

ALL

11

OVIDS ELEGIES:

3. BOOKES.

By C. M.

Epigrams by F. D.

C 18931 *a*

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*At Middleburgh.*

P. Ouidij Nasonis Amorum,  
Liber primus.

ELEGIA. I.  
*Quemadmodum à Cupidine pro bellis  
amores scribere coactus sit.*

WE which were *Ouids* five bookes now are three,  
For these before the rest preferreth he,  
If reading five thou plainst of tediousnesse,  
Two tane away, thy labour will be lesse.  
With Muse prepar'd I meant to sing of *Armes*,  
Choosing a subiect fit for fierce alarmes,  
Both verses were a like till loue (men say)  
Began to smile and tooke one foote away.  
Rash boy, who gaue thee power to change a line?  
We are the *Muses* Prophets, none of thine.  
What if thy mother take *Dianas* bowe?  
Shall *Dian* fanne, when loue begins to glowe.  
In wooddie groues ist meete that *Ceres* raigne?  
And quiuer-bearing *Dian* till the plaine,  
Who'le set the faire trest sunne in battell ray  
While *Mars* doth take the *Aonian* Harpe to play.  
Great are thy kingdomes, ouer strong and large,  
Ambitious impe, why seekst thou further charge?  
Are all things thine? the *Muses* Temple thine?  
Then scarce can *Phæbus* say, this Harpe is mine.  
When in this workes first verse I trode aloft,  
Loue slackt my Muse, and made my numbers soft,  
I haue no mistresse, nor no fauorit,  
Being fittest matter for a wanton wit.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Thus I complain'd, but loue vnlockt his quier,  
Tooke out the shaft, ordain'de my heart to shiuer:  
And bent his sinewie bowe vpon his knee,  
Saying Poet heere's a worke befeeming thee.  
Oh woe is mee, hee neuer shootes but hits,  
I burne, loue in my idle bosome sits.  
Let my first verse be sixe, my last fise feete,  
Fare-well sterne warre, for blunter Poets meete.  
*Elegian Muse*, that warblest amorous laies,  
Girt my shine browe with Sea-banke Mirtle praise.

ELEGIA. 2.

*Quod primo amore correptus, in triumphum  
duci se a cupidine patiatur.*

What makes my bed seeme hard seeing it is soft?  
Or why slips downe the couerlet so oft?  
Although the nights be long, I sleepe not tho,  
My sides are sore with tumbling too and fro.  
Were loue the cause, it's like I should descry him,  
Or lyes he close, and shootes where none can spie him.  
'Twas so, hee strooke mee with a slender dart,  
'Tis cruell loue turnoyles my captiue heart.  
Yeelding or strugling do we giue him might,  
Lets yeeld, a burthen easly borne is light.  
If saw a brandisht fire encrease in strength,  
Which being not slackt, I saw it dye at length.  
Young Oxen newly yoakt are beaten more  
Then Oxen which haue drawne the plough before.  
And rough Iades mouthes with stuborne bits are toine,  
But managde horses heads are lightly borne.  
Vnwillling louers, loue doth more torment

Then

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Then such as in their bondage feele content,  
Loe I confesse, I am thy captiue I,  
And hold my conquer'd hands for thee to tie.  
What needst thou warre, I sue to thee for grace,  
With armes to conquer armelesse men is base.  
Yoake *Venus* Doues, put Mirtle on thy haire,  
*Vulcan* will giue thee chariots rich and faire.  
The people thee applauding thou shalt stand,  
Guiding the harmelesse Pigeons with thy hand.  
Yong men, and women shalt thou lead as thrall,  
So will thy triumph seeme magnificall.  
Ilately caught, will haue a new made wound,  
And captiue like be manacled and bound.  
Good meaning shame, and such as seeke loues wracke,  
Shall follow thee their hands tyed at their backe.  
Thee all shall feare, and worship as a King,  
*Io*, triumphing shall thy people sing.  
Smooth speeches, feare, and rage shall by thee ride,  
Which troopes haue alwayes beene on *Cupids* side;  
Thou with these souldiours conquerest gods and men,  
Take these away, where is thine honour then?  
Thy mother shall from heauen applaud this showe,  
And on their faces heapes of Roses strowe.  
With beautie of thy wings thy faire haire guiled,  
Ride golden loue in chariots richly builded.  
Vnlesse I erre, full many shalt thou burne,  
And giue wounds infinite at euery turne.  
In spite of thee forth will thine arrowes flye,  
A scortching flame burnes all the standers by.  
So hauing conquer'd *Inde* was *Bacchus* hew,  
Thee pompous Birds, and him two Tygers drew.  
Then seeing I grace thy show in following thee,

A 3

Forbear

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Forbear to hurt thy selfe in spoiling me.  
Behold thy kinsmans *Cæsars* prosperous bands,  
Who guards thee conquered with his conquering hãds.

ELEGIA. 3.

*Ad amicam.*

Aske but right: let he that caught me late,  
Either loue, or cause that I may neuer hate,  
I aske too much, would she but let me loue her,  
*Ioue* knowes with such like praiers I daily moue her.  
Accept him that wil serue thee all his youth,  
Accept him that will loue with spotlesse truth,  
If loftie titles cannot make me thine,  
That am descended but of Knightly line,  
Soone may you plow the little land I haue,  
I gladly grant my parents giuen, to saue.  
*Apollo, Bacchus* and the *Muses* may,  
And *Cupid* who hath markt me for thy pray;  
My spotlesse life, which but to Gods giues place,  
Naked simplicitie, and modest grace.  
I loue but one, and her I loue, change neuer,  
If men haue faith, Ile liue with thee for euer.  
The yeares that fatall destinie shall giue.  
Ile liue with thee, and dye, ere thou shall grieue.  
Be thou the happy subiect of my bookes,  
That I may write things worthy thy faire lookes.  
By verses horned *Io* got her name,  
And she to whom in shape of *Swanne Ioue* came,  
And she that on a fain'd Bull swamme to land,  
Criping his false hornes with her virgin hand.  
So likewise we will through the world be rung.  
And with my name shall thine be alwayes sung.

E L E-

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 4.

*Amicam, qua arte, quibusue nunciis in cena, presente viro vti debent, admonet.*

Thy husband to a banquet goes with me,  
Pray God it may his latest supper be,  
Shall I sit gazing as a bashfull guest,  
While others touch the damsell I loue best?  
Wilt lying vnder him his bosome clippe?  
About thy neck shall he at pleasure skippe?  
Maruile not, though the faire Bride did incite,  
The drunken *Centaures* to a sodaine fight.  
I am no halfe horse, nor in woods I dwell,  
Yet scarce may hands from thee containe I well.  
But how thou shouldst behaue thy selfe now know;  
Nor let the windes away my warnings blowe.  
Before thy husband come, though I not see,  
What may be done, yet there before him bee,  
Lie with him gently, when his limbes he spread,  
Vpon the bed, but on my foote first tread.  
View me, my becks, and speaking countenance  
Take, and receiue each secret amorous glaunce.  
Words without voyce shall on my eye browes sit,  
Lines thou shalt read in wine by my hand writ.  
When our lasciuious toys come in thy minde,  
Thy Rosie cheekes be to thy thombe inclinde.  
If ought of me thou speak'st in inward thought,  
Let thy soft finger to thy eare be brought,  
When I (my light) do or say ought that please thee.  
Turne round thy gold-ring, as it were to ease thee.  
Strike on the boord like them that pray for euill.  
When thou doest wish thy husband at the deuill,

A 4

What

QVIDS ELEGIES.

What wine he fills thee, wisely will him drinke,  
 Aske thou the boy, what thou enough dost thinke.  
 When thou hast tasted, I will take the cup,  
 And where thou drinkst, on that part I will sup.  
 If hee giues thee what first himselfe did tast,  
 Euen in his face his offered Goblets cast.  
 Let not thy necke by his vile armes be prest,  
 Nor leaue thy soft head on his boistrous brest:  
 Thy bosomes Roseat buds, let him not finger,  
 Chiefely on thy lips let not his lips linger.  
 If thou giuest kisses, I shall all disclose,  
 Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose.  
 Yet this Ile see, but if thy gowne ought couer,  
 Suspitiuous feare in all my veines will honer,  
 Mingle not thighes, nor to his legge ioyne thine,  
 Nor thy soft foote with his hard foote combine.  
 I haue beene wanton, therefore am perplext,  
 And with mistrust of the like measure vext.  
 And my wench oft vnder clothes did lurke,  
 When pleasure mou'd vs to our sweetest worke.  
 Do not chouse, but throw thy mantle hence,  
 Least I should thinke thee guilty of offence.  
 Entreat thy husband drinke, but do not kisse,  
 And while hee drinke, to adde more do not misse,  
 If hee lyes downe with Wine and sleepe opprest,  
 The thing and place shall counsell vs the rest.  
 When to go homewards we rise all along,  
 Haue care to walke in middle of the throng.  
 There will I finde thee, or be found by thee,  
 There touch what euer thou canst touch of mee.  
 Aye me I waine what profits some few howers,  
 But we must part, when heau'n with black night lowers.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

At night thy husband clippes thee, I will weepe  
 And to the doers sight of thy selfe keepe:  
 Then will he kisse thee, and not onely kisse  
 But force thee giue him my stolne honey blisse.  
 Constrain'd against thy will giue it the pezant  
 For beare sweet wordes, and be your sport vnpleasant.  
 To him I pray it no delight may bring  
 Or if it do: to thee no ioy thence spring  
 But though this night thy fortune be to trie it  
 To me to morrow constantly deny it.

ELEGIA. 5.  
 Corinna Concubitus.

**I**N summers heate and mid-time of the day  
 To rest my limbes vpon a bed I lay,  
 One window shut, the other open stood,  
 Which gaue such light, as twinkles in a wood,  
 Like twilight glimps at setting of the Suune  
 Or night being past, and yet not day begunne  
 Such light to shamefast maidens must be showne,  
 Where they may sport, and seeme to bee vnknowne.  
 Then came *Corinna* in a long loose gowne,  
 Her white neck hid with tresses hanging downe:  
 Resembling fayre *Semiramis* going to bed  
 Or *Lays* of a thousand woeters sped.  
 I snacht her gowne being thin, the harme was small,  
 Yet stru'd she to be couered there withall.  
 And struiuing thus as one that would be cast,  
 Betray'd her selfe, and yelded at the last.  
 Starke naked as she stood before mine eye,  
 Not one wen in her body could I spie.

What

OVIDS ELEGIES.

What armes and shoulders did I touch and see,  
How apt her breasts were to be prest by me,  
How smooth a belly vnder her wast saw I?  
How large a legge, and what a lustie thigh?  
So leaue the rest all lik'd me passing well,  
I cling'd her naked body, downe she fell,  
Iudge you the rest, being tride she bad me kisse  
loue send me more such after-noonnes as this.

ELEGIA. 6.

*Ad Ianitorem, vt fores sibi aperiat.*

**V**Nworthy porter, bound in chaines full sore  
On mooued hookes set ope the churlish dore,  
Little I aske, a little entrance make  
The gate halfe ope my bent side in will take.  
Long loue my body to such vse make slender  
And to get out doth like apt members render.  
He shewes me how vnheard to passe the watch,  
And guides my feete least stumbling falles they catch.  
But in times past I fear'd vaine shades, and night,  
Wondring if any walked without light.  
Loue hearing it laug'd with his tender mother  
And smiling sayed, be thou as bold as other.  
Forth-with loue came, no darke night-flying spright  
Nor hands prepar'd to slaughter, me affright.  
Thee feare I too much: only thee I flatter,  
Thy lightning can my life in pieces barter.  
Why enuieest me, this hostile dende vnbarre  
See how the gates with my teares wat' red are,  
When thou stood'it naked ready to be beate,  
For thee I did thy mistris faire entreate.

But

OVIDS ELEGIES.

But what entreates for thee some-times tooke place,  
(O mischief) now for me obtaine small grace.  
*Gratis* thou maiest be free giue like for like  
Night goes away: the dores barre backward strike,  
Strike, so againe hard chaines shall binde thee neuer,  
Nor seruile water shalt thou drinke for euer,  
Hard-hearted *Porter* doest and wilt not heare,  
With stiffe oake propt the gate doth still appeare,  
Such rampierd gates beseiged Cittyes ayde,  
In midst of peace why art of armes afraid?  
Excludst a louer, how wouldst vse a foe?  
Strike backe the barre, night fast away doth goe.  
With armes or armed men I come not guarded,  
I am alone, were furious loue discarded,  
Although I would, I cannot him cashiere  
Before I be diuided from my geere,  
See loue with me, wine moderate in my braine,  
And on my haire a crowne of flowers remaine.  
Who feares these armes? vvhil not go to meete the  
Night runnes away; with open entrance greeete them?  
Art carelesse? or ist sleepe forbids thee heare  
Giuing the windes my words run-ning in thine eare,  
Well I remember when I first did hire thee  
Watching till after mid-night did not tire thee.  
But now perchance thy wench with thee doth rest,  
Ah howe thy lot is about my lot blest:  
Though it be so, shut me not out therefore  
Night goes away: I pray thee ope the dore.  
Erre vve? or do the turned hinges sound,  
And opening dores with creaking noyse abound?  
We erre: a strong blast seem'd the gates to ope:  
Aie me how high that gale did lift my hope!

If

OVIDS ELEGIES.

**N**f *Boreas* beares *Orithyas* rape in minde (wind.  
**C**ome breake these deafe dores with thy boysterous  
**S**ilent the Cittie is: nights deawie hoast  
**M**arch fast away: t he barre strike from the poast:  
**O**r I more sterne then fire or sword will turne,  
**A**nd with my brand these gorgeous houses burne.  
**N**ight, loue, and wine to all extreames perswade:  
**N**ight, shamelesse wine, and loue are fearelesse made.  
**A**ll haue I spent: no threats or prayers moue thee,  
**O** harder then the dores thou gardest I proue thee.  
**N**o pritty wenches keeper maist thou bee:  
**T**he carefull prison is more meete for thee.  
**N**ow frosty night her flight beginnes to take,  
**A**nd crowing Cocks poore soules to worke awake.  
**B**ut thou my crowne from sad haire tane away,  
**O**n this hard threshold till the morning lay.  
**T**hat when my mistresse there beholds thee cast,  
**S**he may perceiue how we the time did wast:  
**W**hat ere thou art, farewell, be like me paind,  
**C**arelesse farewell with my salt not distaind.  
**A**nd farewell cruell posts rough thresholds block,  
**A**nd dores conioynd with an hard iron lock.

ELEGIA. 7.

*Ad pacandam amicam quam verberauit.*

**I**nde fast my hands, they haue deserued chaines  
**W**hile rage is absent, take some friend the paynes.  
**F**or rage against my wench mou'd my rash arme,  
**M**y Mistresse weepes whom my mad hand did harme.  
**I** might haue then my parents deare misus'd,  
**O**r holy gods with cruell strokes abus'd.

Why?

OVIDS ELEGIES.

**W**hy? *Ajax* maister of the seuen fould shield,  
**B**utcherd the flocks he found in spacious field  
**A**nd he who on his mother veng'd his fire  
**A**gainst the destines durst, sharpe darts require.  
**C**ould I therefore her comely tresses teare?  
**Y**et was she graced with her ruffled hayre.  
**S**o fayre she was, *Atalanta* she resembled,  
**B**efore whose bow th' *Arcadian* wild beasts trembled.  
**S**uch *Ariadne* was, when she bewayles  
**H**er periur'd *Theseus* flying vowes and sayles,  
**S**o chaste *Minerua* did *Cassandra* fall  
**D**eflowr'd except, within thy Temple wall.  
**T**hat I was mad, and barbarous all men cried,  
**S**he nothing said, pale feare her tongue had tyed.  
**B**ut secretlie her lookes with checks did trounce mee,  
**H**er teares, she silent, guilty did pronounce me.  
**W**ould of mine armes, my shoulders had beene scanted,  
**B**etter I could part of my selfe haue wanted.  
**T**o mine owne selfe haue I had strength so furious?  
**A**nd to my selfe could I be so iniurious?  
**S**laughter and mischiefs instruments, no better,  
**D**eserued chaines these cursed hands shall fetter,  
**P**unisht I am, if I a *Romaine* beat,  
**O**uer my Mistris is my right more great?  
**T**ydidest leif worst signes of villanie,  
**H**e first a Goddessse strooke; an other I,  
**Y**et he harm'd lesse, whom I profess'd to loue,  
**I** harm'd: afoe did *Diomedes* anger moue.  
**G**o now thou Conqueror glorious triumphs raise,  
**P**ay vowes to *Ioue*; engirt thy hayres with baies,  
**A**nd let the troupes which shall thy Chariot follow,  
**L**e a strong man conquerd this Wench, hollow.

Let

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Let the sad captiue for most with lockes spred  
 On her white necke but for hurt cheekes be led.  
 Meeter it were her lips were blewe with kissing  
 And on her necke a wantons marke not missing.  
 But though I like a swelling shoulde was driuen,  
 And as a pray vnto blinde anger giuen.  
 VVast not enough the fearefull Wench to chide?  
 Nor thunder in rough threatings haughty pride?  
 Nor shamefully her coate pull ore her crowne,  
 VVhich to her wast her girdle still kept downe.  
 But cruelly her tresses hauing rent  
 My nayles to scratch her louely cheekes I bent.  
 Sighing she stood, her bloodlesse white lookes shewed  
 Like marble from the *Parian* Mountaines hewed.  
 Her halfe dead ioynts, and trembling limmes I sawe,  
 Like *Popler* leaues blowne with a stormy flawe.  
 Or slender eares, with gentle *Zephire* shaken,  
 Or waters tops with the warme south-winde taken.  
 And downe her cheekes, the trickling teares did flow,  
 Like water gushing from consuming snowe.  
 Then first I did perceiue I had offended  
 My bloud, the teares were that from her descended.  
 Before her feete thrice prostrate downe I fell,  
 My feared hands thrice back she did repell  
 But doubt thou not (revenge doth griepe appease)  
 VVith thy sharpe nayles vpon my face to seaze.  
 Bescratch mine eyes, spare not my lockes to breake,  
 (Anger will helpe thy hands though nere so weake.)  
 And least the sad signes of my crime remaine,  
 Put in their place thy keembed haire againe.

ELE-

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 5.

*Exacratur lenam, quæ puellam suam meretricis arte instituebat.*

**T**Here is, who ere will knowe a bawde aright  
 Giue care, there is an old trot *Dipsas* hight.  
 Her name comes from the thing: she being wise,  
 Sees not the morne on rosie horses rise,  
 She magick arts and *Theffale* charmes doth know,  
 And makes large streams back to their fountaines flow  
 She knows with gras, with thrids on wrög wheeles spun  
 And vvhath Marcs ranck humour may be done.  
 VVhen she vvill, cloudes the darekned heau'n obscure  
 VVhen she vvill, day shines euery vvhere most pure,  
 (If I haue faith) I sawe the starres drop bloud,  
 The purple moone vvith sanguine visage flood,  
 Her I suspect among nights spirits to fly,  
 And her old body in birdes plumes to lie.  
 Fame saith as I suspect, and in her eyes  
 Tvvö eye-balles shine, and double light thence flies  
 Great grand-fires from their antient graues she chides  
 And vvith long charmes the solide earth diuides.  
 She draves chaste vvomen to incontinence,  
 Nor doth her tongue vvant harmefull eloquence.  
 By chauce I heard her talke, these vvords she sayd  
 VVhile closely hid betvvixt tvvö dores I layd.  
 Mistris thou knowest, thou hast a blest youth pleas'd  
 He staide, and on thy lookes his gazes seaz'd.  
 And vvhy shouldst not please? none thy face exceeds,  
 Aye me, thy body hath no vvorthy vveedes.  
 As thou art faire, vvould thou vvett fortunate,  
 VVett thou rich, poore should not be my state.

Tho'



OVIDS ELEGIES.

Th' opposed starre of *Mars* hath done thee harme,  
 Now *Mars* is gone: *Venus* thy side doth warme,  
 And brings good fortune, a rich louer plants  
 His loue on thee, and can supply thy wants,  
 Such is his forme as may with thine compare,  
 Would he not buy thee, thou for him shouldst care.  
 She blusht: red shame becomes white cheekes, but this  
 If feigned, doth well; if true it doth amisse.  
 When on thy lappe thine eyes thou dost deiect  
 Each one according to his gifts respect.  
 Perhaps the *Sabines* rude, when *Tatius* raignde,  
 To yeeld their loue to more then one disdainde.  
 Now *Mars* doth rage abroad without all pittie,  
 And *Venus* rules in her *Aeneas* City.  
 Faire women play, shee's chaste whom none will haue,  
 Or, but for bashfulnesse her selfe would craue.  
 Shake off these wrinkles that thy front assault,  
 Wrinkles in beauty is a grieuous fault.  
*Penelope* in bowes her youths strength tride,  
 Of horne the bowe was that approu'd their side.  
 Time flying slides hence closely, and deceaues vs,  
 And with swift horses the swift yeare soone leaues vs.  
 Brasse shines with vse; good garments would be wome,  
 Houses not dwelt in, are with filth forlorne.  
 Beauty not exercisde with age is spent,  
 Nor one or two men are sufficient.  
 Many to rob is more sure, and lesse hatefull. (full.  
 Fro dog-kept flocks come preys to woolues most grate.  
 Behold what giues the Poet but new verses?  
 And thereof many thousand he rehearses.  
 The Poets God arayed in robes of gold,  
 Of his gilt Harpe the well tun'd strings doth hold.

Let

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Let *Homer* yeeld to such as presents bring  
 (Trust me) to giue, it is a witty thing.  
 Nor, so thou maist obtaine a wealthy prize,  
 The vaine name of inferiour slaues despize.  
 Nor let the armes of antient liues beguile thee,  
 Poore louer with thy granfires I exile thee.  
 Who seekes, for being faire, a night to haue,  
 What he will giue, with greater instance craue.  
 Make a small price, while thou thy nets doest lay,  
 Least they should fly, being tane, the tirant play.  
 Dissemble so, as lou'd he may be thought,  
 And take heed, least he gets that loue for nought.  
 Deny him oft, feigne now thy head doth ake:  
 And *Isis* now will shew what scuse to make.  
 Receiue him soone, least patient vse he gaine,  
 Or least his loue oft beaten backe should waine  
 To beggers shut, to bringers open thy gate.  
 Let him within heare: bard out louers prate.  
 And as first wrongd the wronged some-times banish,  
 Thy fault with his fault so repul'd will vanish.  
 But neuer giue a spatious time to ire,  
 Anger delaide doth oft to hate retire.  
 And let thine eyes constrained learne to weepe,  
 That this, or that man may thy cheekes moist keepe.  
 Nor, if thou couzenst one, dread to for-sweare,  
 „*Venus* to mockt men lendes a sencelesse eare.  
 Seruants fit for thy purpose thou must hire  
 To teach thy louer, what thy thoughts desire.  
 Let them aske some-what, many asking little,  
 Within a while great heapes grow of a sittle.  
 And sifter, Nurse, and mother spare him not,  
 By many hands great wealth is quickly got.

B

When

OVIDS ELEGIES.

When causes faile thee to require a gift,  
 By keeping of thy birth make but a shift,  
 Beware leaft he vnriual'd loues secure,  
 Take strife away, loue doth not well endure,  
 On all the beds men tumbling let him viewe  
 And thy neck with lasciuious markes made blew,  
 Chiefely shew him the gifts, which others send:  
 If he giues nothing, let him from thee wend.  
 When thou hast so much as he giues no more,  
 Pray him to lend what thou maist nere restore.  
 Let thy tongue flatter, while thy minde harme-workes:  
 Vnder sweete hony deadly poison lurkes,  
 If this thou doest to me by long vse knowne,  
 Nor let my words be with the windes hence blowne.  
 O't thou wilt say, liue well, thou wilt pray oft,  
 That my dead bones may in their graue lie soft,  
 As thus she spake, my shadow me betraide  
 With much a do my hands I scarsely staide.  
 But her bleare eyes, balde scalpes thine hoary flieces  
 And riued cheekes I would haue puld a pieces.  
 The gods send thee no house, a poore old age,  
 Perpetuall thirst, and winters lasting rage.

ELEGIA. 9.

*Ad Atticum, amantem non oportere desidiosum  
 esse, sicuti nec militem.*

**A**LL Louers warre, and *Cupid* hath his tent  
*Atticke*, all louers are to warre farre sent.  
 What age fits *Mars*, with *Venus* doth agree  
 Tis shame for eld in warre or loue to be.  
 What yeares in souldiours Captaines do require

Thou

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Those in their louers, pretty maydes desire,  
 Both of them watch: each on the hard earth sleeper:  
 His Mistris dores this; that his Captaines keepes.  
 Souldiers must trauaile fatte; the wench forth send  
 Her valliant louer followes without end.  
 Mounts, and raine-doubled fouds he passeth ouer,  
 And treads the deserts snowy heapes to couer.  
 Going to sea, *East* windes he doth not chide  
 Nor to hoist saile attends fit time and tyde.  
 Who but a souldiour or a louer is bould  
 To suffer storme mixt snowes with nights sharpe cold?  
 One as a spy doth to his enemys goe  
 The other eyes his riual as his foe.  
 He Citties greate, this thresholds lies before:  
 This breakes Towne gates, but he his Mistris dore.  
 Oft to intade the sleeping foe tis good  
 And arm'd to shed vnarmed peoples bould.  
 So the fierce troupes of *Thracian Rhesus* fell  
 And Captiue hories bad their Lord fare-well.  
 Sooth Louers watch till sleepe the huf-band charmes,  
 Who slumbring, they rise vp in swelling armes.  
 The keepers hands and corps-dugard to passe  
 The souldiours, and poore louers worke ere was.  
 Doubtfull is waire and loue, the vanquish't rise  
 And who thou neuer think'it should fall, downe lies.  
 Therefore who ere loue sloathfulnesse doth call,  
 Let him surcease: loue tries wit best of all.  
*Achilles* burnd *Brisis* being tant away:  
*Troianes* destroy the *Greeke* wealth, while you may.  
*Hector* to armes went from his wiues embraces,  
 And on *Adromache* his helmet laces.  
 Great *Agamemnon* was, men say amazed,

B 2

On

OVIDS ELEGIES.

On Priams loose-trest daughter when he gazed.  
 Mars in the deed the black-smithes net did stable  
 In heauen was neuer more notorious fable.  
 My selfe was dull, and to faint sloth inclinde  
 Pleasure, & ease had mollifide my minde  
 A faire maides care expeld this sluggishnesse,  
 And to her tentes wild me my selfe addresse,  
 Since maist thou see me wath and night warres moue  
 He that will not growe slothfull let him loue.

ELEGIA. 10.

*Ad puellam, ne pro amore premia poscat.*

SVchas the cause was of two husbands warre,  
 Whom Troiane ships fecht from Europa farre.  
 Such as was Leda, whom the God deluded  
 In snowe-white plumes of a faine swanne included.  
 Such as Amimone through the drie fields strayed  
 When on her head a water picher laied.  
 Such wert thou, and I fear'd the Bull and Eagle  
 And what ere loue made *loue* should thee inuegle.  
 Now all feare with my mindes hot loue abates  
 No more this beauty mine eyes captiuates.  
 Ask't why I change? because thou crau' st reward:  
 This cause hath thee from pleasing me debar'd.  
 While thou wert plaine, I lou'd thy minde and face:  
 Now inward faults thy outward forme disgrace,  
 Loue is a naked boy, his yeares saunce staine  
 And hath no clothes, but open doth remaine,  
 Will you for gaine haue *Cupid* sell himselfe?  
 He hath no bosome, where to hide base pelfe.  
 Loue and Loues sonne are with fierce armes to oddes;

OVIDS ELEGIES.

To serue for pay be seemes not wanton gods,  
 The whore stands to be bought for each mans mony  
 And seekes vild wealth by selling of her Cony,  
 Yet greedy Bauds command she curse still,  
 And doth constraind, what you do of good will.  
 Take from irrationall beasts a president,  
 Tis shame their wits should be more excellent.  
 The Mare askes not the Horse, the Cowe the Bull  
 Nor the milde Ewe gifts from the Ramme doth pull.  
 Only a Woman gets spoiles from a Maier  
 Farmes out her-self on nights for what she can,  
 And lets what both delight, what both desire,  
 Making her ioy according to her hire,  
 The sport being such, as both alike sweete try it  
 Why should one sell it, and the other buy it?  
 Why should I loose, and thou gaine by the pleasure  
 Which man and woman reape in equall measure?  
 Knights of the post of peruries make saile  
 The vniust Iudge for bribes becomes a stale.  
 Tis shame sould tongues the guilty should defend  
 Or great wealth from a iudgement seate ascend.  
 Tis shame to growe rich by bed merchandize,  
 Or prostitute thy beauty for bad prize.  
 Thankes worthely are due for things vnbought  
 For beds ill hyr'd we are indebred bought.  
 The hirer payeth al, his rent discharge  
 From further duty he rests then in charge  
 Faire Dames for-beare rewards for nights to craue  
 Ill gotten goods good end will neuer haue.  
 The Sabine gauntlets were too dearly wunne  
 That vnto death did presse the holy Nunne.  
 The sonne slew her, that forth to meete him went

OVIDS ELEIES.

And a rich neck-lace caus'd that punishment,  
 Yet thinke no scrone to aske a wealthy churle  
 He wants no gifts into thy lap to hurle,  
 Take dustred grapes from an ore-laden vine  
 Many bounteous loue *Alcinous* fruite resigne,  
 Let poore men show their seruice, faith, and care  
 All for their *Mistrisse*, what they haue, prepare.  
 In verse to praise kinde *Wenches* tis my part,  
 And whom I like eternize by mine art.  
 Garments do weare, iewells and gold do wast  
 The same that verse giues doth for euer last.  
 To giue I loue, but to be ask't disdayne  
 Leauē as king, and Ile giue what I refraine.

ELEGIA. 11.

*Nape* allaqueur, ut parat tabellas ad  
*Corinna* perfecar.

**I**N skilfuld gathering ruffled haire in order  
*Nape* free-borne whose cunning hath no border  
 Thy seruice for nights leapes is knowne commodious  
 And to giue signes dull wit to thee is odious  
*Corinna* clips me oft by thy persuasion  
 Neuer to harme me made thy faith euasion  
 Receiue these lines, them to my *Mistrisse* carry  
 Be sedulous, let no stay cause thee rarry  
 Nor flint, nor iron, are in thy soft breast  
 But pure simplicity in thee doth rest  
 And tis suppos'd loues bowe hath wounded thee  
 Defend the ensignes of thy warre in mee,  
 If, what I do, she askes, say hope for night  
 The rest my hand doth in my letters write.

Time

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Time passeth while I speake, giue her my writ  
 But see that forth-with shee peruseth it,  
 I charge thee marke her eyes and front in reading  
 By speechlesse lookes we guesse at things succeeding  
 Straight being read, will her to write much backe,  
 I hate faire *Paper* should writte matter lacke.  
 Let her make verses, and some blotted letter,  
 On the last edge to stay mine eyes the better,  
 What neede she try her hand to hold the quill  
 Let this word, come, alone the tables fill.  
 Then with triumpharit laurell will I grace them  
 And in the midst of *Venus* temple place them,  
 Subscribing that to her I consecrate  
 My faithfull tables being vile maple late.

ELEGIA. 12.

*Tabellas quas miscrat execratur, quod amica  
 noctem negabat.*

**B**Bwaile my chaunce, the sad booke is returned  
 This day denyall hath my sport adiourned.  
 Prefages are not vaine, when she departed  
*Nape* by stumbling on the thre-shold started  
 Going out againe passe forth the dore more wisely  
 And som-what higher beare thy foote precisely.  
 Hence luck-lesse tables, funerall wood be flying  
 And thou the waxe stufte full with notes denying.  
 Which I thinke gather'd from cold hemlocks flower  
 Wherein bad hony *Corficke* Bees did power,  
 Yet as if mixt with red leade thou wert ruddy,  
 That colour rightly did appeare so b'oudy.  
 As euill wood throwne in the high-waies lie,

B 4

Be

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Be broake with wheeles of chariots passing by.  
 And him that hew'd you out for needfull vses  
 Ile proue had hands impure with all abuses.  
 Poore wretches on the tree themselues did strangle  
 There sat the hang-man for mens neckes to angle.  
 To hoarse scritch-owles foule shadowes it allowes  
 Vultures and furies nestled in the boughes.  
 To these my loue I foolishly committed  
 And then with sweete words to my Mistresse fitted.  
 More fitly had thy wrangling bondes contained  
 From barbarous lips of some Attorney strained.  
 Among day bookes and billes they had laine better  
 In which the Merchant wayles his banquerout debter.  
 Your name approues you made for such like things  
 The number two no good diuining binges.  
 Angry, I pray that rotten age you wrackes  
 And sluttish white-mould ouergrowe the wacke.

ELEGIA. 13.

*Ad Auroriam ne properet.*

**N**OW ore the sea from her old Loue comes she  
 That drawes the day from heauens cold axletree.  
*Aurora* whither slidest thou? downe againe  
 And birdes from *Memnon* yearlye shal be flaine.  
 Now in her tender armes sweetly bide  
 If euer, now well lies she by my side.  
 The aire is cold, and sleepe is sweetest now  
 And birdes send forth shrill notes from euery bough.  
 Whither runst thou, that men, and women loue not  
 Hold in thy rosy horses that they moue not  
 Ere thou rise, starres teach sea-men where to faile

But

OVIDS ELEGIES.

But when thou comest they of their courses faile,  
 Poore trauailers though tierd, rise at thy sight,  
 And souldiours make them ready to the fight.  
 The painefull hindc by thee to field is sent,  
 Slowe Oxen early in the yoake are pent.  
 Thou coustent boyes of sleepe, and doest betray them  
 To *Pedants* that with cruell lashes pay them.  
 Thou mak'st the surety to the Lawyer runne,  
 That with one word hath nigh himselfe vndone.  
 The Lawyer and the client hate thy view,  
 Both whom thou raisest vp to toyle anew.  
 By thy meanes women of their rest are bard,  
 Thou setst their labouring hands to spin and card.  
 All could I beare, but that the yench should rise,  
 Who can endure saue him with whom none lyes?  
 How oft wisht I, night would not giue thee place,  
 Nor morning starres shunne thy yprising face.  
 How oft that either winde would breake thy coach,  
 Or steeds might fall forc'd with thicke clouds approach.  
 Whether goest thou hatefull Nymph? *Memnon* the elfe  
 Recciud his cole-black colour from thy selfe.  
 Say that thy loue with *Cephalus* were not knowne,  
 Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not showne.  
 Would *Tithon* might but talke of thee a while,  
 Not one in heauen should be more base and vile.  
 Thou leauest his bed, because hee's faint through age,  
 And early mountest thy hatefull carriage.  
 But heldst thou in thine armes some *Cephalus*,  
 Then wouldst thou cry, stay night and runne not thus.  
 Doest punish me, because yeares make him waine,  
 I did not bid thee wed an aged swaine?  
 The Moone sleepes with *Endymion* euery day,

Thou

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Thou art as faire as she, then kisse and play,  
 Ioue that thou shoulst not hast but waite his leasure,  
 Made two nights one to finish vp his pleasure,  
 I chide no more, she blusht and therefore heard me  
 Yet lingered not the day, but morning scard me.

ELEGIA. 14.

*Puellam consolatur cui prae nimia cura  
 coma deciderant.*

Leaue colouring thy tresses I did cry,  
 Now hast thou left no haire at all to die,  
 But what had beene more faire had they beene kept?  
 Beyond thy robes thy dangling fatkes had swept,  
 Feardst thou to dresse them being fine and thinne  
 Like to the silke the curious *Seres* spinne,  
 Or thrids which spiders slender foote drawes out  
 Fastning her light web some old beame about,  
 Not black, nor golden were they to our viewe  
 Yet although either mixt of eithers hue,  
 Such as in hilly *Idas* watry plaines,  
 The Cedar tall spoyld of his barke retaines,  
 Ad they were apt to curl an hundred waies,  
 And did to thee no cause of dolour raise,  
 Nor hath the needle, or the combes teeth rest them,  
 The maide that kembd them euer safely lest them,  
 Oft was she drest before mine eyes, yet neuer,  
 Snatching the combe, to beate the wench out driue her,  
 Oft in the morne her haire not yet digested,  
 Halfe sleeping on a purple bed she rested,  
 Yet seemely like a *Thracian Bacchinall*  
 That ty'd doth rashly on the greene grasse fall.

When

OVIDS ELEGIES.

When they were slender, and like downy mosse  
 They troubled haire, alas, endur'd great losse,  
 How patiently hot irons they did take  
 In crooked trannells crispy curles to make,  
 I cryed tis sinne, tis sinne, these haire to burne  
 They well become thee, then to spare them turne,  
 Farre off be force, no fire to them may reach  
 Thy very haire will the hot bodkin teach,  
 Lost are the goodly lockes, which from their crowne  
*Phabus* and *Bacchus* wish it were hanging downe,  
 Such were they as *Diana* painted stands  
 All naked holding in her waue-moist hands,  
 Why doest thy ill kembd tresses losse lament?  
 Why in thy glasse doest looke being discontent?  
 Beenot to see with wonted eyes include  
 To please thy selfe, thy selfe put out of minde,  
 No charmed herbes of any harlot skathd thee,  
 No faithlesse witch in *Theffale* waters bath'd thee,  
 No sicknesse harm'd thee, farre be that a way,  
 No enuious tongue wrought thy thicke lockes decay,  
 By thine owne hand and fault thy hurt doth growe,  
 Thou madst thy head with compound poyson flowe,  
 Now *Germany* shall captiue haire-tyers send thee,  
 And vanquisht people curious dressings lend thee,  
 Which some admiring, O thou oft wilt blush  
 And say he likes me for my borrowed bush,  
 Praying for me some vnknowne *Guelder* dame,  
 But I remember when it was my fame,  
 Alas she almost weepes, and her white cheekes,  
 Died red with shame to hide from shame she seekes,  
 She holds, and viewes her old lockes in her lappe  
 Aye me rare gifts vnworthy such a happe.

Cheere

OVIDS ELEGIE.

Cheere vp thy selfe, thy losse thou maiest repaire,  
And be heereafter scene with natie haire,

ELEGIA. 15.

*Ad inuidos, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.*

ENvie why carpest thou my time is spent so ill,  
And termst my workes fruites of an idle quill.  
Or that vnlike the line from whence I come,  
Warres rustie honours are refus'd being yong.  
Nor that I study not the brawling lawes,  
Nor set my voyce to sale in euery cause.  
Thy scope is mortall, mine eternall fame,  
That all the world may euer chaunt my name.  
*Homer* shall liue while *Tenedos* stands and *Ida*,  
Or into Sea swift *Simois* doth slide.  
*Acræus* liues, while grapes with new wine swell,  
Or men with crooked Sickles corne downe fell.  
The world shall of *Callimachus* euer speake,  
His Arte excelld, although his witte was weake.  
For euer lasts high *Sophocles* proud vaine,  
With Sunne and Moone, *Aratus* shall remaine.  
While bond-men cheate, fathers hoord, bawds whorish,  
And strumpets flatter, shall *Menander* flourish,  
Rude *Ennius*, and *Plautus* full of witt,  
Are both in fames eternall legend writt.  
What age of *Varroes* name shall not betolde,  
And *Iasons Argos* and the fleece of golde.  
Loftie *Lucretius* shall liue that howre,  
That nature shall dissolue this earthly bower.  
*Eneus* warre, and *Tityrus* shall be read,  
While *Rome* of all the conquered world is head.

Till

OVIDS ELEGIE.

Till *Cupids* Bowe and fiery Shafts be broken,  
Thy verses sweet *Tibullus* shalbe spoken.  
And *Gallus* shall be knowne from East to West,  
So shall *Licoris* whom he loued best.  
Therefore when Flint and Iron weare away,  
Verse is immortal, and shall nere decay.  
To verse let Kings giue place, and Kingly shoues,  
And banks ore which gold-bearing *Taurus* flows.  
Let base conceipted witts admire vild things,  
Faie *Phæbus* lead me to the Muses springs.  
About my head be quiuering mirtle wound,  
And in sad louers heads let me be found.  
The liuing, not the dead can enuie bite,  
For after death all men receiue their right.  
Then though death rakes my bones in funerall fire,  
Ile liue, and as he puls me downe mount higher.

The same by B. I.

ENVIE, why twistst thou me, my Time's spent ill?  
And call'st my verse, fruites of an idle quill?  
Or that (vnlike the line from whence I sprong)  
Wars dustie honors I pursue not young?  
Or that I studie not the tedious lawes;  
And prostitute my voyce in euery cause?  
Thy scope is mortall; mine eternall Fame,  
Which through the world shall euer chaunt my name.  
*Homer* will liue, while *Tenedos* stands, and *Ida*,  
Or to the sea, fleet *Simois* doth slide:  
And so shall *Hesiod* too, while vines doe beare,  
Or crooked sickles crop the ripened care,  
*Callimachus*, though in Inuention lowe,

Shall

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Shall still be sung, since he in Arte doth flowe,  
 No losse shall come to *Sophocles* proud vaine,  
 With Sunne and Moone *Aratus* shall remaine,  
 Whil' st Slaues be false, Fathers hard, & Bauds be who-  
 Whil' st Harlots flatter, shall *Menander* flourish. (rish,  
*Ennius*, though rude, and *Accius* high-reard straine,  
 A fresh applause in euery age shall gaine.  
 Of *Varro's* name, what care shall not be tolde?  
 Of *Iasons* *Argo*? and the *Fleece* of golde?  
 Then, shall *Lucretius* loftie numbers die,  
 When Earth, and Seas in fire and flames shall frie,  
*Titirus*, Tillage, *Aney* shall be read,  
 Whil' st *Rome* of all the conquer'd world is head,  
 Till *Cupids* fires be out, and his bowe broken,  
 Thy verses (neate *Tibullus*) shall be spoken,  
 Our *Gallus* shall be knowne from East to west:  
 So shall *Licoris*, whom he now loues best,  
 The suffering Plough-share or the flint may weare:  
 But heauenly *Poesie* no death can feare.  
 Kings shall giue place to it, and Kingly showes,  
 The bankes ore which gold-bearing *Tagns* flowes.  
 Kneele hindes to trash: me let bright *Phœbus* swell,  
 With cups full flowing from the *Muses* well.  
 The frost-drad myrtle shall impale my head,  
 And of sad louers Ile be often read.  
 „ Enuy the liuiung, not the dead, doth bite,  
 „ for after death all men receiue their right.  
 Then when this body falls in funeral fire,  
 My name shall liue, and my best part aspire.

P. Ouidij

OVIDS ELEGIES.

P. Ouidij Nasonis *Amorum*  
Liber Secundus.

ELEGIA. I.

Quod pro gigantomachia amores scribere  
sit coactus

**I** Ouid Poet of thy wantonnesse  
 Borne at *Peligny* to write more addresse,  
 So *Cupid* wills, farre hence be the seuer  
 You are vnapt my looser lines to heare.  
 Let Maydes whom hot desire to husbands leade,  
 And rude boyes toucht with vnknowne loue me reade.  
 That some youth hurt as I am with loues bowe  
 His owne flames best acquainted signes may knowe.  
 And long admiring say by what meanes leard  
 Hath this same Poet my sad chaunce discern'd?  
 I durst the great celestiaall battells tell  
 Hundred-hand *Gyges*, and had done it well.  
 With earthes reuenge, and how *Olimpus* toppe  
 High *Osa* bore mount *Pelion* vp to proppe.  
 Ioue and Ioues thunderbolts I had in hand  
 Which for his heauen fell on the Gyants band.  
 My wench her dore shut, Ioues affares I left  
 Euen Ioue himselfe out off my wit was rest.  
 Pardon me Ioue, thy weapons ayde me nought  
 Her shut gates greater lightning then thyne brought.  
 Toyes, and light Elegies my darts I tooke  
 Quickly soft words hard dores wide open strooke.  
 Verses reduce the horned bloody moone  
 And call the sunnes white horses blacke at noone.

Snakes



OVIDS ELEGIES.

Snakes leape by verfe from caues of broken mountaines  
 And turned ftreames run back-ward to their fountaines.  
 Verfes ope dores, and lockes put in the poaft  
 Although of oake, to yeeld to verfes boaft  
 What helps it me of fierce *Achill* to fing?  
 What good to me wil either *Aiax* bring?  
 Or he who war'd and wand' red twenty yeare?  
 Or wofull *Hector* whom wilde iades did teare?  
 But when I praife a pretty wenchs face  
 Shee in requitall doth me oft embrace.  
 A great reward: *Heroes* O famous names  
 Farewel, your fauour nought my minde inflames.  
 Wenches apply your faire lookes to my verfe  
 VWhich golden loue doth vnto me rehearfe.

ELEGIA. 2.

*Ad Bagoum, vt custodiam puella sibi commissa  
 Laxiorem habeat.*

**B** *Agons* whose care doth thy Mistriffe bridle  
 While I speake some fewe, yet fit words be idle.  
 I sawe the damsell walking yesterday  
 There where the porch doth *Danaus* fact display.  
 Shee pleas'd me soone, I sent, and did her woo,  
 Her trembling hand writ back she might not doo.  
 And asking why, this answaere she redoubled  
 Because they care too much thy Mistriffe troubled.  
 Keeper if thou be wise cease hate to cherish,  
 Belceue me, whom we feare, we wish to perish  
 Nor is her husband wife what needes defence  
 VWhen vn-protected ther is no expence  
 But furiously he follow his loues fire

and

OVIDS ELEGIES.

And thinkes her chaste whom many doe desire,  
 Stolne liberty she may by thee obtaine  
 Which giuing her, she may giue thee againe.  
 Wilt thou her fault learne, she may make thee tremble  
 Feare to be guilty then thou maiest desemble.  
 Thinke when she reades, her mother letters sent her  
 Let him goe forth knowne, that vnknowne did enter,  
 Let him goe see her though she doe not languish  
 And then report her sicke and full of anguish.  
 If long she staves to thinke the time more short  
 Lay downe thy forehead in thy lap to snort.  
 Enquire not what with *Isis* may be done  
 Nor feare least she to th' thearer's runne,  
 Knowing her scapes thine honour shall encrease,  
 And what lesse labour then to hold thy peace?  
 Let him please, haunt the house, be kindly vsd  
 Enioy the wench, let all else be refusd.  
 Vaine causes faine of him, the true to hide  
 And what she likes, let both hold ratifide.  
 When most her husband bends the browes and frownes  
 His fauning wench with her desire he crownes.  
 But yet sometimes to chide thee let her fall  
 Counterfet teares: and thee lewd hangman call.  
 Obiect thou then what she may well excuse,  
 To staine all faith in truth, by false crimes vse.  
 Of wealth and honour so shall grow thy heape,  
 Do this and soone thou shalt thy freedom reape,  
 On tell-tales neckes thou seeft the linke-knitt chaines,  
 The filthy prison faithlesse breasts restraines.  
 Water in waters, and fruite-flying touch  
*Tantalus* seekes, his long tongues gaine is such,  
 While *Iunos* watch-man *Io* too much eyde,

C

Elia

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Him timelesse death tooke, she was deicide,  
 I sawe ones legges with fetters blacke and blew,  
 By whom the husband his wiues incest knewe,  
 More he deseru'd, to both great harme he fram'd  
 The man did grieue, the woman was defam'd.  
 Truitt me all husbands for such faults are sad  
 Nor make they any man that heare them glad,  
 If he loues not, deafe eares thou doest importune,  
 Or if he loues, thy tale breeds his misfortune,  
 Nor is it easily prou'd though manifest,  
 She safe by fauour of her iudge doth rest.  
 Though himselfe see; heele credit her denyall  
 Condemne his eyes, and say there is no tryall.  
 Spying his mistrisse teares, he will lament  
 And say this blabbe shall suffer punishment.  
 Why fightst gainst odde? to thee being cast do happe  
 Sharpe stripes, she sitteth in the iudges lappe.  
 To meete for poyson or vilde facts we craue not  
 My hands an vnheath'd shyning weapon haue not.  
 Wee seeke that through thee safely loue we may,  
 What can be easier then the thing we pray.

ELEGIA. 3.

*Ad Eunuchum seruantem dominam.*

**A**Ye me an *Eunuch* keeps my mistrisse chaste,  
 That cannot *Venus* mutuall pleasure taste.  
 Who first depriu'd yong boyes of their best part,  
 With selfe same woundes he gaue, he ought to smart.  
 To kinde requests thou wouldst more gentle proue,  
 If euer wench had made luke-warme thy loue:  
 Thou wert not borne to ride, or armes to beare.

Thy

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Thy hands agree not with the warlike speare,  
 Men handle those, all manly hopes resigne;  
 Thy mistrisse enseignes must be likewise thine.  
 Please her, her hate makes others thee abhorre,  
 If she discards thee, what vse seruest thou for?  
 Good forme there is, yeares apt to play together,  
 Vnmeete is beauty without vse to wither.  
 Shee may deceiue thee, though thou her protect,  
 What two determine neuer wants effect,  
 Our prayers moue thee to assist our drift,  
 While thou hast time yet to bestowe that gift.

ELEGIA. 4.

*Quod amet mulieris, cuiuscunque forma sint.*

**I** Meane not to defend the scapes of any,  
 Or iustifie my vices being many.  
 For I confesse, if that might merite fauour,  
 Heere I display my lewd and loose behaiour.  
 I loathe, yet after that I loathe, I runne,  
 Oh how the burthen irkes, that we should shunne.  
 I cannot rule my selfe, but where loue please,  
 Am driuen like a ship vpon rough seas.  
 No one face likes me best, all faces moue,  
 A hundred reasons make me euer loue.  
 If any eye me with a modest looke,  
 I blush, and by that blushfull glance am tooke.  
 And she thats coy I like for being no clowne,  
 Me thinkes she would be nimble when shees downe.  
 Though her sowre lookes a *Sabines* browe resemble,  
 I thinke sheele do, but deepely can dissemble.  
 If she be learn'd, then for her skill I craue her,

C 2

If

OVIDS ELEGIES.

If not, because shees simple I would haue her,  
 Before *Callimachus* one preferres me farre,  
 Seeing she likes my bookes why should we iarre?  
 An other railes at me and that I write  
 Yet would I lie with her if that I might,  
 Trips she, it likes me well, plods she, what than?  
 Shee would be nimbler, lying with a man.  
 And when one sweetely sings, then straight I long  
 To quauer on her lips euen in her song.  
 Or if one touch the Lute with arte and cunning  
 Who wold not loue those hands for their swift running?  
 And her I like that with a maiesty  
 Folds vp her armes and makes lowe curtesy.  
 To leaue my selfe, that am in loue with all  
 Some one of these might make the chastest fall.  
 If she be tall, shees like an *Amazon*,  
 And therefore filles the bed she lies vpon.  
 If short, she lies the rounder to say troth  
 Both short and long please me, for I loue both.  
 I thinke what one vndeckt would be, being drest  
 Is she attired, then shew her graces best.  
 A white wench thralles me, so doth golden yellowe  
 And nut-browne girles in doing haue no fellowe.  
 If her white necke be shadoed with blacke haire  
 Why so was *Ladas*, yet was *Lada* faire.  
 Amber tret is she, then on the morne thinke I  
 My loue alludes to euery history:  
 A yong wench pleaseth, and an old is good  
 This for her lookes that for her woman-hood.  
 May what is she that any *Roman* loues  
 But my ambitious ranging minde approues.

ELE-

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 5.

*Ad amicam corruptam.*

NO loue is so dere (quiuerd *Cupid* flie)  
 That my chiefe wish should be so oft to die.  
 Minding thy fault, with death I wish to reuill,  
 Alas a wench is a perpetuall euill.  
 No intercepted lines thy deedes display,  
 No gifts giuen secretly thy crime bewray  
 O would my proofes as vaine might be withstood,  
 Aye me poore soule why is my cause so good.  
 He's happy, that his loue dares boldly credit,  
 To whom his wench can say, I neuer did it.  
 He's cruell, and too much his griefe doth fauour  
 That seekes the conquest by her loose behauiour.  
 Poore wench I sawe when thou didst thinke I slumbred  
 Not drunke your faults on the spilt wine I numbred.  
 I sawe your nodding eye-browes much to speake,  
 Euen from your cheekes parte of a voice did breake.  
 Not silent were thine eyes, the boord with wine  
 Was scribled, and thy fingers writ a line.  
 I knew your speech (what do not louers see)?  
 And words that seem'd for certaine markes to be.  
 Now many guests were gone, the feast being done,  
 The youthfull sort to diuers pastimes runne.  
 I sawe you then vnlawfull kisses ioyne,  
 (Such with my tongue it likes me to purloyne).  
 None such the sister giues her brother graue,  
 But such kinde wenches let their louers haue.  
*Phabus* gaue not *Diana* such tis thought  
 But *Venus* often to her *Mars* such brought.

C 3

What

OVIDS ELEGIES.

What doest, I cryed transportst thou my delight?  
 My lordly hands ile throwe vpon my right.  
 Such blisse is onely common to vs two,  
 In this sweete good, why hath a third to do?  
 This, and what grife inforc'd me say I say'd,  
 A scarlet blush her guilty face arayed.  
 Euen such as by *Aurora* hath the skie,  
 Or maides that their bethrothed husbands spie.  
 Such as a rose mixt with a lily breeds,  
 Or when the Moone trauailes with charmed steedes,  
 Or such, as least long yeares should turne the die,  
*Arachne* staynes *Assyrian* iuory.  
 To these, or some of these like was her colour,  
 By chaunce her beauty neuer shined fuller.  
 She viewed the earth: the earth to viewe, befeem'd her  
 She looked sad: sad, comely I esteem'd her.  
 Euen kembd as they were, her lockes to rend,  
 And scratch her faire soft cheekes I did intend.  
 Seeing her face, mine vpreard armes discended,  
 With her owne armor was my wench defended.  
 I that ere-while was fierce, now humbly sue,  
 Least with worse kisses she should me indue.  
 She laught, and kissed so sweetely as might make  
 Wrath-kindled *Ioue* away his thunder shake.  
 I grieue least others should such good perceiue,  
 And wish hereby them all vnknowne to leaue.  
 Also much better were they then I tell,  
 And euer seemed as some new sweete befell.  
 Tis ill they pleas'd so much, for in my lips,  
 Lay her whole tongue hid, mine in hers she dips.  
 This grieues me not, no ioyned kisses spent,  
 Bewaile I onely, though I them lament.

No

OVIDS ELEGIES.

No where can they be taught but in the bed,  
 I know no maister of so great hire sped.

ELEGIA. 6.

*In mortem psittaci.*

THE parrat from east *India* to me sent,  
 Is dead, al-fowles her exequies frequent.  
 Go goodly birdes, striking your breasts bewaile,  
 And with rough clawes your tender cheekes assaile.  
 For wofull hairees let piece-torne plumes abound,  
 For long shrild trumpets let your notes resound.  
 Why *Philomele* doest *Tereus* leudeesse mourne?  
 All wasting yeares haue that complaint not worne.  
 Thy tunes let this rare birdes sad funerall borrowe,  
 It is as great, but auntient cause of sorrowe.  
 All you whose pinecons in the cleare aire fore,  
 But most thou friendly turtle-doue deplore.  
 Full concord all your liues was you betwixt,  
 And to the end your constant faith stood fixt.  
 What *Pylades* did to *Orestes* proue,  
 Such to the parrat was the turtle doue.  
 But what auailde this faith? her rarest hue?  
 Or voice that howe to change the wilde notes knew?  
 What helps it thou wert giuen to please my wench,  
 Birdes haples glory, death thy life doth quench.  
 Thou wish thy quilles mightst make greene *Emerald*  
 And passe our scarlet of red saffrons marke. (darke  
 No such voice-seigning bird was on the ground,  
 Thou spokest thy words so well with stammering soun.  
 Enuy hath rapt thee, no fierce vvarres thou mouedst,  
 Vaine babling speech, and pleasant peace thou louedst.

C 4

Should

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Behold how quaiies among their battailes liue,  
 Which do perchance old age vnto them giue.  
 A little fild thee, and for loue of talke,  
 Thy mouth to taste of many meates did balke,  
 Nuts were thy food, and Poppic causde thee sleepe,  
 Pure waters moisture thirst away did keepe.  
 The rauinous vulture liues, the Purtock houers,  
 Around the aire, the Cadesse raine discouers,  
 And Crowes suruiues armes-bearing *Pallas* hate,  
 Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date.  
 Dead is that speaking image of mans voice,  
 The Parrat giuen me, the farre words best choice.  
 The greedy spirits take the best things first,  
 Supplying their voide places with the worst,  
*Thersites* did *Protesilaus* suruiue,  
 And *Hector* dyed his brothers yet aliue.  
 My wenches voves for thee what should I show,  
 Which stormie South-windes into sea did blowe?  
 The seuenth day came, none following mightst thou see  
 And the fates distaffe emptie stood to thee,  
 Yet words in thy benumbed palate rung,  
 Farewell *Corinna* cryed thy dying tongue.  
*Elisum* hath a wood of holme trees black,  
 Whose earth doth not perpetuall greene-grasse lacke,  
 There good birds rest (if we belecue things hidden)  
 Whence vncleane fowles are said to be forbidden.  
 There harmeless Swans feed all abroad the riuier,  
 There liues the *Phoenix* one alone bird euer.  
 There *Iuno*s bird displayes his gorgious feather,  
 And louing *Deues* kisse eagerly together.  
 The Parrat into wood receiu'd with these,  
 Turnes all the goodly birdes to what she please.

A graue

OVIDS ELEGIES.

A graue her bones hides, on her corps great graue,  
 The little stones these little verses haue,  
 This tombe approoues, I please my mistresse well,  
 My mouth in speaking did all birds excell.

ELEGIA. 7.

*Amica se purgat quod ancillam non amet.*

**D**oost me of new crimes alwayes guilty frame?  
 To ouer-come, so oft to fight I shame,  
 If on the Marble Theater I looke,  
 One among many is to gricue thee tooke.  
 If some faire wench me secretly behold,  
 Thou arguest she doth secret markes vnfold.  
 If I praise any, thy poore haire thou tearest,  
 If blame, dissembling of my fault thou fearest,  
 If I looke well, thou thinkest thou doest not moue,  
 If ill, thou saiest I die for others loue.  
 Would I were culpable of some offence,  
 They that deserue paine, beare't with patience.  
 Now rash accusing, and thy vaine beliefe,  
 Forbid thine anger to procure my grieffe,  
 Loe how the miserable great eared *Asse*,  
 Duld with much beating slowly forth doth passe.  
 Behold *Cypassis* wont to dresse thy head,  
 Is charg'd to violate her mistresse bed.  
 The Gods from this sinne rid me of suspition,  
 To like a base wench of despisd condition.  
 With *Venus* game who will a seruant grace?  
 Or any back made rough with stripes imbrace?  
 Adde she was diligent thy locks to braide,  
 And for her skill to thee a gratefull maide.

Should

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Should I solicit her that is so iust?  
 To take repulse, and cause her shew my lust:  
 I swear by *Venus*, and the wingd boyes bowe,  
 My selfe vnguilty of this crime I know.

ELEGIA. 8.

*Ad Cypassim ancillam Corinna.*

**C***ypassis* that a thousand wayes trimst haire,  
 Worthy to keembe none but a Goddesse faire,  
 Our pleasant scapes shew thee no clowne to be,  
 Apt to thy mistrisse, but more apt to me.  
 Who that our bodies were comprest bewrayde?  
 Whence knowes *Corinna* that with thee I playde?  
 Yet blusht I not, nor vsde I any saying,  
 That might be vrg'd to witnesse our false playing.  
 What if a man with bond-women offend,  
 To proue him foolish did I ere contend?  
*Achilles* burnt with face of captiue *Briseis*,  
 Great *Agamemnon* lou'd his seruant *Chriseis*.  
 Greater then these my selfe I not esteeme,  
 What graced Kings, in me no shame I deeme,  
 But when on thee her angry eyes did rish,  
 In both my cheekes she did perceiue thee blush.  
 But being present, might that worke the best,  
 By *Venus* Deity how did I protest.  
 Thou Goddesse doest command a warme South-blast,  
 My selfe oathes in *Carpathian* seas to cast.  
 For which good turne my sweete reward repay,  
 Let me lie with thee browne *Cypasse* to day.  
 Vngrate why feignest new feares? and doest refuse;  
 Weil maiest thou one thing for thy Mistresse vse.

IF

OVIDS ELEGIES.

If thou deniest foole, Ile our deeds expresse,  
 And as a traitour mine owne fault confesse.  
 Telling thy mistresse, where I was with thee,  
 How oft, and by what meanes we did agree.

ELEGIA. 9.

*Ad Cupidinem.*

**O***Cupid* that doest neuer cease my smart,  
 O boy that lyst so slothfull in my heart.  
 Why me that alwayes was thy souldiour found,  
 Doest harme, and in thy tents why doest me wound?  
 Why burnes thy brand, why strikes thy bow thy frieds?  
 More glory by thy vanquisht foes affends.  
 Did not *Pelides* whom his Speare did grieue,  
 Being requirde, with speedy helpe relieue?  
 Hunters leaue taken beasts, pursue the chase,  
 And then things found do euer further pace.  
 We people wholly giuen thee, feele thine armes,  
 Thy dull hand staves thy striuing enemies harmes.  
 Doest ioy to haue thy hooked Arrowes shaked,  
 In naked bones? loue hath my bones left naked.  
 So many men and maidens without loue,  
 Hence with great laude thou maiest a triumph moue.  
*Rome* if her strength the huge world had not sild,  
 With strawie cabins now her courts should build.  
 The weary souldiour hath the conquerd fields,  
 His sword layed by, safe, though rude places yeelds.  
 The Docks in harbours ships drawne from the flouds,  
 Horse freed from seruice range abroad the woods.  
 And time it was for me to liue in quiet,  
 That haue so oft seru'd pretty wenches dyet.  
 Yet should I curse a God, if he but said,

Liue

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Live without loue, so sweete ill is a maide,  
 For when my loathing it of heate depriues me,  
 I know not whether my mindes whirle-wind driues me  
 Euen as a head-strong courser beares away,  
 His rider vainely struiuing him to stay.  
 Or as a sodaine gale thrustes into sea,  
 The heauen touching barcke now nere the sea.  
 So wauering *Cupid* bringes me backe amaine,  
 And purple loue resumes his dartes againe.  
 Strike boy, I offer thee my naked brest,  
 Heere thou hast strength, here thy right hand doth rest.  
 Here of themselues thy shafts come, as if shot,  
 Better then I, their quiuer knowes them not.  
 Haples is he that all the night lies quiet  
 And slumbring, thinkes himselfe much blessed by it.  
 Foole, what is sleepe but image of cold death,  
 Long shalt thou rest when Fates expire thy breath.  
 But me let crafty damselfs words deceiue,  
 Great ioyes by hope I inly shall conceiue.  
 Now let her flatter me, now chide me hard,  
 Let her enjoy me oft oft be debarde.  
*Cupid* by thee, *Mars* in great doubt doth trample,  
 And thy step-father fights by thy example.  
 Light art thou, and more windie then thy winges,  
 Ioyes with vncertaine faith thou takest and brings.  
 Yet loue, if thou with thy faire mother heare,  
 Within my brest no desert empire beare.  
 Subdue the wandring wenches to thy raigne,  
 So of both people shalt thou homage gaine.

ELE-

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 19.

*Ad Gracinum quod eodem tempore duas amat.*

**G**racinus (well I wot) thou couldst me once,  
 I could not be in loue with two at once.  
 By thee deceiued, by thee surpriz'd am I.  
 For now I loue two women equally.  
 Both are well fauour'd, both rich in aray,  
 Which is the loue-liest it is hard to say.  
 This seemes the fairest, so doth that to me,  
 And this doth please me most, and so doth she.  
 Euen as a boate, tost by contrary winds,  
 So with this loue, and that, wauers my minde.  
*Venus*, why doublest thou my endlesse smart?  
 Was not one wench enough to grieue my hart?  
 Why addst thou stars to heauen, leanes to greene wood  
 And to the vast deepe sea fresh water floods?  
 Yet this is better farre then lie a lone,  
 Let such as be mine enemies haue none.  
 Yea let my foes sleepe in an empty bed,  
 And in the midst their bodies largely spread.  
 But may soft loue rowse vp my drowlie eyes,  
 And from my mistris bosome let me rise.  
 Let one wench cloy me with sweete lous delight  
 If one can doote, if not, two euery night.  
 Though I am slender, I haue store of pith  
 Nor want I strength, but weight to presse her with.  
 Pleasure addes fuell to my lust-full fire  
 I pay them home with that they most desire.  
 Oft haue I spent the night in wantonneffe,  
 And in the morne beene liuely nere the lesse.

Hee's

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Hee's happy who loues mutuall skirmish layes,  
 And to the Gods for that death *Ouid* prayes.  
 Let souldiours chase their enemies amaine,  
 And with their bloud eternall honour gaine.  
 Let Marchants seeke wealth with periured lips;  
 And being wrackt carowse the sea tir'd by their ships.  
 But when I dye, would I might droupe with doing,  
 And in the midst thereof, set my soule going,  
 That at my funerals some may weeping crye,  
 Euen as he led his life, so did he dye.

ELEGIA. II.

*Ad amicam navigantem.*

**T**He lofty Pine from high mount *Pelion* raught  
 Ill waies by rough seas wódring waues first taught,  
 Which rashly twixt the sharpe rocks in the deepe,  
 Caried the famous golden-fleeced sheepe.  
 O would that no Oares might in seas haue suncke.  
 The *Argos* wrackt had deadly waters drunke.  
 Loe country Gods, and know bed to forsake,  
*Corinna* meanes, and dangerous wayes to take.  
 For thee the East and West winds make me pale,  
 With Icy *Boreas*, and the Southerne gale:  
 Thou shalt admire no woods or Citties there,  
 The vniust seas all blewish do appeare.  
 The Ocean hath no painted stones or shelles,  
 The sucking shore with their aboundance swels,  
 Maides on the shore, with marble white feete tread,  
 So farre 'tis safe, but to go farther dread,  
 Let others tell how winds fierce battailes wage,  
 How *Scyllaes* and *Caribdis* waters rage.

And

OVIDS ELEGIES.

And with what rocke the feard *Cerannia* throat,  
 In what gulfe either *Syrtes* haue their seate.  
 Let others tell this, and what each one speaks  
 Beleeue, no tempest the beleeuer wreakes,  
 Too late you looke back, when with anchors weighd,  
 The crooked Barque hath her swift sailes displayd.  
 The carefull ship-man now feares angry gusts,  
 And with the waters sees death nere him thrusts,  
 But if that *Triton* tosse the troubled froud,  
 In all thy face will be no crimsen blood.  
 Then wilt thou *Ledas* noble twinne-starrs pray,  
 And he is happy whom the earth holds, say,  
 It is more safe to sleepe, to read a booke,  
 The *Thracian* Harpe with cunning to haue strooke,  
 But if my words with winged stormes hence slip,  
 Yet *Galatea* fauour thou her ship,  
 The losse of such a wench much blame will gather,  
 Both to the Sea-nimphes, and the Sea-nimphes-father.  
 Go minding to returne with prosperous winde,  
 Whole blast may hether strongly be inclinde,  
 Let *Nereus* bend the waues vnto this shore,  
 Hether the windes blowe, here the spring-tide rore.  
 Request milde *Zephires* helpe for thy auaille,  
 And with thy hand assist thy swelling saile,  
 I from the shore thy knowne ship first will see,  
 And say it brings her that preferueth me;  
 Ile clip and kisse thee with all contentation,  
 For thy returne shall fall the vowd oblation,  
 And in the forme of beds weele strowe soft sand,  
 Each little hill shall for a table stand:  
 There wine being fild, thou many things shalt tell,  
 How almost wrackt thy ship in maine seas fell.

And



OVIDS ELEGIES.

And hasting to me, neither darke some night,  
Nor violent South-windes did thee ought affright,  
He thinke all true, though it be feigned matter.  
Mine owne desires why should my selfe not flatter?  
Let the bright day-starre cause in heauen this day be,  
To bring that happy time so soone as may be.

ELEGIA. 12.

*Exultat, quod amica potitus sit.*

**A**Bout my temples go triumphant bayes,  
Conquer'd *Corinna* in my bosome layes.  
She whom her husband, guard, and gate as foes,  
Least *Arte* should winne her, firmly did inclose,  
That victory doth chiefly triumph merit,  
Which without blood-shed doth the pray inherit.  
No little ditched townes, no lowlie wallies,  
But to my share a captiue damsell fallies,  
When *Troy* by ten yeares battle tumbled downe,  
With the *Atrides* many gainde renowne,  
But I no partner of my glory brooke,  
Nor can an other say his helpe I tooke.  
I guide, and souldiour wunne the field and weare her,  
I was both horse-man, foote-man, standard bearer.  
Nor in my act hath fortune mingled chance,  
O care-got triumph hetherwards aduance.  
Nor is my warres cause new, but for a Queene  
*Europe*, and *Asia* in firme peace had beene.  
The *Lapithes*, and the *Centaures* for a woman,  
To cruell armes their drunken selues did summon.  
A woman forc'd the *Troyanes* new to enter  
Warres, iust *Latinus*, in thy kingdomes center:

A woman

OVIDS ELEGIES.

A woman against late-built *Rome* did send,  
The *Sabine* Fathers, who sharpe warres intend.  
I saw how Bulls for a white Heifer striue,  
Shee looking on them did more courage giue.  
And me with many, but yet me without murther,  
*Cupid* commands to moue his enignes further,

ELEGIA. 13.

*Ad Isidem, ut parientem Corinnam iuuat.*

**W**Hile rashly her wombes burthen she casts out,  
Wearie *Corinna* hath her life in doubt.  
She secretly with me such harme attempted,  
Angry I was, but feare my wrath exempted.  
But she conceiu'd of me, or I am sure  
I oft haue done, what might as much procure.  
Thou that frequents *Canopus* pleasant fields,  
*Memphis*, and *Pharos* that sweete date trees yeelds,  
And where swift *Nile* in his large channell slipping,  
By seauen huge mouthes into the sea is slipping,  
By fear'd *Anubis* visage I thee pray,  
So in thy Temples shall *Ofris* stay,  
And the dull Inake about thy offrings creepe,  
And in thy pompe hornd *Apis* with thee keepe.  
Turne thy lookes hether, and in one spare twaine,  
Thou giuest my mistris life, she mine againe,  
Shee oft hath seru'd thee vpon certaine dayes,  
Where the *French* rout engirt themselues with Bayes.  
On labouring women thou doest pittie take,  
Whose bodies with their heauy burthens ake.  
My wench *Lucina*, I intreat thee fauour,  
Worthy she is, thou shouldst in mercy saue her.

D

In

OVIDS ELEGIES.

In white, with incense Ile thine Altars greete,  
My selfe will bring vowcd gifts before thy feete:  
Subscribing *Naso* with *Corinna* sau'd,  
Do but deserue gifts with this title grau'd,  
But if in so great feare I may aduize thee,  
To haue this skirmish fought, let it suffice thee.

ELEGIA. 14.

*In amicam, quod abortivum ipsa fecerit.*

**W**Hat helps it Woman to be free from warre?  
Not being arm'd fierce troupes to follow farre?  
If without battell selfe-wrought wounds annoy them,  
And their owne priuie weapon'd hands destroy them,  
Who vnborne infants first to slay inuented,  
Deseru'd thereby with death to be tormented,  
Because thy belly should rough wrinkles lacke,  
Wilt thou thy wombe-inclosed off-spring wracke?  
Had ancient Mothers this vile custome cherisht,  
All humane kinde by their default had perisht,  
On stones, our stockes originall should be huld,  
Againe by some in this vupeopled world.  
Who should haue *Priams* wealthy substance wonne,  
If watry *Thetis* had her childe fordone?  
In swelling wombe her twinnes had *Ilia* kilde?  
He had not beene that conquering *Rome* did build,  
Had *Venus* spoilde her bellies *Troiane* suite,  
The earth of *Cesars* had beene destitute.  
Thou also, that wert borne faire, hadst decayed,  
If such a worke thy mother had assayed.  
My selfe that better dye with louing may

Had

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Had seene, my mother killing me, to day.  
Why takest increasing grapes from Vine-trees full?  
With cruell hand why doest greene Apples pull?  
Fruites ripe will fall, let springing things increase;  
Life is no light price of a small surceate.  
Why with hid irons are your bowels torne?  
And why dire poison giue you babes vnborne?  
At *Cholcus* stain'd with childrens bloud men raile,  
And mother-murthred *Itis* thee bewaile,  
Both vnkinde parents, but for causes sad,  
Their wedlocks pledges veng'd their husbands bad.  
What *Tereus*, what *Iason* you prouokes,  
To plague your bodies with such harmefull strokes?  
*Armenian* Tygers neuer did so ill,  
Nor dares the Lyonesse her young whelpes kill,  
But tender Damsels do it, though with paine,  
Oft dyes she that her paunch-wrapt child hath slaine,  
Shee dyes and with loose haire to graue is sent,  
And who ere see her, worthily lament.  
But in the ayre let these words come to nought,  
And my presages of no weight be thought.  
Fo: giue her gracious God; this one delict,  
And on the next fault punishment inflict,

ELEGIA. 15.

*Ad anulum, quem dono amica dedit.*

**T**Hou ring that shalt my faire gittes finger binde,  
Wherein is scene the giuers louing minde:  
Be welcome to her, gladly let her take thee,  
And her small ioynts incirring round hoope make thee.

D 3

Fi

OVIDS ELEGIES:

Fit her so well, as she is fit for me:  
 And of iust compassse for her knueckles bee,  
 Blest ring thou in my mistris hand shalt lye.  
 My seife poore wretch mine owne gifts now enuie.  
 O would that sodainly into my gift,  
 I could my selfe by secret Magicke shift,  
 Then would I wish thee touch my mistris pappe,  
 And hide thy left hand vnderneath her lappe,  
 I would get off though straight, and sticking fast,  
 And in her bosome strangely fall at last.  
 Then I, that I may seale her priuy leaues,  
 Least to the waxe the hold-fast drye gemme cleaues.  
 Would first my beautious wenches moist lips touch,  
 Onely Ile signe nought, that may grieue me much.  
 I would not out, might I in one place hit,  
 But in lesse compassse her small fingers knit.  
 My life, that I will shame thee neuer feare,  
 Or by a load thou shouldst refuse to beare.  
 Weare me, when warmest showers thy members wash,  
 And through the gemme let thy lost waters pass.  
 But seeing thee, I thinke my thing will swell,  
 And euen the ring performe a mans part well.  
 Vaine things why wish I? go small gift from hand,  
 Let her my faith with thee giuen vnderstand.

ELEGIA. 16.

*Ad amicam, ut ad rura sua veniat.*

*Vlmo, Pelignies* third part me containes,  
 SA small, but wholefome soyle with watrie veynes.  
 Although the sunne to riuie the earth incline,  
 And the *Icarian* froward Dog-starre shine,

Pellg

OVIDS ELEGIES.

*Pilignian* fields which liqued riuers flowe,  
 And on the soft ground fertile greene grassie growe,  
 With corne the earth abounds, with vines much more,  
 And some few pastures *Pallas* Oliues bore,  
 And by the rising herbes, where cleare springs slide,  
 A grassie turffe the moistened earth doth hide.  
 But absent is my fire, lyes ile tell none,  
 My heate is heere, what moues my heate is gone.  
*Pollux* and *Castor*, might I stand betwixt,  
 In heauen without thee would I not be fixt.  
 Vpon the cold earth pensue let them lay,  
 That meane to trauaile some long irkesome way.  
 Or els will maidens yong-mens mates, to go  
 If they determine to perseuer so.  
 Then on the rough *Alpes* should I tread aloft,  
 My hard way with my mistrisse would seeme soft.  
 With her I durst the *Lybian* *Syrtes* breake through,  
 And raging Seas in boistrous South-winds plough.  
 No barking Dogs that *Syllas* intrailes beare,  
 Nor thy gulfes crooked *Malca*, would I feare.  
 No flowing waues with drowned ships forth poured,  
 By cloyed *Charibdis*, and againe deuoured.  
 But if sterne *Neptunes* windie powre preuaile,  
 And waters force, force helping Gods to faile,  
 With thy white armes xpon my shoulders seaze,  
 So sweete a burthen I will beare with eaze,  
 The youth oft swimming to his *Hero* kinde,  
 Had then swum ouer, but the way was blinde,  
 But without thee, although vine-planted ground  
 Containes me, though the streames in fields surround.  
 Though *Hindes* in brookes the running waters bring,  
 And coole gales shake the tall trees leauy spring,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Healthfull *Peligny* I esteem nought worth,  
 Nor do I like the country of my birth.  
*Sythia, Cilicia, Brittain* are as good;  
 And rockes dyed crimson with *Prometheus* blood.  
 Elmes loue the Vines, the Vines with Elmes abide,  
 Why doth my mistresse from me oft deuide?  
 Thou swearest, deuision should not twixt vs rise,  
 By me, and by my starres, thy radiant eyes,  
 Maides words more vaine and light then falling leaues,  
 Which as it seemes, hence winde and sea bereaues.  
 If any godly care of me thou hast,  
 Adde deeds vnto thy promises at last.  
 And with swift Nages drawing thy Htle Coach,  
 (Their reines let loole) right soone my house approach.  
 But whē she comes, your swelling mounts sinck downe,  
 And falling vallies be the smooth-wayes crowne.

ELEGIA. 17.

*Quod Corinna soli sit seruaturus.*

**T**O serue a wench if any thinke it shame,  
 He being Iudge, I am conuinc'd of blame.  
 Let me be standēted, while my fire she hides,  
 That *Paphos*, and the fould beate *Cithera* guides.  
 Would I had beene my mistresse gentle ptey,  
 Since some faire one I should of force obey.  
 Beauty giues heart, *Corinnas* looks excell,  
 Aye me why is it knowne to her so well?  
 But by her glasse disdainfull pride she learns,  
 Nor she her selfe but first trim'd vp discernes.  
 Not though thy face in all things make thee raigne,  
 (O face most cunning mine eyes to detaine)

Thou

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Thou oughtst therefore to scorne me for thy mate,  
 Small things with greater may be copulate.  
 Loue-snarde *Calypso* is supposde to pray,  
 A mortall nimphes refusing Lord to stay.  
 Who doubts, with *Pelins, Thetis* did consort,  
*Egeria* with iust *Numa* had good sport,  
*Venus* with *Vulcan*, though smiths tooles laide by.  
 With his stumpe-foote he halts ill-fauouredly,  
 This kinde of verse is nor alike, yet fit,  
 With shorter numbers the heroicke sit.  
 And thou my light accept me how so euer,  
 Lay in the mid bed, there be my law giuer.  
 My stay no crime, my flight no ioy shall breede,  
 Nor of our loue to be ashamed we need,  
 For great reuenews I good verses haue,  
 And many by me to get glory craue.  
 I know a wench reports her selfe *Corinna*,  
 What would not she giue that faire name to winne?  
 But sundry foulds in one banke neuer go,  
*Enrotas* cold, and poplar bearing *Pa*.  
 Nor in my bookes shall one but thou be writ,  
 Thou doest alone giue matter to my wit,

ELEGIA. 18.

*Ad Macrum, quod de amoribus scribat.*

**T**O tragick verse while thou *Achilles* trainst,  
 And new sworne souldiours maiden armes retainst,  
 Wee *Macer* sit in *Venus* slothfull shade,  
 And tender loue hath great things hatefull made.  
 Often at length, my wench depart, I bid,  
 Shee in my lap sits still as earst she did.

D 4

I said

OVIDS ELEIES.

I sayd it irkes me, halfe to weping framed,  
 Aye me she cries, to loue, why art a shamed?  
 Then wreathes about my necke her winding armes,  
 And thousand kisses giues, that worke my harmes:  
 I yeeld, and back my wit from battells bring,  
 Domesticke acts, and mine owne warres to sing.  
 Yet tragedies, and scepters filld my lines,  
 But though I apt were for such high descignes,  
 Loue laughed at my cloak, and buskinnes painted,  
 And rule so soone with priuate hands acquainted,  
 My Mittris deity also drew me fro it,  
 And loue triumpheth ore his bus kind Poet.  
 What lawfull is, or we professe loues ait,  
 (Alas my precepts turne my selfe to smart)  
 We write, or what *Penelope* sends *Vlysses*,  
 Or *Phyllis* teares that her *Domophoon* misses,  
 What thanklesse *Iason*, *Macareus*, and *Paris*,  
*Phedra*, and *Hipolite* may read, my care is,  
 And what poore *Dido* with her drawne sword sharpe,  
 Doth say, with her that lou'd the *Abrian* harpe  
 As soone as from strange lauds *Siphax* came,  
 And writings did from diuerse places frame;  
 White-checkt *Penelope* knewe *Vlysses* signe  
 The stepdame read *Hyppolitus* lustlesse line.  
*Encas* to *Elisa* answer giues,  
 And *Phyllis* hath to reade; if now she liues.  
*Iasons* sad letter doth *Hippispile* greete,  
*Sappho* her vowed harpe laies at *Phabus* feete.  
 Nor of thee *Macer* that resoundt forth armes,  
 Is golden loue hid in *Mars* mid alarmes.  
 There *Paris* is, and *Helens* crymes record.  
 With *Laodameia* mate to her dead Lord.

Vnlesse

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Vnlesse I erre to these thou more incline,  
 Then warres, and from thy tents wilt come to mine,

ELEGIA. 19.

*Adriualem, cui vxor cura non erat.*

Foolle if to keepe thy wife thou hast no neede,  
 Keepe her for me, my more desire to breede.  
 Wee f korne things lawfull, stolne sweetes we affect,  
 Cruell is he, that loues whom none protect,  
 Let vs both louers hope, and feare a like,  
 And may repulse place for our wishes strike.  
 What should I do with fortune that nere failes me?  
 Nothing I loue, that at all times auailes me.  
 Wily *Corinna* sawe this blemish in me,  
 And craftily knowes by what meanes to winne me.  
 Ah often, that her haole head aked, she lying,  
 Wild me, whose slowe feete sought delay be flying.  
 Ah oft how much she might she feignd offence;  
 And doing wrong made shew of innocence.  
 So hauing next she nourisht my warme fire,  
 And was againe inost apt to my desire.  
 To please me, what faire termes and sweet words ha's  
 Great gods what kisses, and how many gaue she? (thee  
 Thou also that late tookest mine eyes away,  
 Oft couzen me, oft being wooed say nay.  
 And on thy thre-shold let me lie dispred,  
 Suffring much cold by hoary nights frost bred.  
 So shall my loue continue many yeares,  
 This doth delight me this my courage cheares.  
 Fat loue, and too much fulsome me annoyes,  
 Euen as sweete meate a glutted stomaeke cloyes.

In

OVIDS ELEGIES.

In brazen tower had not *Danae* dwelt,  
 A mothers ioy by *Ioue* she had not felt,  
 While *Iuno* Io keeps when hornes she wore,  
*Ioue* liked her better then he did before.  
 Who couets lawfull things takes leaues from woods,  
 And drinks stolne waters in sutrownding floudes.  
 Her louer let her mocke, that long will raigne,  
 Aye me, let not my warnings cause my paine.  
 What euer haps, by suffrance harme is done,  
 What flies, I followe, what followes me I shunne.  
 But thou of thy faire damself too secure,  
 Beginne to shut thy house at euening sure,  
 Search at the dore who knocks oft in the darke,  
 In nights deepe silence why the ban-dogges bark.  
 Whether the subtil maide lines brings and carries,  
 Why she alone in empty bed oft taries.  
 Let this care some-times bite thee to the quick,  
 That to deceits it may me forward prick.  
 To steale sands from the shore he loues alive,  
 That can effect a foolish wittalls wife.  
 Now I forewarne, vlesse to keepe her stronger,  
 Thou doest beginne, she shall be mine no longer.  
 Long haue I borne much, hoping time would beate thee  
 To guard her well, that well I might entreate thee.  
 Thou suffrest what no hus band can endure,  
 But of my loue it will an end procure.  
 Shall I poore soule be neuer interdicted?  
 Nor neuer with nights sharpe reuenge afflicted?  
 In sleeping shall I fearelesse drawe my breath?  
 Wilt nothing do, why I should wish thy death?  
 Can I but loath a hus band growne a baud,  
 By thy default thou doest our ioyes defraude.

Some

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Some other seeke that may in patience triue with thee,  
 To pleasure me, for-bid me to coniuie with thee.

*P. Ouidij Nasonis amorum  
 Liber tertius.*

ELEGIA. I.

*Deliberatio poetae, utrum elegos pergat scribere  
 an potius tragedias.*

**A**N old wood, stands vncut of long yeares space,  
 'Tis credible some good head haunts the place.  
 In midst thereof a stone-pau'd sacred spring,  
 Where round about small birdes most sweetely sing,  
 Heere while I walke hid close in shadie groue,  
 To finde, what worke my muse might moue, I stroue.  
*Elegia* came with haire perfum'd sweete,  
 And one, I thinke, was longer of her feete.  
 A decent forme, thinne robe, a louers looke,  
 By her footes blemish greater grace she tooke.  
 Then with huge steps came violent *Tragedie*,  
 Sterne was her fronte, her looke on ground did lie.  
 Her left hand held abroad a regal scepter,  
 The *Lydian* buskin fit places kept her.  
 And first he sayd, when will thy loue be spent?  
 O Poet carelesse of thy argument.  
 Wine-bibbing banquets tell thy naughtinesse,  
 Each crosse waies come doth as much expresse.  
 Oft some points at the prophet passing by,  
 And this is he whom fierce loue burnes they cry.  
 A laughing stocke thou art to all the citty,  
 While without shame thou singst thy lewdnesse ditty.

'Tis

OVIDS ELEGIES.

'Tis time to moue graue things in lofty stile,  
 Long hast thou loyterd, greater workes compile.  
 The subiect hides thy wit, mens acts refound,  
 This thou wilt say to be a worthy ground.  
 Thy muse hath played what may milde girles content,  
 And by those numbers is thy first youth spent.  
 Now giue the *Roman* Tragedie a name,  
 To fill my lawes thy wanton spirit frame.  
 This saied, she mou'd her bus kins gaily varnisht,  
 And seauen time shooke her head with thicke locks gar-  
 The other smilde, (I wot) with wanton eyes, (nisht  
 Erre I? or mirtle in her right hand lies,  
 With lofty wordes stout Tragedie (she sayd)  
 Why treadst me downe? art thou aye grauely plaid?  
 Thou deignst vnequall lines should thee rehearse,  
 Thou fightst against me vsing mine owne verse.  
 Thy lofty stile with mine I not compare,  
 Small doores vnfitting for large houses are.  
 Light am I, and with me, my care, light loue,  
 Not stronger am I, then the thing I moue.  
*Venus* without me should be rustical,  
 This goddesse company doth to me befall.  
 What gate thy stately words cannot ynlocke,  
 My flatt ring speeches soone wide open knocke.  
 And I desoue more then thou canst in verity,  
 By suffering much not borne by thy security.  
 By me *Corinna* learns, consenting her guard,  
 To get the dore with little noise vnbar'd,  
 And slipt from bed cloth'd in a loose night-gowne,  
 To moue her fecte vnheard in sitting downe.  
 Ah howe oft on hard doores hung I engrau'd,  
 From no mans reading fearing to be sau'd.  
 But

OVIDS ELEGIES.

But till the keepes went forth, I forget not  
 The maide to hide me in her bosome let not.  
 What gift with me was on her birth day sent,  
 But cruelly by her was drown'd and rent.  
 First of thy minde the happy seedes I knewe,  
 Thou hast my gift, which she would from thee sue,  
 She left; I say'd, you both I must beseech,  
 To empty aire may go my fearefull speech.  
 With scepters, & high bus kins th'one would dresse me,  
 So through the world shold bright renown expresse me.  
 The other giues my loue a conquering name,  
 Come therefore, and to long verse shorter frame.  
 Graunt Tragedie thy Poet times least tittle,  
 Thy labour euer lasts, she askes but little.  
 She gaue me leaue, soft loues in time make hast  
 Some greater worke will vrge me on at last.

ELEGIA. 2.

*Ad amicam cursum equorum spectantem.*

I Sit not here the noble horse to see,  
 Yet whom thou fauourst, pray may conquerour be.  
 To sit, and talke with thee I hether came,  
 That thou maiest know with loue thou mak'st me flam  
 Thou viewst the course, I thee: let either heed,  
 What please them, and their eyes let either feede.  
 What horse-driuer thou fauourst, most is best,  
 Because on him thy care doth hap to rest.  
 Such chaunce let me haue: I would brauely runne,  
 On swift steedes mounted till the race were done.  
 Now would I slacke the reines, now lash their hide,  
 With wheeles bent inward now the ring-turne ride.

In

OVIDS ELEGIES.

In running if I see thee, I shall stay,  
 And from my hands the reines will slip away.  
 Ah *Pelops* from his coach was almost feid,  
*Hippodameias* lookes while he beheld,  
 Yet he attain'd by her support to haue her,  
 Let vs all conquer by our mistris fauour.  
 In vaine why flyest backe? force conioynes vs now:  
 The places lawes this benefit allowe.  
 But spare my wench thou at her right hand seated,  
 By thy sides touching ill she is entreated,  
 And sit thou rounder, that behind vs see,  
 For shame presse not her backe with thy hard knee.  
 But on the ground thy cloathes too loosely lie,  
 Gather them vp, or list them loe will I.  
 Enuious garments so good legges to hide,  
 The more thou look'st, the more the gowne enuide.  
 Swift *Atalantis* flying legges like these,  
 With in his hands graspt did *Hippomenes*.  
 Coate-tuckt *Dianas* legges are painted like them,  
 Whē strong wilde beasts she stronger hunts to strike the  
 Ere these were scene, I burnt: what will these doe?  
 Flames into flame, shoulds thou powrest seas into:  
 By these I iudge, delight me may the rest,  
 Which lie hid vnder her thinne veile suppress,  
 Yet in the meane time wilt small windes bestowe,  
 That from thy fanne, mou'd by my hand may blow?  
 Or is my heate, of minde, not of the skie?  
 If womens loue my captiue brest doth frie?  
 While thus I speake, blacke dust her white robes ray:  
 Soule dust, from her faire body, go away.  
 Now comes the pompe; themselues let all men cheere:  
 The shout is nigh; the golden pompe comes heere.

First

OVIDS ELEGIES.

First victory is brought with large spread wing,  
 Goddesse come here, make my loue conquering.  
 Applaud you *Neptune*, that dare trust his waue,  
 The sea I vse not: me my earth must haue.  
 Souldiour applaud thy *Mars*: no warres we moue,  
 Peace plealeth me, and in mid peace is loue.  
 With *Augures Phabus*, *Phabe* with hunters standes,  
 To thee *Minerua* turne the craftes-mens hands.  
*Ceres* and *Bacchus* Country-men adore,  
 Champions please *Pollux*, *Castor* loues horsemen more.  
 Thee gentle *Venus*, and the boy that flies,  
 We praise: great goddesse ayde my enterprize.  
 Let my new mistris graunt to be beloued,  
 She beckt, and prosperous signes gaue as she moued.  
 What *Venus* promis'd, promise thou we pray,  
 Greater then her, by her leaue th'art, Ile say.  
 The Gods, and their rich pompe witness with me,  
 For euermore thou shalt my mistris be.  
 Thy legges hang-downe, thou maiest, if that be best,  
 Or while thy tiptoes on the foote-stoole rest.  
 Now greatest spectacles the *Prator* sends,  
 Fower-chariot horses from the lists euen ends.  
 I see whom thou affectest: he shall subdue,  
 The horses seeme, as they desire they knewe.  
 Alas he runnes too farre about the ring,  
 What doest? thy wagon in lesse compass bring.  
 What doest vnhappy? her good wishes fade,  
 Let with strong hand the reine to bend be made.  
 One slowe we fauour, *Romans* him reuoke:  
 And each giue signes by casting vp his cloake.  
 They call him backe, least their gownes tesse thy haire,  
 To hide thee in my bosome straight repaire.

But



OVID'S ELEGIES.

But now againe the barriers open lye;  
 And forth the gay troupes on swift horses flie,  
 At least now conquer, and out-runne the rest:  
 My mistris wish confirme with my request.  
 My mistris hath her wish, my wish remaine:  
 He holdes the palme: my palme is yet to gaine,  
 She smilde, and with quicke eyes behight some grace;  
 Pay it not heere, but in an other place.

ELEGIA. 3.

*De amica, qua periurauerat.*

What are there Gods? her selfe she hath forswore,  
 And yet remains the face she had before.  
 How long her lockes were, ere her oath she tooke;  
 So long they be, since she her faith forooke.  
 Faire white with rose red was before commixt:  
 Now shine her lookes pure white and red betwixt.  
 Her foote was small: her footes forme is most fit:  
 Comely tall was she, comely tall shee's yet.  
 Sharpe eyes she had: radiant like starres they be,  
 By which she periurd oft hath lyed by me.  
 Insooth th' eternall powers graunt maides society,  
 Falsely to sweare, their beauty hath some deity.  
 By her eyes I remember late she swore,  
 And by mine eyes, and mine were pained fore.  
 Say gods: if she vnpunish you deceiue,  
 For others faults, why do I losse receite.  
 But did you not so enuy *Cepheus* Daughter,  
 For her ill-beautious Mother iudgd to slaughter,  
 Tis not enough, she shakes your record off,  
 And vnreungd mockt Gods with me doth scoffe.

But

OVID'S ELEGIES.

But by my paine to purge her periuries  
 Couzend, I am the couzeners sacrifice.  
 God is a name, no substance, feard in vaine,  
 And doth the world in fond beliefe deteine.  
 Or if there be a God, he loues fine wenches,  
 And all things too much in their sole power drenches.  
*Mars* girts his deadly sword on for my harme:  
*Pallas* launce strikes me with vnconquerd arme,  
 At me *Apollo* bends his pliant bowe:  
 At me *Ioues* right-hand lightning hath to throwe.  
 The wronged Gods dread faire ones to offend,  
 And feare those, that to feare them least intend.  
 Who now will care the Altars to perfume?  
 Tut, men should not their courage so consume.  
*Ioue* throwes downe woods, and Castles with his fire:  
 But bids his darts from periurd girles retire.  
 Poore *Semele* among so many burn'd;  
 Her owne request to her owne torment turnd,  
 Bur when her louer came, had she drawne backe,  
 The fathers thigh should vnborne *Bacchus* lacke.  
 Why grieue I? and of heauen reproches pen?  
 The Gods haue eyes, and breasts as well as men.  
 Were I a God, I should giue women leaue,  
 With lying lips my God-head to deceaue,  
 My selfe would sweare, the wenches true did sweare,  
 And I would be none of the Gods seure.  
 But yet their gift more moderately vse,  
 Or in mine eyes good wench no paine transfuse.

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OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 4.

*Ad virum seruantem coniugem.*

**R**Vde man, tis vaine, thy damsell to commend  
 Who, without feare, is chaste: is chaste in sooth  
 Who because meanes want, doth not she doth,  
 Though thou her body guard, her minde is staine:  
 Nor, least she will, can any be restraine.  
 Nor canst by watching keepe her minde from sinne.  
 All being shut out, th' adulterer is within.  
 Who may offend, sinnes least; power to do ill,  
 The fainting feedes of naughtinesse doth kill.  
 Forbear to kindle vice by prohibition,  
 Sooner shall kindnesse gaine thy wills fruition.  
 I saw a horse against the bitte stiffe-neckt,  
 Like lightning go, his strugling mouth being checkt.  
 When he perceiud the reines let slacke, he stayde,  
 And on his loose mane the loose bridle laide.  
 How to attaine, what is denyed, we thinke,  
 Euen as the sicke desire forbidden drinke.  
*Argus* had either way an hundred eyes,  
 Yet by deceit loue did them all surprize.  
 In stone, and Yron walles *Danae* shut,  
 Came forth a mother, though a maide there put.  
*Penelope*, though no watch look'd vnto her,  
 Was not defilde by any gallant wooer.  
 What's kept, we couet more: the care makes theft:  
 Few loue, what others haue vnguarded left.  
 Nor doth her face please, but her husbands loue;  
 I know not, what men thinke should thee so moue.

She

OVIDS ELEGIES.

She is not chaste, that's kept, but a deare whore:  
 Thy feare, is then her body, valued more,  
 Although thou chaste, stolne pleasure is sweet play,  
 She pleaseth best, I feare, if any say.  
 A free-borne wench, no right 'tis vp to locke:  
 So vse we women of strange nations stocke.  
 Because the keeper may come say, I did it,  
 She must be honest to thy seruants credit.  
 He is too clownish, whom a lewd wife grieues,  
 And this townes well knowne customes not beleues,  
 Where *Mars* his sonnes not without fault did breed,  
*Rentus* and *Romulus*, *Ilias* twinne-borne feed.  
 Cannot a faire one, if not chaste, please thee?  
 Neuer can these by any meanes agree.  
 Kindly thy mistris vse, if thou be wise.  
 Looke gently, and rough husbands lawes despise.  
 Honour what friends, thy wife giues, sheele giue many:  
 Least labour so shall winne great grace of any,  
 So shalt thou go with youths to feasts together:  
 And see at home much, that thou nere broughtst thether

ELEGIA. 5.

*Ad amnem dum iter faceret ad amicam.*

**F**Loud with redde-growne slime bankes, till I be past  
 Thy waters stay: I to my mistris hast.  
 Thou hast no bridge, nor boate with ropes to throw  
 That may transport me without oares to rowe.  
 Thee I haue pass'd, and knew thy streame none such,  
 When thy waues brim did scarle my ankles touch,  
 With snow thaw'd from the next hill now thou rushest,  
 And in thy soule deepe waters thicke thou rushest.

E 2

What

OVIDS ELEGIES.

What helps my hast : what to haue tane small rest ?  
 What day and night to trauaile in her quest ?  
 If standing here I can by no meanes get,  
 My foote vpon the further banke to set.  
 Now wish I those wings noble *Perseus* had,  
 Bearing the head with dreadfull Arrowes clad,  
 Now wish the chariot, whence corne fields were found,  
 First to be throwne vpon the vntill'd ground,  
 I speake old Poets wonderfull inuentions,  
 Nere was, nor shall be, what my verse mentions.  
 Rather thou large banke ouer-flowing riuier,  
 Slide in thy bounds, so shalt thou runne for euer.  
 (Trust me) land-streame thou shalt no enuie lack,  
 If I a louer bee by thee held back,  
 Great floods ought to assist young men in loue,  
 Great floods the force of it do often proue.  
 In mid *Bithynia* 'tis said *Inachus*,  
 Grew pale, and in cold foords hot lecherous.  
*Troy* had not yct beene ten yeares siege out-stander,  
 When nymph-*Neara* rapt thy lookes *Scamander*.  
 What ? not *Alpheus* in strange lands to runne,  
 Th' *Arcadian* Virgins constant loue hath wunne ?  
 And *Cruza* vnto *Zanthus* first affide,  
 They say *Peneus* neere *Phthias* towne did hide.  
 What should I name *Esopé*, that *Thebe* lou'd,  
*Thebe* who Mother of siue Daughters prou'd.  
 If *Achelous*, I a ke where thy hornes stand,  
 Thou saiest broke with *Alcides* angry hand,  
 Not *Calydon*, nor *Etolia* did please :  
 One *Deianira* was more worth then these.  
 Rich *Nile* by seauen mouthes to the vast sea flowing,  
 Who so well keepes his waters head from knowing.

13

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Is by *Euadne* thought to take such flame,  
 As his deepe whirle-pooles could not quench the same,  
 Drye *Enipeus*, *Tyro* to embrace, (place,  
 Flye backe his shame chargd, the streame chargd, gaue  
 Nor passe I thee, who hollow rocks downe tumbling,  
 In *Tiburs* field with watry some art rumbling,  
 Whom *Ilia* pleas'd, though in her lookes grieffe reueld,  
 Her cheekes were scratcht, her goodly haire discheueld.  
 She wailing *Mars* sinne, and her vncler crime,  
 Strayd bare-foote through sole places on a time,  
 Her, from his swift waues, the bold floud perceau'd,  
 And from the mid foord his hoarse voice vphau'd,  
 Saying why sadly treadst my banckes vpon  
*Ilia*, sprung from *Idean Laomedon* ?  
 Where's thy attire ? why wand'rest heere alone ?  
 To stay thy tresses white veyle hast thou none ?  
 Why weepst ? and spoilst with teares thy watry eyes ?  
 And fiercely knockst thy brest that open lyes ?  
 His heart consists of flint, and hardest Steele,  
 That seeing thy teares can any ioy then feele.  
 Feare not : to thee our Court stands open wide,  
 There shalt be lou'd : *Ilia* lay feare aside.  
 Thou ore a hundreth Nymphes, or more shalt raigne :  
 For siue score Nymphes, or more our floods containe.  
 Nor *Romane* stocke scorne me so much (I craue)  
 Gifts then my promise greater thou shalt haue.  
 This said he : shee her modest eyes held downe,  
 Her wofull bosome a warme shower did drowne.  
 Thrice she prepar'd to flie, thrice she did stay,  
 By feare depriv'd of strength to runne away.  
 Yet rending with enraged thumbe her tresses,  
 Her trembling mouth these ynmeete sounds expresse,

E 3

O would

OVIDS ELEGIES.

O would in my fore-fathers tombe deepe layde,  
 My bones had beene, while yet I was a maide.  
 Why being a vntall am I wooed to wed,  
 Deflowr'd and stained in vnlawfull bed?  
 Why stay I? men point at me for a whore,  
 Shame, that should make me blush, I haue no more.  
 This said: her coate, hood-winckt her fearefull eyes,  
 And into water desperately she flies,  
 Tis said the slippery streame held vp her brest,  
 And kindly gaue her, what she liked best.  
 And I beleue some wench thou hast affected:  
 But woods and groues keepe your faults vnderected:  
 While thus I speake, the waters more abounded:  
 And from the channell all abroad surrounded,  
 Mad streame, why doest our mutuall ioyes defetre?  
 Clowne, from my iourney why doest me detere?  
 How wouldst thou flowe wert thou a noble flood?  
 If thy great fame in euery region stood.  
 Thou hast no name, but com'st from snowy mountaines;  
 No cerraine house thou hast, nor any fountaines.  
 Thy springs are nought but raine and melted snowe:  
 Which wealth, cold winter doth on thee bestowe.  
 Either th'art muddy in mid winter tide:  
 Or full of dust doest on the drye earth slide.  
 What thirstie traueller euer drunke of thee?  
 Who sauid with gratefull voyce perpetuall bee?  
 Harmefull to beasts, and to the fields thou proues:  
 Perchance these, others, me mine owne losse moues.  
 To this I fondly loues of floods told plainty:  
 I shame so great names to haue vsde so vainly:  
 I know not what expecting, I ere while  
 Nam'd *Achelous*, *Inachus*, and *Ile*,

But

OVIDS ELEGIES.

But for thy merits I wish thee, white streame,  
 Drye winters aye, and sunnes in heate extreme.

ELEGIA. 6.

*Quod ab amica receptus, cum ea coire non  
 potuit, conqueritur.*

EITHER she was foule, or her attire was bad,  
 Or she was not the wench I wisht t'haue had.  
 Idly I lay with her, as if I lou'd not,  
 And like a burthen grieu'd the bed that mou'd not.  
 Though both of vs perform'd our true intent,  
 Yet could I not cast anckor where I meant.  
 She on my neck her Iuory armes did throwe.  
 Her armes farre whiter, then the *Sybian* snow.  
 And eagerly she kist me with her tongue,  
 And vnder mine her wanton thigh she flung.  
 Yea, and she soothd me vp, and calld me sire,  
 And vsde all speech that might prouoke, and stirre.  
 Yet like as if cold Hemlock I had drunke,  
 It mocked me, hung downe the head, and sunke.  
 Like a dull Cipher, or rude block I lay,  
 Or shade, or body was I who can say?  
 What will my age do? age I cannot shunne,  
 When in my prime my force is spent and done.  
 I blush, that being youthfull, hot, and lustie,  
 I proue neither youth nor man, but old and rustie.  
 Pure rose she, like a Nunne to sacrifice,  
 Or one that with her tender brother lyes.  
 Yet boarded I the golden *Chie* wife,  
 And *Libas*, and the white cheekt *Pithe* thrice.  
*Corinna* crau'd it in a Summers night.

E 4

And

OVIDS ELEGIES.

And nine sweete bowts we had before day-light,  
 What wast my limbs through some *Thessalian* charmes?  
 May spells, and drugges do filly soules such harmes?  
 With virgin waxe hath some imbast my ioynts?  
 And pierc'd my liuer with sharpe needles points?  
 Charms change co. ne to grasse and make it die.  
 By charmes are running springs and fountaines dry.  
 By charmes mast drops from oakes, from vines grapes fal  
 And fruite from trees when ther's no winde at all.  
 Why might not then my sinewes be inchaunted?  
 And I growe faint as with some spirit haunted,  
 To this adde shame: shame to performe it quaild me  
 And was the second cause why vigour failde me.  
 My idle thoughts delighted her no more,  
 Then did the robe or garment which she more,  
 Yet might her touch make youthfull *Pylus* sit  
 And *Tithon* liuelier then his years require.  
 Euen her I had, and she had me in vaine,  
 What might I craue more, if I aske againe?  
 I thinke the great gods grieu'd they had bestow'd,  
 The benefit which lewdly I for-slow'd,  
 I wisht to be receiu'd in, in I get me,  
 To kisse, I kisse: to lie with her she let me.  
 Why was I blest? why made King to refuse it?  
 Chuffe-like had I not gold and could not vse it?  
 So in a spring thriues he that told so much,  
 And lookes vpon the fruits he cannot touch,  
 Hath any rose so from a fresh yong maide,  
 As she might straight haue gone to church and praide.  
 Well I belecue, she kist not as she should,  
 Nor v'd the sleight and cunning which she could,  
 Huge oakes, hard adamants might she haue moued,

And

OVIDS ELEGIES.

And with sweet words cause deafe rocks to haue moned  
 Worthy she was to moue both gods and men,  
 But neither was I man nor liued then.  
 Can deafe eare take delight when *Phamius* sings?  
 Or *Tbamiris* in curious painted things.  
 What sweete thought is there but I had the same?  
 And one gaue place still as an other came.  
 Yet not-withstanding like one dead it lay,  
 Drouping more then a rose puld yester-day.  
 Now when he should not iette, he boults vp right,  
 And craues his taske, and seekes to be at fight.  
 Lic downe with shame, and see thou stirre no more,  
 Seeing thou wouldst deceiue me as before.  
 Thou coufencst me: by thee surpriz'd am I,  
 And bidde fore losse with endlesse infamy.  
 Nay more the wench did not disdain a whit,  
 To take it in her hand, and play with it.  
 But when she sawe it would by no meanes stand,  
 But still droupt downe, regarding not her hand.  
 Why mockst thou me she cryed? or being ill  
 Who bad thee lie downe heere against thy will?  
 Either th'art witcht with bould of frogs newe dead  
 Or iaded camst thou from some others bed.  
 With that her loose gowne op, from me she cast her,  
 In skipping out her naked feete much grac'd her.  
 And least her maide should know of this disgrace,  
 To couer it, spilt water on the place.

ELEGIA. 7.

*Quod ab amica non recipiatur, dolet.*

W<sup>H</sup>at man will now take liberall arts in hand,  
 Or thinke soft verse in any stead to stand.

Wit

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Wit was some-times more pretious then gold,  
 Now pouerty great barbarisme we hold.  
 When our bookes did my mistris faire content,  
 I might not go, whether my papers went.  
 She prais'd me, yet the gate shutt fast vpon her,  
 I heere and there go witty with dishonour.  
 See a rich chuffe whose wounds great wealth inferr'd  
 For bloudshed kinghted, before me prefer'd.  
 Foole canst thou him in thy white armes embrace?  
 Foole canst thou lie in his enfolding space?  
 Knowest not this head a helme was wont to beare,  
 This side that serues thee, a sharpe sword did weare.  
 His left hand whereon gold doth ill alight,  
 A target bore: bloud sprinckled was his right,  
 Canst touch that hand wherewith some one lie dead?  
 Ah whether is they breasts soft nature fled?  
 Behold the signes of antient fight, his f karres,  
 What ere he hath his body gaind in warres.  
 Perhaps he'ele tell howe oft he slewe a man,  
 Confessing this, why doest thou touch him than?  
 I the pure priest of *Phabus* and the muses,  
 At thy deafe dores in verse sing my abuses.  
 Not what we slouthfull knewe, let wise men learne,  
 But follow trembling campes, and battailes sterne.  
 And for a good verse drawe the first dart forth,  
*Homer* without this shall be nothing worth.  
*Ioue* being admonisht gold had soueraigne power,  
 To winne the maide came in a golden shewer.  
 Till then, rough was her father, she seuer,  
 The posts of brasse the walles of iron were.  
 But when in gifts the wise adulterer came,  
 She held her lap ope to receiue the same.

Yet

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Yet when old *Saturne* heauens rule posselt  
 All gaine in darknesse the deepe earth suppress.  
 Gold, siluer, irons heauy weight, and brasse,  
 In hell were harbourd, here was found no masse.  
 But better things it gaue, corne without ploughes,  
 Apples, and hony in oakes hollow boughes.  
 With strong plough shares no man the earth did cleaue,  
 The ditcher no markes on the ground did leaue.  
 Nor hanging oares the treubled seas did sweepe,  
 Men kept the shoare, and sailde not into deepe.  
 Against thy selfe, mans nature, thou wert cunning,  
 And to thine owne losse was thy wit swift running.  
 Why gird'st thy citties with a towred wall?  
 Why letst discordant hands to armour fall?  
 What doest with seas? with th' earth thou wert content,  
 Why seek'st not heau'n the third realme to frequent?  
 Heauen thou affects, with *Romulus*, temples braue  
*Bacchus*, *Alcides*, and now *Casar* haue.  
 Gold from the earth in steade of fruits we pluck,  
 Souldiours by bloud to be inricht haue lucke.  
 Courts shut the poore out; wealth giues estimation,  
 Thence growes the Iudge, and knight of reputation.  
 All, they possesse: they gouerne fieldes, and lawes,  
 They manadge peace, and rawe warres bloody iawes,  
 Onely our loues let not such rich churles gaine,  
 Tis well, if some wench for the poore remaine.  
 Now, *Sabine*-like, though chaste she seemes to liue,  
 One she commaunds, who many things can giue.  
 For me, she doth keeper, and hus band feare,  
 If I should giue, both would the house forbear.  
 If of scornd louers god be venger iust,  
 O let him change goods so ill got to dust.

ELE-

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 8.

*Tibulli mortem deflet.*

**I**F *Thetis*, and the morne their sonnes did waile,  
 And enuious fates great gooddesse affaile.  
 Sad *Eeliga* thy wofull haire vnbinde:  
 Ah now a name too true thou hast, I finde.  
*Tibullus*, thy workes Poet, and thy fame,  
 Burnes his dead body in the funerall flame.  
 Loe *Cupid* brings his quiuer spoyled quite  
 His broken bowe, his fire-brand without light.  
 How piteously with drouping wings he stands,  
 And knocks his bare brest with selfe-angry hands.  
 The locks spred on his necke receiue his teares,  
 And shaking sobbes his mouth for speeches beares.  
 So at *Aeneas* buriall men report,  
 Faire-fac d *Iulus*, he went forth thy court,  
 And *Venus* grieues, *Tibullus* life being spent,  
 As when the wilde boare *Adons* groine had rent,  
 The gods care we are cald, and men of piety,  
 And some there be that thinke we haue a deity.  
 Outrageous death profanes all holy things  
 And on all creatures obscure darcknesse brings,  
 To *Thracian*. *Orpheus* what did parents good?  
 Or songs amazing wilde beasts of the wood.  
 Where *Linus* by his father *Phabus* layed  
 To sing with his vnequall harpe is sayed.  
 See *Homer* from whose fountaine euer fild,  
*Pierian* Ieawe to Poets is distild.  
 Him the last day in black *Auerno* hath drown'd,  
 Verses alone are with continuance crown'd.

The

OVIDS ELEGIES.

The worke of Poets lasts *Troyes* labours fame,  
 And that slowe webbe nights fal-shood did vnframe.  
 So *Nemesis*, so *Delia* famous are,  
 The one his first loue, th' other his new care.  
 What profit to vs hath our pure life bred?  
 VVhat to haue laine alone in empty bed?  
 VVhen bad fates take good men, I am forbod,  
 By secreat thoughts to thinke there is a god.  
 Liue godly, thou shalt die, though honour heauen,  
 Yet shall thy life be forcibly bereauen.  
 Trust in good verfe, *Tibullus* feeles deaths paines,  
 Scarfe rests of all what a small vrne containes.  
 Thee sacred Poet could sad flames destroy?  
 Nor feared they thy body to annoy?  
 The holy gods gilt temples they might fire,  
 That durst to so great wickednesse aspire.  
*Eryx* bright *Empresse* turnd her lookes aside.  
 And some, that she refrain'd teares, haue deni'd.  
 Yet better ist, then if *Corcyras* Ile  
 Had thee vnknowne interr'd in ground most vile.  
 Thy dying eyes here did thy mother close,  
 Nor did thy ashes her last offrings lose.  
 Part of her sorrowe heere thy sister bearing,  
 Comes forth her vnkeembe locks a sunder tearing.  
*Nemesis* and thy first wench ioyne their kisses,  
 VVith thine, nor this last fire their presence misses.  
*Delia* departing happier lou'd she saith,  
 VVas I: thou liu'dst, while thou esteemdst my faith.  
*Nemesis* answeares, what's my losse to thee?  
 His fainting hand in death engrasped mee.  
 If ought remains of vs but name, and spirit,  
*Tibullus* doth *Elysium* ioy inherit.

Their

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Their youthfull browes with Iuie girt to meete  
 With *Calpus* learnd *Catullus* comes and greet  
 And thou, if falsely charged to wrong thy friend,  
*Gallus* that cast not bloud, and life to spend.  
 With these thy soule walkes, soules if death release,  
 The godly, sweete *Tibullus* doth increase.  
 Thy bones I pray may in the vrne safe rest,  
 And may th' earths weight thy ashes nought molest.

ELEGIA. 9.

*Ad Cererem, conquerens quod eius sacris cum amica  
 concumbere non permittatur.*

Come were the times of *Ceres* sacrifice,  
 In emptie bed alone my mistis lies.  
 Golden-hair'd *Ceres* crownd with cares of corne,  
 Why are our pleasures by thy meanes forborne?  
 Thee, goddesse, bountifull all nations iudge,  
 Nor lesse at mans prosperity any grudge.  
 Rude hus band-men bak'd not their corne before,  
 Nor on the earth was knowne the name of floore.  
 On mast of oakes, first oracles, men fed,  
 This was there meate, the soft grasse was their bed.  
 First *Ceres* taught the seede in fields to swell,  
 And ripe-carde corne with sharpe-edg'd sithes to fell.  
 She first constrained bulles necks to beare the yoake,  
 And vntild ground with crooked plough-shares broake  
 Who thinkes her to be glad at louers smart,  
 And worshipt by their paine, and lying apart?  
 Nor is she, though she loues the fertile fields  
 A clowne, nor no loue from her warme brest yeelds.  
 Be witness *Crete* (nor *Crete* doth all things feigne)

*Ceres*

OVIDS ELEGIES.

*Crete* proud that *Ioue* her nourcery maintaine,  
 There, he who rules the worlds starre-spangled tower  
 A little boy druncke teate-distilling showers.  
 Faith to the witnessse *Iones* praise doth apply,  
*Ceres*, I thinke, no knowne fault will deny.  
 The goddesse sawe *Iason* on *Candyen Ide*,  
 With strong hand striking wild-beasts brist'led hyde.  
 She sawe, and as her marrowe tooke the flame,  
 Was diuers waies distract with loue and shame.  
 Loue conquer'd shame, the furrowes dry were burnd,  
 And corne with leat part of it selfe returnd.  
 When well-toss'd mattocks did the ground prepare,  
 Being fit broken with the crooked share,  
 And seedes were equally in large fields cast,  
 The plough-mans hopes were frustrate at the last.  
 The graine-rich goddesse in high woods did stray,  
 Her long haire care-wrought garland fell away.  
 Onely was *Crete* fruitfull that plenteous ycare,  
 Where *Ceres* went each place was haruest there.  
*Ida* the seate of groues did sing with corne,  
 Which by the wild boare in the woods was shorne.  
 Law-giuing *Minos* did such yeares desire;  
 And wisht the goddesse long might feele loues fire.  
*Ceres* what sports to thee so grieuous were,  
 As in thy sacrifice we them forbear?  
 Why am I sad, when *Proserpine* is found,  
 And *Iuno* like with *Dis* raignes vnder ground?  
 Festiuall dayes as ke *Venus*, songs, and wine,  
 These gifts are meete to please the powers diuine.

E L E.



OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 10.

*Ad amicam, a cuius amore discedere non potest.*

**L**ong haue I borne much, mad thy faults me make :  
 Dishonest loue my wearied brest forsake,  
 Now haue I freed my selfe, and fled the chaine,  
 And what I haue borne, shame to beare againe.  
 We vanquish, and tread tam'd loue vnder feete,  
 Victorious wreathes at length my Temples greece.  
 Suffer, and harden : good growes by this griece,  
 Oft bitter iuce brings to the sicke reliefe.  
 I haue sustaine so oft thrust from the dore,  
 To lay my body on the hard moist floore.  
 I know not whom thou lewdly didst imbrace,  
 When I to watch supplied a seruants place.  
 I saw when forth a tyred louer went,  
 His side past seruice, and his courage spent.  
 Yet this is lesse, then if he had seene me,  
 May that shame fall mine enemies chance to be.  
 When haue not I fixt to thy side close layed ?  
 I haue thy husband, guard, and fellow plaid.  
 The people by my company she pleasd,  
 My loue was cause that more mens loue she seazd.  
 What should I teill her vaine tongues filthy lyes,  
 And to my losse God-wronging periuries ?  
 What secret becks in banquets with her youths,  
 With priuy signes, and talke dissembling truths ?  
 Hearing her to be sicke, I thether ranne,  
 But with my riual sicke she was not than.  
 These hardned me, with what I keepe obscure,  
 Some other seeke, who will these things endure,

Now

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Now my ship in the wished haue crownd,  
 With ioy beares *Neptunes* swelling waters found.  
 Leaueth thy once powerfull words, and flatteries,  
 I am not as I was before, vnwise,  
 Now loue, and hate my light brest each way moue ;  
 But victory, I thinke will hap to loue.  
 He hate, if I can ; if not, loue gainst my will :  
 Bulles hate the yoake, yet what they hate haue still.  
 I flie her lust, but follow beauties creature ;  
 I loath her manners, loue her bodies feature.  
 Nor with thee, nor without thee can I liue,  
 And doubt to which desire the palme to giue.  
 Or lesse faire, or lesse lewd would thou mightst bee,  
 Beauty with lewdnesse doth right ill agree.  
 Her deeds gaine hate, her face entreateth loue :  
 Ah, she doth more worth then her vices proue.  
 Spare me, O by our fellow bed, by all  
 The Gods who by thee to be periurde fall,  
 And by thy face to me a powre diuine,  
 And by thine eyes whose radiance burnes out mine.  
 What ere thou art, mine art thou : choose this course,  
 Wilt haue me willing, or to loue by force ?  
 Rather He hoist vp saile, and vse the winde,  
 That I may loue yet, though against my minde.

ELEGIA. 11.

*Dolet amicam suam ita suis carminibus innotuisse  
 ut rivales multos sibi pararit.*

**W**hat day was that, which all sad haps to bring,  
 White birds to louers did not alwayes sing.  
 Or is I thinke my wish against the starre ?

F

Or

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Or shall I plaine some God against me warres?  
 Who mine was cald,whom I lou'd more then any,  
 I feare with me is common now to many.  
 Erre I? or by my lookes is she so knowne?  
 'Tis so: by my witte her abuse is growne.  
 And iustly: for her praise why did I tell?  
 The wench by my fault is set forth to sell.  
 The bawde I play,louers to her I guide:  
 Her gate by my hands is set open wide.  
 'Tis doubtfull whether verse auaille,or harme,  
 Against my good they were an enuious charme,  
 When *Thebes*,when *Troy*,when *Cesar* should be writ,  
 Alone *Corinna* moues my wanton wit.  
 With Muse oppos'd would I my lines had done,  
 And *Phæbus* had forfooke my worke begun.  
 Nor,as vse will not Poets record heare,  
 Would I my words would any credit beare,  
*Scylla* by vs her fathers rich haire steales,  
 And *Scyllæes* wombe mad raging dogs conceales,  
 Wee cause feete flie,wee mingle hairees with snakes,  
 Victorious *Perseus* a wingd steedes back takes,  
 Our verse great *Tityus* a huge space out-spreads,  
 And giues the viper curled Dogge three heads.  
 We make *Enceladus* vse a thousand armes,  
 And men inthralld by Mermaids singing charmes.  
 The East winds in *Vlisses* baggs we shut,  
 And blabbing *Tantalus* in mid-waters put.  
*Niobe* flint,*Callist* we make a Beare,  
 Bird-changed *Progne* doth her *Itys* teare.  
*Ioue* turnes himselfe into a Swanne,or gold,  
 Or his Bulles hornes *Europas* hand doth hold.  
*Proteus* what should I name? teeth,*Thebes* first seed?

Oxen

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Oxen in whose mouthes burning flames did breede,  
 Heau'n faire *Electra* that bewaild her sisters?  
 The ships,whose God-head in the sea now glisters?  
 The Sunne turnd backe from *Atræus* curst table?  
 And sweet toucht harpe that to moue stones was able?  
 Poets large power is boundlesse,and immense,  
 Nor haue their words true histories pretence,  
 And my wench ought to haue sec.n'd falsly praifd,  
 Now your credulity harme to me hath raisd.

ELEGIA. 12.

De Iunonis festo.

WHen fruite fild *Tuscia* should a wife giue me,  
 We toucht the walles,*Camillus* wonne by thee.  
 The Priests to *Iuno* did prepare chaste feasts,  
 With famous pageants,and their home-bred beasts.  
 To know their rites,well recompenc'd my stay,  
 Though thether leades a rough steepe hilly way.  
 There stads an old wood with thick trees darke clouded  
 Who sees it,graunts some deity there is shrowded.  
 An Altar takes mens incense,and oblation,  
 An Altar made after the ancient fashion,  
 Here when the Pipe with solemne tunes doth sound,  
 The annuall pompe goes on the couered ground.  
 White Heifers by glad people forth are led,  
 Which with the grasse of *Tuscane* fields are fed.  
 And calues from whose feard front no threatning flyes,  
 And little Piggs base Hog-sties sacrifice.  
 And Rams with hornes their hard heads wreathed back  
 Onely the Goddesse hated Goate did lack,  
 By whom disclosd,she in the high woods tooke,

F 2

16

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Is said to haue attempted flight forsooke,  
 Now is the goat brought through the boyes with darts.  
 And giue to him that the first wound imparts.  
 Where *Inno* comes, each youth, and pretty maide,  
 Shew large wayes with their garments there displayed.  
 Jewels, and gold their Virgin tresses crowne,  
 And stately robes to their gilt feete hang downe.  
 As is the vse, the Nunnes in white veyles clad,  
 Vpon their heads the holy mysteries had.  
 When the chiefe pompe comes, lowd the people hollow,  
 And she her vtall virgin Priests doth follow.  
 Such was the *Greeke* pompe, *Agamemnon* dead,  
 Which fact, and country wealth *Halesus* fled.  
 And hauing wandred now through sea and land,  
 Built walles high towred with a prosperous hand,  
 He to th' *Hetrurians* *Iuno*s feast commended,  
 Let me, and them by it be aye be-friended.

ELEGIA. 13.

*Ad amicam, si peccatura est, ut occultè peccet.*

SEeing thou art faire, I barre not thy false playing,  
 But let not me poore soule know of thy straying.  
 Nor do I giue thee counsell to liue chaste.  
 But that thou wouldst dissemble, when 'tis paste.  
 She hath not tred awry, that doth deny it.  
 Such as confesse haue lost their good names by it.  
 What madnesse ist to tell nights pranckes by day?  
 And hidden secrets openly to bewray?  
 The strumpet with the stranger will not doo,  
 Before the roome be cleere, and dore put too.  
 Will you make ship-wrack of your honest name?

And

OVIDS ELEGIES.

And let the world be witnesse of the same.  
 Be more aduisde, walke as a puritan,  
 And I shall thinke you chaste, do what you can.  
 Slip still, onely deny it, when 'tis done,  
 And before folke immodest speeches shunne,  
 The bed is for lasciuious toyings meete,  
 There vse all tricks, and tread shame vnder feete.  
 When you are vp, and drest, be sage and graue,  
 And in the bed hide all the faults you haue.  
 Be not asham'de to strip you being there,  
 And mingle thighes yours euer mine to beare,  
 There in your Rosie lips my tongue in-tombe,  
 Practise a thousand sports when there you come.  
 Forbearc no wanton words you there would speake,  
 And with your pastime let the bed-stead creake.  
 But with your robes put on an honest face,  
 And blush, and seeme as you were full of grace,  
 Deceiue all, let me erre, and thinke I am right,  
 And like a Wittall thinke thee voids of sight.  
 Why see I lines so oft receiue'd, and giuen?  
 This bed and that by tumbling made vneuen?  
 Like one start vp your haire tost and displac'd,  
 And with a wantons tooth your neck new rac'd,  
 Graunt this, that what you doe I may not see,  
 If you weigh not ill speeches, yet weigh mee.  
 My soule fleetes, when I thinke what you haue done,  
 And thorough euery veine doth cold blood runne.  
 Then thee whom I must loue, I hate in vaine,  
 And would be dead, but dead with thee remaine.  
 Ile not sife much, but holde thee soone excusde,  
 Say but thou wert iniuriously accusde.  
 Though while the deed be dooing you be tooke,

F 3

And

EPIGRAMES.

And I see when you ope the two leau'd booke,  
 Swear I was blinde, deny, if you be wise,  
 And I will trust your words more then mine eyes.  
 From him that yeelds the palme is quickly got,  
 Teach but your tongue to say, I did it not,  
 And being iustifide by two words thinke,  
 The cause acquits you not, but I that winke.

ELEGIA. 14.

*Ad venerem quod elegis finem imponat.*

Tender loues Mother a new Poet get,  
 This last end to my *Elegies* is set,  
 Which I *Pelignis* foster-child haue framde.  
 (Nor am I by such wanton toys defamde)  
 Heire of an antient house, if helpe that can,  
 Not onely by warres rage made Gentleman,  
 In *Virgil Mansua* ioyes: in *Catul Verone*,  
 Of me *Pelignis* nation boasts alone,  
 Whom liberty to honest armes compeld,  
 When carefull *Rome* in doubt their prowesse held.  
 And some guest viewing watty *Sulmoes* walles,  
 Where little ground to be inclofd befallcs,  
 How such a Poet could you bring forth, sayes,  
 How small so ere, Ile you for greatest praise,  
 Both loues to whom my heart long time did yeeld,  
 Your golden ensignes pluckt out of my field,  
 Horned *Bacchus* grauer furie doth distill,  
 A greater ground with gear hoise is to till.  
 Weake *Elegies*, delightfull Muse farewell;  
 A worke, that after my death, heere shall dwell.

FINIS.

Epigrammes.

By I. D.

*Ad Musam.*

Lie merry Muse vnto that merry towne,  
 Where thou maist playes, reuels, and triumphes see,  
 The house of Fame, and Theatre of renowne,  
 Where all good wittes and spirits loue to be,  
 Fall in betweene their hands, that loue and praise thee,  
 And be to them a laughter and a iest:  
 But as for them which scorning shall reprocue thee,  
 Disdaine their wits, and thinke thine owne the best.  
 But if thou finde any so grosse and dull,  
 That thinke I doe to priuate Taxing leane:  
 Bid him go hang, for he is but a gull,  
 And knowes not what an Epigramme does meane,  
 Which taxeth vnder a particular name,  
 A generall vice which merits publique blame.

*Of a Gull.*

Of in my laughing rimes, I name a gull,  
 But this new terme will many questions breede,  
 Therefore at first I will expresse at full,  
 Who is a true and perfect Gull indeed.  
 A Gull is he, who feares a Veluet gowne,  
 And when a wench is braue, dares not speake to her:  
 A Gull is he which trauerfeth the towne.  
 And is for marriage knowne a common woer.  
 A Gull is he, which while he proudly weares,  
 A siluer hilted Rapier by his side:  
 Indures the lyes, and knockes about the eares,  
 Whilst in his sheath, his sleeping sword doth bide.  
 A Gull is he which weares good hanfome cloathes:  
 And stands in presence stroaking vp his hayre.

And

EPIGRAMES.

And filles vp his vnperfect speech with othes,  
But speakes not one wise word throughout the yeare  
But to define a gull in termes precise,  
A gull is he which seemes, and is not wise.

*In Rufum. 3.*

**R***ufus* the Courtier, at the Theater,  
Leauing the best and most conspicuous place,  
Doth either to the stage himselfe transerre,  
Or through a grate, doth shew his double face,  
For that the clamorous fry of Innes of court,  
Fills vp the priuate roomes of greater price:  
And such a place where all may haue resort,  
He in his singularity doth despise.

Yet doth not his particuler humour shun,  
The common stewes and brothells of the towne,  
Though all the world in troopes do thither run.  
Cleane and vncleane, the gentle and the clowne.  
Then why should *Rufus* in his pride abhorre,  
A common seate that loues a common whore.

*In Quintum. 4.*

**Q***uintus* the dauncer vseth euermore,  
His feete in measure and in rule to moue.  
Yet on a time he cald his mistresse whore,  
And thought with that sweete word to win her loue  
Oh had his tongue like to his feete bin taught,  
It neuer would haue vttered such a thought.

*In Plurimos. 5.*

**F***auftinus, Sextus, Cinna, Ponticus,*  
With *Gella, Lesbia, Thais, Rodope:*  
Rode all to Stanes for no cause serious,  
But for their mirth, and for their lechery.  
Scarfe were they sedled in their lodging, when

Wenches,

EPIGRAMES.

Wenches, with wenches: men with men fell out,  
Men with their wenches, wenches with their men,  
Which strait dissolues this ill assembled rout.  
But since the diuell brought them thus together,  
To my discoursing thoughts it is a wonder,  
Why presently as soone as they came thither,  
The selfe same diuell did them part a sunder.  
Doubtlesse it seemes is was a foolish diuell,  
That thus did part them, ere they did some euill.

*In Titum. 6.*

**T***itus* the braue and valorous yong gallant,  
Three years together in this towne hath beene,  
Yet my Lord Chauncellors tombe he hath not seene:  
Nor the New water worke, nor the Elephant.  
I cannot tell the cause without a simile,  
He hath beene in the Counter all this while.

*In Faustum. 7.*

**F***austus* not Lord nor knight, nor wise nor olde,  
To euery place about the towne doth ride,  
He rides into the fields, Playes to behold  
He rides to take boate at the water side.  
He rides to Powles, he rides to th'ordinary,  
He rides vnto the house of bawdery too.  
Thither his horse doth him, so oftren carry,  
That shortly he will quite forget to go.

*In Katum. 8.*

**K***ate* being pleas'd, wisht that her pleasure could,  
Indure as long as a buffe ierkin would.  
Content thee *Kate*, although thy pleasure wasteth  
Thy pleasures place like a buffe ierkin lasteth.  
For no buffe ierkin hath bin oftner worne  
Nor hath more scarpings, or more dressings borne.

l.

EPIGRAMES.

*In Librum. 9.*

**L**iber doth vaunt how chafly he hath liu'd,  
 Since he hath bin seauen years in towne and more  
 For that he sweares he hath foure only swiude,  
 A maide, a wife, a widdow and a whore.  
 Then *Liber* thou hast swiude all women kinde,  
 For a fift sort, I know thou canst not finde.

*In Medonem. 10.*

**G**reat Captaine *Mordon* weares a chaine of gold,  
 Which at fise hundred crownes is valued  
 For that it was his graund-fires chaine of olde  
 When great King *Henry Bulloigne* conquered.  
 And weare it *Mordon* for it may insue  
 That thou by vertue of this Massie chaine  
 A stronger towne then *Bulloigne* maist subdue  
 If wise mens sawes be not reputed vaine.  
 For what said *Philip King of Macedon*?  
 There is no Castel so well fortified,  
 But if an Ass laden with gold comes on,  
 The guard will stoope, and gates fly open wide.

*In Gellam. 11.*

**G**ella if thou dost loue thy selfe take heede,  
 Lest thou my rimes, vnto thy louer reade.  
 For straight thou grinst, and then thy louer seeth  
 Thy canker-eaten-gums and rotten teeth.

*In Quintum. 12.*

**Q**uintus his wit infused into his braine,  
 Mislikes the place, and fled into his secte,  
 And there it wanders vp and downe the streetes,  
 Dabled in the dyrt, and soaked in the raine,  
 Doubtlesse his wit intendes not to aspire,  
 Which leaues his head to trauell in the mire.

In

EPIGRAMES.

*In Seuerus. 13.*

**T**He puritan *Seuerus* oft doth reade,  
 This text, that doth pronounce vaine speech a sinne,  
 That thing defiles a man that doth proceede,  
 From out the mouth, not that which enters in,  
 Hence is it, that we seldome hear him sweare,  
 And thereof as a Pharasie he vaunts.  
 But he deuours more Capons in one yeare,  
 Then would suffice an hundred protestants.  
 And sooth those sectaries are gluttons all.  
 As wel the threed-bare Cobler as the knight,  
 For those poore slaues which haue not wherewithall  
 Feed on the rich, till they douour them quite  
 And so as *Pharoes* kine, they eate vp cleane,  
 Those that be fat, yet still themselues be leane.

*In Leucam. 14.*

**L**euca in presence once a fart did let,  
 Some laught a little, she refus'd the place  
 And mad with shame, did then her gloue forget,  
 Which she return'd to fetch with bashfull grace:  
 And when she would haue said my gloue,  
 My fart (qd. she) which did more laughter moue.

*In Matrimum. 15.*

**T**hou canst not speake, yet *Macer*, for to speake,  
 Is to distinguish sounds significant  
 Thou with harsh noyse the aire dost rudely breake  
 But what thou vtterest common sence doth want.  
 Halfe *English* words, with fustian tearmes among.  
 Much like the burden of a Northeme song.

*In Fastum. 16.*

**T**hat youth saith *Fanstus*, hath a Lyon scene,  
 Who from a dycing-house comes mony-lesse

But

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But when he lost his haire, where had he beene,  
I doubt me he had seene a Lyonesse.

In *Cosmum*. 37.

**C**osmus hath more discourfing in his head,  
Then loue, when *Pallas* issued from his braine,  
And still he striues to be deliuered,  
Of all his thoughts at once, but all in vaine.  
For as we see at all the play-houfe dores,  
When ended is the play, the daunce and fong:  
A thousand townfe-men gentlemen and whores,  
Porters and feruing-men togither throng,  
So thoughts of drinking, thriuing, wenehing, warre,  
And borrowing money, raging in his minde,  
To issue all at once fo forward are  
As none at all can perfect passage finde.

In *Flaccum*. 18.

**T**he false knaue *Flaccus* once a bribe I gaue,  
The more foole I to bribe fo false a knaue,  
But he gaue back my bribe the more foole he,  
That for my folly did not coufen me.

In *Cineam*. 19.

**T**hou dogged *Cineas* hated like a dogge,  
For still thou grumbleft like a mafly dogge.  
Comparft thy felfe to nothing but a dogge.  
Thou faift thou att as weary as a dogge  
As angry, ficke, and hungry as a dogge,  
As dul and melancholy as a dogge.  
As lazy, fleepy, and as idle as a dogge.  
But why doft thou compare thee to a dogge?  
In that, for which all men defpife a dogge.  
I will compare thee better to a dogge.  
Thou art as faire and comely as a dogge.

Thou

EPIGRAMES.

Thou art as true & honeft as a dogge.  
Thou art as kinde and liberall as a dogge,  
Thou art as wife and valiant as a dogge.  
But *Cineas*, I haue oft heard thee tell,  
Thou art as like thy father as may be.  
Tis like inough, and faith I like it well,  
But I am glad thou art not like to me.

In *Gerontem*. 20.

**G**erons mouldie memory corrects,  
Old *Holinshed* our famous Chronicler  
With morall rules, and pollicy collects,  
Out of all actions done thefe fourfcore yeares,  
Accounts the time of euery old euent,  
Not from Christs birth, nor from the Princes raighe,  
But from fome o'her famous accident,  
Which in mens generall notice doth remaine.  
The fige of *Bulloigne*, and the plaguy fweat,  
The going to *Saint Quintines* and *New-hauen*,  
The rifing in the North, the froft fo great,  
That cart wheele printes on *Thamis* face were feene.  
The fall of money, and burning of *Powles* fteeple,  
The blazing ftarre and *Spaniards* ouerthrow.  
By thefe euent, notorious to the people.  
He meafures times, and things forepafte doth fhew.  
But moft of all, he chiefly reckons by,  
A priuate chaunce, the death of his curft wife:  
This is to him the deareft memory  
And the happyeft accident of all his life,

In *Marcum*. 21.

**W**hen *Marcus* comes from *Minnes*, hee ftill doth  
By come on feauen, that al is loft & gone (fwear  
But thats not true, for he hath loft his haire.

Onely

EPIGRAMES.

Onely for that, he came too much at one.

*In Ciprum. 22.*

**T**He fine youth *Ciprius* is more tierse and neate  
Then the new garden of the old temple is,  
And still the newest fashion he doth get,  
And with the time doth chaunge from that to this,  
He weares a hat now of the flat crown-blocke,  
The treble ruffes, long cloake, and doublet french  
He takes tobacco, and doth weare a locke,  
And wastes more time in dressing then a wench.  
Yet this new fangled youth, made for these times  
Doth aboute all, praise old *George Gascoines* rimes.

*In Cineam. 23.*

**W**Hē *Cineas* comes amongst his friends in morning  
He slyly spies who first his cap doth moue  
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning  
As if for euer they had lost his loue.  
I seeing how it doth the humour fit  
Of this fond gull to be saluted first  
Catch at my cap, but moue it not a whit  
Which to perceiuing he seemes for spite to burst  
But *Cineas*, why expect you more of me,  
Then I of you? I am as good a man,  
And better too by many a quallity.  
For vault, and daunce, and fence and rime I can,  
You keepe a whore at your owne charge men tell me,  
Indeed friend (*Cineas*) therein you excel me.

*In Gallum. 24.*

**G***Allu* hath bin this Summer time in *Friesland*,  
And now return'd he speakes such warlike wordes  
As if I could their *English* vnderstand,  
I feare me they would cut my throat like swordes.

He

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He talkes of counterscarffes, and casomates,  
Of parapets, of curteneyes and pallizadois,  
Of flankers, raelings, gabions he prates,  
And of false baits, and sallies, and scaladoes.  
But to requite such gulling tearmes as these,  
With words of my profession I reply:  
I tell of fourching, vouchers, and counterpleas,  
Of withernams, esloynes and champarty.

So neither of vs vnderstanding one an other,  
We part as wise, as when we came together.

*In Decium. 25.*

**A**Vdacious painters haue nine worthies made,  
But Poet *Decium* more audacious farre  
Making his mistris march with men of warre.  
With title of tenth worthy doth her lade,  
Me thinks that gull did vse his tearmes as fit  
Which teard his loue a giant for her wit.

*In Gellam. 26.*

**I**F *Gellas* beauty be examined  
She hath a dull dead eye, a saddle nose,  
An ill shapte face with morphew ouerspread.  
And rotten teeth which she in laughing showes.  
Briefly she is the filthiest wench in towne,  
Of all that do the art of whoring vse:  
But when she hath put on her sattin-gown,  
Her out-lawne apron, and her veluct shooes,  
Her greene silk stockings, and her petticoat,  
Of taffaty, with golden friendge a-round,  
And is withal perfund with ciuet hot,  
Which doth her valiant stinking breath confound.  
Yet she with these addicions is no more,  
Then a sweet, filthy, fine ill fauored whore.

Le



EPIGRAMES,

*In Sillam. 27.*

**S**illa is often challenged to the field,  
To answer as a Gentleman his foes;  
But then he doth this only answer yeeld,  
That he hath livings and faire lands to lose.  
Silla, if none but beggars valiant were,  
The King of Spaine would put vs all in feare.

*In Sillam. 28.*

**V**Who dares affirme that Silla dare not fight,  
When I dare sweare he dares adventure more,  
Then the most braue and all-daring wight,  
That euer armes with resolution bore.  
He that dares touch the most vnholosome wi:ore,  
That euer was retirde into the Spittle.  
And dares court wenches standing at a dore,  
(The portion of his witte being passing lttle.)  
He that dares giue his dearest friends offences,  
Which other valiant fooles doe feare to do:  
And when a feauer doth confound his senses,  
Dare eat raw-beefe, and drinke strong wine thereto.  
He that dares take Tobacco on the stage,  
Dares man a whore at noone-day through the streete,  
Dares daunce in Pawles, and in this formall age,  
Dares say and do what euer is vnmette,  
Whom feare of shame could neuer yet affright,  
Who dates affirme that Silla dares not fight,

*In Haywoodum. 29.*

**H**aywood that did in Epigrams excell,  
Is now put downe since my light Musc arose:  
As Buckets are put downe into a Well,  
Or as a schoole boy putteth downe his hose.

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*In Dacum. 30.*

**A**mongst the Poets Dacus numbred is,  
Yet could he neuer make an English rime,  
But some prose speeches I haue heard of his,  
Which haue bin spoken many an hundreth time.  
The man that keepes the Eliphant hath one,  
Wherein he tels the wonders of the beast.  
Another Bankes pronounced long a-gon,  
When he his curtales qualities exprest:  
He first taught him that keepes the monuments  
At Westminster, his formall Tale to say.  
And also him which Puppets represents,  
And also him which with the Ape doth play:  
Though all his Poetrie be like to this,  
Amongst the Poets Dacus numbred is.

*In Priscum. 31.*

**V**hen Priscus raide from low to high estate,  
Rod through the street in pompous iollitie,  
Cains his poore familiar friend of late,  
Be-spake him thus: Sir now you know not me.  
'Tis likely friend (quoth Priscus) to be so,  
For at this time my selfe I do not know.

*In Brunnum. 32.*

**B**runnus which deemes himselfe a faire sweet youth,  
Is thirtie nine yeeres of age at least:  
Yet was he neuer, to confesse the truth,  
But a drye starueling when he was at best.  
This gull was sick to shew his Night-cap fine,  
And his wrought Pillow ouer-spread with lawne,  
But hath bin well since his griefes cause hath line,  
At Trollups by Saint Clements Church in pawne,

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*In Francum. 33.*

**W**Hen *Francus* comes to sollace with his whore,  
He lends for Rods & strips himselfe stark naked:  
For his lust sleepe, and will not rise before,  
By whipping of the wench it be awaked.  
I enuie him not, but wish I had the powre,  
To make my selfe his wench but one halfe houre.

*In Castorem. 34.*

**O**f speaking well, why do we learne the skill?  
Hoping thereby honor and wealth to gaine,  
Sith rayling *Castor* doth by speaking ill,  
Opinion of much wit and golde obtaine.

*In Septimum. 35.*

**S***epтимus* liues, and is like Garlicke scene,  
For though his head be white, his blade is greene:  
This olde mad Coult deserues a Martyres praise,  
For he was burned in Queene *Maryes* dayes.

*Of Tobacco. 36.*

**H***omer* of *Moly*, and *Nepenthe* sings,  
*Moly* the Gods most soueraigne Hearbe diuine;  
*Nepenthe* Heauens drinke most gladnesse brings,  
Hearts grieffe expels, and doth the wits refine:  
But this our age another world hath found,  
From whence an hearbe of Heauenly power is brought,  
*Moly* is not so soueraigne for a wound,  
Nor hath *Nepenthe* so great wonders wrought.  
It is *Tobacco*, whose sweet substantiaill fume,  
The hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,  
By drawing downe, and drying vp the rewme,  
The Mother and the Nurse of each disease.  
It is *Tobacco* which doth colde expell,  
And cleares the obstructions of the Arteries,

And

EPIGRAMES.

And surfets threatning Death digesteth well,  
Decocting all the stomackes crudities,  
It is *Tobacco* which hath power to clarifie,  
The clowdie mists before dim eyes appearing,  
It is *Tobacco* which hath power to rarifie,  
The thick grosse humour which doth stop the hearing.  
The wasting Hectique, and the *Quartain* Feuer,  
Which doth of Phisique make a mockerie,  
The gowt it cures, and helps ill breaths for euer,  
Whether the cause in Teeth or stomacke be.  
And though ill breaths, were by it but confounded,  
Yet that Medicine it doth farre excell,  
Which by sir *Thomas Moore* hath bin propounded.  
For this is thought a Gentleman-like smell,  
O that I were one of these mountie-bankes,  
Which praise their Oyles, and Powders which they sell,  
My customers would giue me coyne with thanks,  
I for this ware, forsooth a Tale would tell,  
Yet would I vse none of these tearmes before,  
I would but say, that it the Pox will cure:  
This were inough, without discourfing more,  
All our braue gallants in the towne t'allure.

*In Crassum. 37.*

**C***Rassus* his lyes are not pernicious lyes,  
But pleasant fictions hurtfull vnto none:  
But to himselfe, for no man counts him wise,  
To tell for truth, that which for false is knowne.  
He swears that *Gaunt* is three score miles about,  
And that the bridge at *Paris* on the *Seyn*,  
Is of such thicknesse, length and breadth throughout,  
That fixe score Arches can it scarce sustaine,  
He swears he saw so great a dead mans scull,

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EPIGRAMES.

At *Cantebury* digde out of the ground :  
 That would containe of wheat, three bushels full,  
 And that in *Kent* are twenty yeomen found,  
 Of which the poorest euery yeare dispends,  
 Fiue thousand pound : these and fiue thousand mo,  
 So oft he hath recited to his friends :  
 That now himselfe, perswades himselfe 'tis so.  
 But why doth *Crassus* tell his lyes so rife,  
 Of Bridges, Townes, and things that haue no life,  
 He is a Lawyer, and doth well espie.  
 That for such lyes an action will not lye.

*In Philonem. 38.*

**P***Hilo* the Lawyer and the Fortune teller,  
 The Schoole-maister, the Midwife and the Bawd :  
 The coniuer, the buyer, and the seller,  
 Of painting which with breathing will be thawd,  
 Doth practise Phisicke, and his credit growes.  
 As doth the Ballad singers audiorie.  
 Which hath at Temple barre his standing chose,  
 And to the vulgar sings an Ale-house storie.  
 First stands a Porter, then an Oyster wife,  
 Doth stint her cry, and stay her steps to heare him,  
 Then comes a cut-purse ready with a knife,  
 And then a cuntry ciyent passeth neere him.  
 There stands the Constable, there stands the Whore,  
 And listning to the song, heed not each other.  
 There by the Serieant stands the debtor,  
 And doth no mure mistrust him then his brother :  
 Thus *Orpheus* to such hearers giueth Musique,  
 And *Philo* to such patients giueth Phisicke.

*In Fuscum. 39.*

**F***Vscus* is free, and hath the world at will,

Yet

EPIGRAMES.

Yet in the course of life that he doth leade:  
 He's like a horse which turning rounde a mill,  
 Doth alwaies in the selfe same circle treade:  
 First he doth rise at 10. and at a eleuen  
 He goes to *Gyls*, where he doth eate till one,  
 Then sees a play till fixe, and sups at seauen,  
 And after supper, straight to bed is gone.  
 And there till renne next day he doth remaine,  
 And then he dines, then sees a commedy,  
 And then he suppes, and goes to bed againe:  
 Thus rounde he runs without variety:  
 Saue that sometimes he comes not to the play  
 But falls into a whore-house by the way.

*In Afrum. 40.*

**T**he sinell feast *Afer*, trauailes to the burse  
 Twice euery day the newest newes to heare  
 Which when he hath no money in his purse,  
 To rich mens tables he doth often beare:  
 He tells how *Gronigen* is taken in,  
 By the braue conduct of illustrious *Vere*:  
 And how the *Spanish* forces *Brest* would win,  
 But that they do victorious *Norris* feare.  
 No sooner is a ship at sea surpris'd,  
 But straight he learns the newes & doth disclose it.  
 Faire written in a scrowle he hath names,  
 Of all the widowes which the plague hath made,  
 And persons, times and places, still he frames,  
 To euery tale, the better to perswade:  
 We call him Fame, for that the wide-mouth flauie,  
 Will eate as fast as he wil vtter lies  
 For Fame is said an hundreth mouthes to haue,  
 And he eates more then would fiue score suffice.

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EPIGRAMES.

*In Paulum. 41.*

**B**Y lawfull marr, and by vnlawfull stealth,  
*Paulus* in spite of enuy fortunate,  
 Serues out of the Ocean so much wealth,  
 As he may well maintaine a Lords estate,  
 But on the land a little gulfe there is,  
 Wherein he drowneth all the wealth of his,

*In Licum. 42.*

**L***ycus* which lately is to *Venice* gone,  
 Shall if he do returne, gaine three for one:  
 But ten to one, his knowledge and his wit,  
 Will not be bettered or increas'd a whit.

*In Publium. 43.*

**P***ublius* student at the common law,  
 Oft leaues his bookes, and for his recreation:  
 To Paris-garden doth himselfe withdrawe,  
 Where he is rauisht with such delectation  
 As downe amongst the Beares and Dogges he goes,  
 Where whilst he skiping cries to head, to head.  
 His fatten doublet and his veluet hose,  
 Are all with spittle from aboue be-spread.  
 When he is like his fathers country shall,  
 Stinking with dogges, and muted all with haukes.  
 And rightly too on him this filth doth fall,  
 Which for such filthy sports his bookes forsakes,  
 Lesuing old *Ployden, Dier and Brooke* alone,  
 To see old *Harvy Hunkes and Sacarson*.

*In Sillam. 44.*

**W**Hen I this proposition had defended,  
 A coward cannot be an honest man,  
 Thou *Silla* seemest forth-with to be offended,  
 And holds the contrary and swears he can.

But

EPIGRAMES.

But when I tell thee that hee will forsake  
 His dearest friend, in perill of his life,  
 Thou then art chang'd and saist thou didst mistake,  
 And so we end our argument and strife.  
 Yet I thinke oft, and thinke I thinke aright,  
 Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

*In Dacum. 45.*

**D***acus* with some good colour and pretence,  
 Tearmes his loues beauty silent eloquence:  
 For she doth lay more colours on her face,  
 Then euer *Tully* vs'd his speech to grace.

*In Marcum. 46.*

**W**hy dost thou *Marcus* in thy misery,  
 Rail and blasphem, and call the heauens vni-  
 The heauens do owe no kindnesse vnto thee,  
 Thou hast the heauens so little in thy minde  
 For in thy life thou neuer vsst prayer,  
 But at primero, to encounter faire.

*Meditations of a Gull. 47.*

**S**ee yonder melancholie gentleman,  
 Which hoode-winked with his hat, alone doth sit,  
 Thinke what he thinkes and tell me if you can,  
 What great affaires troubles his little wit.  
 He thinkes not of the war twixt *France* and *Spain*  
 Whether it be for *Europs* good or ill,  
 Nor whether the Empire can it selfe maintaine  
 Against the *Turkish* power encroching still.  
 Nor what great towne in all the *Netherlands*,  
 The States determine to besiege this spring  
 Nor how the *Scottish* pollicy now standes,  
 Nor what becomes of the *Irish* mutining.  
 But he doth seriously bethinke him whether

EPIGRAMES.

Of the guld people he be more esteem'd,  
For his long cloake, or his great black feather,  
By which each gull is now a gallant deem'd  
Or of a Journey he deliberates,  
To Paris-garden, cocke-pit or the play:  
Or how to steale a dogge he meditates,  
Or what he shall vnto his mistris say:  
Yet with these thoughts he thinks himselfe most fit  
To be of Counsell with a king for wit.

*Ad Musam. 48.*

Peace idle muse, haue done, for it is time,  
Since lowlie *Ponticus* enuies my fame,  
And sweares the better sort are much to blame.  
To make me so well knowne for my ill rime  
Yet *Bankes* his horse is better knowne then he,  
So are the Cammels and the westerne Hog,  
And so is *Lepidus* his printed dogge:  
Why doth not *Ponticus* their fames enuie.  
Besides this muse of mine, and the blacke fether  
Grew both together fresh in estimation,  
And both growne stale, were cast away together:  
What fame is this that scarfe lasts out a fashion,  
Onely this last in credit doth remaine,  
That from hence, forth, ech bastard cast forth rime  
Which doth but fauour of a libell vaine,  
Shall call me father, and be thought my crime,  
So dull and with so little sence endu'd,  
Is my grosse headed iudge the multitude.

FINIS.

I. D.

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