vpper *Pedaſus*, neare *Satnius* ſiluer flood;
And rulde the warre-like *Lelegi*. Whoſe ſeed (as many more)
King *Priam* married, and begot, the godlike *Polydor*,
And me accurſt: thou ſlaughterdſt him: and now thy hand on me.
Will proue as mortall. I did thinke, when here I met with thee,
I could not ſcape thee; yet giue eare, and adde thy mind to it;
I told my birth to intimate, though one fire did beget;
Yet one wombe brought not into light, *Hector* (that ſlue thy friend)
And me. O do not kill me then; but let the wretched end
Of *Polydor*, excuſe my life. For halfe our being bred
Brothers to *Hector*, he (halfe) paid, no more is forfeited.
Thus ſu'd he humbly; but he heard, with this auſtere replie:
Foole, vrge not ruth, nor price to me; till that ſolemnitie
Reſolu'd on, for *Patroclus* death, pay all his rites to fate.
Till his death, I did grace to *Troy*; and many liues did rate
At price of ranſome: but none now, of all the brood of *Troy*,
(Who euer *Ioue* throwes to my hands) ſhall any breath enioy,
That death can beate out; ſpecially, that touch at *Priams* race.
Die, die, (my friend) what teares are theſe? what ſad lookes ſpoile thy face?
Patroclus died, that farre paſt thee: nay ſeeſt thou not beſide,
My ſelfe, euen I, a faire yong man, and rarely magnifide;
And (to my father, being a king) a mother haue, that ſits
In ranke with goddeſſes; and yet, when thou haſt ſpent thy ſpirits,
Death, and as violent a fate, muſt ouertake, euen me.
By twilight, morne-light, day, high noone; when euer *Deſtinie*
Sets on her man, to hurle a lance; or knit out of his ſtring,
An arrow that muſt reach my life. This ſaid, a languiſhing
Lycaons heart bent like his knees; yet left him ſtrength t'aduance
Both hands for mercie, as he kneeld. His foe yet leaues his lance,
And forth his ſword flies; which he hid, in furrow of a wound
Driuen through the ioynture of his necke; flat fell he on the ground,

Stretcht with deaths pangs; and all the earth, embrew'd with timelesse blood.
Then gript *Æacides* his heele, and to the lofty flood
Flung (swinging) his vnpitied corse; to see it swim, and tosse
Vp on the rough waues: and said; Go, feed fat the fish with losse
Of thy left blood: they cleane will sucke, thy greene wounds; and this saues,
Thy mother teares vpon thy bed. Deepe *Xanthus*, on his waues,
Shall hoyse thee brauely to a tombe, that in her burly breast,
The sea shall open; where great fish, may keepe thy funerall feast
With thy white fat: and on the waues, dance at thy wedding fate,
Clad in blacke horror; keeping close, inaccessible state.
So perish *Ilians*, till we plucke, the browes of *Ilion*
Downe to her feete, you flying still: I flying still vpon,
Thus in the rere; and (as my browes, were forckt, with rabid hornes)
Tosse ye together. This braue flood, that strengthens, and adornes
Your citie with his siluer gulfes; to whom, so many buls,
Your zeale hath offerd; with blind zeale, his sacred current guls,
With casting chariots, and horse; quicke to his prayd-for aide;
Shall nothing profite: perish then, till cruell'st *Death* hath laide
All, at the red feet of *Reuenge*, for my slaine friend; and all
With whom the absence of my hands, made yours a festiuall.
This speech, great *Xanthus* more enrag'd; and made his spirit contend,
For meanes to shut vp, the o'pt vaine, against him; and defend
The *Troians* in it, from his plague. In meane time *Peleus* sonne,
(And now with that long lance he hid) for more blood, set vpon,
Asteropeus; the descent, of *Pelagon*; and he
Of brode-stream'd *Axius*, and the dame (of first natiuitie,
To all the daughters that renown'd, *Acesamenus* feed)
Bright *Peribœa*; whom the flood; (arm'd thicke with loftie reed)
Compress. At her grandchild now went, *Thetis* great sonne; whose foe
Stood arm'd with two darts, being set on, by *Xanthus*; angred so
For those youths blood, shed in his streame, by vengefull *Thetis* sonne,
Without all mercie. (Both being neare) great *Thetides* begunne
With this high question. Of what race, art thou that dar'st oppose
Thy powre to mine thus-curs'd wombs, they euer did disclose,
That stood my anger. He reply'd, What makes thy furies heate,
Talke, and seeke Pedigrees? farre hence, lies my innatiue seate,
In rich *Pæonia*. My race, from brode-stream'd *Axius*, runs;
Axius, that giues earth purest drinke, of all the watrie sons
Of great *Oceanus*; and got, the famous for his speare,
Pelegonus, that fatherd me; and these *Pæonians* here,
Arm'd with long lances, here I leade: and here th'eleuenth faire light
Shines on vs, since we entered *Troy*: Come now, (braue man) lets fight.
Thus spake he, threatning; and to him, *Pelides* made replie,
With shaken *Pelias*: but his foe, with two at once let flie;
(For both his hands were dexterous:) one iauelin strooke the shield
Of *Thetis* sonne; but strooke not through (the gold (gods gift) repeld
The eager point:) the other lance, fell lightly, on the part
Of his faire right hands cubit; forth, the blacke blood spunne; the dart

glanc't

The word in Greeke, which they translate cædens, but properly signifies dissipans, ut boues infestus corrubus.

Achilles to Asteropæus.

Asteropæus to Achilles.

Asteropæus with two darts at once at Achilles.

Glanc't ouer, fastening on the earth, and there his splene was spent,
That wisht the body. With which wish, *Achilles*, his lance sent,
That quite mist, and infixt it selfe, fast, in the steepe-vp shore.
Euen to the midst, it enterd it; himselfe then, fiercely bore
Vpon his enemie with his sword. His foe was tugging hard,
To get his lance out: thrise he pluckt; and thrise, sure *Peleus* bard
His wisht euulsion. The fourth plucke; he bow'd, and meant to breake
The Ashen plant; but (ere that act) *Achilles* sword, did checke
His bent powre, and brake out his soule. Full in the nauill stead
He ript his belly vp; and out, his entrailes fell; and dead
His breathlesse body: whence his armes, *Achilles* drew, and said:
Lie there, and proue it dangerous, to lift vp aduerse head,
Against *Ioues* sonnes; although a flood, were Ancetor to thee.
Thy vants vrg'd him; but I may vant, a higher pedigree,
(From *Ioue* himselfe:) king *Peleus*, was sonne to *Æacus*;
Infernall *Æacus*, to *Ioue*; and I, to *Peleus*.
Thunder-voic't *Ioue*, farre passeth floods; that onely murmures raise
With earth and water, as they runne, with tribute to the seas.
And his seede theirs exceeds as farre. A flood, a mightie flood
Rag'd nere thee now; but with no aide. *Ioue* must not be withstood.
King *Achelous*, yeelds to him; and great *Oceanus*;
Whence all floods; all the sea; all founts; wells; all deepes humorous,
Fetch their beginnings; yet euen he, feares *Ioues* flash, and the cracke
His thunder giues; when, out of heauen, it teares atwo his racke.
Thus, pluckt he from the shore, his lance; and left the waues to wash
The waue-sprung entrailes; about which, Faulsens, and other fish,
Did shole, to nibble at the fat, which his sweet kidneyes hid.
This for himselfe; now to his men, (the-well-rode *Peons*) did
His rage contend. All which, cold *Feare*, shooke into flight, to see
Their Captaine slaine: at whose mazde flight (as much enrag'd) slew he.
And then fell all these, *Thrasius*, *Mydon*, *Astypilus*,
Great *Opheleste*, *Ænius*, *Mnesus*, *Therselochus*.
And on these, many more had falne; vnlesse the angry flood,
Had tooke the figure of a man; and in a whirlepit stood,
Thus speaking to *Æacides*. Past all, powre feeds thy will,
(Thou great grandchild of *Æacus*) and past all, th'art in ill.
And gods themselues, confederates; and *Ioue* (the best of gods)
All deaths giues thee: all places, not. Make my shores periods
To all shore seruice. In the field, let thy field acts run hie,
Not in my waters. My sweet streames, choake with mortalitie
Of men, slaine by thee. Carkasses, to glut me, that I faile
To powre into the sacred sea, my waues; yet still assaile
Thy cruell forces. Ceasse; amaze, affects me with thy rage,
Prince of the people. He reply'd; Shall thy command asswage
(Gulfe-fed *Scamander*) my free wrath? Ile neuer leaue pursude
Prowd *Ilions* slaughters; till this hand, in her fild walls conclude
Her flying forces; and hath tried, in single fight, the chance
Of warre with *Hector*; whose euent, with starke death, shall aduance

Asteropæus slaine by Achilles.

body of Asteropæus to Achilles to the paus.

The racke, or motion of the clouds, for the clouds.

Xanthus out of a whirlepit to Achilles.

Achilles to Xanthus.

One of our conqueſts. Thus againe, he like a Furie flew
Vpon the *Troians*: when the flood, his ſad plaint did purſue,
Xanthus complaines to Apollo. To bright *Apollo*; telling him, he was too negligent
Of *Ioues* high charge; importuning, by all meanes vehement,
His helpe of *Troy*; till lateſt Euen, ſhould her blacke ſhadowes poure,
On earths brode breaſt. In all his worſt, *Achilles* yet from ſhore,
Leapt to his middeſt. Then ſwéld his waues, then rag'd, then boyld againe,
Againſt *Achilles*: vp flew all, and all the bodies ſlaine,
In all his deeps; (of which the heapes, made bridges, to his waues)
He belcht out; roring like a Bull The vnſlaine, yet he laues,
In his blacke whirlepits, vaſt and deepe. A horrid bi low ſtood
About *Achilles*. On his ſhield, the violence of the flood
Beate ſo; it draue him backe, and tooke, his feet vp; his faire palme,
Enforc't to catcht into his ſtay, a brode, and loftie Elme,
Note the continuard the ſtir, and admired extreſſion of Achilles glorie. Whoſe roots he toſt vp with his hold; and tore vp all the ſhore,
With this then, he repeld the waues; and thoſe thicke armes it bore,
He made a bridge to beare him off; (for all fell in) when he,
Forth from the channell threw himſelfe. The rage did terrifie,
Euen his great ſpirit, and made him adde, wings to his ſwifteſt feet,
And treade the land. And yet not there, the flood left his retreate,
But thruſt his billowes after him; and blacke them all at top,
To make him feare, and flie his charge; and ſet the brode field ope
For *Troy* to ſcape in. He ſprong out, a darts caſt; but came on
Againe with a redoubl'd force: As when the ſwifteſt flowne,
And ſtrong'ſt of all fowles, (*Ioues* blacke Hawke) the huntreſſe ſtoopes vpon
A much lou'd Quarrie: So charg'd he; his armes with horror rung,
Againſt the blacke waues: yet againe, he was ſo vrg'd, he flung
His body from the flood, and fled. And after him againe,
Simile. The waues flew roring: As a man, that finds a water vaine;
And from ſome blacke fount is to bring, his ſtreames through plants & groues;
Goes with his Mattocke, and all checks, ſet to his courſe; remoues
When that runnes freely: vnder it, the pibbles all giue way,
And where it finds a fall, runnes ſwift: nor can the leader ſtay
His current then: Before himſelfe, full pac't, it murmures on.
So, of *Achilles*, euermore, the ſtrong flood vantage wonne;
(Though moſt deliuer) g ods are ſtill, aboue the powres of men.
As oft, as th'able godlike man, endeuour'd to maintaine
His charge on them, that kept the flood; (and charg'd as he would trie,
If all the gods, inhabiting, the brode vnreached skie,
Could dant his ſpirit,) ſo oft, ſtill, the rude waues charg'd him round;
Rampt on his ſhoulders; from whoſe depth, his ſtrength, & ſpirit would bound
Vp to the free aire, vext in ſoule. And now the vehement flood,
Made faint his knees: ſo ouerthwart, his waues were, they withſtood
All the denyed duſt, which he wiſht; and now, was faine to crie;
Caſting his eyes, to that brode heauen, that late he long'd to trie:
Achilles complaint to the gods in his extremitie. And ſaid, O *Ioue*, how am I left? No god vouchſafes to free
Me, miſerable man; helpe now, and after torture me,
With any outrage. Would to heauen, *Hector*, (the mightieſt

Bred

Bred in this region) had imbrew'd, his iauelin in my breaſt;
That ſtrong might fall by ſtrong. Where now, weake waters luxurie,
Muſt make my death bluſh: one, heauen-borne, ſhall like a hog-herd die,
Drown'd in a durtie torrents rage. Yet none of you in heauen,
I blame for this: but ſhe alone, by whom this life was giuen,
That now muſt die thus. She would ſtill, delude me with her tales,
Affirming *Phœbus* ſhafts ſhould end, within the *Troian* walls
My curſt beginning. In this ſtraight, *Neptune* and *Pallas* flew
To fetch him off. In mens ſhapes Both, cloſe to his danger drew:
And, taking both, both hands, thus ſpake, the ſhaker of the world:
Neptune to Achilles, Pallas and he reſcuing him. *Pelides*, do not ſtirre a foot; nor theſe waues, prowdly curld
Againſt thy bold breaſt, feare a iote; thou haſt vs two thy friends,
(*Neptune* and *Pallas*) *Ioue* himſelfe, approuing th'aide we lend.
Tis nothing, as thou fearſt with fate; ſhe will not ſee thee drown'd:
This height ſhall ſoone downe; thine owne eyes, ſhall ſee it ſet aground.
Be rulde then, weele aduiſe thee well; take not thy hand away,
From putting all, indifferently, to all, that it can lay
Vpon the *Troians*; till the walles, of haughtie *Ilion*
Conclude all in a deſperate flight: and when thou haſt ſet gone,
The ſoule of *Hector*, turne to fleet: our hands ſhall plant a wreath
Of endleſſe glorie, on thy browes. Thus, to the free from death,
Both made retreate. He (much impeld, by charge, the godheads gaue)
The field, that now was ouercome, with many a boundleſſe waue,
He ouerceame: on their wild breaſts, they toſt the carkaſſes,
And armes of many a ſlaughterd man. And now the winged knees,
Of this great Captaine, bore aloft: againſt the flood he flies
With full aſſault: nor could that god, make ſhrinke his reſcu'd thies.
Xanthus to Simois. Nor ſhrunke the flood; but as his foe, grew powrefull, he grew mad:
Thruſt vp a billow to the skie, and criſtall *Simois* bad
To his aſſiſtance: *Simois*, Hoe, brother, (out he cried)
Come, adde thy current, and reſiſt, this man halfe deified;
Or *Ilion* he will pul downe ſtraite; the *Troians* cannot ſtand
A minute longer. Come, aſſiſt; and inſtantly command
All fountaines in thy rule to riſe; all torrents to make in,
And ſtuffe thy billowes; with whoſe height, engender ſuch a din,
(With trees torne vp, and iuſtling ſtones) as ſo immane a man,
May ſhrinke beneath vs: whoſe powre thriues, do my powre all it can:
He dares things fitter for a god. But, nor his forme, nor force,
Nor glorious armes ſhall profit him: all which, and his dead corſe,
I vow to rowle vp in my hands: Nay, burie in my mud:
Nay, in the very finckes of *Troy*: that, pour'd into my flood,
Shall make him drowning worke enough; and being drown'd, Ile ſet
A fort of ſuch ſtrong filth on him; that *Greece* ſhall neuer get
His bones from it. There, there ſhall ſtand, *Achilles* ſepulcher;
And ſaue a buriall for his friends. This Furie did transferre
His high-ridg'd billowes on the Prince; roring with blood, and ſome,
And carkaſſes. The crimſon ſtreame, did ſnatch into her wombe,
Surpriſd *Achilles*; and her height, ſtood, held vp by the hand

Of *Ioue* himſelfe. Then *Iuno* cried, and cald (to countermand
This watry Deitie) the god, that holds command in fire;
Affraid leſt that gulf-ſtomackt flood, would ſatiate his deſire
Iuno to Vulcan. On great *Achilles*: *Mulciber?* my beſt-lou'd ſonne? (ſhe cried)
Rouſe thee: for all the gods conceiue, this flood thus amplified,
Is raiſd at thee; and ſhewes as if, his waues would drowne the skie,
And put out all the ſphere of fire; haſte, helpe thy Emperie:
Light flames, deepe as his pits. Our ſelfe, the Weſt wind, and the South,
Will call out of the ſea; and breathe, in eithers full-charg'd mouth
A ſtorme, t'enrage thy fires gainſt *Troy*; which ſhall (in one exhal'd)
Blow flames of ſweate about their browes; and make their armors skald.
Go thou then, and (gainſt theſe winds riſe) make worke on *Xanthus* ſhore,
With ſetting all his trees on fire: and in his owne breaſt poure,
A feruor that ſhall make it burne; nor let faire words or threats
Auert thy furie, till I ſpeake; and then, ſubdue the heates
Of all thy Blazes. *Mulciber*; prepar'd, a mightie fire,
Firſt, in the field vſde: burning vp, the bodies, that the ire
Of great *Achilles* reſt of ſoules: the quite-drown'd field it dried;
And ſhrunke the flood vp. And as fields, that haue bene long time cloide
With catching wether; when their corne, lies on the gauill heape;
Simile. Are with a conſtant North wind dried; with which for comfort leape
Their hearts that ſow'd them: So this field, was dride; the bodies burn'd;
And euen the flood into a fire, as bright as day was turn'd.
Elmes, willowes, tamrisks, were enflam'd; the lote trees; ſea-graſſe reeds,
And ruſhes, with the galingale rootes (of which abundance breeds
About the ſweet flood) all were fir'd: the gliding fiſhes flew
Vpwards, in flames: the groueling Eeeles, crept vpright; all which flew
Xanthus out of a flaming whirle-pit to Vulcan. Wiſe Vulcans vnreſiſted ſpirit. The flood out of a flame,
Cried to him; Ceaſſe, ô *Mulciber*; no deitie can tame
Thy matchleſſe virtue: nor would I, (ſince thou art thus hote) ſtriue.
Ceaſſe then thy ſtrife; let *Thetis* ſonne, with all thy wiſht haſt, driue
Euen to their gates theſe *Ilians*; what toucheth me their aide,
Or this *Contention*? Thus in flames, the burning riuer prayde:
And as a Caldron, vnderput, with ſtore of fire; and wrought
Simile. With boyling of a well-fed Brawne, vp leapes his waue aloft;
Bauins of ſere wood vrging it, and ſpending flames apace,
Till all the Caldron be engirt, with a conſuming blaze.
So round this flood burn'd; and ſo ſod, his ſweete, and tortur'd ſtreames;
Nor could flow forth, bound in the fumes, of *Vulcans* fierie beames.
Who (then not mou'd) his mothers ruth, by all his meanes he craues;
And askt, why *Vulcan* ſhould inuade, and ſo torment his waues,
Paſt other floods? when his offence, roſe not to ſuch degree,
As that of other gods, for *Troy*: and that himſelfe would free,
Her wrath to it, if ſhe were pleaſde; and prayd her, that her ſonne
Might be reflected: adding this, that he would nere be wonne,
To helpe keepe off the ruinous day, in which all *Troy* ſhould burne,
Fir'd by the *Grecians*. This vow heard; ſhe charg'd her ſonne to turne
His fierie ſpirits to their homes: and ſaid, it was not fit,

A god ſhould ſuffer ſo, for men. Then *Vulcan* did remit
His ſo vnmeaſur'd violence; and backe the pleaſant flood
Ranne to his channell. Thus theſe gods, ſhe made friends; th'other ſtood
At weightie difference; both ſides ranne, together with a ſound,
That Earth reſounded; and great heauen, about did furrebound.
Ioue heard it, ſitting on his hill; and laught to ſee the gods,
Buckle to armes like angry men: and (he pleaſde with their ods)
They laid it freely. Of them all, thump-buckler *Mars* began;
And at *Minerua* with a lance, of braſſe he headlong ran; *Mars againſt Minerua.*
Theſe vile words vſhering his blowes: Thou, dog-flie, what's the cauſe,
Thou mak'ſt gods fight thus? thy huge heart, breakes all our peacefull lawes,
With thy inſatiate ſhameleſneſſe. Remembreſt thou the houre,
When *Diomed* charg'd me? and by thee? and thou with all thy powre,
Took'ſt lance thy ſelfe; and in all ſights, ruſht on me with a wound?
Now vengeance fals on thee for all. This ſaid, the ſhield fring'd round
With fighting Adders, borne by *Ioue*, that not to thunder yeelds,
He clapt his lance on; and this god, that with the bloud of fields,
Pollutes his godhead; that ſhield pierſt, and hurt the armed Maid:
But backe ſhe leapt; and with her ſtrong, hand rapt a huge ſtone, laid
Aboue the Champaine; blacke and ſharpe, that did in old time breake
Partitions to mens lands; And that, ſhe duſted in the necke
Of that impetuous challenger. Downe to the earth he ſwayd,
And ouerlaid ſeuen Acres land: his haire was all berayd
With duſt, and bloud mixt; and his armes, rung oüt. *Minerua* laught,
And thus inſulted: O thou foole, yet haſt thou not bene taught *Minerua inſults ouer Mars.*
To know mine eminence? thy ſtrength, oppoſeſt thou to mine?
So pay thy mothers furies then; who for theſe aides of thine,
(Euer affoorded periur'd *Troy*; *Greece* euer left) takes ſpleene,
And vowes thee miſchiefe. Thus ſhe turn'd, her blew eyes, when Loues Queen
The hand of *Mars* tooke; and from earth, raiſd him with thick-drawne breath,
His ſpirits not yet got vp againe. But from the preaſe of death,
Kind* *Aphrodite* was his guide. Which, *Iuno* ſeeing, exclam'd: *Venus.*
Pallas; ſee, *Mars* is helpt from field? Dog, flie, his rude tongue nam'd
Thy ſelfe euen now; but that his loue, that dog-flie will not leaue,
Her old conſort. Vpon her; flie. *Minerua* did receaue
This excitation ioyfully; and at the *Cyprian* flew;
Strooke with her hard hand, her ſoft breaſt, a blow that ouerthrew *Mars and Venus ouerthrowne by Pallas.*
Both her and *Mars*; and there, both lay together in broad field.
When thus ſhe triumpht. So lie all, that any ſuccours yeeld
To theſe falſe *Troians*, gainſt the *Greeks*; ſo bold, and patient,
As *Venus*, (ſhunning charge of me); and no leſſe impotent
Be all their aides, then hers to *Mars*: ſo ſhort worke would be made
In our depopulating *Troy* (this hardieſt to inuade,
Of all earths cities). At this wiſh, white-wriſted *Iuno* ſmil'd.
Next, *Neptune* and *Apollo* ſtood, vpon the point of field;
And thus ſpake *Neptune*: *Phœbus*! come; why, at the lances end
Stand we two thus? twill be a ſhame, for vs to re-aſcend
Ioues golden houſe, being thus in field; and not to fight. Begin;

For tis no graceſull worke for me: thou haſt the yonger chin;
I older, and know more. O foole! what a forgetfull heart
Thou bear'ſt about thee? to ſtand here, preſt to take th'Ilian part,
And fight with me? Forgetſt thou then, what we two; we alone
(Of all the gods) haue ſufferd here? when proud *Laomedon*,
Enioyd our ſeruice, a whole yeare, for our agreed reward?
Ioue, in his ſway would haue it ſo; and in that yeare I rear'd
This broad braue wall about this towne; that (being a worke of mine)
It might be inexpugnable. This ſeruice then, was thine,
In *Ida* (that ſo many hils, and curld-head forreſts crowne)
To feed his oxen; crooked ſhankt, and headed like the Moone.
But when the much-ioy-bringing hours, brought terme for our reward;
The terrible *Laomedon*, diſmiſt vs both, and ſcard
Our high deſeruings; not alone, to hold our promiſt fee,
But giue vs threats too. Hands and feete, he ſwore to fetter thee,
And ſell thee as a ſlaue; diſmiſt, farre hence to forreine Iles;
Nay more, he would haue both our eares. His vowes breach, and reuiles,
Made vs part angry with him than; and doeſt thou gratulate now,
Such a kings ſubiects? or with vs, not their deſtruction vow,
Euen to their chaſt wiues, and their babes? He anſwerd, he might hold
Apollo to Neptune. His wiſedome litle; if with him (a god); for men he would
Maintaine contention: wretched men, that flouriſh for a time,
Like leaues; eate ſome of that, Earth yeelds; and giue Earth, in their prime,
Their whole ſelues for it. Quickly then, let vs flie fight for them;
Nor ſhew it offerd: let themſelues, beare out their owne extreme.
Thus he retir'd, and fear'd to change, blowes with his vnkles hands;
Diana reproues Apollo for leauing the Troians His ſiſter therefore chid him much, (the goddeſſe that commands
In games of hunting) and thus ſpake: Flieſt thou? and leau'ſt the field
To *Neptunes* glorie? and no blowes? O foole! why doeſt thou wield
Thy idle bow? no more my eares, ſhall heare thee vant in skies,
Dares to meete *Neptune*; but Ile tell, thy cowards tongue, it lies.
He anſwerd nothing; yet *Ioues* wife, could put on no ſuch raines;
Iuno to Diana. But ſpake thus looſly: How dar'ſt thou, dog, whom no feares containes,
Encounter me? twill proue a match, of hard condition:
Though the great Ladie of the bow; and *Ioue* hath ſet thee downe,
For Lion of thy ſexe; with gift, to ſlaughter any Dame
Thy proud will enuies; yet ſome Dames, will proue, th'hadſt better tame
Wilde Lions vpon hils, then them. But if this queſtion reſts
Yet vnder iudgement, in thy thoughts; and that thy mind conteſts;
Ile make thee know it. Sodainly, with her left hand ſhe catcht
Both *Cynthias* palmes, lockt fingers faſt; and with her right, ſhe ſnatcht
From her faire ſhoulders, her guilt bow; and (laughing) laid it on,
About her eares; and euery way, her turnings ſeiſd vpon,
Till all her arrowes ſcatterd out; her quiuer emptied quite.
Simile. And as a Doue, that (flying a Hauke) takes to ſome rocke her flight;
And in his hollow breaſts ſits ſafe; her fate, not yet to die:
So fled ſhe mourning; and her bow, left there. Then *Mercurie*,
His oppoſite, thus vndertooke: *Latona*, at no hand,

Will

Will I bide combat; tis a worke, right dangerous to ſtand,
At difference with the wiues of *Ioue*; Go therefore, freely vant
Amongſt the deities, th'haſt ſubdu'd, and made thy combattant
Yeeld with plaine powre. She anſwer'd not, but gather'd vp the bow
And ſhafts ſalne from her daughters ſide, retiring. Vp did go
Diana to *Ioues* ſtarrie hall; her incorrupted vaile
Trembling about her; ſo the ſhooke. *Phœbus* (leſt *Troy* ſhould faile
Before her Fate) flew to her wals; the other deities flew
Vp to Olympus; ſome enrag'd, ſome glad. *Achilles* flew
Both men and horſe of *Ilion*. And as a citie fir'd,
Caſts vp a heate, that purples heauen; Clamors and ſhriekes expir'd *Simile.*
In euery corner; toile to all; to many, miſerie;
Which fire, th'incenſed gods let fall; *Achilles* ſo let flie,
Rage on the *Troians*; toiles and ſhriekes, as much by him impoſde.
Old *Priam* in his ſacred towre, ſtood; and the flight diſcloſde,
Of his forc't people; all in rout, and not a ſtroke return'd,
By fled *Reſiſtance*. His eyes ſaw, in what a furie burnd
The ſonne of *Peleus*; and downe, went weeping from the towre, *Priams amaze at Achilles.*
To all the port-guards; and their Chiefes, told of his flying powre,
Commanding th'opening of the ports; but not to let their hands
Shut from them; for *Æacides*, would poure in with his bands.
Deſtruction comes; O ſhut them ſtraight; when we are in (he praid);
For, not our walls I feare, will checke, this violent man. This ſaid,
Off lifted they the barres; the ports, hal'd open: and they gaue
Safetie her entrie, with the hoſt; which yet they could not ſaue,
Had not *Apollo* ſallied out, and ſtrooke *Deſtruction*
(Brought by *Achilles* in their neckes) backe; when they, right vpon
The ports bore all, drie, duſtie, ſpent; and on their ſhoulders rode
Rabide *Achilles* with his lance; ſtill *Glorie* being the gode
That prickt his Furie. Then the *Greeks*, high-ported *Ilion*
Had ſeiz'd; had not *Apollo* ſtird, *Antenors* famous ſonne,
Diuine *Agenor*; and caſt in, an vndertaking ſpirit *Agenor ſpirited by Apollo.*
To his bold boſome; and himſelfe, ſtood by to ſtrengthen it,
And keepe the heauie hand of death, from breaking in. The god
Stood by him, leaning on a beach, and couer'd his abode
With night-like darkneſſe; yet for all, the ſpirit he inſpir'd;
When that great citie-racers force, his thoughts ſtrooke, he retir'd;
Stood, and went on; A world of doubts, ſtill falling in his way,
When (angry with himſelfe) he ſaid: Why ſuffer I this ſtay,
In this ſo ſtrong need to go on? If, like the reſt, I flie;
Tis his beſt weapon to giue chace, being ſwift; and I ſhould die *Agenors diſcourſe with himſelfe.*
Like a coward. If I ſtand, I fall too. Theſe two wayes,
Pleaſe not my purpoſe; I would liue. What if I ſuffer theſe,
Still to be routed? and (my feete, affoording further length)
Paſſe all theſe fields of *Ilion*, till *Idas* ſyluane ſtrength,
And ſteepe heights ſhroud me; and at Euen, refreſh me in the flood,
And turne to *Ilion*? O my ſoule, why drown'ſt thou in the blood
Of theſe diſcourſes? if this courſe, that talkes of further flight,

I

I giue my feete; his feete more ſwift, haue more ods. Get he ſight
Of that paſſe; I paſſe leaſt; for pace, and length of pace, his thies
Will ſtand out all men. Meete him then; my ſteele hath faculties
Of powre to pierce him; his great breaſt, but one ſoule holds; and that
Death claimes his right in (all men ſay); but he holds ſpeciall ſtate
Ioues bountie ſerues all men all wayes. In *Ioues* high bountie: that's paſt man, that euery way will hold;
And that ſerues all men, euery way. This laſt heart, made him bold,
To ſtand *Achilles*; and ſtird vp, a mightie mind to blowes.
Simile. And as a Panther (hauing heard, the hounds traile) doth diſcloſe
Her freckl'd forhead; and ſtares forth, from out ſome deepe-growne wood,
To trie what ſtrength dares her abroad; and when her fierie blood
The hounds haue kindl'd; no quench ſerues, of loue to liue, or feare; (ſpeare;
Though ſtrooke, though wounded; though quite through, ſhe feels the mortal
But till the mans cloſe ſtrength ſhe tries, or ſtrowes earth with his dart;
She puts her ſtrength out: So it far'd, with braue *Agenors* hart;
And till *Achilles* he had prou'd; no thoughts, no deeds, once ſtird
His fixed foote. To his broad breaſt, his round ſhield he preferd,
And vp his arme went, with his aime; his voice out, with this crie:
Thy hope is too great (*Peleus* ſonne), this day to ſhew thine eye
Agenor to Achilles. *Troys Ilion* at thy foote; O foole! the *Greeks* with much more woes,
More then are ſufferd yet, muſt buy, great *Ilions* ouerthrowes.
We are within her many ſtrong, that for our parents ſakes,
Our wiues and children, will ſaue *Troy*; and thou (though he that makes
Thy name ſo terrible) ſhalt make, a ſacrifice to her,
With thine owne ruines. Thus he threw; nor did his iauelin erre;
But ſtrooke his foes leg, neare his knee; the feruent ſteele did ring
Againſt his tin greaues, and leapt backe. The fires ſtrong-handed king,
Gaue vertue of repulſe; and then, *Æacides* aſſail'd
Diuine *Agenor*; but in vaine; *Apollos* powre preuail'd,
And rapt *Agenor* from his reach; whom quietly he plac't
Without the skirmiſh; caſting miſts, to ſaue from being chac't,
His tenderd perſon; and (he gone) to giue his ſouldiers ſcape;
The deitie turn'd *Achilles* ſtill, by putting on the ſhape
Of him he thirſted; euermore, he led his eye, and fled;
And he with all his knees purſu'd. So cunningly he led;
That ſtill he would be neare his reach, to draw his rage, with hope;
Farre from the conflict; To the flood, maintaining ſtill the ſcope
Of his attraction. In meane time, the other frighted powres,
Came to the citie, comforted, when *Troy*, and all her towres,
Strooted with fillers; none would ſtand, to ſee who ſtaid without,
Who ſcapt, and who came ſhort; the ports, cleft to receiue the rout,
That pour'd it ſelfe in. Euery man, was for himſelfe; Moſt fleete,
Moſt fortunate; who euer ſcapt, his head might thanke his feete.

The end of the one and twentieth Booke.

THE

THE XXII. BOOKE
OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

All Troians *houſd but* Hector; *onely he,*
Keepes field, and vndergoes th' extremitie.
Æacides aſſailing; Hector *flies.*
Minerua *ſtayes him: he reſiſts, and dies.*
Achilles *to his chariot doth enforce;*
And to the nauall ſtation, drags his corſe.

Another Argument.

Hector (*in* Chi) *to death is done,*
By powre of Peleus *angry ſonne.*

THus (chac't like Hinds) the *Ilians*, tooke time to drinke and eate,
And to refreſh them; getting off, the mingl'd duſt and ſweate;
And good ſtrõg rãpires on in ſtead. The *Greeks* thẽ caſt their ſhields
Aloft their ſhoulders; and now Fate, their neare inuaſion yeelds
Of thoſe tough wals. Her deadly hand, compelling *Hectors* ſtay
Before *Troy* at the Scæan ports. *Achilles* ſtill made way
At *Phœbus*; who, his bright head turn'd; and askt: Why (*Peleus* ſonne) *Apollo to Achilles.*
Purſu'ſt thou (being a man) a god? thy rage hath neuer done.
Acknowledge not thine eyes my ſtate? eſteemes thy mind no more
Thy honor in the chaſe of *Troy*; but puts my chace before
Their vtter conqueſt? they are all, now houſde in *Ilion*,
While thou hunt'ſt me. What wiſheſt thou? my bloud will neuer runne
On thy proud iauelin. It is thou (repli'd *Æacides*)
That putſt diſhonor thus on me, (thou worſt of deities) *Achilles to Apollo.*
Thou turndſt me from the walls, whoſe ports, had neuer entertaind
Numbers now enter'd; ouer whom, thy ſauing hand hath raign'd,
And robd my honor. And all is, ſince all thy actions ſtand,
Paſt feare of reckoning: but held I, the meaſure in my hand,
It ſhould affoord thee deare-bought ſcapes. Thus with elated ſpirits,
(Steed-like, that at Olympus games, weares garlands for his merits,
And rattles home his chariot, extending all his pride)
Achilles ſo parts with the god. When aged *Priam* ſpide
The great *Greek* come, (ſphear'd round with beames, and ſhow'ng as if the ſtar,
Surnam'd *Orions* hound; that ſprings, in Autumne, and ſends farre
His radiance through a world of ſtarres; of all whoſe beames, his owne
Caſt greateſt ſplendor: the midnight, that renders them moſt ſhowne,
Then being their foile; and on their points; cure-paſſing Feuers then,

Come

Come ſhaking downe, into the ioynts, of miſerable men:
As this were ſalne to earth; and ſhot, along the field his raies,
Priams fright at the ſight of Achilles. Now towards *Priam* (when he ſaw, in great *Æacides*)
Out flew his tender voice in ſhrieks; and with raiſde hands he ſmit
His reuerend head; then vp to heauen, he caſt them; ſhewing it,
What plagues it ſent him; Downe againe, then threw them to his ſonne,
To make him ſhun them. He now ſtood, without ſteepe *Ilion*,
Thirſting the combat; and to him, thus miſerably cride
Priam to Hector The kind old king: O *Hector*! flie, this man, this homicide,
That ſtrait will ſtroy thee. Hee's too ſtrong; and would to heauen he were,
As ſtrong in heauens loue as in mine; Vultures and dogs ſhould teare
His proſtrate carkaſſe; all my woes, quencht with his bloudy ſpirits.
He has robd me of many ſonnes; and worthy; and their merits
Sold to farre Ilands. Two of them (aye me) I miſſe but now;
They are not enterd; nor ſtay here; *Laothoe*, O twas thou,
(O Queene of women) from whoſe wombe, they breath'd. O did the tents
Detaine them onely; braſſe and gold, would purſchaſe fate euents,
To their ſad durance: tis within. Old *Altes* (yong in fame)
Gaue plentie for his daughters dowre; but if they fed the flame
Of this mans furie, woe is me; woe to my wretched Queene.
But in our ſtates woe, their two deaths, will nought at all be ſeene;
So thy life quit them: take the towne; retire (deare ſonne) and ſaue
Troys husbands and her wiues; nor giue, thine owne life to the graue,
For this mans glorie: pitie me; me, wretch, ſo long aliue;
Whom in the doore of *Age*, *Ioue* keepes; that ſo he may depriue
My being, in Fortunes vtmoſt curſe; to ſee the blackeſt thred
Of this lifes miſeries; my ſonnes ſlaine; my daughters rauiſhed;
Their reſting chambers ſackt; their babes, torne from them, on their knees
Pleading for mercie; themſelues dragd, to Grecian ſlaueries,
(And all this drawne through my red eyes.) Then laſt of all kneele I,
Alone, all helpleſſe, at my gates, before my enemie,
That (ruthleſſe) giues me to my dogs: all the deformitie
Of age diſcouer'd; and all this, thy death (ſought wilfully)
Will poure on me. A faire yong man, at all parts it beſeemes,
(Being brauely ſlaine) to lie all gaſht; and weare the worſt extremes
Of warres moſt crueltie; no wound, of whatſoeuer ruth,
But is his ornament: but I, a man ſo farre from youth;
White head, white bearded, wrinkl'd, pin'd; all ſhames muſt ſhew the eye:
Liue; preuent this then; this moſt ſhame, of all mans miſerie.
Thus wept the old king, and tore off, his white haire; yet all theſe
Retir'd not *Hector*. *Hecuba*, then fell vpon her knees;
Stript nak't her boſome, ſhew'd her breaſts, and bad him reuerence them,
And pitie her: if euer ſhe, had quieted his exclaime,
He would ceaſſe hers, and take the towne; not tempting the rude field,
When all had left it: thinke (ſaid ſhe) I gaue thee life to yeeld
My life reomfort; thy rich wife, ſhall haue no rites of thee,
Nor do thee rites: our teares ſhall pay, thy corſe no obſequie,
Being rauiſht from vs; Grecian dogs, nouriſht, with what I nurſt.

Thus

Thus wept both theſe; and to his ruth, propoſde the vtmoſt worſt,
Of what could chance them; yet he ſtaid. And now drew deadly neare,
Mightie *Achilles*; yet he ſtill, kept deadly ſtation there.
Looke how a Dragon, when ſhe ſees, a traueller bent vpon
Her breeding den; her boſome fed, with fell contagion,
A Simile expreſſing how Hector ſtood Achilles. Gathers her forces, fits him firme, and at his neareſt pace,
Wraps all her Cauerne in her folds, and thruſts a horrid face
Out at his entrie: *Hector* ſo, with vnextinguiſht ſpirit,
Stood great *Achilles*; ſtird no foote; but at the prominent turret,
Bent to his bright ſhield, and reſolu'd, to beare ſalne heauen on it.
Yet all this reſolute abode, did not ſo truly fit
His free election; but he felt, a much more galling ſputre
To the performance, with conceit, of what he ſhould incurre,
Entring, like others; for this cauſe; to which, he thus gaue way.
O me, if I ſhall take the towne, *Polydamas* will lay
This flight, and all this death on me; who counſeld me to leade
Hectors diſcourſe My powres to *Troy*: this laſt blacke night, when ſo I ſaw make head,
Incenſt *Achilles*; I yet ſtaid; though (paſt all doubt) that courſe
Had much more profited then mine; which, (being by ſo much worſe,
As comes to all our flight, and death) my folly now I feare,
Hath bred this ſcandall; all our towne, now burnes my ominous eare
With whiſpering: *Hectors ſelfe conceit, hath caſt away his hoſt.*
And (this true) this extremitie, that I relie on moſt,
Is beſt for me; ſtay, and retire, with this mans life; or die
Here for our citie with renowme; ſince all elſe fled, but I.
And yet one way, cuts both theſe wayes; what if I hang my ſhield,
My helme and lance here, on theſe wals; and meete in humble field,
Renown'd *Achilles*, offering him, *Hellen*, and all the wealth,
What euer in his hollow keeles, bore *Alexanders* ſtealth
For both th'*Atrides*? For the reſt; what euer is poſſeſt
In all this citie, knowne, or hid, by oath ſhall be confeſt
Of all our citizens; of which, one halfe the *Greeks* ſhall haue;
One halfe themſelues. But why (lou'd ſoule) would theſe ſuggeſtions ſaue
Thy ſtate ſtill in me? Ile not ſue; nor would he grant; but I,
(Mine armes caſt off) ſhould be aſſur'd, a womans death to die.
To men of oke and rocke, no words; virgins and youths talke thus;
Virgins and youths, that loue, and wooe; there's other warre with vs:
What blowes and conflicts vrge, we crie; hates and defiances;
And with the garlands theſe trees beare, trie which hand *Ioue* will bleſſe.
Theſe thoughts emploid his ſtay; and now, *Achilles* comes; now neare
Achilles dreadfull approch to Hector. His *Mars*-like preſence, terribly, came brandiſhing his ſpeare;
His right arme ſhooke it; his bright armes, like day came glittering on,
Like fire-light, or the light of heauen, ſhot from the riſing Sun.
This ſight outwrought diſcourſe; cold *Feare*, ſhooke *Hector* from his ſtand;
No more ſtay now; all ports were left; he fled in feare the hand
Of that Feare-maſter, who hauk-like, aires ſwifteſt paſſenger,
That holds a timorous Doue in chace; and with command doth beare
His fierie onſet: the Doue haſts; the Hauke comes whizzing on;

This way, and that, he turnes, and winds, and cuffes the Pigeon;
And till he truſſe it, his great ſpirit, layes hote charge on his wing:
So vrg'd *Achilles*, *Hectors* flight; ſo ſtill, *Feares* point did ſting
His troubl'd ſpirit; his knees wrought hard; along the wall he flew;
In that faire chariot way, that runnes, beneath the towre of view,
And *Troys* wilde fig-tree; till they reacht, where thoſe two mother ſprings,
The pleaſing deſcription of two ſprings vnder the walls of Troy Of deepe *Scamander*, pour'd abroad, their ſiluer murmurings.
One warme, and caſts out fumes, as fire; the other, cold as ſnow,
Or haile diſſolu'd. And when the Sunne, made ardent ſommer glow,
There waters concrete criſtall ſhin'd; neare which, were ciſternes made,
All pau'd, and cleare; where *Troian* wiues, and their faire daughters had
Landrie for their fine linnen weeds; in times of cleanly *Peace*,
Before the *Grecians* brought their ſiege. Theſe Captaines noted theſe;
Hectors flight from Achilles, and his chace of Hector. One flying; th'other in purſuite; a ſtrong man flew before;
A ſtronger follow'd him by farre, and cloſe vp to him bore.
Both did their beſt; for neither now, ranne for a ſacrifice;
Or for the ſacrificers hide, (our runners vſuall prize)
Theſe ranne for tame-horſe *Hectors* ſoule. And as two running Steeds,
Backt in ſome ſet race for a game, that tries their ſwifteſt ſpeeds,
(A tripod, or a woman giuen, for ſome mans funerals):
** Vp and downe the walls, it is to be vnderſtood. Ilium griefe for Hector.* Such ſpeed made theſe men; and on foote, ranne *thrice about the wals.
The gods beheld them; all much mou'd; and *Ioue* ſaid: O ill ſight!
A man I loue much, I ſee forc't, in moſt vnworthy flight
About great *Ilion*; my heart grieues; he paid ſo many vowes,
With thighes of ſacrificed beeues; both on the loftie browes
Of *Ida*, and in *Ilions* height. Conſult we; ſhall we free
His life from death? or giue it now, t'*Achilles* victorie?
Pallas againſt Hectors preſeruation. *Minerua* anſwer'd: Alter Fate? one, long ſince markt for death,
Now take from death? do thou; but know, he ſtill ſhall runne beneath,
Our other cenſures. Be it then, (replide the Thunderer)
My lou'd *Tritonia*, at thy will; in this I will preferre
Thy free intention; worke it all. Then ſtoopt ſhe from the skie,
To this great combat. *Peleus* ſonne, purſu'd inceſſantly
Simile. Still-flying *Hector*: As a Hound, that hauing rouz'd a Hart,
Although he tappiſh ne're ſo oft; and euery ſhrubbie part,
Attempts for ſtrength, and trembles in; the Hound doth ſtill purſue
So cloſe, that not a foote he failes; but hunts it ſtill at view:
So plied *Achilles*, *Hectors* ſteps; as oft as he aſſail'd
The Dardan ports and towres for ſtrength, (to fetch from thence ſome aid,
With winged ſhafts) ſo oft forc't he, amends of pace; and ſtept
Twixt him and all his hopes; and ſtill, vpon the field he kept
A moſt ingenious Simile, vſed (as all our Homer beſides) by Virgil, but this as a tranſlator meerly. His vtmoſt turnings to the towne. And yet, as in a dreame,
One thinkes he giues another chace; when ſuch a fain'd extreame
Poſſeſſeth both; that he in chace, the chacer cannot flie;
Nor can the chacer get to hand, his flying enemie:
So, nor *Achilles* chace could reach, the flight of *Hectors* pace;
Nor *Hectors* flight enlarge it ſelfe, of ſwift *Achilles* chace.
But how chanc't this? how, all this time, could *Hector* beare the knees

Of fierce *Achilles*, with his owne; and keepe off *Deſtinies*,
If *Phabus* (for his laſt and beſt) through all that courſe had fail'd,
To adde his ſuccours to his nerues? And (as his foe aſſail'd)
Neare, and within him, fed his ſcape. *Achilles* yet well knew,
His knees would fetch him; and gaue ſignes, to ſome friends (making ſhew
Of ſhooting at him) to forbeare, leſt they detracted ſo
From his full glorie; in firſt wounds; and in the ouerthrow,
Make his hand laſt. But when they reacht, the fourth time, the two founts;
Then *Ioue*, his golden skoles weigh'd vp; and tooke the laſt accounts
Of Fate for *Hector*; putting in, for him, and *Peleus* ſonne,
Two fates of bitter death; of which, high heauen receiu'd the one,
The other hell: ſo low declin'd, the light of *Hectors* life.
Pallas to Achilles. Then *Phœbus* left him, when warres Queene, came to reſolue the ſtrife,
In th'others knowledge: Now (ſaid ſhe) *Ioue*-lou'd *Æacides*,
I hope at laſt to make *Renowme*, performe a braue acceſſe
To all the *Grecians*; we ſhall now, lay low this champions height;
Though neuer ſo inſatiate, was his great heart of fight.
Nor muſt he ſcape our purſuite ſtill; though all the feete of *Ioue*,
Apollo bowes into a ſphere, ſoliciting more loue,
To his moſt fauour'd. Breath thee then, ſtand firme; my ſelfe will haſt,
And hearten *Hector* to change blowes. She went, and he ſtood faſt;
Lean'd on his lance; and much was ioy'd, that ſingle ſtrokes ſhould trie
This fadging conflict. Then came cloſe, the changed deitie,
Pallas like Deiphobus to Hector To *Hector*, like *Deiphobus*, in ſhape, and voice; and ſaid:
O brother, thou art too much vrg'd, to be thus combatted
About our owne wals; let vs ſtand, and force to a retreat
Th'inſulting Chaſer. *Hector* ioy'd, at this ſo kind deceit;
And ſaid: O good *Deiphobus*, thy loue was moſt before
Hector to Pallas for Deiphobus. (Of all my brothers) deare to me; but now, exceeding more
It coſts me honor; that thus vrg'd, thou com'ſt to part the charge
Of my laſt fortunes; other friends, keepe towne, and leaue at large
My rackt endeuours. She replide: Good brother, tis moſt true;
One after other, King and Queene; and all our friends did ſue
(Euen on their knees) to ſtay me there; ſuch tremblings ſhake them all,
With this mans terror: but my mind, ſo grieu'd to ſee our wall
Girt with thy chaſes; that to death, I long'd to vrge thy ſtay.
Come, fight we, thirſtie of his bloud; no more let's feare to lay
Coſt on our lances; but approue, if bloudied with our ſpoiles,
He can beare glorie to their fleete, or ſhut vp all their toiles,
In his one ſufferance on thy lance. With this deceit, ſhe led;
Hector to Achilles. And (both come neare) thus *Hector* ſpake: Thrice I haue compaſſed
This great towne (*Peleus* ſonne) in flight, with auerſation,
That out of Fate put off my ſteps; but now, all flight is flowne;
The ſhort courſe ſet vp; death or life. Our reſolutions yet,
Muſt ſhun all rudeneſſe; and the gods, before our valour ſet,
For vſe of victorie; and they, being worthieſt witneſſes
Of all vowes; ſince they keepe vowes beſt; before their deities,
Let vowes of fit reſpect, paſſe both; when *Conqueſt* hath beſtow'd

Her wreath on either. Here I vow, no furie ſhall be ſhow'd,
That is not manly, on thy corſe; but, hauing ſpoil'd thy armes,
Reſigne thy perſon; which ſweare thou. Theſe faire and temperate termes,
Farre fled *Achilles*; his browes bent; and out flew this reply.

Achilles ſterne reply to Hector.

Hector, thou onely peſtilence, in all mortalitie,
To my fere ſpirits; neuer ſet, the point twixt thee and me
Any conditions; but as farre, as men and Lions flie,
All termes of couenant; lambes and wolues: in ſo farre oppoſite ſtate,
(Impoſſible for loue t'attone) ſtand we; till our ſoules ſatiate
The god of ſouldiers; do not dreame, that our diſiunction can
Endure condition. Therefore now, all worth that fits a man,
Call to thee; all particular parts, that fit a ſouldier;
And they, all this include, (beſides, the skill, and ſpirit of warre)
Hunger for ſlaughter; and a hate, that eates thy heart, to eate
Thy foes heart. This ſtirs; this ſupplies, in death, the killing heate;
And all this needſt thou. No more flight; *Pallas Athenia*
Will quickly caſt thee to my lance; now, now together draw
All griefes for vengeance; both in me, and all my friends late dead
That bled thee; raging with thy lance. This ſaid, he brandiſhed
His long lance; and away it ſung: which, *Hector* giuing view,

Achilles for 2 encounter with Hector.

Stoupt low, ſtood firme, (foreſeeing it beſt) and quite it ouerflew,
Faſtening on earth. * *Athenia*, drew it, and gaue her friend,
Vnſeene of *Hector*. *Hector* then, thus ſpake: Thou want'ſt thy end,
(God like *Achilles*:) now I ſee, thou haſt not learn'd my fate,
Or *Ioue* at all; as thy high words, would brauely intimate;
Much tongue affects thee; cunning words, well ſerue thee to prepare
Thy blowes with threats, that mine might faint, with want of ſpirit to dare;
But my backe neuer turnes with breath; it was not borne to beare
Burthens of wounds; ſtrike home, before; driue at my breaſt thy ſpeare,
As mine at thine ſhall; and trie then, if heauens will fauor thee
With ſcape of my lance; O would *Ioue*, would take it after me,
And make thy boſome take it all; an eaſie end would crowne
Our difficult warres, were thy ſoule fled; thou moſt bane of our towne.

* *Pallas.*

Hector at Achilles.

Thus flew his dart, toucht at the midſt, of his vaſt ſhield, and flew
A huge way from it; but his heart, wrath enterd with the view
Of that hard ſcape; and heauie thoughts, ſtrooke through him, when he ſpide
His brother vaniſht; and no lance, beſide left; out he cride,

Hectors amaze with the deceit of Pallas.

Deiphobus! another lance. Lance, nor *Deiphobus*
Stood neare his call. And then his mind, ſaw all things ominous,
And thus ſuggeſted: Woe is me; the gods haue cald, and I
Muſt meete *Death* here; *Deiphobus*, I well hop't had bene by,
With his white ſhield; but our ſtrong wals, ſhield him; and this deceit
Flowes from *Minerua*; now, ô now, ill death comes; no more flight,
No more recouerie: O *Ioue*, this hath bene otherwiſe;
Thy bright ſonne, and thy ſelfe, haue ſet, the *Greeks* a greater priſe
Of *Hectors* bloud then now; of which, (euen iealous) you had care;
But Fate now conquers; I am hers; and yet, not ſhe ſhall ſhare
In my renowme; that life is left, to euery noble ſpirit;

And

And that, ſome great deed ſhall beget; that all liues ſhall inherit.
Thus, forth his ſword flew, ſharpe and broad, and bore a deadly weight;
With which, he ruſht in: And looke how, an Eagle from her height,

The laſt encounter of Achilles and Hector.

Stoopes to the rapture of a Lambe; or cuffes a timorous Hare:
So fell in *Hector*; and at him, *Achilles*; his minds fare,
Was fierce and mightie: his ſhield caſt, a Sun-like radiance;
Helme nodded; and his foure plumes ſhooke; and when he raiſde his lance,
Vp *Heſperus* roſe, amongſt th'euening ſtarres. His bright and ſparkling eies,
Lookt through the body of his foe; and ſought through all that priſe,
The next way to his thirſted life. Of all wayes, onely one
Appear'd to him; and thas was, where, th'vnequall winding bone,
That ioynes the ſhoulders and the necke, had place; and where there lay
The ſpeeding way to death: and there, his quicke eye could diſplay
The place it ſought; euen through thoſe armes, his friend *Patroclus* wore,
When *Hector* ſlue him. There he aim'd, and there his iauelin tore
Sterne paſſage quite through *Hectors* necke; yet miſt it ſo his throte,
It gaue him powre to change ſome words; but downe to earth it got

Hector wounded to death. Achilles inſultation.

His fainting bodie. Then triumpht, diuine *Æacides*;
Hector, (ſaid he) thy heart ſuppoſde, that in my friends deceaſſe,
Thy life was ſafe; my abſent arme, not car'd for: Foole! he left
One at the fleete, that better'd him; and he it is that reft
Thy ſtrong knees thus; and now the dogs, and fowles, in fouleſt vſe
Shall teare thee vp; thy corſe expoſde, to all the *Greeks* abuſe.
He, fainting, ſaid: Let me implore, euen by thy knees, and ſoule,

Hectors dying requeſt to Achilles.

And thy great parents; do not ſee, a crueltie ſo foule
Inflicted on me; braſſe and gold, receiue at any rate,
And quit my perſon; that the Peeres, and Ladies of our ſtate,
May tombe it; and to ſacred fire, turne thy prophane decrees.
Dog, (he replied) vrge not my ruth, by parents, ſoule, nor knees;

Achilles inflexibilitie.

I would to God that any rage, would let me eate thee raw,
Slic't into peeces; ſo beyond, the right of any law,
I taſt thy merits; and beleeue, it flies the force of man,
To refeue thy head from the dogs. Giue all the gold they can;
Iften or twentie times ſo much, as friends would rate thy price,
Were tenderd here; with vowes of more; to buy the cruelties
Here haue vow'd; and after that, thy father with his gold
Would free thy ſelfe; all that ſhould faile, to let thy mother hold
Solemnities of death with thee; and do thee ſuch a grace,
To mourne thy whole corſe on a bed; which peecemeale Ile deface
With fowles and dogs. He (dying) ſaid: I (knowing thee well) foreſaw
Thy now tried tyrannie; nor hop't, for any other law,
Of nature, or of nations: and that feare, forc't much more
Then death, my flight; which neuer toucht, at *Hectors* foote before.

Hectors prophecy of Achilles death

A ſoule of iron informes thee; marke, what vengeance th'equall fates
Will giue me of thee, for this rage; when in the Scæan gates,
Phœbus and *Paris* meete with thee. Thus deaths hand cloſde his eyes;
His ſoule flying his faire lims, to hell; mourning his deſtinies,
To part ſo with his youth and ſtrength. Thus dead; thus *Thetis* ſonne,

His prophecie anſwer'd: Die thou now; when my ſhort thred is ſpunne,
Ile beare it as the will of *Ioue*. This ſaid, his brazen ſpeare,
He drew, and ſtucke by: then his armes (that all embrewed were)
He ſpoil'd his ſhoulders off. Then all, the *Greeks* ran in to him,
The Greeks admiration of Hectors perſon beeing ſlaine. To ſee his perſon; and admir'd, his terror-ſtirring lim:
Yet none ſtood by, that gaue no wound, to his ſo goodly forme;
When each to other ſaid: O *Ioue*, he is not in the ſtorme,
He came to fleete in, with his fire; he handles now more ſoft.
O friends, (ſaid ſterne *Æacides*) now that the gods haue brought
Achilles to the Grecians. This man thus downe; Ile freely ſay, he brought more bane to *Greece*,
Then all his aiders. Trie we then, (thus arm'd at euery peece,
And girding all *Troy* with our hoſt) if now their hearts will leaue
Their citie cleare; her cleare ſtay ſlaine; and all their liues receaue;
Or hold yet, *Hector* being no more. But why vſe I a word
Of any act, but what concernes, my friends? dead, vndeplor'd,
Vnſepulcherd; he lies at fleete, vnthought on; neuer houre
Shall make his dead ſtate, while the quicke, enioyes me; and this powre,
To moue theſe mouers. Though in hell, men ſay, that ſuch as die,
Obliuion ſeiſeth; yet in hell, in me ſhall *Memorie*
Hold all her formes ſtill, of my friend. Now, (youths of *Greece*) to fleete
Beare we this body; *Pæans* ſing; and all our nauie greete
With endleſſe honor; we haue ſlaine, *Hector*, the period
Of all *Troys* glorie; to whoſe worth, all vow'd, as to a god.
Achilles tyranny to Hectors perſon, which we lay on his fury, and loue to his ſame friend, for whom himſelfe liuing, ſuffered ſo much. This ſaid; a worke, not worthy him, he ſet to: of both feete,
He bor'd the nerues through, from the heele, to th'ankle; and then knit
Both to his chariot, with a thong, of whitleather; his head
Trailing the center. Vp he got, to chariot; where he laid
The armes repurchac't; and ſcourg'd on, his horſe, that freely flew.
A whirlewind made of ſtartl'd duſt, draue with them, as they drew;
With which were all his black-browne curls, knotted in heapes, and fil'd.
And there lay *Troys* late Gracious; by *Iupiter* exil'd
To all diſgrace, in his owne land, and by his parents ſeene.
When (like her ſonnes head) all with duſt, *Troys* miſerable Queene,
Diſtain'd her temples; plucking off, her honor'd haire; and tore
Her royall garments, ſhricking out. In like kind, *Priam* bore
His ſacred perſon; like a wretch, that neuer ſaw good day,
Broken, with outcries. About both, the people proſtrate lay;
Priam and Hecubas miſerable plight for Hector Held downe with *Clamor*; all the towne, vail'd with a cloud of teares.
Ilion, with all his tops on fire, and all the maſſacres,
Left for the *Greeks*, could put on lookes, of no more ouerthrow
Then now fraid life. And yet the king, did all their lookes outſhow.
The wretched people could not beare, his ſoueraigne wretchednes,
Plaguing himſelfe ſo; thruſting out, and praying all the preaſſe
To open him the Dardan ports; that he alone might fetche
His deareſt ſonne in; and (all fil'd, with tumbling) did beſeech
Priam to his friend. Each man by name, thus: Loued friends, be you content; let me
(Though much ye grieue) be that poore meane, to our ſad remedie,
Now in our wiſhes; I will go, and pray this impious man,

Author

(Author of horrors) making proofe, if ages reuerence can
Excite his pitie. His owne ſire, is old like me; and he,
That got him to our griefes; perhaps, may (for my likeneſſe) be
Meane for our ruth to him. Ahlas, you haue no cauſe of cares,
Compar'd with me; I, many ſonnes, grac't, with their freſheſt yeares
Haue loſt by him: and all their deaths, in ſlaughter of this one,
(Afflicted man) are doubl'd: this, will bitterly ſet gone
My ſoule to hell. O would to heauen, I could but hold him dead
In theſe pin'd armes: then teares, on teares, might fall, till all were ſhed
In common fortune. Now amaze, their naturall courſe doth ſtop,
And pricks a mad veine. Thus he mourn'd; and with him, all brake ope
Their ſtore of ſorrowes. The poore Queene, amongſt the women wept, *Hecubas complaint for Hector.*
Turn'd into anguiſh: O my ſonne, (ſhe cried out) why, ſtill kept,
Patient of horrors, is my life, when thine is vaniſhed?
My dayes thou glorifiedſt; my nights, rung of ſome honour'd deed,
Done by thy vertues: ioy to me, profite to all our care.
All made a god of thee; and thou, mad'ſt them, all that they are.
Now vnder fate, now dead. Theſe two, thus vented as they could,
Their ſorrowes furnace. *Hectors* wife, not hauing yet bene told
So much, as of his ſtay without. She in her chamber cloſe,
Sate at her Loome: a peece of worke, grac't with a both ſides gloſſe,
Strew'd curiouſly with varied flowres, her pleaſure was; her care,
To heate a Caldron for her Lord, to bath him, turn'd from warre:
Of which, ſhe chiefe charge gaue her maides. Poore Dame, ſhe little knew
How much her cares lackt of his caſe. But now the *Clamor* flew
Vp to her turret: then ſhe ſhooke; her worke fell from her hand,
And vp ſhe ſtarted, cald her maides; ſhe needs muſt vnderſtand
That ominous outcrie. Come (ſaid ſhe) I heare through all this crie
My mothers voyce ſhrieke; to my throte, my heart bounds; Eceſtaſie
Vtterly alters me: ſome fate, is neare the hapleſſe ſonnes
Of fading *Priam*: would to god, my words ſuſpicions
No eare had heard yet: O I feare, and that moſt heartily;
That with ſome ſtratageme, the ſonne, of *Peleus* hath put by
The wall of *Ilion*, my Lord; and (truſty of his feet)
Obtaind the chaſe of him alone; and now the curious heate
Of his ſtill deſperate ſpirit is cool'd. It let him neuer keep
In guard of others; before all, his violent foote muſt ſtep,
Or his place, forfeited he held. Thus furie-like ſhe went,
Two women (as ſhe will'd) at hand; and made her quicke aſcent
Vp to the towre, and preaſſe of men; her ſpirit in vprore. Round
She caſt her greedy eye, and ſaw, her *Hector* ſlaine, and bound
T'*Achilles* chariot; manleſly, dragg'd to the *Grecian* fleet.
Blacke night ſtrooke through her; vnder her, *Trance* tooke away her feet,
And backe ſhe ſtrunke, with ſuch a ſway; that off her head-tire flew;
Her Coronet, Call, Ribands, Vaile, that golden *Venus* threw
On her white ſhoulders; that high day, when warre-like *Hector* wonne
Her hand in nuptials, in the Court, of king *Eetion*;
And that great dowre, then giuen with her. About her, on their knees,

Her husbands ſiſters, brothers wiues, fell round, and by degrees
Recouerd her. Then, when againe, her reſpirations found
Free paſſe, (her mind and ſpirit met) theſe thoughts her words did ſound.
Andromathes complaint for Hector.
O *Hector*, O me curſed dame; both borne beneath one fate:
Thou here, I in *Cilician Thebes*; where *Placus* doth elate,
His ſhadie forehead, in the Court, where king *Eetion*,
(Hapleſſe) begot vnhappy me; which would he had not done,
To liue paſt thee: thou now art diu'd, to *Putos* gloomie throne,
Sunke through the couerts of the earth: I, in a hell of mone,
Left here thy widdow: one poore babe, borne to vnhappy both,
Whom thou leau'ſt helpleſſe, as he thee; he borne to all the wroth
Of woe, and labour. Lands left him, will others ſeiſe vpon:
The Orphan day, of all friends helps, robs euery mothers ſon.
An Orphan, all men ſuffer ſad; his eyes ſtand ſtill with teares.
Need tries his fathers friends; and failes. Of all his fauourers
If one the cup giues, tis not long; the wine he finds in it,
Scarce moiſts his palate: if he chance, to gaine the grace, to ſit;
Suruiuing fathers ſonnes repine; vſe contumelies, ſtrike,
Bid, leaue vs; where's thy fathers place? He (weeping with diſlike)
Retires to me. To me, ahlas, *Aſtyanax* is he
Borne to theſe miſeries. He that late, fed on his fathers knee,
To whom all knees bow'd; daintieſt fare, appoſde him; and when *Sleepe*
Lay on his temples, his cries ſtill'd (his heart, euen laid in ſteepe,
Of all things precious) a ſoft bed; a carefull nurſes armes
Tooke him to guardiance; but now, as huge a world of harmes,
Lies on his ſuffrance; now thou wantſt, thy fathers hand to friend:
O my *Aſtyanax*, O my Lord; thy hand that did defend,
Theſe gates of *Ilion*: theſe long walls, by thy arme, meaſur'd ſtill,
Amply, and onely: yet at fleete, thy naked corſe muſt fill
Vile wormes, when dogs are ſatiate; farre from thy parents care;
Farre from thoſe funerall ornaments; that thy mind would prepare,
(So ſodaine being the chance of armes) euer expecting death.
Andromache wrought many funerall ornaments for Hector before his death.
Which taske (though my heart would not ſerue, t'employ my hands beneath)
I made my women yet performe. Many, and much in price
Were thoſe integuments they wrought, t'adorne thy Exequies:
Which, ſince they flie thy vſe, thy Corſe, not laid in their attire;
Thy ſacrifice they ſhall be made; theſe hands in miſchieuous fire
Shall vent their vanities. And yet, (being conſecrate to thee)
They ſhall be kept for citizens; and their faire wiues, to ſee.
Thus ſpake ſhee weeping; all the dames, endeuouring to cheare
Her deſert ſtate; (fearing their owne) wept with her teare for teare.

The end of the two and twentieth Booke.

THE

THE XXIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

ACHilles *orders Iuſts of exequies*
For his Patroclus; *and doth ſacrifice*
Twelue Troian *Princes; moſt lou'd hounds and horſe:*
And other offerings, to the honour'd Corſe.
He inſtitutes, beſides, a funerall game;
Where Diomed, *for horſe-race, wins the fame:*
For foote, Vlyſſes; *others otherwiſe*
Striue, and obtaine: and end the exequies.

Another Argument.

Pſi, *ſings the rites of the deceaſe*
Ord'ned by great Æacides.

THus mourn'd all *Troy*: but when at fleet, and *Helleſpontus* ſhore,
The *Grecks* arriu'd, each to his ſhip: onely the Conqueror
Kept vndiſperſt his *Myrmidons*: and ſaid, Lou'd countrimen, *Achilles to his Myrmidons.*
Diſioyne not we, chariots, and horſe: but (bearing hard our reine)
With ſtate of both; march ſoft, and cloſe, and mourne about the corſe:
Tis proper honour to the dead. Then take we out our horſe;
When with our friends kinds woe, our hearts, haue felt delight to do
A virtuous ſoule right, and then ſup. This ſaid, all full of woe,
Circl'd the Corſe. *Achilles* led, and thriſe about him, cloſe
All bore their goodly coted horſe. Amongſt all, *Thetis* roſe,
And ſtirr'd vp a delight, in griefe; till all their armes with teares
And all the ſands, were wet: ſo much, they lou'd that Lord of *Feares*.
Then to the center fell the Prince; and (putting in the breaſt)
Of his ſlaine friend, his ſlaughtring hands;) began to all the reſt
Words to their teares. Reioyce (ſaid he) O my *Patroclus*: Thou *Achilles to the perſon of Patroclus.*
Courted by *Dis* now: now I pay, to thy late ouerthrow,
All my reuenges vow'd before; *Hector* lies ſlaughterd here
Dragd at my chariot; and our dogs, ſhall all in peeces teare
His hated limbs. Twelue *Troian* youths, borne of their nobleſt ſtraines,
I tooke aliue: and (yet enrag'd) will emptie all their vaines
Of vitall ſpirits; ſacrifiſde, before thy heape of fire.
This ſaid, a worke vnworthy him, he put vpon his ire,
And trampl'd *Hector* vnder foote, at his friends feet. The reſt
Diſarm'd; tooke horſe from chariot, and all to ſl epe addreſt,
At his blacke veſſell. Infinite, were thoſe that reſted there.

Himſelfe

Himſelfe yet ſleepes not; now his ſpirits, were wrought about the there,
Fit for ſo high a funerall. About the ſteele vſde then,
Oxen in heapes lay bellowing; preparing food for men.
Bleating of ſheepe, and goates, fild aire; numbers of white-tooth'd ſwine,
(Swimming in fat) lay ſindging there: the perſon of the ſlaine
Was girt with ſlaughter. All this done, all the *Greeke* kings conuaid
Achilles to the king of men; his rage, not yet allaid,
For his *Patroclus*. Being arriu'd, at *Agamemnons* tent;
Himſelfe bad Heralds put to fire, a Caldron; and preſent
The ſeruice of it to the Prince; to trie if they could win
His pleaſure, to admit their paines, to cleanſe the blood ſok't in
About his conquering hands, and browes. Not, by the king of heauen
Achilles ouerhea-ring, vſed this abruption. (He ſwore). The lawes of friendſhip damne, this falſe-heart licence giuen
To men that loſe friends: not a drop, ſhall touch me till I put
Patroclus in the funerall pile; before theſe curles be cut
His tombe erected. Tis the laſt, of all care, I ſhall take,
While I conſort the carefull: yet, for your entreaties ſake,
(And though I lothe food) I will eate: but early in the morne,
Atrides, vſe your ſtrict command, that lodes of wood be borne
To our deſign'd place; all that fits, to light home ſuch a one,
As is to paſſe the ſhades of *Death*; that fire enough, ſet gone
His perſon quickly from our eyes; and our diuerted men
May plie their buſineſſe. This all cares, did freely entertaine,
And found obſeruance. Then they ſupt, with all things fit; and all
Repair'd to tents and reſt. The friend, the ſhores maritimall,
Achilles retreates from company to the ſea-ſhore. Sought for his bed, and found a place, faire, and vpon which plaide
The murmuring billowes. There, his lims, to reſt, not ſleepe, he laid,
Heauily ſighing. Round about (ſilent, and not too neare)
Stood all his *Myrmidons*; when ſtraite, (ſo ouer-labour'd were
His goodly lineaments, with chace, of *Hector*; that beyond
His reſolution not to ſleepe:) *Sleepe* caſt his ſodaine bond
Ouer his ſenſe, and loſde his care. Then, of his wretched friend,
Patroclus appeares to Achilles ſleeping. The ſoule appear'd; at euery part, the forme did comprehend
His likeneſſe; his faire eyes, his voice, his ſtature; euery weed
His perſon wore, it fantaſed; and ſtood aboue his head,
This ſad ſpeech vttering: Doſt thou ſleepe? *Æacides*, am I
Forgotten of thee? Being aliue, I found thy memorie
Euer reſpectfull: but now dead, thy dying loue abates.
Interre me quickly; enter me, in *Plutoes* iron gates;
For now, the ſoules (the ſhades) of men, fled from this being, beate
My ſpirit from reſt; and ſtay, my much deſir'd receipt
Amongſt ſoules, plac't beyond the flood. Now euery way I erre
About this brode-dor'd houſe of *Dis*. O helpe then, to preferre
My ſoule yet further; here I mourne: but had the funerall fire
Conſum'd my bodie; neuer more, my ſpirit ſhould retire
From hels low region: from thence, ſoules neuer are retriu'd
To talke with friends here; nor ſhall I; a hatefull fate depriu'd
My being here; that at my birth, was fixt; and to ſuch fate,

Euen

Euen thou, ô god-like man, art markt; the deadly *Ilion* gate,
Muſt entertaine thy death. O then, I charge thee now, take care
That our bones part not: but as life, combinde in equall fare,
Our louing beings; ſo let *Death*. When, from *Opuntus* towres,
My father brought me, to your roofes, (ſince (gainſt my will) my powres
Incenſt, and indiſcreet, at dice, ſlue faire *Amphidamas*)
Then *Peleus* entertaind me well; then in thy charge I was
By his iniunction, and thy loue: and therein, let me ſtill
Receiue protection. Both our bones, prouide, in thy laſt Will,
That one Vrne may containe; and make, that veſſell all of gold,
That *Thetis* gaue thee; that rich Vrne. This ſaid; *Sleepe* ceaſt to hold
Achilles waking to the ſhade of Patroclus. *Achilles* temples; and the ſhade, thus he recciu'd: O friend,
What needed theſe commands? my care, before, meant to commend
My bones to thine, and in that Vrne. Be ſure, thy will is done.
A little ſtay yet, lets delight, with ſome full paſſion
Of woe enough; either's affects, embrace we. Opening thus
His greedie armes; he felt no friend: like matter vaporous
The ſpirit vaniſht vnder earth, and murmur'd in his ſtoope.
Achilles ſtarted; both his hands, he clapt, and lifted vp,
In this ſort wondring; O ye gods, I ſee we haue a ſoule
Achilles his diſcourſe with him ſelfe about the apparition of Patroclus ſhade. In th'vnderdwellings; and a kind, of man-reſembling idole:
The ſoules ſeate yet, all matter felt, ſtaies with the carkaſſe here.
O friends, hapleſſe *Patroclus* ſoule, did all this night appeare,
Weeping, and making mone to me; commanding euery thing
That I intended towards him; ſo truly figuring
Himſelfe at all parts, as was ſtrange. This accident did turne
To much more ſorrow; and begat, a greedineſſe to mourne
In all that heard. When mourning thus, the roſie morne aroſe:
The morning. And *Agamemnon*, through the tents, wak't aids; and did diſpoſe,
Agamemnon ſends out compa-nies to fetch fewell for the funerall heape, of which company Meriones was Captaine. Both men and Mules for cariage, of matter for the fire.
Of all which worke, *Meriones*, (the *Cretan* ſoueraigns ſquire)
Was Captaine, and abrode they went. Wood-cutting tooles they bore;
Of all hands, and well-twiſted cords. The Mules marcht all before.
Vp hill, and downe hill; ouerthwarts, and breake-necke clifts they paſt:
But when the fountfull *Idæa* tops, they ſcal'd, with vtmoſt haſte,
All fell vpon the high-hair'd Okes; and downe their curled browes
Fell buſling to the earth: and vp, went all the boles and bowes,
Bound to the Mules; and backe againe, they parted the harſh way
Amongſt them, through the tangling ſhrubs; and long they thought the day,
Till in the plaine field all arriu'd: for all the woodmen bore
Logs on their neckes; *Meriones*, would haue it ſo: the ſhore
At laſt they reacht yet; and then, downe, their cariages they caſt,
And ſat vpon them; where the ſonne, of *Peleus* had plac't,
The ground for his great ſepulcher, and for his friends, in one.
They raiſd a huge pile; and to armes, went euery *Myrmidon*,
Charg'd by *Achilles*; chariots, and horſe were harneſſed;
Fighters and charitoters got vp; and they, the ſad march led:
A cloude of infinite foote behind. In midſt of all was borne

Patroclus

Patroclus perſon, by his Peeres: on him, were all heads ſhorne;
Euen till they couer'd him with curles. Next to him, matcht his friend
Embracing his cold necke, all ſad; ſince now he was to ſend,
His deareſt, to his endleſſe home. Attir'd all, where the wood,
Was heapt for funerall, they ſet downe. Apart *Achilles* ſtood;
Achilles cuts his haire ouer his friends body. And when enough wood was heapt on, he cut his golden haire;
Long kept, for *Sperchius*, the flood; in hope of ſafe repaire
To *Phthia*, by that riuers powre, but now, left hop-leſſe thus,
(Enrag'd, and looking on the ſea) he cried out: *Sperchius*;
In vaine, my fathers pietie, vow'd; (at my implor'd returne,
To my lou'd countrie) that theſe curls, ſhould on thy ſhores be ſhorne.
Beſides a ſacred Hecatombe; and ſacrifice beſide,
Of fiftie Weathers; at thoſe founts, where men haue edifide
A lottie temple; and perfum'd, an altar to thy name.
There vow'd he all theſe offerings; but fate preuents thy fame;
His hopes not ſuffering ſatisfied: and ſince, I neuer more
Shall ſee my lou'd ſoyle; my friends hands, ſhall to the *Stygian* ſhore
Conuey theſe Treſſes. Thus he put, in his friends hands the haire.
And this bred freſh deſire of mone; and in that ſad affaire,
The Sunne had ſet amongſt them all; had *Thetis* ſonne not ſpoke
Achilles to Agamemnon. Thus to *Atrides*: King of men, thy aide I ſtill inuoke,
Since thy Command, all men ſtill heare; diſmiſſe thy ſouldiers now,
And let them viſite; they haue mourn'd, ſufficient; tis we owe
The dead this honour; and with vs, let all the Captaines ſtay.
This heard; *Atrides* inſtantly, the ſouldiers ſent away;
The funerall officers remain'd, and heapt on matter ſtill,
Till, of an hundred foote about, they made the funerall pile:
In whoſe hote height, they caſt the Corſe; and then they pour'd on teares.
Numbers of fat ſheepe, and like ſtore, of crooked-going ſteres,
They ſlue before the ſolemne fire: ſtript off their hides and dreſt.
Of which, *Achilles* tooke the fat; and couer'd the deceaſt
From head to foote: and round about, he made the officers pile
The beaſts nak't bodyes; veſſels full, of honey, and of oyle,
Pour'd in them, laide vpon a bere; and caſt into the fire.
Foure goodly horſe; and of nine hounds, two moſt in the deſire
Of that great Prince, and trencher-fed; all fed that hungry flame.
Twelue Princes ſacrifided on the funerall pile of Patroclus. Twelue *Troian* Princes laſt ſtood foorth; yong, and of toward fame:
All which, (ſet on with wicked ſpirits) there ſtrooke he, there he ſlew.
And to the iron ſtrength of fire, their noble lims he threw.
Then breath'd his laſt ſighes, and theſe words: Againe reioyce my friend,
Euen in the ioyleſſe depth of hell: now giue I complete end
To all my vowes. Alone thy life, ſuſtain'd not violence;
Twelue *Troian* Princes waite on thee, and labour to incenſe
Thy glorious heape of funerall. Great *Hector* Ile excuſe,
The dogs ſhall eate him. Theſe high threates, perform'd not their abuſe;
Iowes daughter, *Venus*, tooke the guard, of noble *Hectors* Corſe,
And kept the dogs off: night, and day, applying ſoueraigne force
Of roſie balmes; that to the dogs, were horrible in taſt:

And

And with which ſhe the body fild. Renown'd *Apollo* caſt
A cloude from heauen; left with the Sunne, the nerues and lineaments
Might drie, and putrifie. And now, ſome powres denide conſents
To this ſolemnitie: the fire, (for all the oyly fewell
It had iniected) would not burne; and then the louing Cruell
Studied for helpe, and ſtanding off; inuokt the two faire winds
(*Zephyr* and *Boreas*) to affoord, the rage of both their kinds,
To aid his outrage. Precious gifts, his earneſt zeale did vow,
Powr'd from a golden bowle much wine; and prayde them both to blow
That quickly, his friends Corſe might burne; and that heapes ſturdy breaſt
Embrace *Conſumption*. *Iris* heard; The winds were at a feaſt;
All in the Court of *Zephyrus* (that boiſterous blowing aire) *Iris to the winds.*
Gather'd together. She that weares, the thouſand-colourd haire,
Flew thither, ſtanding in the porch. They (ſeeing her) all aroſe;
Cald to her; euery one deſir'd: ſhe would a while repoſe,
And eate with them. She anſwerd; No, no place of ſeate is here;
Retreate cals to the *Ocean*, and *Æthiopia*; where
A Hecatombe is offering now, to heauen: and there muſt I
Partake the feaſt of ſacrifice; I come to ſignifie
That *Thetis* ſonne implores your aides (Princes of *North* and *Weſt*) *The North and Weſt wind ſite to incenſe the funerall pile.*
With vowes of much faire ſacrifice; if each, will ſet his breaſt
Againſt his heape of funerall, and make it quickly burne;
Patroclus lies there; whoſe deceaſſe, all the *Achaians* mourne.
She ſaid, and parted; and out ruſht, with an vnmeaſur'd rore,
Thoſe two winds, tumbling clouds in heapes; vſhers to eithers blore.
And inſtantly they reacht the ſea. Vp flew the waues; the gale
Was ſtrong; reacht fruitfull *Troy*; and full, vpon the fire they fall.
The huge heape thunderd. All night long, from his chok't breaſt they blew
A liberall flame vp; and all night, ſwift-foote *Achilles* threw
Wine from a golden bowle, on earth; and ſteept the ſoyle in wine,
Still calling on *Patroclus* ſoule. No father could incline
More to a ſonne moſt deare; nor more, mourne at his burned bones,
Then did the great Prince, to his friend, at his combuſtions;
Still creeping neare and neare the heape; ſtill ſighing, weeping ſtill:
But when the day ſtarre look't abrode, and promiſt from his hill *The morning.*
Light, which the ſaffron morne made good, and ſprinkl'd on the ſeas;
Then languiſht the great pile; then ſunke, the flames; and then calme *Peace*
Turn'd backe the rough winds to their homes, the *Thracian* billow rings
Their high retreate; ruſſl'd with cuffes, of their triumphant wings.
Pelides then forſooke the pile; and to his tired limme
Chuſd place of reſt; where laide, ſweete ſleepe, fell to his wiſh on him.
When all the kings guard (waiting then, perceiuing will to riſe
In that great Seſſion,) hurried in, and op't againe his eyes
With tumult of their troope, and haſte. A little then he rear'd
His troubled perſon; ſitting vp, and this affaire referd,
To wiſht commandment of the kings; *Atrides*, and the reſt
Of our Commanders generall, vouchſafe me this requeſt *Achilles to Agamemnon and the other kings.*
Before your parting: Giue in charge, the quenching with blacke wine,

Of this heapes reliques; euery brand, the yellow fire made ſhine.
And then, let ſearch *Patroclus* bones, diſtinguiſhing them well;
As well ye may; they kept the midſt: the reſt, at randome fell,
About th'extreme part of the pile; Mens bones, and horſes mixt.
Being found, Ile finde an vrne of gold, t'encloſe them; and betwixt
The aire and them; two kels of fat, lay on them; and to *Reſt*
Commit them, till mine owne bones ſeale, our loue; my ſoule deceaſt.
The ſepulcher, I haue not charg'd, to make of too much ſtate;
But of a modell ſomething meane: that you of yonger Fate,
(When I am gone) may amplifie; with ſuch a bredth and height,
As fits your iudgements, and our worths. This charge receiu'd his weight
In all obſeruance: firſt they quencht, with ſable wine, the heape,
As farre as it had fed the flame. The aſh fell wondrous deepe,
In which, his conſorts, that his life, religiouſly lou'd,
Searcht, weeping, for his bones; which found, they conſcionably prou'd
His will, made to *Æacides*; and what his loue did adde.
A golden veſſell, double fat, containd them; all which (clad
In vailes of linnen, pure and rich) were ſolemnly conuaid
T'*Achilles* tent. The platforme then, about the pile they laid,
Of his fit ſepulcher; and raiſd, a heape of earth; and then
Offerd departure. But the Prince, retaind there ſtill his men;
Employing them to fetch from fleete, rich Tripods for his games,
Caldrons, Horſe, Mules, brode-headed Beeues, bright ſteele, & brighter dames.
The beſt at horſe race, he ordain'd, a Lady for His priſe,
The games for Patroclus funerall. Generally praiſefull; faire, and yong, and skild in houſe wiſeries,
Of all kinds fitting; and withall, a Triuet, that encloſde
Twentie two meaſures roome: with eares. The next priſe he propoſde,
Was (that, which then had high reſpect) a mare of ſixe yeares old,
Vnhandl'd; horſed with a mule: and readie to haue foald.
The third game, was a Caldron, new, faire, bright, and could for fiſe
Containe two meaſures. For the fourth, two talents quantities,
Of fineſt gold. The fift game was, a great new ſtanding boule,
To ſet downe both waies. Theſe brought in, *Achilles* then ſtood vp,
And ſaid; *Atrides*, and my Lords, chiefe horſemen of our hoſt,
Achilles to the Grecian kings. Theſe games expect ye. If my ſelfe, ſhould interpoſe my moſt,
For our horſe race; I make no doubt, but I ſhould take againe
Theſe gifts propoſde. Ye all know well, of how diuine a ſtraine
My horſe are, and how eminent. Of *Neptunes* gift they are
To *Peleus*; and of his to me. My ſelfe then, will not ſhare
In gifts giuen others; nor my ſteeds, breathe any ſpirit to ſhake
Their airie paſterns; ſo they mourne, for their kind guiders ſake,
Late loſt; that vſde with humorous oyle, to ſlick their loftie manes;
Cleare water hauing cleanſd them firſt: and (his bane, being their banes)
Thoſe loftie manes now ſtrew the earth; their heads held ſhaken downe.
You then, that truſt in chariots, and hope with horſe to crowne
Your conquering temples; gird your ſelues; now fame and priſe ſtretch for,
All that haue ſpirits. This fit'd all; the firſt competitor
Was king *Eumelus*; whom the Art, of horſemanſhip did grace,

Sonne

Sonne to *Admetus*. Next to him, roſe *Diomed* to the race,
That vnder reines rul'd *Troian* horſe; of late, forc't from the ſonne
Of Lord *Anchiſes*; himſelfe freed, of neare confuſion
By *Phœbus*. Next to him ſet foorth, the yellow-headed king
Of *Lacedæmon*, *Ioues* high ſeed; and in his managing,
Podargus, and ſwift *Æthe* trod, ſteeds to the king of men.
Æthe, giuen by *Echepolus*; the *Anchiſiaden*,
As bribe to free him from the warre, reſolu'd for *Ilion*.
So *Delicacie* feaſted him; whom *Ioue* beſtow'd vpon
A mightie wealth; his dwelling was, in brode *Sicyone*.
Old *Neſtors* ſonne, *Antilochus*, was fourth for chiualrie
In thi- *Contention*: his faire horſe, were of the *Pylian* breed,
And his old father (coming neare) inform'd him (for good ſpeed)
With good Race notes; in which himſelfe, could good inſtruction giue.
Neſtor to his ſon Antilochus giues inſtructions for the race with chariots. *Antilochus*, though yong thou art; yet thy graue virtues liue
Belou'd of *Neptune*, and of *Ioue*: their ſpirits haue taught thee all
The art of horſemanſhip; for which, the leſſe thy merits fall
In need of doctrine. Well thy skill, can wield a chariot
In all fit turnings; yet thy horſe, their ſlow feet handle not,
As fits thy manage; which makes me, caſt doubts of thy ſucceſſe.
I well know, all theſe are not ſeene, in art of this addreſſe,
More then thy ſelfe: their horſes yet, ſuperior are to thine,
For their parts: thine want ſpeed to make, diſcharge of a deſigne
To pleaſe an *Artiſt*. But go on, ſhew but thy art and hart
At all points; and ſet them againſt, their horſes, heart, and art;
Good Iudges will not ſee thee loſe. A Carpenters deſert
Stands more in cunning then in powre. A Pylote doth auert
His veſſell from the rocke, and wracke, toſt with the churliſh winds,
By skill, not ſtrength: ſo ſorts it here; One chariotere that finds
Want of anothers powre in horſe, muſt in his owne skill ſet
An ouerplus of that, to that; and ſo the proofe will get
Skill, that ſtill reſts within a man, more grace, then powre without.
He that in horſe and chariots truſts, is often hurl'd about,
This way, and that, vnhandſomely; all heauen wide of his end.
He better skild, that rules worſe horſe, will all obſeruance bend,
Right on the ſcope ſtill of a Race; beare neare; know euer when to reine,
When giue reine, as his foe before, (well noted in his veine,
Of manage, and his ſteeds eſtate) preſents occaſion.
Ile giue thee inſtance now, as plaine, as if thou ſaw'ſt it done.
Here ſtands a drie ſtub of ſome tree, a cubite from the ground;
(Suppoſe the ſtub of Oake, or Larch; for either are ſo ſound
That neither rots with wet) two ſtones, white (marke you) white for view
A Cõment might well be beſtowed vpon this ſpeech of Neſtor. Parted on either ſide the ſtub; and theſe lay where they drew
The way into a ſtreight; the Race, betwixt both lying cleare.
Imagine them ſome monument, of one long ſince tomb'd there;
Or that they had bene liſts of race, for men of former yeares;
As now the liſts *Achilles* ſets, may ſerue for charioteres
Many yeares hence. When neare to theſe, the race growes; then as right,

Driue on them as thy eye can iudge; then lay thy bridles weight
Moſt of thy left ſide: thy right horſe, then ſwitching; all thy throte
(Spent in encouragments) giue him; and all the reine let flote
About his ſhoulders: thy neare horſe, will yet be he that gaue
Thy skill the prife; and him reine ſo, his head may touch the Naue
Of thy left wheele: but then take care, thou runſt not on the ſtone,
(With wracke of horſe and chariot) which ſo thou bear'ſt vpon.
Shipwracke within the hauen auoide, by all meanes; that will breed
Others delight, and thee a ſhame. Be wiſe then, and take heed
(My lou'd ſonne) get but to be firſt, at turning in the courſe;
He liues not that can cote thee then: not if he backt the horſe
The gods bred, and *Adraſtus* ow'd. Diuine *Arions* ſpeed,
Could not outpace thee; or the horſe, *Laomedon* did breed;
Whoſe race is famous, and fed here. Thus ſat *Neſtorides*,
Neſtors aged loue of ſpeech, makes him here briefly noted. When all that could be ſaid, was ſaid. And then *Meriones*
Set fitly forth his faire-man'd horſe. All leapt to chariot;
And euery man then for the ſtart, caſt in, his proper lot.
Achilles drew; *Antilochus*, the lot ſet foremoſt foorth;
Eumelus next; *Atrides* third; *Meriones* the fourth.
The fifth and laſt, was *Diomed*; farre firſt in excellence.
All ſtood in order, and the liſts, *Achilles* fixt farre thence
In plaine field; and a ſeate ordain'd, faſt by. In which he ſet
Thenix ſh eſe iudge of the beſt deſcouers into the race. Renowmed *Phœnix*, that in grace, of *Peleus* was ſo great;
To ſee the race, and giue a truth, of all their paſſages.
All ſtart together, ſcourg'd, and cried; and gaue their buſineſſe
Study and order. Through the field, they held a winged pace.
Beneath the boſome of their ſteeds, a duſt ſo dim'd the race:
It ſtood aboue their heads in clowds; or like to ſtormes amaz'd.
Manes flew like enſignes with the wind; the chariots ſometime graz'd,
And ſometimes iumpt vp to the aire; yet ſtill ſat faſt the men:
Their ſpirits euen panting in their breaſts, with feruour to obtaine.
But when they turn'd to fleet againe: then all mens skils were tride;
Then ſtretcht the paſternes of their ſteeds. *Eumelus* horſe in pride
Still bore their Soueraigne. After them, came *Diomeds* courſers cloſe,
Still apt to leape their chariot, and ready to repoſe
Vpon the ſhoulders of their king, their heads. His backe euen burn'd
With fire, that from their noſtrils flew. And then, their Lord had turn'd
The race for him, or giuen it doubt, if *Phœbus* had not ſmit
The ſcourge out of his hands; and teares, of helpleſſe wrath with it,
From forth his eyes; to ſee his horſe, for want of ſcourge, made ſlow;
And th'others (by *Apollos* helpe) with much more ſwiftneſſe go.
Apollos ſpite, *Pallas* diſcern'd, and flew to *Tydeus* ſonne;
His ſcourge reacht, and his horſe made freſh. Then tooke her angry runne
At king *Eumelus*; brake his geres; his mares on both ſides flew;
His draught tree fell to earth; and him, the toſt vp chariot threw
Downe to the earth; his elbowes torne; his forehead, all his face
Strooke at the center; his ſpeech loſt. And then the turned race
Fell to *Tydides*: before all, his conquering horſe he draue:

And

And firſt he glitter'd in the race: diuine *Athenia* gaue
Strength to his horſe, and fame to him. Next him, draue *Spartas* king.
Antilochus, his fathers horſe, then vrg'd, with all his ſting
Of ſcourge and voice. Runne low (ſaid he) ſtretch out your lims, and flie. *Antilochus to his ſteeds.*
With *Diomeds* horſe, I bid not ſtriue; nor with himſelfe ſtriue I.
Athenia wings his horſe, and him, renowmes. *Atrides* ſteeds
Are they ye muſt not faile but reach; and ſoone, leſt ſoone ſucceeds
The blot of all your fames: to yeeld, in ſwiftneſſe to a mare:
To femall *Æthe*. Whats the cauſe (ye beſt that euer were)
That thus ye faile vs? Be aſſur'd, that *Neſtors* loue ye loſe
For euer if ye faile his ſonne: through both your both ſides goes
His hote ſteele, if ye ſuffer me, to bring the laſt prife home.
Haſte, ouertake them inſtantly; we needs muſt ouercome.
This harſh way next vs: this my mind, will take; this I deſpiſe
For perill; this Ile creepe through; hard, the way to honor lies.
And that take I, and that ſhall yeeld. His horſe by all this knew
He was not pleaſde, and fear'd his voice; and for a while, they flew:
But ſtraite, more cleare, appear'd the ſtreight, *Antilochus* foreſaw;
It was a galpe the earth gaue, forc't, by humours, cold and raw,
Pour'd out of Winters watrie breaſt; met there, and cleauing deepe
All that neare paſſage to the liſts. This *Neſtors* ſonne would keepe,
And left the rode way, being about; *Atrides* fear'd, and cride:
Menelaus in feare to follow Antilochus, who ye may ſee playd vpon him. *Antilochus!* thy courſe is mad; containe thy horſe; we ride
A way moſt dangerous; turne head, betime take larger field,
We ſhall be ſplitted. *Neſtors* ſonne, with much more ſcourge impeld
His horſe, for this; as if not heard; and got as farre before,
As any youth can caſt a quoyte; *Atrides* would no more;
He backe againe, for feare himſelfe, his goodly chariot,
And horſe together, ſtrew'd the duſt; in being ſo duſtie hote,
Of thirſted conqueſt. But he chid, at parting, paſſing ſore:
Menelaus chides Antilochus. *Antilochus* (ſaid he) a worſe, then thee, earth neuer bore:
Farewell; we neuer thought thee wiſe, that were wiſe; but not ſo
Without othes, ſhall the wreath (be ſure) crowne thy mad temples, Go.
Yet he bethought him, and went too; thus ſtirring vp his ſteeds:
Leaue me not laſt thus, nor ſtand vext; let theſe faile in the ſpeeds
Of feet and knees; not you: ſhall theſe, theſe old iades, (paſt the flowre
Of youth, that you haue) paſſe you? This, the horſe fear'd, and more powre
Put to their knees; ſtraite getting ground. Both flew, and ſo the reſt;
All came in ſmokes, like ſpirits; the *Greeks*, (ſet to ſee who did beſt,
Without the race, aloft:) now made, a new diſcouerie,
Other then that they made at firſt; *Idomeneus* eye
Diſtinguiſht all; he knew the voice, of *Diomed*; ſeeing a horſe
Of ſpeciall marke, of colour bay, and was the firſt in courſe;
His forehead putting forth a ſtarre, round, like the Moone, and white.
Vp ſtood the *Cretan*, vttering this; Is it alone my ſight, *Idomeneus the king of Crete firſt diſcouers the runners.*
(Princes, and Captaines) that diſcernes, another leade the race,
With other horſe, then led of late? *Eumelus* made moſt pace,
With his fleete mares; and he began, the flexure, as we thought.

Now all the field I ſearch, and find, no where his view; hath nought
Befalne amiſſe to him: perhaps, he hath not with ſucceſſe
Perform'd his flexure: his reines loſt, or ſeate, or with the treſſe
His chariot faild him; and his mares, haue outraid with affright:
Stand vp, trie you your eyes; for mine, hold with the ſecond ſight.
This ſeemes to me, th'*Etolian* king; the *Tydean Diomed*.

Aiax Oileus angry with Idomeneus.

To you it ſeemes ſo, (ruſtickly) *Aiax Oileus* ſaid;
Your words are ſuited to your eyes. Thoſe mares leade ſtill, that led;
Eumelus owes them: and he ſtill, holds reines and place that did;
Not falne as you hop't: you muſt prate, before vs all, though laſt
In iudgement of all: y'are too old, your tongue goes ſtill too faſt;
You muſt not talke ſo. Here are thoſe, that better thee, and looke
For firſt place in the cenſure. This, *Idomeneus* tooke

Idomeneus to Aiax.

In much diſdaine; and thus replide: Thou beſt, in ſpeeches worſt;
Barbarous languag'd; others here, might haue reprou'd me firſt:
Not thou, vnfitſt of all. I hold, a Tripode with thee here,
Or Caldron; and our Generall make, our equall arbiter,
Thoſe horſe are firſt; that when thou paiſt, thou then maiſt know. This fir'd
Oileades more; and more then words, this quarell had inſpir'd,
Had not *Achilles* roſe; and vſde, this pacifying ſpeech.

Achilles pacifies Idomeneus and Aiax.

No more: away with words in warre, it toucheth both with breac'h
Of that which fits ye; your deſerts, ſhould others reprehend,
That giue ſuch foule termes: ſit ye ſtill, the men themſelues will end
The ſtrife betwixt you inſtantly; and eithers owne lode beare,
On his owne ſhoulders. Then to both, the firſt horſe will appeare,
And which is ſecond. Theſe words vſde, *Tydides* was at hand;
His horſe ranne high, glanc't on the way, and vp they toſt the ſand,
Thicke on their Coachman; on their pace, their chariot deckt with gold
Swiftly attended; no wheele ſeene, nor wheeles print in the mould
Impreſt behind them. Theſe horſe flew, a flight; not ranne a race.

The runners arriue at the races end.

Arriu'd; amids the liſts they ſtood; ſweate trickling downe apace
Their high manes, and their prominent breaſts; and downe iumpt *Diomed*,
Laid vp his ſcorge aloft the ſeate; and ſtraite his priſe was led
Home to his tent: rough *Sthenelus*, laid quicke hand on the dame,
And handled Triuet, and ſent both, home by his men. Next came
Antilochus, that wonne with wiles, not ſwiftneſſe of his horſe,
Precedence of the gold-lockt king; who yet maintaind the courſe
So cloſe, that not the kings owne horſe, gat more before the wheele
Of his rich chariot; that might ſtill, the infecution feele
With the extreme haires of his taile: (and that ſufficient cloſe
Held to his leader: no great ſpace, it let him interpoſe,
Conſiderd in ſo great a field.) Then *Neſtors* wilie ſonne
Gate of the king: now at his heeles, though at the breach he wonne
A quoytes caſt of him; which the king, againe, at th'inſtant gaind.
Æthe, *Agamemnonides*, that was ſo richly maind,
Gat ſtrength ſtill, as ſhe ſpent; which words, her worth had prou'd with deeds,
Had more ground bene allow'd the race; and coted farre, his ſteeds,
No queſtion leauing for the priſe. And now *Meriones*,

A darts caſt came behind the king; his horſe of ſpeed much leſſe;
Himſelfe leſſe skild t'importune them; and giue a chariot wing.
Admetus ſonne was laſt; whoſe plight, *Achilles* pittying,
Thus ſpake: Beſt man comes laſt; yet Right, muſt ſee his priſe not leaſt;

Achilles ſentence.

The ſecond, his deſerts muſt beare; and *Diomed* the beſt.
He ſaid, and all allow'd; and ſure, the mare had bene his owne,
Had not *Antilochus* ſtood forth; and in his anſwer ſhowne,
Good reaſon for his intereſt. *Achilles*, (he replied)

Antilochus to Achilles.

I ſhould be angry with you much, to ſee this ratified.
Ought you to take from me my right? becauſe his horſe had wrong,
Himſelfe being good? he ſhould haue vſde (as good men do) his tongue;
In prayre to their powres that bleſſe good (not truſting to his owne)
Not to haue bene in this good, laſt. His chariot ouerthrowne,
O'rethrew not me; who's laſt? who's firſt? mens goodneſſe, without theſe
Is not our queſtion. If his good, you pitie yet; and pleaſe,
Princely to grace it; your tents hold, a goodly deale of gold,
Braſſe, horſe, ſheepe, women; out of theſe, your bountie may be bold
To take a much more worthy priſe, then my poore merit ſeekes,
And giue it here, before my face, and all theſe; that the *Greekes*
May glorifie your liberall hands. This priſe, I will not yeeld;
Who beares this (whatſoeuer man) he beares a tried field.
His hand and mine muſt change ſome blowes. *Achilles* laught, and ſaid:
If thy will be (*Antilochus*) Ile fee *Eumelus* paid,
Out of my tents; Ile giue him th'armes, which late I conquerd in
Aſteropæus; forg'd of braſſe, and wau'd about with tin;
Twill be a preſent worthy him. This ſaid, *Automedon*,
He ſent for them. He went; and brought; and to *Admetus* ſonne,
Achilles gaue them. He, well pleaſde, receiu'd them. Then aroſe,
Wrong'd *Menelaus*, much incenſt, with yong *Antilochus*.
He, bent to ſpeake; a herald tooke, his Scepter, and gaue charge
Of ſilence to the other *Greeks*; then did the king enlarge
The ſpleene he priſoned; vttering this: *Antilochus?* till now,

Note Menelaus ridiculous ſpeech for concluſion of his character.

We grant thee wiſe; but in this act, what wiſedome vtter'ſt thou?
Thou haſt diſgrac't my vertue; wrong'd, my horſe; preferring thine,
Much their inferiors; but go to, *Princes*; nor his, nor mine,
Iudge of with fauour; him, nor me; leſt any *Grecian* vſe
This ſcandall; *Menelaus* wonne, with *Neſtors* ſonnes abuſe,
The priſe in queſtion; his horſe worſt; himſelfe yet wanne the beſt,
By powre and greatneſſe. Yet becauſe, I would not thus conteſt,
To make parts taking; Ile be iudge; and I ſuppoſe, none here
Will blame my iudgement; Ile do right; *Antilochus*, come neare;
Come (noble gentleman) tis your place; ſweare by th'earth circling god,
(Standing before your chariot, and horſe; and that ſelfe rod,
With which you ſcourg'd them, in your hand) if both with will and wile,
You did not croſſe my chariot. He thus did reconcile

Antilochus his ironicall reply.

Grace with his diſgrace; and with wit, reſtor'd him to his wit;
Now craue I patience: ô king, what euer was vnfit,
Aſcribe to much more youth in me, then you; you more in age,

And more in excellence; know well, the outraies that engage
All yong mens actions; sharper wits, but duller wisedomes still
From vs flow, then from you; for which, curbe with your wisedome, will.
The prise I thought mine, I yeeld yours; and (if you please) a prise
Of greater value; to my tent, Ile send for, and suffise
Your will at full, and instantly; for in this point of time,
I rather wish to be enioyn'd, your fauors top to clime,
Ironice. Then to be falling all my time, from height of such a grace;
(O *Ioue*-lou'd king) and of the gods, receiue a curse in place.
This saide; he fetcht the prise to him; and it reioyc't him so;
Thus Simile likewise is meerly Ironicall. That as corne-eares shine with the dew; yet hauing time to grow;
When fields set all their bristles vp: in such a ruffe wert thou,
(O *Menelaus*) answering thus; *Antilochus*, I now,
(Though I were angry) yeeld to thee; because I see th'hadst wit,
When I thought not; thy youth hath got, the mastery of thy spirit.
And yet for all this, tis more safe, not to abuse at all,
Menelaus to Antilochus. Great men; then (venturing) trust to wit, to take vp what may fall.
For no man in our host beside, had easely calm'd my spleene,
Stird with like tempest. But thy selfe, hast a sustainer bene
Of much affliction in my cause: so thy good father too,
And so thy brother, at thy suite; I therefore let all go;
Giue thee the game here, though mine owne; that all these may discerne,
King *Menelaus* beares a mind, at no part, proud, or sterne.
The king thus calm'd, *Antilochus*, receiu'd; and gaue the steed
To lou'd *Noemon*, to leade thence; and then receiu'd beside
The caldron. Next, *Meriones*, for fourth game, was to haue
Two talents, gold. The fift (vnwonne) renowm'd *Achilles* gaue
To reuerend *Nestor*; being a boule, to set on either end,
Achilles his gift to Nestor. Which through the preasse he caried him; Receiue (said he) old friend,
This gift, as funerall monument, of my deare friend deceast,
Whom neuer you must see againe; I make it his bequest
To you; as without any strife, obtaining it from all.
Your shoulders must not vndergo, the churlish whoorlbats fall;
Wrastling is past you; strife in darts; the footes celeritie;
Harsh age in his yeares fetters you; and honor sets you free.
Thus gaue he it; he tooke, and ioyd; but ere he thankt, he said;
Nestors glorie in the gift of Achilles. Now sure my honorable sonne, in all points thou hast plaid
The comely Orator; no more, must I contend with nerues;
Feete faile, and hands; armes want that strength, that this, and that swinge serues
Vnder your shoulders. Would to heauen, I were so yong chind now,
And strength threw such a many of bones, to celebrate this show;
As when the *Epians* brought to fire (actiuely honoring thus)
King *Amarynceus* funerals, in faire *Buprasius*.
His sonnes put prises downe for him; where, not a man matcht me,
Of all the *Epians*; or the sonnes, of great-soul'd *Æolie*;
No nor the *Pilians* themselues, my countrimen. I beate
Great *Clydomedeus*, *Enops* sonne, at buffets; at the feate
Of wrastling, I laid vnder me; one that against me rose,

Anceus

Anceus cald *Pleuronius*. I made *Iphclus* lose
The foot-game to me. At the speare, I conquer'd *Polydore*,
And strong *Phylcus*. *Actors* sonnes, (of all men) onely bore
The palme at horse race; conquering, with lashing on more horse,
And enuying my victorie; because (before their course)
All the best games were gone with me. These men were twins; one was
Amost sure guide; a most sure guide. The other gaue the passe
With rod and mettle. This was then. But now, yong men must wage
These workes; and my ioynts vndergo, the sad defects of age.
Though then I was another man; *at that time I exceld ** His desire of praise pants still.*
Amongst th'heroes. But forth now, let th'other rites be held
For thy deceast friend: this thy gift, in all kind part I take;
And much it ioyes my heart, that still, for my true kindnesse sake,
You giue me memorie. You perceiue, in what fit grace I stand
Amongst the *Grecians*; and to theirs, you set your gracefull hand.
The gods giue ample recompence, of grace againe to thee,
For this, and all thy fauors. Thus, backe through the thrust draue he,
When he had staid out all the praise, of old *Neleides*. *Another note of Nestors humor, not to much leaning to be plainly obserued in all these Iliads as in this booke.*
And now for buffets (that rough game) he ordered passages;
Proposing a laborious Mule, of sixe yeares old, vntam'd,
And fierce in handling; brought, and bound, in that place where they gam'd:
And to the conquerd, a round cup; both which, he thus proclames.
Atrides, and all friends of *Greece*, two men, for these two games; *Achilles proposes the game for buffets.*
Dou'st and forth; who best can strike, with high contracted fists,
(*Apollo* giuing him the wreath) know all about these lists,
Shall winne a Mule, patient of toyle: the vanquisht, this round cup.
This vttered; *Panopeus* sonne, *Epeus*, straight stood vp;
A tall huge man; that to the naile, knew that rude sport of hand;
And (seising the tough mule) thus spake: Now let some other stand
Forth for the cup; this Mule is mine; at cuffes I bost me best; *Note the sharpnes of wit in our Homer, of where you looke not for it, you can find it*
For not enough I am no souldier? who is worthiest
At all workes? none; not possible. At this yet, this I say,
And will performe this; who stands forth; Ile burst him; I will bray
His bones as in a mortar; fetch, surgeons enow, to take
His corse from vnder me. This speech, did all men silent make;
At last stood forth *Euryalus*; a man, god-like, and sonne
To king *Mecisteus*; the grand child, of honor'd *Talaon*.
He was so strong, that (coming once to *Thebes*, when *Oedipus*
Had like rites solemniz'd for him) he went victorious
From all the *Thebanes*. This rare man, *Tydides* would prepare;
Put on his girdle; oxehide cords; faire wrought; and spent much care,
That he might conquer; heartned him; and taught him trickes. Both dresst
Fit for th'affaire; both forth were brought; then breast opposde to breast;
Fists against fists rose; and they ioynd; ratling of iawes was there;
Gnashing of teeth; and heauie blowes, dasht bloud out euery where.
At length, *Epeus* spide cleare way; rusht in; and such a blow
Draue vnderneath the others eare; that his neate limbs did strow
The knockt earth; no more legs had he; But as a huge fish laid

Neare

Neare to the cold-weed-gathering ſhore, is with a North ſtaw fraid;
Shootes backe; and in the blacke deepe hides: So ſent againſt the ground,
Was foyl'd *Euryalus*; his ſtrength, ſo hid in more profound
Deepes of *Epeus*; who tooke vp, th'intranc't Competitor;
About whom ruſht a crowd of friends, that through the cluſters bore
His faltring knees; he ſpitting vp, thicke clods of bloud; his head
Achilles puts downe prize for wraſtlers. Totterd of one ſide; his ſence gone. When (to a by-place led)
Thither they brought him the round cup. *Pelides* then ſet forth
Prize for a wraſtling; to the beſt, a triuet, that was worth
Twelue oxen, great, and fit for fire; the conquer'd was t'obtaine
A woman excellent in workes; her beautie, and her gaine,
Priſde at foure oxen. Vp he ſtood, and thus proclaim'd: Ariſe
You wraſtlers, that will proue for theſe. Out ſtept the ample ſize
Vlyſſes and Aiax wraſtle. Of mightie *Aiax*, huge in ſtrength; to him, *Laertes* ſonne,
That craftie one, as huge in ſleight. Their ceremonie done,
Of making readie; forth they ſtept; catch elbowes with ſtrong hands;
Simile. And as the beames of ſome high houſe, cracke with a ſtorme, yet ſtands
The houſe, being built by well-skild men: So crackt their backe bones wrincht
With horrid twitches. In their ſides, armes, ſhoulders (all bepincht)
Ran thicke the wals, red with the bloud, ready to ſtart out; both
Long'd for the conqueſt, and the prize; yet ſhewd no play; being loth
To loſe both; nor could *Ithacus*, ſtirre *Aiax*; nor could he
Hale downe *Vlyſſes*; being more ſtrong, then with mere ſtrength to be
Hurl'd from all vantage of his ſleight. Tir'd then, with tugging play;
Aiax to Vlyſſes. Great *Aiax Telamonius* ſaid: Thou wiſeſt man; or lay
My face vp, or let me lay thine; let *Ioue* take care for theſe.
This ſaid, he hoiſt him vp to aire, when *Laertiades*
His wiles forgat not; *Aiax* thigh, he ſtrooke behind; and flat
He on his backe fell; on his breaſt, *Vlyſſes*. Wonderd at
Was this of all; all ſtood amaz'd. Then the-much-ſuffering-man
(Diuine *Vlyſſes*) at next cloſe; the *Telamonian*
A litle raiſde from earth; not quite; but with his knee implide
Lockt legs; and downe fell both on earth, cloſe by each others ſide;
Both fil'd with duſt; but ſtarting vp, the third cloſe they had made,
Had not *Achilles* ſelfe ſtood vp; reſtraining them, and bad;
Achilles parts Vlyſſes and Aiax. No more tug one another thus, nor moyle your ſelues; receiue
Priſe equall; conqueſt crownes ye both; the liſts to others leaue.
Priſes for runners. They heard and yeelded willingly; bruſht off the duſt; and on
Put other veſts. *Pelides* then, to thoſe that ſwifteſt runne,
Propoſde another priſe; a boule, beyond compariſon
(Both for the ſize and workmanſhip) paſt all the boules of earth;
It held ſixe meaſures; ſiluer all; but had his ſpeciall worth,
For workmanſhip; receiuing forme, from thoſe ingenious men
Of *Sydon*: the *Phœnicians*, made choiſe; and brought it then,
Along the greene ſea; giuing it, to *Thoas*; by degrees
It came t'*Eunæus*, *Iaſons* ſonne; who, yong *Priamides*,
(*Lycaon*) of *Achilles* friend, bought with it; and this, here,
Achilles made beſt game, for him, that beſt his feete could beare.

For

For ſecond, he propoſde an Oxe; a huge one, and a fat;
And halfe a talent gold for laſt. Theſe, thus he ſet them at.
Riſe, you that will aſſay for theſe; forth ſtept *Oileades*;
Vlyſſes, Aiax Oileus and Antilochus for the Foot race. *Vlyſſes* anſwerd; and the third, was one, eſteem'd paſt theſe
For footmanſhip; *Antilochus*. All rank; *Achilles* ſhow'd
The race-ſcope. From the ſtart, they glid; *Oileades* beſtow'd
His feete the ſwifteſt; cloſe to him, flew god-like *Ithacus*;
And as a Ladie at her loome, being yong and beauteous,
Simile. Her ſilke-ſhittle cloſe to her breaſt (with grace that doth inflame,
And her white hand) lifts quicke, and off, in drawing from her frame
Her gentle thred; which ſhe vnwinds, with euer at her breſt,
Gracing her faire hand: So cloſe ſtill, and with ſuch intereſt,
In all mens likings, *Ithacus*, vnwound, and ſpent the race
By him before; tooke out his ſteps, with putting in their place,
Promptly and gracefully his owne; ſprinkl'd the duſt before;
And clouded with his breath his head: ſo facilie he bore
His royall perſon, that he ſtrooke, ſhoutes from the *Greekes*, with thirſt,
That he ſhould conquer; though he flew; yet come, come, ô come firſt,
Euer they cried to him; and this, euen his wife breaſt did moue,
Vlyſſes prayes to Minerua for ſpeed. To more deſire of victorie; it made him pray, and proue,
Mineruas aide (his fautreſſe ſtill): O goddeſſe, heare (ſaid he)
And to my feete ſtoope with thy helpe; now happie Fautreſſe be.
She was; and light made all his lims; and now (both neare their crowne)
Mineruas tript vp *Aiax* heeles, and headlong he fell downe,
Amids the ordure of the beaſts, there negligently left,
Since they were ſlaine there; and by this, *Mineruas* friend bereft
Oileades of that rich bowle; and left his lips, noſe, eyes,
Ruthfully ſmer'd. The fat oxe yet, he ſeiſd for ſecond priſe,
Held by the horne, ſpit out the taile; and thus ſpake, all beſmear'd:
O villanous chance! this *Ithacus*, ſo highly is indear'd
Aiax Oileus ieſts out his fall to the Greekes. To his *Minerua*; that her hand, is euer in his deeds:
She, like his mother, neſtles him; for from her it proceeds,
(I know) that I am vſde thus. This, all in light laughter caſt;
Amongſt whom, quicke *Antilochus*, laught out his coming laſt,
Antilochus likewiſe helpes out his coming laſt. Thus wittily: Know, all my friends, that all times paſt, and now,
The gods moſt honour, moſt-liu'd men; *Oileades* ye know,
More old then I; but *Ithacus*, is of the formoſt race;
Firſt generation of men. Giue the old man his grace;
They count him of the greene-hair'd eld; they may, or in his flowre;
For not our greateſt flouriſher, can equall him in powre,
Of foote-ſtrife, but *Æacides*. Thus ſooth'd he *Thetis* ſonne;
Achilles to Antilochus. Who thus accepted it: Well youth, your praiſes ſhall not runne,
With vnrewarded feete, on mine; your halfe a talents priſe,
Ile make a whole one: take you ſir. He tooke, and ioy'd. Then flies
Another game forth; *Thetis* ſonne, ſet in the liſts, a lance,
A ſhield, and helmet; being th'armes, *Sarpedon* did aduance
Againſt *Patroclus*; and he priſde. And thus he nam'd th'addreſſe:
Priſe for the fighters armed. Stand forth, two the moſt excellent, arm'd; and before all theſe,

Giue

Giue mutuall onſet, to the touch, and wound of eithers fleſh;
Who firſt ſhall wound, through others armes, his blood appearing freſh;
Shall win this ſword, filuerd, and hatcht; the blade is right of *Thrace*;
Aſteropæus yeelded it. Theſe armes ſhall part their grace,
With eithers valour; and the men, Ile liberally feaſt
At my pauilion. To this game, the firſt man that addreſt,
Diomed and Aiax combat. Was *Aiax Telamonius*; to him, king *Diomed*;
Both, in oppoſde parts of the preaſſe, full arm'd; both entered
The liſts amids the multitude; put lookes on ſo auſtere,
And ioyn'd ſo roughly; that amaze, ſurpriſde the *Greeks*, in feare
Of eithers miſchiefe. Thrice they threw, their fierce darts; and cloſde thrice.
Then *Aiax* ſtrooke through *Diomeds* ſhield, but did no preiudice;
His curets ſaft him. *Diomeds* dart, ſtill ouer ſhoulders flew;
Still mounting with the ſpirit it bore. And now rough *Aiax* grew
So violent, that the *Greeks* cried: Hold; no more; let them no more
Giue equall priſe to either; yet, the ſword, propoſde before,
Achilles propoſes a game for hurling of the ſtone or boule. For him did beſt; *Achilles* gaue, to *Diomed*. Then a ſtone,
(In faſhion of a ſphere) he ſhow'd; of no inuention,
But natural'; onely melted through, with iron. Twas the boule,
That king *Eetion* vſde to hurle: but he, bereft of ſoule,
By great *Achilles*; to the fleete, with ſtore of other priſe,
He brought it; and propoſde it now; both for the exerciſe,
And priſe it ſelfe. He ſtood, and ſaid: Riſe you that will approue
Your armes ſtrengths now, in this braue ſtrife: his vigor that can moue
This furtheſt; needs no game but this; for reach he nere ſo farre,
With large fields of his owne, in *Greece*; (and ſo needs for his Carre,
His Plow, or other tooles of thrift, much iron) Ile able this
Iron. For fiue reuolued yeares; no need, ſhall vſe his meſſages
To any towne, to furniſh him; this onely boule ſhall yeeld
Iron enough, for all affaires. This ſaid; to trie this field,
Firſt *Polypætes* iſſued; next *Leontæus*; third
Great *Aiax*; huge *Epeus* fourth. Yet he was firſt that ſtird
That myne of iron. Vp it went; and vp he toſt it ſo,
That laughter tooke vp all the field. The next man that did throw,
Was *Leonteus*; *Aiax* third; who gaue it ſuch a hand,
That farre paſt both their markes it flew. But now twas to be mann'd
By *Polypetes*; and as farre, as at an Oxe that ſtrayes,
A herdſman can ſwing out his goade: ſo farre did he outraiſe
The ſtone paſt all men; all the field, roſe in a ſhout to ſee't.
About him flockt his friends; and bore, the royall game to fleete.
Another game. For Archerie, he then ſet forth, ten axes, edg'd two waies;
And ten of one edge. On the ſhore, farre off, he cauſd to raiſe
A ſhip-maſt; to whoſe top they tied, a fearfull Doue by th'foote;
At which, all ſhot; the game put thus: He that the Doue could ſhoote,
Nor touch the ſtring that faſtn'd her; the two-edg'd tooles ſhould beare
All to the fleete. Who toucht the ſtring, and miſt the Doue, ſhould ſhare
The one-edg'd axes. This propoſde; king *Teucer* force aroſe;
And with him roſe *Meriones*; and now lots muſt diſpoſe

Their

Their ſhooting firſt; both which, let fall, into a helme of braſſe;
Firſt *Teucers* came; and firſt he ſhot; and his croſſe fortune was,
To ſhoote the ſtring; the Doue vntoucht: *Apollo* did enuie
His skill; ſince not to him he vow'd (being god of archerie)
A firſt falne Lambe. The bitter ſhaft, yet cut in two the cord,
That downe fell; and the Doue aloft, vp to the Welkin ſoar'd.
The *Greeks* gaue ſhouts; *Meriones*, firſt made a heartie vow,
To ſacrifice a firſt falne Lambe, to him that rules the Bow;
And then fell to his aime; his ſhaft, being ready nockt before.
He ſpide her in the clouds, that here, there, euery where did ſoare;
Yet at her height he reacht her ſide, ſtrooke her quite through, and downe
The ſhaft fell at his feete; the Doue, the maſt againe did crowne;
There hung the head; and all her plumes, were ruſſl'd; ſhe ſtarke dead;
And there (farre off from him) ſhe fell. The people wondered,
And ſtood aſtoniſht. Th'Archer pleaſd. *Æacides* then ſhewes
A long lance, and a caldron, new, engrail'd with twentie hewes;
Priſde at an Oxe. Theſe games were ſhew'd, for men at darts; and then
Vp roſe the Generall of all; vp roſe the king of men:
Vp roſe late-crown'd *Meriones*. *Achilles* (ſeeing the king
Do him this grace) preuents more deed; his royall offering
Thus interrupting; King of men, we well conceiue how farre
Thy worth, ſuperiour is to all; how much moſt ſingular,
Thy powre is, and thy skill in darts; accept then this poore priſe,
Without contention, and (your will, pleaſde with what I aduiſe)
Affoord *Meriones* the lance. The king was nothing ſlow
To that fit grace; *Achilles* then, the braſſe lance did beſtow
On good *Meriones*. The king, his preſent would not ſaue;
But to renowm'd *Talthybius*, the goodly Caldron gaue.

The end of the three and twentieth Booke.

THE XXIIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS.

THE ARGVMENT.

IOue, entertaining care of Hectors *corse;*
Sends Thetis *to her sonne, for his remorse;*
And fit dismission of it. Iris *then,*
He sends to Priam; *willing him to goine*
His sonne for ransome. He, by Hermes *led,*
Gets through Achilles *guards; sleepes deepe, and dead,*
Cast on them by his guide. When, with accesse,
And humble sute, made to AEacides,
He gaines the bodie; which, to Troy *he bearet,*
And burises it with feasts, buried in teares.

Another Argument.

Omega sings the exequies,
And Hectors *redemptorie prise.*

THe games perform'd; the souldiers, wholly disperst to fleete;
Supper and sleepe, their onely care. Constant *Achilles* yet,
Wept for his friend; nor sleepe it selfe, that all things doth subdue,
Could touch at him. This way, and that, he turn'd, and did renue
His friends deare memorie; his grace, in managing his strength;
And his strengths greatnesse. How life rackt, into their vtmost length,
Griefes, battels, and the wraths of seas, in their ioynt sufferance.
Each thought of which, turn'd to a teare. Sometimes he would aduance
(In tumbling on the shore) his side; sometimes his face; then turne
Flat on his bosome; start vpright. Although he saw the morne
Shew sea and shore his extasie; he left not, till at last
Rage varied his distraction. Horse, chariot, in hast
He cald for; and (those ioyn'd) the corse, was to his chariot tide;
And thrice about the sepulcher, he made his Furie ride;
Dragging the person. All this past; in his pauilion
Rest seisd him; but with *Hectors* coarse, his rage had neuer done;
Still suffering it t'oppresse the dust. *Apollo* yet, euen dead,
Pitied the Prince; and would not see, inhumane tyrannie fed,
With more pollution of his limbs; and therefore couerd round
His person with his golden shield; that rude dogs might not wound
His manly lineaments (which threat, *Achilles* cruelly
Had vsde in furie). But now heauen, let fall a generall eye
Of pitie on him; the blest gods, perswaded *Mercurie*
(Their good obseruer) to his stealth; and euery deitie

Stood

Stood pleasd with it, *Iuno* except; Greene *Neptune*, and the Maide
Grac't with the blew eyes; all their hearts, stood hatefully appaid,
Long since; and held it, as at first, to *Priam*, *Ilion*,
And all his subiects, for the rape, of his licentious sonne,
Proud *Paris*, that despisde these dames, in their diuine accesse,
Made to his cottage; and praisd her, that his sad wantonnesse,
So costly nourisht. The twelfth morne, now shin'd on the delay
Of *Hectors* rescue; and then spake, the deitie of the day,
Thus to th'immortals: Shamelesse gods; authors of ill ye are,
To suffer ill. Hath *Hectors* life, at all times show'd his care
Of all your rights; in burning thighs, of Beeues and Goates to you,
And are your cares no more of him? vouchsafe ye not euen now
(Euen dead) to keepe him? that his wife, his mother, and his sonne,
Father and subiects may be mou'd, to those deeds he hath done,
See'ng you preserue him that seru'd you; and sending to their hands
His person for the rites of fire? *Achilles*, that withstands
All helpe to others, you can helpe; one that hath neither hart
Nor soule within him, that will moue, or yeeld to any part,
That fits a man; but Lion-like; vplandish, and meere wilde;
Saue to his pride; and all his nerues, being naturally compil'd
Of eminent strength; stalkes out and preyes, vpon a silly sheepe:
And so fares this man. That fit ruth, that now should draw so deepe
In all the world; being lost in him. And *Shame* (a qualitie
Of so much weight; that both it helpes, and hurts excessiuely,
Men in their manners) is not knowne; nor hath the powre to be
In this mans being. Other men, a greater losse then he,
Haue vndergone; a sonne, suppose, or brother of one wombe;
Yet, after dues of woes and teares, they bury in his tombe
All their deplorings. Fates haue giuen, to all that are true men,
True manly patience; but this man, so soothes his bloudy veine,
That no bloud serues it; he must haue, diuine-soul'd *Hector* bound
To his proud chariot; and danc't, in a most barbarous round,
About his lou'd friends sepulcher, when he is slaine: Tis vile,
And drawes no profit after it. But let him now awhile
Make but our angers; his is spent; let all his strength take heed,
It tempts not our wraths; he begets, in this outragious deed,
The dull earth, with his furies hate. White-wristed *Iuno* said,
(Being much incenst) This doome is one, that thou wouldst haue obaid,
Thou bearer of the siluer bow) that we, in equall care
And honour should hold *Hectors* worth, with him that claimes a share
In our deseruings? *Hector* suckt, a mortall womans breast;
Æacides a goddesse? our selfe had interest,
Both in his infant nourishment, and bringing vp with state;
And to the humane *Peleus*, we gaue his bridall mate,
Because he had th'immortals loue. To celebrate the feast
Of their high nuptials; euery god, was glad to be a guest;
And thou fedst of his fathers cates; touching thy harpe, in grace
Of that beginning of our friend; whom thy perfidious face,

Apollo to the other gods.

Shame a quality that hurts and helpes men exceedingly.

(In his perfection) bluſheth not, to match with *Priam* ſonne;
O thou, that to betray, and ſhame, art ſtill companion.
Ioue thus receiu'd her: Neuer giue, theſe brode termes to a god.
Ioue to Iuno. Thoſe two men ſhall not be compar'd; and yet, of all that trod
The well-pau'd *Ilion*, none ſo deare, to all the deities,
As *Hector* was, at leaſt to me. For offrings moſt of priſe,
His hands would neuer pretermit. Our altars euer ſtood,
Furniſht with banquets fitting vs; odors, and euery good,
Smokt in our temples; and for this, (foreſeeing it) his fate,
We markt with honour, which muſt ſtand: but to giue ſtealth, eſtate,
In his deliuerance; ſhun we that; nor muſt we fauour one,
To ſhame another. Priuily, with wrong to *Thetis* ſonne,
We muſt not worke out *Hectors* right. There is a ranſome due,
And open courſe, by lawes of armes: in which, muſt humbly ſue,
The friends of *Hector*. Which iuſt meane, if any god would ſtay,
And vſe the other, twould not ſerue; for *Thetis*, night and day,
Is guardian to him. But would one, call *Iris* hither; I
Would giue directions, that for gifts, the *Troian* king ſhould buy
His *Hectors* body; which the ſonne, of *Thetis* ſhall reſigne.
This ſaid, his will was done; the Dame, that doth in vapours ſhine,
Dewie and thin, footed with ſtormes; iumpt to the ſable ſeas
Twixt *Samos*, and ſharpe *Imbers* cliffes; the lake gron'd with the preſſe
Of her rough feete; and (plummet-like, put in an oxes horne
That beares death to the raw-fed fiſh) ſhe diu'd, and found forlorne
Iris to Thetis. *Thetis*, lamenting her ſonnes fate; who was in *Troy* to haue
(Farre from his countrey) his death ſeru'd. Cloſe to her *Iris* ſtood,
And ſaid; Riſe *Thetis*: prudent *Ioue* (whoſe counſels thirſt not blood)
Cals for thee. *Thetis* anſwerd her, with asking; Whats the cauſe
The great god cals? my ſad powres fear'd, to breake th'immortall lawes,
In going, fil'd with griefes, to heauen. But he ſets ſnares for none
With colourd counſels; not a word, of him, but ſhall be done.
She ſaid, and tooke a ſable vaile; a blacker neuer wore
A heauenly ſhoulder; and gaue way. Swift *Iris* ſwum before;
About both rowld the brackiſh waues. They tooke their banks and flew
Vp to *Olympus*, where they found, *Saturnius* (farre-of-view)
Spher'd with heauens-euerbeing ſtates. *Minerua* roſe, and gaue
Her place to *Thetis*, neare to *Ioue*; and *Iuno* did receiue
Her entry with a cup of gold; in which ſhe dranke to her,
Grac't her with comfort; and the cup, to her hand did referre.
She dranke, reſigning it. And then, the fire of men and gods,
Thus entertain'd her; Com'ſt thou vp, to theſe our bleſt abodes,
(Faire goddeſſe *Thetis*) yet art ſad? and that in ſo high kind,
As paſſeth ſuffrance? this I know; and try'd thee, and now find
Thy will by mine rulde; which is rule, to all worlds gouernment.
Beſides this triall yet; this cauſe, ſent downe for thy aſcent;
Nine dayes *Contention* hath bene held, amongſt th'immortals here,
For *Hectors* perſon, and thy ſonne; and ſome aduices were,
To haue our good ſpie *Mercurie*, ſteale from thy ſonne the Corſe:

But

But that reproch I kept farre off; to keepe in future force,
Thy former loue, and reuerence. Haſte then, and tell thy ſonne,
The gods are angrie; and my ſelfe, take that wrong he hath done
To *Hector*, in worſt part of all: the rather, ſince he ſtill
Detaines his perſon. Charge him then, if he reſpect my will,
For any reaſon; to reſigne, ſlaine *Hector*; I will ſend
Iris to *Priam*, to redeeme, his ſonne; and recommend
Fit ranſome to *Achilles* grace; in which right, he may ioy,
And end his vaine griefe. To this charge, bright *Thetis* did employ
Inſtant endeuour. From heauens tops, ſhe reacht *Achilles* tent;
Found him ſtill ſighing; and ſome friends, with all their complements
Soothing his humour: otherſome, with all contention
Dreſſing his dinner: all their paines, and skils conſum'd vpon *Thetis to Achilles.*
A huge wooll-bearer, ſlaughterd there. His reuerend mother then,
Came neare, tooke kindly his faire hand; and askt him: Deare ſonne, when
Will ſorrow leaue thee? How long ti.ne, wilt thou thus eate thy heart?
Fed with no other food, nor reſt? twere good thou wouldſt diuert
Thy friends loue, to ſome Ladie; cheare, thy ſpirits with ſuch kind parts
As ſhe can quit thy grace withall: the ioy of thy deſerts,
I ſhall not long haue; death is neare, and thy all-conquering fate,
Whoſe haſte thou muſt not haſte with griefe; but vnderſtand the ſtate,
Of things belonging to thy life, which quickly order. I
Am ſent from *Ioue* t'aduertiſe thee, that euery deitie
Is angry with thee, himſelfe moſt; that rage, thus reigns in thee,
Still to keepe *Hector*. Quit him then; and for fit ranſome free
His iniur'd perſon. He replied; Let him come that ſhall giue
The ranſome; and the perſon take. *Ioues* pleaſure muſt depriue
Men of all pleaſures. This good ſpeech, and many more, the ſonne,
And mother vſde, in eare of all, the nauall *Station*.
And now to holy *Ilion*, *Saturnius*, *Iris* ſent:
Go ſwiftfoote *Iris*, bid *Troys* king, beare fit gifts, and content *Ioues ſends Iris to Priam.*
Achilles for his ſonnes releaſe; but let him greet alone
The *Grecian* nauie; not a man, excepting ſuch a one,
As may his horſe and chariot guide: a herald, or one old,
Attending him; and let him take, his *Hector*. Be he bold,
Diſcourag'd, nor with death, nor feare; wiſe *Mercurie* ſhall guide
His paſſage, till the Prince be neare. And (he gone) let him ride
Reſolu'd, euen in *Achilles* tent. He ſhall not touch the ſtate
Of his high perſon; nor admit, the deadlieſt deſperate
Of all about him. For (though fierce) he is not yet vnwiſe,
Nor inconſiderate; nor a man, paſt awe of deities:
But paſſing free, and curious, to do a ſuppliant grace.
This ſaid, the Rainbow to her feet, tied whirlewinds, and the place
Reacht inſtantly: the heauie Court, *Clamor*, and *Mourning* fill'd.
The ſonnes all ſet about the fire; and there ſtood *Griefe*, and ſtill'd
Teares on their garments. In the midſt, the old king fate: his weed
All wrinkl'd; head, and necke duſt fil'd; the Princeſſes, his ſeed;
The Princeſſes, his ſonnes faire wiues, all mourning by; the thought

Of friends ſo many, and ſo good, (being turn'd ſo ſoone to nought
By *Grecian* hands) conſum'd their youth; rain'd beautie from their eyes.
Iris came neare the king; her ſight, ſhooke all his faculties;
Iris to Priam. And therefore ſpake ſhe loſt, and ſaid; Be glad *Dardanides*;
Of good occurrents, and none ill, am I Ambaſſadreſſe.
Ioue greets thee; who, in care (as much, as he is diſtant) daines
Eye to thy ſorrowes, pitying thee. My ambaſſie containes
This charge to thee, from him; he wills, thou ſhouldſt redeeme thy ſonne;
Beare gifts t'*Achilles*, cheare him ſo: but viſite him alone;
None but ſome herald let attend; thy mules and chariot,
To manage for thee. Feare, nor death, let daut thee; *Ioue* hath got
Hermes to guide thee; who as neare, to *Thetis* ſonne as needs,
Shall guard thee: and being once with him; nor his, nor others deeds,
Ioues witneſſe of Achilles. Stand toucht with, he will all containe. Nor is he mad, nor vaine,
Nor impious; but with all his nerues, ſtudious to entertaine,
One that ſubmits, with all fit grace. Thus vaniſht ſhe like wind.
He mules and chariot cals: his ſonnes, bids fee them ioynd, and bind
A trunke behind it; he himſelfe, downe to his wardrobe goes,
Built all of Cedar; highly rooft, and odoriferous;
That much ſtuffe, worth the ſight containd. To him he cald his Queene,
Priam to Hecuba. Thus greeting her: Come, hapleſſe dame; an Angell I haue ſeene,
Sent downe from *Ioue*; that bad me free, our deare ſonne from the fleet,
With ranſome pleaſing to our foe; what holds thy iudgement meet?
My ſtrength, and ſpirit, layes high charge, on all my being, to beare
Hecuba to Priam. The *Greeks* worſt, venturing through their hoſt. The Queene cried out to heare
His ventrous purpoſe; and replyed: O whither now is fled,
The late diſcretion that renown'd, thy graue, and knowing head,
In forreine; and thine owne rulde realmes? that thus thou dar'ſt aſſay,
Sight of that man? in whoſe browes ſticks, the horrible decay
Of ſonnes ſo many, and ſo ſtrong? thy heart is iron I thinke.
If this ſterne man (whoſe thirſt of blood, makes cruelcie his drinke)
Take, or but ſee thee, thou art dead. He nothing pities wee,
Nor honours age. Without his ſight, we haue enough to do,
To mourne with thought of him: keepe we, our Pallace, weepe we here;
Our ſonne is paſt our helpes. Thoſe throwes, that my deliuerers were,
Of his vnhappy lineaments; told me they ſhould be torne
With blacke foote dogs. Almightie fate, that blacke howre he was borne
Spunne, in his ſpringing thred that end; farre from his parents reach.
This bloodie fellow, then ordain'd, to be their meane: this wretch,
Whoſe ſtony liuer, would to heauen, I might deuoure; my teeth,
My ſonnes Reuengers made. Curſt *Greeke*, he gaue him not his death
Doing an ill worke; he alone, fought for his countrie; he
Fled not, nor fear'd, but ſtood his worſt; and curſed policie
Was his vndoing. He replied, What euer was his end,
Is not our queſtion; we muſt now, vſe all meanes to defend
His end from ſcandall: from which act, diſſwade not my iuſt will;
Nor let me nouriſh in my houſe, a bird preſaging ill
To my good actions: tis in vaine. Had any earthly ſpirit

Giuen

Giuen this ſuggeſtion: if our Prieſts, or Soothſayers, challenging merit
Of Prophets, I might hold it falſe; and be the rather mou'd
To keepe my Pallace; but theſe eares; and theſe ſelfe eyes approu'd
It was a goddeſſe, I will go; for not a word ſhe ſpake,
I know was idle. If it were; and that my fate will make,
Quicke riddance of me at the fleet; kill me *Achilles*; Come;
When, getting to thee, I ſhall find, a happy dying roome,
On *Hectors* boſome; when enough, thirſt of my teares finds there,
Quench to his feruour. This reſolu'd, the works moſt faire, and deare,
Of his rich ſereenes, he brought abrode, twelue veiles wrought curiouſly;
Twelue plaine gownes; and as many ſuits, of wealthy tapiſtry;
As many mantles; horſemens coates; ten talents of fine gold;
Two Tripods; Caldrons foure; a bowle, whoſe value he did hold
Beyond all price; preſented by, th'Ambaſſadors of *Thrace*.
The old king, nothing held too deare, to reſcue from diſgrace,
His gracious *Hector*. Forth he came. At entry of his Court,
The *Troian* citizens ſo preſt; that this opprobrious ſort,
Of checke he vſde; Hence caſt-awayes; away ye impious crew; *Priam enraged againſt his citizens.*
Are not your griefes enough at home? what come ye here to view?
Care ye for my griefes? would ye ſee; how miſerable I am?
Is not enough, imagine yee? ye might know ere ye came,
What ſuch a ſonnes loſſe weigh'd with me. But know this for your paines,
Your houſes haue the weaker doores: the *Greeks*, will find their gaines
The eaſier for his loſſe, be ſure: but ô *Troy*, ere I ſee
Thy ruine; let the doores of hell, receiue, and ruine me.
Thus, with his ſceptre ſet he on, the crowding citizens;
Who gaue backe, ſeeing him ſo vrge. And now he entertaines
His ſonnes as roughly; *Hellenus*, *Paris*, *Hippothous*,
Pammon, diuine *Agathones*, renown'd *Deiphobus*,
Agauus, and *Antiphonus*; and laſt, not leaſt in armes,
The ſtrong *Polites*. Theſe nine ſonnes, the violence of his harmes,
Helpt him to vent, in theſe ſharpe termes: Haſte you infamous brood, *Priam enraged againſt his ſons.*
And get my chariot; would to heauen, that all the abiect blood,
In all your veines, had *Hector* ſcuſde: O me, accurſed man,
All my good ſonnes are gone; my light, the ſhades *Cimmerian*
Haue ſwallow'd from me: I haue loſt, *Meſtor*, ſurnam'd the faire;
Troilus, that readie knight at armes; that made his field repaire,
Euer ſo prompt and ioyfully. And *Hector*, amongſt men,
Eſteem'd a god; not from a mortals ſeed; but of th'eternall ſtraine
He ſeem'd to all eyes. Theſe are gone; you that ſuruiue, are baſe;
Liers, and common free booters: all faultie, not a grace
But in your heeles, in all your parts; dancing companions,
Ye all are excellent: Hence ye brats: loue ye to heare my mones?
Will ye not get my chariot? command it quickly; flie,
That I may perfect this deare worke. This all did terrifie;
And ſtraite his mule-drawne chariot came, to which they faſt did bind
The trunke with gifts: and then came forth, with an afflicted mind,
Old *Hecuba*. In her right hand, a bowle of gold ſhe bore,

With ſweet wine crown'd; ſtood neare, and ſaid; Receiue this, and implore
(With ſacrificing it to *Ioue*) thy ſafe returne. I ſee
Thy mind likes ſtill to go; though mine, diſlikes it vtterly.
Pray to the blacke-cloud-gathering god, (*Idæan Ioue*) that viewes
All *Troy*, and all her miſeries; that he will deine to vſe,
His moſt lou'd bird, to ratifie, thy hopes; that her brode wing,
Spred on thy right hand; thou maiſt know, thy zealous offering
Accepted; and thy ſafe returne, confirm'd; but if he faile;
Faile thy intent, though neuer ſo, it labours to preuaile.
This I refuſe not (he replide) for no faith is ſo great,
In *Ioues* high fauour; but it muſt, with held vp hands intreate.
This ſaid; the chamber-maid that held, the Ewre, and Baſin by,
He bad powre water on his hands; when looking to the skie,
He tooke the bowle; did ſacrifice, and thus implor'd: O *Ioue*,
Priams prayer to Ioue. From *Ida* vſing thy commands, in all deſerts aboue
All other gods; vouchſafe me ſafe; and pitie in the ſight
Of great *Achilles*: and for truſt, to that wiſht grace; excite
Thy ſwift-wing'd meſſenger, moſt ſtrong; moſt of aires region lou'd,
To ſore on my right hand; which ſight, may firmely ſee approu'd
Thy former ſummons, and my ſpeed. He prayd, and heauens king heard;
And inſtantly, caſt from his fiſt, aires all commanding bird;
The blacke wing'd huntreſſe, perfecteſt, of all fowles; which gods call
Percnos; the Eagle. And how brode, the chamber nuptiall
Ioue to Mercury Of any mightie man, hath dores; ſuch breadth caſt either wing;
Which now ſhe vſde; and ſpred them wide, on right hand of the king.
All ſaw it, and reioyc'd; and vp, to chariot he aroſe;
Draue foorth: the Portall, and the Porch, reſounding as he goes.
His friends all follow'd him, and mourn'd; as if he went to die:
And bringing him paſt towne, to field; all left him: and the eye
Of *Iupiter* was then his guard; who pitied him, and vſde
Theſe words to *Hermes*: *Mercurie*, thy helpe hath bene profuſde,
Euer, with moſt grace, in conſorts, of trauailers diſtreſt;
Now conſort *Priam* to the fleet: but ſo, that not the leaſt
Suſpicion of him be attaind, till at *Achilles* tent,
Thy conuoy hath arriu'd him ſafe. This charge incontinent,
He put in practiſe. To his feete, his featherd ſhoes he tide,
Immortall, and made all of gold; with which he vſde to ride
The rough ſea; and th'vnmeaſur'd earth; and equald in his pace,
The puffs of wind. Then tooke he vp, his rod, that hath the grace
To ſhut what eyes he liſts, with ſleep; and open them againe
In ſtrongeſt trances. This he held; flew forth, and did attaine
To *Troy*, and *Helleſpontus* ſtraite: then, like a faire yong Prince,
Firſt-downe chinn'd; and of ſuch a grace, as makes his lookes conuince
Contending eyes to view him: forth, he went to meete the king.
He, hauing paſt the mightie tombe, of *Ilus*; watering
His Mules in *Xanthus*; the darke Euen, fell on the earth; and then
Idæus (guider of the Mules) diſcern'd this Grace of men;
And ſpake affraide to *Priamus*; Beware *Dardanides*,

Our

Our ſtates aske counſell: I diſcerne, the dangerous acceſſe
Of ſome man neare vs; Now I feare, we periſh. Is it beſt
To flie? or kiſſe his knees, and aske, his ruth of men diſtreſt?
Confuſion ſtrooke the king, cold *Feare*, extremely quencht his vaines;
Vpright, vpon his languiſhing head, his haire ſtood; and the chaines
Of ſtrong *Amaze*, bound all his powres. To both which, then came neare
Priams amaze.
The Prince-turn'd Deitie; tooke his hand, and thus beſpake the Peere:
Mercurie appeares to him.
To what place (father) driu'ſt thou out, through ſolitarie *Night*,
When others ſleepe? giue not the *Greeks*, ſufficient cauſe of fright,
To theſe late trauailes? being ſo neare, and ſuch vow'd enemies?
Of all which; if with all this lode; any ſhould caſt his eyes
On thy aduentures; what would then, thy minde eſteeme thy ſtate?
Thy ſelfe old; and thy follower old? Reſiſtance could not rate
At any value: As for me; be ſure, I mind no harme
To thy graue perſon; but againſt, the hurt of others arme.
Mine owne lou'd father did not get, a greater loue in me
Priam to Mercurie.
To his good; then thou doſt to thine. He anſwerd: The degree
Of danger in my courſe (faire ſonne) is nothing leſſe then that
Thou vrgeſt; but ſome gods faire hand, puts in, for my ſafe ſtate,
That ſends ſo ſweete a Guardian, in this ſo ſterne a Time
Of night, and danger, as thy ſelfe; that all grace in his prime,
Of body, and of beautie ſhew'ſt: all anſwerd with a mind
So knowing; that it cannot be, but of ſome bleſſed kind,
Thou art deſcended. Not vntrue (ſaid *Hermes*) thy conceipt
In all this holds; but further truth, relate, if of ſuch weight
As I conceiue thy cariage be? and that thy care conuaies
Thy goods of moſt price, to more guard? or go ye all your waies,
Frighted from holy *Ilion*? So excellent a ſonne
As thou had'ſt, (being your ſpeciall ſtrength) ſalne to *Deſtruction*;
Whom no *Greeke* betterd for his fight? O what art thou (ſaid he)
(Moſt worthy youth?) of what race borne? that thus recounteſt to me,
My wretched ſonnes death with ſuch truth? Now father (he replide)
You tempt me farre, in wondering how, the death was ſignifide
Of your diuine ſonne, to a man, ſo mere a ſtranger here,
As you hold me: but I am one, that oft haue ſeene him beare
His perſon like a god, in field; and when in heapes he ſlew,
The *Greeks*, all routed to their fleet: his ſo victorious view,
Made me admire; not feele his hand; becauſe *Æacides*
(Incenſt) admitted not our fight; my ſelfe being of acceſſe
To his high perſon, ſeruing him; and both to *Ilion*
In one ſhip ſaild. Beſides, by birth, I breathe a *Myrmidon*;
Polyſtor (cald the rich) my ſire; declin'd with age like you.
Sixe ſonnes he hath; and me a ſeuenth; and all thoſe ſixe liue now
In *Phthia*; ſince all caſting lots, my chance did onely fall,
To follow hither. Now for walke, I left my Generall.
To morrow a'l the Sunne-burn'd *Greeks*, will circle *Troy* with armes;
The Princes rage to be withheld, ſo idlely; your alarmes
Not giuen halfe hote enough they thinke; and can containe no more.

He

He anſwerd; If you ſerue the Prince, let me be bold t'implore
This grace of thee; and tell me true, lies *Hector* here at fleet,
Or haue the dogs his fleſh? He ſaid, Nor dogs, nor fowle haue yet
Mercurie to Priam. Toucht at his perſon: ſtill he lies, at fleet, and in the tent
Of our great Captaine; who indeed, is much too negligent
Of his fit vſage: but though now, twelue dayes haue ſpent their heate
On his cold body; neither wormes, with any taint haue eate,
Nor putrifaction periſht it: yet euer when the Morne
Lifts her diuine light from the ſea; vnmercifully borne
About *Patroclus* ſepulcher; it beares his friends diſdaine,
Bound to his chariot; but no Fits, of further outrage, raigne
In his diſtemper: you would muſe, to ſee how deepe a dew,
Euen ſteepes the body, all the blood, waſht off, no ſlenderſt ſhew
Of gore, or quitture; but his wounds, all cloſde; though many were
Opened about him. Such a loue, the bleſt immortals beare,
Euen dead to thy deare ſonne; becauſe, his life ſhew'd loue to them.
He ioyfull anſwerd; O my ſonne, it is a grace ſupreme,
Priam to Mercurie. In any man, to ſerue the gods. And I muſt needs ſay this;
For no cauſe (hauing ſeaſon fit) my *Hectors* hands would miſſe
Aduancement to the gods with gifts; and therefore do not they
Miſſe his remembrance after death. Now let an old man pray
Thy graces to receiue this cup, and keepe it for my loue;
Nor leaue me till the gods and thee, haue made my prayres approue
Achilles pitie; by thy guide, brought to his Princely tent.
Hermes replid; You tempt me now, (old king) to a conſent,
Hermes ſpeaks to Priam. Farre from me; though youth aptly erres. I ſecretly receiue
Gifts, that I cannot brodely vouch: take graces that will giue
My Lord diſhonour: or what he, knowes not: or will eſteeme
Perhaps vnfit: ſuch briberies, perhaps at firſt may ſeeme
Sweet, and ſecure; but futurely, they ſtill proue ſowre; and breed
Both feare, and danger. I could wiſh, thy graue affaires did need
My guide to *Argos*; either ſhipt, or luckying by thy ſide;
And would be ſtudious in thy guard; ſo nothing could be tride,
But care in me, to keepe thee ſafe; for that I could excuſe,
And vouch to all men. Theſe words paſt, he put the deeds in vſe,
For which *Ioue* ſent him; vp he leapt, to *Priams* chariot,
Tooke ſcourge and reines, and blew in ſtrength, to his free ſteeds; and got
The nauall towres and deepe dike ſtrait. The guards were all at meat,
Thoſe he enſlumberd; op't the ports, and in he ſafely let
Old *Priam*, with his wealthy priſe. Forthwith they reacht the Tent
Of great *Achilles*. Large, and high; and in his moſt aſcent
A ſhaggie roofe of ſeedy reeds, mowne from the meades; a hall
Of ſtate they made their king in it, and ſtrengthned it withall,
Thicke with firre rafters; whoſe approch, was let in, by a dore
That had but one barre; but ſo bigge, that three men euermore
Raiſd it, to ſhut; three freſh take downe: which yet *Æacides*
Would ſhut and ope himſelfe. And this with farre more eaſe
Hermes ſet ope, entring the king; then leapt from horſe, and ſaid:

Now

Now know (old king) that, *Mercurie* (a god) hath giuen this aid
To thy endeuour, ſent by *Ioue*; and now, away muſt I:
For men would enuy thy eſtate, to ſee a Deitie
Affect a man thus: enter thou, embrace *Achilles* knee;
And by his ſire, ſonne, mother pray, his ruth, and grace to thee.
This ſaid; he high *Olympus* reacht, the king then left his coach
Priam enters Achilles tent. To graue *Ideus*, and went on; made his reſolu'd approach:
And enterd in a goodly roome; where, with his Princes ſate
Ioue-lou'd *Achilles*, at their feaſt; two onely kept the ſtate
Of his attendance, *Alcymus*, and Lord *Automedon*.
At *Priams* entrie; a great time, *Achilles* gaz'd vpon
His wonderd-at approch; nor eate: the reſt did nothing ſee,
While cloſe he came vp; with his hands, faſt holding the bent knee
Of *Hectors* conqueror; and kiſt, that large man-ſlaughtring hand,
That much blood from his ſonnes had drawne; And as in ſome ſtrange land,
And great mans houſe; a man is driuen, (with that abhorr'd diſmay, *Simile.*
That followes wilfull bloodſhed ſtill; his fortune being to ſlay
One, whoſe blood cries alowde for his) to pleade protection
In ſuch a miſerable plight, as frights the lookers on:
In ſuch a ſtupefied eſtate, *Achilles* ſate to ſee,
So vnexpected, ſo in night, and ſo incrediblie,
Old *Priams* entrie; all his friends, one on another ſtar'd,
To ſee his ſtrange lookes, ſeeing no cauſe. Thus *Priam* then prepar'd *Priam to Achilles.*
His ſonnes redemption: See in me, O godlike *Thetis* ſonne,
Thy aged father; and perhaps, euen now being outrunne
With ſome of my woes; neighbour foes, (thou abſent) taking time
To do him miſchiefe; no meane left, to terrifie the crime
Of his oppreſſion; yet he heares, thy graces ſtill ſuruiue,
And ioyes to heare it; hoping ſtill, to ſee thee ſafe arriue,
From ruin'd *Troy*: but I (curſt man) of all my race, ſhall liue
To ſee none liuing. Fiftie ſonnes, the Deities did giue,
My hopes to liue in; all aliue, when neare our trembling ſhore
The *Greecke* ſhips harbor'd; and one wombe, nineteene of thoſe ſons bore.
Now *Mars*, a number of their knees, hath ſtrengthleſſe left; and he
That was (of all) my onely ioy, and *Troyes* ſole guard; by thee
(Late fighting for his countrey) ſlaine; whoſe tenderd perſon, now
I come to ranſome. Infinite, is that I offer you,
My ſelfe conferring it; expoſde, alone to all your oddes:
Onely imploring right of armes. *Achilles*, feare the gods,
Pitie an old man, like thy ſire; different in onely this,
That I am wretcheder; and beare, that weight of miſeries
That neuer man did: my curſt lips, enforc't to kiſſe that hand
That ſlue my children. This mou'd teares; his fathers name did ſtand
(Mention'd by *Priam*) in much helpe, to his compaſſion;
And mou'd *Æacides* ſo much, he could not looke vpon
The weeping father. With his hand, he gently put away
His graue face; calme remiſſion now, did mutually diſplay
Her powre in either's heauineſſe; old *Priam*, to record

His

His ſonnes death; and his deaths man ſee, his teares, and boſome pour'd
Before *Achilles*. At his feete, he laid his reuerend head.
Achilles thoughts, now with his fire, now with his friend, were fed.
Betwixt both, *Sorrow* fild the the tent. But now *Æacides*,
Achilles remorſe of Priam. (Satiate at all parts, with the ruth, of their calamities)
Start vp, and vp he raiſd the king. His milke-white head and beard,
With pittie he beheld, and ſaid; Poore man, thy mind is ſcar'd,
With much affliction; how durſt, thy perſon thus alone,
Venture on his ſight, that hath ſlaine, ſo many a worthy ſonne,
And ſo deare to thee? thy old heart, is made of iron; ſit
And ſettle we our woes, though huge; for nothing profits it.
Cold mourning waſtes but our liues heates. The gods haue deſtinate
That wretched mortals muſt liue ſad. Tis the immortall ſtate
Of Deitie, that liues ſecure. Two Tunnes of gifts there lie
In *Ioues* gate; one of good, one ill, that our mortalitie,
Maintaine, ſpoile, order: which when *Ioue*, doth mixe to any man;
One while he frolicks, one while mourns. If of his mournfull Kan
A man drinks onely; onely wrongs, he doth expoſe him to.
Sad hunger, in th'abundant earth, doth toſſe him to and froe,
Reſpected, nor of gods, nor men. The mixt cup *Peleus* dranke,
Euen from his birth, heauen bleſt his life; he liu'd not that could thanke
The gods for ſuch rare benefits, as ſet foorth his eſtate.
He reign'd among his *Myrmidons*, moſt rich, moſt fortunate.
And (though a mortall) had his bed, deckt with a deathleſſe Dame.
And yet with all this good, one ill, god mixt, that takes all name
From all that goodneſſe; his Name now, (whoſe preſeruation here,
Men count the crowne of their moſt good) not bleſt with powre to beare
One bloſſome, but my ſelfe: and I, ſhaken as ſoone as blowne.
Nor ſhall I liue to cheare his age, and giue nutrition
To him that nouriſht me. Farre off, my reſt is ſet in *Troy*,
To leaue thee reſtleſſe, and thy feed. Thy ſelfe, that did enioy,
(As we haue heard) a happie life: what *Lesbos* doth containe,
(In times paſt being a bleſt mans ſeate:) what the vnmeaſur'd maine
Of *Hellſpontus*, *Phrygia* holds; are all ſaid to adorne
Thy Empire; wealth, and ſonnes enow: but when the gods did turne
Thy bleſt ſtate to partake with bane; warre, and the bloods of men,
Circl'd thy citie, neuer cleare. Sit downe and ſuffer then;
Mourne not ineuitable things; thy teares can ſpring no deeds
To helpe theee, nor recall thy ſonne: impacience euer breeds
Ill vpon ill; makes worſt things worſe; and therefore ſit. He ſaid,
Priam to Achilles. Giue me no ſeate (great ſeed of *Ioue*) when yet vnranſomed,
Hector lies riteleſſe in thy tents: but daigne with vtmoſt ſpeed
His reſignation, that theſe eyes, may ſee his perſon freed;
And thy grace ſatisfied with gifts. Accept what I haue brought,
And turne to *Phthia*; tis enough, thy conquering hand hath fought,
Till *Hector* faltred vnder it; and *Hectors* father ſtood
Achilles angry with Priam. With free humanitie ſafe. He frown'd, and ſaid; Giue not my blood
Freſh cauſe of furie; I know well, I muſt reſigne thy ſonne;

Ioue by my mother vtterd it; and what beſides is done,
I know as amply; and thy ſelfe, (old *Priam*) I know too.
Some god hath brought thee: for no man, durſt vſe a thought to go
On ſuch a ſeruice; I haue guards; and I haue gates to ſtay
Eaſie acceſſes; do not then, preſume thy will can ſway,
Like *Ioues* will; and incenſe againe, my quencht blood; leſt nor thou,
Nor *Ioue* gets the command of me. This made the old king bow,
And downe he ſate in feare; the Prince, leapt like a Lion forth;
Automedon, and *Alcymus*, attending; all the worth
Brought for the body, they tooke downe, and brought in; and with it,
Idæus (herald to the king,) a cote embroderd yet,
And two rich cloakes, they left to hide, the perſon. *Thetis* ſonne
Cald out his women, to annoint; and quickly ouerrunne
The Corſe with water; lifting it, in priuate, to the coach;
Leſt *Priam* ſaw; and his cold blood, embrac't a fierie touch,
Of anger, at the turpitude, prophaning it; and blew
Againe his wraths fire to his death. This done; his women threw
The cote and cloake on; but the Corſe, *Achilles* owne hand laide
Vpon a bed; and with his friends; to chariot it conuaide.
For which forc't grace (abhorring ſo, from his free mind) he wept;
Cried out for anger, and thus praide: O friend, do not except
Againſt this fauour to our foe (if in the deepe thou heate)
And that I giue him to his Sire; he gaue faire ranſome; deare
In my obſeruance, is *Ioues* will; and whatſoeuer part
Of all theſe gifts, by any meane, I firly may conuert
To thy renowne here; and will there; it ſhall be pour'd vpon
Thy honour'd ſepulcher. This ſaid, he went, and what was done,
Told *Priam*, ſaying: Father, now, thy wils fit rites are paide,
Thy ſonne is giuen vp; in the morne, thine eyes ſhall ſee him laide
Deckt in thy chariot, on his bed; in meane ſpace, let vs eate.
The rich-hair'd *Niobe*, found thoughts, that made her take her meate;
Though twelue deare children ſhe ſaw ſlaine: ſixe daughters, ſixe yong ſons.
The ſonnes, incenſt *Apollo* ſlue: the maides confuſions
Diana wrought; ſince *Niobe*, her merits durſt compare
With great *Latona*; arguing, that ſhe did onely beare
Two children; and her ſelfe had twelue; For which, thoſe onely two
Slue all her twelue; nine dayes they lay, ſteept in their blood: her woe
Found no friend, to afford them fire; *Saturnius* had turnd
Humanes to ſtones. The tenth day yet; the good celeſtials burnd
The trunkes themſelues; and *Niobe*, when ſhe was tyr'd with teares,
Fell to her foode; and now with rockes; and wilde hils mixt ſhe beares
(In *Sypilus*) the gods wraths ſtill; in that place, where tis ſaid,
The Goddeſſe Fairies vſe to dance, about the funerall bed
Of *Achelous*; where (though turn'd, with cold griefe, to a ſtone)
Heauen giues her heate enough to feele, what plague compariſon
With his powers (made by earth) deſerues: affect not then too farre
Without griefe, like a god, being a man; but for a mans life care,
And take fit foode: thou ſhalt haue time, beſide to mourne thy ſonne;

He ſhall be tearefull; thou being full; not here, but *Ilion*
Shall finde thee weeping roomes enow. He ſaid, and ſo aroſe;
And cauſd a ſiluer-fleec't theepe, kill'd; his friends skils did diſpoſe
The fleaing, cutting of it vp; and cookely ſpitted it;
Roſted; and drew it artfully. *Automedon* as fit
Was for the reuerend Sewers place; and all the browne ioynts ſeru'd
On wicker veſſell to the boord; *Achilles* owne hands keru'd;
Their mutuall obſeruation of eithers faſhion at the table. And cloſe they fell too. Hunger ſtancht, talke, and obſeruing time
Was vſde, of all hands; *Priams* fate, amaz'd to ſee the prime
Of *Thetis* ſonne; accompliſht ſo, with ſtature, lookes, and grace;
In which, the fathion of a god, he thought had chang'd his place.
Achilles fell to him as faſt; admir'd as much his yeares;
(Told, in his graue, and good aſpect;) his ſpeech euen charm'd his eares:
So orderd; ſo materiall. With this food feaſted too,
Old *Priam* ſpake thus: Now (*Ioues* ſeed) command that I may go,
Priam to Achilles. And adde to this feaſt grace of reſt: theſe lids nere cloſde mine eyes
Since vnder thy hands fled the ſoule, of my deare ſonne; ſighes, cries,
And woes; all vſe from food, and ſleepe, haue taken: the baſe courts
Of my ſad Pallace, made my beds; where all the abiect ſorts
Of ſorrow, I haue varied; tumbl'd in duſt, and hid;
No bit, no drop of ſuſtenance toucht. Then did *Achilles* bid
His men and women ſee his bed, laid downe, and couered
With purple Blankets; and on them, an Arras Couerlid;
Waſt coſts of ſilke pluſh laying by. The women ſtraite tooke lights,
And two beds made, with vtmoſt ſpeed; and all the other rites
Their Lord nam'd, vſde; who pleaſantly, the king in hand thus bore:
Achilles to Priam. Good father, you muſt ſleepe without; leſt any Counſellor
Make his acceſſe in depth of night; as oft their induſtrie
Brings them t'impart our warre-affaires; of whom ſhould any eye
Diſcerne your preſence, his next ſteps, to *Agamemnon* flie;
And then ſhall I loſe all theſe gifts. But go to, ſignifie,
(And that with truth) how many daies, you meane to keepe the ſtate
Of *Hectors* funerals: becauſe, ſo long would I rebate
Mine owne edge, ſet to ſacke your towne; and all our hoſt containe
From interruption of your rites. He anſwerd; If you meane
To ſuffer ſuch rites to my ſonne; you ſhall performe a part
Of moſt grace to me. But you know, with how diſmaid a heart,
Our hoſt tooke *Troy*; and how much *Feare*, will therefore apprehend
Their ſpirits to make out againe, ſo farre as we muſt ſend
For wood, to raiſe our heape of death; vnleſſe I may aſſure,
That this your high grace will ſtand good; and make their paſſe ſecure;
Which if you ſeriouſly confirme; nine daies I meane to mourne;
The tenth, keepe funerall and feaſt: th'eleuenth raiſe, and adorne
My ſonnes fit Sepulcher. The twelfth (if we muſt needs) weele fight.
Be it (replyed *Æacides*) do *Hector* all this right;
Ile hold warre backe thoſe whole twelue daies: of which, to free all feare,
Take this my right hand. This confirm'd, the old king reſted there.
His Herald lodg'd by him; and both, in forepart of the tent;

Achilles

Achilles in an inmoſt roome, of wondrous ornament;
Whoſe ſide, bright-cheekt *Briſeis* warm'd. Soft *Sleepe* tam'd gods and men;
All, but moſt vlefull *Mercurie*; *Sleepe* could not lay one chaine
On his quicke temples; taking care, for getting off againe
Engaged *Priam*, vndiſcern'd, of thoſe that did maintaine
The ſacred watch. Aboue his head, he ſtood with this demand.
O father, ſleep'ſt thou ſo ſecure, ſtill lying in the hand
Mercurie appeares to Priam in his ſleepe. Of ſo much ill? and being diſmiſt, by great *Æacides*?
Tis true, thou haſt redeem'd the dead; but for thy lifes releaſe
(Should *Agamemnon* heare thee here) three times the price now paide,
Thy ſonnes hands muſt repay for thee. This ſaid; the king (affraid)
Start from his ſleepe; *Idæus* cald; and (for both) *Mercurie*
The horſe, and mules, (before loſde) ioyn'd, ſo ſoft and curiouſly,
That no eare heard; and through the hoſt, draue; but when they drew
To gulphy *Xanthus* bright-wau'd ſtreame, vp to *Olympus* flew
Induſtrious *Mercurie*. And now, the ſaffron morning roſe;
Spreading her white robe ouer all, the world. When (full of woes)
They ſcourg'd on, with the Corſe to *Troy*; from whence, no eye had ſeene
(Before *Caſſandra*) their returne. She, (like loues golden Queene,
Aſcending *Pergamus*) diſcern'd, her fathers perſon nie;
His Herald, and her brothers Corſe; and then ſhe caſt this crie
Round about *Troy*; O *Troians*, if euer ye did greet
Caſſandra to the Troians. *Hector*, return'd from fight aliue; now, looke ye out, and meet
His ranſom'd perſon. Then his worth, was all your cities ioy;
Now do it honour. Out all ruſht; woman, nor man, in *Troy*
Was left: a moſt vnmeaſur'd crie, tooke vp their voices. Cloſe
To *Scæas* Ports they met the Corſe; and to it, headlong goes
The reuerend mother; the deare wife; vpon it, ſtrowe their haire,
And lie entranced. Round about, the people broke the aire
In lamentations; and all day, had ſtaid the people there;
If *Priam* had not cryed; Giue way, giue me but leaue to beare
The body home; and mourne your fils. Then cleft the preaſſe; and gaue
Way to the chariot. To the Court, Herald *Idæus* draue,
Where on a rich bed they beſtow'd, the honor'd perſon; round
Girt it with Singers; that the woe, with skillfull voices crownd.
A wofull *Elegie* they ſung, wept ſinging, and the dames,
Andromaches lamentation for her husband. Sigh'd, as they ſung: *Andromache*, the downeright proſe-exclames
Began to all; ſhe on the necke, of ſlaughterd *Hector* fell
And cried out: O my husband! thou, in youth badſt youth farewell,
Left'ſt me a widdow: thy ſole ſonne, an infant; our ſelues curſt
In our birth, made him right our child; for all my care, that nurſt
His infancie, will neuer giue, life to his youth; ere that,
Troy from her top, will be deſtroy'd; thou guardian of our ſtate;
Thou euen of all her ſtrength, the ſtrength; thou that in care weert paſt
Her carefull mothers of their babes, being gone; how can ſhe laſt?
Soone will the ſwolne fleete fill her wombe, with all their ſeruitude,
My ſelfe with them, and thou with me (deare ſonne) in labours rude,
Shalt be emploid; ſternely ſuruaid, by cruell Conquerors;

Or rage not (ſuffering life ſo long;) ſome one, whoſe hate abhorres
Andromaches lamentation for Hector. Thy preſence; (putting him in mind, of his ſire ſlaine by thine;
His brother, ſonne, or friend) ſhall worke, thy ruine before mine;
Toſt from ſome towre; for many *Grecks*, haue eate earth from the hand
Of thy ſtrong father: In ſad fight, his ſpirit was too much mann'd;
And therefore mourne his people; we; thy Parents (my deare Lord)
For that, thou mak'ſt endure a woe; blacke, and to be abhorr'd.
Of all yet, thou haſt left me worſt; not dying in thy bed;
And reaching me thy laſt-raiſd hand: in nothing counſelled;
Nothing commanded by that powre, thou hadſt of me; to do
Some deed for thy ſake: O for theſe; neuer will end my woe;
Neuer my teares ceaſſe. Thus wept ſhe; and all the Ladies cloſde,
Her paſſion with a generall ſhricke. Then *Hecuba* diſpoſde,
Hecubas lamentation. Her thoughts in like words: O my ſonne, of all mine, much moſt deare;
Deare, while thou liu'dſt too, euen to gods: and after death they were
Carefull to ſaue thee. Being beſt; thou moſt wer't enuied;
My other ſonnes, *Achilles* ſold; but thee, he left not dead.
Imber and *Samos*; the falſe Ports, of *Lemnos* entertain'd
Their perſons; thine, no Port but death; nor there, in reſt remain'd,
Thy violated Corſe; the Tombe, of his great friend was ſpher'd
With thy dragg'd perſon; yet from death, he was not therefore rer'd.
But (all his rage vſde) ſo the gods, haue tenderd thy dead ſtate;
Thou lieſt as liuing; ſweete and freſh, as he that felt the Fate
Of *Phœbus* holy ſhafts. Theſe words, the Queene vſde for her mone;
And next her; *Hellen* held that ſtate; of ſpeech and paſſion.
Hellens lamentation. O *Hector*, All my brothers more, were not ſo lou'd of me,
As thy moſt vertues. Not my Lord, I held ſo deare as thee;
That brought me hither; before which, I would I had bene brought
To ruine; for, what breeds that wiſh (which is the miſchiefe wrought
By my acceſſe) yet neuer found, one harſh taunt; one words ill
From thy ſweet cariage. Twenty yeares, do now their circles fill,
Since my arriuall; all which time, thou didſt not onely beare
Thy ſelfe without checke; But all elſe, that my Lords brothers were;
Their ſiſters Lords; ſiſters themſelues; the Queen my mother in law;
(The king being neuer but moſt milde) when thy mans ſpirits ſaw
Sowre, and reprochfull; it would ſtill, reproue their bitterneſſe
With ſweet words. And thy gentle ſoule. And therefore thy deceaſſe,
I truly mourne for; and my ſelfe, curſe, as the wretched cauſe;
All brode *Troy* yeelding me not one; that any humane lawes
Of pitie, or forgiueneſſe mou'd, t'entreate me humanely,
But onely thee; all elſe abhorr'd, me for my deſtinie.
Priam to the Troians. Theſe words, made euen the cõmons mourn; to whom the king ſaid, Friends.
Now fetch wood for our funerall fire; nor feare the foe intends
Ambuſh, or any violence; *Achilles* gaue his word,
At my diſmiſſion; that twelue dayes, he would keepe ſheath'd his ſword,
And all mens elſe. Thus oxen, mules, in chariots ſtraite they put;
Went forth; and an vnmeaſur'd pile, of Syluane matter cut;
Nine daies emploide in cariage; but when the tenth morne ſhinde

On

On wretched mortals; then they brought, the-fit-to-be-diuin'd,
Forth to be burn'd: *Troy* ſwum in teares. Vpon the piles moſt height
They laid the perſon, and gaue fire; all day it burn'd; all night.
But when th'eleuenth morne let on earth, her roſie fingers ſhine,
The people flockt about the pile; and firſt, with blackiſh wine
Quencht all the flames. His brothers then, and friends, the ſnowy bones
Gatherd into an vrne of gold; ſtill powring on their mones.
Then wrapt they in ſoft purple veiles, the rich vrne; digg'd a pit;
Grau'd it; ramb'd vp the graue with ſtones, and quickly built to it
A ſepulcher. But while that worke, and all the funerall rites
Were in performance, guards were held, at all parts, dayes and nights,
For feare of falſe ſurpriſe before, they had impoſde the crowne
To theſe ſolemnities. The tombe, aduanc't once, all the towne,
In *Ioue*-nurſt *Priams* Court partooke, a paſſing ſumptuous feaſt;
And ſo horſe-taming *Hectors* rites, gaue vp his ſoule to *Reſt*.

Thus farre the *Ilian* Ruines I haue laid
Open to *Engliſh* eyes. In which (repaid
With thine owne value;) go vnualu'd Booke
Liue, and be lou'd. if any enuious looke
Hurt thy cleare fame; learne that no ſtate more hie
Attends on vertue, then pin'd *Enuies* eye.
Would thou wert worth it, that the beſt doth wound;
Which this Age feedes, and which the laſt ſhall bound.

THus with labour enough (though with more comfort in the merits of my diuine Author) I haue brought my tranſlation of his Iliads *to an end. If either therein, or in the harſh vtterance, or matter of my Comment before; I haue, for haſte, ſcatterd with my burthen (leſſe then fifteene weekes being the whole time, that the laſt twelue bookes tranſlation ſtood me in) I deſire my preſent will, and (I doubt not) hability (if God giue life) to reforme and perfect all heareafter, may be ingenuouſlly accepted for the abſolute worke. The rather, conſidering the moſt learned (with all their helpes and time) haue bene ſo often and vnanſwerably, miſerably taken halting. In the meane time; that moſt aſſiſtfull and vnſpeakeable ſpirit, by whoſe thrice ſacred conduct and inſpiration, I haue finiſhed this labour, diffuſe the fruitfull horne of his bleſſings through theſe goodneſſe-thirſting watchings; without which, vtterly dry and bloodleſſe is whatſoeuer Mortality ſoweth.*

But where our moſt diligent Spondanus *ends his worke with a prayer to be taken out of theſe* Mæanders; *and* Euripian *riuers (as he termes them) of Ethnicke, and prophane writers (being quite contrarie to himſelfe at the beginning) I thrice humbly beſeech the moſt deare and diuine mercie (euer moſt incomparably preferring the great light of his truth in his direct, and infallible Scriptures) I may euer be enabled, by reſting wondring in his right comfortable ſhadowes in theſe; to magnifie the clearenеſſe of his almighty apparance in the other.*

And with this ſalutation of Poeſie giuen by our Spondanus *in his* Preface *to theſe* Iliads. (*All haile Saint-facred Poeſie; that vnder ſo much gall of fiction, ſuch abundance of honey doctrine haſt hidden; not reuealing them to the vnworthy worldly; wouldſt thou but ſo much make me, that amongſt thy Nouices I might be*

numbred; no time ſhould euer come neare my life, that could make me forſake thee.) I will conclude with this my daily and nightly prayer; learn'd of the moſt learned Symplicius.

Supplico tibi Domine, Pater, & Dux rationis noſtræ; vt noſtræ nobilitatis recordemur qua tu nos ornaſti; & vt tu nobis præſtò ſis, vt ijs qui per ſeſe mouentur: vt & à corporis contagio, brutorumque affectuum repurgemur, eoſque ſuperemus, & regamus, &, ſicut decet, pro inſtrumentis ijs vtamur. Deinde vt nobis adiumento ſis, ad accuratam rationis noſtræ correctionem; & coniunctionem cum ijs quæ verè ſunt, per lucem veritatis.

Et tertium, Saluatori ſupplex oro; vt ab oculis animorum noſtrorum caliginem prorſus abſtergas, vt (quod apud *Homerum* eſt) Notimus bene qui Deus, aut mortalis habendus.

Amen.

FINIS.

TO THE RIGHT GRACIOVS *and worthy, the Duke of* LENNOX.

AMongſt th'Heroes of the VVorlds prime years,
Stand here, great Duke, & ſee thē ſhine about you:
Informe your princely minde and ſpirit by theirs,
And then, like them, liue euer; looke without you,
For ſubiects fit to vſe your place, and grace:
VVhich throw about you, as the Sunne, his Raies;
In quickning, with their power, the dying Race
Of friendleſſe *Vertue*; ſince they thus can raiſe
Their honor'd Raiſers, to *Eternitie*.
None euer liu'd by *Selfe-loue*: Others good
Is th'obiect of our owne. They (liuing) die,
That burie in themſelues their fortunes brood.
To this ſcule, then, your gracious countenance giue;
That gaue, to ſuch as you, ſuch meanes to liue.

TO THE MOST GRAVE AND *honored Temperer of Law, and Equitie, the Lord* CHANCELOR, *&c.*

THat Poeſie is not ſo remou'd a thing
From graue adminiſtry of publike weales,
As theſe times take it; heare this Poet ſing,
Moſt iudging Lord: and ſee how he reueales
The myſteries of Rule, and rules to guide
The life of Man, through all his choiceſt waies.
Nor be your timely paines the leſſe applyed
For Poeſies idle name; becauſe her Raies
Haue ſhin'd through greateſt Counſellors, and Kings.
Heare Royall *Hermes* ſing th'Egyptian Lawes;
How *Solon*, *Draco*, *Zoroaſtes* ſings
Their Lawes in verſe: and let their iuſt applauſe
(By all the world giuen) yours (by vs) allow;
That, ſince you grace all vertue, honour you.

TO THE MOST WORTHIE *Earle, Lord Treaſurer, and Treaſure of our Countrey, the Earle of* SALISBVRY, *&c.*

Vouchſafe, great Treaſurer, to turne your eye,
And ſee the opening of a Grecian Mine;
VVhich, VViſedome long ſince made her Treaſury;
And now her title doth to you reſigne.
VVherein as th'Ocean walks not, with ſuch waues,
The Round of this Realme, as your VViſedomes ſeas;
Nor, with his great eye, ſees; his Marble, ſaues
Our State, like your Vlyſsian policies:
So, none like HOMER hath the VVorld enſpher'd;
Earth, Seas, & heauen, fixt in his verſe, and mouing;
VVhom all times wiſeſt Men, haue held vnper'de;
And therfore would conclude with your approuing.
Then grace his ſpirit, that all wiſe men hath grac't,
And made things euer flitting, euer laſt.

An Anagram.

Robert Cecyl, Earle of Salisburyc.
Curb foes; thy care, is all our erly Be.

TO THE MOST HONOR'D RE- *ſtorer of ancient Nobilitie, both in blood and vertue, the Earle of* SVFFOLKE, *&c.*

Ioine, Nobleſt Earle, in giuing worthy grace,
To this great gracer of Nobilitie:
See here what ſort of men, your honor'd place
Doth properly command; if Poeſie
(Profeſt by them) were worthily expreſt.
The graueſt, wiſeſt, greateſt, need not, then,
Account that part of your command the leaſt;
Nor them ſuch idle, needleſſe, worthleſſe Men.
VVho can be worthier Men in publique weales,
Then thoſe (at all parts) that preſcrib'd the beſt?
That ſtird vp nobleſt vertues, holieſt zeales;
And euermore haue liu'd as they profeſt?
A world of worthieſt Men, ſee one create,
(Great Earle); whom no man ſince could imitate.

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND *learned Earle, the Earle of* NORTHAMTON, *&c.*

O you, moſt learned Earle, whoſe learning can
Reiect vnlearned Cuſtome, and Embrace
The reall vertues of a worthie Man,
I proſtrate this great *Worthie*, for your grace;
And pray that Poeſies well-deſeru'd ill Name
(Being ſuch, as many moderne Poets make her)
May nought eclipſe her cleare eſſentiall flame:
But as ſhe ſhines here, ſo refuſe or take her.
Nor do I hope; but euen your high affaires
May ſuffer intermixture with her view;
VVhere *Wiſedome* fits her for the higheſt chaires;
And mindes, growne old, with cares of State, renew:
You then (great Earle) that in his owne tongue know
This king of Poets; ſee his Engliſh ſhow.

TO THE MOST NOBLE, MY *ſingular good Lord, the Earle of Arundell.*

Tand by your nobleſt ſtocke; and euer grow
In loue, and grace of vertue moſt admir'd;
And we will pay the ſacrifice we owe
Of prayre and honour, with all good deſir'd
To your diuine ſoule; that ſhall euer liue
In height of all bliſſe prepar'd here beneath,
In that ingenuous and free grace you giue
To knowledge; onely Bulwarke againſt Death.
VVhoſe rare ſuſtainers here, her powres ſuſtaine
Hereafter. Such reciprocall effects
Meete in her vertues. VVhere the loue doth raigne,
The Act of knowledge crownes our intellects.
VVhere th'Act, nor Loue is, there, like beaſts men die:
Not Life, but Time is their Eternitie.

TO THE LEARNED AND *moſt noble Patrone of learning the Earle of* PEMBROOKE, &c.

ABoue all others may your Honor ſhine;
As, paſt all others, your ingenuous beames
Exhale into your grace the forme diuine
Of godlike *Learning*; whoſe exiled ſtreames
Runne to your ſuccour, charg'd with all the wracke
Of ſacred Vertue. Now the barbarous witch
(Foule *Ignorance*) ſits charming of them backe
To their firſt Fountaine, in the great and rich;
Though our great Soueraigne counter-checke her charmes
(VVho in all learning, reignes ſo paſt example)
Yet (with her) *Turkiſh Policie* puts on armes,
To raze all knowledge in mans Chriſtian Temple.
(You following yet our king) your guard redouble:
Pure are thoſe ſtreames, that theſe times cannot trouble.

TO THE RIGHT GRACIOVS *Illuſtrator of vertue, and worthy of the fauour Royall, the Earle of* MONTGOMRIE.

THere runs a blood, faire Earle, through your cleare
That well entitles you to all things Noble; (vains
VVhich ſtill the liuing Sydnian ſoule maintaines,
And your Names ancient Nobleſſe doth redouble:
For which I needs muſt tender to your Graces
This nobleſt worke of Man; as made your Right.
And though *Ignobleſſe*, all ſuch workes defaces
As tend to *Learning*, and the ſoules delight:
Yet ſince the ſacred Penne doth teſtifie,
That *Wiſedome* (which is *Learnings* naturall birth)
Is the cleare Mirror of Gods Maieſtie,
And *Image* of his goodneſſe here in earth;
If you the *Daughter* wiſh, reſpect the *Mother*:
One cannot be obtain'd, without the other.

TO THE MOST LEARNED *and Noble Concluder of the Warres of Arte, and the Muſes, the Lord* LISLE, &c.

NOr let my paines herein (long honor'd Lord)
Faile of your ancient Nobly-good reſpects;
Though obſcure *Fortune* neuer would afford
My ſeruice ſhow, till theſe thus late effects.
And though my poore deſerts weigh'd neuer more
Then might keepe downe their worthleſſe memorie
From your high thoughts (enricht with better ſtore)
Yet yours, in me, are fixt eternally;
VVhich all my fit occaſions well ſhall proue.
Meane ſpace (with your moſt Noble Nephewes) daine
To ſhew your free and honorable loue
To this Greeke Poet, in his Engliſh vaine.
You cannot more the point of death controule;
Then to ſtand cloſe by ſuch a liuing ſoule.

TO THE GREAT AND VERTUOUS, *the Counteſſe of* MONTGOMRIE.

YOur Fame (great Lady) is ſo lowd reſounded,
By your free Trumpet, my right worthy frend;
That, with it, all my forces ſtand confounded,
Arm'd, and diſarm'd at once, to one iuſt end;
To honor and deſcribe the bleſt conſent
Twixt your high blood and ſoule, in vertues rare.
Of which, my friends praiſe is ſo eminent,
That I ſhall hardly like his *Echo* fare,
To render onely th'ends of his ſhrill Verſe.
Beſides; my Bounds are ſhort; and I muſt, meerely,
My will to honour your rare parts, rehearſe;
VVith more time, ſinging your renowme more clearely.
Meane-time, take *Homer* for my wants ſupply:
To whom adioyn'd, your Name ſhall neuer die.

TO THE HAPPY STARRE, DI-
ſcouered in our Sydneian Aſteriſme; comfort of learning, Sphere of all the Vertues, the Lady VVROTHE.

WHen all our other Starres ſet (in their skies)
To Vertue, and all honor of her kind;
That you (rare Lady) ſhould ſo clearely riſe,
Makes all the vertuous glorifie your mind.
And let true Reaſon, and Religion trie,
If it be Fancie, not iudiciall Right,
In you t'oppoſe the times Apoſtaſie,
To take the ſoules part, and her ſauing Light,
VVhile others blinde and burie both in Senſe;
VVhen, tis the onely end, for which all liue.
And, could thoſe ſoules, in whom it dies, diſpenſe
As much with their Religion; they would giue
That as ſmall grace. Then ſhun their courſe, faire Starre;
And ſtill keepe your way, pure, and circular.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE PA-
troneſſe and Grace of Vertue, the Counteſſe of BEDFORD.

TO you, faire Patroneſſe, and Muſe to Learning;
The Fount of learning and the Muſes ſends
This Cordiall for your vertues; and forewarning
To leaue no good, for th'ill the world commends.
Cuſtome ſeduceth but the vulgar ſort:
VVith whom, when *Nobleſſe* mixeth, ſhe is vulgare;
The truly-Noble, ſtill repaire their Fort,
VVith gracing good excitements, and gifts rare;
In which the narrow path, to Happineſſe,
Is onely beaten. *Vulgar pleaſure* ſets
Nets for her ſelfe, in ſwinge of her exceſſe;
And beates her ſelfe there dead, ere free ſhe gets.
Since pleaſure then with pleaſure ſtill doth waſte;
Still pleaſe with vertue Madame: That will laſt.

TO THE RIGHT VALOROVS
and virtuous Lord, the Earle of SOVTH-HAMTON, *&c.*

IN Choice of all our Countries Nobleſt ſpirits
(Borne ſlauiſher barbariſme to conuince)
I could not but inuoke your ho or'd Merits,
To follow the ſwift vertue of our Prince.
The cries of *Vertue*, and her *Fortreſſe*, *Learning*,
Brake earth, and to *Elyſium* did deſcend,
To call vp *Homer*: who therein diſcerning
That his excitements, to their good, had end
(As being a Grecian) puts-on Engliſh armes;
And to the hardie Natures in theſe climes
Stikes-vp his high and ſpiritfull alarmes,
That they may cleare earth of thoſe impious Crimes
VVhoſe conqueſt (though moſt faintly all apply)
You know (learn'd Earle) all liue for, and ſhould die.

TO MY EXCEEDING GOOD
Lord, the Earle of SVSSEX: *with duty alwaies remembred to his honor'd Counteſſe.*

YOu that haue made, in our great Princes Name
(At his high birth) his holy Chriſtian vowes;
May witneſſe now (to his eternall Fame)
How he performes them thus far: & ſtil growes
Aboue his birth in vertue; paſt his yeares,
In ſtrength of Bountie, and great Fortitude.
Amongſt this traine, then, of our choiceſt Peeres,
That follow him in chace of vices rude,
Summon'd by his great Herald *Homers* voice;
March you; and euer let your Familie
(In your vowes made for ſuch a Prince) reioyce.
Your ſeruice to his State ſhall neuer die.
And, for my true obſeruance, let this ſhow,
No meanes eſcapes when I may honour you.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND *Heroicall, my ſingular good Lord, the Lord of* VVALDEN, *&c.*

NOr let the vulgar ſway *Opinion* beares
(Rare Lord) that Poeſies fauor ſhewes men vaine,
Ranke you amongſt her ſterne disfauourers;
She all things worthy fauour doth maintaine.
Vertue, in all things elſe, at beſt ſhe betters;
Honour ſhe heightens, and giues Life in Death;
She is the ornament, and ſoule of letters:
The worlds deceipt before her vaniſheth.
Simple ſhe is as Doues, like Serpents wiſe;
Sharpe, graue, and ſacred: nought but things diuine,
And things diuining, fit her faculties;
(Accepting her as ſhe is genuine.)
If ſhe be vaine then, all things elſe are vile;
If vertuous, ſtill be Patrone of her ſtile.

TO THE MOST TRVLY-NOble and Vertue-gracing Knight Sir *Thomas* HOVVARD.

HEtrue, and nothing-leſſe-then ſacred ſpirit
That moues your feete ſo farre from the prophane;
In skorne of Pride, and grace of humbleſt merit,
Shall fill your Names ſphere; neuer ſeeing it wane.
It is ſo rare, in blood ſo high as yours
To entertaine the humble skill of Truth;
And put a vertuous end to all your powres;
That th'honor Age askes, we giue you in youth.
Your Youth hath wonne the maiſtrie of your Mind;
As *Homer* ſings of his *Antilochus*,
The parallell of you in euery kind,
Valiant, and milde, and moſt ingenious.
Go on in Vertue, after Death and grow,
And ſhine like *Ledas* twins; my Lord and you.

Euer moſt humbly and faithfully deuoted to you, and all the rare Patrons of diuine Homer.
Geo. Chapman.

TO THE MOST VVORTHILY HONORED, MY SINGVLAR GOOD LORD, *ROBERT*, Earle of SOMERSET, Lord Chamberlaine, &c.

IHaue aduentured (Right Noble Earle) out of my vtmoſt, and euer-vowed ſeruice to your Vertues, to entitle their Merits to the Patronage of Homers *Engliſh life: whoſe wiſht naturall life, the great* Macedon *would haue protected, as the ſpirit of his Empire,*
That he to his vnmeaſur'd mightie Acts,
Might adde a Fame as vaſt; and their extracts,
In fires as bright, and endleſſe as the ſtarres,
His breaſt might breathe; and thunder out his warres.
But that great Monarks loue of fame and praiſe,
Receiues an enuious Cloud in our foule daies:
For ſince our Great ones, ceaſſe themſelues to do
Deeds worth their praiſe; they hold it folly too,
To feed their praiſe in others. But what can
(Of all the gifts that are) be giuen to man,
More precious then *Eternitie* and *Glorie*,
Singing their praiſes, in vnſilenc't ſtorie?
Which No blacke Day, No Nation, nor no Age;
No change of Time or Fortune, Force, nor Rage,

Shall

Shall euer race? All which, the Monarch knew,
Where *Homer* liu'd entitl'd, would enſew:

Ex Angeli Politiani Ambra. ——— *Cuius de gurgite viuo*
Combibit arcanos vatum omnis turba furores, &c.

From whoſe deepe Fount of life, the thirſtie rout
Of Theſpian Prophets, haue lien ſucking out
Their ſacred rages. And as th'influent ſtone
Of Father *Ioues* great and laborious Sonne,
Lifts high the heauie Iron; and farre implies
The wide Orbs; that the Needle rectifies,
In vertuous guide of euery ſea-driuen courſe,
To all aſpiring, his one boundleſſe force:
So from one *Homer*, all the holy fire,
That euer did the hidden heate inſpire
In each true Muſe, came cleerly ſparkling downe,
And muſt for him, compoſe one flaming Crowne.
He, at *Ioues* Table ſet, fils out to vs,
Cups that repaire Age, ſad and ruinous;
And giues it Built, of an eternall ſtand,
With his all-ſinewie Odyſſæan hand.
Shifts Time, and Fate; puts Death in Lifes free ſtate;
And Life doth into Ages propagate.
He doth in Men, the Gods affects inflame;
His fuell Vertue, blowne by *Praiſe* and *Fame*:
And with the high ſoules, firſt impulſions driuen,
Breakes through rude Chaos, Earth, the Seas, and Heauen.
The Nerues of all things hid in Nature, lie
Naked before him; all their Harmonie
Tun'd to his Accents; that in Beaſts breathe Minds.
What Fowles, what Floods, what Earth, what Aire, what Winds,
What fires Æthereall; what the Gods conclude
In all their Counſels, his Muſe makes indude
With varied voices, that euen rockes haue mou'd.
And yet for all this, (naked Vertue lou'd)
Honors without her, he, as abiect, priſes;
And fooliſh Fame, deriu'd from thence, deſpiſes.
When from the vulgar-taking glorious bound,
Vp to the Mountaine, where the Muſe is crownd;

He

He ſits and laughs, to ſee the iaded Rabble,
Toile to his hard heights, t'all acceſſe vnable. &c.

Thus far Angel. Politianus, for the moſt part tranſlated.

And that your Lordſhip may in his Face, take view of his Mind: the first word of his Iliads, is μῆνιν wrath: *the firſt word of his Odyſſes,* ἄνδρα, Man: *contracting in either word, his each workes Propoſition. In one,* Predominant Perturbation; *in the other,* ouer-ruling Wiſedome: *in one, the Bodies feruour and faſhion of outward Fortitude, to all poſſible height of Heroicall Action; in the other, the Minds inward, conſtant, and vnconquerd Empire; vnbroken, vnaltered, with any moſt inſolent, and tyrannous infliction. To many moſt ſouereigne praiſes is this Poeme entitled; but to that* Grace *in chiefe, which ſets on the Crowne, both of Poets and Orators;* τὸ τὰ μικρὰ μεγάλως καὶ τὰ κοινὰ καινῶς: *that is,* Parua magnè dicere; peruulgata nouè; ieiuna plenè: *To ſpeake things little, greatly; things commune, rarely; things barren and emptie, fruitfully and fully. The returne of a man into his Countrie, is his whole ſcope and obiect; which, in it ſelfe, your Lordſhip may well ſay, is iciune and fruitleſſe enough; affoording nothing feaſtfull, nothing magnificent. And yet euen this, doth the diuine inſpiration, render vaſt, illuſtrous, and of miraculous compoſure. And for this (my Lord) is this* Poeme *preferred to his* Iliads: *for therein much magnificence, both of perſon and action, giues great aide to his induſtrie; but in this, are theſe helpes, exceeding ſparing, or nothing; and yet is the Structure ſo elaborate, and pompous, that the poore plaine Ground worke (conſidered together) may ſeeme the naturally rich wombe to it, and produce it needfully. Much wonderd at therefore, is the Cenſure of* Dionyſius Longimus *(a man otherwiſe affirmed, graue, and of elegant iudgement) comparing* Homer *in his* Iliads, *to the Sunne riſing; in his* Odyſſes, *to his deſcent or ſetting. Or to the* Ocean *robd of his æſture; many tributorie flouds and riuers of excellent ornament, withheld from their obſeruance. When this his worke ſo farre exceeds the* Ocean, *with all his Court and concourſe; that all his Sea, is onely a ſeruiceable ſtreame to it. Nor can it be compared to any One power to be named in nature; being an entirely wel-ſorted and digeſted Confluence of all. Where the moſt ſolide and graue, is made as nimble and fluent, as the moſt airie and firie; the nimble and fluent, as firme and well bounded as the moſt graue and ſolid. And (taking all together) of ſo tender impreſſion, and of ſuch Command to the voice of the* Muſe; *that they knocke heauen with her breath, and diſcouer their foundations as low as hell. Nor is this all-compriſing* Poeſie, *phantaſtique,*

or meere fictiue; but the moſt material, and doctrinall illations of Truth; *both for all manly information of Manners in the yong; all preſcription of Iuſtice, and euen Chriſtian pietie, in the moſt graue and high-gouernd. To illuſtrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expreſſion, the Poet creates both a Bodie and a Soule in them. Wherein, if the Bodie (being the letter, or hiſtorie) ſeemes fictiue, and beyond Poſſibilitie to bring into Act: how ſence then and Allegorie (which is the Soule) is to be ſought: which intends a more eminent expreſſure of* Vertue, *for her louelineſſe; and of* Vice *for her vglineſſe, in their ſeuerall effects; going beyond the life, then any Art within life, can poſſibly delineate. Why then is* Fiction, *to this end, ſo hatefull to our true Ignorants? Or why ſhould a poore Chronicler of a Lord Maiors naked* Truth, *(that peraduenture will laſt his yeare) include more worth with our moderne wizards, then* Homer *for his naked* Vlyſſes, *clad in eternall Fiction? But this Prozer* Dionyſius, *and the reſt of theſe graue, and reputatiuely learned, (that dare vndertake for their grauities, the headſtrong conjure of all things; and challenge the vnderſtanding of theſe Toys in their childhoods: when euen theſe childiſh vanities, retaine deepe and moſt neceſſarie learning enough in them, to make them children in their ages, and teach them while they liue) are not in theſe abſolutely diuine Infuſions, allowd either voice or reliſh: for,* Qui Poeticas ad fores accedit, &c. *(Jayes the Diuine Philoſopher) he that knocks at the Gates of the* Muſes, *ſine Muſarum furore, is neither to be admitted entrie, nor a touch at their Threſholds: his opinion of entrie, ridiculous, and his preſumption impious. Nor muſt Poets themſelues (might I a litle inſiſt on theſe contempts, not tempting too farre your Lordſhips* Vlyſſean *patience) preſume to theſe doores, without the truly genuine, and peculiar induction. There being in* Poeſie *a twofold rapture, (or alienation of ſoule, as the aboue ſaid Teacher termes it) one* Inſania, *a diſeaſe of the mind, and a meere madneſſe, by which the infected is thruſt beneath all the degrees of humanitie:* & ex homine, Brutum quodammodo redditur: *(for which, poore* Poeſie, *in this diſeaſt and impoſtorous age, is ſo barbarouſly vilified) the other is,* Diuinus furor, *by which the ſound and diuinely healthfull, ſupra hominis naturam erigitur, & in Deum tranſit. One a perfection directly infuſed from God: the other an infection, obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the diuine* Furie *(my Lord) your* Homer *hath euer bene, both firſt and laſt* Inſtance; *being pronounced abſolutely,* τον σοφωτατον, και τον θειοτατον ποιητην; *the moſt wiſe and moſt diuine Poet. Againſt whom, whoſoeuer ſhall open his prophane mouth, may worthily receiue anſwer, with this of his diuine defender;* (Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epichar: &c. *being of* Homers *part*) τις κε. *&c who againſt ſuch an Armie, and the Generall* Homer *dares attempte the aſſault, but he muſt be reputed ridiculous? And yet againſt this boaſt, and this inuincible Commander, ſhall we haue euery* Beſogne *and foole a Leader. The common herd (I aſſure my ſelf) readie to receiue it on their hornes. Their infected Leaders,*

Such men, as ſideling ride the ambling *Muſe;*
Whoſe ſaddle is as frequent as the ſtuſe.
Whoſe Raptures are in euery Pageant ſeene;
In euery Waſſall rime, and Dancing greene:
When he that writes by any beame of Truth,
Muſt diue as deepe as he; paſt ſhallow youth.
Truth dwels in Gulphs, whoſe Deepes hide ſhades ſo rich,
That *Night* ſits muffl'd there, in clouds of pitch:
More Darke then Nature made her; and requires
(To cleare her tough miſts) Heauens great fire of fires;
To whom, the Sunne it ſelfe is but a Beame.
For ſicke ſoules then (but rapt in fooliſh Dreame)
To wreſtle with theſe Heau'n-ſtrong myſteries;
What madneſſe is it? when their light, ſerues eies
That are not worldly, in their leaſt aſpect;
But truly pure; and aime at Heauen, direct.
Yet theſe, none like; but what the brazen head
Blatters abroad; no ſooner borne, but dead.

Holding then in eternal contempt (my Lord) thoſe ſhort-liued Bubbles; eternize your vertue and iudgement with the Grecian *Monark; eſteeming, not as the leaſt of your New-yeares Preſents,*

Homer (three thouſand yeares dead) now reuiu'd,
Euen from that dull Death, that in life he liu'd;
When none conceited him; none vnderſtood,
That ſo much life, in ſo much death as blood
Conueys about it, could mixe. But when Death
Drunke vp the bloudie Miſt, that humane breath
Pour'd round about him (Pouertie and Spight,
Thickning the hapleſſe vapor) then Truths light
Glimmerd about his Poeme: the pincht ſoule,

(Amidſt

(Amidſt the Myſteries it did enroule)
Brake powrefully abroad. And as we ſee
The Sunne all hid in clouds, at length got free,
Through ſome forc't couert, ouer all the wayes,
Neare and beneath him, ſhootes his vented rayes,
Farre off, and ſtickes them in ſome litle Glade;
All woods, fields, riuers, left beſides in ſhade:
So your *Apollo*, from that world of light,
Cloſde in his Poems bodie; ſhot to light
Some few forc't Beames; which neare him, were not ſeene,
(As in his life or countrie) Fate and Spleene,
Clouding their radiance; which when Death had clear'd;
To farre off Regions, his free beames appear'd:
In which, all ſtood and wonderd; ſtriuing which,
His Birth and Rapture, ſhould in right enrich.
Twelue *Labours* of your *Theſpian Hercules*,
I now preſent your Lordſhip: Do but pleaſe
To lend Life meanes, till th'other Twelue receaue
Equall atchieuement; and let Death then reaue
My life now loſt in our Patrician Loues,
That knocke heads with the herd: in whom there moues
One blood, one ſoule: both drownd in one ſet height
Of ſtupid Enuie, and meere popular Spight.
Whoſe loues, with no good, did my leaſt veine fill;
And from their hates, I feare as little ill.
Their Bounties nouriſh not, when moſt they feed,
But where there is no Merit, or no Need:
Raine into riuers ſtill; and are ſuch ſhowres,
As bubbles ſpring, and ouerflow the flowres.
Their worſe parts, and worſt men, their Beſt ſubornes,
Like winter Cowes, whoſe milke runnes to their hornes.
And as litigious Clients bookes of Law,
Coſt infinitely; taſte of all the Awe,
Bench in our kingdomes Policie, Pietie, State:
Farne all their deepe explorings; ſatiate
All ſorts there thruſt together by the heart,
With thirſt of wiſedome, ſpent on either part:

Horrid

Horrid examples made of Life and Death,
From their fine ſtuffe wouen: yet when once the breath
Of ſentence leaues them, all their worth is drawne
As drie as duſt; and weares like Cobweb Lawne:
So theſe men ſet a price vpon their worth,
That no man giues, but thoſe that trot it forth,
Through *Needs* foule wayes; feed *Humors*, with all coſt,
Though *Iudgement* ſterues in them: *Rout*: *State* engroſt
At all Tabacco benches, ſolemne Tables,
Where all that croſſe their Enuies, are their fables)
In their ranke faction: Shame, and Death approu'd
Fit Penance for their Oppoſites: none lou'd
But thoſe that rub them: not a Reaſon heard,
That doth not ſooth and glorifie their preferd
Bitter Opinions. When, would *Truth* reſume
The cauſe to his hands; all would flie in fume
Before his ſentence; ſince the innocent mind,
Iuſt God makes good; to whom their worſt is wind.
For, that I freely all my Thoughts expreſſe,
My Conſcience is my Thouſand witneſſes:
And to this ſtay, my conſtant Comforts vow;
You for the world I haue, or God for you.

Certaine ancient Greeke Epigrammes Tranſlated.

All ſtarres we drunke vp by the firſt Sunne;
And in ſo much a flame, he ſhrunke the Moone:
Homers *all-liu'd Name, all Names leaues in Death;*
Whoſe ſplendor onely, Muſes Boſomes breath.

Another.

Heau'ns Gres ſhall firſt fall darken'd from his Sphere;
Great Night, the light weed of the Day ſhall weare:
Freſh ſtreames ſhall chace the Sea; tough Plowe ſhall teare
Her ſhee bottomes: Men, in long date dead,
Shall riſe, and liue; before Oblation ſhed
Thoſe ſtil-greene leaues, that crowne great Homers *head.*

Another.

The great Maeonides *doth onely write;*
And to him dictates, the great God of Light.

Another.

Seuen king-ioines, proue, in which ſhould ſwell the wombe
That bore great Homer; *whom Fame freed from Tombe:*
Argos, Chios, Pylos, Smyrna, Colophone;
The learn'd Athenian, *and* Vlyſſean *Throne.*

Another.

Art thou of Chios? *No. Of* Salamine?
As Title, was the Smyrnean *Countrie thine?*
Nor ſo, which then? was Cumae Colophone?
Nor one, nor other. Art thou then of none,
That Fame proclames thee? None. Thy Reaſon call:
If I conceiue of one, I anger all.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Gods in counſaile ſit, to call
Vlyſſes from Calypſo's *thrall;*
And (vnder their high pleaſures) thus;
Cruell Pallas, *to* Telemachus
(In Ithaca) her wary addreſt;
And did her learnedly him meeſt
In Mentes likeneſſe; that did raigne
King of the Taphians (in the Maine,
Where rough waues weare Leucadia *runne)*
Adiuring wee Vlyſſes ſonne
To ſeeke his father; and addreſſe
His courſe to yong Tantalides
That gouern'd Sparta. *Thus much ſaid,*
She ſhew'd ſhe was Heau'ns martiall Maid,
And vaniſht from him. Next to this,
The Banquet of the wooers is.

Another.

Αλλα. *The Deities ſit;*
The Man retir'd:
The Chiefeſt wit,
By Pallas ſtir'd.

TEll me, O Muſe, of that inuentiue man,
Which way he wander'd, when he wraught the fall
Of ſacred Troy, and what coaſts he ran
Before he came where rich Ithaca crowns the ſeas.
Of Cicons, Lotophagians, Cyclops, Læſtrigons,
Of Scylla, Charybdis, Aeolus, Circes, Ithacus,
Of Dead and Hell, Sirens, Planctes, Cyanes,
Of Iſles, Ships, Seas, Rocks, Sheeres, Sheepe, Oxen, Sunne,
Of Cloud, Storme, Whirlewind, Thunder, Lightning,
Of Ships, Mates, Men, Death, Life, Lawes, Manners,
Of Courts, Cities, Kingdomes, Diet, Couch, Wife,
Of Wealth, Want, Warre, Peace, Home, Trauell,
Of Sea, Land, Ruine, Rapine, Reuenge, Ioy,
Of Sorrow, Shame, Fame, Honour, Hoſpitalitie,
Of Mind, Body, Counſaile, Valour, Fortune,
Of Iuſtice, Impietie, Gods, Men, Heauen, Earth,
Of Nymphes, Goddeſſes, Deities, Diuinitie,
Of Vertue, Vice, Arts, Sciences, Ignorance,
Of Loue, Hate, Feare, Hope, Ioy, Griefe, Anger,
Of Wiſedome, Folly, Truth, Falſhood, Errour,
Of Vnderſtanding, Opinion, Memorie, Forgetfulneſſe,
Of Day, Night, Houres, Time, Age, Youth,
Of Infancie, Childhood, Manhood, Old-age,
Of Life, Death, Fate, Fortune, Nature, Diuinitie,
Of Vniuerſall Things, Perſons, Actions, Paſſions,
Of Vertues, Vices, Arts, Sciences, Ignorance,
Of Wiſedome, Folly, Truth, Falſhood, Errour,
Of Vnderſtanding, Opinion, Memorie, Forgetfulneſſe,
Of Day, Night, Houres, Time, Age, Youth,
Of Infancie, Childhood, Manhood, Old-age,
Of Life, Death, Fate, Fortune, Nature, Diuinitie,
Of Vniuerſall Things, Perſons, Actions, Paſſions,

The information or faſhion of an abſolute man; and neceſſarie (or fatall) paſſage through many afflictions (according with the moſt ſacred Letter) to his naturall hauen and countrey: is the whole argument, and ſcope of this inimitable, and miraculous Poeme. And therefore is the epitheete πολυτροπος ſignifying, Homo cuius ingenium velut per multas, & varias vias, vertitur in verſum. *given him in the firſt verſe:*

Who therefore from their eyes, the day bereft
Of safe returne. These acts, in some part left,
Tell vs, as others, deified feed of *Ioue*.
Now all the rest that auoyde Death out-stroue
At *Troys* long siege, at home safe anchor'd are,
Free from the malice both of sea and warre;
Onely *Vlysses* is denide accesse
To wife and home. The Grace of Goddesses
The reuerend Nymph *Calypso* did detaine
Him in her Caues: past all the race of men,
Enflam'd to make him her lou'd Lord and Spouse.
And when the Gods had destin'd that his house,
Which *Ithaca* on her rough bosome beares,
(The point of time wrought out by ambient yeares)
Should be his hauen; Contention still extends
Her enuie to him, euen amongst his friends.
All Gods tooke pitie on him: onely he
That girds Earth in the cincture of the sea,
Diuine *Vlysses* euer did enuie,
And made the fixt port of his birth to flie.
But he himselfe solemniz'd a retreate
To th'Æthiops, farre dissunderd in their seate;
(In two parts parted; at the Sunnes descent,
And vnderneath his golden Orient,
The first and last of men) t'enioy their feast
Of buls and lambes, in Hecatombs addrest:
At which he sat, giuen ouer to Delight.
The other Gods, in heauens supremest height
Were all in Councell met: To whom began
The mightie Father, both of God and man,
Discourse, inducing matter, that inclin'd
To wise *Vlysses*; calling to his mind
[a] Faultfull *Ægisthus*, who to death was done,
By yong *Orestes*, *Agamemnons* sonne.
His memorie to the Immortals then,
Mou'd *Ioue* thus deeply: O how falsly, men
Accuse vs Gods, as authors of their ill,
When, by the bane their owne bad liues instill,
They suffer all the miseries of their states,
Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.
As now *Ægisthus*, past his fate, did wed
The wife of *Agamemnon*; and (in dread
To suffer death himselfe) to shunne his ill,
Incurr'd it by the loose bent of his will,
In slaughtering *Atrides* in retreate.
Which, we foretold him, would so hardly set

Neptunes progresse to the Æthiops.

These notes following, I am inforced to insert, since the words they containe, differ from all other translations) lest I be thought to erre out of that ignorance that may perhaps professe my deprauer.

[a] *Auctor & translated in this place inculpabilis: and made the epithete of Ægisthus, is from the true sence of the word, as it is here to be vnderstood: which is quite contrary. As anon shall be to be expounded in some place.*

Diuinus, or Deo similis (but another) coæternus Deo. *The person to whom the Faultlesse in queny, giuing reason to Iustifie first And secondly in an* ἐπίθετον *given to Atlas infatigabilis following, in one place, ἀμεμφὴς. Mente potens illum, the next, qui vt mens mentis gerit.*

To

To his murtherous purpose; sending *Mercurie*
(That slaughterd *Argus*) our confiderate spie,
To giue him this charge: Do not wed his wife,
Nor murther him; for thou shalt buy his life,
With ransome of thine owne; impos'de on thee
By his *Orestes*; when, in him shall be
Atrides selfe renewd; and but the prime
Of youthis spring put abroad; in thirst to clime
His haughtie Fathers throne, by his high acts.
This words of *Hermes*, wrought not into facts
Aegisthus powres; good counsell he despisde,
And to that Good, his ill is sacrifisde.
Pallas (whose eyes did sparkle like the skies)
Answerd: O Sire! supreame of Deities;
Ægisthus past his Fate, and had desert
To warrant our infliction; and conuert
May all the paines, such impious men inflict
On innocent sufferers; to reuenge as strict,
Their owne hearts eating. But, that *Ithacus*
(Thus neuer meriting) should suffer thus;
I deeply suffer. His more pious mind
Diuides him from these fortunes. Though vnkind
In Pietie to him, giuing him a fate,
More suffering then the most infortunate;
So long kept friendlesse, in a sea-girt soile,
Where the seas nauile is a syluane Ile,
In which the Goddesse dwels, that doth deriue
Her birth from *Atlas*; who, of all aliue,
The motion and the fashion doth command,
With his [b] wise mind, whose forces vnderstand
The inmost deepes and gulfes of all the seas:
Who (for his skill of things superiour) stayes
The two steepe Columnes that prop earth and heauen.
His daughter tis, who holds this [c] homelesse-driuen,
Still mourning with her. Euermore profuse
Of soft and winning speeches; that abuse
And make so [d] languishingly, and possest
With so remisse a mind; her loued guest
Manage the action of his way for home.
Where he (though in affection ouercome)
In iudgement yet; more longs to shew his hopes,
His countries smoke leape from her chimney tops,

Pallas to Iupiter.

[b] *In this place is Atlas given the Epithete. ποντιμήδης, which signifie, qui vim undarum mente agitat. here given him, for the power the starres haue in all things. Yet this receiues other interpretation in other places, as aboue said.*

[c] *Ἀφίλατος is here turned by others intelix: in the generall collections: when it hath here a particular exposition, applied to*

exercesse Vlysses desert errors, ἀμφὶ τὸ πλανᾶσθαι, vt sit, qui vix locum inuenire potest vbi consistat. [d] *This is thus translated rather to exercesse and approue the Allegorie driuen through the whole Odysses. Deciphering the intangling of the wisest in his affections: and the torments that breede in euery prous minde: to be thereby hindred to arriue so directly as he desires, at the sweet and only true natural countrie of euery worthy man, whose hauen is heauen and the next life, to which, this life is but a sea in continuall delure and vexation. The words occasioning all this, are μεμνησὸ, κῆρος: μεμνεσο signifying, qui languide, & animo remisso rem aliquam gerit: which being the effect of Calypsos sweete words in Vlysses, where applied passiuely to him some sufferance of their operation.*

And

And death askes in her armes. Yet neuer ſhall
Thy lou'd heart be conuerted on his thrall,
(Auſtere *Olympius*:) did not euer he,
In ample *Troy*, thy altars gratifie?
And Grecians Fleete make in thy offerings ſwim?
O *Ioue*, why ſtill then burnes thy wrath to him?

Iupiter to Pallas. *c stast oliuin. vide, vallum or claustrum dentium. wonne, for the better ſound in our language, is here turned, Pale of Ivorie. The teeth being that rampier or pale, giuen vs by nature in that part, for reſiſtance and compreſſion of our ſpeech, tis the imagination, appetite and ſenſe (that ought to rule in their examination, before their deliuerie) haue giuen worthy paſſe to them. The moſt graue and diuine Poet, teaching thereon, that not ſo much for the neceſſarie chewing of our ſuſtenance, our teeth are giuen vs, as for their ſtay of our words, leſt we vtter them raſhly.*

The Cloud-aſſembler anſwerd: What words flie
(Bold daughter) from thy Pale of c Ivorie?
As if I euer could caſt from my care
Diuine *Vlyſſes*, who exceeds ſo farre
All men in wiſedome? and ſo oft hath giuen
To all th'Immortals thron'd in ample heauen,
So great and ſacred gifts? But his decrees,
That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,
Stand to *Vlyſſes* longings ſo extreme,
For taking from the God-foe *Polypheme*
His onely eye; a *Cyclop*, that excell'd
All other *Cyclops*: with whoſe burthen ſwell'd
The Nymph *Thooſa*; the diuine increaſe
Of *Phorcis* feed, a great God of the ſeas.
She mixt with *Neptune* in his hollow caues,
And bore this *Cyclop* to that God of waues.
For whoſe loſt eye, th'Earth-ſhaker did not kill
Erring *Vlyſſes*; but reſerues him ſtill
In life for more death. But vſe we our powres,
And round about vs caſt theſe cares of ours,
All to diſcouer how we may preferre
His wiſht retreate; and *Neptune* make forbeare
His ſterne eye to him: ſince no one God can
In ſpite of all, preuaile, but gainſt a man.

Calypſo.

To this, this anſwer made the gray-eyd Maide:
Supreame of rulers, ſince ſo well apaide
The bleſſed Gods are all then, now, in thee
To limit wiſe *Vlyſſes* miſerie;
And that you ſpeake, as you referd to me
Preſcription for the meanes; in this ſort be
Their ſacred order: let vs now addreſſe
With vtmoſt ſpeed, our ſwift *Argicides*,
To tell the Nymph that beares the golden Treſſe
In th'ile *Ogygia*, that tis our will
She ſhould not ſtay our lou'd *Vlyſſes* ſtill;
But ſuffer his returne: and then will I
To *Ithaca*, to make his ſonne apply
His Sires inqueſt the more; infuſing force
Into his ſoule, to ſummon the concourſe
Of curld-head Greekes to counſaile: and deterre
Each wooer that hath bene the ſlaughterer
Of his fat ſheepe and crooked-headed beeues,

From more wrong to his mother; and their leaues
Take in ſuch termes, as fit deſerts ſo great.
To *Sparta* then, and *Pylos*, where doth beate
Bright *Amathus*, the flood and epithete
To all that kingdome; my aduice ſhall ſend
The ſpirit-aduanc'd Prince, to the pious end
Of ſeeking his loſt father; if he may
Receiue report from Fame, where reſts his ſtay;
And make, beſides, his owne ſucceſſiue worth,
Knowne to the world; and ſet in action forth.

The preparation of Pallas for Ithaca.

This ſaid, her wingd ſhooes to her feete ſhe tied,
Formd all of gold, and all eternified;
That on the round earth, or the ſea, ſuſtaind
Her rauiſht ſubſtance, ſwift as guſts of wind.
Then tooke ſhe her ſtrong Lance, with ſteele made keene,
Great, maſſie, actiue, that whole hoaſts of men
(Though all Heroes) conquers; if her ire
Their wrongs inflame, backt by ſo great a Sire.
Downe from *Olympus* tops, ſhe headlong diu'd;
And ſwift as thought, in *Ithaca* arriu'd,
Cloſe at *Vlyſſes* gates; in whoſe firſt court,
She made her ſtand; and for her breaſts ſupport,
Leand on her iron Lance: her forme impreſt
With *Mentes* likeneſſe, come, as being a gueſt.

Pallas like Mentes.

There found ſhe thoſe proud wooers, that were then
Set on thoſe Oxe-hides that themſelues had ſlaine,
Before the gates; and all at dice were playing.
To them the heralds, and the reſt obaying,
Fill'd wine and water; ſome, ſtill as they plaid;
And ſome, for ſolemne ſuppers ſtate, puruaid;
With porous ſponges, clenſing tables, ſcru'd
With much rich feaſt; of which to all they keru'd.
God-like *Telemachus*, amongſt them ſat,
Griev'd much in mind; and in his heart begat
All repreſentment of his abſent Sire;
How (come from far-off parts) his ſpirits would fire
With thoſe proud wooers ſight, with ſlaughter parting
Their bold concourſe; and to himſelfe conuerting
The honors they vſurpt, his owne commanding.
In this diſcourſe, he, firſt, ſaw *Pallas* ſtanding
Vnbidden entrie: vp roſe, and addreſt
His pace right to her; angrie that a gueſt
Should ſtand ſo long at gate: and coming neare,
Her right hand tooke; tooke in his owne, her ſpeare;
And thus ſaluted: Grace to your repaire,
(Faire gueſt) your welcome ſhall be likewiſe faire.
Enter, and (chear'd with feaſt) diſcloſe th'intent
That cauſde your coming. This ſaid; firſt he went,

And *Pallas* followd. To a roome they came,
Steepe, and of ſtate; the Iauelin of the Dame,
He ſet againſt a pillar, vaſt and hie,
Amidſt a large and bright-kept Armorie,
Which was, beſides, with woods of Lances grac'd,
Of his graue fathers. In a throne, he plac'd
The man-turnd Goddeſſe; vnder which was ſpred
A Carpet, rich, and of deuiceſull thred;
A footſtoole ſtaying her feete; and by her chaire,
Another ſeate (all garniſht wondrous faire,
To reſt, or ſleepe on in the day) he ſet
Farre from the preaſe of wooers; leſt at meate
The noiſe they ſtill made, might offend his gueſt,
Diſturbing him at banquet or at reſt,
Euen to his combat, with that pride of theirs,
That kept no noble forme in their affaires.
And theſe he ſet farre from them, much the rather
To queſtion freely of his abſent father.
A Table fairely poliſht then, was ſpread,
On which a reuerend officer ſet bread;
And other ſeruitors, all ſorts of meate,
(Salads, and fleſh, ſuch as their haſte could get)
Seru'd with obſeruance in. And then the Sewre,
Prowr'd water from a great and golden Ewre,
That from their hands, t'a ſiluer Caldron ran;
Both waſht, and ſeated cloſe; the voiceſull man
Fetcht cups of gold, and ſet by them; and round
Thoſe cups with wine, with all endeuour crownd.
Then ruſht in the rude wooers; themſelues plac't;
The heralds water gaue; the maids in haſte
Seru'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd,
And ſet before them; the bold wooers ſhar'd;
Their Pages plying their cups, paſt the reſt.
But luſtie wooers muſt do more then feaſt;
For now (their hungers and their thirſts allaid)
They call'd for ſongs, and Dances. Thoſe, they ſaid,
Were th'ornaments of feaſt. The herald ſtrait
A Harpe, earu'd full of artificiall ſleight,
Thruſt into *Phemius* (a learnd ſingers) hand,
Who, till he much was vrg'd, on termes did ſtand;
But after, plaid and ſung with all his art.

Telemachus to Pallas.

Telemachus, to *Pallas* then (apart,
His eare inclining cloſe, that none might heare)
In this ſort ſaid: My Gueſt, exceeding deare,
Will you not ſit incenſt, with what I ſay?
Theſe are the cares theſe men take; feaſt and play:
Which eaſly they may vſe, becauſe they eate,
Free, and vnpuniſht, of anothers meate.

And

And of a mans, whoſe white bones waſting lie
In ſome farre region, with th'inceſſancie
Of ſhowres powr'd downe vpon them; lying aſhore;
Or in the ſeas waſht nak'd. Who, if he wore
Thoſe bones with fleſh, and life, and induſtrie;
And theſe, might here in *Ithaca*, ſet eye
On him returnd; they all would wiſh to be,
Either paſt other, in celeritie
Of feete and knees; and not contend t'exceed
In golden garments. But his vertues feed
The fate of ill death: nor is left to me
The leaſt hope of his lifes recouerie;
No not, if any of the mortall race
Should tell me his returne; the chearfull face
Of his returnd day, neuer will appeare.
But tell me; and let Truth, your witneſſe beare;
Who? and from whence you are? what cities birth?
What parents? In what veſſell ſet you forth?
And with what mariners arriu'd you here?
I cannot thinke you a foote paſſenger.
Recount then to me all; to teach me well,
Fit vſage for your worth. And if it fell
In chance now firſt that you thus ſee vs here,
Or that in former paſſages you were
My fathers gueſt? For many men haue bene
Gueſts to my father. Studious of men,
His ſociable nature euer was.
On him againe, the grey-eyd Maide did paſſe
This kind reply; Ile anſwer paſſing true,
All thou haſt aſkt: My birth, his honour drew
From wiſe *Anchialus*. The name I beare,
Is *Mentas*, the commanding Ilander
Of all the *Taphians*, ſtudious in the art
Of Nauigation. Hauing toucht this part
With ſhip and men; of purpoſe to maintaine
Courſe through the darke ſeas, t'other languag'd men.
And *Temeſis* ſuſtaines the cities name,
For which my ſhip is bound; made knowne by fame,
For rich in braſſe; which my occaſions need;
And therefore bring I ſhining ſteele in ſteed,
Which their vſe wants; yet makes my veſſels freight;
That neare a plowd field, rides at anchors weight,
Apart this citie, in the harbor calld
Reithrus, whoſe waues, with *Neius* woods are walld.
Thy Sire and I, were euer mutuall gueſts,
At either's houſe, ſtill interchanging feaſts.
Ere long in it. Aske, when thou ſhalt ſee
Laertes, t'old *Heroe*, theſe of mee,

Pallas to Telemachus.

From

From the beginning. He, men ſay, no more
Viſits the Citie; but will needs deplore
His ſonnes beleeu'd loſſe, in a priuate field;
One old maide onely, at his hands to yeeld
Foode to his life, as oft as labour makes
His old limbs faint; which though he creepes, he takes
Along a fruitfull plaine, ſet all with vines,
Which, husbandman-like (though a King) he proines.
But now I come to be thy fathers gueſt;
I heare he wanders, while theſe wooers feaſt.
And (as th'Immortals prompt me at this houre)
Ile tell thee, out of a prophetique powre,
(Not as profeſt a Prophet, nor cleare ſeene
At all times, what ſhall after chance to men)
What I conceiue, for this time, will be true:
The Gods inflictions keepe your Sire from you.
Diuine *Vlyſſes*, yet, abides not dead
Aboue earth, nor beneath; nor buried
In any ſeas, (as you did late conceiue)
But, with the broad ſea fieg'd, is kept aliue
Within an Ile, by rude and vp-land men,
That in his ſpite, his paſſage home detaine.
Yet long it ſhall not be, before he tred
His countries deare earth; though ſolicited,
And held from his returne, with iron chaines.
For he hath wit to forge a world of traines,
And will, of all, be ſure to make good one,
For his returne, ſo much relide vpon.
But tell me, and be true: Art thou indeed
I meant not, Tantalus filius. So much [f] a ſonne, as to be ſaid the ſeed
Pallas diuerts enforcing her queſtion to ſtirre vp the ſon the more to the fathers worthineſſe. Of *Ithacus* himſelfe? Exceeding much
Thy forehead and faire eyes, at his forme touch:
For oftentimes we met, as you and I
Meete at this houre; before he did apply
His powres for *Troy*. When other Grecian States,
In hollow ſhips were his aſſociates.
But ſince that time, nine eyes could neuer ſee
Renowmd *Vlyſſes*; nor met his with me.
Telemachus to Pallas. The wiſe *Telemachus* againe replide:
You ſhall withall I know, be ſatisfide.
My mother, certaine, ſayes I am his ſonne:
I know not; nor was euer ſimply knowne
By any child, the ſure truth of his Sire.
But would my veines had tooke in liuing fire
From ſome man happie, rather then one wiſe,
Whom age might ſee ſeizd, of what youth made priſe.
But he, whoeuer of the mortall race
Is moſt vnbleſt, he holds my fathers place.

This

This, ſince you aske, I anſwer. She, againe:
The Gods ſure did not make the future ſtraine
Pallas to Telemachus. Both of thy race and dayes, obſcure to thee,
Since thou wert borne ſo of *Penelope*.
The ſtrie may by thy after acts be wonne,
Or to great Sire, the high vndoubted ſonne.
Say truth in this then: what's this feaſting here?
What all this rout? Is all this nuptiall cheare?
Or elſe ſome friendly banquet made by thee?
For here no ſhots are, where all ſharers be.
How meaſure contumeliouſly, this crew
Fire through thy houſe; which ſhould th'ingenuous view
Of any good or wiſe man come and find,
Iniquitie ſeeing playd in euery kind)
He could not but through euery veine be mou'd.
Againe *Telemachus*: My gueſt much lou'd,
Since you demand and ſift theſe ſights ſo farre;
I grant twere fit, a houſe ſo regular,
Rich, and ſo faultleſſe, once in gouernment,
Should ſtill, at all parts, the ſame forme preſent,
That gaue it glorie, while her Lord was here.
But now the Gods, that vs diſpleaſure beare,
Haue otherwiſe appointed; and diſgrace
My father moſt, of all the mortall race.
For whom I could not mourne ſo, were he dead,
Amongſt his fellow Captaines ſlaughtered
By common enemies; or in the hands
Of his kind friends, had ended his commands;
After he had egregiouſly beſtow'd
His powre and order in a warre ſo vow'd;
And to his tombe, all Greekes their grace had done;
That to all ages he might leaue his ſonne
Immortall honor: but now *Harpies* haue
Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred graue.
Obſcure, inglorious, Death hath made his end;
And me (for glories) to all griefes contend.
Nor ſhall I any more mourne him alone;
The Gods haue giuen me other cauſe of mone.
For looke how many Optimates remaine
In *Samos*, or the ſhoares *Dulichian*,
Shadie *Zacynthus*; or how many beare
Rule in the rough browes of this Iland here;
So many now, my mother and this houſe,
At all parts make defam'd and ruinous.
And ſhe, her hatefull nuptials, nor denies,
Nor will diſpatch their importunities:
Though ſhe beholds them ſpoile ſtill, as they feaſt,
All my free houſe yeelds: and the little reſt

Of

Of my dead Sire in me, perhaps intend
To bring, ere long, to ſome vntimely end.
This *Pallas* ſigh'd, and anſwerd: O (ſaid ſhe)
Abſent *Vlyſſes* is much miſt by thee:
That on theſe ſhamelеſſe ſuiters he might lay
His wreakfull hands. Should he now come, and ſtay
In thy Courts firſt gates, armd with helme and ſhield,
And two ſuch darts as I haue ſeene him wield,
When firſt I ſaw him in our *Taphian* Court,
Feaſting, and doing his deſerts diſport;
When from *Ephyre* he returnd by vs
From *Ilus*, ſonne to *Centaure Mermerus*;
To whom he traueld through the watrie dreads,
For bane to poiſon his ſharpe arrowes heads,
That death, but toucht, cauſde; which he would not giue,
Becauſe he fear'd, the Gods that euer liue,
Would plague ſuch death with death; and yet their feare
Was to my fathers boſome not ſo deare
As was thy fathers loue; (for what he ſought,
My louing father found him, to a thought.)
If ſuch as then, *Vlyſſes* might but meete
With theſe proud wooers; all were at his feete
But inſtant dead men; and their nuptials
Would proue as bitter as their dying galls.
But theſe things in the Gods knees are repoſde,
If his returne ſhall ſee with wreake incloſde,
Theſe in his houſe, or he returne no more.
And therefore I aduiſe thee to explore
All waies thy ſelfe, to ſet theſe wooers gone;
To which end giue me fit attention;
To morrow into ſolemne councell call
The Greeke *Heroes*; and declare to all
(The Gods being witneſſe) what thy pleaſure is:
Command to townes of their natiuities,
Theſe frontleſſe wooers. If thy mothers mind,
Stands to her ſecond nuptials, ſo enclinde;
Returne ſhe to her royall fathers towers,
Where th'one of theſe may wed her, and her dowers
Make rich, and ſuch as may conſort with grace,
So deare a daughter, of ſo great a race.
And thee I warne as well, (if thou as well
Wilt heare and follow) take thy beſt built ſaile,
With twentie owers mann'd, and haſte t'enquire
Where the abode is of thy abſent Sire;
If any can informe thee, or thine eare
From *Ioue* the fame of his retreate may heare;
(For chiefly *Ioue* giues all that honours men).
To *Pylos* firſt be thy addreſſion then

To god-like *Neſtor*. Thence, to *Sparta*, haſte
To gold-lockt *Menelaus*, who was laſt
Of all the braſſe-armd Greekes that ſaild from *Troy*.
And trie from both theſe, if thou canſt enioy
Newes of thy Sires returnd life, any where,
Though ſad thou ſuffer'ſt in his ſearch, a yeare.
If of his death thou hear'ſt, returne thou home;
And to his memorie erect a tombe:
Performing parent-rites, of feaſt and game,
Pompous, and ſuch as beſt may fit his fame:
And then thy mother a fit husband giue.
Theſe paſt, conſider how thou maiſt depriue
Of worthleſſe life, theſe wooers in thy houſe;
By open force, or proiects enginous.
Things childiſh fit not thee; th'art ſo no more:
Haſt thou not heard, how all men did adore
Diuine *Oreſtes*, after he had ſlaine
Aegiſthus, murthering by a trecherous traine
His famous father? Be then (my moſt lou'd)
Valiant and manly; euery way approu'd
As great as he. I ſee thy perſon fit,
Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit;
All giuen thee, ſo to vſe and manage here,
That euen paſt death they may their memories beare.
In meane time Ile deſcend to ſhip and men,
That much expect me. Be obſeruant then
Of my aduice, and carefull to maintaine
In equall acts thy royall fathers raigne.
Telemachus replide: You ope (faire Gueſt)
A friends heart, in your ſpeech; as well expreſt,
As might a father ſerue t'informe his ſonne:
All which, ſure place haue in my memorie wonne.
Abide yet, though your voyage calls away;
That hauing bath'd, and dignifide your ſtay
With ſome more honour; you may yet beſide,
Delight your mind, by being gratifide
With ſome rich Preſent, taken in your way;
That, as a Iewell, your reſpect may lay
Vp in your treaſurie; beſtowd by me,
As free friends vſe to gueſts of ſuch degree.
Detaine me not (ſaid ſhe) ſo much inclinde
To haſte my voyage. What thy loued minde
Commands to giue; at my returne this way,
Beſtow on me; that I directly may
Conuey it home; which (more of price to mee)
The more it aſks, is my recompence to thee.
This ſaid, away gray-eyd *Minerua* flew,
Like to a mounting Larke; and did endue

His mind with ſtrength and boldneſſe; and much more
Made him, his father long for, then before.
And weighing better who his gueſt might be,
He ſtood amaz'd, and thought a Deitie
Was there deſcended: to whoſe will he fram'd
His powres at all parts; and went, ſo inflam'd
Amongſt the wooers; who were ſilent ſet,
To heare a Poet ſing the ſad retreat
The Greekes performd from *Troy*: which was from thence
Proclaimd by *Pallas*, paine of her offence.
When which diuine ſong, was perceiu'd to beare
That mournfull ſubiect, by the liſtning eare
Of wiſe *Penelope* (*Icarius* ſeed,
Who from an vpper roome had giu'n it heed)
Downe ſhe deſcended by a winding ſtaire;
Not ſolel'; but the State, in her repaire,
Two Maides of Honour made. And when this Queene
Of women, ſtoopt ſo low, ſhe might be ſeene
By all her wooers. In the doore, aloofe
(Entring the Hall, grac'd with a goodly roofe)
She ſtood, in ſhade of gracefull vailes implide
About her beauties: on her either ſide,
Her honor'd women. When, (to teares mou'd) thus
She chid the ſacred Singer: *Phemius*,
You know a number more of theſe great deeds,
Of Gods and men (that are the ſacred ſeeds
And proper ſubiects of a Poets ſong,
And thoſe due pleaſures that to men belong)
Beſides theſe facts that furniſh *Trois* retreate,
Sing one of thoſe to theſe, that round your ſeate
They may with ſilence ſit, and taſte their wine:
But ceaſſe this ſong, that through theſe eares of mine,
Conuey deſeru'd occaſion to my heart
Of endleſſe ſorrowes; of which, the deſert
In me, vnmeaſur'd is, paſt all theſe men;
So endleſſe is the memorie I retaine;
And ſo deſertfull is that memorie
Of ſuch a man, as hath a dignitie
So broad, it ſpreds it ſelfe through all the pride
Of *Greece*, and *Argos*. To the Queene, replide
Inſpir'd *Telemachus*: Why thus enuies
My mother, him that fits ſ societies
With ſo much harmonie, to let him pleaſe
His owne mind, in his will to honor theſe?
For theſe [h] ingenuous, and firſt ſort of men,
That do immediatly from *Ioue* retaine

Ingenuus a Canon, cuius tam a; tas eſt ſocietas hominibus.

h αὐτουργὸς, αὐθιγενὴς.

Autogenes is an Epithete proper to Poets for their firſt finding out of Arts and documents tending to elocution and gouernment: inſpired onely by Ioue: and are here called the firſt of men; ſince for they gaue rules to manly life: and haue their information immediatly from Ioue; (as Plato in Ione witneſſeth) The word deduced from αὐτὸς, which is taken for him, qui primas teneat aliqua in re. And will autogenes then be ſufficiently expreſt with ingenioſis? then which, no expoſition goes further.

Their

Their ſinging raptures; are by *Ioue* as well
Inſpir'd with choice, of what their ſongs impell.
Ioues will is free in it; and therefore theirs;
Nor is this man to blame, that the repaires
The Greekes make homeward, ſings: for his freſh Muſe,
Men ſtill moſt celebrate, that ſings moſt newes.
And therefore in his note, your eares employ:
For, not *Vlyſſes* onely loſt in *Troy*
The day of his returne; but numbers more,
The deadly ruines of his fortunes bore.
Go you then, In; and take your worke in hand;
Your web, and diſtaffe, and your maids command
To plie their fit worke. Words, to men are due,
And thoſe reprouing counſels you purſue;
And moſt, to me, of all men; ſince I beare
The rule of all things, that are manag'd here.
She went amazd away; and in her heart,
Laid vp the wiſedome *Pallas* did impart
To her lou'd ſonne ſo lately; turnd againe
Vp to her chamber; and no more would raigne
In manly counſels. To her women, ſhe
Applied her ſway; and to the wooers, he
Began new orders; other ſpirits bewraid
Then thoſe, in ſpite of which, the wooers ſwaid.
And (whiles his mothers teares, ſtill waſht her eies,
Till gray *Minerua* did thoſe teares ſurpriſe
With timely ſleepe; and that her woo'rs did rouſe
Rude *Tumult* vp, through all the ſhadie houſe,
Deſirous to ſleepe because their widow was)
Telemachus, this new-giuen ſpirit did paſſe
On their old inſolence: Ho! you that are
My mothers wooers! much too high ye beare
Your petulant ſpirits: ſit; and while ye may
Enioy me in your banquets: ſee ye lay
Theſe loud notes downe; nor do this man the wrong,
(Because my mother hath diſlikt his ſong)
To grace her interruption: tis a thing
Honeſt, and honourd too, to heare one ſing
Numbers ſo like the Gods in elegance,
As this man flowes in. By the mornes [i] firſt light,
I'e call ye all before me, in a Court,
That I may cleerly baniſh your reſort
With all your rudeneſſe, from theſe roofes of mine.
Away; and elſewhere in your feaſts combine:
Conſume your owne goods, and make mutuall feaſt
At either houſe. Or if ye ſtill hold beſt,
And for your humors more ſuffiſed fill,
To feed, to ſpoile (becauſe vnpuniſht ſtill)

Telemachus in new termes with the wooers.

i ἠῶθεν, prima luce.

On other findings: ſpoile; but here I call
Th'eternall Gods to witneſſe, if it fall
In my wiſht reach once, to be dealing wreakes,
(By *Ioues* high bountie) theſe your preſent checks,
To what I giue in charge, ſhall adde more reines
To my reuenge hereafter; and the paines
Ye then muſt ſuffer, ſhall paſſe all your pride,
Euer to ſee redreſt, or qualifide.
At this, all bit their lips; and did admire
His words ſent from him, with ſuch phraſe, and fire:
Which ſo much mou'd them; that *Antinous*
(*Eupytheus* ſonne) cried out: *Telemachus*!
The Gods, I thinke, haue rapt thee to this height
Of elocution; and this great conceit
Of ſelfe-abilitie. We all may pray,
That *Ioue* inueſt not in this kingdomes ſway,
Thy forward forces; which I ſee put forth
A hote ambition in thee, for thy birth.
Be not offended, (he replide) if I
Shall ſay, I would aſſume this empyre,
If *Ioue* gaue leaue. You are not he that ſings,
The rule of kingdomes is the worſt of things.
Nor is it ill, at all, to ſway a throne:
A man may quickly gaine poſſeſſion
Of mightie riches; make a wondrous priſe
Set of his vertues; but the dignities
That decke a King, there are enough beſide
In this circumfluous Ile, that want no pride
To thinke them worthy of; as yong as I,
And old as you are. An aſcent ſo hie,
My thoughts affect not: dead is he that held
Deſert of vertue to haue ſo exceld.
But of theſe turrets, I will take on me
To be the abſolute King; and reigne as free
As did my father, ouer all, his band
Left here, in this houſe, ſlaues to my command.
Eurymachus, the ſonne of *Polybus*,
To this, made this reply: *Telemachus*!
The Girlond of this kingdome, let the knees
Of deitie runne for: but the faculties,
This houſe is ſeaſd of, and the turrets here,
Thou ſhalt be Lord of; nor ſhall any beare
The leaſt part of, of all thou doeſt poſſeſſe,
As long as this land is no wilderneſſe,
Nor rul'd by out-lawes). But giue theſe their paſſe,
And tell me (beſt of Princes) who he was

Vpon this answer of Telemachus, because it hath ſo ſodain a change, and ſo farre let downe from his late height of heate, altering & tempering ſo commandingly his affections, I thought not amiſſe to inſert here Spondanus further Annotation, which is this: Prudenter Telemachus ioco, furorem Animi ac alpe ritatẽ emollijt. Nam ita dictũ illius interpretatur, vt exiſtimetur cenſere iocoſe ibi etiam ab Antinoo aduerſum ſe pronunciata. Et primum ironicè ſe Regem eſſe exoptat propter commoda quæ Reges ſolent comitari. Ne tamen inuidiam in ſe ambitionis conciteret, teſtatur ſe regnum Ithacæ non ambire, mortuo Vlyſſe, cum id alij poſſidere queant ſe longe præſtantiores ac digniores: hoc vnum ait, ſe moliri, vt propriarum rerum & bonorum ſolus ſit dominus, ijs excluſis ac ejectis, qui vi illa occupare ac diſperdere conantur.

That

That gueſted here ſo late? from whence? and what
In any region boſted he his ſtate?
His race? his countrie? Brought he any newes
Of thy returning Father? Or for dues
Of moneys to him, made he fit repaire?
How ſodainly he ruſht into the aire?
Nor would ſuſtaine to ſtay, and make him knowne?
His Port ſhewd no debaucht companion.
He anſwerd: The returne of my lou'd Sire,
Is paſt all hope; and ſhould rude Fame inſpire
From any place, a flattring meſſenger,
With newes of his ſuruiuall; he ſhould beare
No leaſt beliefe off, from my deſperate loue.
Which if a ſacred Prophet ſhould approue,
(Calld by my mother for her cares vnreſt)
It ſhould not moue me. For my late faire gueſt,
He was of old my Fathers: touching here
From Sea-girt *Taphos*; and for name doth beare
Mentas; the ſonne of wiſe *Anchialus*;
And gouernes all the *Taphians*, ſtudious
Of Nauigation. This he ſaid: but knew
It was a Goddeſſe. Theſe againe withdrew
To dances, and attraction of the ſong.
And while their pleaſures did the time prolong,
The fable Euen deſcended; and did ſteepe
The lids of all men in deſire of ſleepe.
Telemachus, into a roome built hie,
Of his illuſtrous Court; and to the eie
Of circular proſpect; to his bed aſcended;
And in his mind, much weightie thought contended.
Before him, *Euryclea* (that well knew
All the obſeruance of a handmaids due,
Daughter to *Opis Pyſenorides*)
Bore two bright torches. Who did ſo much pleaſe
Laertes in her prime; that for the price
Of twentie Oxen, he made merchandize
Of her rare beauties; and Loues equall flame
To her he felt, as to his nuptiall Dame.
Yet neuer durſt he mixe with her in bed;
So much the anger of his wife he fled.
She, now growne old, to yong *Telemachus*
Two torches bore; and was obſequious,
Paſt all his other maids; and did apply
Her ſeruice to him, from his infancie.
His wel-built chamber, reacht; ſhe op't the dore;
He, on his bed ſat. The ſoft weeds he wore,
Put off; and to the diligent old maid
Gaue all; who fitly all in thicke folds laid,

And hung them on a beame-pin neare the bed;
That round about was rich embrodered.
Then made ſhe haſte forth from him; and did bring
The doore together with a ſiluer ring;
And by a ſtring, a barre to it did pull.
He laid, and couerd well with curled wooll,
Wouen in ſilke quilts: all night emploid his minde
About the taske that *Pallas* had deſign'd.

Finis libri primi Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

TElemachus *to Court doth call*
The wooers; and commands them all
To leaue his houſe: and taking then
From mi'e Minerua, *ſhip and men;*
And all things fit for him beſide,
That Eutyclea *could prouide*
For carriage, till he found his Sire;
He hoiſts ſaile, when heauen ſtoopes his fire.

Another.

Pallas. The old Mauds ſtore
The voyage cheres;
The ſhip ſeaues bore,
Minerua *ſteres.*

NOw when with roſie fingers, th'early borne,
And, throwne through all the aire, appear'd the morne;
Vlyſſes lou'd ſonne from his bed appeard;
His weeds put on; and did about him gird
His ſword, that thwart his ſhoulders hung; and tied
To his faire feete, faire ſhooes; and all parts plied
For ſpeedie readineſſe; who when he trod
The open earth, to men, ſhewd like a God.
The Heralds then, he ſtrait charg'd to conſort
The curld-head Greekes, with lowd calls to a Court.
They ſummon'd; th'other came, in vtmoſt haſte;
Who, all aſſembld, and in one heape plac't;
He likewſe came to councell; and did beare
In his faire hand, his iron-headed ſpeare:
Nor came alone; nor with men troopes prepar'd;
But two fleete dogs, made, both his traine, and Guard.
Pallas ſupplied with her high wiſedomes grace,
(That all mens wants ſupplies) *States* painted face.
His entring preſence, all men did admire;
Who tooke ſeate in the high throne of his Sire;
To which the graue Peeres gaue him reuerend way.
Amongſt whom, an Ægyptian *Heroe*,
(Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun
The ſpeech to all. Who had a lou'd ſonne,
That with diuine *Vlyſſes* did aſcend
His hollow fleete to *Troy*: to ſerue which end,

The Greekes called to councell by Telemachus.

He kept faire horſe, and was a man at Armes;
And in the cruell *Cyclops* ſterne alarmes,
His life loſt by him, in his hollow caue;
Whoſe entrailes open'd his abhorred graue;
And made of him (of all *Vlyſſes* traine)
His lateſt ſupper, being lateſt ſlaine.
His name was *Antiphus*. And this old man,
This crooked growne; this wiſe Ægyptian,
Had three ſonnes more; of which, one riotous,
A wooer was, and calld *Eurynomus*;
The other two, tooke both, his owne wiſht courſe.
Yet, both the beſt fates, weighd not downe the worſe;
But left the old man mindfull ſtill of mone;
Who, weeping, thus beſpake the Seſſion:
Heare, *Ithacenſians*, all I fitly ſay;
Since our diuine *Vlyſſes* parting day
Neuer was councell calld, nor ſeſſion;
And now, by whom is this thus vndergone?
Whom did Neceſſitie ſo much compell,
Of yong or old? Hath any one heard tell
Of any coming armie; that he thus now
May openly take boldneſſe to auow?
Firſt hauing heard it. Or will any here
Some motion for the publicke good preferre?
Some worth of note there is in this command;
And, me thinkes, it muſt be ſome good mans hand
That's put to it: that either hath direct
Meanes to aſſiſt; or, for his good affect,
Hopes to be happie in the proofe he makes;
And that, *Ioue* grant, what ere he vndertakes.
Telemachus (reioycing much to heare
The good hope, and opinion men did beare
Of his yong actions) no longer ſat;
But longd t'approue, what this man pointed at;
And make his firſt proofe, in a cauſe ſo good:
Telemachus propoſeth his eſtate to the Greekes. And in the Councels chiefe place, vp he ſtood;
When ſtrait, *Pyſenor* (Herald to his Sire,
And learnd in counſels) felt his heart on fire,
To heare him ſpeake; and put into his hand
The Scepter that his Father did command;
Then (to the old Ægyptian turnd) he ſpoke:
Father, not farre he is, that vndertooke
To call this councell; whom you ſoone ſhall know.
My ſelfe, whoſe wrongs, my griefes will make me ſhow,
Am he that author'd this aſſembly here;
Nor haue I heard of any armie neare;
Of which, being firſt told, I might iterate;
Nor for the publicke good, can aught, relate;

Onely

Onely mine owne affaires all this procure,
That in my houſe a double ill endure;
One, hauing loſt a Father ſo renownd,
Whoſe kind rule once, with your command was crownd:
The other is, what much more doth augment
His weightie loſſe, the ruine imminent
Of all my houſe by it, my goods all ſpent.
And of all this, the wooers, that are ſonnes
To our chiefe Peeres, are the Confuſions:
Importuning my Mothers mariage
Againſt her will; nor dares their blouds bold rage
Go to *Icarius*, her fathers Court,
That, his will askt, in kind and comely ſort,
He may endow his daughter with a dowre;
And, the conſenting, at his pleaſures powre,
Depoſe her to a man, that (thus behau'd)
May haue fit grace; and ſee her honor ſau'd;
But theſe, in none but my houſe, all their liues
Reſolue to ſpend; ſlaughtring my theepe and beeues;
And with my fatteſt goates, lay feaſt on feaſt;
My generous wine, conſuming as they liſt.
A world of things they ſpoile; here wanting one,
That like *Vlyſſes*, quickly, could ſet gone
Theſe peace-plagues from his houſe, that ſpoile like warre.
Whom my powres are vnfit, to vrge ſo farre,
My ſelfe immartiall. But had I the powre,
My will ſhould ſerue me, to exempt this houre
From out my life time. For paſt patience,
Baſe deeds are done here, that exceed defence
Of any honor. Falling is my houſe,
Which you ſhould ſhame to ſee ſo ruinous.
Reuerence the cenſures, that all good men giue,
That dwell about you; and for feare to liue
Expoſd to heauens wrath (that doth euer pay
Paines, for ioyes forfait) euen by *Ioue* I pray
Or *Themis*; both which, powres haue to reſtraine
Or gather Councels; that ye will abſtaine
From further ſpoile; and let me onely waſte
In that moſt wretched griefe I haue embrac't
For my loſt Father. And though I am free
From meriting your outrage; yet, if he
(Good man) hath euer, with a hoſtile heart
Done ill to any Greeke; on me conuert
Your like hoſtilitie; and vengeance take
Of his ill, on my life; and all theſe, make
Ioyne in that iuſtice; but to ſee abuſde
Theſe goods that do none ill, but being ill vſde,
Exceeds all right. Yet better tis for me,

My whole poſſeſſions, and my rents to ſee
Conſum'd by you; then loſe my life and all;
For on your rapine a reuenge may fall,
While I liue; and ſo long I may complaine
About the Cities till my goods againe
(Oft askt) may be with all amends repaid.
But in the meane ſpace, your miſ-rule hath laid
Griefes on my boſome, that can onely ſpeake,
And are denied the inſtant powre of wreake.
This ſaid; his Scepter gainſt the ground he threw,
And teares ſtill'd from him; which mou'd all the crew:
The Court ſtrooke ſilent; not a man did dare
To giue a word, that might offend his eare.
Antinous onely, in this ſort replied:

Antinous to Telemachus.

High-ſpoken, and of ſpirit vnpacified;
How haue you ſham'd vs, in this ſpeech of yours?
Will you brand vs, for an offence not ours?
Your mother (firſt in craft) is firſt in cauſe.
Three yeares are paſt, and neare, the fourth now drawes,
Since firſt ſhe mocked the Peeres *Achaian*.
All, ſhe made hope, and promiſt euery man:
Sent for vs euer; left loues ſhew in nought;
But in her heart, conceald another thought.
Beſides, (as curious in her craft) her loome
She with a web charg'd, hard to ouercome;

The wile of Penelope to her wooers.

And thus beſpake vs: Youths that ſeeke my bed;
Since my diuine Spouſe reſts among the dead,
Hold on your ſuites, but till I end, at moſt
This funerall weed; leſt what is done, be loſt.
Beſides, I purpoſe, that when th'auſtere fate
Of bitter death, ſhall take into his ſtate,
Laertes the *Heroe*; it ſhall decke
His royall corſe; ſince I ſhould ſuffer checke
In ill report, of euery common dame,
If one ſo rich, ſhould ſhew in death his ſhame.
This ſpeech ſhe vſde; and this did ſoone perſwade
Our gentle mindes. But this, a worke ſhe made

Telam Penelopes retexere, Prouerbium.

So hugely long; vndoing ſtill in night
(By torches) all, ſhe did by dayes broade light;
That three yeares her deceit, diu'd paſt our view;
And made vs thinke, that all ſhe faind, was true.
But when the fourth yeare came; and thoſe ſlie houres,
That ſtill ſurpriſe at length, Dames craftieſt powres;
One of her women, that knew all, diſcloſde
The ſecret to vs; that ſhe ſtill vnloſde
Her whole daies faire affaire, in depth of night.
And then, no further ſhe could force her ſleight,
But, of neceſſitie, her worke gaue end.

And

And thus, by me, doth euery other friend,
Proteſting loue to her, reply to thee;
That euen thy ſelfe, and all Greeks elſe may ſee,
That we offend not in our ſtay, but ſhee.
To tree thy houſe then, ſend her to her Sire;
Commanding that her choice be left entire
To his election, and one ſettl'd will.
Nor let her vexe with her illuſions ſtill,
Her friends that woo her; ſtanding on her wit;
Becauſe wiſe *Pallas* hath giuen wiles to it,
So ſtuft of Art; and made her vnderſtand
All workes, in faire skill of a Ladies hand.
Yea, for her working mind) we reade of none
Of all the old world; in which *Greece* hath ſhowne
Her rareſt peeces, that could equall her:
Not *Alcmena*, and *Mycena* were
To hold compariſon in no degree
(For ſolide braine) with wiſe *Penelope*.
And yet in her delayes of vs, ſhe ſhowes
No profits skill, with all the wit ſhe owes;
For all this time, thy goods and victuals go
To vtter ruine; and ſhall euer ſo
While thus the Gods, her glorious mind diſpoſe.
Glorie, her ſelfe may gaine; but thou ſhalt loſe
Thy longings euen for neceſſary food;
For we will neuer go, where lies our good;
Nor any other where; till this delay
She puts on all, ſhe quits with th'endleſſe ſtay
Of ſome one of vs; that to all the reſt
May giue free farewell with his nuptiall feaſt.
The wiſe yong Prince replide: *Antinous*!

Telemachus to Antinous.

I may by no meanes turne out of my houſe,
Her that hath brought me forth, and nouriſht me.
Beſides: if quicke or dead my Father be
In any region, yet abides in doubt.
And twill go hard, (my meanes being ſo runne out)
To tender to *Icarius* againe
(If he againe, my mother muſt maintaine
In her retreate) the dowre ſhe brought with her.
And then, a double ill it will conferre,
Both from my Father, and from God, on me;
When (thruſt out of her houſe) on her bent knee,
My Mother ſhall the horrid Furies raiſe
With imprecations: and all men diſpraiſe
My part in her expoſure. Neuer then
Will I performe this counſell. If your ſplene
Swell at my counſes; once more I command
Your abſence from my houſe. Some others hand

Charge

Charge with your banquets. On your owne goods eate;
And either other mutually intreate,
At either of your houſes, with your feaſt.
But if ye ſtill eſteeme more ſweete and beſt,
The word is ſeeming inſatiabilit quadam edacitate voro. Anothers ſpoile; ſo you ſtill wreakleſſe liue:
Gnaw (vermine-like) things facred: no lawes giue
To your deuouring; it remaines that I
Inuoke each euer-liuing Deitie;
And vow if *Ioue* ſhall daigne in any date,
Powre of like paines, for pleaſures ſo paſt rate;
From thenceforth looke, where ye haue reueld ſo,
Vnwreakt, your ruines, all ſhall vndergo.
Auguriam. Thus ſpake *Telemachus*, t'aſſure whoſe threat,
Farre ſeeing *Ioue*, vpon their pinions ſet
Two Eagles from the high browes of a hill;
That, mounted on the winds, together ſtill
Their ſtrokes extended. But arriuing now
Amidſt the Councell, ouer euery brow,
Shooke their thicke wings; and (threatning deaths cold feares)
Their neckes and cheekes tore with their eager Seres.
Then, on the Courts right-hand away they flew,
Aboue both Court and Citie: with whoſe view
And ſtudie what euents they might foretell,
The Councell into admiration fell.
Halitherſes an Augur. The old *Heroe*, *Halitherſes* then,
The ſonne of *Neſtor*; that of all old men
(His Peeres in that Court) onely could foreſee
By flight of fowles, mans fixed deſtinie;
Twixt them and their amaze, this interpoſde:
Heare (*Ithacenſians*) all your doubts diſcloſde;
The wooers moſt are toucht in this oſtent,
To whom are dangers great and imminent.
For now, not long more ſhall *Vlyſſes* beare
Lacke of his moſt lou'd; but fils ſome place neare,
Addreſſing to theſe wooers, Fate and Death.
And many more, this miſchiefe menaceth
Of vs inhabiting this famous Ile.
Let vs conſult yet, in this long forewhile,
How to our ſelues we may preuent this ill.
Let theſe men reſt ſecure, and reuell ſtill:
Though they might find it ſafer, if with vs
They would in time preuent what threats them thus:
Since not without ſure triall, I foretell
Theſe coming ſtormes; but know their iſſue well.
For to *Vlyſſes*, all things haue euent,
As I foretold him; when for *Ilion* went
The whole Greeke fleete together; and with them,
Th'abundant in all counſels, tooke the ſtreame.

I told

I told him, that when much ill he had paſt,
And all his men were loſt; he ſhould at laſt,
The twentith yeare turne home; to all vnknowne;
All which effects are to perfection growne.
Eurymachus exceptes againſt the prophecie. *Eurymachus*, the ſonne of *Polybus*,
Oppoſde this mans preſage, and anſwerd thus:
Hence, Great in yeares; go, prophecie at home;
Thy children teach to ſhun their ils to come.
In theſe, ſuperiour farre to thee, am I.
A world of fowles beneath the Sunne-beames flie,
That are not fit t'enforme a prophecie.
Beſides, *Vlyſſes* periſht long ago,
And would thy fates to thee had deſtin'd ſo;
Since ſo, thy ſo much prophecie had ſpar'd
Thy wronging of our rights; which for reward
Expected, home with thee, hath ſummon'd vs
Within the anger of *Telemachus*.
But this will I preſage, which ſhall be true,
If any ſparke of anger, chance t'enſue
Thy much old art, in theſe deepe Auguries,
In this yong man incenſed by thy lies;
Euen to himſelfe, his anger ſhall conferre
The greater anguiſh; and thine owne ends erre
From all their obiects: and beſides, thine age
Shall feele a paine, to make thee curſe preſage,
With worthy cauſe, for it ſhall touch thee neare.
But I will ſoone giue end to all our feare,
Preuenting whatſoeuer chance can fall,
In my ſuite to the yong Prince, for vs all
To ſend his mother to her fathers houſe,
That he may fort her out a worthy ſpouſe;
And ſuch a dowre beſtow, as may befit
One lou'd, to leaue her friends, and follow it.
Before which courſe be, I beleeue that none
Of all the Greekes will ceaſe th'ambition
Of ſuch a match. For, chance what can to vs,
We, no man feare; no not *Telemachus*,
Though ne're ſo greatly ſpoken. Nor care we
For any threats of auſtere prophecie
Which thou (old dotard) vantſt of ſo in vaine.
And thus ſhalt thou in much more hate remaine;
For ſtill the Gods ſhall beare their ill expence;
Nor euer be diſpoſde by competence,
Till with her nuptials, ſhe diſmiſſe our ſuites.
Our whole liues dayes ſhall ſow hopes for ſuch fruites.
Her vertues we contend to; nor will go
To any other, be ſhe neuer ſo
Worthy of vs, and all the worth we owe.

He

Telemachus to the wooers.

He answerd him: *Eurymachus*! and all
Ye generous wooers, now, in generall;
I see your braue resolues; and will no more
Make speech of these points; and much lesse, implore.
It is enough, that all the Grecians here,
And all the Gods besides, iust witnesse beare,
What friendly premonitions haue bene spent
On your forbearance; and their vaine euent.
Yet with my other friends, let loue preuaile
To fit me with a vessell, free of saile;
And twentie men; that may diuide to me
My readie passage through the yeelding sea.
For *Sparta*, and *Amathoon Pylos* shore
I now am bound; in purpose to explore
My long lackt Father; and to trie if Fame
(Or *Ioue*, most author of mans honourd name)
With his returne and life, may glad mine eare;
Though toild in that proofe, I sustaine a yeare.
If dead, I heare him, nor of more state; here
(Retir'd to my lou'd countrie) I will rere
A Sepulcher to him, and celebrate
Such royall parent rites, as fits his state.
And then, my mother to a Spouse dispose.

Mentor for Telemachus.

This said, he sat; and to the rest, arose
Mentor, that was *Vlysses* chosen friend;
To whom, when he set forth, he did commend
His compleate family; and whom he willd
To see the mind of his old Sire fulfild;
All things conseruing safe, till his retreate;
Who (tender of his charge; and seeing so set
In sleight care of their King, his subiects there;
Suffering his sonne, so much contempt to beare)
Thus gravely, and with zeale to him began:
No more, let any Scepter-bearing man,
Be neuolent, or milde, or humane be;
Nor in his minde, forme acts of pietie,
But euer feed on blood; and facts vniust
Commit, euen to the full swinge of his lust;
Since of diuine *Vlysses*, no man now
Of all his subiects, any thought doth show.
All whom, he gouernd; and became to them
(Rather then one that wore a diadem)
A most indulgent father. But (for all
That can touch me) within no enuie fall
These insolent wooers; that in violent kind,
Commit things foule, by th'ill wit of the mind;
And with the hazard of their heads, deuoure
Vlysses house; since his returning houre,

They hold past hope. But it affects me much,
(Ye dull plebeians) that all this doth touch
Your free States nothing; who (strooke dumbe) afford
These wooers, not so much wreake as a word;
Though few, and you, with onely number might
Extinguish to their prophaned light.
Eupeors sonne (*Liocritus*) replide;

Liocritus to Mentor.

Mentor! the railer, made a foole with pride;
What language giu'st thou? that would quiet vs,
Vrge putting vs in stormes? exciting thus
Our out against vs? who, though more then we,
Should find it is no easie victorie
To diuine men, habited in feast, from feasts;
Nor if *Ithacus* himselfe, such guests
Should come and find to tumultuing his Court,
Could hope to force them from so sweete a sort.
His wife should little ioy in his arriue,
Though much she want him: for, where she, aliue
Should hers enioy; there Death should claime his rights:
He must be conquerd, that with many fights.
Thou speakst vnfit things. To their labours then,
Dispatch these people; and let these two men
(*Mentor* and *Halitherses*) that so boast,
From the beginning to haue gouernd most
Intendfriendship of the Father; to the sonne
Continue the course, he now affects to runne.
But my mind sayes, that if he would but vse
A little patience; he should here heare newes
Of all things that his wish would vnderstand;
Let no good hope for, of the course in hand.
This said; the Councell rose; when euery Peere
Fell to the people, in dispersion were
To houses of their owne; the wooers yet
Made to *Vlysses* house their old retreat.
Telemachus, apart from all the preasse,
Repair'd to shore; and (in the aged seas,
Before hands washt) did thus to *Pallas* pray:

Telemachus prayes to Pallas.

Assist me (O Goddesse) that but yesterday
Vouchsaf'd to deigne accesse to me at home; and lay
Your charge on me, to take ship, and enquire
Among the darke seas for mine absent Sire;
Which all the Greekes oppose; amongst whom, most
Those that are proud still at anothers cost,
Iniust measure, and the ciuill rights of men,
Are mothers wooers) my repulse maintaine.
Thus spake he praying; when close to him came
Pallas, resembling *Mentor*, both in frame
Of voice and person; and aduisde him thus:

Minerua in the person of Mentor, exhorts to the voyage.

Thoſe wooers well might know; *Telemachus*!
Thou wilt not euer weake and childiſh be;
If to thee be inſtilld the facultie
Of mind and bodie, that thy Father grac't,
And it (like him) there be in thee enchac't
Vertue to giue words works, and works their end;
This voyage, that to them thou didſt commend
Shall not ſo quickly, as they idly weene,
Be vaine, or giuen vp, for their oppoſite ſpleene.
But if *Vlyſſes*, not *Penelope*
Were thy true parents; I then hope in thee
Of no more vrging thy attempt in hand;
For few, that rightly bred on both ſides ſtand,
Are like their parents; many that are worſe;
And moſt few, better. Thoſe then that the nurſe,
Or mother call true borne; yet are not ſo;
Like worthy Sires, much leſſe are like to grow.
But thou ſhew'ſt now, that in thee fades not quite
Thy Fathers wiſedome; and that future light
Shall therefore ſhew thee farre from being vnwiſe,
Or toucht with ſtaine of baſtard cowardize.
Hope therefore ſayes, that thou wilt to the end
Purſue the braue act, thou didſt erſt intend.
But for the fooliſh wooers, they bewray
They neither counſell haue, nor ſoule; ſince they
Are neither wiſe nor iuſt; and ſo muſt needs
Reſt ignorant, how blacke aboue their heads
Fate houers, holding Death; that one ſole day
Will make enough to make them all away.
For thee; the way thou wiſheſt, ſhall no more
Flie thee a ſtep; I that haue bene before
Thy Fathers friend; thine likewiſe now will be;
Prouide thy ſhip my ſelfe, and follow thee.
Go thou then home, and ſooth each wooers vaine;
But vnder hand, fit all things for the Maine;
Wine, in as ſtrong and ſweete casks as you can;
And meale, the very marrow of a man;
Which put in good ſure leather ſacks; and ſee
That with ſweete foode, ſweete veſſels ſtill agree.
I, from the people, ſtraite will preſſe for you
Free voluntaries; and (for ſhips) enow
Sea-circl'd *Ithaca* containes, both new
And old built; all which, Ile exactly view,
And chuſe what one ſoeuer moſt doth pleaſe;
Which riggd, wee'l ſtrait launch, and aſſay the ſeas.
This ſpake *Ioues* daughter, *Pallas*; whoſe voice heard;
No more *Telemachus* her charge deferd;
But haſted home; and, ſad at heart, did ſee

Amidſt

Amidſt his Hall, th'inſulting wooers ſlea
Goates, and roſt ſwine. Mongſt whom, *Antinous*
Carelеſſe, (diſcouering in *Telemachus*
His grudge to ſee them) laught; met; tooke his hand,
And ſaid; High ſpoken! with the mind ſo manndd;
Come, do as we do; put not vp your ſpirits
With theſe low trifles; nor our louing merits,
Engall of any hatefull purpoſe, ſleepe;
But eate egregiouſly, and drinke as deepe.
The things thou thinkſt on, all, at full ſhall be
By th'*Achiues* thought on, and performd to thee:
Ship, and choiſe Oares, that in a trice will land
Thy haſtie Freete, in heau'nly *Pylos* ſand;
And at the fame of thy illuſtrous Sire.
He anſwerd: Men whom Pride doth ſo inſpire,
Are no fit conſorts for an humble gueſt;
Nor are conſtraind men, merrie at their feaſt.
Is't not enough, that all this time ye haue
Op'd in your entrailes, my chiefe goods a graue?
And while I was a child, made me partake?
My now more growth, more grown my mind doth make:
And (hearing ſpeake, more iudging men then you)
Perceiue how much I was miſgouernd now.
I now will trie, if I can bring ye home
An ill Fate to conſort you; if it come
From *Pylos*, or amongſt the people, here.
But thither I reſolue; and know that there
I ſhall not touch in vaine. Nor will I ſtay,
Though in a merchants ſhip I ſtere my way:
Which ſhewes in your ſights beſt; ſince me ye know
Incapable of ſhip, or men to row.
This ſaid; his hand he coily ſnatcht away
From forth *Antinous* hand. The reſt, the day
Spent through the houſe with banquets; ſome with ieſts,
And ſome with railings, dignifying their feaſts.
To whom, a ieſt-proud youth, the wit began:
Telemachus will kill vs euery man.
From *Sparta*, or the very *Pylian* ſand,
He will raiſe aides to his impetuous hand.
One affects it ſtrangely! Or he meanes
To ſearch *Ephyras* fat ſhores; and from thence
Bring deathfull poiſons; which amongſt our bow'ls
Will make a generall ſhipwracke of our ſoules.
Another ſaid: Alas who knowes, but he
Once gone; and erring like his Sire at ſea,
May periſh like him, farre from aide of friends?
And ſo he makes vs worke; for all the ends
Left of his goods here, we ſhall ſhare; the houſe

Antinous to Telemachus.

Telemachus anſwers.

The wit of the wooers vpon the purpoſe of Telemachus to ſeeke his Father.

Left to his mother, and her choſen Spouſe.
Thus they. While he a roome aſcended, hie
And large, built by his Father; where did lie
Gold and braſſe heapt vp; and in coffers were
Rich robes; great ſtore of odorous oiles; and there
Stood Tuns of ſweete old wines, along the wall;
Neate and diuine drinke, kept to cheare withall
Vlyſſes old heart, if he turnd againe
From labors fatall to him to ſuſtaine.
The doores of Planke were; their cloſe exquiſite,
Kept with a double key; and day and night
A woman lockt within; and that was ſhe,
Who all truſt had for her ſufficiencie.
Old *Eurycles*, (one of *Opus* race,
Sonne to *Piſenor*, and in paſſing grace
Telemachus to Eurycea. With gray *Minerua:*) her, the Prince did call;
And ſaid, Nurſe! draw me the moſt ſweete of all
The wine thou keepſt; next that, which for my Sire,
Thy care reſerues, in hope he ſhall retire.
Twelue veſſels fill me forth, and ſtop them well.
Then into well-ſewd ſacks, of fine ground meale,
Powre twentie meaſures. Nor to any one
But thou thy ſelfe, let this deſigne be knowne.
All this ſee got together; I, it all
In night will fetch off, when my mother ſhall
Aſcend her high roome, and for ſleepe prepare.
Sparta and *Pylos*, I muſt ſee, in care
To find my Father. Out *Eurycles* cried,
Eurycea answers. And askt with teares: Why is your mind applied
(Deare ſonne) to this courſe? whither will you go?
So farre off leaue vs? and beloued ſo?
So onely? and the ſole hope of your race?
Royall *Vlyſſes*, farre from the embrace
Of his kind countrie; in a land vnknowne
Is dead; and you (from your lou'd countrie gone)
The wooers will with ſome deceit aſſay
To your deſtruction; making then their prey
Of all your goods. Where, in your owne y'are ſtrong,
Make ſure abode. It fits not you ſo yong,
To ſuffer ſo much by the aged ſeas,
And erre in ſuch a wayleſſe wilderneſſe.
Telemachus cem-forts Eurycles. Be chear'd (lou'd nurſe, ſaid he) for not without
The will of God, go my attempts about.
Sweare therefore, not to wound my mothers eares
With word of this; before from heauen appeares
Th'eleuenth or twelfth light; or her ſelfe ſhall pleaſe
To aske of me; or heares me put to ſeas;
Leſt her faire bodie, with her woe be wore.

To this, the great oath of the Gods, ſhe ſwore;
Which, hauing ſworne; and of it, euery due
Performd to full: to veſſels, wine ſhe drew;
And into well ſewd ſacks powr'd foodie meale;
In meane time he (with cunning to conceale
All thought of this from others) himſelfe bore
In broade houſe, with the wooers, as before.
Then grey-eyd *Pallas*, other thoughts did owne;
The care of Minerua for Telemachus. And (like *Telemachus*) trod through the Towne;
Commanding all his men, in th'euen to be
Aboord his ſhip. Againe then queſtion'd ſhe
Nermon (tam'd for aged *Phronius* ſonne)
About his ſhip; who, all things to be done,
Aſſur'd her freely ſhould. The Sunne then ſet,
And fable ſhadowes ſlid through euery ſtreete,
When forth they lancht; and ſoone aboord did bring
All Armes, and choice of euery needfull thing,
That fits a well-rigg'd ſhip. The Goddeſſe then
Stood in the Ports extreame part; where, her men
(Nobly appointed) thicke about her came,
Whoſe euery breaſt, ſhe did with ſpirit enflame.
Yet ſtill freſh proiects, laid the grey-eyd Dame.
Strait, to the houſe ſhe haſted; and ſweete ſleepe
Powr'd on each wooer; which ſo laid in ſteepe
Their drowſie temples, that each brow did nod,
As all were drinking; and each hand his lode
(The cup) let fall. All ſtart vp, and to bed;
Nor more would watch, when ſleepe ſo ſurfeted
Their leaden ey-lids. Then did *Pallas* call
Telemachus, (in bodie, voice, and all
Reſembling *Mentor*) from his natiue neſt:
And ſaid, that all his arm'd men were addreſt
To vſe their Oares; and all expected now
He ſhould the ſpirit of a ſouldier ſhow.
Come then (ſaid ſhe) no more let vs deferre
Our honor'd action. Then ſhe tooke on her
A rauiſht ſpirit, and led as ſhe did leape;
And he her moſt haſte, tooke out, ſtep by ſtep.
Arriu'd at ſea, and ſhip; they found aſhore
The ſouldiers, that their faſhiond long haire wore;
Telemachus to his ſouldiers. To whom, the Prince ſaid: Come, my friends; let's bring
Our voyages prouiſion: euery thing
Is heapt together in our Court; and none
(No not my mother, nor her maids) but one
Knowes our intention. This expreſt; he led;
The ſouldiers cloſe together followed;
And all together brought aboord their ſtore.
Aboord the Prince went; *Pallas* ſtill before

Sat at the Sterne: he cloſe to her; the men
Vp, haſted after. He, and *Pallas* then,
Put from the ſhore. His ſouldiers then he bad
See all their Armes fit; which they heard; and had.
Nauigatur. A beechen Maſt then, in the hollow baſe
They put, and hoiſted; fixt it in his place
With cables; and with well-wreath'd halſers hoiſe
Their white ſailes; which gray *Pallas* now employes
With full and fore-gales, through the darke deep maine.
κυμα πορφυρεον. The purple waues (ſo ſwift cut) roar'd againe
Againſt the ſhip ſides, that now ranne, and plowd
The rugged ſeas vp. Then the men beſtowd
Their Armes about the ſhip; and ſacrifice
With crowned wine cups, to th'endleſſe Deities,
They offerd vp. Of all yet thron'd abouc,
They moſt obſeru'd the grey-eyd ſeed of *Ioue*:
Who from the euening, till the morning roſe,
And all day long, their voyage did diſpoſe.

Finis libri ſecundi Hom. Odyſſ.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

TElemachus. *and heau'ns * wiſe Dame,* * Pallas.
That neuer huſband had, now came
To Neſtor; *who, his eather gueſt*
Receiu'd at the religious feaſt
He made to Neptune, *on his ſhore.*
And there told, what was done before
The Troian turrets; and the ſtate
Of all the Greekes, ſince Ilions *fate.*
*This booke, the'e * three of greateſt place,* * Vid. Mineruam, Neſtorem & Telemachum.
Doth ſeruc with many a varied grace.
(Which paſt); Minerua *takes her leaue.*
Whoſe ſtate, when Neſtor *doth perceiue;*
With ſacrifice he makes it knowne,
Where many a pleaſing rite is ſhowne.
Which done, Telemachus *had gaind*
A chariot of him; who ordained
Piſiſtratus, *his ſonne, his guide*
To Sparta; *and when ſtarrie eyd*
The ample heau'n began to be;
All houſe-rites to afford them free
(*In* Pheris) Diocles *did pleaſe;*
His ſirname Ortilochides.

Another.

Τεμμα. Vlyſſes *ſonne*
With Neſtor *lies;*
To Sparta *gone,*
Thence Pallas *flies.*

THE Sunne now left the great and goodly Lake,
And to the firme heau'n, bright aſcent did make,
To ſhine as well vpon the mortall birth,
Inhabiting the plowd life-giuing earth,
As on the euer tredders vpon Death.
And now to *Pylos*, that ſo garniſheth
Her ſelfe with buildings; old *Neleus* towne,
The Prince and Goddeſſe come; had ſtrange ſights ſhowne;
For on the Marine ſhore, the people there
To *Neptune*, that the Azure lockes doth weare;
Beeues that were wholy blacke, gaue holy flame.
Nine ſeates of State they made to his high name;

And euery Seate ſet with fiue hundred men;
And each fiue hundred, was to furniſh then
With nine blacke Oxen, euery ſacred Seate.
Theſe, of the entrailes onely, pleaſd to eate;
And to the God enflam'd the fleſhie thies.
By this time *Pallas*, with the ſparkling eies,
And he ſhe led, within the hauen bore:
Minerua to Telemachus. Strooke ſaile, caſt anchor, and trod both the ſhore.
She firſt; he after. Then ſaid *Pallas*: Now
No more befits thee the leaſt baſhfull brow;
T'embolden which, this act is put on thee
To ſeeke thy Father, both at ſhore, and ſea:
And learne in what Clime, he abides ſo cloſe;
Or in the powre of what Fate doth repoſe.
Come then; go right to *Neſtor*; let vs ſee,
If in his boſome any counſell be,
That may inform vs. Pray him not to trace
The common courtſhip; and to ſpeake in grace
Of the Demander; but to tell the truth:
Which will delight him; and commend thy youth.
For ſuch preuention; for he loues no lies;
Nor will report them, being truly wiſe.
Telemachus to Minerua. He anſwerd: *Atenor*! how alas ſhall I
Preſent my ſelfe? how greete his grauities?
My youth by no meanes that ripe forme affords,
That can digeſt my minds inſtinct, in words
Wiſe, and beſeeming th'eares of one ſo ſage.
Youth of moſt hope, bluſh to vſe words with Age.
She ſaid: Thy mind will ſome conceit impreſſe,
And ſomething God will prompt thy towardneſſe.
For I ſuppoſe, thy birth and breeding too,
Were not in ſpite of what the Gods could do.
This ſaid, ſhe ſwiftly went before, and he
Her ſteps made guides, and followd inſtantly.
When ſoone they reacht the *Pylian* throngs and ſeates,
Where *Neſtor* with his ſonnes ſate; and the meates
That for the feaſt ſeru'd; round about them were
Adherents dreſſing all their ſacred cheare,
Being roſt and boyld meates. When the *Pylians* ſaw
Theſe ſtrangers come: in thruſt did all men draw
They are receiued as gueſts. About their entrie. Tooke their hands, and praid
They both would ſit. Their entrie firſt aſſaid
By *Neſtors* ſonne, *Piſiſtratus*. In grace
Of whoſe repaire, he gaue them honor'd place
Betwixt his Sire, and brother *Thraſimed*,
Who ſate at feaſt, on ſoft Fels that were ſpred
Along the ſea ſands. Keru'd, and reacht to them
Parts of the inwards; and did make a ſtreame

Of

Of ſpritely wine, into a golden boule;
Which to *Minerua*, with a gentle ſoule
He gaue, and thus ſpake: Ere you eate, faire gueſt,
Inuoke the Seas King; of whoſe ſacred feaſt,
The humanitie of Piſiſtratus to ſtrangers. Your trauell hither, makes ye partners now:
When (ſacrificing, as becomes) beſtow
This boule of ſweete wine on your friend, that he
May likewiſe vſe theſe rites of pietie:
For I ſuppoſe, his youth doth prayers vſe,
Since all men need the Gods. But you I chuſe
Firſt in this cups diſpoſure; ſince his yeares
Seeme ſhort of yours; who more like me appeares.
Thus gaue he her the cup of pleaſant wine;
And ſince a wiſe and iuſt man did deſigne
The golden boule firſt to her free receit;
Then to the Goddeſſe it did adde delight.
Who thus inuokt: *Heare thou whoſe vaſt embrace*
Imbſpheres the whole earth; nor diſdaine thy grace
Minerua; grace. *Toth that aske it, in performing this:*
To Neſtor firſt, and theſe faire ſonnes of his,
Vouchſafe all honor: and next them, beſtow
On all theſe Pylians, that haue offerd now
This moſt renowmed Hecatomb to thee,
Remuneration fit for them, and free;
And laſtly daigne Telemachus, and me,
(The worke performd, for whoſe effect we came)
Our ſafe returne, both with our ſhip and fame.
Thus praid ſhe; and her ſelfe, her ſelfe obaid;
In th'end performing all for which ſhe praid.
And now to pray; and do as ſhe had done;
She gaue the faire round boule t'*Vlyſſes* ſonne.
The meate then dreſt, and drawne, and ſeru'd t'each gueſt;
They celebrated a moſt ſumptuous feaſt.
When (appetite to wine and food allaid)
Horſe-taming *Neſtor* then began, and ſaid:
Now lifes deſire is ſeru'd, as farre as fare;
Neſtor to the ſtrangers. Time fits me to enquire, what gueſts theſe are.
Faire gueſts, what are ye? and for what Coaſt tries
Your ſhip the moiſt deepes? For fit merchandize,
Or rudely coaſt ye, like our men of prize?
The rough ſeas tempting; deſperatly erring
The ill of others, in their good conferring?
The wiſe Prince, now his boldneſſe did begin;
For *Pallas* ſelfe had hardned him within;
By this deuice of trauell to explore
His abſent Father; which two Girlonds wore;
His good, by manage of his ſpirits; and then
To gaine him high grace, in th'accounts of men.

O

Telemachus answers.

O *Neſtor!* ſtill in whom *Neleus* liues!
And all the glorie of the Greeks ſuruiues;
You aske, from whence we are; and I relate:
From *Ithaca* (whoſe ſeate is ſituate
Where *Neius* the renowmed Mountaine reares
His haughtie forehead; and the honor beares
To be our Sea-marke) we aſtaid the waues;
The buſineſſe I muſt tell, our owne good craues,
And not the publicke. I am come t'enquire,
If in the fame that beſt men doth inſpire,
Of my moſt-ſuffering Father, I may heare
Some truth of his eſtate now; who did beare
The name (being ioynd in fight with you alone)
To euen with earth the height of *Ilion*.
Of all men elſe, that any name did beare,
And fought for *Troy*, the ſeuerall ends we heare;
But his death, *Ioue* keepes from the world vnknowne;
The certaine fame thereof, being told by none.
If on the Continent, by enemies ſlaine;
Or with the waues eat, of the rauenous Maine.
For his loue tis, that to your knees I ſue;
That you would pleaſe, out of your owne cleare view,
T'aſſure his ſad end; or ſay, if your eare
Hath heard of the vnhappie wanderer,
To too much ſorrow, whom his mother bore.
You then, by all your bounties I implore,
(If euer to you, deed or word hath ſtood,
By my good Father promiſt, rendred good
Amongſt the Troians; where ye both haue tried
The Grecian ſufferance) that, in nought applied
To my reſpect or pitie, you will gloſe,
But vnclothd Truth, to my deſires diſcloſe.

Neſtor to Telemachus.

O my much lou'd, (ſaid he) ſince you renew
Remembrance of the miſeries that grew
Vpon our ſtill-in-ſtrength-oppoſing *Greece*,
Amongſt *Troys* people; I muſt touch a peece
Of all our woes there; either in the men
Achilles brought by ſea, and led to gaine
About the Country; or in vs that fought
About the Citie, where to death were brought
All our chiefe men, as many as were there.
There *Mars*-like *Aiax* lies; *Achilles* there;
There the-in-counſell-like-the-Gods; his *friend;* *Patroclus.*
There my deare ſonne *Antilochus* tooke end;
Paſt meaſure ſwift of foote, and ſtaid in fight.
A number more, that ils felt infinite:
Of which to reckon all, what mortall man
(If fiue or ſixe yeares you ſhould ſtay here) can

Serue for abiect? You would backe againe,
Affected with vnſufferable paine,
Ere ere you heard it. Nine yeares ſiegd we them,
With all the depth and ſleight of ſtratagem
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill, paſt end:
Yet ſtill they toild vs: nor would yet *Ioue* lend
Reſt to our labors: nor will ſcarcely yet.
But no man liu'd, that would in publicke ſet
His wi edome, by *Vlyſſes* policie,
(As thought his equall) ſo exceſſiuely
He ſtood ſuperiour all wayes. If you be
His ſonne indeed; mine eyes euen rauiſh me
To admiration. And in all conſent,
Your ſpeech puts on his ſpeeches ornament.
Nor would one ſay, that one ſo yong could vſe
(Vnleſſe his ſonne) a Rhetorique ſo profuſe.
And while we liu'd together; he and I
Neuer in ſpeech maintaind diuerſitie:
Nor ſet in counſell: but (by one ſoule led)
With ſpirit and prudent counſell furniſhed
The Greeks at all houres: that with faireſt courſe,
What beſt became them, they might put in force.
But when *Troys* high Towres, we had leueld thus;
We put to ſea; and God diuided vs.
And then did *Ioue*, our ſad retreat deuiſe;
For all the Greeks were neither iuſt nor wiſe;
And therefore many felt ſo ſharpe a fate;
Sent from *Mineruas* moſt pernicious hate;
Whoſe mightie Father can do fearfull things.
By whoſe helpe ſine, betwixt the brother Kings
Let fall Contention: who in councell met
In vaine, and timeleſſe; when the Sunne was ſet;
And all the Greeks calld; that came chargd with wine.
Yet then the Kings would vtter their deſigne;
And why they ſummond. *Menelaus*, he
Put all in mind of home; and cried, To ſea.
But *Agamemnon* ſtood on contraries;
Whoſe will was, they ſhould ſtay and ſacrifiſe
Whole Hecatombs to *Pallas*; to forgo
Her high wrath to them. Foole, that did not know
She would not ſo be wonne: for not with eaſe
Th'eternall Gods are turnd from what they pleaſe.
So they (diuided) on foule language ſtood.
The Greekes, in huge rout roſe: their wine-heate bloud,
Two wayes affecting. And that nights ſleepe too,
We turnd to ſtudying either others wo.
When *Ioue* beſides, made readie woes enow.
Morne came, we lancht; and in our ſhips did ſtow

De Græcorum diſſidio.

Diſcord maugre the Grecians.

Our goods, and faire-gitt women. Halfe our men
The peoples guide (*Atrides*) did containe;
And halfe (being now aboord) put forth to ſea.
A moſt free gale gaue all ſhips proſperous way.
God ſtild then the huge whale-bearing lake;
And *Tenedos* we reacht, where, for times ſake,
We did diuine rites to the Gods: but *Ioue*
(Inexorable ſtill) bore yet no loue
To our returne; but did againe excite
A ſecond fad Contention, that turnd quite
A great part of vs backe to ſea againe;
Which were th'abundant in all counſels men,
(Your matchleſſe Father) who, (to gratifie
The great *Atrides*) backe to him did flie.
But I fled all, with all that followd me;
Becauſe I knew, God ſtudied miſerie,
To hurle amongſt vs. With me likewiſe fled
Noble *Tidides*. I, the men he led,
Gat to go with him. Winds our fleete did bring
To *Lesbos*, where the yellow-headed King
(Though late, yet) found vs: as we put to choiſe
A tedious voyage; if we faile ſhould hoiſe'
About rough *Chius* (left on our left hand)
To th'Ile of *Pſyra*; or that rugged land
Saile vnder; and for windie *Mimas* ſtore.
We aſkt of God, that ſome oſtent might cleare
Our cloudie buſineſſe: who gaue vs ſigne,
And charge, that all ſhould (in a middle line)
The ſea cut, for *Eubœa*; that with ſpeed,
Our long-ſuſtaind infortune might be freed.
Then did a whiſtling wind begin to riſe,
And ſwiftly flew we through the fiſhie skies,
Till to *Geraſtus* we in night were brought;
Where (through the broad ſea, ſince we ſate had wrought)
At *Neptunes* altars, many ſolid thies
Of ſlaughterd buls, we burnd for ſacrifiſe.
The fourth day came, when *Tydæus* ſonne did greete
The hauen of *Argos*, with his complete Fleete.
But I, for *Pylos* ſtrait ſteer'd on my courſe,
Nor euer left the wind his fore right force,
Since God fore-ſent it firſt. And thus I came
(Deare ſonne) to *Pylos*, vninformd by fame;
Nor know one ſau'd by Fate, or ouercome.
Whom I haue heard of ſince (ſet here at home)
As fits, thou ſhalt be taught, nought left vnſhowne.
The expert ſpeare-men; euery Myrmidon,
(Led by the braue heire of the mightie ſould
Vnpeerd *Achilles*) ſafe of home got hold.

Safe

Safe *Philoctetes*, *Pœans* famous ſeed:
And ſafe *Idomeneus*; his men led
To his home; (*Crete*;) who fled the armed field;
Of whom, yet none, the ſea from him withheld.
Atrides (you haue both heard, though ye be
His farre off dwellers) what an end had he,
Done by *Ægiſthus*, to a bitter death;
Who miſerably paid for forced breath;
Atrides leauing a good ſonne, that dide
In bloud of that deceitfull parricide
His wreakfull ſword. And thou my friend (as he
For this hath his fame) the like ſpirit in thee
Aſſume at all parts. Faire, and great I ſee
Thou art, in all hope; make it good to th'end;
That after-times, as much may thee commend.
He anſwerd: O thou greateſt grace of *Greece*;
Vlyſſes made that wreake, his maſter peece;
And him the Greeks will giue, a maſter praiſe;
Were finding him, to laſt all after daies.
And would to God, the Gods would fauour me
With his performance; that my iniurie,
Done by my mothers wooers, (being ſo foule)
I might reuenge vpon their euery ſoule.
Who (preſſing me with contumelies) dare
Such things as paſt the powre of vtterance are.
But heauens great Powres, haue grac't my deſtinie
With no ſuch honor. Both my Sire and I,
Are borne to ſuffer euerlaſtingly.
Becauſe you name thoſe wooers (Friend, ſaid he)
Report ſayes, many ſuch, in ſpite of thee,
(Woning thy mother) in thy houſe commit
The ills thou nam'ſt. But ſay; proceedeth it
From will in thee, to beare ſo foule a foile;
Or from thy ſubiects hate, that wiſh thy ſpoile?
And will not aide thee, ſince their ſpirits relie
(Againſt thy rule) on ſome graue Augurie?
What know they, but at length thy Father may
Come, and with violence, their violence pay?
Or he alone; or all the Greeks with him?
But if *Atinerua* now did ſo eſteeme
Thee, as thy Father, in times paſt; whom, paſt
All meaſure, ſhe, with glorious fauours grac't
Amongſt the *Troians*, where we ſuffered ſo;
(O. I did neuer ſee, in ſuch cleare ſhow,
The Gods ſo grace a man, as ſhe to him,
To all our eyes, appeard in all her trim)
Into, I ſay, ſhe would be pleaſd to loue,
And that her minds care, thou ſo much couldſt moue,

Telemachus Neſtori.

Neſtor Telemacho.

As did thy Father; euery man of theſe,
Would loſe in death their ſeeking mariages.
Telemachus. O Father, (anſwerd he) you make amaze
Seiſe me throughout. Beyond the height of phraſe
You raiſe expreſſion; but twill neuer be,
That I ſhall moue in any Deitie,
So bleſt an honour. Not by any meanes,
If Hope ſhould prompt me, or blind Confidence,
(The God of Fooles), or euery Deitie
Should will it; for, tis paſt my deſtinie.
Minerua. The burning-eyd Dame anſwerd: What a ſpeech
Hath paſt the teeth-guard, Nature gaue to teach
Fit queſtion of thy words before they flie?
Volente Deo, nihil eſt difficile. God eaſily can (when to a mortall eie
Hee's furtheſt off) a mortall ſatisfie:
And does, the more ſtill. For thy car'd for Sire;
I rather wiſh, that I might home retire,
After my ſufferance of a world of woes;
Farre off; and then my glad eyes might diſcloſe
The day of my returne; then ſtrait retire,
And periſh ſtanding by my houſhold fire.
As *Agamemnon* did; that loſt his life,
By falſe *Ægiſthus*, and his falſer wife.
For Death to come at length, tis due to all;
Nor can the Gods themſelues, when Fate ſhall call
Their moſt lou'd man, extend his vitall breath
Beyond the fixt bounds of abhorred Death.
Telemachus. *Mentor*! (ſaid he) let's dwell no more on this,
Although in vs, the ſorrow pious is.
No ſuch returne, as we wiſh, Fates bequeath
My erring Father; whom a preſent death,
The deathleſſe haue decreed. Ile now vſe ſpeech
That tends to other purpoſe; and beſeech
Inſtruction of graue *Neſtor*; ſince he flowes
Paſt ſhore, in all experience; and knowes
The ſleights and wiſedomes; to whoſe heights aſpire
Others, as well as my commended Sire;
Whom Fame reports to haue commanded three
Ages of men: and doth in ſight to me
Shew like th'Immortals. *Neſtor*! the renowne
Of old *Nelæus*; make the cleare truth knowne,
How the moſt great in Empire, *Atreus* ſonne,
Suſtaind the act of his deſtruction.
Where then was *Menelaus*? how was it,
That falſe *Ægiſthus*, being ſo farre vnfit
A match for him, could his death ſo enforce?
Was he not then in *Argos*? or his courſe
With men ſo left, to let a coward breathe

Spirit enough, to dare his brothers death?
Ile tell thee truth in all (faire ſonne) ſaid he:
Right well was this euent conceiu'd by thee.
If *Menelaus* in his brothers houſe,
Had found the idle liuer with his ſpouſe,
(Arriu'd from *Troy*) he had not liu'd; nor dead
Had the digged heape powrd on his luſtfull head:
But fowles and dogs had torne him in the fields,
Farre off of *Argos*. Not a Dame it yeelds,
Had giuen him any teare; ſo foule his fact
Shewd euen to women. Vs *Troys* warres had rackt
To euery ſinewes ſufferance; while * he
In *Argos* vplands liu'd; from thoſe workes free.
And *Agamemnons* wife, with force of word
Flatterd and ſoftn'd; who, at firſt abhord
A fact ſo infamous. The heau'nly Dame,
A good mind had; but was in blood too blame.
There was a *Poet, to whoſe care, the King
His Queene committed; and in euery thing
(When he for *Troy* went) charg'd him to apply
Himſelfe in all guard to her dignitie.
But when ſtrong Fate, ſo wrapt-in her affects,
That ſhe reſolu'd to leaue her fit reſpects;
Into a deſart Ile, her Guardian led,
(There left) the rapine of the Vultures fed.
Then brought he willing home his wills wonne prize;
On ſacred Altars offerd many Thies:
Hung in the Gods Phanes many ornaments;
Garments and gold; that he the vaſt euents
Of ſuch a labor, to his wiſh had brought,
As neither fell into his hope, nor thought.
At laſt, from *Troy* ſaild *Spartas* king and I,
Both, holding her vntoucht. And (that his eie
Might ſee no worſe of her) when both were blowne
To ſacred *Sunius* (of *Mineruas* towne
The goodly Promontorie) with his ſhafts ſeuere
Augur Apollo ſlue him that did ſtere
Atrides ſhip, as he the ſterne did guide,
And ſhe the full ſpeed of her ſaile applide.
He was a man, that nations of men
Preeld in ſafe guide of a veſſell; when
A tempeſt ruſht in on the ruffid ſeas:
His name was *Phrontis Onetorides*.
And thus was *Menelaus* held from home,
Whoſe way he thirſted ſo to ouercome;
To giue his friend the earth, being his purſuite,
And all his exequies to execute.
But ſailing ſtill the *wind-hewd ſeas, to reach

Neſtor Telemacho de Ægiſthi adulterio.

Ægiſthus.

*uxoris mœr.

*ciuitas troiana: cuius facies vinũ repreſentat

Some ſhore for fit performance; he did fetch
The ſteepe Mount of the *Malteans*; and there
With open voice, offended *Iupiter*,
Proclaimd the voyage, his repugnant mind;
And powr'd the puffes out of a ſhreeking wind,
That nouriſht billowes, heightned like to hils.
And with the Fleets diuiſion, fulfils
His hate proclaimd; vpon a part of *Creete*
Caſting the Nauie; where the ſea-waues meete
Rough *Iardanus*; and where the *Cydons* liue.
There is a Rocke, on which the Sea doth driue;
Bare, and all broken; on the confines ſet
Of *Gortys*; that the darke ſeas likewiſe fret;
And hither ſent the South, a horrid drift
Of waues againſt the top, that was the left
Of that torne cliffe; as farre as *Phæſtus* Strand.
A litle ſtone, the great ſeas rage did ſtand.
The men here driuen, ſcapt hard the ſhips ſore ſhocks;
The ſhips themſelues being wrackt againſt the rocks;
Saue onely fiue, that blue ſore-caſtles bore,
Which wind and water caſt on *Ægypts* ſhore.
When he (there victling well, and ſtore of gold
Aboord his ſhips brought) his wilde way did hold,
And t'other languag'd men, was forc't to rome.
Meane ſpace *Ægiſthus* made ſad worke at home;
And ſlue his brother; forcing to his ſway,
Agamemnonis interitus. *Atrides* ſubiects; and did ſeuen yeares lay
His yoke vpon the rich *Mycenean* State.
But in the eight, (to his affrighting fate)
Oreſtes patrem vlciſcitur. Diuine *Oreſtes* home from *Athens* came;
And what his royall Father felt, the ſame
He made the falſe *Ægiſthus* grone beneath:
Death euermore is the reward of Death.
Thus hauing ſlaine him; a ſepulcrall feaſt
He made the *Argiues*, for his luſtfull gueſt,
And for his mother, whom he did deteſt.
The ſelfe-ſame day, vpon him ſtole the King,
(Good at a martiall ſhout) and goods did bring,
As many as his freighted Fleete could beare.
But thou (my ſonne) too long, by no meanes erre,
Thy goods left free for many a ſpoilfull gueſt;
Leſt they conſume ſome, and diuide the reſt;
And thou (perhaps beſides) thy voyage loſe.
To *Menelaus* yet thy courſe diſpoſe,
I wiſh and charge thee; who but late arriu'd,
From ſuch a ſhore, and men; as to haue liu'd
In a returne from them; he neuer thought;
And whom, blacke whirlwinds violently brought

Within a ſea ſo vaſt, that in a yeare
Not any fowle could paſſe it any where,
So huge and horrid was it. But go thou
With ſhip and men (or if thou pleaſeſt now
To paſſe by land, there ſhall be brought for thee
Both horſe and chariot; and thy guides ſhall be
My ſonnes themſelues) to *Sparta*, the diuine,
And to the King, whoſe locks like Amber ſhine.
Intreate the truth of him; nor loues he lies;
Wiſedome in truth is; and hee's paſſing wiſe.
This ſaid, the Sunne went downe, and vp roſe Night,
When *Pallas* ſpake; O Father, all good right
Pallas Neſtori. Beare thy directions. But diuide we now
The ſacrifiſes tongues; mixe wine; and vow
To *Neptune*, and the other euer bleſt;
That hauing ſacrifiſd, we may to reſt.
The fit houre runnes now; light diues out of date;
At ſacred feaſts, we muſt not ſit too late.
She ſaid: They heard; the Herald water gaue;
The youths crownd cups with wine; and let all haue
Their equall ſhares; beginning from the cup,
Their parting banquet. All the Tongues cut vp;
The fire they gaue them; ſacrifiſde, and roſe;
Wine, and diuine rites, vſde to each diſpoſe;
Minerua and *Telemachus* deſirde
They might to ſhip be, with his leaue, retirde.
He (mou'd with that) prouokt thus their abodes:
Now *Ioue* forbid, and all the long-liu'd Gods,
Your leauing me, to ſleepe aboord a ſhip:
As I had drunke of poore *Penias* whip,
Euen to my nakedneſſe; and had not ſheete,
Nor couering in my houſe; that warme nor ſweete
A gueſt, nor I my ſelfe, had meanes to ſleepe;
Where I, both weeds and wealthy couerings keepe
For all my gueſts: nor ſhall Fame euer ſay,
The deare ſonne of the man *Vlyſſes*, lay
All night a ſhip boord here; while my dayes ſhine;
Or in my Court, whiles any ſonne of mine
Enioyes ſuruiuall: who ſhall gueſts receiue,
Whom euer, my houſe hath a nooke to leaue.
My much lou'd Father, (ſaid *Minerua*) well
All this becomes thee. But perſwade to dwell
This night with thee thy ſonne *Telemachus*;
For more conuenient is the courſe for vs,
That he may follow to thy houſe, and reſt.
And I may boord our blacke faile; that addreſt
At all parts I may make our men; and cheare
All with my preſence; ſince of all men there

I boaſt my ſelfe the ſenior; th'others are
Youths, that attend in free and friendly care,
Great-ſould *Telemachus*; and are his peeres,
In freſh ſimilitude of forme and yeeres.
For their confirmance, I will therefore now
Sleepe in our blacke Barke. But when Light ſhall ſhew
Her ſiluer forehead; I intend my way,
Amongſt the *Caucons*; men that are to pay
A debt to me, nor ſmall, nor new. For this,
Take you him home; whom in the morne diſmiſſe,
With chariot and your ſonnes; and giue him horſe
Ableſt in ſtrength, and of the ſpeedieſt courſe.

Diſparet Minerua.

This ſaid; away ſhe flew; formd like the fowle
Men call the *Oſſifrage*; when euery foule
Amaze inuaded: euen th'old man admir'd;

Neſtor Telemacho.

The youths hand tooke, and ſaid: O moſt deſir'd;
My hope ſayes, thy proofe will no coward ſhow,
Nor one vnskild in warre; when Deities now
So yong attend thee, and become thy guides:
Nor any of the heauen-houſde States beſides;
But *Tritogenias* ſelfe; the ſeed of *Ioue*;
The great in prey; that did in honor moue
So much about thy Father; amongſt all
The Grecian armie. Faireſt Queene, let fall
On me like fauours: giue me good renowne;
Which, as on me; on my lou'd wife, let downe,
And all my children. I will burne to thee
An Oxe right bred, brode headed, and yoke-free,
To no mans hand yet humbled. Him will I
(His hornes in gold hid) giue thy Deitie.
Thus praid he; and ſhe heard; and home he led
His ſonnes, and all his heapes of kindered;
Who entring his Court royall; euery one
He marſhald in his ſeuerall ſeate and throne.
And euery one, ſo kindly come, he gaue
His ſweet-wine cup; which none was let to haue
Before this leuenth yeare, landed him from *Troy*;
Which now the Butlereſſe had leaue t'employ.
Who therefore pierſt it, and did giue it vent.
Of this, the old Duke did a cup preſent
To euery gueſt: made his maid many a praire
That weares the Shield fring'd with his nurſes haire;
And gaue her ſacrifiſe. With this rich wine
And food ſuffiſde, Sleepe, all eyes did decline.
And all for home went: but his Court alone,
Telemachus, diuine *Vlyſſes* ſonne,
Muſt make his lodging, or not pleaſe his heart.
A bed, all chequerd with elaborate Art,

Within a Portico, that rung like braſſe,
He brought his gueſt to; and his bedſere was
Piſiſtratus, the martiall guide of men,
That liu'd, of all his ſonnes, vnwed till then.
Himſelfe lay in a by-roome, farre aboue,
His bed made by his barren wife, his loue.
The roſie-fingerd morne, no ſooner ſhone,
But vp he roſe, tooke aire, and ſat vpon
A ſeate of white, and goodly poliſht ſtone,
That ſuch a gloſſe as richeſt ointments wore
Before his high gates; where the Counſellor
That matcht the Gods (his Father) vſde to ſit:
Who now (by Fate forc't) ſtoopt as low as it.
And here ſate *Neſtor*, holding in his hand
A Scepter; and about him round did ſtand
(As early vp) his ſonnes troope; *Perſeus*,
The God-like *Thraſimed*, and *Aretus*,
Echephron, *Stratius*; the ſixt and laſt
Piſiſtratus; and by him (halfe embrac't
Still as they came) diuine *Telemachus*;
To theſe ſpake *Neſtor*, old *Gerenius*:
Haſte (loued ſonnes) and do me a deſire,
That (firſt of all the Gods) I may aſpire
To *Pallas* fauour; who vouchſaft to me,
At *Neptunes* feaſt, her ſight ſo openly.
Let one to field go; and an Oxe with ſpeed
Cauſe hither brought; which, let the Heardſman leade;
Another to my deare gueſts veſſell go,
And all his ſouldiers bring, ſaue onely two.
A third, the Smith that works in gold, command
(*Laertius*) to attend; and lend his hand,
To plate the both hornes round about with gold;
The reſt remaine here cloſe. But firſt, ſee told
The maids within, that they prepare a feaſt;
Set ſeates through all the Court: ſee ſtrait addreſt
The pureſt water; and get fuell feld.
This ſaid; not one, but in the ſeruice held
Officious hand. The Oxe came led from field;
The Souldiers troopt from ſhip; the Smith he came,
And thoſe tooles brought, that ſeru'd the actuall frame,
His Art conceiu'd; brought Anvile, hammers brought,
Faire tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.
Minerua likewiſe came, to ſet the Crowne
On that kind ſacrifice, and mak't her owne.
Then th'old Knight *Neſtor* gaue the Smith the gold,
With which he ſtrait did both the hornes infold;
And trimm'd the Offering ſo, the Goddeſſe ioyd.
About which, thus were *Neſtors* ſonnes employd:

Neſtoris filij patris iuſſu Minerue factum apparant.

The forme of the Sacrifice.

Diuine *Echephron*, and faire *Stratius*,
Held both the homes: the water odorous,
In which they waſht, what to the rites was vowd,
Aretus (in a caldron, all beſtrowd
With herbes and flowres) ſeru'd in from th'holy roome
Where all were dreſt; and whence the rites muſt come.
And after him, a hallowd virgin came,
That brought the barley cake, and blew the flame.
The axe, with which the Oxe ſhould both be feld
And cut forth, *Thraſimed* ſtood by, and held.
Perſeus the veſſell held, that ſhould retaine
The purple licour of the offering ſlaine.
Then waſht, the pious Father then the Cake
(Of barley, ſalt, and oile made) tooke, and brake.
Askt many a boone of *Pallas*; and the ſtate
Of all the offering, did initiate.
In three parts cutting off the haire, and caſt
Amidſt the flame. All th'inuocation paſt,
And all the Cake broke; manly *Thraſimed*
Stood neare, and ſure; and ſuch a blow he laid
Aloft the offring; that to earth he ſunke,
His neck-nerues ſunderd, and his ſpirits ſhrunke.
Out ſhriekt the daughters, daughter in lawes, and wife
Of three-ag'd *Neſtor*, (who had eldeſt life
Of *Clymens* daughters) chaſt *Eurydice*.
The Oxe on broad earth, then layd laterally,
They held, while Duke *Piſiſtratus*, the throte
Diſſolu'd and fet, the ſable blood afflote;
And then the life the bones left. Inſtantly
They cut him vp; apart flew either Thie;
That with the fat they dubd, with art alone;
The throte-briske, and the ſweet-bread pricking on.
Then *Neſtor* broild them on the cole-turnd wood,
Powr'd blacke wine on; and by him yong men ſtood,
That ſpits fine-pointed held, on which (when burnd
The ſolid Thies were) they transfixt, and turnd
The inwards, cut in cantles: which (the meate
Vowd to the Gods, conſum'd) they roſt and eate.
In meane ſpace, *Polycaſte* (calld the faire,
Neſtors yongſt daughter) bath'd *Vlyſſes* heire;
Whom, hauing cleanſd, and with rich balmes beſpred;
She caſt a white ſhirt quickly o're his head,
And then his weeds put on; when, forth he went,
And did the perſon of a God preſent.
Came, and by *Neſtor* tooke his honourd ſeate,
This paſtor of the people. Then, the meate
Of all the ſpare parts roſted; off they drew;
Sate, and fell to. But ſoone the temperate few,

Roſe,

Roſe, and in golden bolles, filld others wine.
Till, when the reſt felt thirſt of feaſt decline;
Neſtor his ſonnes bad, fetch his high-man'd horſe,
And them in chariot ioyne, to runne the courſe
The Prince reſolu'd. Obaid, as ſoone as heard
Was *Neſtor* by his ſonnes; who ſtrait prepar'd
Both horſe and chariot. She that kept the ſtore,
Both bread and wine, and all ſuch viands more,
As ſhould the feaſt of *Ioue*-fed Kings compoſe;
Pouruaid the voyage. To the rich Coach, roſe
Vlyſſes ſonne; and cloſe to him aſcended
The Duke *Piſiſtratus*; the reines intended,
And ſcourg'd, to force to field, who freely flew;
And left the Towne, that farre her ſplendor threw.
Both holding yoke, and ſhooke it all the day;
But now the Sunne ſet, darkning euery way,
When they to *Pherus* came; and in the houſe
Of *Diocles* (the ſonne t'*Ortſilochus*,
Whom flood *Alpheus* got) ſlept all that night:
Who gaue them each due hoſpitable rite.
But when the roſie-fingerd morne aroſe,
They went to Coach, and did their horſe incloſe;
Draue forth the fore-court, and the porch that yeelds
Each breath a ſound; and to the fruitfull fields
Rode ſcourging ſtill their willing flying Steeds;
Who ſtrenuouſly performd their wonted ſpeeds.
Their iourney ending iuſt when Sunne went downe;
And ſhadowes all wayes through the earth were throwne.

Finis libri tertij Hom. Odyſſ.

Telemachus proficiſcitur ad Menelaum.

THE

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

Receiu'd now, in the Spartan Court
Telemachus, *preferres report*
To Menelaus, *of the throng*
Of wooers with him, and their wrong.
Menelaus. Atrides *tels the Greekes retreate,*
And doth a Propheeie repeate,
That Proteus *made; by which he knew*
His brothers death; and then doth shew
How with Calypso *liu'd the fire*
Of his yong gueſt. The woo'rs conſpire
Their Princes death: whoſe treachery knowne,
Penelope *in teares doth drowne.*
Whom Pallas *by a dreame doth cheare,*
And in ſimilitude appeare
Of ſtaire Iphthima, *knowne to be*
The ſiſter of Penelope.

Another.

Δελτα. *Here. of the Sire*
The Sonne doth heare:
The woo'rs conſpire;
The mothers feare.

Auxeſimum ar-monia which is expounded Spartam amplam, *or* μεγαλὼν magnam: *where* αστυ *ſignifies properly* plurima cete natrientem.

IN *Lacedæmon* now, the nurſe of Whales,
Theſe two arriu'd, and found at feſtiuals
(With mightie concourſe) the renowmed King,
His ſonne and daughter, ioyntly marrying.
Alectors daughter, he did giue his ſonne
Strong *Megapenthe*; who his life begunne
By *Menelaus* bondmaid; whom he knew
In yeares. When *Hellen* could no more renew
In iſſue like diuine *Hermione*;
Who held in all faire forme, as high degree
As golden *Venus*. Her he married now
To great *Achilles* ſonne; who was by vow
Betrothd to her at *Troy*. And thus the Gods
To conſtant loues, giue nuptiall periods.
Whoſe ſtate here paſt, the *Myrmidons* rich towne
(Of which ſhe ſhar'd in the Imperiall Crowne)
With horſe and chariots he reſign'd her to.
Meane ſpace, the high huge houſe, with feaſt did flow

Of friends and neighbours, ioying with the King.
Amongſt whom, did a heauenly Poet ſing,
And touch his Harpe. Amongſt whom likewiſe danc't
Two; who in that dumbe motion aduanc't,
Would prompt *the Singer, what to ſing and play.
All this time, in the vtter Court did ſtay,
With horſe and chariot, *Telemachus*,
And *Neſtors* noble ſonne, *Piſiſtratus*.
Whom *Eteoneus* coming forth, deſcried,
And, being a ſeruant to the King, moſt tried
In care, and his reſpect; he ranne and cried:
Gueſts! *Ioue*-kept *Menelaus*! two ſuch men,
As are for forme, of high *Saturnius* ſtraine.
Informe your pleaſure, if we ſhall vncloſe
Their horſe from coach; or ſay, they muſt diſpoſe
Their way to ſome ſuch houſe, as may embrace
Their knowne arriuall, with more welcome grace?
He (angry) anſwerd, Thou didſt neuer ſhow
Thy ſelfe a foole (*Bœotides*) till now;
But now (as if turnd child) a childiſh ſpeech
Vents thy vaine ſpirits. We our ſelues now reach
Our home, by much ſpent hoſpitalitie
Of other men; nor know, if *Ioue* will trie,
With other after wants, our ſtate againe:
And therefore, from our feaſt, no more detaine
Thoſe welcome gueſts; but take their Steeds from Coach,
And with attendance guide in their approach.
This ſaid, he ruſht abroad, and calld ſome more
Tried in ſuch ſeruice; that together bore
Vp to the gueſts: and tooke their Steeds that ſwet
Beneath their yokes, from Coach. At mangers ſet,
Wheate and white barley gaue them mixt; and plac't
Their Chariot by a wall ſo cleare, it caſt
A light quite thorough it. And then they led
Their gueſts to the diuine houſe; which ſo fed
Their eyes at all parts with illuſtrous ſights,
That Admiration feild them. Like the lights
The Sunne and Moone gaue; all the Pallace threw
A luſter through it. Satiate with whoſe view,
Downe to the Kings moſt bright-kept Baths, they went;
Where handmaids did their ſeruices preſent:
Bath'd, balmd them; ſhirts, and well-napt weeds put on,
And by *Atrides* ſide, ſet each his throne.
Then did a handmaid royall, water bring,
And to a Lauer, rich and glittering,
Of maſſie gold, powr'd: which ſhe plac't vpon
A ſiluer Caldron; into which, might runne
The water as they waſht. Then ſet ſhe neare

μελλοντες ἀοιδης Cantum auſpicantes: *of which place, the Critiks affirme, that* laltatores motu ſuo indicant cantori, quo genere cantus ſaltaturi ſint. *The rapture of Eteoneus at ſight of Telemachus and Piſiſtratus.*

Menelaus rebukes his ſeruant for his doubt to entertaine gueſts worthy.

A polisht table; on which, all the cheare
The present could afford; a reuerend Dame
That kept the Larder, set. A Cooke then came,
And diuers dishes, borne thence, seru'd againe;
Furnisht the boord with bolles of gold; and then
(His right hand giuen the guests) *Atrides* said,
Eate, and be cheartfull; appetite allaid,
I long to aske, of what flocke ye descend;
For not from parents, whose race nameles se end,
We must deriue your ofspring. Men obscure,
Could get none such as you. The pourtraiture
Of *Ioue* sustaind, and Scepter-bearing Kings,
Your either person, in his presence brings.
An Oxes fat chine, then they vp did hft,
And set before the guests; which was a gift,
Sent as an honor, to the Kings owne tast.
They saw yet, twas but to be eaten plac't,
And fell to it. But food and wines care past,
Telemachus thus prompted *Nestors* sonne;
(His eare close laying, to be heard of none)

Telemachus to Pisistratus, in obseruation of the house, not so much that he hartily admired it, as to please Menelaus, who he knew heard, though he seemd defirous he should not heare.

Consider (thou whom most my mind esteemes)
The brasse-worke here, how rich it is in beames;
And how besides, it makes the whole house sound:
What gold, and amber, siluer, ivorie, round
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the Hall
Of *Iupiter Olympius*, hath of all
This state, the like. How many infinites,
Take vp to admiration, all mens sights?

Menelaus rather hearing then seeing him speake.

Atrides ouer-heard; and said; Lou'd sonne,
No mortall must affect contention
With *Ioue*, whose dwellings are of endlesse date.
Perhaps (of men) some one may emulate,
(Or none) my house, or me. For I am one,
That many a graue extreme haue vndergone.
Much error felt by sea; and till th'eight yeare,
Had neuer stay; but wanderd farre and neare,
Cyprus, *Phœnicia*, and *Sydonia*;
And fetcht the farre off *Æthiopia*:
Reacht the *Erembi* of *Arabia*;
And *Lybia*, where, with hornes, Ewes yeane their Lambs:
Where euery full yeare, Ewes are three times dams.
Where neither King, nor shepheard; want comes neare
Of cheese, or flesh, or sweete milke. All the yeare
They euer milke their Ewes. And here while I
Errd, gathering meanes to liue: one, murtherously,
Vnwares, vnseene, bereft my brothers life;
Chiefly betraid by his abhorred wife.
So, hold I, (not enioying) what you see.

And of your Fathers (if they liuing be)
You must haue heard this: since my suffrings were
So great and famous. From this Pallace here,
(So rarely-well-built; furnished so well;
And substanced with such a precious deale
Of well got treasure) banisht by the doome
Of Fate; and erring as I had no home.
And now I haue, and vse it; not to take
Th'entire delight it offers; but to make
Continuall wishes, that a triple part
Of all it holds, were wanting; so my heart
Were easde of sorrowes (taken for their deaths
That fell at *Troy*) by their reuiued breaths.
And thus sit I here, weeping, mourning still
Each least man lost; and sometimes make mine ill
(In paying iust teares for their losse) my ioy.
Sometimes I breathe my woes; for in annoy,
The pleasure soone admits satietie.
But all these mens wants, wet not so mine eie,
(Though much they moue me) as one sole mans misse;
For which, my sleepe and meate euen lothsome is,
In his renewd thought; since no Greeke hath wonne
Grace, for such labours, as **Laërtes* sonne
Hath wrought and sufferd: to himselfe, nought else

Intending Vlysses.

But future sorrowes forging: to me, hels
For his long absence; since I cannot know
If life or death detaine him: since such woe
For his loue, old *Laertes*, his wife wife,
And poore yong sonne sustaines; whom new with life,
He left as fireless. This speech; griefe to teares
(Powrd from the sonnes lids on the earth) his eares
(Told of the Father) did excite; who kept
His cheekes drie with his red weed, as he wept:
His both hands vsde therein. *Atrides* then
Began to know him; and did strife retaine,
If he should let, himselfe confesse his Sire,
Or with all fitting circumstance, enquire.
While this, his thoughts disputed; forth did shine,
(Like to the golden *distaffe-deckt diuine)

Diana. Hellens reparance and ornament.

From her beds high and odoriferous roome,
Hellen. To whom (of an elaborate loome)
Adrasta set a chaire: *Alcippe* brought
A peece of Tapestrie, of fine woull wrought.
Phylo, a siluer Cabinet conferd:
(Giuen by *Alcandra*, Nuptially endeard
To Lord *Polybius*; whose abode in *Thebes*,
Th'Ægyptian citie was;) where wealth in heapes,
His famous house held: out of which did go

In gift t'*Atrides*, ſiluer bath-tubs two;
Two Tripods; and of fine gold, talents ten.
His wife did likewiſe ſend to *Hellen* then,
Faire gifts; a Diſtaffe that of gold was wrought;
And that rich Cabinet that *Phylo* brought;
Round, and with gold ribd; now of fine thred, full:
On which extended (crownd with fineſt wooll,
Of violet gloſſe) the golden Diſtaffe lay.
She tooke her State-chaire; and a foot-ſtooles ſtay
Hellen to Menelaus concerning the gueſts. Had for her feete: and of her husband, thus
Askt to know all things: Is it knowne to vs,
(King *Menelaus*) whom theſe men commend
Themſelues for; that our Court, now takes to friend?
I muſt affirme, (be I deceiu'd or no)
I neuer yet ſaw man nor woman ſo
Like one another, as this man is like
Vlyſſes ſonne. With admiration ſtrike
His lookes, my thoughts; that they ſhould carrie now
Powre to perſwade me thus; who did but know,
When newly he was borne, the forme they bore.
But tis his Fathers grace; whom more and more
His grace reſembles; that makes me retaine
Thought, that he now, is like *Telemachus* then:
Left by his Sire, when *Greece* did vndertake
Troys bold warre, for my impudencies ſake.
He anſwerd: Now wife, what you thinke, I know,
The true caſt of his Fathers eye, doth ſhow
In his eyes order. Both his head and haire,
His hands and feete, his very fathers are.
Of whom (ſo well remembrd) I ſhould now
Acknowledge for me, his continnall flow
Of cares and perils: yet ſtill patient.
But I ſhould too much moue him, that doth vent
Such bitter teares for that which hath bene ſpoke;
Which (ſhunning ſoft ſhew) ſee how he would cloke;
And with his purple weed, his weepings hide.
Then *Neſtors* ſonne, *Piſiſtratus* replide:
Piſiſtratus tells who they are. Great Paſtor of the people; kept of God!
He is *Vlyſſes* ſonne; but his abode
Not made before here; and he modeſt too;
He holds it an indignitie to do
A deed ſo vaine, to vſe the boaſt of words,
Where your words are on wing; whoſe voice affords
Delight to vs, as if a God did breake
The aire amongſt vs, and vouchſafe to ſpeake.
But me, my father (old Duke *Neſtor*) ſent
To be his conſort hither; his content,
Not to be heightned ſo, as with your ſight.

In hope that therewith words and actions might
Informe his comforts from you; ſince he is
Extremely grieu'd and iniur'd, by the miſſe
Of his great Father; ſuffering euen at home.
And few friends found, to helpe him ouercome
His too weake ſufferance, now his Sire is gone.
Amongſt the people, not affoorded one
To checke the miſeries, that mate him thus;
And this the ſtate is of *Telemachus*.
O Gods (laid he) how certaine, now, I ſee
My houſe enioyes that friends ſonne, that for me *Menelaus ioy for Telemachus, and mone for Vlyſſes abſence.*
Hath vndergone ſo many willing fights?
Whom I reſolu'd, paſt all the Grecian Knights,
To hold in loue; if our returne by ſeas,
The farre-off Thunderer did euer pleaſe
To grant our wiſhes. And to his reſpect,
A Pallace and a Citie to erect,
My vow had bound me. Whither bringing then
His riches, and his ſonne, and all his men
From barren *Ithaca*, (ſome one ſole Towne
Inhabited about him, batterd downe)
All ſhould in *Argos* liue. And there would I
Eaſe him of rule; and take the Emperie
Of all on me. And often here would we
(Delighting, louing eithers companie)
Meete and conuerſe; whom nothing ſhould diuide,
Till deaths blacke veile did each all ouer hide.
But this perhaps had bene a meane to take
Euen God himſelfe with enuie; who did make
Vlyſſes therefore onely the vnbleſt,
That ſhould not reach his loued countries reſt.
Theſe words made euery one with woe in loue;
Euen *Argiue Hellen* wept, (the ſeed of *Ioue*)
Vlyſſes ſonne wept; *Atreus* *ſonne did weepe; *Menelaus.*
And *Neſtors* ſonne, his eyes in teares did ſteepe.
But his teares fell not from the preſent cloud,
That from *Vlyſſes* was exhal'd; but flowd *Piſiſtratus weeps with remembrance of his brother Antilochus. Vid. Memnon.*
From braue *Antilochus* rememberd due,
Whom the renowmd * Sonne of the Morning ſlue.
Which yet he thus excuſde: O *Atreus* ſonne!
Old *Neſtor* ſayes, There liues not ſuch a one
Amongſt all mortals, as *Atrides* is,
For deathleſſe wiſedome. Tis a praiſe of his,
Still giuen in your remembrance; when at home
Our ſpeech concernes you. Since then ouercome
You pleaſe to be, with ſorrow euen to teares,
That are in wiſedome ſo exempt from peres;
Vouchſafe the like effect in me excuſe,

(If it be lawfull) I affect no vſe
Of teares thus, after meales; at leaſt, at night:
But when the morne brings forth, with teares, her light,
It ſhall not then empaire me to beſtow
My teares on any worthies ouerthrow.
It is the onely right, that wretched men
Can do dead friends; to cut haire, and complaine.
But Death my brother tooke; whom none could call
The Grecian coward; you beſt knew of all.
I was not there, nor ſaw; but men report,
Antilochus exceld the common ſort,
For footmanſhip, or for the Chariot race;
Or in the fight, for hardie hold of place.
O friend (ſaid he) ſince thou haſt ſpoken ſo,
At all parts, as one wiſe ſhould ſay and do;
And like one, farre beyond thy ſelfe in yeares;
Thy words ſhall bounds be, to our former teares.
O he is queſtionleſſe a right borne ſonne,
That of his Father hath not onely wonne
The perſon, but the wiſedome; and that Sire,
(Complete himſelfe) that hath a ſonne entire,
Ioue did not onely his full Fate adorne,
When he was wedded; but when he was borne.
As now *Saturnius*, through his lifes whole date,
Hath *Neſtors* bliſſe raiſd to as ſteepe a ſtate:
Both in his age to keepe in peace his houſe;
And to haue children wiſe and valorous.
But let vs not forget our rere Feaſt thus;
Let ſome giue water here. *Telemachus*!
The morning ſhall yeeld time to you and me,
To do what fits; and reaſon mutually.
This ſaid; the carefull ſeruant of the King;
(*Aphalon*) powr'd on, th'iſſue of the Spring;
And all to readie feaſt, ſet readie hand.
Helens potion againſt Cares. But *Hellen* now, on new deuice did ſtand;
Infuſing ſtrait a medcine to their wine,
That (drowning Cares and Angers) did decline
All thought of ill. Who drunke her cup, could ſhed
All that day, not a teare; no not if dead
That day his father or his mother were;
Not if his brother, child, or chiefeſt deare,
He ſhould ſee murthered then before his face.
Such vſefull medcines (onely borne in grace,
Of what was good) would *Hellen* euer haue.
And this luyce to her, *Polydamna* gaue
The wife of *Thoon*; an Ægyptian borne;
Whoſe rich earth, herbes of medicine do adorne
In great abundance. Many healthfull are,

And

And many banefull. Euery man is there
A good Phyſition, out of natures grace;
For all the nation ſprung of *Paeons* race.
When *Hellen* then her medicine had infuſde,
She bad powre wine to it; and this ſpeech vſde:
Hellen of Troy, and the ſacke of Troy. *Atrides*, and theſe good mens ſonnes; great *Ioue*
Makes good and ill, one after other moue
In all things earthly: for he can do all.
The woes paſt therefore, he ſo late let fall;
The comforts he affoords vs, let vs take;
Feaſt, and with fit diſcourſes, merrie make.
Nor will I other vſe. As then our blood
Grieu'd for *Vlyſſes*, ſince he was ſo good;
Since he was good, let vs delight to heare
How good he was, and what his ſuffrings were.
Though euery fight, and euery ſuffring deed,
Patient *Vlyſſes* vnderwent; exceed
My womans powre to number, or to name.
But what he did, and ſufferd, when he came
Amongſt the Troians, (where ye Grecians all
Tooke part with ſufferance) I in part can call
To your kind memories. How with ghaſtly wounds
Himſelfe he mangl'd; and the Troian bounds
(Thruſt thicke with enemies) aduentured on:
His royall ſhoulders, hauing caſt vpon
Baſe abiect weeds, and enterd like a ſlaue.
Then (begger-like) he did of all men craue;
And ſuch a wretch was, as the whole Grecke fleete
Brought not beſides. And thus through euery ſheete
He crept diſcouering: of no one man known.
And yet through all this difference, I alone
Smok't his true perſon. Talkt with him. But he
Fled me with wiles ſtill. Nor could we agree,
Till I diſclaimd him quite. And ſo (as mou'd
With womanly remorſe, of one that prou'd
So wretched an eſtate, what ere he were)
Wonne him to take my houſe. And yet euen there;
Till freely I (to make him doubtleſſe) ſwore
A powrefull oath, to let him reach the ſhore
Of ſhips and tents, before *Troy* vnderſtood;
I could not force on him his proper good.
But then I bath'd and ſooth'd him, and he then
Confeſt, and told me all. And (hauing ſlaine
A number of the Troian guards) retirde,
And reacht the Fleete; for ſlight and force admirde.
Their husbands deaths by him, the Troian wiues
Shriekt for; but I made triumphs for their liues.
For then my heart conceiu'd, that once againe

I ſhould reach home; and yet did ſtill retaine
Woe for the ſlaughters, *Venus* made for me:
Whon both my husband, my *Hermione*,
And bridall roome, ſhe robd of ſo much right;
And drew me from my countrie, with her ſleight.
Though nothing vnder heauen, I here did need,
That could my Fancie, or my Beautie feed.

Menelaus to Helen and his gueſts.

Her husband ſaid: Wife! what you pleaſe to tell,
Is true at all parts, and becomes you well.
And I my ſelfe, that now may ſay, haue ſeene
The minds and manners of a world of men:
And great Heroes, meaſuring many a ground,
Haue neuer (by theſe eyes that light me) found
One, with a boſome, ſo to be belou'd,
As that in which, th'accompliſht ſpirit, mou'd
Of patient *Vlyſſes*. What (braue man)
He both did act, and ſuffer, when we wan
The towne of *Ilion*, in the braue-built horſe,
When all we chiefe States of the Grecian force,
Were houſde together; bringing Death and Fate
Amongſt the Troians; you (wife) may relate.
For you, at laſt, came to vs; God that would
The Troians glorie giue; gaue charge you ſhould
Approch the engine; and *Deiphobus*
(The god-like) followd. Thrice ye circl'd vs,
With full ſuruay of it; and often tried
The hollow crafts, that in it were implied.

Helen counterfeted the voices of their wiues in it

When all the voices of their wiues in it
You tooke on you; with voice ſo like, and fit;

Helen counterfeted the voices of thoſe Kings of Greece, that were in the woodden horſe, and calls their husbands.

And euery man by name, ſo viſited;
That I, *Vlyſſes*, and King *Diomed*,
(Set in the midſt, and hearing how you called)
Tydides, and my ſelfe, (as halfe appalld
With your remorceſull plaints) would, paſſing faine
Haue broke our ſilence; rather then againe
Endure, reſpectleſſe, their ſo mouing cries.
But, *Ithacus*, our ſtrongeſt fantaſies
Containd within vs, from the ſlendreſt noiſe,
And euery man there, ſat without a voice.
Anticlus onely, would haue anſwerd thee:
But, his ſpeech, *Ithacus* inceſſantly
With ſtrong hand held in; till (*Mineruas* call,
Charging thee off) *Vlyſſes* ſau'd vs all.

Telemachus to Menelaus.

Telemachus replide: Much greater is
My griefe, for hearing this high praiſe of his.
For all this doth not his ſad death diuert;
Nor can, though in him ſwelld an iron heart.
Prepare, and leade then (if you pleaſe) to reſt:

Sleepe

Sleepe (that we heare not) will content vs beſt.
Then *Argiue Hellen* made her handmaid go,
And put faire bedding in the *Portico*;
Lay purple blankets on, Rugs warme and ſoft;
And caſt an Arras couerlet aloft.

Itur ad lectum.

They torches tooke; made haſte, and made the bed,
When both the gueſts were to their lodgings led,
Within a *Portico*, without the houſe.
Atrides, and his large-traine-wearing Spouſe,
(The excellent of women) for the way,
In a retir'd receit, together lay.
The morne aroſe; the King roſe, and put on
His royall weeds; his ſharpe ſword hung vpon
His ample ſhoulders; forth his chamber went,
And did the perſon of a God preſent.
Telemachus accoſts him; who begun
Speech of his iourneys propoſition.
And what (my yong Vlyſſean Heroe)

Menelaus enquires the cauſe of his voyage.

Prouokt thee on the broad backe of the ſea,
To viſit *Lacedæmon* the Diuine?
Speake truth; Some publicke? or onely thine?
I come (ſaid he) to heare, if any fame
Breath'd of my Father; to thy notice came.
My houſe is ſackt; my fat workes of the field,
Are all deſtroid: my houſe doth nothing yeeld
But enemies; that kill my harmleſſe ſheepe,
And ſinewie Oxen: nor will euer keepe
Their ſteeles without them. And theſe men are they,
That wooe my Mother; moſt inhumanely
Committing iniurie on iniurie.
To thy knees therefore I am come, t'attend
Relation of the ſad and wretched end,
My erring Father felt: if witneſt by
Your owne eyes; or the certaine newes that flie
From others knowledges. For, more then is
The vſuall heape of humane miſeries,
His Mother bore him to. Vouchſafe me then
(Without all ruth of what I can ſuſtaine)
The plaine and ſimple truth of all you know.
Let me beſeech ſo much. If euer vow
Was made, and put in good effect to you
At *Troy* (where ſuffrance bred you ſo much ſmart)
Vpon my Father, good *Vlyſſes* part;
And quit it now to me (himſelfe in youth)
Vnfolding onely the vncloſed truth.
He (deeply ſighing) anſwerd him: O ſhame
That ſuch poore vaſſals ſhould affect the fame,
To ſhare the ioyes of ſuch a Worthies Bed!

As when a Hinde (her calues late farrowed
To giue ſucke) enters the bold Lions den:
He, rootes of hils, and herbie vallies then
For food (there feeding) hunting: but at length
Returning to his Cauerne; giues his ſtrength
The liues of both the mother and her brood,
In deaths indecent; ſo the wooers blood
Muſt pay *Vlyſſes* powres, as ſharpe an end.
O would to *Ioue*, *Apollo*, and thy friend,
(The wiſe *Minerua*) that thy Father were
As once he was, when he his ſpirits did rere
Againſt *Philomelides*, in a fight
Performd in well-built *Lesbos*; where, downe-right
He ſtrooke the earth with him; and gat a ſnout
Of all the Grecians. O, if now, full out
He were as then; and with the wooers cop't,
Short-liu'd they all were; and their nuptials, hop't
Would proue as deſperate. But for thy demand,
Enforc't with prayrs; Ile let thee vnderſtand
The truth directly; nor decline a thought;
Much leſſe deceiue, or ſooth thy ſearch in ought.
But what the old, and ſtill-true-ſpoken God,
That from the ſea breathes oracles abroad,
Diſcloſde to me; to thee Ile all impart,
Nor hide one word from thy ſollicitous heart.

Menelai nauigatio.

I was in *Ægypt*; where a mightie time,
The Gods detaind me: though my naturall clime,
I neuer ſo deſir'd; becauſe their homes
I did not greete, with perfect Hecatomes.
For they will put men euermore in mind,
How much their maſterly commandments bind.
There is (beſides) a certaine Iland, calld
Pharos, that with the high-wau'd ſea is walld;
Iuſt againſt *Ægypt*; and ſo much remote,
As in a whole day, with a fore-gale ſmote,
A hollow ſhip can ſaile. And this Ile beares
A Port, moſt portly; where ſea-paſſengers
Put in ſtill for freſh water, and away
To ſea againe. Yet here the Gods did ſtay
My Fleete, full twentie dayes: the winds (that are
Maſters at ſea) no proſprous puffe would ſpare,
To put vs off: and all my victles here,
Had quite corrupted; as my mens minds were;
Had not a certaine Goddeſſe giuen regard,
And pittide me in an eſtate ſo hard:
And twas *Edothea*, honourd *Proteus* ſeed,
That old ſea-farer. Her mind I made bleed
With my compaſſion, when (walkt all alone,

From

From all my ſouldiers, that were euer gone
About the Ile on fiſhing, with hookes bent;
Hunger, their bellies, on her errand ſent)
She came cloſe to me; ſpake; and thus began:
Of all men, thou art the moſt fooliſh man,
Or ſlacke in buſineſſe; or ſtayſt here of choice;
And doſt in all thy ſuffrances reioyce;
That thus long liu'ſt detaind here; and no end
Can'ſt giue thy tarriance. Thou doeſt much offend
The minds of all thy fellowes. I replied:
Who euer thou art of the Deified,
I muſt affirme, that no way with my will,
I make abode here: but, it ſeemes, ſome ill
The Gods, inhabiting broad heauen, ſuſtaine
Againſt my getting off. Informe me then,
(For Godheads all things know) what God is he
That ſtayes my paſſage, from the fiſhie ſea?
Stranger (ſaid ſhe) Ile tell thee true: there liues
An old Sea-farer in theſe ſeas, that giues
A true ſolution of all ſecrets here.

Idothea to Menelaus.

Who, deathleſſe *Proteus* is, th'Ægyptian Peere:
Who can the deepes of all the ſeas exquire;
Who *Neptunes* Prieſt is; and (they ſay) the Sire
That did beget me. Him, if any way
Thou couldſt inueagle, he would cleare diſplay
Thy courſe from hence; and how farre off doth lie
Thy voyages whole ſcope through *Neptunes* skie.
Informing thee (O God preſeru'd) beſide
(If thy deſires would ſo be ſatisfide)
What euer good or ill hath got euent,
In all the time, thy long and hard courſe ſpent,
Since thy departure from thy houſe. This ſaid;
Againe I anſwerd: Make the ſleights diſplaid,
Thy Father vſeth; leſt his foreſight ſee,
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,
He flies the fixt place of his vſde abode;
Tis hard for man to countermine with God.
She ſtrait replide: Ile vtter truth in all;
When heauens ſupremeſt height, the Sunne doth ſkall;

Idotheas counſell to take her father Proteus.

The old Sea-tell-truth leaues the deepes, and hides
Amidſt a blacke ſtorme, when the Weſt wind chides;
Leaues ſtill ſleeping. Round about him ſleepe
(With ſhort feete ſwimming forth the fomie deepe)
The Sea-calues (louel, *Haloſydnes* calld)
From whom a noiſome odour is exhalld,
Got from the whirle-pooles, on whoſe earth they lie.
Here, when the morne illuſtrates all the skie,
Ile guide, and ſeate thee, in the fitteſt place,

For

For the performance thou haſt now in chace.
In meane time,reach thy Fleete; and chuſe out three
Of beſt exploit,to go as aides to thee.
The ſleights of Proteus. But now Ile ſhew thee all the old Gods ſleights;
He firſt will number,and take all the ſights
Of thoſe,his guard,that on the ſhore arriues.
When hauing viewd, and told them forth by fiues;
He takes place in their midſt, and there doth ſleepe,
Like to a ſhepheard midſt his flocke of ſheepe.
In his firſt ſleepe, call vp your hardieſt cheare,
Vigor and violence, and hold him there,
In ſpite of all his ſtriuings to be gone.
He then will turne himſelfe to euery one
Of all things that in earth creepe and reſpire,
In water ſwim, or ſhine in heauenly fire.
Yet ſtill hold you him firme; and much the more
Preſſe him from paſſing. But when,as before
(When ſleepe firſt bound his powres) his forme ye ſee,
Then ceaſſe your force, and th'old Heroe free;
And then demand,which heauen-borne it may bee
That ſo afflicts you, hindring your retreate,
And free ſea-paſſage to your natiue ſeate.
This ſaid, ſhe diu'd into the wauie ſeas;
And I my courſe did to my ſhips addreſſe,
That on the ſands ſtucke; where arriu'd,we made
Our ſupper readie.Then th'Ambroſian ſhade
Of night fell on vs; and to ſleepe we fell.
Roſie *Aurora* roſe; we roſe as well;
And three of them,on whom I moſt relied,
For firme at euery force; I chuſde,and hied
Strait to the many-riuer-ſerued ſeas.
And all aſſiſtance,aſkt the Deities.
Meane time *Edothea*, the ſeas broad breſt
Embrac't; and brought for me,and all my reſt,
Foure of the ſea-calues skins,but newly ſtead,
To worke a wile,which ſhe had faſhioned
Vpon her Father.Then(within the ſand
A couert digging) when theſe Calues ſhould land,
She ſate expecting.We came cloſe to her:
She plac't vs orderly; and made vs weare
Each one his Calues skin. But we then muſt paſſe
A huge exploit.The ſea-calues ſauour was
So paſſing ſowre (they ſtill being bred at ſeas)
It much afflicted vs:for who can pleaſe
Ironicè. To lie by one of theſe ſame ſea-bred whales?
But ſhe preſerues vs; and to memorie calls
A rare commoditie:ſhe fetcht to vs
Ambroſia, that an aire moſt odorous

Beares ſtill about it; which ſhe nointed round
Our either noſthrils; and in it quite drownd
The naſtie whale-ſmell. Then the great euent,
The whole mornes date,with ſpirits patient
We lay expecting.When bright Noone did flame
Forth from the ſea, in Sholes the ſea-calues came,
And orderly, at laſt,lay downe and ſlept
Along the ſands. And then th'old ſea-god crept
From forth the deepes; and found his fat calues there:
Surueid,and numberd; and came neuer neare
The craft we vſde; but told vs fiue for calues.
His temples then diſeaſd,with ſleepe he ſalues;
And in ruſht we,with an abhorred crie:
Caſt all our hands about him manfully,
And then th'old Forger, all his formes began:
Firſt was a Lion,with a mightie mane;
Then next a Dragon;a pide Panther then;
A vaſt Boare next; and ſodainly did ſtraine
All into water. Laſt, he was a tree,
Curld all at top, and ſhot vp to the skie.
We,with reſolu'd hearts,held him firmly ſtill,
Proteus taken by Menelaus. When th'old one (held to ſtreight for all his skill,
To extricate) gaue words, and queſtiond me:
Which of the Gods, O *Atreus* ſonne, (ſaid he)
Aduiſde and taught thy fortitude this ſleight,
To take and hold me thus,in my deſpight?
What asks thy wiſh now? I replide: Thou knowſt:
Why doeſt thou aske? What wiles are theſe thou ſhowſt?
Ihaue within this Ile,bene held for winde
A wondrous time; and can by no meanes find
An end to my retention. It hath ſpent
The very heart in me. Giue thou then vent
To doubts thus bound in me, (ye Gods know all)
Which of the Godheads, doth ſo fowly fall
On my addreſſion home, to ſtay me here?
Auert me from my way? The fitſhie cleare,
Barr'd to my paſſage? He replide: Of force
(If to thy home,thou wiſheſt free recourſe)
To *Ioue*, and all the other Deities,
Thou muſt exhibite ſolemne ſacrifice;
And then the blacke ſea for thee ſhall be cleare,
Till thy ſou'd countries ſettl'd reach. But where
Aske theſe rites thy performance? 'Tis a fate
To thee and thy affaires appropriate,
That thou ſhalt neuer ſee thy friends, nor tred
Thy Countries earth; nor ſee inhabited
Thy ſo magnificent houſe; till thou make good
Thy voyage backe to the Ægyptian flood,

Whoſe

Whoſe waters fell from *Ioue*: and there haſt giuen
To *Ioue*, and all Gods, houſd in ample heauen,
Deuoted Hecatombs; and then free wayes
Shall open to thee; cleard of all delayes.
This told he; and me thought, he brake my heart,
In ſuch a long and hard courſe to diuert
My hope for home; and charge my backe retreat,
As farre as *Ægypt*. I made anſwer yet:
Father, thy charge Ile perfect; but before,
Reſolue me truly, if their naturall ſhore,
All thoſe Greeks, and their ſhips, do ſafe enioy,
That *Neſtor* and my ſelfe left, when from *Troy*
We firſt raiſde ſaile: Or whether any died
At ſea a death vnwiſht? Or (ſatisfied)
When warre was paſt, by friends embrac't, in peace
Reſign'd their ſpirits? He made anſwer: Ceaſe
To aske ſo farre; it fits thee not to be
So cunning in thine owne calamitie.
Nor ſeeke to learne; what learnd, thou ſhouldſt forget;
Mens knowledges haue proper limits ſet,
And ſhould not preaſe into the mind of God.
But twill not long be (as my thoughts abode)
Before thou buy this curious skill with teares.
Many of thoſe, whoſe ſtates ſo tempt thine eares,
Are ſtoopt by Death; and many left aliue:
One chiefe of which, in ſtrong hold doth ſuruiue,
Amidſt the broad ſea. Two, in their retreate,
Are done to death. I liſt not to repeate,
Who fell at *Troy*; thy ſelfe was there in fight.
But in returne, ſwift *Aiax* loſt the light,
In his long-oard ſhip. *Neptune* yet a while,
Saſt him vnwrackt: to the *Gyræan* Ile,
The wracke of Aiax Oileus. A mightie Rocke remouing from his way.
And ſurely he had ſcapt the fatall day,
In ſpite of *Pallas*, if to that foule deed,
Caſſandra. He in her Phane did, (when he rauiſhed
The Troian Propheteſſe) he had not here
Adioynd an impious boaſt: that he would beare
(Deſpite the Gods) his ſhip ſafe through the waues
Then raiſde againſt him. Theſe his impious braues,
When *Neptune* heard; in his ſtrong hand he tooke
His maſſie Trident; and ſo ſoundly ſtrooke
The rocke *Gyræan*, that in two it cleft:
Of which, one fragment on the land he left;
The other fell into the troubld ſeas;
At which, firſt ruſht *Aiax Oileades*,
And ſplit his ſhip: and then himſelfe aflote
Swum on the rough waues of the worlds vaſt mote;

Till

Till hauing drunke a ſalt cup for his ſinne,
There periſht he. Thy brother yet did winne
The wreath from *Death*, while in the waues they ſtroue,
Afflicted by the reuerend wife of *Ioue*.
But when the ſteepe Mount of the *Malean* ſhore,
He ſeemd to reach; a moſt tempeſtuous blore,
Farre to the fiſhie world, that ſighes ſo ſore,
Strait rauiſht him againe; as farre away,
As to th'extreme bounds where the *Agrians* ſtay;
Where firſt *Thyeſtes* dwelt: but then his ſonne
Ægiſthus T*hyeſtiades* liu'd. This done,
When his returne vntoucht appeard againe;
Backe turnd the Gods the wind; and let him then
Hard by his houſe. Then, full of ioy, he left
His ſhip; and cloſe t'his countrie earth he cleft;
Kiſt it, and wept for ioy: powrd teare on teare,
Tokt ſo wiſhedly his footing there.
But ſeen a Sentinell that all the yeare,
Criftus *Ægiſthus*, in a watchtowre ſet
To ſpie his landing; for reward as great
As two gold talents; all his powres did call
To ſtrict remembrance of his charge; and all
Diſcharg'd at firſt ſight; which at firſt he caſt
On *Agamemnon*; and, with all his haſt,
I formd *Ægiſthus*. He, an inſtant traine
Laid for his ſlaughter: Twentie choſen men
Of his *Plebeians*, he in ambuſh laid.
His other men, he charg'd to ſee puruaid
A Feaſt: and forth, with horſe and chariots grac't,
He rode t'inuite him: but in heart embrac't
Horrible welcomes: and to death did bring,
With trecherous ſlaughter, the vnwary King.
Receiu'd him at a Feaſt; and (like an Oxe
Slaine at his manger) gaue him bits and knocks.
No one left of *Atrides* traine; nor one
Agamemnons ſlaughter by Ægiſthus trechery. Suſ'd to *Ægiſthus*; but himſelfe alone:
All ſtrowd together there, the bloudie Court.
This ſaid: my ſoule he ſunke with his report:
Flat on the ſands I fell: teares ſpent their ſtore;
I, light abhord: my heart would liue no more.
When drie of teares; and tir'd with tumbling there;
Tit'hold *Tel-truth* thus my danted ſpirits did cheare:
No more ſpend teares nor time, ô *Atreus* ſonne;
With ceaſleſſe weeping, neuer wiſh was wonne.
Vſe vttermoſt aſſay to reach thy home,
And all vnwares vpon the murtherer come,
(For torture) taking him thy ſelfe, aliue;
Or let *Oreſtes*, that ſhould farre out-ſtriue

Thee

Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light
Of ſuch a darke ſoule: and do thou the right
Of burriall to him, with a Funerall feaſt.
With theſe laſt words, I fortifide my breaſt;
In which againe, a generous ſpring began,
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;
But, as a brother, I muſt euer mourne.
Yet forth I went; and told him the returne
Of theſe I knew: but he had nam'd a third,
Held on the broad ſea; ſtill with life inſpir'd;
Whom I beſought to know, though like wife dead,
And I muſt mourne alike. He anſwered:
He is *Laertes* ſonne; whom I beheld
In Nymph *Calypſos* Pallace; who compeld
His ſtay with her: and ſince he could not ſee
His countrie earth, he mourn'd inceſſantly.
For he had neither ſhip, inſtruct with oares,
Nor men to fetch him from thoſe ſtranger ſhores.
Where, leaue we him; and to thy ſelfe deſcend;
Whom, not in *Argos*, Fate nor Death ſhall end;
But the immortall ends of all the earth,
So rul'd by them, that order death by birth,
Eliſium deſcribed. (The fields *Eliſian*) Fate to thee will giue:
Where *Rhadamanthus* rules; and where men liue
A neuer-troubl'd life: where ſnow, nor ſhowres,
Nor irkſome Winter ſpends his fruitleſſe powres;
But from the Ocean, *Zephyre* ſtill reſumes
A conſtant breath, that all the fields perfumes.
Which, ſince thou marriedſt *Hellen*, are thy hire;
And *Ioue* himſelfe, is by her ſide thy Sire.
Proteus ſeaueth Menelaus. This ſaid; he diu'd the deepſome watrie heapes;
I, and my tried men, tooke vs to our ſhips;
And worlds of thoughts, I varied with my ſteps.
Arriu'd and ſhipt, the ſilent ſolemne Night,
And Sleepe bereft vs of our viſuall light.
At morne, maſts, ſailes reard, we ſate; left the ſhores,
And beate the ſomie Ocean with our oares.
Againe then we, the *Ioue*-falne flood did fetch,
As farre as *Ægypt*: where we did beſeech
The Gods with Hecatombs; whoſe angers ceaſt;
I toomb'd my brother, that I might be bleſt.
All rites performd; all haſte I made for home;
And all the proſprous winds about were come;
I had the Paſport now of euery God,
And here cloſde all theſe labours period.
Here ſtay then, till th'eleuenth or twelfth daies light;
And Ile diſmiſſe thee well; gifts exquiſite
Preparing for thee: Chariot, horſes three;

A Cup of curious frame to ſerue for thee,
To ſerue th'immortall Gods with ſacrifice;
Mindfull of me, while all Sunnes light thy skies.
Telemachus to Menelaus. He anſwerd: Stay me not too long time here;
Though I could ſit, attending all the yeare:
Nor ſhould my houſe, nor parents, with deſire,
Take my affections from you; ſo on fire
With loue to heare you, are my thoughts: but ſo;
My *Pylian* friends, I ſhall afflict with wo,
Who mourne euen this ſtay. Whatſoeuer be
The gifts your Grace is to beſtow on me;
Vouchſafe them ſuch, as I may beare and ſaue,
For your ſake euer. Horſe, I liſt not haue,
To keepe in *Ithaca*: but leaue them here,
To your ſoiles dainties; where the broad fields beare
Sweet *Cypers* graſſe; where men-fed Lote doth flow;
Where wheate-like Spelt; and wheate it ſelfe doth grow;
Ithaca deſcribed by Telemachus. Where Barley, white, and ſpreading like a tree:
But *Ithaca*, hath neither ground to be
(For any length it comprehends) a race
To trie a horſes ſpeed: nor any place
To make him fat in: fitter farre to feed
A Cliffe-bred Goate, then raiſe or pleaſe a Steed.
Of all Iles, *Ithaca* doth leaſt prouide,
Or meades to feed a horſe, or wayes ro ride.
He, ſmiling ſaid: Of good bloud art thou (ſonne):
What ſpeech, ſo yong? what obſeruation
Haſt thou made of the world? I well am pleaſde
To change my gifts to thee; as being confeſſd
Vnfit indeed: my ſtore is ſuch, I may.
Of all my houſe-gifts then, that vp I lay
For treaſure there, I will beſtow on thee
The faireſt, and of greateſt price to me.
I will beſtow on thee a rich caru'd Cup
Of ſiluer all: but all the brims wrought vp
With fineſt gold: it was the onely thing
That the Heroicall *Sydonian* King
Preſented to me, when we were to part
At his receit of me; and twas the Art
Of that great Artiſt, that of heauen is free;
And yet euen this, will I beſtow on thee.
This ſpeech thus ended; gueſts came, and did bring
Muttons (for Preſents) to the God-like King:
And ſpirit-prompting wine, that ſtrenuous makes.
Their Riband-wreathed wiues, brought fruit and cakes.
Thus, in this houſe, did theſe their Feaſt apply:
The wooers conſpiracie againſt Telemachus. And in *Vlyſſes* houſe, Actiuitie
The wooers practiſde: Toſſing of the Speare;

The Stone, and hurling: thus delighted, where
They exerciſde ſuch inſolence before:
Euen in the Court, that wealthy pauements wore.
Antinous did ſtill their ſtrifes decide;
And he that was in perſon deifide
Eurymachus; both ring-leaders of all;
For in their vertues they were principall.
These, by *Noemon* (ſonne to *Phronius*)
Were ſided now; who made the queſtion thus:
Antinous! does any friend here know,
When this *Telemachus* returnes: or no,
From ſandie *Pylos*? He made bold to take
My ſhip with him: of which, I now ſhould make
Fit vſe my ſelfe; and faile in her as farre
As ſpacious *Elis*; where, of mine, there are
Twelue delicate Mares; and vnder their ſides, go
Laborious Mules, that yet did neuer know
The yoke, nor labour: ſome of which ſhould beare
The taming now, if I could fetch them there.
This ſpeech, the reſt admir'd; nor dreamd that he
Nelean Pylos, euer thought to ſee;
But was at field about his flocks ſuruay:
Or thought, his heardſmen held him ſo away.
Eupitheus ſonne, *Antinous*, then replied:
When went he? or with what Traine dignified
Of his ſelected *Ithacenſian* youth?
Preſt men, or Bond men were they? Tell the truth.
Could he effect this? let me truly know:
To gaine thy veſſell, did he violence ſhow,
And vſde her gainſt thy will? or had her free,
When fitting queſtion, he had made with thee?
Noemon anſwerd: I did freely giue
My veſſell to him; who deſerues to liue,
That would do other? when ſuch men as he,
Did in diſtreſſe aske? he ſhould churliſh be,
That would denie him: Of our youth, the beſt
Amongſt the people; to the intereſt
His charge did challenge in them; giuing way,
With all the tribute, all their powres could pay.
Their Captaine (as he tooke the ſhip) I knew;
Who *Mentor* was, or God. A deities ſhew,
Maskt in his likeneſſe. But to thinke twas he,
I much admire; for I did clearly ſee,
But yeſter morning, God like *Mentor* here;
Yet, th'other euening, he tooke ſhipping there,
And went for *Pylos*. Thus went he for home,
And left the reſt, with enuie ouercome:
Who fate; and paſtime left. *Eupitheus* ſonne

Sad

(Sad, and with rage, his entrailes ouerrunne)
His eyes like flames; thus interpoſde his ſpeech.
Strange thing; an action of how proud a reach,
Is here committed by *Telemachus*?
A boy, a child; and we, a ſort of vs,
Vowd gainſt his voyage; yet admit it thus,
With ſhip, and choiſe youth of our people too?
But let him on; and all his miſchiefe do;
Ioue ſhall conuert vpon himſelfe his powres,
Before their ill preſum'd, he brings on ours.
Prouide me then a ſhip, and twentie men
To giue her manage; that againſt again
He turnes for home; on th'*Ithacenſian* ſeas,
Or Cliffie *Samian*; I may interpreaſe;
Way-lay, and take him; and make all his craft,
Saile with his ruine, for his Father ſaf't.
This, all applauded; and gaue charge to do;
Roſe, and to greete *Vlyſſes* houſe, did go.
But long time paſt not, ere *Penelope*
Had notice of their far-fetcht trecherie.
Medon the Herald told her; who had heard
Without the Hall, how they within conferd:
And haſted ſtrait, to tell it to the Queene:
Who from the entrie, hauing *Medon* ſeene
Preuents him thus: Now Herald; what affaire
Intend the famous woo'rs, in your repaire?
To tell *Vlyſſes* maids, that they muſt ceaſſe
From doing our worke, and their banquets dreſſe?
I would to heauen, that (leauing wooing me,
Nor euer troubling other companie)
Here might the laſt Feaſt be, and moſt extreme,
That euer any ſhall addreſſe for them.
They neuer meete, but to conſent in ſpoile,
And reape the free fruites of anothers toile.
O did they neuer, when they children were,
What to their Fathers, was *Vlyſſes*, heare?
Who neuer did gainſt any one proceed,
With vniuſt vſage, or in word or deed?
Tis yet with other Kings, another right,
One to purſue with loue, another ſpight;
He ſtill yet iuſt; nor would, though might deuoure;
Nor to the worſt, did euer taſte of powre.
But their vnruld acts, ſhew their minds eſtate:
Good turnes receiu'd once, thanks grow out of date.
Medon, the learn'd in wiſedome, anſwerd her:
I wiſh (O Queene) that their ingratitudes were
Their worſt ill towards you: but worſe by farre,
And much more deadly their endeuours are;

Antinous anger for the ſcape of Telemachus.

Penelope to Medon.

Medon to Penelope relates the voyage of Telemachus.

Which

Which *Ioue* will faile them in. *Telemachus*
Their purpoſe is (as he returnes to vs)
To giue their ſharpe ſteeles in a cruell death:
Who now is gone to learne, if *Fame* can breathe
Newes of his Sire; and will the *Pylian* ſhore,
And ſacred *Sparta*, in his ſearch explore.
This newes diſſolu'd to her both knees and heart,
Long ſilence held her, ere one word would part:
Her eyes ſtood full of teares; her ſmall ſoft voice,
All late vſe loſt; that yet at laſt had choice
Of wonted words; which briefly thus ſhe vſde:
Why left my ſonne his mother? why refuſde
His wit the ſolid ſhore, to trie the ſeas,
And put in ſhips the truſt of his diſtreſſe?
That are at ſea to men vnbridld horſe,
And runne, paſt rule, their farre-engaged courſe,
Amidſt a moiſture, paſt all meane vnſtaid?
No need compeld this: did he it, afraid
To liue and leaue poſteritie his name?
I know not (he replide) if th'humor came
From current of his owne inſtinct, or flowd
From others inſtigations; but he vowd
Attempt to *Pylos*; or to ſee deſcried
His Sires returne, or know what death he died.
This ſaid; he tooke him to *Vlyſſes* houſe
After the wooers; the *Vlyſſean* Spouſe
(Runne through with woes) let *Torture* ſeiſe her mind;
Nor, in her choice of ſtate-chaires, ſtood enclin'd
To take her ſeate; but th'abiect threſhold choſe
Of her faire chamber, for her loth'd repoſe;
And mourn'd moſt wretch like. Round about her fell
Her hand maids, ioynd in a continuate yell.
From euery corner of the Pallace, all
Of all degrees, tun'd to her comforts fall
Their owne deiections: to whom, her complaint
She thus enforc't: The Gods beyond conſtraint
Of any meaſure, vrge theſe teares on me;
Nor was there euer Dame of my degree,
So paſt degree grieu'd. Firſt, a Lord, ſo good,
That had ſuch hardie ſpirits in his blood.
That all the vertues was adornd withall;
That all the Greeks did their Superiour call,
To part with thus, and loſe. And now a ſonne
So worthily belou'd, a courſe to runne
Beyond my knowledge; whom rude tempeſts haue
Made farre from home, his moſt inglorious graue.
Vnhappie wenches, that no one of all,
(Though in the reach of euery one, muſt fall

Penelope rebuketh her Ladies for not telling her of Telemachus.

His

His taking ſhip) ſuſtaind the carefull mind,
To call me from my bed; who, this deſignd,
And moſt vowd courſe in him, had either ſtaid,
(How much ſoeuer haſted) or dead laid
He ſhould haue left me. Many a man I haue,
That would haue calld old *Dolius* my ſlaue,
(That keepes my Orchard, whom my Father gaue
At my departure) to haue runne, and told
Laertes this; to trie if he could hold
From running through the people; and from teares,
In telling them of theſe vowd murtherers;
That both diuine *Vlyſſes* hope, and his,
Reſolue to end in their conſpiracies.
His Nurſe then, *Euryclea* made reply:
Deare Soueraigne, let me with your owne hands die;
Or caſt me off here; Ile not keepe from thee,
One word of what I know: He truſted me
With all his purpoſe; and I gaue him all
The bread and wine, for which he pleaſd to call.
But then a mightie oath he made me ſweare,
Not to report it to your royall eare,
Before the twelfth day either ſhould appeare,
Or you ſhould aske me, when you heard him gone.
Empaire not then your beauties with your mone,
But waſh, and put vntearе-ſtaind garments on:
Aſcend your chamber, with your Ladies here;
And pray the ſeed of Goat-nurſt *Iupiter*,
(Diuine *Athenia*) to preſerue your ſonne;
And ſhe will ſaue him from confuſion.
Th'old King, to whom your hopes ſtand ſo inclin'd,
For his graue counſels, you perhaps may find
Vnfit affected, for his ages ſake.
But heauen-kings waxe not old; and therefore make
Fit pray'rs to them; for my thoughts neuer will
Releeue the heauenly powres conceit ſo ill,
The ſeed of righteous *Arceſiades*,
To end it vtterly; but ſtill will pleaſe
In ſome place euermore, ſome one of them
To ſaue; and decke him with a Diadem:
Giue him poſſeſſion of erected Towres,
And farre-ſtretcht fields, crownd all of fruits and flowres.
This eaſd her heart, and dride her humorous eies,
When hauing waſht, and weeds of ſacrifiſe
(Pure, and vnſtaind with her diſtruſtfull teares)
Put on; (with all her women-miniſters)
Vp to a chamber of moſt height, ſhe roſe;
And cakes of ſalt and barly did impoſe
Within a wicker basket; all which broke

Eurycleas pious comfort of Penelope.

Laertes ſonne to Arceſius the ſon of Iupiter.

In decent order; thus ſhe did inuoke:
Penelope to Pallas. Great Virgin of the Goat-preſerued God;
If euer the inhabited abode
Of wiſe *Vlyſſes*, held the fatted Thies
Of ſheepe and Oxen, made thy ſacrifice
By his deuotion; heare me; nor forget
His pious ſeruices; but ſafe ſee ſet
His deare ſonne, on theſe ſhores; and baniſh hence
Theſe wooers, paſt all meane in inſolence.
This ſaid, ſhe ſhrickt; and *Pallas* heard her praire.
The wooers broke with tumult all the aire
About the ſhadie houſe; and one of them,
Whoſe pride, his youth had made the more extreme,
Said; Now the many-wooer-honourd Queene,
Will ſurely ſatiate her delayfull ſpleene,
And one of vs, in inſtant nuptials take.
Poore Dame, ſhe dreames not, what deſigne we make,
Vpon the life and ſlaughter of her ſonne.
So ſaid he; but ſo ſaid, was not ſo done;
Antinous to the reſt. Whoſe arrogant ſpirit, in a vaune ſo vaine,
Antinous chid; and ſaid; For ſhame containe
Theſe brauing ſpeeches; who can tell who heares?
Are we not now in reach of others eares?
If our intentions pleaſe vs, let vs call
Our ſpirits vp to them, and let ſpeeches fall.
By watchfull Danger, men muſt ſilent go:
What we reſolue on, let's not ſay, but do.
This ſaid; he chuſde out twentie men, that bore
Beſt reckning with him; and to ſhip and ſhore,
All haſted; reacht the ſhip, lancht, raiſd the maſt;
Put ſailes in; and with leather loopes made faſt
The oares; Sailes hoiſted; Armes their men did bring;
All giuing ſpeed, and forme to euery thing.
Then to the high deepes, their rigged veſſell driuen,
They ſupt; expecting the approching Euen.
Meane ſpace, *Penelope* her chamber kept,
And bed, and neither eate, nor dranke, nor ſlept;
Her ſtrong thoughts wrought ſo on her blameleſſe ſonne;
Still in contention, if he ſhould be done
To death; or ſcape the impious wooers deſigne.
Looke how a Lion, whom men-troopes combine
To hunt, and cloſe him in a craftie ring;
Much varied thought conceiues; and feare doth ſting
For vigent danger: So far'd ſhe, till ſleepe,
All iuncture of her ioynts, and nerues did ſteepe
In his diſſoluing humor. When (at reſt)
Pallas her fauours varied; and addreſt
An Idell, that *Iphthima* did preſent

In

In * ſtructure of her euery lineament;
Great ſould *Icarius* daughter: whom, for Spouſe
Vlyſſes tooke, that kept in *Pheris* houſe.
This, to diuine *Vlyſſes* houſe ſhe ſent,
To trie her beſt meane, how ſhe might content
Mournfull *Penelope*; and make Relent
The ſtrict addiction in her to deplore.
This Idoll (like a *worme, that leſſe or more,
Contracts or ſtraines her) did it ſelfe conuey,
Beyond the wards, or windings of the key,
Into the chamber; and aboue her head,
Her ſeate aſſuming, thus ſhe comforted
Laſtreſt *Penelope*. Doth ſleepe thus ſeaſe
Thy powres, affected with ſo much diſeaſe?
The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not ſee
Thy teares nor griefes, in any leaſt degree,
Suſtaind with cauſe; for they will guard thy ſonne,
Safe to his wiſht, and natiue manſion;
Since he is no offender of their States;
And they to ſuch, are firmer then their Fates.
The wiſe *Penelope* receiu'd her thus;
(Bound with a ſlumber moſt delicious,
And in the Port of dreames) O ſiſter, why
Repaire you hither? ſince ſo farre off lie
Your houſe and houſhold? You were neuer here
Before this houre; and would you now giue cheare
To my ſo many woes and miſeries?
Affecting fitly all the faculties
My ſoule and mind hold: hauing loſt before
A husband, that of all the vertues bore
The Palme amongſt the Greeks; and whoſe renowne
Sample was, that *Fame* the ſound hath blowne
Through *Greece* and *Argos*, to her very heart.
And now againe; a ſonne that did conuert
My whole powres to his loue, by ſhip is gone.
A tender Plant, that yet was neuer growne
To labours taſte, nor the commerce of men;
For whom, more then my husband I complaine;
And leſt he ſhould at any ſufferance touch
(Or in the ſea, or by the men ſo much
Eſtrang'd to him, that muſt his conſorts be)
Feare and chill tremblings, ſhake each ioynt of me.
Beſides: his danger ſets on, foes profeſt
To way-lay his returne; that haue addreſt
Plots for his death. The ſcarce-diſcerned Dreame,
Said: Be of comfort; nor feares ſo extreme,
Let thus diſmay thee; thou haſt ſuch a mate
Attending thee, as ſome at any rate

Would

Ayat membrorum ſtructura.

ουκ αμφιδρυς Ipſarra. Ipſae, affectus curiuſionis ſignificat quod longior & gracilior euaſerit.

Minerua ſub Iphthima perſona, ſolatur Penelopen in ſomnis.

Penelope to the Dreame.

Would wiſh to purchaſe; for her powre is great;
Minerua pities thy delights defeate:
Whoſe Grace hath ſent me to foretell thee theeſe.
Penelope to the Idoll.
If thou (ſaid ſhe) be of the Goddeſſes,
And heard'ſt her tell thee theſe; thou may'ſt as well
From her, tell all things elſe; daigne then to tell,
If yet the man, to all misfortunes borne,
(My husband) liues; and ſees the Sunne adorne
The darkſome earth; or hides his wretched head
In *Plutos* houſe, and liues amongſt the dead?
I will not (ſhe replide) my breath exhale,
In one continude, and perpetuall tale;
Liues he, or dies he. Tis a filthy vſe,
To be in vaine and idle ſpeech profuſe.
This ſaid; ſhe through the key-hole of the dore
Vaniſht againe into the open blore.
Icarius daughter ſtarted from her ſleepe,
And *Ioyes* freſh humor, her lou'd breſt did ſteepe:
When now ſo cleare, in that firſt watch of night,
She ſaw the ſeene dreame vaniſh from her ſight.
The wooers (ſhipt) the ſeas moiſt waues did plie;
And thought the Prince, a haughtie death ſhould die.
There lies a certaine Iland in the ſea,
Twixt rockie *Samos* and rough *Ithaca*,
That cliffie is it ſelfe, and nothing great;
Yet holds conuenient hauens, that two wayes let
Ships in and out; calld *Aſterie*: and there
The wooers hop't to make their maſſakere.

Finis libri quarti Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

A *Second Court, on* Ioue *attends;*
Who, Hermes *to* Calypſo *ſends;*
Commanding her to cleare the wayes
Vlyſſes *ſoughs; and ſhe obayes.*
When Neptune *ſaw* Vlyſſes *free,*
And, ſo in ſafetie, plow the ſea;
Enrag'd, he ruffles vp the waues,
And ſplits his ſhip. Leucothea *ſaues*
His perſon yet; as being a Dame,
Whoſe Godhead gouernd in the frame
Of thoſe ſeas tempeſts. But the meane
By which ſhe curbs dread Neptunes *ſpleene,*
Is made a Iewell; which ſhe takes
From off her head; and that ſhe makes
Vlyſſes *on his boſome weare,*
About his necke, ſhe ties it there:
And when he is with waues beſet,
Bids weare it as an Amulet;
Commanding him, that not before
He touchd vpon Phæacias *ſhore,*
He ſhould not part with it; but then
Returne it to the ſea againe,
And caſt it from him. He performes;
Yet after thus, bides bitter ſtormes;
And in the rockes, ſees Death engraū'd;
But on Phæacias *ſhore is ſau'd.*

Another.

E. Vlyſſes *builds*
A ſhip; and gaines
The Gaſſie fields;
Payes Neptune *paines.*

AVrora roſe from high-borne *Tithons* Bed,
That men and Gods might be illuſtrated:
And then the Deities ſate. Imperiall *Ioue*,
That makes the horrid murmure beate aboue,
Tooke place paſt all; whoſe height for euer ſprings
And from whom flowes th'eternall powre of things.
Then *Pallas* (mindfull of *Vlyſſes*) told
The many Cares, that in *Calypſos* hold,
He ſtill ſuſtaind; when he had felt before,
So much affliction, and ſuch dangers more.

Pallas to the Gods.

O Father, (ſaid ſhe) and ye euer bleſt;
Giue neuer King hereafter,intereſt
In any aide of yours, by ſeruing you;
By being gentle, humane, iuſt; but grow
Rude, and for euer ſcornfull of your rights;
All iuſtice ordring by their appetites.
Since he that rul'd, as it in right behou'd,
That all his ſubiects, as his children lou'd,
Finds you ſo thoughtleſſe of him, and his birth.
Thus men begin to ſay, ye rule in earth;
And grudge at what ye let him vndergo;
Who yet the leaſt part of his ſufferance know:
Thralld in an Iland; ſhipwrackt in his teares;
And in the fancies that *Calypſo* beares,
Bound from his birthright; all his ſhipping gone;
And of his ſouldiers, not retaining one.
And now his moſt-lou'd Sonnes life doth inflame
Their ſlaughterous enuies; ſince his Fathers fame
He puts in purſuite; and is gone as faire
As ſacred *Pylos*; and the ſingular
Dame-breeding *Sparta*. This, with this reply,
Ioue to Pallas. The Cloud-aſſembler anſwerd: What words flie
Thine owne remembrance (daughter) haſt not thou
The counſell giuen thy ſelfe, that told thee how
Vlyſſes ſhall with his returne addreſſe
His wooers wrongs? And, for the ſafe acceſſe,
His Sonne ſhall make to his innatiue Port,
Do thou direct it, in as curious ſort,
As thy wit ſerues thee: it obeys thy powers;
And in their ſhip returne the ſpeedleſſe wowers.
Then turnd he to his iſſue *Mercurie*,
Ioue to Mercury And ſaid: Thou haſt made good our Ambaſſie
To th'other Statiſt; To the Nymph then now,
On whoſe faire head a tuft of gold doth grow;
Beare our true-ſpoken counſell; for retreat
Of patient *Vlyſſes*; who ſhall get
No aide from vs, nor any mortall man;
Vlyſſes ſine ope deorum, in fatemultis vinculis legatus. But in a *patcht-vp skiffe, (built as he can,
And ſuffering woes enow) the twentith day
At fruitfull *Scheria*, let him breathe his way,
With the *Phæacians*, that halfe Deities liue;
Who like a God will honour him; and giue
His wiſedome clothes, and ſhip, and braſſe, and gold,
More then for gaine of *Troy* he euer told;
Where, at the whole diuiſion of the prey,
If he a ſauer were, or got away
Without a wound (if he ſhould grudge) twas well;
But th'end ſhall crowne all; therefore Fate will deale

So well with him; to let him land, and ſee
His natiue earth, friends, houſe and family.
Thus charg'd he; nor *Argeicides* denied;
But to his feete, his faire wingd ſhooes he tied;
Ambroſian, golden; that in his command,
Put either ſea, or the vnmeaſur'd land,
With pace as ſpeedie as a puft of wind.
Then vp his Rod went; with which he declin'd
The eyes of any waker, when he pleaſd,
And any ſleeper, when he wiſht, diſeaſd.
This tooke; he ſtoopt *Pierea*; and thence
Glid through the aire; and *Neptunes* Confluence
Kiſt as he flew; and checkt the waues as light
As any Sea-mew, in her fiſhing flight,
Her thicke wings ſoucing in the ſauorie ſeas.
Like her, he paſt a world of wilderneſſe;
But when the far-off Ile, he toucht; he went
Vp from the blue ſea, to the Continent,
And reacht the ample Cauerne of the Queene;
Whom he within found; without, ſeldome ſeene.
A Sun-like fire vpon the harth did flame;
The matter precious, and diuine the frame;
Of Cedar cleft, and Incenſe was the Pile,
That breath'd an odour round about the Ile.
Her ſelfe was ſeated in an inner roome,
Whom ſweetly ſing he heard; and at her loome,
About a curious web; whoſe yarne ſhe threw
In, with a golden ſhittle. A Groue grew
In endleſſe ſpring about her Cauerne round;
With odorous Cypreſſe, Pines, and Poplars crownd;
Where Haulks, Sea-owles, and long-tongu'd Batours bred;
And other birds their ſhadie pinions ſpred.
All Fowles maritimall; none rooſted there,
But thoſe whoſe labours in the waters were.
A Vine did all the hollow Caue embrace;
Still greene, yet ſtill ripe bunches gaue it grace.
Foure Fountaines, one againſt another powrd
Their ſiluer ſtreames; and medowes all enflowrd
With ſweete Balme-gentle, and blue Violets hid,
That deckt the ſoft breſts of each fragrant Mead.
Should any one (though he immortall were)
Arriue and ſee the ſacred obiects there,
He would admire them, and be ouer-ioyd;
And ſo ſtood *Hermes* rauiſht powres employd.
But hauing all admir'd, he enterd on
The ample Caue; nor could be ſeene vnknowne
Of great *Calypſo*, (for all Deities are
Prompt in each others knowledge; though ſo farre

Mercurij deſcriptio.

Deſcriptio ſpeluncæ Calypſus.

Seuerd in dwellings) but he could not ſee
Vlyſſes there within. Without was he
Set ſad aſhore; where twas his vſe to view
Th'vnquiet ſea; ſigh'd, wept, and emptie drew
His heart of comfort. Plac't here in her throne
(That beames caſt vp, to Admiration)
Diuine *Calypſo*, queſtion'd *Hermes* thus:

Calypſo to Mercurie.

For what cauſe (deare, and much-eſteem'd by vs,
Thou golden-rod-adorned *Mercurie*)
Arriu'ſt thou here? thou haſt not vſde t'apply
Thy paſſage this way. Say, what euer be
Thy hearts deſire, my mind commands it thee,
If in my meanes it lie, or powre of fact.
But firſt, what hoſpitable rights exact,
Come yet more neare, and take. This ſaid, ſhe ſet
A Table forth, and furniſht it with meate,
Such as the Gods taſte; and ſeru'd in with it,
Vermilion *Nectar*. When with banquet, fit
He had confirmd his ſpirits; he thus expreſt

Mercurie to Calypſo.

His cauſe of coming: Thou haſt made requeſt
(Goddeſſe of Goddeſſes) to vnderſtand
My cauſe of touch here: which thou ſhalt command,
And know with truth: *Ioue* cauſd my courſe to thee,
Againſt my will; for who would willingly
Lackey along ſo vaſt a lake of Brine?
Neare to no Citie; that the powres diuine
Receiues with ſolemne rites and Hecatombs?
But *Ioues* will euer, all law ouercomes;
No other God can croſſe or make it void.
And he affirmes, that one, the moſt annoid
With woes and toiles, of all thoſe men that fought
For *Priams* Citie; and to end hath brought
Nine yeares in the contention; is with thee.
For in the tenth yeare, when roy Victorie
Was wonne, to giue the Greeks the ſpoile of *Troy*;
Returne they did profeſſe, but not enioy,
Since *Pallas* they incenſt; and ſhe, the waues
By all the winds powre, that blew ope their graues.
And there they reſted. Onely this poore one,
This Coaſt, both winds and waues haue caſt vpon:
Whom now forthwith he wils thee to diſmiſſe;
Affirming that th'vnalterd deſtinies,
Not onely haue decreed, he ſhall not die
Apart his friends; but of Neceſſitie
Enioy their ſights before thoſe fatall houres,
His countrie earth reach, and erected Towres.
This ſtrook, a loue-checkt horror through her powres;
When (naming him) ſhe this reply did giue:

Inſatiate

Inſatiate are ye Gods, paſt all that liue,
In all things you affect; which ſtill conuerts
Your powres to Enuies. It afflicts your hearts,
That any Goddeſſe ſhould (as you obtaine
The vſe of earthly Dames) enioy the men:
And moſt in open mariage. So ye far'd,
When the delicious-fingerd *Morning* ſhar'd
Orions bed: you eaſie-liuing States,
Could neuer ſatisfie your emulous hates;
Till in *Ortygia*, the preciſe-liu'd Dame
(Gold-thron'd *Diana*) on him rudely came,
And with her ſwift ſhafts ſlue him. And ſuch paines,
(When rich-haird *Ceres* pleaſd to giue the raines
To her affections; and the grace did yeeld
Of loue and bed amidſt a three-cropt field,
To her *Iaſion*) he paid angrie *Ioue*;
Who loſt, no long time, notice of their loue;
But with a glowing lightning, was his death.
And now your enuies labour vnderneath
A mortals choice of mine; whoſe life, I tooke
To liberall ſafetie; when his ſhip, *Ioue* ſtrooke
With red-hote flaſhes, peece-meale in the ſeas,
And all his friends and ſouldiers, ſuccourleſſe
Periſht but he. Him, caſt vpon this coaſt
With blaſts and billowes; I (in life giuen loſt)
Preſeru'd alone; lou'd, nouriſht, and did vow
To make him deathleſſe; and yet neuer grow
Crooked, or worne with age, his whole life long.
But ſince no reaſon may be made ſo ſtrong,
To ſtriue with *Ioues* will, or to make it vaine;
No not if all the other Gods ſhould ſtraine
Their powres againſt it; let his will be law;
Some affoord him fit meanes to withdraw,
(As he commands him) to the raging Maine:
But meanes from me, he neuer ſhall obtaine,
For my meanes yeeld, nor men, nor ſhip, nor oares,
To ſet him off, from my ſo enuied ſhores.
But if my counſell and goodwill can aide
His ſafe paſſe home, my beſt ſhall be aſſaid.

Calypſos diſpleaſed reply to Mercurie.

Vouchſafe it ſo, (ſaid heauens Ambaſſador)
And daigne it quickly. By all meanes abhorre
To incenſe *Ioues* wrath againſt thee; that with grace
He may hereafter, all thy wiſh embrace.
Thus tooke the *Argus*-killing God, his wings.
And ſince the reuerend *Nymph*, theſe awfull things
Receiu'd from *Ioue*; ſhe to *Vlyſſes* went:
Whom ſhe aſhore found, drownd in diſcontent;
His eyes kept neuer drie, he did ſo mourne,

Mercurie leaues Calypſo.

And waſte his deare age, for his wiſht returne.
Which ſtill without the Cauc he vſde to do,
Becauſe he could not pleaſe the Goddeſſe ſo.
At night yet (fore't) together tooke their reſt,
The willing Goddeſſe, and th'vnwilling Gueſt.
But he, all day in rockes, and on the ſhore
The vext ſea viewd; and did his Fate deplore.
Him, now, the Goddeſſe (coming neare) beſpake:

Calypſo to Vlyſſes. Vnhappie man; no more diſcomfort take,
For my conſtraint of thee; nor waſte thine age;
I now will paſſing freely diſengage
Thy irkſome ſtay here. Come then, fell thee wood,
And build a ſhip, to ſaue thee from the flood.
Ile furniſh thee with freſh waue; bread and wine,
Hunger. Ruddie and ſweet, that will the * Pinet pine;
Put garments on thee; giue thee winds forth right;
That euery way thy home-bent appetite
May ſafe attaine to it; if ſo it pleaſe
At all parts, all the heauen houſd Deities!
That more in powre are, more in skill then I;
And more can iudge, what fits humanitie.

Vlyſſes to Calypſo He ſtood amaz'd, at this ſtrange change in her;
And ſaid: O Goddeſſe! thy intents preferre
Some other proiect, then my parting hence;
Commanding things of too high conſequence
For my performance. That my ſelfe ſhould build
A ſhip of powre, my home affaires to ſhield
Againſt the great Sea, of ſuch dread to paſſe;
Which not the beſt-built ſhip that euer was,
Will paſſe exulting; when ſuch winds as *Ioue*
Can thunder vp, their trims and tacklings proue.
But could I build one, I would ne're aboord,
(Thy will oppoſde) nor (won) without thy word,
Giuen in the great oath of the Gods to me,
Not to beguile me in the leaſt degree.
The Goddeſſe ſmilde; held hard his hand, and ſaid:
O y'are a ſhrewd one; and ſo habited
In taking heed; thou knowſt not what it is
To be vnwary; nor vſe words amiſſe.
How haſt thou charmd me, were I ne're ſo ſlie!

Calypſos oath. Let earth know then; and heauen, ſo broad, ſo hie;
And th'vnder-ſunke waues of th'infernall ſtreame;
(Which is an oath, as terribly ſupreame,
As any God ſweares) that I had no thought,
But ſtood with what I ſpake; nor would haue wrought,
Nor counſeld any act, againſt thy good;
But euer diligently weighd, and ſtood
On thoſe points in perſwading thee; that I

Would vſe my ſelfe in ſuch extremitie.
For my mind ſimple is, and innocent;
Not giuen by cruell ſleights to circumuent;
Nor beare I in my breaſt a heart of ſteele,
But with the Sufferer, willing ſufferance feele.
This ſaid; the *Grace* of Goddeſſes led home;
He tract her ſteps; and (to the Cauerne come)
In that rich Throne, whence *Mercurie* aroſe,
He ſate. The *Nymph* her ſelfe did then appoſe
For food and beuridge to him; all beſt meate
And drinke, that mortals vſe to taſte and eate.
Then ſate ſhe oppoſite; and for her Feaſt,
Was *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* addreſt
By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,
Did freely fall to. Hauing fitly far'd,
The *Nymph Calypſo* this diſcourſe began:
Ioue-bred *Vlyſſes*! many-witted man!
Still is thy home ſo wiſht? ſo ſoone, away?
Be ſtill of cheare, for all the worſt I ſay;
But if thy ſoule knew what a ſumme of woes
For thee to caſt vp, thy ſterne Fates impoſe,
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attaine;
Vndoubtedly thy choice would here remaine;
Keepe houſe with me, and be a liuer euer.
Which (me thinkes) ſhould thy houſe and thee diſſeuer;

Calypſos promiſe of immortalitie to Vlyſſes.

Though for thy wife there, thou art ſet on fire;
And all thy dayes are ſpent in her deſire;
And though it be no boaſt in me to ſay,
In forme and mind, I match her euery way.
Nor can it fit a mortall Dames compare,
T'affect thoſe termes with vs, that deathleſſe are.
The great in counſels, made her this reply:
Renown'd, and to be reuerenc'd Deitie!
Let it not moue thee, that ſo much I vow
My comforts to my wife; though well I know
All cauſe my ſelfe, why wife *Penelope*
In wit is farre inferiour to thee;
In feature, ſtature, all the parts of ſhow;
She being a mortall; an Immortall thou;
Old euer growing, and yet neuer old.
Yet her deſire, ſhall all my dayes ſee told;
Adding the ſight of my returning day,
And naturall home. If any God ſhall lay
His hand vpon me, as I paſſe the ſeas;
Ile beare the worſt of what his hand ſhall pleaſe;
As hauing giuen me ſuch a mind, as ſhall
The more ſtill riſe, the more his hand lets fall.
In warres and waues, my ſufferings were not ſmall.

I now haue ſufferd much; as much before;
Hereafter let as much reſult, and more.
This ſaid; the Sunne ſet; and earth ſhadowes gaue;
When theſe two (in an in-roome of the Caue,
Left to themſelues) left Loue no rites vndone.
The early Morne vp; vp he roſe; put on
His in and out-weed. She, her ſelfe inchaces
Amidſt a white robe, full of all the *Graces*;
Ample, and pleated, thicke, like fiſhie skales.
A golden girdle then, her waſte empales;
Her head, a veile decks; and abroad they come;
And now began *Vlyſſes* to go home.
A great Axe, firſt ſhe gaue, that two wayes cut;
In which a faire wel poliſht helme was put,
That from an Oliue bough receiu'd his frame:
A plaine one then. Then led ſhe till they came
To loftie woods, that did the Ile confine.
The Firre tree, Poplar, and heauen-ſcaling Pine,
Had there their offſpring. Of which, thoſe that were
Of drieſt matter, and grew longeſt there,
He chuſde for lighter ſaile. This place, thus ſhowne,
The *Nymph* turnd home. He fell to felling downe;
And twentie trees he ſtoopt, in litle ſpace;
Plaind, vſde his Plumb; did all with artfull grace.
In meane time did *Calypſo* wimbles bring.
He bor'd, cloſde, naild, and orderd euery thing;
And tooke how much a ſhip-wright will allow
A ſhip of burthen; (one that beſt doth know
What fits his Art) ſo large a Keele he caſt.
Wrought vp her decks, and hatches, ſide-boords, maſt;
With willow wadlings armd her, to reſiſt
The billowes outrage; added all ſhe miſt;
Sail-yards, and ſterne for guide. The *Nymph* then brought
Linnen for ſailes; which, with diſpatch, he wrought.
Gables, and halſters, tacklings. All the Frame
This foure dayes worke (you will ſay) is too much for one man: and Plinie affirmes, that Hiero (a king of Sicile) in five and forty dayes built two hundred and twentie ſhips, rigged them and put to ſea with them.
In foure dayes ſpace, to full perfection came.
The fift day, they diſmiſt him from the ſhore;
Weeds, neate, and odorous gaue him; victles ſtore;
Wine, and ſtrong waters, and a proſperous wind.
To which, *Vlyſſes* (fit to be diuin'd)
His ſailes expoſd, and hoiſed. Off he gat;
And chearfull was he. At the Sterne he ſat,
And ſter'd right artfully. No ſleepe could ſeiſe
His ey-lids: he beheld the *Pleiades*;
The Beare, ſurnam'd the Waine, that round doth moue
About *Orion*; and keepes ſtill aboue
The billowie Ocean. The ſlow-ſetting ſtarre,
Bootes calld, by ſome, the Waggonar.

Calypſo warnd him, he his courſe ſhould ſtere
Still to his left hand. Seuenteene dayes did cleare
The cloudie *Nights* command, in his moiſt way;
And by the eighteenth light, he might diſplay
The ſhadie hils of the *Phæacian* ſhore;
For which, as to his next abode, he bore.
The countrie did a pretie figure yeeld,
And lookt from off the darke ſeas, like a ſhield.
Imperious *Neptune* (making his retreate
From th'*Æthiopian* earth; and taking ſeate
Vpon the mountaines of the *Solymi*;
From thence, farre off diſcouering) did deſcrie
Vlyſſes, his fields plowing. All on fire
The ſight ſtrait ſet his heart; and made deſire
Of wreake runne ouer, it did boile ſo hie.
When (his head nodding) O impietie
(He cried out) now, the Gods inconſtancie
Is moſt apparent; altring their deſignes
Since I the *Æthiops* ſaw: and here confines
To this *Vlyſſes* fate, his miſery.
The great marke, on which all his hopes rely,
Lies in *Phæacia*. But I hope he ſhall
Feele woe at height, ere that dead calme befall.
This ſaid; he (begging) gatherd clouds from land;
Frighted the ſeas vp; ſnatcht into his hand,
His horrid Trident; and aloft did toſſe
(Of all the winds) all ſtormes he could engroſſe.
All earth tooke into ſea with clouds; grim *Night*
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of Light.
The Eaſt and Southwinds iuſtld in the aire;
The violent *Zephire*, and *North*-making faire,
Rould vp the waues before them: and then, bent
Vlyſſes knees; then all his ſpirit was ſpent.
In which deſpaire, he thus ſpake: Woe is me!
What was I borne to? man of miſeries?
Feare tels me now, that all the Goddeſſe ſaid,
Truths ſelfe will author; that *Fate* would be paid
Griefes whole ſumme due from me, at ſea, before
I reacht the deare touch of my countries ſhore.
With what clouds *Ioue*, heauens heightned forehead binds?
How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds?
How all the tops, he bottomes with the deepes?
And in the bottomes, all the tops he ſteepes?
Thus dreadfull is the preſence of our death.
Thrice foure times bleſt were they that ſunke beneath
Their Fates at *Troy*; and did to nought contend,
But to renowme *Atrides* with their end?
I would to God, my houre of death, and Fate,

ευκτομαι Mendicando colligo.

That day had held the power to terminate;
When ſhowres of darts, my life bore vndepreſt,
About diuine *Æacides* deceaſt.
Then had I bene allotted to haue died,
By all the Greeks, with funerals glorified;
(Whence *Death*, encouraging good life, had growne)
Where now I die, by no man mournd, nor knowne.
This ſpoke, a huge waue tooke him by the head,
And hurld him o're-boord: ſhip and all it laid
Inuerted quite amidſt the waues; but he
Farre off from her ſprawld, ſtrowd about the ſea:
His Sterne ſtill holding, broken off; his Maſt
Burſt in the midſt: ſo horrible a blaſt
Of mixt winds ſtrooke it. Sailes and ſaile-yards fell
Amongſt the billowes; and himſelfe did dwell
A long time vnder water: nor could get
In haſte his head out: waue with waue ſo met
In his depreſſion; and his garments too,
(Giuen by *Calypſo*) gaue him much to do,
Hindring his ſwimming; yet he left not ſo
His drenched veſſell, for the ouerthrow
Of her nor him; but gat at length againe
(Wreſtling with *Neptune*) hold of her; and then
Sate in her Bulke, inſulting ouer Death;
Which (with the ſalt ſtreame, preſt to ſtop his breath)
He ſcap't, and gaue the ſea againe; to giue
To other men. His ſhip ſo ſtriu'd to liue,
Floting at randon, cufft from waue to waue;
As you haue ſeene the *Northwind* when he draue
In *Autumne*, heapes of thorne-fed Graſhoppers,
Hither and thither; one heape this way beares,
Another that; and makes them often meete
In his confuſde gales; ſo *Vlyſſes* fleete,
The winds hurl'd vp and downe: now *Boreas*
Toſt it to *Notus*, *Notus* gaue it paſſe
To *Eurus*; *Eurus*, *Zephire* made it purſue
The horrid Tennis. This ſport calld the view
Of *Cadmus* daughter, with the narrow heele;
(*Ino Leucothea*) that firſt did feele
A mortall Dames deſires; and had a tongue.
But now had th'honor to be nam'd among
The marine Godheads. She, with pitie ſaw
Vlyſſes iuſtl'd thus, from flaw to flaw;
And (like a Cormorand, in forme and flight)
Roſe from a whirl-poole: on the ſhip did light,
Leucothea to Vlyſſes. And thus beſpeake him: Why is *Neptune* thus
In thy purſuite extremely furious,
Oppreſſing thee with ſuch a world of ill,

Euen

Euen to thy death? He muſt not ſtrue his will,
Though tis his ſtudie. Let me then aduiſe,
As my thoughts ſerue; thou ſhalt not be vnwiſe
To haue thy weeds and ſhip, to the commands
Of theſe rude winds; and worke out with thy hands,
Paſſe to *Phæacia*; where thy auſtere *Fate*,
Is to purſue thee with no more ſuch hate.
Tak here this Tablet, with this riband ſtrung,
And ſee it ſtill about thy boſome hung;
By whoſe eternall vertue, neuer feare
To ſuffer thus againe, nor periſh here.
But when thou toucheſt with thy hand the ſhore,
Then take it from thy necke, nor weare it more;
But caſt it farre off from the Continent,
And then thy perſon farre aſhore preſent.
Thus gaue ſhe him the Tablet; and againe
(Turnd to a Cormorand) diu'd paſt ſight the Maine.
Patient *Vlyſſes* ſighd at this; and ſtucke
In the conceit of ſuch faire-ſpoken Lucke:
And ſaid; Alas I muſt ſuſpect euen this;
Leſt any other of the Deities
Adde ſleight to *Neptunes* force; to counſell me
To leaue my veſſell, and ſo farre off flee
The ſhore I aime at. Not with thoughts too cleare
Will I obey her: but to me appeare
Theſe counſels beſt; as long as I perceiue
My ſhip not quite diſſolu'd, I will not leaue
The helpe ſhe may afford me; but abide,
And ſuffer all woes, till the worſt be tride.
When ſhe is ſplit, Ile ſwim: no miracle can
Paſt nare and cleare meanes, moue a knowing man.
Vlyſſes ſtill ſuſpicious of future fortunes.
While this diſcourſe emploid him, *Neptune* taild
A huge, a high, and horrid ſea, that feild
Him and his ſhip, and toſt them through the Lake;
As when the violent winds together take
Heapes of drie chaffe, and hurle them euery way;
So his long woodſtacke, *Neptune* ſtrooke aſtray.
Neptuni in V. lyſſem inclementia.
Then did *Vlyſſes* mount on rib, perforce,
Like to a rider of a running horſe,
To ſtay himſelfe a time, while he might ſhift
His drenched weeds, that were *Calypſos* gift.
When putting ſtrait, *Leucotheas* Amulet
About his necke, he all his forces ſet
To ſwim; and caſt him proſtrate to the ſeas.
When powrefull *Neptune* ſaw the ruthleſſe preaſe
Of perils ſiege him thus; he mou'd his head,
And this betwixt him and his heart, he ſaid:
So, now feele ills enow, and ſtruggle ſo,

Till

Till to your *Ioue*-lou'd Ilanders you row.
But my mind ſayes, you will not ſo auoid
This laſt taske too, but be with ſufferance cloid.
This ſaid; his rich-man'd horſe he mou'd; and reacht
His houſe at *Ægas*. But *Minerua* fetcht
The winds from ſea; and all their wayes but one
Barrd to their paſſage; the bleake *North* alone
She ſet to blow; the reſt, ſhe charg'd to keepe
Their rages in; and bind themſelues in ſleepe.
But *Boreas* ſtill flew high, to breake the ſeas,
Till *Ioue*-bred *Ithacus*, the more with eaſe,
The nauigation-skild *Phæacian* States
Might make his refuge; *Death*, and angrie *Fates*,
At length eſcaping. Two nights yet, and daies,
He ſpent in wreſtling with the fable ſeas;
In which ſpace, often did his heart propoſe
Death to his eyes. But when *Aurora* roſe,
And threw the third light from her orient haire;
The winds grew calme, and cleare was all the aire;
Not one breath ſtirring. Then he might deſcrie
(Raiſd by the high ſeas) cleare, the land was nie.
Simile. And then, looke how to good ſonnes that eſteeme
Their fathers life deare, (after paines extreame,
Felt in ſome ſickneſſe, that hath held him long
Downe to his bed; and with affections ſtrong,
Waſted his bodie; made his life his lode;
As being inflicted by ſome angrie God)
When on their praires, they ſee deſcend at length
Health from the heauens, clad all in ſpirit and ſtrength;
The ſight is precious: ſo, ſince here ſhould end
Vlyſſes toiles; which therein ſhould extend
Health to his countrie, (held to him, his Sire)
And on which, long for him, *Diſeaſe* did tire.
And then beſides, for his owne ſake to ſee
The ſhores, the woods ſo neare; ſuch ioy had he,
As thoſe good ſonnes for their recouerd Sire.
Then labourd feete and all parts, to aſpire
To that wiſht Continent; which, when as neare
He came, as *Clamor* might informe an eare;
He heard a ſound beate from the ſea-bred rocks,
Againſt which gaue a huge ſea horrid ſhocks,
That belcht vpon the firme land, weeds and ſome;
With which were all things hid there; where no roome
Of fit capacitie was for any port;
Nor (from the ſea) for any mans reſort;
The ſhores, the rocks, and cliffes ſo prominent were.
O (ſaid *Vlyſſes* then) now *Iupiter*
Hath giuen me ſight of an vnhop't for ſhore,

(Though

(Though I haue wrought theſe ſeas ſo long, ſo ſore)
Of reſt yet, no place ſhewes the ſlendreſt prints;
The rugged ſhore ſo briſtl'd is with flints:
Againſt which, euery way the waues ſo flocke;
And all the ſhore ſhewes as one eminent rocke.
So neare which, tis ſo deepe, that not a ſand
Is there, for any tired foote to ſtand:
Nor flie his death-faſt following miſeries,
Leſt if he land, vpon him fore-right flies
A churliſh waue, to cruſh him gainſt a Cliffe;
Worſe then vaine rending, all his landing ſtriſe.
And ſhould I ſwim to ſeeke a hauen elſewhere,
Or land, leſſe way-beate; I may iuſtly feare
I ſhall be taken with a gale againe,
And caſt a huge way off into the Maine.
And there, the great Earth-ſhaker (hauing ſeene
My ſo neare landing; and againe, his ſpleene
Forcing me to him) will ſome Whale ſend out,
(Of which a horrid number here about,
His *Amphitrite* breeds) to ſwal'low me.
I well haue prou'd, with what malignitie
He treds my ſteps. While this diſcourſe he held;
A curſt Surge, gainſt a cutting rocke impeld
His naked bodie, which it gaſht and tore;
And had his bones broke, if but one ſea more
Had caſt him on it. But * ſhe prompted him, *Pallas.*
That neuer faild; and bad him no more ſwim
Still off and on; but boldly force the ſhore,
And hug the rocke, that him ſo rudely tore.
Which he, with both hands, ſigh'd and claſpt; till paſt
The billowes rage was; which ſcap't; backe, ſo faſt
The rocke repulſt it, that it reft his hold,
Sucking him from it, and farre backe he rould.
And as the *Polypus*, that (forc't from home
Amidſt the ſoft ſea; and neare rough land come
For ſhelter gainſt the ſtormes that beate on her
At open ſea, as ſhe abroad doth erre)
A deale of grauill, and ſharpe little ſtones,
Needfully gathers in her hollow bones:
So he forc't hither, (by the ſharper ill, *Per aſperiora virtute ſtatim.*
Shunning the ſmoother) where he beſt hop't, ſtill
The worſt ſucceeded: for the cruell friend,
To which he clingd for ſuccour, off did rend
From his broad hands, the ſoken fleſh ſo ſore,
That off he fell, and could ſuſtaine no more.
Quite vnder water fell he; and, paſt Fate,
Hapleſſe *Vlyſſes*, there had loſt the ſtate
He held in life; it (ſtill the grey-eyd Maid,

His

His wiſedome prompting) he had not aſſaid
Another courſe; and ceaſt t'attempt that ſhore;
Swimming, and caſting round his eye, t'explore
Some other ſhelter. Then, the mouth he found
Of faire *Callicoes* flood; whoſe ſhores were crownd
With moſt apt ſuccors: Rocks ſo ſmooth, they ſeemd
Poliſht of purpoſe: land that quite redeemd
With breathleſſe couerts, th'others blaſted ſhores.
The flood he knew; and thus in heart implores:
King of this Riuer! heare; what euer name
Makes thee inuokt: to thee I humbly frame
My flight from *Neptunes* furies; Reuerend is
To all the euer-liuing Deities,
What erring man ſoeuer ſeekes their aid.
To thy both flood and knees, a man diſmaid
With varied ſufferance ſues. Yeeld then ſome reſt
To him that is thy ſuppliant profeſt.
This (though but ſpoke in thought) the Godhead heard;
Her Current ſtrait ſtaid; and her thicke waues cleard
Before him, ſmooth'd her waters; and iuſt where
He praid, halfe drownd; entirely ſau'd him there.
Then forth he came, his both knees faltring; both
His ſtrong hands hanging downe; and all with froth
His cheeks and noſthrils flowing. Voice and breath
Spent to all vſe; and downe he ſunke to Death.
The ſea had ſoakt his heart through: all his vaines,
His toiles had rackt, t'a labouring *womans paines.
Dead wearie was he. But when breath did find
A paſſe reciprocall; and in his mind,
His ſpirit was recollected: vp he roſe,
And from his necke did th'Amulet vnloſe,
That *Ino* gaue him; which he hurld from him
To ſea. It ſounding fell; and backe did ſwim
With th'ebbing waters; till it ſtrait arriu'd,
Where *Inos* faire hand, it againe receiu'd.
Then kiſt he th'humble earth; and on he goes,
Till bulruſhes ſhewd place for his repoſe;
Where laid, he ſigh'd, and thus ſaid to his ſoule:
O me, what ſtrange perplexities controule
The whole skill of thy powres, in this euent?
What feele I? if till Care-nurſe Night be ſpent,
I watch amidſt the flood; the ſeas chill breath,
And vegetant dewes, I feare will be my death:
So low brought with my labours. Towards day,
A paſſing ſharpe aire euer breathes at ſea.
If I the pitch of this next mountaine ſcale,
And ſhadie wood; and in ſome thicket fall
Into the hands of Sleepe: though there the cold

*Vide of ætium à partu dolco.

May well be checkt; and healthfull ſlumbers hold
Her ſweete hand on my powres; all care allaid,
Yet there will beaſts deuoure me. Beſt appaid
Doth that courſe make me yet; for there, ſome ſtrife,
Strength, and my ſpirit, may make me make for life.
Which, though empaird, may yet be freſh applied,
Where perill, poſſible of eſcape is tried.
But he that fights with heauen, or with the ſea,
To indiſcretion, addes Impietie.
Thus to the woods he haſted; which he found
Not farre from ſea; but on farre-ſeeing ground;
Where two twin vnder-woods, he enterd on;
With Oliue trees, and oile-trees ouergrowne:
Through which, the moiſt force of the loud-voic't wind,
Did neuer beate; nor euer *Phœbus* ſhin'd;
Nor ſhowre beate through; they grew ſo one in one;
And had, by turnes, their powre t'exclude the Sunne.
Here enterd our *Vlyſſes*; and a bed
Of leaues huge, and of huge abundance ſpred
With all his ſpeed. Large he made it; for there,
For two or three men, ample Couerings were;
Such as might ſhield them from the *Winters* worſt;
Though * ſteele it breath'd; and blew as it would burſt.
Patient *Vlyſſes* ioyd, that euer day
Shewd ſuch a ſhelter. In the midſt he lay,
Store of leaues heaping high on euery ſide.
And as in ſome out-field, a man doth hide
A kindled brand, to keepe the ſeed of fire;
No neighbour dwelling neare; and his deſire
Seru'd with ſelfe ſtore; he elſe would aske of none;
But of his fore-ſpent ſparks, rakes th'aſhes on:
So this out-place, *Vlyſſes* thus receiues;
And thus nak't vertues ſeed, lies hid in leaues.
Yet *Pallas* made him ſleepe, as ſoone as men
Whom *Delicacies*, all their flatterics daine.
And all that all his labours could compriſe,
Quickly concluded, in his cloſed eies.

A metaphoricall Hyperbole, expreſſing the Winters extremitie of ſharpneſſe.

Simile.

Finis libri quinti Hom. Odyſſ.

I THE

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

Minerua in a vision ſtands
Before Nauſicaa; *and commands*
She to the flood her weeds ſhould beare,
For now her Nuptiall day was neare.
Nauſicaa *her charge obayes;*
And then with other virgins playes.
Their ſports make wak't Vlyſſes *riſe;*
Walke to them, and beſeech ſupplies
Of food and clothes. His naked ſight
Puts th'other Maids, affraid, to flight.
Nauſicaa *onely boldly ſtayes,*
And gladly his deſire obayes.
He (furniſht with her fauours ſhowne)
Attends her, and the reſt, to Towne.

Another.

Zeila. *Here Oliue leaues*
T'hide ſhame, began.
The Maide receiues
The naked man.

Vlyſſes, naked to attyre him. Somno & labore afflictus. Sleep (ἀκαμάτοιο ὕπνοιο) *for the want of ſleepe.*

THe much-ſuſtaining, patient, heauenly Man,
Whom *Toile* and *Sleepe* had worne ſo weake and wan;
Thus wonne his reſt. In meane ſpace *Pallas* went
To the *Pheacian* citie; and deſcent
That firſt did broad *Hyperias* lands diuide,
Neare the vaſt *Cyclops*, men of monſtrous pride.
That preyd on thoſe *Hyperians*, ſince they were
Of greater powre; and therefore longer there
Diuine *Nauſithous* dwelt not; but aroſe,
And did for *Scheria*, all his powres diſpoſe:
Farre from ingenious Art-inuenting men.
But there did he erect a Citie then.
Firſt, drew a wall round; then he houſes builds;
And then a Temple to the Gods; the fields
Laſtly diuiding. But he (ſtoopt by Fate)
Diu'd to th'infernals: and *Alcinous* ſate
In his command: a man, the Gods did teach,
Commanding counſels. His houſe held the reach
Of grey *Mineruas* proiect; to prouide,
That great-ſould *Ithacus* might be ſupplide

With

With all things fitting his returne. She went
Vp to the chamber, where the faire *deſcent
Of great *Alcinous* ſlept. A maid, whoſe parts *Nauſicaa.*
In wit and beautie, wore diuine deſerts.
Well deckt her chamber was: of which, the dore
Did ſeeme to lighten; ſuch a gloſſe it bore
Betwixt the poſts: and now flew ope, to find
The Goddeſſe entrie. Like a puft of wind
She reacht the Virgin bed. Neare which, there lay
Two maids; to whom, the *Graces* did conuay,
Figure, and manners. But aboue the head
Of bright *Nauſicaa*, did *Pallas* tred
The ſubtle aire; and put the perſon on
Of *Dymas* daughter; from compariſon
Exempt in buſineſſe Nauall. Like his ſeed,
Minerua lookt now;* whom one yeare did breed, *Intending Dymas daughter.*
With bright *Nauſicaa*; and who had gaind
Grace in her loue; yet on her thus complaind:
Nauſicaa! why bred thy mother one
So negligent, in rites ſo ſtood vpon
By other virgins? Thy faire garments lie
Neglected by thee; yet thy Nuptials nie.
When, rich in all attire, both thou ſhouldſt be,
And garments giue to others honoring thee,
That leade thee to the Temple. Thy good name
Growes amongſt men for theſe things; they enflame
Father, and reuerend Mother with delight.
Come; when the *Day* takes any winke from *Night*,
Let's to the riuer, and repurifie
Thy wedding garments: my ſocietie
Shall freely ſerue thee, for thy ſpeedier aid,
Becauſe thou ſhalt no more ſtand on the Maid.
The beſt of all *Pheacia* wooe thy *Grace*,
Where thou wert bred, and ow'ſt thy ſelfe a race.
Vp, and ſtirre vp to thee thy honourd Sire,
To giue thee Mules and Coach; thee and thy tire;
Veiles, girdles, mantles, early to the flood,
To beare in ſtate. It ſuites thy high-borne blood;
And farre more fits thee, then to foote ſo farre;
For far from towne thou knowſt the Bath-founts are.
This ſaid; away blue-eyd *Minerua* went
Vp to *Olympus*: the firme Continent, *Olympus deſcribed.*
That beares in endleſſe being, the deified kind;
That's neither ſouc't with ſhowres, nor ſhooke with wind;
Nor chilld with ſnow; but where *Serenitie* flies,
Exempt from clouds; and euer-beamie skies
Circle the glittering hill. And all their daies,
Giue the delights of bleſſed *Deitie* praiſe.

And hither *Pallas* flew; and left the Maid,
When ſhe had all that might excite her, ſaid.
Strait roſe the louely Morne, that vp did raiſe
Faire-veild *Nauſicaa*; whoſe dreame, her praiſe
To *Admiration* tooke. Who no time ſpent
To giue the rapture of her viſion vent,
To her lou'd parents: whom ſhe found within.
Her mother ſet at fire, who had to ſpin
A Rocke, whoſe tincture with ſea-purple ſhin'd;
Her maids about her. But ſhe chanc't to find
Her Father going abroad: to Counſell calld
By his graue *Senate*. And to him, exhald
Her ſmother'd boſome was. Lou'd Sire (ſaid ſhe)
Will you not now command a Coach for me?
Stately and complete? fit for me to beare
To waſh at flood, the weeds I cannot weare
Before repurified? Your ſelfe it fits
To weare faire weeds; as euery man that ſits
In place of counſell. And fiue ſonnes you haue;
Two wed; three Bachelors; that muſt be braue
In euery dayes ſhift, that they may go dance;
For theſe three laſt, with theſe things muſt aduance
Their ſtates in mariage: and who elſe but I
Their ſiſter, ſhould their dancing rites ſupply?
This generall cauſe ſhe ſhewd; and would not name
Her mind of Nuptials to her Sire, for ſhame.
He vnderſtood her yet; and thus replide:
Daughter! not theſe, nor any grace beſide,
I either will denie thee, or deferre,
Mules, nor a Coach, of ſtate and circular,
Fitting at all parts. Go; my ſeruants ſhall
Serue thy deſires, and thy command in all.
The ſeruants then (commanded) ſoone obaid;
Fetcht Coach, and Mules ioynd in it. Then the Maid
Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
All vp in Coach: in which, her mother plac't
A maund of victles, varied well in taſte,
And other iunkets. Wine ſhe likewiſe filld
Within a goat-skin bottle, and diſtilld
Sweete and moiſt oile into a golden Cruſe,
Both for her daughters, and her handmaids vſe;
To ſoften their bright bodies, when they roſe
Clenſd from their cold baths. Vp to Coach then goes
Th'obſerued Maid: takes both the ſcourge and raines;
And to her ſide, her handmaid ſtrait attaines.
Nor theſe alone, but other virgins grac't
The Nuptiall Chariot. The whole Beuie plac't;
Nauſicaa ſcourgd to make the Coach Mules runne;

This familiar & neere comparison betweene Nauſicaa her father, for louing all manner of ſtir, ſauing her ſhamefaſtnes and iudgement, would not let her exceed at any part. Much more where inſerted, not as if this were more worthy the obſeruation then other euery where ſtrewd flowers of prettie, but becauſe this more generally pleaſing ſimilie may perhaps finde more fineſſe for the ſtay of moſt Readers.

That

That neigh'd, and pac'd their vſuall ſpeed; and ſoone,
Both maids and weeds, brought to the riuer ſide;
Where Baths for all the yeare, their vſe ſupplide.
Whoſe waters were ſo pure, they would not ſtaine;
But ſtill ran faire forth; and did more remaine
Apt to purge ſtaines; for that purg'd ſtaine within,
Which, by the waters pure ſtore, was not ſeen.
Theſe (here arriu'd,) the Mules vncoacht, and draue
Vp to the gulphie riuers ſhore, that gaue
Sweet graſſe to them. The maids from Coach then tooke
Their cloaths, and ſteept them in the ſable brooke.
Then put them into ſprings, and trod them cleane,
With cleanly feet; aduentring wagers then,
Who ſhould haue ſooneſt, and moſt cleanly done.
When hauing throughly cleanſd, they ſpred them on
The floods ſhore, all in order. And then, where
The waues the pibbles waſht, and ground was cleare,
They bath'd themſelues; and all with glittring oile,
Smooth'd their white skins: refreſhing then their toile
With pleaſant dinner, by the riuers ſide.
Yet ſtill watcht when the Sunne, their cloaths had dride.
Till which time (hauing din'd) *Nauſicae*
With other virgins, did at ſtool-ball play;
Their ſhoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.
Nauſicae (with the wriſts of Ivory)
The liking ſtroke ſtrooke; ſinging firſt a ſong;
(As cuſtome orderd) and amidſt the throng,
Made ſuch a ſhew; and ſo paſt all was ſeene;
As when the Chaſt-borne, Arrow-louing Queene, *Simile.*
Along the mountaines gliding; either ouer
Spartan Taygetus, whoſe tops farre diſcouer;
Or *Eurymanthus*; in the wilde Bores chace;
Or ſwift-hou'd Hart; and with her, *Ioues* faire race
(The field Nymphs) ſporting. Amongſt whom, to ſee
How farre *Diana* had prioritie
(Though all were faire) for fairneſſe; yet of all,
(As both by head and forhead being more tall)
Latona triumpht; ſince the dulleſt ſight,
Might eaſly iudge, whom her paines brought to light;
Nauſicaa ſo (whom neuer husband tam'd),
Aboue them all, in all the beauties flam'd.
But when they now made homewards, and araid;
Ordring their weeds, diſorderd as they plaid;
Mules and Coach ready; then *Minerua* thought,
What meanes to wake *Vlyſſes*, might be wrought,
That he might ſee this louely fighted maid,
Whom ſhe intended, ſhould become his aid:
Bring him to Towne; and his returne aduance.

The poetic and wisedome of the Poet was such, that (agreeing with the sacred Letter) in euerie least of things he makes come to passe the fine Numinis prouidentia. And 'tis not well notes of him

Her meane was *this, (though thought a ſtool-ball chance)
The Queene now (for the vpſtroke) ſtrooke the ball
Quite wide off th'other maids; and made it fall
Amidſt the whirlpooles. At which, out ſhriekt all;
And with the ſhricke, did wiſe *Vlyſſes* wake:
Who, ſitting vp, was doubtfull who ſhould make
That ſodaine outcrie; and in mind, thus ſtriu'de
On what a people am I now arriu'd?
At ciuill hoſpitable men, that feare
The Gods? or dwell iniurious mortals here?
Vniuſt, and churliſh like the female crie
Of youth it ſounds. What are they? *Nymphs* bred hie,
On tops of hils? or in the founts of floods?
In herbie marſhes? or in leauy woods?
Or are they high-ſpoke men, I now am neare?
Ile proue, and ſee. With this, the wary Peere
Crept forth the thicket; and an Oliue bough
Broke with his broad hand; which he did beſtow
In couert of his nakednesſe; and then,
Put haſtie head out: Looke how from his den,
A mountaine Lion lookes, that, all embrewd
With drops of trees; and weather-beaten hewd;
(Bold of his ſtrength) goes on; and in his eye,
A burning fornace glowes; all bent to prey
On ſheepe, or oxen; or the vpland Hart;
His belly charging him; and he muſt part
Stakes with the Heardſ-man, in his beaſts attempt,
Euen where from rape, their ſtrengths are moſt exempt:
So wet, ſo weather-beate, ſo ſtung with *Need*,
Euen to the home-fields of the countries breed,
Vlyſſes was to force forth his acceſſe,
Though meerly naked; and his ſight did preſſe
The eyes of ſoft-haird virgins. Horrid was
His rough appearance to them: the hard paſſe
He had at ſea, ſtucke by him. All in flight
The Virgins ſcatterd, frighted with this ſight,
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but *Nauſicaa* fled; but ſhe faſt ſtood:
Pallas had put a boldneſſe in her breſt;
And in her faire limbs, tender *Feare* compreſt.
And ſtill ſhe ſtood him, as reſolu'd to know
What man he was; or out of what ſhould grow
His ſtrange repaire to them. And here was he
Put to his wiſedome; if her virgin knee,
He ſhould be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;
Or keepe aloofe, and trie with words of grace,
In humbleſt ſuppliance, if he might obtaine
Some couer for his nakednes; and gaine

Simile.

Her

Her grace to ſhew and guide him to the Towne.
The laſt, the beſt thought, to be worth his owne,
In weighing both well: to keepe ſtill aloofe,
And giue with ſoft words, his deſires their proofe;
Leſt preſſing ſo neare, as to touch her knee,
He might incenſe her maiden modeſtie.
This faire and fil'd ſpeech then, ſhewd this was he.
Let me beſeech (O Queene) this truth of thee;
Are you of mortall, or the deified race?
If of the Gods, that th'ample heauens embrace;
I can reſemble you to none aboue,
So neare as to the chaſt-borne birth of *Ioue*,
The beamie *Cynthia*. Her you full preſent,
In grace of euery God-like lineament;
Her goodly magnitude; and all th'addreſſe
You promiſe of her very perfectneſſe.
If ſprong of humanes, that inhabite earth;
Thrice bleſt are both the authors of your birth;
Thrice bleſt your brothers, that in your deſerts,
Muſt, euen to rapture, beare delighted hearts;
To ſee ſo like the firſt trim of a tree,
Your forme adorne a dance. But moſt bleſt, he
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t'engage
Your bright necke in the yoke of mariage;
And decke his houſe with your commanding merit.
I haue not ſeene a man of ſo much ſpirit.
Nor man, nor woman, I did euer ſee,
At all parts equall to the parts in thee.
T'enioy your ſight, doth *Admiration* ſeiſe
My eies, and apprehenſiue faculties.
Lately in *Delos* (with a charge of men
Arriu'd, that renderd me moſt wretched then,
Now making me thus naked) I beheld
The burthen of a Palme, whoſe iſſue ſweld
About *Apollos Phane*; and that put on
A grace like thee; for Earth had neuer none
Of all her Syluane iſſue ſo adorn'd:
Into amaze my very ſoule was turnd,
To giue it obſeruation; as now thee
To view (O Virgin) a ſtupiditie
Paſt admiration ſtrikes me; ioynd with feare
To do a ſuppliants due, and preaſe ſo neare,
As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it ſtrange;
For one of freſh and firmeſt ſpirit, would change
T'embrace ſo bright an obiect. But, for me,
A cruell habite of calamitie,
Impreſſ'd the ſtrong impreſſion thou haſt made:
For this laſt Day did flie Nights twentith ſhade

Vlyſſes to Nauſicaa.

Since

Since I, at length, eſcapt the ſable ſeas;
When in the meane time, th'vnrelenting preaſe
Of waues and ſterne ſtormes, toſt me vp and downe,
From th'Ile *Ogygia*: and now God hath throwne
My wracke on this ſhore; that perhaps I may
My miſeries vary here: for yet their ſtay,
I feare, heauen hath not orderd: though before
Theſe late afflictions, it hath lent me ſtore.
O Queene, daine pitie then, ſince firſt to you
My Fate importunes my diſtreſſe to vow.
No other Dame, nor man, that this Earth owne,
And neighbour Citie, I haue ſeene or knowne.
The Towne then ſhew me; giue my nakednes
Some ſhroud to ſhelter it, if to theſe ſeas,
Linnen or woollen, you haue brought to cleanſe.
God giue you, in requitall, all th'amends
Your heart can wiſh: a husband, family,
And good agreement: Nought beneath the skie,
More ſweet, more worthy is, then firme conſent
Of man and wife, in houſhold gouernment.
It ioyes their wiſhers well; their enemies wounds;
But to themſelues, the ſpeciall good redounds.

Nauſicaa to Vlyſſes.

She anſwerd: Stranger! I diſcerne in thee,
Nor *Sloth*, nor *Folly* raignes; and yet I ſee,
Th'art poore and wretched. In which I conclude,
That Induſtry nor wiſedome make endude
Men with thoſe gifts, that make them beſt to th'eie;
Ioue onely orders mans felicitie.
To good and bad, his pleaſure faſhions ſtill,
The whole proportion of their good and ill.
And he perhaps hath formd this plight in thee,
Of which, thou muſt be patient, as he, free.
But after all thy wandrings, ſince thy way,
Both to our Earth, and neare our Citie, lay,
As being expoſde to our cares to relieue;
Weeds, and what elſe, a humane hand ſhould giue,
To one ſo ſuppliant, and tam'd with woe;
Thou ſhalt not want. Our Citie, I will ſhow;
And tell our peoples name: This neighbor Towne,
And all this kingdome, the *Phæacians* owne.
And (ſince thou ſeemdſt ſo faine, to know my birth;
And mad'ſt a queſtion, if of heauen or earth)
This Earth hath bred me; and my Fathers name
Alcinous is; that in the powre and frame
Of this Iles rule, is ſupereminent.
Thus (paſſing him) ſhe to the Virgins went.
And ſaid: Giue ſtay, both to your feet and fright;
Why thus diſperſe ye, for a mans meere ſight?

Eſteem

Eſteeme you him a *Cyclop*, that long ſince
Made vſe to prey vpon our Citizens?
This man, no moiſt man is; (nor watriſh thing,
That's euer flitting; euer rauiſhing
All it can compaſſe; and, like it, doth range
In rape of women; neuer ſtaid in change)
This man is truly manly, wiſe, and ſtaid;
In ſoule more rich; the more to ſenſe decaid.
Who, nor will do, nor ſuffer to be done,
Acts leud and abiect; nor can ſuch a one
Greete the *Phæacians*, with a mind enuious;
Deare to the Gods they are; and he is pious.
Beſides, diuided from the world we are;
The outpart of it; billowes circulare
The ſea reuoluing, round about our ſhore;
Nor is there any man, that enters more
Then our owne countrimen, with what is brought
From other countries. This man, minding nought
But his reliefe: a poore vnhappie wretch,
Wrackt here; and hath no other land to fetch.
Him now we muſt prouide for; from *Ioue* come
All ſtrangers, and the needie of a home.
Who any gift, though ne're ſo ſmall it be,
Eſteeme as great, and take it gratefully.
And therefore Virgins, giue the ſtranger food,
And wine; and ſee ye bath him in the flood;
Neare to ſome ſhore, to ſhelter moſt enclin'd;
To cold Bath-bathers, hurtfull is the wind.
Not onely rugged making th'outward skin,
But by his thin powres, pierceth parts within.
This ſaid; their ſlight in a returne they ſet;
And did *Vlyſſes* with all grace entreate:
Shewd him a ſhore, wind-proofe, and full of ſhade:
By him a ſhirt, and vtter mantle laid.
A golden Iugge of liquid oile did adde;
And waſh; and all things as *Nauſicaa* bad.
Diuine *Vlyſſes* would not vſe their aid;
But thus beſpake them: Euery louely maid,
Let me entreate to ſtand a little by;
That I alone the freſh flood may apply,
To cleanſe my boſome of the ſea-wrought brine.
And then vſe oile; which long time did not ſhine
On my poore ſhoulders. Ile not waſh in ſight
Of faire-haird maidens. I ſhould bluſh outright,
To bathe all bare by ſuch a virgin light.
They mou'd, and muſde, a man had ſo much grace;
And told their Miſtris, what a man he was.
He cleanſd his broad-ſoild-ſhoulders; backe and head

Degree of vertue. Cui virtutis vel ſenſualis humor hæc ineſt. Ego ea ita vt dicatur quaſi genere ita ſe habens, quod ſubſit ſit magis ſtarum quam homo. Ita ſi vertit animo præditum, fortis, magnanimus. Nec vero tho ſe ſolum ad hominem pertinere quilibet quam & abiectam inſaniam, vel pœne teſtimonia accordant Ethnicorum Theologorum moraliſtarum, exempla ſunt his. Many men formes ſuſtaine, but few are men.

Accord not to an other translator: Ab Ioue nam ſupplex pauper, procul & hoſpes: Reſtreines, at charactt. Magnus quoque muneris inſtar. *Vlyſſes vnto ſtrange gentils and neare in any degree expounds it.*

Vlyſſes modeſtie to the Virgins.

He taught their youthes modeſtie, by his aged iudgement. As reteining the cuſtome of maids then vſed to that entertainment of men: notwithſtanding the modeſtie of that age did not be

Yet

Yet neuer tam'd. But now, had ſome and weed,
Knit in the faire curles. Which diſſolu'd; and he
Slickt all with ſweet oile: the ſweet charitie,
The vntoucht virgin ſhewd in his attire,
He cloth'd him with. Then *Pallas* put a fire,
More then before, into his ſparkling eies;
His late ſoile ſet off, with his ſoone freſh guiſe.
His locks (cleanſd) curld the more; and matcht (in power
To pleaſe an eye) the *Hyacinthian* flower.
And as a workman, that can well combine
Siluer and gold; and make both ſtriue to ſhine;
As being by *Vulcan*, and *Minerua* too,
Taught how farre either may be vrg'd to go,
In ſtrife of eminence; when worke ſets forth
A worthy ſoule, to bodies of ſuch worth;
No thought reproouing th'act, in any place;
Nor *Art* no debt to *Natures* liueliеſt grace:
So *Pallas* wrought in him, a grace as great,
From head to ſhoulders; and aſhore did ſeate
His goodly preſence. To which, ſuch a guiſe
He ſhewd in going, that it rauiſht eies.
All which (continude) as he ſate apart;
Nauſicaas eye ſtrooke wonder through her heart;
Who thus beſpake her conſorts: Heare me, you
Faire-wriſted Virgins; this rare man (I know)
Treds not our country earth, againſt the will
Of ſome God, thron'd on the *Olympian* hill.
He ſhewd to me, till now, not worth the note;
But now he lookes, as he had Godhead got.
I would to heauen, my husband were no worſe;
And would be calld no better; but the courſe
Of other husbands pleaſd to dwell out here:
Obſerue and ſerue him, with our vtmoſt cheare.
She ſaid; they heard, and did. He drunke and eate
Like to a Harpy; hauing toucht no meate
A long before time. But *Nauſicaa* now
Thought of the more grace, ſhe did lately vow:
Had horſe to Chariot ioynd; and vp ſhe roſe:
Vp chear'd her gueſt, and ſaid: Gueſt, now diſpoſe
Your ſelfe for Towne; that I may let you ſee
My Fathers Court; where all the Peeres will be
Of our *Phæacian* State. At all parts then,
Obſerue to whom, and what place y'are t'attain;
Though I need vſher you with no aduice,
Since I ſuppoſe you abſolutely wiſe.
While we the fields paſſe, and mens labours there;
So long (in theſe maids guides) directly beare
Vpon my Chariot (I muſt go before,

corrupted inwardly for thoſe outward (and obſeruations of gueſts and ſtrangers, and was therefore prime ledged It was raſe to auoide ſhew: and thoſe that moſt curiouſly auoid the outward conſtruction, are euer moſt tainted with the inward corruption. Simile.

Nauſicaas admiration of Vlyſſes.

For

For cauſe that after comes: to which, this more
Be my induction) you ſhall then ſoone end
Your way to Towne; whoſe Towres you ſee aſcend
To ſuch a ſteepneſſe. On whoſe either ſide,
A faire Port ſtands; to which is nothing wide
An enterers paſſage: on whoſe both hands ride
Ships in faire harbors; which, once paſt, you win
The goodly market place, (that circles in
A Phane to *Neptune*, built of curious ſtone,
And paſſing ample) where munition,
Gables, and maſts men make, and poliſht oares;
For the *Phæacians* are not conquerors
By bowes nor quiuers; Oares, maſts, ſhips they are,
With which they plow the ſea, and wage their warre.
And now the cauſe comes, why I leade the way,
Not taking you to Coach. The men that ſway
In worke of thoſe tooles, that ſo fit our State,
Are rude Mechanicals; that rare and late
Woike in the market place; and thoſe are they
Whoſe bitter tongues I ſhun; who ſtrait would ſay,
(For theſe vile vulgars are extreamly proud,
And fouly languag'd) What, is he allowd
To coach it with *Nauſicaa*? ſo large ſet,
And fairely faſhiond? where were theſe two met?
He ſhall be ſure her husband. She hath bene
Gadding in ſome place; and (of forraine men,
Fitting her fancie) kindly brought him home
In her owne ſhip. He muſt, of force, be come
From ſome farre region; we haue no ſuch man.
It may be (praying hard, when her heart ran
On ſome wiſht husband) out of heauen, ſome God
Dropt in her lap; and there lies ſhe at rode,
Her complete life time. But, in ſooth, if ſhe
Ranging abroad, a husband ſuch as he,
Whom now we ſaw, laid hand on; ſhe was wiſe,
For none of all our Nobles, are of priſe
Enough for her: he muſt beyond-ſea come,
That wins her high mind, and will haue her home.
Of our Peeres, many haue importun'd her,
Yet ſhe will none. Thus theſe folks will conferre
Behind my backe; or (meeting) to my face,
The foule-mouth rout dare put home this diſgrace.
And this would be reproches to my fame;
For euen my ſelfe, iuſt anger would enflame,
If any other virgin I ſhould ſee
(Her parents liuing) keepe the companie
Or any man; to any end of loue,
Till open Nuptials ſhould her act approue.

The Cities deſcription ſo far forth as may in part ſeeme to induce her promiſt reaſon, why ſhe tooke not Vlyſſes to coach with her.

And

And therefore heare me gueſt; and take ſuch way,
That you your ſelfe may compaſſe, in your ſtay,
Your quicke deduction, by my Fathers grace;
And meanes to reach the roote of all your race.
We ſhall, not farre out of our way to Towne,
A neuer-felld Groue find, that Poplars crowne;
To *Pallas* ſacred, where a fountaine flowes;
And round about the Groue, a Medow growes;
In which, my Father holds a Mannor houſe;
Deckt all with Orchards, greene, and odorous;
As farre from Towne, as one may heare a ſhout.
There ſtay, and reſt your foote paines; till full out
We reach the Citie. Where, when you may gueſſe
We are arriu'd, and enter our acceſſe
Within my Fathers Court: then put you on
For our *Phæacian* State; where, to be ſhowne
My Fathers houſe, deſire. Each infant there
Can bring you to it; and your ſelfe will cleare
Diſtinguiſh it from others: for no ſhowes,
The Citie buildings make; compar'd with thoſe
That King *Alcinous* ſeate doth celebrate.
In whoſe rooфes, and the Court, (where men of ſtate,
And ſuiters ſit and ſtay) when you ſhall hide:
Strait paſſe it, entring further: where abide
My Mother, with her withdrawne houſwiferies;
Who ſtill ſits in the fire-ſhine, and applies
Her Rocke, all purple, and of pompous ſhow:
Her Chaire plac't gainſt a Pillar: all arow
Her maids behind her ſet; and to her here,
My Fathers dining Throne lookes. Seated where
He powres his choice of wine in, like a God.
This view once paſt; for th'end of your abode,
Addreſſe ſuite to my Mother; that her meane,
May make the day of your redition ſeene.
And you may frolicke ſtrait, though farre away
You are in diſtance from your wiſhed ſtay.
For if ſhe once be won to wiſh you well,
Your *Hope* may inſtantly your Paſport ſeale;
And thenceforth ſure abide to ſee your friends,
Faire houſe, and all, to which your heart contends.

Not without ſome iuſt note of our omniſufficient Homers getter all touch of the leaſt fitneſſe lying in his way, may this courtly diſcretion he deſcribes in Nauſicaa, be obſerued, of you pleaſe.

This ſaid; ſhe vſde her ſhining ſcourge, and laſht
Her Mules, that ſoone the ſhore left, where ſhe waſht;
And (knowing well the way) their pace was fleet,
And thicke they gatherd vp their nimble feet.
Which yet * ſhe temperd ſo; and vſde her ſcourge
With ſo much skill; as not to ouer-vrge
The foote behind; and make them ſtraggle ſo,
From cloſe ſocietie. Firme together go

Vlyſſes and her maids. And now the Sunne
Sunke to the waters; when they all had wonne
The neuer-feld, and ſound-exciting wood,
Sacred to *Pallas*: where the God-like good
Vlyſſes reſted; and to *Pallas* praid:
Heare me, of Goate-kept *Ioue*, th'vnconquerd Maid;
Now throughly heare me; ſince in all the time
Of all my wracke, my pray'rs could neuer clime
Thy far-off eares; when noiſefull *Neptune* toſt
Vpon his watry briſſels, my imboſt
And rack-torne body: heare yet now, and daine
I may of the *Phæacian* State obtaine
Pitie, and grace. Thus praid he; and ſhe heard:
By no meanes yet (expoſde to ſight) appear'd,
For feare t'offend her Vnkle; the ſupreme
Of all the *Sea-Gods; whoſe wrath ſtill extreme
Stood to *Vlyſſes*; and would neuer ceaſe,
Till with his Country ſhore, he crownd his peace.

More of our Poets curious and ſweet pietie.

Neptune.

Finis libri ſexti Hom. Odyſſ.

K THE

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

NAuſicaa *arriues at Towne;*
And then Vlyſſes. *He makes knowne*
His ſuite to Arete: *who, view*
Takes of his veſture, which ſhe knew;
And aſks him, from whoſe hands it came.
He tels, with all the hapleſſe frame
Of his affaires, in all the while,
Since he forſooke Calypſos *Ile.*

Another.

Hlæ. *The honord minde,*
And welcome things,
Vlyſſes *finds,*
In Scherias *Kings.*

THus praid the wiſe, and God-obſeruing Man.
The Maid, by free force of her Palfreys, wan
Acceſſe to Towne; and the renowmed Court,
Reacht of her Father; where, within the Port,
She ſtaid her Coach; and round about her came
Her Brothers, (made as of immortall frame.)
Who yet diſdaind not, for her loue, meane deeds;
But tooke from *Coach her Mules, brought in her weeds.
And ſhe aſcends her chamber; where puruaid
A quicke fire was, by her old chamber-maid
Eurymeduſa, th'*Aperæan* borne;
And brought by ſea, from *Apera*, t'adorne
The Court of great *Alcinous*; becauſe
He gaue to all, the bleſt *Pheacians* lawes;
And, like a heauen-borne Powre in ſpeech, acquir'd
The peoples eares. To one then ſo admir'd,
Eurymeduſa was eſteemd no worſe,
Then worth the gift: yet now growne old, was Nurſe
To Ivory-armd *Nauſicaa*; gaue heate
To all her fires, and dreſt her priuie meate.
Then roſe *Vlyſſes*, and made way to Towne;
Which ere he reacht, a mightie miſt was throwne
By *Pallas* round about him; in her Care,
Left in the ſway of enuies popular,
Some proud *Pheacian* might foule language paſſe,
Iuſtle him vp, and aske him what he was.

Hæc fuit illius facult ſimplicitas: nam vel tra- terous quoque Amor, tantus fuit, vt libenter hanc redeunti chariſſimæ ſo- rori, operam præſtiterint. Spond.

Entring

Entring the louely Towne yet: through the cloud
Pallas appeard; and like a yong wench ſhowd
Bearing a pitcher; Stood before him ſo,
As if obiected purpoſely to know
What there he needed; whom he queſtiond thus:
Know you not (daughter) where *Alcinous*,
That rules this Towne, dwels? I, a poore diſtreſt
Meere ſtranger here; know none I may requeſt,
To make this Court knowne to me. She replied:
Strange Father; I will ſee you ſatisfied.
In that requeſt: my Father dwels, iuſt by
The houſe you ſeeke for; but go ſilently;
Nor aske, nor ſpeake to any other; I
Shall be enough to ſhew your way: the men
That here inhabite, do not entertain
With ready kindneſſe, ſtrangers; of what worth
Or ſtate ſoeuer: nor haue taken forth
Leſſons of ciuill vſage, or reſpect
To men beyond them. They (vpon their powres
Of ſwift ſhips building) top the watry towres:
And *Ioue* hath giuen them ſhips, for ſaile ſo wrought,
They cut a fether, and command a thought.
This ſaid; ſhe vtherd him; and after, he
Trod in the ſwift ſteps of the Deitie.
The free-ſaild ſea-men could not get a ſight
Of our *Vlyſſes*, yet: though he foreright,
Both by their houſes and their perſons paſt:
Pallas about him, ſuch a darkneſſe caſt,
By her diuine powre, and her reuerend care,
She would not giue the Towne-borne, cauſe to ſtare.
He wonderd, as he paſt, to ſee the Ports;
The ſhipping in them; and for all reſorts,
The goodly market ſteds; and Iles beſide
For the *Heroes*; walls ſo large and wide;
Rampires ſo high, and of ſuch ſtrength withall;
It would with wonder, any eye appall.
At laſt they reacht the Court; and *Pallas* ſaid:
Now, honourd ſtranger; I will ſee obaid
Your will, to ſhew our Rulers houſe; tis here;
Where you ſhall find, Kings celebrating cheare;
Enter amongſt them; nor admit a feare;
More bold a man is, he preuailes the more;
Though man nor place, he euer ſaw before.
You firſt ſhall find the Queene in Court, whoſe name
Is *Arete*: of parents borne, the ſame
That was the King her Spouſe: their Pedigree
I can report: the great Earth-ſhaker, he
Of *Peribœa*, (that her ſex out-ſhone,

Vlyſſes. à Minerua in ædes Alcinoi perducitur, ſeptus nebula.

Per mentis cursum, naues veloces veluti pennæ, atque cogitatio.

Arete the wife of Alcinous.

And

And yongeſt daughter was, t'*Eurymedon*;
Who of th'vnmeaſur'd-minded Giants, ſwaid
Th'Imperiall Scepter; and the pride allaid
Of men ſo impious, with cold death; and died
Himſelfe ſoone after) got the magnified
In mind, *Nauſithous*; who the kingdomes ſtate
Firſt held in ſupreame rule. *Nauſithous* gat
Rhexenor, and *Alcinous*, now King:
Rhexenor (whoſe ſeed did no male fruite ſpring;
And whom the ſiluer-bow-glac't *Phœbus* ſlue
Yong in the Court) his ſhed blood did renew
In onely *Arete*; who now is Spouſe
To him that rules the kingdome, in this houſe,
And is her Vnkle; King *Alcinous*.
Who honors her, paſt equall. She may boaſt
More honor of him, then the honord moſt
Of any wife in earth, can of her Lord;
How many more ſoeuer, Realmes affoord,
That keepe houſe vnder husbands. Yet no more
Her husband honors her, then her bleſt ſtore
Of gracious children. All the Citie caſt
Eyes on her, as a Goddeſſe; and giue taſte
Of their affections to her, in their praires,
Still as ſhe decks the ſtreets. For all affaires,
Wrapt in contention, ſhe diſſolues to men.
Whom ſhe affects, ſhe wants no mind to deigne
Goodneſſe enough. If her heart ſtand inclin'd
To your diſpatch; hope all you wiſh to find;
Your friends, your longing family, and all,
That can within your moſt affections fall.
This ſaid; away the grey-eyd Goddeſſe flew
Along th'vntamed ſea. Left the louely hew,
Scheria preſented. Out flew *Marathon*,
And ample-ſtreeted *Athens* lighted on.
Where, to the houſe that caſts ſo *thicke a ſhade,
Of *Erectheus*; ſhe ingreſſion made.
Vlyſſes, to the loftie-builded Court
Of King *Alcinous*, made bold reſort;
Yet in his heart caſt many a thought, before
The brazen pauement of the rich Court, bore
His enterd perſon. Like heauens two maine Lights,
The roomes illuſtrated, both daies and nights.
On euery ſide ſtood firme a wall of braſſe,
Euen from the threſhold to the inmoſt paſſe;
Which bore a roofe vp, that all Saphire was;
The brazen threſholds both ſides, did enfold
Siluer Pilaſters, hung with gates of gold;
Whoſe Portall was of ſiluer; ouer which

*For them repre-ſpeaketh of this Degree, I haue here ordained the Diuyll as Neptunia hath it. Neptune begat Xanthus of Periboea. By Xanthus, Rhexenor, Alcinous, were begot. By Rhexenor. I re the wife of her vncle Alcinous.

*The honor of Arete (or vertue) alleg.

*Homer. ſpiſſus.

*The Court of Alcinous.

A golden Corniſh did the front enrich.
On each ſide, Dogs of gold and ſiluer fram'd,
The houſes Guard ſtood; which the Deitie (*lam'd)
With knowing inwards had inſpir'd; and made,
That *Death* nor *Age*, ſhould their eſtates inuade. *Vulcan.*
Along the wall, ſtood euery way a throne;
From th'entry to the Lobbie: euery one,
Caſt ouer with a rich-wrought-cloth of ſtate.
Beneath which, the *Phæacian* Princes ſate
At wine and food; and feaſted all the yeare.
Youths forg'd of gold, at euery table there,
Stood holding flaming torches; that, in night
Gaue through the houſe, each honourd Gueſt, his light.
And (to encounter feaſt with houſwifry)
In one roome fiftie women did apply
Their ſeuerall tasks. Some, apple-colourd corne
Ground in faire Quernes; and ſome did ſpindles turne.
Some worke in loomes: no hand, leaſt reſt receiues;
But all had motion, apt, as Aſpen leaues.
And from the weeds they woue, (ſo faſt they laid,
And ſo thicke thruſt together, thred by thred)
That th'oile (of which the wooll had drunke his fill)
Did with his moiſture, in light dewes diſtill.
As much as the *Phæacian* men exceld,
All other countrimen, in Art to build
A ſwift-ſaild ſhip: ſo much the women there,
For worke of webs, paſt other women were.
Paſt meane, by *Pallas* meanes, they vnderſtood
The grace of good works; and had wits as good.
Without the Hall, and cloſe vpon the Gate,
A goodly Orchard ground was ſituate,
Of neare ten Acres; about which, was led
A loftie Quickſet. In it flouriſhed
High and broad fruit trees, that Pomegranats bore;
Sweet Figs, Peares, Oliues, and a number more
Moſt vſefull Plants, did there produce their ſtore. *Hortus Alcinoi memorabilis.*
Whoſe fruits, the hardeſt Winter could not kill;
Nor hoteſt Summer wither. There was ſtill
Fruite in his proper ſeaſon, all the yeare.
Sweet *Zephire* breath'd vpon them, blaſts that were
Of varied tempers: theſe, he made to beare
Ripe fruites: theſe bloſſomes: Peare grew after Peare;
Apple ſucceeded apple; Grape, the Grape;
Fig after Fig came; *Time* made neuer rape,
Of any daintie there. A ſpritely vine
Spred here his roote; whoſe fruite, a hote ſun-ſhine
Made ripe betimes. Here grew another, greene.
Here, ſome were gathering; here, ſome preſſing ſeene.

A large-allotted ſeuerall, each fruite had;
And all th'adornd grounds, their apparance made,
In flowre and fruite, at which the King did aime,
To the preciſeſt order he could claime.
Two Fountaines grac't the garden; of which, one
Powrd out a winding ſtreame, that ouer-runne
The grounds for their vſe chiefly: th'other went
Cloſe by the loftie Pallace gate; and lent
The Citie his ſweet benefit: and thus
The Gods the Court deckt of *Alcinous*.
Patient *Vlyſſes* ſtood a while at gaze;
But (hauing all obſeru'd) made inſtant pace
Into the Court; where all the Peeres he found,
And Captaines of *Phæacia*; with Cups crownd,
Offring to ſharp-eyd *Hermes*: to whom, laſt
They vſde to ſacrifice; when *Sleepe* had caſt
His inclination through their thoughts. But theſe,
Vlyſſes paſt; and forth went; nor their eies
Tooke note of him: for *Pallas* ſtopt the light
With miſts about him; that, vnſtaid, he might
Firſt to *Alcinous*, and *Arete*,
Preſent his perſon; and, of both them, ſhe
(By *Pallas* counſell) was to haue the grace
Of foremoſt greeting. Therefore his embrace,
He caſt about her knee. And then off flew
The heauenly aire that hid him. When his view,
With ſilence and with *Admiration* ſtrooke
The Court quite through: but thus he ſilence broake:
Diuine *Rhexenors* offspring, *Arete*;
To thy moſt honourd husband, and to thee,
A man whom many labours haue diſtreſt,
Is come for comfort; and to euery gueſt:
To all whom, heauen vouchſafe delightſome liues;
And after, to your iſſue that ſuruiues,
A good reſignement of the Goods ye leaue;
With all the honor that your ſelues receiue
Amongſt your people. Only this of me,
Is the Ambition; that I may but ſee
(By your vouchſaft meanes; and betimes vouchſaft)
My country earth; ſince I haue long bin left
To labors, and to errors, bard from end;
And farre from benefit of any friend.
He ſaid no more; but left them dumbe with that;
Went to the harth, and in the aſhes ſat,
Aſide the fire. At laſt their ſilence brake;
And *Echineus*, th'old *Heroe* ſpake.
A man that all *Phæacians* paſt in yeares,
And in perſwaſiue eloquence, all the Peeres;

Mercurie.

Arcten, Vlyſſes ſupplex orat.

Knew

Knew much, and vſde it well; and thus ſpake he:
Alcinous! it ſhewes not decently;
Nor doth your honor, what you ſee, admit;
That this your gueſt, ſhould thus abiectly ſit:
His chaire the earth; the harth his cuſhion;
Aſhes, as if appoſde for food: a Throne
Adornd with diuerſities, ſtands you more in hand
To ſee his perſon plac't in; and command
That inſtantly your Heralds fill in wine;
That to the God that doth in lightnings ſhine,
We may do ſacrifice: for he is there,
Where theſe his reuerend ſuppliants appeare.
Let what you haue within, be brought abroad,
To ſup the ſtranger. All theſe would haue ſhowd
This fit reſpect to him; but that they ſtay
For your precedence, that ſhould grace the way.
When this had added to the well-inclin'd,
And ſacred order of *Alcinous* mind;
Then, of the great in wit, the hand he ſeiſd;
And from the aſhes, his fair perſon raiſd;
Aduanc't him to a well-adorned Throne;
And from his ſeate raiſd his moſt loued ſonne,
(*Laodamas*, that next himſelfe was ſet)
To giue him place. The handmaid then did get
An Ewre of gold, with water fild; which plac't
Vpon a Caldron, all with ſiluer grac't)
She powrd out on their hands. And then was ſpred
A Table, which the Butler ſet with bread;
As others ſeru'd with other food, the boord;
In all the choiſe, the preſent could affoord.
Vlyſſes, meate and wine tooke; and then thus;
The King the Herald calld: *Pontonous*!
Serue wine through all the houſe; that all may pay
Rites to the Lightner, who is ſtill in way
With humble ſuppliants; and them purſues,
With all benigne, and hoſpitable dues.
Pontonous, gaue act to all he willd,
And hony ſweetneſſe-giuing-minds-*wine filld;
Diſpoſing it in cups for all to drinke.
All hauing drunke, what eithers heart could thinke
Fit for due ſacrifice; *Alcinous* ſaid:
Heare me, ye Dukes, that the *Phæacians* leade;
And you our Counſellors; that I may now
Diſcharge the charge, my mind ſuggeſts to you,
For this our gueſt: Feaſt paſt, and this nights ſleepe;
Next morne (our Senate ſummond) we will keepe
Iuſt, ſacred to the Gods; and this our Gueſt
Receiue in ſolemne Court, with fitting Feaſt:

Echineus to Alcinous.

The word that beares this long Epithete, is tranſlated only dulce: which ſignifies more.
μελιηδέα οἶνον ἔκιρνα:
Vinum quod mellea dulcedine, animum perfundit, & oblectat.

K 4 Then

Then thinke of his returne; that vnder hand
Of our deduction; his naturall land
(Without more toile or care; and with delight;
And that ſoone giuen him; how farre hence diſſite
Soeuer it can be) he may aſcend;
And in the meane time, without wrong attend,
Aſcent to the Countries ſhore. Or other want; fit meanes to that aſcent.
What, after, auſtere Fates, ſhall make th'euent
Of his lifes thred (now ſpinning, and began
When his paind mother, freed his roote of man)
Euſtathius will haue this compariſon of the Phæacians with the Giants and Cyclops to proceede out of the inueterate virulency of Antinous to the Cyclops who were cauſeleſs as before ſaid) if their remoue from their country. & with great endeuour labors the approbation of it: but (vnder his peace) from the purpoſe: for the ſence of the Poet is cleer, that the Cyclops & Giants being in part the iſſue of the God, and yet afterward their deſiers, (as Poſyp. hereafter dares profeſſ.) Antinous (out of bold and manly reaſon, euen to the face of one that might haue bin a God, for the paſt manly appearãce he made there) would tell him, and the reſt in him, that if they graced thoſe Cyclops with their open appearance, that though deſcended from them, durſt yet denie them; they might much more do them the honor of their open preſence that adored them.
He muſt endure in all kinds. If ſome God,
Perhaps abides with vs, in his abode;
And other things will thinke vpon then we;
The Gods wils ſtand: who euer yet were free
Of their appearance to vs; when to them
Ve offerd Hecatombs, of fit eſteem.
And would at feaſt ſit with vs; euen where we
Orderd our Seſſion. They would likewiſe be
Encountrers of vs, when in way, alone
About his fit affaires, went any one.
Nor let them cloke themſelues in any care,
To do vs comfort; we as neare them are,
As are the *Cyclops*; or the impious race,
Of earthy *Giants*, that would heauen outface.
Vlyſſes anſwerd; Let ſome other doubt
Employ your thoughts, then what your words giue out;
Which intimate a kind of doubt, that I
Should ſhadow in this ſhape, a Deitie.
I beare no ſuch leaſt ſemblance; or in wit,
Vertue, or perſon. What may well befit
One of thoſe mortals, whom you chiefly know,
Beares vp and downe, the burthen of the woe
Appropriate to poore man; giue that to me;
Of whoſe mones I ſit, in the moſt degree;
And might ſay more; ſuſtaining griefes that all
The Gods conſent to: no one twixt their fall
And my vnpitied ſhoulders, letting downe
The leaſt diuerſion. Be the grace then ſhowne,
To let me taſte your free-giuen food, in peace:
Through greateſt griefe, the belly muſt haue eaſe.
Worſe then an enuious belly, nothing is.
It will command his ſtrict Neceſſities,
Of men moſt grieu'd in body or in mind,
That are in health, and will not giue their kind,
A deſperate wound. When moſt with cauſe I grieue,
It bids me ſtill, Eare man, and drinke, and liue;
And this makes all forgot. What euer ill
I euer beare; it euer bids me fill.

But this eaſe is but forc't, and will not laſt,
Till what the mind likes, be as well embrac't;
And therefore let me with you would partake
In your late purpoſe; when the Morne ſhall make
Her next appearance; daigne me but the grace,
(Vnhappie man) that I may once embrace
My country earth: though I be ſtill thruſt at,
By ancient ills; yet make me but ſee that;
And then let life go. When (withall) I ſee
My high-roofd large houſe, lands and family.
This, all approu'd; and each, willd euery one;
Since he hath laid ſo fairly; ſet him gone.
Feaſt paſt, and ſacrifice; to ſleepe, all vow
Their cies at eithers houſe. *Vlyſſes* now,
Was left here with *Alcinous*, and his Queene,
The all-lou'd *Arete*. The handmaids then
The veſſell of the Banquet, tooke away.
When *Arete* ſet eye on his array;
Knew both his out, and vnderweed, which ſhe
Made with her maids; and muſde by what meanes he
Obtaind their wearing: which ſhe made requeſt
To know; and wings gaue to theſe ſpeeches: Gueſt!
Firſt let me aske, what, and from whence you are?
And then, who grac't you with the weeds you weare?
Said you not lately, you had err'd at ſeas?
And thence arriu'd here? *Laertides*
To this, thus anſwerd: Tis a paine (O Queene)
Still to be opening wounds wrought deepe and greene;
Of which, the Gods haue opened ſtore in me;
Yet your will muſt be ſeru'd: Farre hence, at ſea,
There lies an Ile, that beares *Ogygia* name;
Where *Atlas* daughter, the ingenious Dame,
Faire-haird *Calypſo* liues: a Goddeſſe graue,
And with whom, men, nor Gods, ſocietie haue.
Yet I (paſt man vnhappie) liu'd alone,
By heau'ns wrath forc't) her houſe companion.
For *Ioue* had with a feruent lightning cleft
My ſhip in twaine; and farre at blacke ſea left
Me and my ſouldiers; all whoſe liues I loſt.
I, in mine armes the keele tooke, and was toſt
Nine dayes together vp from waue to waue.
The tenth grim Night, the angry Deities draue
Me and my wracke, on th'Ile, in which doth dwell
Dreadfull *Calypſo*; who exactly well
Receiu'd and nouriſht me; and promiſe made,
To make me deathleſſe: nor ſhould Age inuade
My powres with his deſerts, through all my dayes.
All mou'd not me; and therefore, on her ſtayes,

Arete to Vlyſſes.

Vlyſſes to Arete.

Seuen yeares ſhe made me lie: and there ſpent I
The long time; ſteeping in the miſerie
Of ceaſleſſe teares, the Garments I did weare
From her faire hand. The eight reuolued yeare,
(Or by her chang'd mind; or by charge of *Ioue*)
She gaue prouokt way to my wiſht remoue;
And in a many-ioynted ſhip, with wine,
(Daintie in ſauour) bread, and weeds diuine;
Sign'd with a harmleſſe and ſweet wind, my paſſe.
Then, ſeuenteene dayes at ſea, I homeward was;
And by the eighteenth, the darke hils appeard,
That your Earth thruſts vp. Much my heart was cheard;
(Vnhappie man) for that was but a beame;
To ſhew I yet, had agonies extreame,
To put in ſufferance: which th'Earth-ſhaker ſent;
Croſſing my way, with tempeſts violent;
Vnmeaſur'd ſeas vp-lifting: nor would giue
The billowes leaue, to let my veſſell liue
The leaſt time quiet: that euen ſigh'd to beare
Their bitter outrage: which, at laſt, did teare
Her ſides in peeces, ſet on by the winds.
I yet, through-ſwomme the waues, that your ſhore binds,
Till wind and water threw me vp to it;
When, coming forth, a ruthleſſe billow ſmit
Againſt huge rocks, and an acceſleſſe ſhore
My mangl'd body. Backe againe I bore,
And ſwom till I was ſaine vpon a flood,
Whoſe ſhores, me thought, on good aduantage ſtood,
For my receit: rock-free, and ſcne't from wind.
And this I put for, gathering vp my mind.
Then the diuine Night came; and tredding Earth,
Cloſe by the flood, that had from *Ioue* her birth.
Within a thicket I repoſde; when round
I ruffld vp ſaine leaues in heape; and found
(Let fall from heauen) a ſleepe interminate.
And here, my heart (long time excruciate)
Amongſt the leaues I reſted all that night;
Euen till the morning and meridian light.
The Sunne declining then; delightſome ſleepe,
No longer laid my temples in his ſteepe;
But forth I went, and on the ſhore might ſee
Your daughters maids play. Like a Deitie
She ſhin'd aboue them; and I praid to her:
And ſhe, in diſpoſition did prefer
Nobleſſe, and wiſedome, no more low then might
Become the goodneſſe of a Goddeſſe height.
Nor would you therefore hope (ſuppoſde diſtreſt
As I was then, and old) to find the leaſt

Of

Of any *Grace* from her; being yonger farre.
With young folkes, Wiſedome makes her commerce rare.
Yet ſhe in all abundance did beſtow,
Both wine (that makes the *blood in humanes grow)
And food; and bath'd me in the flood; and gaue
The weeds to me, which now ye ſee me haue.
This, through my griefes I tell you; and tis true.
Alcinous anſwerd: Gueſt! my daughter knew
Leaſt of what moſt you giue her; nor became
The courſe ſhe tooke, to let, with euery Dame,
Your perſon lackey; nor hath with them brought
Your ſelfe home to; which firſt you had beſought.
O blame her not (ſaid he) Heroicall Lord;
Nor let me heare, againſt her worth, a word.
She faultleſſe is; and wiſht I would haue gone
With all her women home: but I alone
Would venture my receit here; hauing feare
And reuerend aw of accidents that were
Of likely iſſue: both your wrath to moue,
And to inflame the common peoples loue,
Of ſpeaking ill: to which they ſoone giue place;
We men are all a moſt ſuſpicious race.
My gueſt (ſaid he) I vſe not to be ſtird
To wrath too raſhly; and where are preferd
To mens conceits, things that may both waies faile;
The nobleſt euer ſhould the moſt preuaile.
Would *Ioue* our Father, *Pallas*, and the *Sunne*,
That (were you ſtill as now, and could but runne
One Fate with me) you would my daughter wed,
And be my ſon-in-law; ſtill vowd to leade
Your reſt of life here. I, a houſe would giue,
And houſhold goods; ſo freely you would liue,
Confin'd with vs: but gainſt you will, ſhall none
Containe you here; ſince that were violence done
To *Ioue* our Father. For your paſſage home,
That you may well know, we can ouercome
So great a voyage; thus it ſhall ſucceed:
To morrow ſhall our men take all their heed
(While you ſecurely ſleepe) to ſee the ſeas
In calmeſt temper; and (if that will pleaſe)
Shew you your Country and your houſe ere night;
Though farre beyond *Eubœa* be that ſight.
And this *Eubœa* (as our ſubiects ſay,
That haue bin there, and ſeene) is farre away
Fartheſt from vs, of all the parts they know.
And made the triall, when they helpt to row
The gold-lockt *Rhadamanth*; to giue him view
Of Earth-borne *Tityus*: whom their ſpeeds did ſhew

* ἀνθρώπων αἷμα, Vinum calefaciendi vim habens.

In

(In that far-off *Eubœa*) the ſame day
They ſet from hence; and home made good their way.
With eaſe againe, and him they did conuay.
Which, I report to you, to let you ſee
How ſwift my ſhips are; and how matchleſſy
My yong *Phæacians*, with their oares preuaile,
To beate the ſea through, and aſſiſt a ſaile.
This cheard *Vlyſſes*; who in priuate praid:
I would to *Ioue* our Father, what he ſaid,
He could performe at all parts; he ſhould then
Be glorified for euer; and I gaine
My naturall Country. This diſcourſe they had;
When faire-armd *Arete*, her handmaids bad
A bed make in the *Portico*; and plie
With cloaths; the Couering Tapeſtrie;
The Blankets purple. Wel napt Waſtcoates too,
To weare for more warmth. What theſe had to do,
They torches tooke, and did. The Bed puruaid;
They mou'd *Vlyſſes* for his reſt; and ſaid:
Come Gueſt, your Bed is fit; now frame to reſt.
Motion of ſleepe, was gracious to their Gueſt;
Which now he tooke profoundly; being laid
Within a loop-hole Towre, where was conuaid
The ſounding *Portico*. The King tooke reſt
In a retir'd part of the houſe; where dreſt
The Queene her ſelfe, a Bed, and Trundlebed;
And by her Lord, repoſde her reuerend head.

Finis libri ſeptimi Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Peeres of the Phæacian *State,*
A Councell call, to conſolate
Vlyſſes, *with all meanes for Home.*
The Councell to a Banquet come.
Inuited by the king: which done;
Aſſaies for hurling of the ſtone,
The Youths make with the ſtranger king.
Demodecus, *at feaſt, doth ſing*
Th' Adulterie of the God of Armes
With her that rules, in Amorous charmes.
And after, ſings the entercourſe
*Of Acts about th'*Epæan *Horſe.*

Another.

Sinis. *The Councels frame,*
At ſleete applied;
Inſtrifes of Game,
Vlyſſes *tried.*

NOw when the Roſie-fingerd morne aroſe;
The ſacred powre *Alcinous* did diſpoſe
Did likewiſe riſe; and like him, left his Eaſe,
The Cittie-racer *Laertiades.*
The Councell at the Nauie was deſign'd;
To which *Alcinous*, with the facred mind,
Came firſt of all. On poliſht ſtones they ſate
Neare to the Nauie. To increaſe the ſtate,
Minerua tooke the heralds forme on her
That ſeru'd *Alcinous*; ſtudious to prefer
Vlyſſes Suite for home. About the towne
She made quicke way; and fild with the renowne
Of that deſigne, the eares of euery man:
Proclaiming thus; *Peers Phæacenſian!*
And men of Councell: all haſte to the Court;
To heare the ſtranger that made late reſort
To king *Alcinous*: long time loſt at Sea;
And is in perſon, like a Deitie.
This, all their powres ſet vp; and ſpirit inſtild;
And ſtraight the Court and ſeats, with men were fild.
The whole State wonderd at *Laertes* Son
When they beheld him. *Pallas* put him on

Pallas like the Herald.

A ſupernaturall, and heauenly dreſſe;
Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodlineſſe
In breaſt, and ſhoulders; that he might appeare
Gracious, and graue, and reuerend; and beare
A perfect hand on his performance there,
In all the trials they reſolu'd t'impoſe.
All met; and gatherd in attention cloſe;
Alcinous thus beſpake them: Dukes, and Lords;
Heare me digeſt, my hearty thoughts in words:
This Stranger here whoſe trauels found my Court;
I know not; nor can tell if his reſort
From Eaſt or Weſt comes: But his ſuite is this;
That to his Countrey earth we would diſmis
His hither-forced perſon; and doth beare
The minde to paſſe it vnder euery Peere:
Whom I prepare, and ſtirre vp; making knowne
My free deſire of his deduction.
Nor ſhall there euer, any other man
That tries the goodneſſe *Phæacenſian*,
In me, and my Courts entertainement; ſtay
Mourning for paſſage, vnder leaſt delay.
Come then; A ſhip into the ſacred ſeas,
New-built, now lanch we; and from out our preaſe;
Chuſe two and fiftie Youths; of all, the beſt
To vſe an oare. All which, ſee ſtraight impreſt;
And in their Oare-bound ſeates. Let others hie
Home to our Court; commanding inſtantly
The ſolemne preparation of a feaſt;
In which, prouiſion may for any gueſt
Be made at my charge. Charge of theſe low things,
I giue our Youth. You Scepter-bearing kings,
Conſort me home; and helpe with grace to vſe
This gueſt of ours: no one man ſhall refuſe.
Some other of you, haſte, and call to vs
The ſacred ſinger, graue *Demodocus*;
To whom hath God giuen, ſong that can excite
The heart of whom he liſteth with delight.
This ſaid, he led. The Scepter-bearers lent
Their free attendance; and with all ſpeede, went
The herald for the ſacred man in ſong.
Youths two and fifties choſen from the throng
Went, as was willd, to the vntam'd ſeas ſhore;
Where come; they lancht the ſhip: the Maſt it bore
Aduanc't, ſailes hoiſed; euery ſeate, his Ore
Gaue with a lether thong: the deepe moiſt then
They further reacht. The drie ſtreets flowd with men;
That troup't vp to the kings capacious Court.
Whoſe *Porticos*, were chok't with the reſort:

Alcinous exhorts the Phæacians to the beliefe of Vlyſſes.

Whoſe wals were hung with men: yong, old, thruſt there,
In mighty concourſe; for whoſe promiſt cheere
Alcinous ſlue twelue Sheepe; eight white-toothd Swine:
Two crook-hancht Beeues; which ſtead, and dreſt, diuine
The ſhow was of ſo many a iocund Gueſt
All ſet together, at ſo ſet a feaſt.
To whoſe accompliſht ſtate, the Herald then
The louely Singer led; Who paſt all mean
The Muſe affected; gaue him good, and ill;
His eies put out; but put in ſoule at will.
His place was giuen him, in a chaire, all grac't
With ſiluer ſtuds, and gainſt a Pillar plac't;
Where, as the Center to the State, he reſts;
And round about, the circle of the Gueſts.
The Herald, on a Pinne, aboue his head
His ſoundfull harpe hung: to whoſe height, he led
His hand for taking of it downe at will.
A Boord ſet by, with food; and forth did fill
A Bowle of wine, to drinke at his deſire.
The reſt then, fell to feaſt; and when the fire
Of appetite was quencht: the Muſe inflam'd
The ſacred Singer. Of men highlieſt fam'd,
He ſung the glories; and a Poeme pend,
That in applauſe, did ample heauen aſcend.
Whoſe ſubiect was, the ſterne contention
Betwixt *Vlyſſes*, and Great *Thetis* Sonne;
As, at a banket, ſacred to the Gods
In dreadfull language, they expreſt their ods.
When *Agamemnon*, ſat reioyc't in ſoule
To heare the Greeke Peeres iarre, in termes ſo foule;
For *Augur Phœbus*, in preſage had told
The king of men, (deſirous to vnfold
The wars perplexed end; and being therefore gone
In heauenly *Pythia*, to the Porch of ſtone,)
That then the end, of all griefes ſhould begin,
Twixt *Greece*, and *Troy*; when *Greece* (with ſtrife to winne
That wiſht concluſion) in her kings ſhould iarre;
And pleade, if force, or wit muſt end the warre.
This braue contention did the Poet ſing;
Expreſſing ſo the ſpleene of either king;
That his large purple weede, *Vlyſſes* held
Before his face, and eies; ſince thence diſtilld
Teares vncontaind; which he obſcur'd, in feare
To let th'obſeruing Preſence, note a teare.
But when his ſacred ſong the meere Diuine
Had giuen an end; a Goblet crownd with wine
Vlyſſes (drying his wet eies) did ſeiſe;
And ſacrifiſde to thoſe Gods that would pleaſe

Demodocus Poeta.

The contention of Achilles and Vlyſſes.

Vlyſſi monetur fletus.

The continued praise of Vlysses through all places, times and occasions.

T'inspire the Poet with a song so fit
To do him honour, and renowme his wit.
His teares then staid. But when againe began
(By all the kings desires) the mouing man;
Againe *Vlysses*, could not chuse but yeeld
To that soft passion: which againe, withheld,
He kept so cunningly from sight; that none
(Except *Alcinous* himselfe, alone)
Discern'd him mou'd so much. But he sat next;
And heard him deeply sigh. Which, his pretext
Could not keepe hid from him. Yet he conceal'd
His vtterance of it; and would haue it held
From all the rest. Brake off the song, and this
Said to those Ore-affecting Peeres of his:
Princes, and Peeres! we now are satiate
With sacred song, that fits a feast of state:
With wine, and food. Now then, to field, and try;
In all kinds our approu'd actiuity;
That this our Guest, may giue his friends to know
In his returne: that we, as little owe
To fights, and wrestlings, leaping, speede of race,
As these our Court-rites; and commend our grace
In all, to all superiour. Foorth he led
The Peeres and people, troup't vp to their head:
Nor must *Demodocus* be left within;
Whose harpe, the Herald hung vpon the pinne;
His hand, in his tooke; and abroad he brought
The heauenly Poet: out, the same way wrought
That did the Princes: and what they would see
With admiration, with his companie
They wisht to honour. To the place of Game
These throng'd; and after, routs of other came,
Of all sort, infinite. Of Youths that stroue,
Many, and strong, rose to their trials loue.

Since the Phæacians were not only dwellers by sea Luxurious also of sea qualities: their names seeme to vsurpe their faculties therein.

Vp rose *Acroneus*, and *Ocyalus*;
Elatreus, *Prymneus*, and *Anchyalus*;
Nauteus, *Eretmeus*, *Thoon*, *Proreus*;
Pontæus, and the strong *Amphialus*,
Sonne to *Tectonides*, *Polinius*.

All consisting of sea-faring signification, except Laodamas.

Vp rose to these, the great *Euryalus*;
In action like the homicide of warre.
Naubolides, that was for person farre
Past all the rest: but one he could not passe;
Laodamas.

As Acroneus, fuma seu extrema Nauis pars. Ocyalus veloz in mari. Elatreus ab Elatere remex. Remex, &c.

Nor any thought improue;
Vp *Anabesineus* then arose;
And three sonnes of the Scepter state, and those;
Were *Halius*, and fore-praisde *Laodamas*;
And *Clytoneus*, like a God in grace.

These first the foote-game tride; and from the lists
Took start together. Vp the dust, in mists
They hurld about; as in their speede, they flew;
But *Clytoneus*, first, of all the crew
A Stiches length in any fallow field
Made good his pace; when where the Iudges yeeld
The prise, and praise, his glorious speed atriu'd.
Next, for the boistrous wrestling Game they striu'd;
At which, *Euryalus*, the rest outshone.
At leape, *Amphialus*. At the hollow stone
Elatreus exceld. At buffets, last,
Laodamas, the kings faire sonne surpast.
When all had striu'd in these assaies their fill;
Laodamas said; Come friends; let's proue what skill
This Stranger hath attaind to, in our sport;
Me thinks, he must be of the actiue sort.
His calues, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders show,
That *Nature* disposition did bestow
To fit with fact their forme. Nor wants he prime.
But sowre *Affliction*, made a mate with *Time*,
Makes *Time* the more seene. Nor imagine I,
A worse thing to enforce debilitie,
Then is the Sea: though nature ne're so strong
Knits one together. Nor conceiue you wrong,
(Replied *Euryalus*) But proue his blood
With what you question. In the midst then stood
Renowm'd *Laodamas*, and prou'd him thus;

Laodamas prouoketh Vlysses to their sports.

Come (stranger Father) and assaie with vs
Your powrs in these contentions: If your show
Be answerd with your worth, tis fit that you
Should know these conflicts: nor doth glorie stand
On any worth more, in a mans command,
Then to be strenuous, both of foote and hand:
Come then, make proofe with vs; discharge your mind
Of discontentments: for not farre behind
Comes your deduction. Ship is ready now;
And men, and all things. Why (said he) dost thou
Mocke me *Laodamas*! and these strifes bind
My powrs to answere? I am more inclind
To cares, then conflict. Much sustaind I haue;
And still am suffering. I come here to craue
In your assemblies, meanes to be dismist,
And pray, both Kings, and subiects to assist.

The word in worm signifying: deductio: quam transuehendam curamus cum qui nobiscum aliquandiu est versatus.

Euryalus vpbraids Vlysses.

Euryalus, an open brawle began;
And said: I take you Sir, for no such man
As fits these honord strifes. A number more
Strange men there are, that I would chuse before.
To one that loues to lie a ship-boord much;

Or is the Prince of ſailours; or to ſuch
As traffique farre and neare, and nothing minde
But freight, and paſſage, and a forefright winde;
Or to a victler of a ſhip: or men
That ſet vp all their powrs for rampant Gaine,
I can compare, or hold you like to be:
But, for a wreſtler, or of qualitie
Fit for contentions noble; you abhor
From worth of any ſuch competitor.
Vlyſſes (frowning) anſwerd; Stranger! farre
Thy words are from the faſhions regular
Of kinde, or honour. Thou art in thy guiſe
Like to a man, that authors iniuries.
I ſee, the Gods to all men, giue not all
Manly addiction; wiſedome; words that fall
(Like dice) vpon the ſquare ſtill. Some man takes
Ill forme from parents; but God often makes
That fault of forme vp, with obſeru'd repaire
Of pleaſing ſpeech: that makes him held for faire;
That makes him ſpeake ſecurely: makes him ſhine
In an aſſembly, with a grace diuine.
Men take delight, to ſee how euenly lie
His words aſteepe, in honey modeſtie.
Another then, hath faſhion like a God;
But in his language, he is foule, and broad:
And ſuch art thou. A perſon faire is giuen;
But nothing elſe is in thee, ſent from heauen.
For in thee lurkes, a baſe, and earthy ſoule
And th'haſt compelld me, with a ſpeech moſt foule
To be thus bitter. I am not vnſeene
In theſe faire ſtrifes, as thy words ouerweene:
But in the firſt ranke of the beſt I ſtand.
At leaſt, I did, when youth and ſtrength of hand
Made me thus confident: but now am worne
With woes, and labours; as a humane borne
To beare all anguiſh. Sufferd much I haue.
The warre of men, and the inhumane waue
Haue I driuen through at all parts: but with all
My waſte in ſufferance: what yet may fall
In my performance, at theſe ſtrifes Ile trie;
Thy ſpeech hath mou'd, and made my wrath runne hie.
This ſaid; with robe, and all, he graſpt a ſtone,
A little grauer then was euer throwne
By theſe *Pheacians*, in their wreſtling rout;
More firme, more maſſie; which (turnd round about)
He hurried from him, with a hand ſo ſtrong
It ſung, and flew: and ouer all the throng
(That at the others markes ſtood) quite it went:

Yet

Yet downe fell all beneath it; fearing ſpent
The force that draue it flying from his hand,
As it a dart were, or a walking wand.
And, farre paſt all the markes of all the reſt
His wing ſtole way. When *Pallas* ſtraight impreſt
A marke at full of it; reſembling then
One of the nauy-giuen *Pheacian* men;
And thus aduanc't *Vlyſſes*: One, (though blinde)
(O ſtranger!) groping, may thy ſtones fall finde;
For not amidſt the rout of markes it fell,
But farre before all. Of thy worth, thinke well;
And ſtand in all ſtrifes: no *Pheacian* here,
This bound, can either better or come nere.
Vlyſſes ioyd, to heare that one man yet
Vide him benignly; and would Truth abet
In thoſe contentions. And then, thus ſmooth
He tooke his ſpeech downe: Reach me that now Youth,
You ſhall (and ſtraight I thinke) haue one ſuch more;
And one beyond it too. And now, whoſe Core
Stands ſound, and great within him (ſince ye haue
Thus put my ſplene vp) come againe and braue
The Gueſt ye tempted, with ſuch groſſe diſgrace:
At wreſtling, buffets, whirlbat, ſpeed of race.
At all, or either, I except at none,
But vrge the whole State of you; onely one
I will not challenge, in my forced boaſt,
And that's *Laodamas*; for hee's mine Hoſt.
And who will fight, or wrangle with his friend?
Vnwiſe he is, and baſe, that will contend
With him that feedes him, in a forreigne place;
And takes all edge off, from his owne ſought grace.
None elſe except I here; nor none deſpiſe;
But wiſh to know, and proue his faculties,
That dares appeare now. No ſtrife ye can name
Am I vnskilld in; (reckon any game
Of all that are, as many as there are
In vſe with men) for Archerie I dare
Affirme my ſelfe not meane. Of all a troupe
Ile make the firſt foe with mine arrow ſtoupe;
Though, with me ne're ſo many fellowes bend
Their bowes at markt men, and affect their end;
Onely was *Philoctetes* with his bow
Still my ſuperiour; when we Greekes would ſhow
Our Archerie againſt our foes of *Troy*:
But all that now by bread, fraile life enioy,
I farre hold my inferiours. Men of old
None now aliue, ſhall witneſſe me ſo bold
To vant equality with ſuch men as theſe;

He names Laodamas onely for all the other brothers, ſince in his exception, the others enmities were curbd: for brothers, either are or ſhould be of one acceptation in all fit things. And Laodamas, he calles his hoſt, being eldeſt ſon to Alcinous: the heire being euer the yong maſter; nor might he conueniently prefer Alcinous in his exception, ſince he ſtood not in competition at theſe contentions.

Oechalian, Euritus, Hercules;
Who with their bowes, durſt with the Gods contend.
And therefore caught *Eurytus* ſoone his end.
Nor di d at home, in age, a reuerend man;
Apolle. But by the Great incenſed *Delphian*
Was ſhot to death, for daring competence
With him, in all an Archers excellence.
A Speare Ile hutle as farre, as any man
Shall ſhoote a ſhaft. How at a race I can
Beſtirre my feete; I onely yeeld to Feare,
And doubt to meete with my ſuperiour here.
So many ſeas, ſo too much haue miſuſde
My limbs for race; and therefore haue diffuſde
A diſſolution through my loued knees.
The ingenuous and rotiat ſpeech of Alcinous to Vlyſſes. This ſaid, he ſtilld all talking properties;
Alcinous onely anſwerd: O my Gueſt
In good part take we, what you haue bene preſt
With ſpeech to anſwer. You would make appeare
Your vertues therefore, that will ſtill ſhine where
Your onely looke is. Yet muſt this man giue
Your worth ill language; when, he does not liue
In ſort of mortals (whence ſo ere he ſprings
That iudgement hath to ſpeake becoming things)
That will depraue your vertues. Note then now
My ſpeech, and what, my loue preſents to you;
That you may tell *Heroes*, when you come
To banquet with your Wife, and Birth at home,
(Mindfull of our worth) what deſeruings *Ioue*
Hath put on our parts likewiſe; in remoue
From Sire to Sonne, as an inherent grace
Kinde, and perpetuall. We muſt needs giue place
To other Countreymen; and freely yeeld
We are not blameleſſe, in our fights of field;
Buff ts, nor wreſtlings: but in ſpeede of feete;
And all the Equipage that fits a fleete,
We boaſt vs beſt. For table euer ſpred
With neighbour feaſts, for garments varied;
For *Poeſie, Muſique, Dancing, Baths*, and *Beds*.
And now, *Phæacians*, you that beare your heads
And feete with beſt grace, in enamouring dance;
Enflame our gueſt here; that he may aduance
Our worth paſt all the worlds, to his home friends;
As well for the vnmatcht grace, that commends
Your ſkills in footing of a dance; as theirs
That flie a race beſt. And ſo, all affaires,
At which we boaſt vs beſt; he beſt may trie;
As Sea-race, Land-race, Dance, and Poeſie.
Some one, with inſtant ſpeede to Court retire,

And

And fetch *Demodocus*, his ſoundfull lyre.
This ſaid, the God-grac't king, and quicke reſort
Pontonous made, for that faire harpe, to Court.
Nine of the lot-chuſde publique Rulers roſe,
That all in thoſe contentions did diſpoſe;
Commanding a moſt ſmooth ground, and a wide,
And all the people, in faire game, aſide.
Then with the rich harpe, came *Pontonous*;
And in the midſt, tooke place *Demodocus*.
About him then ſtood foorth, the choiſe yong men,
That on mans firſt youth, made freſh entrie then:
Had Art to make their naturall motion ſweete
And ſhooke a moſt diuine dance from their feete;
That twinckld Star-like; mou'd as ſwift, and fine,
And beate the aire ſo thinne, they made it ſhine.
Vlyſſes wonderd at it; but amazd
He ſtood in minde, to heare the dance ſo phras'd.
For, as they danc't; *Demodocus* did ſing,
The bright-crownd *Venus* loue, with Battailes king;
As firſt they cloſely mixt, in t'houſe of fire.
What worlds of gifts, wonne her to his deſire;
Who then, the night-and-day-bed did defile
Of good king *Vulcan*. But in little while
The Sunne their mixture ſaw; and came, and told.
The bitter newes, did by his eares take hold
Of *Vulcans* heart. Then to his Forge he went;
And in his ſhrewd mind, deepe ſtuffe did inuent.
His mightie Anuile, in the ſtocke he put;
And forg'd a net, that none could looſe, or cut;
That when it had them, it might hold them faſt.
Which, hauing finiſht, he made vtmoſt haſte
Vp to the deare roome, where his wife he wowd:
And (madly wrath with *Mars*) he all beſtrowd
The bed, and bed-poſts: all the beame aboue
That croſt the chamber; and a circle ſtroue,
Of his deuice, to wrap in all the roome.
And twas as pure, as of a Spiders loome,
The woofe before tis wouen. No man nor God
Could ſet his eie on it: a ſleight ſo odde,
His Art ſhewd in it. All his craft beſpent
About the bed: he faind, as if he went
To well-built *Lemnos*; his moſt loued towne,
Of all townes earthly. Nor left this vnknowne
To golden-bridle-vſing *Mars*; who kept
No blinde watch ouer him: but, ſeeing ſtept
His riuall ſo aſide, he haſted home
With faire-wreath'd *Venus* loue ſtung; who was come
New from the Court of her moſt mightie Sire.

Mars

Mars enterd; wrung her hand; and the retire
Her husband made to *Lemnos* told; and ſaid;
Now (*Loue*) is *Vulcan* gone; let vs to bed,
Hee's for the barbarous *Sintians*. Well appaid
Was *Venus* with it; and afreſh aſſaid
Their old encounter. Downe they went; and ſtraight
About them 'clingd, the artificiall ſleight
Of moſt wiſe *Vulcan*; and were ſo enſnar'd,
That neither they could ſtirre their courſe prepar'd,
In any lim about them; nor ariſe.
And then they knew, they could no more diſguiſe
Their cloſe conueiance; but lay, forc't, ſtone ſtill.
Backe ruſht the Both foote cook't; but ſtraight in skill,
From his neare skout-hole turnd; nor euer went
To any *Lemnos*; but the ſure euent
Left *Phœbus* to diſcouer, who told all.
Then, home hopt *Vulcan*, full of griefe, and gall;
Stood in the Portall, and cried out ſo hie;
That all the Gods heard. Father of the skie
Vulcans complaint. And euery other deathleſſe God (ſaid he)
Come all, and a ridiculous obiect ſee;
And yet not ſufferable neither; Come,
And witneſſe, how when ſtill I ſtep from home,
(Lame that I am) *Ioues* daughter doth profeſſe
To do me all the ſhamefull offices;
Indignities, deſpites, that can be thought;
And loues this all-things-making-come to nought
Since he is faire forſooth; foote-found, and I
Tooke in my braine a little; leg'd awrie;
And no fault mine; but all my parents fault,
Who ſhould not get, if mocke me, with my halt.
But ſee how faſt they ſleepe, while I, in mone,
Am onely made, an idle looker on.
One bed their turne ſerues; and it muſt be mine;
I thinke yet, I haue made their ſelfe-loues ſhine.
They ſhall no more wrong me, and none perceiue:
Nor will they ſleepe together, I beleeue
With too hote haſte againe. Thus both ſhall lie
In craft, and force; till the extremitie
Of all the dowre, I gaue her Sire (to gaine
A dogged ſet-fac't Girle, that will not ſtaine
Her face with bluſhing, though ſhe ſhame her head)
He paies me backe: She's faire, but was no maide.
While this long ſpeech was making, all were come
To *Vulcans* wholie-brazen-founded home.
Earth-ſhaking *Neptune*; vſefull *Mercurie*,
And far-ſhot *Phœbus*. No She Deitie
For ſhame, wo uld ſhow there: all the giue-good Gods

Stood

ſtood in the Portall; and paſt periods
Gaue length to laughters; all reioyc't to ſee
That which they ſaid; that no impietie
Finds good ſucceſſe at th'end. And now (ſaid one)
The ſlow outgoes the ſwift. Lame *Vulcan*, knowne
To be the ſloweſt of the Gods; outgoes
Mars the moſt ſwift; And this is that, which growes
To greateſt iuſtice; that Adulteries ſport
Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other ſort,
(And lame craft too) is plagu'd, which grieues the more,
That found lims turning lame; the lame, * reſtore.
** Intending the ſound of foote, when they outgoe the ſounde ſt.*
This ſpeech amongſt themſelues they entertaind
When *Phœbus*, thus askt *Hermes*: Thus enchaind
Would'ſt thou be *Hermes*, to be thus diſcloſde?
Though, with thee, golden *Venus* were repos'de?
He ſoone gaue that an anſwer: O (ſaid he
Thou king of Archers) would twere thus with me.
Though thrice ſo much ſhame; nay, though infinite
Were powrd about me; and that euery light
In great heauen ſhining, witneſt all my harmes,
So golden *Venus* ſlumberd in mine Armes.
The Gods againe laught; euen the watry ſtate
Wrung out a laughter: But propitiate
Was ſtill for *Mars*, and praid the God of fire
He would diſſolue him; offering the deſire
He made to *Ioue*, to pay himſelfe; and ſaid,
All due debts, ſhould be, by the Gods repaid.
Pay me, no words (ſaid he) where deeds lend paine;
Wretched the words are, giuen for wretched men.
How ſhall I binde you in th'Immortals ſight
If *Mars* be once loos'd; nor will pay his right?
Vulcan (ſaid he) if *Mars* ſhould flie, nor ſee
Thy right repaid, it ſhould be paid by me:
Your word, ſo giuen, I muſt accept (ſaid he)
This is verum ſi negotium &c. Par. Ua magnæ dicere; graue ſententence out of Euripides.
Which ſaid; he looſd them: *Mars* then ruſht from skie
And ſtoop't cold *Thrace*. The laughing Deity
For *Cyprus* was, and tooke her *Paphian* ſtate
Where, She a *Groue*, ne're cut, hath conſecrate:
All with *Arabian* odors fum'd; and hath
An Altar there, at which the *Graces* bathe,
And with immortall Balms beſmooth her skin;
Fit for the bliſſe, Immortals ſolace in;
Deckt her in to-be-ſtudied attire,
And apt to ſet beholders hearts on fire.
This ſung the ſacred Muſe, whoſe notes and words
The dancers feete kept; as his hands his cords.
Vlyſſes, much was pleaſed, and all the crew:
This would the king haue varied with a new

And

And pleaſing meaſure; and performed by
Two, with whom none would ſtriue in dancerie.
And thoſe, his ſonnes were; that muſt therefore dance
Alone; and onely to the harp aduance,
Without the words; And this ſweete couple, was
Yong *Halius*, and diuine *Laodamas*:
Who danc't a Ball dance. Then the rich-wrought Ball,
(That *Polybus* had made, of purple all)
They tooke to hand: one threw it to the skie,
And then danc't backe; the other (capring hie)
Would ſurely catch it, ere his foote toucht ground;
And vp againe aduanc't it; and ſo found
The other, cauſe of dance; and then did he
Dance lofty trickes; till next it came to be
His turne to catch; and ſerue the other ſtill.
When they had kept it vp to eithers will;
They then danc't ground tricks; oft mixt hand in hand;
And did ſo gracefully their change command;
That all the other Youth that ſtood at pauſe,
With deafning ſhouts, gaue them the great applauſe.

Vlyſſes to Alcinous.

Then ſaid *Vlyſſes*; O paſt all men here
Cleare, not in powre, but in deſert as clere,
You ſaid your dancers, did the world ſurpaſſe;
And they performe it, cleare, and to amaze.
This wonne *Alcinous* heart; and equall priſe
He gaue *Vlyſſes*; ſaying; Matchleſſe wiſe
(Princes, and Rulers) I perceiue our gueſt;
And therefore let our hoſpitable beſt
In fitting gifts be giuen him: twelue chiefe kings
There are that order all the glorious things
Of this our kingdome; and the thirteenth, I
Exiſt, as Crowne to all: let inſtantly
Be thirteene garments giuen him: and, of gold
Precious, and fine, a Talent. While we hold
This our aſſembly; be all fetcht, and giuen;
That to our feaſt prepar'd, as to his heauen
One gueſt may enter. And that nothing be
Left vnperformd, that fits his dignity;
Euryalus ſhall here conciliate
Himſelfe, with words and gifts; ſince paſt our rate
He gaue bad language. This did all commend
And giue in charge; and euery king did ſend
His Herald for his gift. *Euryalus*
(Anſwering for his part) ſaid; *Alcinous*!
Our chiefe of all; ſince you command, I will
To this our gueſt, by all meanes reconcile;
And giue him this entirely mettald ſword:
The handle maſſie ſiluer; and the bord

That

That giues it couer, all of Ivorie,
New, and in all kinds, worth his qualitie.
This put he ſtrait into his hand, and ſaid:
Frolicke, O Gueſt and Father; if words, fled,
Haue bene offenſiue; let ſwift whirlwinds take,
And raviſh them from thought. May all Gods make
Thy wifes ſight good to thee; in quicke retreate
To all thy friends, and beſt-lou'd breeding ſeate;
Their long miſſe quitting with the greater ioy;
In whoſe ſweet, vaniſh all thy worſt annoy.
And frolicke thou, to all height, Friend (ſaid he)
Which heauen confirme, with wiſht felicitie.
Nor euer giue againe deſire to thee,
Of this ſwords vſe, which with affects ſo free,
In my reclaime, thou haſt beſtowd on me.
This ſaid; athwart his ſhoulders he put on
The right faire ſword; and then did ſet the Sunne.
When all the gifts were brought; which backe againe
(With King *Alcinous*, in all the traine)
Were by the honourd Heralds borne to Court;
Which his faire ſonnes tooke; and from the reſort
Laid by their reuerend Mother. Each his throne,
Of all the Peeres (which yet were ouerſhone
In King *Alcinous* command) aſcended:
Whom he, to paſſe as much in gifts contended;
And to his Queene, ſaid: Wife! ſee brought me here
The faireſt Cabinet I haue; and there
Impoſe a well-cleanſ'd, in, and vtter weed;
A Caldron heate with water, that with ſpeed
Our Gueſt well bath'd, and all his gifts made ſure,
It may a ioyfull appetite procure
To his ſucceeding Feaſt; and make him heare
The Poets *Hymne*, with the ſecurer eare.
To all which, I will adde my boll of gold,
In all frame curious, to make him hold
My memory alwaies deare; and ſacrifiſe
With it at home, to all the Deities.
Then *Arete*, her maids charg'd to ſet on
A well-ſiz'd Caldron quickly. Which was done;
Cleare water powr'd in, flame made ſo entire,
It gilt the braſſe, and made the water fire.
In meane ſpace, from her chamber brought the Queene
A wealthy Cabinet, where (pure and cleane)
She put the garments, and the gold beſtowd
By that free State: and then, the other vowd
By her *Alcinous*, and ſaid: Now Gueſt
Make cloſe and faſt your gifts, leſt when you reſt
A ſhip-boord ſweetly, in your way you meet

Some loſſe, that leſſe may make your next ſleepe ſweet.
This when *Vlyſſes* heard; all ſure he made;
Encloſde and bound ſafe; for the ſauing trade,
The Reuerend for her wiſedome (*Circe*) had
In fore-yeares taught him. Then the handmaid bad
His worth to bathing; which reioyc't his heart.
For ſince he did with his *Calypſo* part,
He had no hote baths. None had fauourd him;
Nor bin ſo tender of his kingly lim.
But all the time he ſpent in her abode,
He liu'd reſpected, as he were a God.
Cleanſd then and balmd; faire ſhirt, and robe put on;
Freſh come from bath, and to the Feaſters gone;
Nauſicaa, that from the Gods hands tooke
The ſoueraigne beautie of her bleſſed looke,
Stood by a well-caru'd Columne of the roome,
And through her eye, her heart was ouercome
Nauſicaa enflamed with Vlyſſes. With admiration of the Port impreſt
In his aſpect; and ſaid: God ſaue you Gueſt!
Be chearfull, as in all the future ſtate,
Your home will ſhew you, in your better Fate.
But yet, euen then, let this remembred be,
Your liues price, I lent, and you owe it me.
The varied in all counſels gaue reply:
Nauſicaa! flowre of all this Empery!
So *Iunos* husband, that the ſtrife for noiſe
Makes in the clouds, bleſſe me with ſtrife of Ioyes,
In the deſir'd day, that my houſe ſhall ſhow,
As I, as I to a Goddeſſe, there ſhall vow,
To thy faire hand, that did my Being giue;
Which Ile acknowledge euery houre I liue.
This ſaid; *Alcinous* plac't him by his ſide;
Then tooke they feaſt, and di Hin parts diuide
The ſeuerall diſhes; filld out wine, and then
Præconem dedit Poetam quius hominibus dignaeſt ſocietas. The ſtriu'd-for, for his worth, of worthy men,
And reuerenc't of the State; *Demodocus*
Was brought in by the good *Pontonous*.
In midſt of all the gueſts, they gaue him place,
Againſt a loftie Pillar; when, this grace
The grac't with wiſedome did him. From the Chine
That ſtood before him of a white-tooth'd Swine,
(Being farre the daintieſt ioynt) mixt through with fat,
He caru'd to him, and ſent it where he ſat,
By his old friend, the Herald; willing thus:
Herald! reach this to graue *Demodocus*;
Say, I ſalute him; and his worth embrace.
Poets deſerue paſt all the humane race,
Reuerend reſpect and honor; ſince the Queene

Of

Of knowledge, and the ſupreme worth in men
(*The Muſe*) informes them; and loues all their race.
This, reacht the Herald to him; who, the grace
Receiu'd encourag'd: which, when feaſt was ſpent,
Vlyſſes amplified to this aſcent:
Demodocus! I muſt preferre you farre,
Paſt all your ſort; if, or the *Muſe* of warre,
Ioues daughter prompts you; (that the Greeks reſpects)
Or if the Sunne, that thoſe of *Troy* affects.
For I haue heard you, ſince my coming, ſing
The Fate of *Greece*, to an admired ſtring.
How much our ſufferance was; how much we wrought;
How much the actions roſe to, when we fought.
So liuely forming, as you had bin there;
Or to ſome free relator, lent your eare.
Forth then, and ſing the woodden horſes frame,
Built by *Epeus*; by the martiall Dame,
Taught the whole Fabricke; which, by force of ſleight,
Vlyſſes brought into the Cities height;
When he had ſtuft it with as many men,
As leueld loftie *Ilion* with the Plaine.
With all which, if you can as well enchant,
A with expreſſion quicke and elegant,
You ſung the reſt; I will pronounce you cleare,
Inſpir'd by God, paſt all that euer were.
This ſaid; euen ſtird by God vp, he began;
And to his Song fell, paſt the forme of man;
Beginning where, the Greeks a ſhip-boord went,
And euery Chiefe, had ſet on fire his Tent.
When th'other Kings, in great *Vlyſſes* guide,
In *Troys* vaſt market place, the horſe did hide:
From whence, the *Trojans*, vp to *Ilion* drew
The dreadfull Engine. Where (fate all arew)
Their Kings about it: many counſels giuen,
How to diſpoſe it. In three waies were driuen
Their whole diſtractions: firſt, if they ſhould feele
The hollow woods heart, (fearcht with piercing ſteele)
Or from the battlements (drawne higher yet)
Deiect it headlong; or, that counterfet,
So vaſt and nouell, ſet on ſacred fire;
Vowd to appeaſe each angerd Godheads ire.
On which opinion, they, thereafter, ſaw,
They then ſhould haue reſolu'd: th'vnalterd law
Of Fate preſaging; that *Troy* then ſhould end,
When th'hoſtile horſe, ſhe ſhould receiue to friend;
For therein ſhould the *Grecian* Kings lie hid,
To bring the Fate and death, they after did.
He ſung beſides, the Greeks eruption

From thoſe their hollow crafts; and horſe forgone;
And how they made *Depopulation* tred
Beneath her feete, ſo high a Cities head.
In which affaire, he ſung in other place,
That of that ambuſh, ſome man elſe did race
The *Ilian* Towres, then **Laertiades*;
But here he *ſung, that he alone did ſeiſe
(With *Menelaus*) the aſcended roofe
Of Prince *Deiphobus*; and *Mars*-like proofe
Made of his valour: a moſt dreadfull fight,
Daring againſt him. And there vanquiſht quite,
In little time (by great *Mineruas* aid)
All *Ilions* remnant, and *Troy* leuell laid.
This the diuine Expreſſor, did ſo giue
Both act and paſſion, that he made it liue;
And to *Vlyſſes* facts did breathe a fire,
So *deadly quickning, that it did inſpire
Old death with life; and renderd life ſo ſweet,
And paſſionate, that all there felt it fleet;
Which made him pitie his owne cruelties,
And put into that ruth, ſo pure an eie
Of humane frailtie; that to ſee a man
Could ſo reuiue from Death; yet no way can
Defend from death; his owne quicke powres it made
Feele there deaths horrors: and he felt life fade
In *teares, his feeling braine ſwet: for in things
That moue paſt vtterance, teares ope all their ſprings.
Nor are there in the Powres, that all life beares,
More true interpreters of all, then teares.
And as a Ladie mournes her ſole-lou'd Lord,
That falne before his Citie, by the ſword,
Fighting to refcue from a cruell Fate,
His towne and children; and, in dead eſtate
Yet panting, ſeeing him; wraps him in her armes,
Weeps, ſhrickes, and powres her health into his armes;
Lies on him, ſtriuing to become his ſhield
From foes that ſtill aſſaile him: ſpeares impeld
Through backe and ſhoulders; by whoſe points embrude,
They raiſe and leade him into ſeruitude,
Labor and languor: for all which, the Dame
Eates downe her cheekes with teares, and feeds lifes flame
With miſerable ſufferance: So this King,
Of teare-ſwet anguiſh, op't a boundleſſe ſpring:
Nor yet was ſeene to any one man there,
But King *Alcinous*, who ſate ſo neare,
He could not ſcape him: ſighs (ſo chok't) ſo brake
From all his tempers, which the King d d take
Both note, and graue reſp ct of, and thus ſpake:

Vlyſſes. As if the diuine furyd not fully inſpired him for Vlyſſes glory.

In this the fact ſelfe he made more then paſſionate.

THESE Obſeruers were Metaphyſicians: confuſe, tabefact.

Simile.

Heare me *Pheacian* Counſellers and Peeres;
And ceaſſe, *Demodocus*; perhaps all eares
Are not delighted with his ſong; for, euer
Since the diuine Muſe ſung, our Gueſt hath neuer
Containd from ſecret mournings. It may fall,
That ſomething ſung, he hath bin grieu'd withall,
As touching his particular. For beare;
That *Feaſt* may ioyntly comfort all hearts here;
And we may cheare our Gueſt vp; tis our beſt,
In all due honor. For our reuerend Gueſt,
In all our celebration, gifts, and all,
His loue hath added to our Feſtuall.
A Gueſt, and ſuppliant too; we ſhould eſteeme
Deare as our brother; one that doth but dreame
He hath a ſoule; or touch but at a mind
Deathleſſe and manly; ſhould ſtand ſo enclin'd.
Nor cloke you, longer, with your curious wit,
(Lou'd Gueſt) what euer we ſhall aske of it.
It now ſtands on your honeſt ſtate to tell;
And therefore giue your name; nor more conceale,
What of your parents, and the Towne that beares
Name of your natiue; or of forreiners
That neare vs border, you are calld in fame.
There's no man liuing, walkes without a name;
Noble nor baſe; but had one from his birth;
Impoſde as fit, as to be borne. What earth,
People, and citie, owne you? Giue to know:
Tell but our ſhips all, that your way muſt ſhow;
For our *ſhips know th'expreſſed minds of men;
And will ſo moſt intentiuely retaine
Their ſcopes appointed, that they neuer erre;
And yet vſe neuer any man to ſteere:
Nor any Rudders haue, as others need.
They know mens thoughts; and whither tends their ſpeed.
An I there will ſet them. For you cannot name
A Citie to them; nor fat Soile, that *Fame*
Hath any notice giuen; but well they know,
And will flie to them, though they ebbe and flow,
In blackeſt clouds and nights; and neuer beare
Of any wracke or rocke, the ſlendreſt feare.
But this I heard my Sire *Nauſithous* ſay
Long ſince, that *Neptune* ſeeing vs conuay
So ſafely paſſengers of all degrees,
Was angry with vs; and vpon our ſeas,
A well-built ſhip we had (neare habor come,
Fro n ſafe deduction of ſome ſtranger home)
Made in his flitting billowes, ſticke ſtone ſtill;
And dimm'd our Citie, like a mightie hill,

This reportedly in or affirmation of miracles, how impoſſible ſoeuer in theſe times aſſured, yet in thoſe ages they were neither abſurd nor ſtrage. Thoſe vnanimate things, hauing (it ſeemd) certain Genij, in whoſe powers, they ſuppoſed, their ſhips facul-ties. As others haue affirmed Olyes to haue ſence of hearing: and ſo the ſhip of Argos was ſaid to haue a Maſt made of Dodonean Oke, that was vocall, and could ſpeake.

With ſhade caſt round about it. This report,
Intending his father Nauſithous. The old *King made; in which miraculous ſort,
If God had done ſuch things, or left vndone;
At his good pleaſure be it. But now, on,
And truth relate vs; both whence you errd;
And to what Clime of men would be transferrd;
With all their faire Townes; be they, as they are;
If rude, vniuſt, and all irregular;
Or hoſpitable, bearing minds that pleaſe
The mightie Deitie. Which one of theſe
You would be ſet at, ſay; and you are there;
And therefore what afflicts you? why, to heare
The Fate of *Greece* and *Ilion*, mourne you ſo?
The Gods haue done it; as to all, they do
Deſtine deſtruction; that from thence may riſe
A Poeme to inſtruct poſterities.
Fell any kinſman before *Ilion*?
Some worthy Sire-in-law, or like-neare ſonne?
Whom next our owne blood, and ſelfe-race we loue?
Or any friend perhaps, in whom did moue
A knowing ſoule, and no vnpleaſing thing?
Since ſuch a good one, is no vnderling
To any brother: for, what fits true friends,
True wiſedome fits true friends. True wiſedome is, that blood and birth tranſcends.

Finis libri octaui Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLyſſes here as firſt made knowne;
Who tels the ſterne contention,
His powres did gainſt the Cicons *trie;*
And thence to the Lotophagie
Extends his conqueſt: and from them,
Arriues the Cyclop Polypheme;
And by the crafts, his wits apply,
He puts him out his onely eye.

Another.

Iolæ. *The ſtrangely fed*
Lotophagie.
The Cicons *fled.*
The Cyclops *eye.*

VLyſſes thus reſolu'd the Kings demands.
Alcinous! (in whom this Empire ſtands)
You ſhould not of ſo naturall right diſherit
Your princely feaſt, as take from it the ſpirit.
To heare a Poet, that in accent brings
The Gods breſts downe; and breathes them as he ſings, *He begins where Alcinous commanded Demodocus to end.*
Is ſweet, and ſacred; nor can I conceiue,
In any common weale, what more doth giue
Note of the iuſt and bleſſed Empery,
Then to ſee *Comfort* vniuerſally
Cheare vp the people. When in euery roofe,
She giues obſeruers a moſt humane proofe
Of mens contents. To ſee a neighbours Feaſt
Adorne it through; and thereat, heare the breaſt
Of the diuine Muſe; men in order ſet;
A wine-page waiting. Tables crowned with meate; *δαιτυμονες.*
Set cloſe to gueſts, that are to vſe it skilld;
The Cup-boords furniſht; and the cups ſtill filld.
This ſhewes (to my mind) moſt humanely faire.
Nor ſhould you, for me, ſtill the heauenly aire,
That ſtirrd my ſoule ſo; for I loue ſuch teares,
As fall from fit notes; beaten through mine eares,
With repetitions of what heauen hath done;
And breake from heartie apprehenſion
Of God and goodneſſe, though they ſhew my ill.
And therefore doth my mind excite me ſtill,

To tell my bleeding mone; but much more now,
To ſerue your pleaſure; that, to ouer-flow
My teares with ſuch cauſe, may by ſighs be driuen;
Though ne're ſo much plagu'd, I may ſeeme by heauen.
And now my name; which, way ſhall leade to all
My miſeries after: that their ſounds may fall
Through your eares alſo; and ſhew (hauing fled
So much affliction) firſt, who reſts his head
In your embraces; when (ſo farre from home)
I knew not where t'obtaine it reſting roome.
I am *Vlyſſes Laertiades*;
The feare of all the world for policies;
For which, my facts as high as heauen reſound.
I dwell in *Ithaca*, Earths moſt renownd:
miſeriarum quarum tenem & originem All ouer-ſhadow'd with the * Shake-leafe hill
Tree-fam'd *Neritus*; whoſe neare confines fill
originantem frondes. Hands a number, well inhabited,
That vnder my obſeruance taſte their bread.
quædam quibus corpus a cibo & vita fuſtinetur ore appellantur. *Dulichius*, *Samos*, and the full-of-*food
Zacynthus, likewiſe grac't with ſtore of wood.
But *Ithaca*, (though in the ſeas it lie)
Yet lies the ſo aloft, ſhe caſts her eye
Quite ouer all the neighbour Continent.
Farre Norward ſituate; and (being lent
But little fauour of the Morne, and Sunne)
With barren rocks and cliffes is ouer-runne.
And yet of hardie youths, a Nurſe of Name.
Nor could I ſee a Soile, where ere I came,
More ſweete and withfull. Yet, from hence was I
Withheld with horror, by the Deitie
Diuine *Calipſo*, in her cauie houſe;
Enflam'd to make me her ſole Lord and Spouſe.
Circe Ææa too, (that knowing Dame,
Whoſe veines, the like affections did inflame)
Detaind me like wiſe. But to neithers loue,
Could I be tempted; which doth well approue;
Amor patriæ. Nothing ſo ſweete is as our countries earth,
And ioy of thoſe, from whom we claime our birth.
Though roofes farre richer, we farre off poſſeſſe,
Yet (from our natiue) all our more, is leſſe.
To which, as I contended, I will tell
The much-diſtreſt-conferring-facts, that fell
By *Ioues* diuine preuention; ſince I ſet,
From ruin'd *Troy*, my firſt foote in retreat.
From *Ilion*, ill winds caſt me on the Coaſt
The *Cicons* hold; where I employd mine hoaſt
For *Iſmarus*, a Citie, built iuſt by
My place of landing; of which, *Every*

Made

Made me expugner. I depeopl'd it,
Slue all the men, and did their wiues remit,
With much ſpoile taken; which we did diuide,
That none might need his part. I then applide
All ſpeed for flight: but my command therein,
(Fooles that they were) could no obſeruance win
Of many ſouldiers, who with ſpoile fed hie,
Would yet fill higher; and exceſſiuely
Fell to their wine; gaue ſlaughter on the ſhore,
Clouen-footed beeues and ſheepe, in mightie ſtore.
In meane ſpace, *Cicons* did to *Cicons* crie;
When, of their neareſt dwellers, inſtantly
Many and better ſouldiers made ſtrong head,
That held the Continent, and managed
Their horſe with high skill: on which they would fight,
When fitteſt cauſe ſeru'd; and againe alight,
(With ſoone ſeene vantage) and on foote contend.
Their concourſe ſwift was, and had neuer end;
As thicke and ſodaine twas, as flowres and leaues
Darke Spring diſcouers, when the *Light receaues.
And then began the bitter Fate of *Ioue*
To alter vs vnhappie; which, euen ſtroue
To giue vs ſufficance. At our Fleet we made
Enforced ſtand; and there did they inuade
Our thruſt vp Forces: darts encountred darts,
With blowes on both ſides: either making parts
Good vpon either, while the Morning ſhone,
And facred *Day* her bright increaſe held on;
Though much out matcht in number. But as ſoone
As *Phœbus* Weſtward fell, the *Cicons* wonne
Much hand of vs; ſixe proued ſouldiers fell
(Of euery ſhip) the reſt they did compell
To ſeeke of *Flight* eſcape from *Death* and *Fate*.
Thence (rid in heart) we ſaild: and yet our State
Was ſomething chear'd; that (being ouer-matcht ſo much
In violent number) our retreate was ſuch,
As ſau'd ſo many. Our deare loſſe the leſſe,
That they ſuruiu'd; ſo like for like ſucceſſe.
Yet left we not the Coaſt, before we calld
Home to our country earth, the ſoules exhald,
Of all the friends, the *Cicons* ouercame.
Thrice calld we on them, by their ſeuerall name,
And then tooke leaue. Then from the angry *North*,
Cloud-gathering *Ioue*, a dreadfull ſtorme calld forth
Againſt our Nauie; couerd ſhore and all,
With glooming vapors. *Night* did headlong fall
From frowning *Heauen*. And then hurld here and there
Was all our Nauie; the rude winds did teare,

After Night, in the firſt of the Morning.

The ancient cuſtome of calling home the dead.

In

In three, in foure parts, all their ſailes; and downe
Driuen vnder hatches were we, preſt to drowne.
Vp ruſht we yet againe; and with tough hand
(Two daies, two nights entold) we gat nere land;
Labours and ſorrowes, eating vp our minds.
The third cleare day yet, to more friendly winds
We maſts aduanc't, we white ſailes ſpred, and ſate.
Forewinds, and guides, againe did iterate,
Our eaſe and home-hopes; which we cleare had reacht;
Had not, by chance, a ſodaine North-wind fetcht,
With an extreame ſea, quite about againe,
Our whole endeuours; and our courſe conſtraine
To giddie round; and with our bowd ſailes greete
Dreadfull *Malea*; calling backe our fleete,
As farre forth as *Cythera*. Nine dayes more,
Aduerſe winds toſt me; and the tenth, the ſhore,
Where dwell the bloſſome-fed *Lotophagi*,
I fetcht: freſh water tooke in; inſtantly
Fell to our food aſhip-boord; and then ſent
Two of my choice men to the Continent,
(Adding a third, a Herald) to diſcouer,
What ſort of people were the Rulers ouer
The Lotophagi. The land next to vs. Where, the firſt they met,
Were the *Lotophagi*; that made them eate
Their Country diet; and no ill intent,
Hid in their hearts to them: and yet th'euent,
To ill conuerted it; for, hauing eate
Their daintie viands; they did quite forget
(As all men elſe, that did but taſte their feaſt)
Both country-men and country; nor addreſt
Any returne, t'informe what ſort of men
Made fixt abode there; but would needs maintaine,
Abode themſelues there; and eate that food euer.
I made out after; and was faine to ſeuer
Th'enchanted knot; by forcing their retreate;
That ſtriu'd, and wept, and would not leaue their meate
For heauen it ſelfe. But, dragging them to fleete,
I wrapt in ſure bands, both their hands and feete,
And caſt them vnder hatches; and away
Commanded all the reſt, without leaſt ſtay;
Leſt they ſhould taſte the *Lote* too; and forget
With ſuch ſtrange raptures, their deſpiſde retreate.
All then aboord, we beate the ſea with Ores;
And ſtill with ſad hearts faild by out-way ſhores;
Till th'out-lawd *Cyclops* land we fetcht; a race
The idle Cyclops. Of proud-liu'd loiterers, that neuer ſow,
Nor put a plant in earth, nor vſe a Plow;
But truſt in God for all things; and their earth,

(Vn-

(Vnſowne, vnplowd) giues euery of-ſpring birth,
That other lands haue. Wheate, and Barley; Vines
That beare in goodly Grapes, delicious wines;
And *Ioue* ſends ſhowres for all: no counſels there,
Nor counſellers, nor lawes; but all men beare
Their heads aloft on mountaines, and thoſe ſteepe,
And on their tops too: and there, houſes keepe
In vaultie Caues; their houſholds gouernd all
By each mans law, impoſde in ſeuerall;
Nor wife, nor child awd; but as he thinks good.
None for another caring. But there ſtood
Another little Ile, well ſtor'd with wood,
Betwixt this and the entry; neither nie
The *Cyclops* Ile, nor yet farre off doth lie.
Mens want it ſufferd; but the mens ſupplies,
The Goates made with their inarticulate cries.
Goates beyond number, this ſmall Iland breeds,
So tame, that no acceſſe diſturbs their feeds.
No hunters (that the tops of mountaines ſcale,
And rub through woods with toile) ſeeke them at all.
Nor is the ſoile with flocks fed downe, nor plowd;
Nor euer in it any ſeed was ſowd.
Nor place the neighbour *Cyclops* their delights,
In braue Vermilion prow-deckt ſhips; nor wrights
Vſefull and skilfull, in ſuch works, as need
Perfection to thoſe trafficks, that exceed
Their naturall confines: to flie out and ſee
Cities of men; and take in, mutually
The preaſe of others; To themſelues they liue,
And to their Iland, that enough would giue
A good inhabitant; and time of yeare
Obſerue to all things Art could order there.
There, cloſe vpon the ſea, ſweet medowes ſpring,
That yet of freſh ſtreames want no watering
To their ſoft buttiens: but of ſpeciall yeeld,
Your vines would be there; and your common field,
Eut gentle worke make for your plow; yet beare
A loitie harueſt when you came to ſheare.
For paſſing fat the ſoile is. In it lies
A harbor ſo opportune, that no ties,
Halſers, or gables need; nor anchors caſt.
Whom ſtormes *put in there, are with ſtay embrac't;
Or to their full wils ſafe; or winds aſpire
To Pilots vſes their more quicke deſire.
At entry of the hauen, a ſiluer foord
Is from a rock-impreſſing fountaine powr'd,
All ſet with ſable Poplars; and this Port
Were we arriu'd at, by the ſweet reſort

The deſcriptions of all theſe countries, haue admirable allegories, beſides their artly and pleaſing relation.

Of

Of ſome God guiding vs: for twas a night
So gaſtly darke, all Port was paſt our ſight,
Clouds hid our ſhips, and would not let the Moone
Affoord a beame to vs; the whole Ile wonne,
By not an eye of ours. None thought the Blore
That then was vp, ſhou'd waues againſt the ſhore,
That then to an vnmeaſur'd height put on.
We ſtill at ſea eſteemd vs, till alone
Our fleet put in it ſelfe. And then were ſtrooke
Our gatherd ſailes: our reſt aſhore we tooke,
And day expected. When the Morne gaue fire,
We roſe, and walkt, and did the Ile admire.
The *Nymphs*, *Ioues* daughters, putting vp a heard
Of mountaine Goates to vs, to render cheard
My fellow ſouldiers. To our Fleet we flew;
Our crooked bowes tooke, long-pil'd darts, and drew
Our ſelues in three parts out; when, by the grace
That God vouch-ſaft, we made a gainfull chace.
Twelue ſhips we had, and euery ſhip had nine
Fat Goates allotted; ten onely mine.
Thus all that day, euen till the Sunne was ſet,
We ſate and feaſted; pleaſant wine and meate,
Plentcouſly taking; for we had not ſpent
Our ruddie wine aſhip-boord: ſupplement
Of large ſort, each man to his veſſell drew,
When we the ſacred Citie ouerthrew,
That held the *Cicons*. Now then ſaw we neare,
The *Cyclops* late-praiſd Iland; and might heare
The murmure of their ſheepe and goates; and ſee
Their ſmokes aſcend. The Sunne then ſet, and we
(When Night ſucceeded) tooke our reſt aſhore.
And when the world the Mornings fauour wore,
I calld my friends to councell; charging them
To make ſtay there, while I tooke ſhip and ſtreame,
With ſome aſſociates; and explor'd what men
The neighbour Ile held: if of rude diſdaine,
Churliſh and tyrannous, or minds bewraid
Pious and hoſpitable. Thus much ſaid,
I boorded, and commanded to aſcend
My friends and ſouldiers, to put off, and lend
Way to our ſhip. They boorded, ſate, and beate
The old ſea forth, till we might ſee the ſeate,
The greateſt *Cyclop* held for his abode;
Which was a deepe Caue, neare the common rode
Of ſhips that toucht there; thicke with Lawrels ſpred,
Where many ſheepe and goates lay ſhadowed:
And neare to this, a Hall of torne-vp ſtone,
High built with Pines, that heauen and earth attone;

And loftie-fronted Okes: in which kept houſe,
A man in ſhape, in mmane, and monſterous,
Fed all his flocks alone; nor would affoord
Commerce with men; but had a wit abhord;
His mind, his body anſwering. Nor was he
Like any man, that food could poſſibly
Inhance ſo hugely; but (beheld alone)
Shew'd like a ſteepe hils top, all ouergrowne
With trees and brambles; litle thought had I
Of ſuch vaſt obiects. When, arriu'd ſo nie;
Some of my lou'd friends, I made ſtay aboord,
To guard my ſhip; and twelue with me I ſhor'd,
The choice of all. I tooke beſides along,
A Goat-skin flagon of wine, blacke and ſtrong,
That *Mare* did preſent; *Euantheus* ſonne,
And Prieſt to *Phœbus*; who had manſion
In *Thracian Iſmarus* (the Towne I tooke)
He gaue it me; ſince I (with reuerence ſtrooke,
Of his graue place, his wife and childrens good)
Freed all of violence. Amidſt a wood
Sacred to *Phœbus*, ſtood his houſe; from whence
He fetcht me gifts of varied excellence;
Seuen talents of fine gold; a boll all fram'd
Of maſſie ſiluer. But his gift, moſt fam'd,
Was twelue great veſſels, filld with ſuch rich wine,
As was incorruptible, and diuine.
He kept it as his iewell, which none knew
But he himſelfe, his wife, and he that drew.
It was ſo ſtrong, that neuer any filld
A cup, where that was but by drops inſtilld,
And drunke it off; but twas before allaid
With twentie parts in water; yet ſo ſwaid
The ſpirit of that litle, that the whole,
A ſacred odour breath'd about the boll.
Had you the odour ſmelt, and ſent it caſt,
It would haue vext you to forbeare the taſte.
But then (the taſte gaind too) the ſpirit it wrought,
To dare things high, ſet vp an end my thought.
Of this, a huge great flagon full I bore,
And in a good large knapſacke, victles ſtore;
And longd to ſee this heape of fortitude,
That ſo illiterate was, and vpland rude,
That lawes diuine nor humane he had learnd.
With ſpeed we reacht the Cauerne, nor diſcernd
His preſence there. His flocks he fed at field.
Entring his den; each thing beheld, did yeeld
Our admiration: ſhelues with cheeſes heapt;
Sheds ſtuft with Lambs and Goates, diſtinctly kept;

Vinum Maroneum memorabile.

Diſtinct the biggeſt; the more meane diſtinct;
Diſtinct the youngeſt. And in their precinct
(Proper and placefull) ſtood the troughs and pailes,
In which he milkt; and what was giuen at meales,
Set vp a creaming in the Euening ſtill,
All ſcouring bright, as deaw vpon the hill.
Then were my fellowes inſtant to conuay
Kids, cheeſes, lambs, aſhip boord; and away
Saile the ſalt billow. I thought beſt, not ſo,
But better otherwiſe; and firſt would know,
What gueſt-gifts he would ſpare me. Little knew
My friends, on whom they would haue preyd: his view
Prou'd after, that his inwards were too rough
For ſuch bold vſage: we were bold enough,
In what I ſufferd; which was there to ſtay;
Make fire and feed there, though beare none away.
There ſate we, till we ſaw him feeding come,
And on his necke a burthen lugging home,
Moſt highly huge of Sere-wood; which the pile
That fed his fire, ſupplide all ſupper while.
Downe by his den he threw it; and vp roſe
A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we cloſe
Withdrew our ſelues, while he into a Caue
Of huge receit, his high-fed cattell draue,
All that he milkt; the males he left without
His loftie roofes, that all beſtrowd about
With Rams and buck-goates were. And then a rocke
He lift aloft, that damd vp to his flocke,
The doore they entred: twas ſo hard to wield,
That two and twentie Waggons, all foure-wheeld,
(Could they be loaded, and haue teames that were
Proportion'd to them) could not ſtirre it there.
Thus, making ſute, he kneeld and milkt his Ewes,
And braying Goates, with all a milkers dues.
Then let in all their yong: then, quicke did dreſſe,
His halfe milke vp for cheeſe, and in a preſſe
Of wicker preſt it; put in bolls the reſt,
To drinke, and eate, and ſerue his ſupping feaſt.
All works diſpatcht thus; he began his fire;
Which blowne, he ſaw vs; and did thus enquire:
Ho! Gueſts! what are ye? whence ſaile ye theſe ſeas?
Trafficke, or roue ye? and like theeues oppreſſe
Poore ſtrange aduenturers; expoſing ſo
Your ſoules to danger, and your liues to wo?
This vttred he; when Feare from our hearts tooke
The very life; to be ſo thunder-ſtrooke
With ſuch a voice, and ſuch a monſter ſee.
But thus I anſwerd: Erring *Grecians* we,

From

From *Troy* were turning homewards; but by force
Of aduerſe winds, in far-diuerted courſe,
Such vnknowne waies tooke, and on rude ſeas toſt,
(As *Ioue* decreed) are caſt vpon this Coaſt.
Of *Agamemnon* (famous *Atreus* ſonne)
We boaſt our ſelues the ſouldiers; who hath wonne
Renowme that reacheth heauen; to ouerthrow
So great a Citie, and to ruine ſo,
So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie
Our proſtrate boſomes; forc't with praires to trie,
If any hoſpitable right, or Boone
Of other nature, (ſuch as haue bin wonne
By lawes of other houſes) thou wilt giue.
Reuerence the Gods, thou greatſt of all that liue.
We ſuppliants are; and hoſpitable *Ioue*
Powres wreake on all, whom praires want powre to moue:
And with their plagues, together will prouide,
That humble Gueſts ſhall haue their wants ſupplide.
He cruelly anſwerd: O thou ſoole (ſaid he)
To come ſo farre, and to importune me
With any Gods feare, or obſerued Ioue;
We *Cyclops* care not for your Goat-fed *Ioue*;
Nor other Bleſt ones; we are better farre.
To *Ioue* himſelfe, dare I bid open warre;
To thee, and all thy fellowes, if I pleaſe.
But tell me: where's the ſhip, that by the ſeas
Hath brought thee hither? If farre off, or neare;
Informe me quickly. Theſe his temptings were.
But I, too much knew, not to know his mind;
And craft, with craft paid; telling him the wind
(Thruſt vp from Sea, by him that ſhakes the Shore)
Had daſht our ſhips againſt his rocks, and tore
Her ribs in peeces, cloſe vpon his Coaſt;
And we from high wracke ſau'd; the reſt were loſt.
He anſwerd nothing; but ruſht in, and tooke
Two of my fellowes vp from earth, and ſtrooke
Their braines againſt it. Like two whelps they flew
About his ſhoulders; and did all embrew
The bluſhing earth. No mountaine Lion tore
Two Lambs ſo ſternly; lapt vp all their gore,
Guſht from their torne-vp bodies; lim by lim,
(Trembling with life yet) rauiſht into him.
Both fleſh and marrow-ſtuffed bones he eate,
And euen th'vncleanſed entrails made his meate.
We weeping, caſt our hands to heauen, to view,
A ſight ſo horrid. Deſperation flew
With all our after liues, to inſtant death,
In our beleeu'd deſtruction. But when breath,

This hu relation of Agamemnon, and his glory & theirs for Troyes ſacke, with the pietie of ſuppliants receit, to him that was ſo barbarous and impious, muſt be intended ſpoken by Vlyſſes, with ſuppoſition that his hearers wold note, ſtill as he ſpake; how waine they would ſhew to the Cyclops who reſpected little Agamemnon, or their valiant exploit againſt Troy, or the Gods themſelues. For oth twyſe, the ſeuere obſeruatiō of the words (though good & graue if ſpoken to another) want their intentional ſharpneſſe and life.

The fury of his appetite had got,
Becauſe the gulfe his belly,reacht his throte;
Mans fleſh,and Goates milke,laying laire on laire,
Till neare chokt vp,was all the paſſe for aire.
Along his den,amongſt his cattell,downe
He ruſht,and ſtreakt him. When my mind was growne
Deſperate,to ſtep in; draw my ſword,and part
His boſome,where the ſtrings about the heart
Circle the Liuer, and adde ſtrength of hand.
But that raſh thought,More ſtaid, did countermand;
For there we all had periſht, ſince it paſt
Our powres to lift aſide a log ſo vaſt,
As barrd all outſcape; and ſo ſigh'd away
The thought all Night, expecting actiue Day.
Which come, he firſt of all,his fire enflames,
Then milks his Goates and Ewes; then to their dams
Lets in their yong; and wondrous orderly,
With manly haſte,diſpatcht his houſwifery.
Then to his Breakfaſt, to which,other two
Of my poore friends went: which eate; out then go
His heards and fat flocks; lightly putting by
The churliſh barre, and cloſde it inſtantly;
For both thoſe works,with eaſe,as much he did,
As you would ope and ſhut your Quiuer lid.
With ſtormes of whiſtlings then, his flocks he drawe
Vp to the mountaines; and occaſion gaue
For me to vſe my wits; which to their height,
I ſtriu'd to skrew vp; that a vengeance might
By ſome meanes fall from thence; and *Pallas* now
Affoord a full eare to my needieſt vow.
This then,my thoughts preferd: a huge club lay
Cloſe by his milk-houſe,which was now in way
To drie,and ſeaſon; being an Oliue tree
Which late he feld; and being greene,muſt be
Made lighter for his manage. Twas ſo vaſt,
That we reſembl'd it to ſome fit Maſt,
To ſerue a ſhip of burthen,that was driuen
With twentie Ores; and had a bigneſſe giuen,
To beare a huge ſea. Full ſo thicke, ſo tall
We iudg'd this club; which I,in part,hewd ſmall,
And cut a fathome off. The peece I gaue
Amongſt my ſouldiers,to take downe, and ſhaue;
Which done, I ſharpn'd it at top, and then
(Hardn'd in fire) I hid it in the den,
Within a naſtie dunghill reeking there,
Thicke,and ſo moiſt,it iſſude euery where.
Then made I lots caſt,by my friends to trie,
Whoſe fortune ſerv'd to dare the bor'd out eie

Of that man-eater: and the lot did fall
On foure I wiſht to make my aid,of all;
And I,the fift made, choſen like the reſt.
Then came the Euen; and he came from the feaſt
Of his fat cattell; draue in all; nor kept
One male abroad: if,or his memory ſlept
By Gods direct will; or of purpoſe was
His driuing in of all then, doth ſurpaſſe
My comprehenſion. But he cloſde againe
The mightie barre; milkt, and did ſtill maintaine
All other obſeruation,as before.
His worke, all done; two of my ſouldiers more,
At once he ſnatcht vp; and to ſupper went.
Then dar'd I words to him, and did preſent
A boll of wine,with theſe words: *Cyclop*! take
A boll of wine from my hand,that may make
Way for the mans fleſh thou haſt eate; and ſhow
What drinke our ſhip held; which in ſacred vow,
I offer to thee; to take ruth on me
In my diſmiſſion home. Thy rages be
Now no more ſufferable. How ſhall men
(Mad and inhumane that thou art) againe
Greet thy abode,and get thy actions grace,
If thus thou rageſt,and eatſt vp their race.
He tooke,and drunke; and vehemently ioyd
To taſte the ſweet cup; and againe employd
My flagons powre; entreating more,and ſaid:
Good Gueſt,againe affoord my taſte thy aid;
And let me know thy name; and quickly now;
That in thy recompence I may beſtow
A hoſpitable gift on thy deſert;
And ſuch a one as ſhall reioyce thy heart;
For to the *Cyclops* too,the gentle Earth
Beares generous wine; and *Ioue* augments her birth,
In ſtore of ſuch,with ſhowres. But this rich wine,
Fell from the riuer that is meere diuine,
Of *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*. This againe
I gaue him; and againe; nor could the foole abſtaine,
But drunke as often. When the noble Iuyce
Had wrought vpon his ſpirit; I then gaue vſe
To fairer language; ſaying: *Cyclop*! now
As thou demandſt, Ile tell thee my name; do thou
Make good thy hoſpitable gift to me;
My name is *No-Man*; *No-Man*, each degree
Of friends,as well as parents, call my name.
He anſwerd, as his cruell ſoule became:
No-Man! Ile eate thee laſt of all thy friends;
And this is that,in which ſo much amends

I vowd to thy deſcrvings; thus ſhall be
My hoſpitable gift, made good to thee.
This ſaid; he vpwards fell; but then bent round
His ſleihie necke; and *Sleepe* (with all crownes, crownd)
Subdude the Sauage. From his throte brake out
New wine, with mans fleſh gobbets, like a ſpout;
When loded with his cups, he lay and ſnor'd.
And then tooke I the clubs end vp, and gor'd
The burning cole-heape, that the point might heate.
Confirmd my fellowes minds, leſt *Feare* ſhould let
Their vowd aſſay, and make them flie my aid.
Strait was the Oliue Leuer, I had laid
Amidſt the huge fire, to get hardning, hot;
And glowd extremely, though twas greene; (which got
From forth the cinders) cloſe about me ſtood
My hardie friends: but that which did the good,
Was Gods good inſpiration, that gaue
A ſpirit beyond the ſpirit they vſde to haue:
Who tooke the Oliue ſparre, made keene before,
And plung'd it in his eye: and vp I bore,
Bent to the top cloſe; and helpt poure it in,
Simile. With all my forces: And as you haue ſeene
A ſhip-wright bore a nauall beame; he oft
Thruſts at the *Augurs* Froſe; works ſtill aloft;
And at the ſhanke, helpe others; with a cord
Wound round about, to make it looner bor'd;
All plying the round ſtill: So into his eye,
The firic ſtake, we labourd to imply.
Out guſht the blood that ſcalded; his eye-ball
Thruſt out a flaming vapour, that ſcorcht all
His browes and eye-lids; his eye-ſtrings did cracke,
As in, the ſharpe and burning rafter brake.
Simile. And as a Smith to harden any toole,
(Broad Axe, or Mattocke) in his Trough doth coole
The red-hote ſubſtance, that ſo feruent is,
It makes the cold waue ſtrait to ſeethe and hiſſe:
So ſod, and hizd his eye about the ſtake.
He roar'd withall; and all his Cauerne brake
In claps like thunder. We, did trighted flie,
Diſperſt in corners He from forth his eie,
The fixed ſtake pluckt: after which, the blood
Flowd freſhly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood
About his houill. Out he then did crie
For other *Cyclops*, that in Cauernes by,
Vpon a windie Promontorie dwelld;
Who hearing how impetuouſly he yelld,
Ruſht euery way about him; and enquir'd,
What ill afflicted him, that he expir'd

Such

Such horrid clamors; and in ſacred Night,
To breake their ſleepes for? Askt him, if his fright
Came from ſome mortall, that his flocks had driuen?
Or if by craft, or might, his death were giuen?
He anſwerd from his den; By craft, nor might,
No man hath giuen me death. They then ſaid right;
If no man hurt thee, and thy ſelfe alone;
That which is done to thee, by *Ioue* is done.
And what great *Ioue* inflicts, no man can flie;
Pray to thy Father yet, *a Deitie; *Neptune.*
And proue, from him, if thou canſt helpe acquire.
Thus ſpake they, leauing him. When all on fire,
My heart with ioy was; that ſo well my wit,
And name deceiu'd him; whom now paine did ſplit;
And groning vp and downe, he groping tride,
To find the ſtone, which found, he put aſide;
But in the doore ſate, feeling if he could
(As his ſheepe iſſude) on ſome man lay hold;
Eſteeming me a foole, that could deuiſe
No ſtratageme to ſcape his groſſe ſurpriſe.
But I, contending what I could inuent,
My friends and me, from death ſo imminent,
To get deliuerd: all my wi'es I woue,
(Life being the ſubiect) and did this approue;
Fat fleecie Rams, moſt faire, and great, lay there, *Woll of a violet colour.*
That did a *but then like a Violet beare.
Theſe (while this learn'd in villanie did ſleepe)
Iyokt with Oſiers cut there, ſheepe to ſheepe;
Three in a ranke; and ſtill the mid ſheepe bore
A man about his belly: the two more,
Marcht on his each ſide for defence. I then,
Chuſing my ſelfe the faireſt of the den,
His fleecie bully vnder-crept; embrac't
His backe, and in his rich wooll wrapt me faſt
With both my hands, arm'd with as faſt a mind.
And thus each man hung, till the Morning ſhin'd;
Which come, he knew the houre, and let abroad
His male-flocks firſt: the females, vnmilkt ſtood
Bleating and braying; their full bags ſo ſore,
With being vnemptied; but their ſhepheard more,
With being vnſighted; which was cauſe, his mind
Went not a milking. He (to wreake enclin'd)
The backs felt as they paſt, of thoſe male dams:
(Groſſe foole) beleeuing, we would ride his Rams.
Nor euer knew, that any of them bore
Vpon his belly, any man before.
The laſt Ram came to paſſe him, with his wooll,
And me together, loded to the full:

For there did I hang: and that Ram he ſtaid;
And me withall had in his hands; my head
Troubl'd the while, not cauſde fly, nor leaſt.
This Ram he grop't, and talkt to: Lazie beaſt!
Why laſt art thou now? thou haſt neuer vſde
To lag thus hindmoſt: but ſtill firſt haſt bruſde
The tender bloſſome of a flowre; and held
State in thy ſteps, both to the flood and field:
Firſt ſtill at Fold, at Euen; now laſt remaine?
Doeſt thou not with I had mine eye againe,
Which that abhord man *No-Man* did put out,
Aſſiſted by his execrable rout,
When he had wrought me downe with wine? but he
Muſt not eſcape my wreake ſo cunningly.
I would to heauen thou knew'ſt, and could but ſpeake,
To tell me where he lurks now; I would breake
His braine about my Caue, ſtrewd here and there,
To eaſe my heart of thoſe foule ills, that were
Th'inflictions of a man, I prizde at nought.
Thus let he him abroad; when I (once brought
A litle from his hold) my ſelfe firſt loſde,
And next, my friends. Then draue we, and diſpoſde,
His ſtrait-legg'd fat fleece-bearers ouer land,
Euen till they all were in my ſhips command;
And to our lou'd friends, ſhewd our praid-for ſight,
Eſcap't from death. But for our loſſe, outright
They brake in teares; which with a looke I ſtaid,
And bad them take our Boote in. They obaid;
And vp we all went; ſate, and vſde our Ores,
But hauing left as farre the ſauage ſhores,
As one might heare a voice; we then might ſee
The *Cyclop* at the hauen; when inſtantly
I ſtaid our Ores, and this inſultance vſde:
Cyclop! thou ſhouldſt not haue ſo much abuſde
Thy monſtrous forces, to oppoſe their leaſt,
Againſt a man immartiall, and a gueſt;
And eate his fellowes: thou mightſt know there were
Some ils behind (rude ſwaine) for thee to beare;
That feard not to deuoure thy gueſts, and breake
All lawes of humanes: *Ioue* ſends therefore wreake,
And all the Gods, by me. This blew the more
His burning furie; when the top he tore
From off a huge Rocke; and ſo right a throw
Made at our ſhip, that iuſt before the Prow,
It ouerflew and fell: miſt Maſt and all
Exceeding litle; but about the fall,
So fierce a waue it raiſd, that backe it bore
Our ſhip ſo farre, it almoſt toucht the ſhore.

Vlyſſes inſults ouer the Cyclop.

A bead-hooke then (a far-extended one)
I ſnatcht vp, thruſt hard, and ſo ſet vs gone
Some litle way; and ſtrait commanded all
To helpe me with their Ores; on paine to fall
Againe on our confuſion. But a ſigne,
I with my head made; and their Ores were mine,
In all performance. When we off were ſet,
(Then firſt, twice further) my heart was ſo great,
It would againe prouoke him: but my men
On all ſides ruſht about me, to containe;
And ſaid: Vnhappie! why will you prouoke
A man ſo rude; that with ſo dead a ſtroke,
Giuen with his Rock-dart, made the ſea thruſt backe
Our ſhip ſo farre; and neare hand forc't our wracke?
Should he againe, but heare your voice reſound,
And any word reach; thereby would be found
His Darts direction; which would, in his fall,
Cruſh peece-meale vs, quite ſplit our ſhip and all;
So much dart weilds the monſter. Thus vrg'd they
Impoſſible things, in feare; but I gaue way
To that wrath, which ſo long I held depreſt,
(By great *Neceſsitie* conquerd) in my breſt.
Cyclop! if any aske thee, who impoſde
Th'vnſightly blemiſh that thine eye encloſde;
Say that *Vlyſſes* (old *Laertes* ſonne,
Whoſe ſeate is *Ithaca*; and who hath wonne
Surname of Citie-racer) bor'd it out.
At this, he braid ſo loud, that round about
He draue affrighted Ecchoes through the Aire;
And ſaid: O beaſt! I was premoniſht faire,
By aged Prophecie, in one that was
A great, and good man; this ſhould come to paſſe;
And how tis prou'd now? *Augur Telemus*,
Surnam'd *Eurymedes* (that ſpent with vs
His age in *Augurie*; and did exceed
In all preſage of *Truth*) ſaid all this deed,
Should this euent take; author'd by the hand
Of one *Vlyſſes*; who I thought was mand
With great and goodly perſonage; and bore
A vertue anſwerable: and this ſhore
Should ſhake with weight of ſuch a conqueror,
When now a weakling came, a dwarfie thing,
A thing of nothing; who yet wit did bring,
That brought ſupply to all; and with his wine,
Put out the flame, where all my light did ſhine.
Come, land againe *Vlyſſes*! that my hand,
May Gueſt-rites giue thee; and the great command,
That *Neptune* hath at ſea, I may conuert

Vlyſſes continued inſolence, no more to repeate what he ſaid to the Cyclop, then to let his hearers know Epitheter, and eſtimation in the world.

To the deduction, where abides thy heart,
With my follicitings; whose Sonne I am;
And whose fame boasts to beare my Fathers name.
Nor thinke my hurt offends me; for my Sire
Can soone repose in it the visuall fire,
At his free pleasure; which no powre beside
Can boast: of men, or of the Deifide.
I answerd: Would to God I could compell
Both life and soule from thee; and send to hell
Those spoiles of nature. Hardly *Neptune* then
Could cure thy hurt, and giue thee all again.
Polyphemus imprecation against Vlysses.
Then flew fierce vowes to *Neptune*; both his hands
To starre-borne heauen cast: O thou that all lands
Girdst in thy ambient Circle; and in aire
Shak'st the curld Tresses of thy Saphire haire;
If I be thine, or thou maist iustly vant,
Thou art my Father: heare me now, and grant
That this *Vlyses* (old *Laertes* sonne,
That dwels in *Ithaca*; and name hath wonne
Of Citie-ruiner) may neuer reach
His naturall region. Or if to fetch,
That, and the sight of his faire roofes and friends,
Be fatall to him; let him that Amends
For all his miseries, long time and ill,
Smart for, and faile of: nor that Fate fulfill,
Till all his souldiers quite are cast away
In others ships. And when, at last, the day
Of his sole-landing, shall his dwelling show,
Let *Detriment* prepare him wrongs enow.
Thus praid he *Neptune*; who, his Sire appeard;
And all his praire, to euery syllable heard.
But then a Rocke, in size more amplified
Then first, he rauisht to him; and implied
A dismall strength in it; when (wheeld about)
He sent it after vs; nor flew it out
From any blind aime; for a litle passe
Beyond our Fore-decke, from the fall there was:
With which the sea, our ship gaue backe vpon,
And shrunke vp into billowes from the stone;
Our ship againe repelling, neare as neare
The shore as first. But then our Rowers were
(Being warnd, more armd) and stronglier stemd the flood
That bore backe on vs, till our ship made good
The other Iland, where our whole Fleet lay;
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay;
And euery minute lookt when we should land.
Where (now arriu'd) we drew vp to the sand;
The *Cyclops* sheepe diuiding, that none there

(Of all our priuates) might be wrung, and beate
Too much on powre. The Ram yet was alone,
By all my friends, made all my portion,
Aboue all others; and I made him then,
A sacrifice for me, and all my men,
To cloud-compelling *Ioue*, that all commands.
To whom I burnd the Thighs: but my sad hands,
Receiu'd no grace from him; who studied how
To offer, men and fleete to *Ouerthrow*.
No occasion let passe to Vlysses particular wit and wisdome.
All day, till Sun-set yet, we sate and eate;
And liberall store tooke in, of wine and meate.
The Sunne then downe, and place resign'd to shade,
We slept; Morne came, my men I raisd, and made
All go aboord; weigh Anker, and away.
They boorded, sate and beate the aged sea;
And forth we made saile; sad for losse before,
And yet had comfort, since we lost no more.

Finis libri noni Hom. Odyss.

THE

THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLysses *now relates to vs,*
The grace he had with AEolus,
Great Guardian of the hollow winds:
Which in a leather bag he binds,
And giues Vlysses; *all but one,*
Which Zephyre *was; who filld alone*
Vlysses *sailes. The Bag once seene*
(While he slept) by Vlysses *men;*
They thinking it did gold inclose;
To find it all the winds did lose.
Who backe flew to their guard againe.
Forth sayld he; and did next attaine
To where the Læstrigonians *dwell.*
Where he eleuen ships lost; and fell
On the AEæan *coast; whose shore*
He sends Eurylochus *t'explore,*
Diuiding with him halfe his men:
Who go, and turne no more againe;
(All saue Eurylochus, *to swine*
By Circe *turnd.) Their stayes encline*
Vlysses *to their search; who got*
Of Mercurie *an Antidote,*
(Which Moly *was) gainst* Circes *charmes,*
And so auoids his souldiers harmes.
A yeare with Circe *all remaine,*
And then their natiue formes regaine.
On vtter shores, a time they dwell,
While Ithacus *descends to hell.*

Another.

Κατωα. *Great* AEolus
And Circe, *friends,*
Finds Ithacus;
And Hell descends.

TO the *Æolian* Iland we attaind,
That swumme about still on the sea; where raign'd
The God-lou'd *Æolus Hippotydes.*
A wall of steele it had; and in the seas,
A waue-beat-smooth-rocke, mou'd about the wall.
Twelue children, in his house imperiall,
Were borne to him: of which, sixe daughters were,
And sixe were sonnes, that youths sweet flowre did beare.

His daughters, to his sonnes he gaue, as wiues;
Who spent in feastfull comforts all their liues;
Close seated by their Sire, and his graue Spouse.
Past number were the dishes, that the house
Made euer sauour; and still full the Hall;
As long as day shin'd; in the night-time, all
Slept with their chaste wiues. Each his faire caru'd bed
Most richly furnisht; and this life they led.
We reacht the Cittie, and faire roofes of these;
Where, a whole moneths time; all things that might please
The King vouchsaf't vs. Of great *Troy* enquir'd,
The *Grecian* fleete, and how the *Greekes* retir'd:
To all which, I gaue answer, as behou'd.
The fit time come; when I dismission mou'd;
He nothing would denie me, but addrest
My passe with such a bountie, as might best
Teach me contentment. For he did enfold
Within an Oxe hide, flead at nine yeares old,
All th'airie blasts, that were of stormie kinds.
Saturnius made him Steward of his winds; *Iupiter.*
And gaue him powre, to raise and to asswage;
And these he gaue me, curbd thus of their rage.
Which in a glittering siluer band I bound
And hung vp in my ship: enclosd so round,
That no egression, any breath could find.
Onely he left abroad the Westerne wind;
To speede our ships and vs, with blasts secure.
But our securities, made all vnsure:
Nor could he consummate our course alone,
When all the rest had got egression.
Which thus succeeded. Nine whole daies and nights
We sayld in safetie; and the tenth, the lights
Borne on our Countrey earth, we might descrie:
So neere we drew, and yet euen then fell I
(Being ouerwatcht) into a fatall sleepe:
For I would suffer no man else to keepe
The foote that rul'd my vessels course; to leade
The faster home. My friends then Enuy fed, *πρύμνα νηὸς He calles the Sterne, the foote of the ship.*
About the bag I hung vp; and supposde,
That gold, and siluer, I had there enclosde,
As gift from *Æolus*. And said, O heauen!
What grace, and graue price, is by all men giuen
To our Commander? What soeuer coast
Or towne, he comes to, how much he engrost
Of faire and precious prey, and brought from *Troy?*
We the same voiage went; and yet enioy
In our returne, these emptie hands for all.
This bag now, *Æolus* was so liberall

To make a Gueſt-gift to him. Let vs trie
Of what conſiſts, the faire-bound Treaſurie;
And how much gold, and ſiluer it containes.
Ill counſaile, preſent approbation gaines.
" They op't the bag, and out the vapours brake;
When inſtant tempeſt did our veſſell take,
That bore vs backe to Sea; to mourne anew
Our abſent Countrey. Vp amazd I flew,
And deſperate things diſcourſt; if I ſhould caſt
My ſelfe to ruine in the ſeas; or taſte
Amongſt the liuing more mone, and ſuſtaine?
Silent, I did ſo; and lay hid againe
Beneath the hatches: while an ill winde tooke
My ſhips, backe to *Æolia*: my men ſtrooke
With woe enough. We pumpt and landed then;
Tooke foode, for all this; and (of all my men,)
I tooke a Herald to me, and away
Went to the Court of *Æolus*; Where they
Were feaſting ſtill: he, wife and children ſet
Together cloſe. We would not (at their meate)
Thruſt in; but humbly on the threſhold ſat.
He then, amazd, my preſence wonderd at;
And calld to me: *Vlyſſes*! how, thus backe
Art thou arriu'd here? what foule ſpirit brake
Into thy boſome to retire thee thus?
We thought we had deduction, curious
Giuen thee before; to reach thy ſhore and home:
Did it not like thee? I (euen ouercome
With worthy ſorrow) anſwerd: My ill men
Haue done me miſchiefe; and to them hath bene
My ſleepe th'vnhappie motiue. But do you
(Dearеſt of friends) daigne ſuccour to my vow:
Your powres command it. Thus endeuord I
With ſoft ſpeech to repaire my miſery.
The reſt, with ruth, ſat dumbe: but thus ſpake he;
Auant; and quickly quit my land of thee,
Thou worſt of all that breathe; it fits not me
To conuoy, and take in, whom heauens expoſe.
Away, and with thee go, the worſt of woes,
That ſeek'ſt my friendſhip, and the Gods thy foes.
Thus he diſmiſt me, ſighing; foorth we ſaild,
At heart afflicted: and now wholy faild
The minds my men ſuſtaind: ſo ſpent they were
With toiling at their oares; and worſe did beare
Their growing labours; that they cauſd their grought,
By ſelfe-willd follies; nor now, euer thought
To ſee their Countrey more. Six nights and daies
We ſaild; the ſeuenth, we ſaw faire *Lamos* raiſe

Her loftie Towres (The *Laſtrigonian* State)
That beares her Ports, ſo farre diſterminate.
Where * Shepheard, Shepheard calls out; he at home
Is calld out by the other that doth come
From charge abroad; and then goes he to ſleepe,
The other iſſuing. He whoſe turne doth keepe
The Night obſeruance, hath his double hire;
Since Day and Night, in equall length expire,
About that Region; and the Nights watch weigh'd
At twice the Daies ward; ſince the charge thats laid
Vpon the Nights-man (beſides breach of ſleepe)
Exceeds the Daies-mans: for one, oxen keepe,
The other theepe. But when the hauen we found,
(Exceeding famous; and enuirond round
With one continuate rocke: which, ſo much bent,
That both ends almoſt met; ſo prominent
They were; and made, the hauens mouth paſſing ſtreight)
Our whole fleete, in we got; in whole receipt
Our Ships lay anchord cloſe: nor needed we
Feare harme on any * ſtaies; *Tranquillitie*
So purely ſate there: that waues great, nor ſmall
Did euer riſe to any height at all.
And yet would I, no entrie make; but ſtaid
Alone without the hauen; and thence ſuruaid
From out a loftie watch-towre raiſed there,
The Countrie round about: nor any where
The worke of man or beaſt, appeard to me;
Onely a ſmoke from earth breake, I might ſee.
I then made choice of two; and added more,
A Herald for aſſociate, to explore
What ſort of men liu'd there. They went, and ſaw
A beaten way, through which, carts vſde to draw
Wood from the high hils, to the Towne; and met
A maid without the Port; about to get
Some neare ſpring-water. She, the daughter was
Of mightie *Laſtrigonian*, *Antiphas*:
And to the cleare ſpring, cald *Artacia*, went;
To which the whole Towne, for their water ſent.
To her they came, and askt who gouernd there?
And what the people, whom he orderd were?
She anſwerd not, but led them through the Port,
As making haſte, to ſhew her fathers Court:
Where, enterd; they beheld (to their affright)
A woman like a mountaine top, in height.
Who ruſht abroad; and from the Counſaile place
Cald home her horrid husband *Antiphas*.
Who (deadly minded) ſtraight he ſnatcht vp one,
And fell to ſupper. Both the reſt were gone;

This place ſufferes diſcruption, in as the commentaries confeſſe. Polyphemus was a Cyclop, deſcribed with the contrarily of all humane forme, especially about eyes and feete.

Pope enim nocbis & diei fuit vtr. (ſi fas eſt verbo vti) ſuperſtes: quia ſine luce diu egere non poſſunt, that is, the Pope was both night and day: for without light they cannot liue long.

Hom. intends, that the Equinoctiall is the ſet (for how elſe is the courſe of day and night meare or equall?) but therefore the nights-man hath his double hire, ſleeping as long, about his charge, as the other: and the night being more dangerous.

And if the day were to long, why ſhould the night-man, be preferred in wages?

* *For to inioy reſt on the ſhore, as ſo ſpeake by writers.*

Antiphas was king there.

And to the fleete came. *Antiphas*, a crie
Draue through the Citie; (which heard,) inſtantly
This way, and that, innumerable ſorts,
Not men, but Gyants, iſſued through the Ports;
And mightie flints from rocks tore; which they threw
Amongſt our ſhips; through which, an ill noiſe flew,
Of ſhiuerd ſhips, and life-expiring men,
That were, like fiſhes, by the monſters ſlaine,
And borne to ſad feaſt. While they ſlaughterd theſe,
That were engag'd in all th'aduantages,
The cloſe-mouth'd, and moſt dead-calme hauen could giue;
I (that without lay) made ſome meanes to liue;
My ſword drew; cut my gables; and to oares
Set all my men; and, from the plagues, thoſe ſhores
Let flie amongſt vs, we made haſte to flie;
My men, cloſe working, as men loth to die.
My ſhip flew freely off; but theirs that lay
On heapes in harbors, could enforce no way
Through theſe ſterne fates, that had engag'd them there.
Forth our ſad remnant ſaild; yet ſtill retaind,
The ioyes of men, that our poore few remaind,
Then to the Ile *Æa* we attaind;
Where faire-haird, dreadfull, eloquent *Circe* raignd;
Æetas ſiſter, both by Dame and Sire;
Both daughters to heauens man-enlightning fire;
And *Perſe*, whom *Oceanus* begat.
The ſhip-fit Port here, ſoone we landed at:
Some God directing vs. Two daies; two nights,
We lay here pining in the fatall ſpights
Of toile and ſorrow. But the next third day
When faire *Aurora* had informd; quicke way
I made out of my ſhip; my ſword and lance
Tooke for my furer guide; and made aduance
Vp to a proſpect, I aſſay to ſee
The works of men; or heare mortalitie
Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a height
Rough and right hardly acceſſible; I might
Behold from *Circes* houſe (that in a groue
Set thicke with trees, ſtood; a bright vapor moue.
I then grew * curious in my thought to trie
Some fit enquirie; when ſo ſpritely flie
I ſaw the yeallow ſmoke. But my diſcourſe,
A firſt retiring to my ſhip gaue force
Togiue my men their dinner, and to ſend,
(Before th'aduenture of my ſelfe) ſome friend.
Being neare my ſhip; of one ſo deſolate
Some God had pittie, and would recreate
My woes a little, putting vp to me

* *quæ autem Curioſè cogito.* * *ἀυσκοπον ſignifying tutilus: by reaſon of the fire mixt with it. Fumus qui ſit dum aliquid accenditur.*

A great and high-palmd Hart; that (fatallie,
Iuſt in my way it ſelfe, to taſte a flood)
Was then deſcending: the Sunne heate had ſure
Importun'd him, beſides the temperature
His naturall heate gaue. How ſoeuer, I
Made vp to him, and let my lauelin flie,
That ſtrooke him through the mid-part of his chine;
And made him (braying) in the duſt confine
His flying forces. Forth his ſpirit flew;
When I ſtept in, and from the deaths wound drew
My ſhrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie
Till I, of cut-vp Oſiers, did imply,
A With; a fathome long, with which, his feete
I made together, in a ſure league meete;
Stoop't vnder him, and to my necke, I heau'd
The mightie burthen; of which, I receau'd
A good part on my lance: for elſe I could
By no meanes, with one hand alone, vphould
(Ioynd with one ſhoulder) ſuch a deathfull lode.
And ſo, to both my ſhoulders, both hands ſtood
Needfull aſſiſtents: for it was a Deare
Goodly-wel-growne: when (coming ſomething neare
Where rode my ſhips) I caſt it downe, and rer'd
My friends with kind words; whom, by name I cheer'd,
In note particular, and ſaid; See friends,
We will not yet to *Plutos* houſe, our ends
Shall not be haſtend, though we be declind
In cauſe of comfort; till the day deſign'd
By Fates fixt finger. Come, as long as food
Or wine laſts in our ſhip; lets ſpirit our blood
And quit our care and hunger, both in one.
This ſaid; they frolikt, came, and lookt vpon
With admiration, the huge bodied beaſt;
And when their firſt-ſeru'd eyes, had done their feaſt;
They waſht, and made a to-be-ſtriu'd-for meale,
In * point of honour. On which all did dwell
The whole day long. And, to our venzons ſtore,
We added wine till we could wiſh no more.
Sunne ſet, and darkneſſe vp; we ſlept, till light
Put darkneſſe downe: and then did I excite
My friends to * counſaile, vttering this: Now, friends,
Affoord vnpaſſionate eare; though ill Fate lends,
So good cauſe to your paſſion; no man knowes
The reaſon whence, and how, the darkneſſe growes;
The reaſon, how the Morne is thus begunne:
The reaſon, how the Man-enlightning Sunne
Diues vnder earth: the reaſon how againe
He reres his golden head. Thoſe counſailes then

* *ἀγειν. He drives. The whole end of this counſaile was to perſwade his ſouldiers to explore thoſe parts: which he by no wayes could proue a moſt vnpleaſing motion to them for their fellowes terrible entertainement with Antiphas, and Polyph. and therefore he prepares the little he hath to ſay, with this long circumſtance: implying a neceſſitie of that ſeruice, and neceſſary reſolution to adde the triall of the event, to their other aduentures.*

That paſſe our comprehenſion, we muſt leaue
To him that knowes their cauſes; and receaue
Direction from him, in our acts, as farre
As he ſhall pleaſe to make them regular;
And ſtoope them to our reaſon. In our ſtate,
What then behoues vs? Can we eſtimate
With all our counſailes, where we are? or know
(Without inſtruction, paſt our owne skils) how
(Put off from hence) to ſtere our courſe the more?
I thinke we can not. We muſt then explore
Theſe parts for information; in which way
We thus farre are: laſt Morne I might diſplay
(From off a high-raiſd cliffe) an Iland lie
Girt with th'vnmeaſur'd Sea; and is ſo nie
That in the midſt I ſaw the ſmoke ariſe
Through tufts of trees. This reſts then to aduiſe,
Who ſhall explore this. This ſtrooke dead their hearts,
Remembring the moſt execrable parts
That *Laſtrigonian Antiphas* had plaid:
And that foule *Cyclop*, that their fellowes braid
Betwixt his iawes; which mou'd them ſo; they cried.
But idle teares, had neuer wants ſupplied.
I, in two parts diuided all; and gaue
To either part his Captaine: I muſt haue
The charge of one; and one of God-like looke,
Eurylochus, the other. Lots we ſhooke,
(Put in a caske together,) which of vs
Should leade th'attempt; and twas *Eurylochus*.
He freely went; with two and twenty more:
All which, tooke leaue with teares; and our eyes wore
The ſame wet badge, of weake humanity.
Circes houſe. Theſe, in a dale, did *Circes* houſe deſcrie;
Of bright ſtone built, in a conſpicuous way:
Before her gates; hill-wolues, and Lyons lay;
Which with her virtuous drugs, ſo tame ſhe made;
That Wolfe, nor Lyon, would one man inuade
With any violence; but all aroſe;
Their huge long tailes wagd; and in fawnes would cloſe,
Simile. As louing dogs, when maſters bring them home
Relicks of feaſt; in all obſeruance, come
And ſooth their entries, with their fawnes and bounds;
All gueſts, ſtill bringing, ſome ſcraps for their hounds:
So, on theſe men, the Wolues, and Lyons rampt;
Their horrid paws ſet vp. Their ſpirits were dampt
To ſee ſuch monſtrous kindneſſe; ſtaid at gate,
And heard within, the Goddeſſe eleuate
A voice diuine, as at her web, ſhe wrought,
Subtle, and glorious, and paſt earthly thought;

As

As all the houſwiferies of Deities are.
To heare a voice, ſo rauiſhingly rare;
Polites (one exceeding deare to me,
A Prince of men; and of no meane degree
In knowing vertue; in all Acts, whoſe mind
Diſcreete cares all wayes, vſde to turne, and wind)
Was yet ſurpriſd with it; and ſaid; O friends,
Some one abides within here, that commends
The place to vs; and breathes a voice diuine;
As ſhe ſome web wrought; or her ſpindles twine
She cheriſht with her ſong: the pauement rings
With imitation of the tunes ſhe ſings;
Some woman, or ſome Goddeſſe tis; Aſſay
To ſee with knocking. Thus ſaid he; and they
Both knockt, and calld; and ſtraight her ſhining gates
She opened, iſſuing: bade them in, to cates.
Led, and (vnwiſe) they follow'd; all, but one
Which was *Eurylochus*; who ſtood alone
Without the gates; ſuſpicious of a ſleight;
They enterd, ſhe made fit; and her deceit
She cloakt with Thrones; and goodly chaires of State;
Set hearby honey, and the delicate
Wine brought from *Smyrna*, to them; meale and cheeſe;
But harmefull venoms, ſhe commixt with theſe;
That made their Countrey vaniſh from their thought.
Which, eate; ſhe toucht them, with a rod that wrought
Their transformation, farre paſt humane wunts;
Swines ſnowts, ſwines bodies, tooke they, briſtles, grunts;
But ſtill retaind the ſoules they had before;
Which made them mourne their bodies change the more.
She ſhut them ſtraight in ſties; and gaue them meate
Oke-maſt, and beech, and Cornell fruite, they eate,
Groueling like ſwine on earth, in fowleſt ſort.
Eurylochus, ſtraight haſted the report
Of this his fellowes moſt remorcefull fate.
Came to the ſhips; but ſo excruciate
Was with his woe; he could not ſpeake a word:
His eyes ſtood full of teares; which ſhew'd how ſtor'd,
His mind with mone remaind. We all admir'd;
Askt what had chanc't him, earneſtly deſir'd
He would reſolue vs. At the laſt, our eyes,
Enflam'd in him, his fellowes memories:
And out his griefe burſt thus; You willd; we went
Through thoſe thicke woods you ſaw; when, a deſcent
Shew'd vs a faire houſe, in a lightſome ground,
Where (at ſome worke) we heard a heauenly ſound
Breath'd from a Goddeſſe, or a womans breſt:
They knockt, ſhe op't her bright gates; each, her gueſt

Nescio
Cuius animus
curas prudentes
veriat.

Seeing them, he thought of his fellowes.

Her faire inuitement made: nor would they ſtay,
(Fooles that they were) when ſhe once led the way.
I enterd not, ſuſpecting ſome deceit.
When all together vaniſht; nor the ſight
Of any one, (though long I lookt) mine eye
Could any way diſcouer. Inſtantly,
Vlyſſes mou'd for his ſouldiers. Eurylochus. (My ſword, and bow reacht) I bad ſhew the place,
When, downe he fell; did both my knees embrace,
And praid with teares thus; O thou kept of God,
Do not thy ſelfe loſe; nor to that aboad
Leade others raſhly; both thy ſelfe, and all
Thou ventur'ſt thither, I know well, muſt fall
In one ſure ruine: with theſe few then flie;
We yet may ſhunne the others deſtinie.
I anſwerd him: *Eurylochus*! ſtay thou
And keepe the ſhip then; eate and drinke: I now
Will vndertake th'aduenture; there is cauſe
In great *Neceſsities* vnalterd lawes.
This ſaid, I left both ſhip and ſeas; and on
Along the ſacred vallies all alone
Went in diſcouery: till at laſt I came
Where, of the maine-medcine-making Dame
I ſaw the great houſe: where, encounterd me,
Myſſes encounters Mercurie. The golden-rod ſuſtaining *Mercurie*;
Euen entring *Circes* doores. He met me in
A yong mans likeneſſe, of the firſt-flowr'd chin,
Whoſe forme hath all the grace, of one ſo yong:
He firſt cald to me: then my hand, he wrung,
And ſaid; Thou no-place-finding-for repoſe;
Whither, alone, by theſe hill-confines, goes
Thy erring foote? Th'art entring *Circes* houſe,
Where, (by her medcines, blacke, and forcerous)
Thy ſouldiers all are ſhut, in well-armd ſties,
And turnd to ſwine. Art thou arriu'd with priſe
Fit for their ranſomes? Thou com'ſt out no more
If once thou enterſt. Like thy men before
Made to remaine here; But Ile guard thee free;
And ſaue thee in her ſpite: receiue of me
This faire and good receipt; with which, once arm'd;
Enter her roofes; for th'art to all proofe charm'd
Againſt the ill day: I will tell thee all
Her banefull counſaile. With a feſtiuall
Sheele firſt receiue thee; but will ſpice thy bread
With flowrie poyſons: yet vnaltered
Shall thy firme forme be; for this remedy
Stands moſt approu'd, gainſt all her Sorcery.
Which, thus particularly ſhunne: When ſhe
Shall with her long rod ſtrike thee; inſtantly

Draw from thy thigh thy ſword; and flie on her
As to her ſlaughter. She, (ſurpriſde with feare
And loue) at firſt, will bid thee to her bed;
Nor ſay the Goddeſſe nay; that welcomed
Thou maiſt with all reſpect be; and procure
Thy fellowes freedomes. But before, make ſure
Her fauours to thee; and the great oath take
With which the bleſſed Gods, aſſurance make
Of all they promiſe: that no preiudice
(By ſtripping thee of forme, and facultie)
She may ſo much as once attempt on thee.
This ſaid, he gaue his Antidote to me;
Which from the earth he pluckt; and told me all
The vertue of it: With what Deities call
The name it beares. And *Moly* they impoſe
For name to it. The roote is hard to looſe
From hold of earth, by mortals: but Gods powre
Can all things do. Tis blacke, but beares a flowre
As white as milke. And thus flew *Mercurie*
Vp to immenſe *Olympus*, gliding by
The ſyluan Iland. I, made backe my way
To *Circes* houſe: my mind, of my aſſay
Much thought reuoluing. At her gates I ſtaid
And cald: ſhe heard, and her bright doores diſplaid;
Inuited, led; I followed in: but tract
With ſome diſtraction. In a Throne ſhe plac't
My welcome perſon. Of a curious frame
Twas, and ſo bright; I ſate as in a flame.
A foote-ſtoole added. In a golden boule
She then ſubornd a potion: in her ſoule,
Deformd things thinking: for amidſt the wine
She mixt her man-transforming medicine:
Which when ſhe ſaw I had deuourd; ſhe then,
No more obſeru'd me with her ſoothing vaine;
But ſtrooke me with her rod, and, To her Sty,
Bad; out, away, and with thy fellowes lie.
I drew my ſword, and charg'd her, as I ment
To take her life. When out ſhe cri'd, and bent
Beneath my ſword, her knees; embracing mine;
And (full of teares) ſaid, Who? of what high line
Art thou the iſſue? whence? what ſhores ſuſtaine
Thy nariue Citie? I amaz'd remaine
That drinking theſe my venomes, th'art not turnd.
Neuer drunke any this cup; but he mournd
In other likeneſſe; if it once had paſt
The iuorie bounders of his tongue, and taſte.
All but thy ſelfe, are brutiſhly declind:
Thy breaſt holds firme yet, and vnchang'd thy mind:

The Table Moly which with Vlyſſes whole Narration, hath in thoſe an Allegoricall exemption. Notwithſtanding I ſay with our Spondanus Circlo in hoc vaſto mundi ambitu extare res innumerabiles innumerandæ facultatis: adeo, vt ne quidem illa quæ ad tranſformanda corpora pertinent, ſint e mundo eximi poſſint &c

Thou canſt be therefore, none elſe but the man
Of many virtues : *Ithacenſian*,
Deepe-ſoul'd *Vlyſſes* : who, I oft was told,
By that ſlie God, that beares the rod of gold,
Was to arriue here, in retreat from *Troy*.
Sheath then thy ſword, and let my bed enioy
So much a man; that when the bed we proue,
We may beleeue in one anothers loue.
I then : O *Circe*, why entreat'ſt thou me
To mixe in any humane league with thee;
When thou, my friends haſt beaſts turnd: and thy bed
Tenderſt to me; that I might likewiſe leade
A beaſts life with thee; ſoftn'd, naked ſtript;
That in my blood, thy banes, may more be ſteept.
I neuer will aſcend thy bed, before
I may affirme; that in heauens ſight you ſwore
The great oath of the Gods; that all attempt
To do me ill, is from your thoughts exempt.
I ſaid; ſhe ſwore : when, all the oath-rites ſaid,
I then aſcended her adorned bed;
But thus prepar'd: foure handmaids ſeru'd her there;
That daughters to her ſiluer fountaines were,
To her bright-ſea-obſeruing ſacred floods;
And to her vneut conſecrated woods.
One deckt the Throne-tops, with rich clothes of ſtate;
And did, with ſilkes, the foote-pace, conſecrate.
Another, ſiluer tables ſet before
The pompous Throne; and golden diſhes ſtore
Seru'd in with ſeuerall feaſt. A third fild wine;
The fourth brought water, and made fewell ſhine
In ruddy fires; beneath a wombe of braſſe.
Which heat, I bath'd; and odorous water was
Diſperpled lightly, on my head, and necke;
That might my late, heart-hurting ſorrowes checke
With the refreſhing ſweetneſſe; and, for that,
Men ſometimes, may be ſomething delicate.
Bath'd, and adorn'd; ſhe led me to a Throne
Of maſſie ſiluer; and of faſhion
Exceeding curious. A faire foote-ſtoole ſet;
Water appoſde, and euery ſort of meate
Set on th'elaborately poliſht boord.
She wiſht my taſte emploid; but not a word
Would my eares taſte, of taſte : my mind had food
That muſt digeſt; eye meate would do me good.
Circe (obſeruing, that I put no hand
To any banquet; hauing countermand
From weightier cares; the light cates could excuſe)
Bowing her neare me; theſe wing'd words did vſe:

Why ſits *Vlyſſes*, like one dumbe? his mind
Leſſening with languors? Nor to food enclind;
Nor wine? Whence comes it? out of any feare
Of more illuſion? You muſt needs forbeare
That wrongfull doubt, ſince you haue heard me ſweare.
O *Circe*! (I replied) what man is he,
Awd with the rights of true humanitie,
That dares taſte food or wine; before he ſees
His friends redeem'd from their deformities?
If you be gentle, and indeed incline
To let me taſte the comfort of your wine;
Diſſolue the charmes, that their forc't formes encheine
And ſhew me here, my honord friends, like men.
This ſaid, ſhe left her Throne, and tooke her rod;
Went to her Stie, and let my men abroad,
Like ſwine of nine yeares old. They oppoſite ſtood;
Obſeru'd their brutiſh forme; and look't for food;
When, with another medicine, (euery one
All ouer ſmeer'd) their briſtles all were gone,
Produc't by malice of the other bane;
And euery one, afreſh, lookt vp a man.
Both yonger then they were; of ſtature more;
And all their formes, much goodlier then before.
All knew me; clingd about me, and a cry
Of pleaſing mourning, flew about ſo hie,
The horrid roofe reſounded; and the Queene
Her ſelfe, was mou'd, to ſee our kinde ſo keene.
Who bad me now; bring ſhip and men aſhore;
Our armes, and goods, in caues hid; and reſtore
My ſelfe to her, with all my other men.
I granted, went, and op't the weeping veine
In all my men; whoſe violent ioy to ſee
My ſafe returne, was paſſing kindly free
Of friendly teares, and miſerably wept.
You haue not ſeene yong Heiffers (highly kept;
Filld full of daiſies at the field, and driuen
Home to their houels; all ſo ſpritely giuen
That no roome can containe them; but about,
Bace by the Dams, and let their ſpirits out
In ceaſſeleſſe bleating) of more iocund plight
Then my kind friends, euen crying out with ſight
Of my returne ſo doubted. Circl'd me
With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully
Diſpoſde their rapt minds, as if there they ſaw
Their naturall Countrie, cliffie *Ithaca*;
And euen the roofes where they were bred and borne.
And vowd as much, with teares : O your returne
As much delights vs; as in you had come

Our Countrie to vs, and our naturall home.
But what vnhappie fate hath reft our friends?
I gaue vnlookt for anſwer; That amends
Made for their mourning, bad them firſt of all,
Our ſhip aſhore draw; then in Cauerns ſtall
Our foodie cattell, hide our mutuall priſe;
And then (ſaid I) attend me, that your eies,
In *Circes* ſacred houſe, may ſee each friend,
Eating and drinking, banquets out of end.
They ſoone obeid; all but *Eurylochus*;
Who needes would ſtay them all; and counſelld thus;
O wretches! whither will ye? why are you
Fond of your miſchiefs? and ſuch gladneſſe ſhow
For *Circes* houſe; that will tranforme ye all
To Swine, or Wolues, or Lions? Neuer ſhall
Our heads get out; if once within we be,
But ſtay compelld by ſtrong *Neceſſitie*.
So wrought the *Cyclop*, when t'his caue, our friends
This bold one, led on, and brought all their ends
By his one indiſcretion. I, for this
Thought with my ſword (that deſperate head of his
Hewne from his necke) to gaſh vpon the ground
His mangld bodie, though my blood was bound
In neare alliance to him. But the reſt
With humble ſuite containd me, and requeſt,
That I would leaue him, with my ſhip alone;
And to the ſacred Pallace leade them on.
I led them; nor *Eurylochus* wo uld ſtay,
From their attendance on me: Our late fray
Strooke to his heart ſo. But meane time, my men,
In *Circes* houſe, were all, in feuerall baine
Studiouſly ſweetn'd, ſmugd with oile, and deckt
With, in, and outweeds: and a feaſt ſecret
Seru'd in before them: at which, cloſe we found
They all were ſet, cheer'd, and carouſing round.
When (mutuall ſight had, and all thought on) then
Ulyſſes to vs. To Commemorabantque omnia. Feaſt was forgotten; and the mone againe
About the houſe flew, driuen with wings of ioy.
But then ſpake *Circe*; Now, no more annoy:
Intending all their miſeries, eſcapes, and meetings:
I know my ſelfe, what woes by ſea, and ſhore,
And men vniuſt, haue plagu'd enough before
Your iniur'd vertues: here then, feaſt as long;
And be as cheerfull, till ye grow as ſtrong,
As when ye firſt forſooke your Countrie earth.
Ye now fare all, like exiles; nor a mirth
Flaſht in amongſt ye, but is quencht againe
With ſtill-renewd teares: though the beaten vaine
Of your diſtreſſes, ſhould (me thinke) be now

Benumb with ſufferance. We did well allow
Her kind perſwaſions; and the whole yeare ſtaid
In varied feaſt with her. When, now arraid
The world was with the Spring; and orbie houres
Had gone the round againe, through herbs and flowres,
The moneths abſolu'd in order; till the daies
Had runne their full race, in *Apollos* raies;
My friends remembrd me of home; and ſaid,
It euer Fate would ſigne my paſſe; delaid
It ſhould be now no more. I heard them well;
Yet that day, ſpent in feaſt, till darkneſſe fell;
And ſleepe, his virtues, through our vapours ſhed.
When I aſcended, ſacred *Circes* bed;
Implor'd my paſſe; and her performed vow
Which now, my ſoule vrg'd; and my ſouldiers now
Afflicted me with teares to get them gone.
All theſe I told her; and ſhe anſwerd theſe;
Much skilld *Vlyſſes Laertiades*!
Remaine no more, againſt your wils with me:
But take your free way: onely this muſt be
Perform'd before you ſtere your courſe for home;
You muſt the way to *Pluto* ouercome;
And ſterne *Perſephone*, to forme your paſſe,
By th'aged *Theban* Soule *Tireſias*;
The dark-browd Prophet: whoſe ſoule yet can ſee
Clearely, and firmely: graue *Perſephone*,
(Euen dead) gaue him a mind; that he alone
Might ſing *Truths* ſolide wiſedome, and not one
Proue more then ſhade, in his compariſon.
This broke my heart; I ſunke into my bed;
Mourn'd, and would neuer more be comforted
With light, nor life. But hauing now expreſt
My paines enough to her, in my vnreſt,
That ſo I might prepare her ruth; and get
All I held fit, for an affaire ſo great;
I ſaid; O *Circe*, who ſhall ſtere my courſe
To *Plutos* kingdome? Neuer ſhip had force
To make that voiage. The diuine in voice,
Said, Seeke no guide, raiſe you your Maſt, and hoice
Your ſhips white ſailes; and then, ſit you at peace;
The freſh North ſpirit, ſhall waft ye through the ſeas.
But, hauing paſt th'*Ocean*, you ſhall ſee;
A little ſhore, that to *Perſephone*
Puts vp a conſecrated wood; where growes,
Tall Firres, and Sallowes, that their fruits ſoone looſe:
Caſt anchor in the gulphes: and go, alone
To *Plutos* darke houſe, where, to *Acheron*
Cocytus runnes, and *Pyriphlegiton*:

Cocytus borne of *Styx*, and where a Rocke
Of both the met floods, beares the roring ſhocke,
The darke *Heroe*, (great *Tireſias*)
Now coming neare, (to gaine propitious paſſe)
Dig (of a cubit euery way) a pit;
And powre (to all that are deceaſt) in it
A ſolemne ſacrifice. For which; firſt take
Honey and wine, and their commixtion make:
Then ſweete wine, neate; and thirdly; water powre;
And laſtly, adde to theſe, the whiteſt flowre:
Then vow to all the weake necks of the dead,
Offerings a number: and when thou ſhalt tread
The *Ithacenſian* ſhore; to ſacrifice
A Heifer neuer tam'd, and moſt of priſe;
A pyle of all thy moſt-eſteemed goods
Enflaming to the deare ſtreames of their bloods:
And, in ſecret Rites, to *Tireſias* vow
A Ram cole blacke, at all parts, that doth flow
With fat, and fleece; and all thy flockes doth leade:
When the all-calling nation of the dead
Thou thus haſt praid to; offer on the place,
A Ram and Ewe all blacke: being turn'd in face
To dreadfull *Erebus*; thy ſelfe aſide
The floods ſhore walking. And then, gratified
With flocks of Soules, of Men, and Dames deceaſt,
Shall all thy pious Rites be. Straight, addreſt
See then the offering that thy fellowes ſlew;
Flayd, and impoſde in fire; and all thy Crew,
Pray to the ſtate of either Deitie,
Graue Pluto, and ſeuere *Perſephone*.
Then draw thy ſword, ſtand firme; nor ſuffer one
Of all the faint ſhades, of the dead and gone,
T'approch the blood, till thou haſt heard their king,
The wiſe *Tireſias*: who, thy offering
Will inſtantly do honour: thy home wayes,
And all the meaſure of them, by the ſeas
Amply vnfolding. This the Goddeſſe told;
And then, the morning in her Throne of gold,
Suruaid the vaſt world; by whoſe orient light,
The *Nymph* adorn'd me with attires as bright;
Her owne hands putting on, both ſhirt and weede,
Robes fine, and curious; and vpon my head,
An ornament that glitterd like a flame:
Girt me in gold; and forth betimes I came
Amongſt my ſouldiers; rouſd them all from ſleepe;
And bad them now; no more obſeruance keepe
Of eaſe, and feaſt; but ſtraight, a ſhipboard fall,
For now the Goddeſſe had inform'd me all:

which is expounded Inclyta examina mortuorum. *But* αλληγορια *the Epithete of Pluto, and by Analogie belongs to the dead,* quod ad ſe omnes adtrahit.

Their

Their noble ſpirits agree'd; nor yet ſo cleare
Could I bring all off; but *Elpenor* there
His breed's leſſe life left: he was yongeſt man
Of all my company, and one that wanne
Leaſt fame for armes; as little for his braine;
Who (too much ſteept in wine, and ſo made faine;
To get refreſhing by the coole of ſleepe;
Apart his fellowes; plung'd in vapors deepe;
And they as high in tumult of their way)
Suddainly wak't, and (quite out of the ſtay
A ſober mind had giuen him) would deſcend
A huge long Ladder, forward; and an end
Fell from the very roofe; full pitching on
The deareſt ioynt, his head was plac't vpon;
Which (quite diſſolu'd,) let looſe his ſoule to hell.
I, to the reſt; and *Circes* meanes did tell
Of our returne (as croſſing cleane the hope
I gaue them firſt) and ſaid; You thinke the ſcope
Of our endeuours now, is ſtraight for home,
No: *Circe* otherwiſe deſign'd; whoſe doome
Enioynd vs firſt, to greet the dreadfull houſe
Of *Auſtere Pluto*, and his glorious ſpouſe;
To take the counſaile of *Tireſias*
(The reuerend *Theban*) to direct our paſſe.
This brake their hearts, and griefe made teare their haire
But griefe was neuer good, at great affaire.
It would haue way yet. We went wofull on
To ſhip and ſhore, where, was arriu'd as ſoone
Circe vnſeene; a blacke Ewe, and a Ram,
Binding for ſacrifice; and as ſhe came
Vaniſht againe, vnwitneſt by our eyes;
Which grieu'd not vs, nor checkt our ſacrifice;
For who would ſee God, loath to let vs ſee?
This way, or that bent; ſtill his waies are free.

Finis decimi libri Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE XI. BOOKE
OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLyſſes *way to Hell appeares;*
Where he, the graue Tireſias *heares;*
Enquires his owne, and others fates.
His mother ſees, and th'after ſtates,
In which, were held, by ſad Deceaſe
Heroes, *and* Heroeſſes;
A number, that at Troy *wag'd warre;*
As Aiax *that was ſtill at iarre*
With Ithacus *for th'armes he loſt;*
And with the great Achilles *Ghoſt.*

Another.

Λαμβδα. VlyſſeS *here*
Inuokes the dead;
The liues appeare,
Hereafter led.

They mourn'd the euent before they knew it.

ARriu'd now at our ſhip; we lancht, and ſet
Our Maſt vp, put forth ſaile; and in did get
Our late-got Cattell. Vp our ſailes, we went;
My wayward fellowes mourning now th'euent.
A good companion yet, a forcright wind;
Circe, (the excellent vtterer of her mind)
Supplied our murmuring conſorts with, that was
Both ſpeed, and guide to our aduenturous paſſe.
All day our ſailes ſtood to the winds; and made
Our voiage proſprous. Sunne then ſet, and ſhade
All wayes obſcuring: on the bounds we fell
Of deepe *Oceanus*; where people dwell
Whom a perpetuall cloud obſcures outright:
To whom the cheerfull Sunne lends neuer light;
Nor when he mounts the ſtar-ſuſtaining heauen;
Nor when he ſtoopes earth, and ſets vp the Euen:
But Night holds fixt wings, fetherd all with Banes,
Aboue thoſe moſt vnbleſt *Cimmerianes*.
Here drew we vp our ſhip: our ſheepe with-drew;
And walkt the ſhore till we attaind the view
Of that ſad region *Circe* had foreſhow'd;
And then the ſacred offerings, to be vow'd,
Eurylochus, and *Perſimedes* bore.
When I, my ſword drew, and earths wombe did gore

Till I, a pit digg'd of a cubite round;
Which with the liquid ſacrifice, we crown'd
Firſt, honey mixt with wine; then, ſweete wine neate;
Then water powr'd in; laſt the flowre of wheate.
Much I importun'd then, the weake-neckt dead,
And vowd, when I the barren ſoile ſhould tread
Of cliffie *Ithaca*; amidſt my hall
To kill a Heifer, my cleare beſt of all,
And giue in offering: on a Pile compoſd
Of all the choiſe goods, my whole houſe encloſd.
And to *Tireſias*, himſelfe, alone
A theepe cole-blacke, and the ſelecteſt one
Of all my flockes. When to the powres beneath,
The ſacred nation, that ſuruiue with Death,
My prayrs, and vowes, had done deuotions fit;
I tooke the offrings, and vpon the pit
Bereft their liues. Out guſht the fable blood;
And round about me, fled out of the flood,
The Soules of the deceaſt. There cluſter'd then,
Youths, and their wiues, much ſuffering aged men,
Soft tender virgins, that but new came there,
By timeleſſe death, and greene their ſorrowes were.
There, men at Armes, with armors all embrew'd,
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd:
In numbers, vp and downe the ditch, did ſtalke;
And threw vnmeaſur'd cries, about their walke;
So horrid that a bloodleſſe feare ſurpriſde,
My daunted ſpirits. Straight then, I aduiſde
My friends to flay the ſlaughter'd ſacrifice;
Put them in fire, and to the Deities;
Sterne *Pluto*, and *Perſephone*, apply
Excitefull prayrs. Then drew I from my Thy,
My well-edg'd ſword; ſtept in, and firmely ſtood
Betwixt the preaſe of ſhadowes, and the blood;
And would not ſuffer any one to dip
Within our offring, his vnſolide lip;
Before *Tireſias*, that did all controule.
The firſt that preaſt in, was *Elpenors* ſoule;
His body, in the broad-waid earth, as yet
Vnmournd, vnburied by vs; ſince we ſwet
With other vrgent labours. Yet his ſmart,
I wept to ſee; and ru'd it from my heart;
Enquiring how, he could before me be,
That came by ſhip? He mourning, anſwerd me:
In *Circes* houſe; the ſpite ſome Spirit did beare;
And the vnſpeakable good licour there
Hath bene my bane. For being to deſcend
A ladder much in height; I did not tend

My way well downe; but forwards made a proofe
To tread the rounds; and from the very roofe
Fell on my necke, and brake it. And this made
My ſoule thus viſite this infernall ſhade.
And here, by them that next thy ſelfe are deare,
Thy Wife, and Father, that a little one
Gaue food to thee; and by thy onely Sonne
At home behind thee left, (*Telema. hic*)
Do not depart by ſtealth, and leaue me thus,
Vnmourn'd, vnburied: leſt neglected I
Bring on thy ſelfe, th'incenſed Deitie.
I know, that ſaild from hence, thy ſhip muſt touch
On th Ile *Æa*; where vouchſafe thus much
(Good king) that, landed, thou wilt inſtantly,
Beſtow on me, thy royall memory;
To this grace; that my body, armes and all,
May reſt conſum'd in fitie funerall.
And on the fomie ſhore, a Sepulchre
Erect to me; that after times may heare
Of one ſo hapleſſe. Let me theſe implore;
Miſenus apud Virgilium, ingenii mole, &c. And fixe vpon my Sepulcher, the Ore
With which aline, I ſhooke the aged ſeas;
And had, of friends, the deare ſocieties.
I told the wretched Soule, I would fulfill
And execute to th'vtmoſt point, his will;
And, all the time, we ſadly talkt; I ſtill
My ſword aboue the blood held; when aſide
The Idoll of my friend, ſtill amplified
His plaint, as vp and downe, the ſhades he err'd.
Then, my deceaſed mothers Soule appeard;
Faire daughter of *Antolic us*, the Great;
Graue *Anticlea*, Whom, when forth I ſet
For ſacred *Ilion*, I had left aliue.
Her ſight, much mou'd me; and to teares did driue
My note of her deceaſſe: and yet, not ſhe
(Though in my ruth, ſhe held the higheſt degree)
Would I admit to touch the ſacred blood;
Till from *Tireſias*, I had vnderſtood
What *Circes* told me. At the length did land,
Tireſias to Vlyſſes. *Theban Tireſias* ſoule; and in his hand
Suſtaind a golden Scepter, knew me well;
And ſaid; O man vnhappy, why to hell
Admitſt thou darke arriuall; and the light
The Sunne giues, leau'ſt; to haue the horrid ſight
Of this blacke region, and the ſhadowes here?
Now ſheath thy ſharpe ſword; and the pit forbeare.
That I the blood may taſte; and then relate
The truth of thoſe acts, that affect thy Fate.

I ſheath'd my ſword; and I eſt the pit, till he
The blacke blood taſting, thus inſtructed me;
Renoum'd *Vlyſſes*! all vnaskt, I know
That all the cauſe of thy arriuall now,
Is to enquire thy wiſht retreate, for home:
Which hardly God will let thee ouercome;
Since *Neptune* ſtill will his oppoſure trie,
With all his laid vp anger, for the eye
His ſou'd Sonne loſt to thee. And yet through all
Thy ſuffring courſe, (which muſt be capitall)
If both thine owne affections, and thy friends
Thou wilt containe; when thy acceſſe aſcends
The three-forckt Iland, hauing ſcap't the ſeas;
(Where ye ſhall find fed, on the flowrie leas,
Fat flocks, and Oxen; which the Sunne doth owne;
To whom are all things, as well heard as ſhowne:
And neuer dare, one head of thoſe to ſlay;
But hold, vnharmefull on, your wiſhed way)
Though through enough affliction; yet ſecure
Your Fates ſhall land ye. But *Preſage* ſaies ſure,
If once ye ſpoile them; ſpoile to all thy friends;
Spoile to thy Fleete; and if the iuſtice ends
Short of thy ſelfe; it ſhall be long before,
And that length, fore't out, with inflictions ſtore:
When, loſing all thy fellowes, in a ſaile
Of forreigne built (when moſt thy Fates preuaile
In thy deliuerance) thus th'euent ſhall fort;
Thou ſhalt find ſhipwracke, raging in thy Port:
Proud men, thy goods conſuming; and thy Wife
Vrging with gifts; giue charge vpon thy life.
But all theſe wrongs, *Reuenge* ſhall end to thee;
And force, or cunning, ſet with ſlaughter, free
Thy houſe of all thy ſpoilers. Yet againe,
Thou ſhalt a voyage make; and come to men
That know no Sea; nor ſhips, nor oares, that are
Wings to a ſhip; nor mixe with any fare,
Salts fauorie vapor. Where thou firſt ſhalt land,
This cleare-giuen ſigne, ſhall let thee vnderſtand,
That there thoſe men remaine: aſſume aſhore,
Vp to thy roiall ſhoulder, a ſhip oare;
With which, when thou ſhalt meete one on the way,
That will, in Countey admiration, ſay
What doſt thou with that wanne, vpon thy necke?
There, fixe (that wanne) thy oare; and that ſhore decke
With ſacred Rites to *Neptune*: ſlaughter there
A Ram, a Bull, and, (who for ſtrength doth beare
The name of husband to a herd) a Bore.
And, coming home, vpon thy naturall ſhore,

Men that neuer eate ſalt with their meate.

Giue pious *Hecatombs*, to all the Gods
(Degrees obſeru'd). And then the *Periods*
Of all thy labors, in the peace ſhall end
Of eaſie death; which ſhall the leſſe extend
His paſſion to thee; that thy foe, the Sea
Shall not enforce it, but *Deaths* victory,
γηρα ὑπο λιπαρω. *Which all tranſlate* ſenectute ſub molli. *The Epithete* λιπαρω. *not of* εὐπωγος. *viz.* pinguis, *or* λιπαρος. pinguiter. *But* λιπαρος *ſignifying* flagitanter *or* ſedulo *To which pious age is neuer altogether addicted.*
Shall chance in onely-earneſt-pray-vow'd age:
Obtaind at home, quite emptied of his rage;
Thy ſubiects round about thee, rich and bleſt:
And here hath *Truth* ſumm'd vp, thy vitall reſt.
I anſwerd him; We will ſuppoſe all theſe
Decreed in Deity; let it likewiſe pleaſe
Tireſias to reſolue me, why ſo neare
The blood and me, my mothers Seule doth beare;
And yet, nor word, nor looke, vouchſafe her Sonne?
Doth ſhe not know me? No (ſaid he) nor none
Of all theſe ſpirits, but my ſelfe alone;
Knowes any thing, till he ſhall taſte the blood;
But whomſoeuer, you ſhall do that good,
He will the truth, of all you wiſh, vnfold;
Who, you enuy it to, will all withhold.
Thus ſaid the kingly ſoule, and made retreate,
Amidſt the inner parts of *Plutos* Seate,
When he had ſpoke thus, by diuine inſtinct:
Still I ſtood firme, till to the bloods precinct
My mother came, and drunke; and then ſhe knew,
I was her Sonne; had paſſion to renew
Her naturall plaints; which thus ſhe did purſew:
How is it, (O my Sonne) that you aliue,
This deadly-darkſome region vnderdiue?
Twixt which, and earth, ſo many mighty ſeas,
And horrid currents, interpoſe their preaſe?
Oceanus, in chiefe; which none (vnleſſe
More helpt then you) on foote now can tranſgreſſe.
A well built ſhip he needs, that ventures there:
Com'ſt thou from *Troy* but now? enforc't to erre
All this time with thy ſouldiers? Nor haſt ſeene,
Ere this long day, thy Countrey, and thy Queene?
I anſwerd; That a neceſſary end
To this infernall ſtate, made me contend;
That from the wiſe *Tireſias Theban* Soule,
I might, an Oracle, inuolu'd, vnrowle:
For I came nothing neare *Achaia* yet;
Nor on our lou'd earth, happy foote had ſet;
But (miſhaps ſuffering) err'd from Coaſt to Coaſt;
Euer ſince firſt, the mighty *Gracian* hoaſt
Diuine *Atrides*, led to *Ilion*;
And I, his follower, to ſet warre vpon

The rapefull *Troyans*: and ſo praid ſhe would
The Fate of that vngentle death vnfould,
That forc't her thither: if ſome long diſeaſe;
Or that the Splene, of her that arrowes pleaſe,
(*Diana*, enuious of moſt eminent Dames)
Had made her th'obiect of her deadly aimes?
My Fathers ſtate, and ſonnes, I fought; if they
Kept ſtill my goods? or they became the prey
Of any other, holding me no more
In powre of ſafe returne, or if my ſtore
My wife had kept together, with her Sonne?
Is ſhe, her firſt mind held; or had bene wonne
By ſome chiefe *Grecian*, from my loue, and bed?
All this ſhe anſwerd; that *Affliction* led
On her blood ſtill at home; and that to griefe,
She all the dayes, and darkneſſe, of her life,
In teares, had conſecrate. That none poſſeſt
My famous kingdomes Throne; but th'intereſt
My ſonne had in it; ſtill he held in peace.
A Court kept, like a Prince; and his increaſe
Spent in his ſubiects good; adminiſtring lawes
With iuſtice, and the generall applauſe
A king ſhould merit; and all calld him king.
My Father, kept the vpland, labouring;
And ſhun'd the Citie: vſde no ſumptuous beds;
Wonderd at furnitures; nor wealthy weeds;
But, in the Winter, ſtrew'd about the fire
Lay with his ſlaues in aſhes; his attire
Like to a beggers. When the Sommer came;
And Autumne all fruits ripend with his flame;
Where Grape-charg'd vines, made ſhadows moſt abound,
His couch with ſalne leaues, made vpon the ground:
And here lay he; his Sorrowes fruitfull ſtate,
Increaſing, as he faded, for my Fate.
And now, the part of age, that irkſome is
Lay ſadly on him. And that life of his,
She led, and periſht in; not ſlaughterd by
The Dame, that darts lou'd, and her archerie;
Nor, by diſeaſe inuaded, vaſt, and foule
That waſts the body, and ſends out the ſoule
With ſhame and horror: onely in her mone,
For me, and my life; ſhe conſum'd her owne.
She thus; when I, had great deſire to proue
My armes, the circle, where her ſoule did moue;
Thrice prou'd I, thrice ſhe vaniſht, like a ſleepe;
Or fleeting ſhadow, which ſtrooke much more deepe
The wounds, my woes made; and made, aske her why
She would my Loue to her embraces flie;

And not vouchſafe, that euen in hell we might,
Pay pious Nature, her vnalterd right,
And giue *Vexation* here, her cruell fill?
Proſerpina or Perſephone. Should not the Queene here, to augment the ill
Of euery ſufferance (which her office is)
Enforce thy idoll, to affoord me this?
O Sonne (the anſwerd) of the race of men
The moſt vnhappy; our moſt equall Queene,
Will mocke no ſolide armes, with empty ſhade;
Nor ſuffer empty ſhades, againe t'inuade
Fleſh, bones, and nerues: nor will defraud the fire
Of his laſt dues; that, ſoone as ſpirits expire,
And leaue the white bone, are his natiue right;
When, like a dreame, the ſoule aſſumes her flight.
The light then, of the liuing, with moſt haſte
(O Sonne) contend to: this thy little taſte
Of this ſtate is enough; and all this life,
Will make a tale, fit, to be told thy wife.
The old Heroëſſes are care to Vlyſſes. This ſpeech we had; when now repair'd to me
More female ſpirits; by *Perſephone*,
Driuen on before her. All t'heroes wiues
And daughters, that, led there their ſecond liues,
About the blacke blood throngd. Of whom, yet more
My mind impell'd me to enquire, before
I let them altogether taſte the gore;
For then would all haue bene diſperſt, and gone,
Thicke as they came. I therefore, one by one
Let taſte the pit: my ſword drawne from my Thy
And ſtand betwixt them made; when, ſeuerally
All told their ſtockes. The firſt that quencht her fire,
Tyro, Was *Tyro*, iſſu'd of a noble Sire.
She ſaid ſhe ſprong from pure, *Salmoneus* bed;
And *Cretheus*, Sonne of *Æolus* did wed.
Yet the diuine flood *Enipeus*, lou'd,
Who much the moſt faire ſtreame, of all floods mou'd.
Neare whoſe ſtreames, *Tyro* walking: *Neptune* came,
Like *Enipeus*, and enioyd the Dame:
Like to a hill; the blew, and Snakie flood
Aboue th'immortall, and the mortall ſtood;
And hid them both; as both together lay,
Iuſt where his current, falles into the Sea.
Her virgine waſt, diſſolu'd, ſhe ſlumberd then;
But when the God had done the worke of men,
Her faire hand gently wringing; thus he ſaid;
Woman! Reioyce in our combined bed;
For when the yeare hath runne his circle, round
(Becauſe the Gods loues, muſt in fruite abound)
My loue ſhall make (to cheere thy teeming mones)

Thy one deare burthen, beare two famous Sonnes;
Loue well, and bring them vp: go home, and ſee
That, though of more ioy yet, I ſhall be free;
Thou doſt not tell, to glorifie thy birth:
Thy Loue is *Neptune* ſhaker of the earth.
This ſaid; he plung'd into the ſea, and ſhe
(Begot with child by him) the light let ſee
Great *Pelias*, and *Neleus*; that became
In *Ioues* great miniſtrie, of mighty fame.
Pelias, in broad *Iolcus* held his Throne,
Wealthy in cattell; th'other roiall Sonne
Rul'd ſandy *Pylos*. To theſe, iſſue more
This Queene of women, to her husband bore:
Aeſon, and *Pheres*, and *Amythaon*,
That for his fight on horſebacke, ſtoopt to none.
Next her, I ſaw admir'd *Antiope* *Antiope like Tyro.*
Aſopus daughter; who (as much as ſhe
Boaſted attraction, of great *Neptunes* loue)
Boaſted to ſlumber in the armes of *Ioue*:
And two Sonnes likewiſe, at one burthen bore,
To that, her all-controlling Paramore:
Amphion, and faire *Zethus*; that firſt laid
Great *Thebes* foundations; and ſtrong wals conuaid
About her turrets, that ſeuen Ports encloſde.
For though the *Thebans*, much in ſtrength repoſde,
Yet had not they, the ſtrength to hold their owne,
Without the added aides, of wood, and ſtone.
Alcmena, next I ſaw; that famous wife *Alcmena.*
Was to *Amphytrio*; and honor'd life
Gaue to the Lyon-hearted *Hercules*,
That was, of *Ioues* embrace, the great increaſe.
I ſaw beſides, proud *Creons* daughter there, *Megara.*
Bright *Megara*; that nuptiall yoke did weare
With *Ioues* great Sonne; who neuer field did try,
But bore to him, the flowre of victory.
The mother then, of *Oedipus*, I ſaw, *Epicaſta the mother of Oedipus.*
Faire *Epicaſta*; that beyond all law,
Her owne Sonne maried, ignorant of kind;
And, he (as darkly taken, in his mind)
His mother wedded, and his father ſlew;
Whoſe blind act, heauen expoſde at length to view:
And he, in all-lou'd *Thebes*, the ſupreame ſtate
With much mone manag'd; for the heauy Fate
The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight
To *Plutos* darke houſe, from the lothed light;
Beneath a ſteepe beame, ſtrangl'd with a cord;
And left her Sonne, in life, paines as abhord,
As all the furies powr'd on her in hell.

Chloru. Then ſaw I *Chloru*, that did ſo excell
In anſwering beauties, that each part had all;
Great *Neleus* married her, when gifts not ſmall,
Had wonne her fauour; term'd by name of dowre.
She was of all *Amphions* ſeed, the flowre:
(*Amphion*, calld *Iaſides*, that then
Ruld ſtrongly, *Athniaan Orchomen*)
And now his daughter rul'd the *Pylean* Throne;
Becauſe her beauties Empire ouerſhone.
She brought her wiſe-awd husband, *Neleus*,
Neſtor, much honord; *Peryclimenus*,
And *Chromius*; Sonnes, with ſoueraigne vertues grac't;
But after, brought a daughter that ſurpaſt;
Rare-beautied *Pero*, ſo for forme exact;
That *Nature*, to a miracle, was rackt,
In her perfections, blaz'd with th'eyes of men.
That made of all the Countries hearts, a chaine,
And drew them ſuiters to her. Which her Sire
Tooke vantage of; and (ſince he did aſpire
To nothing more, then to the broad-browd herd
Of Oxen, which the common fame ſo rer'd,
Own'd by *Iphiclus*) not a man ſhould be
His *Peros* husband, that from *Phylace*,
Thoſe neuer-yet-driuen Oxen, could not driue:
Yet theſe; a ſtrong hope held him to atchieue;
Becauſe a Prophet that had neuer err'd,
Had ſaid, that onely he ſhould be prefer'd
To their poſſeſſion. But the equall Fate
Of God, withſtood his ſtealth: inextricate
Impriſoning Bands; and ſturdy churliſh Swaines
That were the Heardſmen; who withheld with chaines
The ſtealth attempter: which was onely he
That durſt abet the Act with Prophecie;
None elſe would vndertake it; and he muſt:
The king would needs, a Prophet ſhould be iuſt;
But when ſome daies and moneths, expired were,
And all the *Houres* had brought about the yeare;
The Prophet, did ſo ſatisfie the king
(*Iphiclus*; all his cunning queſtioning)
That he enfranchiſde him; and (all worſt done)
Ioues counſaile made, th'all-ſafe concluſion.

Leda. Then ſaw I *Leda*; (linkt in nuptiall chaine
With *Tyndarus*) to whom, ſhe did ſuſtaine
Sonnes much renown'd for wiſedome; *Caſtor* one,
That paſt, for vſe of horſe, compariſon;
And *Pollux*, that exceld, in whirlbat fight;
Both theſe, the fruitfull Earth bore; while the light
Of life inſpir'd them; After which, they found

Such

Such grace with *Ioue*, that both liu'd vnder ground,
By change of daies: life ſtill did one ſuſtaine,
While th'other died; the dead then, liu'd againe,
The liuing dying; both, of one ſelfe date,
Their liues and deaths made, by the Gods and Fate.

Iphemedia. *Iphemedia*, after *Leda* came,
That did deriue from *Neptune* too, the name
Of Father to two admirable Sonnes:
Life yet made ſhort their admirations;
Who God-oppoſed *Otus* had to name,
And *Ephialtes*, farre in ſound of Fame.
The prodigall Earth ſo fed them, that they grew
To moſt huge ſtature; and had faireſt hew
Of all men, but *Orion*, vnder heauen;
At nine yeares old, nine cubits they were driuen
Abroad in breadth, and ſprung nine fathomes hie.
They threatn'd to giue battell to the skie,
And all th'Immortals. They were ſetting on
Oſſa vpon *Olympus*; and vpon
Steepe *Oſſa*, leauie *Pelius*, that euen
They might a high-way make, with loftie heauen.
And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liu'd
Till they were Striplings. But *Ioues* Sonne depriu'd
Their limbs of life; before th'age that begins
The flowre of youth; and ſhould adorne their chins.

Phedra and Procris. *Phædra* and *Procris*, with wiſe *Minos* flame,
(Bright *Ariadne*) to the offring came.
Whom whilom *Theſeus* made his priſe from *Crete*;
That *Athens* ſacred ſoile, might kiſſe her feete.
But neuer could obtaine her virgin Flowre;
Till, in the Sea-girt *Dia*, *Dians* powre
Detain'd his homeward haſte; where (in her Phane,
By *Bacchus* witneſt) was the fatall wane
Of her prime Glorie. *Mera*, *Clymene*,

Mera and Clymene. I witneſt there; and loth'd *Eryphile*;
That honour'd *gold more, then ſhe lou'd her Spouſe.

Amphiaraus was her husband: whom ſhe betrayd to his ruine at Thebes, for gold taken of Adraſtus her brother. But all th'*Heroeſſes* in *Plutos* houſe,
That then encounterd me, exceeds my might
To name or number; and *Ambroſian* Night
Would quite be ſpent; when now the formall houres,
Preſent to *Sleepe*, our all-diſpoſed powres.
If at my ſhip, or here, my home-made vow,
I leaue for fit grace, to the Gods and you.
This ſaid; the ſilence his diſcourſe had made,
With pleaſure held ſtill, through the houſes ſhade.
When, white-arm'd *Arete* this ſpeech began:
Pheacians! how appeares to you this man?
So goodly perſon'd, and ſo matcht with mind?

My gueſt he is; but all you ſtand combin'd,
In the remouing he doth vs. Do not then
With careleſſe haſte diſmiſſe him: nor the maine
Of his diſpatch, to one ſo needie, maime;
The Gods free bountie, giues vs all iuſt claime
To goods of ours. This ſpeech, the eldeſt man
Of any other *Phaciensian*,
The grace *Horſe. Echenaus* gaue
All approbation, ſaying: Friends, lyc haue
The motion of the wiſe Queene; in ſuch words,
As haue not miſt the marke; with which, accords
My cleare opinion. But *Alcinous*,
In word and worke, muſt be our rule. He thus;
And then *Alcinous* ſaid: This then muſt ſtand,
If while I liue, I rule in the com-mand
Of this well-skild-in-Nauigation State.
Endure then (Gueſt) though moſt importunate
Be your affects for home. A little ſtay
If your expectance beare; perhaps it may
Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all,
Your due deduction aske; but Principall
I am therein, the ruler. He replied:
Alcinous! the moſt duly glorified,
With rule of all; of all men; if you lay
Commandment on me, of a whole yeares ſtay;
So all the while, your preparations riſe,
As well in gifts, as *time: ye can deuiſe
No better wiſh for me; for I ſhall come
Much fuller handed, and more honourd home;
And dearer to my people: in whoſe loues,
The richer euer more the better proues.
He anſwerd: There is argude in your ſight,
A worth that works not men for benefit,
Like Prollers or Impoſters; of which crew,
The gentle blacke Earth feeds not y' a few;
Here and there wanderers, blanching tales and lies,
Of neither praiſe, nor vſe: you are one our eies
With forme; our minds with matter, and our eares
With elegant oratiō; ſuch as beares,
A muſicke in the orderd hiſtorie
It layes before vs. Not *Demodocus*,
With ſweeter ſtraines hath vide to ſing to vs,
All the *Greeke* ſorrowes, wept out in your owne.
But ſay; of all your worthy friends, were none
Obiected to your eyes; that *Troy* were
To *Ilion* with you; and ſerv'd deſtinie there?
This Night is paſſing long, vnmeaſur'd: none
Of all my houſhold would to bed yet: On,

* Venuſte & ſal è dictum.

Relate

Relate theſe wondrous things. Were I with you;
If you would tell me but your woes, as now,
Till the diuine *Aurora* ſhewd her head,
I ſhould in no night reliſh thought of bed.
Moſt eminent King, (ſaid he) *Times*, all muſt keepe;
There's time to ſpeake much, time as much to ſleepe.
But would you heare ſtill, I will tell you ſtill,
And vtter more, more miſerable ill,
Of Friends then yet, that ſcap't the diſmall warres,
And periſht homewards, and in houſhold iarres.
Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chaſte *Queene,
No ſooner made theſe Ladie-ghoſts vnſeene,
(Here and there flitting) but mine eie-ſight wonne
The Soule of *Agamemnon*, (*Atreus* ſonne)
Sad; and about him, all his traine of friends,
That in *Ægyſthus* houſe, endur'd their ends,
With his ſterne Fortune. Hauing drunke the blood,
He knew me inſtantly; and forth a flood
Of ſpringing teares guſht. Out he thruſt his hands,
With will t'embrace me; but their old commands,
Flowd not about him; nor their weakeſt part.
I wept to ſee; and mou'd him from my heart.
And askt: O *Agamemnon*! King of men!
What ſort of cruell death, hath rendered ſlaine
Thy royall perſon? *Neptune*, in thy Fleete?
Heauen, and his helliſh billowes making meete,
Rowſing the winds? Or haue thy men by land
Done thee this ill, for vſing thy command,
Paſt their conſents, in diminution
Of thoſe full ſhares, their worths by lot had wonne,
Of ſheepe or oxen? or of any towne?
In couetous ſtrife, to make their rights, thine owne,
In men or women priſoners? He replied:
By none of theſe, in any right, I died;
But by *Ægyſthus*, and my murtherous wife,
(Bid to a banquet at his houſe) my life
With thus bene reft me: to my ſlaughter led,
Like to an Oxe, pretended to be fed.
So miſerably fell I; and with me,
My friends lay maſſacred: As when you ſee
At any rich mans nuptials, ſhot, or feaſt,
About his kitchin, white-tooth'd ſwine lie dreſt.
The ſlaughters of a world of men, thine eies,
Both priuate, and in preaſe of enemies,
Haue perſonally witneſt; but this one,
Would all thy parts haue broken into mone:
To ſee how ſtrewd about our Cups and Cates,
As Tables ſet with Feaſt, ſo we with Fates,

Here he begins his other relation. Proſopon.

All gaſht and ſtaine, lay; all the floore embrude
With blood and braine. But that which moſt I ru'd,
Flew from the hearers voice, that *Priams* ſeed,
Caſſandra breath'd; whom, ſhe that wit doth feed
With banefull crafts, falſe *Clytemneſtra* ſlew,
Cloſe ſitting by me; vp my hands I threw
From earth to heauen; and tumbling on my ſword,
Gaue wretched life vp. When the moſt abhord,
By all her ſexes ſhame, I forſooke the roome;
Nor daind (though then ſo neare this heauie home)
To ſhut my lips, or cloſe my broken eies.
Nothing ſo heapt is with impieties,
As ſuch a woman, that would kill her Spouſe,
That maried her a maid. When to my houſe
I brought her, hoping of her loue in heart,
To children, maids, and ſlaues. But ſhe (in th'Art
Of onely miſchiefe heartie) not alone
Caſt on her ſelfe, this foule aſperſion;
But louing Dames, hereafter, to their Lords
Will beare, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.
Alas (ſaid I) that *Ioue* ſhould hate the liues
Of *Atreus* ſeed, ſo highly for their wiues.
For *Menelaus* wife, a number fell;
For dangerous abſence, thine ſent thee to hell.
For this, (he anſwerd) Be not thou more kind
Then wife to thy wife; neuer, all thy mind
Let words expreſſe to her. Of all ſhe knowes,
Curbs for the worſt ſtill, in thy ſelfe repoſe.
But thou by thy wifes wiles, ſhalt loſe no blood;
Exceeding wiſe ſhe is, and wife in good.
Icarius daughter, chaſte *Penelope*,
We left a yong Bride; when for battell, we
Forſooke the Nuptiall peace; and at her breſt,
Her firſt child ſucking. Who, by this houre, bleſt,
Sits in the number of ſurniuing men.
And his bliſſe, ſhe hath, that ſhe can containe;
And her bliſſe, thou haſt, that ſhe is ſo wife;
For, by her wiſedome, thy returned eies
Shall ſee thy ſonne; and he ſhall greete his Sire,
With fitting welcomes. When in my retire,
My wife denies mine eyes, my ſonnes cleare ſight;
And, as from me, will take from him the light;
Before ſhe addes one iuſt delight to life;
Or her falſe wit, one truth that fits a wife.
For her ſake therefore, let my inmates aduiſe;
That though thy wife be ne're ſo chaſte and wife,
This aduice he followed at his coming home. Yet come not home to her in open view,
With any ſhip, or any perſonall ſhew.

But

But take cloſe ſhore diſguiſde: nor let her know;
For tis no world, to truſt a woman now.
But what ſayes Fame? Doth my Sonne yet ſuruiue,
In *Orchomen*, or *Pylos*? or doth liue
In *Sparta*, with his Vnkle? yet I ſee
Diuine *Oreſtes* is not here with me.
I anſwerd, asking: Why doth *Atreus* ſonne:
Enquire of me? who yet arriu'd where none
Could giue to theſe newes any certaine wings?
And tis abſurd, to tell vncertaine things.
Such ſad ſpeech paſt vs; and as thus we ſtood,
With kind teares rendring vnkind fortunes good;
Achilles and *Patroclus* Soule appear'd;
And his Soule, of whom neuer ill was heard,
The good *Antilochus*: and the Soule of him,
That all the *Greeks* paſt, both for force and lim,
Excepting the vnmatcht *Æacides*,
Illuſtrous *Aiax*. But the firſt of theſe,
That ſaw, acknowledg'd, and ſaluted me,
Was * *Thetis* conquering Sonne, who (heauily *Achilles.*
His ſtate here taking) ſaid: Vnworthy breath!
What act, yet mightier, imagineth
Thy ventrous ſpirit? How doeſt thou deſcend
Theſe vnder regions: where the dead mans end,
Is to be lookt on; and his fooliſh ſhade?
I anſwerd him: I was induc'd t'inuade
Theſe vnder parts, (moſt excellent of *Greece*)
To viſite wife *Tireſias*, for aduice
Of vertue to direct my voyage home
To rugged *Ithaca*; ſince I could come
To note in no place, where *Achaia* ſtood;
And ſo liu'd euer, tortur'd with the blood
In mans vaine veines. Thou therefore (*Thetis* ſonne)
Haſt equald all, that euer yet haue wonne
The bliſſe the earth yeelds; or hereafter ſhall.
In life, thy eminence was ador'd of all,
Euen with the Gods. And now, euen dead, I ſee
Thy vertues propagate thy Emperie,
To a renewd life of command beneath;
So great *Achilles* triumphs ouer death.
This comfort of him, this encounter found;
Vrge not my death to me, nor rub that wound;
I rather wiſh, to liue in earth a Swaine, *Achilles of the vnex life.*
Or ſerue a Swaine for hire, that ſcarce can gaine
Bread to ſuſtaine him; then (that life once gone)
Of all the dead, ſway the Imperiall thone.
But ſay; and of my Sonne, ſome comfort yeeld;
If he goes on, in firſt fights of the field;

Or lurks for ſafetie in the obſcure Rete?
Or of my Father, if thy royall care
Hath bene aduertiſde, that the *Phthian* Throne,
He ſtill commands, as greateſt *Myrmidon*?
Or that the *Phthian* and *Theſſalian* rage,
(Now feete and hands are in the hold of Age)
Deſpiſe his Empire? Vnder thoſe bright rayes,
In which, heauens ſeruour hurles about the dayes;
Muſt I no more ſhine his reuenger now;
Such as of old, the *Ilion* ouerthrow
Witneſt my anger: th'vniuerſall hoaſt,
Sending before me, to this ſhadie Coaſt,
In fight for *Grecia*. Could I now reſort,
(But for ſome ſmall time) to my Fathers Court;
In ſpirit and powre, as then: thoſe men ſhould find
My hands inacceſſible; and of fire, my mind,
That durſt, with all the numbers they are ſtrong,
Vnſeate his honour, and ſuborne his wrong.
His pitch ſtill flew his ſpirit, though ſo low;
And this, I anſwerd thus: I do not know,
Of blameleſſe *Peleus*, any leaſt report;
But of your ſonne, in all the vtmoſt ſort,
I can informe your care with truth; and thus:
Vlyſſes report of Neoptolemus the ſon of Achilles. From *Scyros*, princely *Neoptolemus*,
By Fleete, I conuaid to the *Greeks*; where he
Was Chiefe, at both parts: when our grauitie
Retir'd to councell; and our youth to fight.
In councell ſtill (ſo fitie was *Concert*,
In his quicke apprehenſion of a cauſe)
That firſt he euer ſpake; nor paſt the lawes
Of any graue ſtay, in his greateſt haſt.
None would contend with him, that counſeld laſt;
Vnleſſe illuſtrous *Neſtor*, he and I
Would ſometimes put a friendly contrary,
On his opinion. In our fights, the preaſe
Of great or common, he would neuer ſeaſe;
But farre before fight euer. No man there,
For force, he forced. He was ſlaughterer
Of many a braue man, in moſt dreadfull fight.
But one and other, whom he reft of light,
(In *Grecian* ſuccour) I can neither name,
Nor giue in number. The particular fame,
Of one mans ſlaughter yet, I muſt not paſſe;
Eurypilus Telephides he was,
This place (and a number more) very much corrupted by miſtakers and tranſlaters and commentors. That fell beneath him; and with him, the falls
Of ſuch huge men went, that they ſhewd like * whales,
Ramp'd about him. *Neoptolemus*
Set him ſo ſharply, for the ſumptuous

Fauours

Fauours of Miſtreſſes, he ſaw him weare;
For paſſ all doubt, his beauties had no peere,
Of all that mine eies noted; next to one,
And that was *Memnon*, *Tithons* Sun-like ſonne.
Thus farre, for fight in publicke, may a taſt
Giue of his eminence. How farre ſurpaſt
His ſpirit in priuate; where he was not ſeene;
Nor glorie could be laid, to praiſe his ſpleene;
This cloſe note, I excerpted. When we ſate
Hid in *Epeus* horſe; no Optimate
Of all the *Greeks* there, had the charge to ope
And ſhut the * Stratageme, but I. My ſcope
To note then, each mans ſpirit, in a ſtreight *The horſe aboue ſaid.*
Of ſo much danger; much the better might
Be hit by me, then others: as, prouokt,
I ſhifted place ſtil'; when, in ſome I ſmokt
Both priuie tremblings, and cloſe vent of teares.
In him yet, not a ſoft conceit of theirs,
Could all my ſearch ſee, either his wet eies
Plied ſtill with wiping; or the goodly guiſe,
His perſon all waies put forth; in leaſt part,
By any tremblings, ſhewd his toucht-at heart.
But euer he was vging me to make
Way to their ſally; by his ſigne to ſhake
His ſword hid in his ſcabberd; or his Lance
Loded with iron, at me. No good chance,
His thoughts to *Troy* intended. In th'euent,
(High *Troy* depopulate) he made aſcent
To his faire ſhip; with priſe and treaſure ſtore:
Safe, and no touch, away with him he bore,
Of farre-off hurl'd Lance, or of cloſe-fought ſword,
Whoſe wounds, for fauours, Warre doth oft affoord;
Which he (though fought) miſt, in warres cloſeſt wage;
In cloſe fights, Mars doth neuer fight, but rage.
This made the ſoule of ſwift *Achilles* tred
A March of glorie, through the herbie meade;
For ioy to heare me ſo renowme his Sonne;
And vanish talking. But with paſſion
Stood th'other Soules ſtrooke: and each told his bane.
Onely the ſpirit * *Telamonian*
Kept farre off; angrie for the victorie
I wonne from him at Fleete; though *Arbitrie* *Aiax the ſonne of Telamon.*
Of all a Court of warre, pronounc't it mine,
And *Pallas* ſelfe. Our priſe were th'armes diuine,
Of great * *Æacides*; propoſde t'our fames
By his bright * Mother, at his funerall Games. *Achilles. Thetis.*
I wiſh to heauen, I ought not to haue wonne;
Since for thoſe Armes, ſo high a head, ſo ſoone

The baſe earth couerd. *Aiax*, that of all
The hoaſt of *Greece*, had perſon capitall,
And acts as eminent; excepting his,
Whoſe armes thoſe were; in whom was nought amiſſe.
I tride the great Soule with ſoft words, and ſaid:
Aiax! great ſonne of *Telamon*; arraid
In all our glories! what? not dead reſigne
Thy wrath for thoſe curſt Armes? The Powres diuine,
In them forg'd all our banes; in thine owne One;
In thy graue fall, our Towre was ouerthrowne.
We mourne (for euer maimd) for thee as much,
As for *Achilles*: nor thy wrong doth touch,
Iupiter. In ſentence, any, but * *Saturnius* doome;
In whoſe hate, was the hoaſt of *Greece* become
A very horror. Who expreſt it well,
In ſigning thy Fate, with this timeleſſe Hell.
Approch then (King of all the *Grecian* merit)
Repreſſe thy great mind, and thy flamie ſpirit;
And giue the words I giue thee, worthy eare.
All this, no word drew from him; but leſſe neare
The ſterne Soule kept. To other Soules he fled;
And glid along the Riuer of the dead.
Though Anger mou'd him; yet he might haue ſpoke;
Since I to him. But my deſires were ſtrooke
With ſight of other Soules. And then I ſaw
Minos. *Minos*, that miniſtred to *Death* a law;
And *Ioues* bright ſonne was. He was ſet, and ſwaid
A golden Scepter; and to him did pleade
A ſort of others, ſet about his Throne,
In *Plutos* wide-door'd houſe; when ſtrait came on,
Orion. Mightie *Orion*, who was hunting there,
The heards of thoſe beaſts he had ſlaughterd here,
In deſart hils on earth. A Club he bore,
Entirely ſteele, whoſe vertues neuer wore.
Tityus. *Tityus* I ſaw: to whom the glorious Earth
Opened her wombe, and gaue vnhappie birth;
Vpwards, and flat vpon the Pauement lay
His ample lims; that ſpred in their diſplay,
Nine Acres compaſſe. On his boſome ſat
Two Vultures, digging through his caule of fat,
Into his Liuer, with their crooked Beakes;
And each by turnes, the concrete entraile breakes,
(As Smiths their ſteele beare) ſet on either ſide.
Nor doth he euer labour to diuide
His Liuer and their Beakes; nor with his hand,
Offer them off: but ſuffers by command,
Of th'angrie Thunderer; offring to enforce,
His loue *Latona* in the cloſe recourſe,

She vſde to *Pytho*, through the dancing land,
Smooth *Panopæus*. I ſaw likewiſe ſtand,
Vp to the chin, amidſt a liquid lake,
Tormented *Tantalus*; yet could not ſlake
His burning thirſt. Oft as his ſcornfull cup,
Th'old man would taſte; ſo oft twas ſwallowd vp;
And all the blacke earth to his feete deſcried;
Diuine powre (plaguing him) the lake ſtill dried.
About his head, on high trees, cluſtering, hung
Peares, Apples, Granets, Oliues, euer yong;
Delicious Figs, and many fruite trees more,
Of other burthen; whoſe alluring ſtore,
When th'old Soule ſtriu'd to pluck, the winds from ſight,
In gloomie vapours made them vaniſh quite.
There ſaw I *Siſyphus*, in infinite mone, *Siſyphus.*
With both hands heauing vp a maſſie ſtone;
And on his tip-toes, racking all his height,
To wreſt vp to a mountaine top, his freight;
When preſt to reſt it there (his nerues quite ſpent)
Downe ruſht the deadly Quarrie: the euent
Of all his torture, new to raiſe againe;
To which, ſtrait fet his neuer-reſted paine.
The ſweate came guſhing out from euery Pore;
And on his head a ſtanding miſt he wore;
Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of duſt
Were raiſd about it. Downe with theſe was thruſt,
The Idoil of the force of *Hercules*. *Hercules.*
But his firme ſelfe, did no ſuch Fate oppreſſe;
He feaſting liues amongſt th'immortall States;
White-ankled *Hebe*, and himſelfe, made mates,
In heauenly Nuptials. *Hebe*, *Ioues* deare race,
And *Iunos*; whom the golden Sandals grace.
About him flew the clamors of the dead,
Like Fowle; and ſtill ſtoopt cuffing at his head.
He, with his Bow, like Night, ſtalkt vp and downe;
His ſhaft ſtill nockt; and hurling round his frowne,
At thoſe next houerers, aiming at them ſtill;
And ſtill, as ſhooting out, deſire to ſtill.
A horrid Pawdricke, wore he thwart his breſt;
The Thong all gold, in which were formes impreſt,
Where *Art* and Miracle, drew equall breaths,
In Beares, Bores, Lions, Battels, Combats, Deaths.
Who wrought that worke, did neuer ſuch before;
Nor ſo diuinely will do euer more.
Soone as he ſaw, he knew me; and gaue ſpeech:
Sonne of *Laertes*; high in wiſedomes reach;
And yet vnhappie wretch; for in this heart,
Of all exploits atchieu'd by thy deſert,

Thy worth but works out ſome ſiniſter Fate.
As I in earth did. I was generate
By *Ioue* himſelfe; and yet paſt meane, oppreſt
By one my farre inferiour; whoſe proud heſt,
Impoſde abhorred labours, on my hand.
Of all which, one was, to deſcend this Strand,
And hale the dog from thence. He could not thinke
An act that *Danger* could make deeper ſinke;
And yet this depth I drew; and fetcht as hie,
As this was low, the dog. The Deitie,
Of ſleight and wiſedome, as of downe-right powre,
Both ſtoopt, and raiſd, and made me Conquerour.
This ſaid; he made deſcent againe as low
As *Plutos* Court; when I ſtood firme; for ſhow
Of more *Heroes*, of the times before;
And might perhaps haue ſeene my wiſh of more;
(As *Theſeus* and *Pirithous*, deriu'd
From rootes of *Deitie*) but before th'atchieu'd
Rare ſight of theſe; the rank-ſoul'd multitude
In infinite flocks roſe; venting ſounds ſo rude,
That pale *Feare* tooke me, leſt the *Gorgons* head
Ruſht in amongſt them; thruſt vp, in my dread,
By grim *Perſephone*. I therefore ſent
My men before to ſhip; and after went.
Where, boorded, ſet, and lancht; th'Ocean waue,
Our Ores and forewinds, ſpeedie paſſage gaue.

Finis libri vndecimi Hom. Odyſſ.

THE

THE XII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

He ſhewes from Hell his ſafe retreate,
To th'Ile Aeæa, Circes ſeate.
And how he ſcapt the Sirens calls.
With th'erring Rockes, and waters falls,
That Scylla and Charybdis breake.
The Sunnes ſtolne Herds; and his ſad wreake,
Both of Vlyſſes ſhip and men,
His owne head ſcaping ſcarce the paine.

Another.

No. The Rockes that errd;
The Sirens call;
The Sunnes ſtolne Herd;
The fountaines fall.

VR Ship now paſt the ſtreights of th'Ocean flood;
She plowd the broad ſeas billowes; and made good,
The Ile Æa, where the *Pallace* ſtands
Of th'early Riſer, with the roſie hands,
Actiue Aurora; where ſhe loues to dance;
And where the *Sunne* doth his prime beames aduance.
When here arriu'd; we drew her vp to land,
And trod our ſelues the reſaluted ſand:
Found on the ſhore, fit reſting for the Night;
Kept, and expected the celeſtiall light.
Soone as the white-and-red-mixt-fingerd Dame,
Had guilt the mountaines with her Saffron flame;
I ſent my men to *Circes* houſe before,
To fetch deceaſt *Elpenor* to the ſhore.
Strait fwelld the high banks with feld heapes of trees;
And (full of teares) we did due Exequies
To our dead friend. (Whoſe Corſe conſum'd with fire,
In honourd Armes: whoſe Sepulcher entire;
And ouer that, a Columne raiſd) his Ore,
Religiouſly caru'd (to his deſire before)
With the top of all his Tombe, we fixt.
And all Rites fit, his Funerall Pile was mixt.
Nor was our ſafe aſcent from hell, conceald
From *Circes* knowledge; nor ſo ſoone reueald,
But ſhe was with vs, with her bread and food,
And ruddie wine, brought by her ſacred brood

Reditur ab inferis ad Circen.

Elpenor tumulatur.

Of

Of woods and Fountaines. In the midſt ſhe ſtood,
And thus ſaluted vs: Vnhappie men,
That haue (inform'd with all your ſences) bene
In *Plutos* diſmall manſion. You ſhall die
Twice now; where others that *Mortalitie*,
In her faire armes, holds; ſhall but once deceaſe.
But eate and drinke out all conceit of theſe;
And this day dedicate to food and wine;
The following *Night* to *Sleepe*. When next ſhall ſhine
The chearfull Morning; you ſhall proue the ſeas.
Your way, and euery act ye muſt addreſſe,
My knowledge of their order ſhall deſigne:
Leſt with your owne bad counſels, ye encline
Euents as bad againſt ye; and ſuſtaine
By ſea and ſhore, the wofull ends that raigne
In wilfull actions. Thus did ſhe aduiſe;
And, for the time, our Fortunes were ſo wiſe,
To follow wiſe directions. All that day
We ſate and feaſted. When his lower way,
The Sunne had enterd; and the *Euen*, the hie:
My friends ſlept on their Gables; ſhe and I,
(Led by her faire hand, to a place apart,
By her well ſorted) did to ſleepe conuert
Our timed powres. When, all things *Fate* let fall
In our affaire, ſhe askt; I told her all.
To which ſhe anſwerd: Theſe things thus tooke end:
And now to thoſe that I informe, attend:
Which (you remembring) God himſelfe ſhall be,
The bleſſed author of your memorie.

Circe præſagit futura pericula.

Firſt, to the *Sirens* ye ſhall come, that taint
The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint
With their attractions. Whoſoeuer ſhall

Sirenarum deſcriptio.

(For want of knowledge mou'd) but heare the call
Of any *Siren*: he will ſo deſpiſe
Both wife and children, for their ſorcerics,
That neuer home turnes his affections ſtreame;
Nor they take ioy in him, nor he in them.
The *Sirens* will ſo ſoften with their ſong,
(Shrill, and in ſenſuall appetite ſo ſtrong)
His looſe affections, that he giues them head.
And then obſerue: They ſit amidſt a meade;
And round about it runnes a hedge or wall
Of dead mens bones: their witherd skins and all,
Hung all along vpon it; and theſe men
Were ſuch as they had fawnd into their Fen,
And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.
Saile by them therefore; thy companions
Before hand cauſing to ſtop euery eare

With

With ſweete ſoft waxe ſo cloſe; that none may heare
A note of all their charmings. Yet may you
(If you affect it) open eare allow
To trie their motion: but preſume not ſo
To truſt your iudgement; when your ſenſes go
So looſe about you; but giue ſtraight command
To all your men, to bind you foote and hand,
Sure to the Maſt; that you may ſafe approue
How ſtrong in inſtigation to their loue
Their rapting tunes are. If ſo much they moue,
That, ſpite of all your reaſon, your will ſtands
To be enfranchiſde, both of feete and hands;
Charge all your men before, to ſleight your charge,
And reſt ſo farre, from fearing to enlarge,
That much more ſure they bind you. When your friends
Haue outſaild theſe: the danger that tranſcends
Reſts not in any counſaile to preuent;
Vnleſſe your owne mind, finds the tract and bent
Of that way, that auoids it. I can ſay
That in your courſe, there lies a twofold way;
The right of which, your owne, taught, preſent wit
And grace diuine, muſt prompt. In generall yet
Let this informe you: Neare theſe *Sirens* ſhore
Moue two ſteepe Rocks; at whoſe feete, lie and rore
The blacke ſeas cruell billowes: the bleſt Gods
Call them the Rouers. Their abhord abods
No bird can paſſe: no not the **Doues*, whoſe feare
Sire *Ioue* ſo loues, that they are ſaid to beare
Ambroſia to him; can their rauine ſcape;
But one of them, falles euer to the rape
Of thoſe ſlie rocks. Yet *Ioue*, another ſtill
Adds to the reſt; that ſo may euer fill
The ſacred number. Neuer ſhip could ſhunne
The nimble perill wing'd there; but did runne
With all her bulke, and bodies of her men
To vtter ruine. For the ſeas retaine
Not onely their outragious æſture there;
But fierce aſſiſtents, of particular feare,
And ſupernaturall miſchiefe, they expire;
And thoſe are whirlewinds of deuouring fire
Whisking about ſtill. *Th' Argiue* ſhip, alone

πελειας πτερυγας. Columbæ timidæ. *What theſe Doues were, and the whole minde of this place: the Great Macedon asking Chiron Amſtipolites, he anſwered, They were the Pleiades or ſeuen Starres. One of which (beſides his proper imperfection, of being μιμος ποτε. i. adeo exilis, vel ſubobſcurus, vt vix appareat) is vtterly obſcured or let by theſe Rocks. Why then, or how, Ioue ſtill ſupplied the laſt one, that the number might be full: Athenæus falles to it, and helps the other out: Interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetuall ſeptenary number, though there appeared but ſixe. But how lame and loathſome theſe Prozers ſhew in their affected expoſitions of the Poeticall Minde, this and an hundred others, ſpent in meere preſumptuous gueſſe at this inacceſſible Poet; I hope will make plaine enough to the moſt enuious of any thing done, beſides their owne ſet cenſures, and moſt arrogant euer weenings. In the 23. of the Iliads, (being ϛ) at the Games celebrated at Patroclus funerals, they tied to the top of a Maſt πελειαν τρηρωνα, timidam Columbam, to ſhoote at for a game: ſo that (by theſe great mens aboueſaid expoſitions,) they ſhot at the Pleiades.*

(Which bore the * care of all men) got her gone,
Come from *Areta*. Yet perhaps euen ſhe
Had wrackt at thoſe Rocks; if the Deitie
That lies by *Ioues* ſide, had not lent her hand
To their tranſmiſſion; ſince the man that mann'd
In chiefe that voyage, ſhe, in chiefe did loue.
Of theſe two ſpitefull Rocks, the one doth ſhoue
Againſt the height of heauen, her pointed brow.
A blacke cloud binds it round, and neuer ſhow
Lends to the ſharp point: not the cleare blew skie
Lets euer view it. Not the *Sommers* eye;
Not feruent *Autumnes*. None, that Death could end
Could euer skale it; or if vp, deſcend.
Though twenty hands and feete he had for hold:
A poliſht ice-like glibneſſe doth enfold
The rocke ſo round, whoſe midſt, a gloomie cell
Shrowds, ſo farre Weſtward, that it ſees to hell.
From this, keepe you as farre, as from his bow
An able yong man can his ſhaft beſtow.
For here, the * whuling *Scylla*, ſhrowds her face:
That breaths a voice, at all parts, no more baſe
Then are a newly-kitn'd kitlings cries;
Her ſelfe a monſter yet, of boundleſſe ſiſe;
Whoſe ſight would nothing pleaſe a mortals eies;
No nor the eyes of any God, if he
(Whom nought ſhould fright) fell foule on her; and ſhe
Her full ſhape ſhew'd. Twelue foule feete beare about
Her ougly bulke. Sixe huge long necks lookt out
Of her ranke ſhoulders: euery necke, doth let
A ghaſtly head out: euery head; three ſet
Thicke thruſt together, of abhorred teeth;
And euery tooth ſtucke with a ſable death.
She lurkes in midſt of all her denne; and ſtreakes
From out a ghaſtly whirle poole, all her necks;
Where, (gloting round her rocke) to fiſh ſhe falles;

(Which bore the * care of all men) &c. Nauis omnibus Curæ: *the ſhip that held the care of all men, or of all things: which our Criticks will needs reſtraine, omnib' heroib' Poetis omnibus, vel Hiſtoricis, when the care of all men preſeruatiõ is affirmed to be the freight of it: as if Poets and Hiſtorians comprehended all things, when I ſcarce know any that makes them any part of their care. But thus likewiſe is garbige good enough for the monſter. Nor will I tempt our ſpie's conſciences with expreſſing the diuine mind it includes. Being afraid to affirme any good of poore Perſes, ſince no man gets any goods by it. And notwithſtanding many of our bird-eyd ſtarters at prophanation are for nothing ſo afraid of it, as that leſt their galled conſciences ſcarce beleeuing the moſt reall truth, in approbation of their lines) ſhould be rubbed with the confirmation of it, euen in the ſcontemned vanities (as their impieties pleaſe to call them.) which by much more learned and pious then themſelues, haue euer been called the raptures of diuine inſpiration* By which Homo ſupra humanam naturam erigitur, & in Deum tranſit. Plat.

* Ἄνδρα πάντων, &c. Of-trauiter vociferans: *as all, ma'ſ untruly tranſlate it. As they do in the next verſe, the ſe words* ἀνδρα τε πεφνόντα *ſignifying* Catuli Leonis. *No Lion being here dreamed of, nor any vociferation. Ἀνὴρ πάντων, ſignifying* horribilem vocem edens: *But in what kind* horribilem? *Not for the grauitie or greatneſſe of her voice, but for the* or diſproportionable *ſmall whuling of it: ſhe being in the vaſt frame of her body, as the very words* πάντων *ſignifie,* ingens: *whoſe diſproportion and deformitie, is too Poetically (and therein elegantly) ordered, for fat and flat Proſers to comprehend. Nor could they make the Poets words ſerue their comprehenſion; and therefore they adde of their owne. Ἀχαιὸς from whence* Ἀχαιὸν *is deriued, ſignifying* crepo, *or* ſtridulè clamo. *And* ἐνοσίχθων *ſo much, as to be expounded*, catuli nuper *or* recens nati, *not* Leonis. *But that they botch and abuſe the incomparable expreſſor: Becauſe they knew not how otherwiſe to ſo whuſtrous enough themſelues, to helpe out the Monſter. Imagining ſo huge a great body, muſt needs haue a voice as huge: and then would not our Homer haue likened it to a Lions whelps voyce, but to the Lion owne: and all had been much too little to make a voyce anſwerable to her hugeneſſe. And therefore found our immitable maſter, a new way to expreſſe her monſtrous diſproportion: performing it ſo, as there can be* nihil ſupra. *And I would faine learne of my learned Detractor, that will needs haue me onely tranſlate out of the Latine, what Latine tranſlation telles me this? or what Grecian hath euer found this and a hundred other ſuch? Which may be ſome poore inſtance, or proofe of my Grecian faculty, as far as old Homer goes in his two ſimple Poems, but not a ſyllable further will my ſillie ſpirit preſume.*

And

And vp ruſh Dolphins, Dogfiſh; ſomewhiles, Whales,
If got within her, when her rapine feeds;
For euer-groning *Amphitrite* breeds
About her whirlepoole, an vnmeaſur'd ſtore;
No Sea-man euer boaſted touch of ſhore
That there toucht with his ſhip; but ſtill ſhe fed
Of him, and his. A man for euery head
Spoiling his ſhip of. You ſhall then deſcrie
The other humbler Rocke, that moues ſo nie,
Your dart may mete the diſtance. It receaues
A huge wilde Fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaues;
Beneath whoſe ſhades, diuine *Charybdis* ſits
Supping the blacke deepes. Thrice a day her pits
She drinking all dry; and thrice a day againe,
All, vp ſhe belches; banefull to ſuſtaine.
When ſhe is drinking, dare not neare her draught,
For not the force of *Neptune*, (if once caught)
Can force your freedome. Therefore in your ſtrife
To ſcape *Charybdis*, labour all, for life
To row neare *Scylla*; for ſhe will but haue
For her ſixe heads, ſixe men; and better ſaue
The reſt, then all, make offerings to the waue.

This Neede ſhe told me of my loſſe, when I
Deſir'd to know, if that *Neceſſitie*
(When I had ſcap't *Charybdis* outrages)
My powres might not reuenge; though not redreſſe?
She anſwerd: O vnhappy! art thou yet
Enflam'd with warre? and thirſt to drinke thy ſwet?
Not to the Gods giue vp, both Armes, and will?
She, deathleſſe is, and that immortall ill
Graue, hariſh, outragious, not to be ſubdu'd,
That men muſt ſuffer till they be renew'd.
Nor liues there any virtue that can flie
The vicious outrage of their crueltie.
Shouldſt thou put Armes on, and approch the Rocke;
I feare, ſixe more muſt expiate the ſhocke.
Sixe heads, ſixe men aske ſtill. Hoiſe ſaile, and flie;
And in thy flight, aloud, on *Cratis* crie
(Great *Scillas* Mother, who, expoſde to light
That bane of men;) and ſhe will do ſuch right
To thy obſeruance, that ſhe, downe will tread
Her daughters rage; nor let her ſhew a head.

From thenceforth then, for euer paſt her care;
Thou ſhalt aſcend, the Ile *Triangulare*;
Where many Oxen of the Sunne are fed;
And fatted flocks. Of Oxen, fifty head
In euery herd feed; and their herds are ſeuen;
And of his fat flocks is their number, Euen.

Increaſe they yeeld not, for they neuer die;
There euery ſhepherdeſſe, a Deitie.
Faire *Phaethuſa*, and *Lampetie*,
The louely *Nymphs* are, that their Guardians be.
Who, to the daylights lofty-going flame
Had gracious birthright, from the heauenly Dame
Still yong *Neera*; who (brought forth and bred)
Farre off diſmiſt them; to ſee duly fed
Their Fathers herds and flocks in *Sicilie*.
Theſe herds, and flocks, if to the Deitie
Ye leaue, as ſacred things, vntoucht; and on
Goe with all fit care of your home, alone,
(Though through ſome ſufferance) you yet ſafe ſhall land
In wiſhed *Ithaca*. But if impious hand
You lay on thoſe herds to their hurts: I then
Preſage ſure ruine, to thy ſhip and men.
If thou eſcap'ſt thy ſelfe, extending home
Thy long'd for landing; thou ſhalt loded come
With ſtore of loſſes, moſt exceeding late,
And not conſorted with a ſaued mate.
This ſaid; the golden-thron'd *Aurora* roſe;
She, her way went, and I did mine diſpoſe
Vp to my ſhip; weigh'd Anchor, and away.
When reuerend *Circe*; helpt vs to conuaie
Our veſſell ſafe, by making well inclind
A Sea mans true companion, a forewind;
With which ſhe filld our ſailes, when, fitting all
Our Armes cloſe by vs; I did ſadly fall
To graue relation, what concernd in Fate
My friends to know, and told them that the ſtate
Of our affaires ſucceſſe, which *Circe* had
Preſag'd to me alone, muſt yet be made
To one, nor onely two knowne; but to all:
That ſince their liues and deaths were left to fall
In their elections; they might life elect,
And giue what would preſerue it, fit effect.
I firſt inform'd them, that we were to flie
The heauenly-ſinging *Sirens* harmony,
And flowre-adorned Medow. And that I
Had charge to heare their ſong; but fetterd faſt
In bands, vnfauor'd, to th'erected Maſt;
From whence, if I ſhould pray; or vſe command
To be enlarg'd; they ſhould with much more band
Containe my ſtruglings. This I ſimply told
To each particular; nor would withold
What moſt enioyn'd mine owne affections ſtay,
That theirs the rather might be taught t'obay.
In meane time, flew our ſhips; and ſtraight we fetcht

The *Sirens* Ile; a ſpleeneleſſe wind, ſo ſtretcht
Her wings to waft vs, and ſo vrg'd our keele.
But hauing reacht this Ile, we could not feele
The leaſt gaſpe of it: it was ſtriken dead,
And all the Sea, in proſtrate ſlumber ſpread:
The *Sirens* diuell charm'd all. Vp then flew
My friends to worke; ſtrooke ſaile, together drew,
And vnder hatches ſtowd them: ſat, and plied
Their poliſht oares; and did in curls diuide
The white-head waters. My part then came on;
A mighty waxen Cake, I ſet vpon;
Chopt it in fragments, with my ſword; and wrought
With ſtrong hand, euery peece, till all were ſoft.
The great powre of the Sunne, in ſuch a beame
As then flew burning from his Diademe,
To liquefaction helpt vs. Orderlie,
I ſtopt their eares; and they, as faire did ply
My feete, and hands with cords; and to the Maſt
With other halſers, made me ſoundly faſt.
Then tooke they ſeate; and forth our paſſage ſtrooke;
The ſomie Sea, beneath their labour ſhooke.
Rowd on, in reach of an erected voice;
The *Sirens* ſoone tooke note, without our noice;
Tun'd thoſe ſweete accents, that made charmes ſo ſtrong;
And theſe learn'd numbers, made the *Sirens* ſong:
Come here, thou, worthy of a world of praiſe;
That doſt ſo high, the Grecian *glory raiſe;*
Vlyſſes! ſtay thy ſhip; and that ſong heare
That none paſt euer, but it bent his eare:
But left him raviſh, and inſtructed more
Bleſt, then any, euer heard before.
For we know all things whatſoeuer were
In wide Troy *labour'd; whatſoeuer there*
The Grecians *and the* Troians *both ſuſtain'd;*
By thoſe high iſſues that the Gods ordain'd.
And whatſoeuer, all the earth can ſhow
T'reforme a knowledge of deſert, we know.
This they gaue accent in the ſweeteſt ſtraine
That euer open'd an enamour'd vaine.
When, my conſtrain'd heart, needs would haue mine eare
Yet more delighted; force way forth, and heare.
To which end I commanded, with all ſigne
Sterne lookes could make (for not a ioynt of mine
Had powre to ſtirre) my friends to riſe, and giue
My limbs free way. They freely ſtriu'd to driue
Their ſhip ſtill on. When (farre from will to loſe)
Eurylochus, and *Perimedes* roſe
To wrap me ſurer; and oppreſt me more

With many a halſer, then had vſe before.
When, rowing on, without the reach of ſound;
My friends vnſtopt their eares; and me, vnbound;
And, that Ile quite we quitted. But againe
Freſh feares emploid vs. I beheld a maine
Of mighty billows, and a ſmoke aſcend:
A horrid murmure hearing. Euery friend
Aſtoniſht ſat: from euery hand, his oare
Fell quite forſaken: with the diſmall Rore
Where all things there made Echoes, ſtone ſtill ſtood
Our ſhip it ſelfe: becauſe the ghaſtly flood
Tooke all mens motions from her, in their owne:
I, through the ſhip went, labouring vp and downe
My friends recouerd ſpirits. One by one
I gaue good words, and ſaid: That well were knowne
Theſe ills to them before: I told them all;
And that theſe could not proue, more capitall
Then thoſe the *Cyclop* blockt vs vp in; yet
My vertue, wit, and heauen-helpt Counſailes, ſet
Their freedomes open. I could not beleeue
But they remembred it, and wiſht them giue
My equall care, and meanes, now equall truſt:
The ſtrength they had, for ſtirring vp, they muſt
Rouze, and extend, to trie if *Ioue* had laid
His powres in theirs vp, and would adde his aid
To ſcape euen that death. In particular then
I told our Pylot, that paſt other men
He, moſt muſt beare firme ſpirits; ſince he ſwaid
The Continent, that all our ſpirits conuaid
In his whole guide of her. He ſaw there boile
The fierie whirlpooles; that to all our ſpoile
Incloſde a Rocke: without which, he muſt ſtere,
Or all our ruines ſtood concluded there.
All heard me, and obaid; and little knew
That, ſhunning that Rocke, ſixe of them ſhould rue
The wracke, another hid. For I conceal'd
The heauy wounds that neuer would be heal'd,
To be by *Scylla* opened; for their feare
Would then haue robd all, of all care to ſtere;
Or ſtirre an oare, and made them hide beneath:
When they, and all, had died an idle death.
But then, euen I forgot to ſhunne the harme
Circe forewarnd: who willd I ſhould not arme,
Nor ſhew my ſelfe to *Scylla*, leſt in vaine
I ventur'd life. Yet could not I containe
But arm'd at all parts; and two lances tooke:
Vp to the foredecke went, and thence did looke
That Rockie *Scylla* would haue firſt appear'd,

And

And taken my life, with the friends I feard.
From thence yet, no place could afford her ſight;
Though through the darke rocke, mine eye threw her light,
And ranſackt all waies. I then tooke a ſtreight
That gaue my ſelfe, and ſome few more receipt
Twixt *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*; whence we ſaw
How horridly *Charybdis* throat did draw
The brackiſh ſea vp, which, when all abroad
She ſpit againe out: neuer Caldron ſod
With ſo much feruor, fed with all the ſtore
That could enrage it. All the Rocke did rore
With troubl'd waters: round about the tops
Of all the ſteepe crags, flew the ſomy drops.
But, when her draught, the ſea and earth diſſunderd,
The troubl'd bottoms turnd vp, and ſhe thunderd;
Farre vnder ſhore, the ſwart ſands naked lay.
Whoſe whole ſterne ſight, the ſtartl'd blood did fray
From all our faces. And while we on her
Our eyes beſtowd thus, to our ruines feare;
Sixe friends had *Scylla* ſnatcht out of our keele,
In whom, moſt loſſe, did force and virtue feele.
When looking to my ſhip, and lending eye
To ſee my friends eſtates, their heeles turnd hie,
And hands caſt vp, I might diſcerne; and heare
Their calles to me for helpe, when now they were
To try me in their laſt extremities.
And as an Angler, medcine for ſurpriſe
Of little fiſh, fits powring from the rocks,
From out the crookt horne, of a fold-bred Oxe;
And then with his long Angle, hoiſts them hie
Vp to the Aire; then ſleightly hurles them by,
When, helpleſſe ſprauling on the land they lie:
So eaſely *Scylla* to her Rocke had rapt
My wofull friends; and ſo vnhelpt, entrapt
Strugling they lay beneath her violent rape;
Who in their tortures, deſperate of eſcape;
Shrickt as ſhe tore; and vp, their hands to me
Still threw for ſweete life. I did neuer ſee
In all my ſufferance ranſacking the ſeas,
A ſpectacle ſo full of miſeries.
Thus hauing fled theſe rocks (theſe cruell dames
Scylla, *Charybdis*.) where the king of flames
Hath offerings burnd to him; our ſhip put in
The Iland, that from all the earth doth winne
The Epithete, *Faultleſſe*: where the broad of head
And famous Oxen, for the Sunne are fed,
With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.
Set in my ſhip, mine eare reacht, where we rod

She

The bellowing of Oxen, and the bleate
Of fleecie ſheepe; that in my memories ſeate
Put vp the formes, that late had bene impreſt
By dread *Ææan Circe*; and the beſt
Of Soules, and Prophets, the blind *Theban* Seer;
The wiſe *Tireſias*, who was graue decreer
Of my returnes whole meanes. Of which, this one
In chiefe he vrg'd; that I ſhould alwaies ſhunne
The Iland of the Man-delighting Sunne.
When, (ſad at heart for our late loſſe) I praid
My friends to heare fit counſaile, (though diſmaid
With all ill fortunes) which was giuen to me
By *Circes*, and *Tireſias* Prophecie;
That I ſhould flie the Ile, where was ador'd
The Comfort of the world: for ills, abhorr'd
Were ambuſht for vs there; and therefore, willd
They ſhould put off, and leaue the Ile. This kill'd
Their tender ſpirits; when *Eurylochus*
A ſpeech that vext me vtter'd; anſwering thus:
Cruell *Vlyſſes!* Since thy nerues abound
In ſtrength, the more ſpent; and no toyles confound
Thy able lims, as all beate out of ſteele;
Thou ableſt vs to, as vnapt to feele
The teeth of *Labor*, and the ſpoile of *Sleepe*,
And therefore ſtill, wet waſt vs in the deepe;
Nor let vs land to eate; but madly, now;
In Night, put forth, and leaue firme land to ſtrow
The Sea with errors. All the rabide flight
Of winds that ruine ſhips, are bred in Night.
Who is it, that can keepe off cruell Death,
If ſuddainly ſhould ruſh out th'angry breath
Of *Notus*, or the eager-ſpirited Weſt?
That cuffe ſhips, dead; and do the Gods their beſt!
Serue black Night ſtill, with ſhore, meate, ſleepe, and eaſe;
And offer to the *Morning* for the ſeas.
This all the reſt approu'd; and then knew I
That paſt all doubt, the diuell did apply
His ſlaughterous works. Nor would they be withheld;
I was but one; nor yeelded, but compell'd.
But all that might containe them, I aſſaid:
A ſacred oath, on all their powres I laid;
That if with herds, or any richeſt flocks
We chanc't t'encounter; neither ſheepe, nor Oxe
We once ſhould touch; nor (for that conſtant ill
That followes folly) ſcorne aduice, and kill:
But quiet ſit vs downe, and take ſuch food
As the immortall *Circe* had beſtowd.
They ſwore all this, in all ſeuerſt ſort;

And then we ancord, in the winding Port;
Neare a freſh Riuer, where the longd-for ſhore
They all flew out to; tooke in victles ſtore;
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept
Their loſſe by *Scylla*; weeping till they ſlept.
In *Nights* third part; when ſtars began to ſtoope;
The Cloud-aſſembler, put a Tempſt vp.
A boiſtrous ſpirit he gaue it; draue out all
His flocks of clouds; and let ſuch darkneſſe fall,
That *Earth*, and *Seas* for feare, to hide were driuen;
For, with his clouds, he thruſt out *Night* from heauen.
At *Aeorne*, we drew our ſhips into a caue;
In which the *Nymphs*, that *Phœbus* cattaile draue;
Faire dancing Roomes had, and their ſeates of State.
I vrg'd my friends then, that to ſhunne their Fate,
They would obſerue their oath; and take the food
Our ſhip afforded; nor attempt the blood
Of thoſe faire *Herds* and *Flocks*; becauſe they were,
That dreadfull Gods, that all could ſee, and heare.
They ſtood obſeruant, and in that good mind
Had we bene gone: but ſo aduerſe the wind
Stood to our paſſage, that we could not go.
For one whole moneth, perpetually did blow
Impetuous *Notus*; not a breaths repaire
But his, and *Eurus*, rul'd in all the Aire.
As long yet, as their ruddy wine, and bread
Stood out amongſt them; ſo long, not a head
Of all thoſe Oxen, fell in any ſtrife
Amongſt thoſe ſtudents for the gut, and life.
But when their victles faild, they fell to prey:
Neceſſitie compell'd them then, to ſtray
In rape of fiſh, and fowle: what euer came
In reach of hand or hooke; the bellies flame
Afflicted to it. I then, fell to praire;
And (making to a cloſe *Retreate*, repaire
Free from, both friends, and winds) I waſht my hands,
And all the Gods beſought, that held commands
In liberall heauen; to yeeld ſome meane to ſtay
Their deſperate hunger; and ſet vp the way
Of our returne reſtraind. The Gods, in ſteed
Of giuing what I prayd for, powre of deed;
A deedlcſſe ſleepe, did on my lids diſtill,
For meane to worke vpon, my friends their fill.
For, whiles I ſlept, there wak't no meane to curb
Their headſtrong wants; which he that did diſturb
My rule, in chiefe, at all times; and was chiefe
To all the reſt in counſaile to their griefe;
Knew well, and of, my preſent abſence tooke

His fit aduantage; and their iron ſtrooke
At higheſt heate. For (feeling their deſire
In his owne Entrailes, to allay the fire
That *Famine* blew in them) he thus gaue way
To that affection: Heare what I ſhall ſay,
(Though words will ſtanch no hunger) euery death
To vs poore wretches, that draw temporall breath,
You know, is hatefull; but all know, to die
The Death of *Famine*, is a miſerie
Paſt all Death loathſome. Let vs therefore take
The chiefe of this faire herd; and offerings make
To all the Deathleſſe that in broad heauen liue;
And, in particular, vow, if we arriue
In naturall *Ithaca*, to ſtrait erect
A Temple to the haughtie in aſpect;
Rich, and magnificent, and all within
Decke it with Relicks many, and diuine.
If yet, he ſtands incenſt, ſince we haue ſlaine
His high-browd herd; and therefore will ſuſtaine
Deſire to wracke our ſhip: he is but one;
And all the other Gods, that we attone
With our diuine Rites, will their ſuffrage giue
To our deſign'd returne, and let vs liue.
If not; and all take part, I rather craue
To ſerue with one ſole Death, the yawning waue;
Then, in a deſert Iland, lie and ſterue;
And, with one pin'd life, many deaths obſerue.
All cried, He counſailes nobly; and all ſpeed
Made to their reſolute diuing. For the feed
Of thoſe coleblacke, faire, broad-browd, Sun-lou'd Beeues:
Had place, cloſe by our ſhips. They tooke the liues
Of ſence, moſt eminent. About their fall
Stood round, and to the States celeſtiall
Made ſolemne vowes: But, other Rites, their ſhip
Could not afford them; they did therefore ſtrip
The curld-head Oke, of freſh yong leaues, to make
Supply of ſeruice for their Barly cake.
And, on the ſacredly enflam'd, for wine
Powrd pureſt water; all the parts diuine
Spitting, and roſting: all the Rites beſide
Orderly vſing. Then did light diuide
My low, and vpper lids; when, my repaire
Made neare my ſhip; I met the delicate ayre
Their roſt exhal'd. Out inſtantly I cried;
And ſaid, O *Ioue*, and all ye Deified,
Ye haue oppreſt me with a cruell ſleepe;
While ye conferd on me, a loſſe as deepe
As *Death* deſcends to. To themſelues, alone

My

My rude men, left vngouernd; they haue done
A deed ſo impious, (I ſtand well aſſur'd)
That you will not forgiue, though ye procur'd.
Then flew *Lempetie*, with the ample Robe,
Vp to her Father, with the golden Globe;
Ambaſſadreſſe, t'informe him, that my men
Had ſlaine his Oxen. Heart-incenſed then;
He cried; Reuenge me (Father, and the reſt
Both euer liuing, and for euer bleſt.)
Thoſe impious men, haue drawne the blood
Of thoſe my Oxen, that it did me good
To looke on, walking, all my ſtarrie round;
And when I trod earth, all with medowes crown'd
Without your full amends, Ile leaue heauen quite;
Dis, and the Dead, adorning with my light.
The Cloud-herd anſwerd; Son! thou ſhalt be ours,
And light thoſe mortals, in that Mine of flowres;
My red hote flaſh, ſhall graſe but on their ſhip,
And eate it, burning, in the boyling deepe.
This by *Calypſo*, I was told, and ſhe
Inform'd it, from the verger *Mercurie*.
Come to our ſhip; I chid, and told by name
Each man, how impiouſly he was to blame.
But chiding got no peace; the Beeues were ſlaine:
When ſtraight the Gods, fore-went their following paine
With dire Oſtents. The hides, the fleſh had loſt,
Crept, all before them. As the fleſh did roſt
It bellowd like the Oxe it ſelfe, aliue.
And yet my ſouldiers, did their dead Beeues driue
Through all theſe Prodigies, in daily feaſts.
Sixe daies they banqueted, and ſlue freſh beaſts,
And when the ſeuenth day, *Ioue* reduc't the wind
That all the moneth rag'd; and ſo in did bind
Our ſhip, and vs; was turnd, and calm'd; and we
Lancht, put vp Maſts; Sailes hoiſed, and to Sea.
The Iland left ſo farre; that land no where;
But onely ſea, and skie, had powre t'appeare;
Ioue fixt a cloud aboue our ſhip; ſo blacke
That all the ſea it darkned. Yet from wracke
She ranne a good free time: till from the Weſt
Came *Zephyre* ruffling forth; and put his breaſt
Out, in a ſinging tempeſt; ſo moſt vaſt,
It burſt the Gables, that made ſure our Maſt;
Our Maſts came tumbling downe: our cattell downe,
Ruſht to the Pump: and by our *Pylots* crowne
The maine Maſt, paſt his fall; paſht all his Skull,
And all this wracke, but one flaw, made at full.
Off from the Sterne, the Sterneſman, diuing fell,

And

And from his ſinewes, flew his Soule to hell.
Together, all this time, *Ioues* Thunder chid;
And through, and through the ſhip, his lightning glid:
Till it embrac't her round: her bulke was filld
With naſty ſulphur; and her men were killd:
Tumbl'd to Sea, like Sea-mewes ſwumme about,
And there the date of their returne was out.
I toſt from ſide to ſide ſtill, till all broke
Her Ribs were with the ſtorme: and ſhe did choke
With let-in Surges; for, the Maſt torne downe;
Tore her vp peecemeale; and for me to drowne
Left little vndiſſolu'd. But to the Maſt
There was a lether Thong left; which I caſt
About it, and the keele; and ſo ſat toſt
With banefull weather, till the Weſt had loſt
His ſtormy tyranny. And then aroſe
The South, that bred me more abhorred woes;
For backe againe his blaſts expelld me, quite
On rauenous *Charybdis*. All that *Nights*
I totter'd vp and downe, till *Light*, and I
At *Scyllas* Rocke encounterd; and the nie
Dreadfull *Charybdis*. As I draue on theſe,
I ſaw *Charybdis*, ſupping vp the ſeas;
And had gone vp together, if the tree
That bore the wilde figs, had not reſcu'd me;
To which I leapt, and left my keele; and hie
Chambring vpon it, did as cloſe imply
My breſt about it, as a Reremouſe could:
Yet, might my feete, on no ſtub faſten hold
To eaſe my hands: the roots were crept ſo low
Beneath the earth; and ſo aloft did grow
The far-ſpred armes, that (though good height I gat)
I could not reach them. To the maine Bole, flat
I therefore ſtill muſt cling; till vp againe
She belcht my Maſt, and after that, amaine
My keele came tumbling: ſo at length it chanc't,
To me, as to a Iudge; that long aduanc't
To iudge a ſort of hote yong fellowes iarres,
At length time frees him from their ciuill warres;
When, glad, he riſeth, and to dinner goes;
So time, at length, releaſt with ioyes my woes,
And from *Charybdis* mouth, appear'd my keele.
To which (my hand, now looſd; and now, my heele)
I altogether, with a huge noiſe, dropt;
Iuſt in her midſt fell, where the Maſt was propt;
And there rowd off, with owers of my hands.
God, and *Mans* Father, would not, from her ſands
Let *Scylla* ſee me; for I then had died

That

That bitter death, that my poore friends ſupplied.
Nine Daies at Sea, I houer'd: the tenth Night
In th'Ile *Ogygia*, where about the bright
And right renoum'd *Calypſo*, I was caſt
By powre of Deitie; Where I liu'd embrac't
With *Loue*, and feaſts. But why ſhould I relate
Thoſe kind occurrents? I ſhould iterate
What I in part, to your chaſte Queene and you
So late imparted. And for me to grow
A talker ouer of my tale againe,
Were paſt my free contentment to ſuſtaine.

Finis duodecimi libri Hom. Odyſſ.

Opus nouem dierum.

Ζωὸν ἄεθλ.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLysses (*ship, but in the Euen,*
With all the Presents he was guen;
And sleeping then) *is set, next Morne*
In full scope of his wisht returne:
And treads vnknown his Country shore;
Whose search, so many winters wore.
The Ship (*returning, and arriu'd*
Against the City) *is depriu'd*
Of Forme; And all her motion gone,
Transform'd by Neptune *to a stone.*
Vlysses (*let to know the Strand*
Where the Phæacians *made him Land*)
Consults with Pallas, *for the life*
Of euery Weed of his wife.
His Gifts, she hides within a Caue;
And him, into a man more Graue:
All bid in wrinkles, crooked, gray,
Transform'd; who so, goes on his way.

Another.

Vlysses Ithaca:
Whose Ithaca
Vnwares receaues.

THE said; And silence all their Tongues contain'd
(In admiration) when with pleasure chain'd
Their eares had long beene to him. At last brake
Alcinous silence, and in this sort spake
To th' *Ithacensian*, *Laertes* Sonne:
O *Ithacus!* (How euer euer-runne
With foule ill sufferings in your way fo home)
Since 'twas, at last, your happy Fate to come
To my high-roofe, and Brasse-foundation d house:
I hope, such speede, and passe auspitious
Our Loues shall yeeld you, that you shall no more
VVander, nor suffer, homewards, as before.
You then, whoeuer, that are euer grac't
VVith all choise of authoriz'd power, to call

Such wine with me, as warmes the ſacred Rage;
And is an Honorarie giuen to Age.
With which, ye likewiſe, heare Diuinely ſing
(In Honors praiſe) the Poet of the King:
I moue, by way of my command, to this;
That where, in an elaborate Chiſt, there lies
A Preſent for our Gueſt: Attires of price;
And Gold, engrauen with infinite deuice:
I wiſh that each of vs ſhould adde beſide
A Tripod, and a Caldron amplified
With ſize, and Mettall of moſt rate, and great.
For we (in counſaile of taxation, met)
Will from our Subiects, gaine their worth againe;
Since 'tis vnequall one man ſhould ſuſtaine
A charge ſo waighty, being the grace of all;
VVHich, borne by many, is a waight but ſmall.
Thus ſpake *Alcinous*, and pleaſ'd the reſt;
VVhen each man cloſ'd, with home, & ſleep, his feaſt.
But when the colour giuing light aroſe;
All, to the Ship, did * all their ſpeeds diſpoſe;
And wealth (*honeſt men makes) brought with them.
All which; euen he, that wore the Diadem
Stow'd in the Ship himſelfe, beneath the ſeats
The Rowers ſate in; ſtooping, leſt their lets
In any of their labors, he might proue.
Then home he turn'd: and after him, did moue
The whole aſſembly to expected Feaſt.
Amongſt whom, he a ſacrifice addreſt,
And ſlue an Oxe, to weather-wielding *Ioue*;
Beneath whoſe Empire, all things are, and moue.
The thighs then roſting, they made glorious chere,
Delighted highly; and amongſt them there,
The honor'd of the people vſ'd his voice,
Diuine *Demodocus*. Yet through this choice
Of Cheere, and Muſicke, had *Vlyſſes* ſtill
An Eye directed to the Eaſterne hill,
To ſee Him riſing, that illuſtrates all.
For now into his minde, a fire did fall
Of thirſt for home: And as in hungry vow
To needfull food, a man at fixed Plow;
(To whom, the black Oxe all day long hath turn'd
The ſtubborne fallowes vp; his ſtomacke burn'd
VVith empty heate, and appetite to food;
His knees afflicted with his ſpirit-ſpent blood)
At length the long-expected Sun-ſet ſees;
That he may ſit to foode, and reſt his knees:
So, to *Vlyſſes*, ſet the friendly light
The Sun affoorded, with as wiſh'd a ſight.

VVho

Ἀφορισμὸς ὁ τοῦ, quod pro Honoraria retentibus datur. And becauſe the words of King ſhall hath made her to expreſſe ſhut, ſounding, we'l, & helping our Latin gueſſe, it is here ſet.

*Intending in theſe the Senators, with every man in addition of gift.
* ἐυπομπὰ,
Χρήκαρ, Bene-honeſtos-facientes.

VVho, ſtraight beſpake, that Ore-affecting State:
But did in chiefe, his ſpeech appropriate
To him by Name, that with their Rule was crown'd.
Alcinous? Of all men, moſt renown'd,
Diſmiſſe me, with as ſafe paſſe, as you vow;
(Your offering paſt) and may the Gods to you
In all contentment, vſe as full a hand:
For now, my landing heere, and ſtay ſhall ſtand
In all perfection with my hearts deſire;
Both my ſo ſafe deduction to aſpire,
And louing gifts; which, may the Gods to me,
As bleſt in vſe make, as your acts are free:
Euen to the finding firme, in loue, and life,
VVith all deſir'd euent, my friends, and wife.
VVhen, as my ſelfe ſhall liue delighted there;
May you, with your wiues, reſt as happy here:
Your Sonnes and Daughters (in particular State)
With euery vertue rendred conſummate:
And, in your generall Empire, may ill neuer
Approch your Land; but good your good quit euer.
This, all applauded, and all ioyntly cried;
Diſmiſſe the Stranger: he hath dignified
With fit ſpeech, his diſmiſion. Then the King
Thus charg'd the Herrald: Fill for offering
A bowl of wine: which through the whol large houſe
Diſpoſe to all men; that propitious,
Our Father *Ioue* made, with our prayers; we may
Giue home our Gueſt, in full and wiſhed way.
This ſaid; *Pontonous* commixt a Bowle
Of ſuch ſweete wine, as did delight the ſoule:
VVhich making ſacred to the bleſſed Gods,
That hold in broad heauen their ſupreame abodes;
God-like *Vlyſſes*, from his chaire aroſe,
And in the hands of th'Empreſſe, did impoſe
The all-round Cup: To whom (faire ſpoke) he ſaide;
Reioyce, O Queene, and be your ioyes repaide
By heauen, for me, till age and death ſucceede;
Both which, inflict their moſt vnwelcome neede,
On Men and Dames, alike. And, firſt (for me)
I muſt from hence, to both: Liue you heere free;
And euer may, all liuing bleſsings ſpring;
Your ioy in Children, Subiects, and your King.
This ſaide, diuine *Vlyſſes* tooke his way:
Before whom, the vnalterable ſway
Of King *Alcinous* virtue, did command
A Heralds fit attendance to the Strand
And Ship appointed. VVith him, likewiſe went
Handmaids, by *Aretes* iniunction ſent.

Vlyſſes to Alcinous.

Alcinous to the Herrald.

Vlyſſes to Arete.

One bore an Out and In-weede, faire and sweete;
The other an embroider'd Cabinet:
The third, had Bread to beare, and ruddy wine;
All which, (at Sea, and Ship arriu'd) resigne,
Their Freight conser'd. VVith faire attendants then,
The sheets and bedding of the Man of men,
VVithin a Cabin of the hollow Keele,
Spred, and made soft; that sleepe might sweetly seele
His restfull eyes; He enter'd, and his Bed,
In silence, tooke. The Rowers ordered
Themselues in seuerall seates: and then set gone
The Ship; the Gable from the hollow stone
Dissolu'd, and weigh'd vp: Altogether, close
Then beate the Sea. His lids, in sweete repose
Sleepe bound so fast, it scarse gaue way to breath;
Inexcitable, most deare, next of all to death.
And as amids a faire field, foure braue horse
Before a Chariot, stung into their course
With feruent lashes of the smarting Scourge;
That all their fiue blowes high; and makes them vrge
To vtmost speede, the measure of their ground:
So bore the Ship aloft, her fiery Bound;
About whom rusht the billowes, blacke, and vast;
In which the Sea-roares burst. As firme as fast
She ply'd her Course yet: Nor her winged speede,
The Faulcon gentle, could for pace, exceede.
So cut she through the waues, and bore a Man,
Euen with the Gods, in counsailes; that began
And spent his former life, in all misease:
Battailes of men, and rude waues of the Seas;
Yet now, securely slept, forgetting all.
And when heauens brightest star, that first doth call
The early morning out, aduanc't her head;
Then, neere to *Ithaca*, the Billow-bred
Phæacian Ship approch't. There is a Port,
That th'aged Sea-God *Phorcys* makes his Fort:
Whose earth, the *Ithacensian* people owne.
In which, two Rockes inaccessible, are growne
Farre forth into the Sea; vvhose each strength binds
The boistrous waues in, from the high-flowne winds
On both the out-parts so, that all within
The well-built Ships, that once their harbour win
In his calme bosome; without Anchor, rest
Safe, and vnstir'd. From forth the hauens high crest,
Branch the well-brawn'd armes of an Oliue tree.
Beneath which, runs a Caue, from all Sun free;
Coole, and delightsome: Sacred to th'accesse
Of Nymphs, whose sur-names are the *Naiades*:

The Land Life of Ithaca. Similitude

The description of Phorcys Haven.

In which, flew humming Bees; in which lay throwne
Stone cups, Stone vessels, Shittles, all of stone;
With which, the *Nymphs* their purple Mantles woue:
In whose contexture, Art and wonder strone.
In which, pure Springs perpetually ran;
To which, two entries were: the one for man,
(On which the North breath'd:)th'other, for the gods
(On which, the South:) and that, bore no abodes
For earthy men: But onely deathlesse feete
Had there free way. This Port, these men thoght meet
To Land *Vlysses*; being the first, they knew.
Drew then, their Ship in: but no further drew
Then halfe her bulke reach't: by such cunning hand
Her course was manag'd. Then her men tooke land;
And first, brought forth *Vlysses*: Bed, and all
That richly furnisht it; he still in thrall
Of all-subduing sleepe. Vpon the sand
They set him softly downe; and then, the Strand
They strew'd with all the goods he had, bestow'd
By the renown'd *Phæacians*; since he show'd
So much *Minerua*. At the Oliue roote
They drew them then in heape, most far from foote
Of any Trauailer: least, ere his eyes
Resum'd their charge, they might be others prize.
These, then turn'd home: nor was the seas supreme
Forgetful of his threats, for *Polypheme*
Bent at diuine *Vlysses*: yet would proue
(Ere their performance) the decree of *Ioue*.
Father! No more the Gods shall honor me,
Since men despise me; and those men that see
The * Light, in Linage of mine owne lou'd race.
I vow'd *Vlysses*, should before the grace
Of his returne, encounter woes enow
To make that purchase deare: yet, did not vow
Simply against it, since thy Brow had bent
To his reduction; in the fore-consent
Thou hadst vouchsaf't it: yet before, my minde
Hath full powre on him; the *Phæacians* finde
Their owne minds satisfaction, vvith his Passe:
So farre from suffering, what my pleasure was;
That ease, and softnesse, now is habited
In his secure brest: and his careleese head,
Return'd in peace of sleepe to *Ithaca*.
The Brasse and Gold of rich *Phæacia*
Rocking his Temples. Garments richly wouen;
And worlds of Prize more, then was euer strouen
From all the conflicts he sustain'd at *Troy*,
If safe, he should his full share there, inioy.

Neptune to Iupiter.
* *The Phæacians were descended Originally frō Neptune.*

Iupiter to Neptune.

The Showre-diſſoluer anſwerd: VVhat a ſpeech
Hath paſt thy Pallate, O thou great in Reach
Of wrackfull Empire? Farre the Gods remaine
From ſcorne of thee: For, 'twere a worke of paine
To proſecute, with ignominies, One
That ſwaies our ableſt, and moſt ancient Throne.
For men; If any ſo beneath in power,
Neglect thy high will: now, or any houre
That moues hereafter; take reuenge to thee;
Soothe all thy will and be thy pleaſure free.

Neptune to Iupiter.

VVhy then (ſaid he) thou blacker of the fumes
That dimme the Sun; my licenſt power reſumes
Act from thy ſpeech: but I obſerue ſo much,
And feare thy pleaſure, that I dare not touch
At any inclination of mine owne,
Till thy conſenting influence be knowne.
But now; this curious-built *Phæacian* Ship,
Returning from her Conuoy, I will ſtrip
Of all her fleeting matter; and to ſtone
Transforme and fixe it (iuſt when ſhe hath gone
Her full time home; and iets before their preaſe
In all her trim) amids the Sable Seas.
That they may ceaſe to conuoy ſtrangers ſtill,
VVhen they ſhall ſee, ſo like a mighty Hill
Their glory ſticke before their Cities grace,
And my * hands caſt a maske before her face.

* αμφὶς αὐτὴν, Super eam, vt ab aliquid, tanquam tegmen ſeu operimentum.

O friend, (ſaid *Ione*) it ſhewes to me the beſt
Of al earths obiects; that their whole preaſe, dreſt
In all their wonder; neere their Towne ſhall ſtand
And ſtare vpon a Stone, ſo neere the Land,
So like a Ship, and dam vp all their lights,
As if a Mountaine interpoſde their ſights.
VVhen *Neptune* heard this, he for *Scheria* went,
VVhence the *Phæacians* tooke their firſt deſcent.
VVhich when he reacht, and in her ſwifteſt pride,
The water-treader, by the Cities ſide
Came cutting cloſe; cloſe he came ſwiftly on;
Tooke her in violent hand, and to a Stone
Turnd all her ſyluane ſubſtance. All below,
Firmd her with Rootes, & left her. This ſtrange ſhow
VVhen the *Phæacians* ſaw, they ſtupid ſtood,
And askt each other, who amids the flood
Could fixe their Ship ſo, in her full ſpeed home?
And quite tranſparant, make her bulke become?
Thus talkt they; but were farre from knowing how

Alcinous tells his people how the Ship became a Stone.

Theſe things had iſſue. VVhich their King did ſhow,
And ſaide; O friends, the ancient Propheſies
My Father told to me, to all our eyes

Are

Are now in proofe: he ſaide, the time would come,
VVhen *Neptune*, for our ſafe conducting home
All ſorts of Strangers (out of enuy fir'd)
Would meete our faireſt Ship as ſhe retir'd;
And all the goodly Shape, and ſpeed we boſt,
Should like a Mountaine ſtand before vs loſt,
Amids the mouing waters; which we ſee
Perform'd in full end to our prophe ſie.
Heare then my counſaile, and obey me then:
Renounce henceforth our conuoy home of men;
Who euer ſhall heereafter greete our Towne.
And to th'offended Deities Renowne;
Twelue choſen Oxen let vs ſacred make,
That he may pitty vs: and from vs take
This ſhady Mountaine. They, in feare, obaide;
Slew all the Beeues, and to the Godhead praide:
The Dukes and Princes, all enſphearing round
The ſacred Altar. VVhile whoſe Tops were croun'd,
Diuine *Vlyſſes* (on his Countries breſt
Laid bound in ſleepe) now roſe out of his reſt:
Nor (being ſo long remou'd) the Region knew.
(Beſides which abſence yet) *Minerua* threw
A cloud about him; to make ſtrange the more
His ſafe arriuall: left, vpon his Shore
He ſhould make knowne his face, and vtter all
That might preuent, th'euent that was to fall.
VVhich ſhe prepar'd ſo well, that not his wife
(Preſented to him) ſhould perceiue his life:
No Citizen, no Friend; till righteous Fate
Vpon the vvooers wrongs, were conſummate.
Through which cloud, all things ſhow'd now to the King
Of forreign faſhion. The enflowred Spring,
Amongſt the Trees there. The perpetuall waues;
The Rockes, that did more high their foreheads raiſe
To his Rapt eye, then naturally they did:
And all the Hauen, in which a man ſeem'd hid
From winde, & weather, when ſtorms loudeſt chid.
He therefore, being riſen, ſtood and viewd
His countrey earth: which (not perceiu'd) he rew'd:
And, ſtriking with his hurld-downe hands his Thyes,
He mourn'd, and ſaide: O me! Againe where lyes
My defart way? To wrongfull men, and rude?
And with no Lawes of humane right indu'de?
Or are they humane, and of holy minds?
What fits my deede with theſe ſo many kinds
Of goods late giuen? VVhat, with my ſelfe, wil floods
And Errors do? I would to God, theſe Goods
Had reſted with their Owners: and that I

Had

Had ſalne on Kings of more Regality,
To grace out my returne; that lou'd indeed,
And would haue giuen me Conſorts of fit ſpeed
To my diſtreſſes ending! But, as now
All knowledge flyes me, where I may beſtow
My labour'd purchaſe. Heere they ſhall not ſtay,
Leſt what I car'd for, others make their prey.
O Gods! I ſee, the great *Pheacians* then
VVere not all iuſt, and vnderſtanding men;
That land me elſewhere then their vants pretended:
Aſſuring me, my countrey ſhould ſee ended
My miſeries told them: yet now, eate their vants.
O Ioue! great Guardian of poore Suppliants,
That others ſees, and notes too; ſhutting in
All in thy plagues, that moſt preſume on Sin,
Reuenge me on them. Let me number now
The goods they gaue, to giue my minde to know
If they haue ſtolne none, in their cloſe retreat.
The goodly Caldrons then, and Tripods (ſet
In ſeuerall rankes from out the heape) he told.
His rich wrought garments too, and all his Gold:
And nothing lack't; and yet this Man did mourne,
The but ſuppoſd miſſe of his home returne.
And, creeping to the ſhore, with much complaint;

Minerua *like a Shepheard (ſuch as Kings ſonnes vſde at thoſe times to be) appeares to Vyſſes.*

Minerua, (like a Shepheard, yong, and quaint,
As King ſonnes are: a double Mantle caſt
A'thwart his Shoulders, his faire goers grac'ſt
With fitted ſhooes; and in his hand, a Dart)
Appear'd to him, whoſe ſight reioyc't his hart.
To whom he came, and ſaide: O Friend? Since firſt
I meete your ſight heere: Be all good, the worſt
That can ioyne our encounter: Fare you Faire;
Nor with aduerſe minde, welcome my repaire:
But guard theſe goods of mine, and ſuccour me.
As to a God, I offer prayers to thee,
And low acceſſe make, to thy loued knee.
Say truth, that I may know, what countrey then?
What commune people liue heere? And what men?
Some famous Iſle is this? Or giues it vent
(Being neere the Sea) to ſome rich Continent?

Pallas *to Vlyſſes.*

She anſwer'd; Stranger, what ſo ere you are;
Y'are either fooliſh, or come paſſing farre,
That know not this Iſle, and make that doubt, troble;
For 'tis not ſo exceedingly ignoble,
But paſſing many know it: and ſo many,
That, of all Nations, there abides not any,
From where the *Morning* riſes, and the *Sun*;
To where the *Euen*, and *Night* their courſes run,

But

But know this countrey. Rocky 'tis, and rough;
And ſo, for vſe of horſe vnapt enough:
Yet, with *ſad Barrenneſſe not much infected,
Since clowds are heere in frequent raines digeſted,
And flowry dewes. The compaſſe is not great;
The little yet, well fild with wine, and wheat.
It feeds a Goat, and Oxe well; being ſtill
Water'd with floods, that euer ouer-fill
VVith heauens continual ſhowers: and woodded ſo,
It makes a Spring of all the kindes that grow.
And therefore, Stranger, the extended name
Of this Dominion, makes acceſſe by Fame,
From this extreame part of *Achaia*,
As farre as *Ilion*; and 'tis *Ithaca*.

* αυηρος, I. *Velut triſtia, leuiaq; nabens.*

This ioy'd him much, that ſo vnknowne a Land,
Turn'd to his countrey. Yet ſo wiſe a hand
He carried, euen of this ioy, flowne ſo hye,
That other end he put to his reply,
Then ſtraight to ſhew that ioy, and lay abrode
His life to Strangers. Therefore, he beſtowd
A veile on *Truth*: For euermore did winde
About his boſome, a moſt crafty minde,
VVhich thus his words ſhew'd. I haue farre at Sea,

Vlyſſes to Pallas.

In ſpacious *Crete*, heard ſpeake of *Ithaca*;
Of which, my ſelfe (it ſeemes) now reach the ſhore,
VVith theſe my Fortunes; whoſe whole value more
I left in *Crete* amongſt my children there;
From whence I flye, for being the ſlaughterer
Of royall *Idomens* moſt loued Son,
Swift-foote *Orſilochus*, that could out-run
Profeſt men for the race. Yet him I ſlue,
Becauſe he would depriue me of my due
In *Troian* prize: for which, I ſuffer'd ſo
(The rude waues piercing) the redoubled wo
Of minde and body, in the warres of men:
Nor did I gratifie his Father then
VVith any ſeruice; But, as well as he,
Sway'd in command of other Souldiery.
So, with a friend withdrawne, we way-laide him,
VVhen gloomy Night, the cope of heauen did dim,
And no man knew. But we (lodg'd cloſe) he came,
And I put out, to him, his vitall flame.
VVhoſe ſlaughter, hauing author'd with my ſword,
I inſtant flight made; and ſtraight fell aboord
A Ship of the renown'd *Phœnician* State;
VVhen prayer, and pay, at a ſufficient rate
Obtain'd my Paſſe, of men in her command:
VVhom I inioyn'd to ſet me on the land

Of

Of *Pylos*, or of *Elis*, the diuine,
VVhere the *Epeyans* in great Empire ſhine.
But force of weather check't that courſe to them,
Though (loath to faile me) to their moſt extreme
They ſpent their willing pow'rs. But, forc't frō thence,
VVe err'd, and put in heere, with much expence
Of Care and Labour: and in dead of Night,
VVhen no man there, ſeru'd any appetite,
So much as with the Memory of food,
Though our eſtates exceeding Needy ſtood.
But, going athore, we lay; when gentle ſleepe
My weary pow'rs inuaded: and from Ship,
They fetching theſe my Riches, with iuſt hand
About me laide them: while vpon the ſand
Sleepe bound my ſenſes; and for *Sydon*, they
(Put off from hence) made ſaile: while heere I lay,
Left ſad alone. The Goddeſſe laught, and tooke
His hand in hers; and with another looke,
(Aſſuming then the likeneſſe of a Dame,
Louely and goodly, expert in the frame
Of vertuous Huſwiferies) ſhe anſwerd thus.
He ſhould be paſsing ſlie, and couetous
Of ſtealth, in mens deceits, that coted thee,
In any craft; though any God ſhould be
Ambitious to exceede in ſubtilty.
Thou ſtill-wit-varying wretch! Inſatiate
In ouer-reaches: Not ſecure thy ſtate
Without theſe wiles? Though on thy Natiue ſhore
Thou ſeeſt ſafe footing? But vpon thy ſtore
Of falſe words, ſtill ſpend? That euen from thy byrth
Haue bene thy beſt friends? Come: our either worth
Is knowne to either: Thou, of Men, art far
(For words and counſailes) the moſt ſingular;
But I, aboue the Gods, in both, may boſt
My ſtill-tried Faculties. Yet thou haſt loſt
The knowledge euen of me: the ſeede of *Ioue*,
Pallas Athenia; that haue ſtill out-ſtroue
In all thy Labors, their extremes; and ſtood
Thy ſure guard euer: making all thy good,
Knowne to the good *Phæacians*, and receiu'd.
And now againe, I greete thee, to ſee weau'd
Freſh Counſailes for thee: and will take on me
The cloſe reſeruing of theſe goods for thee,
VVhich the renown'd *Phæacian* States beſtow'd
At thy deduction homewards; Onely mou'd
VVith my, both ſpirit and counſell. All which grace
I now will amplifie, and tell what caſe
Thy houſhold ſtands in; vttering all thoſe paines,

That

That, of meere need, yet ſtill muſt racke thy vaines;
Do thou then freely beare; Nor one word giue
To Man nor Dame, to ſhew thou yet doſt liue:
But ſilent, ſuffer ouer all againe
Thy ſorrowes paſt; and beare the wrongs of Men.
Goddeſſe (ſaid he) vniuſt men, and vnwiſe,
That author iniuries, and vanities;
By vanities and wrongs, ſhould rather be
Bound to this ill-abearing deſtiny,
Then iuſt and wiſe men. VVhat delight hath heauen,
That liues vnhurt it ſelfe, to ſuffer giuen
Vp to all domage, thoſe poore few that ſtriue
To imitate it? and like the Deities liue?
But where you wonder, that I know you not
Through all your changes; that skill is not got
By ſleight or Art: ſince thy moſt hard-hit face,
Is ſtill diſtinguiſht by thy free-giuen grace.
And therefore truly to acknowledge thee
In thy encounters, is a maiſtery
In men moſt knowing. For to all men, thou
Tak'ſt ſeuerall likeneſſe. All men thinke they know
Thee in their wits. But, ſince thy ſeeming view
Appeares to all; and yet thy truth, to few:
Through all thy changes, to diſcern thee right,
Askes chiefe Loue to thee; and inſpired light.
But this, I ſurely know; that ſome yeares paſt,
I haue beene often with thy preſence grac'ſt,
All time the ſonnes of *Greece* wag'd warre at *Troy*:
But when Fates full houre, let our ſwords enioy
Our vowes, in ſacke of *Priams* lofty Towne:
Our Ships all boorded; and when God had blowne
Our Fleete in ſunder, I could neuer ſee
The ſeede of *Ioue*; Nor once diſtinguiſh thee
Boording my Ship, to take one woe from me.
But onely in my proper ſpirit inuiolu'd,
Err'd, here and there quite ſlaine; til heauen diſſolu'd
Me, and my ill: which chanc't not, till thy grace
By open ſpeech confirm'd me; in a place
Fruitfull of people: where, in perſon, thou
Did'ſt giue me guide, and all their City ſhow;
And that was the renown'd *Phæacian* earth.
Now then; euen by the author of thy Birth,
Vouchſafe my doubt the Truth (for farre it flies
My thoughts; that thus ſhould fall into mine eies
Conſpicuous *Ithaca*: but feare I touch
At ſome farre Shore; and that thy wit is ſuch,
Thou doſt delude me) Is it ſure the ſame,
Moſt honor'd earth, that beares my countries name?

I

I ſee (ſayd ſhe) thou wilt be euer thus,
In euery worldly good, incredulous.
And therefore, haue no more the power, to ſee
Fraile life more plagu'd with infelicity;
In one ſo eloquent, ingenious wiſe.
Another man, that ſo long miſeries
Had kept from his lou'd home; and thus return'd
To ſee his houſe, wife, children; would haue burn'd
In headlong luſt to viſit. Yet t'enquire,
VVhat ſtates they hold, affects not thy deſire,
Till thou haſt tried: If in thy wife, there be
A Sorrow, waſting dayes, and nights for thee,
In Louing teares: That then the ſight may proue
A full reward, for eithers mutuall Loue.
But I would neuer, credit in you both
Leaſt cauſe of ſorrow; but well knew, the troth
Of this thine owne returne: though all thy Friends,
I knew, as well, ſhould make returnleſſe ends.
Yet would not croſſe mine Vnkle *Neptune* ſo
To ſtand their ſafegard; ſince ſo high did go
His wrath, for thy extinction of the eye
Of his lou'd ſonne. Come then, Ile ſhew thee why
I call this Iſle, thy *Ithaca*; To ground
Thy credit on my words: This hauen is own'd
By th'aged Sea god *Phorcys*: in whoſe Brow,
This is the Oliue with the ample bow;
And heere cloſe by, the pleaſant-ſhaded Caue,
That to the Fount-Nymphs, th'*Ithacenſians* gaue
As Sacred to their pleaſures. Heere doth run
The large, and couer'd den, where thou haſt done
Hundreds of Offerings to the *Naiades*.
Here, Mount *Neritus* ſhakes his curled Treſſe
Of ſhady woods. This ſayd, ſhe clear'd the clowd
That firſt deceyu'd his eyes; and all things ſhow'd
His countrey to him. Glad he ſtood with ſight
Of his lou'd Soile; and kiſt it, with delight.
And inſtantly, to all the Nymphs hee paide
(VVith hands held vp to heauen) theſe vowes, & ſaid.
Ye *Nymphs* the *Naiades*, great ſeed of *Ioue*:
I had conceite, that neuer more ſhould moue
Your ſight, in theſe ſpheres of my erring eyes;
And therefore, in the fuller Sacrifice
Of my hearts gratitude; Reioyce, till more
I pay your Names, in Offerings, as before.
VVhich heere I vow; If *Ioues* benigne deſcent
(The mighty Pillager) with life conuent
My perſon home; and to my ſau'd deceaſe,
Of my lou'd ſonnes ſight, adde the ſweet increaſe.

Be

Be confident (ſaide *Pallas*) nor oppreſſe
Thy ſpirits with care of theſe performances;
But theſe thy fortunes, let vs ſtraight repoſe
In this diuine Caues boſome, that may cloſe
Reſerue their value; and we then may ſee
How beſt to order other acts to thee.
Thus entred ſhe the light-excluding Caue;
And through it, ſought ſome inmoſt nooke to ſaue
The Gold, the great Braſſe, & robes richly wrought,
Giuen to *Vlyſſes*. All which, in he brought;
Laid downe in heape; and ſhe impoſ'd a ſtone
Cloſe to the cauernes mouth. Then ſat they on
The ſacred Oliues roote, conſulting how
To act th'inſulting wooers ouerthrow.
VVhen *Pallas* ſaide; Examine now the means
That beſt may lay hand on the impudence
Of thoſe proud wooers: that haue now three yeares
Thy Roofes rule ſwai'd; and beng bold Offerers
Of ſuite, and gifts, to thy renowned wife;
VVho for thy abſence, all her deſolate life,
Diſſolues in teares till thy deſir'd returne.
Yet all her wooers, while ſhee thus doth mourne
She holds in hope; and euery one affords
(In fore-ſent meſſage) promiſe. But her words
Beare other vtterance then her heart approues.
O Gods (ſaid *Ithacus*) it now behoues
My Fate to end me, in the ill deceaſſe
That *Agamemnon* vnderwent, vnleſſe
You tell me, and in time, their cloſe intents.
Aduiſe then meanes, to the reueng'd euents
VVe both reſolue on. Be thy ſelfe ſo kinde
To ſtand cloſe to me; and but ſuch a minde
Breath in my boſome, as when th'*Ilian* Towres
VVe tore in Cinders. O if equall powres
Thou would'ſt enflame, amids my Nerues as then,
I could encounter with three hundred men:
Thy onely ſelfe (great Goddeſſe) had to friend,
In thoſe braue ardors thou wer't wont t'extend.
I will be ſtrongly with thee, (anſwer'd ſhe)
Nor muſt thou faile, but do thy part with me.
VVhen both whoſe pow'rs cõbine, I hope the bloods
And braines of ſome of theſe that waſte thy goods
Shall ſtrew thy goodly Pauements. Ioyne we then:
I firſt will render thee vnknowne to men.
And on thy ſolid Lineaments, make dry
Thy now ſmooth skin. Thy bright-brown curles imply
In hoary mattings: thy broad ſhoulders cloath

T In

In ſuch a cloake, as euery eye ſhall loath.
Thy bright eyes, bleare and wrinkle: and ſo change
Thy forme at all parts, that thou ſhalt be ſtrange
To all the VVooers; thy yong ſonne, and wife.
But, to thy Herdſman firſt preſent thy life;
That guards thy Swine, and wiſheth well to thee;
That loues thy ſonne, and wife *Penelope*.
Thy ſearch ſhall finde him, ſet aſide his Heard,
That are with taſt-delighting Acornes rear'd:
And drinke the darke-deepe water of the Spring
Bright *Arethuſa*; the moſt nouriſhing
Raiſer of Heards. There ſtay, and (taking ſeate
Aſide thy Heardſman) of the whole State, treate
Of home occurrents; while I make acceſſe
To faire-dame breeding *Sparta*: for regreſſe
Of lou'd *Telemachus*: who went in queſt
Of thy lou'd fame; and liu'd the welcome Gueſt
Of *Menelaus*. The much-knower ſaide:
Why wouldſt not thou (in whoſe graue breſt is bred
The Art to order all acts) tell in this
His error to him? Let thoſe yeares of his
Amids the rude ſeas wander, and ſuſtaine
The woes there raging? while vnworthy men
Deuoure his fortunes? Let not care extend
Thy heart for him (ſaide ſhe) my ſelfe did ſend
His perſon in thy ſearch, to ſet his worth
(By good fame blowne) to ſuch a diſtance forth.
Nor ſuffers he, in any leaſt degree
The griefe you feare: but all variety
That Plenty can yeeld, in her quieteſt fare,
In *Menelaus* Court, doth ſit and ſhare.
In whoſe returne from home, the VVooers yet
Lay bloudy ambuſh; and a Ship haue ſet
To Sea, to intercept his life before
He touch againe his births attempted ſhore.
All which, my thoughts ſay, they ſhall neuer do,
But rather, that the earth ſhall ouergo
Some one at leaſt, of theſe Loue-making men;
By which thy goods, ſo much empaire ſuſtain.
Thus vſing certaine ſecret words to him,
She toucht him with her rod; and euery lim
VVas hid all ouer with a wither'd skin:
His bright eies, blear'd; his brow curles, white & thin;
And all things did an aged man preſent.
Then (for his owne weeds) Shirt and coat, all rent;
Tann'd, and all footied, with noiſome ſmoke,
She put him on; and ouer all, a cloke

Made

Made of a Stags huge hide: of which was worne
The haire quite off. A Scrip all patcht and torne,
Hung by a cord, oft broke, and knit againe,
And with a ſtaffe did his old limbes ſuſtaine.
Thus hauing both conſulted of th'euent,
They parted both: and forth to *Sparta* went
The gray-ey'd Goddeſſe, to ſee all things done
That appertain'd to wiſe *Ulyſſes* ſonne.

The End of the Thirteenth Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE FOVRTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLysses meets amids the Field
His Swaine Eumæus; *who doth yeild*
Kinde Guest-rites to him; and relate
Occurrents of his wrong'd estate.

Another.

Vlysses *faines,*
for his true Good:
His pious Swaines
faith vnderstood.

BVt he, the rough way tooke from forth the Port,
Through woods, and hill tops, seeking the resort
Where *Pallas* said, diuine *Eumæus* liu'd:
Who, of the fortunes that were first atchieu'd
By God-like *Ithacus*, in houshold rights,
Had more true care, then all his * Proſylites.
He found him ſitting in his Cottage dore;
VVhere he had raiſ'd to euery ayry Blore,
A Front of great height; and in ſuch a place,
That round ye might behold: of circular grace
A walke ſo wound about it: which the Swain
(In abſence of his farre-gone Soueraine)
Had built himſelfe, without his Queenes ſupply,
Or old *Laertes*; to ſee ſafely lye
His houſed herd. The inner part, he wrought
Of ſtones, that thither his owne labors brought;
Which with an hedge of Thorn he fenc't about,
And compaſt all the hedge, with pales cleft out
Of ſable Oake; that here and there he fixt
Frequent and thicke. VVithin his yard, he mixt
Twelue Sties to lodge his Heard; and euery Sty
Had roome and vſe, for fifty Swine to lye.
But thoſe were females all. The male Swine ſlept
VVithout doores euer. Nor was their Herd kept

* φρουλας, materiæ adhærens. Item, qui rebus Mundanis deditus eſt.

Faire,

Faire like the Females, ſince they ſuffer'd ſtill
Great diminution: he being forc'd to kill
And ſend the fatteſt to the dainty Feaſts,
Affected by th'vngodly wooing gueſts.
Their number therefore, but three hundred were,
And ſixty: By them, Maſtiues as auſtere
As ſauage beaſts, lay euer. Their fierce ſtraine
Bred by the Herdſman; a meere Prince of Men:
Their number, foure. Himſelfe was then appli'de
In cutting forth a faire-hew'd Oxes hide,
To fit his feete with ſhooes. His ſeruants held
Guard of his Swine. Three, here and there, at field;
The fourth, he ſent to City with a Sow,
VVhich muſt of force be offer'd to the Vow,
The VVoowers made to all ſaciety:
To ſerue which, ſtill they did thoſe Offrings ply.
The Fate-borne-Dogs-to-Barke, tooke ſodaine view
Of *Odyſſæus*; and vpon him flew
VVith open mouth. He (cunning, to appall
A fierce Dogs fury) from his hand let fall
His ſtaffe to earth; and ſat him carelеſſe downe.
And yet to him had one foule wrong bene ſhowne
VVhere moſt his Right lay; had not inſtantly
The Herdſman let his hide fall; and his cry
(VVith frequent ſtones, flung at the dogges) repeld
This way, and that, their eager courſe they held:
VVhen through the entry paſt, he thus did mourne.
O Father! How ſoone, had you neere bene torne
By theſe rude Dogges? whoſe hurt had branded me
VVith much neglect of you? But Deity
Hath giuen ſo many other ſighes, and cares
To my attendant ſtate: that well vnwares
You might be hurt for me: for heere I lie
Grieuing and mourning for the Maieſtie
That God-like wonted to be ruling heere;
Since now, I fat his Swine, for others cheere:
VVhere he, perhaps, err's hungry vp and downe,
In Countries, Nations, Cities, all vnknowne.
If any where he liues yet; and doth ſee
The Sunnes ſweet beames. But (Father) follow mee,
That (cheer'd with wine and foode) you may diſcloſe
From whence you truly are; and all the woes
Your age is ſubiect to. This ſaid, he led
Into his Cottage; and of Oſiers, ſpred
A thickned hurdle; on whoſe top, he ſtrow'd
A wilde Goats ſhaggy skin; and then beſtow'd
His owne Couch on it, that was ſoft and great.
Vlyſſes ioy'd, to ſee him ſo entreat

* υλακομορος Ad latrandū fato quodam Natus.

Eumæus to Vlyſſes.

His

His vncouth Preſence; ſaying, *Ione* requite,
And all th'immortall Gods, with that delight
Thou moſt deſir'ſt, thy kinde receite of me;
O Friend, to humane Hoſpitality.
Eumæus anſwer'd: Gueſt? If one much wurſe
Arriu'd here then thy ſelfe; it were a curſe
To my poore meanes, to let a Stranger taſt
Contempt, for fit food. Poore men, and vnplac'ſt
In free ſeats of their owne; are all from *Ione*
Commended to our entertaining Loue.
But poore is th'entertainment I can giue;
Yet free, and louing. Of ſuch men as liue
The liues of ſeruants, and are ſtill in feare
Where yong Lords gouerne; this is all the cheare
They can affoord a Stranger. There was One
That vſde to manage, this now deſart Throne:
To whom the Gods deny returne; that ſhow'd
His curious fauour to me, and beſtow'd
Poſſeſſions on me: A moſt wiſhed wife,
A houſe, and portion; and a Seruants life,
Fit for the gift a gracious King ſhould giue:
VVho ſtill tooke pains himſelfe; & God made thriue
His perſonall endeuour: and to me,
His worke the more increaſt; in which you ſee
I now am conuerſant. And therefore much
His hand had help't me, had heauens wil beene ſuch,
He might haue heere growne old. But he is gone,
And would to God the whole ſucceſſion
Of *Hellen* might go with him; ſince for her
So many men di'de: whoſe Fate did conſet
My Liege to *Troy*, in *Agamemnons* grace;
To ſpoile her People, and her Turrets race.
This ſaid, his coate to him, he ſtreight did gird;
And to his Sties went, that contain'd his Herd.
From whence, he tooke out two, ſlew both, and eut
Both fairely vp. A fire enflam'd, and put
To ſpit the ioynts; which roaſted well, he ſet
VVith ſpit and all to him, that he might eat
From thence his food, in all the findging heat.
Yet dreg'd it firſt with Flowre: Then fil'd his Cup
VVith good ſweet wine; Sate then, & cheard him vp.
Eate now (my gueſt) ſuch leane Swine, as are meate
For vs poore Swaines: The fat, the wooers eate.
In whoſe minds, no ſhame, no remorſe doth moue:
Though well they know, the bleſt Gods doe not loue
Vngodly actions; but reſpect the right,
And in the workes of pious men, delight.
But theſe are worſe then impious; for thoſe

That

That vow t'iniuſtice, and profeſſe them foes
To other Nations, enter on their Land;
And *Iupiter* (to ſhew his puniſhing hand
Vpon th'inuaded, for their pennance then)
Giues fauour to their foes (though wicked men)
To make their prey on them; who, hauing freight
Their ſhips with ſpoile enough, weigh ancor ſtreight;
And each man to his houſe; (and yet euen theſe,
Doth powrefull feare, of Gods iuſt vengeance ſeize
Euen for that prize, in which they ſo reioyce)
But theſe men, knowing (hauing heard the voyce
Of God, by ſome meanes) that ſad Death hath reft
The Ruler heere; will neuer ſuffer left
Their vniuſt wooing of his wife, nor rake
Her often anſwere: and their owne Roofes make
Their fit retreats: But (ſince vncheck't, they may)
They therefore wil, make ſtill his goods their pray,
Without all ſpare, or end. There is no day,
Nor night ſent out from God, that euer they
Prophane with one beaſts blood, or onely two,
But more make ſpoile of: and the wrongs they do
In meates exceſſe; to Wine as well extend;
VVhich as exceſſiuely, their ryots ſpend:
Yet ſtill leaue ſtore. For ſure his meanes were great;
And no *Heroe*, that hath choiſeſt ſeate
Vpon the fruitfull neighbour Continent;
Or in this Iſle it ſelfe, ſo opulent
Was, as *Vlyſſes*: No, nor twenty ſuch
Put altogether, did poſſeſſe ſo much.
VVhoſe Herds and Flockes Ile tell to euery Head:
Vpon the Continent, he daily fed
Twelue Herds of Oxen; No leſſe, Flockes of Sheepe;
As many Herds of Swine. Stals, large and ſteepe,
And equall ſort of Goats: which Tenants there,
And his owne Sheepherds kept. Then fed he here,
Eleuen faire ſtalles of Goats; whoſe food hath yeilde
In the extreame part of a neighbor Field.
Each Stall, his Herdſman hath: An honeſt Swaine,
Yet euery one, muſt euery day ſuſtaine
The load of one Beaſt, (the moſt fat, and beſt
Of all the Stall-fed) to the VVoers Feaſt.
And I (for my part) of the Swine I keepe
(VVith foure more Herdſmen) euery day, help ſteep
The VVooers appetites, in blood of one,
The moſt ſelect, our choiſe can fall vpon.
To this; *Vlyſſes* gaue good eare, and fed;
And drunke his wine; and vext; and rauiſhed
His food for meere vexation. Seeds of ill

Vlyſſes wealth.

Vlyſſes incenſt againſt the wooers, with newes of their ſpoyle.

His

His Stomacke ſow'd, to heare his goods go ſtill
To glut of wooers. But his dinner done,
And Stomacke fed to ſatisfaction:
He drunke a full Bowle, all of onely wine,
And gaue it to the Guardian of his Swine:
Who tooke it, and reioyc't. To whom he ſaid;
O Friend, who is it that (ſo rich) hath paid
Price for thy ſeruice? Whoſe commended pow'r,
Thou ſayſt (to grace the *Gracian* Conquerour)
At *Ilion* periſht? Tell me; it may fall
I knew ſome ſuch. The great God knowes, and all
The other deathleſſe Godheads: if I can
(Farre hauing trauail'd) tell of ſuch a man.
Eumæus anſwer'd: Father, neuer one
Of all the Strangers that haue touch't vpon
This Coaſt with his lifes Newes, could euer yet
Of Queene, or lou'd ſonne, any credit get.
Theſe Trauailers for cloathes, or for a meale;
At all aduentures, any lye will tell.
Nor do they trade for truth: not any man
That ſaw the people *Ithacenſian*,
Of all their ſort; and had the Queenes ſupplies,
Did euer tell her any newes, but lies.
She graciouſly receiues them yet; enquires
Of all the can: and all, in teares expires.
It is th'accuſtom'd Law, that women keepe,
Their husbands, elſewhere dead, at home to weepe.
But do thou, quickly Father, forge a Tale;
Some Coat, or cloake, to keepe thee warme withall,
Perhaps ſome one may yeeld thee: But for him,
Vultures and Dogges, haue torne from euery lim
His porous skin; and forth his ſoule is fled:
His coarſe at Sea, to Fiſhes forfeited:
Or on the Shore, lies hid in heapes of ſand;
And there hath he his ebbe: his Natiue Strand
With friends teares flowing. But to me, paſt all
VVere teares created: For I neuer ſhall
Finde ſo humane a royall Mayſter more;
VVhat euer Sea, I ſeeke; what euer Shore.
Nay, to my Father, or my Mothers loue
Should I returne; by whom, I breath and moue,
Could I ſo much ioy offer; nor theſe eyes
(Though my deſires ſuſtaine extremities
For their ſad abſence) would ſo faine be bleſt
VVith ſight of their liues, in my natiue Neſt,
As with *Vlyſſes* dead: in whoſe laſt reſt,
(O friend) my ſoule ſhall loue him. Hee's not here,
Nor do I name him like a Flatterer.

But as one thankfull for his Loue and care
To me a poore man; in the rich ſo rare.
And be he paſt all ſhores, where Sun can ſhine,
I will inuoke him as a ſoule diuine.
O Friend (ſayd he) to ſay, and to beleeue
He cannot liue, doth too much licenſe giue
To incredulity. For (not to ſpeake
At needy randon; but my breath to breake
In ſacred Oath) *Vlyſſes* ſhall returne.
And when his ſight recomforts thoſe that mourne,
In his owne rooфes; then giue me cloake, and cote,
And garments worthy of a man of note.
Before which, though neede vrg'd me neuer ſo,
Ile not receiue a thred, but naked go.
No leſſe I hate him then the gates of hell,
That pooreneſſe can force, an vntruth to tell.
Let *Ioue* then (heauens chiefe God) iuſt witnes beare,
And this thy hoſpitable Table heere;
Together with vnblam'd *Vlyſſes* houſe,
In which I finde receipt ſo gracious;
VVhat I affirm'd of him ſhall all be true.
This inſtant yeare, thine eyes euen heere ſhall view
Thy Lord *Vlyſſes*. Nay, ere this moneths end
(Return'd full home) he ſhall reuenge extend
To euery one, whoſe euer deed hath done
VVrong to his wife, and his illuſtrous Sonne.
O Father (he replied) ile neither giue
Thy newes reward; nor doth *Vlyſſes* liue.
But come; enough of this; let's drinke and eate,
And neuer more his memory repeate.
It greeues my heart to be remembred thus
By any one, of one ſo glorious.
But ſtand your oath, in your aſſertion ſtrong,
And let *Vlyſſes* come, for whom I long:
For whom his wife; for whom his aged Sire;
For whom his Son, conſumes his God-like fire;
VVhoſe chance I now muſt mourne, and euer ſhall.
VVhom when the Gods had brought to be as tall
As any vpright plant: and I had ſaide,
He would amongſt a Court of men haue ſwaide
In counſailes; and for forme, haue bene admir'd
Euen with his Father: ſome God miſinſpir'd,
Or man tooke from him, his owne equall minde;
And paſt him for the *Pylian* Shore, to finde
His long-loſt Father. In returne from whence,
The Wooers pride, way-layes his innocence;
That, of diuine *Arceſius*, all the race
May fade to *Ithaca*, and not the grace

Of any Name, left to it. But leaue we
His ſtate, howeuer: if ſurpriz'd he be,
Or if he ſcape. And may *Saturnius* hand
Protect him ſafely to his natiue Land.
Do you then (Father) ſhew your griefes, and cauſe
Of your arriuall heere; nor breake the Lawes
That Truth preſcribes you: but relate your name,
And of what race you are: your Fathers fame,
And natiue Cities: Ship and men vnfold,
That to this Iſle conuaid you: ſince I hold
Your heere arriuall, was not all by ſhore;
Nor that your feete, your aged perſon bore.
He anſwer'd him; Ile tell all ſtrictly true,
If time, and foode, and wine enough acrue
Within your rooſe to vs: that freely we
May ſit and banquet: Let your buſineſſe be
Diſcharg'd by others. For, when all is done,
I can not eaſily, while the yeare doth runne
His circle round, run ouer all the woes,
Beneath which (by the courſe the Gods diſpoſe)
My ſad age labours. Firſt, Ile tell you then;
From ample *Crete* I fetch my Natiue ſtraine;
My Father wealthy: whoſe houſe, many a life
Brought forth and bred beſides, by his true wife.
But me; a Bond-maid bore; his Concubine:
Yet tender'd was I, as his lawfull line
By him; of whoſe race, I my life profeſs.
Caſtor, his name; ſurnam'd *Hylacides*.
A man, in fore-times, by the *Cretan* State,
For goods, good children, and his fortunate
Succeſſe in all acts; of no meane eſteem.
But death-conferring Fates, haue baniſht him
To *Pluto's* kingdome. After whom, his ſons
By Lots diuided his poſſeſſions;
And gaue me paſſing little; yet beſtow'd
A houſe on me: to which, my vertues woo'd
A wife from rich mens roofes; nor was borne low,
Nor laſt in fight, though all Nerues faile me now.
But I ſuppoſe, that you by thus much ſeene,
Know by the ſtubble, what the Corne hath bene.
For, paſt all doubt; affliction paſt all meane
Hath brought my age on: but, in ſeaſons paſt,
Both *Mars* and *Pallas*, haue with boldneſſe grac't;
And Fortitude my fortunes; when I chuſ'd
Choiſe men for ambuſh, preſt to haue produc'd
Ill to mine enemies; my too venturous ſpirit,
Set neuer death before mine eyes, for merit.
But (farre the firſt aduanc't ſtill) ſtill I ſtrooke

Dead

Dead with my Lance, whoeuer ouertooke
My ſpeed of foot. Such was I then for warre.
But ruſticke actions, euer fled me farre,
And houſhold thrift, which breeds a famous race.
In Ore-driuen Ships, did I my pleaſures place:
In Battailes, light Darts, Arrowes. Sad things all,
And into others thoughts, with horror fall.
But what God put into my minde: to me
I ſtill eſteem'd as my felicity.
As men, of ſeuerall Mettals are addreſt;
So, ſeuerall formes are in their ſoules impreſt.
Before the ſonnes of *Greece*, ſet foot in *Troy*,
Nine times, in Chiefe, I did Command enioy
Of Men and Ships, againſt our forreigne foe;
And all I fitly wiſh't, ſucceeded ſo.
Yet, after this, I much exploit atchiev'd;
VVhen ſtraight, my houſe in all poſſeſſions thriu'd.
Yet after that, I great, and Reuerend grew
Amongſt the *Cretans*: till the Thunderer drew
Our Forces out, in his foe-*Troy* decrees.
A hateſull ſeruice, that diſſolu'd the knees
Of many a Soldier. And to this was I
And famous *Idomene*, enioyn'd t'apply
Our ſhips and pow'rs. Nor was there to be heard
One reaſon for deniall; ſo preſst'd
Was the vnreaſonable peoples rumor.
Nine yeares we therefore fed the martiall humor;
And in the tenth (de-peopling *Priams* Towne)
We ſail'd for home. But God had quickly blowne
Our Fleete in peeces; and to wretched mee,
The Counſailor *Ione*, did much miſrap decree.
For, onely one month, I had leaue t'enioy
My wife, and children; and my goods t'employ.
But, after this, my minde for *Egypt* ſtoode;
When nine faire ſhips, I rig'd forth for the flood:
Mann'd them with noble ſoldiers: all things fit
For ſuch a voyage, ſoone were won to it.
Yet ſixe dayes after, ſtaid my friends in feaſt;
VVhile I, in banquets to the Gods, addreſt
Much ſacred matter for their ſacrifice.
The ſeauenth, we boorded; and the Northerne skies
Lent vs a franke, and paſſing proſperous gale,
Fore which, we bore as free and eaſie ſaile,
As we had back't a full and frolicke tide;
Nor felt one Ship misfortune for her pride;
But ſafe we ſat, our Sailors and the winde
Conſenting in our conuoy. VVhen heauen thus'de
In ſacred radiance of the fift faire day:

To

To ſweetly-water'd *Egypt* reach't our way,
And there we anchor'd: where I charg'd my men
To ſtay aboord, and watch. Diſmiſſing then
Some ſcouts, to get the hill-tops, and diſcouer,
They (to their owne intemperance giuen ouer)
Straight fell to forrage the rich fields; and thence
Enforce both wiues and infants, with th'expence
Of both their bloods. When ſtraight the rumor flew
Vp to the City: (which heard) vp they drew
By daies firſt breake; and all the field was fild
VVith foot & horſe; whoſe Armes did all things gild.
And then the Lightning-louing Deity, caſt
A foule flight on my ſoldiers: nor ſtood faſt
One man of all. About whom Miſchiefe ſtood,
And with his ſtern ſteele, drew in ſtreames the blood,
The greater part led in their diſſolute vaines:
The reſt were ſau'd, and made enthralled Swaines,
To all the baſeſt vſages there bred.
And then, euen *Ioue* himſelfe ſupplyed my head
VVith ſauing counſaile; (though I wiſht to dye,
And there in *Egypt*, with their ſlaughters lye,
So much griefe ſeiz'd me) but *Ioue* made me yeild;
Diſhelme my head, take from my necke, my ſhield:
Hurle from my hand my Lance, and to the troop
Of horſe, the King led, inſtantly made vp;
Embrac'd, and kiſſe his knees; whom pitty wun
To giue me ſafety, and (to make me ſhun
The peoples outrage, that made in amaine,
All ioyntly fir'd, with thirſt to ſee me ſlaine)
He tooke me to his Chariot, weeping home;
Himſelfe with feare of *Ioues* wrath ouercome,
VVho yeelding ſoules receiues; and takes moſt ill
All ſuch as well may ſaue, yet loue to kill.
Seuen yeares I ſoiourn'd heere, and treaſure gat
In good abundance of th'Egyptian ſtate:
For all would giue. But when th'eight yeare began:
A knowing Fellow (that would gnaw a man
Like to a Vermine, with his helliſh braine,
And many an honeſt ſoule, euen quicke had ſlaine;
VVhoſe name was *Phœnix*) cloſe accoſted me:
And with inſinuations, ſuch as he
Practiſ'd on others, my conſent he gain'd
To go into *Phœnicia*; where remain'd
His houſe, and liuing. And with him I liu'd
A compleat yeare. But, when were all arriu'd
The months and daies: and that the yeare againe
VVas turning round; and euery ſeaſons raigne
Renew'd vpon vs; we for *Lybia* went:

Ἀνὴρ κακοτη-
χὴς δόλιος,
πανοῦργος.

VVhen (ſtill inuenting crafts to circumuent)
He made pretext, that I ſhould onely go
And helpe conuey his freight; but thought not ſo:
For his intent was, to haue ſold me there,
And made good gaine, for finding me a yeare.
Yet him I follow'd, though ſuſpecting this:
For, being aboord his Ship, I muſt be his
Of ſtrong Neceſsity. She ran the flood
(Driuen with a Northerne gale, right free, and good)
Amids the full ſtreame, full on *Crete*. But then,
Ioue plotted death to him, and all his men.
For (put off quite from *Crete*, and ſo farre gone
That Shore was loſt; and we ſet eye on none:
But all ſhew'd heauen and ſea) aboue our Keele
Ioue pointed right, a cloud as blacke as hell:
Beneath which, all the ſea hid; and from whence
Ioue thunder'd, as his hand would neuer thence.
And thicke into our Ship, he threw his flaſh:
That 'gainſt a Rocke, or Hat, her Keele did daſh
VVith headlong Rapture. Of the ſulphure all
Her bulke did ſauour; and her men let fall
Amids the Surges: on which, all lay toſt
Like Sea-guls, round about her ſides, and loſt.
And ſo, God tooke, all home-returne from them.
But *Ioue* himſelfe (though plung'd in that extream)
Recouer'd me, by thruſting on my hand
The Ships long Maſt. And (that my life might ſtand
A little more vp) I embrac't it round;
And on the rude windes, that did ruines ſound,
Nine dayes we houer'd. In the tenth blacke night
A huge Sea caſt me on *Theſprotia's* height:
VVhere the Heroe *Phidon*, that was chiefe
Of all the *Theſprotes*; gaue my wracke reliefe,
VVithout the price of that redemption
That *Phœnix* fiſh't for. VVhere the Kings lou'd ſon
Came to me; tooke me by the hand, & led
Into his Court; my poore life ſurffetted
VVith cold and labour: and becauſe my wrack
Chanc't on his Fathers Shore: he let not lack
My plight; or coate, or cloake, or any thing
Might cheriſh heate in me. And heere the King,
Said, he receiu'd *Vlyſſes* as his Gueſt;
Obſeru'd him Friend-like; and his courſe addreſt
Home to his country: ſhewing there to me
Vlyſſes goods. A very Treaſurie
Of Braſſe, & Gold, & Steele of curious frame.
And to the tenth ſucceſſion of his name
He laid vp wealth enough, to ſerue beſide

ἐλελιχθὼν,
qui terram ra-
pido motu
concutit.

ἀποίνων,
ſine emptionis
ſeu redemptio-
nis pretio.

In that Kings houſe; ſo hugely amplified
His treaſure was. But from his Court, the King
Affirm'd him ſhip't, for the *Dodonean* Spring:
To heare, from out the high-hair'd Oake of *Ioue*,
Counſaile from him: for meanes to his remoue
To his lou'd country, whence ſo many a yeare
He had bene abſent; If he ſhould appeare
Diſguiſd, or manifeſt: and further ſwore
In his mid Court, at Sacrifice, before
Theſe very eyes; that he had ready there
Both Ship and Souldiers, to attend and beare
Him to his country. But before; it chanc't
That a *Theſprotean* Ship, was to be lanch't
For the much-corne-renown'd *Dulichian* Land:
In which, the King gaue to his men command
To take, and bring me vnder tender hand
To King *Acaſtus*. But, in ill deſigne
Of my poore life, did their deſires combine;
So farre forth, as might euer keepe me vnder
In fortunes hands, and teare my ſtate in ſunder.
And when the water-treader, farre away
Had left the Land: then plotted they the day
Of my long ſeruitude; and tooke from me
Both coate and cloake, and all things that might be
Grace in my habit; and in place, put on
Theſe tatter'd rags, which now you ſee vpon
At Sunne ſet. My wretched boſom. When heauens light took *ſea,
They fetcht the Field-workes of faire *Ithaca*;
And in the arm'd Ship, with a wel-wreath'd cord
They ſtreightly bound me, and did all disbord
To ſhore to ſupper, in contentious rout.
Yet ſtraight, the Gods themſelues, tooke from about
My preſſed limbes the bands, with equall eaſe;
And I (my head in rags wrapt) tooke the Seas,
Deſcending by the ſmooth ſterne; vſing then
My hands for Oares; and made from theſe bad men
Long way, in little time. At laſt, I fetcht
A goodly Groue of Okes; whoſe Shore I recht,
And caſt me proſtrate on it. When they knew
My thus-made-ſcape, about the Shores they flew:
But (ſoone not finding) held it not their beſt
To ſeeke me further; but return'd to reſt
Aboord their Veſſell. Me, the Gods lodg'd cloſe,
Conducting me into the ſafe repoſe
A good mans ſtable yeelded. And thus, Fate
This poore houre added, to my liuing date.
O wretch of Gueſts (ſaid he) thy Tale hath ſtirr'd
My minde to much ruth: both how thou haſt err'd

And

And ſuffer'd hearing, in ſuch good parts ſhowne:
But what thy chang'd relation would make knowne
About *Vlyſſes*; I hold neither true,
Nor will beleeue: and what need'ſt thou purſue
A Lye ſo raſhly? Since he ſure is ſo
As I conceiue; for which, my skill ſhall go.
The ſafe returne my King lackes, cannot be;
He's ſo enuied of each Deity,
So cleere, ſo cruelly. For not in *Troy*
They gaue him end; nor let his Corpſe enioy
The hands of Friends (as well they might haue done;
He manag'd armes to ſuch perfection;
And ſhould haue had his Sepulcher, and all;
And all the Greekes to grace his Funerall:
And this had giuen a glory to his Son
Through all times future.) But his head is run
Vnſeene, vnhonor'd, into *Harpies* mawes.
For my part, Ile not meddle with the cauſe:
I liue a ſeparate life, amongſt my Swine;
Come at no Towne for any need of mine;
Vnleſſe the * circularly witted Queene *περίφρων.
(When any farre-come gueſt, is to be ſeene
That brings her newes) commands me bring a Brawn;
About which (all things being in queſtion drawne,
That touch the King) they ſit; and ſome are ſad
For his long abſence. Some againe, are glad
To waſte his goods vnwreak't; all talking ſtill.
But, as for me, I nouriſh't little will
To enquire or queſtion of him: ſince the man
That faign'd himſelfe, the fled *Etolian*,
For ſlaughtering one, (through many Regions ſtraid)
In my Stall (as his diuerſory) ſtaide.
Where well entreating him; he told me then,
Amongſt the *Cretans*, with King *Idomen*,
He ſaw *Vlyſſes*; at his Ships repaire,
That had bene bruſh't with the enraged aire:
And that, in Summer, or in Autumne, ſure
With all his braue friends, and rich furniture,
He would be heere: and nothing ſo, nor ſo.
But thou, an old man, taught with ſo much wo
As thou haſt ſuffer'd, to be ſeaſon'd true,
And brought by his fate; do not heere purſue
His gratulations, with thy cunning Lies.
Thou canſt not ſoake ſo through my Faculties.
For I did neuer, either honor thee
Or giue thee loue, to bring theſe tales to me.
But in my feare of Hoſpitable *Ioue*
Thou didſt to this paſſe, my affections moue.

You

You ſtand exceeding much incredulous,
(Repli'd *Vliſſes*) to haue witneſt thus
My word, and Oath; yet yeeld no truſt at all.
But make we now a couenant here, and call
The dreadfull Gods to witneſſe, that take ſeat
In large *Olympus*: if your Kings retreat
Proue made, euen hither; you ſhall furniſh me
With cloake, and coate, and make my paſſage free
For Ioue'd *Dulichius*. If (as fits my vow)
Your King returne not; let your ſeruants throw
My old limbes headlong, from ſome rock moſt hye,
That other poore men may take feare to lye.
The Herdſman, that had gifts in him diuine,
Replied; O Gueſt, how ſhal this Fame of mine
And honeſt vertue, amongſt men, remaine
Now, and heereafter, without worthy ſtaine;
If I, that led thee to my Houell heere,
And made thee fitting hoſpitable cheere,
Should after kill thee; and thy loued minde
Force from thy bones? Or how ſhould ſtand enclin'd
With any Faith, my will t'importune *Ioue*
In any prayer heereafter, for his loue?
Come, now 'tis ſupper's houre; and inſtant haſt
My men wil make home: when our ſweet repaſt
Wee'le taſte together. This diſcourſe they held
In mutual kinde; when from a neighbor field,
His Swine and Swine-herds came; who in their coats
Incloſd their Herds for ſleepe: which, mighty throats
Laid out in entring. Then, the God-like Swaine
His men enioyn'd thus: Bring me to be ſlaine
A chiefe Swine female, for my ſtranger Gueſt;
VVhen, altogether we wil take our Feaſt,
Refreſhing now our ſpirits, that all day take
Paines in our Swines good: who may therfore make
For our paines with them all, amends with one;
Since others eate our Labors, and take none?
This ſaid; his ſharpe ſteele hew'd down wood, & they
A paſsing fat Swine hal'd out of the Sty,
Of fiue yeares old, which to the fire they put.
VVhen firſt *Eumæus* from the Front did cut
The ſacred haire, and caſt it in the fire;
Then, pray'd to heauen: for ſtil, before deſire
VVas ſeru'd with food, in their ſo rude abods,
Not the poore Swine-herd would forget the Gods.
Good ſoules they bore, how bad ſoeuer were
The habits, that their bodies parts did beare.
VVhen all, the deathleſſe Deities beſought,
That wiſe *Vliſſes* might be ſafely brought

Home,

Home, to his houſe; then with a logge of Oke
Left lying by (high lifting it) a ſtroke
He gaue ſo deadly, it made life expire.
Then cut the reſt, her throat; and all in fire
They hid and findg'd her: cut her vp, and then,
The Maiſter tooke the office from the men,
VVho on the Altar did the parts impoſe
That ſeru'd for ſacrifice: beginning cloſe
About the belly; thorough which he went,
And (all the chiefe fat gathering) gaue it vent
(Part dreg'd with Flowre) into the ſacred flame;
Then cut they vp the ioynts, and roaſted them:
Drew all from ſpit, and ſeru'd in diſhes all.
Then roſe *Eumæus*, (who was General
In skill to guide each act, his fit euent)
And (all, in ſeuen parts cut) the firſt part went
To ſeruice of the Nymphs, and *Mercury*;
To whoſe names, he did Rites of piety
In vowes particular; and all the reſt
He ſhar'd to euery one: but his lou'd Gueſt
He grac't with all the Chine; and of that King
To haue his heart chear'd, ſet vp euery ſtring.
VVhich he obſeruing ſaide; I would to *Ioue*
(*Eumæus*) thou liu'dſt in his worthy loue
As great as mine; that giu'ſt to ſuch a gueſt
As my poore ſelfe, of all thy goods the beſt.
Eumæus anſwer'd; Eate, vnhappy wretch,
And to what heere is, at thy pleaſure reach.
This I haue; this thou want'ſt: thus God will giue,
Thus take away; in vs, and all that liue.
To his wil's equall center, all things fall;
His minde he muſt haue, for he can do all.
Thus hauing eate, and to his wine deſcended;
Before he ſeru'd his owne thirſt, he commended
The firſt vſe of it, in fit ſacrifice
(As of his meate) to all the Deities.
And to the City-racers hand, applide
The ſecond cup; whoſe place was next his ſide:
Meſaulius did diſtribute the meate,
(To which charge, was *Eumæus* ſolely ſet
In abſence of *Vliſſes*; by the Queene
And old *Laertes*) and this man had beene
Bought by *Eumæus*, with his facultie,
Employ'd then in the *Taphian* Merchandiſe.
But now; to food appoſde, and order'd thus,
All fell. Deſire ſuffic'd, *Meſaulius*
Did take away. For bed then next they were,
All throughly ſatisfied with compleat cheare.

Vliſſes.

Ζεφυρος αιεν ἐτυδηνε. The night then came; ill, and no Taper ſhind:
Ioue rain'd her whole date. Th'euer watry wind
Zephyre blew lowd; and *Laertiades*
(Approuing kinde *Eumæus* carefulnes
For his whole good) made farre about aſſay,
To get ſome caſt-off Caſſocke (leaſt he lay
That rough night cold) of him, or any one
Of thoſe his ſeruants: when he thus begun.
Heare me *Eumæus*, and my other friends;
Ile vſe a ſpeech that to my glory tends:
Since I haue drunke wine paſt my vſuall guiſe;
Strong Wine commands the Foole, and moues the wiſe;
Moues and impels him too, to ſing and dance,
And breake in pleaſant laughters; and (perchance)
Preferre a ſpeech too, that were better in.
But when my ſpirits, once to ſpeake begin,
I ſhall not then diſſemble. Would to heauen,
I were as yong, and had my forces driuen
As cloſe together, as when once our powres
VVe led to ambuſh, vnder th'*Ilion* Towres:
VVhere *Ithacus*, and *Atcnelaus* were
The two Commanders; when it pleaſ'd them there
To take my ſelfe for third; when to the Towne
And lofty wals we led, we couch't cloſe downe
All arm'd, amids the Oſiers, and the Reeds,
Which oftentimes th'ore-flowing Riuer feeds.
The cold night came; and th'Icy Northerne gale
Blew bleake vpon vs: after which, did fall
A ſnow ſo cold, it cut, as in it beate
A frozen water; which was all concrete
About our Shields like Criſtall. All made faine
(Aboue our armes) to cloathe, and cloathe againe.
And ſo we made good ſhift (our ſhields beſide
Clapt cloſe vpon our cloathes) to reſt and hide
From all diſcouery. But I (poore foole)
Left my weeds with my men, becauſe ſo coole
I thought it could not proue: which thoght, my pride
A little ſtrengthen'd; being loth to hide
A goodly glittering garment I had on.
And ſo I follow'd with my ſhield alone,
And that braue weed. But when the night nere ended
Her courſe on earth, and that the ſtarres deſcended,
I iog'd *Vlyſſes* (who lay paſſing neare)
And ſpake to him, that had a nimble eare;
Aſſuring him, that long I could not lye
Amongſt the liuing; for the feruencie
Of that ſharpe night would kill me; ſince as then,
My euill Angell, made me with my men

Leaue

Leaue all weeds, but a fine one. But I know
'Tis vaine to talke; here wants all remedy now.
This ſaid; he bore that vnderſtanding part
In his prompt ſpirit, that ſtill ſhow'd his Art
In Fight and counſell; ſaying (in a word,
And that low whiſper'd) Peace, leaſt you afford
Some Greeke, note of your ſoftnes. No word more;
But made as if his ſterne auſterity, bore
My plight no pitty. Yet (as ſtill he lay
His head repoſing on his hand) gaue way
To this inuention; Heare me friends, a Dreame
(That was of ſome celeſtiall light a beame)
Stood in my ſleepe before me: prompting me
VVith this fit notice: we are farre (ſaide he)
From out our Fleet. Let one go then, and try
If *Agamemnon* wil affoord ſupply
To what we now are ſtrong. This ſtirr'd a ſpeed
In *Thoas* to th'affaire. Whoſe purple weede
He left for haſt. Which then I tooke, and lay
In quiet after, til the dawne of day.
This ſhift *Vlyſſes* made for one in neede;
And would to heauen, that youth ſuch ſpirit did feed
Now in my Nerues; and that my ioynts were knit,
VVith ſuch a ſtrength, as made me then held fit
To leade men with *Vlyſſes*. I ſhould then
Seeme worth a weed, that fit's a herdſmans men:
For two reſpects, to gaine a thankfull frend;
And to a good mans neede, a good extend.
O Father (ſaid *Eumæus*) thou haſt ſhowne
Good cauſe for vs, to giue thee good renowne:
Not vſing any word, that was not freed
From all leaſt ill. Thou therefore, ſhalt not need
Or coate, or other thing, that aptly may
Beſeeme a wretched ſuppliant, for deſray
Of this nights neede. But when her golden throne
The Morne aſcends, you muſt reſume your owne:
For, heere you muſt not dreame of many weeds,
Or any change at all. VVe ſerue our needs,
As you do yours: One backe, one coate. But when
Vlyſſes loued ſonne returnes, he then
Shal giue you coat and caſſocke; and beſtow
Your perſon where, your heart and ſoule is now.
This ſaid, he roſe, made neere the fire his bed,
VVhich all with Goats and Sheep-skins, he beſpred.
All which, *Vlyſſes* with himſelfe did line.
VVith whom, beſides, he chang'd a gabberdine,
Thicke lin'd, and ſoft; which ſtil he made his ſhift,
VVhen he would dreſſe him gainſt the horrid drift

Of

Of Tempeſt; when deepe winters ſeaſon blowes.
Nor pleaſde it him to lye there with his Sowes,
But while *Vlyſſes* ſlept there: and cloſe by
The other yonkers, he abroad would ly,
And therefore arm'd him. VVhich ſet cheerefull fare
Before *Vlyſſes* heart; to ſee ſuch care
Of his goods taken; how farre off ſoeuer
His fate, his perſon, and his wealth ſhould ſeuer.
Firſt then; a ſharpe edg'd ſword, he girt about
His well-ſpred ſhoulders; and (to ſhelter out
The ſharpe VVeſt wind that blew) he put him on
A thick-lin'd Iacket; and yet caſt vpon
All that, the large hide of a Goat, well fed.
A Lance then tooke he, with a keene ſteele head,
To be his keepe-off, both 'gainſt Men and Dogges:
And thus went he to reſt, with his male Hogges,
That ſtill abroad lay, vnderneath a Rocke:
Shield to the North-winds euer eager ſhocke.

The End of the Fourteenth Booke
of Homers Odyſſes.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

MInerua, *to his Natiue ſeate*
Exhorts Vlyſſes *ſonnes retreate,*
In Bed, and waking. He receiues
Gifts of Atrides; *and ſo leaues*
The Spartan *Court. And, going aboord*
Doth fauourable way affoord
To Theoclymenus; *that was*
The Argiue *Augure, and ſought paſſe;*
Fled for a ſlaughter he had done.
Eumæus *tels* Laertes *ſon,*
How he became his Fathers Man;
Being ſold by the Phœnician
For ſome agreed on Faculties;
From forth the Syrian Iſle, made priſe.
Telemachus *arriues home,*
Doth to Eumæus *Cottage come.*

Another.

O { *From* Sparta's *ſtrand*
makes ſafe deceſſe
To his owne Land
Vlyſſides. }

IN *Lacedæmon*, large, and apt for dances;
Athenian Pallas, her acceſſe aduances
Vp to the great in ſoule, *Vlyſſes* ſeed,
Suggeſting his returne, now fit for deed.
She found both him, and *Neſtors* noble ſon
In bed; in front of that faire Manſion:
Neſtorides ſurpriz'd with pleaſing ſleepe.
But, on the watch *Vlyſſes* ſonne did keepe,
Sleepe could not enter; cares did ſo excite
His ſoule, through all the ſolitary night,
For his lou'd Father. To him (neere) ſhe ſaid:
Telemachus! Tis time that now were ſtaid
Thy forreigne trauailes; ſince thy goods are free
For thoſe proud men, that all will eate from thee:
Diuide thy whole poſſeſſions, and leaue
Thy too-late preſence nothing to receiue.

ἐυρυχορον Λακεδαιμονα. In qua ampli vt pulchri chori duci poſſint, vel ducuntur: *which the vulgar tranſlation turnes therefore,* latam, ſeu amplam.

In-

Incite the ſhrill-voic't *Menelaus* then,
To ſend thee to thy Natiue ſeat agen;
VVhile thou mayſt yet finde in her honor ſtrong
Thy blameleſſe Mother, 'gainſt thy Father's wrong.
For both the Father, and the Brothers to
Of thy lou'd Mother, will not ſuffer ſo
Extended any more, her widdowes bed;
But make her now, her richeſt wooer wed,
Eurymachus: who chiefly may augment
Her gifts, and make her ioynture eminent.
And therefore haſt thee; leaſt in thy deſpight,
Thy houſe ſtand empty of thy Natiue right.
For well thou know'ſt what mind a woman beares,
The houſe of him, who euer ſhe endeares
Her ſelfe in Nuptials to: ſhe ſees encreaſt,
The yſſue of her firſt lou'd Lord deceaſt,
Forgotten quite, and neuer thought on more.
In thy returne then, the re-counted ſtore
Thou find'ſt reſeru'd; to thy moſt truſted Maid
Commit in guard, till heauens pow'rs haue purueid
A wife in vertue, and in beauties grace
Of fit ſort for thee, to ſupply her place.
And this note more Ile giue thee; which repoſe
In ſure remembrance: The beſt ſort of thoſe,
That woo thy Mother, watchfull ſcouts addreſſe,
Both in the ſtreights of th'*Ithacenſian* Seas,
And duſty *Samos*; with intent t'inuade
And take thy life, ere thy returne be made.
VVhich yet, I thinke will faile: and ſome of them
That waſte thy fortunes, taſte of that extream
They plot for thee. But keepe off farre from ſhore,
And day and night ſaile: for, a fore-right blore
VVho euer of th'Immortals, that vow guard
And ſcape to thy returne, will ſee prepar'd.
As ſoone as thou arriu'ſt, diſmiſſe to Towne
Thy Ship and Men: and firſt of all, make downe
To him that keepes thy Swine, and doth conceiue
A tender care to ſee thee well ſuruiue.
There ſleepe; and ſend him to the Towne, to tell
The chaſt *Penelope*, that ſafe and well
Thou liu'ſt in his charge; and that *Pylos* ſands
The place contain'd, from whence thy perſon Lands.
Thus ſhe, to large *Olympus*, made aſcent.
VVhen, with his heele, a little touch he lent
To *Neſtors* ſon; whoſe ſleepes ſweet chain's he loſde;
Bad riſe, and ſee in Chariot incloſde
Their one-hoou'd horſe; t' they might ſtrait bee gone.
No ſuch haſte (he replied) night holds her throne,

And dims all way, to courſe of Chariot.
The Morne will ſoone get vp. Nor ſee forgot
The gifts with haſt, that will, I know, be rich;
And put into our Coach with gracious ſpeech,
By Lance-fam'd *Menelaus*. Not a Gueſt
Shall touch at his houſe, but ſhall ſtore his breſt
With fit mind of an hoſpitable man,
To laſt as long as any daylight can
His eyes re-comfort; in ſuch gifts as he
Will proofes make of his hearty royalty.
He had no ſooner ſaid; but vp aroſe
Aurora, that the Golden hils repoſe.
And *Menelaus* (good at martiall cries)
From *Hellens* bed raiſde, to his Gueſt applies
His firſt apparance. VVhoſe repaire made knowne
T'*Vlyſſes* lou'd ſonne: On, his robe was throwne
About his gracious body: his cloake caſt
Athwart his ample ſhoulders; and in haſt
Abroad he went; and did the King accoſt.
Atrides, guarded with heauens deified hoſte;
Grant now remiſſion to my Natiue right:
My minde now vrging mine owne houſes ſight.
Nor will I ſtay (ſaide he) thy perſon long,
Since thy deſires to go, are growne ſo ſtrong.
I ſhould my ſelfe be angry to ſuſtein
The like detention, vrg'd by other men.
Who loues a gueſt paſt Meane, paſt Meane will hate;
The Meane in all acts, beares the beſt eſtate.
A like ill 'tis, to thruſt out ſuch a gueſt,
As would not go; as to detaine the reſt.
VVe ſhould a gueſt loue, while he loue's to ſtay,
And when he like's not, giue him louing way.
Yet ſuffer ſo, that we may gifts impoſe
In Coach to thee. VVhich ere our hands encloſe,
Thine eies ſhall ſee; leſt elſe, our loues may gloſe.
Beſides, Ile cauſe our women to prepare
VVhat our houſe yeelds; and meerely ſo much fare
As may ſuffiſe for health. Both, well will do;
Both for our honor, and our profit to.
And ſeruing ſtrength with food, you after may
As much earth meaſure, as wil match the day.
If you will turne your courſe from ſea, and go
Through *Greece* and *Argos*: (that my ſelfe may ſo
Keepe kinde way with thee) Ile ioyne horſe, & guide
Your humane Cities. Nor vngratifide
VVill any one remit vs: ſome one thing
VVill each preſent vs, that along may bring
Our paſſe with loue; and proue our vertues blaz'd:

Telemachus to Menelaus.

Menel. anſwere

A Caldron or a Tripod, richly braz'd.
Two Mules; a bowle of Gold, that hath his price
Heighten'd with Emblemes of ſome rare deuice.
αλετον, poculum emblematis, & cælaturis ornatum.
The wiſe Prince anſwer'd: I would gladly go
Home, to mine owne; and ſee that gouern'd ſo
That I may keepe, what I for certaine hold.
Not hazard that, for onely hop't for Gold:
I left behind me, none, ſo all wayes fit
To giue it guard; as mine owne truſt with it.
Beſides, in this broad courſe which you propoſe;
My Father ſeeking; I my ſelfe may loſe.
VVhen this, the ſhrill-voic't *Menelaus* heard;
He charg'd his Queene and Maids, to ſee prepar'd
Breakfaſt, of what the whole houſe held for beſt.
To him, roſe *Eteoneus* from his reſt;
VVhoſe dwelling was not farre off from the Court;
And his attendance, his command did ſort,
VVith kindling fires, and furth'ring all the roſt,
In act of whoſe charge heard, no time he loſt.
Himſelfe then, to an odorous roome deſcended,
VVhom *Megapenthe*, and his Queene attended.
Come to his treaſury; a two-ear'd cup
He chuſde of all, and made his Sonne beare vp
A Siluer bowle. The Queene then taking ſtand
Aſide her Chiſt; where (by her owne faire hand)
Lay Veſts, of all hues wrought) She tooke out one
Moſt large, moſt Artfull: chiefly faire; and ſhone
Like to a Star; and lay of al, the laſt.
Then through the houſe, with eithers gift they paſt;
VVhen to *Vlyſſes* ſonne, *Atrides* ſaid:
Menelaus to Telemachus.
Telemachus: ſince ſo entirely ſwaid
Thy thoghts are, with thy vow'd return, now tender'd;
May *Iuno's* thundring husband, ſee it render'd
Perfect at all parts; action anſwering thought.
Of all the rich gifts, in my treaſure, ſought
I giue thee heere, the moſt in grace, and beſt.
A Bowle, but Siluer; yet the brims compreſt
With Gold; whoſe fabricke his deſert doth bring
From *Vulcans* hand. Preſented by the King
And great *Heroe* of *Sydonia's* State;
VVhen at our parting he did conſummate
His whole houſe keeping. This do thou command.
This ſaid; he put the round Bowle in his hand;
And then, his ſtrong ſon *Megapenthe* plac't
The Siluer cup before him; amply grac't
VVith worke, and luſter. *Hellen* (ſtanding by;
And in her hand, the Robe, her huſwifery)
His name remembring, ſaid: And I preſent
(Loud

(Lou'd ſonne) this gift to thee; the Monument
Of the ſo-many-loued *Hellens* hands:
VVhich, at the knitting of thy Nuptiall bands
Preſent thy wife. In meane ſpace, may it ly
By thy lou'd Mother; but to me apply
Thy pleaſure in it. And thus, take thy way
To thy faire houſe, and Countries wiſhed ſtay.
Thus gaue ſhe to his hands, the veile; and he,
The acceptation author'd ioyfully.
VVhich in the Chariots Chiſt, *Piſiſtratus*
Plac't with the reſt, and held miraculous.
The yellow-headed King then, led them all,
To ſeates and Thrones plac't, in his ſpacious Hall.
The Hand-maid, water brought, and gaue it ſtream
From out a faire and golden Ewre to them.
From whoſe hands, to a ſiluer Caldron, fled
The troubl'd waue. A bright boord then ſhe ſpred:
On which, another reuerend Dame ſet bread:
To which, more ſeruants, ſtore of victuals ſeru'd.
Eteoneus was the man that keru'd;
And *Megapenthe* fil'd them all their wine.
All fed, and dranke; till all felt care decline
For thoſe refreſhings. Both the Gueſts did go
To horſe, and coach; and forth the *Portico*
A little iſſu'd: VVhen the yellow King
Brought wine himſelfe: that, with an Offering
To all the Gods, they might their iourney take.
He ſtood before the Gods; and thus he ſpake.
Farewell yong Princes: to graue *Neſtors* care
This ſalutation from my gratitude beare:
That I profeſſe in all our *Ilion* warres
He ſtood, a carefull Father to my cares.
To him the wiſe *Vlyſſides*, replied:
VVith all our vtmoſt ſhall be ſignified
(*Ioue*-kept *Atrides*) your right royall will:
And would to God, I could as wel fulfill
Mine owne mindes gratitude, for your free grace;
In telling to *Vlyſſes*, in the place
Of my returne; in what accompliſh't kind
I haue obtain'd the office of a friend
At your deſeruings: whoſe faire end you crowne
With gifts ſo many; and of ſuch renowne.
His wiſh, that he might finde in his retreat
His Father ſafe return'd (to ſo repeat
The Kings loue to him) was ſaluted thus;
An Eagle roſe; and in her Seres did truſſe
A Gooſe, all white, & huge: A houſhold one,
VVhich, men and women (crying out vpon)

Purſu'd: but ſhe (being neere the gueſts)her flight
Made on their right hand; and kept ſtill fore-right
Before their horſes: which obſeru'd by them,
The ſpirits in all their minds tooke ioyes extream;
Neſtors Sonne to Menelaus His ironicall queſtion continuing ſtill Homers Character of Menelaus.
VVhich *Neſtors* ſon thus queſtion'd: *Ioue*-kept King,
Yeild your graue thoughts, if this oſtentfull thing
(This Eagle, and this Gooſe) touch vs, or you?
He put to ſtudy, and not knowing how
To giue fit anſwer; *Hellen* tooke on her
Th'oſtents ſolution, and did this preſer.
Hellen diſſolues the Oſtent.
Heare me, and I will play the Prophets part,
As the immortals caſt it in my heart;
And (as I thinke) will make the true ſenſe knowne:
As this *Ioues* Bird, from out the Mountaines flowne
(Where was her Arie; and whence roſe her race)
Truſt vp this Gooſe, that from the houſe did graſe;
So ſhall *Vlyſſes* (coming from the wilde
Of Seas and ſufferings) reach, vnreconcil'd
His Natiue home: where euen this houre he is:
And on thoſe houſe-fed woo'rs, thoſe wrongs of his,
VVill ſhortly wreake, with all their miſeries.
Telem. to Hellen
O (ſaid *Telemachus*) if *Saturnian Ione*,
To my deſires, thy deare preſage approue;
VVhen I arriue, I will performe to thee
My daily vowes, as to a Deity.
This ſaid; he vſde his ſcourge vppon the horſe,
That through the City freely made their courſe
To Field; and all day, made that firſt ſpeed, good.
But when the Sun-ſet, and *Obſcureneſs* ſtood
In each mans way; they ended their acceſſe
At *Pheras*, in the houſe of *Diocles*,
Sonne to *Orſilochus*, *Alpheus* ſeede;
VVho gaue them gueſt-rites: and ſleeps naturall need
They that night ſeru'd there. VVhen *Aurora* roſe,
They ioyn'd their horſe: tooke coach, and did diſpoſe
Their courſe for *Pylos*; whoſe high City, ſoon
They reach't. Nor would *Telemachus* be woon
To *Neſtors* houſe: and therefore order'd thus
His ſpeech to *Neſtors* ſon, *Piſiſtratus*;
Telem. to Piſiſt.
How ſhall I win thy promiſe to a grace
That I muſt aske of thee? we both imbrace
The names of Bed-fellowes; and in that name
VVill glory as an Adiunct of our fame:
Our Fathers friendſhip: our owne equall age;
And our ioynt trauaile, may the more engage
Our mutuall concord. Do not then aſſay
(My God-lou'd friend) to leade me from my way,
To my neere Ship; but take a courſe direct

And leaue me there; leaſt thy old Sires reſpect
(In his *deſire to loue me) hinder ſo
My way for home, that haue ſuch need to go.
This ſaid; *Neſtorides* held all diſcourſe
In his kinde ſoule, how beſt he might enforce
Both promiſe and performance; which, at laſt
He vow'd to venture; and directly caſt
His horſe about, to fetch the Ship and Shore.
Where, come: His frends moſt louely gifts, he bore
Aboord the Ship; and in her hin-deck plac't
The vaile that *Hellens* curious hand had grac't;
And *Menelaus* Gold: and ſaid, Away;
Nor let thy men, in any leaſt date, ſtay:
But quite put off, ere I get home, and tell
The old Duke, you are paſt: for paſſing well
I know his minde, to ſo exceed all force
Of any pray'r; That he wil ſtay your courſe:
Himſelfe make hither, All your courſe call backe;
And when he hath you, haue no thought to racke
Him from his bounty; and to let you part
VVithout a Preſent: but be vext at heart
With both our pleadings; if we once but moue
The leaſt repreſſion of his fiery loue. (on
Thus took he coach: his faire-man'd ſteeds ſcourg'd
Along the *Pylian* City: and anon
His Fathers Court reacht. VVhile *Vlyſſes* Sonne
Bad boord, and arme; which with a thought was done.
His Rowers ſet, and he rich Odors firing
In his hin-decke; for his ſecure retiring
To great *Athenia*: To his Ship came flying
A Stranger, and a Prophet; as relying
On wiſhed paſſage: hauing newly ſlaine
A man at *Argos*: yet his Races vaine
Flow'd from *Melampus*; who in former date
In *Pylos* liu'd, and had a huge eſtate.
But fled his countrey; and the puniſhing hand
Of great-ſoul'd *Neleus*, in a forreigne Land
From that moſt famous Mortall; hauing held
A world of riches: nor could be compeld
To render reſtitution in a yeare.
In meane ſpace, liuing as cloſe priſoner
In Court of *Phylacus*: and for the ſake
Of *Neleus* daughter, mighty cares did take;
Together with a greeuous Languor ſent
From graue *Erynnis*, that did much torment
His vexed conſcience; yet his lifes expence
He ſcapt, and draue the loud-voic't Oxen thence,
To breed-ſheepe *Pylos*; bringing vengeance thus

Ἱμερος φιλίης. Cupien, diligere.

*Pallas.

*One of the Furies of hell.

Her foule demerit, to great *Neleus*;
And to his Brothers houſe reduc't his wife:
Who yet from *Pylos*, did remoue his life
For ſeed-horſe *Argos*; where his Fate ſet downe
A dwelling for him: and in much renowne
Made gouerne many *Argiues*: where, a Spouſe
He tooke to him, and built a famous houſe.
There had he borne to him *Antiphates*,
And forcefull *Mantius*. To the firſt of theſe
VVas great *Oiclæus* borne: *Oiclæus* gate
Amphiaraus, that the popular State
Had all their health in: whom, euen from his heart
Ioue lou'd; and *Phœbus* in the whole deſert
Of friendſhip hel'd him. Yet not bleſt ſo much
That Ages threſhold, he did euer touch:
His wife betrai'd him for money. But loſt his life, by* Female bribery.
Yet two ſonnes author'd his poſterity;
Alcmaon, and renown'd *Amphilochus*.
Mantius had yſſue; *Polyphidius*,
And *Clytus*: But *Aurora* rauiſh't him,
For excellence of his admired lim;
And intereſted him amongſt the Gods.
His Brother knew, mens good and bad abods
The beſt of all men; after the deceaſe
Of him that periſh't in vnnaturall peace
At ſpacious *Thebes*. *Apollo* did inſpire
His knowing ſoule with a Propheticke fire.
VVho (angry with his Father) tooke his way
To *Hypereſia*; where (making ſtay)
He propheſied to all men; and had there
A Sonne call'd *Theoclymenus*; who here
Came to *Telemachus*; and found aboard
Himſelfe at Sacrifice; whom in a word
Theoclymenus to Telemachus. He thus ſaluted: O Friend, ſince I finde
Euen heere at Ship, a ſacrificing minde
Informe your actions: By your ſacrifice;
And by that worthy choiſe of Deities,
To whom you offer: by your ſelfe, and all,
Theſe men that ſerue your courſe maritimall;
Tell one that askes, the truth: Nor giue it gloſe,
Both who, and whence you are? From what ſeed roſe
Your royall perſon? And what Cities Tow'rs
Hold habitation, to your parents pow'rs?
Telemachus to Theoclymenus He anſwer'd: Stranger! The ſure truth is this;
I am of *Ithaca*; my Father is
(Or was) *Vlyſſes*: but auſtere death, now
Takes his ſtate from him; whoſe euent to know,
(Himſelfe being long away) I ſet forth thus

With ſhip and ſouldiers: *Theoclymenus*,
As freely ſaid; And I to thee am fled
From forth my country; for a man ſtrooke dead
By my vnhappy hand: who was with me
Of one ſelfe-Tribe; and of his pedigree
Are many Friends and Brothers: and the ſway
Of *Achiue* Kindred, reacheth farre away.
From whom (becauſe I feare their ſpleenes ſo borne
Blood, and blacke fate againſt me (being borne
To be a wandrer among forreigne men)
Make thy faire ſhip, my reſcue; and ſuſtein
My life from ſlaughter. Thy deſeruings may
Performe that mercy: and to them I pray.
Telem. Reply. Nor will I barre (ſaid he) thy will to make
My meanes and equall ſhip, thy ayde: but take
(With what wee haue heere, in a friendly vſe)
Thy life from any violence that purſues.
Thus tooke he in, his Lance; and it extended
Aloft the hatches; which himſelfe aſcended.
The Prince tooke ſeate at Sterne: on his right hand,
Set *Theoclymenus*; and gaue command
To all his men, to arme; and ſee made faſt
Amidſt the hollow Keele, the Beechen Maſt
VVith able halſers; hoiſe ſaile, lanch: which ſoone
He ſaw obay'd. And then his Ship did runne
A merry courſe: Blew-ey'd *Minerua* ſent
A fore-right gale; tumultuous, vehement,
Along the aire; that her waies vtmoſt yeeld
The ſhip might make, and plough the brackiſh field.
Then ſet the Sun, and Night black't all the waies.
The ſhip (with *Ioues* wind wing'd) wher th'*Epian* ſwaies
Fetcht *Pheras* firſt: then *Elis*, the diuine;
And then for thoſe Iſles made, that Sea-ward ſhine,
For forme and ſharpneſſe, like a Lances head.
About which, lay the wooers ambuſhed.
On which he ruſh't, to try if he could ſcape
His plotted death; or ſerue Her treacherous Rape.
And now returne we to *Eumæus* Shed;
The ſtorie returns to Eumæus. VVhere (at their foode with others marſhalled)
Vlyſſes, and his noble Herdſman ſate;
To try if whoſe loues curious eſtate
Stood firme to his abode, or felt it fade;
And ſo would take each beſt cauſe to perſwade
His Gueſt to Towne; *Vlyſſes* thus contends:
Heare me, *Eumæus*, and ye other Friends.
Next Morne, to Towne I couet to be gone,
To beg ſome others almes; not ſtill charge one.
Aduiſe me well then; and as well prouide

I may be fitted with an honeſt guide.
For through the ſtreets (ſince Need will haue it ſo)
Ile tread, to try if any will beſtow
A diſh of drinke on me, or bit of bread,
Till to *Vlyſſes* houſe I may be led:
And there Ile tell all-wiſe *Penelope*, newes:
Mix with the wooers pride; and (ſince they vſe
To fare aboue the full) their hands excite
To ſome ſmall Feaſt, from out their infinite:
For which, Ile waite, and play the Seruingman,
Fairely enough; command the moſt they can.
For I will tell thee; note me well, and heare,
That if the will be of heauens Meſſenger,
(VVho to the workes of men, of any ſort
Can grace infuſe, and glory) nothing ſhort
Am I of him, that doth to moſt aſpire
In any ſeruice: as to builde a Fire,
To cleaue ſere wood: to roaſt, or boile their meat;
To waite at boord, mixe wine, or know the Neate;
Or any worke, in which the poore-cal'd worſt,
To ſerue the rich-cal'd beſt, in Fate are forc't.

Eumeus to Vlyſſes.

He, angry with him, ſaid; Alas poore Gueſt,
VVhy did this counſaile euer touch thy breſt?
Thou ſeek'ſt thy vtter ſpoyle beyond all doubt,
If thou giu'ſt venture on the Wooers rout:
VVhoſe wrong and force, affects the Iron heauen.
Their light delights, are farre from being giuen
To ſuch graue Seruitors. Youths richly trick't
In coats or Caſſocks; Lockes diuinely ſlickt,
And lookes moſt rapting; euer haue the gift
To taſte their crown'd cups, and full Trenchers ſhift.
Their Tables euer like their Glaſſes ſhine;
Loaded with bread, with varied fleſh, and wine.
And thou? go thither? Stay: for heere do none
Grudge at thy preſence: nor my ſelfe, nor one
Of all I feed. But when *Vlyſſes* ſonne
Againe ſhall greet vs, he ſhall put thee on
Both coat and caſſocke; and thy quicke retreat
Set, where thy heart and ſoule deſire thy ſeat.

Vlyſſes anſwere to Eumeus.

Induſtrious *Vlyſſes*, gaue reply:
I ſtill much wiſh, that heauens chiefe Deity
Lou'd thee, as I do; that haſt eaſde my minde
Of woes and wandrings, neuer yet confin'de.
Nought is more wretched in a humane Race,
Then Countries want, and ſhift from place to place.
But for the baneſull belly, men take care
Beyond good counſaile: whoſoeuer are
In compaſſe of the wants it vndergoes,

By wandrings loſſes, or dependant woes.
Excuſe me therefore, if I err'd at home:
VVhich ſince thou wilt make heere (as ouercome
VVith thy command for ſtay) Ile take on me
Cares appertaining to this place, like thee.
Does then *Vlyſſes* Sire, and Mother breath?
Both whom he left, in th'age next doore to death?
Or are they breathleſſe, and deſcended where
The darke houſe is, that neuer day doth cleere?

Laertes liues (ſaide he) but euery howre
Beſeecheth *Ioue* to take from him the powre
That ioynes his life and limbes: for with a mone

Eumeus anſwer to Vlyſſes.

That breeds a meruaile, he laments his ſonne
Depriu'd by death. And addes to that, another
Of no leſſe depth; for that dead ſonnes dead Mother:
VVhom he a Virgin wedded: which the more
Makes him lament her loſſe; and doth deplore
Yet more her miſſe, becauſe her wombe the truer
Was to his braue ſonne; and his ſlaughter ſlue her.
VVhich laſt loue to her, doth his life engage,
And makes him liue an vndigeſted age.
O! ſuch a death ſhe died, as neuer may
Seize any one, that heere beholds the day;
That either is to any man, a friend,
Or can a woman kill in ſuch a kind.
As long as ſhe had Being, I would be
A ſtill Inquirer (ſince t'was deere to me,
Though death to her, to heare his name) when ſhe
Heard of *Vlyſſes*: for I might be bold;
She brought me vp, and in her loue did hold
My life, compar'd with long-vail'd *Ctimie*,
Her yongeſt yſſue (in ſome ſmall degree
Her daughter yet prefer'd) a braue yong Dame.
But when of youth the dearely loued *Flame
VVas lighted in vs; marriage did prefer
The maide to *Samos*; whence was ſent for her
Infinite riches: when, the Queene beſtow'd
A faire new ſuite, new ſhooes, and all; and vow'd
Me to the field. But paſsing loth to part,
As louing me, more then ſhe lou'd her hart.
And theſe I want now; but their buſineſſe growes
Vpon me daily. VVhich the Gods impoſe,
To whom I hold all; giue account to them,
For I ſee none, left to the Diadem,
That may diſpoſe all better. So, I drinke
And eate of what is heere; and whom I think
VVorthy or reuerend, I haue giuen to ſtill
Theſe kinds of Gueſt-rites: for the houſhold ill

*ἥβην πολυηρατον, Peroptabilem pubem.

(VVhich where the Queene is, ryots) takes her ſtil
From thought of theſe things. Nor is it delight
To heare from her plight; of or worke, or word;
The woo'rs ſpoyle all. But yet my men will bord
Her ſorrowes often, with diſcourſe of all:
Eating and drinking of the Feſtiuall
That there is kept; and after bring to field
Such things as ſeruants make their pleaſures yield.
O me (*Eumæus*) ſaide *Laertes* ſonne,
Vlyſſes anſwere to Eumæus. Haſt thou then err'd ſo, of a littl. one?
(Like me?) From friends, and country? pray thee ſay,
(And ſay a Truth) doth vaſt *Deſtruction* lay
**Suppoſing him to direct in a Citie.* Her hand vpon the wide-way'd * Seat of men?
VVhere dwelt thy Sire, and reuerend Mother then?
That thou art ſpar'd there? Or elſe, ſet alone
In guard of Beeues, or Sheepe: Set th'enemy on;
Surpriſde, and Shipt? transfer'd, and ſold thee heere?
He that bought thee, paid well; yet bought not deere.
Eumæus relates his birth, &c. Since thou enquir'ſt of that, my gueſt (ſaid he)
Heare and be ſilent: and meane ſpace, ſit free
In vſe of theſe cups, to thy moſt delights;
**ἀθεσπεσίαι.* * Vnſpeakable, in length now, are the Nights.
Thoſe that affect ſleepe yet; to ſleepe haue leaue;
Thoſe that affect to heare, their hearers giue.
But ſleep not ere your houre; *Much ſleep doth grieue.*
VVho euer liſts to ſleepe; Away to bed:
Together with the morning raiſe his head:
Together with his fellowes, breake his faſt;
And then, his Lords Herd, driue to their repaſt.
VVe two, ſtill in our Tabernacle heere,
Drinking & eating; will our boſomes cheere
VVith memories, and tales of our annoyes.
Betwixt his ſorrowes, euery Humane ioyes.
He moſt, who moſt hath felt, and furtheſt err'd:
And now thy wil; to act, ſhall be preferr'd.
There is an Iſle aboue *Ortygia*
Eumæus tel'es Vlyſſes how hee was bought and ſold. (If thou haſt heard) they call it *Syria*;
VVhere, once a day, the Sun moues backwards ſtill.
Tis not ſo great as good; for it doth fill
The fields with Oxen; fils them ſtill with Sheepe;
Fils roofes with wine, & makes al Corne there cheap:
No Dearth comes euer there; nor no Diſeaſe,
That doth, with hate, vs wretched mortals ſeaſe.
But when mens varied Nations, dwelling there
In any Citie, enter th'aged yeare:
The Siluer-bow-bearer (the Sun) and ſhe,
That beares as much renowne for Archery;
Stoop with their painles ſhafts, & ſtrike them dead,

As one would ſleepe, and neuer keepe the bed.
In this Iſle ſtand two Cities: betwixt whome
All things, that of the ſoiles fertility come,
In two part sare diuided. And both theſe,
My Father ruld; (*Cteſius Ormenides*)
A man, like the immortals. With theſe States,
The croſſe-biting *Phæniſsians*, traffick't rates
Of infinit Merchandize, in ſhips brought there;
In which, they then, were held exempt from pere.
There dwelt within my Fathers houſe, a Dame
Borne a *Phæniſsian*; skilfull in the frame
Of Noble Huſwiferies; right tall, and faire.
Her, the *Phæniſsian* great-wench-net-lai're,
With ſweet words circumuented, as ſhe was
VVaſhing her Linnen. To his amorous paſſe
He brought her firſt, ſhor'd from his Ship to her;
To whom he did his whole life's loue prefer;
Which, of theſe breſt-expoſing Dames, the harts
Deceiues; though faſhion'd of right honeſt parts.
He askt her after, VVhat ſhe was? and whence?
She paſſing preſently, the excellence
Told of her Fathers Turrets; and that ſhe
Might boaſt her ſelfe, ſprung from the Progeny
Of the rich *Sydons*: and the daughter was
Of the much-yeare-reuennew'd *Arybas*.
But, that the *Taphian* Pirats, made her prize,
As ſhe return'd from her field-huſwiferies:
Transfer'd her hither; and at that mans houſe
VVhere now ſhe liu'd; for value precious
Sold her to th'Owner. He that ſtole her loue,
Bad her againe, to her births ſeate remoue,
To ſee the faire roofes of her friends againe;
VVho ſtill held ſtate, and did the port maintaine,
Her ſelfe reported. She ſaid, Be it ſo;
So you, and al that in your ſhip ſhall roe,
Sweare to returne me, in all ſafety hence.
All ſwore; th'Oath paſt, with euery conſequence:
She bad, Be ſilent now; and not a word
Do you, or any of your friends afford,
Meeting me afterward in any way;
Or at the waſhing Fount; leſt ſome diſplay
Be made, and told the old man: and he then
Keepe me ſtreight bound: To you, and to your men
The vtter ruine, plotting of your liues.
Keepe in firme thought then, euery word that ſtriues
For dangerous vtterance: Haſte your ſhips ful freight
Of what you Trafficke for; and let me ſtreight
Know by ſome ſent friend: *She hath all in hold,

πολυπαιπαλος. τ. admodũ vaſer. *Der.* ex παλυν. τ. pertraho in retia & mais. τ. *puella.*

**Intending the Ship.*

And (with my ſelfe) Ile bring thence all the gold
I can by all meanes finger: and beſide,
Ile do my beſt, to ſee your freight ſupplide
VVith ſome wel-weighing burthen of mine owne.
For I bring vp, in houſe, a great mans ſonne,
As crafty as my ſelfe; who will with me
Run euery way along; and I will be
His Leader, till your Ship hath made him ſure.
He will an infinite great price procure
Transfer him to what languag'd men ye may.
This ſaid; She gat her home, and there made ſtay
A whole yeare with vs; Goods of great auaile
Their Ship enriching. VVhich now, fit for ſaile:
They ſent a Meſſenger t'informe the Dame.
And, to my fathers houſe a fellow came,
Full of *Phœniſian* craft: that, to be ſold
A Tablet bought; the body all of Gold,
The Verge, all Amber. This had ocular view,
Both by my honor'd Mother, and the crew
Of her houſe-handmaids, handl'd; and the price
Beat; askt, and promiſt. And while this deuice
Lay thus vpon the Forge: this Ieweller
Made priuy ſignes (by winkes and wiles) to her
That was his obiect; which ſhe tooke, and he
(His ſigne ſeeing noted) hied to Ship. VVhen ſhe
(My hand ſtill taking, as ſhe vſde to do
To walke abroad with her) conuai'd me ſo
Abroad with her; and in the *Portico*
Found cups, with taſted Viands; which the gueſts
That vſde to flocke about my Fathers feaſts
Had left. They gone (ſome to the Counſaile Court;
Some to heare newes amongſt the talking ſort)
Her Theft, three bowles into her lap conuaid;
And forth ſhe went. Nor was my wit ſo ſtaid
To ſtay her, or my ſelfe. The Sun went downe,
And ſhadowes round about the world were flowne,
VVhen we came to the hauen; in which did ride
The ſwift *Phæniſſian* Ship; whoſe faire broad ſide
They boorded ſtraight: Tooke vs vp; And all went
Along the moyſt waues. VVinde, *Saturnius* ſent.
Six dayes, we day and night ſayl'd: But vvhen *Ioue*
Put vp the ſeuenth day; She, that ſhafts * doth loue,
Shot dead the woman; who into the pumpe
Like to a Dop-chicke, diu'd; and gaue a thumpe
In her ſad ſetling. Forth they caſt her then
To ſerue the Fiſh, and Sea-calues: no more Men.
But I was left there, with a heauy hart.
When, winde and water draue them quite apart

* Diana.

Their

Their owne courſe, and on *Ithaca* they fell;
And there, poore me, did to *Laertes* ſell:
And thus theſe eyes, the ſight of this Iſle prou'd.
Eumæus (he replyed) Thou much haſt mou'd
The minde in me, with all things thou haſt ſaid,
And all the ſufferance on thy boſome laid:
But (truly) to thy ill, hath *Ioue* ioyn'd good,
That one whoſe veines are ſeru'd with humane blood
Hath bought thy ſeruice; that giues competence
Of food, wine; cloth to thee. And ſure th'expence
Of thy lifes date heere, is of good deſart.
VVhoſe labours, not to thee alone, impart
Sufficient food and houſing; but to me.
VVhere I, through many a heap't humanity
Haue hither err'd; where, though (like thee) not ſold,
Not ſtaid, like thee yet; nor nought needfull hold.
This mutuall ſpeech they vſd; nor had they ſlept
Much time before; the much-nere-morning lept
To her faire throne. And now ſtrooke ſaile, the men
That ſeru'd *Telemachus*; arriu'd inſt then
Nere his loſt'd ſhore: wher now they ſtoopt the Maſt,
Made to the Port with Oares, and Anchor caſt;
Made faſt the Ship, and then aſhore they went:
Dreſt ſupper, fil'd wine; when (their appetites ſpent)
Telemachus commanded, they ſhould yield
The Ship to th'owner; while himſelfe, at field
VVould ſee his ſhepherds: when light drew to end
He would his gifts ſee, and to Towne deſcend.
And in the morning, at a Feaſt beſtow
Rewards for all their paines. And whither, now
(Said *Theoclymenus*) my loued Son
Shall I addreſſe my ſelfe? whoſe manſion,
Of all men, in this rough-hewne Iſle, ſhall I
Direct my way to? Or go readily
To thy houſe, and thy Mother? He replied;
Another time, Ile ſee you ſatisfied
VVith my houſe entertainment: but as now,
You ſhould encounter none that could beſtow
Your fit entreaty; and (which leſſe grace were)
You could not ſee my Mother, I not there.
For ſhee's no frequent obiect; but apart
Keepes from her wooers, woo'd with her deſart,
Vp, in her chamber, at her Huſwifery.
But Ile name one, to whom you ſhall apply
Direct repaire; and thats *Eurymachus*,
Renown'd deſcent, to wiſe *Polybius*:
A man whom th'*Ithacenſians* looke on now,
As on a God: ſince he, of all that wow

Is

Is farre ſuperior man; and likeſt far
To wed my mother: and as circular
Be in that honor, as *Vlyſſes* was.
But heauen-houſd *Ioue* knowes, the yet hidden paſſe
Of her diſpoſure; and on them he may
A blacker ſight bring, then her Nuptiall day.
As this he vtter'd; on his right hand flew
A Saker; ſacred to the God of view:
That, in his Tallons truſt, and plum'd a Doue;
The Feathers round about the Ship did roue;
And on *Telemachus* fell; whom th'Augure theſt
Tooke faſt by'th hand; withdrew him from his men,
Theoclymenus to Telemachus. And ſaid; *Telemachus*; This Hawke is ſent
From God; I knew it for a ſure Oſtent
VVhen firſt I ſaw it. Be you well aſſur'd,
There will no wooer be by heauen indur'd
To rule in *Ithaca*, aboue your Race:
But your pow'rs euer fill the Regall place.
Telemachus to Theoclymenus. I wiſh to heauen (ſaid he) thy word might ſtand;
Thou then ſhouldſt ſoon acknowledge from my hand
Such gifts & friendſhips, as would make thee (Gueſt)
Met, and ſaluted, as no leſſe then bleſt.
Tele. to Pyræus This ſaid; he call'd *Pyræus* (*Clytius* ſonne)
His true aſſociate; ſaying, Thou haſt done
(Of all my Followers, to the *Pylian* ſhore)
My will, in chiefe, in other things; Once more,
Be chiefly good to me: take to thy houſe
This loued ſtranger; & be ſtudious
T'embrace and greete him, with thy greateſt fare,
Till I my ſelfe come, and take off thy care.
Pyræus reply. The famous for his Lance ſaide; if your ſtay,
Take time for life heere; this mans care, Ile lay
On my performance; nor what fits a Gueſt,
Shall any penury with-hold his Feaſt.
Thus tooke he ſhip; bad them boord, and away.
They boorded; ſate: but did their labour ſtay
Till he had deckt his feete, and reacht his Lance.
They to the City: he did ſtraight aduance
Vp to his Sties; where Swine lay for him, ſtore;
By whoſe ſides did his honeſt Swine-herd ſnore:
Till his ſhort eares, his longeſt Nights had ended:
And nothing worſe, to both his Lords intended.

The End of the Fifteenth Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Prince at Field; he ſends to Towne
Eumæus, *to make truly knowne*
His ſafe returne. By Pallas *will,*
Telemachus *is giuen the skill*
To know his Father. Thoſe that lay
In Ambuſh, to preſcribe the way
Of yong Vlyſſides, *for home;*
Retire, with anger ouercome.

Another.

To his moſt deere,
Vlyſſes *ſhowes;*
The wiſe Son heere
his Father knowes.

VLyſſes, and diuine *Eumæus* roſe
Soone as the morning could her eyes vncloſe:
Made fire; brake faſt; And to their Paſture ſend
The gather'd Herds: on whom, their Swaines attend.
The ſelfe-tyre barking Dogs, all fawn'd vpon;
Nor bark't, at firſt ſight of *Vlyſſes* ſon.
The whinings of their fawnings yet did greet
Vlyſſes eares; and ſounds of certaine feet;
Who thus beſpake *Eumæus*: Sure ſome friend,
Or one well knowne comes, that the Maſtiues ſpend
Their mouths no lowder. Onely ſome one neare
They whine, and leape about; whoſe feete I heare.
Each word of this ſpeech was not ſpent, before
His Son ſtood in the entry of the dore.
Eumæus amaze and kinde welcome of Telemachus. Out-ruſht amaz'd *Eumæus*: and let go
The cup to earth, that he had labor'd ſo,
Cleanſ'd for the neate wine: Did the Prince ſurpriſe,
Kiſt his faire forehead: Both his louely eyes,
Both his white hands; And tender teares diſtil'd.
There breath'd no kind-ſoul'd Father, that was fild
Leſſe with his ſonnes embraces, that had liu'd
Ten yeares in farre-off earth; now new retriu'd,
His onely childe too, gotten in his age:
And for whoſe abſence he had felt the rage

Of griefes vpon him; then for this diuin'd
So much for forme, was this diuine for mind:
VVho kiſt him through: who grew about him kiſſing,
As freſh from death ſcapt. Whō (ſo long time miſſing)
He wept for ioy, and ſaid; Thou yet art come,
(Sweet light, ſweet Sun-riſe) to thy cloudy home.
O (neuer I look't) when once ſhipt away
For *Pylos* ſhores, to ſee thy turning day.
Come; enter lou'd Son; Let me feaſt my hart
VVith thy ſweete ſight; new come, ſo farre apart.
Nor when you liu'd at home, would you walk downe
Often enough heere, but ſtaide ſtill at Towne:
It pleaſ'd you then, to caſt ſuch forehand view
About your houſe, on that moſt * damned crew.
It ſhall be ſo then, Friend (ſaide he) but now
I come to glad mine eyes with thee, and know
If ſtill my Mother, in her houſe remaine:
Or if ſome wooer hath aſpir'd to gaine
Of her in Nuptials: for *Vlyſſes* bed,
By this, lies all with Spiders cobwebs ſpred,
In penury of him that ſhould ſupply it.
She ſtill (ſaid he) holds her moſt conſtant quiet,
Aloft thine owne houſe, for the beds reſpect:
But for her Lords ſad loſſe; ſad nights and daies
Obſcure her beauties, and corrupt their raies.
This ſaid; *Eumæus*, tooke his brazen Speare;
And in he went: when, being enter'd neare
VVithin the ſtony threſhold; From his ſeat,
His Father roſe to him: who would not let
Th'old man remoue; but drew him backe and preſt
VVith earneſt termes his ſitting; Saying, Gueſt;
Take heere your ſeate againe; we ſoone ſhall get
Within our owne houſe heere, ſome other ſeat:
Heere's one will fetch it. This ſaid; downe againe
His Father ſate: and to his ſonne, his Swaine
Strew'd faire greene Oſiers; and impoſ'd thereon
A good ſoft Sheepeskin, which made him a Throne.
Then he appoſ'd to them, his laſt-left Roſte;
And in a wicker basket, bread engroſte:
Fil'd luſcious wine; and then tooke oppoſite ſeate
To the diuine *Vlyſſes*. VVhen the meate
Set there before them; all fell to, and eate.
VVhen they had fed; the Prince ſaid, pray thee ſay,
Whence coms this gueſt? what ſeaman gaue him way
To this our Iſle? I hope theſe feete of his
Could walke no water; who boaſts he, he is?
Ile tell all truly Son: From ample *Crete*
He boſts himſelfe; and ſayes, his erring feete

Hath

* αὐτὸν ὤμβον, aid'ne, hoc, *of* aid'ne, Orcus, *&* ſig. miſer, pr. periſ, tenebricoſus, *or* infern'alis: *ſo that*, pernicioſus (*which is the Latine tranſlation*) *muſt ſo ſitte as damned for that crew of diſſolute wooers. The phraſe being now vſde to all ſo licentious.*

Haue many Cities trod: And God was he
VVhoſe finger wrought in his infirmity.
But, to my Cottage, the laſt ſcape of his,
VVas from a *Theſprots* Ship. VVhat ere he is,
Ile giue him you: do what you pleaſe; His vant
Is, that he is (at moſt) a ſuppliant.
Eumæus, (ſaid the Prince) To tell me this,
You haue afflicted my weake Faculties:
For how ſhall I receiue him to my houſe
VVith any ſafety; that ſuſpitious
Of my yong forces (ſhould I be aſſaide
VVith any ſodaine violence) may want aide
To ſhield my ſelfe? Beſides, if I go home,
My mother is with two doubts ouercome:
If ſhe ſhall ſtay with me, and take fit care
For all ſuch gueſts, as there ſeeke gueſtiue fare;
Her husbands bed reſpecting, and her fame
Amongſt the people: Or her blood may frame
A liking to ſome wooer, ſuch as beſt
May bed her in his houſe; not giuing leſt.
And thus am I vnſure, of all meanes free
To vſe a Gueſt there, fit for his degree.
But, being thy Gueſt; Ile be his ſupply,
For all weeds, ſuch as mere neceſſity
Shall more then furniſh: Fit him with a ſword,
And ſet him where his heart would haue bene ſhor'd.
Or (if ſo pleaſd) receiue him in thy Shed!
Ile ſend thee clothes, I vow; and all the bread
His wiſh would eate: that to thy men and thee
He be no burthen. But that I ſhould be
His meane to my houſe; where a company
Of wrong-profeſsing wooers, wildly liue;
I will in no ſort author; leſt they giue
Foule vſe to him; and me, as grauely grieue.
For what great act can any one atchieue
Againſt a multitude? Although his minde
Retaine a courage of the greateſt kinde?
For all minds haue not force in one degree.
Vlyſſes anſwer'd; O Friend, ſince 'tis free
For any man, to change fit words with thee;
Ile freely ſpeake. Me thinkes, a woluiſh powre
My heart puts on, to teare and to deuoure;
To heare your affirmation; that (in ſpite
Of what may fall on you, made oppoſite;
Being one of your proportion, birth, and age,
Theſe wooers ſhould in ſuch iniuſtice rage.
VVhat ſhould the cauſe be? Do you wilfully
Indure their ſpoile? Or hath your Empery

Vlyſſes to Telē.

Bene

Bene ſuch amongſt your people; that, all gather
In troope, and one voice; (& euen God doth father)
And vow your hate ſo, that they ſuffer them?
Or blame your Kinſfolks faiths, before th'extream
Of your firſt ſtroke hath tried them? whom a man
When ſtrifes, to blowes riſe, truſts: though battel ran
In huge and high waues? would to heauen my ſpirit
Such youth breath'd, as the man that muſt inherit,
Yet neuer toucht *Vlyſſes*: or that he
(But wandring this way) would but come, and ſee
What my age could atchieue (and there is Fate
For Hope yet left; that he may recreate
His eyes with ſuch an obiect.) This my head
Should any ſtranger ſtrike off, if ſtarke dead
I ſtrooke not all: the houſe in open force
Entring with challenge. If their great concourſe
Did ouer-lay me, being a man alone;
(Which you vrge for your ſelfe) be you that one.
I rather in mine owne houſe wiſh to dye
One death for all; then ſo indecently
See euermore, deeds worſe then death applied;
Gueſts, wrõg'd with vile words, & blow-giuing pride:
The women-ſeruants dragg'd in filthy kind
About the faire houſe; and in corners blind
Made ſerue the rapes of Ruffins: Food deuour'd
Idely and rudely; wine exhauſt, and pour'd
Through throats prophane; and all about a deed,
That's euer wooing, and will neuer ſpeed.

Telemachus to Eum.

He tell you (Gueſt) moſt truly, ſaide his Son;
I do not thinke, that all my people ron
One hateſull courſe againſt me; Nor accuſe
Kinſfolkes that I in ſtrifes of weight, might vſe:
But *Ioue* will haue it ſo: our Race alone,
(As if made ſingular) to one, and one
His hand confining. Onely to the King
(*Ioue*-bred *Arceſius*) did *Laertes* ſpring;
Onely to old *Laertes* did deſcend
Vlyſſes; onely to *Vlyſſes* end
Am I the Adiunct; whom he left ſo yong,
That from me, to him, neuer comfort ſprong.
And to all theſe now (for their race) ariſe
Vp in their houſe, a brood of enemies.
As many as in theſe Iſles bow mens knees;
Samos, *Dulychius*, and the rich in Trees
Zacynthus: Or in this rough Iſles command,
So many ſuiters for the Nuptials ſtand,
That aske my Mother; and meane ſpace, prefer
Their luſts to all ſpoile, that diſhonor her.

Nor

Nor doth ſhe (though ſhe loaths) deny their ſuites;
Nor they denials take, though taſte their fruites.
But all this time, the ſtate of all things there
Their throats deuoure; and I muſt ſhortly beare
A part in all; and yet the periods
Of theſe deſignes, lye in the knees of Gods.
Of all Loues then, *Eumæus*; make quicke way
To wiſe *Penelope*; and to her, ſay
My ſafe returne from *Pylos*; and alone
Returne thou hither, hauing made it knowne.
Nor let (beſides my Mother) any eare
Partake thy Meſſage; ſince a number beare
My ſafe returne diſpleaſure. He replied;
I know, and comprehend you; you diuide,
Your minde with one that vnderſtands you well.

Eum. to Telem.

But, all in one yet; may I not reueale
To th'old hard-fated **Arceſiades*

**Laertes.*

Your ſafe returne? who through his whole diſtres
Felt for *Vlyſſes*, did not yet ſo grieue,
But with his houſhold, he had will to liue;
And ſeru'd his appetite, with wine, and food;
Surueigh'd his husbandry, and did his blood
Some comforts fitting life: But ſince you tooke
Your ſhip for *Pylos*, he would neuer brooke,
Or wine, or food, they ſay; nor caſt an eye
On any labour: but ſits weeping by;
And ſighing out his ſorrowes, ceaſſeleſſe mones
Waſting his body, turn'd all skin and bones.
More ſad newes ſtill (ſaid he) yet; mourne he ſtill?
For if the rule of all mens workes be will,
And his will, his way goes: mine ſtands inclin'd
Tattend the home-turne of my * neerer kind.

Telem. to Eum.

* *Intending his Father: whoſe returne, though hee were far frõ knowing, or fully expect. yet he deſir'd to order all things as he were preſent.*

Do then, what I inioyne; which, giuen effect;
Erre not to field to him, but turne direct.
Entreating firſt my Mother, with moſt ſpeed;
And all the ſecrecy that now ſerues Neede,
To ſend this way their ſtore-houſe Guardian,
And ſhe ſhall tell all to the aged * Man.
He tooke his ſhooes vp; put them on, and went.
Nor was his abſence, hid from *Ioues* deſcent,
Diuine *Minerua*: who tooke ſtraight, to view,
A goodly womans ſhape, that all workes knew:
And, ſtanding in the entry, did prefer
Her ſight t'*Vlyſſes*. But (though meeting her)
He ſonne *Telemachus*, nor ſaw, nor knew:
The Gods cleere preſences, are knowne to few.
Yet (with *Vlyſſes*) euen the Dogs did ſee,
And would not barke; but, whining louingly,

* *Intending to Laertes, all that Eumæus would haue told.*

Pallas appeares to Vlysses.

Fled to the Stals farre side. VVhere She, her eine
Moou'd to *Vlysses*. He knew her designe,
And left the house, past the great Sheep-cotes wall,
And stood before her. She bad, Vtter all
Now to his sonne; nor keepe the least vnlosde:
That all the wooers deaths being now disposde,
They might approach the Towne; Affirming, she
Not long would faile, t'assist to victory.

Pallas restores Vlysses youth for the time.

This said; She laide her golden Rod on him;
And with his late-worne weeds grac't euery lim.
His body straitn'd, and his youth instill'd;
His fresh blood call'd vp: euery wrinkle fill'd
About his broken eyes; and on his chin
The browne haire spred. VVhen his whole trim wrought in;
She vssu'd; and he enter'd to his sonne:
VVho stood amaz'd; & thought some God had done
His house that honor: turn'd away his eyes,

Vl. marcheth to his Tabler.

And sayd; Now Guest, you grace another guise
Then suites your late shew; Other weeds you weare,
And other person. Of the starry spheare
You certainly present some deathlesse God.
Be pleasd, that to your here vouchsaf't abod
VVe may giue sacred rites, and offer Gold

Vlysses to rele.

To do vs sauour. He replied: I hold
No deified state. VVhy put you thus on me
A Gods resemblance? I am onely he
That beares thy Fathers name: for whose lou'd sake,
Thy youth so grieues: whose absence makes thee take,
Such wrongs of men. Thus kist he him; nor could
Forbeare those teares, that in such mighty hold
He held before: still held, still yssuing euer.
And now (the shores once broke) the springtide neuer
Forbore earth from the cheekes he kist. His sonne,
(By all these violent arguments; not wonne
To credit him his Father) did deny

Tel. to Vlysses.

His kinde assumpt: and said, Some Deity
Fain'd that ioyes cause, to make him grieue the more:
Affirming, that no man, whoeuer wore
The garment of mortality, could take
(By any vtmost power, his soule could make)
Such change into it: since at so much will,
Not *Ioue* himselfe, could both remoue, and fill
Old age, with youth; and youth, with age so spoile
In such an instant. You wore all the soile
Of age but now, and were old: And but now
You beare that yong grace that the Gods indow

Vlysses to his Sonne

Their heauen-borne formes withall. His father saide:
Telemachus? Admire, nor stand dismaide:

But know thy solid Father; since within,
He answeres all parts, that adorne his skin.
There shall no more *Vlyssesses* come heere.
I am the man, that now this twentith yeare
(Stil vnder sufferance of a world of ill)
My countrey earth, recouer: 'Tis the will
The Prey-professor *Pallas* puts in act;
VVho put me thus together; thus distract,
In aged pieces, as euen now you saw,
This youth now rendring. 'Tis within the law
Of her free pow'r. Sometimes to shew me pore;
Sometimes againe, thus amply to restore
My youth, and Ornaments; She still would please.
The Gods can raise, and throw men downe, with ease.
This said; he sat: when his *Telemachus* pour'd
Himselfe about him: Teares on teares, he shour'd:
And to desire of mone, increast the cloud:
Both wept & howl'd, & laide out shrieks more loud;
Then or the Bird-bone-breaking Eagle reres;
Or Brood-kind Vulture with the crooked Seres,
VVhen rusticke hands, their tender Aries draw,
Before they giue their wings their full-plum'd Law.
But miserably pour'd they from beneath
Their lids, their teares: while both their breasts did
As frequent cries: & to their seruent mone, (breath
The light had left the skies; if first the sonne
Their dumbe mones had not vented, with demand
VVhat Ship it was, that gaue the natiue land
To his blest feet? He then, did likewise lay
Hand on his parsion; and gaue these words way.
Ile tell thee truth, my sonne; The men that beare
Much fame for shipping, my Reducers were

Vlysses tels his sonne what ship he arriu'd in.

To long-wisht *Ithaca*; who each man els,
That greets their shore, giue passe to where he dwels.
The *Pheacensian* Peeres, in one nights date,
(VVhile I fast slept) fetcht th' *Ithacensian* state:
Grac't me with wealthy gifts: Brasse, store of Gold,
And Robes faire wrought: All which haue secret hold
In Caues, that by the Gods aduice, I chusde.
And now, *Minerua's* admonitions vsde
For this retreat; that we might heere dispose
In close Discourse, the slaughters of our foes.
Recount the number of the wooers then;
And let me know what name they hold with men:
That my minde, may cast ouer their estates
A curious measure; & conferre the rates
Of our two pow'rs, and theirs: to try; if we
Alone, may propagate to victory

Our bold encounters of them all, or proue
The kind aſſiſtance of ſome others loue.
Telem. to Vlyſ. O Father (he replied) I oft haue heard
Your counſailes, and your force of hand preſer'd
To mighty glory: But your ſpeeches now,
Your ventrous minde, exceeding mighty ſhow.
Euen to amaze they moue me: for in right
Of no fitte counſaile, ſhould be brought to fight,
Two men, 'gainſt th'able faction of a throng.
No one two, no one ten; No, twice ten ſtrong
Theſe wooers are: but more by much. For know,
That from *Dulychius* there are fifty two;
All choiſe yong men: and euery one of theſe
Six men attend. From *Samos* croſt the Seas
Twice twelue young Gallants. From *Zacynthus* came
Twice ten. Of *Ithaca*, the beſt of name,
Twice ſix. Of all which, all the State they take,
A ſacred Poet, and a Herald make.
Their delicacies, two (of ſpeciall ſort
In skill of banquets) ſerue. And all this port
If we ſhall dare t'encounter; all thruſt vp
In one ſtrong roofe: haue great care leſt the cup
Your great mind thirſts, exceeding bitter taſte;
And your retreat, commend not to your haſte
Your great attempt; but make you ſay, you buy
Their prides reuenges, at a price too hy.
And therefore (if you could) t'were well you thought
Of ſome aſſiſtent. Be your ſpirit wrought
In ſuch a mans election, as may lend
His ſuccours freely, and expreſſe a Friend.
Vlyſ. to Telem. His Father anſwer'd: Let me aske of thee;
Heare me, conſider; and then anſwer me.
Think'ſt thou if *Pallas*, and the King of skies
We had to Friend; would their ſufficiencies
Make ſtrong our part? Or that ſome other yet
Telemachus. My thoughts muſt worke for? Theſe (ſaide he) are ſet
Aloft the clouds; and are ſound aydes indeed:
As pow'rs not onely, that theſe men exceed;
But beare of all men elſe the high command;
And hold, of Gods, an ouer-ruling hand.
Vlyſſes. VVell then (ſaid he) not theſe ſhall ſeuer long
Their force and ours, in fights aſſur'd, and ſtrong.
And then, twixt vs, and them, ſhall *Mars* preſer
His ſtrength; to ſtand our great diſtinguiſher;
When, in mine owne Roofes, I am forc't to blowes.
But when the day, ſhall firſt her fires diſcloſe;
Go thou for home, and troope vp with the woo'rs;
Thy wil with theirs ioind; pow'r with their rude powrs

And

And after, ſhall the Herdſman guide to Towne
My ſteps; my perſon wholly ouer-growne
VVith all apparance of a poore old Swaine,
Heauy, and wretched. If their high diſdaine
Of my vile preſence; make them, my deſert
Affect with contumelies; let thy loued heart
Beare in fixt confines of thy boſome ſtill,
And ſee me ſuffer, patient of their ill.
I, though they drag me by the heeles, about
Mine owne free earth, and after hurle me out;
Do thou ſtill ſuffer. Nay, though with their Darts
They beate, and bruiſe me; beare. But theſe foul parts
Perſwade them to forbeare; and by their names
Cal all with kinde words: bidding, for their ſhames
Their pleaſures ceaſe. If yet they yeeld not way;
There breakes the firſt light of their fatall day.
In meane ſpace, marke this: VVhen the chiefly wiſe
Minerua prompts me; Ile informe thine eies
VVith ſome giuen ſigne; & then, all th'armes that are
Aloft thy Roofe, in ſome neere roome prepare
For ſpeedieſt vſe. If thoſe braue men enquire
Thy end in all; ſtill rake vp all thy fire
In faire coole words: and ſay; I bring them downe
To ſcoure the ſmoke off; being ſo ouer-growne
That one would thinke, all fumes that euer were,
Breath'd ſince *Vlyſſes* loſſe, reflected here.
Theſe are not like the armes, he left behinde
In way for *Troy*. Beſides, *Ioue* prompts my minde
In their remoue apart thus, with this thought:
That, if in heighth of wine, there ſhould bee wrought
Some harſh contention twixt you; this apt meane
To mutual bloodſhed, may be taken cleane
From out your reach; and all the ſpoile preuented
Of preſent Feaſt: perhaps, euen then preſented
My Mothers Nuptials, to your long kinde vowes.
Steele it ſelfe, ready; drawes a man to blowes.
Thus make their thoughts ſecure; to vs alone
Two Swords, two Darts; two ſhields left; w ſee done
VVithin our readieſt reach; that at our will
VVe may reſume, and charge; And all their skil,
Pallas and *Ioue*, that all iuſt counſailes breath;
May darken, with ſecureneſſe, to their death.
And let me charge thee now, as thou art mine;
And as thy veines mine owne true blood combine:
Let (after this) none know *Vlyſſes* nere:
Not any one of all the houſhold there;
Not here, the Herdſman: Not *Laertes* bé
Made priuy: nor her ſelfe, *Penelope*.

But

But onely let thy ſelfe, and me worke out
The womens thoughts, of all things borne about
The wooers hearts: and then thy men approue,
To know who honors, who with reuerence loue
Our well-weigh'd Memories; and who is won
To faile thy fit right, though my onely Son.
Telemachus to his Father. You teach (ſaid he) ſo punctually now,
As I knew nothing; nor were ſprung from you.
I hope, heereafter, you ſhall better know
VVhat ſoule I beare; and that it doth not let
The leaſt looſe motion, paſſe his naturall ſeat.
But this courſe you propoſe, will proue, I feare,
Small profit to vs; and could wiſh your care
VVould weigh it better, as too farre about.
For Time will aske much, to the ſifting out
Of each mans diſpoſition, by his deeds.
And, in the meane time, euery wooer feeds
Beyond faciety; nor knowes how to ſpare.
The women yet, ſince they more eaſie are
For our enquiry; I would wiſh you try
VVho right your ſtate, who do it iniury.
The men I would omit: and theſe things make
Your labour, after. But to vndertake
The wooers warre; I wiſh your vtmoſt ſpeede,
Eſpecially, if you could cheere the deed,
VVith ſome Oſtent from *Ioue*. Thus (as the Sire
Conſented to the Son) did heere expire
Their mutuall ſpeech. And now the Ship was come
That brought the yong Prince, & his ſoldiers home.
The deepe Hauen (reacht) they drew the Ship aſhore;
Tooke all their Armes out, and the rich Gifts bore
To *Clitius* houſe. But to *Vlyſſes* Court
They ſent a Herald firſt, to make report
To wiſe *Penelope*, that ſafe at field
Her Son was left: yet ſince the Ship would yield
Moſt haſt to her; he ſent that firſt; and them
To comfort with his vtmoſt, the extreame
He knew ſhe ſuffer'd. At the Court, now met
The Herald, and the Herdſman; to repeat
One meſſage to the Queene. Both whom (arriu'd
VVithin the gates:) Both to be formoſt ſtriu'd
In that good Newes. The Herald, he for haſt
Amongſt the Maids beſtow'd it; thinking plac'ſt
The Queene amongſt them. Now (ſaid he) O Queen,
Your lou'd Son is arriu'd. And then was ſeene
The Queene her ſelfe: To whom the herdſman could
All that *Telemachus* inioyn'd he ſhould.
All which diſcharg'd; his ſteps, he backe beſtowes,

And

And left, both Court and City, for his Sowes.
The wooers then grew ſad; ſoule-vext, and all
Made forth the Court. When, by the mighty wall,
They tooke their ſeuerall ſeate, before the gates;
To whom *Eurymachus*, initiates
Their vtter'd greeuance. O (ſayd he) my Friends;
Eurymachus to the reſt. A worke right great begun, as proudly ends.
VVe ſaid, *Telemachus* ſhould neuer make
His voyage good; nor this ſhore euer take
For his returnes receipt: and yet we faile,
And he performes it. Come, let's man a Saile
The beſt in our election; and beſtow
Such ſouldiers in her, as can ſwifteſt row;
To tell our friends, that way-lay his retreat
'Tis ſafe perform'd: and make them quickly get
Their ſhip for *Ithaca*. This was not ſaid,
Before *Amphinomus* in Port diſplaid
The ſhip arriu'd: her ſailes then vnder ſtroke,
And Oares reſum'd. VVhen laughing, thus he ſpoke:
Moue for no meſſenger: theſe men are come;
Amphinomus to the reſt. Some God hath either told his turning home,
Or they themſelues haue ſeene his ſhip gone by:
Had her in chaſe, and loſt her. Inſtantly
They roſe, and went to Port: found drawne to Land
The Ship; the ſouldiers taking Armes in hand.
The woo'rs themſelues, to counſaile went, in throng:
And not a man beſides, or old, or yong,
Let ſit amongſt them. Then *Eupitheus* Sonne
(*Antinous*) ſaid: See what the Gods haue done:
They onely, haue deliuered from our ill
Antinous to the Wooers. The men we way-laid; euery windy hill
Hath bin their watch-tow'r; where by turns they ſtood
Continuall Sentinell. And we made good
Our worke as well: For (Sun, once ſet) we neuer
Slept winke aſhore, all night; But made ſaile euer
This way, and that; euen till the morning kept
Her ſacred Station; ſo to intercept
And take his life, for whom our ambuſh lay;
And yet hath God, to his returne giuen way.
But let vs proſecute with counſailes, here
His neceſſary death: nor any where
Let reſt his ſafety; for if he ſuruiue,
Our ſailes will neuer, in wiſht Hauens arriue.
Since he is wiſe, hath ſoule, and counſaile to
To worke the people, who will neuer do
Our faction fauour. What we then intend
Againſt his perſon, giue we preſent end
Before he call a counſaile; which, beleeue

His

His ſpirit will haſt,& point where it doth greeue:
Stand vp amongſt them all, and vrge his death
Decreed amongſt vs. Which complaint, will breath
A fire about their ſpleenes; and blow no praiſe
On our ill labours. Leſt they therefore raiſe
Pow'r to exile vs from our Natiue earth,
And force our liues ſocieties to the birth
Of forreigne countries: let our ſpeeds preuent
His comming home, to this auſtere complaint;
(At field and farre from Towne, or in ſome way
Of narrow paſſage:) with his lateſt day
Shewne to his forward youth: his goods and lands,
Left to the free diuiſion of our hands:
The Moouables made al, his Mothers dowre,
And his who-euer, Fate affoords the powre
To celebrate with her, ſweet *Hymens* rites.
Or if this pleaſe not; but your appetites
Stand to his ſafety, and to giue him ſeate
In his whole birth-right; let vs looke to eate
At his coſt neuer more: but euery man
Haſte to his home: and wed with whom he can
At home; and there, lay firſt about for dowre,
And then the woman giue his ſecond powre
Of Nuptiall liking: And, for laſt, apply
His purpoſe, with moſt gifts, and deſtiny.
This, ſilence cauſ'd; whoſe breach, at laſt, begon
Amphinomus, the much renowned Son
Of *Niſus*, ſurnam'd *Aretiades*;
VVho from *Dulychius* (full of flowry Leas)
Led all the wooers; and in chiefe did pleaſe
The Queene with his diſcourſe; becauſe it grew
From rootes of thoſe good mindes that did indue
His goodly perſon: who (exceeding wiſe)
Vſ'd this ſpeech: Friends, I neuer will aduiſe
The Princes death: for 'tis a damned thing
To put to death the yſſue of a King.
Firſt therefore, let's examine, what applauſe
The Gods will giue it. If the equall Lawes
Of *Ioue* approoue it, I my ſelfe will be
The man ſhall kill him; and this companie
Exhort to that minde: If the Gods remaine
Aduerſe, and hate it; I aduiſe, refraine.
This ſaid *Amphinomus*, and pleaſ'd them all:
VVhen all aroſe, and in *Vlyſſes* Hall
Tooke ſeate againe. Then, to the Queene was come
The wooers plot, to kill her ſonne at home:
Since their abroad deſigne had miſt ſucceſſe.
The Herald *Medon* (who the whole addreſſe

Knew

Φαεσ᾽ ογεβα-σεν.

Bonis mentibus the plurall number vſed euer by Homer.

Knew of their counſailes) making the report.
The Goddeſſe of her ſex, with her faire ſort
Of louely women; at the large Hals dore
(Her bright cheekes clouded, with a veile ſhee wore)
Stood, and directed to *Antinous*
Her ſharpe reproofe; which ſhe digeſted thus:
Antinous compoſde of iniury,
Plotter of miſchiefe? Though reports that fly e
Amongſt our *Ithacenſian* people ſtay
That thou, of all that glory in their ſway,
Art beſt in words and counſailes; Th'art not ſo.
Fond, buſie fellow, why plott'ſt thou the wo
And ſlaughter of my Son? and doſt not feare
The Preſidents of ſuppliants? when the eare
Of *Ioue* ſtoopes to them? 'Tis vniuſt to do
Slaughter for ſlaughter; or pay woe, for wo:
Miſchiefe for kindneſſe; Death for life ſought then,
Is an iniuſtice to be loath'd of men.
Serues not thy knowledge, to remember when
Thy Father fled to vs; who (mou'd to wrath
Againſt the *Taphian* theeues) purſu'd with ſcath
The guiltleſſe *Theſprots*; in whoſe peoples feare,
Purſuing him for wreake, he landed here.
They after him, profeſſing both their prize
Of all his chiefly valew'd Faculties,
And more priz'd life. Of all whoſe bloodieſt ends
Vlyſſes curb'd them, though they were his frends.
Yet thou, like one that no Law will allow
The leaſt true honor, eat'ſt his houſe vp now
That fed thy Father: woo'ſt for loue, his wife,
VVhom thus thou grieu'ſt; & ſeek'ſt her ſole ſons life.
Ceaſſe, I command thee; and command the reſt,
To ſee all thought of theſe foule faſhions ceaſt.
Eurymachus replyed; Be confident,
Thou all of wit made; the moſt fam'd deſcent
Of King *Icarius*: Free thy ſpirits of feare:
There liues not any one; nor ſhall liue here
Now, nor hereafter; while my life giues heat
And light to me on earth: that dares entreat
VVith any ill touch, thy well-loued Sonne;
But heere I vow, and heere will ſee it done,
His life ſhall ſtaine my Lance. If on his knees
The City-racer, **Laertiades*,
Hath made me fit; put in my hand his foode,
And held his red wine to me: ſhall the bloode
Of his *Telemachus*, on my hand lay
The leaſt pollution, that my life can ſtay?
No: I haue euer charg'd him not to feare

Penel. to Antin.

Eurym. to Penel

**Vlyſſes.*

Death his threat from any; And for that moſt deare
Loue of his Father, he ſhall euer be
Much the moſt lou'd, of all that liue to me.
Who kils a guiltleſſe man, from Man may flye;
From God his ſearches, all eſcapes deny.
Thus cheer'd his words; but his affections ſtill
Fear'd not to cheriſh foule intent to kill,
Euen him, whoſe life to all liues he prefer'd.
The Queene went vp; and to her loue appear'd
Her Lord ſo freſhly; that ſhe wept, till ſleepe
(By *Pallas* forc't on her) her eyes did ſteepe
In his ſweet humor. When the Euen was come,
The God-like Herdſman reacht the whole way home.
Vlyſſes and his Son, for ſupper dreſt
A yeare-old Swine; and ere their Hoſt and Gueſt
Had got their preſence; *Pallas* had put by
With her faire rod, *Vlyſſes* royalty;
And render'd him, an aged man againe,
VVith all his vile Integuments; leſt his Swaine
Should know him in his trim, & tell his Queene,
In theſe deepe ſecrets, being not deeply ſeene.
Telem. to Eum. He ſeene; to him, the Prince theſe words did vſe:
VVelcome diuine *Eumæus*; Now what newes
Imployes the City? Are the wooers come
Backe from their Scout diſmaid? Or heere at home
Eum. to Telem. VVill they againe attempt me? He replied,
Theſe touch not my care; I was ſatisfied
To do, with moſt ſpeed, what I went to do;
My meſſage done, returne. And yet, not ſo
Came my newes firſt; a Herald (met with there)
Fore-ſtal'd my Tale, and told how ſafe you were.
Beſides which meerely neceſſary thing;
What in my way chanc't, I may ouer bring,
Being what I know, and witneſt with mine eyes.
Where the *Hermæan* Sepulcher doth riſe
Aboue the City: I beheld take Port
A Ship; and in her, many a man of ſort:
Her freight was ſhields and Lances; and, me thought
They were the wooers: but of knowledge, nought
Can therein tell you. The Prince ſmil'd, and knew
They were the wooers; caſting ſecret view
Vpon his Father. But what they intended
Fled far the Herdſman: whoſe Swaines labors ended,
They dreſt the Supper; which, paſt want, was eat.
VVhen all deſire ſuffic'd, of wine, and meat;
Of other humane wants, they tooke ſupplies
At *Sleepes* ſoft hand; who ſweetly cloſ'd their eies.

The End of the xvi. Booke.

THE

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

TElemachus *return'd to Towne,*
Makes to his curious mother knowne
In part, his Trauailes. After whome
Vlyſſes *to the Court doth come,*
In good Eumæus *guide; and preaſt*
To witneſſe of the Wooers Feaſt.
Whom (though twice ten yeares did beſtow
In farre off parts) his Dog doth know.

Another.

Vlyſſes *ſhowes*
through all diſguiſe:
Whom his dog knowes;
who knowing dies.

BVt when aires roſie birth (the Morne) aroſe,
Telemachus did for the Towne diſpoſe
His early ſteps; and tooke to his command
His faire long Lance, well ſorting with his hand.
Thus, parting with *Eumæus*: Now my friend, *Telem. to Eum.*
I muſt to Towne; leſt too farre I extend
My Mothers mone for me: who till her eyes
Mine owne eyes witneſſe; varies teares and cries
Through all extreames. Do then this charge of mine,
And guide to Towne this hapleſſe gueſt of thine;
To beg elſe-where his further Feſtiuall:
Giue, they that pleaſe, I cannot giue to all:
Mine owne wants take vp for my ſelfe my paine.
If it incenſe him, he the worſt ſhall gaine;
The lonely truth I loue, and muſt be plaine.
Alas Friend (ſaide his Father) nor do I
Deſire at all your further charity.
Vlyſ. to his Son.
Tis better beg in Cities, then in Fields,
And take the worſt a beggers fortune yields.
Nor am I apt to ſtay in Swine-ſties more
How euer: euer the great Chiefe before
The poore Rankes muſt, to euery ſtep obay.

But goe; your man, in my command ſhall ſway:
Anon yet to, by fauor; when your fires
Haue comforted the colde heat, age expires;
And when the Suns flame, hath beſides corrected
The early aire abroad; not being protected
By theſe my bare weeds, from the mornings froſt;
Which (ſince ſo much ground is to be engroſt
By my poore feete as you report) may giue
Too violent charge, to th'heat by which I liue.
This ſaide; his Sonne went on, with ſpritely pace,
And to the wooers, ſtudied little grace.
Arriu'd at home; he gaue his Iaueline ſtay
Againſt a lofty Pillar; and bold way
Made further in. When, hauing ſo farre gone
That he tranſcended, the fayre Porch of Stone;
The firſt by farre, that gaue his entry, eye
VVas Nurſe *Euryclea*; who th'embrodery
Of Stooles there ſet; was giuing Cuſhions faire:
VVho ranne vpon him, and her rapt repaire
Shed teares for ioy. About him gather'd round
The other Maides; his head, and ſhoulders, croun'd
VVith kiſſes and embraces. From aboue
The Queene her ſelfe came, like the Queene of Loue;
Or bright *Diana*: Caſt about her Sonne
Her kinde embraces: with effuſion
Of louing teares; kiſt both his louely eyes,
His cheekes, and forehead; and gaue all ſupplies
Penel. to Telem. With this entreaty: Welcome ſweeteſt light;
I neuer had conceite, to ſet quicke ſight
On thee thus ſoone; when thy lou'd fathers fame
As farre as *Pylos*, did thy ſpirit enflame:
In that ſearch ventur'd all vnknowne to me.
O ſay, By what power cam'ſt thou now to be
Telem. to his Mother. Mine eyes deare obiect? He return'd reply,
Moue me not now: when you my ſcape deſcry
From iminent death; to thinke me freſh entrapt;
The fear'd wound rubbing, felt before I ſcap't.
Double not needleſſe paſſion, on a heart
VVhoſe ioy ſo greene is, and ſo apt t'inuert:
But pure weeds putting on, aſcend and take
Your women with you: that yee all may make
Vowes of full Hecatombs, in ſacred fire
To all the God-heads; If their onely Sire
Vouchſafe reuenge of gueſt-rites wrong'd, which hee
Is to protect, as being their Deity.
My way ſhall be directed to the hall
Of common Concourſe, that I thence may call
A ſtranger; who from off the *Pylian* ſhore

Came

Came friendly with me; whom I ſent before
VVith all my ſouldiers; but in chiefe did charge
Pyræus with him, wiſhing him t'enlarge
His loue to him, at home, in beſt affaire,
And vtmoſt honors, till mine owne repaire.
Her Son, thus ſpoken; his words could not beare
The wings too eaſily through her either eare:
But putting pure weeds on; made vowes entire
Of perfect Hecatombes, in ſacred fire
To all the Deities; if their onely Sire
Vouchſaft reuenge of gueſt-rites wrong'd; which he
VVas to protect, as being their Deity.
Her Son left houſe: In his faire hand, his Lance;
His dogs attending, and on euery glance
His lookes caſt from them; *Pallas* put a grace
That made him ſeeme of the celeſtiall race.
VVhom (come to concourſe) euery man admir'd:
About him throng'd the wooers, and deſir'd
All good to him in tongues; but in their hearts
Moſt deepe ils threatn'd, to his moſt deſerts.
Of whoſe huge rout, once free; he caſt glad eie
On ſome, that long before his infancie,
VVere with his Father, great, and gracious:
Graue *Halytherſes*, *Mentor*, *Antiphus*;
To whom he went: tooke ſeate by them: And they
Enquir'd of all things, ſince his parting day.
To them *Pyræus* came, and brought his Gueſt
Along the City thither; whom not leſt
The Prince reſpected; nor was long before
He roſe and met him: The firſt word yet; bore *Pyræ. to Telem.*
Pyræus from them both: whoſe haſte, beſought
The Prince to ſend his women, to ſee brought
The Gifts from his houſe, that *Atrides* gaue,
VVhich, his own roofes, he thought, wold better ſaue.
The wiſe Prince anſwer'd, I can ſcarſe conceiue
The way to theſe workes. If the wooers reaue
By priuy Stratagem, my life at home: *Telem. to Pyræ.*
I rather wiſh, *Pyræus* may become
The Maiſter of them, then the beſt of theſe.
But, if I ſowe in their fields of exceſſe,
Slaughter, and ruine; then thy truſt imploy,
And to me ioying, bring thou thoſe with ioy.
This ſaid; he brought home his grief-practiſed Gueſt;
VVhere both put off, both oyl'd, and did inueſt
Themſelues in rich Robes; waſht, and ſate, and eate.
His Mother, in a faire chaire, taking ſeate
Directly oppoſite: her Loome applied;
VVho (when her Son and Gueſt, had ſatisfied

Penel. to Telem. Their appetites with feaſt) ſaid; O my Sonne,
You know, that euer ſince your Sire was wonne
To go in *Agamemnons* guide to *Troy*;
Attempting ſleepe, I neuer did inioy
One nights good reſt; but made my quiet bed
A Sea blowne vp with ſighes; with teares ſtill ſhed
Embrew'd and troubl'd: yet, though all your miſſe
In your late voyage, hath bene made for this,
That you might know th'abode your Father made.
You ſhun to tell me what ſucceſſe you had.
Now then, before the inſolent acceſſe
The wooers ſtraight will force on vs; expreſſe
What you haue heard. I will (ſaide he) and true.
VVe came to *Pylos*, where the ſtudious due
Telemachus braſ ſpeakes to Nestor. That any Father could affoord his Son;
(But new arriu'd from ſome courſe he had ron
To an extreame length, in ſome voyage vow'd)
Nestor, the Paſtor of the people, ſhow'd
To me arriu'd, in turrets thruſt vp hye;
VVhere not his braue Sons, were more lou'd then I.
Yet of th'vnconquer'd-euer-Sufferer
Vlyſſes; neuer he could ſet his eare
Aliue, or dead, from any earthy man.
But to the great *Lacedemonian*
(*Atrides*, famous for his Lance) he ſent
VVith horſe and Chariots; Me, to learne th'euent
From his Relation; where I had the view
Of *Argiue Hellen*, whoſe ſtrong beauties drew
(By wils of Gods) ſo many *Grecian* States,
And *Troians*, vnder ſuch laborious Fates.
Where *Menelaus* ask't me, what affaire
To *Lacedemon*, render'd my repaire.
Mene. to Tel. m. I told him all the truth: who made reply;
O deed of moſt abhor'd indecency!
A ſort of Impotents attempt his bed,
VVhoſe ſtrength of minde, hath Cities leuelled?
As to a Lyons den, when any Hinde
Hath brought her yong Calues, to their reſt inclinde;
When he is ranging hils, and hearby dales,
To make, of Feeders there, his Feſtiuals:
But turning to his luſter; Calues, and Dam,
He ſhewes abhorr'd death, in his angers flame:
So (ſhould *Vlyſſes* finde this rabble, houſd
In his free Turrets, courting his eſpouſd)
Foule death would fall them. O, I would to *Ioue*,
Phœbus, and *Pallas*, that (when he ſhall proue
The broad report of his exhauſted ſtore,
True with his eyes) his Nerues and Sinewes wore

That vigor then, that in the *Lesbian* Tow'rs
(Prouok't to wraſtle with the iron powrs
Philomeldes vanted) he approu'd;
VVhen, downe he hurl'd his Challenger, and mou'd
Huge ſhouts from all the *Achiues* then in view.
If, once come home, he all thoſe forces drew
About him there to worke: they all were dead,
And ſhould finde bitter his attempted bed.
But, what you aske and ſue for, I (as far,
As I haue heard, the true-ſpoke Marinar)
VVill tell directly; nor delude your eare.
He told me, that an Iſland did enſpheare
(In much diſcomfort) great *Laertes* ſonne;
And that the Nymph *Calypſo* (ouer-rónne
VVith his affection) kept him in her Caues,
Where men, nor Ship, of pow'r to brook the waues;
VVere neere his conuoy to his countries Shore;
And where her ſelfe, importun'd euermore
His quiet ſtay; which not obtain'd, by force,
She kept his perſon from all elſe recourſe.
This told *Atrides*; which was all he knew;
Nor ſtaid I more: but from the Gods there blew
A proſperous winde, that ſet me quickly heere.
This put his Mother, quite from all her cheere:
VVhen *Theoclymenus* the Augure, ſaid: *Theoclymenus to Penelope.*
O woman, honour'd with *Vlyſſes* bed:
Your Son, no doubt, knowes cleerely nothing more:
Heare me yet ſpeake, that can the truth vncore;
Nor will be curious. *Ioue* then, witneſſe beare,
And this thy Hoſpitable Table heere,
VVith this whole houſhold of your blameleſſe Lord;
That, at this houre, his royall ſeete are ſhor'd
On his lou'd countrey earth; and that euen heere
Comming, or creeping, he will ſee the cheere
Theſe wooers make; and in his ſoules field, ſow
Seeds, that ſhall thriue to all their ouerthrow.
This, ſet a ſhip-boord, I knew ſorted thus,
And cried it out, to your *Telemachus*. *Penel. to Theoc.*
Penelope replied; VVould this would proue;
You well ſhould witneſſe a moſt friendly loue,
And gifts ſuch of me, as encountring Fame
Should greete you with, a bleſſed Mortals name.
This mutuall ſpeech, paſt: all the wooers were
Hurling the ſtone, and toſſing of the Speare
Before the Pallace, in the paued Court:
VVhere other-whiles, their petulant reſort
Sate plotting iniuries. But when the hower
Of Supper enter'd; and the feeding power

Brought sheepe from field, that fil'd vp euery way
VVith those that vse to furnish that puruay;
Medon, the Herald (who of all the rest
Medon, the Herald of the Wooers, to sup, or
Pleas'd most the wooers, and at euery Feast
VVas euer neere) said; You whose kind consort
Make the faire branches of the Tree, our Court;
Grace it within now, and your Suppers take.
You that for health, and faire contentions sake
Wil please your minds; know, bodies must haue meat;
Play's worse then idlenesse, in times to eate.
This said; all left; came in; cast by, on Thrones
And Chaires, their garments. Their prouisions
VVere Sheepe, Swine, Goats; the chiefly great & fat.
Besides an Oxe, that from the Herd they gat.
And now, the King and Herdsman, from the field,
In good way were to Towne: Twixt whom was held
Some walking conference; which thus begun
Eume to Vlyſſ. The good *Eumæus*: Guest, your will was wun,
(Because the Prince commanded) to make way
Vp to the City; though I wisht your stay,
And to haue made you Guardian of my stall:
But I, in care and feare, of what might fall,
In after anger of the Prince; forbore.
The checkes of Princes, touch their subiects sore.
But make we hast, the day is neerely ended;
And cold ayres still, are in the Euen extended.
I know't (said he) consider all; your charge
Vlyſſ. to Eume. Is giuen to one that vnderstands at large.
Haste then: heereafter, you shall leade the way;
Affoord your Staffe to, if it fit your stay,
That I may vse it; since you say, our passe
Is lesse friend to a weake foot, then it was.
Thus cast he on his necke, his nasty Scrip,
All patcht and torne: A cord that would not slip
For knots, and bracks, about the mouth of it,
Made serue the turne: and then his Swaine did fit
His forc't state with a staffe. Then plied they hard
Their way to towne: Their Cottage left in guard
To Swaines and Dogs. And now, *Eumæus* led
The King along: his garments to a thred
All bare, and burnt; and he himselfe hard bore
Vpon his staffe, at all parts like a pore
And sad old begger. But when now they got
The rough high-way; their voyage wanted not
The wel-ſpring Fount of the City. Much, of the City: where a Fount they reacht,
From whence the Towne their choisest water fetcht,
That euer ouer-flow'd; and curious Art
VVas shewne about it: In which, three had part;

VVhose

VVhose names, *Neritus* and *Polyctor* were,
And famous *Ithacus*. It had a Sphere
Of poplar, that ranne round about the wall;
And into it, a lofty Rocke let fall,
Continuall supply of coole cleare streame:
On whose top, to the Nymphs that were supreme
In those parts loues; a stately Altar rose;
VVhere euery Trauailer, did still impose
Deuored sacrifice. At this fount, found
These silly Trauailers, a man renown'd
For guard of Goats, which now he had in guide;
VVhose huge-stor'd Herd, two herdsmen kept beside:
For all Herds it exceld; and bred a feed
For wooers onely. He was *Dolius* seede,
And call'd *Melanthius*. VVho casting eye
One these two there, he chid them terribly:
And so past meane, that euen the wrethed fate,
Now on *Vlysses*, he did irritate.
His fume, to this effect, he did pursue:
VVhy so; tis now at all parts passing true,
That ill leades ill: good euermore doth traine
VVith like, his like: VVhy thou vnnuied Swaine,
VVhither dost thou leade this same victlesse Leager?
This bane of banquets; this most nasty begger?
VVhose sight doth make one sad, it so abhorres;
VVho with his standing in so many doores,
Hath broke his backe; and all his beggery tends
To beg base crusts, but to no manly ends;
As asking swords, or with actiuity
To get a Caldron VVouldst thou giue him me,
To farme my Stable, or to sweepe my yarde,
And bring brouse to my kids; and that prefer'd,
He should be at my keeping for his paines,
To drinke as much whey as his thirsty veynes
VVould still be swilling (whey made all his fees)
His monstrous belly, would oppresse his knees.
But he hath learn'd to leade base life about;
And will not worke, but crouch among the rout;
For broken meate, to cram his bursten gut.
Yet this Ile say; and he will finde it put
In sure effect; that if he enters where
Vlysses roofes cast shade; the stooles will there
About his eares flye; all the house wil throw;
And rub his ragged sides, with cuffes enow.
Past these reules; his manlesse rudenesse spurn'd
Diuine *Vlysses*; who, at no part turn'd
His face from him, but had his spirit fed
VVith these two thoghts; If he should strike him dead

Melanthius to Eumæus and Vlyſſes.

VVith

VVith his beſtowed ſtaffe: or at his feete
Make his direct head, and the pauement meete.
But he bore all, and entertain'd a breſt,
That in the ſtriſe of all extremes did reſt.
Eumæus curſeth Melan. for his rude vſage of Vlyſſes.
Eumæus, frowning on him; chid him yet:
And lifting vp his hands to heauen, he ſet
This bitter curſe at him: O you that beare
Faire name to be the race of *Iupiter*,
Nymphes of theſe Fountaines! If *Vlyſſes* euer
Burn'd thighes to you; that hid in fat, did neuer
Faile your acceptance, of or Lambe, or Kid;
Grant this grace to me; let the man thus hid
Shine through his dark fate: make ſom God his guide;
**Intending his Herd, kept ouer the woers daine in Pallas.*
That, to thee (Goat-herd) this ſame Pallats *pride,
Thou driu'ſt afore thee; he may come and make
The ſcatterings of the earth; and ouer-take
Thy wrongs, with forcing thee to euer erre
About the City, hunted by his feare.
And in the meane ſpace, may ſome ſlothfull Swaines,
Let lowſie ſickneſſe gnaw thy Cattels Vaines.
Melan: anſwer to Eumæus.
O Gods! (replyed *Melanthius*) what a curſe
Hath this dog barkt out; and can yet, do wurſe?
This man, ſhall I haue giuen into my hands,
VVhen, in a well-built Ship, to farre-off Lands
I ſhall tranſport him: That (ſhould I want here)
My ſale of him, may finde me victels there.
And (for *Vlyſſes*) would to heauen, his ioy
The Siluer-bearing bow-God, would deſtroy,
This day, within his houſe; as ſure as he
The day of his returne ſhall neuer ſee.
This ſaid, he left them, going ſilent on;
But he out-went them, and tooke ſtraight vpon
The Pallace royall, which he enter'd ſtraight;
Sat with the woers, and his Trenchers fraight
The Keruers gaue him, of the fleſh there vented:
But bread, the reuerend Buttlereſſe preſented.
He tooke, againſt *Eurymachus*, his place;
VVho moſt of all the wooers, gaue him grace.
And now, *Vlyſſes* and his Swaine got nere:
VVhen, round about them, viſited their eare
The hollow Harpes delicious-ſtricken ſtring;
To which, did *Themius* (neere the wooers) ſing.
Then, by the hand *Vlyſſes* tooke his Swaine,
And ſaide, *Eumæus?* One may heere ſee plaine
(In many a grace) that * *Laertiades*
*Vlyſſes
Built heere theſe Turrets; and (mongſt others theſe)
His whole Court arm'd, with ſuch a goodly wall:
The Corniſh, and the Cope, Maieſticall:

His double gates, and Turrets, built too ſtrong
For force, or vertue, euer to expugne.
I know, the Feaſters in it, now abound,
Their Cates caſt ſuch a ſauour; and the ſound
The Harpe giues, argues, an accompliſht Feaſt;
The Gods made Muſicke, Banquets deereſt Gueſt.
Theſe things (ſaid he) your skill may tell with eaſe,
Since you are grac't with greater knowledges.
But now, conſult we, how theſe workes ſhall ſort,
If you will firſt approch this praiſed Court,
And lee theſe wooers (I remaining here)
Or I ſhall enter, and your ſelfe forbeare.
But be not you, too tedious in your ſtay
Leſt thruſt ye be, and buffeted away.
Braine hath no fence for blowes; looke too't I pray.
You ſpeake to one that comprehends (ſaid he)
Go you before; and heere, aduenture me.
I haue of old, bene vſde to cuffes and blowes;
My minde is hardn'd; hauing borne the throwes
Of many a ſoure euent, in waues, and wars;
Where knockes and buffets are no Forreinars.
And this ſame harmefull belly, by no meane,
The greateſt Abſtinent, can euer weane.
Men ſuffer much Bane, by the Bellies rage;
For whoſe ſake, Ships in all their equipage
Are arm'd, and ſet out to th' vntamed Seas;
Their bulkes full fraught with ils to enemies.
Such ſpeech they chang'd: when in the yeard there lay
A dogge, call'd *Argus*; which, before his way
Aſſum'd for *Ilion*; *Vlyſſes* bred;
Vlyſſes dog, called Argus.
Yet ſtood his pleaſure then, in little ſted;
(As being too yong) but growing to his grace,
Yong men made choiſe of him for euery Chace;
Or of their wilde Goats, of their Hares, or Harts.
But, his King gone; and he, now paſt his parts;
Lay all abiectly on the Stables ſtore,
Before the Oxe-ſtall, and Mules ſtable dore,
To keepe the clothes, caſt from the Peſſants hands,
While they laide compaſſe on *Vlyſſes* Lands:
The Dog, with Tickes (vnlook't to) ouer-growne.
But, by this Dog, no ſooner ſeene, but knowne
VVas wiſe *Vlyſſes*, who (new enter'd there)
Vp went his Dogs laide eares; and (comming nere)
Vp, he himſelfe roſe, fawn'd, and wag'd his Sterne;
The Dog dyed as ſoone as hee had ſeen Vlyſſes
Coucht cloſe his eares, and lay ſo: Nor deſcerne
Could euermore his deere-lou'd Lord againe.
Vlyſſes ſaw it; nor had powre t'abſtaine
From ſhedding tears: which (far-off ſeeing his Swain)

He dried from his ſight cleane; to whom, he thus
His griefe diſſembled: Tis miraculous,
That ſuch a Dog as this, ſhould haue his laire
On ſuch a dunghill; for his forme is faire.
And yet, I know not, if there were in him
Good pace, or parts, for all his goodly lim.
Or he hu'd empty of thoſe inward things,
As are thoſe trencher-Beagles, tending Kings;
VVhom for their pleaſures, or their glories ſake,
Or faſhion; they into their fauours take.
Eumæus Diſcourſe of Vliſſes Dogge.
This Dog (ſaid he) was ſeruant to one dead
A huge time ſince. But if he bore his head
(For forme and quality) of ſuch a hight,
As when *Vliſſes* (bound for th'*Ilion* fight,
Or quickly after) left him: your rapt eyes
VVould then admire, to ſee him vſe his Thyes,
In ſtrength, and ſwiftnes. He would nothing flye,
Nor any thing let ſcape. If once his eye
Seiz'd any wilde beaſt, he knew ſtraight his ſcent:
Go where he' would, away with him he went.
Nor was there euer any Sauage ſtood
Amongſt the thickets of the deepeſt wood
Long time before him, but he pull'd him downe;
As well by that true hunting to be ſhowne
In ſuch vaſte couerts; as for ſpeed of pace
In any open Lawne; For in deepe chace,
He was a paſſing wiſe, and well-nos'd Hound.
And yet is all this good in him vncroun'd
With any grace heere now. Nor he more fed
Then any errant Curre. His King is dead,
Faire from his country; and his ſeruants are
So negligent, they lend his Hound, no care.
Where Maſters rule not, but let Men alone;
You neuer there, ſee honeſt ſeruice done.
That Man's halfe vertue, Ioue takes quite away,
That once is Sun-burn'd with the ſeruile day.
This ſaid; he enter'd the well-builded Towers,
Vp bearing right vpon the glorious wooers;
And left poore *Argus* dead. His Lords firſt ſight,
Since that time twenty yeares, bereft his light.
Telemachus, did farre the firſt behould
Eumæus enter; and made ſignes he ſhould
Come vp to him. He (noting) came, and tooke
On earth, his ſeate. And then, the Maiſter Cooke
Seru'd in more banquet: Of which; part he ſet
Before the wooers; part the Prince did get:
VVho ſate alone; his Table plac't aſide;
To which, the Herald did the bread diuide.

After *Eumæus*, enter'd ſtraight the King,
Like to a poore, and heauy aged thing:
Bore hard vpon his ſtaffe; and was ſo clad,
As would haue made his meere beholder ſad.
Vpon the Athen ſloore, his limbes he ſpred;
And gainſt a Cypreſſe threſhold ſtaid his head;
The tree wrought ſmooth, and in a line direct,
Tried by the Plumbe, and by the Architect.
Vliſſes ruthfull faſhion of entrie to his own Hal.
The Prince then bad the Herdſman giue him bread,
The fineſt there: and ſee, that proſtrated
At-all-parts-plight of his, giuen all the cheare
His hands could turne to: Take (ſaide he) and beare
Theſe eates to him; and bid him beg of all
Theſe wooers heere; and to their feaſtiuall
Beare vp with all the impudence he can;
Baſhfull behauiour, fits no needy Man.
He heard, and did his will: Hold Gueſt (ſaide he)
Telemachus commends theſe eates to thee:
Bids thee beare vp, and all theſe wooers implore;
Wit muſt make Impudent, whom Fate makes poore.
O *Ione* (ſaid he) do my poore prayers the grace,
To make him bleſſed'ſt of the mortall race:
And euery thought now, in his generous heart,
To deeds that further my deſires conuert.
Thus tooke he in, with both his hands, his ſtore;
And in the vncouth Scrip that lay before
His ill ſhod feete, repoſ'd it: whence he fed
All time the Muſicke to the Feaſters plaid.
Both ioyntly ending. Then began the woo'rs
To put in old act, their tumultuous pow'rs.
When *Pallas* ſtanding cloſe, did prompt her frend,
To proue how farre the bounties would extend
Of thoſe proud wooers; ſo, to let him try,
Who moſt, who leaſt, had learn'd humanity.
Howeuer, no thought toucht *Mineruaes* minde,
That any one ſhould ſcape his wreake deſign'd.
He handſomly became all; crept about
To euery wooer; held a forc't hand out:
And all his worke, did in ſo like a way,
As he had practiſ'd begging many a day.
And though they knew, all beggers could do this,
Yet they admir'd it, as no deede of his;
Though farre from thought of other: vſ'd expence
And pitty to him: who he was, and whence,
Inquiring mutually. *Melanthius* then:
Heare me, ye wooers of the farre-fam'd Queen,
About this begger: I haue ſeene before
This face of his; and know for certaine more:

That this Swaine brought him hither. What he is,
Or whence he came, flies me. Reply to this
Antinous made; and mockt *Eumæus* thus.
O thou renowned Herdſman, why to vs
Brought'ſt thou this begger? Serues it not our hands,
That other Land-leapers, and Cormorands
(Prophane poore knaues) lye on vs, vnconducted,
But you muſt bring them? So amiſſe inſtructed
Art thou in courſe of thrift, as not to know
Thy Lords goods wracke, in this their ouer-flow?
VVhich, think'ſt thou nothing, that thou calſt in theſe?
Eumæus anſwer'd; Though you may be wiſe,
You ſpeak not wiſely: VVho cals in a Gueſt
That is a gueſt himſelfe? None cal to Feaſt
Other then men that are of publique vſe:
Prophets, or Poets, whom the Gods produce;
Phyſitians for mens ils; or Architects.
Such men, the boundleſſe earth affoords reſpects
Bounded in honour; and may call them wel:
But poore men, who cals? Who doth ſo excell
In others good, to do himſelfe an ill?
But all *Vlyſſes* ſeruants haue bene ſtill
Eye-ſores in your waie, more then all that woo;
And cheefly I. But what care I, for you?
As long as theſe roofes, hold as thrals to none,
The wiſe *Penelope*, and her God-like Sonne.
Forbeare (ſaid he) and leaue this tongues bold ill;
Antinous vſes to be croſſing ſtill,
And giue ſharpe words: his blood that humor beares,
To ſet men ſtil together by the eares.
But (turning then t'*Antinous*) O (ſaide he)
You entertaine a Fathers care of me;
To turne theſe eating gueſts out: Tis aduiſe
Of needfull vſe for my poore faculties.
But God doth not allow this: There muſt be
Some care of poore men, in humanitie.
What you your ſelues take; giue; I not enuy,
But giue command that hoſpitality
Be giuen al ſtrangers: Nor ſhal my pow'rs feare,
If this mood in me, reach my Mothers eare;
Much leſſe the ſeruants, that are heere to ſee
Vlyſſes houſe kept, in his old degree.
But you beare no ſuch mind; your wits more caſt
To fill your ſelfe, then let another taſt.
Antinous anſwer'd him; Braue ſpoken man!
VVhoſe minds free fire, ſee check't, no vertue can;
If all we wooers heere, would giue as much
As my minde ſerues; his *Larges ſhould be ſuch

*Late ding Vlyſſi.

As would for three months ſerue his farre off way
From troubling your houſe, with more cauſe of ſtay.
This ſaid; he tooke a ſtoole vp, that did reſt
Beneath the boord, his ſpangled feete at feaſt:
And offer'd at him: But the reſt, gaue all,
And fil'd his fullſome Scrip with Feſtiuall.
And ſo *Vlyſſes* for the preſent, was,
And for the future furniſht; and his paſſe
Sent to the doore, to eate. Yet could not leaue
Antinous ſo: but ſaid; Do you to giue
(Lou'd Lord) your preſence, makes a ſhew to me,
As you not worſt were of the company,
But beſt: and ſo much, that you ſeeme the King:
And therefore, you ſhould giue ſome better thing,
Then bread, like others. I will ſpred your praiſe
Through all the wide world; that haue in my daies
Kept houſe my ſelfe; and trod the wealthy waies
Of other men, euen to the Title, Bleſt;
And often haue I giuen an erring Gueſt
(How meane ſoeuer) to the vtmoſt gaine
Of what he wanted: kept whole troopes of men;
And had all other commings in; with which
Men liue ſo well, and gaine the fame of Rich.
Yet *Ioue* conſum'd all: he would haue it ſo:
To which, his meane was this; he made me go
Farre off, for Egypt, in the rude conſort
Of all-waies-wandring Pyrats; where, in Port
I bad my lou'd men, draw their Ships aſhore,
And dwell amongſt them: Sent out ſome t'explore
Vp to the Mountaines; who (intemperate,
And their inflam'd bloods, bent to ſatiate)
Forrag'd the rich fields; hal'd the women thence,
And vnwean'd children, with the foule expence
Both of their fames, and bloods. The cry then flew
Straight to the City; and the great fields grew
With horſe, and foot; and flam'd with iron armes;
VVhen *Ioue* (that breaks the Thunder in Alarmes)
An ill flight caſt amongſt my men: Not one
Inſpir'd with ſpirit, to ſtand, and turne vpon
The fierce purſuing foe: and therefore ſtood
Their ill fate thicke about them: ſome in blood,
And ſome in bondage: I oiles led by conſtraint
Faſtning vpon them. Me, along they ſent
To *Cyprus*, with a ſtranger Prince they met,
Dmetor Iaſides; who th'Imperiall ſeat
Of that ſweete Iſland, ſwaid in ſtrong command;
And thus feele I heere, Needs contemned hand.
And what God ſent (ſaide he) this ſuffering bane

To vex our banquet? Stand off; nor prophane
My boord ſo boldly, leſt I ſhew thee here,
Cyprus and *Egypt*, made more ſoure then there.
You are a ſawcy fet fac't Vagabond.
About with all you go; and they, beyond
Diſcretion giue thee, ſince they finde not heere
The leaſt proportion ſet downe to their cheere.
But euery Fountaine hath his vnder floods;
It is no Bounty, to giue others goods.
O Gods (replied *Vlyſſes*) I ſee now,
You beare no ſoule, in this your goodly ſhow;
Beggers at your boord, I perceiue, ſhould get
Scarſe ſalt from your hands, if thẽſelues broght meat:
Since, ſitting where anothers boord is ſpread,
That flowes with feaſt; not to the broken bread
VVill your allowance reach. Nay then (ſaid he,
And look't auſterely) It ſo faucy be
Your ſuffer'd language, I ſuppoſe, that cleere
You ſhall not ſcape without ſome broken cheere.
Thus rapt he vp a ſtoole, with which he ſmit
The Kings right ſhoulder, 'twixt his necke, and it.
He ſtood him like a rocke: *Antinous* dart
Not ſtirr'd *Vlyſſes*: who, in his great hart
Deepe ils proiected; which, for time yet, cloſe
He bound in ſilence; ſhooke his head, and went
Out to the Entry, where he then gaue vent
To his full ſcrip; ſate on the earth, and eate,
And talk't ſtill to the wooers: heare me yet
Ye wooers of the Queene. It neuer greeues
A man to take blowes, where for Sheepe, or Beeues,
Or other maine poſſeſsions, a man fights:
But for his harmefull belly, this man ſmites,
VVhoſe loue to many a man, breeds many a wo.
And if the poore haue Gods, and Furies to;
Before *Antinous* weare his Nuptiall wreath,
He ſhall be worne vpon the dart of death.
Harſh Gueſt (ſaide he) ſit ſilent at your meate,
Or ſeeke your deſperate plight ſome fafer ſeate;
Leſt by the hands, or heeles, youths drag your yeares,
And rend your rotten ragges about your eares.
This made the reſt, as highly hate his folly,
As he had violated ſomething holy.
VVhen one (euen of the proudeſt) thus began:
Thou doſt not nobly, thus to play the man
On ſuch an errant wretch: O ill diſpoſ'd!
Perhaps ſome ſacred God-head goes encloſ'd
Euen in his abiect outſide: For the Gods
Haue often viſited theſe rich abods

Like

Like ſuch poore ſtranger Pilgrims; ſince their pow'rs
(Being alwayes ſhapefull) glide through Townes and
Obſeruing as they paſſe ſtil, who they be (Tow'rs;
That piety loue, and who impiety.
This, all men ſaid; But he held ſayings cheape:
And all this time *Telemachus* did heape
Sorrow on ſorrow, on his beating hart
To ſee his Father ſtricken; yet let part
No teare to earth, but ſhooke his head, and thought
As deepe as thoſe ils, that were after wrought.
The Queen now hearing of her poore gueſts ſtroke;
Said to her Maid, (as to her wooer ſhe ſpoke)
I wiſh the famous for his Bow, the Sun
VVould ſtrike thy heart ſo. Her wiſh (thus begun)
Her Lady, faire *Eurynome* purſude
Her execration; and did thus conclude:
So may our vowes call downe from heauen, his end;
And let no one life of the reſt, extend
His life till morning. O *Eurynome*
(Replied the Queene) may all Gods ſpeake in thee:
For all the wooers, we ſhould rate as foes;
Since all their weales, they place in others woes.
But this *Antinous*, we paſt all, ſhould hate,
As one reſembling blacke and cruell Fate.
A poor ſtrange wretch; beg'd here, compel'd by need:
Aſkt all, and euery one gaue in his deed;
Fill'd his ſad Scrip, and eas'd his heauy wants:
Onely this man, beſtow'd vnmanly tants;
And with a cruell blow (his force let flye)
'Twixt necke and ſhoulders; ſhew'd his charity.
Theſe minds (aboue) ſhe and her Maids did ſhow;
VVhile, at his ſcrip, *Vlyſſes* ſate below.
In which time, ſhe *Eumæus* call'd, and ſaid:
Go, good *Eumæus*, and ſee ſoone conuaid
The ſtranger to me: Bid him come and take
My ſalutations for his welcomes ſake;
And my deſire ſerue, if he hath not heard
Or ſeene diſtreſt *Vlyſſes*? who hath err'd
Like ſuch a man; and therefore chance may fall,
He hath, by him bene met, and ſpoke withall.
O Queene (ſaide he) I wiſh to heauen, your eare
Were quit of this vnreuerend noiſe you heare
From theſe rude wooers; when I bring the gueſt:
Such words, your eare, would let into your breſt
As would delight it, to your very heart.
Three nights and dayes, I did my Rooſe impart
To his fruition; (for he came to me
The firſt of all men, ſince he fled the Sea)

And

And yet he had not giuen a perfect end
To his relation, of what woes did ſpend
The ſpight of Fate on him: *But as you ſee
A Singer, breathing out of Deity
Loue kind'ling lines; when all men ſeated nere,
Are rapt with endleſſe thirſt, to euer heare:
So ſweetn'd he my boſome, at my meate;
Affirming that *Vlyſſes* was in *Crete*,
VVhere firſt the memories of *Minos* were,
A Gueſt to him, there dwelling, then as deare
As his true Father: and from thence, came he
Tir'd on with ſorrowes; toſt from ſea to ſea;
To caſt himſelfe in duſt, and tumble heere
At wooers feete, for blowes, and broken cheere.
But, of *Vlyſſes* (where the *Theſprots* dwell,
A wealthy people) *Fame*, he ſayes, did tell
The ſtill ſuruiuall: who his Natiue light
VVas bound for now; with treaſure infinite.
Call him (ſayd ſhe) that he himſelfe may ſay
This, ouer to me. We ſhall ſoone haue way
Giuen by the wooers: They, as well at Gate,
As ſet within doores, vſe to recreate
Their high-fed ſpirits. As their humors leade,
They follow; and may well; for ſtill they treade
Vncharg'd waies here; their own welth lying vnwaſted
In poore-kept houſes: onely ſomething taſted
Their bread and wine is, by their houſhold Swaines;
But they themſelues, let looſe continuall Reines
To our expences; making ſlaughter ſtill
Of Sheepe, Goats, Oxen; feeding paſt their fill;
And vainly lauiſhing our richeſt wine.
All theſe extending paſt the ſacred line.
For here liues no man, like *Vlyſſes* now
To curbe theſe ruines: But ſhould he once ſhow
His country light, his preſence; He and his
VVould ſoone reuenge theſe wooers iniuries.
This ſaid; about the houſe, in ecchoes, round,
Her Sons ſtrange Neeſings made a horrid ſound;
At which, the Queene yet laught, and ſaid; Goe call
The ſtranger to me: Heard'ſt thou not to all
My words laſt vtter'd, what a Neeſing brake
From my *Telemachus*? From whence I make
This ſure concluſion; That the death, and fate
Of euery wooer heere, is neere his date.
Call then the Gueſt; and if he tel as trew
VVhat I ſhal aske him; Cote, cloke, all things new
Theſe hands ſhal yeeld him. This ſaid; down he went
And told *Vlyſſes*, that the Queene had ſent

*Simil: In which Vlyſſes comforts with a Poet, for the ſweetneſſe of his ſpeech.

Neezing a good Omen.

To call him to her; that ſhe might enquire
About her husband, what her ſad deſire
Vrg'd her to aske: and if ſhe found him true,
Both cote, and caſſocke (which he needed) new
Her hands would put on him; And that the Bread
VVhich now he begg'd amongſt the commune tread;
Should freely feed his hunger now from her;
VVho, all he wiſht, would to his wants prefer.
His anſwer was; I will with fit ſpeed, tell
The whole truth to the Queene; For, paſsing well
I know her Lord; ſince he and I, haue thar'd
In equall ſorrowes. But I much am ſcar'd
With this rude multitude of wooers here;
The rage of whoſe pride, ſmites heauens brazē ſphere:
Of whoſe rout, when one ſtrooke me for no fault;
Telemachus, nor none elſe, turn'd th'aſſault
From my poore ſhoulders. Therfore though ſhe haſt;
Beſeech the Queene, her patience, will ſee paſt
The dayes broad light; and then, may ſhe enquire.
'Tis but my cloſer preaſing to the fire
In th'Euenings cold; becauſe, my weeds, you know
Are paſsing thin: For I made bold to ſhow
Their brackes to you, and pray'd your kinde ſupply.
He heard, and haſted; and met inſtantly
The Queene vpon the pauement in his way:
Who askt; what? bringſt thou not? what cauſe of ſtay
Finde his auſtere ſuppoſes? Takes he feare
Of th'vniuſt wooers? Or thus hard doth beare
On any other doubt the houſe obiects?
He does me wrong; and giues too ſtrong reſpects
To his fear'd ſafety. He does right (ſaid he)
And what he feares, ſhould moue the politeſt
Of any wiſe one; taking care to ſhun
The violent wooers; He bids bide, til Sun
Hath hid his broad light: and, beleeue it, Queene,
T'will make your beſt courſe: ſince you two, vnſeene
May paſſe th'encounter: you to ſpeake more free;
And he, your eare gaine, leſſe diſtractedly.
The Gueſt is wiſe (ſaid ſhe) and well doth giue
The right thought vſe. Of all the men that liue,
Life ſerues none ſuch, as theſe proud wooers are,
To giue a good man, cauſe to vſe his care.
Thus (all agreed) amongſt the wooers goes
Eumæus to the Prince; and (whiſpering cloſe)
Said; Now, my Loue, my charge ſhall take vp me,
(Your goods, and mine) VVhat here is, you muſt ſee
In fit protection. But, in chiefe, regard
Your owne deere ſafegard; whoſe ſtate, ſtudy hard,

Leſt ſufferance ſeize you. Many a wicked thought
Conceale theſe wooers; whom iuſt *Ioue* ſee brought
To vtter ruine, ere it touch at vs.
So chance it, Friend (replyed *Telemachus*)
Your Beuer taken, go: in firſt of day
Come, and bring ſacrifice, the beſt you may.
To me, and to th'immortals, be the care
Of whatſoeuer heere, the ſafeties are.
This ſaid; he ſate in his elaborate Throne.
Eumæus (fed to ſatisfaction)
Went to his charge; leſt both the Court and wals,
Full of ſecure, and fatall Feſtiuals.
In which, the wooers pleaſures ſtill would ſway:
And now begun, the Euens nere-ending day.

The End of the Seauententh Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLyſſes, *and Rogue* Irus *fight.*
Penelope, *vouchſafes her ſight*
To all her Wooers: who preſent
Gifts to her; rauiſht with content.
A certaine Parle then we ſing,
Betwixt a Wooer, and the King.

Another.

Σύμμα { *The Beggers glee,* / *the Kings high fame;* / *Gifts giuen to ſee* / *a vertuous Dame.* }

THere came a commune Begger to the Court;
Who, in the City, begg'd of all reſort:
Excell'd in madneſſe of the gut; drunke, eatè
Paſt intermiſſion: was moſt hugely great;
Yet had no ſiuers in him, nor no force:
In ſight, a Man; In mind, a liuing Corſe.
His true name, was *Arnæus*: for his mother
Impoſ'd it from his birth. And yet another
The City youth would giue him (from the courſe
He after tooke; deriu'd out of the force
That Need held on him: which was vp, and downe
To run on all mens errands through the Towne)
VVhich founded, *Irus*. VVhen whoſe gut was come,
He needs would barre *Vlyſſes* his owne home,
And fell to chiding him: Old man (ſaide he)
Your way out of the Entry, quickly ſee
Be with faire Language taken; leſt your ſtay
But little longer, ſee you dragg'd away.
See Sir: Obſerue you not, how all theſe make
Direct ſignes at me? Charging me to take
Your heeles, and drag you out? But I take ſhame.
Riſe yet, y'are beſt; leſt we two play a game
At cuffes together. He bent browes, and ſaide:
VVretch! I do thee no ill; nor once vpbraide

Thy

Thy preſence with a word; nor what mine eye
By all hands ſees thee giuen, one thought enuy:
Nor ſhouldſt thou enuy others. Thou mayſt ſee
The place will hold vs both; and ſeem'ſt to me
A Begger like my ſelf: which who can mend?
Th: Gods giue moſt to whom they leaſt are Friend:
The cheefe goods Gods giue, is in good to end.
But to the hands ſtrife, of which y'are ſo free,
Prouoke me not, for feare you anger me;
And leſt the old man, on whoſe ſcorne you ſtood,
Your lips and boſome, make ſhake hands in blood.
I loue my quiet well, and more will loue
To morrow then to day. But if you moue
My peace beyond my right; the warre you make,
Will neuer after giue you will to take
Vlyſſes houſe into your begging walke.
O Gods, (ſaide he) how volubly doth talke
This eating gulfe? And how his fume breakes out,
As fro ſome old crackt Queen? whom I will clout
So bitterly; and ſo with both hands mall
His chaps together; that his teeth ſhall fall,
As plaine ſeene on the earth, as any Sowes
That ruts the Corne-fields, or deuoures the Mowes.
Come; cloſe we now, that all may ſee, what wrong
An old man tempts, that takes at cuffes, a yong.
Thus in the entry of thoſe lofty Tow'rs,
Theſe two, with al ſplene, ſpent their iarring pow'rs:
Antinous tooke it; laught, and ſaide; O Friends
We neuer had ſuch ſport: This Gueſt contends
With this vaſte Begger, at the Buffets fight;
Come, ioyne we hands, and ſcrew vp all their ſpight.
All roſe in Laughters; and about them, bore
All the ragg'd rout of beggers at the dore.
Then mou'd *Antinous* the victors hire
To all the woo'rs thus: There are now at fire
Two breſts of Goat: both which, let Law ſet downe
Before the man, that wins the dayes renowne,
With all their fat and greauie: And of both
The glorious Victor, ſhal preferre his tooth,
To which he makes his choiſe of, from vs all;
And euer after, banquet in our Hall,
With what our boords yeeld: Not a Begger more
Allow'd to ſhare; but all keepe out at dore.
This he propoſd; and this they all approu'd;
To which *Vlyſſes* anſwer'd: O moſt lou'd,
By no meanes ſhould an old man; and one old
In chiefe with ſorrowes, be ſo ouer-bold
To combat with his yonger: But alas,

Mans-

Mans-owne-ill-working belly, needs will paſſe
This worke vpon me; and enforce me too
To beate this fellow. But then, you muſt doo
My age no wrong, to take my yongers part,
And play me foule play; making your ſtrokes ſmart
Helpe his to conquer: for you eaſly may
With your ſtrengths cruſh me. Do then right, & lay
Your Honors on it, in your oaths, to yield
His part no aide; but equall leaue the field.
All ſwore his will. But then *Telemachus*,
His Fathers ſcoffes, with comforts ſerious,
Could not but anſwer, and made this reply.
Gueſt! If thine owne powers cheere thy victory,
Feare no mans elſe, that will not paſſe it free:
He fights with many, that ſhall touch but thee.
Ile ſee thy gueſt-right paide: Thou heere art come
In my protection: and to this, the ſumme
Of all theſe wooers (which *Antinous* are
And King *Eurymachus*) conioyne their care.
Both vow'd it. VVhen *Vlyſſes*, laying by
His vpper weed, his inner beggery
Nere ſhew'd his ſhame: which he, with rags preuented
Pluckt from about his Thighes; and ſo preſented
Their goodly ſight, which were ſo white, and great,
And his large ſhoulders, were to view, ſo ſet
By his bare rags; his armes, his breaſt and all,
So broad, and brawny (their grace naturall
Being helpt by *Pallas*; euer ſtanding nere)
That all the wooers, his admirers were
Beyond all meaſure: mutuall whiſpers, driuen
Through all their cluſter, ſaying; Sure as heauen,
Poore *Irus* pull'd vpon him, bitter blowes.
Through his thin Garment, what a Thigh he ſhowes?
They ſaid; But *Irus* felt. His Cow-herd minde
VVas mou'd at roote. But now; he needs muſt finde
Facts to his brags; and forth at all parts ſit
The ſeruants brought him; all his attires ſmit
VVith feares, and tremblings. VVhich *Antinous* ſaw,
And ſaide; Nay, now too late comes feare; No Law;
Thou ſhouldſt at firſt haue giuen thy braggart vaine;
Nor ſhould it ſo haue ſwell'd, if terrors ſtraine
Thy ſpirits to this paſſe; for a man ſo old,
And worne with penuries, that ſtill lay hold
On his ragg'd perſon. Howſoeuer, take
This vow from me, for firme; That if he make
Thy forces ſtoope; and proue his owne ſupreame;
Ile put thee in a Ship, and downe the ſtreame
Send thee aſhore, where King *Echetus* raignes,

(The

(The roughest tyrant, that the world containes)
And he will slit thy Nostrils, crop each eare;
Thy shame cut off, and giue it dogges to teare.
The buffet fight betwixt Vlysses and Irus. This shook his Nerues the more. But both were now
Brought to the Lists; and vp did either throw
His heauy fists. *Vlysses*, in suspence
To strike so home, that he should fright from thence
His Cow-herd soule (his trunke laide prostrate there:)
Or let him take more leisure to his feare,
And stoope him by degrees. The last, shew'd best,
To strike him slightly; out of feare the rest
Would else discouer him. But (peace now broke)
On his right shoulder, *Irus* laide his stroke.
Vlysses strooke him, iust beneath the eare,
His iaw-bone broke, and made the blood appeare.
VVhen straight, he strew'd the dust; and made his cric
Stand for himselfe; with whom, his teeth did lie,
Spit with his blood out: and against the ground
His heeles lay sprawling. Vp the hands went round
Of all the wooers; all at point to dye
VVith violent laughters. Then the King did ply
The Beggers feete, and dragg'd him forth the Hall
Along the Entry, to the gates, and wall:
VVhere leauing him, he put into his hand
A Staffe, and bad him there vse his command
On Swine, and Dogs; and not presume to be
Lord of the guests, or of the Beggery:
Since he, of all men, was the scum and curse:
And so, bad pleasse with that, or fare yet wurse.
Then cast he on his scrip, all patcht, and rent,
Hung by a rotten cord; and backe he went
To greete the Entries threshold with his seat.
The wooers throng'd to him, and did entreat
VVith gentle words his conquest; laughing still:
Pray'd *Ioue*, and all the Gods, to giue his will
VVhat most it wisht him; and would ioy him most,
Since he so happily had cleer'd their cost
Of that vnsauoury morsell; whom they vow'd
To see with all their vtmost haste bestow'd
Aboord a ship; and for *Epirus* sent
To King *Echetus*: on whose Throne was spent
The worst mans seat y breath'd. And thus was grac't
Diuine *Vlysses*: who with ioy embrac't
Euen that poore conquest. Then was set to him
The goodly Goats breast promist (that did swim
In fat and greauy) by *Antinous*.
And from a Basket (by *Amphinomus*)
VVas two Breads giuen him; who (besides) renown'd
His banquet, with a golden Goblet cround,

And

And this high salutation: Frolicke, Guest;
And be those riches that you first possest
Restor'd againe, with full as many ioyes,
As in your poore state, I see now annoyes.
Amphinomus (saide he) you seeme to me
Exceeding wise, as being the progeny
Of such a Father, as autentique Fame
Hath told me was so: One of honour'd name,
And great reuennues in *Dulychius*;
His faire name, *Nisus*. He is blazon'd thus;
And you to be his Sonne; his wisedome heyring,
As well as wealth: his state, in nought empairing.
To proue which, all waies; let me tell you this
(As warning you to shun the miseries
That follow full states, if they be not held
With wisedome still at full; and so compeld
To courses, that abode not in their browes,
By too much swindge, their sodaine ouerthrowes)
Of all things breathing, or that creepe on earth;
Nought is more wretched then a humane Birth.
Blest'd men, thinke neuer, they can curs'ed be,
While any power lasts, to moue a knee.
But when the blest Gods, make them feele that smart,
That fled their Faith so; as they had no hart,
They beare their sufferings; and, what wel they might
Haue cleerly shun'd, they then meet in despight.
The Minde of Man styes still out of his way,
Vnlesse God guide, and prompt it, euery day.
I thought me once, a blessed man with men;
And fashion'd me, to all so counted then:
Did all iniustice like them; what for Lust,
Or any pleasure, neuer so vniust.
I could by powre, or violence, obtaine;
And gaue them both in all their powres the raigne:
Bold of my Fathers, and my Brothers still;
VVhile which held good, my Arts seem'd neuer ill.
And thus is none, held simply, good or bad;
But as his will is either mist, or had.
Al goods, Gods gifts man cals, how ere he gets them:
And so takes all, what price so ere, God sets them.
Saies nought, how ill they come; nor will controule
That Rauine in him, though it cost his soule.
And these parts here, I see these wooers play,
Take all that fals; and all dishonors lay
On that mans Queen, that (tell your frends) doth bear
No long times absence, but is passing neare.
Let God then, guide thee home; lest he may meete
In his returne, thy vndeparted feete.

For when he enters, and ſees men ſo rude,
The quarrell cannot but in blood conclude.
This ſaid; he ſacrific'd; then drunke, & then
Referr'd the giuen Boule, to the guide of men;
VVho walk't away, afflicted at his heart;
Shook head, and fear'd, that theſe facts wold conuert
To ill in th'end. Yet had not grace to flie:
Minerua ſtaid him, being ordain'd to die
Vpon the Lance of yong *Vlyſſides*.
So, downe he ſate; and then did *Pallas* pleaſe
T'incline the Queenes affections, to appeare
To all the wooers; to extend their cheare
To th'vtmoſt lightning, that ſtill vſhers death:
And made her put on all the painted ſheath,
That might both ſet her wooers fancies hye;
And get her greater honor in the eye
Euen of her Son & Soueraigne, then before.
VVho laughing yet (to ſhew her humor bore
No ſerious appetite to that light ſhow)
She told *Eurynome*, that not till now
She euer knew her entertaine deſire
To pleaſe her wooers eyes; but oft on fire
She ſet their hate, in keeping from them ſtill;
Yet now ſhe pleaſ'd t'appeare: though from no will
To do them honor; vowing ſhe would tell
Her ſon that of them, that ſhould fit him well
To make vſe of: which was, not to conuerſe
Too freely with their pride; nor to diſperſe
His thoughts amongſt them, ſince they vſ'd to giue
Good words; but through them, ill intents did driue.
Eurynome replied: With good aduiſe
You vow his counſaile, & your open guiſe.
Go then, aduiſe your Son; nor keepe more cloſe
Your cheekes, ſtil drown'd in your eyes ouer flowes.
But bathe your body, & with Balmes make cleere
Your thickn'd count'nance; *Vncompoſed cheare,*
And euer mourning, will the Marrow weare.
Nor haue you cauſe to mourn; your Son hath now
Put on that vertue, which (in chiefe) your vow
VViſht (as your bleſſing) at his birth, might decke
His blood & perſon. But forbeare to ſpeake
Of Baths, or Balmings, or of beauty, now
(The Queene replyed) leſt (vrging comforts) you
Diſcomfort much: becauſe the Gods haue wonne
The ſpoile of my lookes, ſince my Lord was gone.
But theſe muſt ſerue. Cal hither then, to me
Hippodamia, & *Antonoe*;
That thoſe our traine additions may ſupply
Our owne deſerts. And yet beſides, Not I (VVith

(VVith all my'age) haue learn'd the boldneſſe yet
T'expoſe my ſelfe to men, vnleſſe I get
Some other Gracers. This ſaid; forth ſhe went
To call the Ladies; and much ſpirit ſpent Eurynome.
To make their vtmoſt ſpeed: for now, their Queene
VVould both her ſelfe ſhew, & make them be ſeene.
But now *Minerua* other proiects laid;
And through *Icarius* * daughters Veines conuaid * Penelope.
Sweet ſleepes deſire. In whoſe ſoft fumes, inuolu'd
She was as ſoone as laid; and quite diſſolu'd
Were all her Lineaments. The Goddeſſe then
Beſtow'd immortall gifts on her, that men
Might wonder at her beauties; and the beames
That gliſter in the deified ſupreames,
She cleer'd her mourning count'nance vp withall.
Euen ſuch a radiance, as doth round empall
Crown'd *Cytherea*, when her order'd places, *Venus.
Conduct the Beuy of the dancing Graces,
She added to her owne: more plumpe, more hie,
And fairer then the poliſht Iuory,
Rendring her parts, and preſence. This grace done,
Away the Deity flew; and vp did ronne
Her louely-wriſted Ladies, with a noiſe
That blew the ſoft chaines from her ſleeping ioyes.
VVhen ſhe, her faire eyes wip't; and (gaſping) ſaide:
O me vnbleſt! How deep a ſweet ſleepe ſpread
His ſhades about me? VVould *Diana* pleaſ'd
To ſhoot me with a death no more diſeaſ'd,
As ſoone as might be: that no more my mone
Might waſte my blood, in weepings neuer done;
For want of that accompliſht vertue ſpher'd
In my lou'd Lord, to all the Greekes prefer'd.
Then ſhe deſcended with her Maids, and tooke
Place in the Portall; whence her beamy looke
Reacht eu'ry wooers heart. Yet caſt ſhe on
So thin a veyle, that through it quite there ſhone
A grace ſo ſtolne, it pleaſd aboue the cleere,
And ſunke the knees of euery wooer there.
Their minds ſo melted, in loues vehement fires,
That to her bed ſhe heightn'd all deſires.
The Prince then coming neere, ſhe ſaid; O Son,
Thy thoughts & iudgements haue not yet put on
That conſtancy, in what becomes their good
VVhich all expect in thee: thy yonger blood
Did ſparkle choicer ſpirits. But, arriu'd
At this ful growth, wherein their Forme hath thriu'd
Beyond the bounds of child-hood, (and when now)
Beholders ſhould affirme, This man doth grow
Like the rare ſon of his matchles Sire, (His

(His goodlineſſe, his beauty, and his fire
Of ſoule aſpir'd to) thou mak'ſt nothing good
Thy Fate, nor fortune; nor thy height of blood,
In manage of thy actions. What a deed
Of ſoule deſert, hath thy groſſe ſufferance freed
Beneath thine owne Rooфe? A poore ſtranger here
Vſ'd moſt vnmanly! How will this appeare
To all the world; when Fame ſhall trumpet out,
That thus, and thus, are our gueſts beate about
Our Court vnrighted? Tis a blaze will ſhow
Extreamly ſhamefull, to your name, and you.
I blame you not, O Mother (he replide)
That this cleere wrong ſuſtain'd by me, you chide:
Yet know I, both the good and bad of all;
Being paſt the yeares, in which yong errors fall.
But (all this knowne) skill is not ſo exact
To giue (when once it knowes) things fit their fact.
I wel may doubt the preaſe of ſtrangers here;
Who, bent to ill, and onely my Nerues nere,
May do it in deſpight. And yet the iarre
Betwixt our gueſt and *Irus*, was no warre
Wrought by the wooers; nor our gueſt ſuſtain'd
VVrong in that action; but the conqueſt gain'd.
And would to *Ioue*, *Minerua*, and the Sun,
That all your woo'rs, might ſcrue *Contention*
For ſuch a purchaſe as the Begger made;
And wore ſuch weak heads: Some ſhould death inuade
Strew'd in the Entry; ſome imbrew the hall,
Till euery man had vengeance capitall;
Sattl'd like *Irus* at the Gates; his head
Euery way nodding; like one forfeited
To reeling *Bacchus*; Knees, nor feete, his owne,
To beare him where hee's better lou'd or knowne.
Their ſpeeches giuen this end, *Eurymachus*
Eurym. wour-ſhips of the ſuit-poſed widdow Qu ene.
Began his Court-ſhip, and expreſt it thus.
Moſt wiſe *Icarius* daughter; If all thoſe
That did for *Colchos* ventrous ſaile diſpoſe,
For that rich purchaſe; had before but ſeene
Earths richer prize, in th' *Ithacenſian* Queene,
They had not made that voyage; but to you,
Would all their vertues, and their Beings vow.
Should all the world know what a worth you ſtore,
To morrow then to day; and next light, more
Your Court ſhould banquet; ſince to all Dames, you
Are far preferr'd; both for the grace of ſhow,
In Stature, Beauty; Forme in euery kinde
Of all parts outward; and for faultleſſe minde.
Penel. anſwer. Alas (ſaid ſhe) my Vertue, Body, Forme,

The Gods haue blaſted, with that onely ſtorme
That rauiſht *Greece* to *Ilion*; ſince my Lord
(For that warre ſhip't) bore all my goods abord:
If he (return'd) ſhould come, and gouerne here
My liues whole ſtate; the grace of all things there
His guide would heighten, as the ſpirit it bore:
VVhich dead in me, liues; giuen him long before.
A ſad courſe I liue now; heauens ſterne decree
VVith many an ill, hath numb'd and deaded me.
He tooke life with him, when he tooke my hand,
In parting from me to the *Troian* ſtrand:
VIyſſes words to his wife at parting.
Theſe words my witneſſe; VVoman! I conceiue
That not all th' *Achiues* bound for *Troy*, ſhall leaue
Their Natiue earth, their ſafe returned bones;
Fame ſaying, that *Troy* traines vp approued ſonnes
In deeds of Armes: Braue putters off of ſhafts:
For winging Lances, Maiſters of their crafts;
Vnmatched Riders; ſwift of foot; and ſtreight
Can arbitrate a warre of deadlieſt weight:
Hope then, can ſcarſe fill all with lifes ſupply;
And of all, any failing; why not I?
Nor do I know, if God hath marſhall'd me
Amongſt the ſafe-return'd: Or his decree
Hath left me to the thraldome, order'd there.
Howeuer, all cares be thy burthens here:
My Sire and Mother, tend as much as now,
I, further off; more neere in cares be you.
Your Son, to mans ſtate grown, wed whom you will:
And (you gone) his care, let his houſhold fill.
Thus made my Lord his will; & heauen ſees prou'd
Almoſt at all parts; for the Sun remou'd
Downe to his ſet; ere long, will leade the night
Of thoſe abhorred Nuptials, that ſhould fright
Each worthy woman; which her ſecond are
VVith any man that breaths; her firſt Lords care
Dead, becauſe he to fleſh and blood is dead;
VVhich, I feare, I ſhal yeeld to, and ſo wed
A ſecond husband; and my reaſon is,
Since *Ioue* hath taken from me all his bliſſe.
Whom God giues ouer, they themſelues forſake;
Their greeſes, their ioyes; their God, their deuill make.
And 'tis a great griefe; nor was ſeene till now,
In any faſhion of ſuch men as woo
A good and wealthy woman; and contend
VVho ſhal obtaine her, that thoſe men ſhould ſpend
Her Beeues and beſt Sheepe, as their cheeſeſt ends;
But rather, that her ſelfe, and all her friends
They ſhould with Banquets, and rich gifts entreat;

Their life is death, that liue with others meat.
Diuine *Vlysses*, much reioyc't to heare
His Queene thus fish for gifts; and keepe in cheare
Their hearts with hope, that she would wed againe;
Her minde yet still, her first intent retaine.
Antinous saw, the wooers won to giue;
And said; wise Queene, by all your meanes receiue
What euer bounty, any woo'r shall vse;
Gifts freely giuen, 'tis folly to refuse.
For know, that we resolue not to be gone
To keepe our owne roofes; till of all, some One
VVhom best you like, your long-woo'd loue shal win
This pleas'd the rest; and euery one sent in
His present by the Herald; First had place
Antinous gift: a robe of speciall grace,
Exceeding fai and faire; and twenty hewes
Chang'd lustre to it. To which, choise of shewes:
Twelue massy plated Buttons, all of Gold,
Enricht the substance, made to fairly hold
The Robe together; all lac'd downe before,
VVhere Keepes and Catches, both sides of it wore.
Eurymachus, a golden Tablet gaue;
In which did Art, her choisest workes engraue;
And round about, an Amber verge did run,
That cast a radiance from it, like the Sun.
Eurydamas, two seruants had, that bore
Two goodly Earings; whose rich hollowes wore
Three Pearles in either, like so many eyes,
Reflecting glances, radiant as the skies.
The King *Pysander*, great *Polyctors* heire,
A Casket gaue, exceeding rich and faire.
The other, other wealthy gifts commended
To her faire hand; which took, and straight ascended
This Goddesse of her sex, her vpper State.
Her Ladies, all her gifts elaborate,
Vp bearing after. All to dancing then
The wooers went, and songs delightfull straine;
In which they frolickt, till the Euening came:
And then rais'd fable *Hesperus* his flame.
VVhen, for their Lights within; they set vp there
3. Lampes, whose weekes were wood exceeding fere,
And passing porous; which they causd to burne,
Their matter euer minister'd by turne
Of seueral Hand-maids. VVhom *Vlysses* (seeing
Too conuersant with wooers; ill agreeing
VVith guise of maids) aduisd in this faire sort:
Maids of your long-lackt King; keepe you the port
Your Queenes chast presence beares? Go, vp to her,

Im-

Imploy your Loomes, or Rockes, and keepe ye there:
He serue to feed these lamps; shold these Lords dances
Last til *Aurora* cheer'd vs with her glances.
They cannot weary me, for I am one
Borne to endure, when all men elsе haue done.
They wantonly brake out in Laughters all,
Look't on each other: and to termes did fall
Cheek proud *Melantho*, who was *Dolius* seed,
Kept by the Queene, that gaue her dainty breed
Fit for her daughter: and yet won not so
Her heart to her, to share in any wo
She suffer'd for her Lord: But she was great
VVith great *Eurymachus*; and her loues heat
In his bed quenched. And this cholericke thing,
Bestow'd this railing Language on the King.
Base Stranger; you are taken in your braine,
You talke so wildely: Neuer you, againe
Can get where you were borne; and seeke your bed
In some Smithes Houill, or the Market sted;
But heere you must take confidence to prate
Before all these; for feare can get no state
In your wine-hardy stomacke. Or, tis like
To proue your native garbe: your tongue will strike
On this side of your mouth still, being at best.
Is the man idle-brain'd for want of rest?
Or proud, because he beate the roguish begger?
Take heed Sir, lest some better man beleager
Your eares with his fists; and set headlong hence
Your bold abode heere, with your bloods expence.
He looking sternly on her; answer'd her:
Dog! What broad Language giu'st thou? Ile prefer
Your vsage to the Prince; that he may fall
Foule on your faire limbes, til he tel them all.
This fray'd the wenches; and al straight got gone
In feare, about their businesse: Euery one
Confessing he saide well. But he stood now
Close by the Cressets; and did lookes bestow
On all men there: his Braine employd about
Some sharper businesse, then to dance it out;
VVhich had not long to go. Nor therefore would
Minerua let the wooers spleenes grow cold,
VVith too good vsage of him; that his hart
Might fret enough, and make his choller smart.
Eurymachus, prouok't him first, and made
His fellow laugh, with a conceit he had
Fetch farre; from what was spoken long before;
That his poore forme, perhaps some Deity bore.
It well may chance (said he) some God doth beare

This

This mans reſemblance: For, thus ſtanding nere
The glitt'ring Torches; his ſlick't head doth throw
Beames round about it, as thoſe Creſſets do.
For not a haire he hath to giue it ſhade.
Say, wilt thy heart ſerue t'vndertake a Trade
For fitting wages? Should I take thee hence
To walke my grounds, and looke to euery Fence:
Or plant high trees: thy hire ſhould raiſe thy forces;
Food ſtore, & cloaths. But theſe ſame ydle courſes
Thou art ſo prompt in, that thou wilt not worke,
But forrage vp and downe, and beg, and lurke
In euery houſe, whoſe Roofes hold any will
To feed ſuch fellowes. That thy gut may fil,
Giues end to all thy Begging. He replyed;
I wiſh, at any worke, we two were tryed;
In hight of Spring time, when heauens lights are long;
I, a good crook'd Sithe, that were ſharpe, and ſtrong:
You, ſuch another, where the graſſe grew deepe;
Vp by day breake, and both our labours keepe
Vp, til ſlow darknes eas'd the labouring light;
Faſting all day, and not a crum til night:
VVe then ſhould proue our either workmanſhip.
Or if (againe) Beeues, that the goad, or whip
VVere apt t'obey, before a tearing Plow:
Big, luſty beaſts: Alike in bulke and brow;
Alike in Labour, and alike in ſtrength;
Our taske foure Acres, to be Till'd in length
Of one ſole day: Againe then you ſhould try
If the dul glebe, before the Plough ſhould flye;
Or I, a long Stitch could beare cleane, and euen.
Or laſtly; if the guide of earth & heauen
Should ſtir ſterne war vp, either here or there;
And that, at this day, I had double Speare,
And Shield, and ſteele Caske, fitting for my browes;
At this work likewiſe, midſt the foremoſt blowes
Your eyes ſhould note me; and get little cauſe
To twit me with my bellies ſole applauſe.
But you affect, t'affect with iniurie,
Your minde vngentle; ſeeme in valour hie,
Becauſe 'gainſt few; and thoſe, not of the beſt
Your conuerſation hath bene ſtill profeſt.
But if *Vlyſſes* (landed on his earth,
And enter'd on the true right of his birth)
Should come & front ye; ſtraight, his ample Gates
Your feete would hold, too narrow for your Fates.
He frown'd, rag'd, call'd him wretch; and vow'd
To be his death, ſince he durſt proue ſo proud
Amongſt ſo many: to tell him ſo home

VVhat

VVhat he affected. Aſkt, if ouercome
With wine he were; or (as his Minion ſaid)
Talk't ſtil ſo idlely; and were paſſed
In his minds inſtruments: or was proud, becauſe
He gat from *Irus* off, with ſuch applauſe?
VVith all which, ſnatching vp a ſtoole, he threw:
VVhen old *Vlyſſes*, to the knees withdrew,
Of the *Dulychian* Lord *Amphinomus*,
As if he fear'd him. His dart miſſing thus
His aged obiect: and his Pages hand,
(A Boy, that waited on his cups command,
Now holding of an Ewre to him) he ſmit.
Downe fel the founding Ewre; and after it;
The guiltleſſe Page, lay ſprawling in the duſt,
And crying out. VVhen all the wooers thruſt
A tumult vp amongſt them; wiſhing all,
The rogue had periſht in ſome Hoſpitall,
Before his life there, ſtirr'd ſuch vproares vp;
And with rude ſpeeches, ſpice their pleaſures cup.
And all this for a Begger, to fulfill
A filthy Prouerbe: *Good ſtill yeelds to ill.*
The Prince cried out on them, to let the bad
Obſcure the good ſo; Told them they were mad;
Abuſd their banquet; and affirm'd ſome God
Tried maiſteries with them: Bad them, take their load
Of food and wine: Sit vp, or fal to bed
At their free pleaſures; and ſince he gaue head
To all their freedomes; why ſhould they miſtake
Their owne rich humors for a Beggers ſake?
All bit their lips to be ſo taken downe;
And taught the courſe that ſhold haue bin their own;
Admir'd the Prince; and ſaide, he brauely ſpoke.
But *Niſus* Son then, ſtrooke the equall ſtroke,
And ſaide, O Friends, let no man here diſdaine
To put vp equall ſpeeches; nor maintaine
VVith ſerious words, an humor; Nor with ſtroke,
A Stranger in anothers houſe prouoke,
Nor touch the meaneſt ſeruant; but confine
All theſe diſſentions in a bolle of wine:
VVhich fill vs Cup-bearer; that hauing done
Our nightly ſacrifice, we may attone
Our powres with ſleepe; reſigning firſt the gueſt
Vp to the Prince, that holds all intereſt
In his diſpoſure here: the Houſe being his
In iuſt deſcent, & all the faculties.
Thls all approu'd; when Noble *Mulius*

Telem mockes the wooers, yet wins their praiſe.

(He-

(Herald in chiefe, to Lord *Amphinomus*)
The VVine diſtributed with reuerend grace
To eu'ry wooer: when the Gods giuen place
VVith ſeruice fit, they ſeru'd themſelues, and tooke
Their parting Cups: till (when they all had ſhooke
The angry humor off) they bent to reſt;
And euery VVooer to ſeuerall Rooſes addreſt.

The End of the Eighteenth Booke
of Homers Odyſſes.

THE NINETEENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLyſſes *and his Son, eſchew*
Offending of the Wooers view
With any Armour. His Birth's ſcate,
Vlyſſes *tels his Queene, is* Crete.
Euryclea *the truth yet found,*
Diſcouer'd by a ſcar-heal'd wound,
Which in Parnaſſus *tops, a Bore*
(Strooke by him in his Chace) did gore.

Another.

Tau. { *The King ſtill hid by what he ſaid.* / *By what he did, informes his maid.* }

YEt did Diuine *Vlyſſes* keepe his Rooſe;
And with *Minerua* plotted ſtill the prooſe
Of al the wooers deaths. VVhen thus, his Son
He taught with theſe fore-counſailes: we muſt ron
A cloſe courſe with theſe Armes, & lay them by.
And to the wooers make ſo faire a ſky,
As it would neuer thunder. Let me then
(That you may wel retaine) repeate agen
VVhat in *Eumæus* Cottage, I aduiſ'd.

Vlyſſes former counſaile to his Son, for diſpoſing the Armes repeated.

If when they ſee your leyſure exerciſ'd
In fetching downe your Armes: & aske what vſe
Your minde will giue them: Say, 'tis their abuſe
VVith ſmoke & ruſt, that makes you take them down;
This not being like the Armory well knowne
To be the leauings of *Laertes* Son,
Conſorting the deſigne for *Ilion*.
Your eyes may ſee how much they are infected,
As all fires vapors, euer ſince, reflected
On thoſe ſole Armes. Beſides, a grauer thought,
Ioue graues within you, leſt (their ſpirits wrought
Aboue their pitch with wine) they might contend
At ſome high banquet, & to wounds tranſcend;

Their

Their Feaſt inuerting; which, perhaps may be
Their Nuptiall feaſt, with wife *Penelope.*
The ready weapon when the bloud is vp,
Doubles the vprore heightned by the Cup.
Wrath's meanes for Act ſurbe all the wayes ye can;
As Loadſtones draw the ſteele, ſo ſteele draw's Man.
Retaine theſe words; nor what is good, think thus
Receiu'd at ſecond hand, ſuperfluous.
The Sonne obeying; did *Eurycleа* call,
And bad her ſhut (in the vtter Porches) all
The other women; till himſelfe brought downe
His Fathers Armes, which all were ouer-growne
By his neglect, with ruſt: his Father gone,
And he too childiſh, to ſpend thoughts vpon
Thoſe manly Implements; but he would now
Reforme thoſe yong neglects; and th'armes beſtow
Paſt reach of ſmoke. The louing Nurſe replide;
I wiſh (O Son) your powers would once prouide
For wiſedomes habit; See your houſhold were
In thriftie mannage, and tend all things there.
But if theſe armes muſt downe; and euery Maide
Be ſhut in vtter roomes; who elſe ſhould aide
Your worke with light? He anſwer'd; This my gueſt:
There ſhal not one in my houſe, taſt my Feaſt,
(Or ioyne in my * Naue) that ſhall ydlely liue,
How euer farre hence, he his home deriue.
He ſaid, and his words ſtood; The doores ſhe ſhut
Of that ſo wel-fill'd houſe; and th'other put
Their thoghts in act; Beſt Shields, Helmes, ſharpned Lances
Brought downe; and *Pallas* before both, aduances
A golden Creſſet, that did caſt a Light,
As if the Day ſate, in the Throne of Night.
VVhen (halfe amaz'd) the Prince ſaid, O my Father,
Mine eyes, my ſoules pow'rs all in wonder gather:
For though the wals, and goodly wind-beames here,
All all theſe Pillars, that their heads, ſo rere,
And all of Firre; they ſeeme yet, all of fire.
Some God is ſurely with vs. His wife Sire,
Bad peace, and keepe the counſailes of the Gods;
Nor aske a word: Theſe Pow'rs that vſe abods
Aboue the ſtarres, haue power from thence to ſhine
Through night, and all ſhades, to earths inmoſt Mine.
Go thou for ſleepe; and leaue me here to wake
The women and the Queene; whoſe heart doth ake
To make enquiry for my ſelfe, of me.
He went to ſleepe, where lights did endleſſy
Burne in his Night-roomes: where he feaſted Reſt,
Til dayes faire weed, did all the world inueſt.

Thus

* χουσεος αστυτας, They w^ords turne thus, Quadram (for Modium) guſtec. The Greeke words beare no ſuch ſignification: But giue a Prouerb then Inuerſe, Repetition: which was, Hee ſhall not ioyne or make a ſpoke in the Naue of my chariot wheele, χουσεος, ſignifying Modius: Rotæ, and αστυ Neſto.

Thus was diuine *Vlyſſes* left alone
VVith *Pallas*, plotting foule confuſion
To all the wooers. Forth then came the Queene;
Phebe, with golden *Cytherea* ſeene,
Her Port preſented. VVhom they ſet a Chaire
Aſide the fire: The faſhion circulare;
The ſubſtance Siluer, and rich Elephant;
VVhoſe Fabricke, did the cunning finger vant
Of great *Icmalius*: who beſides, had done
A footſtoole for her, that did ſuite her Throne:
On which, they caſt an ample skin, to be
The Cuſhion, for her other Royalty.
And there ſhe ſate; about whom, came her Maids,
VVho brought vpon a Table ſtore of Breads,
And Bolles, that with the wooers wine were cround.
The Embers then they caſt vpon the ground
From out the Lampes, and other Fuell added;
That ſtill, with cheereful flame, the ſad houſe gladded.
Melantho, ſeeing ſtill *Vlyſſes* there;
Thus ſhe held out her ſpleene: Still ſtranger, here?
Thus late in night? To ſee what Ladies do?
Auant you wretch: hence; Go, without doores, go:
And quickly too, leſt ye be findg'd away
VVith burning fire-brands. He (thus ſeeing their fray
Continu'd by her with ſuch ſpleene) replide;
Minion! What makes your angry blood thus chide
My preſence ſtill? Is it, becauſe you ſee
I ſhine not in your wanton brauery?
But weare theſe rags? It fits the needy Fate
That makes me beg thus, of the commune ſtate.
Such poore ſoules, and ſuch beggers, yet are men;
And euen my meane meanes, means had to maintain
A wealthy houſe; and kept a manly preaſe;
VVas counted bleſſed; and the poore acceſſe
O' any Begger, did not ſcorne, but feede
VVith ofren hand: and any man of neede
Releeu'd as fitted: kept my ſeruants to,
Not few; but did with thoſe additions go,
That call choiſe men, *The Honeſt*; who are ſtild
The rich, the great. But what ſuch great ones build
Ioue oft puls downe, as thus he ruin'd me;
His will was ſuch, which is his equity.
And therefore (woman) beare you fitting hand
On your behauiour, leſt your ſpirit thus mann'd,
And cheriſht with your beauties (when they wane)
Comes down: Your pride now, being then your bane.
And in the meane ſpace, ſhun the preſent danger;
Leſt your bold faſhion, breed your Soueraigns anger.

Or left *Vlyſſes* come: of whom, euen yet
Hope finds ſome life in fate. Or, be his ſeat
Amongſt the meerly ruin'd; yet his Sonne
(Whoſe lifes heate, *Phœbus* ſaues) is ſuch a one,
As can diſcouer, who doth well deſerue
Of any woman heere; His yeares, now ſerue.
The Queen gaue eare, & thus ſuppreſt the flame:
Thou quite without a brow; paſt female ſhame;
I heare thy monſtrous boldneſſe, which thy head
Shall pay me paines for. Thou haſt heard it ſaid,
And from my ſelfe too; and at euery part
Thy knowledge ſerues thee; that (to eaſe my hart
So puniſht in thy witneſſe) my deſire
Dwelt on this Stranger; that I might enquire
My loſt friends Being. But 'tis euer tride,
Both Man and God, are ſtill forgot with Pride.
Eurynome! Bring heere this Gueſt a ſeat,
And Cuſhion on it; that we two, may treat
Of the affaire in queſtion. Set it neare,
That I may ſoftly ſpeake, yet he well heare.
She did this little freely; and he ſat
Cloſe by the Queen; who askt him, Whence, & what
He was himſelfe? And what th'inhabited place?
Where liu'd his parents? whence he fetcht his race?
Vlyſſes to his Queene.
O woman (he replyed) with whom, no man
That moues in earths vnbounded circle, can
Maintaine contention, for true honor geuen;
Whoſe fame, hath reacht the *fairely flowing heauen.
Vpacor iu-pnr.
Who, like a neuer-ill-deſeruing King,
That is well ſpoke of; Firſt, for worſhipping,
And ſtriuing to reſemble God, in Empire;
Whoſe equall hand, impartially doth temper,
Greatneſſe, and *Goodneſſe*: To whom therefore, beares
The blacke earth, ſtore of all graine; Trees conferres,
Cracking with burthen. Long-liu'd Herds creates;
All which, the Sea, with her ſorts, emulates;
And all this feeds, beneath his powrefull hand,
Men, valiant, many, making ſtrong his Land
With happy liues led; Nothing elſe, the cauſe
Of all theſe bleſsings, but well order'd Lawes;
Like ſuch a King, are you; in Loue, in Fame,
And all the bliſſe that deifies a Dame.
And therefore, do not mixe this with a mone
So wretched, as is now in queſtion.
Aske not my Race, nor Countrey; leſt you fill
My heart yet fuller, with repeated ill:
For I muſt follow it, with many teares;
Though 'tis not ſeemly, to ſit wounding eares

In publique Roofes, with our particular life;
Times worſt expence, is ſtill-repeated Griefe.
I ſhould be irkeſome to your Ladies here:
And you your ſelfe would ſay, you vrg'd your eare
To what offends it: My ſtill-broken eine,
Suppoſing wounded with your too much wine.
Stranger (ſaid ſhe) you feare your owne exceſſe,
With giuing me too great a nobleneſſe.
The Gods, my perſon, Beauty, Vertue to,
Long ſince ſubuerted; when the *Ilion* wo
The Greeke deſigne attempted. In which, went
My praiſe, and honor. In his gouernment
Had I deſeru'd your vtmoſt grace; But now
Siniſter Deity, makes diſhonor woo
(In ſhew of grace) my ruine. All the Peres,
Syluane *Zacynthius*, and *Dulychius* Spheres,
Samos and *Ithaca*, ſtrange ſtriues haue ſhowne,
To win me; ſpending on me, all mine owne.
Will wed me, in my ſpite: And theſe are thoſe,
That take from me, all vertue to diſpoſe
Or Gueſt, or Suppliant: or take any courſe
Amongſt my Heralds (that ſhould all diſburſe)
To order any thing: Though I neede none
To giue me greeſe at home; Abroad erres one
That my veins ſhrink for; whō, theſe (holding gone)
Their Nuptials haſten, and find me as ſlow.
Good ſpirits prompted me, to make a ſhow
Of vndertaking a moſt curious taske,
That an vnmeaſur'd ſpace of time would aske;
Which, they enduring long, would often ſay,
When ends thy worke? I ſoone had my delay;
And prai'd their ſtay: For though my Lord wer dead,
His Fathers life yet, matter miniſtred
That muſt imploy me: which, (to tell them true)
Was that great worke I nam'd. For now, nere drew
Laertes death; and on my hand did lye
His funerall Robe: whoſe end (being now ſo nye)
I muſt not leaue, and loſe ſo much begun:
The rather, leſt the Greeke Dames might be wun
To taxe mine honor; if a man ſo great
Should greet his graue, without his winding ſheet.
Pride made them credulous; and I went on:
When, whatſoeuer all the day had done,
I made the night helpe, to vndo againe;
Though oyle, and watch it coſt, and equall paine.
Three yeares my wit ſecur'd me vndiſcern'd:
Yet, when the fourth came, by my Maids diſcern'd
(Falſe careleſſe wenches) how they were deluded:

When (by my light descern'd) they all intruded;
Vt'd threatning words, and made me giue it end.
And then could I, to no more length extend
My linger'd Nuptials: Not a counsaile more
VVas to be stood vpon; my Parents bore
Continuall hand on me, to make me wed:
My Sonne grew angry, that so ruined
His goods were by them. He is now a man;
VVise in a great degree; and one that can
Himselfe, giue order to his houshold fare:
And *Ioue*, giue equal glory, to his care.
But thus you must not passe me: I must know,
(It may be, for more end) from whence doth grow
Your race, and you; For I suppose you, none
Sprung of old Oake, or iustl'd out of stone.
He answer'd; O *Vlysses* reuerend wife!
Yet hold you purpose to enquire my life?
Ile tell you, though it much afflict me more
Then all the sorrowes I haue felt before.
As worthily it may: since so long time,
As I haue wandred from my Natiue Clime,
Through humane Cities: and in sufferance still:
To rip all wounds vp (though, of all their ill
I touch but part) must actuate all their paine.
But, aske you still; Ile tell, though stil sustaine.
Vlysses faines a relation of himself to his wife.
In middle of the sable Sea, there lies
An Isle, cal'd *Crete*; a rauisher of eyes:
Fruitfull, and mann'd with many an infinite store:
Where ninety Cities crowne the famous shore;
Mixt with all Languag'd men: There *Greekes* suruiue;
There the great-minded *Eteocretans* liue:
There the *Dorensians*, neuer out of war:
The *Cydons* there; and there the singular
Pelasgian people: There doth *Gnossus* stand,
That mighty City; where had most command
Great *Iones* Disciple (*Minos*) who nine yeares
Conferr'd with *Ioue*: Both great familiares
In mutual counsailes. And this *Minos* Son,
(The mighty-minded King *Deucalion*);
VVas Sire to me, & royall *Idomen*,
VVho with *Atrides*, went to *Ilion* then,
My elder Brother, and the better man;
My name *Aethon*. At that time began
My knowledge of *Vlysses*; whom my home
Receiu'd with guest-rites. He was thither come
By force of weather, from the *Malean* coast
But new got off; where he the Nauy lost,
Then vnder saile for *Troy*; and wind-bound lay

Long

Long in *Amnisus*; hardly got away
From horrid stormes, that made him anchor there,
In Hauens that sacred to *Lucina* were;
Dreadfull and dangerous. In whose bosome crept
Lucina's Cauerne. But in my roofe slept
Vlysses, shor'd in *Crete*: who first enquir'd
For royall *Idomen*; and much desir'd
To taste his guest-rites; since to him had bene
A welcome Guest my Brother *Idomene*.
The tenth, or, leuenth light, on *Vlysses* shin'de
In stay at *Crete*; attending then the winde
For threatn'd *Ilion*. All which time, my house
VVith loue and entertainments curious
Embrac't his person: though a number more
My hospitable rooses receiu'd before.
His men I likewise call'd; and from the store
Allow'd them meale, and heat-exciting wine;
And Oxen for their slaughter; to confine
In my free hand the vtmost of their need.
Twelue daies the *Greeks* staid, ere they got them freed;
A gale so bitter blew out of the North,
That none could stand on earth, being tumbled forth
By some sterne God. But on the thirteenth day
The tempest ceast, & then went Greekes their way.
Thus, many tales *Vlysses* told his wife,
At most, but painting; yet most like the life:
Of which, her heart, such sense took through hir eares,
It made her weepe, as she would turne to teares.
And as from off the Mountaines melts the snow,
Which *Zephyres* breath conceald; but was made flow
By hollow *Eurus*, which so fast poures downe,
That with their Torrent, flouds haue ouer-flowne:
So downe her faire cheekes, her kinde tears did glide;
Her mist Lord mourning, set so neere her side.
Vlysses much was mou'd to see her mourne,
VVhose eies yet stood as dry, as Iron, or Horne,
In his vntroubl'd lids; which, in his craft
Of bridling passion, he from issue saf't.
VVhen she had giuen her moane so many teares,
That now 'twas satiate: her yet louing feares
Askt thus much further: You haue thus farre tried
My loues credulity: But if gratified
VVith so long stay he was with you, you can
Describe what weede he wore; what kinde of man
Both he himselfe was, and what Followers
Obseru'd him there. Alas (sayd he) the yeares
Haue growne so many since (this making now
Their twentith reuolution) that my show

Of theſe ſlight notes, will ſet my memory ſore;
But (to my now remembrance) this he wore:
Vliſſes diſcription of his apparell going for Troy.
A double purple Robe, drawne cloſe before
With golden Buttons; pleated thicke, and bore
A facing, where a hundred colours ſhinde:
About the skirts, a Hound; A freckl'd Hinde
In full courſe hunted. On the fore-skirts yet,
He pincht, and pull'd her downe: when with hir feet,
And all her force, ſhe ſtruggl'd hard for flight.
VVhich had ſuch life in Gold, that to the ſight
It ſeem'd the Hinde it ſelfe for euery hiew;
The Hound and al, ſo anſwering the view,
That all admir'd all. I obſerv'd beſide
His inner weed, ſo rarely beautifide,
That dumbe amaze it bred; and was as thin,
As any dry and tender Onion skin:
As ſoft 'twas too, and gliſter'd like the Sun.
The women were to louing wonder wun
By him and by his weeds. But (by the way)
You muſt excuſe me, that I cannot ſay
He brought this ſuite from home; or had it there
Sent for ſome Preſent; or perhaps elſewhere
Receiu'd it for his gueſt-gift: For your Lord
Had Friends not few: The Fleete did not afford
Many, that had not fewer. I beſtow'd
A well-edg'd ſword on him; a Robe that flow'd
In foulds, and fulneſſe, and did reach his feete,
Of richeſt purple: Brought him to his Fleete,
VVith all my honor: And beſides (to add
To all this ſifted circumſtance) he had
A Herald there; in height, a little more
Put from the earth: that thicker ſhoulders wore;
A ſwarth complexion, and a curled head;
His name *Eurybates*; and much in ſtead,
He ſtood your King, imploy'd in moſt command,
Since moſt of all, his minde could vnderſtand.
VVhen all theſe ſignes ſhe knew, for chiefly trew;
Deſire of moane vpon her beauties grew:
And yet (euen that deſire ſuffic'd) ſhe ſaid.
Till this (my Gueſt) a wretched ſtate arraid
Your ill-vſd perſon: but from this houre forth,
You ſhalbe honor'd, and finde all the worth
That fits a friend. Thoſe weeds theſe hands beſtow'd
From out my wardrobe: thoſe gold buttons ſow'd
Before for cloſure, and for Ornament.
But neuer more, muſt his returne preſent
The perſon that gaue thoſe adornments State.
And therefore, vnder an abhorred Fate

VVas

VVas he induc't to feed the commune fame,
To viſit vile *Troy*; I, too vile to name.
No more yet mourne (ſaid he) nor thus ſee pinde
Your louely perſon: *Weeping, waſt's the Minde.*
And yet I blame you not; for any Dame
That weds one yong, and brings to him, his name;
(VVhat euer man he is) will mourne his loſſe:
Much more reſpectfull then, muſt ſhew your woes,
That weepe thus for *Vlyſſes*; who (Fame ſaies)
VVas equal with the Gods, in all his waies.
But where no cauſe is, there muſt be no mone:
And therefore heare me; my Relation
Shal lay the cleere truth naked to your view;
I heard amongſt the *Theſprots*, for moſt trew,
That Lord *Vlyſſes* liu'd, and ſtood iuſt now
On his returne for home: That wealth did flow
In his poſſeſſion; which, he made not knowne,
But begg'd amongſt the people; ſince alone
He quite was left: for all his men were loſt
In getting off, from the *Trinacrian* Coaſt;
Ioue and the Sun, was wroth with them, for rape
Made of his Oxen; and no man let ſcape
The rugged deepes of *Neptune*: Onely he
The Ships Keele onely keeping, was by Sea
Caſt on the faire *Phæacian* Continent;
VVhere men ſuruiue, that are the Gods deſcent;
And like a God receiu'd him; gaue him heapes
Of wealthy gifts, and would conduct his ſteps
Themſelues ſafe home: which, he might long ago
His pleaſure make: but profit would not ſo.
He gather'd going, and had mighty ſtore
Of Gold in ſafegard: ſo beyond the Shore
That commune failes kept, his high flood of wit
Bore glorious top; and all the world, for it
Hath farre exceeded. All this *Phædon* told,
That doth the Scepter of *Theſprotia* hold:
VVho ſwore to me, in houſhold ſacrifice,
The Ship was lancht, and men to man the priſe;
That ſoone ſhould ſet him on his countrey earth:
Shew'd me the goods, enow to ſerue the birth,
That in the tenth age of his ſeed, ſhold ſpring;
Yet in his Court contain'd. But then the King
(Your husband) for *Dodona* was in way;
That from th'oraculous Oake, he might diſplay
Ioues will; what courſe for home would beſt preuaile:
To come in pompe; or beare a ſecret ſaile.
But me, the King diſpatcht in courſe before;
A Ship then bound for the *Dulychian* ſhore.

So

So thus you ſee his ſafety, whom you mourne,
VVho now is paſsing neere; and his returne
No more will puniſh with delayes, but ſee
His friends, and country: All which truth to thee
Ile ſeale with ſacred Oath. Be witneſſe *Ioue*,
Thou firſt, and beſt, of all the Thron'd aboue;
And thou houſe of the great *Laertes* heire,
To whoſe high roofes, I tender my repaire;
That what I tell the Queene, euent ſhall crowne:
This yeare, *Vlyſſes* ſhall poſſeſſe his owne:
Nay, ere the next month ends, ſhall heere arriue;
Nay ere it enters, heere abide aliue.
O may this proue (ſaide ſhe;) gifts, friendſhip, then
Should make your name the moſt renown'd of men.
But 'tis of me receiu'd; and muſt ſo ſort,
That nor my Lord ſhall euer ſee his Court,
Nor you gaine your deduction thence; for now
The alter'd houſe doth no ſuch man allow
As was *Vlyſſes* (if he euer were)
To entertaine a reuerend Paſſenger,
And giue him faire diſmiſsion. But (Maids) ſee
Ye bathe his feete; and then with Tapiſtry,
Beſt ſheets, and blanquets, make his bed, and lay
Soft waſcotes by him; that (lodg'd warme) he may
Euen till the golden-ſeated mornings ray,
Enioy good reſt; and then, with hier firſt light,
Bathe, and giue almes; that cheriſht appetite
He may apply within our Hall, and ſit
Safe by *Telemachus*. Or if th'vnfit
And harmfull minde of any be ſo baſe
To grecue his age againe; let none giue grace
Of doing any deed, he ſhall command
(How wroth ſo euer) to his barbarous hand.
For how ſhall you (gueſt) know me for a Dame
That paſſe ſo far, nay, turne and winde the Fame
Of other Dames for wiſedome, and the frame
Of houſhold vſage; if your poore thin weeds
I let draw on you, want, and worſer deeds;
That may, perhaps, cauſe heere your lateſt day?
The life of Man is ſhort, and flyes away.
And if the Rulers ſelfe of houſholds, be
Vngentle, ſtudying inhumanity,
The reſt proue worſe. But he beares all the blame:
All men will, liuing, vow againſt his name,
Miſchiefes, and miſeries; And (dead) ſupply
VVith bitter Epitaphes, his memory.
But if himſelfe be noble, (noble things
Doing, and knowing) all his Vnderlings

VVill imitate his Nobleſſe; and all gueſts
Giue it, in many; many intereſts.
But (worthieſt Queen, ſaid he) where you command
Baths and rich beds for me, I ſcorne to ſtand
On ſuch ſtate now; nor euer thought it yet,
Since firſt I left the ſnowy hils of *Crete*.
VVhen once I fell a ſhip-boord, thoſe thoughts fled;
I loue to take now (as long ſince) my bed:
Though I began the vſe, with ſleepleſſe nights;
I, many a darkneſſe, with right homely rites
Haue ſpent ere this houre; & deſir'd the Morne
Would come; and make ſleepe to the world a ſcorne.
Nor run theſe dainty Bathes in my rude head;
Nor any handmaid (to your ſeruice bred)
Shal touch my ill-kept feete, vnleſſe there liue
Some poore old drudge here, that hath learnd to giue
Old men good vſage; & no worke wil fly:
As hauing ſuffer'd ill, as much as I.
But if there liue, one ſuch, in your command;
I wil not ſhame to giue my foot, her hand.
She gaue this anſwere: O my loued Gueſt,
There neuer enter'd theſe kinde Roofes, for reſt,
Stranger or Friend, that ſo much wiſedome laide
In gage for Gueſt-rites, as your lippes haue paide.
There liues an old maide in my charge, that knowes
The good you ſpeake of, by her many woes;
That nouriſht and brought vp, with curious care,
Th'vnhappy man, your old familiar:
Euen ſince his Mother let him view the light,
And oft hath felt in her weake armes, his weight.
And ſhe (though now much weaker) ſhal apply
Her Maiden ſeruice, to your modeſty.
Euryclea, riſe; and waſh the feete of one,
That is of one age with your Soueraigne gone.
Such hands, ſuch feet hath, though of alter'd grace:
Much griefe in men, wil bring on change apace.
She (from her aged ſlumber wak't) did cleare
Her heauy eyes; and inſtantly (to heare
Her Soueraignes name) had worke enough to dry
Her cheekes from teares: and to his memory
Theſe Mones did offer: O my Son (ſaide ſhe)
I neuer can take greefe enough for thee;
VVhom *Goodnes* hurts; & who, euen *Ioues* high ſpleen,
(Since thou art *Ioue*-like) hates the moſt of men.
For none hath offer'd him ſo many Thyes;
Nor ſuch whole Hecatombes of ſacrifice,
Fat, and ſelected, as thy zeale hath done;
For all, but praying that thy noble Sonne,

Thy happy age, might ſee at ſtate of man.
And yet hath *Ioue* with Miſts *Cimmerean*
Put out the light of his returning day.
And as your ſelfe (O Father) in your way
Tooke theſe faire roofes for hoſpitable rights,
Yet finde (for them) our dogged womens ſpights:
So he (in like courſe) being driuen to proofe
(Long time ere this) what ſuch a royall Roofe
Would yeeld his miſeries; found ſuch vſage there.
And you (now flying the foule Language here,
And many a filthy fact of our faire Dames)
Fly me, like them; and put on cauſleſſe ſhames
To let me cleanſe your feet. For not the cauſe
The Queenes command yeelds, is the pow'r ỳ drawes
My will to waſh your feete. But what I do,
Proceeds from her charge, and your reuerence to.
Since I, in ſoule, am ſtricken with a ruth
Of your diſtreſſes, and paſt *ſhow of truth.
*Intending with Truth it ſelfe: not the ſhew only.
Your ſtrangeneſſe claiming little intereſt
In my affections: and yet many a Gueſt
Of poore condition, hath bene harbour'd here:
But neuer any, did ſo right appeare
Like King *Vlyſſes*, as your ſelfe; For ſtate,
Both of your ſtature, voice, and very gate.
So all haue ſaid (ſaid he) that euer yet
Had the proportions of our figures met,
In their obſeruances; ſo right, your eye,
Proues in your ſoule, your iudging faculty.'
Thus tooke ſhe vp a Caldron, brightly ſcour'd,
To cleanſe his feete in: and into it, pour'd
Store of cold waue, which on the fire ſhe ſet;
And therein bath'd (being temperatly heat)
Her Soueraigns feet. Who turnd him from the light;
Since ſodainly, he doubted her conceit
(So rightly touching at his ſtate before)
A ſcar now ſeeing on his foot, that bore
An old note to diſcerne him; might deſcry
The abſolute truth; which (witneſt by her eye)
VVas ſtraite approu'd. He firſt receiu'd this ſore,
As in *Parnaſſus* tops, a white tooth'd Bore
He ſtood in chace withall; who ſtrooke him there,
At ſuch time, as he liu'd a ſoiourner
VVith his grand Sire, *Autolycus*: who, th'Art
Of Theft and ſwearing (not out of the hart,
But by equiuocation) firſt adorn'd
Your witty man withall; and was ſuborn'd
By *Ioues* deſcent (ingenious *Mercurie*)
VVho did beſtow it; ſince ſo many a Thie

Of Lambes, and Kids, he had on him beſtow'd
In ſacred flames; who therefore, when he vow'd
VVas euer with him. And this man impoſ'd
Vlyſſes name; the light being firſt diſcloſ'd
To his firſt ſight then; when his grand Sire came
To ſee the then preferrer of his fame,
His loued daughter. The firſt ſupper done,
Euryclea, put in his lap, her Sonne,
And pray'd him to bethinke, and giue his name;
Since that deſire, did all deſires inflame.
Daughter, and Son-in-Law (ſayd he) let then
The name that I ſhall giue him, ſtand with men;
Since I arriu'd here, at the houre of paine,
In which, mine owne kinde entrailes did ſuſtaine
Moane for my daughters, yet vnended throes:
And when ſo many mens and womens woes,
In ioynt compaſſion met, of humane birth,
Brought forth t'attend the many feeding earth;
Let *Odyſſeus* be his name, as one
Expoſd to iuſt conſtraint of all mens mone.
VVhen heere at home, he is arriu'd at ſtate;
Of mans firſt youth; he ſhall initiate
His practiſd feete, in trauaile made abrode;
And to *Pernaſſus*, where mine owne abode
And chiefe meanes lye; addreſſe his way, where I
VVill giue him from my opened treaſury,
VVhat ſhall returne him well; and fit the Fame
Of one that had the honor of his name.
For theſe faire gifts he went, and found all grace
Of hands, and words, in him and all his race.
Amphithea (his Mothers mother) to
Applied her to his loue; withall, to do
In Grandames welcomes: both his faire eyes kiſt,
And browes; and then, commanded to aſſiſt
VVere all her ſonnes, by their reſpected Sire,
In furniſhing a Feaſt; whoſe cares did fire
Their minds with his command: who home ſtraite led
A fiue-yeares-old-male Oxe; feld, ſlew, and flead:
Gather'd about him; cut him vp with Art;
Spitted, and roaſted; and his euery part
Diuided orderly. So all the day
They ſpent in feaſt: No one man went his way
VVithout his fit fill. VVhen the Sun was ſet,
And darkneſſe roſe, they ſlept; till dayes fire het
Th'enlightned earth: and then, on hunting went
Both Hounds, and all *Autolycus* deſcent.
In whoſe guide, did diuine *Vlyſſes* go;
Climb'd ſteepe *Parnaſſus*, on whoſe forehead grow

Autolycus giues his Grand child Vlyſſes his name: from whence the Odyſſes is deriu'd of Ὀδυσσευς, deriu'd of Ὀδυζεσθαι, ex Odurn factum: (ſignifying dolorem propriè corporis) nam ita ex dolore oritur.

All Ithuan off ſprings round. And ſoone they reach't
The Concaues, whence ayrs ſounding vapors ſetcht
Their liuid deſcent. As ſoone as any Sun
Had from the Ocean (where his waters run
In ſilent deepneſſe) raiſ'd his golden head:
The early Huntſmen, all the hill had ſpread;
Their Hounds before them, on the ſearching Traile:
They neere, and euer eager to aſſaile.
Vlyſſes, brandiſhing a lengthfull Lance,
O! whoſe firſt flight, he long'd to proue the chance.
Then found they lodg'd a Bore, of bulke extreame,
In ſuch a Queach, as neuer any beame
The Sun ſhot, pierc'ſt: Nor any paſſe, let finde
The moiſt impreſſions of the fierceſt winde:
Nor any ſtorme the ſterneſt winter driues;
Such prooſe it was: yet all within, lay leaues
In mighty thickneſſe; and through all this, flew
The hounds loud mouthes. The ſounds, the tumult
And all together rouz'd the Bore, that ruſht (threw;
Amongſt their thickeſt: All his briſſels, puſht
From forth his rough necke; and with flaming eyes
Stood cloſe, and dar'd all. On which horrid priſe
Vlyſſes firſt charg'd; whom, aboue the knee
The ſauage ſtrooke, and rac't it crookedly
Along the skin, yet neuer reacht the bone.
Vyſſes Lance yet, through him, quite was throwne;
At his right ſhoulder entring: at his left,
The bright head paſſage to his keenneſſe cleft,
And ſhew'd his point gilt, with the guſhing gore.
Downe in the duſt fell the extended Bore,
And forth his life flew. To *Vlyſſes*, round
His Vnckle drew; who (wofull for his wound)
With all Art bound it vp; and with a charme
Staid ſtraight the blood: went home, & when the harm
Receiu'd full cure; with gifts, and all euent
Of ioy, and loue; to his lou'd home, they ſent
Their honor'd Nephew: whoſe returne, his Sire,
And reuerend Mother, tooke with ioyes entire:
Enquir'd all paſſages; all which, he gaue
In good relation: Nor of all, would ſaue
His wound from vtterance: By whoſe ſcar he came
To be diſcouered by this aged Dame.
VVhich, when ſhe clenſing felt, and noted well:
Downe from her Lap, into the Caldron, fell
His weighty foot, that made the Braſſe reſound:
Turn'd all aſide, and on th'embrewed ground
Spilt all the water. Ioy and griefe together
Her breſt inuaded: and of weeping weather

Her eyes ſtood full: Her ſmall voice, ſtucke within
Her part expreſsiue; till at length, his chin
She tooke, and ſpake to him: O Sonne (ſaide ſhe)
Thou art *Vlyſſes*; nor canſt other be:
Nor could I know thee yet, till all my King
I had gone ouer, with the warmed Spring.
Then look't ſhe for the Queene, to tell her all;
And yet, knew nothing ſure: thogh nought could fall
In compaſſe of all thoughts, to make her doubt.
Minerua, that diſtraction ſtrooke throughout
Her minds rapt forces; that ſhe might not tell.
Vlyſſes, noting yet her aptneſſe well;
With one hand tooke her chin; and made all ſhew
Offauour to her: with the other, drew
Her offer'd parting cloſer: Aſkt her why,
She, whoſe kinde breaſt had nurſt ſo tenderly
His infant life; would now, his age deſtroy?
Though twenty yeares had held him from the ioy
Of his lou'd country. But, ſince onely ſhe,
(God putting her in minde) now knew, 'twas he,
He charg'd her ſilence; and to let no eare
In all the Court more, know his being there:
Leſt, if God gaue into his wreakfull hand
Th'inſulting wooers liues: he did not ſtand
On any partiall reſpect with her,
Becauſe his Nurſe; and to the reſt prefer
Her ſafety therefore; But when they ſhould feele
His puniſhing finger, giue her equall ſteele.
What words (ſaid ſhe) ſlye your retentiue pow'rs?
You know, you locke your counſailes in your Tow'rs
In my firme boſome: and, that I am farre
From thoſe looſe frailties. Like an Iron barre
Or bolt of ſolidſt ſtone, I will containe:
And tell you this beſides; That if you gaine
By Gods good aide, the wooers liues in yours;
VVhat Dames are heere their ſhameleſſe Paramours,
And haue done moſt diſhonor to your worth,
My information, well ſhall paint you forth.
It ſhal not neede (ſaide he) my ſelfe will ſoone
(VVhile thus I maske heere) ſet on euery one
My ſure obſeruance of the worſt, and beſt:
Be thou then ſilent, and leaue God the reſt.
This ſaid; the old Dame, for more water went;
The reſt was all vpon the Pauement ſpent,
By knowne *Vlyſſes* foot. More brought (and he
Supplied beſides with ſweeteſt Oyntments) ſhe
His ſeate drew neere the fire, to keepe him warme:
And, with his peec't rags, hiding cloſe his harme:

The Queene came neere, and ſaid: Yet (gueſt) afford
Your further patience; till, but in a word
Ile tell my woes to you: For well I know,
That *Reſts ſweet Houre*, her ſoft foote orders now:
When all poore men, how much ſoeuer grieu'd,
VVould gladly get their wo-watcht pow'rs relieu'd.
But God hath giuen my griefe a heart ſo great,
It will not downe with reſt. And ſo I ſet
My iudgement vp, to make it my delight.
All day I mourne; yet nothing let the right
I owe my charge, both in my worke and Maids;
And when the night brings reſt to others aides,
I toſſe my bed; *Diſtreſſe* with twenty points,
Slaught'ring the pow'rs that to my turning ioynts
Conuey the vitall heate. And as all night,
Pandareus daughter (poore *Edone*) ſings,
Clad in the verdure of the yearly Springs;
VVhen ſhe for *Itylus*, her loued Sonne
(By *Zetus* iſſue; in his madneſſe, done
To cruell death) poures out her hourely mone,
And drawes the eares to her of euery one;
So flowes my mone, that cuts in two my minde,
And here and there, giues my diſcourſe the winde;
Vncertain whether I ſhal with my Son
Abide ſtill heere, the ſafe poſſeſsion
And guard of all goods: Reuerence to the bed
Of my lou'd Lord; and to my far-off ſpred
Fame with the people; putting ſtill in vſe;
Or follow any beſt *Greeke* I can chuſe
To his fit houſe, with treaſure infinite
VVon to his Nuptials. VVhile the infant plight
And want of iudgement kept my Son in guide;
He was not willing with my being a Bride,
Nor with my parting from his Court: But now
(Arriu'd at mans ſtate) he would haue me vow
My loue to ſome one of my wooers heere,
And leaue his Court; offended that their cheere
Should ſo conſume his free poſſeſsions.
To ſettle then a choice in theſe my mones,
Heare and expound a dreame, that did engraue
My ſleeping fancy. Twenty Geeſe, I haue;
All which, me thought, mine eye ſaw taſting wheate
In water ſteep't, and ioy'd to ſee them eate.
VVhen ſtraight, a crooke-beak't Eagle, from a hill,
Stoop't, and truſt all their neckes, and all did kill;
VVhen (all left ſcatter'd on the Pauement there)
She tooke her wing vp, to the Gods faire ſphere:
I, euen amid my Dreame, did weepe and mourne,

To

To ſee the Eagle, with ſo ſhrew'd a turne,
Stoope my ſad turrets; when, me thought there came
About my mournings, many a Grecian Dame
To cheere my ſorrowes; in whoſe moſt extreame
The Hawke came back, and on the prominent beame
That croſt my Chamber, fell; and vſ'd to me
A humane voice, that ſounded horribly;
And ſaide; Be confident, *Icarius* ſeed;
This is no dreame, but what ſhall chance indeed.
The Geeſe, the wooers are: the Eagle, I,
VVas heeretofore a Fowle: but now imply
Thy husbands Being; and am come to giue
The wooers death, that on my Treaſure, liue.
With this, Sleepe left me; and my waking way
I tooke to try, if any violent prey
VVere made of thoſe my Fowles; which, well enough
I (as before) found feeding at their Trough,
Their yoted wheate. O woman (he replide)
Thy dreame can no interpretation bide,
But what the Eagle made, who was your Lord;
And ſaide, himſelfe would ſure effect afford
To what he told you; that confuſion
To all the wooers ſhould appeare; and none
Eſcape the Fate, and death, he had decreed.
She anſwer'd him: O Gueſt, theſe dreames exceede
The Art of man t'interpret; and appere
Without all choiſe, or forme; nor euer were
Perform'd to all at all parts. But there are
To theſe light Dreames, that like thin vapors fare,
Two two-leau'd gates; the one of Iuory;
The other, Horne. Thoſe dreames that *Fantaſie*
Takes from the poliſht Iuory Port, delude
The Dreamer euer, and no truth include:
Thoſe that the glittering Horn-gate, lets abrode,
Do euermore, ſome certaine truth abode.
But this my dreame, I hold of no ſuch ſort
To flye from thence; yet, which ſoeuer Port
It had acceſſe from, it did highly pleaſe
My Son, and me. And this, my thoughts profeſſe;
That Day that lights me from *Vlyſſes* Court,
Shall both my infamy, and curſe conſort.
I therefore purpoſe to propoſe them now
In ſtrong Contention, *Vlyſſes* Bow;
Which he that eaſily drawes; and from his draft,
Shoots through twelue Axes (as he did his ſhaft,
All ſet vp in a rowe; And from them all,
His ſtand-farre-off kept firme) my fortunes ſhall
Diſpoſe; and take me to his houſe from hence,

The two parts of Dreames.

The propoſition of Vlyſſes Bow to the Wooers, determined by Penelope.

VVhere I was wed, a Maide; in confluence
Of feaſt and riches: ſuch a Court here re then,
As I ſhall euer in my dreames reteine.
Do not (ſaid he) deferre the gameſull priſe,
Put ſet to taske their importunities
With ſomething elſe, then Nuptials: For your Lord
VVill to his Court and Kingdome be reſtor'd,
Before they thred thoſe ſtecles, or draw his Bow.
O Gueſt (reply'de *Penelepe*) would you
Thus ſit, and pleaſe me with your ſpeech; mine eares
VVould neuer let mine eye-lids cloſe their Spheares;
But none can liue without the death of ſleepe;
Th'Immortals, in our mortall memories keepe
Our ends, and deaths by ſleepe; diuiding ſo,
(As by the Fate and portion of our wo)
Our times ſpent heere; to let vs nightly try,
That while we liue; as much as liue, we dye.
In which vſe, I will to my bed aſcend,
VVhich I bedeaw with teares, and ſigh paſt end,
Through all my houres ſpent; ſince I loſt my ioy,
For vile, lew'd, neuer-to-be-named *Troy*.
Yet there, Ile proue for ſleepe, which take you here;
Or on the earth; if that your cuſtome were;
Or haue a bed, diſpoſ'd for warmer reſt.
Thus left ſhe with her Ladies, her old Gueſt:
Aſcended her faire chamber, and her bed:
VVhoſe ſight did euer duly make her ſhed
Teares for her Lord; which ſtill her eyes did ſteepe,
Till *Pallas* ſhut them with delightſome ſleepe.

The End of the Nineteenth Booke
of Homers Odyſſes.

THE TWENTITH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLyſſes, *in the Wooers Beds,*
Reſoluing firſt to kill the Maids;
That ſentence giuing off; His care
For other Obiects doth prepare.

Another.

℣. { *Ioues thunder chides;* / *but cheers the king;* / *The Wooers prides* / *diſcomfiting.* }

VLyſſes in the Entry, laide his head,
And vnder him, an Oxe-hide newly ſlead;
Aboue him Sheep fels ſtore; & ouer thoſe
Eurynome caſt Mantles. His repoſe
VVould bring no ſleepe yet; ſtudying the ill
He wiſh'd the wooers; who came by him ſtill
VVith all their wenches; laughing, wantoning
In mutuall lightneſſe, which his heart did ſting;
Contending two wayes; if (all patience fled)
He ſhouldruſh vp, and ſtrike thoſe Strumpets dead;
Or let that night be laſt, and take th'extreme
Of thoſe proud wooers, that were ſo ſupreme
In pleaſure of their high fed fantaſies.
His heart did barke within him, to ſurprize
Their ſports with ſpoiles: No fell ſhee-Maſtiue can
Amongſt her whelpes, flye eagrer on a man
She doth not know; yet ſents him ſomething neare,
And faine would come to pleaſe her tooth and teare;
Then his diſdaine, to ſee his Rooſe ſo fil'de
VVith thoſe fowle faſhions: Grew within him wilde
To be in blood of them. But finding beſt
In his free iudgement, to let paſſion reſt;
He chid his angry ſpirit, and beate his breſt:
And ſaid; Forbeare (my minde) and thinke on this:

There hath bene time, when bitter agonies
Haue tried thy patience: Call to minde the day,
In which the *Cyclop*, which paſt manly ſway
Of violent ſtrength, deuour'd thy friends; thou then
Stoodſt firmely bold, till from that helliſh den
Thy wiſedom brought thee off; whē nought but death
Thy thoughts reſolu'd on. This diſcourſe did breath
The fiery boundings of his heart, that ſtill
Lay in that æſture; without end, his ill
Yet manly ſuffering. But from ſide to ſide
It made him toſſe apace: you haue not tride
A fellow roaſting of a Pig before
A haſty fire, (his belly yeelding ſtore
Of fat, and blood) turne faſter: labour more
To haue it roaſt, and would not haue it burne;
Then this, and that way, his vnreſt made turne
His thoughts, and body; would not quench the fire,
And yet, not haue it heighten his deſire
Paſt his diſcretion; and the fit enough
Of haſt, and ſpeed; that went to all the proofe
His well laid plots, and his exploits requir'd;
Since he, but one, to all their deaths aſpir'd.

Pallas appeares to Vlyſſes.

In this contention, *Pallas* ſtoop't from heauen;
Stood ouer him, and had her preſence giuen
A womans forme; who ſternly thus began:
Why thou moſt ſowre, and wretched-fated man
Of all that breath! yet lieſt thou thus awake?
The houſe, in which thy cares ſo toſſe and take
Thy quiet vp, is thine: thy wife is there;
And ſuch a Son, as if thy wiſhes were
To be ſuffic'd with one; they could not mend.
Goddeſſe (ſaid he) tis true; But I contend
To right their wrongs: and (though I bee but one)
To lay vnhelpt, and wreakfull hand vpon
This whole reſort of impudents, that here
Their rude aſſemblies neuer will forbeare.
And yet a greater doubt imployes my care;
That if their ſlaughters, in my reaches are,
And I performe them; (*Ioue* and you not pleaſ'd)
How ſhall I flye their friends? & would ſtand feaſ'd
Of counſaile, to reſolue this care in me.
Wretch (ſhe replied) a friend of worſe degree,
Might win thy credence: that a mortall were,
And vſ'd to ſecond thee; though nothing nere
So powerfull in performance, nor in care:
Yet I, a Goddeſſe, that haue ſtill had ſhare
In thy atchieuements, and thy perſons guard,
Muſt ſtill be doubted by thy Braine, ſo hard

To

To credit any thing aboue thy powre,
And that muſt come from heauen; if euery houre
There be not perſonall apparance made,
And aide direct giuen, that may ſenſe inuade.
Ile tell thee therefore cleerely: If there were
Of diuers languag'd men, an Army here
Of fifty Companies; all driuing hence
Thy Sheepe and Oxen, and with violence
Offer'd to charge vs, and beſiedge vs round;
Thou ſhouldſt their prey reprize, & them confound.
Let ſleepe then ſeize thee: *To keepe watch all Night,*
Conſumes the ſpirits, and makes dull the ſight.
Thus pour'd the Goddeſſe ſleepe into his eyes,
And re-aſcended the *Olympian* skies.
VVhen care-and-lineament-reſoluing ſleepe,
Had laide his temples in his golden ſteepe;
His, wiſe-in-chaſt-wit-worthy-wiſe, did riſe:
(Firſt ſitting vp in her ſoft bed) her eyes
Opened with teares, in care of her eſtate,
VVhich now, her friends reſolu'd to terminate
To more delaies; and make her marry one.
Her ſilent teares (then ceaſt) her Orizon
This Queene of women to *Diana* made.
Reuerend *Diana*; let thy Darts inuade
My wofull boſome, and my life depriue,
Now at this inſtant; or ſoone after driue
My ſoule with Tempeſts forth, and giue it way
To thoſe farre-off darke Vaults, where neuer day
Hath powre to ſhine; and let them caſt it downe
VVhere refluent *Oceanus* doth crowne
His curled head; where *Pluto*'s Orchard is,
And entrance to our after miſeries.
As ſuch ſterne whirlewinds, rauiſht to that ſtreame,
Pandareus daughters, when the Gods to them
Had reft their parents; and them left alone
(Poore orphan children) in their Manſion.
VVhoſe deſolate life, did loues ſweet Queene incline
To nurſe with preſſed Milke, and ſweeteſt wine;
VVhom *Iuno* deckt, beyond all other Dames
VVith wiſedomes light, and beauties mouing flames:
VVhom *Phœbe*, goodlineſſe of ſtature render'd,
And to whoſe faire hands, wiſe *Minerua* tender'd,
The Loome and Needle, in their vtmoſt skill.
And while Loues Empreſſe skal'd th' *Olympian* hill,
To beg of Lightning-louing *Ioue* (ſince hee
The meanes to all things knowes; and doth decree
Fortunes, infortunes, to the mortall Race)
For thoſe poore virgins, the accompliſht grace

Of

Of ſweeteſt Nuptials: The fierce *Harpyes* prey'd
On euery good, & miſerable Maid;
And to the hatefull Furies, gaue them all
In horrid ſeruice. Yet, may ſuch Fate fall
From ſteepe *Olympus*, on my loathed head;
Or faire-chair'd *Phœbe*, ſtrike me inſtant dead:
That I may vndergo the gloomy Shore,
To viſit great *Vlyſſes* ſoule; before
I ſooth my idle blood, and wed a wurſe.
And yet, beneath how deſperate a curſe
Do I liue now? It is an ill, that may
Be well indur'd, to mourne the whole long day;
So nights ſweete ſleepes (that make a man forget
Both bad, and good) in ſome degree would let
My thoughts leaue greeuing. But, both day and night,
Some cruell God, giues my ſad memory ſight.
This night (me thought) *Vlyſſes* grac't my bed
In all the goodly ſtate, with which he led
The Grecian Army: which gaue ioyes extreame
To my diſtreſſe, ſeeming it no dreame,
But true indeed: and that conceite I had,
That when I ſaw it falſe, I might be mad.
Such cruell Fates, command in my lifes guide.
By this, the mornings Orient, dewes had di'de
The earth in all her colours; when the King
In his ſweet ſleepe, ſuppoſ'd the ſorrowing
That ſhe vſ'd waking in her plaintiffe bed
To be her mourning, ſtanding by his head,
As hauing knowne him there. VVho ſtraight aroſe,
And did againe within the Hall diſpoſe
The Carpets and the Cuſhions, where before
They ſeru'd the ſeats. The Hide, without the dore
He carried backe; & then, with held vp hands,
He pray'd to him, that heauen & earth commands;
O Father *Ioue*; If through the moyſt and dry
You (willing) brought me home; when miſery
Had puniſht me enough, by your free doomes;
Let ſome of theſe within thoſe inner roomes,
(Startl'd with horror of ſome ſtrange Oſtent)
Come heere, & tell me, that great *Ioue* hath bent
Threatnings without, at ſome lewd men within.
To this his pray'r, *Ioue* ſhooke his ſable chin,
And thunder'd from thoſe pure clouds that (aboue
The breathing aire) in bright *Olympus* moue.
Diuine *Vlyſſes* ioy'd, to heare it rore.
Report of which, a woman Miller bore
Straight to his eares; I or neere to him, there ground
Milles for his Corne, that twice ſix women found

Conti-

Continuall motion, grinding Barley meale,
And wheat (mans Marrow.) Sleepe the eies did ſeale
Of all the other women: hauing done
Their vſuall taske; which yet, this Dame alone
Had ſcarſe giuen end to; being of al the reſt,
Leaſt fit for labour. But when theſe ſounds, preſt
Her eares, aboue the rumbling of her Mill:
She let that ſtand, look't out; and heauens ſteepe hill
Saw cleere, and temperate; which made her (vnware
Of giuing any comfort to his care,
In that ſtrange ſigne he pray'd for) thus inuoke.
O King of men, and Gods; a mighty ſtroke
Thy thundring hand laide, on the cope of ſtarres;
No cloud in all the aire; and therefore warres
Thou bidſt to ſome men, in thy ſure Oſtent:
Performe to me (poore wretch) the maine euent,
And make this day, the laſt, and moſt extreame,
In which the wooers pride ſhall ſolace them
With whooriſh Banquets in *Vlyſſes* Roofe:
That, with ſad toyle, to grinde them meale enough,
Haue quite diſſolu'd my knees: vouchſafe then, now
Thy thunders may their lateſt Feaſt foreſhow.

The Miller-woman prayes to Ioue, in ſatisfaction of Vlyſſes prayer.

This was the *Boone *Vlyſſes* begg'd of *Ioue*;
VVhich (with his Thunder) through his boſom droue
A ioy, that this vant breath'd: VVhy now theſe men
(Deſpite their pride) will *Ioue* make, pay me paine.
By this, had other Maids then thoſe that lay,
Mixt with the wooers; made a fire like day,
Amidſt the harth of the illuſtrious Hall:
And then the Prince, like a Celeſtiall
Roſe from his bed; to his embalm'd feete, tied
Faire ſhooes: his ſword about his breaſt applied;
Tooke to his hand his ſharp-pil'd Lance, and met
Amidſt the Entry, his old Nurſe, that ſet
His haſt, at ſodaine ſtand; To whom he ſaid:
O (my lou'd Nurſe) with what grace haue you laid
And fed my gueſt heere? Could you ſo neglect
His age, to lodge him thus? Though all reſpect
I giue my Mothers wiſedome, I muſt yet
Affirme, it fail'd in this: For ſhe hath ſet
At much more price, a man of much leſſe worth,
Without his perſons note; and yet caſts forth
With ignominious hands (for his Forme ſake)
A man much better. Do not faulty make
(Good Son) the faultleſſe. He was giuen his ſeat
Cloſe to her ſide; and food, till he would eat.
VVine til his with was ſeru'd: For ſhe requir'd
His wants, and will'd him all things he deſir'd.

Viz. That ſome from whom, might iuſtifie; & witneſſe in his bearing, ſome wrongful dealt to his enemies, ſhould be ſeen

Com-

Commanded her chiefe Maides to make his bed;
But he (as one whom ſorrow onely fed
And all infortune) would not take his reſt
In bed, and couerings, fit for any Gueſt;
But in the Entry, on an Oxes hide,
Neuer at Tanners; his old Limbes implide
In warme Sheep-fels; yet ouer all, we caſt
A mantle, fitting, for a man more grac'ſt.
He tooke her anſwere: Left the houſe, and went
(Attended with his dogges) to ſift th' euent
Of priuate Plots, betwixt him and his Sire
In commune counſaile. Then the crue entire
Of al the houſhold Maids, (*Eurycleа*) bad
Beſtir them through the houſe; and ſee it clad
In all beſt Forme: gaue all their parts; and one
She ſet to furniſh euery ſeate and Throne
With Needle-workes, and purple clothes of State;
Another ſet to ſcoure and cleanſe the Plate:
Another, all the Tables to make proud
With porous Sponges: Others, ſhe beſtow'd
In all ſpeed to the Spring, to fetch from thence
Fit ſtore of water; all, at all expence
Of paines, ſhe will'd to be: For this, to all
Should be a day of commune Feſtiuall;
And not a wooer now ſhould ſeeke his home,
Elſe where then there; But all were bid to come
Exceeding early; and be raiſ'd to heauen,
With all the entertainment could be geuen.
They heard with greedy eares; and euery thing
Put ſtraight in practiſe: Twenty to the Spring
Made ſpeed for water; Many in the houſe
Tooke paines; and all, were both laborious
And skill'd in labour. Many fell to Fell
And cleaue their wood: & all did more then well.
Then troop't the luſty wooers in; and then
Came all from Spring. At their heeles, loaded men
With ſlaughter'd Brawnes: of all the Herd, the prize,
That had bene long fed vp in ſeuerall Sties.
Eumæus, and his men, conuei'd them there.
He (ſeeing now the King) began to chere,
And thus ſaluted him: How now, my Gueſt?
Haue yet your vertues found more intereſt
In theſe great wooers good reſpects? Or ſtill
Purſue they you, with all their wonted ill?
I would to heauen, *Eumæus* (he replide)
The Deities once would take in hand their pride;
That ſuch vnſeemly faſhions put in frame
In others Roofes, as ſhew no ſparke of ſhame.

Thus

Thus theſe; and to theſe came *Melanthius*,
Great guardian of the moſt egregious
Rich wooers Herds, conſiſting all of Goats:
VVhich he, with two more draue, & made their coats
The ſounding *Portico's* of that faire Court.
Melanthius (ſeeing the King) this former ſort
Of vpland Language gaue: VVhat? ſtill ſtay heere?
And dull theſe wooers with thy wretched cheere?
Not gone for euer, yet? why now I ſee
This ſtrife of cuffes betwixt the beggery,
(That yeſterday aſſaid, to get thee gone)
And thy more roguery, needs will fall vpon
My hands to arbitrate. Thou wilt not hence
Till I ſet on thee: thy ragg'd impudence
Is ſo faſt footed. Are there not beſide
Other great Banquetants, but you muſt ride
At anchor ſtil with vs? He nothing ſaid,
But thought of ill enough, and ſhooke his head.
Then came *Philætius* (a chiefe of men)
That to the wooers all-deuouring den
A barren Steere draue, and fat Goats; for they
In cuſtome were, with Traffiquers by ſea,
That who they would ſent; and had vtterance there.
And for theſe likewiſe, the faire Porches were
Hurdles, and Sheep-pens, as in any Faire.
Philætius tooke note in his repaire,
Of ſeene *Vlyſſes*; being a man as well
Giuen to his minds vſe as to buy & ſell;
Or do the drudgery that the blood deſir'd;
And (ſtanding neere *Eumæus*) this enquir'd.
VVhat Gueſt is this, that makes our houſe of late
His entertainer? whence claimes he the ſtate
His birth in this life holds? what Nation?
VVhat race? what country ſtands his ſpeech vpon?
Ore hardly por.ion'd, by the terrible Fates.
The ſtructure of his Lineaments relates
A Kings reſemblance in his pompe of reigne
Euen thus, in theſe rags. But poore erring men
That haue no firme homes, but range here and there
As Need compels, God keepes in this earths ſphere,
As vnder water: and this tune he ſings,
VVhen he is ſpinning euen the cares of Kings.
Thus comming to him; with a kinde of feare
He tooke his hand; and (touch't exceeding neare
VVith meere imagination of his worth)
This ſalutation he ſent lowdly forth.
Health! Father ſtranger; in another world
Be rich and happy: though thou here art hurld

At

At feete of neuer ſuch inſulting Neede.
O *Ioue*, there liues no one God of thy ſeede
More ill to man, then thou. Thou tak'ſt no ruth
(VVhen thou thy ſelfe haſt got him, in moſt truth:)
To wrap him in the ſtraites of moſt diſtreſſe,
And in the curſe of others wickednesſe.
My browes haue ſwet to ſee it; and mine eyes
Broke all in teares; when this being ſtill the guiſe
Of worthieſt men, I haue but onely thought,
That downe to theſe ils, was *Vlyſſes* wrought;
And that (thus clad) euen he is error driuen,
If yet he liues, and ſees the light of heauen.
But, if now dead, and in the houſe of hell,
O me! O good *Vlyſſes!* That my weale
Did euer wiſh: and when, but halfe a man
Amongſt the people *Cephalenian*;
His bounty, to his Oxens charge preferr'd
One in that youth: which now, is growne a Herd
Vnſpeakeable for number; and feede there
With their broad heads, as thicke, as of his eare
A Field of Corne is to a man: yet theſe,
Some men aduiſe me, that this noted preaſe
Of wooers may deuoure; and wiſh me driue
Vp to their Feaſts with them; that neither giue
His Son reſpect, though in his owne free roofe;
Nor haue the wit to feare th'infallible proofe
Of heauenly vengeance: but make offer now
The long-lack't Kings poſſeſſions to beſtow
In their ſelfe ſhares. Me thinkes, the minde in me
Doth turne as faſt; as (in a flood, or Sea)
A raging whirlepit doth; to gather in
To fithy death, thoſe ſwimmers in their ſin.
Or feeds a motion as circulare
To driue my Herds away. But while the Son
Beares vp with life, t'were hainous wrong to ron
To other people with them; and to truſt
Men of another earth: and yet more iuſt
It were to venture their Lawes; the maine right
Made ſtil their Maiſters; then at home loſe quite
Their right, and them; and ſit and greeue to ſee
The wrong authoriz'd by their gluttonie.
And I had long ſince fled, and tried th'euent
VVith other proud Kings (ſince, more inſolent
Theſe are, then can be borne,) But that, euen ſtil
I had a hope, that this (though borne to ill)
VVould one day come from ſome coaſt, & their laſt
In his roofes ſtrew, with ruines red, and vaſt.
Herdſman (ſaid he) becauſe thou art in ſhow,

Nor lewd, nor indiſcreete; and that I know
There rules in thee an vnderſtanding ſoule,
Il'e take an oath, that in thee ſhall controule
All doubt of what I ſweare: be witneſſe, *Ioue*,
That ſwai'ſt the firſt Seate, of the thron'd aboue;
This hoſpitable Table; and this houſe;
That ſtill holds title for the ſtrenuous
Sonne of *Laertes*; that (if ſo you pleaſe)
Your eyes ſhall witneſſe, *Laertiades*
Arriu'd at home; and all theſe men that raigne
In ſuch exceſſes heere; ſhall heere lye ſlaine.
He anſwer'd: Stranger I would iuſt *Ioue* wold ſigne
What you haue ſworne: in your eyes beams ſhould ſhine
What powers I mannage; and how theſe my hands,
VVould riſe and follow, where he firſt commands.
So ſaid *Eumæus*: praying all the Sky
That wiſe *Vlyſſes* might arriue and trie.
Thus while they vow'd: the wooers ſat as hard
On his Sons death: but had their counſels skar'd;
For on their left hand, did an Eagle ſore;
And in her feres, a feareſull Pigeon bore;
VVhich ſeene; *Amphinomus* preſa'gd: O friends,
Our Counſailes neuer will receiue their ends
In this mans ſlaughter: let vs therefore plie,
Our bloody feaſt, and make his Oxen die.
Thus came they in; caſt off on ſeates, their cloakes;
And fell to giuing ſacrificing ſtrokes
Of Sheepe and Goates; the cheefely fat, and great;
Slew fed vp Swine, and from the Heard, a Neate.
The inwards (roaſted,) they diſpoſd'e betwixt
Their then obſeruers; wine in Flaggons mixt.
The bolles *Eumæus* brought; *Philetius*, bread;
Melanthus fill'd the wine. Thus drunke and fed
The feaſtfull wooers. Then the Prince (in grace
Of his cloſe proiect) did his Father place
Amids the paued Entrie; in a Seate
Seemeleſſe, and abiect: a ſmall boord and meate
Of th'onely inwards. In a cup of gold
Yet ſent him wine; and bad him now drinke bolde;
All his approches, he himſelfe would free
Gainſt all the wooers: ſince he would not ſee
His Court made populare; but that his Sire
Built it to his vſe. Therefore all the fire
Blowne in the wooers ſpleenes, he bad ſuppreſſe;
And that in hands, nor words they ſhould digreſſe
From that ſet peace, his ſpeech did then proclaime.
They bit their lips, and wondred at his aime
In that braue Language: when *Antinous* ſaide;

Though this ſpeech (Grecians) be a meere vpbraide;
Yet this time giue it paſſe: The will of *Ioue*
Forbids the violence of our hands, to moue;
But of our tongues, we keepe the motion free:
And therefore, if his further iollity
Tempt our encounter with his Braues, let's checke
His growing inſolence: though pride to ſpeake,
Fly paſſing high with him. The wiſe Prince made
No more ſpring of his ſpeech, but let it fade.

The Feaſt that Eurycia ſpoke of before, returned vnto.

And now the Heralds bore about the Towne
The ſacred Hecatombe: to whoſe renowne
The faire-haird Greekes aſſembl'd; and beneath
Apollo's ſhady wood; the holy death
They put to fire; which (made enough) they drew;
Diuided all, that did in th'end accrew
To glorious ſatisfaction. Thoſe that were
Diſpoſers of the Feaſt, did equall cheere
Beſtow on wretched *Laertiades*,
With all the wooers ſoules: It ſo did pleaſe
Telemachus to charge them: And, for theſe
Minerua would not ſee the malices
The wooers bore; too much contain'd, that ſo
Vlyſſes mou'd heart, yet might higher flow
In wreakfull anguiſh. There was wooing there
(Amongſt the reſt) a Gallant, that did beare
The name of one well learn'd, in ieſts prophane;
His name *Cteſippus*, borne a *Samiane*:
Who proud, becauſe his Father was ſo rich,
Had ſo much confidence, as did bewitch
His heart with hope, to wed *Vlyſſes* wife;
And this man ſaid: Heare me, my Lords, in briefe
For this great widdow: This her gueſt did ſhare
Euen feaſt with vs, with very comely care
Of him that order'd it: For 'tis not good
Nor equall, to depriue Guſtes of their food;
And ſpecially, what euer gueſt makes way
To that houſe where *Telemachus* doth ſway.
And therefore, I will adde to his receipt,
A gift of very hoſpitable weight,
VVhich he may giue againe, to any Maide
That bath's his graue feete; and her paines ſee paide;
Or any ſeruant elſe, that the diuine
Vlyſſes lofty Battlements confine.
Thus ſnatcht he with a valiant hand, from out
The poore folkes commune basket, a Neat's foot,
And threw it at *Vlyſſes*: who, his head
Shrunke quietly aſide; and let it ſhed
His malice on the wall. The ſuffring man

A

A laughter raiſing, moſt *Sardinian*
VVith ſcorne, and wrath mixt, at the *Samian*.
VVhom thus the Prince reprou'd; Your valour wan
Much grace *Cteſippus*; and hath eaſ'd your minde
VVith mighty profit: yet you ſee it finde
No marke it aim'd at; the poore ſtrangers part
Himſelfe made good enough, to ſcape your Dart.
But ſhould I ſerue thee worthily, my Lance
Should ſtrike thy heart through, & (in place t'aduance
Thy ſelfe in Nuptials with his wealth) thy Sire
Should make thy toomb heere; that the fooliſh fire
Of all ſuch valors, may not dare to ſhow
Theſe foule indecencies to me. I now
Haue yeares to vnderſtand my ſtrength, and know
The good and bad of things; and am no more
At your large ſufferance, to behold my ſtore
Conſum'd with patience: See my Cattell ſlaine,
My wine exhauſted; and my Bread, in vaine
Spent on your licenſe: For, to one then yong,
So many enemies were match too ſtrong.
But let me neuer more, be witneſſe to
Your hoſtile minds; Nor thoſe baſe deeds ye do:
For, ſhould ye kill me, in my offred wreake,
I wiſh it rather; and my death would ſpeake
Much more good of me, then to liue and ſee,
Indignity, vpon indignity:
My Gueſts prouok't with bitter words and blowes;
My women ſeruants, dragg'd about my houſe
To luſt, and rapture. This made ſilence ſeize
The houſe throughout: till *Damaſtorides*
At length the calme brake: and ſaid; Friend, forbeare
To giue a iuſt ſpeech a diſdainfull care:
The Gueſt no more touch; nor no ſeruant here.
My ſelfe, will to the Prince and Queene commend
A motion gratefull, if they pleaſe to lend
Gratefull receite: as long as any hope
Left wiſe *Vlyſſes* any paſſage ope
To his returne in our conceits; ſo long
The Queenes delayes to our demands ſtood ſtrong
In cauſe, and reaſon; and our quarrels thus
VVith gueſts; the Queene, or her *Telemachus*;
Set neuer foote amongſt our liberall Feaſt;
For ſhould the King returne, though thought deceaſt,
It had bene gaine to vs, in finding him,
To loſe his wife: But now, ſince nothing dim
The daies breakes out, that ſhewes he neuer more
Shal reach the deere touch of his countrey ſhore,
Sit by your Mother, in perſwaſion,

That now it ſtands her honor much vpon
To chooſe the beſt of vs; and who giues moſt,
To go with him home. For ſo, all things loſt
In ſticking on our haunt ſo; you ſhall cleere
Recouer, in our no more concourſe here:
Poſſeſſe your birth-right wholly; eate and drinke;
And neuer more on our diſgraces thinke.
By *Ioue*, no *Agelaus*: For I ſweare
By all my Fathers ſorrowes; who doth erre
Farre off from *Ithaca*; or reſts in death:
I am ſo farre from ſpending but my breath,
To make my Mother any more defer
Her wiſhed Nuptials; That Ile counſaile her
To make her free choiſe: And beſides, will giue
Large gifts to moue her. But I feare to driue,
Or charge her hence: For God will not giue way
To any ſuch courſe, if I ſhould aſſay.
At this, *Minerua* made for fooliſh ioy
The wooers mad; and rouz'd their late annoy
To ſuch a laughter, as would neuer downe.
They laught with others cheeks; eate meat oreflowne
VVith their owne bloods: their eies ſtood full of teares
For violent ioyes: Their ſoules yet thought of feares:
VVhich *Theoclymenus* expreſt, and ſaid:
O wretches! Why? Suſtaine ye (well apaid)
Your imminent ill? A night, with which *Death* ſees;
Your heads, and faces, hides beneath your knees.
Shriekes burn about you: your eies, thruſt out teares:
Theſe fixed wals, and that maine Beame that beares
The whole houſe vp, in bloody torrents fall:
The Entry full of ghoſts ſtands: Full the Hall
Of paſſengers to hel: And, vnder all
The diſmall ſhades; The Sun ſinkes from the Pole;
And troubl'd aire, poures bane about your ſoules.
They ſweetly laught at this: *Eurymachus*
To mocks diſpoſ'd, and ſaide; This new-come-t'vs
Is ſurely mad, conduct him forth to light
In th'open Market place: he thinkes 'tis night
Within the houſe. *Eurymachus* (ſaid he)
I will not aske for any guide of thee:
I both my ſeete enioy; haue eares, and eies,
And no mad ſoule within me: and with theſe
Will I go forth the doores: becauſe I know,
That imminent miſchiefe muſt abide with you;
VVhich, not a man of all the wooers here
Shall flye, or ſcape. Ye all too highly beare
Your vncurb'd heads: Impieties ye commit,
And euery man affect, with formes vnfit.

This

This ſaid; he left the houſe, and tooke his way
Home to *Pyraus*; who, as free as day,
Was of his welcome. When the wooers eyes
Chang'd lookes with one another, and (their guiſe
Of laughters, ſtill held on) ſtill eaſ'd their breſts,
Of will to ſet the Prince againſt his gueſts:
Affirming, that of all the men aliue
He worſt lucke had; and prou'd it worſt to giue
Gueſts entertainment: For he had one there
A wandring Hunter out of prouidence,
An errant Begger euery way; yet thought
(He was ſo hungry) that he needed nought
But wine and Victuals: nor knew how to do;
Nor had a ſpirit to put a knowledge to;
But liu'd an idle burthen to the earth.
Another then ſtept vp; and would lay forth
His lips in phrophetie, thus: But (would he heare
His friends perſwaſions) he ſhould finde it were
More profit for him, to put both abord
For the *Sicilian* people, that afford
Theſe feete of men, good price: and this would bring
Good meanes for better gueſts. Theſe words made
To his eares idlely: who had ſtill his eye (wing
Vpon his Father, looking feruently
When he would lay his long-withholding hand
On thoſe proud wooers. And, within command
Of all this ſpeech that paſt, *Icarius* heire
(The wiſe *Penelope*) her royall chaire
Had plac't of purpoſe. Their high dinner then
With all pleaſ'd palates, theſe ridiculous men
Fell ſweetly to: as ioying they had ſlaine
Such ſtore of banquet. But there did not raigne
A bitterer banquet Planet in all heauen,
Then that which *Pallas*, had to that day driuen;
And, with her able friend now, meant t'appoſe;
Since they, till then, were in deſerts ſo groſe.

The End of the Twntith Booke
of Homers Odyſſes.

THE XXI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

PEnelope *propoſeth now,*
To him that drawes Vlyſſes *Bow*
Her inſtant Nuptials. Ithacus,
Eumæus, *and* Philætius,
Giues charge for guarding of the Gates;
And he, his ſhaft ſhoots through the plates.

Another.

Vi. { *The Nuptiall vow,* / *and Game, reherſt:* / *Drawne is the Bow,* / *the ſteeles are pierſt.* }

Allas (the Goddeſſe with the ſparkling eyes)
Excites *Penelope*, t'obiect the priſe
(The Bow & bright ſteeles) to the wooers ſtrength;
And here began the ſtrife and blood at length.
She firſt aſcended by a lofty ſtaire,
Her vtmoſt chamber; of whoſe doore, her faire
And halfe tranſparent hand, receiu'd the Key,
Bright, brazen; bitted paſsing curiouſly,
And at it hung a knob of Iuory.
And this did leade her, where was ſtrongly kept
The treaſure Royall; in whoſe ſtore lay hcap't,
Gold, Braſſe, and Steele, engrauen with infinite Art;
The crooked Bowe, and Arrowy quiuer, part
Of that rich Magazin. In the Quiuer, were
Arrowes a number; ſharpe, and ſighing gere.
The Bow was giuen by kinde *Eurythides*
(*Iphitus*, faſhion'd like the Deities)
To yong *Vlyſſes*; when within the Roofe
Of wiſe *Ortilochus*, their paſſe had proofe
Of mutuall meeting in *Meſſena*; where
Vlyſſes claim'd a debt: To whoſe pay, were
The whole *Meſſenian* people bound; ſince they
From *Ithaca*, had forc't a wealthy prey
Of Sheepe, and Shepherds. In their ſhips they thruſt
Three hundred Sheepe together: for whoſe iuſt

And

And inſtant rendry, old *Laertes* ſent
Vlyſſes his Ambaſſador, that went
A long way in the Ambaſſie; yet then
Bore but the formoſt Prime, of yongeſt men.
His Father, ſending firſt to that affaire
His graueſt Counſaylors, and then his heire.
Iphitus made his way there, hauing loſt
Twelue female horſe; and Mules, commended moſt
For vſe of burthen; which were after, cauſe
Of death, and Fate to him. For (paſt all Lawes
Of hoſpitality) *Ioues* mighty *Son
(Skill'd in great Acts) was his confuſion
Cloſe by his houſe; though at that time his gueſt:
Reſpecting neither the appoſed Feaſt
And hoſpitable Table, that in loue
He ſet before him; nor the voyce of *Ioue*:
But, ſeizing firſt his Mares, he after ſlew
His hoſt himſelfe. From thoſe Mares ſerch, now grew
Vlyſſes knowne t'*Iphitus*; who, that Bow
At their encounter, did in loue beſtow,
Which great *Eurytus* hand, had borne before
(*Iphitus* Father) who (at deaths ſad dore)
In his ſteepe Turrets, left it to his Son.
Vlyſſes gaue him a keene Faulchion,
And mighty Lance; and thus began they there
Their fatall Loues: For after, neuer were
Their mutuall Tables to each other knowne;
Becauſe *Ioues* Son, th'vnworthy part had ſhowne
Of ſlaughtering this God-like louing man,
Eurytus Son; who with that Bow began
And ended loue t'*Vlyſſes*: who, ſo deare
A gift eſteem'd it, that he would not beare
In his black Fleete, that gueſt-rite to the war;
But, in fit memory of one ſo farre
In his affection; brought it home, and kept
His treaſure with it; where till now it ſlept.
And now the Queene of women had inten:
To giue it vſe; and therefore made aſcent
Vp all the ſtaires height, to the chamber dore:
Whoſe ſhining leaues, two bright Pilaſters bore
To ſuch a Cloſe, when both together went;
It would reſiſt the Aire in their conſent.
The Ring ſhe tooke then, and did draw aſide
A barre that ran within; and then implide
The Key into the Locke; which gaue a ſound
(The Bolt then ſhooting) as in paſture ground
A Bull doth Low, and make the valleys ring:
So loud the Locke humm'd, when it looſd his Spring,

Ἰφιτος Δυσάν-
ρ ἡρωϊκεῖ,
Equas duode-
cem fœminæ

*Hercules.

And

And ope the doores flew. In ſhe went, along
The lofty chamber, that was boorded ſtrong
With heart of Oake; which many yeares ago
The Architect did ſmooth and poliſh ſo,
That now as then, he made it freſhly ſhine;
And tried the euenneſſe of it with a Line.
There ſtood in this roome, Preſſes that enclos'd
Robes odorferous; by which repos'd
The Bow was vpon pins: Nor from it farre
Hung the round Quiuer, glittering like a Starre;
Both which, her white extended hand tooke downe:
Then ſate ſhe low, and made her lap a Crowne
Of both thoſe Reliques; which ſhe wept to ſee,
And cried quite out with louing memory
Of her deare Lord: To whoſe worth, paying then
Kinde debts enow: She left; and to the men
Vow'd to her wooing, brought the crooked Bow,
And ſhaft-receiuing Quiuer, that did ſlow
With arrowes, beating ſighes vp where they fell.
Then, with another Chiſt, repleate as well
VVith Games won by the King, of Steele and Braſſe,
Her Maids attended. Paſt whom, making paſſe
To where her wooers were; She made her ſtay
Amids the faire Hall doore, and kept the ray
Of her bright count'nance hid with veyles ſo thin,
That though they ſeem'd t'expoſe, they let loue in;
Her Maids on both ſides ſtood; and thus ſhe ſpake.
Heare me, ye wooers, that a pleaſure take
To do me ſorrow, and my houſe inuade
To eate and drinke; as if 'twere onely made
To ſerue your Rapines: My Lord long away;
And you allow'd no colour for your ſtay
But his ſtill abſence; ſtriuing who ſhall frame
Me for his wife; and (ſince 'tis made a game)
I heere propoſe diuine *Vlyſſes* Bow
For that great Maiſter-peece, to which ye vow.
He that can draw it, with leaſt ſhow to ſtriue,
And through theſe twelue Ax-heads, an arrow driue;
Him will I follow, and this houſe forgo,
That nouriſht me a Maid: now furniſht ſo
With all things fit; and which I ſo eſteeme
That I ſhall ſtill liue in it in my dream.
This ſaid, ſhe made *Eumæus* giue it them.
He tooke, and laide it by; and wept for wo,
And like him, wept *Philetius*; when the Bow
Of which his King was bearer, he beheld.
Their teares, *Antinous* manhood much refeld;
And ſaid, Ye ruſtick fooles! that ſtill each day

Your minds giue ouer to this vaine diſmay,
VVhy weepe ye (wretches?) and the widdowes eyes
Tempt with renew'd thought; that would otherwiſe
Depoſe her ſorrowes, ſince her Lord is dead,
And teares are idle? Sit, and eate your bread,
Nor whiſper more a word; or get ye gone,
And weepe without doores: Let this Bow alone
To our out-matcht contention: For I feare,
The Bow will ſcarſe yeeld draught to any heere.
Heere no ſuch man liues, as *Laertes* Son
Amongſt vs all: I knew him; Thought puts on
His lookes ſight now, me thinkes, though then a child.
Thus ſhew'd his words doubt, yet his hopes enſtild
His ſtrength, the ſtretcher of *Vlyſſes* ſtring,
And his ſteeles piercer: But his ſhaft muſt ſing
Through his piereſt Pallat firſt; whom ſo he wrong'd
In his free roofe; and made the reſt ill tongu'd
Againſt his vertues. Then the ſacred heat
That ſpirited his Son, did further ſet
Their confidence on fire; and ſaid: O Frends,
Ione hath bereft my wits: The Queene intends
(Though I muſt grant her wiſe) ere long to leaue
Vlyſſes Court; and to her bed receaue
Some other Lord: yet notwithſtanding, I
Am forc't to laugh, and ſet my pleaſures hye
Like one mad ſicke. But wooers, ſince ye haue
An obiect for your trials now ſo braue,
As all the broad *Achaian* earth exceeds:
As ſacred *Pylos*; as the *Argiue* breeds,
As blacke *Epyrus*, as *Mycene's* birth;
And as the more-fam'd *Ithacenſian* earth;
All which, your ſelues well know, and oft haue ſaide;
(For what neede hath my Mother of my aide
In her aduancement?) Tender no excuſe,
For leaſt delay; nor too much time profuſe
In ſtay to draw this Bow; but draw it ſtraight;
Shoot, and the ſteeles pierce: make all ſee how ſleight
You make theſe poore barres, to ſo rich a priſe.
No cagrer yet? Come on: My faculties
Shall try the Bowes ſtrength, and the pierced ſteele:
I will not for my reuerend Mother feele
The ſorrowes that I know will ſeize my heart,
To ſee her follow any, and depart
From her ſo long-held home: But firſt extend
The Bow and Arrow to their tender'd end.
For I am onely to ſucceede my Sire
In guard of his games; and let none aſpire
To their beſides poſſeſsion. This ſaid;

His purple Robe he caſt off. By he laide
His well-edg'd ſword; and firſt, a ſeuerall pit
He digg'd for euery Axe, and ſtrengthen'd it
VVith earth, cloſe ramm'd about it: On a rew
Set them of one height, by a Line he drew
Along the whole twelue; and ſo orderly
Did euery deed belonging (yet his eye
Neuer before beholding how 'twas done)
That in amaze roſe all his lookers on.
Then ſtood he neere the doore, & prou'd to draw
The ſtubborne Bow: Thrice tried, & thrice gaue Law
To his vncrown'd attempts: the fourth aſſay
VVith all force offering, which a ſigne gaue ſtay
Giuen by his Father; though hee ſhew'd a minde
As if he ſtood right heartily inclinde
To perfect the exploite: when, all was done
In onely drift to ſet the wooers on.
His weakneſſe yet confeſt; he ſaid, O ſhame
I either ſhall be euer of no name,
But proue a wretch: Or elſe I am too yong,
And muſt not now preſume on pow'rs ſo ſtrong
As ſinewes yet more growing, may ingraft,
To turne a man quite ouer with a ſhaft.
Beſides, to men whoſe Nerues are beſt prepar'd;
All great Aduentures, at firſt proofe, are hard.
But come, you ſtronger men, attempt this Bow,
And let vs end our labour. Thus, below
A well-ioyn'd boord he laide it; and cloſe by,
The brightly-headed ſhafts then throw'd his Thie
Amidſt his late-left ſeate. *Antinous* then
Bad all ariſe: but firſt, who did ſuſtaine
The cups ſtate euer; and did ſacrifice
Before they eate ſtill: and that man, bad riſe,
Since on the others right hand he was plac't;
Becauſe he held the right hands riſing, grac't
VVith beſt ſucceſſe ſtill. This direction wun
Supreame applauſe; and firſt, roſe *Oenops* Son
Liodes, that was Prieſt to all the reſt,
Sate loweſt with the Cup ſtill, and their ieſt
Could neuer like; but euer was the man
That checkt their follies: and he now began
To taſte the Bow: the ſharpe ſhaft tooke, tug'd hard,
And held aloft: and till he quite had marr'd
His delicate tender fingers, could not ſtir
The churliſh ſtring: who therefore did refer
The game to others; ſaying, that ſame Bow
(In his preſage) would proue the ouerthrow
Of many a chiefe man there: nor thought the Fate

VVas any whit auſtere; ſince *Deaths* ſhort date
Were much the better taken; then long life
Without the obiect of their amorous ſtrife;
For whom they had burn'd out ſo many dayes
To finde ſtill other, nothing but delayes
Obtaining in them: and affirm'd that now
Some hop't to haue her: but when that tough Bow
They all had tried, and ſeene the vtmoſt done,
They muſt reſt pleaſd to ceaſe; and now ſome one
Of all their other faire-veyl'd Grecian Dames
VVith gifts, and dow'r, and *Hymeneal* Flames;
Let her loue light to him, that moſt will giue,
And whom the Nuptiall deſtiny did driue.
Thus laid he on the well-ioyn'd poliſht Bord
The Bow, and bright-pil't ſhaft; and then reſtor'd
His ſeate his right. To him, *Antinous*
Gaue bitter language, and reprou'd him thus.
VVhat words (*Liodes*) paſſe thy ſpeeches guard?
That 'tis a worke to beare? And ſet ſo hard,
They ſet vp my diſdaine: This Bow muſt end
The beſt of vs? ſince thy armes cannot lend
The ſtring leaſt motion? Thy Mothers throwes
Brought neuer forth thy armes, to draught of Bowes,
Or knitting ſhafts off. Though thou canſt not draw
The ſturdy Plant, thou art to vs no law.
Melanthius? Light a fire, and ſet thereat
A chaire and cuſhions; & that maſſe of fat
That lyes within, bring out; that we may ſet
Our Pages to this Bow, to ſee it heat
And ſuppl'd with the ſuet; and then wee
May giue it draught, and pay this great decree
Vtmoſt performance. He a mighty fire
Gaue inſtant flame, put into act th'entire
Command layd on him: Chaire and cuſhions ſet;
Laid on the Bow, which ſtraight the Pages het,
Chaft, ſuppl'd with the Suet to their moſt;
And ſtill was all their Vnctuous labour loſt;
All wooers ſtrengths, too indigent and pore
To draw that Bow: *Antinous* armes, it tore;
And great *Eurymachus* (the both cleere beſt)
Yet both it tir'd, and made them glad to reſt.
Forth then went both the Swaines; and after them
Diuine *Vlyſſes*, when being paſt th'extreme
Of all the Gates; with winning words he tride
Their loues, and this askt: Shall my counſailes hide
Their depths from you? My mind would gladly know
If ſodainly *Vlyſſes* had his Vow
Made good for home; and had ſome God to guide

His ſteps and ſtrokes to, to wreak theſe wooers pride;
Would your aids ioyne on his part, or with theirs?
How ſtand your hearts affected? They made prayr's,
That ſome God would pleaſe, to returne their Lord;
He then ſhould ſee, how farre they would affoord
Their liues for his. (He ſeeing their truth) replied;
I am your Lord; through many a ſufferance tried,
Arriu'd now heere; whom twenty yeares haue held
From foorth my Country: yet are not conceal'd
From my ſure knowledge; your deſires to ſee
My ſafe returne. Of all the company
Now ſeruing heere beſides; not one but you
Mine eare hath witneſt willing to beſtow
Their wiſhes of my life, ſo long held dead.
I therefore vow, (which ſhall be perfected)
That if God pleaſe, beneath my hand to leaue
Theſe wooers liueleſſe; ye ſhall both receiue
Wiues from that hand, and meanes; and neere to me
Haue houſes built to you: and both ſhall be
As friends, and brothers to my onely Sonne.
And that ye well may know me; and be wonne
To that aſſurance: the infallible Signe
The white-tooth'd Bore gaue, this markt knee of mine
When in *Parnaſſus*, he was held in chaſe
By me, and by my famous Grandſires race;
Ile let you ſee. Thus ſeuer'd he his weede
From that his wound; and euery word had deed
In their ſure knowledges; VVhich made them caſt
Their armes about him; his broade breſt imbrac't,
His necke and ſhoulders kiſt. And him, as well
Did thoſe true powers of humane loue compell
To kiſſe their heads and hands; and to their mone
Had ſent the free light of the cheereſull Sunne,
Had not *Vlyſſes* broke the ruth, and ſaide;
Ceaſe teares, and ſorrowes, leſt wee proue diſplaide,
By ſome that iſſue from the houſe; and they
Relate to thoſe within. Take each his way,
Not altogether in; but one by one:
Firſt I, then you; and then ſee this be done:
The enuious wooers will by no meanes giue
The offer of the Bow, and Arrow leaue
To come at me; ſpight then their pride, do thou
(My good *Eumæus*) bring both ſhaft and Bow,
To my hands proofe; and charge the maides before;
That inſtantly, they ſhut in euery doore;
That they themſelues, (if any tumult riſe
Beneath my Rooſes; by any that enuies,
My will to vndertake the Game) may gaine

No paſſage forth, but cloſe at worke continue
With all free quiet; or at leaſt, conſtrain'd.
And therefore (my *Philætius*) ſee maintain'd
(VVhen cloſe the gates are ſhut) their cloſure faſt;
To which end, be it thy ſole worke to caſt
Their chaines before them. This ſaid, in he leo;
Tooke firſt his ſeate, and then they ſeconded
His entry with their owne. Then tooke in hand
Eurymachus the Bow, made cloſe his ſtand
Aſide the fire; at whoſe heate, here and there
He warm'd and ſuppl'd it, yet could not ſtere
To any draught, the ſtring, with all his Art;
And therefore, ſweld in him his glorious heart;
Affirming; that himſelfe, and all his friends
Had cauſe to greeue: Not onely that their ends
They miſt in marriage (ſince enow beſides
Kinde Grecian Dames, there liu'd to be their Brides
In *Ithaca*, and other bordering Townes)
But that to all times future, their renownes
VVould ſtand diſparag'd, if *Vlyſſes* Bow
They could not drawe, and yet his wife would woo.
Antinous anſwer'd; That there could enſue
No ſhame at all to them: For well he knew,
That this day was kept holy to the Sunne
By all the City: and there ſhould be done
No ſuch prophane act; therefore bad, lay by
The Bow for that day: but the maiſtery
Of Axes that were ſet vp, ſtill might ſtand;
Since that no labour was, nor any hand
VVould offer to inuade *Vlyſſes* houſe,
To take, or touch with ſurreptitious
Or violent hand, what there was left for vſe.
He therefore bad the Cup-bearer infuſe
VVine to the Bolles; that ſo, with ſacrifice
They might let reſt the ſhooting exerciſe;
And in the morning make *Melanthius* bring
The cheeſe Goats of his Herd, that to the King
Of Bowes and Archers, they might burne the Thyes
For good ſucceſſe; and then, attempt the prize.
The reſt ſate pleaſd with this: the Heralds ſtraite
Pour'd water on their hands: each Page did waite
VVith his crown'd cup of wine: ſerv'd euery man
Till all were ſatisfied: and then began
Vlyſſes plot of his cloſe purpoſe, thus:
Heare me, ye much renown'd *Eurymachus*;
And King *Antinous*, in cheeſe; who well,
And with *decorum* ſacred, doth compell
This dayes obſeruance; and to let lay downe

The Bow, all this light; giuing Gods their owne.
The mornings labour, God the more wil bleſſe,
And ſtrength beſtow, where he himſelfe ſhall pleaſe.
Againſt which time, let me preſume to pray
Your fauours, with the reſt; that this aſſay,
May my olde armes prooue; trying if there lye
In my poore powers the ſame actiuity
That long ſince crown'd them: Or if needy fare
And deſolate wandring, haue the web worne bare
Of my lifes thred at all parts; that no more
Can furniſh theſe affaires as heeretofore.
This heat their ſpleens paſt meaſure; blown with feare,
Leſt his loth'd temples, would the garland weare
Of that Bowes draught: *Antinous* vſing ſpeech
To this ſowre purpoſe: Thou moſt arrant wretch
Of all gueſts breathing; in no leaſt degree
Grac't with a humane ſoule: It ſerues not thee
To feaſt in peace with vs; take equall ſhare
Of what we reach to; ſit, and all things heare
That we ſpeake freely (which no begging gueſt
Did euer yet) but thou muſt make requeſt
To mixe with vs in merit of the Queene.
But wine enflames thee; that hath euer beene
The bane of men: whoeuer yet would take
Th'exceſſe it offers; and the meane forſake.
Wine ſpoilde the *Centaure* great *Eurytion*,
In gueſt-rites, with the mighty-minded Son
Of bolde *Ixion*; in his way to warre,
Againſt the *Lapithes*; who driuen as farre
As madneſſe, with the bold effects of wine;
Did outrage to his kinde hoaſt; and decline
Other Heroes from him, feaſted there;
With ſo much anger, that they left their cheere,
And dragg'd him forth the fore-court; ſlit his noſe,
Crop't both his eares; and in the ill diſpoſe
His minde then ſuffer'd; drew the fatall day
On his head, with his hoaſt. For thence the fray
Betwixt the *Centaures*, and the *Lapithes*
Had mortall act: but he for his exceſſe
In ſpoile of wine, far'd worſt himſelfe; As thou
For thy large cups, if thy armes draw the Bow,
My minde foretels ſhalt feare: for not a man
Of all our Conſort, that in wiſedome can
Boaſt any fit ſhare, will take prayers then;
But to *Echetus*, the moſt ſterne of men
A blacke Saile freight with thee; whoſe worſt of ill,
Be ſure is paſt all ranſome. Sit then ſtill;
Drinke temperately; and neuer more contend
With men your yongers. This, the Queene did end

With

With her defence of him; and told his Foe
It was not faire, nor equall t'ouercrow
The pooreſt Gueſt her ſonne pleaſ'd t'entertaine
In his free Turrets; with ſo proud a ſtraine
Of threats, and brauings; asking if he thought
That if the ſtranger to his armes had brought
The ſtubborne Bow downe; he ſhould marry her
And beare her home? And ſaid, himſelfe ſhould erre
In no ſuch hope; nor of them all the beſt
That greeu'd at any good, ſhe did her gueſt,
Should banquet there; ſince it in no ſort ſhow'd
Nobleſſe in them, nor paid her, what ſhe ow'd
Her owne free rule there. This *Eurymachus*
Confirm'd and ſaide; nor feeds it hope in vs
(*Icarius* daughter) to ſolemnize Rites
Of Nuptials with thee; Nor in nobleſt ſights
It can ſhew comely; but to our reſpects
The rumor, both of ſexes, and of Sects
Amongſt the people, would breede ſhame, and feare,
Leſt any worſt Greeke ſaid; See, men that were
Of meane deſeruings, will preſume t'aſpire
To his wiues bed, whom all men did admire
For fame and merit; could not draw his Bow,
And yet his wife, had fooliſh pride to woo:
When ſtraight an errant Begger comes and drawes
The Bow with eaſe, performing all the Lawes
The game beſide contain'd; and this would thus,
Proue both indignity and ſhame to vs.
The Queene replied; The fame of men I ſee
Beares much price, in your great ſuppoſ'd degree;
Yet who can proue (amongſt the people great)
That of one ſo eſteem'd of them, the ſeat
Doth ſo defame and ruine? And beſide,
With what right is this gueſt thus vilefied
In your high cenſures? when the man, in blood
Is well* compoſd, and great; his parents good.
And therefore giue the Bow to him, to try
His Birth and breeding by his Chevalry.
If his armes draw it; and that *Phœbus* ſtands
So great a glory to his ſtrength, my hands
Shall adde this guerdon: Euery ſort of weed,
A two-edg'd Sword and Lance, to keepe him freed
From Dogs and Men hereafter; and diſmis
His worth to what place tends that heart of his.
Her ſonne gaue anſwere; That it was a wrong
To his free ſway, in all things that belong
To guard of that houſe, to demand the Bow
Of any wooer, and the vſe beſtow

*Euanyns, Bene compactus & coagmentatis.

Vpon the ſtranger: For the Bow was his,
To giue or to with-hold: No maiſteries
Of her propoſing, giuing any power
T'empaire his right in things, for any wower;
Or any that rough *Ithaca* affords;
Any that *Elis*; of which, no mans words
Nor pow'rs ſhould curbe him (ſtood he ſo enclin'd)
To ſee the Bow in abſolute gift reſign'd
To that his gueſt, to beare and vſe at will:
And therefore bad his Mother keepe her ſtill
Amongſt her women, at her Rocke and Loome;
Bowes were for men: and this Bow did become
Paſt al mens, his diſpoſure; ſince his Sire
Left it to him, and all the houſe entire.
She ſtood diſmaid at this; and in her minde
His wiſe words laide vp; ſtanding ſo inclinde
As he had will'd; with all her women, going
Vp to her chamber: there, her teares beſtowing
(As euery night ſhe did) on her lou'd Lord,
Til ſleepe and *Pallas*, her fit reſt reſtor'd.
The Bow, *Eumæus* tooke, and bore away;
Which vp in tumult, and almoſt in fray
Put all the wooers: One enquiring thus.
Whether? Rogue? abiect? wilt thou beare from vs
That Bow propoſd? Lay downe, or I proteſt
Thy dogs ſhal eate thee, that thou nouriſheſt
To guard thy Swine: amongſt whom (left of all)
Thy life ſhal leaue thee; if the Feſtiuall
VVe now obſerue to *Phœbus*; may our zeales
Grace with his aide, and all the Deities elſe.
This threat made good *Eumæus* yeelde the Bow
To his late place, not knowing what might grow
From ſuch a multitude. And then fell on
Telemachus with threats; and ſaide, Set gon
That Bow yet further: tis no ſeruants part
To ſerue too many Maiſters: raiſe your hart
And beare it off, leſt (though your yonger) yet
VVith ſtones I pelt you to the field with it.
If you and I cloſe, I ſhal prooue too ſtrong:
I wiſh, as much too hard for all this throng
The Gods would make me; I ſhould quickly ſend
Some after, with iuſt ſorrow to their end:
They waſte my victles ſo, and ply my cup,
And do me ſuch ſhrewd turnes ſtill. This put vp
The wooers all in Laughters; and put downe
Their angers to him; that ſo late were growne
So graue and bloody, which reſolu'd that feare
Of good *Eumæus*; who did take and beare

The King the Bow; call'd Nurſe, and bad her make
The doores all ſure; that if mens tumults take
The eares of ſome within; they may not fly,
But keepe at worke ſtill, cloſe and ſilently.
Theſe words put wings to her; and cloſe ſhe put
The chamber doore: The Court gates then were ſhut
By kind *Philætius*, who ſtraight did go
From out the Hall; and in the *Portico*
Found laid, a Gable of a Ship, compoſ'd
Of ſpongy Bulruſhes; with which hee cloſ'd
(In winding round about them) the Court gates:
Then tooke his place againe, to view the Fates
That quickly follow'd. When he came, he ſaw
Vlyſſes viewing, ere he tried to draw
The famous Bow; which euery way he mou'd;
Vp, and downe turning it: in which he prou'd
The plight it was in: fearing chiefly, leſt
The hornes were eate with wormes, in ſo long reſt.
But what his thoughts intended, turning ſo;
And keeping ſuch a ſcarch about the Bow:
The wooers little knowing, fell to ieſt,
And ſaid; Paſt doubt, he is a man profeſt
In Bowyers craft, and ſees quite through the wood:
Or ſomething (certaine) to be vnderſtood
There is, in this his turning of it ſtill:
A cunning Rogue he is, at any ill.
Then ſpake another proud one; *Would to heauen*
I might (at will) get Gold, till he hath geuen
That Bow his draught: with theſe ſharp ieſts, did theſe
Delightſome woo'rs, their fatall humors pleaſe.
But when the wiſe *Vlyſſes* once had laide
His fingers on it; and to proofe ſuruaide
The ſtil ſound plight it held: As one of skill
In ſong, and of the Harpe; doth at his will
In tuning of his Inſtrument; extend
A ſtring out with his pin; touch all, and lend
To euery wel-wreath'd ſtring, his perfect ſound,
Strooke all togither: with ſuch eaſe, drew round
The King, the Bow. Then twang'd he vp the ſtring,
That, as a Swallow, in the aire doth ſing
VVith no continu'd tune; but (pauſing ſtill)
Twinkes out her ſcatter'd voice in accents ſhrill;
So ſharpe the ſtring ſung, when he gaue it touch,
Once hauing bent and drawne it. Which ſo much
Amaz'd the wooers, that their colours went
And came, moſt grieuouſly. And then, *Ioue* rent
The aire with thunder; which at heart did chere
The now-enough-ſuſtaining Traueller.

Tha *Ioue*, againe, would his attempt enable.
Then tooke he into hand, from off the Table
The firſt drawne arrow; and a number more
Spent ſhortly on the wooers. But this One,
He meaſur'd by his arme (as if not knowne
The length were to him) nockt it then; and drew:
And through the Axes, at the firſt hole, flew
The ſteele-chardg'd arrow; which whē he had done,
He thus beſpake the Prince: You haue not wonne
Diſgrace yet by your Gueſt; for I haue ſtrook
The marke I ſhot at; and no ſuch toile tooke
In wearying the Bow, with fat and fire,
As did the wooers: yet reſeru'd entire
(Thanke heauen) my ſtrength is; & my ſelfe am tried,
No man to be ſo baſely vilified
As theſe men pleaſ'd to thinke me. But, free way
Take that, and all their pleaſures: and while Day
Holds her Torch to you; and the howre of feaſt
Hath now full date; giue banquet; and the reſt
(Poeme and Harpe) that grace a wel-fill'd boorde.
This ſaide: he beckn'd to his Sonne; whoſe ſword
He ſtraight girt to him: tooke to hand his Lance,
And, compleate arm'd, did to his Sire aduance.

The End of the X X I. Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE XXII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Wooers in Mineruaes *fight*
Slaine by Vlyſſes; *All the light*
And luſtfull Huſwiues, by his Sonne
And ſeruants, are to ſlaughter done.

Another.

xxii. { *The end of Pride, & lawleſſe Luſt;* / *Is wretched tried, with ſlaughters iuſt* }

THe vpper rags, that wiſe *Vlyſſes* wore,
Caſt off; he ruſheth to the great Hall dore
With Bow and Quiuer full of ſhafts; & downe
He pour'd before his feet; & thus made known
His true ſtate to the wooers: This ſtriſe, thus
Hath harmleſſe bene decided: Now for vs
There reſts another marke, more hard to hit,
And ſuch as neuer man before hath ſmit;
VVhoſe full point likewiſe, my hands ſhall aſſay,
And try if *Phœbus* will giue me his day.
He ſaid; and off his bitter Arrow thruſt
Right, at *Antinous*; that ſtrooke him iuſt
As he was lifting vp the Bolle; to ſhow,
That 'twixt the cup, & lip, much ill may grow.
Death toucht not at his thoughts, at Feaſt: for who
VVould thinke, that he alone could periſh ſo
Amongſt ſo many? And he, beſt of all?
The Arrow in his throate tooke full his fall;
And thruſt his head farre through the other ſide:
Downe fell his cup; downe he; downe all his pride.
Straight from his Noſtrils guſht the humane gore:
And as he fell, his feete farre ouerbore
The feaſtfull Table; all the Roſt, and Bread
About the houſe ſtrew'd. VVhen his high-born head
The reſt beheld ſo low, vp ruſht they all,

And

And ranſack't euery Corner of the Hall
For Shields and Darts: but all fled farre their reach;
Then fell they foule on him with terrible ſpeach,
And told him, it ſhould proue the deereſt ſhaft
That euer paſt him; and that now was ſaf't
No ſhift for him, but ſure and ſodaine death:
For he had ſlaine a man, whoſe like did breath
In no part of the Kingdome: and that now
He ſhould no more for Game-, ſtriue with his Bow,
But Vultures eate him there. Theſe threats they ſpent;
Yet euery man beleeu'd, that ſterne euent
Chanc't 'gainſt the authors will: O Fooles, to thinke
That all their reſt, had any cup to drinke,
But what their great *Antinous* began.
He (frowning) ſaide; Dogs, ſee in me the man
Ye all held dead at *Troy*: My houſe it is
That thus ye ſpoile; that thus your Luxuries
File with my womens rapes: in which, ye woo
The wife of one that liues; and no thought ſhow
Of mans fit feare, or Gods: your preſent Fame,
Or any faire fence of your future name.
And therefore, preſent and eternal death
Shall end your baſe life. This made freſh feares breath
Their former boldneſſe: euery man had eye
On all the meanes, and ſtudied wayes to flye
So deepe deaths imminent. But, ſeeing none,
Eurymachus began with ſuppliant mone
To mooue his pitty, ſaying; If you be
This Iles *Vlyſſes*, we muſt all agree
In grant of your reproofes integrity.
The Greekes haue done you many a wrong at home;
At field as many: But of all, the ſumme
Lies heere contract in death: For onely he
Impoſd the whole ill Offices that we
Are now made guilty of: and not ſo much
Sought his endeuours; or in thought did touch
At any Nuptials; but a greater thing
Employ'd his forces: For, to be our King
VVas his cheefe obiect: his ſole plot it was
To kil your Son: which *Ioues* hand would not paſſe,
But ſet it to his owne moſt merited end.
In which, end your iuſt anger; nor extend
Your ſterne wreake further: Spend your royal pow'rs
In milde ruth of your people; we are yours.
And whatſoeuer waſte of wine, or food,
Our Liberties haue made; wee'le make all good
In reſtitutions: call a Court, and paſſe
A fine of twenty Oxen, Gold, and Braſſe,

On euery Head; and raiſe your moſt rates ſtill,
Till you are pleaſd with your confeſſed fill:
VVhich if we faile to tender: all your wrath,
It ſhalbe iuſt ce in our bloods to bathe.
Eurymachus (ſaide he) if you would giue
All that your Fathers hoord, to make ye liue;
And all that euer you your ſelues poſſeſſe,
Or ſhal by any induſtry increaſe:
I would not ceaſe from ſlaughter, till your bloods
Had bought out your intemperance in my Goods.
It reſts now for you, that you either fight
That will ſcape death, or make your way by flight:
In whoſe beſt choiſe, my thoughrs conceiue, not one
Shall ſhun the death, your firſt hath vndergone.
This quite diſſolu'd their knees: *Eurymachus*
Enforcing all their feares, yet counſail'd thus:
O Frien !s 'This man, now he hath got the Bow
And Quiuer by him, euer will beſtow
His moſt inacceſſible hands at vs
And neuer leaue, if we auoide him thus,
Til he hath ſtrew'd the pauement with vs all:
And therefore, ioyne we ſwords, and on him fall
With Tables forc't vp; and borne in oppoſd
Againſt his ſharpe ſhafts; when being round encloſd
By all our on-ſets, we ſhall either take
His horrid perſon, or for ſafety make
His rage retire from out the Hall, and Gates:
And then, if he eſcape, wee'l make our ſtates
Knowne to the City, by our generall cry:
And thus this man ſhal let his laſt ſhaft fly,
That euer his hand vanted. Thus he drew
His ſharpe edg'd ſword; and with a table, flew
In, on *Vlyſſes* with a terrible throte,
His fierce charge vrging. But *Vlyſſes* ſmote
The boord, and cleft it through, from end to end
Borne at his breaſt, and made his ſhaft extend
His ſharp head to his Liuer: his broad breaſt
Pierc't at his Nipple: when, his hand releaſt
Forthwith his ſword, that fel and kiſt the ground;
VVith cups and victles, lying ſcattered round
About the pauement: amongſt which, his brow
Knockt the embrued earth: while in paines did flow
His vitall ſpirits, til his heeles ſhooke out
His feaſtful life; and hurl'd a Throne about,
That way-laide deaths convulſions in his feete;
When from his tender eyes, the light did fleet.
Then charg'd *Amphinomus* with his drawne blade
The glorious King, in purpoſe to haue made

His feete forſake the houſe: But his aſſay
The Prince preuented; and his Lance gaue way
Quite through his ſhoulder, at his backe: his breſt
The fierce pile letting forth. His ruine preſt
Grones from the pauement; which his fall ſtrook.
Telemachus his long Lance then forſooke
(Left in *Amphinomus*) and to his Sire
Made fiery paſſe; not ſtaying to acquire
His Lance againe; in doubt that while he drew
The fixed pile, ſome other might renew
Fierce charge vpon him; and his vnarm'd head
Cleaue with his back-drawne ſword: for which he fled
Cloſe to his Father; bad him arme, and he
Would bring him Shield and Iauelins inſtantly;
His owne head arming; more armes laying by
To ſerue the Swine-herd, and the Oxen-herd.
Valour well arm'd, is euer moſt preferd.
Run then (ſaide he) and come, before the laſt
Of theſe auxilliary ſhafts are paſt:
For feare, leſt (left alone) they force my ſtand
From forth the Ports. He flew, and brought to hand
Eight Darts, foure Shields, 4. Helmes. His owne parts
Firſt put in armes, he furniſht both his men, (then
That to their King ſtood cloſe. But he, as long
As he had ſhafts to friend, enough was ſtrong
For all the wooers: and ſome one man ſtill
He made make euen with earth. Till all, a hill
Had raiſd in th'euen floor'd Hall. His laſt ſhaft ſpent,
He ſet his Bow againſt a beame, and went
To arme at all parts, while the other three
Kept off the wooers: who, vnarm'd, could be
No great aſſailants. In the well-built wall
A window was thruſt out, at end of all
The houſes Entry: on whoſe vtter ſide
There lay a way to Towne; and in it, wide
And two leau'd folds were forg'd, that gaue fit meane
For flyers out; and therefore, at it then
Vlyſſes plac't *Eumæus* in cloſe guard:
One onely paſſe ope to it: which (prepar'd
In this ſort by *Vlyſſes*, 'gainſt all paſſe)
By *Agelaus* tardy memorie, was
In queſtion call'd: who bad, ſome one aſcend
At ſuch a window; and bring ſtraight to frend
The City with his clamor; that this man
Might quickly ſhoot his laſt. This, no one can
Make ſafe acceſſe to (ſaide *Melanthius*)
For 'tis too neere the Hals faire doores: whence thus
The man afflicts ye: For from thence, there lies

But

But one ſtreight paſſage to it; that denies
Acceſſe to all; if any one man ſtand
(Being one of courage) and will countermand
Our offer to it. But I know a way
To bring you armes, from where the King doth lay
His whole munition: and, beleeue there is
No other place, to all the Armories
Both of himſelfe and Sonne. This ſaide: a paire
Of lofty Staires he climb'd; and to th'affaire,
Twelue Shields, twelue Lances brought; as many casks,
VVith horſe-haire Plumes; and ſet to bitter talks
Both Son and Sire. Then ſhrunke *Vlyſſes* knees,
And his lou'd heart; when thus in armes he ſees
So many wooers; and their ſhaken darts:
For then the worke ſhew'd, as it askt more parts
To ſafe performance: and he tolde his Sonne,
That or *Melanthius*, or his maides had done
A deed, that foule warre, to their hands conferd.
O Father (he replyed) tis I haue err'd
In this cauſ'd labour: I, and none, but I;
That left the doore ope, of your Armory.
But ſome (it ſeemes) hath ſet a ſharper eye
On that important place: *Eumæus* I haſt
And ſhut the doore; obſeruing who hath paſt
To this falſe action: any maide; or One
That I ſuſpect more; which is *Dolius* Sonne.
VVhile theſe ſpake thus; *Melanthius* went againe
For more faire armes; whom the renowned Swaine
Eumæus ſaw: and tolde *Vlyſſes* ſtraight,
It was the hatefull man, that his conceite
Before ſuſpected; who had done that ill:
And (being againe there) askt if he ſhould kill
(If his power ſeru'd) or he ſhould bring the Swaine
To him; t'inflict on him a ſeuerall paine
For euery forfeite, he had made his houſe.
He anſwer'd: I and my *Telemachus*
VVill heere containe theſe proud ones, in deſpite,
How much ſoeuer, theſe ſtolne armes excite
Their guilty courages; while you two take
Poſſeſsion of the Chamber: the doores make
Sure at your backe: and then (ſurpriſing him)
His feete and hands bind; wrapping euery lim
In pliant chaines; and with a halter (caſt
Aboue the winde-beame (at himſelfe made faſt)
Aloft the Column draw him: where aliue
He long may hang; and paines enow, depriue
His vexed life, before his death ſucceede.

This

This charge (ſoone heard) as ſoone they put to deed;
Stole on his ſtealth; and at the further end
Of all the chamber, ſaw him buſily bend
His hands to more armes: when they (ſtill at dore)
Watcht his returne. At laſt, he came, and bore
In one hand, a faire Helme: in th'other held
A broad, and ancient ruſty-reſted Shield,
That old *Laertes* in his youth had worne;
Of which, the checke-bands had with age bin torne.
They ruſht vpon him, caught him by the haire,
And dragg'd him in againe: whom (crying out)
They caſt vpon the pauement: wrapt about
With ſure and pinching cords, both foote and hand;
And then (in full acte of their Kings command)
A pliant chaine beſtow'd on him; and hal'd
His body vp the columne, till he ſeal'd
The higheſt wind-beame. Where, made firmly faſt,
Eumæus on his iuſt infliction, paſt
This pleaſurable cauill: Now you may,
All night keepe watch heere, and the earlieſt day
Diſcerne (being hung ſo high) to rouſe from reſt
Your dainty Cattle, to the wooers Feaſt.
There (as befits a man of meanes ſo faire)
Soft may you ſleepe, nought vnder you but aire;
And ſo, long hang you. Thus they left him there,
Made faſt the doore; and with *Vlyſſes*, were
All arm'd in th'inſtant. Then they all ſtood cloſe;
Their minds fire breath'd in flames againſt their foes.
Foure in th'Entry fighting all alone;
VVhen from the Hall charg'd many a mighty one:
But to them then, *Ioues* ſeede (*Minerua*) came,
Reſembling *Mentor*, both in voice and frame
Of manly perſon. Paſsing well apaide
Vlyſſes was; and ſaide, Now *Mentor*, aide
Gainſt theſe odde miſchiefes: call to memory now
My often good to thee; and that, we two
Of one yeares life are. Thus he ſaid: but thoughe
It was *Minerua*, that had euer brought
To her ſide, ſafety. On the other part,
The wooers threatn'd: but the chiefe in heart
VVas *Agelaus*; who, to *Mentor* ſpake.
Mentor: Let no words of *Vlyſſes* make
Thy hand a fighter on his feeble ſide,
Gainſt al vs wooers: for we firme abide
In this perſwaſion; That when Sire and Son
Our ſwords haue ſlaine, thy life is ſure to ron
One fortune with them: what ſtrange acts haſt thou
Conceit to forme here? Thy head muſt beſtow

The

The wreake of theirs, on vs: And when thy powrs
Are taken downe by theſe fierce ſteeles of ours;
All thy poſſeſsions, in doores, and without
Muſt raiſe on heape with his; and all thy rout
Of ſons and daughters, in thy Turrets bleed
Wreake offerings to vs; and our Towne ſtand freed
Of all charge with thy wife. *Mineruaes* heart
Was fir'd with theſe Braues: the approu'd deſert
Of her *Vlyſſes*, chiding: ſaying, No more
Thy force nor fortitude, as heretofore
Will gaine thee glory. VVhen nine yeares at *Troy*,
VVhite-wriſted *Hellens* reſcue, did imploy
Thy armes and wiſedome; ſtill, and euer vſde
The bloods of thouſands, through the field diffuſde
By thy vaſte valor; *Priams* broad-waide Towne
By thy graue parts, was ſackt, and ouerthrowne:
And now, amongſt thy people, and thy goods,
Againſt the wooers baſe and petulant bloods,
Stint'ſt thou thy valour? Rather mourning here,
Then manly fighting? Come Friend, Stand we nere,
And note my labour, that thou maiſt diſcerne
Amongſt thy foes, how *Mentors* Nerues will erne
All thy old Bounties. This ſhe ſpake, but ſtaide
Her hand from giuing each-way-often-ſwaide
Vncertaine conqueſt, to his certaine vſe;
But ſtill would try, what ſelfe-pow'rs would produce
Both in the Father, and the glorious Son.
Then, on the wind-beame, that along did ron
The ſmoaky roofe; transform'd *Minerua* ſat
Like to a Swallow; ſometimes cuffing at
The ſwords and Lances, ruſhing from her ſeate;
And vp and downe the troubl'd houſe, did beate
Her wing at euery motion. And as ſhe
Had rouz'd *Vlyſſes*; ſo, the enemy
Damaſtors ſonne excited; *Polybus*,
Amphinomus, and *Demoptolemus*,
Eurynomus, and *Polyctorides*;
For theſe were men, that of the wooing preaſe
VVere moſt egregious, and the clearly beſt
In ſtrength of hand, of all the deſperate reſt
That yet ſuruiu'd, and now fought for their ſoules;
VVhich ſtraight, ſwift arrowes ſent among the Fouls,
But firſt, *Damaſtors* ſonne had more ſpare breath
To ſpend on their excitements, ere his death;
And ſaide, That now *Vlyſſes* would forbeare
His diſmall hand, ſince *Mentors* ſpirit was there,
And blew vaine vants about *Vlyſſes* eares;
In whoſe truſt, he would ceaſe his Maſſacres,
Reſt him, and put his friends huge boaſts in proofe:

And ſo was he beneath the Entries roofe
Left with *Telemachus*, and th'other two:
At whom (ſaide he) diſcharge no Darts: but thro
All at *Vlyſſes*, rouſing his faint reſt;
Whom if we ſlaughter, by our intereſt
In *Ioues* aſsiſtance, all the reſt may yield
Our pow'rs no care, when he ſtrowes once the field.
As he then will'd: they all at randon threw,
VVhere they ſuppoſd he reſted; and then flew
Minerua after euery Dart, and made
Some ſtrike the threſhold; ſome the wals inuade:
Some beate the doores; and all acts rendred vaine
Their graue ſteele offer'd: which eſcap't, Againe
Came on *Vlyſſes*, ſaying; O that we,
The wooers troope, with our ioynt Archerie
Might ſo aſſaile; that where their ſpirits dream
On our deaths firſt, we firſt may ſlaughter them.
Thus the much ſufferer ſaid; and all let fly,
VVhen euerie man ſtrooke dead his enemy:
Vlyſſes ſlaughtred *Demoptolemus*:
Euryades by yong *Telemachus*
His death encounter'd. Good *Eumæus* ſlew
Elatus; And *Philetius* ouerthrew
Pyſander: all which, tore the paued floore
Vp with their teeth: The reſt retir'd before
Their ſecond charge, to inner roomes; and then
Vlyſſes follow'd: from the ſlaughter'd men
Their darts firſt drawing. While ẏ worke was done,
The wooers threw, with huge contention
To kill them all; when with her Swallow wing,
Minerua cufft; and made their Iauelins ring
Againſt the doores, and threſholds, as before:
Some yet did graze vpon their markes. One tore
The Princes wriſt, which was *Amphimedon*;
Th'extreame part of the skin, but toucht vpon.
Cteſippus, ouer good *Eumæus* Shield
His ſhoulders top did taint; which yet did yield
The Lance free paſſe, and gaue his hurt the ground.
Againe then charg'd the wooers, and girt round
Vlyſſes with their Lances; who turn'd head,
And with his Iauelin ſtrooke *Eurydamas* dead.
Telemachus, diſliu'd *Amphimedon*;
Eumæus, *Polybus*; *Philetius* won
Cteſippus boſome with his dart, and ſaid;
(In quittance of the Ieſters part he plaid,
The Neats-foot hurling at *Vlyſſes*) Now
Great Sonne of *Polytherſes*; you that vow
Your wit to bitter taunts; and loue to wound

The heart of any with a feſt; ſo crown'd
Your wit be with a laughter; neuer yeilding
To fooles in folly; but your glory building
On putting downe in fooling, ſpitting forth
Puſt words at all ſorts: Ceaſe to ſcoffe at worth,
And leaue reuenge of vile words to the Gods,
Since their wits beare the ſharper edge by ods:
And in the meane time, take the Dart I draue,
For that right hoſpitable ſtoore you gaue
Diuine *Vlyſſes*, begging but his owne.
Thus ſpake the black-Ox-herdſman; & ſtraight down
Vlyſſes ſtrooke another with his Dart,
(*Damaſtors* ſon.) *Telemachus* did part
Iuſt in the midſt, the belly of the faire
Euenors ſonne; his fierce Pile taking aire
Out at his backe. Flat fell he on his face;
His whole browes knocking, and did marke the place.
And now, man-ſlaughtering *Pallas* tooke in hand
Her Snake-fring'd ſhield, & on that beam tooke ſtand
In her true forme, where Swallow-like ſhe ſat.
And then, in this way of the houſe, and that:
The wooers (wounded at the heart with feare)
Fled the encounter: As in Paſtures, where
Fat Herds of Oxen feede, about the field
(As if wilde madneſſe their inſtincts impeld)
The high-fed Bullockes flye: whom in the Spring
(When dayes are long) Gadbees, or Breezes ſting.
Vlyſſes and his ſonne, the Flyers chac'ſt;
As when with crooked Beakes and Seres, a caſt
Of hill-bred Eagles, caſt off at ſome game,
That yet their ſtrengths keepe; But (put vp) in flame
The Eagles ſtoopes; From which, along the field
The poore Foules make wing: this and that way yield
Their hard-flowne Pinions: Then, the clouds aſſay
For ſcape or ſhelter; their forlorne diſmay
All ſpirit exhaling, all wings ſtrength to carry
Their bodies forth; and (truſt vp) to the Quarry
Their Faulconers ride in, and reioyce to ſee
Their Hawkes performe a flight ſo feruently;
So (in their flight) *Vlyſſes* with his Heire,
Did ſtoope and cuffe the wooers, that the aire
Broke in vaſte ſighes: whoſe heads, they ſhot & cleft;
The Pauement boyling with the ſoules they reft:
Liodes (running to *Vlyſſes*) toke
His knees; and thus did on his name inuoke:
Vlyſſes: Let me pray thee, to my place
Affoord the reuerence; and to me the grace:
That neuer did, or ſaide, to any Dame

Thy Court contain'd, or deede, or word to blame.
But others ſo affected, I haue made
Lay downe their inſolence; and if the trade
They kept with wickednesſe, haue made them ſtill
Deſpiſe my ſpeech, and vſe their wonted ill;
They haue their penance by the ſtroke of death;
What their deſert, diuinely warranteth:
But I am Prieſt amongſt them; and ſhall I,
That nought haue done worth death, amongſt thē dy?
From thee, this Prouerbe then will men deriue;
Good turnes do neuer their meere deeds ſurmine.
He (bending his diſpleaſed forehead) ſaide;
If you be Prieſt amongſt them, as you pleade,
Yet you would marry; and with my wife too;
And haue deſcent by her: For all that woo
Wiſh to obtaine, which they ſhould neuer doo
Dames husbands liuing. You muſt therefore pray
Of force, and oft in Court heere; that the day
Of my returne for home might neuer ſhine;
The death to me wiſh't, therefore ſhall be thine.
This ſaid; he tooke a ſword vp that was caſt
From *Agelaus*, hauing ſtrooke his laſt;
And on the Prieſts mid necke, he laide a ſtroke
That ſtrooke his head off; tumbling as he ſpoke.
Then did the Poet *Phæmius* (whoſe ſur-name
VVas call'd *Terpiades*; who thither came.
Forc't by the woo'rs) fly death; but being nere
The Courts great gate, he ſtood, and parted there
In two his counſailes; either to remoue
And take the Altar of *Herceian Ioue*;
(Made ſacred to him; with a world of Art
Engrauen about it; where were wont t'impart
Laertes, and *Vlyſſes*, many a Thye
Of broad-brow'd Oxen to the Deity)
Or venture to *Vlyſſes*: claſpe his knee,
And pray his ruth. The laſt was the decree
His choiſe reſolu'd on. Twixt the royall Throne,
And that faire Table that the Bolle ſtood on
VVith which they ſacrific'd; his Harpe he laide
Along the earth; the Kings knees hugg'd, and ſaide:
Vlyſſes! Let my prayers obtaine of thee
My ſacred skils reſpect, and ruth to mee.
It will hereafter grieue thee to haue ſlaine
A Poet, that doth ſing to Gods and men.
I, of my ſelfe am taught: for God alone,
All ſorts of ſong hath in my boſome ſowne:
And I, as to a God, will ſing to thee;

Then

Then do not thou deale like the Prieſt, with me.
Thine owne lou'd ſonne *Telemachus* will ſay,
That not to beg heere; nor with willing way
Was my acceſſe to thy high Court addreſt,
To giue the wooers my ſong after Feaſt;
But being many, and ſo much more ſtrong;
They forc't me hither, and compell'd my Song.
This did the Princes ſacred vertue heare;
And to the King his Father, ſaid: Forbeare
To mixe the guiltleſſe, with the guilties blood.
And with him likewiſe, let our mercies ſaue
Medon the Herald; that did ſtill behaue
Himſelfe with care of my good, from a childe;
If by *Eumæus* yet he be not kild;
Or by *Philætius*; nor your fury met,
While all this blood about the houſe it ſwet.
This *Medon* heard, as lying hid beneath
A Throne ſet neere; halfe dead with feare of death;
A new-ſlead Oxe-hide (as but there throwne by)
His ſerious ſhroud made, he lying there, to fly.
But hearing this, he quickly left the Throne;
His Oxe-hide caſt as quickly, and as ſoone
The Princes knees ſeiz'd: ſaying, O my loue,
I am not ſlaine; but heere aliue, and moue.
Abſtaine your ſelfe; and do not ſee your Sire
Quench with my cold blood, the vnmeaſur'd fire
That flames in his ſtrength, making ſpoile of me,
His wraths right, for the wooers iniury.
Vlyſſes ſmil'd, and ſaid; Be confident
This man hath ſau'd, and made thee different;
To let thee know, and ſay, and others ſee,
Good life, is much more ſafe then villany.
Go then, ſit free without, from death within:
This much renowned Singer, from the ſin
Of theſe men likewiſe quit. Both reſt you there,
While I my houſe purge, as it fits me here.
This ſaide, they went and tooke their ſeat without
At *Ioues* high Altar, looking round about,
Expecting ſtill their ſlaughter. VVhen the King
Searcht round the Hall, to try lifes hidden wing
Made from more death. But all, laid proſtrate there
In blood and gore he ſaw: whole ſholes they were;
And lay as thicke, as in a hollow creake
VVithout the white Sea, when the Fiſhers breake
Their many-meſhed Draught-net vp, there lye
Fiſh friſking on the Sands; and faine the dry
VVould for the wet change. But th'al-ſeeing beam
The Sun exhales, hath ſuckt their liues from them;

So, one by other, ſprauld the wooers there.
Vlyſſes, and his Son then, bid appeare
The Nurſe *Eurycleia*, to let her heare
His minde in ſomething, fit for her affaire.
He op't the doore, and call'd; and ſaid, Repaire
Graue Matron, long ſince borne; that art our Spy
To all this houſes ſeruile huſwifery:
My Father cals thee, to impart ſome thought
That askes thy action. His word, found in nought
Her ſlacke obſeruance, who ſtraight op't the dore
And enter'd to him, when himſelfe before
Had left the Hall. But there, the King ſhe view'd
Amongſt the ſlaine, with blood and gore embrew'd:
And as a Lyon ſeulking all in Night,
Farre off in Paſtures; and come home, all dight
In iawes and breſt-lockes, with an Oxes blood,
New feaſted on him, his lookes full of mood;
So look't *Vlyſſes*; all his hands and feete
Freckl'd with purple. When which ſight did greete
The poore old woman (ſuch workes being for eyes
Of no ſoft temper) out ſhe brake in cries;
VVhoſe vent, though throughly opened; he yet cloſd,
Cal'd her more neere, and thus her plaints compoſd;
Forbeare; nor ſhricke thus: But vent ioyes as loud;
It is no piety to bemone the proud:
Though ends befall them, mouing neere ſo much,
Theſe are the portions of the Gods to ſuch.
Mens owne impieties, in their inſtant act,
Suſtaine their plagues; which are with ſtay but racke.
But theſe men, Gods not men had in eſteeme:
Nor good, nor bad, had any ſence in them.
Their liues directly ill, were therefore cauſe
That *Death* in theſe ſterne formes, ſo deepely drawes.
Recount then to me, thoſe licentious Dames,
That loſt my honor, and their ſexes ſhames.
Ile tell you truly (ſhe replied,) There are
Twice fiue and twenty women here, that ſhare
All worke amongſt them; whom I taught to Spin,
And beare the iuſt bands that they ſuffer'd in:
Of all which, onely there were twelue, that gaue
Themſelues to impudence, and light behaue;
Nor me reſpecting, nor herſelfe (the Queene.)
And for your Son, he hath but lately bene
Of yeares to rule: Nor would his Mother beare
His Empire, where her womens labors were.
But let me go, and giue her notice now
Of your arriuall. Sure ſome God doth ſhow
His hand vpon her, in this reſt ſhe takes,

That

That all theſe vproares beares, and neuer wakes.
Nor wake her yet (ſaid he) but cauſe to come
Thoſe twelue light women, to this vtter roome.
She made all vtmoſt haſte, to come and go,
And bring the women he had ſummon'd ſo.
Then, both his Swaines and Son, he bad, go call
The women to their aide, and cleere the Hall
Of thoſe dead bodies: Cleanſe each boord, & Throne
VVith wetted Sponges: which, with fitneſſe done,
He bad take all the Strumpets, twixt the wall
Of his firſt Court; and that roome next the Hall;
In which, the veſſell of the houſe were ſcour'd;
And in their boſomes ſheath their euery ſword,
Till all their ſoules were fled; and they had then,
Felt 'twas but paine to ſport with lawleſſe men.
This ſaid; the women came, all drown'd in mone,
And weeping bitterly. But firſt, was done
The bearing thence the dead: all which, beneath
The *Portico* they ſtow'd, where death on death
They heap't together. Then tooke all, the paines
Vlyſſes will'd. His Sonne yet, and the Swaines
VVith paring ſhouels wrought: The women bore
Their parings forth; and al the clotter'd gore.
The houſe then cleanſd, they brought the women out,
And put them in a roome, ſo wall'd about,
That no meanes ſeru'd their ſad eſtate to flye.
Then ſaide *Telemachus*, Theſe ſhall not dye
A death that lets out any wanton blood,
And vents the poiſon that gaue Luſt her foode,
The body cleanſing; but a death that chokes
The breath, and all together, that prouokes
And ſeemes as Bellowes, to abhorred Luſt;
That both on my head, pour'd depraues vniuſt,
And on my Mother; ſcandaling the Court,
VVith men debaucht, in ſo abhorr'd a ſort.
This ſaid; a Halſer of a ſhip they caſt
About a croſſe beame of the roofe; which faſt
They made about their neckes, in twelue parts cut;
And hal'd them vp ſo high, they could not put
Their feete to any ſtay. As which was done,
Looke how a Mauis, or a Pygeon
In any Groue, caught with a Sprindge, or Net;
VVith ſtrugling Pinions 'gainſt the ground doth beat
Her tender body; and that then-ſtreight bed
Is ſowre to that ſwindge, in which ſhe was bred;
So ſtriu'd theſe taken Birds, till euery one
Her pliant halter, had enforc't vpon
Her ſtubborne necke; and then aloft was haul'd

To

To wretched death. A little ſpace they ſprauld
Their feet faſt mouing; but were quickly ſtill.
Then fetcht they downe *Melanthius*, to fulfill
The equall execution; which was done
In Portall of the Hall; and thus begun:
They firſt ſlit both his Noſethrils, cropt each eare;
His Members tugg'd off, which the dogges did teare,
And chop vp bleeding ſweet; and while red hot
The vice-abhorring blood was; off they ſmote
His hands and feet, and there that worke had end:
Then waſht they hands & feet, that blood had ſteind;
And tooke the houſe againe. And then the King
(*Eurycleа* calling) bad her quickly bring
All ill-expelling Brimſtone, and ſome fire,
That with perfumes caſt, he might make entire
Th houſes firſt integrity in all.
And then his timely will was, ſhe ſhould call
Her Queene and Ladies; ſtill yet charging her,
That all the Handmaids ſhe ſhould firſt confer.
She ſaid, he ſpake as fitted; But before
She held it fit to change the weeds he wore,
And ſhe would others bring him: that not ſo
His faire broad ſhoulders might reſt clad; and ſhow
His perſon to his ſeruants, was too blame.
Firſt bring me Fire, ſaid he. She went, and came
VVith fire, & ſulphure ſtraight; [illegible] ſuch the hall,
And of the huge houſe, all room[illegible] pitall
He throughly ſweetned. Then we[illegible] urſe to call
The Handmaid ſeruants downe; [illegible] ſhe went
To tell the newes, and will'd them [illegible] preſent
Their ſeruice to their Soueraigne Downe they came,
Suſtaining Torches all, and pour'd a flame
Of Loue, about their Lord: with welcomes home,
VVith huggings of his hands, with laborſome
Both heads and fore-heads, kiſſes, and embraces;
And plyed him ſo, with all their louing graces,
That teares and ſighes, tooke vp his whole deſire;
For now he knew their hearts to him entire.

The End of the XXII. Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE XXIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLyſſes *to his wife is knowne:*
A briefe ſumm of his Trauailes ſhowne.
Himſelfe, his Son, and Seruants go
To appease the Wooers ouerthrow.

Another.

41. { *For all annoyes* / *ſuſtain'd before;* } / { *The true wiues ioyes,* / *now made the more.* }

THe ſeruants thus inform'd; the Matron goes
Vp, where the Queene was caſt in ſuch repoſe;
Affected with a feruent ioy to tell
VVhat all this time ſhe did with paine conceale.
Her knees reuokt their firſt ſtrength; and her feete
Were borne aboue the ground, with wings, to greete
The long-greeu'd Queene, with newes her King was come
And (neere her) ſaid: VVake, Leaue this withdrawne roome
That now your eyes may ſee, at length, though late,
The man return'd, which all the heauy date
Your woes haue rackt out, you haue long'd to ſee:
Vlyſſes is come home, and hath ſet free
His Court of all your wooers; ſlaughtering all,
For waſting ſo his goods with Feſtiuall:
His houſe ſo vexing; and for violence done,
So all waies varied to his onely ſonne.
She anſwer'd her; The Gods haue made thee mad;
Of whoſe pow'r now, thy pow'rs ſuch proof haue had.
The Gods can blinde with follies, wiſeſt eies,
And make men fooliſh, ſo to make them wiſe.
For they haue hurt euen thy graue braine, that bore
An vnderſtanding ſpirit heretofore.
VVhy haſt thou wak't me to more teares, when *Mone*
Hath turn'd my minde, with teares, into her owne?
Thy madneſſe much more blameſull, that with lyes
Thy haſte is loaden: and both robs mine eyes

Of

Of moſt delightſome ſleepe; and ſleepe of them,
That now had bound me in his ſweet extream,
T'embrace my lids, and cloſe my vſuall Spheres.
I haue not ſlept ſo much this twenty yeares;
Since firſt my deareſt ſleeping-Mate was gone
For that too-ill-to-ſpeake of, *Ilion*.
Hence, take your mad ſteps backe; if any Maid
Of all my traine beſides, a part had plaid
So bold to wake, and tell mine eares ſuch lies;
I had return'd her to her huſwiferies
VVith good prooſe of my wrath to ſuch rude Dames;
But go your yeares haue ſau'd their yonger blames.
She anſwer'd her: I nothing wrong your eare,
But tell the truth: your long-miſt Lord is heere;
And, with the wooers ſlaughter, his owne hand
(In chiefe exploit) hath to his owne command
Reduc't his houſe; and that poore Gueſt was he,
That all thoſe wooers, wrought ſuch iniurie.
Telemachus had knowledge long ago
That 'twas his Father; but his wiſedome ſo
Obſeru'd his counſailes; to giue ſurer end
To that great worke, to which they did contend.
This call'd her ſpirits to their conceiuing places;
She ſprung for ioy, from blames into embraces
Of her graue Nurſe: wip't euery teare away
From her faire cheekes; and then began to ſay
What Nurſe ſaid, ouer thus; O Nurſe, can this
Be true thou ſayſt? How could that hand of his
Alone, deſtroy ſo many? They would ſtill
Troope all together. How could he then kill
Such numbers, ſo vnited? How? (ſaid ſhe)
I haue nor ſeene, nor heard; but certainly
The deed is done. VVe ſate within, in feare;
The doores ſhut on vs: and from thence might heare
The ſighes, and grones of euery man he ſlew;
But heard, nor ſaw more: till at length, there flew
Your ſonnes voice to mine eare, that call'd to me,
And bad me then come foorth: and then I ſee
Vlyſſes ſtanding in the midſt of all
Your ſlaughtred wooers, heap't vp like a wall,
One on another, round about his ſide;
It would haue done you good to haue deſcride
Your conqu'ring lord; all ſmeard with blood & gore
So like a Lyon. Straight then, off they bore
The ſlaughtred carkaſſes; that now before
The fore-Court gates lye, one on other pilde.
And now your victor, all the Hall defilde
VVith ſtinch of hot death) is perfuming round;

And with a mighty fire the harth hath crown'd.
Thus, all the death remou'd, and euery roome
Made ſweet and ſightly; that your ſelfe ſhould come
His pleaſure ſent me. Come then, take you now
Your mutuall fils of comfort: Griefe, on you
Hath long, and many ſufferings laid; which length,
VVhich many ſuffrings, nowe your vertuous ſtrength
Of vncorrupted chaſtneſſe, hath conferr'd
A happy end to. He that long hath err'd
Is ſafe arriu'd at home: his wife, his ſonne
Found ſafe & good; all ill that hath bene done
On all the dooers heads (though long prolong'd)
His right hath wreak't, and in the place they wrong'd.
She anſwer'd: Do not you now laugh, and boſt
As you had done ſome great act; ſeeing moſt
Into his Being: For, you know, he won
(Euen through his poore, and vile condition)
A kind of prompted thought; that there was plac't
Some vertue in him, fit to be embrac't
By all the houſe; but, moſt of all, by me
And by my Son, that was the progenie
Of both our loues. And yet it is not he,
For all the likely proofes ye plead to me:
Some God hath ſlaine the wooers, in diſdaine
Of the abhorred pride, he ſaw ſo raigne
In thoſe baſe workes they did: No man aliue,
Or good, or bad, whoeuer did arriue
At their abodes once, euer could obtaine
Regard of them: and therefore their ſo vaine
And vile deſerts, haue found as vile an end.
But (for *Vlyſſes*) neuer will extend
His wiſht returne to *Greece*: Nor he yet liues.
How ſtrange a Queen are you? (ſaid ſhe) that giues
No truth your credit? That your husband, ſet
Cloſe in his houſe at fire, can purchaſe yet
No faith of you; But that he ſtill is farre
From any home of his? your wit's at warre
With all credulity euer; and yet now
Ile name a ſigne, ſhall force beleefe from you:
I bath'd him lately; and beheld the ſcar
That ſtill remaines a marke too ocular
To leaue your heart yet blinded; and I then
Had run and told you: but his hand was feine
To cloſe my lips from th'acclamation
My heart was breathing: and his wiſedome won
My ſtill retention, till he gaue me leaue,
And charge to tell you this. Now then, receaue
My life for gage of his returne; which take

In any cruell fashion; if I make
All this not cleere to you. Lou'd Nurse (said she)
Though many things thou knowst, yet these things be
Veil'd in the counsailes th'vncreated Gods
Haue long time maskt in: whose darke periods
Tis hard for thee to see into; But come,
Lets see my son; the slaine; and he by whom
They had their slaughter. This said, down they went;
When on the Queens part, diuers thoghts wer spent;
If (all this giuen no faith) she still should stand
Aloofe, and question more: Or his hugg'd hand,
And loued head, she should at first assay
With free-giuen kisses. VVhen her doubtfull way
Had past the stony pauement, she tooke seate
Against her husband, in the opposite heate
The fire then cast vpon the other wall:
Himselfe, set by the Columne of the Hall;
His lookes cast downwards, and expected still,
VVhen her incredulous, and curious will
To shun ridiculous error, and the shame
To kisse a Husband, that was not the same,
VVould downe, and win enough faith from his sight.
She silent sate, and her perplexed plight
Amaze encounter'd: Sometimes, she stood cleare
He was her Husband: sometimes, the ill weare
His person had put on, transform'd him so,
That yet his stampe would hardly currant go.
Her son her Prangenesse seeing blam'd her thus:
Mother, vngentle Mother! tyrannous!
In this too curious modesty you show;
Why sit you from my Father? Nor bestow
A word on me, t'enquire and cleere such doubt
As may perplexe you? Found man euer out
One other such a wife? That could forbeare
Her lou'd Lords welcome home, when twenty yeare
In infinite sufferance, he had spent apart:
No Flint so hard is, as a womans hart.
Son (she replied) Amaze containes my minde,
Nor can I speake, and vse the commune kind
Of those enquiries; nor sustaine to see
VVith opposite lookes, his countenance. If this be
My true *Vlysses* now return'd; there are
Tokens betwixt vs of more fitnesse farre
To giue me argument, he is my Lord;
And my assurance of him, may afford
My proofes of ioy for him, from all these eies
VVith more *decorum*; then obiect their guise
To publique notice. The much-Sufferer brake

In laughter out; and to his Son said; Take
Your Mother from the preasse; that she may make
Her owne prooses of me, which perhaps may giue
More cause to the acknowledgements, that driue
Their shew thus off. But now, because I goe
So poorely clad, she takes disdaine to know
So loath'd a creature, for her loued Lord.
Let vs consult then, how we may accord
The Towne to our late action. Some one, slaine,
Hath made the all-left slaughterer of him, faine
To fly his friends and country. But our swords
Haue slaine a Cities most supportfull Lords;
The chiefe Peeres of the kingdome: therefore see
You vse wise meanes t'vphold your victorie.
See you to that good Father (saide the Son)
Whose counsailes haue the soueraigne glory won
From all men liuing. None will striue with you;
But with vnquestion'd Girlands grace your brow:
To whom, our whol alacrities we vow
In free attendance. Nor shall our hands leaue
Your onsets needy of supplies, to giue
All the effects that in our pow'rs can fall.
Then this (said he) to me seemes capitall
Of all choise courses: Bathe we first, and then
Attire we freshly: all our Maides and men
Enioyning like wise, to their best attire.
The sacred Singer then, let touch his Lire;
And go before vs all in gracefull dance,
That all without, to whose eares shal aduance
Our cheerefull accents, (or of Trauailers by,
Or firme inhabitants) solemnity
Of frolicke Nuptials may imagine heere.
And this, performe we; lest the massakere
Of all our wooers be diuulg'd about
The ample City, ere our selues get out,
And greet my Father, in his Groue of Trees;
VVhere, after, we will proue what policies
Olympius shall suggest, to ouercome
Our latest toiles, and crowne our welcome home.
This all obey'd: Bath'd, put on fresh attire,
Both men and women did; Then tooke his Lire
The holy singer, and set thirst on fire
VVith songs, and faultlesse dances: all the Court
Rung with the footings, that the numerous sport
From iocund men drew, and faire-girdl'd Dames;
VVhich, (heard abroad) thus flew the cõmune fames:
This sure the day is, when the much-woo'd Queen
Is richly wed; O wretch! That hath not beene

So conſtant, as to keepe her ample houſe
Til th'vtmoſt houre, had brought her formoſt ſpouſe.
  Thus ſome conceiu'd, but little knew the thing.
And now, *Eurynome* had bath'd the King;
Smooth'd him with Oyles; and he, himſelfe attir'd
In veſtures royall. Her part then inſpir'd
The Goddeſſe *Pal'as*; deck't his head and face
With infinite beauties: gaue a goodly grace
Of ſtature to him: a much plumper plight
Through all his body breath'd; Curles ſoft, & bright
Adorn'd his head withall, and made it ſhow,
As if the flowry *Hyacinth* did grow
In all his pride there: In the generall trim
Of euery locke, and euery curious lim,
Looke how a skilfull Artizan, well ſeene
In all Arts Metalline; as hauing beene
Taught by *Minerua*, and the God of fire,
Doth Gold, with Siluer mix ſo; that entire
They keepe their ſelfe diſtinction; and yet ſo,
That to the Siluer, from the Gold, doth flow
A much more artificiall luſter then his owne;
And thereby to the Gold it ſelfe, is growne
A greater glory, then if wrought alone;
Both being ſtuck off, by either's mixtion:
So did *Minerua*, hers and his combine;
He more in Her, She more in Him did ſhine.
Like an Immortall from the Bath, he roſe:
And to his wife did all his grace diſpoſe,
Encountring this her ſtrangeneſſe: Cruell Dame
Of all that breathe; the Gods, paſt ſteele and flame
Haue made thee ruthleſſe: Life retaines not one
Of all Dames elſe, that beares ſo ouer-growne
A minde with abſtinence; as twenty yeares
To miſſe her husband, drown'd in woes, and teares,
And at his comming, keepe aloofe; and fare
As of his ſo long abſence, and his care,
No ſenſe had ſeiſd her. Go Nurſe, make a bed,
That I alone may ſleepe; her heart is dead
To all reflection. To him, thus replied
The wiſe *Penelope*: Man, halfe deified;
'Tis not my faſhion to be taken ſtreight
With braueſt men: Nor pooreſt, vſe to ſleight.
Your meane apparance made not me retire;
Nor this your rich ſhew, makes me now admire,
Nor moues at all: For what is all to me,
If not my husband? All his certainty
I knew at parting; but (ſo long apart)
The outward likeneſſe, holds no full deſart

For me to truſt to. Go Nurſe, ſee addreſt
A ſoft bed for him; and the ſingle reſt
Himſelfe affects ſo. Let it be the bed,
That ſtands within our Bridal Chamber-ſted,
VVhich he himſelf made: Bring it forth from thence,
And ſee it furniſht with magnificence.
  This ſaid ſhe, to aſſay him; and did ſtir
Euen his eſtabliſht patience; and to hir.
Whom thus he anſwerd: VVoman! your words proue
My patience ſtrangely: VVho is it can moue
My Bed out of his place? It ſhall oppreſſe
Earths greateſt vnder-ſtander; and vnleſſe,
Euen God himſelfe come, that can eaſely grace
Men in their moſt skils, it ſhall hold his place.
For Man: he liues not, that (as not moſt skill'd,
So not moſt yong) ſhall eaſely make it yield.
If (building on the ſtrength in which he flowes)
He addes both Leuers to, and Iron Crowes.
For, in the fixure of the Bed, is ſhowne
A Maiſter-peece; a wonder: and 'twas done
By me, and none but me: and thus was wrought;
There was an Oliue tree, that had his grought
Amidſt a hedge; and was of ſhadow, proud
Freſh, and the prime age of his verdure ſhow'd.
His leaues and armes ſo thicke, that to the eye
It ſhew'd a columne for ſolidity.
To this, had I a comprehenſion
To build my Bridall Bowre; which all of ſtone,
Thicke as the Tree of leaues, I raiſde, and caſt
A Roofe about it, nothing meanly grac'ſt;
Put glew'd doores to it, that op't Art enough.
Then, from the Oliue, euery broad-leau'd bough
I lopt away: then fell'd the Tree, and then
VVent ouer it, both with my Axe, and Plaine:
Both gouern'd by my Line. And then, I hew'd
My curious Bed-ſted out; in which, I ſhew'd
VVorke of no commune hand. All this, begon,
I could not leaue, till to perfection
My paines had brought it. Tooke my Wimble; bor'd
The holes, as fitted: and did laſt, afford
The varied Ornament; which ſhew'd no want
Of Siluer, Gold, and poliſht Elephant.
An Oxe-hide Dide in purple, then I threw
Aboue the cords. And thus, to curious view
I hope I haue obiected honeſt ſigne,
To proue, I author nought that is not mine:
But, if my bed ſtand vnremou'd, or no,
O woman, paſſeth humane wit to know.
This ſunk her knees & heart, to heare ſo true

The ſignes ſhe vrg'd; and firſt, did teares enſue
Her rapt aſſurance: Then ſhe ran, and ſpread
Her armes about his necke; kiſt oft his head;
And thus the curious ſtay ſhe made, excuſde:
Vlyſſes! Be not angry, that I vſde
Such ſtrange delaves to this; ſince heretofore
Your ſuffering wiſedome, hath the Gyrland wore
From all that breath: and 'tis the Gods that thus
With mutuall miſſe, ſo long afflicting vs,
Haue cauſd my coyneſſe: To our youths, enuied
That will.t ſociety, that ſhould haue tied
Our youths and yeares together: and ſince now
Iudgement and *Duty*, ſhould our age allow
As full ioyes therein, as in youth and blood:
See all yong anger, and reproofe withſtood,
For not at firſt ſight giuing vp my armes:
My heart ſtill trembling, leſt the falſe alarmes
That words oft ſtrike vp, ſhould ridiculize me.
Had *Argiue Hel'en* knowne credulity
VVould bring ſuch plagues with it; and her, againe
(As anthreſſe of them all) with that foule ſtaine
To her, and to her countrey; ſhe had ſtaid
Her loue and mixture from a ſtrangers bed.
But God impell'd her to a ſhameleſſe deede,
Becauſe ſhe had not in her ſelfe decreed
Before th'attempt; That, ſuch acts ſtill were ſhent,
As ſimply in themſelues, as in th'euent.
By which, not onely ſhe her ſelfe ſuſtaines,
But we, for her fault, haue paid mutuall paines.
Yet now; ſince theſe ſignes of our certaine bed
You haue diſcouer'd, and diſtinguiſhed
From all earths others: No one man but you,
Yet euer getting of it th'onely ſhow;
Nor one, of all Dames, but my ſelfe, and ſhe
My Father gaue; old *Actors* progenie:
(VVho euer guarded to our ſelues, the dore
Of that thick-ſhaded chamber) I, no more
Will croſſe your cleere perſwaſion: though, till now,
I ſtood too doubtfull, and auſtere to you.
These words of hers, ſo iuſtifying her ſtay,
Did more deſire of ioyfull mone conuay
To his glad minde; then if at inſtant ſight,
She had allow'd him, all his wiſhes right.
He wept for ioy, t'enioy a wife ſo fit
For his graue minde, that knew his depth of wit;
And held chaſte vertue at a price ſo high.
And as ſad men at Sea, when ſhore is nigh, (loſt
VVhich long their hearts haue wiſht (their ſhip quite

By *Neptunes* rigor; and they vext, and toſt
Twixt winds & black waues, ſwimming for their liues;
A few eſcap't; and that few that ſuruiues
(All drencht in ſome, and brine) craule vp to Land,
VVith ioy as much as they did worlds command;
So deare, to this wife, was her husbands ſight;
Who ſtill embrac't his necke; and had; (til light
Diſplaid her ſiluer Enſigne) if the Dame
That beares the blew ſky, entermixt with flame
In her faire eyes, had not infixt her thought
On other ioyes, for loues ſo hardly brought
To long'd-for meeting: who th'extended night
VVith-held in long date; nor would let the light
Her wing-hoon'd horſe ioyne; (*Lampus*, *Phaeton*)
Thoſe euer Colts, that bring the morning on
To worldly men; But, in her golden chaire,
Downe to the Ocean, by her ſiluer haire
Bound her aſpirings. Then *Vlyſſes* ſaid;
O wife: Nor yet are my contentions ſtaid;
A moſt vnmeaſur'd labour, long and hard
Askes more performance; to it, being prepar'd
By graue *Tireſias*, when downe to hell
I made darke paſſage; that his skill might tell
My mens returne, and mine. But come, and now
Enioy the ſweet reſt that our Fates allow.
The place of reſt is ready, (ſhe replyed)
Your will at full ſerue, ſince the deified
Haue brought you, where your right is to command.
But ſince you know (God making vnderſtand
Your ſearching mind) informe me, what muſt be
Your laſt ſet labour; Since 'twill fall to me
(I hope) to heare it after; tell me now:
The greateſt pleaſure is before to know.
Vnhappy? (ſaid *Vlyſſes*) To what end
Importune you this labour? It will lend
Nor you, nor me, delight; but you ſhall know,
I was commanded, yet more to beſtow
My yeares in trauaile; many Cities more
By Sea to viſit: and when firſt, for ſhore
I left my ſhipping, I was will'd to take
A nauall Oare in hand; and with it make
My paſſage forth, till ſuch ſtrange men I met,
As knew no Sea, nor euer ſalt did eat
VVith any victles: who the purple beakes
Of Ships did neuer ſee: nor that which breakes
The waues in curles, which is a Fan-like Oare,
And ſerues as wings, with which a ſhip doth ſoare.
To let me know then, when I was arriu'd

On that ſtrange earth, where ſuch a people liu'd.
He gaue me this for an vnfailing ſigne:
When any one, that tooke that Oare of mine
Borne on my ſhoulder, for a Corne-cleanſe Fan,
I met aſhore; and ſhew'd to be a man
Of that Lands labour: There had I command
To fixe mine Oare; and offer on that ſtrand
T'imperiall *Neptune* (whom I muſt implore)
A Lambe, a Bull, and Sow-aſcending Bore:
And then turne home; where all the other Gods
That in the broad heauen made ſecure abods,
I muſt ſolicite (all my curious heed
Giuen to the ſeuerall rites they haue decreed)
VVith holy *Hecatombes*: And then, at home
A gentle death ſhould ſeize me, that would come
From out the Sea, and take me to his reſt
In full ripe age; about me, liuing bleſt,
My louing people: To which (he preſag'd)
The ſequell of my fortunes were engag'd.
If then (ſaide the) the Gods will pleaſe t'impoſe
A happier Being to your fortunes cloſe
Then went before; your hope giues comfort ſtrength,
That life ſhall lend you better dayes at length.
VVhile this diſcourſe ſpent mutual ſpeech, the bed
Eurynome and Nurſe had made; and ſpred
VVith richeſt Furniture; while Torches ſpent
Their parcell gilt thereon. To bed then went
The aged Nurſe; and where their Soueraignes were,
Eurynome (the Chamber-maid) did beare
A Torch, and went before them to their reſt:
To which ſhe left them; and for hers addreſt.
The King and Queene then, now (as newly wed)
Reſum'd the old Lawes of th'embracing bed.
Telemachus, and both his Herdſmen, then
Diſſolu'd the dances, both to Maids and men;
VVho in their ſhady roofes tooke timely ſleepe.
The Bride, and Bridegroome, hauing ceaſt to keepe
Obſerued Loue-ioyes; from their fit delight,
They turn'd to talke. The Queene then did recite
VVhat ſhe had ſuffer'd by the hatefull rout
Of harmfull wooers, who had eate her out
So many Oxen, and ſo many Sheepe;
How many Tun of wine their drinking deepe
Had quite exhauſted. Great *Vyſſes* then,
VVhat euer ſlaughters he had made of men;
VVhat euer ſorrowes he himſelfe ſuſtain'd,
Repeated amply; and her eares remain'd
VVith all delight, attentiue to their end.

Nor

Nor would one winke ſleepe, till he told her all;
Beginning where he gaue the *Cacons* fall.
From thence, his paſſe to the *Lotophagie*;
The *Cyclops* acts; the putting out his eye,
And wreake of all the Souldiers he had eate,
No leaſt ruth ſhewne, to all they could entreate.
His way to *Æolus*; his prompt receit,
And kinde diſmiſſion: his inforc't retreate
By ſodaine Tempeſt, to the fiſhy maine;
And quite diſtraction from his courſe againe.
His landing at the *Læſtrigonian* Port,
VVhere ſhips and men, in miſerable ſort,
Met all their ſpoiles; his ſhip, and he, alone
Got off from the abhorr'd confuſion.
His paſſe to *Circe*; her deceits, and Arts:
His thence deſcenſion to th'infernall parts:
His lifes courſe of the *Thebane* Prophet learn'd;
VVhere, all the ſlaughter'd Grecians he deſcern'd,
And loued Mother. His aſtoniſht eare
VVith what the *Syrens* voices made him heare.
His ſcape from th'erring Rockes, which *Scylla* was,
And rough *Charybdis*; with the dangerous paſſe
Of all that toucht there: His *Sicilian*
Offence giuen to the Sun: His euery man
Deſtroy'd by thunder, vollied out of heauen,
That ſplit his Ship; his owne endeuours driuen
To ſhift for ſuccours on th'*Ogygian* ſhore,
VVhere Nimph *Calypſo*, ſuch affection bore
To him in his arriuall: That with feaſt
She kept him in her Caues, and would haue bleſt
His welcome life, with an immortall ſtate;
VVould he haue ſtaid, and liu'd her Nuptiall mate:
All which, ſhe neuer could perſwade him to.
His paſſe to the *Pheacians*, ſpent in wo:
Their hearty welcome of him, as he were,
A God deſcended from the ſtarry Sphere:
Their kinde diſmiſſion of him home, with Gold,
Braſſe, Garments; all things his occaſions would.
This laſt word vſde; ſleepe ſeiz'd his weary eye,
That ſalues all care, to all mortality.
In meane ſpace, *Pallas*, entertain'd intent,
That when *Vyſſes*, thought enough time ſpent
In loue-ioyes with his wife; to raiſe the Day,
And make his graue occaſions, call, away.
The Morning roſe, and he; when thus he ſaide;
O Queene: Now ſatiate with afflictions, laide
On both our boſomes; (you oppreſſed heere
VVith cares for my returne; I, euery where.

By

By *Ioue*, and all the other Deities, toſt
Euen till all hope of my returne was loſt)
And both arriu'd at this ſweet Hauen, our Bed;
Be your care vſde, to ſee adminiſtred
My houſe-poſſeſsions left. Thoſe Sheepe that were
Conſum'd in ſurfets by your wooers heere;
Ile forrage, to ſupply with ſome; and more,
The ſuffering Grecians ſhall be made reſtore,
Euen till our ſtalles receiue their wonted fill.
And now, to comfort my good Fathers ill
Long ſuffer'd for me: To the many-tree'd
And ample Vineyard grounds, it is decreed
In my next care, that I muſt haſte, and ſee
His long'd-for preſence. In the meane time, be
Your wiſedome vſde; that ſince (the Sun aſcended)
The fame will ſoone be through the Town extended,
Of thoſe I heere haue ſlaine; your ſelfe (got cloſe
Vp to your chamber) ſee you there repoſe,
Cheer'd with your women; and, nor looke afford
Without your Court; nor anie man, a word.
This ſaid, he arm'd: To arms, both Son and Swain
His powre commanding; who did entertaine
His charge with ſpirit: Op't the gates, and out;
He leading all. And now was hurl'd about
Aurora's ruddie fire: through all whoſe light
Minerua led them, through the Towne, from fight.

The End of the XXIII. Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE XXIIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

BY Mercury the Wooers ſoules
Are vſher'd to th' Infernall Pooles.
Vlyſſes, with Laertes met;
The people, are in vprore ſet
Againſt them, for the wooers ends:
Whom Pallas *ſtayes, and reuders friends.*

Another.

The vprores fire,
the Peoples fall:
The Grandſire, Sire,
and Son, to all.

Tllenian Hermes with his golden rod,
The wooers ſoules (that yet retain'd abod
Amids their bodies) call'd in dreadfull rout
Forth to th' Infernals; who came murmuring out.
And as amids the deſolate retreate
Of ſome vaſte Cauerne (made the ſacred ſeate
Of auſtere ſpirits) Bats, with Breſts, and wings
Claſpe faſt the wals; and each to other clings:
But, ſwept off from their couerts, vp they riſe
And flye with murmures, in amazefull guiſe
About the cauerne: So theſe (grumbling) roſe
And flockt together. Downe before them goes
None-hurting Mercury, to hels broad waies;
And ſtraight to thoſe ſtreights, where the Ocean ſtaies
His lofty current in calme deepes, they flew.
Then to the ſnowy rocke, they next withdrew;
And to the cloſe of *Phœbus* orient gates:
The Nation then of Dreames; and then the ſtates
Of thoſe ſoules Idols, that the weary dead
Gaue vp in earth: which, in a flowry Mead
Had habitable ſituation.
And there they ſaw the ſoule of *Thetis* ſon;
Of good *Patroclus*; braue *Antilochus*,
And *Ajax*; the ſupremely ſtrenuous
Of all the Grecke hoaſt, next *Plebeian*:
All which aſſembled about *Maias* ſon.

And

And to them (after) came the mournfull Ghoſt
Of *Agamemnon*, with all thoſe, he loſt
In falſe *Ægiſthus* Court. *Achilles* then
Beholding there, that mighty King of men:
Deplor'd his plight, and ſaid: O *Atreus* Son!
Of all Heroes, all *Opinion*
Gaue thee, for *Ioues* moſt lou'd; ſince moſt command
Of all the Greekes, he gaue thy eminent hand
At ſiedge of *Ilion*, where we ſuffer'd ſo:
And is the iſſue this? That firſt in wo,
Sterne Fate did therefore ſet thy ſequell downe?
None borne paſt others Fates, can paſſe his owne.
I wiſh to heauen, that in the heighth of all
Our pompe at *Ilion*, Fate had ſign'd thy fall;
That all the Greekes might haue aduanc't to thee,
A famous Sepulcher; and Fame might ſee
Thy Son giuen honor, in thy honour'd end;
But now, a wretched death did Fate extend
To thy confuſion, and thy Iſſues ſhame.
O *Thetis* Son (ſaid he) the vitall flame
Extinct at *Ilion*, far from th'*Argiue* fields;
The ſtile of bleſſed, to thy vertue yields.
About thy fall, the beſt of *Greece* and *Troy*
VVere ſacrific'd to ſlaughter: Thy iuſt ioy
Conceiu'd in battell, with ſome worth forgot,
In ſuch a death, as great *Apollo* ſhot
At thy encounters: Thy braue perſon lay
Hid in a duſty whirlewinde, that made way
VVith humane breaths, ſpent in thy ruines ſtate;
Thou great, wert greatly valew'd, in thy Fate.
All day we fought about thee; nor at all
Had ceaſt our conflict, had not *Ioue* let fall
A ſtorme, that forc't off our vnwilling feete.
But, hauing brought thee from the fight, to fleete
Thy glorious perſon (bath'd and balm'd) we laide
Aloft a bed; and round about thee, paide
The *Greekes* warme teares, to thy deplor'd deceaſe;
Quite danted, cutting all their curles increaſe.
Thy death braue a diuine voice through the Seas,
That ſtarted vp thy Mother from the waues;
And all the Marine Godheads, left their caues,
Conſorting to our fleet, her rapt repaire:
The *Greekes* ſtood frighted, to ſee Sea, and Aire,
And Earth, combine ſo, in thy loſſes fence;
Had taken ſhip, and fled for euer thence,
If old-much-knowing-*Neſtor* had not ſtaide
Their ruſhing off: His counſailes hauing ſwaide
In all times former, with ſuch cauſe, their courſes;

VVho bad containe themſelues, and truſt their forces;
For all they ſaw, was *Thetis* come from Sea,
VVith others of the watry progenie,
To ſee and mourne for her deceaſed Son.
VVhich ſtaid the feares, that all to flight had won;
And round about thee ſtood th'old Sea-gods ſeedes,
VVretchedly mourning: their immortall weeds
Spreading vpon thee: all the ſacred Nine
Of deathleſſe *Muſes*, paid thee dues diuine;
By varied turnes their heauenly voyces venting,
All in deepe paſſion for thy death lamenting.
And then, of all our Army, not an eye
You could haue ſeene, vndrown'd in miſery;
The mouing *Muſe*, ſo rul'd in euery minde.
Full ſeuenteene dayes and nights, our teares confin'd
To celebration of thy mourned end;
Both men, and Gods, did in thy praiſe contend.
The eighteenth day, we ſpent about thy heape
Of dying fire: Blacke Oxen, fatted Sheepe
VVe ſlew, paſt number. Then the precious ſpoile
(Thy Corſe) wee tooke vp, which with floods of oile
And pleaſant Hony we embalm'd, and then
VVrapt thee in thoſe Robes, that the Gods did raine:
In which, we gaue thee to the hallowed flame;
To which, a number of heroicall name,
All arm'd, came ruſhing in, in deſperate plight,
As preſt to ſacrifice their vitall right
To thy dead ruines, while ſo bright, they burn'd:
Both foote & horſe brake in, and fought, & mourn'd
In infinite tumult. But when all the night
The rich flame laſted; and that waſted quite
Thy body was with the enamor'd fire,
VVe came in early Morne, and quenched entire
Collection made, of euery Iuorie bone;
VVhich waſht in wine, and giuen fit vnction,
A two-ear'd Bolle of Gold, thy Mother gaue,
By *Bacchus* giuen her; and did bring to receaue
From *Vulcans* famous hand; which (O renown'd
Great *Thetis* Son) with thy faire bones, we crown'd,
Mixt with the Bones of *Menetiades*, * *Patroclus*
And braue *Antilochus*; who, in deare life
Of thy *Patroclus*, was thy fauours Deere.
About thee then, a matchleſſe Sepulchre,
The ſacred hoaſt of the *Achaians* reard
Vpon the *Helleſpont*; where moſt it ſeiſd
(For height, and conſpicuity) the eies
Of liuing men, and their poſterities.
Thy Mother then obtain'd the Gods conſent

To inſtitute an honor'd game, that ſpent
The beſt approuement of our Grecian Fames;
In whoſe praiſe, I muſt ſay, that many games
About *Heroes* Sepulchers, mine eyes
Haue ſeene perform'd: But theſe, bore off the prize
VVith myracles to me, from all before.
In which, thy Siluer-footed Mother, bore
The Inſtitutions name; but thy defarts
(Being great with heauen) cauſ'd al the eminent parts.
And thus, through all the worſt effects of Fate,
Achilles Fame, euen *Death* ſhall propagate:
VVhile any one, ſhall lend the light an eye,
Diuine *Æacides* ſhal neuer dye.
But wherein can theſe comforts be conceiu'd
As rights to me? when hauing quite atchieu'd
An end with ſafety, and with Conqueſt too
Of ſo vnmatcht a warre; what none could do
Of all our enemies there, at home, a Friend,
And VVife, haue giuen me inglorious end.
While theſe thus ſpake, the *Argus*-killing ſpy
Brought neere, *Vlyſſes* noble victory
To their renew'd diſcourſe; in all the ends
The wooers ſuffer'd, and ſhew'd thoſe his Freends.
VVhom now, amaze inuaded with the view,
And made giue backe: yet *Agamemnon* knew
Atelanthius heyre, much-fam'd *Amphimedon*,
Who had in *Ithaca*, Gueſt-fauours ſhown
To great *Atrides*; who firſt ſpake, and ſaide:
Amphimedon: what ſufferance hath bene laide
On your aliue parts, that hath made you make
This land of darkneſſe, the retreat you take?
So all together? All being like in yeeres?
Nor would a man haue chooſd, of all the Peeres
A City honors, men to make a part
More ſtrong for any obiect? Hath your ſmart
Bene felt from *Neptune*, being at Sea? His wrath,
The winds, and waues, exciting to your ſcath?
Or haue offenſiue men impoſd this Fate?
Your Oxen driuing; or your flockes eſtate?
Or for your City fighting, and your wiues,
Haue deaths vntimely, ſeiz'd your beſt-tim'd liues?
Informe me truly: I was once your Gueſt;
VVhen I, and *Menelaus* had profeſt
Firſt armes for *Ilion*; and were come-aſhore
On *Ithaca*, with purpoſe to implore
Vlyſſes aide: that City-racing man,
In wreake of the adulterous *Phrygian*.
Retaine not you the time? A whole months date

We ſpent at Sea, in hope to inſtigate
In our arriuall, old *Laertes* Son;
VVhom (hardly yet) to our deſigne we won.
The Soule made anſwer: Worthieſt King of men,
I well remember euery paſſage then
You now reduce to thought; and will relate
The truth, in whole forme, of our timeleſſe Fate.
VVe woo'd the wife of that long abſent King;
VVho (though her ſecond marriage, were a thing
Of moſt hate to her) ſhe would yet deny
At no part our affections; nor comply
With any in performance: but decreed
In her delayes, the cruell Fates, we feed.
Her craft was this: She vndertooke to weaue
A Funerall garment, deſtin'd to receaue
The corſe of old *Laertes*; being a taske
Of infinite labour, and which Time would aske.
In midſt of whoſe attempt, ſhe cauſd our ſtay
VVith this attraction: Youths! that come in way
Of honor'd Nuptials to me: Though my Lord
Abide amongſt the dead; yet ceaſe to bord
My choiſe for preſent Nuptials; and ſuſtaine
(Leſt what is paſt me, of this web, be vaine)
Till all receiue perfection: 'Tis a weede
Diſpoſ'd, to wrap in, at his Funerall needе
The old *Laertes*: who (poſſeſſing much)
Would (in his want of rites as fitting) touch
My honor highly, with each vulgar Dame.
Thus ſpake ſhe, and perſwaded; and her Frame
All day ſhe labour'd; her dayes worke not ſmall;
But euery night time, ſhe vnwrought it all.
Three yeares continuing this imperfect taske;
But when the fourth year came, her ſlights could maſk
In no more couert; ſince her truſted Maid
Her whole deceite, to our true note betraid.
VVith which, ſurpriz'd, ſhe could no more procure
Her workes perfection: but gaue end exact
To what remain'd: waſht vp, and ſet thereon
A gloſſe ſo bright, that like the Sun and Moon
The whole worke ſhew'd together. And when now
Of meere neceſsity, her honour'd vow
She muſt make good to vs: ill fortune brought
Vlyſſes home; who yet, gaue none one thought
Of his arriuall; but far-off at field
Liu'd with his Herdſman: Nor his truſt would yield
Note of his perſon; but liu'd there, as Gueſt;
Ragg'd as a begger, in that life profeſt.
At length, *Telemachus* left *Pylos* ſank;

And with a Ship, fetcht soone his native Land.
When yet, not home he went, but laid his way
Vp to his Herdsman, where his Father lay;
And where, both laide our deaths. To town then bore
The Swine-herd, and his King; the Swaine before.
Telemachus, in other wayes, bestow'd
His course home first, t'allocate vs that woo'd.
The Swaine, the King led after, who came on
Ragged and wretched, and still lean'd vpon
A borrow'd staffe. At length, he reacht his home;
Where (on the sodaine, and so wretched, come)
Nor we, nor much our elders, once did dreame
Of his returne there: but did wrongs extreame
Of words, and blowes to him: all which, he bore
With that old patience he had learn'd before.
But when the minde of *Ioue* had rais'd his owne;
His son and he, fetcht all their Armour downe;
Fast lockt the doores; and (to prepare their vse)
He will'd his wife (for first meane) to produce
His Bow to vs, to draw; of which, no one
Could stir the string: Himselfe yet, set vpon
The deadly strength it held; Drew all, with ease;
Shot through the steeles, and then began to sease
Our armelesse bosomes, striking first, the brest
Of King *Antinous*, and then the rest
In heapes turn'd ouer: hopefull of his end,
Because some God (he knew) stood firme his frend.
Nor prou'd it worse with Him; but all in flood,
The Pauement straight, blusht with our vitall blood:
And thus our soules came heere; our bodies laid
Neglected in his roofes: no word conuaid
To any friend, to take vs home and giue
Our wounds fit balming; nor let such as liue
Entombe our deaths: and for our fortunes, shed
Those teares and dead rites, that renowne the dead.
Atrides Ghost gaue answere; O blest Son
Of old *Laertes*, thou at length, hast won
With mighty vertue, thy vnmatched wife.
How good a knowledge: how vntoucht a life
Hath wise *Penelope*? How well she laide
Her husbands rights vp! whom she lou'd a Maid?
For which, her vertues shall extend applause
Beyond the circles fraile mortality drawes;
The deathlesse in this vale of death, comprising,
Her praise, in numbers, into infinites rising.
The daughter, *Tyndarus* begat, begot
No such chaste thoughts; but cut the virgin knot
That knit her spouse Sober, with murtherous swords.

For

For which, posterities shall put hatefull words
To notes of her: that all her Sex defam'd,
And for her ill, shall euen the good be blam'd.
To this effect, these, these digressions made
In hell; Earths darke, and euer-hiding shade.
Vlysses, and his Son (now past the Towne)
Soone reacht the field, elaborately growne
By old *Laertes* labour: when, with cares
For his left Son, he left, all Court affaires;
And tooke to this rude vpland; which, with toile
He made a sweet and habitable soile:
Where stood a house to him; about which, ran
In turnings thicke, and Labyrinthian,
Poore Houels, where his necessary men
That did those workes (of pleasure to him then)
Might sit, and eate, and sleepe. In his owne house
An old *Sicilian* Dame liu'd; studious
To serue his sowre age with her cheerefull paines.
Then saide *Vlysses* to his Son, and Swaines;
Go you to Towne, and for your dinner kill
The best Swine ye can choose; my selfe will still
Stay with my father, and assay his eye,
If my acknowledg'd truth, it can descry;
Or that my long times trauaile, doth so change
My sight to him, that I appeare as strange.
Thus gaue he armes to them, and home he hied:
Vlysses to the fruitfull field, applied
His present place: nor found he *Dolius* there,
His sonnes, or any seruants; any where
In all that spacious ground; all gone from thence,
Were dragging bushes, to repaire a Fence,
Old *Dolius* leading all. *Vlysses* found
His father farre aboue, in that fallow ground,
Employd in proyning of a Plant: his weeds
All torne and tatter'd; fit for homely deeds,
But not for him. Vpon his legs he wore
Patcht boots, to guard him from the brambles gore:
His hands, had thorne-proofe hedging Mittens on;
His head a Goats-skin Caske: through all which shone
His heart giuen ouer, to abiectest mone.
Him, when *Vlysses* saw, consum'd with age,
And all the Enfignes on him, that the rage
Of griefe presented: he brake out in teares:
And (taking stand then, where a tree of Peares
Shot high his forehead ouer him) his minde
Had much contention. If to yeeld to kinde,
Make straight way to his father; kisse, embrace,
Tell his returne, and put on all the face

And

And fashion of his instant told returne,
Or flay th'impulsion; and the long day burne
Of his quite losse giuen, in his Fathers feare,
A little longer: trying first his cheare
With some free dalliance; th'earnest being so neare.
This course his choise preferr'd, and forth he went:
His Father then, his aged shoulders bent
Beneath what yeares had stoop't; about a Tree
Busily digging: O old man (said he)
You want no skill, to dresse and decke your ground,
For all your Plants doth order'd distance bound:
No Apple, Peare, or Oliue, Fig, or Vine;
Nor any plat, or quarter, you confine
To grasse, or flow'rs, stands empty of your care,
Which shewes exact in each peculiare:
And yet (which let not moue you) you bestow
No care vpon your selfe; though to this show
Outward irksomnesse, to what you are,
You labour with an inward froward care,
Which is your age; that should weare all without
More neate, and cherishing. I make no doubt
That any sloth you vse, procures your Lord
To let an old man, go so much abhord
In all his weeds; nor shines there in your looke
A fashion, and a goodlinesse, so tooke
With abiect qualities, to merit this
Nastly entreaty: Your resemblance is
A very Kings, and shines through this retreate.
You looke like one, that hauing washt, and eate,
Should sleepe securely, lying sweet, and neate.
It is the ground of Age, when cares abuse it,
To know life's end; and as 'tis sweet, so vse it.
But vtter truth, and tell; what Lord is he,
That rates your labour, and your liberty?
Whose Orchard is it, that you husband thus?
Or quit me this doubt; For if *Ithacus*
This kingdome claimes for his: the man I found
At first arriu all heere, is hardly sound
Of braine, or ciuill; not indu'ring stay,
To tell, nor heare me, my enquiry out
Of that my friend; if still he bore about
His life and Being; or were diu'd to *Death*,
And in the house of him that harboureth
The soules of men. For once he liu'd my guest;
My Land and house retaining interest
In his abode there; where there soioum'd none,
As guest, from any forreigne Region
Of more price with me. He deriu'd his race

From *Ithaca*; and said, his Father was
Laertes, surnam'd *Arcesiades*.
I had him home; and all the offices
Perform'd to him, that fitted any friend;
Whose proofe I did to wealthy gifts extend:
Seuen Talents, Gold; a Bolle all siluer, set
With pots of flowers: twelue robes, that had no pleat:
Twelue cloakes (or mantles) of delicious dye:
Twelue inner weeds: Twelue futes of Tapistry:
I gaue him likewise: women skill'd in vse
Of Loome, and Needle; freeing him to chuse
Foure the most faire. His Father (weeping) saide,
Stranger! The earth to which you are conuaide,
Is *Ithaca*; by such rude men possest,
Vniust and insolent, as first addrest
To your encounter; but the gifts you gaue
Were giuen (alas) to the vngratefull graue.
If with his people, where you now arriue,
Your Fate had bene to finde your friend aliue,
You should haue found like Guest-rites from his hand;
Like gifts, and kinde passe to your wished land.
But how long since, receiu'd you as your guest
Your Friend, my Son? who was th'vnhappiest
Of all men breathing, if he were at all?
O borne, when Fates, and ill Aspects let fall
A cruell influence for him; farre away
From Friends and Countrey; destin'd to alay
The Sea-bred appetites; or (left athore)
To be by Fowles, and vpland Monsters tore.
His lifes kinde authors; nor his wealthy wife,
Bemoning (as behoou'd) his parted life:
Nor closing (as in honours course it lyes
To all men dead) in bed, his dying eyes.
But giue me knowledge of your name, and race:
What City bred you? Where the anchoring place
Your ship now rides at lies, that shor'd you here?
And where your men? Or if a passenger
In others Keeles you came; who (giuing Land
To your aduentures heere, some other Strand
To fetch in further course) haue left to vs
Your welcome presence? His reply was thus:
I am of *Alybande*, where I hold
My names chiefe house, to much renowne extold.
My Father *Aphidantes*, sam'd to spring
From *Polypemon*; the *Molossian* King:
My name, *Eperitus*. My taking land
On this faire Isle, was rul'd by the command
Of God, or Fortune: quite against consent

Of my free purpoſe; that, in courſe was bent
For th'Iſle *Neſſus*. My Ship is held
Farre from the City, neere an ample field.
And for (*Vlyſſes*) ſince his paſſe from me
'Tis now fiue yeares. Vnbleſt by Deſtiny,
That all this time, hath had the Fate to erre:
Though, at his parting, good Birds did augure
His putting off, and on his right hand flew;
VVhich, to his paſſage, my affection drew:
His ſpirit ioyfull, and my hope was now
To gueſt with him, and ſee his hand beſtow
Rights of our friendſhip. This, a cloud of griefe
Caſt ouer all the forces of his life.
VVith both his hands, the burning duſt he ſwept
Vp from the earth, which on his head he heapt,
And fetcht a ſigh, as in it, life were broke:
VVhich greeu'd his Son, and gaue ſo ſmart a ſtroke
Vpon his noſethrils, with the inward ſtripe,
That vp the Veine roſe there; and weeping ripe
He was, to ſee his Sire feele ſuch woe
For his diſſembl'd ioy; which now (let goe)
He ſprung from earth, embrac't and kiſt his Sire:
And ſaid; O Father: he, of whom y'enquire
Am I my ſelfe, that (from you, twenty yeares)
Is now return'd. But do not breake in teares;
For now, we muſt not formes of kinde maintaine,
But haſte and guard the ſubſtance. I haue ſlaine
All my wiues wooers; ſo, reuenging now
Their wrong ſo long time ſuffer'd. Take not you
The comfort of my comming then, to heart
At this glad inſtant; but, in prou'd deſert
Of your graue iudgement; giue mone, glad ſuſpence;
And, on the ſodaine, put this conſequence
In act as abſolute, as all time went
To ripening of your reſolute aſſent.
All this haſte made not his ſtaide faith, ſo free
To truſt his words; who ſaid, If you are he,
Approue it by ſome ſigne. This ſcar then ſee
(Replie'd *Vlyſſes*) giuen me by the Bore
Slaine in *Parnaſſus*; I being ſent before
By yours, and by my honour'd Mothers will,
To ſee your Sire *Antolycus* fulfill
The gifts he vow'd, at giuing of my Name.
Ile tel you too, the Trees (in goodly frame
Of this faire Orchard) that I aſkt of you
Being yet a childe; and follow'd, for your ſhow
And name of euery Tree. You gaue me then
Of Figge-trees, forty; Apple-bearers, ten;
Peare-trees, thirteene; and fifty rankes of Vine;

Each

Each one of which, a ſeaſon did confine
For his beſt eating. Not a Grape did grow,
That grew not there, and had his heauy brow
When *Ioues* faire daughters (the all-ripening how'rs)
Gaue timely date to it. This charg'd the pow'rs
Both of his knees and heart, with ſuch impreſſion
Of ſodaine comfort, that it g.ue poſſeſsion
Of all, to *Trance*: The ſignes were all ſo true,
And did the loue, that gaue them, ſo renue.
His caſt his armes about his ſonne, and ſunke;
The circle, ſlipping to his feete. So ſhrunke
VVere all his ages forces, with the fire
Of his yong loue rekindl'd. The old Sire,
The Son tooke vp, quite liueleſſe: But his breath
Againe reſpiring; and his ſoule from death
His bodies pow'rs recouering: Out he cried,
And ſaid; O *Iupiter*! I now haue tried,
That ſtill there liue in heauen, remembring Gods,
Of men that ſerue them; though the periods
They ſet to their apparances, are long
In beſt mens ſufferings; yet, as ſure, as ſtrong
They are in comforts: be their ſtrange delayes
Extended neuer ſo, from dayes to dayes.
Yet ſee the ſhort ioyes, or the ſoone-mixt feares
Of helpes with-held by them, ſo many yeares:
For, if the wooers now, haue paide the paine
Due to their impious pleaſures; Now, againe
Extreame feare takes me, leſt we ſtraight ſhall ſee
Th'*Ithacenſians* here, in mutinie;
Their Meſſengers diſpatcht, to win to friend
The *Cephalenian* Cities. Do not ſpend
Your thoughts on theſe cares (ſaide his ſuffering ſon)
But be of comfort; and ſee that courſe ron
That beſt, may ſhun the worſt: Our houſe is nere;
Telemachus, and both his Herdſmen, there
To dreſſe our ſupper with their vtmoſt haſt;
And thither haſte we. This ſaide; Forth they paſt;
Came home, and found *Telemachus*, at feaſt
With both his Swaines: while who had done, all dreſt
VVith Baths, and Balmes, and royally arraid
The old King was, by his *Sicilian* Maid.
By whoſe ſide, *Pallas* ſtood; his crookt-age ſtreitning;
His fleſh more plumping; and his looks enlightning:
VVho yſſuing then to view, his ſon admir'd
The Gods Aſpects into his forme inſpir'd:
And ſaid; O Father: certainly ſome God
By your addreſſion in this ſtate, hath ſtood;
More great, more reuerend, rendring you by farre;

At all your parts, then of your ſelfe, you are.
I would to *Ioue* (ſaid he) the Sun, and She
That beares *Ioues* ſhield, the ſtate had ſtood with me,
That helpt me take in the wel-builded Tow'rs
Of ſtrong *Nericus* (the *Cephalian* pow'rs
To that faire City, leading) two dayes paſt,
While with the wooers, thy conflict did laſt;
And I had then bene in the wooers wreake;
I ſhould haue helpt thee ſo, to render weake
Their ſtubborne knees, that in thy ioyes deſert,
Thy breaſt had bene too little for thy heart.
This ſaid; and ſupper order'd by their men,
They ſate to it; old *Dolius* entring then;
And with him (tyr'd with labour) his ſonnes came,
Call'd by their Mother, the *Sicilian* dame
That brought them vp, and dreſt their Fathers fare.
As whoſe age grew; with it, encreaſt her care
To ſee him ſeru'd as fitted. VVhen (thus ſet)
Theſe men beheld *Vlyſſes* there, at meate;
They knew him; and aſtoniſht in the place,
Stood at his preſence: who, with words of grace
Call'd to olde *Dolius*, ſaying; Come, and eate,
And baniſh all aſtoniſhment: your meate
Hath long bene ready; and our ſelues made ſtay,
Expecting euer, when your wiſhed way
VVould reach amongſt vs. This brought fiercely on
Old *Dolius* from his ſtand; who ran vpon
(VVith both his armes abroad) the King, and kiſt
Of both his rapt vp hands, the either wriſt;
Thus welcomming his preſence: O my Loue,
Your preſence heere (for which all wiſhes ſtroue)
No one expected. Euen the Gods haue gone
In guide before you, to your manſion:
Welcom, and all ioyes, to your heart, contend.
Knowes yet *Penelope?* Or ſhall we ſend.
Some one to tell her this? She knowes (ſaid he)
VVhat need theſe troubles (Father) touch at thee?
Then came the Sonnes of *Dolius*; and againe
VVent ouer with their Fathers entertaine;
VVelcom'd, ſhooke hands; & then to feaſt ſate down;
About which, while they ſate; about the Towne
Fame flew, and ſhrick't about, the cruell death
And Fate, the wooers had ſuſtain'd beneath
Vlyſſes roofes. All heard; together all,
From hence, and thence met, in *Vlyſſes* Hall;
Short-breath'd, and noiſefull: Bore out all the dead
To inſtant buriall: while their deaths were ſpread
To other Neighbor-Cities, where they liu'd:

From

From whence, in ſwifteſt Fiſher-boats, arriu'd
Men to transfer them home. In meane ſpace, here
The heauy Nobles, all in counſaile were;
Where (met in much heape) vp to all aroſe
Extreimely-greeu'd *Eupitheus*; ſo to loſe
His Son *Antinous*; who, firſt of all
By great *Vlyſſes* hand, had ſlaughtrous fall.
VVhoſe Father (weeping for him) ſaide; O Friends,
This man hath author'd workes of diſmall ends;
Long ſince, conueying in his guide to *Troy*,
Good men, and many, that did ſhips employ:
All which are loſt, and all their Souldiers dead;
And now, the beſt men *Cephalenia* bred
His hand hath ſlaughter'd. Go we then (before
His ſcape to *Pylos*, or the *Elean* ſhore
VVhere rule the *Epeans*) 'gainſt his horrid hand:
For we ſhall grieue, and *infamy* will brand
Our Fames for euer; if we ſee our Sons
And Brothers end in theſe confuſions,
Reuenge left vninflicted. Nor will I
Enioy one dayes life more; But greeue, and die
VVith inſtant onſet. Nor ſhould you ſtruiue
To keepe a baſe, and beaſtly name aliue.
Haſte then, let flight preuent vs. This with teares
His griefes aduiſd, and made all ſufferers
In his affliction. But by this, was come
Vp to the Counſaile, from *Vlyſſes* home
(VVhen ſleep had left the, which the ſlaughters there
And their ſelfe dangers, from their eyes, in feare
Had two nights intercepted) thoſe two men,
That iuſt *Vlyſſes* ſau'd out of the ſlaine;
VVhich *Medon*, and the ſacred Singer were.
Theſe ſtood amidſt the Counſaile, and the feare
The ſlaughter had impreſt, in eithers looke
Stucke ſtil ſo gaſtly; that amaze it ſtrooke
Through euery there beholder: To whoſe eares
One thus enforc't, in his fright, cauſe of theirs:
Attend me *Ithacenſians*; This ſterne fact
Done by *Vlyſſes*, was not put in act
VVithout the Gods aſſiſtance; Theſe ſelfe eies
Saw one of the immortall Deities
Cloſe by *Vlyſſes*: *Mentors* forme put on
At euery part: and this ſure Deity, ſhone
Now neere *Vlyſſes*, ſetting on his bold
And ſlaughterous ſpirit: Now, the points controll'd
Of all the wooers weapons; round about
The arm'd houſe whiſking; in continuall rout
Their party putting, till in heapes they fell.

This

This newes, new fears did through their ſpirits impel:
When *Halitherſes* (honor'd *Maſtors* ſonne,
VVho of them all, ſaw onely what was done
Preſent, and future) the much-knowing man
And aged Heroe, this plaine courſe ran
Amongſt their counſailes: Giue me likewiſe eare;
And let me tell ye, Friends; that theſe ills beare
On your malignant ſpleenes, their ſad effects;
VVho, not what I perſwaded, gaue reſpects:
Nor what the peoples Paſtor (*Mentor*) ſaide;
That you ſhould ſee your iſſues follies ſtaid
In thoſe foule courſes; by their petulant life
The goods deuouring, ſcandaling the wife
Of no meane perſon; who (they ſtill would ſay)
Could neuer more ſee his returning day:
VVhich yet, appearing now: now giue it truſt,
And yeeld to my free counſailes: Do not thruſt
Your owne ſafe perſons, on the acts, your Sons
So deerely bought, leſt their confuſions
On your lou'd heads, your like addi&tions draw.
This ſtood ſo farre, from force of any Law
To curbe their looſe attempts, that much the more
They ruſht to wreake, and made rude tumult rore.
The greater part of all the Court aroſe:
Good counſaile could not ill deſignes diſpoſe.
Eupitheus was perſwader of the courſe;
VVhich (compleate arm'd) they put in preſent force:
The reſt, ſate ſtill in counſaile. Theſe men met
Before the broad Towne, in a place they ſet
All girt in armes; *Eupitheus* chooſing Chiefe
To all their follies, who put griefe to griefe;
And in his ſlaughter'd ſons reuenge did burne.
But Fate gaue neuer feete to his returne;
Ordaining there his death. Then *Pallas* ſpake
To *Ioue*, her Father, with intent to make
His will, high Arbiter, of th'act deſign'd;
And askt of him, what his vnſearched mind
Held vndiſcouer'd; If with Armes and ill,
And graue encounter, he would firſt fulfill
His ſacred purpoſe; or both parts combine
In peacefull friendſhip? He askt, why incline
Theſe doubts, thy counſailes? Haſt not thou decreed
That *Ithacus* ſhould come, and giue his deed
The glory of reuenge, on theſe and theirs?
Performe thy will; the frame of theſe affaires
Haue this fit iſſue. When *Vlyſſes* hand
Hath reacht full wreake; his then renown'd command
Shall reigne for euer: Faithfull Truces ſtrooke

Twixt

Twixt him, and all; For euery man ſhall brooke
His Sons and Brothers ſlaughters; by our meane
To ſend *Oblivion* in; expugning cleane
The *Character* of enmity in all,
As in beſt Leagues before. *Peace, Feaſtinall,*
"*And riches in abundance, be the ſtate,*
"*That crownes the cloſe of Wiſe* Vlyſſes *Fate.*
This ſpurr'd the Free; who, from heauens Continent
To th'*Ithacenſian* Iſle, made ſtraight deſcent.
Where (dinner paſt) *Vlyſſes* ſaid; Some one
Looke out to ſee their neerenеſſe. *Dolius* ſonne
Made preſent ſpeed abroad, and ſaw them nie;
Ran backe, and told; Bad Arme; and inſtantlie
Were all in armes. *Vlyſſes* part, was foure;
And ſixe more ſons of *Dolius*: All his powre
Two onely more, which were his aged Sire,
And like-year'd *Dolius*, whoſe liues ſlaked fire;
All white had left their heads: yet, driuen by Neede,
Made Souldiers both, of neceſſary deede.
And now, all girt in armes; the Ports, ſet wide,
They ſallied forth, *Vlyſſes* being their guide.
And to them, in the inſtant, *Pallas* came,
In forme and voice, like *Mentor*; who, a flame
Inſpir'd of comfort in *Vlyſſes* hart
VVith her ſeene preſentee. To his Son, apart
He thus then ſpake; Now Son, your eyes ſhall ſee
(Expoſ'd in ſlaughterous fight) the enemy;
Againſt whom, who ſhall beſt ſerue, will be ſeene:
Diſgrace not then your race, that yet hath beene
For force, and fortitude, the formoſt tried,
Of all earths off-ſprings. His true Son replied;
Your ſelfe ſhall ſee (lou'd Father) if you pleaſe,
That my deſcruings ſhall in nought digreſſe
From beſt fame of our Races formoſt merit.
The old King ſprung for ioy, to heare his ſpirit:
And ſaid; O lou'd Immortals, what a day
Do your cleere bounties to my life diſplay?
I ioy, paſt meaſure, to behold my Son
And Nephew, cloſe in ſuch contention
Of vertues martiall. *Pallas* (ſtanding neere)
Said, O my Friend! Of all, ſupreamly deere
Seed of *Arceſius*; Pray to *Ioue*, and her
That rules in Armes, (his daughter) and a dart
(Spritefully brandiſht) hurle at th'aduerſe part.
This ſaid, He pray'd; and ſhe, a mighty force
Inſpir'd within him; who gaue inſtant courſe
To his braue-brandiſht Lance, which ſtrook the braſſe
That cheek't *Eupitheus* Caske; and thruſt his paſſe

Quite

Quite through his head; who fell, & sounded falling;
His Armes, the sound againe, from earth recalling.
Vlysses, and his Son, rusht on before;
And with their both-way-headed Darts, did gore
Their enemies breasts so thicke, that all had gone
The way of slaughter, had not *Pallas* throwne
Her voice betwixt them, charging all to stay
And spare expence of blood. Her voice did fray
The blood so from their faces, that it left
A greenish paleness. All their hands it reft
Of all their weapons; falling thence, to earth:
And to the commune Mother of their Birth
(The City) all fled, in desire, to saue
The lives yet left them. Then *Vlysses* gaue
A horrid shout; and like *Ioues* Eagle flew
In fiery pursuite, till *Saturnius* threw
His smoaking lightning twixt them; that had fall
Before *Minerua*: who then, out did call
Thus to *Vlysses*: Borne of *Ione*! abstaine
From further bloodshed: *Ioues* hand in the slaine
Hath equall'd in their paines, their prides to thee;
Abstaine then, lest you moue the Deity.
Againe then, twixt both parts, the seed of *Ioue*
(*Athenian Pallas*) of all future loue
A league compos'd; and for her forme, tooke choice
Of *Mentors* likenesse; both in Limb, and Voice.

The End of the XXIIII. and last Booke of Homers Odysses.

So wrought diuine Vlysses *through his woes:*
So, crown'd the Light with him: His Mothers Throes;
As through his great Renowner, I haue wrought;
And my safe saile, to sacred Anchor brought.
Nor did the Argiue *ship, more burthen feele,*
That bore the Care of all men, in her Keele;
Then my aduenturous Barke: The Colchean *Fleece,*
Not halfe so precious, as this Iewle of Greece.
In whose songs I haue made our shores reioyce,
And Greeke *it se fe vesle, to our* English *voyce.*
Yet this inestimable Pearle, wil all
Our Dunghil Chanticheres, *but obuious call;*
Each Moderne scraper, this Gem scratching by;

His Oate preferring far. Let such, let ly:
So scorne the stars the clouds; as true-soul'd men
Despise Deceiuers. For, as Clouds would faine
Obscure the Stars yet (Regions left below
With all their enuies) bar them but of show;
For they shine euer, and wil shine, when they
Dissolue in sinckes, make Mire, and temper Clay:
So puft Impostors (our Muse-vapours*) striue,*
With their selfe-blowne additions, to depriue
Men solid, of their full; though infinite short
They come in their compare; and false report
Of leuelling, or touching at their light,
That still retaine their radiance, and cleere right;
And shal shine euer: When, alas, one blast
Of least disgrace, teares downe th' Impostors Mast;
His Tops, and Tacklings; His whole Freight, and He
Confiscate to the Fishy Monarchy;
His trash, by foolish Fame bought now, from hence,
Giuen to serue Mackarell *forth, and* Frankincence.
Such then, and any; too soft-ey'd to see
Through workes so solid, any worth, so free
Of all the learn'd professions, as is fit
To praise at such price; let him thinke his wit
Too weake to rate it; rather then oppose
With his poore pow'rs, Ages, and Hosts of Foes.

To the Ruines of Troy, and Greece.

Troy rac't; *Greece* wrackt: who mournes? Ye both may boast;
Else th' *Ilyads*, and *Odysses*, had bene lost.

Ad Deum.

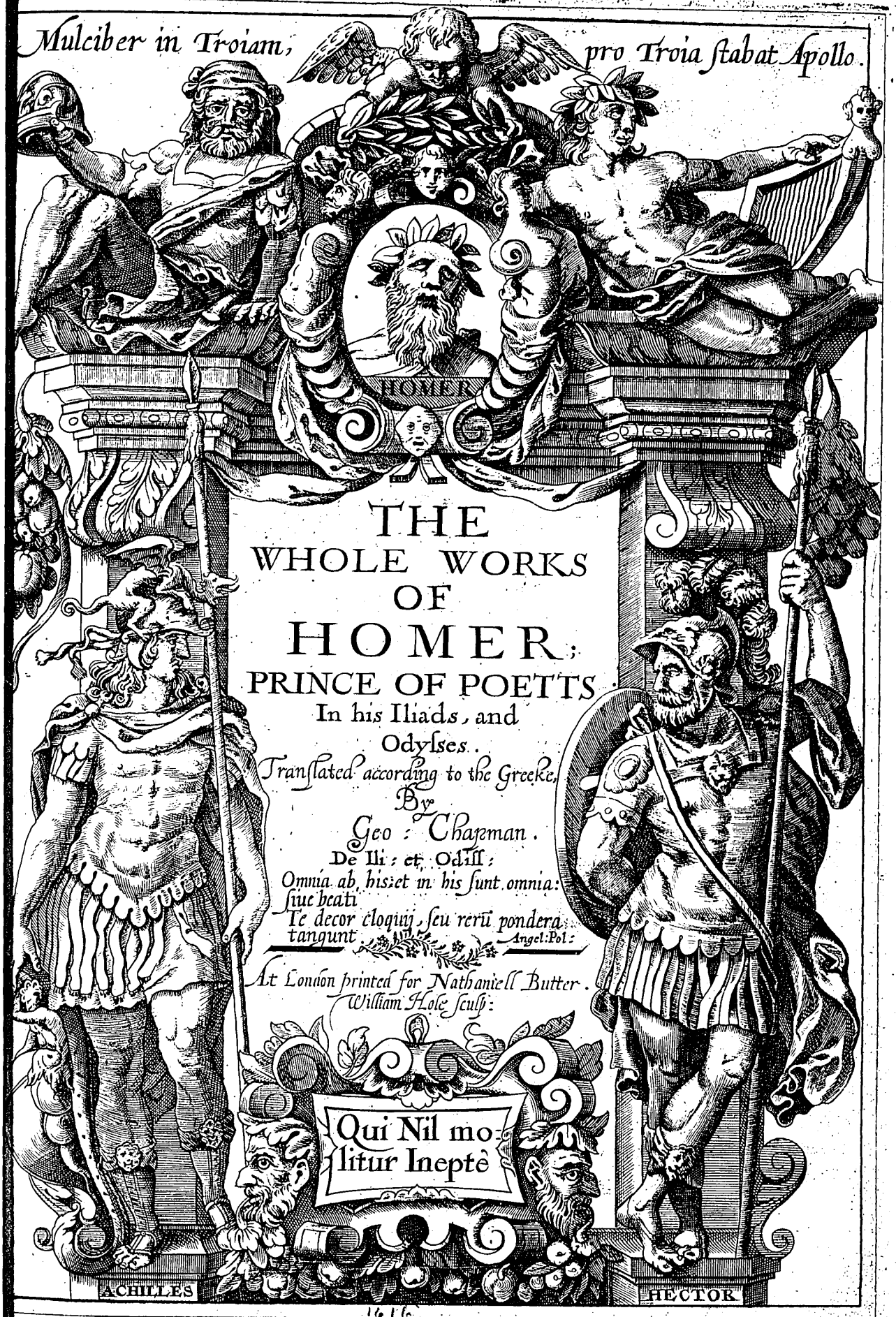
The onely true God, (betwixt whom and Me,
I onely bound my comforts; and agree
With all my actions) onely truly knowes,
And can iudge truly me, with all that goes
To all my Faculties. In whose free grace
And inspiration, I onely place
All meanes to know (with my meanes; Study, praire,
In, & from hu word taken) staire by staire,
In all continual contentation, rising
To knowledge of his Truth; and practising

His

His wil in it, with my ſole Sauiours aide,
Guide, and enlightning: Nothing done, nor ſaide,
Nor thought that good is; but acknowledg'd by
His inclination, skill, and faculty.
By which, to finde the way out to his loue
Laſt all the worlds; the ſphere is, where doth moue
My ſtudies, prayrs, and pow'rs: No pleaſure taken
but ſign'd by his: for which, my blood forſaken,
My ſoule I cleaue to: and what (in his blood
That hath redeem'd, cleanſd, taught her) ſits her good.

Deo opt. Max. gloria.

FINIS.



THE WHOLE WORKS OF HOMER; PRINCE OF POETTS

In his Iliads, and Odysses.

Translated according to the Greeke,

By

Geo: Chapman.

De Ili: et Odiss:

Omnia ab his: et in his sunt omnia:
siue beati
Te decor eloqui, seu rerū pondera tangunt
Angel: Pol:

At London printed for Nathaniell Butter.
William Hole sculp:

Qui Nil molitur Ineptè

16 16

And ſo was he beneath the Entries roofe
Left with *Telemachus*, and th'other two:
At whom (ſaide he) diſcharge no Darts: but thro
All at *Vlyſſes*, rouſing his faint reſt;
Whom if we ſlaughter, by our intereſt
In *Ioues* aſsiſtance, all the reſt may yield
Our pow'rs no care, when he ſtrowes once the field.
As he then will'd: they all at randon threw,
VVhere they ſuppoſd he reſted; and then flew
Minerua after euery Dart, and made
Some ſtrike the threſhold; ſome the wals inuade:
Some beate the doores; and all acts rendred vaine
Their graue ſteele offer'd: which eſcap't, Againe
Came on *Vlyſſes*, ſaying; O that we,
The wooers troope, with our ioynt Archerie
Might ſo aſſaile; that where their ſpirits dream
On our deaths firſt, we firſt may ſlaughter them.
Thus the much ſufferer ſaid; and all let fly,
VVhen euerie man ſtrooke dead his enemy:
Vlyſſes ſlaughtred *Demoptolemus*:
Euryades by yong *Telemachus*
His death encounter'd. Good *Eumæus* ſlew
Elatus; And *Philætius* ouerthrew
Pyſander: all which, tore the paued floore
Vp with their teeth: The reſt retir'd before
Their ſecond charge, to inner roomes; and then
Vlyſſes follow'd: from the ſlaughter'd men
Their darts firſt drawing. While w worke was done,
The wooers threw, with huge contention
To kill them all; when with her Swallow wing,
Minerua cufft; and made their Iauelins ring
Againſt the doores, and threſholds, as before:
Some yet did graze vpon their markes. One tore
The Princes wriſt, which was *Amphimedon*;
Th'extreame part of the skin, but toucht vpon.
Cteſippus, ouer good *Eumæus* Shield
His ſhoulders top did taint; which yet did yield
The Lance free paſſe, and gaue his hurt the ground.
Againe then charg'd the wooers, and girt round
Vlyſſes with their Lances; who turn'd head,
And with his Iauelin ſtrooke *Eurydamas* dead.
Telemachus, diſliu'd *Amphimedon*;
Eumæus, *Polybus*; *Philætius* won
Cteſippus boſome with his dart, and ſaid;
(In quittance of the Ieſters part he plaid,
The Neats-foot hurling at *Vlyſſes*) Now
Great Sonne of *Polytherſes*; you that vow
Your wit to bitter taunts; and loue to wound

The *heart of any with a ieſt; ſo crown'd
Your wit be with a laughter; neuer yeilding
To fooles in folly; but your glory building
On putting downe in fooling, ſpitting forth
Puft words at all ſorts: Ceaſe to ſcoffe at worth,
And leaue reuenge of vile words to the Gods,
Since their wits beare the ſharper edge by ods:
And in the meane time, take the Dart I draue,
For that right hoſpitable foote you gaue
Diuine *Vlyſſes*, begging but his owne.
Thus ſpake the black-Ox-herdſman; & ſtraight down
Vlyſſes ſtrooke another with his Dart,
(*Damaſtors* ſon.) *Telemachus* did part
Iuſt in the midſt, the belly of the faire
Euenors ſonne; his fierce Pile taking aire
Out at his backe. Flat fell he on his face;
His whole browes knocking, and did marke the place.
And now, man-ſlaughtering *Pallas* tooke in hand
Her Snake-frindg'd ſhield, & on that beam took ſtand
In her true forme, where Swallow-like ſhe ſat.
And then, in this way of the houſe, and that:
The wooers (wounded at the heart with feare)
Fled the encounter: As in Paſtures, where
Fat Herds of Oxen feede, about the field
(As if wilde madneſſe their inſtincts impeld)
The high-fed Bullockes flye: whom in the Spring
(When dayes are long) Gadbees, or Breezes ſting.
Vlyſſes and his ſonne, the Flyers chac'ſt;
As when with crooked Beakes and Seres, a caſt
Of hill-bred Eagles, caſt off at ſome game,
That yet their ſtrengths keepe; But (put vp) in flame
The Eagles ſtoopes; From which, along the field
The poore Foules make wing: this and that way yield
Their hard-flowne Pinions: Then, the clouds aſſay
For ſcape or ſhelter; their forlorne diſmay
All ſpirit exhaling, all wings ſtrength to carry
Their bodies forth; and (truſt vp) to the Quarry
Their Faulconers ride in, and reioyce to ſee
Their Hawkes performe a flight ſo feruently;
So (in their flight) *Vlyſſes* with his Heire,
Did ſtoope and cuffe the wooers, that the aire
Broke in vaſte ſighes: whoſe heads, they ſhot & cleft;
The Pauement boyling with the ſoules they reft:
Liodes (running to *Vlyſſes*) toke
His knees; and thus did on his name inuoke:
Vlyſſes: Let me pray thee, to my place
Affoord the reuerence; and to me the grace:
That neuer did, or ſaide, to any Dame

*Φιλοκερτομος amans cor ali. cuiſcm iere mal. conſia.

Thy Court contain'd, or deede, or word to blame.
But others ſo affected, I haue made
Lay downe their inſolence; and if the trade
They kept with wickedneſſe, haue made them ſtill
Deſpiſe my ſpeech, and vſe their wonted ill;
They haue their penance by the ſtroke of death;
Which their deſert, diuinely warranteth:
But I am Prieſt amongſt them; and ſhall I,
That nought haue done worth death, amongſt thē dy?
From thee, this Prouerbe then will men deriue;
Good turnes do neuer their meere deeds ſuruiue.
He (bending his diſpleaſed forehead) ſaide;
If you be Prieſt amongſt them, as you pleade,
Yet you would marry; and with my wife too;
And haue deſcent by her: For all that woo
Wiſh to obtaine, which they ſhould never doo
Dames husbands liuing. You muſt therefore pray
Offorce, and oft in Court heere; that the day
Of my returne for home might neuer ſhine;
The death to me wiſh't, therefore ſhall be thine.
This ſaid; he tooke a ſword vp that was caſt
From *Agelaus*, hauing ſtrooke his laſt;
And on the Prieſts mid necke, he laide a ſtroke
That ſtrooke his head off; tumbling as he ſpoke.
Then did the Poet *Phæmius* (whoſe ſur-name
VVas call'd *Terpiades*; who thither came;
Forc't by the woo'rs) fly death; but being nere
The Courts great gate, he ſtood, and parted there
In two his counſailes; either to remoue
And take the Altar of *Hercean Ioue*;
(Made ſacred to him; with a world of Art
Engrauen about it; where were wont t'impart
Laertes, and *Vlyſſes*, many a Thye
Of broad-brow'd Oxen to the Deity)
Or venture to *Vlyſſes*: claſpe his knee,
And pray his ruth. The laſt was the decree
His choiſe reſolu'd on. Twixt the royall Throne,
And that faire Table that the Bolle ſtood on
VVith which they ſacrific'd; his Harpe he laide
Along the earth; the Kings knees hugg'd, and ſaide:
Vlyſſes! Let my prayers obtaine of thee
My ſacred skils reſpect, and ruth to mee.
It will heereafter grieue thee to haue ſlaine
A Poet, that doth ſing to Gods and men.
I, of my ſelfe am taught: for God alone,
All ſorts of ſong hath in my boſome ſowne:
And I, as to a God, will ſing to thee;

Then

Then do not thou deale like the Prieſt, with me.
Thine owne lou'd ſonne *Telemachus* will ſay,
That not to beg heere; nor with willing way
VVas my acceſſe to thy high Court addreſt,
To giue the wooers my ſong after Feaſt;
But being many, and ſo much more ſtrong;
They forc't me hither, and compell'd my Song.
This did the Princes ſacred vertue heare;
And to the King his Father, ſaid: Forbeare
To mixe the guiltleſſe, with the guilties blood.
And with him likewiſe, let our mercies ſaue
Medon the Herald; that did ſtill behaue
Himſelfe with care of my good, from a childe;
If by *Eumæus* yet he be not kild;
Or by *Philetius*; nor your fury met,
While all this blood about the houſe it ſwet.
This *Medon* heard, as lying hid beneath
A Throne ſet neere; halfe dead with feare of death;
A new-flead Oxe-hide (as but there throwne by)
His ſerious ſhroud made, he lying there, to fly.
But hearing this, he quickly left the Throne;
His Oxe-hide caſt as quickly, and as ſoone
The Princes knees ſeiz'd: ſaying, O my loue,
I am not ſlaine; but heere aliue, and moue.
Abſtaine your ſelfe; and do not ſee your Sire
Quench with my cold blood, the vnmeaſur'd fire
That flames in his ſtrength, making ſpoile of me,
His wraths right, for the wooers iniury.
Vlyſſes ſmil'd, and ſaid; Be confident
This man hath ſau'd, and made thee different;
To let thee know, and ſay, and others ſee,
Good life, is much more ſafe then villany.
Go then, ſit free without, from death within:
This much renowned Singer, from the ſin
Of theſe men likewiſe quit. Both reſt you there,
While I my houſe purge, as it fits me here.
This ſaide, they went and tooke their ſeat without
At *Ioues* high Altar, looking round about,
Expecting ſtill their ſlaughter: VVhen the King
Searcht round the Hall, to try lifes hidden wing
Made from more death. But all, laid proſtrate there
In blood and gore he ſaw: whole ſholes they were;
And lay as thicke, as in a hollow creake
VVithout the white Sea, when the Fiſhers breake
Their many-meſhed Draught-net vp, there lye
Fiſh frisking on the Sands; and faine the dry
VVould for the wet change. But th'al-ſeeing beam
The Sun exhales, hath ſtuckt their liues from them;

So, one by other, ſpraul'd the wooers there.
Vlyſſes, and his Son then, bid appeare
The Nurſe *Euryclea*, to let her heare
His minde in ſomething, fit for her affaire.
He op't the doore, and call'd; and ſaid, Repaire
Graue Matron, long ſince borne; that art our Spy
To all this houſes ſeruile huſwifery:
My Father cals thee, to impart ſome thought
That askes thy action. His word, found in nought
Her ſlacke obſeruance, who ſtraight op't the dore
And enter'd to him; when himſelfe before
Had left the Hall. But there, the King ſhe view'd
Amongſt the ſlaine, with blood and gore embrew'd:
And as a Lyon ſculking all in Night,
Farre off in Paſtures; and come home, all dight
In iawes and breſt-lockes, with an Oxes blood,
New feaſted on him, his lookes full of mood;
So look't *Vlyſſes*; all his hands and feete
Freckl'd with purple. When which ſight did greete
The poore old woman (ſuch workes being for eyes
Of no ſoft temper) out ſhe brake in cries;
VVhoſe vent, though throughly opened; he yet cloſd,
Cal'd her more neere, and thus her plaints compoſd;
Forbeare; nor ſhrieke thus: But vent ioyes as loud;
It is no piety to bemone the proud:
Though ends befall them, mouing neere ſo much,
Theſe are the portions of the Gods to ſuch.
Mens owne impieties, in their inſtant act,
Suſtaine their plagues; which are with ſtay but racke.
But theſe men, Gods nor men had in eſteeme:
Nor good, nor bad, had any ſence in them.
Their liues directly ill, were therefore cauſe
That *Death* in theſe ſterne formes, ſo deepely drawes.
Recount then to me, thoſe licentious Dames,
That loſt my honor, and their ſexes ſhames.
Ile tell you truly (ſhe replied,) There are
Twice fiue and twenty women here; that ſhare
All worke amongſt them; whom I taught to Spin,
And beare the iuſt bands that they ſuffer'd in:
Of all which, onely there were twelue, that gaue
Themſelues to impudence, and light behaue;
Nor me reſpecting, nor herſelfe (the Queene.)
And for your Son, he hath but lately bene
Of yeares to rule: Nor would his Mother beare
His Empire, where her womens labors were.
But let me go, and giue her notice now
Of your arriuall. Sure ſome God doth ſhow
His hand vpon her, in this reſt ſhe takes,

That all theſe vprores beares, and neuer wakes.
Nor wake her yet (ſaid he) but cauſe to come
Thoſe twelue light women, to this vtter roome.
She made all vtmoſt haſte, to come and go,
And bring the women he had ſummon'd ſo.
Then, both his Swaines and Son, he bad, go call
The women to their aide, and cleere the Hall
Of thoſe dead bodies: Clenſe each boord, & Throne
VVith wetted Sponges: which, with fitneſſe, done,
He bad take all the Strumpets, 'twixt the wall
Of his firſt Court; and that roome next the Hall;
In which, the veſſell of the houſe were ſcour'd;
And in their boſomes ſheath their euery ſword;
Till all their ſoules were fled; and they had then,
Felt 'twas but paine to ſport with lawleſſe men.
This ſaid; the women came, all drown'd in mone,
And weeping bitterly. But firſt, was done
The bearing thence the dead: all which, beneath
The *Portico* they ſtow'd, where death on death
They heap't together. Then tooke all, the paines
Vlyſſes will'd. His Sonne yet, and the Swaines
VVith paring-ſhouels wrought: The women bore
Their parings forth; and al the clotter'd gore.
The houſe then clenſd, they brought the women out,
And put them in a roome, ſo wall'd about,
That no meanes ſeru'd their ſad eſtates to flye.
Then ſaide *Telemachus*, Theſe ſhall not dye
A death that lets out any wanton blood,
And vents the poiſon that gaue Luſt her foode,
The body clenſing; but a death that chokes
The breath, and all together, that prouokes
And ſeemes as Bellowes, to abhorred Luſt;
That both on my head, pour'd depraues vniuſt,
And on my Mothers; ſcandaling the Court,
VVith men debaucht, in ſo abhorr'd a ſort.
This ſaid; a Halſer of a ſhip they caſt
About a croſſe beame of the roofe; which faſt
They made about their neckes, in twelue parts cut;
And hal'd them vp ſo high, they could not put
Their feete to any ſtay. As which was done,
Looke how a Mauis, or a Pygeon
In any Groue, caught with a Sprindge, or Net;
VVith ſtrugling Pinions 'gainſt the ground doth beat
Her tender body; and that then-ſtreight bed
Is ſowre to that ſwindge, in which ſhe was bred;
So ſtriu'd theſe taken Birds, till euery one
Her pliant halter, had enforc't vpon
Her ſtubborne necke; and then aloft was haul'd

To wretched death. A little ſpace they ſprauld
Their feet faſt mouing; but were quickly ſtill.
Then fetcht they downe *Melanthius*, to fulfill
The equall execution; which was done
In Portall of the Hall; and thus begun:
They firſt ſlit both his Noſethrils, cropt each eare;
His Members tugg'd off, which the dogges did teare,
And chop vp bleeding ſweet; and while red hot
The vice-abhorring blood was; off they ſmote
His hands and feet, and there that worke had end:
Then waſht they hands & feet, that blood had ſteind;
And tooke the houſe againe. And then the King
(*Eurycles* calling) bad her quickly bring
All ill-expelling Brimſtone, and ſome fire,
That with perfumes caſt, he might make entire
The houſes firſt integrity in all.
And then his timely will was, ſhe ſhould call
Her Queene and Ladies; ſtill yet charging her,
That all the Handmaids ſhe ſhould firſt confer.
She ſaid, he ſpake as fitted; But before.
She held it fit to change the weeds he wore,
And ſhe would others bring him: that not ſo
His faire broad ſhoulders might reſt clad; and ſhow
His perſon to his ſeruants, was too blame.
Firſt bring me Fire, ſaid he. She went, and came
VVith fire, & ſulphure ſtraight; with which the hall,
And of the huge houſe, all roomes capitall
He throughly ſweetned. Then went Nurſe to call
The Handmaid ſeruants downe; & vp ſhe went
To tell the newes, and will'd them to preſent
Their ſeruice to their Soueraigne Downe they came,
Suſtaining Torches all, and pour'd a flame
Of Loue, about their Lord: with welcomes home,
VVith huggings of his hands, with laborſome
Both heads and fore-heads, kiſſes, and embraces;
And plyed him ſo, with all their louing graces,
That teares and ſighes, tooke vp his whole deſire;
For now he knew their hearts to him entire.

The End of the XXII. Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE XXIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

VLyſſes *to his wife is knowne:*
A briefe ſum of his Trauailes ſhowne.
Himſelfe, his Son, and Seruants go
T'approue the Wooers ouerthrow.

Another.

47. { *For all annoyes* / *ſuſtain'd before;* / *The true wiues ioyes,* / *now made the more.* }

THe ſeruants thus inform'd; the Matron goes
Vp, where the Queene was caſt in ſuch repoſe;
Affected with a feruent ioy to tell
VVhat all this time ſhe did with paine conceale.
Her knees reuokt their firſt ſtrength; and her feete
Were borne aboue the ground, with wings, to greete
The long-greeu'd Queene, with newes her King was come;
And (neere her) ſaid: VVake, Leaue this withdrawne roome;
That now your eyes may ſee, at length, though late,
The man return'd, which all the heauy date
Your woes haue rackt out, you haue long'd to ſee:
Vlyſſes is come home, and hath ſet free
His Court of all your wooers; ſlaughtering all,
For waſting ſo his goods with Feſtiuall:
His houſe ſo vexing; and for violence done,
So all waies varied to his onely ſonne.
She anſwer'd her; The Gods haue made thee mad;
Of whoſe pow'r now, thy pow'rs ſuch proof haue had.
The Gods can blinde with follies, wiſeſt eies,
And make men fooliſh, ſo to make them wiſe.
For they haue hurt euen thy graue braine, that bore
An vnderſtanding ſpirit heretofore.
VVhy haſt thou wak't me to more teares, when *Mone*
Hath turn'd my minde, with teares, into her owne?
Thy madneſſe much more blameſull, that with lyes
Thy haſte is loaden: and both robs mine eyes

Of

Of moſt delightſome ſleepe; and ſleepe of them,
That now had bound me in his ſweet extream,
T'embrace my lids, and cloſe my vſuall Spheres.
I haue not ſlept ſo much this twenty yeares;
Since firſt my deareſt ſleeping-Mate was gone
For that too-ill-to-ſpeake of, *Ilion*.
Hence, take your mad ſteps backe; if any Maid
Of all my traine beſides, a part had plaid
So bold to wake, and tell mine eares ſuch lies;
I had return'd her to her huſwiferies
VVith good proofe of my wrath to ſuch rude Dames;
But go, your yeares haue ſau'd their yonger blames.
She anſwer'd her: I nothing wrong your eare,
But tell the truth: your long-miſt Lord is heere;
And, with the wooers ſlaughter, his owne hand
(In chiefe exploit) hath to his owne command
Reduc't his houſe; and that poore Gueſt was he,
That all thoſe wooers, wrought ſuch iniurie.
Telemachus had knowledge long ago
That 'twas his Father; but his wiſedome ſo
Obſeru'd his counſailes; to giue ſurer end
To that great worke, to which they did contend.
This call'd her ſpirits to their conceiuing places;
She ſprung for ioy, from blames into embraces
Of her graue Nurſe: wip't euery teare away
From her faire cheekes; and then began to ſay
VVhat Nurſe ſaid, ouer thus; O Nurſe, can this
Be true thou ſayſt? How could that hand of his
Alone, deſtroy ſo many? They would ſtill
Troope all together. How could he then kill
Such numbers, ſo vnited? How? (ſaid ſhe)
I haue nor ſeene, nor heard; but certainly
The deed is done. VVe ſate within, in feare;
The doores ſhut on vs: and from thence might heare
The ſighes, and grones of euery man he ſlew;
But heard, nor ſaw more: till at length, there flew
Your ſonnes voice to mine eare, that call'd to me,
And bad me then come foorth: and then I ſee
Vlyſſes ſtanding in the midſt of all
Your ſlaughtred wooers, heap't vp like a wall,
One on another, round about his ſide;
It would haue done you good to haue deſcride
Your conqu'ring lord; all ſmeard with blood & gore
So like a Lyon. Straight then, off they bore
The ſlaughtred carkaſſes; that now before
The fore-Court gates lye, one on other pilde.
And now your victor, all the Hall defilde
VVith ſtinch of hot death) is perfuming round;

And with a mighty fire the harth hath crown'd.
Thus, all the death remou'd, and euery roome
Made ſweet and ſightly; that your ſelfe ſhould come
His pleaſure ſent me. Come then, take you now
Your mutuall fils of comfort: Griefe, on you
Hath long, and many ſufferings laid; which length,
VVhich many ſuffrings, nowe your vertuous ſtrength
Of vncorrupted chaſtneſſe, hath confetr'd
A happy end to. He that long hath err'd
Is ſafe arriu'd at home: his wife, his ſonne
Found ſafe & good; all ill that hath bene done
On all the dooers heads (though long prolong'd)
His right hath wreak't, and in the place they wreng'd.
She anſwer'd: Do not you now laugh, and boſt
As you had done ſome great act; ſeeing moſt
Into his Being: For, you know, he won
(Euen through his poore, and vile condition)
A kind of prompted thought; that there was plac't
Some vertue in him, fit to be embrac't
By all the houſe; but, moſt of all, by me
And by my Son, that was the progenie
Of both our loues. And yet it is not he,
For all the likely proofes ye plead to me:
Some God hath ſlaine the wooers, in diſdaine
Of the abhorred pride, he ſaw ſo raigne
In thoſe baſe workes they did: No man aliue,
Or good, or bad, whoeuer did arriue
At their abodes once, euer could obtaine
Regard of them: and therefore their ſo vaine
And vile deſerts, haue found as vile an end.
But (for *Vlyſſes*) neuer will extend
His wiſht returne to *Greece*: Nor he yet liues.
How ſtrange a Queen are you? (ſaid ſhe) that giues
No truth your credit? That your husband, ſet
Cloſe in his houſe at fire, can purchaſe yet
No faith of you; But that he ſtill is farre
From any home of his? your wit's at warre
With all credulity euer; and yet now
Ile name a ſigne, ſhall force beleefe from you:
I bath'd him lately; and beheld the ſcar
That ſtill remaines a marke too ocular
To leaue your heart yet blinded; and I then
Had run and told you: but his hand was feine
To cloſe my lips from th'acclamation
My heart was breathing: and his wiſedome won
My ſtill retention, till he gaue me leaue,
And charge to tell you this. Now then, receaue
My life for gage of his returne; which take

In any cruell faſhion; if I make
All this not cleere to you. Lou'd Nurſe (ſaid ſhe)
Though many things thou knowſt, yet theſe things be
Veil'd in the counſailes th'vncreated Gods
Haue long time maskt in: whoſe darke periods
Tis hard for thee to ſee into; But come,
Lets ſee my ſon; the ſlaine; and he by whom
They had their ſlaughter. This ſaid, down they went;
When on the Queens part, diuers thoghts wer ſpent;
If (all this giuen no faith) ſhe ſtill ſhould ſtand
Aloofe, and queſtion more: Or his hugg'd hand,
And loued head, ſhe ſhould at firſt aſſay
With free-giuen kiſſes. VVhen her doubtfull way
Had paſt the ſtony pauement, ſhe tooke ſeate
Againſt her husband, in the oppoſite heate
The fire then caſt vpon the other wall:
Himſelfe, ſet by the Columne of the Hall;
His lookes caſt downwards, and expected ſtill,
VVhen her incredulous, and curious will
To ſhun ridiculous error, and the ſhame
To kiſſe a Husband, that was not the ſame,
VVould downe, and win enough faith from his ſight.
She ſilent ſate, and her perplexed plight
Amaze encounter'd: Sometimes, ſhe ſtood cleare
He was her Husband: ſometimes, the ill weare
His perſon had put on, transform'd him ſo,
That yet his ſtampe would hardly currant go.
Her ſon her ſtrangeneſſe ſeeing, blam'd her thus:
Mother, vngentle Mother! tyrannous!
In this too curious modeſty you ſhow;
Why ſit you from my Father? Nor beſtow
A word on me, t'enquire and cleere ſuch doubt
As may perplexe you? Found man euer out
One other ſuch a wife? That could forbeare
Her lou'd Lords welcome home, when twenty yeare
In infinite ſufferance, he had ſpent apart:
No flint ſo hard is, as a womans hart.
Son (ſhe replied) Amaze containes my minde,
Nor can I ſpeake, and vſe the commune kind
Of thoſe enquiries; nor ſuſtaine to ſee
VVith oppoſite lookes, his countenance. If this be
My true *Vlyſſes* now return'd; there are
Tokens betwixt vs of more fitneſſe farre
To giue me argument, he is my Lord;
And my aſſurance of him, may afford
My proofes of ioy for him, from all theſe eies
VVith more *decorum*; then obiect their guiſe
To publique notice. The much-Sufferer brake

In laughter out; and to his Son ſaid; Take
Your Mother from the preaſe; that ſhe may make
Her owne proofes of me, which perhaps may giue
More cauſe to the acknowledgements, that driue
Their ſhew thus off. But now, becauſe I goe
So poorely clad, ſhe takes diſdaine to know
So loath'd a creature, for her loued Lord.
Let vs conſult then, how we may accord
The Towne to our late action. Some one, ſlaine,
Hath made the all-leſt ſlaughterer of him, faine
To fly his friends and country. But our ſwords
Haue ſlaine a Cities moſt ſupportfull Lords;
The chiefe Peeres of the kingdome: therefore ſee
You vſe wiſe meanes t'vphold your victorie.
See you to that good Father (ſaide the Son)
Whoſe counſailes haue the ſoueraigne glory won
From all men liuing. None will ſtriue with you;
But with vnqueſtion'd Girlands grace your brow:
To whom, our whol alacrities we vow
In free attendance. Nor ſhall our hands leaue
Your onſets needy of ſupplies, to giue
All the effects that in our pow'rs can fall.
Then this (ſaid he) to me ſeemes capitall
Of all choiſe courſes: Bathe we firſt, and then
Attire we freſhly: all our Maides and men
Enioyning like wiſe, to their beſt attire.
The ſacred Singer then, let touch his Lire;
And go before vs all in graceſull dance,
That all without, to whoſe eares ſhal aduance
Our cheerefull accents, (or of Trauailers by,
Or firme inhabitants) ſolemnity
Of frolicke Nuptials may imagine heere.
And this, performe we; leſt the maſſakere
Of all our wooers be diuulg'd about
The ample City, ere our ſelues get out,
And greet my Father, in his Groue of Trees;
Where, after, we will proue what policies
Olympius ſhall ſuggeſt, to ouercome
Our lateſt toiles, and crowne our welcome home.
This all obey'd: Bath'd, put on freſh attire,
Both men and women did; Then tooke his Lire
The holy ſinger, and ſet thirſt on fire
VVith ſongs, and faultleſſe dances: all the Court
Rung with the footings, that the numerous ſport
From iocund men drew, and faire-girdl'd Dames;
VVhich, (heard abroad) thus flew the cõmune fames:
This ſure the day is, when the much-woo'd Queen
Is richly wed; O wretch! That hath not beene

So conſtant, as to keepe her ample houſe
Til th'vtmoſt houre, had brought her formoſt ſpouſe.
Thus ſome conceiu'd, but little knew the thing.
And now, *Eurynome* had bath'd the King;
Smooth'd him with Oyles; and he, himſelfe attir'd
In veſtures royall. Her part then inſpir'd
The Goddeſſe *Pallas*; deck't his head and face
With infinite beauties: gaue a goodly grace
Of ſtature to him: a much plumper plight
Through all his body breath'd; Curles ſoft, & bright
Adorn'd his head withall, and made it ſhow,
As if the flowry *Hyacinth* did grow
In all his pride there: In the generall trim
Of euery locke, and euery curious lim.
Looke how a skilfull Artizan, well ſeene
In all Arts Metalline; as hauing beene
Taught by *Minerua*, and the God of fire,
Doth Gold, with Siluer mix ſo; that entire
They keepe their ſelfe diſtinction; and yet ſo,
That to the Siluer, from the Gold, doth flow
A much more artificiall luſter then his owne;
And thereby to the Gold it ſelfe, is growne
A greater glory, then if wrought alone;
Both being ſtuck off, by eithers mixtion:
So did *Minerua*, hers and his combine;
He more in Her, She more in Him did ſhine.
Like an Immortall from the Bath, he roſe:
And to his wife did all his grace diſpoſe,
Encountring this her ſtrangeneſſe: Cruell Dame
Of all that breathe; the Gods, paſt ſteele and flame
Haue made thee ruthleſſe: Life retaines not one
Of all Dames elſe, that beares ſo ouer-growne
A minde with abſtinence; as twenty yeares
To miſſe her husband, drown'd in woes, and teares;
And at his comming, keepe aloofe; and fare
As of his ſo long abſence, and his care,
No ſenſe had ſeiſd her. Go Nurſe, make a bed,
That I alone may ſleepe; her heart is dead
To all reflection. To him, thus replied
The wiſe *Penelope*. Man, halfe deified;
'Tis not my faſhion to be taken ſtreight
With braueſt men: Nor pooreſt, vſe to ſleight.
Your meane apparance made not me retire;
Nor this your rich ſhew, makes me now admire,
Nor moues at all: For what is all to me,
If not my husband? All his certainty
I knew at parting; but (ſo long apart)
The outward like neſſe, holds no full deſart

For me to truſt to. Go Nurſe, ſee addreſt
A ſoft bed for him; and the ſingle reſt
Himſelfe affects ſo. Let it be the bed;
That ſtands within our Bridal Chamber-ſted;
VVhich he himſelf made: Bring it forth from thence,
And ſee it furniſht with magnificence.
This ſaid ſhe, to aſſay him; and did ſtir
Euen his eſtabliſht patience; and to hir.
Whom thus he anſwerd: Woman! your words proue
My patience ſtrangely: VVho is it can moue
My Bed out of his place? It ſhall oppreſſe
Earths greateſt vnder-ſtander; and vnleſſe,
Euen God himſelfe come, that can eaſely grace
Men in their moſt skils, it ſhall hold his place.
For Man: he liues not, that (as not moſt skill'd,
So not moſt yong) ſhall eaſely make it yield.
If (building on the ſtrength in which he ſtowes)
He addes both Leuers to, and Iron Crowes.
For, in the fixure of the Bed, is ſhowne
A Maiſter-peece; a wonder: and 'twas done
By me, and none but me: and thus was wrought;
There was an Oliue tree, that had his grought
Amidſt a hedge; and was of ſhadow, proud;
Freſh, and the prime age of his verdure ſhow'd.
His leaues and armes ſo thicke, that to the eye
It ſhew'd a columne for ſolidity.
To this, had I a comprehenſion
To build my Bridall Bowre; which all of ſtone,
Thicke as the Tree of leaues, I raiſde, and caſt
A Roofe about it, nothing meanly grac'ſt;
Put glew'd doores to it, that op't Art enough.
Then, from the Oliue, euery broad-leau'd bough
I lopt away: then fell'd the Tree, and then
VVent ouer it, both with my Axe, and Plaine:
Both gouern'd by my Line. And then, I hew'd
My curious Bed-ſted out; in which, I ſhew'd
Worke of no commune hand. All this, begon,
I could not leaue, till to perfection
My paines had brought it. Tooke my Wimble; bor'd
The holes, as fitted: and did laſt, afford
The varied Ornament; which ſhew'd no want
Of Siluer, Gold, and poliſht Elephant.
An Oxe-hide Dide in purple, then I threw
Aboue the cords. And thus, to curious view
I hope I haue obiected honeſt ſigne,
To proue, I author nought that is not mine:
But, if my bed ſtand vnremou'd, or no,
O woman, paſſeth humane wit to know.
This ſunk her knees & heart, to heare ſo true

The ſignes ſhe vrg'd; and firſt, did teares enſue
Her rapt aſſurance: Then ſhe ran, and ſpread
Her armes about his necke; kiſt oft his head;
And thus the curious ſtay ſhe made, excuſde:
Vlyſſes! Be not angry, that I vſde
Such ſtrange delayes to this; ſince heretofore
Your ſuffering wiſedome, hath the Gyrland wore
From all that breath: and 'tis the Gods that thus
With mutuall miſſe, ſo long afflicting vs,
Haue cauſd my coyneſſe: To our youths, enuied
That wiſht ſociety, that ſhould haue tied
Our youths and yeares together: and ſince now
Iudgement and *Duty*, ſhould our age allow
As full ioyes therein, as in youth and blood;
See all yong anger, and reproofe withſtood,
For not at firſt ſight giuing vp my armes:
My heart ſtill trembling, leſt the falſe alarmes
That words oft ſtrike vp, ſhould ridiculize me.
Had *Argiue Hellen* knowne credulity
VVould bring ſuch plagues with it; and her, againe
(As auctreſſe of them all) with that foule ſtaine
To her, and to her countrey; ſhe had ſtaid
Her loue and mixture from a ſtrangers bed.
But God impell'd her to a ſhameleſſe deede,
Becauſe ſhe had not in her ſelfe decreed
Before th'attempt; That, ſuch acts ſtill were ſhent,
As ſimply in themſelues, as in th'euent.
By which, not onely ſhe her ſelfe ſuſtaines,
But we, for her fault, haue paid mutuall paines.
Yet now; ſince theſe ſignes of our certaine bed
You haue diſcouer'd, and diſtinguiſhed
From all earths others: No one man but you,
Yet euer getting of it th'onely ſhow;
Nor one, of all Dames, but my ſelfe, and ſhe
My Father gaue; old *Actors* progenie:
(VVho euer guarded to our ſelues, the dore
Of that thick-ſhaded chamber) I, no more
Will croſſe your cleere perſwaſion: though, till now,
I ſtood too doubtfull, and auſtere to you.
These words of hers, ſo iuſtifying her ſtay,
Did more deſire of ioyfull mone conuay
To his glad minde; then if at inſtant ſight,
She had allow'd him, all his wiſhes right.
He wept for ioy, t'enioy a wife ſo fit
For his graue minde, that knew his depth of wit;
And held chaſte vertue at a price ſo high.
And as ſad men at Sea, when ſhore is nigh, (loſt
VVhich long their hearts haue wiſht (their ſhip quite

By

By *Neptunes* rigor; and they vext, and toſt
Twixt winds & black waues, ſwimming for their liues;
A few eſcap't; and that few that ſuruiues
(All drencht in ſome, and brine) craule vp to Land,
VVith ioy as much as they did worlds command;
So deare, to this wife, was her husbands ſight;
Who ſtill embrac't his necke; and had, (till light
Diſplaid her ſiluer Enſigne) if the Dame
That beares the blew ſky, entermixt with flame
In her faire eyes, had not infixt her thought
On other ioyes, for loues ſo hardly brought
To long'd-for meeting: who th'extended night
VVith-held in long date; nor would let the light
Her wing-hoou'd horſe ioyne; (*Lampus*, *Phaeton*)
Thoſe euer Colts, that bring the morning on
To worldly men; But, in her golden chaire,
Downe to the Ocean, by her ſiluer haire
Bound her aſpirings. Then *Vlyſſes* ſaid;
O wife: Nor yet are my contentions ſtaid;
A moſt vnmeaſur'd labour, long and hard
Askes more performance; to it, being prepar'd
By graue *Tireſias*, when downe to hell
I made darke paſſage; that his skill might tell
My mens returne, and mine. But come, and now
Enioy the ſweet reſt that our Fates allow.
The place of reſt is ready, (ſhe replyed)
Your will at full ſerue, ſince the deified
Haue brought you, where your right is to command.
But ſince you know (God making vnderſtand
Your ſearching mind) informe me, what muſt be
Your laſt ſet labour; Since 'twill fall to me
(I hope) to heare it after; tell me now:
The greateſt pleaſure is before to know.
Vnhappy? (ſaid *Vlyſes*) To what end
Importune you this labour? It will lend
Nor you, nor me, delight; but you ſhall know,
I was commanded, yet more to beſtow
My yeares in trauaile; many Cities more
By Sea to viſit: and when firſt, for ſhore
I left my ſhipping, I was will'd to take
A nauall Oare in hand; and with it make
My paſſage forth, till ſuch ſtrange men I met,
As knew no Sea, nor euer ſalt did eat
VVith any victles: who the purple beakes
Of Ships did neuer ſee: nor that which breakes
The waues in curles, which is a Fan-like Oare,
And ſerues as wings, with which a ſhip doth ſoare.
To let me know then, when I was arriu'd

On that ſtrange earth, where ſuch a people liu'd.
He gaue me this for an vnfailing ſigne:
When any one, that tooke that Oare of mine
Borne on my ſhoulder, for a Corne-clenſe Fan,
I met aſhore; and ſhew'd to be a man
Of that Lands labour: There had I command
To fixe mine Oare; and offer on that ſtrand
T'imperiall *Neptune* (whom I muſt implore)
A Lambe, a Bull, and Sow-aſcending Bore:
And then turne home; where all the other Gods
That in the broad heauen made ſecure abods,
I muſt ſolicite (all my curious heed
Giuen to the ſeuerall rites they haue decreed)
VVith holy *Hecatombes*: And then, at home
A gentle death ſhould ſeize me, that would come
From out the Sea, and take me to his reſt
In full ripe age; about me, liuing bleſt,
My louing people: To which (he preſag'd)
The ſequell of my fortunes were engag'd.
If then (ſaide ſhe) the Gods will pleaſe t'impoſe
A happier Being to your fortunes cloſe
Then went before; your hope giues comfort ſtrength,
That life ſhall lend you better dayes at length.
VVhile this diſcourſe ſpent mutual ſpeech, the bed
Eurynome and Nurſe had made; and ſpred
With richeſt Furniture; while Torches ſpent
Their parcell gilt thereon. To bed then went
The aged Nurſe; and where their Soueraignes were,
Eurynome (the Chamber-maid) did beare
A Torch, and went before them to their reſt:
To which ſhe left them; and for hers addreſt.
The King and Queene then, now (as newly wed)
Reſum'd the old Lawes of th'embracing bed.
Telemachus, and both his Herdſmen, then
Diſſolu'd the dances, both to Maids and men;
VVho in their ſhady roofes tooke timely ſleepe.
The Bride, and Bridegroome, hauing ceaſt to keepe
Obſerued Loue-ioyes; from their fit delight,
They turn'd to talke. The Queene then did recite
VVhat ſhe had ſuffer'd by the hatefull rout
Of harmfull wooers, who had eate her out
So many Oxen, and ſo many Sheepe;
How many Tun of wine their drinking deepe
Had quite exhauſted. Great *Vlyſſes* then,
VVhat euer ſlaughters he had made of men;
VVhat euer ſorrowes he himſelfe ſuſtain'd,
Repeated amply; and her eares remain'd
VVith all delight, attentiue to their end.

Nor

Nor would one winke ſleepe, till he told her all;
Beginning where he gaue the *Cæons* fall.
From thence, his paſſe to the *Lotophagie*;
The *Cyclops* acts; the putting out his eye,
And wreake of all the Souldiers he had eate,
No leaſt ruth ſhewne, to all they could entreate.
His way to *Æolus*; his prompt receit,
And kinde diſmiſsion: his inforc't retreate
By ſodaine Tempeſt, to the fiſhy maine;
And quite diſtraction from his courſe againe.
His landing at the *Laeſtrigonian* Port,
VVhere ſhips and men, in miſerable ſort,
Met all their ſpoiles; his ſhip, and he, alone
Got off from the abhorr'd confuſion.
His paſſe to *Circe*; her deceits, and Arts:
His thence deſcenſion to th'infernall parts:
His lifes courſe of the *Thebane* Prophet learn'd;
VVhere, all the ſlaughter'd Grecians he deſcern'd,
And loued Mother. His aſtoniſht eare
VVith what the *Syrens* voices made him heare.
His ſcape from th'erring Rockes, which *Scylla* was;
And rough *Charybdis*; with the dangerous paſſe
Of all that toucht there: His *Sicilian*
Offence giuen to the Sun: His euery man
Deſtroy'd by thunder, vollied out of heauen,
That ſplit his Ship; his owne endeuours driuen
To ſhift for ſuccours on th'*Ogygian* ſhore,
VVhere Nimph *Calypſo*, ſuch affection bore
To him in his arriuall: That with feaſt
She kept him in her Caues, and would haue bleſt
His welcome life, with an immortall ſtate;
VVould he haue ſtaid, and liu'd her Nuptiall mate:
All which, ſhe neuer could perſwade him to.
His paſſe to the *Pheacians*, ſpent in wo:
Their hearty welcome of him, as he were,
A God deſcended from the ſtarry Sphere:
Their kinde diſmiſsion of him home, with Gold,
Braſſe, Garments; all things his occaſions would.
This laſt word vſde; ſleepe ſeiz'd his weary eye,
That ſalues all care, to all mortality.
In meane ſpace, *Pallas*, entertain'd intent,
That when *Vlyſſes*, thought enough time ſpent
In loue-ioyes with his wife; to raiſe the Day,
And make his graue occaſions, call, away.
The Morning roſe, and he; when thus he ſaide;
O Queene: Now ſatiate with afflictions, laide
On both our boſomes; (you oppreſſed heere
VVith cares for my returne; I, euery where

By

By *Ione*, and all the other Deities, toſt
Euen till all hope of my returne was loſt)
And both arriu'd at this ſweet Hauen, our Bed;
Be your care vſde, to ſee adminiſtred
My houſe-poſſeſsions left. Thoſe Sheepe that were
Conſum'd in ſurfets by your wooers heere;
Ile forrage, to ſupply with ſome; and more,
The ſuffering Grecians ſhall be made reſtore,
Euen till our ſtalles receiue their wonted fill.
And now, to comfort my good Fathers ill
Long ſuffer'd for me: To the many-tree'd
And ample Vineyard grounds, it is decreed
In my next care, that I muſt haſte, and ſee
His long'd-for preſence. In the meane time, be
Your wiſedome vſde; that ſince (the Sun aſcended)
The fame will ſoone be through the Town extended,
Of thoſe I heere haue ſlaine; your ſelfe (got cloſe
Vp to your chamber) ſee you there repoſe,
Cheer'd with your women; and, nor looke afford
Without your Court; nor anie man, a word.
This ſaid, he arm'd: To armes, both Son and Swain
His powre commanding; who did entertaine
His charge with ſpirit: Op't the gates, and out;
He leading all. And now was hurl'd about
Auroraes ruddie fire: through all whoſe light
Minerua led them, through the Towne, from ſight.

The End of the XXIII. Booke of Homers Odyſſes.

THE XXIIII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE ARGVMENT.

BY Mercury *the Wooers ſoules*
Are vſher'd to th'Infernall Pooles.
Vlyſſes, *with* Laertes *meets*
The people, are in vproare ſet,
Againſt them; for the wooers ends:
Whom Pallas *ſtayes, and renders friends.*

Another.

ω. { *The vproares fire,* / *the Peoples fall,* / *The Grandſire, Sire,* / *and Son, to all.* }

CYllenian *Hermes* with his golden rod,
The wooers ſoules (that yet retain'd abod
Amids their bodies) call'd in dreadfull rout
Forth to th'Infernals; who came murmuring out.
And as amids the deſolate retreate
Of ſome vaſte Cauerne (made the ſacred ſeate
Of auſtere ſpirits) Bats, with Breſts, and wings
Claſpe faſt the wals; and each to other clings:
But, ſwept off from their couerts, vp they riſe
And flye with murmures, in amazefull guiſe
About the cauerne: So theſe (grumbling) roſe
And flockt together. Downe before them goes
None-hurting Mercury, to hels broad waies;
And ſtraight to thoſe ſtreights, where the Ocean ſtaies
His lofty current in calme deepes, they flew.
Then to the ſnowy rocke, they next withdrew;
And to the cloſe of *Phœbus* orient gates:
The Nation then of Dreames; and then the ſtates
Of thoſe ſoules Idols, that the weary dead
Gaue vp in earth: which, in a flowry Mead
Had habitable ſituation.
And there they ſaw the ſoule of *Thetis* ſon;
Of good *Patroclus*; braue *Antilochus*,
And *Aiax*; the ſupremely ſtrenuous
Of all the Greeke hoaſt, next *Plebeian*:
All which aſſembled about *Maias* ſon.

And

And to them (after) came the mournfull Ghoſt
Of *Agamemnon*; with all thoſe, he loſt
In falſe *Ægyſthus* Court. *Achilles* then
Beholding there, that mighty King of men:
Deplor'd his plight, and ſaid: O *Atreus* Son!
Of all Heroes; all *Opinion*
Gaue thee, for *Ioues* moſt lou'd; ſince moſt command
Of all the Greekes, he gaue thy eminent hand
At ſiedge of *Ilion*, where we ſuffer'd ſo:
And is the iſſue this? That firſt in wo,
Sterne Fate did therefore ſet thy ſequell downe?
None borne paſt others Fates, can paſſe his owne.
I wiſh to heauen, that in the heighth of all
Our pompe at *Ilion*, Fate had ſign'd thy fall;
That all the Greekes might haue aduanc't to thee,
A famous Sepulcher; and Fame might ſee
Thy Son giuen honor, in thy honour'd end;
But now, a wretched death did Fate extend
To thy confuſion, and thy Iſſues ſhame.
O *Thetis* Son (ſaid he) the vitall flame
Extinct at *Ilion*, far from th'*Argine* fields;
The ſtile of bleſſed, to thy vertue yields.
About thy fall, the beſt of *Greece* and *Troy*
VVere ſacrific'd to ſlaughter: Thy iuſt ioy
Conceiu'd in battell, with ſome worth forgot,
In ſuch a death, as great *Apollo* ſhot
At thy encounters: Thy braue perſon lay
Hid in a duſty whirlewinde, that made way
VVith humane breaths, ſpent in thy ruines ſtate;
Thou great, wert greatly valew'd, in thy Fate.
All day we fought about thee; nor at all
Had ceaſt our conflict, had not *Ioue* let fall
A ſtorme, that forc't off our vnwilling feete.
But, hauing brought thee from the fight, to fleete
Thy glorious perſon (bath'd and balm'd) we laide
Aloft a bed; and round about thee, paide
The *Greekes* warme teares, to thy deplor'd deceaſe;
Quite danted, cutting all their curles increaſe.
Thy death draue a diuine voice through the Seas,
That ſtarted vp thy Mother from the waues;
And all the Marine Godheads, left their caues,
Conſorting to our fleet, her rapt repaire:
The *Greekes* ſtood frighted, to ſee Sea, and Aire,
And Earth, combine ſo, in thy loſſes ſence;
Had taken ſhip, and fled for euer thence,
If old-much-knowing-*Neſtor* had not ſtaide
Their ruſhing off: His counſailes hauing ſwaide
In all times former, with ſuch cauſe, their courſes,

Who

VVho bad containe themſelues, and truſt their forces;
For all they ſaw, was *Thetis* come from Sea,
VVith others of the watry progenie,
To ſee and mourne for her deceaſed Son.
VVhich ſtaid the feares, that all to flight had won;
And round about thee ſtood th'old Sea-gods ſeedes,
VVretchedly mourning: their immortall weeds
Spreading vpon thee: all the ſacred Nine
Of deathleſſe *Muſes*, paid thee dues diuine;
By varied turnes their heauenly voyces venting;
All in deepe paſſion for thy death conſenting.
And then, of all our Army, not an eye
You could haue ſeene, vndrown'd in miſery;
The mouing *Muſe*, ſo rul'd in euery minde.
Full ſeuenteene dayes and nights, our teares confin'd
To celebration of thy mourned end;
Both men, and Gods, did in thy moane contend.
The eighteenth day, we ſpent about thy heape
Of dying fire: Blacke Oxen, fatteſt Sheepe
VVe ſlew, paſt number. Then the precious ſpoile
(Thy Corſe) wee tooke vp, which with floods of oile
And pleaſant Hony we embalm'd; and then
VVrapt thee in thoſe Robes, that the Gods did raine:
In which, we gaue thee to the hallowed flame;
To which, a number of heroicall name,
All arm'd, came ruſhing in, in deſperate plight;
As preſt to ſacrifice their vitall right
To thy dead ruines, while ſo bright they burn'd:
Both foote & horſe brake in; and fought, & mourn'd
In infinite tumult. But when all the night
The rich flame laſted; and that waſted quite
Thy body was with the enamor'd fire;
VVe came in early Morne, and an entire
Collection made, of euery Iuorie bone;
VVhich waſht in wine, and giuen fit vnction,
A two-ear'd Bolle of Gold, thy Mother gaue,
By *Bacchus* giuen her; and did forme receaue
From *Vulcans* famous hand; which (O renown'd
Great *Thetis* Son) with thy faire bones, we crown'd;
Mixt with the Bones of *Menetiades*, * *Patroclus*
And braue *Antilochus*; who, in deceaſe
Of thy *Patroclus*, was thy fauours Deere.
About thee then, a matchleſſe Sepulchere,
The ſacred hoaſt of the *Achaians* raiſd
Vpon the *Helleſpont*; where moſt it ſeiſd
(For height, and conſpicuity) the eies
Of liuing men, and their poſterities.
Thy Mother then obtain'd the Gods conſent

To

To inſtitute an honor'd game, that ſpent
The beſt approuement of our Grecian Fames;
In whoſe praiſe, I muſt ſay, that many games
About *Heroes* Sepulchers, mine eyes
Haue ſeene perform'd: But theſe, bore off the prize
VVith myracles to me, from all before.
In which, thy Siluer-footed Mother, bore
The Inſtitutions name; but thy deſarts
(Being great with heauen) cauſ'd al the eminent parts.
And thus, through all the worſt effects of Fate,
Achilles Fame, euen *Death* ſhall propagate:
VVhile any one, ſhall lend the light an eye,
Diuine *Æacides* ſhal neuer dye.
But wherein can theſe comforts be conceiu'd
As rights to me? when hauing quite atchieu'd
An end with ſafety, and with Conqueſt too
Of ſo vnmatcht a warre; what none could do
Of all our enemies there, at home, a Friend,
And VVife, haue giuen me inglorious end.
While theſe thus ſpake, the *Argus*-killing ſpy
Brought neere, *Vlyſſes* noble victory
To their renew'd diſcourſe; in all the ends
The wooers ſuffer'd, and ſhew'd thoſe his Frends.
VVhom now, amaze inuaded with the view,
And made giue backe: yet *Agamemnon* knew
Melanthius heyre, much-fam'd *Amphimedon*,
Who had in *Ithaca*, Gueſt-fauours ſhown
To great *Atrides*; who firſt ſpake, and ſaide:
Amphimedon: what ſufferance hath bene laide
On your aliue parts, that hath made you make
This land of darkneſſe, the retreat you take?
So all together? All being like in yeeres?
Nor would a man haue chooſd, of all the Peeres
A City honors, men to make a part
More ſtrong for any obiect? Hath your ſmart
Bene felt from *Neptune*, being at Sea? His wrath,
The winds, and waues, exciting to your ſcath?
Or haue offenſiue men impoſd this Fate?
Your Oxen driuing; or your flockes eſtate?
Or for your City fighting, and your wiues,
Haue deaths vntimely, ſeiz'd your beſt-tim'd liues?
Informe me truly: I was once your Gueſt;
VVhen I, and *Menelaus* had profeſt
Firſt armes for *Ilion*; and were come aſhore
On *Ithaca*, with purpoſe to implore
Vlyſſes aide; that City-racing man,
In wreake of the adulterous *Phrygian*.
Retaine not you the time? A whole months date

We ſpent at Sea, in hope to inſtigate
In our arriuall, old *Laertes* Son;
VVhom (hardly yet) to our deſigne we won.
The Soule made anſwer: Worthieſt King of men,
I well remember euery paſſage then
You now reduce to thought; and will relate
The truth, in whole forme, of our timeleſſe Fate.
VVe woo'd the wife of that long abſent King;
VVho (though her ſecond marriage, were a thing
Of moſt hate to her) ſhe would yet deny
At no part our affections; nor comply
With any in performance: but decreed
In her delayes, the cruell Fates, we feed.
Her craft was this: She vndertooke to weaue
A Funerall garment, deſtin'd to receaue
The corſe of old *Laertes*; being a taske
Of infinite labour, and which Time would aske.
In midſt of whoſe attempt, ſhe cauſd our ſtay
VVith this attraction: Youths! that come in way
Of honor'd Nuptials to me: Though my Lord
Abide amongſt the dead; yet ceaſe to bord
My choiſe for preſent Nuptials; and ſuſtaine
(Leſt what is paſt me, of this web, be vaine)
Till all receiue perfection: 'Tis a weede
Diſpoſ'd, to wrap in, at his Funerall neede
The old *Laertes*: who (poſſeſsing much)
Would (in his want of rites as fitting) touch
My honor highly, with each vulgar Dame.
Thus ſpake ſhe, and perſwaded; and her Frame
All day ſhe labour'd; her dayes worke not ſmall;
But euery night time, ſhe vnwrought it all.
Three yeares continuing this imperfect taske;
But when the fourth year came, her ſlights could maſk
In no more couert; ſince her truſted Maid
Her whole deceite, to our true note betraid.
VVith which, ſurpriz'd, ſhe could no more protract
Her workes perfection: but gaue end exact
To what remain'd: waſht vp, and ſet thereon
A gloſſe ſo bright, that like the Sun and Moon
The whole worke ſhew'd together. And when now
Of meere neceſsity, her honour'd vow
She muſt make good to vs: ill fortune brought
Vlyſſes home: who yet, gaue none one thought
Of his arriuall; but far-off at field
Liu'd with his Herdſman: Nor his truſt would yield
Note of his perſon; but liu'd there, as Gueſt;
Ragg'd as a begger, in that life profeſt.
At length, *Telemachus* left *Pylos* ſank;

And with a Ship, fetcht ſoone his natiue Land.
When yet, not home he went: but laid his way
Vp to his Herdſman, where his Father lay;
And where, both laide our deaths. To town then bore
The Swine-herd, and his King; the Swaine before.
Telemachus, in other wayes, beſtow'd
His courſe home firſt, t'aſſociate vs that woo'd.
The Swaine, the King led after; who came on
Ragged and wretched, and ſtill lean'd vpon
A borrow'd ſtaffe. At length, he reacht his home;
VVhere (on the ſodaine, and ſo wretched, come)
Nor we, nor much our elders, once did dreame
Of his returne there: but did wrongs extreame
Of words, and blowes to him: all which, he bore
VVith that old patience he had learn'd before.
But when the minde of *Ioue* had rais'd his owne;
His ſon and he, fetcht all their Armour downe;
Faſt lockt the doores; and (to prepare their vſe)
He will'd his wife (for firſt meane) to produce
His Bow to vs, to draw; of which, no one
Could ſtir the ſtring: Himſelfe yet, ſet vpon
The deadly ſtrength it held; Drew all, with eaſe;
Shot through the ſteeles, and then began to ſeaſe
Our armeleſſe boſomes; ſtriking firſt, the breſt
Of King *Antinous*, and then the reſt
In heapes turn'd ouer: hopefull of his end,
Becauſe ſome God (he knew) ſtood firme his frend.
Nor prou'd it worſe with him; but all in flood,
The Pauement ſtraight, bluſht with our vitall blood:
And thus our ſoules came heere; our bodies laid
Neglected in his roofes: no word conuaid
To any friend, to take vs home and giue
Our wounds fit balming; nor let ſuch as liue
Entombe our deaths: and for our fortunes, ſhed
Thoſe teares, and dead rites, that renowne the dead.
Atrides Ghoſt gaue anſwere; O bleſt Son
Of old *Laertes*, thou at length, haſt won
With mighty vertue, thy vnmatched wife.
How good a knowledge: how vntoucht a life
Hath wiſe *Penelope*? How well ſhe laide
Her husbands rights vp! whom ſhe lou'd a Maid?
For which, her vertues ſhall extend applauſe
Beyond the circles fraile mortality drawes;
The deathleſſe in this vale of death, compriſing,
Her praiſe, in numbers, into infinites riſing.
The daughter, *Tyndarus* begat, begot
No ſuch chaſte thoughts; but cut the virgin knot
That knit her ſpouſe & her, with murtherous ſwords.

For which, poſterities ſhall put hateſull words
To notes of her: that all her Sex defam'd,
And for her ill, ſhall euen the good be blam'd.
To this effect, theſe, theſe digreſsions made
In hell; Earths darke, and euer-hiding ſhade.
Vlyſſes, and his Son (now paſt the Towne)
Soone reacht the field, elaborately growne
By old *Laertes* labour: when, with cares
For his loſt Son, he left, all Court affaires;
And tooke to this rude vpland, which, with toile
He made a ſweet and habitable ſoile:
VVhere ſtood a houſe to him; about which, ran
In turnings thicke, and Labyrinthian,
Poore Houels, where his neceſſary meth
That did thoſe workes (of pleaſure to him then)
Might ſit, and eate, and ſleepe. In his owne houſe
An old *Sicilian* Dame liu'd; ſtil diligent
To ſerue his ſowre age with her cheereſull paines.
Then ſaide *Vlyſſes* to his Son, and Swaines;
Go you to Towne, and for your dinner kill
The beſt Swine ye can chooſe; my ſelfe will ſtill
Stay with my father, and aſſay his eye,
If my acknowledg'd truth, it can deſcry;
Or that my long times trauaile, doth ſo change
My ſight to him, that I appeare as ſtrange.
Thus gaue he armes to them, and home he hied:
Vlyſſes to the fruitfull field, applied
His preſent place: nor found he *Dolius* there,
His ſonnes, or any ſeruants, any where
In all that ſpacious ground; all gone from thence,
Were dragging buſhes, to repaire a Fence,
Old *Dolius* leading all. *Vlyſſes* found
His father farre aboue, in that rare ground,
Employd in proyning of a Plant: his weeds
All torne and tatter'd; fit for homely deeds,
But not for him. Vpon his legs he wore
Patcht boots, to guard him from the Brambles gore:
His hands, had thorne-proofe hedging Mittens on;
His head a Goats-skin Caske: through all which bone
His heart giuen ouer, to abiecteſt mone.
Him, when *Vlyſſes* ſaw, conſum'd with age,
And all the Enſignes on him, that the rage
Of griefe preſented: he brake out in teares;
And (taking ſtand then, where a tree of Peares
Shot high his forehead ouer him) his minde
Had much contention. Into yeeld to finde,
Make ſtraight way to his father; kiſſe, embrace,
Tell his returne, and put on all the face
moſt

And faſhion of his inſtant told returne,
Or ſtay th'impulſion; and the long day burne
Of his quite loſſe giuen, in his Fathers feare,
A little longer: trying firſt his cheare
With ſome free dalliance; th'earneſt being ſo neare.
This courſe his choiſe preferr'd, and forth he went:
His Father then, his aged ſhoulders bent
Beneath what yeares had ſtoop't; about a Tree
Buſily digging: O, old man (ſaid he)
You want no skill, to dreſſe and decke your ground,
For all your Plants doth order'd diſtance bound:
No Apple, Peare, or Oliue, Fig, or Vine;
Nor any plat, or quarter, you confine
To graſſe, or flow'rs, ſtands empty of your care,
Which ſhewes exact in each peculiare:
And yet (which let not moue you) you beſtow
No care vpon your ſelfe; though to this ſhow
Outward irkſomneſſe, to what you are,
You labour with an inward froward care,
Which is your age; that ſhould weare all without
More neate, and cheriſhing. I make no doubt
That any ſloth you vſe, procures your Lord
To let an old man, go ſo much abhord
In all his weeds; nor ſhines there in your looke
A faſhion, and a goodlineſſe, ſo tooke
VVith abiect qualities, to merit this
Naſty entreaty: Your reſemblance is
A very Kings, and ſhines through this retreate.
You looke like one, that hauing waſht, and eate,
Should ſleepe ſecurely, lying ſweet, and neate.
It is the ground of Age, when cares abuſe it,
To know life's end; and as 'tis ſweet, ſo vſe it.
But vtter truth, and tell; what Lord is he,
That rates your labour, and your liberty?
VVhoſe Orchard is it, that you husband thus?
Or quit me this doubt; For if *Ithaque*
This kingdome claimes for his, the man I found
At firſt arriuall heere, is hardly ſound
Of braine, or ciuill; not enduring ſtay,
To tell, nor heare me, my enquiry out
Of that my friend; if ſtil he bore about
His life and Being; or were diu'd to *Death*,
And in the houſe of him that harbour'eth
The ſoules of men. For once he liu'd my gueſt,
My Land and houſe retaining intereſt
In his abode there; where there ſoiourn'd none,
As gueſt, from any forreigne Region
Of more price with me. He deriu'd his race

From *Ithaca*; and ſaid, his Father was
Laertes, ſurnam'd *Arceſiades*.
I had him home; and all the offices
Perform'd to him, that fitted any friend;
Whoſe proofe I did to wealthy gifts extend:
Seuen Talents, Gold; a Bolle all filuer, ſet
With pots of flowers: twelue robes, that had no pleat:
Twelue cloakes (or mantles) of delicious dye:
Twelue inner weeds: Twelue ſutes of Tapiſtry:
I gaue him likewiſe: women skill'd in vſe
Of Loome, and Needle; freeing him to chuſe
Foure the moſt faire. His Father (weeping) ſaide,
Stranger! The earth to which you are conuaide,
Is *Ithaca*; by ſuch rude men poſſeſt,
Vniuſt and inſolent, as firſt addreſt
To your encounter; but the gifts you gaue
VVere giuen (alas) to the vngratefull graue:
If with his people, where you now arriue,
Your Fate had bene to finde your friend aliue,
You ſhold haue found like Gueſt-rites from his hand;
Like gifts, and kinde paſſe to your wiſhed land.
But how long ſince, receiu'd you as your gueſt
Your Friend, my Son? who was th'vnhappieſt
Of all men breathing, if he were at all?
O borne, when Fates, and ill Aſpects let fall
A cruell influence for him; Farre away
From Friends and Countrey; deſtin'd to a'lay
The Sea-bred appetites; or (left aſhore)
To be by Fowles, and vpland Monſters tore.
His lifes kinde authors; nor his wealthy wife,
Bemoning (as behoou'd) his parted life:
Nor cloſing (as in honours courſe it lyes
To all men dead) in bed, his dying eyes:
But giue me knowledge of your name, and race:
What City bred you? VVhere the anchoring place
Your ſhip now rides at lies, that ſhor'd you here?
And where your men? Or if a paſſenger
In others Keeles you came; who (giuing Land
To your aduentures heere, ſome other Strand
To fetch in further courſe) haue left to vs
Your welcome preſence? His reply was thus:
I am of *Alybande*, where I hold
My names chiefe houſe, to much renowne extold.
My Father *Aphidantes*; fam'd to ſpring
From *Polypemon*; the *Moloſsian* King:
My name, *Eperitus*. My taking land
On this faire Iſle, was rul'd by the command
Of God, or Fortune: quite againſt conſent

Of my free purpoſe; that, in courſe was bent
For th'Iſle *Sicania*. My Ship is held
Farre from the City, neere an ample field.
And for (*Vlyſſes*) ſince his paſſe from me
'Tis now fiue yeares. Vnbleſt by Deſtiny,
That all this time, hath had the Fate to erre:
Though, at his parting, good Birds did augure
His putting off, and on his right hand flew;
VVhich, to his paſſage, my affection drew:
His ſpirit ioyfull, and my hope was now
To gueſt with him, and ſee his hand beſtow
Rights of our friendſhip. This, a cloud of griefe
Caſt ouer all the forces of his life.
VVith both his hands, the burning duſt he ſwept
Vp from the earth, which on his head he heapt,
And fetcht a ſigh, as in it, life were broke:
VVhich greeu'd his Son, and gaue ſo ſmart a ſtroke
Vpon his noſethrils, with the inward ſtripe,
That vp the Veine roſe there; and weeping ripe
He was, to ſee his Sire feele ſuch woe
For his diſſembl'd ioy; which now (let goe)
He ſprung from earth, embrac't and kiſt his Sire:
And ſaid; O Father: he, of whom y'enquire
Am I my ſelfe, that (from you, twenty yeares)
Is now return'd. But do not breake in teares;
For now, we muſt not formes of kinde maintaine,
But haſte and guard the ſubſtance. I haue ſlaine
All my wiues wooers; ſo, reuenging now
Their wrong ſo long time ſuffer'd. Take not you
The comfort of my comming then, to heart
At this glad inſtant; but, in prou'd deſert
Of your graue iudgement; giue mone, glad ſuſpence;
And, on the ſodaine, put this conſequence
In act as abſolute, as all time went
To ripening of your reſolute aſſent.
All this haſte made not his ſtaide faith, ſo free
To truſt his words; who ſaid, If you are he,
Approue it by ſome ſigne. This ſcar then ſee
(Replied *Vlyſſes*) giuen me by the Bore
Slain e in *Parnaſſus*; I being ſent before
By yours, and by my honour'd Mothers will,
To ſee your Sire *Autolycus* fulfill
The gifts he vow'd, at giuing of my Name.
Ile tel you too, the Trees (in goodly frame
Of this faire Orchard) that I aſkt of you
Being yet a childe; and follow'd, for your ſhow
And name of euery Tree. You gaue me then
Of Figge-trees, forty; Apple-bearers, ten;
Peare-trees, thirteene; and fifty rankes of Vine;

Each

Each one of which, a ſeaſon did confine
For his beſt caring. Not a Grape did grow,
That grew not there, and had his heauy brow
When *Ioues* faire daughters (the all-ripening howrs)
Gaue timely date to it. This charg'd the powrs
Both of his knees and heart, with ſuch impreſsion
Of ſodaine comfort, that it gaue poſſeſsion
Of all, to *Trance*: The ſignes were all ſo true;
And did the loue, that gaue them, ſo renue.
His caſt his armes about his ſonne, and ſunke;
The circle, ſlipping to his feete. So ſhrunke
VVere all his ages forces, with the fire
Of his yong loue rekindl'd. The old Sire,
The Son tooke vp, quite liueleſſe: But his breath
Againe reſpiring; and his ſoule from death
His bodies pow'rs recouering: On he cried,
And ſaid; O *Iupiter*! I now haue tried,
That ſtill there liue in heauen, remembring Gods,
Of men that ſerue them; though the periods
They ſet to their apparances, are long
In beſt mens ſufferings; yet, as ſure, as ſtrong
They are in comforts: be their ſtrange delayes
Extended neuer ſo, from dayes to dayes.
Yet ſee the ſhort ioyes, or the ſoone-mixt feares
Of helpes with-held by them, ſo many yeares:
For, if the wooers now, haue paide the paine
Due to their impious pleaſures; Now, againe
Extreame feare takes me, leſt we ſtraight ſhall ſee
Th'*Ithacenſians* here, in mutinie;
Their Meſſengers diſpatcht, to win to friend
The *Cephalenian* Cities. Do not ſpend
Your thoughts on theſe cares: (ſaide his ſuffering ſon)
But be of comfort; and ſee that courſe ron
That beſt, may ſhun the worſt: Our houſe is nere;
Telemachus, and both his Herdſmen, there
To dreſſe our ſupper with their vtmoſt haſt;
And thither haſte we. This ſaide; Forth they paſt;
Came home, and found *Telemachus*, at feaſt
With both his Swaines: while who had done, all dreſt
VVith Baths, and Balmes, and royally arraid
The old King was, by his *Sicilian* Maid.
By whoſe ſide, *Pallas* ſtood; his crookt-age ſtreitning;
His fleſh more plumping; and his looks enlightning:
VVho yſſuing then to view, his ſon admir'd
The Gods Aſpects, into his forme inſpir'd:
And ſaid; O Father: certainly ſome God
By your addreſſion in this ſtate, hath ſtood;
More great, more reuerend, rendring you by farre,

At all your parts, then of your ſelfe, you are.
I would to *Ioue* (ſaid he) the Sun, and She
That beares *Ioues* ſhield, the ſtate had ſtood with me,
That helpt me take in the wel-builded Tow'rs
Of ſtrong *Nericus* (the *Cephalian* pow'rs
To that faire City, leading) two dayes paſt,
While with the wooers, thy conflict did laſt;
And I had then bene in the wooers wreake;
I ſhould haue helpt thee ſo, to render weake
Their ſtubborne knees, that in thy ioyes deſert,
Thy breaſt had bene too little for thy heart.
This ſaid; and ſupper order'd by their men,
They ſate to it; old *Dolius* entring then;
And with him (tyr'd with labour) his ſonnes came,
Call'd by their Mother, the *Sicilian* dame
That brought them vp, and dreſt their Fathers fare.
As whoſe age grew; with it, encreaſt her care
To ſee him ſeru'd as fitted. VVhen (thus ſet)
Theſe men beheld *Vlyſſes* there, at meate;
They knew him; and aſtoniſht in the place,
Stood at his preſence: who, with words of grace
Call'd to olde *Dolius*, ſaying; Come, and eate,
And baniſh all aſtoniſhment: your meate
Hath long bene ready; and our ſelues made ſtay,
Expecting euer, when your wiſhed way
VVould reach amongſt vs. This brought fiercely on
Old *Dolius* from his ſtand; who ran vpon
(VVith both his armes abroad) the King, and kiſt
Of both his rapt vp hands, the either wriſt;
Thus welcomming his preſence: O my Loue,
Your preſence heere (for which all wiſhes ſtroue)
No one expected. Euen the Gods haue gone
In guide before you, to your manſion:
Welcom, and all ioyes, to your heart, contend.
Knowes yet *Penelope?* Or ſhall we ſend,
Some one to tell her this? She knowes (ſaid he)
VVhat need theſe troubles (Father) touch at thee?
Then came the Sonnes of *Dolius*; and againe
VVent ouer with their Fathers entertaine;
VVelcom'd, ſhooke hands; & then to feaſt ſate down;
About which, while they ſate; about the Towne
Fame flew, and ſhrick't about, the cruell death
And Fate, the wooers had ſuſtain'd beneath
Vlyſſes rooſes. All heard; together all,
From hence, and thence met, in *Vlyſſes* Hall,
Short-breath'd, and noiſefull: Bore out all the dead
To inſtant buriall: while their deaths were ſpread
To other Neighbor-Cities, where they liu'd:

From

From whence, in ſwifteſt Fiſher-boats, arriu'd
Men to transfer them home. In meane ſpace, here
The heauy Nobles, all in counſaile were;
Where (met in much heape) vp to all aroſe
Extremely-greeu'd *Eupitheus*; ſo to loſe
His Son *Antinous*; who, firſt of all
By great *Vlyſſes* hand, had ſlaughtrous fall.
VVhoſe Father (weeping for him) ſaide; O Friends,
This man hath author'd workes of diſmall ends;
Long ſince, conueying in his guide to *Troy*,
Good men, and many, that did ſhips employ:
All which are loſt, and all their Souldiers dead;
And now, the beſt men *Cephalenia* bred
His hand hath ſlaughter'd. Go we then (before
His ſcape to *Pylos*, or the *Elean* Shore
VVhere rule the *Epeans*) 'gainſt his horrid hand:
For we ſhall grieue, and *infamy* will brand
Our Fames for euer; if we ſee our Sons
And Brothers end in theſe confuſions,
Reuenge left vninflicted. Nor will I
Enioy one dayes life more; But greeue, and die
VVith inſtant onſet. Nor ſhould you ſuruiue
To keepe a baſe, and beaſtly name aliue.
Haſte then, let flight preuent vs. This with teares
His griefes aduiſd, and made all ſufferers
In his affliction. But by this, was come
Vp to the Counſaile, from *Vlyſſes* home
(VVhen ſleep had left thē, which the ſlaughters there
And their ſelfe dangers, from their eyes, in feare
Had two nights intercepted) thoſe two men,
That iuſt *Vlyſſes* ſau'd out of the ſlaine;
VVhich *Medon*, and the ſacred Singer were.
Theſe ſtood amidſt the Counſaile; and the feare
The ſlaughter had impreſt, in eithers looke
Stucke ſtil ſo gaſtly; that amaze it ſtrooke
Through euery there beholder: To whoſe eares
One thus enforc't, in his fright, cauſe of theirs:
Attend me *Ithacenſians*; This ſterne fact
Done by *Vlyſſes*, was not put in act
VVithout the Gods aſſiſtance; Theſe ſelfe eies
Saw one of the immortall Deities,
Cloſe by *Vlyſſes*; *Mentors* forme put on
At euery part: and this ſure Deity, ſhone
Now neere *Vlyſſes*, ſetting on his bold
And ſlaughterous ſpirit: Now, the points controll'd
Of all the wooers weapons; round about
The arm'd houſe whisking; in continuall rout
Their party putting, till in heapes they fell.

This

This newes, new fears did through their ſpirits impel:
When *Halitherſes* (honor'd *Maſtors* ſonne,
VVho of them all, ſaw onely what was done
Preſent, and future) the much-knowing man
And aged Heroe, this plaine courſe ran
Amongſt their counſailes: Giue me likewiſe eare;
And let me tell ye, Friends; that theſe ills beare
On your malignant ſpleenes, their ſad effects,
VVho, not what I perſwaded, gaue reſpects:
Nor what the peoples Paſtor (*Mentor*) ſaide;
That you ſhould ſee your iſſues follies ſtaid
In thoſe foule courſes; by their petulant life
The goods deuouring, ſcandaling the wife
Of no meane perſon; who (they ſtill would ſay)
Could neuer more ſee his returning day:
VVhich yet, appearing now: now giue it truſt,
And yeeld to my free counſailes: Do not thruſt
Your owne ſafe perſons, on the acts, your Sons
So deerely bought, leſt their confuſions
On your lou'd heads, your like addictions draw.
This ſtood ſo farre, from force of any Law
To curbe their looſe attempts, that much the more
They ruſht to wreake, and made rude tumult rore.
The greater part of all the Court aroſe:
Good counſaile could not ill deſignes diſpoſe.
Eupitheus was perſwader of the courſe;
VVhich (compleate arm'd) they put in preſent force:
The reſt, ſate ſtill in counſaile. Theſe men met
Before the broad Towne, in a place they ſet
All girt in armes; *Eupitheus* chooſing Chiefe
To all their follies, who put griefe to griefe;
And in his ſlaughter'd ſons reuenge did burne.
But Fate gaue neuer feete to his returne;
Ordaining there his death. Then *Pallas* ſpake
To *Ioue*, her Father, with intent to make
His will, high Arbiter, of th'act deſign'd;
And askt of him, what his vnſearched mind
Held vndiſcouer'd; If with Armes and ill,
And graue encounter, he would firſt fulfill
His ſacred purpoſe; or both parts combine
In peacefull friendſhip? He askt, why incline
Theſe doubts, thy counſailes? Haſt not thou decreed
That *Ithacus* ſhould come, and giue his deed
The glory of reuenge, on theſe and theirs?
Performe thy will; the frame of theſe affaires
Haue this fit iſſue. When *Vlyſſes* hand
Hath reacht full wreake; his then renown'd command
Shall reigne for euer: Faithfull Truces ſtrooke

Twixt

'Twixt him, and all; For euery man ſhall brooke
His Sons and Brothers ſlaughters, by our meane
To ſend *Oblivion* in; expugning cleane
The *Character* of enmity in all,
As in beſt Leagues before. *Peace, Feaſtfull,*
"*And Riches in abundance, be the ſtate,*
"*That crownes the cloſe of Wiſe* Vlyſſes *Fate.*
This ſpurr'd the Free; who, from heauens Continent
To th'*Ithacenſian* Iſle, made ſtraight deſcent.
Where (dinner paſt) *Vlyſſes* ſaid; Some one
Looke out to ſee their neereneſſe. *Dolius* ſonne
Made preſent ſpeed abroad, and ſaw them nie;
Ran backe, and told; Bad Arme; and inſtantlie
Were all in armes. *Vlyſſes* part, was foure;
And ſixe more ſons of *Dolius*: All his powre
Two onely more, which were his aged Sire,
And like-year'd *Dolius*, whoſe liues ſlaked fire;
All white had left their heads: yet, driuen by Neede,
Made Souldiers both, of neceſſary deede.
And now, all girt in armes; the Ports, ſet wide,
They ſallied forth, *Vlyſſes* being their guide.
And to them, in the inſtant, *Pallas* came,
In forme and voice, like *Mentor*, who, a flame
Inſpir'd of comfort in *Vlyſſes* hart
VVith her ſeene preſence. To his Son, apart
He thus then ſpake; Now Son, your eyes ſhall ſee
(Expoſ'd in ſlaughterous fight) the enemy;
Againſt whom, who ſhall beſt ſerue, will be ſeene:
Diſgrace not then your race, that yet hath beene
For force, and fortitude, the formoſt tried,
Of all earths off-ſprings. His true Son replied;
Your ſelfe ſhall ſee (lou'd Father) if you pleaſe,
That my deſeruings ſhall in nought digreſſe
From beſt fame of our Races formoſt merit.
The old King ſprung for ioy, to heare his ſpirit:
And ſaid; O lou'd Immortals, what a day
Do your cleere bounties to my life diſplay?
I ioy, paſt meaſure, to behold my Son
And Nephew, cloſe in ſuch contention
Of vertues martiall. *Pallas* (ſtanding neere)
Said, O my Friend! Of all, ſupreamly deere
Seed of *Arceſius*; Pray to *Ioue*, and her
That rules in Armes, (his daughter) and a dart
(Spritefully brandiſht) hurle at th'aduerſe part.
This ſaid, He pray'd; and the, a mighty force
Inſpir'd within him; who gaue inſtant courſe
To his braue-brandiſht Lance, which ſtrook the braſſe
That cheek't *Eupitheus* Casket, and thruſt his paſſe

Quite

Quite through his head; who fell, & sounded falling;
His Armes, the sound againe, from earth recalling.
Vlysses, and his Son, rusht on before;
And with their both-way-headed Darts, did gore
Their enemies breasts so thicke, that all had gone
The way of slaughter, had not *Pallas* throwne
Her voice betwixt them, charging all to stay
And spare expence of blood. Her voice did fray
The blood so from their faces, that it left
A greenish paleneſſe. All their hands it reft
Of all their weapons; falling thence, to earth:
And to the commune Mother of their Birth
(The City) all fled, in deſire, to ſaue
The liues yet left them. Then *Vlyſſes* gaue
A horrid ſhout; and like *Ioues* Eagle flew
In fiery purſuite, till *Saturnius* threw
His ſmoaking lightning twixt them; that had fall
Before *Minerua*: who then, out did call
Thus to *Vlyſſes*: Borne of *Ioue*! abſtaine
From further bloodſhed: *Ioues* hand in the ſlaine
Hath equall'd in their paines, their prides to thee;
Abſtaine then, leſt you moue the Deity.
Againe then, twixt both parts, the ſeed of *Ioue*
(*Athenian Pallas*) of all future loue
A league compoſ'd; and for her forme, tooke choice
Of *Mentors* likeneſſe; both in Limb, and Voice.

The End of the XXIIII. and laſt Booke of Homers Odyſſee.

So wrought diuine Vlyſſes *through his woes:*
So, crown'd the Light with him; His Mothers Throes;
As through his great Renowner, I haue wrought;
And my ſafe ſaile, to ſacred Anchor brought.
Nor did the Argiue *ſhip, more burthen feele,*
That bore the Care of all men, in her Keele,
Then my aduenturous Barke: The Colchean *Fleece,*
Not halfe ſo precious, as this ſoule of Greece.
In whoſe ſongs I haue made our ſhores reioyce,
And Greeke *it ſelfe veile, to our* Engliſh *voyce.*
Yet this ineſtimable Pearle, wit all
Our Dunghil Chanticheres, *but obuious call;*
Each Moderne ſcraper, this Gem ſcratching by;

His

His Oate preferring far. Let ſuch, let ly:
So ſcorne the ſtars the clouds; as true-ſoul'd men
Deſpiſe Deceiuers. For, as Clouds would faine
Obſcure the Stars yet (Regions left below
With all their enuies) bar them but of ſhow;
For they ſhine euer, and wil ſhine, when they
Diſſolue in ſinckes, make Mire, and temper Clay:
So puft Impoſtors (our Muſe-vapours) *ſtriue,*
With their ſelfe-blowne additions, to deprriue
Men ſolid, of their full; though infinite ſhort
They come in their compare; and falſe report
Of leuelling, or touching, at their light,
That ſtill retaine their radiance, and cleere right;
And ſhal ſhine euer When, alas, one blaſt
Of leaſt diſgrace, teares downe th' Impoſtors Maſt;
His Tops, and Tacklings; His whole Freight, and He
Confiſcate to the Fiſhy Monarchy;
His traſh, by fooliſh Fame bought now, from hence,
Giuen to ſerue Mackarell *forth, and* Frankincence.
Such then, and any; too ſoft-ey'd to ſee
Through workes ſo ſolid, any worth, ſo free
Of all the learn'd profeſſions, as is fit
To praiſe at ſuch prize; let him thinke his wit
Too weake to rate it; rather then oppoſe
With his poore pow'rs, Ages, and Hate of Foes.

To the Ruines of Troy; and Greece.

Troy rac't; *Greece* wrackt: who ſaluting their ebbe-tide boſt;
Elſe th' *Ilyads*, and *Odyſſes*, had gone loſt.

Ad Deum.

THe onely true God, (betwixt whom and Me,
I onely bound my comforts; and agree
With all my actions) onely truly knowes,
And can iudge truly me, with all that goes
To all my Faculties. In whoſe free grace
And inſpiration, I onely place
All meanes to know (with my meanes; Study, praire,
In, & from his word taken) ſtaire by ſtaire,
In all continual contentation, riſing
To knowledge of his Truth; and practiſing

His

His wil in it, with my ſole Sauiours aide,
Guide, and enlightning: Nothing done, nor ſaide,
Nor thought that good is; but acknowledg'd by
His inclination, skill, and faculty.
By which, to finde the way out to his loue
Paſt all the worlds; the ſphere is, where doth moue
My ſtudies, prai'rs, and pow'rs: No pleaſure taken
But ſign'd by his: for which, my blood forſaken,
My ſoule I cleaue to: and what (in his blood
That hath redeem'd, cleanſd, taught her) ſits her good.

Deo opt. Max. gloria.

FINIS.