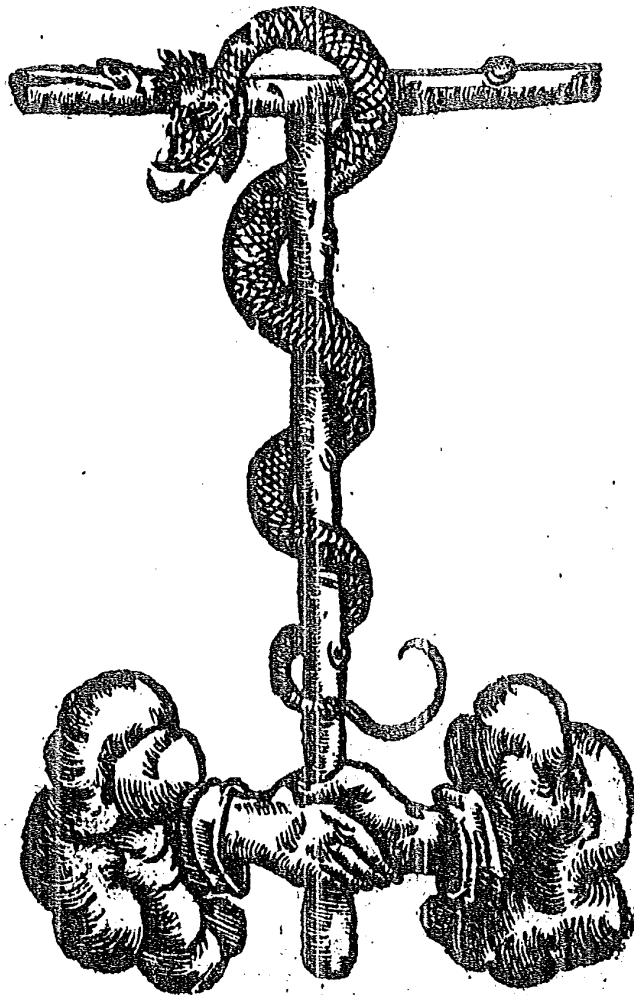


LVCANVS
FIRST BOOKE
TRANSLATED LINE
FOR LINE, BY CHR.

MARLOVV.



AT LONDON,
Printed by P. Short, and are to be sold by Walter
Burre at the Signe of the Flower de Luce in
Paules Churchyard, 1600.

TO HIS KIND, AND TRVE FRIEND:
EDWARD BLVNT.

BLount: I purpose to be blit with you,
Es out of my dulnesse to encounser you
with a Dedication in the memory of
that pure Element all wit Chr. Mar-
low; whose ghoast or Genius is to
be seene walke the Churchyard in (at
the least) three or foure sheets. Me thinks you should pre-
sently looke wilde now, and growe humorously frantique
vpon the tast of it. Well, least you should, let mee tell you.
This spirit was sometime a familiar of your own, Lucans
first booke translated; which (in regard of your old right
in it) I haue rais'd in the circle of your Patronage. But
stay now Edward (if I mistake not) you are to accommo-
date your selfe with some fewe instructions, touching the
property of a Patron, that you are not yet possess of; and
to study them for your better grace as our Gallants do fa-
shions. First you must be proud and thinke you haue merite
inough in you, though you are ne're so emptie; then when
I bring you the booke take physicke, and keepe state, asigne
me a time by your man to come againe, and afore the day
be sure to haue chang'd your lodging; in the meane time
sleepe little, and sweate with the inuention of some pittifull
dry iest or two which you may happen to vtter, with some
little (or not at all) marking of your friends when you haue
found a place for them to come in at: or if by chance some-
thing has dropt from you worth the taking up weary all

A ij.

that

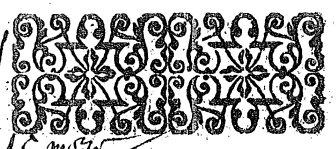
The Epistle Dedicatorie.

that come to you with the often repetition of it; (Censure scornefully inough, and somewhat like a trauailer; commend nothing least you discredit your (that which you would seeme to haue) iudgement. These things if you can mould your selfe to them Ned I make no question but they will not become you. One speciall vertue in our Patrons of these daies I haue promist my selfe you shall fit excellently, which is to giue nothing; Yes, thy loue I will challenge as my peculiar Obiect both in this, and (I hope) mine more succeeding offices: Farewell, I affect not the world should measure my thoughts to thee by a scale of this Nature: Leauē to thinke good of me when I fall from thee.

Thine in all rites of perfect friendship,

THOM. THORPE.

35 li. 2
21. pag. 731
16. li. 686
15



THE

THE FIRST BOOKE OF
LVCAN TRANSLATED
INTO ENGLISH.

WAR S worfe then ciuill on *Thesalian* playnes,
And outrage strangling law & people strong,
We sing, whose conquering swords their own breasts
Armies alied, the kingdoms league vprooted (laucht
Th'affrighted worlds force: bent on publique spoile,
Trumpets, and drums like deadly threatning other,
Eagles alike displaide, darts answering darts.
Romans, what madnes, what huge lust of warre
Hath made *Barbarians* drunke with *latin* bloud?
Now *Babilon*, (proud through our spoile) should stoop
While slaughtred *Crassus* ghost walks vnreueng'd.
Will ye wadge war, for which you shall not triumph?
Ayme, O what a world of land and sea,
Might they haue won whom ciuil broiles haue slaine,
As far as *Titan* springs where night dims heauen,
I to the *Torrid Zone* vwhere midday burnes,
And vwhere stiffe vvinter vvhom no spring resolues,
Fetters the *Euxin* sea, vvith chaines of yce:
Scythia and vvilde *Armenia* had bin yoakt,
And they of *Nilus* mouth (if there liue any.)
Roome if thou take delight in impious vvarre,
First conquer all the earth, then turne thy force
Against thy selfe: as yet thou vvants not foes,

Bj.

That

The first Booke of Lucan.

That now the walles of houses halfe reacr'd totter,
That rampiers fallen down, huge heapes of stone
Lye in our townes, that houses are abandon'd,
And few liue that behold their ancient feats;
Italy many yeares hath lye'n vntil'd,
And choakt with thorns, that greedy earth wats hind
Fierce *Pirbus*, neither thou nor *Hanniball*
Art cause, no forraine foe could so afflict vs,
These plagues arise from wreake of ciuill power.
But if for *Nero* (then vnborne) the fates
Would find no other meanes, (and gods not sleightly
Purchase immortal thrones; nor *Joue* iouide heauen
Vntill the cruel Giants war was done.)
We plaine not heauens, but gladly beare these euils
For *Neros* sake: *Pharsalia* grone with slaughter;
And *Carthage* foules be glutted with our blouds;
At *Munda* let the dreadfull battailes ioyne;
Adde *Cesar*; to these ills *Perusian* famine;
The *Mutin* toyles; the fleet at *Leuca* suncke;
And cruel field, nere burning *Aetna* fought:
Yet Rome is much bound to these ciuill armes, (old
Which made thee Emperour, thee (seeing thou being
Must shine a star) shal heauen (whom thou louest,
Receiue with shouts; where thou wilt raigne as King,
Or mount the sunnes flame bearing charriot,
And with bright restles fire compasse the earth,
Vndaunted though her former guide be chang'd,
Nature, and euery power shal giue thee place,
What God it please thee be, or where to sway:

The first Booke of Lucan.

But neither chuse the north t' erect thy seat;
Nor yet the aduerse reking southerne pole; (beams
Whence thou shouldst view thy Roome with squinting
If any one part of vast heauen thou swayest
The burdened axes with thy force will bend;
The midst is best; that place is pure, and bright,
Their *Cesar* may'st thou shine and no cloud dim thee;
Then men from war shal bide in league, and ease,
Peace through the world from *Janus Phane* shal flie,
And boulte the brazen gates with barres of Iron.
Thou *Cesar* at this instant art my God,
Thee if I inuocate, I shall not need
To craue *Appolles* ayde, or *Bacchus* helpe;
Thy power inspires the *Muze* that sings this war.
The causes first, I purpose to vnfold
Of these garboiles, whence springs along discourse,
And what made madding people shake off peace.
The fates are enuious, high seats quickly perish,
Vnder great burdens fals are euer greeuous;
Rome was so great it could not beare it selfe:
So when this worlds compounded vnion breakes,
Time ends and to old *Chaos* all things turne;
Confused stars shal meete, celestiall fire
Fleete on the floods, the earth shoulder the sea,
Affording it no shoare, and *Phæbe's* waine,
Chace *Phæbus* and inrag'd affect his place,
And striue to shine by day, and ful of strife
Disolue the engins of the broken world.

The first Booke of Lucan.

All great things crush themselues, such end the gods,
Allot the height of honor, men so strong.
By land, and sea, no forreine force could ruine:
O kooome thy selte art cause of all these euils,
Thy selte thus shiuered out to three mens shares,
Dire league of partners in a kingdome last not.
O faintly ioyn'd friends with ambition blind,
Why ioine you force to share the world betwixt you?
While th'earth, the sea, and ayre, the earth sustaines;
While *Titan* strines against the worlds swift course;
Or *Cynthia* nights Queene waights vpon the day;
Shall neuer faith be found in fellow kings.
Deminion cannot suffer partnership;
This need no forraine prooffe, nor far fet story:
Romes infant walles were steep in brothers blood;
Nor then was land, or sea, to breed such hate,
A towne with one poore church set them at oddes.
Casars, and *Pompeys* iarring loue soone ended,
T'was peace against their wils, betwixt them both
Stept *Crassus* in, euen as the slender *Jshmos*,
Betwixt the *Aegean* and the *Ionian* sea,
Keepes each from other, but being worne away
They both burst out, and each incounter other:
So when as *Crassus* wretched death who stayd them,
Had fild *Affirian Carras* wals with blood,
His losse made way for Roman outrages.
Partians y'afflict vs more then ye suppose,
Being conquered, we are plaugde with ciuil war.

Swords

The first Booke of Lucan.

Swords share our Empire, fortune that made Rome
Gouerne the earth, the sea, the world it selfe
Would not admit two Lords: for *Julia*
Snatcht hence by cruel fates with ominous howles,
Bare downe to hell her sonne the pledge of peace,
And all bands of that death presaging aliance.
Julia, had heauen giuen thee longer life
Thou hadst restrainde thy headstrong husbands rage,
Yea and thy father to, and swords thrown down.
Made all shake hands as once the *Sabines* did;
Thy death broake amity and trainde to war,
These Captaines emulous of each others glory.
Thou fear'd'st (great *Pompey* that late deeds would dim)
Olde triumphs, and that *Casars* conquering France,
Would dash the wreath thou wearst for Pirats wracke
Thee wars vse stirde, and thoughts that alwaies scorn'd
A second place; *Pompey* could bide no equall,
Nor *Cesar* no superior, which of both
Had iustest cause vnlawful tis to iudge:
Each side had great partakers; *Casars* cause,
The gods abetted; *Cato* likt the other;
Both differ'd much, *Pompey* was strooke in yeares,
And by long rest forgot to manage armes,
And being popular fought by liberal gifts,
To gaine the light vnstable commons loue,
And ioyed to heare his *Theaters* applause;
He liu'd secure boasting his former deeds,
And thought his name sufficient to vphold him,

Bjii.

I.ike

The first Booke of Lucan.

Like to a tall oake in a fruitfull field,
Bearing old spoiles and conquerors monuments,
Who though his root be weake, and his owne waight
Keepe him within the ground, his armes al bare,
His body (not his boughs) send forth a shade;
Though euery blast it nod, and seeme to fal,
When all the woods about stand bolt vp-right,
Yet he alone is held in reuerence.

Casars renoune for war was lesse, he restles,
Shaming to striue but where he did subdue,
When yre, or hope prouokt, heady, & bould,
At al times charging home, & making hauock;
Vrging his fortune, trusting in the gods
Destroying what withstood his proud desires,
And glad when blood, & ruine made him way:
So thunder which the wind teares from the cloudes,
With cracke of riuen ayre and hideous sound,
Filling the world, leapes out and throwes forth fire,
Affrights poore fearefull men, and blasts their eyes
With ouerthwarting flames, and raging shoots
Alongst the ayre and not resisting it
Falls, and returns, and shiuers where it lights.
Such humors stirde them vp; but this warrs seed,
Was euen the same that wrack's all great dominions.
When fortune made vs lords of all, wealth flowd,
And then we grew licencious and rude,
The soldiours pray, and rapine brought in ryot,
Men tooke delight in Jewels, houses, plate,

And

The first Booke of Lucan.

And scorn'd old sparing diet, and ware robes
Too light for women; Pouerty (who hatcht
Roomes greatest wittes) was loath'd, and al the world
Ransanckt for golde, which breeds the world decay;
And then large limits had their butting lands,
The ground which *Curius* and *Camillus* till'd,
Was stretcht vnto the fields of hinds vnknowne;
Againe, this people could not brooke calme peace,
Them freedome without war might not suffice,
Quarrels were rife, greedy desire stil poore
Did vild deeds, then t'was worth the price of bloud,
And deem'd renoune to spoile their natiue towne,
Force mastered right, the strongest gouern'd all,
Hence came it that th' edicts were ouerrul'd,
That lawes were broake, *Tribunes* with *Consuls* stroue,
Sale made of offices, and peoples voices,
Bought by themselues & solde, and euery yeare
Frauds and corruption in the field of *Mars*;
Hence interest and deuouring vsury sprang,
Faiths breach, & hence came war to most men welcom.
Now *Cesar* ouerpast the snowy *Alpes*,
His mind was troubled, and he aim'd at war,
And comming to the foord of *Rubicon*,
At night in dreadful vision fearefull Rosome,
Mourning appear'd, whose hoary hayres were torne,
And on her Turret, bearing head disperst,
And armes all naked, who with broken sighes,
And staring, thus bespoke, what mean'st thou *Cesar*?

Whether

The first Booke of Lucan.

Whether goes my standarde? Romans if ye be,
And beare true harts, stay heare: this spectacle
Stroake *Cæsars* hart with feare, his hayre stode vp,
And faintnes numm'd his steps there on the brincke:
He thus cride out: Thou thunderer that guardst
Roomes mighty walles built on *Tarpeian* rocke,
Ye gods of *Phrigia* and *Illus* line,
Quirinus rites and *Latian* Joue aduanc'd,
On *Alba* hill, ô *Vestall* flames, ô Roome,
My thoughts sole goddess, aide mine enterprise,
I hate thee not, to thee my conquests stoope,
Cæsar is thine, so please it thee, thy soldier;
He, he afflicts Roome that made me Roomes foe.
This said, he laying aside all lets of war,
Approcht the swelling streame with drum and ensigne,
Like to a Lyon offscortcht depart *Affricke*,
Who seeing hunters paufeth till fell wrath
And kingly rage increase, then hauing whiskt
His taile athwart his backe, and crest heau'd vp,
With iawes wide open ghastly roaring out;
(Albeit the *Moors* light lauelin or his speare
Sticks in his side) yet runs vp on the hunter.

In summer time the purple *Rubicon*,
Which issues from a small spring is but shallow,
And creepes along the vales deuiding iust
The bounds of *Italy*, from *Cisalpin* *Fraunce*;
But now the winters wrath and war'ry moone,
Being three daies old inforst the flood to swell,

And

The first Booke of Lucan.

And frozen *Alpes* thaw'd with resoluing winds.
The thunder hou'd horse in a crooked line,
To scape the violence of the streame first waded,
Which being broke the foot had easie passage.
As soone as *Cæsar* got vnto the banke
And bounds of *Italy*; here, here (saith he)
An end of peace; here end polluted lawes;
Hence leagues, and couenants; Fortune thee I follow,
Warre and the destinies shall trie my cause.

This said, the restles generall through the darke
(Swifter then bullets throwne from Spanish slinges,
Or darts which *Parthians* backward shoot (marcht on
and then (when *Lucifer* did shine alone,
And some dim stars) he *Arriminum* enter'd:
Day rose and viewde these tumultes of the war;
Whether the gods, or blustering south were cause
I know not, but the cloudy ayre did frown;
The soldiours hauing won the market place,
There spred the colours, with confused noise
Of trüpers clange, shril cornets, whistling fifes;
The people started; young men left their beds;
And snatcht armes neer their household gods hung vp
Such as peace yeelds; wormeaten leatherne targets,
Through which the wood peer'd, headles darts, olde
With vgly teeth of blacke rust fouly scarr'd: (swords
But seeing white Eagles, & Roomes flags wel known,
And lofty *Cæsar* in the thickest throng,
They looke for feare, & cold benumm'd their lims,

Cj.

And

The first Booke of Lucan.

And muttering much, thus to themselves complain'd.
O wals vnfortunate too neere to France,
Predestinate to ruine; all lands else
Haue stable peace, here wars rage first begins,
We bide the first brunt, safer might we dwell,
Vnder the frosty beare, or parching East,
VVagons or tents, then in this frontire towne,
We first sustain'd the vproares of the *Gaules*,
And furious *Cymbrians* and of *Carthage* moores,
As oft as Roome was sackt, here gan the spoile:
Thus fighting whispered they, and none durst speake
And shew their feare, or griefe: but as the fields
When birds are silent thorough winters rage;
Or sea far from the land, so all were whist.
Now light had quite dissolu'd the mysty might,
And *Cæsars* mind vnsetled musing stood;
But gods and fortune prickt him to this war,
Infringing all excuse of modest shame,
And laboring to approue his quarrell good.
The angry Senate vrging *Grachus* deeds,
From doubtfull Roome wrongly expel'd the *Tribunes*,
That crost them; both which now approacht the camp,
And with them *Curio*; sometime *Tribune* too,
One that was feed for *Cæsar*, and whose tongue
Could tune the people to the Nobles mind:
Cæsar (said he) while eloquence preuail'd,
And I might pleade, and draw the Commons minds
To fauour thee, against the Senats will.

Fiue

The first Booke of Lucan.

Five yeeres I lengthned thy commaund in France;
But law being put to silence by the wars;
Ve from our houses driuen, most willingly
Suffered exile: let thy sword bring vs home.
Now while their part is weake, and feares, march hence
Where men are ready, lingering euer hurts:
In ten yeeres wonst thou France; Roome may be won
With farre lesse toile, and yet the honors more;
Few battailes fought with prosperous successe
May bring her downe, and with her all the world;
Nor shalt thou triumph when thou comst to Roome;
Nor capitall be adorn'd with sacred bayes:
Enuydenies all, with thy blood must thou
Abie thy conquest past: the sonne decrees
To expel the father; share the world thou canst not;
Inioy it all thou maiest: thus *Curio* spake,
And therewith *Cæsar* prone enough to warre,
Was so incenst as are *Eleius* steedes
With clamors: who though lockt and chaine in stalls,
Soufe downe the wals, and make a passage forth;
Straight summon'd he his seuerall companies
Vnto the standard: his graue looke appeas'd
The wrastling tumult, and right hand made silence:
And thus he spake; you that with me haue borne
A thousand brunts, and tride me ful ten yeeres,
See how they quit our bloodshed in the North;
Our friends death: and our wounds; our wintering
Vnder the Alpes; Roome rageth now in armes.

Cij.

As

The first Booke of Lucan.

As if the *Carthage Hannibal* were neere;
Cornets of horse are mustered for the field;
Woods turn'd to ships; both land and sea against vs:
Had forraine wars ill thriu'd; or wrathful France
Pursu'd vs hither, how were we bestead
When comming conqueror Roome afflicts me thus?
Let come their leaders whom long peace hath quail'd;
Raw soldiours lately prest; and troupes of gownes;
Brabbling *Marcellus*; *Cato* whom sooles reuerence;
Must *Pompeis* followers with strangers ayde,
(Whom frō his youth he bribde) needs make him king?
And shal he triumph long before his time,
And hauing once got head still shal he raigne?
What should I talke of mens corne reapt by force,
And by him kept of purpose for a dearth,
Who sees not warre lit by the quiuering Iudge;
And sentence giuen in rings of naked swords,
And lawes assailde, and arm'd men in the *Senate*;
Twas his troupe hem'd in *Milo* being accusde;
And now least age might waine his ftate, he casts
For ciuill warre, wherein through vse he's known
To exceed his maister, that arch-traitor *Sylla*.

A brood of barbarous *Tygars* hauing lapt
The blood of many a heard, whilst with their dams
They kennel'd in *Hircania* euermore
Wil rage and pray: so *Pompey* thou hauing lickt
Warme goare from *Syllas* sword art yet athirst,
lawes, flesh, with blood continue murderous.

Speake

The first Booke of Lucan.

Speake, when shall this thy long vsurpt power end?
What end of mischief? *Sylla* teaching thee,
At last learne wretch to leaue thy monarchy;
What, now *Scicillian* Pirats are suppress,
And *Faded*, king of *Pontus* poisoned slaine,
Must *Pompey* as his last foe plume on me,
Because at his commaund I wound not vp
My conquering Eagles? say I merit nought,
Yet for long seruice done, reward these men,
And so they triumph, be't with whom ye wil.
Whether now shal these olde bloudles soules repaire?
What seates for their deserts? what store of ground
For seruitors to till? what *Colonies*
To rest their bones? say *Pompey*, are these worse
Then Pirats of *Sycillia*? they had houses: (quer'd,
Spread, spread these flags that ten years space haue con-
Lets vse our tried force, they that now thwart right
In wars wil yeeld to wrong: the gods are with vs,
Neither spoile, nor kingdom seeke we by these armes,
But Roome at thraldoms feet to rid from tyrants.

This spoke none answer'd but a murmuring buz
Th'vnstable people made: their household gods
And loue to Room (thogh slaughter steeld their harts
And minds were prone) restrain'd them; but wars loue
And *Casars* awe dasht all: then *Lalius*
The chiefe *Centurion* crown'd with Oaken leaues,
For sauing of a Romaine Citizen,
Stept forth, and cryde, chiefe leader of Rooms force,

C iij.

So

The first Booke of Lucan.

So be I may be bold to speake a truth :
We grieue at this thy patience and delay, (bloud
What doubtst thou vs? euen now when youthfull
Pricks forth our liuely bodies, and strong armes
Can mainly throw the dart; wilt thou indure
These purple grooms? that *Senates* tyranny?
Is conquest got by ciuill war so hainous?
Well, leade vs then to *Syrtes* desart shoare;
Or *Scythia*; or hot *Libiaes* thirsty sands.
This hand that all behind vs might be quail'd,
Hath with thee past the swelling Ocean;
And swept the foming brest of *Articks Rhene*,
Loue ouer-rules my will, I must obay thee,
Cesar, he whom I heare thy trumpets charge
I should no Romaine; by these ten blest enignes
And all thy seueral triumphs, shouldst thou bid me
Intombe my sword within my brothers bowels;
Or fathers throate; or womens groning wombe;
This hand (albeit vnwilling) should performe it;
Or rob the gods; or sacred temples fire: (Ioue,
These troupes should soone pull down the church of
If to incampe on *Thuscan Tybers* streames;
He bouldly quarter out the fields of Rome;
What wals thou wilt be leaueld with the ground,
These hands shall thrust the ram, and make them flie,
Albeit the Citty thou wouldst haue so ra'ft
Be Rome it selfe. Here euery band applauded,
And with their hands held vp, all ioyntly cryde
They'll

The first Booke of Lucan.

They'll follow where he please, the showts rēt heauē,
As when against pine bearing *Ossa's* rocks,
Beates *Thracian Boreas*; or when trees bowde down,
And rustling swing vp as the wind fets breath.
When *Cesar* saw his army proane to war,
And fates so bent, least sloth and long delay
Might crosse him, he withdrew his troupes frō France,
And in all quarters musters men for Rome.
They by *Lemannus* nooke forsooke their tents;
They whom the *Lingones* foild with painted speares,
Vnder the rockes by crooked *Vogesus*;
And many came from shallow *Jfara*,
Who running long, fals in a greater flood,
And ere he sees the sea looseth his name;
The yellow *Ruthens* left their garrisons;
Mild *Atax* glad it beares not Roman bloats;
And frontier *Varus* that the campe is farre,
Sent aide; so did *Alcides* port, whose seas
Eate hollow rocks, and where the north-west wind,
Nor *Zephir* rules not, but the north alone,
Turmoiles the coast, and enterance forbids;
And others came from that vncertaine shore,
Which is nor sea, nor land, but oft times both,
And changeth as the Ocean ebbes and flowes :
Whether the sea rould alwaies from that point,
Whence the wind blowes stil forced to and fro;
Or that the wandring maine follow the moone?
Or flaming *Titan* (feeding on the deepe,

The first Booke of Lucan.

Puls them aloft, and makes the surge kisse heauen,
Philosophers looke you, for vnto me
Thou cause what ere thou be whom God assignes,
This great effect, art hid. They came that dwell
By *Nemes* fields, and bankes of *Satirus*,
Where *Tarbels* winding shoares imbrace the sea.
The *Santons* that reioyce in *Cesars* loue,
Those of *Bituriges* and light *Axon* pikes;
And they of *Rhene*, and *Leuca* cunning darters,
And *Sequana* that well could manage steeds;
The *Belgians* apt to gouerne *Brittish* cars;
Th' *Auerni*, too which bouldly faine themselues;
The Romanes brethren, sprung of *Ilian* race;
The stubborn *Neruians* staine with *Cottas* bloud;
And *Langions* who like those of *Sarmata*,
Were open flocs: and fierce *Batauians*,
Whome trumpets clang incites, and those that dwell
By *Cyngas* streame, and where swift *Rhodanus*
Driues *Araris* to sea; They neere the hills;
Vnder whose hoary rocks *Gebenna* hangs;
And *Treuier*; thou being glad that wars are past thee;
And you late shorne *Ligurians*, who were wont
In large spread heire to exceed the rest of France;
And where to *Hesus*, and fell *Mercury* (*Joue*)
They offer humane flesh, and where it seemes
Bloudy like *Dian*, whom the *Scythians* serue;
And you French *Bardi*, whose immortal pens
Renowne the valiant soules slaine in your wars,

Sit

The first Booke of Lucan.

Sit safe at home and chaunt sweet *Poesie*,
And *Druides* you now in peace renew
Your barbarous customes, and sinister rites,
In vnfeld woods, and sacred groues you dwell,
And only gods & heavenly powers you know,
Or only know you nothing. For you hold
That soules passe not to silent *Erebus*
Or *Plutoes* bloodles kingdom, but else where
Resume a body: so (if truth you sing)
Death brings long life. Doubles these northren men
Whom death the greatest of all feares affright not,
Are blest by such sweet error, this makes them
Run on the swords point and desire to die,
And shame to spare life which being lost is wonne;
You likewise that repulst the *Caicke* foe,
March towards *Rome*; and you fierce men of *Rhene*
Leauing your countrey open to the spoile.
These being come, their huge power made him bould
To mannage greater deeds; the bordering townes
He garrison'd; and *Italy* he filld with soldiours.
Vaine fame increast true feare, and did inuade
The peoples minds, and laide before their eies
Slaughter to come, and swiftly bringing newes
Of present war, made many lies and tales,
One sweares his troupes of daring horsemen fought
Vpon *Meuanius* plaine, where Bulls are graz'd;
Other that *Cesars* barbarous bands were spread
Along *Nar* floud that into *Tiber* fals,

Di.

And

The first Booke of Lucan.

And that his owne ten ensignes, and the rest
Marcht not intirely, and yet hide the ground,
And that he's much chang'd, looking wild and big,
And far more barbarous then the French (his vassals)
And that he lags behind with them of purpose;
Borne twixt the *Alpes & Rhene*, which he hath brought
From out their Northren parts, and that Roome
He looking on by these men should be sackt.
Thus in his fright did each man strengthen Fame,
And without ground, fear'd, what the selues had faind:
Nor were the Commons only strooke to heart
With this vaine terror; but the Court, the Senate;
The fathers selues leapt from their seats; and flying
Left hateful warre decreed to both the Consuls.
Then with their feare, and danger al distra&,
Their sway of sleight carries the heady rout
That in chain'd troupes breake forth at euery port;
You would haue thought their houses had bin fierd
Or dropping-ripe, ready to fall with Ruine,
So rusht the inconsiderate multitude
Thorough the Citty hurried headlong on,
As if, the only hope (that did remaine
To their afflictions) were t'abandon Roome.
Looke how when stormy *Auster* from the breach
Of *Libian Syrtes*, roules a monstrous waue,
Which makes the maine saile fal with hideous sound;
The Pilot from the helme leapes in the sea;
And Marriners, albeit the keele be sound

Shipwracke

The first Booke of Lucan.

Shipwracke themselues: euen so the Citty left,
All rise in armes; nor could the bed-rid parents
Keep back their sons, or womens teares their husbands;
They stai'd not either to pray or sacrifice,
Their houshold gods restrain the nor, none lingered,
As loath to leaue Roome whom they held so deere,
Th'irreuoicable people flie in troupes.

O gods that easie grant men great estates,
But hardly grace to keepe them: Roome that flowes
With Citizens and Captaines, and would hould
The world (were it together) is by cowards
Left as a pray now *Caesar* doth approach:
VVhen Romans are besieg'd by forraine foes,
With slender trench they escape night stratagemes,
And suddaine rampire raide of turfe snatcht vp
Would make them sleepe securely iu their tents.
Thou Roome at name of warre runst from thy selfe,
And wilt not trust thy Citty walls one night:
VVel might these feare, when *Pompey* fear'd and fled,
Now euermore least some one hope might ease
The Cōmons iangling minds, apparant signes arose,
Strange sights appear'd, the angry threatenng gods
Fill'd both the earth and seas with prodegies;
Great store of strange and vnknown stars were seene
VVandering about the North, and rings of fire
Flie in the ayre, and dreadfull bearded stars,
And Commets that presage the fal of kingdoms.
The flattering skie gliter'd in often flames,

Dij.

And

The first Booke of Lucan.

And sundry fiery meteors blaz'd in heauen:
Now spearlike, long; now like a spreading torch:
Lightning in silence, stole forth without clouds;
And from the northren climat snatching fier
Blasted the Capitoll: The lesser stars
Which wont to run their course through empty night
At noone day mustered; *Phæbe* hauing fild
Her meeting hornes to match her brothers light,
Strooke with th'earths suddaine shadow waxed pale,
Titan himselfe throand in the midst of heauen,
His burning chariot plung'd in sable cloudes,
And whelm'd the world in darknesse, making men
Dispaire of day; as did *Thiestes* towne;
(*Mycene*) *Phæbus* flying through the East:
Fierce *Mulciber* vnbarred; *Ætna's* gate,
Which flamed not on high; but headlong pitcht
Her burning head on bending *Hespery*.
Cole-blacke *Charibdis* whirl'd a sea of bloud;
Fierce *Mastiues* hould; the vestall fires went out,
The flame in *Alba* consecrate to *Joue*,
Parted in twaine; and with a double point
Rose like the *Theban* brothers funerall fire;
The earth went off hir hinges; And the *Alpes*
Shooke the old snow from off their trembling laps.
The Ocean swell'd, as high as Spanish *Calpe*;
Or *Atlas* head, their saints and household gods
Sweate teares to shew the trauailes of their city.
Crownes fell from holy statues; ominous birds

Defil'd

The first Booke of Lucan.

Defil'd the day, and wilde beastes were seene,
Leauing the woods lodge in the streetes of Rome.
Cattell were seene that muttered humane speech:
Prodigious birthes with more and vgly iointes
Then nature giues, whose sight appauls the mother;
And dismall Prphesies were spread abroad:
And they whom fierce *Bellonaes* fury moues,
To wound their armes, sing vengeance, *Sibils* priests,
Curling their bloody lockes, howle dreadfull things,
Soules quiet and appeas'd fight from their graues,
Clashing of armes was heard, in vntrod woods,
Shrill voices schright, and ghoasts incounter men,
Those that inhabited the suburbe fieldes
Fled, fowle *Erinnis* stalkt about the wals;
Shaking her snakic haire and crooked pine
With flaming toppe, much like that hellish fiend;
Which made the sterne *Lycurgus* wound his thigh,
Or fierce *Agave* mad; or like *Megera*
That scar'd *Alcides*, when by *Junoes* taske
He had before lookt *Pluto* in the face,
Trumpets were heard to sound; and with what noise
An armed battaile ioinés, such and more strange
Blacke night brought forth in secret: *Sylla's* ghost
Was seene to walke, singing sad Oracles,
And *Marius* head aboue cold *Tau'ron* peering
(His graue broke open) did affright the Boores.
To these ostents (as their old custome was)
They call th'*Errurian Augures*, amongst whom

D iij.


The

The first Booke of Lucan.

The grauest, *Aruns*, dwelt in forsaken * *Leuca* ^{or Luna}
Well skild in *Pyromancy*; one that knew
The hearts of beasts, and flight of wandring foules;
First he commands such monsters *Nature* hatcht
Against her kind (the barren Mules loth'd issue)
To be cut forth and cast in dismall fiers:
Then, that the trembling Citizens should walke
About the City; then the sacred priests
That with diuine lustration purg'd the wals,
And went the round, in, and without the towne.
Next, an inferiour troupe, in tuckt vp vestures;
After the *Gabine* manner: then the Nunnes
And their vaild Matron, who alone might view
Mineruas statue; then, they that keepe, and read
Sybillas secret works, and washt their saint
In *Almo's* flood: Next learned *Augures* follow;
Apolloes southsayers, and *Joues* feasting priests;
The skipping *Saly* with shields like wedges;
And *Flamins* last, with networke wollen vailes.
While these thus in and out had circled Roome,
Looke what the lightning blasted, *Aruns* takes
And it inters with murmurs dolorous,
And calls the place *Bidentall*, on the Altar
He laies a ne're-yoakt Bull, and powers downe wine,
Then crams salt lewin on his crooked knife;
The beast long struggled, as being like to proue
An aukward sacrifice; but by the hornes
The quick priest pull'd him on his knees & slew him:

No

The first Booke of Lucan.

No vaine sprung out but from the yawning gash,
In steed of red blood wallowed venemous gore,
These direful signes made *Aruns* stand amaz'd,
And searching farther for the gods displeasure,
The very cullor scard him; a dead blacknesse
Ranne through the blood, that turn'd it all to gelly,
and stain'd the bowels with darke lothsome spots,
The liuer swell'd with filth: and euey vaine
Did threaten horror from the host of *Cesar*;
A small thin skinne contain'd the vital parts,
The heart stird not, and from the gaping liuer
Squis'd matter through the cal; the intralls pearde,
and which (aie me) euer pretendeth ill,
At that bunch where the liuer is, appear'd
A knob of flesh, whereof one halfe did looke
Dead, and discoulour'd; th'other leane and thinne.
By these he seeing what myschiefes must ensue,
Cride out, O gods! I tremble to vnfold
What you intend, great *Joue* is now displeas'd,
and in the brest of this flaine Bull are crept,
Th'inferrall powers. My feare transcends my words
Yet more will happen  I can vnfold,
Turne all to good, be *Augury* vaine, and *Tages*
Th'arts master falce. Thus in ambiguous tearmes,
Inuoluing all, did *Aruns* darkly sing.
But *Figulus* more seene in heavenly mysteries,
Whose like *Aegyptian Memphis* neuer had
For skill in stars, and tune-full planeting

In

Book 1
The first Booke of Lucan.

In this sort spake, The worlds swift course is lawlesse
And casuall; all the starres at randome rādge:
Or if *Fate* rule them, Rome thy Cittizens
Are neere some plague? what mischief shall insue?
Shall townes be swallowed? shall the thicked aire,
Become intemperate? shall the earth be barraine?
Shall water be conical'd and turn'd to ice?
O Gods what death prepare ye? with what plague
Meane ye to radge? the death of many men
Meetes in one period. If cold noysome *Saturne*
Were now exalted, and with blew beames shinde,
Then *Gaynimedē* would renew *Deucalions* flood,
And in the fleeting sea the earth be drencht.
O *Phæbus* shouldst thou with thy rayes now sing
The fell *Nemean* beast, th'earth would be fired,
And heauen tormented with thy chafing heate,
But thy fiers hurt not; *Mars*, 'tis thou inflam'st
The threatning *Scorpion* with the burning taile
And fier'st his cleyes. Why art thou thus enrag'd?
Kind *Jupiter* hath low declin'd himselfe;
Venus is faint; swift *Hermes* retrograde;
Mars onely rules the heauen: why doe the Planets
Alter their course; and vainly dim their vertue?
Sword-girt *Orions* side glisters too bright.
Wars radge draws neare; & to the swords strong hād,
Let all Lawes yeeld, sinne beare the name of vertue,
Many a yeare these fierous broiles let last.
Why should we wish the gods should euer end them?
Onely

The first Booke of Lucan.

War onely giues vs peace, ô Rome continue
The course of mischief, and stretch out the date
Of slaughter; onely ciuill broiles make peace.
These sad prefages were enough to scarre
The quiuering *Romans*, but worle things affright them,
As *Manus* full of wine on *Pindus* raues,
So runnes a Matron through th'amazed streetes,
Disclosing *Phæbus* furie in this sort:
Pæan whither am I halde? where shall I fall?
Thus borne aloft I see *Pangeus* hill,
With hoarie toppe, and vnder *Hemus* mounē
Philippi plaines; *Phæbus* what radge is this?
Why grapples Rome, and makes war, hauing no foes?
Whither turne I now? thou lead'st me toward th'east,
Where *Nile* augmenteth the *Pelusian* sea:
This headlesse trunkē that lies on *Nylus* sande
I know, now throughout the aire I flie,
To doubtfull *Sirtes* and drie *Affricke*, where
A fury leades the *Emathian* bandes, from thence
To the pine bearing hils, hence to the mounts
Pirene, and so backe to Rome againe.
Se impious warre defiles the Senat house,
New factions rise; now through the world againe:
I goe; ô *Phæbus* shew me *Neptunes* shore,
And other Regions, I haue scene *Philippi*:
This said being tir'd with fury she sunke downe.

FINIS.