

# **THE ODYSSES OF HOMER**

George Chapman

# Table of Contents

<b><u>THE ODYSSES OF HOMER</u></b> .....	<b>1</b>
George Chapman.....	1
<b><u>THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>2</b>
The Argvment.....	2
Another.....	3
<b><u>THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>16</b>
The Argvment.....	16
Another.....	16
<b><u>THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>29</b>
The Argvment.....	29
Another.....	29
<b><u>THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>42</b>
The Argvment.....	42
Another.....	43
<b><u>THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>65</b>
The Argvment.....	65
Another.....	66
<b><u>THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>79</b>
The Argvment.....	79
Another.....	79
<b><u>THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>89</b>
The Argvment.....	89
Another.....	90
<b><u>THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>99</b>
The Argvment.....	99
Another.....	100
<b><u>THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>116</b>
The Argvment.....	116
Another.....	116
<b><u>THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>131</b>
The Argvment.....	131
Another.....	132
<b><u>THE XI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>146</b>
The Argvment.....	146
Another.....	146
<b><u>THE XII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>163</b>
The Argvment.....	163
Another.....	163
<b><u>THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>176</b>
The Argvment.....	176
Another.....	176
<b><u>THE FOVRTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>189</b>
The Argvment.....	189
Another.....	189
<b><u>THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>204</b>
The Argvment.....	204
Another.....	205
<b><u>THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES</u></b> .....	<b>219</b>

# Table of Contents

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

<u>The Argvment.....</u>	219
<u>Another.....</u>	219
<u>THE SEVENTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.....</u>	232
<u>The Argvment.....</u>	232
<u>Another.....</u>	232
<u>THE EIGHTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.....</u>	248
<u>The Argvment.....</u>	248
<u>Another.....</u>	248
<u>THE NINETEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.....</u>	260
<u>The Argvment.....</u>	260
<u>Another.....</u>	260
<u>THE TWENTITH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.....</u>	277
<u>The Argvment.....</u>	277
<u>Another.....</u>	277
<u>THE XXI. BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.....</u>	288
<u>The Argvment.....</u>	288
<u>Another.....</u>	289
<u>THE XXII. BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.....</u>	300
<u>The Argvment.....</u>	300
<u>Another.....</u>	300
<u>THE XXIII. BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.....</u>	313
<u>The Argvment.....</u>	313
<u>Another.....</u>	313
<u>THE XXIII. BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.....</u>	323
<u>The Argvment.....</u>	323
<u>Another.....</u>	324
<u>The End of the XXIII. and last Booke of Homers Odysse.....</u>	338
<u>To the Ruines of Troy, and Greece.....</u>	339
<u>Ad Deum.....</u>	339

# THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

George Chapman

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- THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE XI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE XII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE FOVRTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE SEVENTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE EIGHTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE NINETEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE TWENTITH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE XXI. BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE XXII. BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE XXIII. BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- THE XXIII. BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.
- The Argvment.
- Another.
- The End of the XXIII. and last Booke of Homers Odysse.
- To the Ruines of Troy, and Greece.
- Ad Deum.

## THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*The Gods in counsaile sit, to call  
Vlysses from Calypso's thrall;  
And order their high pleasures, thus;  
Gray Pallas, to Telemachus  
(In Ithaca) her way addrest;  
And did her heauenly lims inuest  
In Menta's likenesse; that did raigne  
King of the Taphians (in the Maine,  
Whose rough waues neare Leucadia runne)  
Aduising wise Vlysses sonne*

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

*To seeke his father; and addresse  
His course to yong Tantalides  
That gouern'd Sparta. Thus much said,  
She shewd she was Heau'ns martiall Maid,  
And vanisht from him. Next to this,  
The Banquet of the wooers is.*

### Another.

*The Deities sit;  
The Man retir'd:  
Th' Ulyssean wit,  
By Pallas fir'd.*      The Man (O Muse) informe, that many a way,  
Wound with his wisdom to his wished stay.  
That wanderd wondrous farre, when, He, the towne  
Of sacred *Troy*, had sackt, and shiuerd downe.  
The cities of a world of nations,  
With all their manners, mindes, and fashions  
He saw and knew. At Sea felt many woes;  
Much care sustaind, to saue from ouerthrowes  
Himselfe, and friends, in their retreat for home.  
But so, their fates, he could not ouercome,  
Though much he thirsted it. O men vnwise,  
They perisht by their owne impieties,  
That in their hungers rapine would not shunne  
The Oxen of the loftie-going Sunne:  
Who therefore from their eyes, the day bereft  
Of safe returne. These acts in some part left,  
Tell vs, as others, deified seed of *Ioue*.      Now all the rest that austere Death out-stroue  
At *Troys* long siege, at home safe anchor'd are,  
Free from the malice both of sea and warre;  
Onely *Vlysses* is denide accesse  
To wife and home. The Grace of Goddesses  
The reuerend Nymph *Calypso* did detain  
Him in her Caues: past all the race of men,  
Enflam'd to make him her lou'd Lord and Spouse.  
And when the Gods had destin'd that his house,  
Which *Ithaca* on her rough bosome beares,  
(The point of time wrought out by ambient yeares)  
Should be his hauen; Contention still extends  
Her enuie to him, euen amongst his friends.  
All Gods tooke pitie on him: onely he  
That girds Earth in the cincture of the sea,  
Diuine *Vlysses* euer did enuie,  
And made the fixt port of his birth to flie.  
But he himselfe solemniz'd a retreat  
To th' *Æthiops*, farre dissunderd in their seate;  
(In two parts parted; at the Sunnes descent,  
And vnderneath his golden Orient,

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The first and last of men) t'enjoy their feast  
Of buls and lambes, in Hecatombs address:  
At which he sat, giuen ouer to Delight.  
The other Gods, in heauens supreamest height  
Were all in Councell met: To whom began  
The mightie Father, both of God and man,  
Discourse, inducing matter, that inclin'd  
To wise *Vlysses*; calling to his mind  
Faultfull *Ægisthus*, who to death was done,  
By yong *Orestes*, *Agamemnons* sonne.  
His memorie to the Immortals then,  
Mou'd *Ioue* thus deeply: O how falsly, men  
Accuse vs Gods, as authors of their ill,  
When, by the bane their owne bad liues instill,  
They suffer all the miseries of their states,  
Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.  
As now *Ægisthus*, past his fate, did wed  
The wife of *Agamemnon*; and (in dread  
To suffer death himselfe) to shunne his ill,  
Incurr'd it by the loose bent of his will,  
In slaughtering *Atrides* in retreat.  
Which, we foretold him, would so hardly set  
To his murtherous purpose; sending *Mercurie*  
(That slaughterd *Argus*) our considerate spie,  
To giue him this charge: Do not wed his wife,  
Nor murther him; for thou shalt buy his life,  
With ransome of thine owne; imposde on thee  
By his *Orestes*; when, in him shall be  
*Atrides* selfe renewd; and but the prime  
Of youths spring put abroad; in thirst to clime  
His haughtie Fathers throne, by his high acts.  
These words of *Hermes*, wrought not into facts  
*Ægisthus* powres; good counsell he despisde,  
And to that Good, his ill is sacrificde.  
*Pallas* (whose eyes did sparkle like the skies)  
Answerd: O Sire! supream of Deities;  
*Ægisthus* past his Fate, and had desert  
To warrant our infliction; and conuert  
May all the paines, such impious men inflict  
On innocent sufferers; to reuenge as strict,  
Their owne hearts eating. But, that *Ithacus*  
(Thus neuer meriting) should suffer thus;  
I deeply suffer. His more pious mind  
Diuides him from these fortunes. Though vnkind  
I, Pietie to him, giuing him a fate,  
More suffering then the most infortunate;  
So long kept friendlesse, in a sea-girt soile,  
Where the seas nauile is a syluarie Ile,  
In which the Goddess dwels, that doth deriue  
Her birth from *Atlas*; who, of all aliue,  
The motion and the fashion doth command,

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

With his wise mind, whose forces vnderstand  
 The inmost deepes and gulfes of all the seas:  
 Who (for his skill of things superiour) stayes  
 The two steepe Columnes that prop earth and heauen.  
 His daughter tis, who holds this homelesse–driuen,  
 Still mourning with her. Euermore profuse  
 Of soft and winning speeches; that abuse  
 And make so languishingly, and possest  
 With so remisse a mind; her loued guest  
 Manage the action of his way for home.  
 Where he (though in affection ouercome)  
 In iudgement yet; more longs to shew his hopes,  
 His countries smoke leape from her chimney tops,  
 And death askes in her armes. Yet neuer shall  
 Thy lou'd heart be conuerted on his thrall,  
 (*Austere Olympius*:) did not euer he,  
 In ample *Troy*, thy altars gratifie?  
 And Grecians Fleete make in thy offerings swim?  
 O *Ioue*, why still then burnes thy wrath to him?  
 (Bold daughter) from thy Pale of *Ivorie*?  
 As if I euer could cast from my care  
 Diuine *Vlysses*, who exceeds so farre  
 All men in wisdom? and so oft hath giuen  
 To all th' Immortals thron'd in ample heauen,  
 So great and sacred gifts? But his decrees,  
 That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,  
 Stand to *Vlysses* longings so extreme,  
 For taking from the God–foe *Polypheme*  
 His onely eye; a *Cyclop*, that excell'd  
 All other *Cyclops*: with whose burthen swell'd  
 The Nymph *Thoosa*; the diuine increase  
 Of *Phorcis* seed, a great God of the seas.  
 She mixt with *Neptune* in his hollow caues,  
 And bore this *Cyclop* to that God of waues.  
 For whose lost eye, th' Earth–shaker did not kill  
 Erring *Vlysses*; but reserues him still  
 In life for more death. But vse we our powres,  
 And round about vs cast these cares of ours,  
 All to discouer how we may preferre  
 His wisht retreat; and *Neptune* make forbear  
 His sterne eye to him: since no one God can  
 In spite of all, preuaile, but gainst a man.  
 To this, this answer made the gray–eyd Maide:  
 Supream of rulers, since so well apaide  
 The blessed Gods are all then, now, in thee  
 To limit wise *Vlysses* miserie;  
 And that you speake, as you referd to me  
 Prescription for the meanes; in this sort be  
 Their sacred order: let vs now addresse  
 With vtmost speed, our swift *Argicides*,  
 To tell the Nymph that beares the golden Tresse

The Cloud–assembler answerd: What words flie



## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

In th' ile *Ogygia*, that tis our will  
She should not stay our lou'd *Vlysses* still;  
But suffer his returne: and then will I  
To *Ithaca*, to make his sonne apply  
His Sires inquest the more; infusing force  
Into his soule, to summon the concourse  
Of curld-head Greekes to counsaile: and deterre  
Each wooer that hath bene the slaughterer  
Of his fat sheepe and crooked-headed beeuës,  
From more wrong to his mother; and their leauës  
Take in such termes, as fit deserts so great.  
To *Sparta* then, and *Pylos*, where doth beate  
Bright *Amathus*, the flood and epithete  
To all that kingdome; my aduice shall send  
The spirit-aduanc'd Prince, to the pious end  
Of seeking his lost father; if he may  
Receiue report from Fame, where rests his stay;  
And make, besides, his owne successiue worth,  
Knowne to the world; and set in action forth.  
This said, her wingd shooes to her feete she tied,  
Formd all of gold, and all eternified;  
That on the round earth, or the sea, sustaind  
Her rauisht substance, swift as gusts of wind.  
Then tooke she her strong Lance, with steele made keene,  
Great, massie, actiue, that whole hoasts of men  
(Though all Heroes) conquers; if her ire  
Their wrongs inflame, backt by so great a Sire.  
Downe from *Olympus* tops, she headlong diu'd;  
And swift as thought, in *Ithaca* arriu'd,  
Close at *Vlysses* gates; in whose first court,  
She made her stand; and for her breasts support,  
Leand on her iron Lance: her forme imprest  
With *Mentas* likenesse, come, as being a guest.  
There found she those proud wooers, that were then  
Set on those Oxe-hides that themselues had slaine,  
Before the gates; and all at dice were playing.  
To them the heralds, and the rest obeying,  
Fill'd wine and water; some, still as they plaid;  
And some, for solemne suppers state, puruaid;  
With porous sponges, clensing tables, seru'd  
With much rich feast; of which to all they keru'd.  
God-like *Telemachus*, amongst them sat,  
Grieu'd much in mind; and in his heart begat  
All representment of his absent Sire;  
How (come from far-off parts) his spirits would fire  
With those proud wooers sight, with slaughter parting  
Their bold concourse; and to himselfe conuerting  
The honors they vsurpt, his owne commanding.  
In this discourse, he, first, saw *Pallas* standing  
Vnbidden entrie: vp rose, and address  
His pace right to her; angrie that a guest

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Should stand so long at gate: and coming neare,  
Her right hand tooke; tooke in his owne, her speare;  
And thus saluted: Grace to your repaire,  
(Faire guest) your welcome shall be likewise faire.  
Enter, and (cheard with feast) disclose th' intent  
That causde your coming. This said; first he wept,  
And *Pallas* followd. To a roome they came,  
Steepe, and of state; the Iauelin of the Dame,  
He set against a pillar, vast and hie,  
Amidst a large and bright-kept Armorie,  
Which was, besides, with woods of Lances grac'd,  
Of his graue fathers. In a throne, he plac'd  
The man-turnd Goddess; vnder which was spred  
A Carpet, rich, and of deuicefull thred;  
A footstool staying her feete; and by her chaire,  
Another seate (all garnisht wondrous faire,  
To rest, or sleepe on in the day) he set  
Farre from the prease of wooers; lest at meate  
The noise they still made, might offend his guest,  
Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,  
Euen to his combat, with that pride of theirs,  
That kept no noble forme in their affaires.  
And these he set farre from them, much the rather  
To question freely of his absent father.  
A Table fairely polisht then, was spread,  
On which a reuerend officer set bread;  
And other seruitors, all sorts of meate,  
(Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get)  
Seru'd with obseruance in. And then the Sewre,  
Prowr'd water from a great and golden Ewre,  
That from their hands t'a silver Caldron ran;  
Both washt, and seated close; the voicefull man  
Fetcht cups of gold, and set by them; and round  
Those cups with wine, with all endeuour crownd.  
Then rusht in the rude wooers; themselues plac't;  
The heralds water gaue; the maids in haste  
Seru'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd,  
And set before them; the bold wooers shar'd;  
Their Pages plying their cups, past the rest.  
But lustie wooers must do more then feast;  
For now (their hungers and their thirsts allaid)  
They call'd for songs, and Dances. Those, they said,  
Were th' ornaments of feast. The herald strait  
A Harpe, caru'd full of artificiall sleight,  
Thrust into *Phemius* (a learnd singers) hand,  
Who, till he much was vrg'd, on termes did stand;  
But after, plaid and sung with all his art.  
*Telemachus*, to *Pallas* then (apart,  
His eare inclining close, that none might heare)  
In this sort said: My Guest, exceeding deare,  
Will you not sit incenst, with what I say?

Another.

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

These are the cares these men take; feast and play:  
Which easily they may vse, because they eate,  
Free, and vnpunisht, of anothers meate.  
And of a mans, whose white bones wasting lie  
In some farre region, with th' incessancie  
Of showres powr'd downe vpon them; lying ashore;  
Or in the seas washt nak'd. Who, if he wore  
Those bones with flesh, and life, and industrie;  
And these, might here in *Ithaca*, set eye  
On him returnd; they all would wish to be,  
Either past other, in celeritie  
Of feete and knees; and not contend t'exceed  
In golden garments. But his vertues feed  
The fate of ill death: nor is left to me  
The least hope of his lifes recouerie;  
No not, if any of the mortall race  
Should tell me his returne; the chearfull face  
Of his returnd day, neuer will appeare.  
But tell me; and let Truth, your witness beare;  
Who? and from whence you are? what cities birth?  
What parents? In what vessell set you forth?  
And with what mariners arriu'd you here?  
I cannot thinke you a foote passenger.  
Recount then to me all; to teach me well,  
Fit vsage for your worth. And if it fell  
In chance now first that you thus see vs here,  
Or that in former passages you were  
My fathers guest? For many men haue bene  
Guests to my father. Studious of men,  
His sociable nature euer was.  
On him againe, the grey-eyed Maide did passe  
This kind reply; Ile answer passing ,  
All thou hast askt: My birth, his honour drew  
From wise *Anchialus*. The name I beare,  
Is *Mentas*, the commanding Ilander  
Of all the *Taphians*, studious in the art  
Of Nauigation. Hauing toucht this part  
With ship and men; of purpose to maintaine  
Course through the darke seas, t'other languag'd men.  
And *Temesis* sustaines the cities name,  
For which my ship is bound; made knowne by fame,  
For rich in brasse; which my occasions need;  
And therefore bring I shining steele in steed,  
Which their vse wants; yet makes my vessels freight;  
That neare a plowd field, rides at anchors weight,  
Apart this citie, in the harbor calld  
*Rethrus*, whose waues, with *Neius* woods are walld.  
Thy Sire and I, were euer mutuall guests,  
At eithers house, still interchanging feasts.  
I glorie in it. Aske, when thou shalt see  
*Laertes*, th' old *Heroe*, these of mee,

Another.

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

From the beginning. He, men say, no more  
 Visits the Citie; but will needs deplore  
 His sonnes beleeu'd losse, in a priuate field;  
 One old maide onely, at his hands to yeeld  
 Foode to his life, as oft as labour makes  
 His old limbs faint; which though he creepes, he takes  
 Along a fruitfull plaine, set all with vines,  
 Which, husbandman-like (though a King) he proines.  
 But now I come to be thy fathers guest;  
 I heare he wanders, while these wooers feast.  
 And (as th' Immortals prompt me at this houre)  
 Ile tell thee, out of a prophetique powre,  
 (Not as profest a Prophet, not cleare seene  
 At all times, what shall after chance to men)  
 What I conceiue, for this time, will be :  
 The Gods inflictions keepe your Sire from you.  
 Diuine *Vlysses*, yet, abides not dead  
 Aboue earth, nor beneath; nor buried  
 In any seas, (as you did late conceiue)  
 But, with the broad sea sieg'd, is kept aliue  
 Within an Ile, by rude and vp-land men,  
 That in his spite, his passage home detaine.  
 Yet long it shall not be, before he tred  
 His countries deare earth; though solicited.  
 And held from his returne, with iron chaines.  
 For he hath wit to forge a world of traines,  
 And will, of all, be sure to make good one,  
 For his returne, so much relide vpon.  
 But tell me, and be : Art thou indeed  
 So much a sonne, as to be said the seed  
 Of *Ithacus* himselfe? Exceeding much  
 Thy forehead and faire eyes, at his forme touch:  
 For oftentimes we met, as you and I  
 Meete at this houre; before he did apply  
 His powres for *Troy*. When other Grecian States,  
 In hollow ships were his associates.  
 But since that time, mine eyes could neuer see  
 Renowmd *Vlysses*; nor met his with me.  
 The wise *Telemachus* againe replide:  
 You shall withall I know, be satisfide.  
 My mother, certaine, sayes I am his sonne:  
 I know not; nor was euer simply knowne  
 By any child, the sure truth of his Sire.  
 But would my veines had tooke in liuing fire  
 From some man happie, rather then one wise,  
 Whom age might see seizd, of what youth made prise.  
 But he, whoeuer of the mortall race  
 Is most vnblest, he holds my fathers place.  
 This, since you aske, I answer. She, againe:      The Gods sure did not make the future straine  
 Both of thy race and dayes, obscure to thee,  
 Since thou wert borne so of *Penelope*.

Another.

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The stile may by thy after acts be wonne,  
Of so great Sire, the high vndoubted sonne.  
Say truth in this then: what's this feasting here?  
What all this rout? Is all this nuptiall cheare?  
Or else some friendly banquet made by thee?  
For here no shots are, where all sharers be.  
Past measure contumeliously, this crew  
Fare through thy house; which should th' ingenuous view  
Of any good or wise man come and find,  
(Impietie seeing playd in euery kind)  
He could not but through euery veine be mou'd.  
Againe *Telemachus*: My guest much lou'd,  
Since you demand and sift these sights so farre;  
I grant twere fit, a house so regular,  
Rich, and so faultlesse, once in gouernment,  
Should still at all parts, the same forme present,  
That gaue it glorie, while her Lord was here.  
But now the Gods, that vs displeasure beare,  
Haue otherwise appointed; and disgrace  
My father most, of all the mortall race.  
For whom I could not mourne so, were he dead,  
Amongst his fellow Captaines slaughtered  
By common enemie; or in the hands  
Of his kind friends, had ended his commands;  
After he had egregiously bestow'd  
His powre and order in a warre so vow'd;  
And to his tombe, all Greekes their grace had done;  
That to all ages he might leaue his sonne  
Immortall honor: but now *Harpies* haue  
Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred graue.  
Obscure, inglorious, Death hath made his end;  
And me (for glories) to all griefes contend.  
Nor shall I any more mourne him alone;  
The Gods haue giuen me other cause of mone.  
For looke how many Optimates remaine  
In *Samos*, or the shoares *Dulichian*,  
Shadie *Zacynthus*; or how many beare  
Rule in the rough browes of this Iland here;  
So many now, my mother and this house,  
At all parts make defam'd and ruinous.  
And she, her hatefull nuptials, nor denies,  
Nor will dispatch their importunities:  
Though she beholds them spoile still, as they feast,  
All my free house yeelds: and the little rest  
Of my dead Sire in me, perhaps intend  
To bring, ere long, to some vntimely end.  
This *Pallas* sigh'd, and answerd: O (said she)  
Absent *Vlysses* is much mist by thee:  
That on these shamelesse suiters he might lay  
His wreakfull hands. Should he now come, and stay  
In thy Courts first gates, armd with helme and shield,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And two such darts as I haue seene him wield,  
 When first I saw him in our *Taphian* Court,  
 Feasting, and doing his deserts disport;  
 When from *Ephyrus* he returnd by vs  
 From *Ilius*, sonne to *Centaure Mermerus*;  
 To whom he traueled through the watrie dreads,  
 For bane to poison his sharpe arrowes heads,  
 That death, but toucht, causde; which he would not giue,  
 Because he fear'd, the Gods that euer liue,  
 Would plague such death with death; and yet their feare  
 Was to my fathers bosome not so deare  
 As was thy fathers loue; (for what he sought,  
 My louing father found him, to a thought.)  
 If such as then, *Vlysses* might but meete  
 With these proud wooers; all were at his feete  
 But instant dead men; and their nuptials  
 Would proue as bitter as their dying galls.  
 But these things in the Gods knees are reposde,  
 If his returne shall see with wreake inclosde,  
 These in his house, or he returne no more.  
 And therefore I aduise thee to explore  
 All waies thy selfe, to set these wooers gone;  
 To which end giue me fit attention;  
 To morrow into solemne councell call  
 The Greeke *Heroes*; and declare to all  
 (The Gods being witnessse) what thy pleasure is:  
 Command to townes of their natiuities,  
 These frontlesse wooers. If thy mothers mind,  
 Stands to her second nuptials, so encline;  
 Returne she to her royall fathers towers,  
 Where th' one of these may wed her, and her dowers  
 Make rich, and such as may consort with grace,  
 So deare a daughter, of so great a race.  
 And thee I warne as well, (if thou as well  
 Wilt heare and follow) take thy best built saile,  
 With twentie owers mann'd, and haste t'enquire  
 Where the abode is of thy absent Sire;  
 If any can informe thee, or thine eare  
 From *Ioue* the fame of his retreat may heare;  
 (For chiefly *Ioue* giues all that honours men).      To *Pylos* first be thy addression then  
 To god-like *Nestor*. Thence, to *Sparta*, haste  
 To gold-lockt *Menelaus*, who was last  
 Of all the brasse-armd Greekes that saild from *Troy*.  
 And trie from both these, if thou canst enioy  
 Newes of thy Sires returnd life, any where,  
 Though sad thou sufferst in his search, a yeare.  
 If of his death thou hear'st, returne thou home;  
 And to his memorie erect a tombe:  
 Performing parent-rites, of feast and game,  
 Pompous, and such as best may fit his fame:  
 And then thy mother a fit husband giue.

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

These past, consider how thou maist depriue  
Of worthlesse life, these wooers in thy house;  
By open force, or proiects enginous.  
Things childish fit not thee; th' art so no more:  
Hast thou not heard, how all men did adore  
Diuine *Orestes*, after he had slaine  
*Ægisthus*, murthering by a trecherous traine  
His famous father? Be then (my most lou'd)  
Valiant and manly; euery way approu'd  
As great as he. I see thy person fit,  
Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit;  
All giuen thee, so to vse and manage here,  
That euen past death they may their memories beare.  
In meane time Ile descend to ship and men,  
That much expect me. Be obseruant then  
Of my aduice, and carefull to maintaine  
In equall acts thy royall fathers raigne.  
*Telemachus* replide: You ope (faire Guest)  
A friends heart, in your speech; as well exprest,  
As might a father serue t'informe his sonne:  
All which, sure place haue in my memorie wonne.  
Abide yet, though your voyage calls away;  
That hauing bath'd; and dignifide your stay  
With some more honour; you may yet beside,  
Delight your mind, by being gratifide  
With some rich Present, taken in your way;  
That, as a Iewell, your respect may lay  
Vp in your treasure; bestowd by me,  
As free friends vse to guests of such degree.  
Detaine me not (said she) so much inclinde  
To haste my voyage. What thy loued minde  
Commands to giue; at my returne this way,  
Bestow on me; that I directly may  
Conuey it home; which (more of price to mee)  
The more it askes my recompence to thee.  
This said, away gray-eyd *Minerua* flew,  
Like to a mounting Larke; and did endue  
His mind with strength and boldnesse; and much more  
Made him, his father long for, then before.  
And weighing better who his guest might be,  
He stood amaz'd, and thought a Deitie  
Was there descended: to whose will he fram'd  
His powres at all parts; and went, so inflam'd  
Amongst the wooers; who were silent set,  
To heare a Poet sing the sad retreat  
The Greekes performd from *Troy*: which was from thence  
Proclaimd by *Pallas*, paine of her offence.  
When which diuine song, was perceiu'd to beare  
That mournfull subiect, by the listning eare  
Of wise *Penelope* (*Icarius* seed,  
Who from an vpper roome had giu'n it heed)

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Downe she descended by a winding staire;  
Not solely; but the State, in her repaire,  
Two Maides of Honour made. And when this Queene  
Of women, stoopt so low, she might be seene  
By all her woers. In the doore, aloofe  
(Entring the Hall, grac'd with a goodly rooffe)  
She stood, in shade of gracefull vailes implide  
About her beauties: on her either side,  
Her honor'd women. When, (to teares mou'd) thus  
She chid the sacred Singer: *Phemius*,  
You know a number more of these great deeds,  
Of Gods and men (that are the sacred seeds  
And proper subiects of a Poets song,  
And those due pleasures that to men belong)  
Besides these facts that furnish *Trois* retreat,  
Sing one of those to these, that round your seate  
They may with silence sit, and taste their wine:  
But cease this song, that through these eares of mine,  
Conuey deseru'd occasion to my heart  
Of endlesse sorrowes; of which, the desert  
In me, vnmeasur'd is, past all these men;  
So endlesse is the memorie I retaine;  
And so desertfull is that memorie  
Of such a man, as hath a dignitie  
So broad, it spreads it selfe through all the pride  
Of *Greece*, and *Argos*. To the Queene, replide  
Inspir'd *Telemachus*: Why thus enuies  
My mother, him that fits societies  
With so much harmonie, to let him please  
His owne mind, in his will to honor these?  
For these ingenuous, and first sort of men,  
That do immediatly from *Ioue* retaine  
Their singing raptures; are by *Ioue* as well  
Inspir'd with choice, of what their songs impell.  
*Ioues* will is free in it; and therefore theirs;  
Nor is this man to blame, that the repaires  
The Greekes make homeward, sings: for his fresh Muse,  
Men still most celebrate, that sings most newes.  
And therefore in his note, your eares employ:  
For, not *Vlysses* onely lost in *Troy*  
The day of his returne; but numbers more,  
The deadly ruines of his fortunes bore.  
Go you then, In; and take your worke in hand;  
Your web, and distaffe, and your maids command  
To plie their fit worke. Words, to men are due,  
And those reprouing counsels you pursue;  
And most, to me, of all men; since I beare  
The rule of all things, that are manag'd here.  
She went amazd away; and in her heart,  
Laid vp the wisdome *Pallas* did impart  
To her lou'd sonne so lately; turnd againe



## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Vp to her chamber; and no more would raigne  
 In manly counsels. To her women, she  
 Applied her sway; and to the wooers, he  
 Began new orders; other spirits bewraid  
 Then those, in spite of which, the wooers swaid.  
 And (whiles his mothers teares, still washt her eies,  
 Till gray *Minerua* did those teares surprise  
 With timely sleepe; and that her woo'rs did rouse  
 Rude *Tumult* vp, through all the shadie house,  
 Disposde to sleepe because their widow was)  
*Telemachus*, this new-giuen spirit did passe  
 On their old insolence: Ho! you that are  
 My mothers wooers! much too high ye beare  
 Your petulant spirits: sit; and while ye may  
 Enioy me in your banquets: see ye lay  
 These loud notes downe; nor do this man the wrong,  
 (Because my mother hath dislikt his song)  
 To grace her interruption: tis a thing  
 Honest, and honourd too, to heare one sing  
 Numbers so like the Gods in elegance,  
 As this man flowes in. By the mornes first light,  
 Ile call ye all before me, in a Court,  
 That I may cleerly banish your resort  
 With all your rudenesse, from these roofes of mine.  
 Away; and elsewhere in your feasts combine:  
 Consume your owne goods, and make mutuall feast  
 At eithers house. Or if ye still hold best,  
 And for your humors more suffised fill,  
 To feed, to spoile (because vnpunisht still)  
 On other findings: spoile; but here I call  
 Th' eternall Gods to witsnesse, if it fall  
 In my wisht reach once, to be dealing wreakes,  
 (By *Ioues* high bountie) these your present checks,  
 To what I giue in charge, shall adde more reines  
 To my reuenge hereafter; and the paines  
 Ye then must suffer, shall passe all your pride,  
 Euer to see redrest, or qualifide.  
 At this, all bit their lips; and did admire  
 His words sent from him, with such phrase, and fire:  
 Which so much mou'd them; that *Antinous*  
 (*Eupytheus* sonne) cried out: *Telemachus!*  
 The Gods, I thinke, haue rapt thee to this height  
 Of elocution; and this great conceit  
 Of selfe-abilitie. We all may pray,  
 That *Ioue* inuest not in this kingdomes sway,  
 Thy forward forces; which I see put forth  
 A hote ambition in thee, for thy birth.  
 Be not offended, (he replide) if I  
 Shall say, I would assume this emperie,  
 If *Ioue* gaue leaue. You are not he that sings,  
*The rule of kingdomes is the worst of things.*

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Nor is it ill, at all, to sway a throne:  
 A man may quickly gaine possession  
 Of mightie riches; make a wondrous prise  
 Set of his vertues; but the dignities  
 That decke a King, there are enough beside  
 In this circumfluous Ile, that want no pride  
 To thinke them worthy of; as yong as I,  
 And old as you are. An ascent so hie,  
 My thoughts affect not: dead is he that held  
 Desert of vertue to haue so exceld.  
 But of these turrets, I will take on me  
 To be the absolute King; and reigne as free  
 As did my father, ouer all, his hand  
 Left here, in this house, slaues to my command.  
*Eurymachus*, the sonne of *Polybus*,  
 To this, made this reply: *Telemachus!*  
 The Girlond of this kingdome, let the knees  
 Of deitie runne for: but the faculties,  
 This house is seasd of, and the turrets here,  
 Thou shalt be Lord of; nor shall any beare  
 The least part of, of all thou doest possesse,  
 As long as this land is no wildernesse,  
 Nor rul'd by out-lawes). But giue these their passe,  
 And tell me (best of Princes) who he was  
 That guested here so late? from whence? and what  
 In any region bosted he his state?  
 His race? his countrie? Brought he any newes  
 Of thy returning Father? Or for dues  
 Of moneys to him, made he fit repaire?  
 How sodainly he rusht into the aire?  
 Nor would sustaine to stay, and make him knowne?  
 His Port shewd no debauchd companion.  
 He answerd: The returne of my lou'd Sire,  
 Is past all hope; and should rude Fame inspire  
 From any place, a flattrng messenger,  
 With newes of his suruiual; he should beare  
 No least beliefe off, from my desperate loue.  
 Which if a sacred Prophet should approue,  
 (Calld by my mother for her cares vnrest)  
 It should not moue me. For my late faire guest,  
 He was of old my Fathers: touching here  
 From Sea-girt *Taphos*; and for name doth beare  
*Mentas*; the sonne of wise *Anchialus*;  
 And gouernes all the *Taphians*, studious  
 Of Nauigation. This he said: but knew  
 It was a Goddess. These againe withdrew  
 To dances, and attraction of the song.  
 And while their pleasures did the time prolong,  
 The sable Euen descended; and did steepe  
 The lids of all men in desire of sleepe.  
*Telemachus*, into a roome built hie,

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Of his illustrious Court; and to the eie  
Of circular prospect; to his bed ascended;  
And in his mind, much weightie thought contended.  
Before him, *Euryclæa* (that well knew  
All the obseruance of a handmaids due,  
Daughter to *Opis Pysenorides*)  
Bore two bright torches. Who did so much please  
*Laërtes* in her prime; that for the price  
Of twentie Oxen, he made merchandize  
Of her rare beauties; and Loues equall flame  
To her he felt, as to his nuptiall Dame.  
Yet neuer durst he mixe with her in bed;  
So much the anger of his wife he fled.  
She, now growne old, to yong *Telemachus*  
Two torches bore; and was obsequious,  
Past all his other maids; and did apply  
Her seruice to him, from his infancie.  
His wel-built chamber, reacht; she op't the dore;  
He, on his bed sat. The soft weeds he wore,  
Put off; and to the diligent old maid  
Gaued all; who fitly all in thicke folds laid,  
And hung them on a beame-pin neare the bed;  
That round about was rich embroidered.  
Then made she haste forth from him; and did bring  
The doore together with a siluer ring;  
And by a string, a barre to it did pull.  
He, laid, and couerd well with curled wooll,  
Wouen in silke quilts: all night emplotid his minde  
About the taske that *Pallas* had design'd. Finis libri primi Hom. Odys.

## THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*Telemachus to Court doth call:  
The wooers; and commands them all  
To leaue his house: and, taking then  
From wise Minerua, ship and men;  
And all things fit for him beside,  
That Euryclæa could prouide  
For sea-rites, till he found his Sire;  
He hoists saile, when heauen stoopes his fire.*

### Another.

*The old Maids store  
The voyage cheres;  
The ship leaues shore,*

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

*Minerua steres.* Now when with rosie fingers, th' early borne,  
 And, throwne through all the aire, appear'd the morne;  
*Vlysses* lou'd sonne from his bed appeard;  
 His weeds put on; and did about him gird  
 His sword, that thwart his shoulders hung; and tied  
 To his faire feete, faire shooes; and all parts plied  
 For speedie readinesse; who when he trod  
 The open earth, to men, shewd like a God.  
 The Heralds then, he strait charg'd to consort  
 The curld-head Greekes, with lowd calls to a Court.  
 They summon'd; th' other came, in vtmost haste;  
 Who, all assembl'd, and in one heape plac't;  
 He likewise came to councell; and did beare  
 In his faire hand, his iron-headed speare:  
 Nor came alone; nor with men troopes prepar'd;  
 But two fleete dogs, made, both his traine, and Guard.  
*Pallas* supplied with her high wisdomes grace,  
 (That all mens wants supplies) *States* painted face.  
 His entring presence, all men did admire;  
 Who tooke seate in the high throne of his Sire;  
 To which the graue Peeres gaue him reuerend way.  
 Amongst whom, an *Ægyptian Heroe*,  
 (Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun  
 The speech to all. Who had a loued sonne,  
 That with diuine *Vlysses* did ascend  
 His hollow fleete to *Troy*: to serue which end,  
 He kept faire horse, and was a man at Armes;  
 And in the cruell *Cyclops* sterne alarmes,  
 His life lost by him, in his hollow caue;  
 Whose entrailes open'd his abhorred graue;  
 And made of him (of all *Vlysses* traine)  
 His latest supper, being latest slaine.  
 His name was *Antiphus*. And this old man,  
 This crooked growne; this wise *Ægyptian*,  
 Had three sonnes more; of which, one riotous,  
 A wooer was, and calld *Eurynomus*;  
 The other two, tooke both, his owne wisht course.  
 Yet, both the best fates, weighd not downe the worse;  
 But left the old man mindfull still of mone;  
 Who, weeping, thus bespake the Session:           Heare, *Ithacensians*, all I fitly say;  
 Since our diuine *Vlysses* parting day  
 Neuer was councell calld, nor session;  
 And now, by whom is this thus vndergone?  
 Whom did Necessitie so much compell,  
 Of yong or old? Hath any one heard tell  
 Of any coming armie; that he thus now  
 May openly take boldnesse to auow?  
 First hauing heard it. Or will any here  
 Some motion for the publicke good preferre?  
 Some worth of note there is in this command;  
 And, me thinks, it must be some good mans hand

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

That's put to it: that either hath direct  
 Meanes to assist; or, for his good affect,  
 Hopes to be happie in the prooffe he makes;  
 And that, *Ioue* grant, what ere he vndertakes.      *Telemachus* (reioycing much to heare  
 The good hope, and opinion men did beare  
 Of his yong actions) no longer sat;  
 But longd t'approue, what this man pointed at;  
 And make his first prooffe, in a cause so good:  
 And in the Councels chiefe place, vp he stood;  
 When strait, *Pysenor* (Herald to his Sire,  
 And learnd in counsels) felt his heart on fire,  
 To heare him speake; and put into his hand  
 The Scepter that his Father did command;  
 Then (to the old *Ægyptian* turnd) he spoke:      Father, not farre he is, that vndertooke  
 To call this councill; whom you soone shall know.  
 My selfe, whose wrongs, my griefes will make me show,  
 Am he that author'd this assembly here;  
 Nor haue I heard of any armie neare;  
 Of which, being first told, I might iterate;  
 Nor for the publicke good, can aught, relate;  
 Onely mine owne affaires all this procure,  
 That in my house a double ill endure;  
 One, hauing lost a Father so renownd,  
 Whose kind rule once, with your command was crownd:  
 The other is, what much more doth augment  
 His weightie losse, the ruine imminent  
 Of all my house by it, my goods all spent.  
 And of all this, the wooers, that are sonnes  
 To our chiefe Peeres, are the Confusions:  
 Importuning my Mothers mariage  
 Against her will; nor dares their blouds bold rage  
 Go to *Icarius*, her fathers Court,  
 That, his will askt, in kind and comely sort,  
 He may endow his daughter with a dowre;  
 And, she consenting, at his pleasures powre,  
 Dispose her to a man, that (thus behau'd)  
 May haue fit grace; and see her honor sau'd;  
 But these, in none but my house, all their liues  
 Resolue to spend; slaughtring my sheepe and beeues;  
 And with my fattest goates, lay feast on feast;  
 My generous wine, consuming as they list.  
 A world of things they spoile; here wanting one,  
 That like *Vlysses*, quickly, could set gone  
 These peace-plagues from his house, that spoile like warre.  
 Whom my powres are vnfit, to vrge so farre,  
 My selfe immartiall. But had I the powre,  
 My will should serue me, to exempt this houre  
 From out my life time. For past patience,  
 Base deeds are done here, that exceed defence  
 Of any honor. Falling is my house,  
 Which you should shame to see so ruinous.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Reuerence the censures, that all good men giue,  
 That dwell about you; and for feare to liue  
 Exposde to heauens wrath (that doth euer pay  
 Paines, for ioyes forfait) euen by *Ioue* I pray  
 Or *Themis*; both which, powres haue to restraine  
 Or gather Councils; that ye will abstaine  
 From further spoile; and let me onely waste  
 In that most wretched grieffe I haue embrac't  
 For my lost Father. And though I am free  
 From meriting your outrage; yet, if he  
 (Good man) hath euer, with a hostile heart  
 Done ill to any Greeke; on me conuert  
 Your like hostilitie; and vengeance take  
 Of his ill, on my life; and all these, make  
 Ioyne in that iustice; but to see abusde  
 Those goods that do none ill, but being ill vsde,  
 Exceeds all right. Yet better tis for me,  
 My whole possessions, and my rents to see  
 Consum'd by you; then lose my life and all;  
 For on your rapine a reuenge may fall,  
 While I liue; and so long I may complaine  
 About the Citie; till my goods againe  
 (Oft askt) may be with all amends repaid.  
 But in the meane space, your mis-rule hath laid  
 Griefes on my bosome, that can onely speake,  
 And are denied the instant powre of wreake.  
 This said; his Scepter gainst the ground he threw,  
 And teares still'd from him; which mou'd all the crew:  
 The Court strooke silent; not a man did dare  
 To giue a word, that might offend his eare.  
*Antinous* onely, in this sort replied:     High-spoken, and of spirit vnpacified;  
 How haue you sham'd vs, in this speech of yours?  
 Will you brand vs, for an offence not ours?  
 Your mother (first in craft) is first in cause.  
 Three yeares are past, and neare, the fourth now drawes,  
 Since first she mocked the Peeres *Achaian*.  
 All, she made hope, and promist euery man:  
 Sent for vs euer; left loues shew in nought;  
 But in her heart, conceald another thought.  
 Besides, (as curious in her craft) her loome  
 She with a web charg'd, hard to ouercome;  
 And thus bespake vs: Youths that seeke my bed;  
 Since my diuine Spouse rests among the dead,  
 Hold on your suites, but till I end, at most  
 This funerall weed; lest what is done, be lost.  
 Besides, I purpose, that when th' austere fate  
 Of bitter death, shall take into his state,  
*Laertes* the *Heroe*; it shall decke  
 His royall corse; since I should suffer checke  
 In ill report, of euery common dame,  
 If one so rich, should shew in death his shame.

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

This speech she vsde; and this did soone perswade  
Our gentle mindes. But this, a worke she made  
So hugely long; vndoing still in night  
(By torches) all, she did by dayes broade light;  
That three yeares her deceit, diu'd past our view;  
And made vs thinke, that all she faind, was .  
But when the fourth yeare came; and those slie houres,  
That still surprise at length, Dames craftiest powres;  
One of her women, that knew all, disclosde  
The secret to vs; that she still vnlosde  
Her whole daies faire affaire, in depth of night.  
And then, no further she could force her sleight,  
But, of necessitie, her worke gaue end.  
And thus, by me, doth euery other friend,  
Professing loue to her, reply to thee;  
That euen thy selfe, and all Greeks else may see,  
That we offend not in our stay, but shee.  
To free thy house then, send her to her Sire;  
Commanding that her choice be left entire  
To his election, and one settl'd will.  
Nor let her vexe with her illusions still,  
Her friends that woo her; standing on her wit;  
Because wise *Pallas* hath giuen wiles to it,  
So full of Art; and made her vnderstand  
All workes, in faire skill of a Ladies hand.  
But (for her working mind) we reade of none  
Of all the old world; in which *Greece* hath showne  
Her rarest peeces, that could equall her:  
*Tyro*, *Alcmena*, and *Mycena* were  
To hold comparison in no degree  
(For solide braine) with wise *Penelope*.  
And yet in her delayes of vs, she showes  
No profits skill, with all the wit she owes;  
For all this time, thy goods and victuals go  
To vtter ruine; and shall euer so  
While thus the Gods, her glorious mind dispose.  
Glorie, her selfe may gaine; but thou shalt lose  
Thy longings euen for necessary food;  
For we will neuer go, where lies our good;  
Nor any other where; till this delay  
She puts on all, she quits with th' endlesse stay  
Of some one of vs; that to all the rest  
May giue free farewell with his nuptiall feast.  
The wise yong Prince replide: *Antinous!*  
I may by no meanes turne out of my house,  
Her that hath brought me forth, and nourisht me.  
Besides: if quicke or dead my Father be  
In any region, yet abides in doubt.  
And twill go hard, (my meanes being so runne out)  
To tender to *Icarius* againe  
(If he againe, my mother must maintaine

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

In her retreat) the dowre she brought with her.  
 And then, a double ill it will conferre,  
 Both from my Father, and from God, on me;  
 When (thrust out of her house) on her bent knee,  
 My Mother shall the horrid Furies raise  
 With imprecations: and all men dispraise  
 My part in her exposure. Neuer then  
 Will I performe this counsell. If your splene  
 Swell at my courses; once more I command  
 Your absence from my house. Some others hand  
 Charge with your banquets. On your owne goods eate;  
 And either other mutually intreate,  
 At either of your houses, with your feast.  
 But if ye still esteeme more sweete and best,  
 Anothers spoile; so you still wreaklesse liue:  
 Gnaw (vermine-like) things sacred: no lawes giue  
 To your deuouring; it remains that I  
 Inuoke each euer-liuing Deitie;  
 And vow if *Ioue* shall daigne in any date,  
 Powre of like paines, for pleasures so past rate;  
 From thenceforth looke, where ye haue reueld so,  
 Vnwreakt, your ruines, all shall vndergo.  
 Thus spake *Telemachus*, t'assure whose threat,  
 Farre-seeing *Ioue*, vpon their pinions set  
 Two Eagles from the high browes of a hill;  
 That, mounted on the winds, together still  
 Their strokes extended. But arriuing now  
 Amidst the Councill; ouer euery brow,  
 Shooke their thicke wings; and (threatning deaths cold feares)  
 Their neckes and cheekes tore with their eager Seres.  
 Then, on the Courts right-hand away they flew,  
 Aboue both Court and Citie: with whose view  
 And studie what euent they might foretell,  
 The Councill into admiration fell.  
 The old *Heroe*, *Halitherses* then,  
 The sonne of *Nestor*; that of all old men  
 (His Peeres in that Court) onely could foresee  
 By flight of fowles, mans fixed destinie;  
 Twixt them and their amaze, this interpose:      Heare ( *Ithacensians*) all your doubts disclosde;  
 The wooers most are toucht in this ostent,  
 To whom are dangers great and imminent.  
 For now, not long more shall *Vlysses* beare  
 Lacke of his most lou'd; but fils some place neare,  
 Addressing to these wooers, Fate and Death.  
 And many more, this mischiefe menaceth  
 Of vs inhabiting this famous Ile.  
 Let vs consult yet, in this long forewhile,  
 How to our selues we may preuent this ill.  
 Let these men rest secure, and reuell still:  
 Though they might find it safer, if with vs  
 They would in time preuent what threats them thus:



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Since not without sure triall, I foretell  
 These coming stormes; but know their issue well.  
 For to *Vlysses*, all things haue euent,  
 As I foretold him; when for *Ilion* went  
 The whole Greeke fleete together; and with them,  
 Th' abundant in all counsels, tooke the streame.  
 I told him, that when much ill he had past,  
 And all his men were lost; he should at last,  
 The twentieth yeare turne home; to all vnknowne;  
 All which effects are to perfection growne.

*Eurymachus*, the sonne of *Polybus*,  
 Opposde this mans presage, and answerd thus:  
 Thy children teach to shun their ils to come.

Hence, Great in yeares; go, prophecie at home;

In these, superiour farre to thee, am I.  
 A world of fowles beneath the Sunne-beames flie,  
 That are not fit t'enforme a prophecie.  
 Besides, *Vlysses* perisht long ago,  
 And would thy fates to thee had destin'd so;  
 Since so, thy so much prophecie had spar'd  
 Thy wronging of our rights; which for reward  
 Expected, home with thee, hath summon'd vs  
 Within the anger of *Telemachus*.  
 But this will I presage, which shall be ,  
 If any sparke of anger, chance t'ensue  
 Thy much old art, in these deepe Auguries,  
 In this yong man incensed by thy lies;  
 Euen to himselfe, his anger shall conferre  
 The greater anguish; and thine owne ends erre  
 From all their obiects: and besides, thine age  
 Shall feele a paine, to make thee curse presage,  
 With worthy cause, for it shall touch thee neare.  
 But I will soone giue end to all our feare,  
 Preuenting whatsoever chance can fall,  
 In my suite to the yong Prince, for vs all  
 To send his mother to her fathers house,  
 That he may sort her out a worthy spouse;  
 And such a dowre bestow, as may befit  
 One lou'd, to leaue her friends, and follow it.  
 Before which course be, I beleeeue that none  
 Of all the Greekes will cease th' ambition  
 Of such a match. For, chance what can to vs,  
 We, no man feare; no not *Telemachus*,  
 Though ne're so greatly spoken. Nor care we  
 For any threats of austere prophecie  
 Which thou (old dotard) vantst of so in vaine.  
 And thus shalt thou in much more hate remaine;  
 For still the Gods shall beare their ill expence;  
 Nor euer be disposde by competence,  
 Till with her nuptials, she dismisse our suites.  
 Our whole liues dayes shall sow hopes for such fruites.  
 Her vertues we contend to; nor will go

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To any other, be she neuer so  
 Worthy of vs, and all the worth we owe.  
 He answerd him: *Eurymachus!* and all  
 Ye generous wooers, now, in generall;  
 I see your braue resolves; and will no more  
 Make speech of these points; and much lesse, implore.  
 It is enough, that all the Grecians here,  
 And all the Gods besides, iust witnessse beare,  
 What friendly premonitions haue bene spent  
 On your forbearance; and their vaine euent.  
 Yet with my other friends, let loue preuaile  
 To fit me with a vessell, free of saile;  
 And twentie men; that may diuide to me  
 My readie passage through the yeelding sea.  
 For *Sparta*, and *Amathoon Pylos* shore  
 I now am bound; in purpose to explore  
 My long lackt Father; and to trie if Fame  
 (Or *Ioue*, most author of mans honourd name)  
 With his returne and life, may glad mine eare;  
 Though toild in that prooffe, I sustaine a yeare.  
 If dead, I heare him, nor of more state; here  
 (Retir'd to my lou'd countrie) I will rere  
 A Sepulcher to him, and celebrate  
 Such royall parent-rites, as fits his state.  
 And then, my mother to a Spouse dispose.  
 This said, he sat; and to the rest, arose  
*Mentor*, that was *Vlysses* chosen friend;  
 To whom, when he set forth, he did commend  
 His compleate family; and whom he willd  
 To see the mind of his old Sire fulfilld;  
 All things conseruing safe, till his retreat;  
 Who (tender of his charge; and seeing so set  
 In sleight care of their King, his subiects there;  
 Suffering his sonne, so much contempt to beare)  
 Thus grauely, and with zeale to him began:      No more, let any Scepter-bearing man,  
 Beneuolent, or milde, or humane be;  
 Nor in his minde, forme acts of pietie,  
 But euer feed on blood; and facts vniust  
 Commit, euen to the full swinge of his lust;  
 Since of diuine *Vlysses*, no man now  
 Of all his subiects, any thought doth show.  
 All whom, he gouernd; and became to them  
 (Rather then one that wore a diadem)  
 A most indulgent father. But (for all  
 That can touch me) within no enuie fall  
 These insolent wooers; that in violent kind,  
 Commit things foule, by th' ill wit of the mind;  
 And with the hazard of their heads, deuoure  
*Vlysses* house; since his returning houre,  
 They hold past hope. But it affects me much,  
 (Ye dull plebeians) that all this doth touch

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Your free States nothing; who (strooke dumbe) afford  
 These wooers, not so much wreake as a word;  
 Though few, and you, with onely number might  
 Extinguish to them the prophaned light.  
*Euenors* sonne (*Liocritus*) replide;  
*Mentor!* the railer, made a foole with pride;  
 What language giu'st thou? that would quiet vs,  
 With putting vs in storme? exciting thus  
 The rout against vs? who, though more then we,  
 Should find it is no easie victorie  
 To driue men, habited in feast, from feasts;  
 No not if *Ithacus* himselfe, such guests  
 Should come and find so furnishing his Court,  
 And hope to force them from so sweete a fort.  
 His wife should little ioy in his arriue,  
 Though much she want, him: for, where she, aliue  
 Would hers enjoy; there Death should claime his rights:  
 He must be conquerd, that with many fights.  
 Thou speakst vnfit things. To their labours then,  
 Disperse these people; and let these two men  
 (*Mentor* and *Halitherses*) that so boast,  
 From the beginning to haue gouern'd most  
 In friendship of the Father; to the sonne  
 Confirme the course, he now affects to runne.  
 But my mind sayes, that if he would but vse  
 A little patience; he should here heare newes  
 Of all things that his wish would vnderstand;  
 But no good hope for, of the course in hand.  
 This said; the Councill rose; when eury Peere  
 And all the people, in dispersion were  
 To houses of their owne; the wooers yet  
 Made to *Vlysses* house their old retreat.  
*Telemachus*, apart from all the prease,  
 Prepar'd to shore; and (in the aged seas,  
 His faire hands washt) did thus to *Pallas* pray:  
 Heare me (O Goddess) that but yesterday  
 Didst daigne accesse to me at home; and lay  
 Graue charge on me, to take ship, and enquire  
 Along the darke seas for mine absent Sire;  
 Which all the Greekes oppose; amongst whom, most  
 Those that are proud still at anothers cost,  
 Past measure, and the ciuill rights of men,  
 (My mothers wooers) my repulse maintaine.  
 Thus spake he praying; when close to him came  
*Pallas*, resembling *Mentor*, both in frame  
 Of voice and person; and aduisde him thus:  
 Those wooers well might know; *Telemachus*  
 Thou wilt not euer weake and childish be;  
 If to thee be instilld the facultie  
 Of mind and bodie, that thy Father grac't.  
 And if (like him) there be in thee enchac't

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Vertue to giue words works, and works their end;  
 This voyage, that to them thou didst commend  
 Shall not so quickly, as they idly weene,  
 Be vaine, or giuen vp, for their opposite spleene.  
 But if *Vlysses*, nor *Penelope*  
 Were thy parents; I then hope in thee  
 Of no more vrging thy attempt in hand;  
 For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,  
 Are like their parents; many that are worse;  
 And most few, better. Those then that the nurse,  
 Or mother call borne; yet are not so;  
 Like worthy Sires, much lesse are like to grow.  
 But thou shewst now, that in thee fades not quite  
 Thy Fathers wisdom; and that future light  
 Shall therefore shew thee farre from being vnwise,  
 Or toucht with staine of bastard cowardize.  
*Hope* therefore sayes, that thou wilt to the end  
 Pursue the braue act, thou didst erst intend.  
 But for the foolish wooers, they bewray  
 They neither counsell haue, nor soule; since they  
 Are neither wise nor iust; and so must needs  
 Rest ignorant, how blacke aboue their heads  
 Fate houers, holding Death; that one sole day  
 Will make enough to make them all away.  
 For thee; the way thou wishest, shall no more  
 Flie thee a step; I that haue bene before  
 Thy Fathers friend; thine likewise now will be;  
 Prouide thy ship my selfe, and follow thee.  
 Go thou then home, and sooth each wooers vaine;  
 But vnder hand, fit all things for the Maine;  
 Wine, in as strong and sweete casks as you can;  
 And meale, the very marrow of a man;  
 Which put in good sure lether sacks; and see  
 That with sweete foode, sweete vessels still agree.  
 I, from the people, straite will presse for you  
 Free voluntaries; and (for ships) enow  
 Sea-circl'd *Ithaca* contains, both new  
 And old built; all which, Ile exactly view,  
 And chuse what one soeuer most doth please;  
 Which riggd, wee'l strait lanch, and assay the seas.

This spake *Ioues* daughter, *Pallas*; whose voice

heard;

No more *Telemachus* her charge deferd;  
 But hasted home; and, sad at heart, did see  
 Amidst his Hall, th' insulting wooers flea  
 Goates, and rost swine. Mongst whom, *Antinous*  
*Carelesse*, (discouering in *Telemachus*  
 His grudge to see them) laught; met; tooke his hand,  
 And said; High spoken! with the mind so mannd;  
 Come, do as we do; put not vp your spirits  
 With these low trifles; nor our louing merits,  
 In gall of any hatefull purpose, sleepe;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

But eate egregiously, and drinke as deepe.  
 The things thou thinkst on, all, at full shall be  
 By th' *Achiues* thought on, and performd to thee:  
 Ship, and choise Oares, that in a trice will land  
 Thy hastie Fleete, on heau'nly *Pylos* sand;  
 And at the fame of thy illustrious Sire.  
 He answerd: Men whom Pride doth so inspire,  
 Are no fit consorts for an humble guest;  
 Nor are constraind men, merrie at their feast.  
 Is't not enough, that all this time ye haue  
 Op't in your entrailles, my chiefe goods a graue?  
 And while I was a child, made me partake?  
 My now more growth, more grown my mind doth make:  
 And (hearing speake, more iudging men then you)  
 Perceiue how much I was misgouernd now.  
 I now will trie, if I can bring ye home  
 An ill Fate to consort you; if it come  
 From *Pylos*, or amongst the people, here.  
 But thither I resolue; and know that there  
 I shall not touch in vaine. Nor will I stay,  
 Though in a merchants ship I stere my way:  
 Which shewes in your sights best; since me ye know  
 Incapable of ship, or men to row.  
 This said; his hand he coily snatcht away  
 From forth *Antinous* hand. The rest, the day  
 Spent through the house with banquets; some with iests,  
 And some with railings, dignifying their feasts.  
 To whom, a iest-proud youth, the wit began:     *Telemachus* will kill vs euery man.  
 From *Sparta*, or the very *Pylian* sand,  
 He will raise aides to his impetuous hand.  
 O he affects it strangely! Or he meanes  
 To search *Ephyras* fat shores; and from thence  
 Bring deathfull poisons; which amongst our bow'ls  
 Will make a generall shipwracke of our soules.  
 Another said: Alas who knowes, but he  
 Once gone; and erring like his Sire at sea,  
 May perish like him, farre from aide of friends?  
 And so he makes vs worke; for all the ends  
 Left of his goods here, we shall share; the house  
 Left to his mother, and her chosen Spouse.  
 Thus they. While he a roome ascended, hie  
 And large, built by his Father; where did lie  
 Gold and brasse heapt vp; and in coffers were  
 Rich robes; great store of odorous oiles; and there  
 Stood Tuns of sweete old wines, along the wall;  
 Neate and diuine drinke, kept to cheare withall  
*Vlysses* old heart, if he turnd againe  
 From labors fatall to him to sustaine.  
 The doores of Planke were; their close exquisite,  
 Kept with a double key; and day and night  
 A woman lockt within; and that was she,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Who all trust had for her sufficiencie.  
 Old *Euryclea*, (one of *Opis* race,  
 Sonne to *Pisenor*, and in passing grace  
 With gray *Minerua*;) her, the Prince did call;  
 And said, Nurse! draw me the most sweete of all  
 The wine thou keepst; next that, which for my Sire,  
 Thy care reserues, in hope he shall retire.  
 Twelue vessels fill me forth, and stop them well.  
 Then into well-sewd sacks, of fine ground meale,  
 Powre twentie measures. Not to any one  
 But thou thy selfe, let this designe be knowne.  
 All this see got together; I, it all  
 In night will fetch off, when my mother shall  
 Ascend her high roome, and for sleepe prepare.  
*Sparta* and *Pylos*, I must see, in care  
 To find my Father. Out *Euryclea* cried,  
 And askt with teares: Why is your mind applied  
 (Deare sonne) to this course? whither will you go?  
 So farre off leaue vs? and beloued so?  
 So onely? and the sole hope of your race?  
 Royall *Vlysses*, farre from the embrace  
 Of his kind cuntrye; in a land vnknowne  
 Is dead; and you (from your lou'd cuntrye gone)  
 The wooers will with some deceit assay  
 To your destruction; making then their prey  
 Of all your goods. Where, in your owne y'are strong,  
 Make sure abode. It fits not you so yong,  
 To suffer so much by the aged seas,  
 And erre in such a waylesse wilderness.  
 Be chear'd (lou'd nurse, said he) for not without  
 The will of God, go my attempts about.  
 Swear therefore, not to wound my mothers eares  
 With word of this; before from heauen appears  
 Th' eleuenth or twelfth light; or her selfe shall please  
 To aske of me; or heares me put to seas;  
 Lest her faire bodie, with her woe be wore.  
 To this, the great oath of the Gods, she swore;  
 Which, hauing sworne; and of it, euery due  
 Performd to full: to vessels, wine she drew;  
 And into well sewd sacks powr'd foodie meale;  
 In meane time he (with cunning to conceale  
 All thought of this from others) himselfe bore  
 In broade house, with the wooers, as before.  
 Then grey-eyed *Pallas*, other thoughts did owne;  
 And (like *Telemachus*) trod through the Towne;  
 Commanding all his men, in th' euen to be  
 Aboord his ship. Againe then question'd she  
*Normon* (fam'd for aged *Phronius* sonne)  
 About his ship; who, all things to be done,  
 Assur'd her freely should. The Sunne then set,  
 And sable shadowes slid through euery streete,

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

When forth they lancht; and soone aboard did bring  
All Armes, and choice of euery needfull thing,  
That fits a well-riggd ship. The Goddesses then  
Stood in the Ports extreame part; where, her men  
(Nobly appointed) thicke about her came,  
Whose euery breast, she did with spirit enflame.  
Yet still fresh proiects, laid the grey-eyd Dame.  
Strait, to the house she hasted; and sweete sleepe  
Powr'd on each wooer; which so laid in steepe  
Their drowsie temples, that each brow did nod,  
As all were drinking; and each hand his lode  
(The cup) let fall. All start vp, and to bed;  
Nor more would watch, when sleepe so surfeted  
Their leaden ey-lids. Then did *Pallas* call  
*Telemachus*, (in bodie, voice, and all  
Resembling *Mentor*) from his natiue nest:  
And said, that all his arm'd men were address  
To vse their Oares; and all expected now  
He should the spirit of a souldier show.  
Come then (said she) no more let vs deferre  
Our honor'd action. Then she tooke on her  
A rausht spirit, and led as she did leape;  
And he her most haste, tooke out, step by step.  
Arriu'd at sea, and ship; they found ashore  
The souldiers, that their fashiond long haire wore;  
To whom, the Prince said: Come, my friends; let's bring  
Our voyages prouision: euery thing  
Is heapt together in our Court; and none  
(No not my mother, nor her maids) but one  
Knowes our intention. This exprest; he led;  
The souldiers close together followed;  
And all together brought aboard their store.  
Aboard the Prince went; *Pallas* still before  
Sat at the Sterne: he close to her; the men  
Vp, hasted after. He, and *Pallas* then,  
Put from the shore. His souldiers then he bad  
See all their Armes fit; which they heard; and had.  
A beechen Mast then, in the hollow base  
They put, and hoisted; fixt it in his place  
With cables; and with well-wreath'd halfers hoise  
Their white sailes; which gray *Pallas* now employes  
With full and fore-gales, through the darke deep maine.  
The purple waues (so swift cut) roar'd againe  
Against the ship sides, that now ranne, and plowd  
The rugged seas vp. Then the men bestowd  
Their Armes about the ship; and sacrifice  
With crownd wine cups, to th' endlesse Deities,  
They offerd vp. Of all yet thron'd aboue,  
They most obseru'd the grey-eyd seed of *Ioue*:  
Who from the euening, till the morning rose,  
And all day long, their voyage did dispose. Finis libri secundi Hom. Odys.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

The Argvment.

*Telemachus, and heau'ns wise Dame,  
That neuer husband had, now came  
To Nestor; who, his either guest  
Receiu'd at the religious feast  
He made to Neptune, on his shore.  
And there told, what was done before  
The Troian turrets; and the state  
Of all the Greekes, since Ilions fate.  
This booke, these three of greatest place,  
Doth serue with many a varied grace.  
(Which past); Minerua takes her leaue.  
Whose state, when Nestor doth perceiue;  
With sacrifice he makes it knowne,  
Where many a pleasing rite is showne.  
Which done, Telemachus had gaind  
A chariot of him; who ordaind  
Pisistratus, his sonne, his guide  
To Sparta; and when starrie eyd  
The ample heau'n began to be;  
All house-rites to affoord them free  
(In Pheris) Diocles did please;  
His sirname Ortisochides.*

Another.

*Vlysses sonne  
With Nestor lies;  
To Sparta gone,  
Thence Pallas flies.        The Sunne now left the great and goodly Lake,  
And to the firme heau'n, bright ascent did make,  
To shine as well vpon the mortall birth,  
Inhabiting the plowd life-giuing earth,  
As on the euer tredders vpon Death.  
And now to *Pylos*, that so garnisheth  
Her selfe with buildings; old *Neleus* towne,  
The Prince and Goddesse come; had strange sights showne;  
For on the Marine shore, the people there  
To *Neptune*, that the Azure lockes doth weare;  
Beeues that were wholly blacke, gaue holy flame.  
Nine seates of State they made to his high name;  
And euery Seate set with fiue hundred men;  
And each fiue hundred, was to furnish then  
With nine blacke Oxen, euery sacred Seate.  
These, of the entrailes onely, pleasd to eate;*



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And to the God enflam'd the fleshie thies.  
 By this time *Pallas*, with the sparkling eies,  
 And he she led, within the hauen bore:  
 Strooke saile, cast anchor, and trod both the shore.  
 She first; he after. Then said *Pallas*: Now  
 No more befits thee the least bashfull brow;  
 T'embolden which, this act is put on thee  
 To seeke thy Father, both at shore, and sea:  
 And learne in what Clime, he abides so close;  
 Or in the powre of what Fate doth repose.  
 Come then; go right to *Nestor*; let vs see,  
 If in his bosome any counsell be,  
 That may informe vs. Pray him not to trace  
 The common courtship; and to speake in grace  
 Of the Demander; but to tell the truth:  
 Which will delight him; and commend thy youth  
 For such preuention; for he loues no lies;  
 Nor will report them, being truly wise.  
 He answerd: *Mentor*! how alas shall I  
 Present my selfe? how greeete his grauitie?  
 My youth by no meanes that ripe forme affords,  
 That can digest my minds instinct, in words  
 Wise, and beseeming th' eares of one so sage.  
 Youth of most hope, blush to vse words with Age.  
 And something God will prompt thy towardnesse.  
 For I suppose, thy birth and breeding too,  
 Were not in spite of what the Gods could do.  
 This said, she swiftly went before, and he  
 Her steps made guides, and followd instantly.  
 When soone they reacht the *Pylia*n throngs and seates,  
 Where *Nestor* with his sonnes sate; and the meates  
 That for the feast seru'd; round about them were  
 Adherents dressing all their sacred cheare,  
 Being rost and boyld meates. When the *Pylia*ns saw  
 These strangers come: in thrust did all men draw  
 About their entrie. Tooke their hands, and praid  
 They both would sit. Their entrie first assaid  
 By *Nestors* sonne, *Pisistratus*. In grace  
 Of whose repaire, he gaue them honor'd place  
 Betwixt his Sire, and brother *Thrasimed*,  
 Who sate at feast, on soft Fels that were spred  
 Along the sea sands. Keru'd, and reacht to them  
 Parts of the inwards; and did make a streame  
 Of spritely wine, into a golden boule;  
 Which to *Minerua*, with a gentle soule  
 He gaue, and thus spake: Ere you eate, faire guest,  
 Inuoke the Seas King; of whose sacred feast,  
 Your trauell hither, makes ye partners now:  
 When (sacrificing, as becomes) bestow  
 This boule of sweete wine on your friend, that he  
 May likewise vse these rites of pietie:

She said: Thy mind will some conceit impresse,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

For suppose, his youth doth prayers vse,  
 Since all men need the Gods. But you I chuse  
 First in this cups disposure; since his yeares  
 Seeme short of yours; who more like me appeares.

Thus gaue he her the cup of pleasant wine;  
 And since a wise and iust man did designe  
 The golden boule first to her free receit;  
 Euen to the Goddesses it did adde delight.  
 Who thus inuokt: *Heare thou whose vast embrace  
 Ensppheres the whole earth; nor disdain thy grace  
 To vs that aske it, in performing this:  
 To Nestor first, and these faire sonnes of his,  
 Vouchsafe all honor: and next them, bestow  
 On all these Pylians, that haue offerd now  
 This most renowned Hecatomb to thee,  
 Remuneration fit for them, and free;  
 And lastly daigne Telemachus, and me,  
 (The worke performd, for whose effect we came)  
 Our safe returne, both with our ship and fame.*  
 Thus praid she; and her selfe, her selfe obaid;  
 In th' end performing all for which she praid.  
 And now to pray, and do as she had done;  
 She gaue the faire round boule t'*Vlysses* sonne.

The meate then drest, and drawne, and seru'd t'each  
 guest;

They celebrated a most sumptuous feast.  
 When (appetite to wine and food allaid)  
 Horse-taming *Nestor* then began, and said:      Now lifes desire is seru'd, as farre as fare;  
 Time fits me to enquire, what guests these are.  
 Faire guests, what are ye? and for what Coast tries  
 Your ship the moist deepes? For fit merchandize,  
 Or rudely coast ye, like our men of prize?  
 The rough seas tempting; desperatly erring  
 The ill of others, in their good conferring?      The wise Prince, now his boldnesse did begin;  
 For *Pallas* selfe had hardned him within;  
 By this deuce of trauell to explore  
 His absent Father; which two Girlonds wore;  
 His good, by manage of his spirits; and then  
 To gaine him high grace, in th' accounts of men.  
 O *Nestor!* still in whom *Neleus* liues!  
 And all the glorie of the Greeks suruiues;  
 You aske, from whence we are; and I relate:  
 From *Ithaca* (whose seate is situate  
 Where *Neius* the renowned Mountaine reares  
 His haughtie forehead; and the honor beares  
 To be our Sea-marke) we assaid the waues;  
 The businesse I must tell; our owne good craues,  
 And not the publicke. I am come t'enquire,  
 If in the fame that best men doth inspire,  
 Of my most-suffering Father, I may heare  
 Some truth of his estate now; who did beare  
 The name (being ioynd in fight with you alone)

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To euen with earth the height of *Ilion*.  
 Of all men else, that any name did beare,  
 And fought for *Troy*, the seuerall ends we heare;  
 But his death, *Ioue* keepes from the world vnknowne;  
 The certaine fame thereof, being told by none.  
 If on the Continent, by enemies slaine;  
 Or with the waues eat, of the rauinous Maine.  
 For his loue tis, that to your knees I sue;  
 That you would please, out of your owne cleare view,  
 T'assure his sad end; or say, if your eare  
 Hath heard of the vnhappie wanderer,  
 To too much sorrow, whom his mother bore.  
 You then, by all your bounties I implore,  
 (If euer to you, deed or word hath stood,  
 By my good Father promist, renderd good  
 Amongst the Troians; where ye both haue tried  
 The Grecian sufferance) that, in nought applied  
 To my respect or pitie, you will glose,  
 But vnclthd Truth, to my desires disclose.  
 O my much lou'd, (said he) since you renew  
 Remembrance of the miseries that grew  
 Vpon our still-in-strength-opposing *Greece*,  
 Amongst *Troys* people; I must touch a peece  
 Of all our woes there; either in the men  
*Achilles* brought by sea, and led to gaine  
 About the Country; or in vs that fought  
 About the Citie, where to death were brought  
 All our chiefe men, as many as were there.  
 There *Mars*-like *Ajax* lies; *Achilles* there;  
 There the-in-counsell-like-the-Gods; his friend;  
 There my deare sonne *Antilochus* tooke end;  
 Past measure swift of foote, and staid in fight.  
 A number more, that ils felt infinite:  
 Of which to reckon all, what mortall man  
 (If fiue or sixe yeares you should stay here) can  
 Serue such enquirie? You would backe againe,  
 Affected with vnsufferable paine,  
 Before you heard it. Nine yeares siegd we them,  
 With all the depth and sleight of stratagem  
 That could be thought. Ill knit to ill, past end:  
 Yet still they toild vs: nor would yet *Ioue* send  
 Rest to our labors: nor will scarcely yet.  
 But no man liu'd, that would in publicke set  
 His wisdom, by *Vlysses* policie,  
 (As thought his equall) so excessiue  
 He stood superiour all wayes. If you be  
 His sonne indeed; mine eyes euen rauish me  
 To admiration. And in all consent,  
 Your speech puts on his speeches ornament.  
 Nor would one say, that one so yong could vse  
 (Vnlesse his sonne) a Rhetorique so profuse.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And while we liu'd together; he and I  
 Neuer in speech maintaind diuersitie:  
 Nor set in counsell: but (by one soule led)  
 With spirit and prudent counsell furnished  
 The Greeks at all houres: that with fairest course,  
 What best became them, they might put in force.  
 But when *Troys* high Towres, we had leueld thus;  
 We put to sea; and God diuided vs.  
 And then did *Ioue*, our sad retreat deuise;  
 For all the Greeks were neither iust nor wise;  
 And therefore many felt so sharpe a fate;  
 Sent from *Mineruas* most pernicious hate;  
 Whose mightie Father can do fearfull things.  
 By whose helpe she, betwixt the brother Kings  
 Let fall Contention: who in counsell met  
 In vaine, and timelesse; when the Sunne was set;  
 And all the Greeks calld; that came chargd with wine.  
 Yet then the Kings would vtter their designe;  
 And why they summond. *Menelaus*, he  
 Put all in mind of home; and cried, To sea.  
 But *Agamemnon* stood on contraries;  
 Whose will was, they should stay and sacrifice  
 Whole Hecatombs to *Pallas*; to forgo  
 Her high wrath to them. Foole, that did not know  
 She would not so be wonne: for not with ease  
 Th' eternall Gods are turnd from what they please.  
 So they (diuided) on foule language stood.  
 The Greekes, in huge rout rose: their wine—heate bloud,  
 Two wayes affecting. And that nights sleepe too,  
 We turnd to studying either others wo.  
 When *Ioue* besides, made readie woes enow.  
 Morne came, we lancht; and in our ships did stow  
 Our goods, and faire—girt women. Halfe our men  
 The peoples guide (*Atrides*) did containe;  
 And halfe (being now aboard) put forth to sea.  
 A most free gale gaue all ships prosperous way.  
 God settld then the huge whale—bearing lake;  
 And *Tenedos* we reacht; where, for times sake,  
 We did diuine rites to the Gods: but *Ioue*  
 (Inexorable still) bore yet no loue  
 To our returne; but did againe excite  
 A second sad Contention, that turnd quite  
 A great part of vs backe to sea againe;  
 Which were th' abundant in all counsels men,  
 (Your matchlesse Father) who, (to gratifie  
 The great *Atrides*) backe to him did flie.  
 But I fled all, with all that followd me;  
 Because I knew, God studied miserie,  
 To hurle amongst vs. With me likewise fled  
 Martiall *Tidides*. I, the men he led,  
 Gat to go with him. Winds our fleete did bring

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To *Lesbos*, where the yellow-headed King  
 (Though late, yet) found vs; as we put to choise  
 A tedious voyage; if we saile should hoise  
 About rough *Chius* (left on our left hand)  
 To th' Ile of *Psiria*; or that rugged land  
 Saile vnder; and for windie *Mimas* stere.  
 We askt of God, that some ostent might cleare  
 Our cloudie businesse: who gaue vs signe,  
 And charge, that all should (in a middle line)  
 The sea cut, for *Euboea*; that with speed,  
 Our long-sustained infortune might be freed.  
 Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,  
 And swiftly flew we through the fishie skies,  
 Till to *Geræstus* we in night were brought;  
 Where (through the broad sea, since we safe had wrought)  
 At *Neptunes* altars, many solid thies  
 Of slaughterd buls, we burnd for sacrifice.  
 The fourth day came, when *Tydeus* sonne did greete  
 The hauen of *Argos*, with his complete Fleete.  
 But I, for *Pylos* strait ster'd on my course,  
 Nor euer left the wind his fore right force,  
 Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came  
 (Deare sonne) to *Pylos*, vninformd by fame;  
 Nor know one sau'd by Fate, or ouercome.  
 Whom I haue heard of since (set here at home)  
 As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left vnshowne.      The expert speare-men; euery Myrmidon,  
 (Led by the braue heire of the mightie sould  
 Vnpeerd *Achilles*) safe of home got hold.  
 Safe *Philoctetes*, *Pæans* famous seed:  
 And safe *Idomeneus*; his men led  
 To his home, (*Crete*;) who fled the armed field;  
 Of whom, yet none, the sea from him withheld.  
*Atrides* (you haue both heard, though ye be  
 His farre off dwellers) what an end had he,  
 Done by *Ægisthus*, to a bitter death;  
 Who miserably paid for forced breath;  
*Atrides* leauing a good sonne, that dide  
 In blood of that deceitfull parricide  
 His wreakfull sword. And thou my friend (as he  
 For this hath his fame) the like spirit in thee  
 Assume at all parts. Faire, and great I see  
 Thou art, in all hope; make it good to th' end;  
 That after-times, as much may thee commend.  
 He answerd: O thou greatest grace of *Greece*;  
*Orestes* made that wreake, his master peece;  
 And him the Greeks will giue, a master praise;  
 Verse finding him, to last all after daies.  
 And would to God, the Gods would fauour me  
 With his performance; that my iniurie,  
 Done by my mothers woers, (being so foule)  
 I might reuenge vpon their euery soule.

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Who (pressing me with contumelies) dare  
Such things as past the powre of vtterance are.  
But heauens great Powres, haue grac't my destinie  
With no such honor. Both my Sire and I,  
Are borne to suffer euerlastingly.  
Because you name those wooers (Friend, said he)  
Report sayes, many such, in spite of thee,  
(Wooing thy mother) in thy house commit  
The ils thou nam'st. But say; proceedeth it  
From will in thee, to beare so foule a foile;  
Or from thy subiects hate, that wish thy spoile?  
And will not aide thee, since their spirits relie  
(Against thy rule) on some graue Augurie?  
What know they, but at length thy Father may  
Come; and with violence, their violence pay?  
Or he alone; or all the Greeks with him?  
But if *Minerua* now did so esteeme  
Thee, as thy Father, in times past; whom, past  
All measure, she, with glorious fauours grac't  
Amongst the *Troians*, where we suffered so;  
(O! I did neuer see, in such cleare show,  
The Gods so grace a man, as she to him,  
To all our eyes, appeard in all her trim)  
If so, I say, she would be pleasd to loue,  
And that her minds care, thou so much couldst moue,  
As did thy Father; euery man of these,  
Would lose in death their seeking mariages.  
O Father, (answerd he) you make amaze  
Seise me throughout. Beyond the height of phrase  
You raise expression; but twill neuer be,  
That I shall moue, in any Deitie,  
So blest an honour. Not by any meanes,  
If Hope should prompt me, or blind Confidence,  
(The God of Fooles), or euery Deitie  
Should will it; for, tis past my destinie.  
The burning-eyd Dame answerd: What a speech  
Hath past the teeth-guard, Nature gaue to teach  
Fit question of thy words before they flie?  
God easily can (when to a mortall eie  
Hee's furthest off) a mortall satisfie:  
And does, the more still. For thy car'd for Sire;  
I rather wish, that I might home retire,  
After my sufferance of a world of woes;  
Farre off; and then my glad eyes might disclose  
The day of my returne then strait retire,  
And perish standing by my houshold fire.  
As *Agamemnon* did; that lost his life,  
By false *Ægisthus*, and his faller wife.  
For Death to come at length, tis due to all;  
Nor can the Gods themselues, when Fate shall call  
Their most lou'd man, extend his vitall breath

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Beyond the fixt bounds of abhorred Death.  
*Mentor!* (said he) let's dwell no more on this,  
 Although in vs, the sorrow pious is.  
 No such returne, as we wish, Fates bequeath  
 My erring Father; whom a present death,  
 The deathlesse haue decreed. Ile now vse speech  
 That tends to other purpose; and beseech  
 Instruction of graue *Nestor*; since he flowes  
 Past shore, in all experience; and knowes  
 The sleights and wisdomes; to whose heights aspire  
 Others, as well as my commended Sire;  
 Whom Fame reports to haue commanded three  
 Ages of men: and doth in sight to me  
 Shew like th' Immortals. *Nestor!* the renowne  
 Of old *Neleius*; make the cleare truth knowne,  
 How the most great in Empire, *Atreus* sonne,  
 Sustained the act of his destruction.  
 Where then was *Menelaus*? how was it,  
 That false *Ægisthus*, being so farre vnfit  
 A match for him, could his death so enforce?  
 Was he not then in *Argos*? or his course  
 With men so left, to let a coward breathe  
 Spirit enough, to dare his brothers death?     Ile tell thee truth in all (faire sonne) said he:  
 Right well was this euent conceiu'd by thee.  
 If *Menelaus* in his brothers house,  
 Had found the idle liuer with his spouse,  
 (Arriu'd from *Troy*) he had not liu'd; nor dead  
 Had the diggd heape powrd on his lustfull head:  
 But fowles and dogs had torne him in the fields,  
 Farre off of *Argos*. Not a Dame it yeelds,  
 Had giuen him any teare; so foule his fact  
 Shewd euen to women. Vs *Troys* warres had rackt  
 To euery sinewes sufferance; while he  
 In *Argos* vplands liu'd; from those workes free.  
 And *Agamemnon's* wife, with force of word  
 Flatterd and softn'd; who, at first abhord  
 A fact so infamous. The heau'nly Dame,  
 A good mind had; but was in blood too blame.  
 There was a Poet, to whose care, the King  
 His Queene committed; and in euery thing  
 (When he for *Troy* went) charg'd him to apply  
 Himselfe in all guard to her dignitie.  
 But when strong Fate, so wrapt—in her affects,  
 That she resolu'd to leaue her fit respects;  
 Into a desart Ile, her Guardian led,  
 (There left) the rapine of the Vultures fed.  
 Then brought he willing home his wills wonne prize;  
 On sacred Altars offerd many Thies:  
 Hung in the Gods Phanes many ornaments;  
 Garments and gold; that he the vast euent  
 Of such a labor, to his wish had brought,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

As neither fell into his hope, nor thought.  
 At last, from *Troy* saild *Spartas* king and I,  
 Both, holding her vntoucht. And (that his eie  
 Might see no worse of her) when both were blowne  
 To sacred *Sunius* (of *Mineruas* towne  
 The goodly Promontorie) with his shafts seuere  
*Augur Apollo* slue him that did stere  
*Atrides* ship, as he the sterne did guide,  
 And she the full speed of her saile applide.  
 He was a man, that nations of men  
 Exceld in safe guide of a vessell; when  
 A tempest rusht in on the ruffld seas:  
 His name was *Phrontis Onetorides*.  
 And thus was *Menelaus* held from home,  
 Whose way he thirsted so to ouercome;  
 To giue his friend the earth, being his pursuite,  
 And all his exequies to execute.  
 But sailing still the wind-hewd seas, to reach  
 Some shore for fit performance; he did fetch  
 The steepe Mount of the *Malians*; and there  
 With open voice, offended *Iupiter*,  
 Proclaimd the voyage, his repugnant mind;  
 And powr'd the puffes out of a shreeking wind,  
 That nourisht billowes, heightned like to hils.  
 And with the Fleets diuision, fulfils  
 His hate proclaimd; vpon a part of *Creete*  
 Casting the Nauie; where the sea-waues meete  
 Rough *Iardanus*; and where the *Cydons* liue.      There is a Rocke, on which the Sea doth driue;  
 Bare, and all broken; on the confines set  
 Of *Cortys*; that the darke seas likewise fret;  
 And hither sent the South, a horrid drift  
 Of waues against the top, that was the left  
 Of that torne cliffe; as farre as *Phastus* Strand.  
 A litle stone, the great seas rage did stand.  
 The men here driuen, scapt hard the ships sore shocks;  
 The ships themselues being wrackt against the rocks;  
 Saue onely fiue, that blue fore-castles bore,  
 Which wind and water cast on *Ægypt*s shore.  
 When he (there victling well, and store of gold  
 Aboord his ships brought) his wilde way did hold,  
 And t'other languag'd men, was forc't to rome.  
 Meane space *Ægisthus* made sad worke at home;  
 And slue his brother; forcing to his sway,  
*Atrides* subiects; and did seuen yeares lay  
 His yoke vpon the rich *Mycenean* State.  
 But in the eight, (to his affrighting fate)  
 Diuine *Orestes* home from *Athens* came;  
 And what his royall Father felt, the same  
 He made the false *Ægisthus* grone beneath:  
*Death euermore is the reward of Death.*      Thus hauing slaine him; a sepulchrall feast  
 He made the *Argiues*, for his lustfull guest,



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And for his mother, whom he did detest.  
 The selfe–same day, vpon him stole the King,  
 (Good at a martiall shout) and goods did bring,  
 As many as his freighted Fleete could beare.  
 But thou (my sonne) too long, by no meanes erre,  
 Thy goods left free for many a spoilfull guest;  
 Lest they consume some, and diuide the rest;  
 And thou (perhaps besides) thy voyage lose.  
 To *Menelaus* yet thy course dispose,  
 I wish and charge thee; who but late arriu'd,  
 From such a shore, and men; as to haue liu'd  
 In a returne from them; he neuer thought;  
 And whom, blacke whirlwinds violently brought  
 Within a sea so vast, that in a yeare  
 Not any fowle could passe it any where,  
 So huge and horrid was it. But go thou  
 With ship and men (or if thou pleasest now  
 To passe by land, there shall be brought for thee  
 Both horse and chariot; and thy guides shall be  
 My sonnes themselues) to *Sparta*, the diuine,  
 And to the King, whose locks like Amber shine.  
 Intreate the truth of him; nor loues he lies;  
 Wisedome in truth is; and hee's passing wise.  
 This said, the Sunne went downe, and vp rose Night,  
 When *Pallas* spake; O Father, all good right  
 Beare thy directions. But diuide we now  
 The sacrifices tongues; mixe wine; and vow  
 To *Neptune*, and the other euer blest;  
 That hauing sacrificid, we may to rest.  
 The fit houre runnes now; light diues out of date;  
 At sacred feasts, we must not sit too late.  
 She said: They heard; the Herald water gaue;  
 The youths crownd cups with wine; and let all haue  
 Their equall shares; beginning from the cup,  
 Their parting banquet. All the Tongues cut vp;  
 The fire they gaue them; sacrificde, and rose;  
 Wine, and diuine rites, vsde to each dispose;  
*Minerua* and *Telemachus* desirde  
 They might to ship be, with his leaue, retirde.  
 He (mou'd with that) prouokt thus their abodes:  
 Now *Ioue* forbid, and all the long–liu'd Gods,  
 Your leauing me, to sleepe aboard a ship:  
 As I had drunke of poore *Penias* whip,  
 Euen to my nakednesse; and had nor sheete,  
 Nor couering in my house; that warme nor sweete  
 A guest, nor I my selfe, had meanes to sleepe;  
 Where I, both weeds and wealthy couerings keepe  
 For all my guests: nor shall Fame euer say,  
 The deare sonne of the man *Vlysses*, lay  
 All night a ship boord here; while my dayes shine;  
 Or in my Court, whiles any sonne of mine

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Enioyes suruiuall: who shall guests receiue,  
 Whom euer, my house hath a nooke to leaue.  
 My much lou'd Father, (said *Minerua*) well  
 All this becomes thee. But perswade to dwell  
 This night with thee thy sonne *Telemachus*;  
 For more conuenient is the course for vs,  
 That he may follow to thy house, and rest.  
 And I may boord our blacke saile; that addrest  
 At all parts I may make our men; and cheare  
 All with my presence; since of all men there  
 I boast my selfe the senior; th' others are  
 Youths, that attend in free and friendly care,  
 Great-sould *Telemachus*; and are his peeres,  
 In fresh similitude of forme and yeeres.  
 For their confirmance, I will therefore now  
 Sleepe in our blacke Barke. But when Light shall shew  
 Her siluer forehead; I intend my way  
 Amongst the *Caucons*; men that are to pay  
 A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,  
 Take you him home; whom in the morne dismisse,  
 With chariot and your sonnes; and giue him horse  
 Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course.  
 This said; away she flew; formd like the fowle  
 Men call the *Ossifrage*; when euery soule  
 Amaze inuaded: euen th' old man admir'd;  
 The youths hand tooke, and said: O most desir'd;  
 My hope sayes, thy prooffe will no coward show,  
 Nor one vnskild in warre; when Deities now  
 So yong attend thee, and become thy guides:  
 Nor any of the heauen-housde States besides;  
 But *Tritogenias* selfe; the seed of *Ioue*;  
 The great in prey; that did in honor moue  
 So much about thy Father; amongst all  
 The Grecian armie. Fairest Queene, let fall  
 On me like fauours: giue me good renowne;  
 Which, as on me; on my lou'd wife, let downe,  
 And all my children. I will burne to thee  
 An Oxe right bred, brode headed, and yoke-free,  
 To no mans hand yet humbled. Him will I  
 (His hornes in gold hid) giue thy Deitie.  
 Thus praid he; and she heard; and home he led  
 His sonnes, and all his heapes of kindered;  
 Who entring his Court royall; euery one  
 He marshald in his seuerall seate and throne.  
 And euery one, so kindly come, he gaue  
 His sweet-wine cup; which none was let to haue  
 Before this leuenth yeare, landed him from *Troy*;  
 Which now the Butleresse had leaue t'employ.  
 Who therefore pierst it, and did giue it vent.  
 Of this, the old Duke did a cup present  
 To euery guest: made his maid many a praire

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

That weares the Shield fring'd with his nurses haire;  
 And gaue her sacrificise. With this rich wine  
 And food suffisde, Sleepe, all eyes did decline.  
 And all for home went: but his Court alone,  
*Telemachus*, diuine *Vlysses* sonne,  
 Must make his lodging, or not please his heart.  
 A bed, all chequerd with elaborate Art,  
 Within a Portico, that rung like brasse,  
 He brought his guest to; and his bedfere was  
*Pisistratus*, the martiall guide of men,  
 That liu'd, of all his sonnes, vnwed till then.  
 Himselfe lay in a by-roome, farre aboue,  
 His bed made by his barren wife, his loue.  
 The rosie-fingerd morne, no sooner shone,  
 But vp he rose, tooke aire, and sat vpon  
 A seate of white, and goodly polisht stone,  
 That such a glosse as richest ointments wore.  
 Before his high gates; where the Counsellor  
 That matcht the Gods (his Father) vsde to sit:  
 Who now (by Fate forc't) stoopt as low as it.  
 And here sate *Nestor*, holding in his hand  
 A Scepter; and about him round did stand  
 (As early vp) his sonnes troope; *Perseus*,  
 The God-like *Thrasimed*, and *Aretus*,  
*Echephron*, *Stratius*; the sixt and last  
*Pisistratus*; and by him (halfe embrac't  
 Still as they came) diuine *Telemachus*;  
 To these spake *Nestor*, old *Gerenius*:       Haste (loued sonnes) and do me a desire,  
 That (first of all the Gods) I may aspire  
 To *Pallas* fauour; who vouchsaft to me,  
 At *Neptunes* feast, her sight so openly.  
 Let one to field go; and an Oxe with speed  
 Cause hither brought; which, let the Heardsman leade;  
 Another to my deare guests vessell go,  
 And all his souldiers bring, saue onely two.  
 A third, the Smith that works in gold, command  
 (*Laertius*) to attend; and lend his hand,  
 To plate the both hornes round about with gold;  
 The rest remaine here close. But first, see told  
 The maids within, that they prepare a feast;  
 Set seates through all the Court: see strait address  
 The purest water; and get fuell feld.  
 This said; not one, but in the seruice held  
 Officious hand. The Oxe came led from field;  
 The Souldiers troopt from ship; the Smith he came,  
 And those tooles brought, that seru'd the actuall frame,  
 His Art conceiu'd; brought Anvile, hammers brought,  
 Faire tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.  
*Minerua* likewise came, to set the Crowne  
 On that kind sacrifice, and mak't her owne.  
 Then th' old Knight *Nestor* gaue the Smith the gold,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

With which he strait did both the hornes infold;  
 And trimm'd the Offering so, the Goddesses ioyd.  
 About which, thus were *Nestors* sonnes employd:  
*Diuine Echephron*, and faire *Stratius*,  
 Held both the hornes: the water odorous  
 In which they washt, what to the rites was vowd,  
*Aretus* (in a caldron, all bestrowd  
 With herbes and flowres) seru'd in from th' holy roome  
 Where all were drest; and whence the rites must come.  
 And after him, a hallowd virgin came,  
 That brought the barley cake, and blew the flame.  
 The axe, with which the Oxe should both be feld  
 And cut forth, *Thrasimed* stoodby and held.  
*Perseus* the vessell held, that should retaine  
 The purple licour of the offering slaine.  
 Then washt, the pious Father: then the Cake  
 (Of barley, salt, and oile made) tooke, and brake.  
 Askt many a boone of *Pallas*; and the state  
 Of all the offering, did initiate.  
 In three parts cutting off the haire, and cast  
 Amidst the flame. All th' inuocation past,  
 And all the Cake broke; manly *Thrasimed*  
 Stood neare, and sure; and such a blow he laid  
 Aloft the offring; that to earth he sunke,  
 His neck—nerues sunderd, and his spirits shrunke.  
 Out shriekt the daughters, daughter in lawes, and wife  
 Of three—ag'd *Nestor*, (who had eldest life  
 Of *Clymens* daughters) chast *Eurydice*.  
 The Oxe on broad earth, then layd laterally,  
 They held, while Duke *Pisistratus*, the throte  
 Dissolu'd and set, the sable blood afflote;  
 And then the life the bones left. Instantly  
 They cut him vp; apart flew either Thie;  
 That with the fat they dubd, with art alone;  
 The throte—briske, and the sweet—bread pricking on.  
 Then *Nestor* broild them on the cole—turnd wood,  
 Powr'd blacke wine on; and by him yong men stood,  
 That spits fine—pointed held, on which (when burnd  
 The solid Thies were) they transfixt, and turnd  
 The inwards, cut in cantles: which (the meate  
 Vowd to the Gods, consum'd) they rost and eate.  
 In meane space, *Polycaste* (calld the faire,  
*Nestors* yongst daughter) bath'd *Vlysses* heire;  
 Whom, hauing cleansd, and with rich balmes bespred;  
 She cast a white shirt quickly o're his head,  
 And then his weeds put on; when, forth he went,  
 And did the person of a God present.  
 Came, and by *Nestor* tooke his honourd seate,  
 This pastor of the people. Then, the meate  
 Of all the spare parts rosted; off they drew;  
 Sate, and fell to. But soone the temperate few,

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Rose, and in golden bolles, filld others wine.  
Till, when the rest felt thirst of feast decline;  
*Nestor* his sonnes bad, fetch his high-man'd horse,  
And them in chariot ioyne, to runne the course  
The Prince resolu'd. Obaid, as soone as heard  
Was *Nestor* by his sonnes; who strait prepar'd  
Both horse and chariot. She that kept the store,  
Both bread and wine, and all such viands more,  
As should the feast of *Ioue*-fed Kings compose;  
Pouruaid the voyage. To the rich Coach, rose  
*Vlysses* sonne; and close to him ascended  
The Duke *Pisistratus*; the reines intended,  
And scourg'd, to force to field, who freely flew;  
And left the Towne, that farre her splendor threw.  
Both holding yoke, and shooke it all the day;  
But now the Sunne set, darkning euery way,  
When they to *Pheris* came; and in the house  
Of *Diocles* (the sonne t'*Ortilochus*,  
Whom flood *Alpheus* got) slept all that night:  
Who gaue them each due hospitable rite.  
But when the rosie-fingerd morne arose,  
They went to Coach, and did their horse inclose;  
Draue forth the fore-court, and the porch that yeelds  
Each breath a sound; and to the fruitfull fields  
Rode scourging still their willing flying Steeds;  
Who strenuously performd their wonted speeds.  
Their iourney ending iust when Sunne went downe;  
And shadowes all wayes through the earth were throwne. Finis libri tertij Hom. Odys.

## THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*Receiu'd now, in the Spartan Court  
Telemachus, preferres report  
To Menelaus, of the throng  
Of wooers with him, and their wrong.  
Atrides tels the Greekes retreat,  
And doth a Prophecie repeate,  
That Proteus made; by which he knew  
His brothers death; and then doth shew  
How with Calypso liu'd the fire  
Of his yong guest. The woo'rs conspire  
Their Princes death: whose trechery knowne,  
Penelope in teares doth drowne.  
Whom Pallas by a dreame doth cheare,  
And in similitude appeare  
Of faire Iphthima, knowne to be  
The sister of Penelope.*

Another.

*Here, of the Sire*

*The Sonne doth heare:*

*The woo'rs conspire;*

*The mothers feare.* In *Lacedamon* now, the nurse of Whales,  
 These two arriu'd, and found at festiualls  
 (With mightie concourse) the renommed King,  
 His sonne and daughter, ioyntly marrying.  
*Alectors* daughter, he did giue his sonne  
 Strong *Megapenthe*; who his life begunne  
 By *Menelaus* bondmaid; whom he knew  
 In yeares. When *Hellen* could no more renew  
 In issue like diuine *Hermione*;  
 Who held in all faire forme, as high degree  
 As golden *Venus*. Her he married now  
 To great *Achilles* sonne; who was by vow  
 Betrothd to her at *Troy*. And thus the Gods  
 To constant loues, giue nuptiall periods.  
 Whose state here past, the *Myrmidons* rich towne  
 (Of which she shar'd in the Imperiall Crowne)  
 With horse and chariots he resign'd her to.  
 Meane space, the high huge house, with feast did flow  
 Of friends and neighbours, ioying with the King.  
 Amongst whom, did a heauenly Poet sing,  
 And touch his Harpe. Amongst whom likewise danc't  
 Two; who in that dumbe motion aduanc't,  
 Would prompt the Singer, what to sing and play.  
 All this time, in the vtter Court did stay,  
 With horse and chariot, *Telemachus*,  
 And *Nestors* noble sonne, *Pisistratus*.  
 Whom *Eteoneus* coming forth, descried,  
 And, being a seruant to the King, most tried  
 In care, and his respect; he ranne and cried:  
 Guests! *Ioue*—kept *Menelaus*! two such men,  
 As are for forme, of high *Saturnius* straine.  
 Informe your pleasure, if we shall vnclose  
 Their horse from coach; or say, they must dispose  
 Their way to some such house, as may embrace  
 Their knowne arriuall, with more welcome grace?      He (angry) answerd, Thou didst neuer show  
 Thy selfe a foole (*Beotides*) till now;  
 But now (as if turnd child) a childish speech  
 Vents thy vaine spirits. We our selues now reach  
 Our home, by much spent hospitalitie  
 Of other men; nor know, if *Ioue* will trie,  
 With other after wants, our state againe:  
 And therefore, from our feast, no more detaine  
 Those welcome guests; but take their Steeds from Coach,  
 And with attendance guide in their approach.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

This said, he rusht abroad, and calld some more  
 Tried in such seruice; that together bore  
 Vp to the guests: and tooke their Steeds that swet  
 Beneath their yokes, from Coach. At mangers set,  
 Wheate and white barley gaue them mixt; and plac't  
 Their Chariot by a wall so cleare, it cast  
 A light quite thorough it. And then they led  
 Their guests to the diuine house; which so fed  
 Their eyes at all parts with illustrious sights,  
 That Admiration seisd them. Like the lights  
 The Sunne and Moone gaue; all the Pallace threw  
 A luster through it. Satiare with whose view,  
 Downe to the Kings most bright-kept Baths, they went;  
 Where handmaids did their seruices present:  
 Bath'd, balmd them; shirts, and well-napt weeds put on,  
 And by *Atrides* side, set each his throne.  
 Then did the handmaid royall, water bring,  
 And to a Lauer, rich and glittering,  
 Of massie gold, powr'd: which she plac't vpon  
 A siluer Caldron; into which, might runne  
 The water as they washt. Then set she neare  
 A polisht table; on which, all the cheare  
 The present could affoord; a reuerend Dame  
 That kept the Larder, set. A Cooke then came,  
 And diuers dishes, borne thence, seru'd againe;  
 Furnisht the boord with bolles of gold; and then  
 (His right hand giuen the guests) *Atrides* said,  
 Eate, and be chearfull; appetite allaid,  
 I long to aske, of what stocke ye descend;  
 For not from parents, whose race namelesse end,  
 We must deriue your offspring. Men obscure,  
 Could get none such as you. The pourtraiture  
 Of *Ioue*-sustaind, and Scepter-bearing Kings,  
 Your either person, in his presence brings.  
 An Oxes fat chine, then they vp did lift,  
 And set before the guests; which was a gift,  
 Sent as an honor, to the Kings owne tast.  
 They saw yet, twas but to be eaten plac't,  
 And fell to it. But food and wines care past,  
*Telemachus* thus prompted *Nestors* sonne;  
 (His eare close laying, to be heard of none)      Consider (thou whom most my mind esteemes)  
 The brasse-worke here, how rich it is in beames;  
 And how besides, it makes the whole house sound?  
 What gold, and amber, siluer, ivorie, round  
 Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the Hall  
 Of *Iupiter Olympius*, hath of all  
 This state, the like. How many infinites,  
 Take vp to admiration, all mens sights?      *Atrides* ouer-heard; and said; Lou'd sonne,  
 No mortall must affect contention  
 With *Love*, whose dwellings are of endlesse date.  
 Perhaps (of men) some one may emulate,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

(Or none) my house, or me. For I am one,  
 That many a graue extreme haue vndergone.  
 Much error felt by sea; and till th' eight yeare,  
 Had neuer stay; but wanderd farre and neare,  
*Cyprus, Phoenicia, and Sydonia;*  
 And fetcht the farre off *Æthiopia:*  
 Reacht the *Erembi* of *Arabia;*  
 And *Lybia*, where, with hornes, Ewes yeane their Lambs:  
 Where euery full yeare, Ewes are three times dams.  
 Where neither King, nor shepheard; want comes neare  
 Of cheese, or flesh, or sweete milke. All the yeare  
 They euer milke their Ewes. And here while I  
 Errd, gathering meanes to liue: one, murtherously,  
 Vnwares, vnseene, bereft my brothers life;  
 Chiefly betraid by his abhorred wife.  
 So, hold I, (not enioying) what you see.  
 And of your Fathers (if they liuing be)  
 You must haue heard this: since my suffrings were  
 So great and famous. From this Pallace here,  
 (So rarely—well—built; furnished so well;  
 And substacked with such a precious deale  
 Of well—got treasure) banisht by the doome  
 Of Fate; and erring as I had no home.  
 And now I haue, and vse it; not to take  
 Th' entire delight it offers; but to make  
 Continuall wishes, that a triple part  
 Of all it holds, were wanting; so my heart  
 Were easde of sorrowes (taken for their deaths  
 That fell at *Troy*) by their reuiued breaths.  
 And thus sit I here, weeping, mourning still  
 Each least man lost; and sometimes make mine ill  
 (In paying iust teares for their losse) my ioy.  
 Sometimes I breathe my woes; for in annoy,  
 The pleasure soone admits satietie.  
 But all these mens wants, wet not so mine eie,  
 (Though much they moue me) as one sole mans misse;  
 For which, my sleepe and meate euen lothsome is,  
 In his renewd thought; since no Greeke hath wonne  
 Grace, for such labours, as *Laertes* sonne  
 Hath wrought and sufferd: to himselfe, nought else  
 But future sorrowes forging: to me, hels  
 For his long absence; since I cannot know  
 If life or death detaine him: since such woe  
 For his loue, old *Laertes*, his wise wife,  
 And poore yong sonne sustaines; whom new with life,  
 He left as sirelesse. This speech; grieffe to teares  
 (Powrd from the sonnes lids on the earth) his eares  
 (Told of the Father) did excite; who kept  
 His cheekes drie with his red weed, as he wept:  
 His both hands vsde therein. *Atrides* then  
 Began to know him; and did strife retaine,



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

If he should let, himselfe confesse his Sire,  
 Or with all fitting circumstance, enquire.  
 While this, his thoughts disputed; forth did shine,  
 (Like to the golden distaffe—deckt diuine)  
 From her beds high and odoriferous roome,  
*Hellen*. To whom (of an elaborate loome)  
*Adresta* set a chaire: *Alcyppe* brought  
 A peece of Tapestry, of fine wooll wrought.  
*Philo*, a siluer Cabinet conferd:  
 (Giuen by *Alcandra*, Nuptially endeard  
 To Lord *Polybius*; whose abode in *Thebes*,  
 Th' Ægyptian citie was;) where wealth in heapes,  
 His famous house held: out of which did go  
 In gift t'*Atrides*, siluer bath—tubs two;  
 Two Tripods; and of fine gold, talents ten.  
 His wife did likewise send to *Hellen* then,  
 Faire gifts; a Distaffe that of gold was wrought;  
 And that rich Cabinet that *Phylo* brought;  
 Round, and with gold ribd; now of fine thred, full:  
 On which extended (crownd with finest wooll,  
 Of violet glosse) the golden Distaffe lay.  
 She tooke her State—chaire; and a foot—stooles stay  
 Had for her feete: and of her husband, thus  
 Askt to know all things: Is it knowne to vs,  
 (King *Menelaus*) whom these men commend  
 Themselues for; that our Court, now takes to friend?  
 I must affirme, (be I deceiu'd or no)  
 I neuer yet saw man nor woman so  
 Like one another, as this man is like  
*Vlysses* sonne. With admiration strike  
 His lookes, my thoughts; that they should carrie now  
 Powre to perswade me thus; who did but know,  
 When newly he was borne, the forme they bore.  
 But tis his Fathers grace; whom more and more  
 His grace resembles; that makes me retaine  
 Thought, that he now, is like *Telemachus* then:  
 Left by his Sire, when *Greece* did vndertake  
*Troys* bold warre, for my impudencies sake.  
 He answerd: Now wife, what you thinke, I know,  
 The cast of his Fathers eye, doth show  
 In his eyes order. Both his head and haire,  
 His hands and feete, his very fathers are.  
 Of whom (so well rememberd) I should now  
 Acknowledge for me, his continnall flow  
 Of cares and perils: yet still patient.  
 But I should too much moue him, that doth vent  
 Such bitter teares for that which hath bene spoke;  
 Which (shunning soft shew) see how he would cloke;  
 And with his purple weed, his weepings hide.  
 Then *Nestors* sonne, *Pisistratus* replide:  
 Great Pastor of the people; kept of God!

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

He is *Vlysses* sonne; but his abode  
 Not made before here; and he modest too;  
 He holds it an indignitie to do  
 A deed so vaine, to vse the boast of words,  
 Where your words are on wing; whose voice affords  
 Delight to vs, as if a God did breake  
 The aire amongst vs, and vouchsafe to speake.  
 But me, my father (old Duke *Nestor*) sent  
 To be his consort hither; his content,  
 Not to be heightned so, as with your sight.  
 In hope that therewith words and actions might  
 Informe his comforts from you; since he is  
 Extremely grieu'd and iniur'd, by the misse  
 Of his great Father; suffering euen at home.  
 And few friends found, to helpe him ouercome  
 His too weake sufferance, now his Sire is gone.  
 Amongst the people, not affoorded one  
 To checke the miseries, that mate him thus;  
 And this the state is of *Telemachus*.  
 O Gods (said he) how certaine, now, I see  
 My house enioyes that friends sonne, that for me  
 Hath vndergone so many willing fights?  
 Whom I resolu'd, past all the Grecian Knights,  
 To hold in loue; if our returne by seas,  
 The farre-off Thunderer did euer please  
 To grant our wishes. And to his respect,  
 A Pallace and a Citie to erect,  
 My vow had bound me. Whither bringing then  
 His riches, and his sonne, and all his men  
 From barren *Ithaca*, (some one sole Towne  
 Inhabited about him, batterd downe)  
 All should in *Argos* liue. And there would I  
 Ease him of rule; and take the Emperie  
 Of all on me. And often here would we  
 (Delighting, louing eithers companie)  
 Meete and conuerse; whom nothing should diuide,  
 Till deaths blacke veile did each all ouer hide.  
 But this perhaps had bene a meane to take  
 Euen God himselfe with enuie; who did make  
*Vlysses* therefore onely the vnblest,  
 That should not reach his loued countries rest.  
 These woes made euery one with woe in loue;  
 Euen *Argiue Hellen* wept, (the seed of *Ioue*)  
*Vlysses* sonne wept; *Atreus* sonne did weepe;  
 And *Nestors* sonne, his eyes in teares did steepe.  
 But his teares fell not from the present cloud,  
 That from *Vlysses* was exhal'd; but flowd  
 From braue *Antilochus* rememberd due,  
 Whom the renowmd Sonne of the Morning slue.  
 Which yet he thus excusde: O *Atreus* sonne!  
 Old *Nestor* sayes, There liues not such a one

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Amongst all mortals, as *Atrides* is,  
For deathlesse wisdom. Tis a praise of his,  
Still giuen in your remembrance; when at home  
Our speech concernes you. Since then ouercome  
You please to be, with sorrow euen to teares,  
That are in wisdom so exempt from peres;  
Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse,  
(If it be lawfull) I affect no vse  
Of teares thus, after meales; at least, at night:  
But when the morne brings forth, with teares, her light,  
It shall not then empaire me to bestow  
My teares on any worthies ouerthrow.  
It is the onely right, that wretched men  
Can do dead friends; to cut haire, and complaine.  
But Death my brother tooke; whom none could call  
The Grecian coward; you best knew of all.  
I was not there, nor saw; but men report,  
*Antilochus* exceld the common sort,  
For footmanship, or for the Chariot race;  
Or in the fight, for hardie hold of place.  
O friend (said he) since thou hast spoken so,  
At all parts, as one wise should say and do;  
And like one, farre beyond thy selfe in yeares;  
Thy words shall bounds be, to our former teares.  
O he is questionlesse a right borne sonne,  
That of his Father hath not onely wonne  
The person, but the wisdom; and that Sire;  
(Complete himselfe) that hath a sonne entire,  
*Ioue* did not onely his full Fate adorne,  
When he was wedded; but when he was borne.  
As now *Saturnius*, through his lifes whole date,  
Hath *Nestors* blisse raisd to as steepe a state:  
Both in his age to keepe in peace his house;  
And to haue children wise and valorous.  
But let vs not forget our rere Feast thus;  
Let some giue water here. *Telemachus!*  
The morning shall yeeld time to you and me,  
To do what fits; and reason mutually.  
This said; the carefull seruant of the King;  
(*Asphalion*) powr'd on, th' issue of the Spring;  
And all to readie feast, set readie hand.  
But *Hellen* now, on new deuce did stand;  
Infusing strait a medicine to their wine,  
That (drowning Cares and Angers) did decline  
All thought of ill. Who drunke her cup, could shed  
All that day, not a teare; no not if dead  
That day his father or his mother were;  
Not if his brother, child, or chiefest deare,  
He should see murderd then before his face.  
Such vsefull medicines (onely borne in grace,  
Of what was good) would *Hellen* euer haue.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And this Iuyce to her, *Polydomma* gaue  
 The wife of *Thoon*; an *Ægyptian* borne;  
 Whose rich earth, herbes of medicine do adorne  
 In great abundance. Many healthfull are,  
 And many banefull. Euery man is there  
 A good Physition, out of natures grace;  
 For all the nation sprung of *Pæons* race.  
 When *Hellen* then her medicine had infusde,  
 She bad powre wine to it; and this speech vsde:     *Atrides*, and these good mens sonnes; great *Ioue*  
 Makes good and ill, one after other moue  
 In all things earthly: for he can do all.  
 The woes past therefore, he so late let fall;  
 The comforts he affoord vs, let vs take;  
 Feast, and with fit discourses, merrie make.  
 Nor will I other vse. As then our blood  
 Grieu'd for *Vlysses*, since he was so good;  
 Since he was good, let vs delight to heare  
 How good he was, and what his sufferings were.  
 Though euery fight, and euery suffering deed,  
 Patient *Vlysses* vnderwent; exceed  
 My womans powre to number, or to name.  
 But what he did, and sufferd, when he came  
 Amongst the Troians, (where ye Grecians all  
 Tooke part with sufferance) I in part can call  
 To your kind memories. How with ghastly wounds  
 Himselfe he mangl'd; and the Troian bounds  
 (Thrust thicke with enemies) aduentured on:  
 His royall shoulders, hauing cast vpon  
 Base abiect weeds, and enterd like a slaue.  
 Then (begger-like) he did of all men craue;  
 And such a wretch was, as the whole Greeke fleete  
 Brought not besides. And thus through euery streete  
 He crept discovering: of no one man knowne.  
 And yet through all this difference, I alone  
 Smok't his person. Talkt with him. But he  
 Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we agree,  
 Till I disclaimd him quite. And so (as mou'd  
 With womanly remorse, of one that prou'd  
 So wretched an estate, what ere he were)  
 Wonne him to take my house. And yet euen there;  
 Till freely I (to make him doubtlesse) swore  
 A powrefull oath, to let him reach the shore  
 Of ships and tents, before *Troy* vnderstood;  
 I could not force on him his proper good.  
 But then I bath'd and sooth'd him, and he then  
 Confest, and told me all. And (hauing slaine  
 A number of the Troian guards) retirde,  
 And reacht the Fleete; for slight and force admirde.  
 Their husbands deaths by him, the Troian wiues  
 Shriekt for; but I made triumphs for their liues.  
 For then my heart conceiu'd, that once againe

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

I should reach home; and yet did still retaine  
Woe for the slaughters, *Venus* made for me:  
When both my husband, my *Hermione*,  
And bridall roome, she robd of so much right;  
And drew me from my countrie, with her sleight.  
Though nothing vnder heauen, I here did need,  
That could my Fancie, or my Beautie feed.  
Her husband said: Wife! what you please to tell,  
Is at all parts, and becomes you well.  
And I my selfe, that now may say, haue seene  
The minds and manners of a world of men:  
And great Heroes, measuring many a ground,  
Haue neuer (by these eyes that light me) found  
One, with a bosome, so to be belou'd,  
As that in which, th' accomplisht spirit, mou'd  
Of patient *Vlysses*. What (braue man)  
He both did act, and suffer, when we wan  
The towne of *Ilion*, in the braue-built horse,  
When all we chiefe States of the Grecian force,  
Were housde together; bringing Death and Fate  
Amongst the Troians; you (wife) may relate.  
For you, at last, came to vs; God that would  
The Troians glorie giue; gaue charge you should  
Approch the engine; and *Deiphobus*  
(The god-like) followd. Thrice ye circl'd vs,  
With full suruay of it; and often tried  
The hollow crafts, that in it were implied.  
When all the voices of their wiues in it  
You tooke on you; with voice so like, and fit;  
And euery man by name, so visited;  
That I, *Vlysses*, and King *Diomed*,  
(Set in the midst, and hearing how you calld)  
*Tydides*, and my selfe, (as halfe appalld  
With your remorcefull plaints) would, passing faine  
Haue broke our silence; rather then againe  
Endure, respectlesse, their so mouing cries.  
But, *Ithacus*, our strongest fantasies  
Containd within vs, from the slendrest noise,  
And euery man there, sat without a voice.  
*Anticlus* onely, would haue answerd thee:  
But, his speech, *Ithacus* incessantly  
With strong hand held in; till (*Mineruas* call,  
Charging thee off) *Vlysses* sau'd vs all.  
*Telemachus* replide: Much greater is  
My grieffe, for hearing this high praise of his.  
For all this doth not his sad death diuert;  
Nor can, though in him swelld an iron heart.  
Prepare, and leade then (if you please) to rest:  
Sleepe (that we heare not) will content vs best.  
Then *Argive Hellen* made her handmaid go,  
And put faire bedding in the *Portico*;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Lay purple blankets on, Rugs warme and soft;  
 And cast an Arras couerlet aloft.  
 They torches tooke; made haste, and made the bed,  
 When both the guests were to their lodgings led,  
 Within a *Portico*, without the house.  
*Atrides*, and his large-traine-wearing Spouse,  
 (The excellent of women) for the way,  
 In a retir'd receipt, together lay.  
 The morne arose; the King rose, and put on  
 His royall weeds; his sharpe sword hung vpon  
 His ample shoulders; forth his chamber went,  
 And did the person of a God present.  
*Telemachus* accosts him; who begun  
 Speech of his iourneys proposition.  
 And what (my yong Vlyssean Heroe)  
 Proukt thee on the broad backe of the sea,  
 To visit *Lacedæmon* the Diuine?  
 Speake truth, Some publicke? or onely thine?      I come (said he) to heare, if any fame  
 Breath'd of my Father; to thy notice came.  
 My house is sackt; my fat workes of the field,  
 Are all destroid: my house doth nothing yeeld  
 But enemies; that kill my harmlesse sheepe,  
 And sinewie Oxen: nor will euer keepe  
 Their steeles without them. And these men are they,  
 That woee my Mother; most inhumanely  
 Committing iniurie on iniurie.  
 To thy knees therefore I am come, t'attend  
 Relation of the sad and wretched end,  
 My erring Father felt: if witnest by  
 Your owne eyes; or the certaine newes that flie  
 From others knowledges. For, more then is  
 The vsuall heape of humane miseries,  
 His Mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then  
 (Without all ruth of what I can sustaine)  
 The plaine and simple truth of all you know.  
 Let me beseech so much. If euer vow  
 Was made, and put in good effect to you  
 At *Troy* (where suffrance bred you so much smart)  
 Vpon my Father, good *Vlysses* part;  
 And quit it now to me (himselpe in youth)  
 Vnfoldng onely the vnclosed truth.  
 He (deeply sighing) answerd him: O shame  
 That such poore vassals should affect the fame,  
 To share the ioyes of such a Worthies Bed!  
 As when a Hinde (her calues late farrowed  
 To giue sucke) enters the bold Lions den:  
 He, rootes of hils, and herbie vallies then  
 For food (there feeding) hunting: but at length  
 Returning to his Cauerne; giues his strength  
 The liues of both the mother and her brood,  
 In deaths indecent; so the wooers blood

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Must pay *Vlysses* powres, as sharpe an end.  
 O would to *Ioue*, *Apollo*, and thy friend,  
 (The wise *Minerua*) that thy Father were  
 As once he was, when he his spirits did rere  
 Against *Philomelides*, in a fight  
 Performd in well-built *Lesbos*; where, downe-right  
 He strooke the earth with him; and gat a shout  
 Of all the Grecians. O, if now, full out  
 He were as then; and with the wooers cop't,  
 Short-liu'd they all were; and their nuptials, hop't  
 Would proue as desperate. But for thy demand,  
 Enforc't with prayrs; Ile let thee vnderstand  
 The truth directly; nor decline a thought;  
 Much lesse deceiue, or sooth thy search in ought.  
 But what the old, and still--spoken God,  
 That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,  
 Disclosde to me; to thee Ile all impart,  
 Nor hide one word from thy sollicitous heart.  
 I was in *Ægypt*; where a mightie time,  
 The Gods detaind me: though my naturall clime,  
 I neuer so desir'd; because their homes  
 I did not greete, with perfect Hecatomes.  
 For they will put men euermore in mind,  
 How much their masterly commandments bind.  
 There is (besides) a certaine Iland, calld  
*Pharos*, that with the high-wau'd sea is walld;  
 Iust against *Ægypt*; and so much remote,  
 As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote,  
 A hollow ship can saile. And this Ile beares  
 A Port, most portly; where sea-passengers  
 Put in still for fresh water, and away  
 To sea againe. Yet here the Gods did stay  
 My Fleete, full twentie dayes: the winds (that are  
 Masters at sea) no prosprous puffe would spare,  
 To put vs off: and all my victles here,  
 Had quite corrupted; as my mens minds were;  
 Had not a certaine Goddessse giuen regard,  
 And pittide me in an estate so hard:  
 And twas *Edothea*, honourd *Proteus* seed,  
 That old sea-farer. Her mind I made bleed  
 With my compassion, when (walkt all alone,  
 From all my souldiers, that were euer gone  
 About the Ile on fishing, with hookes bent;  
*Hunger*, their bellies, on her errand sent)  
 She came close to me; spake; and thus began:      Of all men, thou art the most foolish man,  
 Or slacke in businesse; or stayst here of choice;  
 And doest in all thy suffrances reioyce;  
 That thus long liu'st detaind here; and no end  
 Canst giue thy tarriance. Thou doest much offend  
 The minds of all thy fellowes. I replied:      Who euer thou art of the Deified,  
 I must affirme, that no way with my will,

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

I make abode here: but, it seemes, some ill  
 The Gods, inhabiting broad heauen, sustaine  
 Against my getting off. Informe me then,  
 (For Godheads all things know) what God is he  
 That stayes my passage, from the fishie sea?      Stranger (said she) Ile tell thee : there liues  
 An old Sea-farer in these seas, that giues  
 A solution of all secrets here.  
 Who, deathlesse *Proteus* is, th' *Ægyptian* Peere:  
 Who can the deepes of all the seas exquire;  
 Who *Neptunes* Priest is; and (they say) the Sire  
 That did beget me. Him, if any way  
 Thou couldst inueagle, he would cleare display  
 Thy course from hence; and how farre off doth lie  
 Thy voyages whole scope through *Neptunes* skie.  
 Informing thee (O God preseru'd) beside  
 (If thy desires would so be satisfide)  
 What euer good or ill hath got euent,  
 In all the time, thy long and hard course spent,  
 Since thy departure from thy house. This said;  
 Againe I answerd: Make the sleights displaid,  
 Thy Father vseth; lest his foresight see,  
 Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,  
 He flies the fixt place of his vsde abode;  
 Tis hard for man to countermine with God.  
 She strait replide: Ile vtter truth in all;  
 When heauens supremest height, the Sunne doth skall;  
 The old Sea-tell-truth leaues the deepes, and hides  
 Amidst a blacke storme, when the West wind chides;  
 In caues still sleeping. Round about him sleepe  
 (With short feete swimming forth the fomie deepe)  
 The Sea-calues (louely *Halosydnes* calld)  
 From whom a noisome odour is exhalld,  
 Got from the whirle-pooles, on whose earth they lie.  
 Here, when the morne illustrates all the skie,  
 Ile guide, and seate thee, in the fittest place,  
 For the performance thou hast now in chace.  
 In meane time, reach thy Fleete; and chuse out three  
 Of best exploit, to go as aides to thee.  
 But now Ile shew thee all the old Gods sleights;  
 He first will number, and take all the sights  
 Of those, his guard, that on the shore arriues.  
 When hauing viewd, and told them forth by fiues;  
 He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleepe,  
 Like to a shepheard midst his flocke of sheepe.  
 In his first sleepe, call vp your hardiest cheare,  
 Vigor and violence, and hold him there,  
 In spite of all his striuings to be gone.  
 He then will turne himselfe to euery one  
 Of all things that in earth creepe and respire,  
 In water swim, or shine in heauenly fire.  
 Yet still hold you him firme; and much the more



## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Presse him from passing. But when, as before  
 (When sleepe first bound his powres) his forme ye see,  
 Then ceasse your force, and th' old Heroe free;  
 And then demand, which heauen-borne it may bee  
 That so afflicts you, hindring your retreat,  
 And free sea-passage to your natiue seate.  
 This said, she diu'd into the wauie seas;  
 And I my course did to my ships adresse,  
 That on the sands stucke; where arriu'd, we made  
 Our supper readie. Then th' Ambrosian shade  
 Of night fell on vs; and to sleepe we fell.  
 Rosie *Aurora* rose; we rose as well;  
 And three of them, on whom I most relied,  
 For firme at euery force; I chusde, and hied  
 Strait to the many-riuier-serued seas.  
 And all assistance, askt the Deities.  
 Meane time *Edothea*, the seas broad brest  
 Embrac't; and brought for me, and all my rest,  
 Foure of the sea-calues skins, but newly flead,  
 To worke a wile, which she had fashioned  
 Vpon her Father. Then (within the sand  
 A couert digging) when these Calues should land,  
 She sate expecting. We came close to her:  
 She plac't vs orderly; and made vs weare  
 Each one his Calues skin. But we then must passe  
 A huge exploit. The sea-calues sauour was  
 So passing sowre (they still being bred at seas)  
 It much afflicted vs: for who can please  
 To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?  
 But she preserues vs; and to memorie calls  
 A rare commoditie: she fetcht to vs  
*Ambrosia*, that an aire most odorous  
 Beares still about it; which she nointed round  
 Our either nostrils; and in it quite drownd  
 The nastie whale-smell. Then the great euent,  
 The whole mornes date, with spirits patient  
 We lay expecting. When bright Noone did flame  
 Forth from the sea, in Sholes the sea-calues came,  
 And orderly, at last, lay downe and slept  
 Along the sands. And then th' old sea-god crept  
 From forth the deepes; and found his fat calues there:  
 Suruaid, and numberd; and came neuer neare  
 The craft we vsde; but told vs fiue for calues.  
 His temples then diseasd, with sleepe he salues;  
 And in rusht we, with an abhorred crie:  
 Cast all our hands about him manfully,  
 And then th' old Forger, all his formes began:  
 First was a Lion, with a mightie mane;  
 Then next a Dragon; a pide Panther then;  
 A vast Boare next; and sodainly did straine  
 All into water. Last, he was a tree,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Curld all at top, and shot vp to the skie.  
 We, with resolu'd hearts, held him firmly still,  
 When th' old one (held to streight for all his skill,  
 To extricate) gaue words, and questiond me:      Which of the Gods, O *Atreus* sonne, (said he)  
 Aduisde and taught thy fortitude this sleight,  
 To take and hold me thus, in my despight?  
 What asks thy wish now? I replide: Thou knowst:  
 Why doest thou aske? What wiles are these thou showst?  
 I haue within this Ile, bene held for winde  
 A wondrous time; and can by no meanes find  
 An end to my retention. It hath spent  
 The very heart in me. Giue thou then vent  
 To doubts thus bound in me, (ye Gods know all)  
 Which of the Godheads, doth so fowly fall  
 On my addression home, to stay me here?  
 Auert me from my way? The fishie cleare,  
 Barr'd to my passage? He replide: Of force  
 (If to thy home, thou wishest free recourse)  
 To *Ioue*, and all the other Deities,  
 Thou must exhibite solemne sacrifice;  
 And then the blacke sea for thee shall be cleare,  
 Till thy lou'd countries settl'd reach. But where  
 Aske these rites thy performance? Tis a fate  
 To thee and thy affaires appropriate,  
 That thou shalt neuer see thy friends, nor tread  
 Thy Countries earth; nor see inhabited  
 Thy so magnificent house; till thou make good  
 Thy voyage backe to the Ægyptian flood,  
 Whose waters fell from *Ioue*: and there hast giuen  
 To *Ioue*, and all Gods, housd in ample heauen,  
 Deuoted Hecatombs; and then free wayes  
 Shall open to thee; cleard of all delayes.  
 This told he; and me thought, he brake my heart,  
 In such a long and hard course to diuert  
 My hope for home; and charge my backe retreat,  
 As farre as *Ægypt*. I made answer yet:      Father, thy charge Ile perfect; but before,  
 Resolue me truly, if their naturall shore,  
 All those Greeks, and their ships, do safe enioy,  
 That *Nestor* and my selfe left, when from *Troy*  
 We first raisde saile? Or whether any died  
 At sea a death vnwisht? Or (satisfied)  
 When warre was past, by friends embrac't, in peace  
 Resign'd their spirits? He made answer: Cease  
 To aske so farre; it fits thee not to be  
 So cunning in thine owne calamitie.  
 Nor seeke to learne; what learnd, thou shouldst forget;  
 Mens knowledges haue proper limits set,  
 And should not prease into the mind of God.  
 But twill not long be (as my thoughts abode)  
 Before thou buy this curious skill with teares.  
 Many of those, whose states so tempt thine eares,

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Are stoopt by Death; and many left aliue:  
 One chiefe of which, in strong hold doth suruiue,  
 Amidst the broad sea. Two, in their retreat,  
 Are done to death. I list not to repeate,  
 Who fell at *Troy*; thy selfe was there in fight.  
 But in returne, swift *Ajax* lost the light,  
 In his long-oard ship. *Neptune* yet a while,  
 Saft him vnwrackt: to the *Gyræan* Ile,  
 A mightie Rocke remouing from his way.  
 And surely he had scapt the fatall day,  
 In spite of *Pallas*, if to that foule deed,  
 He in her Phane did, (when he rauished  
 The Troian Prophetesse) he had not here  
 Adioynd an impious boast: that he would beare  
 (Despite the Gods) his ship safe through the waues  
 Then raisde against him. These his impious braues,  
 When *Neptune* heard; in his strong hand he tooke  
 His massie Trident; and so soundly strooke  
 The rocke *Gyræan*, that in two it cleft:  
 Of which, one fragment on the land he left;  
 The other fell into the troubl'd seas;  
 At which, first rusht *Ajax Oileades*,  
 And split his ship: and then himselfe aflote  
 Swum on the rough waues of the worlds vast mote;  
 Till hauing drunke a salt cup for his sinne,  
 There perisht he. Thy brother yet did winne  
 The wreath from *Death*, while in the waues they stroue,  
 Afflicted by the reuerend wife of *Ioue*.  
 But when the steepe Mount of the *Malean* shore,  
 He seemd to reach; a most tempestuous blore,  
 Farre to the fishie world, that sighes so sore,  
 Strait ravisht him againe; as farre away,  
 As to th' extreme bounds where the *Agrians* stay;  
 Where first *Thirstes* dwelt: but then his sonne  
*Ægisthus Thiestiades* liu'd. This done,  
 When his returne vntoucht appeard againe;  
 Backe turnd the Gods the wind; and set him then  
 Hard by his house. Then, full of ioy, he left  
 His ship; and close t'his countrie earth he cleft;  
 Kist it, and wept for ioy: powrd teare on teare,  
 To set so wishedly his footing there.  
 But see: a Sentinell that all the yeare,  
 Craftie *Ægisthus*, in a watchtowre set  
 To spie his landing; for reward as great  
 As two gold talents; all his powres did call  
 To strict remembrance of his charge; and all  
 Discharg'd at first sight; which at first he cast  
 On *Agamemnon*; and, with all his hast,  
 Informd *Ægisthus*. He, an instant traine  
 Laid for his slaughter: Twentie chosen men  
 Of his *Plebeians*, he in ambush laid.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

His other men, he charg'd to see puruaid  
 A Feast: and forth, with horse and chariots grac't,  
 He rode t'invite him: but in heart embrac't  
 Horrible welcomes: and to death did bring,  
 With trecherous slaughter, the vnwary King.  
 Receiu'd him at a Feast; and (like an Oxe  
 Slaine at his manger) gaue him bits and knocks.  
 No one left of *Atrides* traine; nor one  
 Sau'd to *Ægisthus*; but himselfe alone:  
 All strowd together there, the bloudie Court.  
 This said: my soule he sunke with his report:  
 Flat on the sands I fell: teares spent their store;  
 I, light abhord: my heart would liue no more.  
 When drie of teares; and tir'd with tumbling there;  
 Th' old *Tel-truth* thus my danted spirits did cheare:      No more spend teares nor time, ô *Atreus* sonne;  
 With ceaslesse weeping, neuer wish was wonne.  
 Vse vttermost assay to reach thy home,  
 And all vnwares vpon the murtherer come,  
 (For torture) taking him thy selfe, aliue;  
 Or let *Orestes*, that should farre out-striuie  
 Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light  
 Of such a darke soule: and do thou the right  
 Of buriall to him, with a Funerall feast.  
 With these last words, I fortifide my breast;  
 In which againe, a generous spring began,  
 Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;  
 But, as a brother, I must euer mourne.  
 Yet forth I went; and told him the returne  
 Of these I knew: but he had nam'd a third,  
 Held on the broad sea; still with life inspir'd;  
 Whom I besought to know, though likewise dead,  
 And I must mourne alike. He answered:      He is *Laertes* sonne; whom I beheld  
 In Nymph *Calypsos* Pallace; who compeld  
 His stay with her: and since he could not see  
 His countrie earth, he mournd incessantly.  
 For he had neither ship, instruct with oares,  
 Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores.  
 Where, leaue we him; and to thy selfe descend;  
 Whom, not in *Argos*, Fate nor Death shall end;  
 But the immortall ends of all the earth,  
 So rul'd by them, that order death by birth,  
 (The fields *Elisian*) Fate to thee will giue:  
 Where *Rhadamanthus* rules; and where men liue  
 A neuer-troubl'd life: where snow, nor showres,  
 Nor irksome Winter spends his fruitlesse powres;  
 But from the Ocean, *Zephyre* still resumes  
 A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes.  
 Which, since thou marriedst *Hellen*, are thy hire;  
 And *Ioue* himselfe, is by her side thy Sire.  
 This said; he diu'd the deepsome watrie heapes;  
 I, and my tried men, tooke vs to our ships;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And worlds of thoughts, I varied with my steps.  
 Arriu'd and shipt, the silent solemne Night,  
 And Sleepe bereft vs of our visuall light.  
 At morne, masts, sailes reard, we sate; left the shores,  
 And beate the fomie Ocean with our oares.  
 Againe then we, the *Ioue*-falne flood did fetch,  
 As farre as *Ægypt*: where we did beseech  
 The Gods with Hecatombs; whose angers ceast;  
 I toomb'd my brother, that I might be blest.  
 All rites performd; all haste I made for home;  
 And all the prosprous winds about were come;  
 I had the Pasport now of euery God,  
 And here closde all these labours period.  
 Here stay then, till th' eleuenth or twelfth daies light;  
 And Ile dismissee thee well; gifts exquisite  
 Preparing for thee: Chariot, horses three;  
 A Cup of curious frame to serue for thee,  
 To serue th' immortall Gods with sacrifice;  
 Mindfull of me, while all Sunnes light thy skies.  
 He answerd: Stay me not too long time here;  
 Though I could sit, attending all the yeare:  
 Nor should my house, nor parents, with desire,  
 Take my affections from you; so on fire  
 With loue to heare you, are my thoughts: but so;  
 My *Pylian* friends, I shall afflict with wo,  
 Who mourne euen this stay. Whatsoeuer be  
 The gifts your Grace is to bestow on me;  
 Vouchsafe them such, as I may beare and saue,  
 For your sake euer. Horse, I list not haue,  
 To keepe in *Ithaca*: but leaue them here,  
 To your soiles dainties; where the broad fields beire  
 Sweet *Cypers* grasse; where men-fed Lote doth flow;  
 Where wheate-like Spelt; and wheate it selfe doth grow;  
 Where Barley, white, and spreading like a tree:  
 But *Ithaca*, hath neither ground to be  
 (For any length it comprehends) a race  
 To trie a horses speed: nor any place  
 To make him fat in: fitter farre to feed  
 A Cliffe-bred Goate, then raise or please a Steed.  
 Of all Iles, *Ithaca* doth least prouide,  
 Or meades to feed a horse, or wayes to ride.  
 He, smiling said: Of good bloud art thou (sonne):  
 What speech, so yong? what obseruation  
 Hast thou made of the world? I well am pleasde  
 To change my gifts to thee; as being confesd  
 Vnfit indeed: my store is such, I may.  
 Of all my house-gifts then, that vp I lay  
 For treasure there, I will bestow on thee  
 The fairest, and of greatest price to me.  
 I will bestow on thee a rich caru'd Cup  
 Of siluer all: but all the brims wrought vp

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

With finest gold: it was the onely thing  
 That the Heroicall *Sydonian* King  
 Presented to me, when we were to part  
 At his receipt of me; and twas the Art  
 Of that great Artist, that of heauen is free;  
 And yet euen this, will I bestow on thee.  
 This speech thus ended; guests came, and did bring  
 Muttons (for Presents) to the God-like King:  
 And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous makes.  
 Their Riband-wreathed wiues, brought fruit and cakes.  
 And in *Vlysses* house, Actiuitie  
 The wooers practisde: Tossing of the Speare;  
 The Stone, and hurling: thus delighted, where  
 They exercisde such insolence before:  
 Euen in the Court, that wealthy pauements wore.  
*Antinous* did still their strifes decide;  
 And he that was in person deifide  
*Eurymachus*; both ring-leaders of all;  
 For in their vertues they were principall.  
 These, by *Noemon* (sonne to *Phromius*)  
 Were sided now; who made the question thus:  
 When this *Telemachus* returnes? or no,  
 From sandie *Pylos*? He made bold to take  
 My ship with him: of which, I now should make  
 Fit vse my selfe; and saile in her as farre  
 As spacious *Elis*; where, of mine, there are  
 Twelue delicate Mares; and vnder their sides, go  
 Laborious Mules, that yet did neuer know  
 The yoke, nor labour: some of which should beare  
 The taming now, if I could fetch them there.  
 This speech, the rest admir'd; nor dreamd that he  
*Neleian Pylos*, euer thought to see;  
 But was at field about his flocks suruay:  
 Or thought, his heardsmen held him so away.  
*Eupitheus* sonne, *Antinous*, then replied:  
 When went he? or with what Traine dignified  
 Of his selected *Ithaceusian* youth?  
 Prest men, or Bond men were they? Tell the truth.  
 Could he effect this? let me truly know:  
 To gaine thy vessell, did he violence show,  
 And vsde her gainst thy will? or had her free,  
 When fitting question, he had made with thee?  
 My vessell to him; who deserues to liue,  
 That would do other? when such men as he,  
 Did in distresse aske? he should churlish be,  
 That would denie him: Of our youth, the best  
 Amongst the people; to the interest  
 His charge did challenge in them; giuing way,  
 With all the tribute, all their powres could pay.  
 Their Captaine (as he tooke the ship) I knew;  
 Who *Mentor* was, or God. A deities shew,

Thus, in this house, did these their Feast apply:

*Antinous!* does any friend here know,

*Noemon* answerd: I did freely giue

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Maskt in his likenesse. But to thinke twas he,  
 I much admire; for I did clearly see,  
 But yester morning, God-like *Mentor* here;  
 Yet, th' other euening, he tooke shipping there,  
 And went for *Pylos*. Thus went he for home,  
 And left the rest, with enuie ouercome:  
 Who sate; and pastime left. *Eupitheus* sonne  
 (Sad, and with rage, his entrailles ouerrunne)  
 His eyes like flames; thus interposde his speech.  
 Strange thing; an action of how proud a reach,  
 Is here committed by *Telemachus*?  
 A boy, a child; and we, a sort of vs,  
 Vowd gainst his voyage; yet admit it thus,  
 With ship, and choise youth of our people too?  
 But let him on; and all his mischiefe do;  
*Ioue* shall conuert vpon himselfe his powres,  
 Before their ill presum'd, he brings on ours.  
 Prouide me then a ship, and twentie men  
 To giue her manage; that against again  
 He turnes for home; on th' *Ithacensian* seas,  
 Or Cliffie *Samian*; I may interprease;  
 Way-lay, and take him; and make all his craft,  
 Saile with his ruine, for his Father saf't.  
 This, all applauded; and gaue charge to do;  
 Rose, and to greete *Vlysses* house, did go.  
 But long time past not, ere *Penelope*  
 Had notice of their far-fetcht trecherie.  
*Medon* the Herald told her; who had heard  
 Without the Hall, how they within conferd:  
 And hasted strait, to tell it to the Queene:  
 Who from the entrie, hauing *Medon* seene  
 Preuents him thus: Now Herald; what affaire  
 Intend the famous woo'rs, in your repaire?  
 To tell *Vlysses* maids, that they must cease  
 From doing our worke, and their banquets dresse?  
 I would to heauen, that (leauing wooing me,  
 Nor euer troubling other companie)  
 Here might the last Feast be, and most extreme,  
 That euer any shall addresse for them.  
 They neuer meete, but to consent in spoile,  
 And reape the free fruites of anothers toile.  
 O did they neuer, when they children were,  
 What to their Fathers, was *Vlysses*, heare?  
 Who neuer did gainst any one proceed,  
 With vniust vsage, or in word or deed?  
 Tis yet with other Kings, another right,  
 One to pursue with loue, another spight;  
 He still yet iust; nor would, though might deuoure;  
 Nor to the worst, did euer taste of powre.  
 But their vnruled acts, shew their minds estate:  
 Good turnes receiu'd once, thanks grow out of date.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

*Medon*, the learn'd in wisdom, answerd her:  
 I wish (O Queene) that their ingratitude were  
 Their worst ill towards you: but worse by farre,  
 And much more deadly their endeouours are;  
 Which *Ioue* will faile them in. *Telemachus*  
 Their purpose is (as he returns to vs)  
 To giue their sharpe steeles in a cruell death:  
 Who now is gone to learne, if *Fame* can breathe  
 Newes of his Sire; and will the *Pylian* shore,  
 And sacred *Sparta*, in his search explore.  
 This newes dissolu'd to her both knees and heart,  
 Long silence held her, ere one word would part:  
 Her eyes stood full of teares; her small soft voice,  
 All late vse lost; that yet at last had choice  
 Of wonted words; which briefly thus she vsde:      Why left my sonne his mother? why refusde  
 His wit the solid shore, to trie the seas,  
 And put in ships the trust of his distresse?  
 That are at sea to men vnbridld horse,  
 And runne, past rule, their farre-engaged course,  
 Amidst a moisture, past all meane vnstaid?  
 No need compeld this: did he it, afraid  
 To liue and leaue posteritie his name?      I know not (he replide) if th' humor came  
 From current of his owne instinct, or flowd  
 From others instigations; but he vowd  
 Attempt to *Pylos*; or to see descried  
 His Sires returne, or know what death he died.  
 This said; he tooke him to *Vlysses* house  
 After the wooers; the *Vlysssean* Spouse  
 (Runne through with woes) let *Torture* seise her mind;  
 Nor, in her choice of state-chaire, stood enclin'd  
 To take her seate; but th' abiect threshold chose  
 Of her faire chamber, for her loth'd repose;  
 And mournd most wretch like. Round about her fell  
 Her handmaids, ioyn'd in a continue yell.  
 From euery corner of the Pallace, all  
 Of all degrees, tun'd to her comforts fall  
 Their owne deiections: to whom, her complaint  
 She thus enforc't: The Gods beyond constraint  
 Of any measure, vrge these teares on me;  
 Nor was there euer Dame of my degree,  
 So past degree grieu'd. First, a Lord, so good,  
 That had such hardie spirits in his blood.  
 That all the vertues was adorn'd withall;  
 That all the Greeks did their Superiour call,  
 To part with thus, and lose. And now a sonne  
 So worthily belou'd, a course to runne  
 Beyond my knowledge; whom rude tempests haue  
 Made farre from home, his most inglorious graue.  
 Vnhappie wench, that no one of all,  
 (Though in the reach of euery one, must fall  
 His taking ship) sustaind the carefull mind,



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To call me from my bed; who, this designd,  
 And most vowd course in him, had either staid,  
 (How much soeuer hasted) or dead laid  
 He should haue left me. Many a man I haue,  
 That would haue calld old *Dolius* my slaue,  
 (That keeps my Orchard, whom my Father gaue  
 At my departure) to haue runne, and told  
*Laertes* this; to trie if he could hold  
 From running through the people; and from teares,  
 In telling them of these vowd murtherers;  
 That both diuine *Vlysses* hope, and his,  
 Resolue to end in their conspiracies.  
 His Nurse then, *Euryclæas* made reply:  
 Deare Soueraigne, let me with your owne hands die;  
 Or cast me off here; Ile not keepe from thee,  
 One word of what I know: He trusted me  
 With all his purpose; and I gaue him all  
 The bread and wine, for which he pleasd to call.  
 But then a mightie oath he made me sweare,  
 Not to report it to your royall eare,  
 Before the twelfth day either should appeare,  
 Or you should aske me, when you heard him gone.  
 Empaire not then your beauties with your mone,  
 But wash, and put vnteare–staind garments on:  
 Ascend your chamber, with your Ladies here;  
 And pray the seed of Goat–nurst *Iupiter*,  
 (Diuine *Athenia*) to preserue your sonne;  
 And she will saue him from confusion.  
 Th' old King, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd,  
 For his graue counsels, you perhaps may find  
 Vnfit affected, for his ages sake.  
 But heauen–kings waxe not old; and therefore make  
 Fit pray'rs to them; for my thoughts neuer will  
 Beleue the heauenly powres conceit so ill,  
 The seed of righteous *Arcesiades*,  
 To end it vtterly; but still will please  
 In some place euermore, some one of them  
 To saue; and decke him with a Diadem:  
 Giue him possession of erected Towres,  
 And farre–stretcht fields, crownd all of fruits and flowres.  
 This easd her heart, and dride her humorous eies,  
 When hauing washt, and weeds of sacrifice:  
 (Pure, and vnstaind with her distrustfull teares)  
 Put on; (with all her women–ministers)  
 Vp to a chamber of most height, she rose;  
 And cakes of salt and barley did impose  
 Within a wicker basket; all which broke  
 In decent order; thus she did inuoke: Great Virgin of the Goat–preserued God;  
 If euer the inhabited abode  
 Of wise *Vlysses*, held the fatted Thies  
 Of sheepe and Oxen, made thy sacrifice

Another.

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

By his deuotion; heare me; nor forget  
 His pious seruices; but safe see set  
 His deare sonne, on these shores; and banish hence  
 These wooers, past all meane in insolence.  
 This said, she shriekt; and *Pallas* heard her praire.  
 The wooers broke with tumult all the aire  
 About the shadie house; and one of them,  
 Whose pride, his youth had made the more extreme,  
 Said; Now the many-woor-honourd Queene,  
 Will surely satiate her delayfull spleene,  
 And one of vs, in instant nuptials take.  
 Poore Dame, she dreames not, what designe we make,  
 Vpon the life and slaughter of her sonne.  
 So said he; but so said, was not so done;  
 Whose arrogant spirit, in a vaunt so vaine,  
*Antinous* chid; and said; For shame containe  
 These brauing speeches; who can tell who heares?  
 Are we not now in reach of others eares?  
 If our intentions please vs, let vs call  
 Our spirits vp to them, and let speeches fall.  
 By watchfull Danger, men must silent go:  
 What we resolue on, let's not say, but do.  
 This said; he chusde out twentie men, that bore  
 Best reckning with him; and to ship and shore,  
 All hasted; reacht the ship, lancht, raisd the mast;  
 Put sailes in; and with leather loopes made fast  
 The oares; Sailes hoisted; Armes their men did bring;  
 All giuing speed, and forme to euery thing.  
 Then to the high-deepes, their riggd vessell driuen,  
 They supt; expecting the approaching Euen.  
 Meane space, *Penelope* her chamber kept,  
 And bed, and neither eate, nor dranke, nor slept;  
 Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blamelesse sonne;  
 Still in contention, if he should be done  
 To death; or scape the impious wooers designe.  
 Looke how a Lion, whom men-troopes combine  
 To hunt, and close him in a craftie ring;  
 Much varied thought conceiues; and feare doth sting  
 For vrgent danger: So far'd she, till sleepe,  
 All iuncture of her ioynts, and nerues did steepe  
 In his dissoluing humor. When (at rest)  
*Pallas* her fauours varied; and address  
 An Idoll, that *Iphthima* did present  
 In structure of her euery lineament;  
 Great-sould *Icarius* daughter: whom, for Spouse  
*Eumelus* tooke, that kept in *Pheris* house.  
 This, to diuine *Vlysses* house she sent,  
 To trie her best meane, how she might content  
 Mournfull *Penelope*; and make Relent  
 The strict addiction in her to deplore.  
 This Idoll (like a worme, that lesse or more,

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Contracts or straines her) did it selfe conuey,  
Beyond the wards, or windings of the key,  
Into the chamber; and aboue her head,  
Her seate assuming, thus she comforted  
Distrest *Penelope*. Doth sleepe thus sease  
Thy powres, affected with so much disease?  
The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not see  
Thy teares nor griefes, in any least degree,  
Sustaind with cause; for they will guard thy sonne,  
Safe to his wisht, and natiue mansion;  
Since he is no offender of their States;  
And they to such, are firmer then their Fates.  
The wise *Penelope* receiu'd her thus;  
(Bound with a slumber most delicious,  
And in the Port of dreames) O sister, why  
Repaire you hither? since so farre off lie  
Your house and houshold? You were neuer here  
Before this houre; and would you now giue cheare  
To my so many woes and miseries?  
Affecting fitly all the faculties  
My soule and mind hold: hauing lost before  
A husband, that of all the vertues bore  
The Palme amongst the Greeks; and whose renowne  
So ample was, that *Fame* the sound hath blowne  
Through *Greece* and *Argos*, to her very heart.  
And now againe; a sonne that did conuert  
My whole powres to his loue, by ship is gone.  
A tender Plant, that yet was neuer growne  
To labours taste, nor the commerce of men;  
For whom, more then my husband I complaine;  
And lest he should at any sufferance touch  
(Or in the sea, or by the men so much  
Estrang'd to him, that must his consorts be)  
Feare and chill tremblings, shake each ioynt of me.  
Besides: his danger sets on, foes profest  
To way-lay his returne; that haue adress  
Plots for his death. The scarce-discerned Dreame,  
Said: Be of comfort; nor feares so extreme,  
Let thus dismay thee; thou hast such a mate  
Attending thee, as some at any rate  
Would wish to purchase; for her powre is great;  
Minerua pities thy delights defeate:  
Whose Grace hath sent me to foretell thee theese.  
If thou (said she) be of the Goddesses,  
And heardst her tell thee these; thou mayst as well  
From her, tell all things else; daigne then to tell,  
If yet the man, to all misfortunes borne,  
(My husband) liues; and sees the Sunne adorne  
The darksome earth; or hides his wretched head  
In *Plutos* house, and liues amongst the dead? I will not (she replide) my breath exhale,  
In one continue, and perpetuall tale;

Another.

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Liues he, or dies he. Tis a filthy vse,  
To be in vaine and idle speech profuse.  
This said; she through the key-hole of the dore  
Vanisht againe into the open blore.  
*Icarius* daughter started from her sleepe,  
And *Ioyes* fresh humor, her lou'd brest did steepe:  
When now so cleare, in that first watch of night,  
She saw the seene dreame vanish from her fight.  
The wooers (shipt) the seas moist waues did plie;  
And thought the Prince, a haughtie death should die.  
There lies a certaine Iland in the sea,  
Twixt rockie *Samos* and rough *Ithaca*,  
That cliffie is it selfe, and nothing great;  
Yet holds conuenient hauens, that two wayes let  
Ships in and out; calld *Asteris*: and there  
The wooers hop't to make their massakere. Finis libri quarti Hom, Odys.

## THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*A Second Court, on Ioue attends;  
Who, Hermes to Calypso sends;  
Commanding her to cleare the wayes  
Vlysses sought; and she obayes.  
When Neptune saw Vlysses free,  
And, so in safetie, plow the sea;  
Enrag'd, he ruffles vp the waues,  
And splits his ship. Leucothea saues  
His person yet; as being a Dame,  
Whose Godhead gouern'd in the frame  
Of those seas tempers. But the meane  
By which she curbs dread Neptunes splene,  
Is made a Iewell; which she takes  
From off her head; and that she makes  
Vlysses on his bosome weare,  
About his necke, she ties it there:  
And when he is with waues beset,  
Bids weare it as an Amulet;  
Commanding him, that not before  
He toucht vpon Phæacias shore,  
He should not part with it; but then  
Returne it to the sea agein,  
And cast it from him. He performes;  
Yet after this, bides bitter stormes;  
And in the rockes, sees Death engrau'd;  
But on Phæacias shore is sau'd.*

Another.

*Vlysses builds*

*A ship; and gaines*

*The Gassie fields;*

*Payes Neptune paines.*          *Avrora* rose from high-borne *Tithons* Bed,

That men and Gods might be illustrated:

And then the Deities sate. Imperiall *Ioue*,

That makes the horrid murmure beate aboute,

Tooke place past all; whose height for euer springs

And from whom flowes th' eternall powre of things.

Then *Pallas* (mindfull of *Vlysses*) told

The many Cares, that in *Calypsos* hold,

He still sustaind; when he had felt before,

So much affliction, and such dangers more.

O Father, (said she) and ye euer blest;

Giue neuer King hereafter, interest

In any aide of yours, by seruing you;

By being gentle, humane, iust; but grow

Rude, and for euer scornfull of your rights;

All iustice ordring by their appetites.

Since he that rul'd, as it in right behou'd,

That all his subiects, as his children lou'd,

Finds you so thoughtlesse of him, and his birth.

Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth;

And grudge at what ye let him vndergo;

Who yet the least part of his sufferance know:

Thralld in an Iland; shipwrackt in his teares;

And in the fancies that *Calypso* beares,

Bound from his birthright; all his shipping gone;

And of his souldiers, not retaining one.

And now his most-lou'd Sonnes life doth inflame

Their slaughterous enuies; since his Fathers fame

He puts in pursuite; and is gone as farre

As sacred *Pylos*; and the singular

Dame-breeding *Sparta*. This, with this reply,

The Cloud-assembler answerd: What words flie

Thine owne remembrance (daughter?) hast not thou

The counsell giuen thy selfe, that told thee how

*Vlysses* shall with his returne addresse

His woers wrongs? And, for the safe accesse,

His Sonne shall make to his innatiue Port,

Do thou direct it, in as curious sort,

As thy wit serues thee: it obeys thy powers;

And in their ship returne the speedlesse wowers.

Then turnd he to his issue *Mercurie*,

And said: Thou hast made good our Ambassie

To th' other Statists; To the Nymph then now,

On whose faire head a tuft of gold doth grow;

Beare our -spoken counsell; for retreat

Of patient *Vlysses*; who shall get

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

No aide from vs, nor any mortall man;  
 But in a patcht–vp skiffe, (built as he can,  
 And suffering woes enow) the twentieth day  
 At fruitfull *Scheria*, let him breathe his way,  
 With the *Phæacians*, that halfe Deities liue;  
 Who like a God will honour him; and giue  
 His wisdoms clothes, and ship, and brasse, and gold,  
 More then for gaine of *Troy* he euer told;  
 Where, at the whole diuision of the prey,  
 If he a sauer were, or got away  
 Without a wound (if he should grudge) twas well;  
 But th' end shall crowne all; therefore Fate will deale  
 So well with him; to let him land, and see  
 His natiue earth, friends, house and family.  
 Thus charg'd he; nor *Argicides* denied;  
 But to his feete, his faire wingd shooes he tied;  
 Ambrosian, golden; that in his command,  
 Put either sea, or the vnmeasur'd land,  
 With pace as speedie as a puf of wind.  
 Then vp his Rod went; with which he declin'd  
 The eyes of any waker, when he pleas'd,  
 And any sleeper, when he wisht, diseas'd.  
 This tooke; he stoopt *Pierea*; and thence  
 Glid through the aire; and *Neptunes* Confluence  
 Kist as he flew; and checkt the waues as light  
 As any Sea–mew, in her fishing flight,  
 Her thicke wings soucing in the sauorie seas.  
 Like her, he past a world of wilderness;  
 But when the far–off Ile, he toucht; he went  
 Vp from the blue sea, to the Continent,  
 And reacht the ample *Cauerne* of the Queene;  
 Whom he within found; without, seldome seene.  
 A Sun–like fire vpon the harth did flame;  
 The matter precious, and diuine the frame;  
 Of Cedar cleft, and Incense was the Pile,  
 That breath'd an odour round about the Ile.  
 Her selfe was seated in an inner roome,  
 Whom sweetly sing he heard; and at her loome,  
 About a curious web; whose yarne she threw  
 In, with a golden shittle. A Groue grew  
 In endlesse spring about her *Cauerne* round;  
 With odorous *Cypresse*, *Pines*, and *Poplars* crownd,  
 Where *Haulks*, *Sea–owles*, and long–tongu'd *Bittours* bred;  
 And other birds their shadie pinions spred.  
 All Fowles maritimall; none roosted there,  
 But those whose labours in the waters were.  
 A Vine did all the hollow *Caue* embrace;  
 Still greene, yet still ripe bunches gaue it grace.  
 Foure *Fountaines*, one against another powrd  
 Their siluer streames; and meadowes all enflowrd  
 With sweete *Balme–gentle*, and blue *Violets* hid,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

That deckt the soft brests of each fragrant Mead.  
 Should any one (though he immortall were)  
 Arriue and see the sacred obiects there;  
 He would admire them, and be ouer-joyd;  
 And so stood *Hermes* raiisht powres employd.  
 But hauing all admir'd, he enterd on  
 The ample Caue; nor could be seene vnknowne  
 Of great *Calypso*, (for all Deities are  
 Prompt in each others knowledge; though so farre  
 Seuerd in dwellings) but he could not see  
*Vlysses* there within. Without was he  
 Set sad ashore; where twas his vse to view  
 Th' vnquiet sea; sigh'd, wept, and emptie drew  
 His heart of comfort. Plac't here in her throne  
 (That beames cast vp, to Admiration)  
 Diuine *Calypso*, question'd *Hermes* thus:      For what cause (deare, and much-esteem'd by vs,  
 Thou golden-rod-adorned *Mercurie*)  
 Arriu'st thou here? thou hast not vsde t'apply  
 Thy passage this way. Say, what euer be  
 Thy hearts desire, my mind commands it thee,  
 If in my meanes it lie, or powre of fact.  
 But first, what hospitable rights exact,  
 Come yet more neare, and take. This said, she set  
 A Table forth, and furnisht it with meate,  
 Such as the Gods taste; and seru'd in with it,  
 Vermilion *Nectar*. When with banquet, fit  
 He had confirmd his spirits; he thus exprest  
 His cause of coming: Thou hast made request  
 (Goddesse of Goddesses) to vnderstand  
 My cause of touch here: which thou shalt command,  
 And know with truth: *Ioue* causd my course to thee,  
 Against my will; for who would willingly  
 Lackey along so vast a lake of Brine?  
 Neare to no Citie; that the powres diuine  
 Receiues with solemne rites and Hecatombs?  
 But *Ioues* will euer, all law ouercomes;  
 No other God can crosse or make it void.  
 And he affirms, that one, the most annoid  
 With woes and toiles, of all those men that fought  
 For *Priams* Citie; and to end hath brought  
 Nine yeares in the contention; is with thee.  
 For in the tenth yeare, when roy *Victorie*  
 Was wonne, to giue the Greeks the spoile of *Troy*;  
 Returne they did professe, but not enioy,  
 Since *Pallas* they incenst; and she, the waues  
 By all the winds powre, that blew ope their graues.  
 And there they rested. Onely this poore one,  
 This Coast, both winds and waues haue cast vpon:  
 Whom now forthwith he wils thee to dismis;  
 Affirming that th' vnalterd destinies,  
 Not onely haue decreed, he shall not die

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Apart his friends; but of Necessitie  
 Enjoy their sights before those fatall houres,  
 His countrie earth reach, and erected Towres.  
 This strook, a loue-checkt horror through her powres;  
 When (naming him) she this reply did giue:  
 Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that liue,  
 In all things you affect; which still conuert  
 Your powres to Enuies. It afflicts your hearts,  
 That any Goddess should (as you obtaine  
 The vse of earthly Dames) enjoy the men:  
 And most in open mariage. So ye far'd,  
 When the delicious-fingerd *Morning* shar'd  
*Orions* bed: you easie-liuing States,  
 Could neuer satisfie your emulous hates;  
 Till in *Ortygia*, the precise-liu'd Dame  
 (Gold-thron'd *Diana*) on him rudely came,  
 And with her swift shafts slue him. And such paines,  
 (When rich-haired *Ceres* pleas'd to giue the raines  
 To her affections; and the grace did yeeld  
 Of loue and bed amidst a three-cropt field,  
 To her *Iasion*) he paid angrie *Ioue*;  
 Who lost, no long time, notice of their loue;  
 But with a glowing lightning, was his death.  
 And now your enuies labour vnderneath  
 A mortals choice of mine; whose life, I tooke  
 To liberall safetie; when his ship, *Ioue* strooke  
 With red-hote flashes, peece-meale in the seas,  
 And all his friends and souldiers, succourlesse  
 Perisht but he. Him, cast vpon this coast  
 With blasts and billowes; I (in life giuen lost)  
 Preseru'd alone; lou'd, nourisht, and did vow  
 To make him deathlesse; and yet neuer grow  
 Crooked, or worne with age, his whole life long.  
 But since no reason may be made so strong,  
 To striue with *Ioues* will, or to make it vaine;  
 No not if all the other Gods should straine  
 Their powres against it; let his will be law;  
 So he affoord him fit meanes to withdraw,  
 (As he commands him) to the raging Maine:  
 But meanes from me, he neuer shall obtaine,  
 For my meanes yeeld, nor men, nor ship, nor oares,  
 To set him off, from my so enuied shores.  
 But if my counsell and goodwill can aide  
 His safe passe home, my best shall be assaid.  
 Vouchsafe it so, (said heauens Ambassador)  
 And daigne it quickly. By all meanes abhorre  
 T'incense *Ioues* wrath against thee; that with grace  
 He may hereafter, all thy wish embrace.  
 Thus tooke the *Argus*-killing God, his wings.  
 And since the reuerend *Nymph*, these awfull things  
 Receiu'd from *Ioue*; she to *Vlysses* went:



## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Whom she ashore found, drownd in discontent;  
 His eyes kept neuer drie, he did so mourne,  
 And waste his deare age, for his wisht returne.  
 Which still without the Caue he vsde to do,  
 Because he could not please the Goddesse so.  
 At night yet (forc't) together tooke their rest,  
 The willing Goddesse, and th' vnwilling Guest.  
 But he, all day in rockes, and on the shore  
 The vext sea viewd; and did his Fate deplore.  
 Him, now, the Goddesse (coming neare) bespake:     Vnhappie man; no more discomfort take,  
 For my constraint of thee; nor waste thine age;  
 I now will passing freely disengage  
 Thy irksome stay here. Come then, fell thee wood,  
 And build a ship, to saue thee from the flood.  
 Ile furnish thee with fresh waue; bread and wine,  
 Ruddle and sweet, that will the Piner pine;  
 Put garments on thee; giue thee winds foreright;  
 That euery way thy home-bent appetite  
 May safe attaine to it; if so it please  
 At all parts, all the heauen housd Deities!  
 That more in powre are, more in skill then I;  
 And more can iudge, what fits humanitie.  
 He stood amaz'd, at this strange change in her;  
 And said: O Goddesse! thy intents preferre  
 Some other proiect, then my parting hence;  
 Commanding things of too high consequence  
 For my performance. That my selfe should build  
 A ship of powre, my home assaies to shield  
 Against the great Sea, of such dread to passe;  
 Which not the best-built ship that euer was,  
 Will passe exulting; when such winds as *Ioue*  
 Can thunder vp, their trims and tacklings proue.  
 But could I build one, I would ne're aboard,  
 (Thy will opposde) nor (won) without thy word,  
 Giuen in the great oath of the Gods to me,  
 Not to beguile me in the least degree.  
 The Goddesse smilde; held hard his hand, and said:  
 O y'are a shrewdone; and so habited  
 In taking heed; thou knowst not what it is  
 To be vnwary; nor vse words amisse.  
 How hast thou charmd me, were I ne're so slie?  
 Let earth know then; and heauen, so broad, so hie;  
 And th' vnder-sunke waues of th' infernall streame;  
 (Which is an oath, as terribly supream,  
 As any God swears) that I had no thought,  
 But stood with what I spake; nor would haue wrought,  
 Nor counseld any act, against thy good;  
 But euer diligently weighd, and stood  
 On those points in perswading thee; that I  
 Would vse my selfe in such extremitie.  
 For my mind simple is, and innocent;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Not giuen by cruell sleights to circumuent;  
 Nor beare I in my breast a heart of steele,  
 But with the Sufferer, willing sufferance feele.  
 This said; the *Grace* of Goddesses led home;  
 He tract her steps; and (to the Cauerne come)  
 In that rich Throne, whence *Mercurie* arose,  
 He sate. The *Nymph* her selfe did then appose  
 For food and beuridge to him; all best meate  
 And drinke, that mortals vse to taste and eate.  
 Then sate she opposite; and for her Feast,  
 Was *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* address  
 By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,  
 Did freely fall to. Hauing fitly far'd,  
 The *Nymph Calypso* this discourse began:      *Ioue*-bred *Vlysses!* many-witted man!  
 Still is thy home so wisht? so soone, away?  
 Be still of cheare, for all the worst I say;  
 But if thy soule knew what a summe of woes  
 For thee to cast vp, thy sterne Fares impose,  
 Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attaine;  
 Vndoubtedly thy choice would here remaine;  
 Keepe house with me, and be a liuer euer.  
 Which (me thinkes) should thy house and thee disseuer;  
 Though for thy wife there, thou art set on fire;  
 And all thy dayes are spent in her desire;  
 And though it be no boast in me to say,  
 In forme and mind, I match her euery way.  
 Nor can it fit a mortall Dames compare,  
 T'affect those termes with vs, that deathlesse are.  
 The great in counsels, made her this reply:  
 Renowm'd, and to be reuerenc'd Deitie!  
 Let it not moue thee, that so much I vow  
 My comforts to my wife; though well I know  
 All cause my selfe, why wise *Penelope*  
 In wit is farre inferiour to thee;  
 In feature, stature, all the parts of show;  
 She being a mortall; an Immortall thou;  
 Old euer growing, and yet neuer old.  
 Yet her desire, shall all my dayes see told;  
 Adding the sight of my returning day,  
 And naturall home. If any God shall lay  
 His hand vpon me, as I passe the seas;  
 Ile beare the worst of what his hand shall please;  
 As hauing giuen me such a mind, as shall  
 The more still rise, the more his hand lets fall.  
 In warres and waues, my sufferings were not small.  
 I now haue sufferd much; as much before;  
 Hereafter let as much result, and more.  
 This said; the Sunne set; and earth shadowes gaue;  
 When these two (in an in-roome of the Caue,  
 Left to themselues) left Loue no rites vndone.  
 The early Morne vp; vp he rose; put on

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

His in and out—weed. She, her selfe inchaces  
Amidst a white robe, full of all the *Graces*;  
Ample, and pleated, thicke, like fishie skales.  
A golden girdle then, her waste empales;  
Her head, a veile decks; and abroad they come;  
And now began *Vlysses* to go home.  
A great Axe, first she gaue, that two wayes cut;  
In which a faire wel-polisht helme was put,  
That from an Oliue bough receiu'd his frame:  
A plainer then. Then led she till they came  
To loftie woods, that did the Ile confine.  
The Firre tree, Poplar, and heauen-scaling Pine,  
Had there their ofspring. Of which, those that were  
Of driest matter, and grew longest there,  
He chusde for lighter saile. This place, thus showne,  
The *Nymph* turnd home. He fell to felling downe;  
And twentie trees he stoopt, in litle space;  
Plaind, vsde his Plumb; did all with artfull grace.  
In meane time did *Calypso* wimbles bring.  
He bor'd, closde, naild, and orderd eury thing;  
And tooke how much a ship-wright will allow  
A ship of burthen; (one that best doth know  
What fits his Art) so large a Keele he cast.  
Wrought vp her decks, and hatches, side-boords, mast;  
With willow watlings armd her, to resist  
The billowes outrage; added all she mist;  
Sail-yards, and sterne for guide. The *Nymph* then brought  
Linnen for sailes; which, with dispatch, he wrought.  
Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the Frame  
In foure dayes space, to full perfection came.  
The fift day, they dismiss him from the shore;  
Weeds, neate, and odorous gaue him; victles store;  
Wine, and strong waters, and a prosperous wind.  
To which, *Vlysses* (fit to be diuin'd)  
His sailes exposd, and hoised. Off he gat;  
And chearfull was he. At the Sterne he sat,  
And ster'd right artfully. No sleepe could seise  
His ey-lids: he beheld the *Pletades*;  
The Beare, surnam'd the Waine, that round doth moue  
About *Orion*; and keepes still about  
The billowie Ocean. The slow-setting starre,  
*Bootes* calld, by some, the Waggonar.  
*Calypso* warnd him, he his course should stere  
Still to his left hand. Seunteene dayes did cleare  
The cloudie *Nights* command, in his moist way;  
And by the eighteenth light, he might display  
The shadie hils of the *Phæacian* shore;  
For which, as to his next abode, he bore.  
The cuntry did a pretie figure yeeld,  
And lookt from off the darke seas, like a shield.  
Imperious *Neptune* (making his retreat

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

From th' *Æthiopian* earth; and taking seate  
 Vpon the mountaines of the *Solyimi*;  
 From thence, farre off discouering) did descrie  
*Vlysses*, his fields plowing. All on fire  
 The sight strait set his heart; and made desire  
 Of wreake runne ouer, it did boile so hie.  
 When (his head nodding) O impietie  
 (He cried out) now, the Gods inconstancie  
 Is most apparent; altring their designes  
 Since I the *Æthiops* saw: and here confines  
 To this *Vlysses* fate, his misery.  
 The great marke, on which all his hopes rely,  
 Lies in *Phæacia*. But I hope he shall  
 Feele woe at height, ere that dead calme befall.  
 This said; he (begging) gatherd clouds from land;  
 Frighted the seas vp; snatcht into his hand,  
 His horrid Trident; and aloft did tosse  
 (Of all the winds) all stormes he could engrosse.  
 All earth tooke into sea with clouds; grim *Night*  
 Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of Light.  
 The East and South winds iustld in the aire;  
 The violent *Zephire*, and *North*—making faire,  
 Rould vp the waues before them: and then, bent  
*Vlysses* knees; then all his spirit was spent.  
 In which despaire, he thus spake: Woe is me!  
 What was I borne to? man of miserie?  
*Feare* tels me now, that all the Goddesses said,  
*Truths* selfe will author; that *Fate* would be paid  
*Griefes* whole summe due from me, at sea, before  
 I reacht the deare touch of my countries shore.  
 With what clouds *Ioue*, heauens heightned forehead binds?  
 How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds?  
 How all the tops, he bottomes with the deepes?  
 And in the bottomes, all the tops he steepes?  
 Thus dreadfull is the presence of our death.  
 Thrice foure times blest were they that sunke beneath  
 Their Fates at *Troy*; and did to nought contend,  
 But to renowme *Atrides* with their end?  
 I would to God, my houre of death, and Fate,  
 That day had held the power to terminate;  
 When showres of darts, my life bore vndeprest,  
 About diuine *Æacides* deceast.  
 Then had I bene allotted to haue died,  
 By all the Greeks, with funerals glorified;  
 (Whence *Death*, encouraging good life, had growne)  
 Where now I die, by no man mournd, nor knowne.  
 This spoke; a huge waue tooke him by the head,  
 And hurld him o're—boord: ship and all it laid  
 Inuerted quite amidst the waues; but he  
 Farre off from her sprawld, strowd about the sea:  
 His Sterne still holding, broken off; his Mast

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Burst in the midst: so horrible a blast  
 Of mixt winds strooke it. Sailes and saile-yards fell  
 Amongst the billowes; and himselfe did dwell  
 A long time vnder water: nor could get  
 In haste his head out: waue with waue so met  
 In his depression; and his garments too,  
 (Giuen by *Calypso*) gaue him much to do,  
 Hindring his swimming; yet he left not so  
 His drenched vessell, for the ouerthrow  
 Of her nor him; but gat at length againe  
 (Wrestling with *Neptune*) hold of her; and then  
 Sate in her Bulke, insulting ouer Death;  
 Which (with the salt streame, prest to stop his breath)  
 He scap't, and gaue the sea againe; to giue  
 To other men. His ship so striu'd to liue,  
 Floting at randon, cufft from waue to waue;  
 As you haue seene the *Northwind* when he draue  
 In *Autumne*, heapes of thorne-fed Grashoppers,  
 Hither and thither; one heape this way beares,  
 Another that; and makes them often meete  
 In his confusde gales; so *Vlysses* fleete,  
 The winds hurl'd vp and downe: now *Boreas*  
 Tost it to *Notus*, *Notus* gaue it passe  
 To *Eurus*; *Eurus*, *Zephire* made it pursue  
 The horrid Tennis. This sport calld the view  
 Of *Cadmus* daughter, with the narrow heele;  
 (*Ino Leucothea*) that first did feele  
 A mortall Dames desires; and had a tongue.  
 But now had th' honor to be nam'd among  
 The marine Godheads. She, with pitie saw  
*Vlysses* iustl'd thus, from flaw to flaw;  
 And (like a Cormorand, in forme and flight)  
 Rose from a whirl-poole: on the ship did light,  
 And thus bespeake him: Why is *Neptune* thus  
 In thy pursuite extremely furious,  
 Oppressing thee with such a world of ill,  
 Euen to thy death? He must not serue his will,  
 Though tis his studie. Let me then aduise,  
 As my thoughts serue; thou shalt not be vnwise  
 To leaue thy weeds and ship, to the commands  
 Of these rude winds; and worke out with thy hands,  
 Passe to *Phæacia*; where thy austere *Fate*,  
 Is to pursue thee with no more such hate.  
 Take here this Tablet, with this riband strung,  
 And see it still about thy bosome hung;  
 By whose eternall vertue, neuer feare  
 To suffer thus againe, nor perish here.  
 But when thou touchest with thy hand the shore,  
 Then take it from thy necke, nor weare it more;  
 But cast it farre off from the Continent,  
 And then thy person farre ashore present.

Another.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Thus gaue she him the Tablet; and againe  
 (Turnd to a Cormorand) diu'd past sight the Maine.  
 Patient *Vlysses* sighd at this; and stucke  
 In the conceit of such faire-spoken Lucke:  
 And said; Alas I must suspect euen this;  
 Lest any other of the Deities  
 Adde sleight to *Neptunes* force; to counsell me  
 To haue my vessell, and so farre off see  
 The shore I aime at. Not with thoughts too cleare  
 Will I obey her: but to me appeare  
 These counsels best; as long as I perceiue  
 My ship not quite dissolu'd, I will not leaue  
 The helpe she may affoord me; but abide,  
 And suffer all woes, till the worst be tride.  
 When she is split, Ile swim: no miracle can  
 Past neare and cleare meanes, moue a knowing man.  
 While this discourse emplويد him, *Neptune* raisd  
 A huge, a high, and horrid sea, that seisd  
 Him and his ship, and tost them through the Lake;  
 As when the violent winds together take  
 Heapes of drie chaffe, and hurle them euery way;  
 So his long woodstacke, *Neptune* strooke astray.      Then did *Vlysses* mount on rib, perforce,  
 Like to a rider of a running horse,  
 To stay himselfe a time, while he might shift  
 His drenched weeds, that were *Calypsos* gift.  
 When putting strait, *Leucotheas* Amulet  
 About his necke; he all his forces set  
 To swim; and cast him prostrate to the seas.  
 When powrefull *Neptune* saw the ruthlesse prease  
 Of perils siege him thus; he mou'd his head,  
 And this betwixt him and his heart, he said:      So, now feele ils enow, and struggle so,  
 Till to your *Ioue*—lou'd Ilanders you row.  
 But my mind sayes, you will not so auoid  
 This last taske too, but be with sufferance cloid.  
 This said: his rich—man'd horse he mou'd; and reacht  
 His house at *Ægas*. But *Minerua* fetcht  
 The winds from sea; and all their wayes but one  
 Barrd to their passage; the bleake *North* alone  
 She set to blow; the rest, she charg'd to keepe  
 Their rages in; and bind themselues in sleepe.  
 But *Boreas* still flew high, to breake the seas,  
 Till *Ioue*—bred *Ithacus*, the more with ease,  
 The nauigation—skild *Phæacian* States  
 Might make his refuge; *Death*, and angrie *Fates* ,  
 At length escaping. Two nights yet, and daies,  
 He spent in wrestling with the sable seas;  
 In which space, often did his heart propose  
 Death to his eyes. But when *Aurora* rose,  
 And threw the third light from her orient haire;  
 The winds grew calme, and cleare was all the aire;  
 Not one breath stirring. Then he might descrie

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

(Raid by the high seas) cleare, the land was nie.  
 And then, looke how to good sonnes that esteeme  
 Their fathers life deare, (after paines extreame,  
 Felt in some sicknesse, that hath held him long  
 Downe to his bed; and with affections strong,  
 Wasted his bodie; made his life his lode;  
 As being inflicted by some angrie God)  
 When on their praires, they see descend at length  
*Health* from the heauens, clad all in spirit and strength;  
 The sight is precious: so, since here should end,  
*Vlysses* toiles; which therein should extend  
 Health to his countrie, (held to him, his Sire)  
 And on which, long for him, *Disease* did tire.  
 And then besides, for his owne sake to see  
 The shores, the woods so neare; such ioy had he,  
 As those good sonnes for their recouerd Sire.  
 Then labourd feete and all parts, to aspire  
 To that wisht Continent; which, when as neare  
 He came, as *Clamor* might informe an eare;  
 He heard a sound beate from the sea-bred rocks,  
 Against which gaue a huge sea horrid shocks,  
 That belcht vpon the firme land, weeds and some;  
 With which were all things hid there; where no roome  
 Of fit capacitie was for any port;  
 Nor (from the sea) for any mans resort;  
 The shores, the rocks, and cliffes so prominent were.  
 O (said *Vlysses* then) now *Iupiter*  
 Hath giuen me sight of an vnhop't for shore,  
 (Though I haue wrought these seas so long, so sore)  
 Of rest yet, no place shewes the slendrest prints;  
 The rugged shore so bristl'd is with flints:  
 Against which, euery way the waues so flocke;  
 And all the shore shewes as one eminent rocke.  
 So neare which, tis so deepe, that not a sand  
 Is there, for any tired foote to stand:  
 Nor flie his death-fast following miseries,  
 Lest if he land, vpon him fore-right flies  
 A churlish waue, to crush him gainst a Cliffe;  
 Worse then vaine rendring, all his landing strife.  
 And should I swim to seeke a hauen elsewhere,  
 Or land, lesse way-beate; I may iustly feare  
 I shall be taken with a gale againe,  
 And cast a huge way off into the Maine.  
 And there, the great Earth-shaker (hauing seene  
 My so neare landing; and againe, his spleene  
 Forcing me to him) will some Whale send out,  
 (Of which a horrid number here about,  
 His *Amphitrite* breeds) to swallow me.  
 I well haue prou'd, with what malignitie  
 He treds my steps. While this discourse he held;  
 A curst Surge, gainst a cutting rocke impeld

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

His naked bodie, which it gasht and tore;  
 And had his bones broke, if but one sea more  
 Had cast him on it. But she prompted him,  
 That neuer faild; and bad him no more swim  
 Still off and on; but boldly force the shore,  
 And hug the rocke, that him so rudely tore.  
 Which he, with both hands sigh'd and claspt; till past  
 The billowes rage was; which seap't; backe, so fast  
 The rocke repulst it, that it reft his hold  
 Sucking him from it, and farre backe he rould.  
 And as the *Polypus*, that (forc't from home  
 Amidst the soft sea; and neare rough land come  
 For shelter gainst the stormes that beate on her  
 At open sea, as she abroad doth erre)  
 A deale of grauill, and sharpe little stones,  
 Needfully gathers in her hollow bones:  
 So he forc't hither, (by the sharper ill,  
 Shunning the smoother) where he best hop't, still  
 The worst succeeded: for the cruell friend,  
 To which he clingd for succour, off did rend  
 From his broad hands, the soken flesh so sore,  
 That off he fell, and could sustaine no more.  
 Quite vnder water fell he; and, past Fate,  
 Haplesse *Vlysses*, there had lost the state  
 He held in life; if (still the grey-eyd Maid,  
 His wisdom prompting) he had not assaid  
 Another course; and ceast t'attempt that shore;  
 Swimming, and casting round his eye, t'explore  
 Some other shelter. Then, the mouth he found  
 Of faire *Callicoes* flood; whose shores were crownd  
 With most apt succors: Rocks so smooth, they seemd  
 Polisht of purpose: land that quite redeemd  
 With breathlesse couerts, th' others blasted shores.  
 The flood he knew; and thus in heart implores:  
 King of this Riuer! heare; what euer name  
 Makes thee inuokt: to thee I humbly frame  
 My flight from *Neptunes* furies; Reuerend is  
 To all the euer-liuing Deities,  
 What erring man soeuer seekes their aid.  
 To thy both flood and knees, a man dismaid  
 With varied sufferance sues. Yeeld then some rest  
 To him that is thy suppliant profest.  
 This (though but spoke in thought) the Godhead heard;  
 Her Current strait staid; and her thicke waues cleard  
 Before him, smooth'd her waters; and iust where  
 He praid, halfe drownd; entirely sau'd him there.  
 Then forth he came, his both knees faltring; both  
 His strong hands hanging downe; and all with froth  
 His cheeks and nostrhils flowing. Voice and breath  
 Spent to all vse; and downe he sunke to Death.  
 The sea had soakt his heart through: all his vaines,



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

His toiles had rackt, t'alabouring womans paines.  
 Dead wearie was he. But when breath did find  
 A passe reciprocall; and in his mind,  
 His spirit was recollected: vp he rose,  
 And from his necke did th' Amulet unlose  
 That *Ino* gaue him; which he hurld from him  
 To sea. It sounding fell; and backe did swim  
 With th' ebbing waters; till it strait arriu'd,  
 Where *Inos* faire hand, it againe receiu'd.  
 Then kist he th' humble earth; and on he goes,  
 Till bulrushes shewd place for his repose;  
 Where laid, he sigh'd, and thus said to his soule:  
 O me, what strange perplexities controule  
 The whole skill of thy powres, in this euent?  
 What feele I? if till Care—nurse Night be spent,  
 I watch amidst the flood; the seas chill breath,  
 And vegetant dewes, I feare will be my death:  
 So low brought with my labours. Towards day,  
 A passing sharpe aire euer breathes at sea.  
 If I the pitch of this next mountaine scale,  
 And shadie wood; and in some thicket fall  
 Into the hands of Sleepe: though there the cold  
 May well be checkt; and healthfull slumbers hold  
 Her sweete hand on my powres; all care allaid,  
 Yet there will beasts deuoure me. Best appaid  
 Doth that course make me yet; for there, some strife,  
 Strength, and my spirit, may make me make for life.  
 Which, though empaired, may yet be fresh applied,  
 Where perill, possible of escape is tried.  
 But he that fights with heauen, or with the sea,  
 To Indiscretion, addes Impietie.  
 Thus to the woods he hasted; which he found  
 Not farre from sea; but on farre—seeing ground;  
 Where two twin vnder—woods, he enterd on;  
 With Oliue trees, and oile—trees ouergrowne:  
 Through which, the moist force of the loud—voic't wind,  
 Did neuer beate; nor euer *Phoebus* shin'd;  
 Nor showre beate through; they grew so one in one;  
 And had, by turnes, their powre t'exclude the Sunne.  
 Here enterd our *Vlysses*; and a bed  
 Of leaues huge, and of huge abundance spred  
 With all his speed. Large he made it; for there,  
 For two or three men, ample Couerings were;  
 Such as might shield them from the *Winters* worst;  
 Though steele it breath'd; and blew as it would burst.  
 Patient *Vlysses* ioyd, that euer day  
 Shewd such a shelter. In the midst he lay,  
 Store of leaues heaping high on euery side.  
 And as in some out—field, a man doth hide  
 A kindld brand, to keepe the seed of fire;  
 No neighbour dwelling neare; and his desire

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Seru'd with selfe store; he else would aske of none;  
But of his fore-spent sparks, rakes th' ashes on:  
So this out-place, *Vlysses* thus receiues;  
And thus nak't vertues seed, lies hid in leaues.  
Yet *Pallas* made him sleepe, as soone as men  
Whom *Delicacies*, all their flatteries daine.  
And all that all his labours could comprise,  
Quickly concluded, in his closed eies. Finis libri quinti Hom. Odys.

## THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*Minerua in a vision stands  
Before Nausicas; and commands  
She to the flood her weeds should beare,  
For now her Nuptiall day was neare.  
Nausicas her charge obayes;  
And then with other virgins playes.  
Their sports make wak't Vlysses rise;  
Walke to them, and beseech supplies  
Of food and clothes. His naked sight  
Puts th' other Maids, afraid, to flight.  
Nausicas onely boldly stayes,  
And gladly his desire obayes.  
He (furnisht with her fauours showne)  
Attends her, and the rest, to Towne.*

### Another.

*Here Oliue leaues  
T'hide shame, began.  
The Maide receiues  
The naked man.        The much-sustaining, patient, heauenly Man,  
Whom *Toile* and *Sleepe* had worne so weake and wan;  
Thus wonne his rest. In meane space *Pallas* went  
To the *Phæacian* citie; and descent  
That first did broad *Hyperias* lands diuide,  
Neare the vast *Cyclops*, men of monstrous pride.  
That preyd on those *Hyperians*, since they were  
Of greater powre; and therefore longer there  
Diuine *Nausithous* dwelt not; but arose,  
And did for *Scheria*, all his powres dispose:  
Farre from ingenious Art-inuenting men.  
But there did he erect a Citie then.  
First, drew a wall round; then he houses builds;  
And then a Temple to the Gods; the fields  
Lastly diuiding. But he (stoopt by Fate)*

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Diu'd to th' infernals: and *Alcinous* sate  
 In his command: a man, the Gods did teach,  
 Commanding counsels. His house held the reach  
 Of grey *Mineruas* proiect; to prouide,  
 That great-sould *Ithacus* might be supplide  
 With all things fitting his returne. She went  
 Vp to the chamber, where the faire descent  
 Of great *Alcinous* slept. A maid, whose parts  
 In wit and beautie, wore diuine deserts.  
 Well deckt her chamber was: of which, the dore  
 Did seeme to lighten; such a glosse it bore  
 Betwixt the posts: and now flew ope, to find  
 The Goddesses entrie. Like a puft of wind  
 She reacht the Virgin bed. Neare which, there lay  
 Two maids; to whom, the *Graces* did conuay,  
 Figure, and manners. But about the head  
 Of bright *Nausicaa*, did *Pallas* tred  
 The subtle aire; and put the person on  
 Of *Dymas* daughter; from comparison  
 Exempt in businesse Nauall. Like his seed,  
*Minerua* lookt now; whom one yeare did breed,  
 With bright *Nausicaa*; and who had gaind  
 Grace in her loue; yet on her thus complaind:      *Nausicca!* why bred thy mother one  
 So negligent, in rites so stood vpon  
 By other virgins? Thy faire garments lie  
 Neglected by thee; yet thy Nuptials nie.  
 When, rich in all attire, both thou shouldst be,  
 And garments giue to others honoring thee,  
 That leade thee to the Temple. Thy good name  
 Growes amongst men for these things; they enflame  
 Father, and reuerend Mother with delight.  
 Come; when the *Day* takes any winke from *Night* ,  
 Let's to the riuer, and repurifie  
 Thy wedding garments: my societie  
 Shall freely serue thee, for thy speedier aid,  
 Because thou shalt no more stand on the Maid.  
 The best of all *Phæacia* wooe thy *Grace*,  
 Where thou wert bred, and ow'st thy selfe a race.  
 Vp, and stirre vp to thee thy honourd Sire,  
 To giue thee Mules and Coach; thee and thy tire;  
 Veiles, girdles, mantles, early to the flood,  
 To beare in state. It suites thy high-borne blood;  
 And farre more fits thee, then to foote so farre;  
 For far from towne thou knowst the Bath-founts are.      This said; away blue-eyd *Minerua* went  
 Vp to *Olympus*: the firme Continent,  
 That beares in endlesse being, the deified kind;  
 That's neither souc't with showres, nor shooke with wind;  
 Nor chilld with snow; but where *Serenitie* flies,  
 Exempt from clouds; and euer-beamie skies  
 Circle the glittering hill. And all their daies,  
 Giue the delights of blessed *Deitie* praise.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And hither *Pallas* flew; and left the Maid,  
 When she had all that might excite her, said.  
 Strait rose the louely Morne, that vp did raise  
 Faire–veild *Nausicaa*; whose dreame, her praise  
 To *Admiration* tooke. Who no time spent  
 To giue the rapture of her vision vent,  
 To her lou'd parents: whom she found within.  
 Her mother set at fire, who had to spin  
 A Rocke, whose tincture with sea–purple shin'd;  
 Her maids about her. But she chanc't to find  
 Her Father going abroad: to Counsell calld  
 By his graue *Senate*. And to him, exhald  
 Her smotherd bosome was. Lou'd Sire (said she)  
 Will you not now command a Coach for me?  
 Stately and complete? fit for me to beare  
 To wash at flood, the weeds I cannot weare  
 Before repurified? Your selfe it fits  
 To weare faire weeds; as euery man that sits  
 In place of counsell. And fiue sonnes you haue;  
 Two wed; three Bachelors; that must be braue  
 In euery dayes shift, that they may go dance;  
 For these three last, with these things must aduance  
 Their states in mariage: and who else but I  
 Their sister, should their dancing rites supply.  
 This generall cause she shewd; and would not name  
 Her mind of Nuptials to her Sire, for shame.  
 He vnderstood her yet; and thus replide:  
 Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,  
 I either will denie thee, or deferre,  
 Mules, nor a Coach, of state and circular,  
 Fitting at all parts. Go; my seruants shall  
 Serue thy desires, and thy command in all.  
 The seruants then (commanded) soone obaid;  
 Fetcht Coach, and Mules ioynd in it. Then the Maid  
 Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid  
 All vp in Coach: in which, her mother plac't  
 A maund of victles, varied well in taste,  
 And other iunkets. Wine she likewise filld  
 Within a goat–skin bottle, and distilld  
 Sweete and moist oile into a golden Cruse,  
 Both for her daughters, and her handmaids vse;  
 To soften their bright bodies, when they rose  
 Clensd from their cold baths. Vp to Coach then goes  
 Th' obserued Maid: takes both the scourge and raines;  
 And to her side, her handmaid strait attaines.  
 Nor these alone, but other virgins grac't  
 The Nuptiall Chariot. The whole Beuie plac't;  
*Nausicaa* scourgd to make the Coach Mules runne;  
 That neigh'd, and pac'd their vsuall speed; and soone,  
 Both maids and weeds, brought to the riuer side;  
 Where Baths for all the yeare, their vse supplide.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Whose waters were so pure, they would not staine;  
 But still ran faire forth; and did more remaine  
 Apt to purge staines; for that purg'd staine within,  
 Which, by the waters pure store, was not seen.  
 These (here arriu'd,) the Mules vncoacht, and draue  
 Vp to the gulphie riuers shore, that gaue  
 Sweet grasse to them. The maids from Coach then tooke  
 Their cloaths, and steept them in the sable brooke.  
 Then put them into springs, and trod them cleane,  
 With cleanly feet; aduentring wagers then,  
 Who should haue soonest, and most cleanly done.  
 When hauing throughly cleansd, they spred them on  
 The floods shore, all in order. And then, where  
 The waues the pibbles washt, and ground was cleare,  
 They bath'd themselues; and all with glittering oile,  
 Smooth'd their white skins: refreshing then their toile  
 With pleasant dinner, by the riuers side.  
 Yet still watcht when the Sunne, their cloaths had dride.  
 Till which time (hauing din'd) *Nausicae*  
 With other virgins, did at stool-ball play;  
 Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.  
*Nausicae* (with the wrists of Ivory)  
 The liking stroke strooke; singing first a song;  
 (As custome orderd) and amidst the throng,  
 Made such a shew; and so past all was seene;  
 As when the Chast-borne, Arrow-louing Queene,  
 Along the mountaines gliding; either ouer  
*Spartan Taygetus*, whose tops farre discover;  
 Or *Eurymanthus*; in the wilde Bores chace;  
 Or swift-hou'd Hart; and with her, *Ioues* faire race  
 (The field Nymphs) sporting. Amongst whom, to see  
 How farre *Diana* had prioritie  
 (Though all were faire) for fairnesse; yet of all,  
 (As both by head and forehead being more tall)  
*Latona* triumpht; since the dullest sight,  
 Might easily iudge, whom her paines brought to light;  
*Nausicaa* so (whom neuer husband tam'd),  
 Aboue them all, in all the beauties flam'd.  
 But when they now made homewards, and araid;  
 Ordring their weeds, disorderd as they plaid;  
 Mules and Coach ready; then *Minerua* thought,  
 What meanes to wake *Vlysses*, might be wrought,  
 That he might see this louely sighted maid,  
 Whom she intended, should become his aid:  
 Bring him to Towne; and his returne aduance.  
 Her meane was this, (though thought a stool-ball chance)  
 The Queene now (for the vpstroke) strooke the ball  
 Quite wide off th' other maids; and made it fall  
 Amidst the whirlpooles. At which, out shriekt all;  
 And with the shrieke, did wise *Vlysses* wake:  
 Who, sitting vp, was doubtfull who should make

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

That sodaine outcrie; and in mind, thus striu'de  
 On what a people am I now arriu'd?  
 At ciuill hospitable men, that feare  
 The Gods? or dwell iniurious mortals here?  
 Vniust, and churlish? like the female crie  
 Of youth it sounds. What are they? *Nymphs* bred hie,  
 On tops of hils? or in the founts of floods?  
 In herbie marshes? or in leauy woods?  
 Or are they high-spoke men, I now am neare?  
 Ile proue, and see. With this, the wary Peere  
 Crept forth the thicket; and an Oliue bough  
 Broke with his broad hand; which he did bestow  
 In couert of his nakednesse; and then,  
 Put hastie head out: Looke how from his den,  
 A mountaine Lion lookes, that, all embrewd  
 With drops of trees; and weather-beaten hewd;  
 (Bold of his strength) goes on; and in his eye,  
 A burning fornace glowes; all bent to prey  
 On sheepe, or oxen; or the vpland Hart;  
 His belly charging him; and he must part  
 Stakes with the Heards-man, in his beasts attempt,  
 Euen where from rape, their strengths are most exempt:  
 So wet, so weather-beate, so stung with *Need*,  
 Euen to the home-fields of the countries breed,  
*Vlysses* was to force forth his accesse,  
 Though meerly naked; and his sight did presse  
 The eyes of soft-haired virgins. Horrid was  
 His rough appearance to them: the hard passe  
 He had at sea, stucke by him. All in flight  
 The Virgins scatterd, frighted with this fight,  
 About the prominent windings of the flood.  
 All but *Nausicaa* fled; but she fast stood:  
*Pallas* had put a boldnesse in her brest;  
 And in her faire lims, tender *Feare* comprest.  
 And still she stood him, as resolu'd to know  
 What man he was; or out of what should grow  
 His strange repaire to them. And here was he  
 Put to his wisdom; if her virgin knee,  
 He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;  
 Or keepe aloofe, and trie with words of grace,  
 In humblest suppliance, if he might obtaine  
 Some couer for his nakednes; and gaine  
 Her grace to shew and guide him to the Towne.  
 The last, he best thought, to be worth his owne,  
 In weighing both well: to keepe still aloofe,  
 And giue with soft words, his desires their prooffe;  
 Lest pressing so neare, as to touch her knee,  
 He might incense her maiden modestie.  
 This faire and fil'd speech then, shewd this was he.      Let me beseech (O Queene) this truth of thee;  
 Are you of mortall, or the deified race?  
 If of the Gods, that th' ample heauens embrace;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

I can resemble you to none above,  
 So neare as to the chast-borne birth of *Ioue*,  
 The beamie *Cynthia*. Her you full present,  
 In grace of euery God-like lineament;  
 Her goodly magnitude; and all th' addresse  
 You promise of her very perfectnesse.  
 If sprong of humanes, that inhabite earth;  
 Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth;  
 Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts,  
 Must, euen to rapture, beare delighted hearts;  
 To see so like the first trim of a tree,  
 Your forme adorne a dance. But most blest, he  
 Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t'engage  
 Your bright necke in the yoke of mariage;  
 And decke his house with your commanding merit.  
 I haue not seene a man of so much spirit.  
 Nor man, nor woman, I did euer see,  
 At all parts equall to the parts in thee.  
 T'enioy your sight, doth *Admiration* seise  
 My eie, and apprehensiuie faculties.  
 Lately in *Delos* (with a charge of men  
 Arriu'd, that renderd me most wretched then,  
 Now making me thus naked) I beheld  
 The burthen of a Palme, whose issue sweld  
 About *Apollos Phane*; and that put on  
 A grace like thee; for Earth had neuer none  
 Of all her Syluane issue so adorn'd:  
 Into amaze my very soule was turnd,  
 To giue it obseruation; as now thee  
 To view (O Virgin) a stupiditie  
 Past admiration strikes me; ioynd with feare  
 To do a suppliants due, and prease so neare,  
 As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it strange;  
 For one of fresh and firmest spirit, would change  
 T'embrace so bright an obiect. But, for me,  
 A cruell habite of calamitie,  
 Prepar'd the strong impression thou hast made:  
 For this last Day did flie Nights twentieth shade  
 Since I, at length, escapt the sable seas;  
 When in the meane time, th' vnrelenting prease  
 Of waues and sterne stormes, tost me vp and downe,  
 From th' Ile *Ogygia*: and now God hath throwne  
 My wracke on this shore; that perhaps I may  
 My miseries vary here: for yet their stay,  
 I feare, heauen hath not orderd: though before  
 These late afflictions, it hath lent me store.  
 O Queene, daine pitie then, since first to you  
 My Fate importunes my distresse to vow.  
 No other Dame, nor man, that this Earth owne,  
 And neighbour Citie, I haue seene or knowne.  
 The Towne then shew me; giue my nakednes

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Some shroud to shelter it, if to these seas,  
 Linnen or woollen, you haue brought to clense.  
 God giue you, in requitall, all th' amends  
 Your heart can wish: a husband, family,  
 And good agreement: Nought beneath the skie,  
 More sweet, more worthy is, then firme consent  
 Of man and wife, in houshold gouernment.  
 It ioyes their wishers well; their enemies wounds;  
 But to themselues, the speciall good redounds.  
 She answerd: Stranger! I discern in thee,  
 Not *Sloth*, nor *Folly* raignes; and yet I see,  
 Th' art poore and wretched. In which I conclude,  
 That Industry not wisdom make endude  
 Men with those gifts, that make them best to th' eie;  
*Ioue* onely orders mans felicitie.  
 To good and bad, his pleasure fashions still,  
 The whole proportion of their good and ill.  
 And he perhaps hath formd this plight in thee,  
 Of which, thou must be patient, as he, free.  
 But after all thy wandrings, since thy way,  
 Both to our Earth, and neare our Citie, lay,  
 As being exposde to our cares to relieue;  
 Weeds, and what else, a humane hand should giue,  
 To one so suppliant, and tam'd with woe;  
 Thou shalt not want. Our Citie, I will show;  
 And tell our peoples name: This neighbor Towne,  
 And all this kingdome, the *Phæacians* owne.  
 And (since thou seemdst so faine, to know my birth;  
 And mad'st a question, if of heauen or earth)  
 This Earth hath bred me; and my Fathers name  
*Alcinous* is; that in the powre and frame  
 Of this Iles rule, is supereminent.  
 Thus (passing him) she to the Virgins went.  
 And said: Giue stay, both to your feet and fright;  
 Why thus disperse ye, for a mans meere sight?  
 Esteeme you him a *Cyclop*, that long since  
 Made vse to prey vpon our Citizens?  
 This man, no moist man is; (nor watriish thing,  
 That's euer flitting; euer rauishing  
 All it can compasse; and, like it, doth range  
 In rape of women; neuer staid in change)  
 This man is truly manly, wise, and staid;  
 In soule more rich; the more to sense decaid.  
 Who, nor will do, nor suffer to be done,  
 Acts leud and abiect; nor can such a one  
 Greete the *Phæacians*, with a mind enuious;  
 Deare to the Gods they are; and he is pious.  
 Besides, diuided from the world we are;  
 The outpart of it; billowes circulate  
 The sea reuoluing, round about our shore;  
 Nor is there any man, that enters more



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Then our owne countrimen, with what is brought  
 From other countries. This man, minding nought  
 But his reliefe: a poore vnhappie wretch,  
 Wrackt here; and hath no other land to fetch.  
 Him now we must prouide for; from *Ioue* come  
 All strangers, and the needie of a home.  
 Who any gift, though ne're so small it be,  
 Esteeme as great, and take it gratefully.  
 And therefore Virgins, giue the stranger food,  
 And wine; and see ye bath him in the flood;  
 Neare to some shore, to shelter most enclin'd;  
*To cold Bath-bathers, hurtfull is the wind.*  
 Not onely rugged making th' outward skin,  
 But by his thin powres, pierceth parts within.  
 This said; their flight in a returne they set;  
 And did *Vlysses* with all grace entreate:  
 Shewd him a shore, wind-prooffe, and full of shade:  
 By him a shirt, and vtter mantle laid.  
 A golden Iugge of liquid oile did adde;  
 Bad wash; and all things as *Nausicaa* bad.  
 Diuine *Vlysses* would not vse their aid;  
 But thus bespake them: Euery louely maid,  
 Let me entreate to stand a litle by;  
 That I alone the fresh flood may apply,  
 To clense my bosome of the sea-wrought brine.  
 And then vse oile; which long time did not shine  
 On my poore shoulders. Ile not wash in sight  
 Of faire-haired maidens. I should blush outright,  
 To bathe all bare by such a virgin light.  
 They mou'd, and musde, a man had so much grace;  
 And told their Mistris, what a man he was.  
 He clensd his broad-soild-shoulders; backe and head  
 Yet neuer tam'd. But now, had fome and weed,  
 Knit in the faire curles. Which dissolu'd; and he  
 Slickt all with sweet oile: the sweet charitie,  
 The vntoucht virgin shewd in his attire,  
 He cloth'd him with. Then *Pallas* put a fire,  
 More then before, into his sparkling eies;  
 His late soile set off, with his soone fresh guise.  
 His locks (clensd) curld the more; and matcht (in power  
 To please an eye) the *Hyacinthian* flower.  
 And as a workman, that can well combine  
 Siluer and gold; and make both striue to shine;  
 As being by *Vulcan*, and *Minerua* too,  
 Taught how farre either may be vrg'd to go,  
 In strife of eminence; when worke sets forth  
 A worthy soule, to bodies of such worth;  
 No thought reprouing th' act, in any place;  
 Nor *Art* no debt to *Natures* liueliest grace:  
 So *Pallas* wrought in him, a grace as great,  
 From head to shoulders; and ashore did seate

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

His goodly presence. To which, such a guise  
 He shewd in going, that it raiisht eies.  
 All which (continude) as he sate apart;  
*Nausicaas* eye strooke wonder through her heart;  
 Who thus bespake her consorts: Heare me, you  
 Faire-wristed Virgins; this rare man (I know)  
 Treds not our country earth, against the will  
 Of some God, thron'd on the *Olympian* hill.  
 He shewd to me, till now, not worth the note;  
 But now he lookes, as he had Godhead got.  
 I would to heauen, my husband were no worse;  
 And would be calld no better; but the course  
 Of other husbands pleasd to dwell out here:  
 Obserue and serue him, with our vtmost cheare.  
 She said; they heard, and did. He drunke and eate  
 Like to a Harpy; hauing toucht no meate  
 A long before time. But *Nausicaa* now  
 Thought of the more grace, she did lately vow:  
 Had horse to Chariot ioynd; and vp she rose:  
 Vp chear'd her guest, and said: Guest, now dispose  
 Your selfe for Towne; that I may let you see  
 My Fathers Court; where all the Peeres will be  
 Of our *Phæacian* State. At all parts then,  
 Obserue to whom, and what place y'are t'attain;  
 Though I need vsher you with no aduice,  
 Since I suppose you absolutely wise.  
 While we the fields passe, and mens labours there;  
 So long (in these maids guides) directly beare  
 Vpon my Chariot (I must go before,  
 For cause that after comes: to which, this more  
 Be my induction) you shall then soone end  
 Your way to Towne; whose Towres you see ascend  
 To such a steepnesse. On whose either side,  
 A faire Port stands; to which is nothing wide  
 An enterers passage: on whose both hands ride  
 Ships in faire harbors; which, once past, you win  
 The goodly market place, (that circles in  
 A Phane to *Neptune*, built of curious stone,  
 And passing ample) where munition,  
 Gables, and masts men make, and polisht oares;  
 For the *Phæacians* are not conquerors  
 By bowes nor quiuers; Oares, masts, ships they are,  
 With which they plow the sea, and wage their warre.  
 And now the cause comes, why I leade the way,  
 Not taking you to Coach. The men that sway  
 In worke of those tooles, that so fit our State,  
 Are rude Mechanicals; that rare and late  
 Worke in the market place; and those are they  
 Whose bitter tongues I shun; who strait would say,  
 (For these vile vulgars are extreamply proud,  
 And fouly languag'd) What, is he allowd

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To coach it with *Nausicaa*? so large set,  
 And fairely fashiond? where were these two met?  
 He shall be sure her husband. She hath bene  
 Gadding in some place; and (of forraine men,  
 Fitting her fancie) kindly brought him home  
 In her owne ship. He must, of force, become  
 From some farre region; we haue no such man.  
 It may be (praying hard, when her heart ran  
 On some wisht husband) out of heauen, some God  
 Dropt in her lap; and there lies she at rode,  
 Her complete life time. But, in sooth, if she  
 Ranging abroad, a husband such as he,  
 Whom now we saw, laid hand on; she was wise,  
 For none of all our Nobles, are of prise  
 Enough for her: he must beyond-sea come,  
 That wins her high mind, and will haue her home.  
 Of our Peeres, many haue importun'd her,  
 Yet she will none. Thus these folks will conferre  
 Behind my backe; or (meeting) to my face,  
 The foule-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.  
 And this would be reproches to my fame;  
 For euen my selfe, iust anger would enflame,  
 If any other virgin I should see  
 (Her parents liuing) keepe the companie  
 Of any man; to any end of loue,  
 Till open Nuptials should her act approue.  
 And therefore heare me guest; and take such way,  
 That you your selfe may compasse, in your stay,  
 Your quicke deduction, by my Fathers grace;  
 And meanes to reach the roote of all your race.  
 We shall, not farre out of our way to Towne,  
 A neuer-felld Groue find, that Poplars crowne;  
 To *Pallas* sacred, where a fountaine flowes;  
 And round about the Groue, a Medow growes;  
 In which, my Father holds a Mannor house;  
 Deckt all with Orchards, greene, and odorous;  
 As farre from Towne, as one may heare a shout.  
 There stay, and rest your foote paines; till full out  
 We reach the Citie. Where, when you may gesse  
 We are arriu'd, and enter our accesse  
 Within my Fathers Court: then put you on  
 For our *Phaecian* State; where, to be showne  
 My Fathers house, desire. Each infant there  
 Can bring you to it; and your selfe will cleare  
 Distinguish it from others: for no showes,  
 The Citie buildings make; compar'd with those  
 That King *Alcinous* seate doth celebrate.  
 In whose roofes, and the Court, (where men of state,  
 And suiters sit and stay) when you shall hide:  
 Strait passe it, entring further: where abide  
 My Mother, with her withdrawne houswiferies;

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Who still sits in the fire–shine, and applies  
Her Rocke, all purple, and of pompous show:  
Her Chaire plac't gainst a Pillar: all arow  
Her maids behind her set; and to her here,  
My Fathers dining Throne lookes. Seated where  
He powres his choice of wine in, like a God.  
This view once past; for th' end of your abode,  
Adresse suite to my Mother; that her meane,  
May make the day of your redition seene.  
And you may frolicke strait, though farre away  
You are in distance from your wished stay.  
For if she once be won to wish you well,  
Your *Hope* may instantly your Pasport seale;  
And thenceforth sure abide to see your friends,  
Faire house, and all, to which your heart contends.  
This said; she vsde her shining scourge, and lasht  
Her Mules, that soone the shore left, where she washt;  
And (knowing well the way) their pace was fleet,  
And thicke they gatherd vp their nimble feet.  
Which yet she temperd so; and vsde her scourge  
With so much skill; as not to ouer–vrge  
The foote behind; and make them straggle so,  
From close societie. Firme together go  
*Vlysses* and her maids. And now the Sunne  
Sunke to the waters; when they all had wonne  
The neuer–feld, and sound–exciting wood,  
Sacred to *Pallas*: where the God–like good  
*Vlysses* rested; and to *Pallas* praid:      Heare me, of Goate–kept *Ioue*, th' vnconquerd Maid;  
Now throughly heare me; since in all the time  
Of all my wracke, my pray'rs could neuer clime  
Thy far–off eares; when noisefull *Neptune* tost  
Vpon his watry brissels, my imbst  
And rock torne body: heare yet now, and daine  
I may of the *Phæacian* State obtaine  
Pitie, and grace. Thus praid he; and she heard:  
By no meanes yet (exposde to fight) appear'd,  
For feare t'offend her Vnkle; the supreme  
Of all the Sea–Gods; whose wrath still extreme  
Stood to *Vlysses*; and would neuer cease,  
Till with his Country shore, he crownd his peace. Finis libri sexti Hom. Odyss.

## THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*Nausicaa* arriues at Towne;  
And then *Vlysses*. He makes knowne  
His suite to *Arete*: who, view  
Takes of his vesture, which she knew;

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

*And asks him, from whose hands it came.  
He tels, with all the haplesse frame  
Of his affaires, in all the while,  
Since he forsooke Calypsos Ile.*

### Another.

*The honord minds,  
And welcome things.*

*Vlysses finds,*

*In Scherias Kings.*          Thus praid the wise, and God–observing Man.

The Maid, by free force of her Palfreys, wan  
Accesse to Towne; and the renommed Court,  
Reacht of her Father; where, within the Port,  
She staid her Coach; and round about her came  
Her Brothers, (made as of immortall frame.)  
Who yet disdaind not, for her loue, meane deeds;  
But tooke from Coach her Mules, brought in her weeds.  
And she ascends her chamber; where puruaid  
A quicke fire was, by her old chamber–maid  
*Eurymedusa*, th' *Aperæan* borne;  
And brought by sea, from *Aperæ*, t'adorne  
The Court of great *Alcinous*; because  
He gaue to all, the blest *Phæacians* lawes;  
And, like a heauen–borne Powre in speech, acquir'd  
The peoples eares. To one then so admir'd,  
*Eurymedusa* was esteemd no worse,  
Then worth the gift: yet now growne old, was Nurse  
To Ivory–armd *Nausicaa*; gaue heare  
To all her fires, and drest her priuie meate.  
Then rose *Vlysses*, and made way to Towne;  
Which ere he reacht, a mightie mist was throwne  
By *Pallas* round about him; in her Care,  
Lest in the sway of enuies popular,  
Some proud *Phæacian* might foule language passe,  
Iustle him vp, and aske him what he was.  
Entring the louely Towne yet: through the cloud  
*Pallas* appeard; and like a yong wench showd  
Bearing a pitcher; Stood before him so,  
As if obiected purposely to know  
What there he needed; whom he questiond thus:  
That rules this Towne, dwels: I, a poore distrest  
Meere stranger here; know none I may request,  
To make this Court knowne to me. She replied:  
In that request: my Father dwels, iust by  
The house you seeke for; but go silently;  
Nor aske, nor speake to any other; I  
Shall be enough to shew your way: the men  
That here inhabite, do not entertain:

Know you not (daughter) where *Alcinous*,

Strange Father; I will see you satisfied.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

With ready kindnesse, strangers; of what worth,  
 Or state soeuer: nor haue taken forth  
 Lessons of ciuill vsage, or respect  
 To men beyond them. They (vpon their powres  
 Of swift ships building) top the watry towres:  
 And *Ioue* hath giuen them ships, for saile so wrought,  
 They cut a fether, and command a thought.  
 This said; she vs herd him; and after, he  
 Trod in the swift steps of the Deitie.  
 The free-saile sea-men could not get a sight  
 Of our *Vlysses*, yet: though he foreright,  
 Both by their houses and their persons past:  
*Pallas* about him, such a darknesse cast,  
 By her diuine powre, and her reuerend care,  
 She would not giue the Towne-borne, cause to stare.      He wonderd, as he past, to see the Ports;  
 The shipping in them; and for all resorts,  
 The goodly market steds; and Iles beside  
 For the *Heroes*; walls so large and wide;  
 Rampires so high, and of such strength withall;  
 It would with wonder, any eye appall.  
 At last they reacht the Court; and *Pallas* said:  
 Now, honourd stranger; I will see obaid  
 Your will, to shew our Rulers house; tis here;  
 Where you shall find, Kings celebrating cheare;  
 Enter amongst them; nor admit a feare;  
*More bold a man is, he preuailes the more;*  
*Though man nor place, be euer saw before.*  
 Your first shall find the Queene in Court, whose name  
 Is *Arete*: of parents borne, the same  
 That was the King her Spouse: their Pedigree  
 I can report: the great Earth-shaker, he  
 Of *Periboea*, (that her sex out-shone,  
 And yongest daughter was, t'*Eurymedon*;  
 Who of th' vnmeasur'd-minded Giants, swaid  
 Th' Imperiall Scepter; and the pride allaid  
 Of men so impious, with cold death; and died  
 Himselfe soone after) got the magnified  
 In mind, *Nausithous*; who the kingdomes state  
 First held in supream rule. *Nausithous* gat  
*Rhexenor*, and *Alcinous*, now King:  
*Rhexenor* (whose seed did no male fruite spring;  
 And whom the siluer-bow-glac't *Phoebus* slue  
 Yong in the Court) his shed blood did renew  
 In onely *Arete*; who now is Spouse  
 To him that rules the kingdome, in this house,  
 And is her Vnkle; King *Alcinous*.  
 Who honors her, past equall. She may boast  
 More honor of him, then the honor most  
 Of any wife in earth, can of her Lord;  
 How many more soeuer, Realmes affoord,  
 That keepe house vnder husbands. Yet no more

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Her husband honors her, then her blest store  
 Of gracious children. All the Citie cast  
 Eyes on her, as a Goddess; and giue taste  
 Of their affections to her, in their praies,  
 Still as she decks the streets. For all affaires,  
 Wrapt in contention, she dissolues to men.  
 Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deigne  
 Goodnesse enough. If her heart stand inclin'd  
 To your dispatch; hope all you wish to find;  
 Your friends, your longing family, and all,  
 That can within your most affections fall.  
 This said; away the grey-eyd Goddess flew  
 Along th' vntamed sea. Left the louely hew,  
*Scheria* presented. Out flew *Marathon*,  
 And ample-streeted *Athens* lighted on.  
 Where, to the house that casts so thicke a shade,  
 Of *Erectheus*; she ingression made.  
*Vlysses*, to the loftie-built Court  
 Of King *Alcinous*, made bold resort;  
 Yet in his heart cast many a thought, before  
 The brazen pauement of the rich Court, bore  
 His enterd person. Like heauens two maine Lights,  
 The roomes illustrated, both daies and nights.  
 On euery side stood firme a wall of brasse,  
 Euen from the threshold to the inmost passe;  
 Which bore a rooffe vp, that all Saphire was;  
 The brazen thresholds both sides, did enfold  
 Siluer Pilasters, hung with gates of gold;  
 Whose Portall was of siluer; ouer which  
 A golden Cornish did the front enrich.  
 On each side, Dogs of gold and siluer fram'd,  
 The houses Guard stood; which the Deitie (Iam'd)  
 With knowing inwards had inspir'd; and made,  
 That *Death* nor *Age*, should their estates inuade.  
 Along the wall, stood euery way a throne;  
 From th' entry to the Lobbie: euery one,  
 Cast ouer with a rich-wrought-cloth of state.  
 Beneath which, the *Phaecian* Princes sate  
 At wine and food; and feasted all the yeare.  
 Youths forg'd of gold, at euery table there,  
 Stood holding flaming torches; that, in night  
 Gawe through the house, each honourd Guest, his light.      And (to encounter feast with houswifry)  
 In one roome fiftie women did apply  
 Their seuerall tasks. Some, apple-colourd corne  
 Ground in faire Quernes; and some did spindles turne.  
 Some worke in loomes: no hand, least rest receiues;  
 But all had motion, apt, as Aspen leaues.  
 And from the weeds they woue, (so fast they laid,  
 And so thicke thrust together, thred by thred)  
 That th' oile (of which the wooll had drunke his fill)  
 Did with his moisture, in light dewes distill.

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

As much as the *Phæacian* men exceld  
 All other countrimen, in Art to build  
 A swift-saild ship: so much the women there,  
 For worke of webs, past other women were.  
 Past meane, by *Pallas* meanes, they vnderstood  
 The grace of good works; and had wits as good.  
 Without the Hall, and close vpon the Gate,  
 A goodly Orchard ground was situate,  
 Of neare ten Acres; about which, was led  
 A loftie Quickset. In it flourished  
 High and broad fruit trees, that Pomegranats bore;  
 Sweet Figs, Peares, Oliues, and a number more  
 Most vsefull Plants, did there produce their store.  
 Whose fruits, the hardest Winter could not kill;  
 Nor hottest Summer wither. There was still  
 Fruite in his proper season, all the yeare.  
 Sweet *Zephire* breath'd vpon them, blasts that were  
 Of varied tempers: these, he made to beare  
 Ripe fruites: these blossomes: Peare grew after Peare;  
 Apple succeeded apple; Grape, the Grape;  
 Fig after Fig came; *Time* made neuer rape,  
 Of any daintie there. A spritely vine  
 Spred here his roote; whose fruites, a hote sun-shine  
 Made ripe betimes. Here grew another, greene.  
 Here, some were gathering; here, some pressing seene.  
 A large-allotted seuerall, each fruites had;  
 And all th' adornd grounds, their apparance made,  
 In flowre and fruites, at which the King did aime,  
 To the precisest order he could claime.  
 Two Fountaines grac't the garden; of which, one  
 Powrd out a winding streame, that ouer-runne  
 The grounds for their vse chiefly: th' other went  
 Close by the loftie Pallace gate; and lent  
 The Citie his sweet benefit: and thus  
 The Gods the Court deckt of *Alcinous*.  
 Patient *Vlysses* stood a while at gaze;  
 But (hauing all obseru'd) made instant pace  
 Into the Court; where all the Peeres he found,  
 And Captaines of *Phæacia*; with Cups crownd,  
 Offring to sharp-eyd *Hermes*: to whom, last  
 They vsde to sacrificise; when *Sleepe* had cast  
 His inclination through their thoughts. But these,  
*Vlysses* past; and forth went; nor their eies  
 Tooke note of him: for *Pallas* stopt the light  
 With mists about him; that, vnstaid, he might  
 First to *Alcinous*, and *Arete*,  
 Present his person; and, of both them, she  
 (By *Pallas* counsell) was to haue the grace  
 Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace,  
 He cast about her knee. And then off flew  
 The heauenly aire that hid him. When his view,



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

With silence and with *Admiration* strooke  
 The Court quite through: but thus he silence broake:      Diuine *Rhexenors* ofspring, *Arete*;  
 To thy most honourd husband, and to thee,  
 A man whom many labours haue distrest,  
 Is come for comfort; and to euery guest:  
 To all whom, heauen vouchsafe delightsome liues;  
 And after, to your issue that suruiues,  
 A good resignation of the Goods ye leaue;  
 With all the honor that your selues receiue  
 Amongst your people. Onely this of me,  
 Is the Ambition; that I may but see  
 (By your vouchsaft meanes; and betimes vouchsaft)  
 My country earth; since I haue long bin left  
 To labors, and to errors, barrd from end;  
 And farre from benefit of any friend.  
 He said no more; but left them dumbe with that;  
 Went to the harth, and in the ashes sat,  
 Aside the fire. At last their silence brake;  
 And *Echinaus*, th' old *Heroe* spake.  
 A man that all *Phæacians* past in yeares,  
 And in perswasieue eloquence, all the Peeres;  
 Knew much, and vsde it well; and thus spake he:      *Alcinous!* it shewes not decently;  
 Nor doth your honor, what you see, admit;  
 That this your guest, should thus abiectly fit:  
 His chaire the earth; the harth his cushion;  
 Ashes, as if apposde for food: a Throne  
 Adorn'd with due rites, stands you more in hand  
 To see his person plac't in; and command  
 That instantly your Heralds fill in wine;  
 That to the God that doth in lightnings shine,  
 We may do sacrifice: for he is there,  
 Where these his reuerend suppliants appeare.  
 Let what you haue within, be brought abroad,  
 To sup the stranger. All these would haue showd  
 This fit respect to him; but that they stay  
 For your precedence, that should grace the way.  
 When this had added to the well-inclin'd,  
 And sacred order of *Alcinous* mind;  
 Then, of the great in wit, the hand he seisd;  
 And from the ashes, his faire person raisd;  
 Aduanc't him to a well-adorned Throne;  
 And from his seate raisd his most loued sonne,  
 (*Laodamas*, that next himselve was set)  
 To giue him place. The handmaid then did get  
 An Ewre of gold, with water fild; which plac't  
 Vpon a Caldron, all with siluer grac't)  
 She powrd out on their hands. And then was spread  
 A Table, which the Butler set with bread;  
 As others seru'd with other food, the boord;  
 In all the choise, the present could afford.  
*Vlysses*, meate and wine tooke; and then thus;

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The King the Herald calld: *Pontonus!*  
Serue wine through all the house; that all may pay  
Rites to the Lightner, who is still in way  
With humble suppliants; and them pursues,  
With all benigne, and hospitable dues.  
*Pontonus* , gaue act to all he willd,  
And hony sweetnesse—giuing—minds— wine filld;  
Disposing it in cups for all to drinke.  
All hauing drunke, what eithers heart could thinke  
Fit for due sacrifice; *Alcinous* said:  
Heare me, ye Dukes, that the *Phæacians* leade;  
And you our Counsellors; that I may now  
Discharge the charge, my mind suggests to you,  
For this our guest: Feast past, and this nights sleepe;  
Next morne (our Senate summond) we will keepe  
Iusts, sacred to the Gods; and this our Guest  
Receiue in solemne Court, with fitting Feast:  
Then thinke of his returne; that vnder hand  
Of our deduction; his naturall land  
(Without more toile or care; and with delight;  
And that soone giuen him; how farre hence dissite  
Soeuer it can be) he may ascend;  
And in the meane time, without wrong attend,  
Or other want; fit meanes to that ascent.  
What, after, austere Fates, shall make th' euent  
Of his lifes thred (now spinning, and began  
When his paind mother, freed his roote of man)  
He must endure in all kinds. If some God,  
Perhaps abides with vs, in his abode;  
And other things will thinke vpon then we;  
The Gods wils stand: who euer yet were free  
Of their appearance to vs; when to them  
We offerd Hecatombs, of fit esteem.  
And would at feast sit with vs; euen where we  
Orderd our Session. They would likewise be  
Encounters of vs, when in way, alone  
About his fit affaires, went any one.  
Nor let them cloke themselues in any care,  
To do vs comfort; we as neare them are,  
As are the *Cyclops*; or the impious race,  
Of earthy *Giants*, that would heauen outface.  
*Vlysses* answerd; Let some other doubt  
Employ your thoughts, then what your words giue out;  
Which intimate a kind of doubt, that I  
Should shadow in this shape, a Deitie.  
I beare no such least semblance; or in wit,  
Vertue, or person. What may well befit  
One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know,  
Bears vp and downe, the burthen of the woe  
Appropriate to poore man; giue that to me;  
Of whose mones I sit, in the most degree;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And might say more; sustaining griefes that all  
 The Gods consent to: no one twixt their fall  
 And my vn-pitied shoulders, letting downe  
 The least diuersion. Be the grace then showne,  
 To let me taste your free-giuen food, in peace:  
*Through greatest griefe, the belly must haue ease.*  
*Worse then an enuious belly, nothing is.*  
 It will command his strict Necessities,  
 Of men most grieu'd in body or in mind,  
 That are in health, and will not giue their kind,  
 A desperate wound. When most with cause I grieue,  
 It bids me still, Eate man, and drinke, and liue;  
 And this makes all forgot. What euer ill  
 I euer beare; it euer bids me fill.  
 But this ease is but forc't, and will not last,  
 Till what the mind likes, be as well embrac't;  
 And therefore let me wish you would partake  
 In your late purpose; when the Morne shall make  
 Her next appearance; daigne me but the grace,  
 (Vnhappie man) that I may once embrace  
 My country earth: though I be still thrust at,  
 By ancient ils; yet make me but see that;  
 And then let life go. When (withall) I see  
 My high-rooft large house, lands and family.  
 This, all approu'd; and each, willd euery one;  
 Since he hath said so fairly; set him gone.  
 Feast past, and sacrifice; to sleepe, all vow  
 Their eies at eithers house. *Vlysses* now,  
 Was left here with *Alcinous*, and his Queene,  
 The all-lou'd *Arete*. The handmaids then  
 The vessell of the Banquet, tooke away.  
 When *Arete* set eye on his array;  
 Knew both his out, and vnderweed, which she  
 Made with her maids; and musde by what meanes he  
 Obtained their wearing: which she made request  
 To know; and wings gaue to these speeches: Guest!  
 First let me aske, what, and from whence you are?  
 And then, who grac't you with the weeds you weare?  
 Said you not lately, you had err'd at seas?  
 And thence arriu'd here? *Laertides*  
 To this, thus answerd: Tis a paine (O Queene)  
 Still to be opening wounds wrought deepe and greene;  
 Of which, the Gods haue opened store in me;  
 Yet your will must be seru'd: Farre hence, at sea,  
 There lies an Ile, that beares *Ogygias* name;  
 Where *Atlas* daughter, the ingenious Dame,  
 Faire-haired *Calypso* liues: a Goddess graue,  
 And with whom, men, nor Gods, societie haue.  
 Yet I (past man vn-happie) liu'd alone,  
 By heau'ns wrath forc't) her house companion.  
 For *Ioue* had with a feruent lightning cleft

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

My ship in twaine; and farre at blacke sea left  
 Me and my souldiers; all whose liues I lost.  
 I, in mine armes the keele tooke, and was tost  
 Nine dayes together vp from waue to waue.  
 The tenth grim Night, the angry Deities draue  
 Me and my wracke, on th' Ile, in which doth dwell  
 Dreadfull *Calypso*; who exactly well  
 Receiu'd and nourisht me; and promise made,  
 To make me deathlesse: nor should Age inuade  
 My powres with his deserts, through all my dayes.  
 All mou'd not me; and therefore, on her stayes,  
 Seuen yeares she made me lie: and there spent I  
 The long time; steeping in the miserie  
 Of ceaslesse teares, the Garments I did weare  
 From her faire hand. The eight reuolued yeare,  
 (Or by her chang'd mind; or by charge of *Ioue*)  
 She gaue prouokt way to my wisht remoue;  
 And in a many-ioynted ship, with wine,  
 (Daintie in sauour) bread, and weeds diuine;  
 Sign'd with a harmlesse and sweet wind, my passe.  
 Then, seunteene dayes at sea, I homeward was;  
 And by the eighteenth, the darke hils appeard,  
 That your Earth thrusts vp. Much my heart was cheard;  
 (Vnhappie man) for that was but a beame;  
 To shew I yet, had agonies extreame,  
 To put in sufferance: which th' Earth-shaker sent;  
 Crossing my way, with tempests violent;  
 Vnmeasur'd seas vp-lifting: nor would giue  
 The billowes leaue, to let my vessell liue  
 The least time quiet: that euen sigh'd to beare  
 Their bitter outrage: which, at last, did teare  
 Her sides in peeces, set on by the winds.  
 I yet, through-swomme the waues, that your shore binds,  
 Till wind and water threw me vp to it;  
 When, coming forth, a ruthlesse billow smit  
 Against huge rocks, and an acceslesse shore  
 My mangl'd body. Backe againe I bore,  
 And swom till I was falne vpon a flood,  
 Whose shores, me thought, on good aduantage stood,  
 For my receipt: rock-free, and fenc't from wind.  
 And this I put for, gathering vp my mind.  
 Then the diuine Night came; and tredding Earth,  
 Close by the flood, that had from *Ioue* her birth.  
 Within a thicket I reposde; when round  
 I ruffld vp falne leaues in heape; and found  
 (Let fall from heauen) a sleepe interminate.  
 And here, my heart (long time excruciate)  
 Amongst the leaues I rested all that night;  
 Euen till the morning and meridian light.  
 The Sunne declining then; delightsome sleepe,  
 No longer laid my temples in his steepe;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

But forth I went, and on the shore might see  
 Your daughters maids play. Like a Deitie  
 She shin'd about them; and I praid to her:  
 And she, in disposition did prefer  
*Noblesse*, and wisdom, no more low then might  
 Become the goodnesse of a Goddess height.  
 Nor would you therefore hope (supposde distrest  
 As I was then, and old) to find the least  
 Of any *Grace* from her; being yonger farre.  
*With yong folkes, Wisdom makes her commerce rare.*  
 Yet she in all abundance did bestow,  
 Both wine (that makes the blood in humanes grow)  
 And food; and bath'd me in the flood; and gaue  
 The weeds to me, which now ye see me haue.  
 This, through my griefes I tell you; and tis .  
*Alcinous* answerd: Guest! my daughter knew  
 Least of what most you giue her; nor became  
 The course she tooke, to let, with euery Dame,  
 Your person lackey; nor hath with them brought  
 Your selfe home to; which first you had besought.  
 O blame her not (said he) Heroicall Lord;  
 Nor let me heare, against her worth, a word.  
 She faultlesse is; and wisht I would haue gone  
 With all her women home: but I alone  
 Would venture my receipt here; hauing feare  
 And reuerend aw of accidents that were  
 Of likely issue: both your wrath to moue,  
 And to inflame the common peoples loue,  
 Of speaking ill: to which they soone giue place;  
*We men are all a most suspicious race.* My guest (said he) I vse not to be stird  
 To wrath too rashly; and where are preferd  
 To mens conceits, things that may both waies faile;  
 The noblest euer should the most preuaile.  
 Would *Ioue* our Father, *Pallas*, and the *Sunne*,  
 That (were you still as now, and could but runne  
 One Fate with me) you would my daughter wed,  
 And be my son-in-law; still vovd to leade  
 Your rest of life here. I, a house would giue,  
 And household goods; so freely you would liue,  
 Confin'd with vs: but gainst you will, shall none  
 Containe you here; since that were violence done  
 To *Ioue* our Father. For your passage home,  
 That you may well know, we can ouercome  
 So great a voyage; thus it shall succeed:  
 To morrow shall our men take all their heed  
 (While you securely sleepe) to see the seas  
 In calmest temper; and (if that will please)  
 Shew you your Country and your house ere night;  
 Though farre beyond *Euboea* be that fight.  
 And this *Euboea* (as our subiects say,  
 That haue bin there, and seene) is farre away

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Farthest from vs, of all the parts they know.  
And made the triall, when they helpt to row  
The gold-lockt *Rhadamanth*; to giue him view  
Of Earth-borne *Tityus*: whom their speeds did shew  
(In that far-off *Euboea*) the same day  
They set from hence; and home made good their way,  
With ease againe, and him they did conuay.  
Which, I report to you, to let you see  
How swift my ships are; and how matchlesly  
My yong *Phæacians*, with their oares preuaile,  
To beate the sea through, and assist a saile.  
This cheard *Vlysses*; who in priuate praid:  
I would to *Ioue* our Father, what he said,  
He could performe at all parts; he should then  
Be glorified for euer; and I gaine  
My naturall Country. This discourse they had;  
When faire-armd *Arete*, her handmaids bad  
A bed make in the *Portico*; and plie  
With cloaths; the Couering Tapestry;  
The Blankets purple. Wel-napt Wastcoates too,  
To weare for more warmth. What these had to do,  
They torches tooke, and did. The Bed puruaid;  
They mou'd *Vlysses* for his rest; and said:      Come Guest, your Bed is fit; now frame to rest.  
Motion of sleepe, was gracious to their Guest;  
Which now he tooke profoundly; being laid  
Within a loop-hole Towre, where was conuaid  
The sounding *Portico*. The King tooke rest  
In a retir'd part of the house; where drest  
The Queene her selfe, a Bed, and Trundlebed;  
And by her Lord, repose her reuerend head. Finis libri septimi Hom. Odys.

## THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*The Peeres of the Phæacian State,  
A Councell call, to console  
Vlysses, with all meanes for Home.  
The Councell to a Banquet come.  
Inuited by the king: which done;  
Assaies for hurling of the stone,  
The Youths make with the stranger king.  
Demodecus, at feast, doth sing  
Th' Adulterie of the God of Armes  
With her that rules, in Amorous charmes.  
And after, sings the entercourse  
Of Acts about th' Epæan Horse.*

## Another.

*The Councils frame,*  
*At fleete applied;*  
*In strifes of Game,*  
*Vlysses tried.* Now when the Rosie—fingerd morne arose;  
 The sacred powre *Alcinous* did dispose  
 Did likewise rise; and like him, left his Ease,  
 The Cittie—racer *Laertiades*.  
 The Councell at the Nauie was design'd;  
 To which *Alcinous*, with the sacred mind,  
 Came first of all. On polisht stones they sate  
 Neare to the Nauie. To increase the state,  
*Minerua* tooke the heralds forme on her  
 That seru'd *Alcinous*; studious to prefer  
*Vlysses* Suite for home. About the towne  
 She made quicke way; and fild with the renowne  
 Of that designe, the eares of euery man:  
 Proclaiming thus; *Peers Phæacensian!*  
 And men of Councell: all haste to the Court;  
 To heare the stranger that made late resort  
 To king *Alcinous*: long time lost at Sea;  
 And is in person, like a Deitie.  
 This, all their powres set vp; and spirit instild;  
 And straight the Court and seas, with men were fild.  
 The whole State wonderd at *Laertes* Son  
 When they beheld him. *Pallas* put him on  
 A supernaturall, and heauenly dresse;  
 Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodlinesse  
 In breast, and shoulders; that he might appeare  
 Gracious, and graue, and reuerend; and beare  
 A perfect hand on his performance there,  
 In all the trials they resolu'd t'impose.  
 All met; and gatherd in attention close;  
*Alcinous* thus bespake them: Dukes, and Lords;  
 Heare me digest, my hearty thoughts in words:  
 This Stranger here whose trauels found my Court;  
 I know not; nor can tell if his resort  
 From East or West comes: But his suite is this;  
 That to his Countrey earth we would dismiss  
 His hither—forced person; and doth beare  
 The minde to passe it vnder euery Peere:  
 Whom I prepare, and stirre vp; making knowne  
 My free desire of his deduction.  
 Nor shall there euer, any other man  
 That tries the goodnesse *Phæacensian*,  
 In me, and my Courts entertainment; stay  
 Mourning for passage, vnder least delay.  
 Come then; A ship into the sacred seas,

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

New-built, now lanch we; and from out our prease;  
 Chuse two and fiftie Youths; of all, the best  
 To vse an oare. All which, see straight imprest;  
 And in their Oare-bound seates. Let others hie  
 Home to our Court; commanding instantly  
 The solemne preparation of a feast;  
 In which, prouision may for any guest  
 Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things,  
 I giue our Youth. You Scepter-bearing kings,  
 Consort me home; and helpe with grace to vse  
 This guest of ours: no one man shall refuse.  
 Some other of you, haste, and call to vs  
 The sacred singer, graue *Demodocus*;  
 To whom hath God giuen, song that can excite  
 The heart of whom he listeth with delight.  
 This said, he led. The Scepter-bearers lent  
 Their free attendance; and with all speede, went  
 The herald for the sacred man in song.  
 Youths two and fiftie; chosen from the throng  
 Went, as was willd, to the vntam'd seas-shore;  
 Where come; they lancht the ship: the Mast it bore  
 Aduanc't, sailes hoised; euery seate, his Ore  
 Gauē with a lether thong: the deepe moist then  
 They further reacht. The drie streets flowd with men;  
 That troupt vp to the kings capacious Court.  
 Whose *Porticos*, were chok't with the resort:  
 Whose wals were hung with men: yong, old, thrust there,  
 In mighty concourse; for whose promist cheere  
*Alcinous* slue twelue Sheepe; eight white-toothd Swine:  
 Two crook-hancht Beeues; which flead, and drest, diuine  
 The show was of so many a iocund Guest  
 All set together, at so set a feast.  
 To whose accomlisht state, the Herald then  
 The louely Singer led; Who past all mean  
 The Muse affected; gaue him good, and ill;  
 His eies put out; but put in soule at will.  
 His place was giuen him, in a chaire, all grac't  
 With siluer studs, and gainst a Pillar plac't;  
 Where, as the Center to the State, he rests;  
 And round about, the circle of the Guests.  
 The Herald, on a Pinne, aboue his head  
 His soundfull harpe hung: to whose height, he led  
 His hand for taking of it downe at will.  
 A Boord set by, with food; and forth did fill  
 A Bowle of wine, to drinke at his desire.  
 The rest then, fell to feast; and when the fire  
 Of appetite was quencht: the Muse inflam'd  
 The sacred Singer. Of men highliest fam'd,  
 He sung the glories; and a Poeme pend,  
 That in applause, did ample heauen ascend.  
 Whose subiect was, the sterne contention



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Betwixt *Vlysses*, and Great *Thetis* Sonne;  
 As, at a banquet, sacred to the Gods  
 In dreadfull language, they exprest their ods.  
 When *Agamemnon*, sat reioyc't in soule  
 To heare the Greeke Peeres iarre, in termes so foule;  
 For *Augur Phoebus*, in presage had told  
 The king of men, (desirous to vnfold  
 The wars perplexed end; and being therefore gone  
 In heauenly *Pythia*, to the Porch of stone,)  
 That then the end, of all griefes should begin,  
 Twixt *Greece*, and *Troy*; when *Greece* (with strife to winne  
 That wisht conclusion) in her kings should iarre;  
 And pleade, if force, or wit must end the warre.  
 This braue contention did the Poet sing;  
 Expressing so the spleene of either king;  
 That his large purple weede, *Vlysses* held  
 Before his face, and eies; since thence distilld  
 Teares vncontaind; which he obscur'd, in feare  
 To let th' obseruing Presence, note a teare.  
 But when his sacred song the meere Diuine  
 Had giuen an end; a Goblet crownd with wine  
*Vlysses* (drying his wet eies) did seise;  
 And sacrificde to those Gods that would please  
 T'inspire the Poet with a song so fit  
 To do him honour, and renowme his wit.  
 His teares then staid. But when againe began  
 (By all the kings desires) the mouing man;  
 Againe *Vlysses*, could not chuse but yeeld  
 To that soft passion: which againe, withheld,  
 He kept so cunningly from sight; that none  
 (Except *Alcinous* himselfe, alone)  
 Discern'd him mou'd so much. But he sat next;  
 And heard him deeply sigh. Which, his pretext  
 Could not keepe hid from him. Yet he conceal'd  
 His vtterance of it; and would haue it held  
 From all the rest. Brake off the song, and this  
 Said to those Ore-affecting Peeres of his: Princes, and Peeres! we now are satiate  
 With sacred song, that fits a feast of state:  
 With wine, and food. Now then, to field, and try;  
 In all kinds our approu'd actiuity;  
 That this our Guest, may giue his friends to know  
 In his returne: that we, as little owe  
 To fights, and wrestlings, leaping, speede of race,  
 As these our Court-rites; and commend our grace  
 In all, to all superiour. Foorth he led  
 The Peeres and people, troupt vp to their head:  
 Nor must *Demodocus* be left within;  
 Whose harpe, the Herald hung vpon the pinne;  
 His hand, in his tooke; and abroad he brought  
 The heauenly Poet: out, the same way wrought  
 That did the Princes: and what they would see

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

With admiration, with his companie  
 They wisht to honour. To the place of Game  
 These throng'd; and after, routs of other came,  
 Of all sort, infinite. Of Youths that stroue,  
 Many, and strong, rose to their trials loue.  
 Vp rose *Acroneus*, and *Ocyalus*;  
*Elatreus*, *Prymneus*, and *Anchyalus*;  
*Nanteus*, *Eretmeus*, *Thoon*, *Proreus*;  
*Pontaus*, and the strong *Amphialus*,  
 Sonne to *Tectonides*, *Polinius*.  
 Vp rose to these, the great *Euryalus*;  
 In action like the homicide of warre.  
*Naubolides*, that was for person farre  
 Past all the rest: but one he could not passe;  
 Nor any thought improue; *Laodamas*.  
 Vp *Anabesinzus* then arose;  
 And three sonnes of the Scepter state, and those;  
 Were *Halius*, and fore-praisde *Laodamas*;  
 And *Clytonaus*, like a God in grace.  
 These first the foote-game tride; and from the lists  
 Tooke start together. Vp the dust, in mists  
 They hurld about; as in their speede, they flew;  
 But *Clytoneus*, first, of all the crew  
 A Stiches length in any fallow field  
 Made good his pace; when where the Iudges yeeld  
 The prise, and praise, his glorious speed arriu'd.  
 Next, for the boistrous wrestling Game they striu'd;  
 At which, *Euryalus*, the rest outshone.  
 At leape, *Amphialus*. At the hollow stone  
*Elatreus* exceld. At buffets, last,  
*Laodamas*, the kings faire sonne surpast.  
 When all had striu'd in these assaies their fill;  
*Laodamas* said; Come friends; let's proue what skill  
 This Stranger hath attaind to, in our sport;  
 Me thinks, he must be of the actiue sort.  
 His calues, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders show,  
 That *Nature* disposition did bestow  
 To fit with fact their forme. Nor wants he prime.  
 But sowre *Affliction*, made a mate with *Time*,  
 Makes *Time* the more seene. Nor imagine I,  
 A worse thing to enforce debilitie,  
 Then is the Sea: though nature ne're so strong  
 Knits one together. Nor conceiue you wrong,  
 (Replied *Euryalus*) but proue his blood  
 With what you question. In the midst then stood  
 Renowm'd *Laodamas*, and prou'd him thus;      Come (stranger Father) and assaie with vs  
 Your powrs in these contentions: If your show  
 Be answerd with your worth, tis fit that you  
 Should know these conflicts: nor doth glorie stand  
 On any worth more, in a mans command,  
 Then to be strenuous, both of foote and hand:

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Come then, make proofe with vs; discharge your mind  
 Of discontentments: for not farre behind  
 Comes your deduction. Ship is ready now;  
 And men, and all things. Why (said he) dost thou  
 Mocke me *Laodamas!* and these strifes bind  
 My powrs to answer? I am more inclin'd  
 To cares, then conflict. Much sustain'd I haue;  
 And still am suffering. I come here to craue  
 In your assemblies, meanes to be dismiss'd,  
 And pray, both Kings, and subiects to assist.  
*Euryalus*, an open brawle began;  
 And said: I take you Sir, for no such man  
 As fits these honord strifes. A number more  
 Strange men there are, that I would chuse before.  
 To one that loues to lie a ship-boord much;  
 Or is the Prince of sailours; or to such  
 As traffique farre and neare, and nothing minde  
 But freight, and passage, and a foreright winde;  
 Or to a victler of a ship: or men  
 That set vp all their powrs for rampant Gaine,  
 I can compare, or hold you like to be:  
 But, for a wrestler, or of qualitie  
 Fit for contentions noble; you abhor  
 From worth of any such competitor.  
*Vlysses* (frowning) answerd; Stranger! farre  
 Thy words are from the fashions regular  
 Of kinde, or honour. Thou art in thy guise  
 Like to a man, that authors iniuries.  
 I see, the Gods to all men, giue not all  
 Manly addiction; wisdom; words that fall  
 (Like dice) vpon the square still. Some man takes  
 Ill forme from parents; but God often makes  
 That fault of forme vp, with obseru'd repaire  
 Of pleasing speech: that makes him held for faire;  
 That makes him speake securely: makes him shine  
 In an assembly, with a grace diuine.  
 Men take delight, to see how euenly lie  
 His words asteepe, in honey modestie.  
 Another then, hath fashion like a God;  
 But in his language, he is foule, and broad:  
 And such art thou. A person faire is giuen;  
 But nothing else is in thee, sent from heauen.  
 For in thee lurkes, a base, and earthy soule  
 And t'hast compell'd me, with a speech most foule  
 To be thus bitter. I am not vnseene  
 In these faire strifes, as thy words ouerweene:  
 But in the first ranke of the best I stand.  
 At least, I did, when youth and strength of hand  
 Made me thus confident: but now am worne  
 With woes, and labours; as a humane borne  
 To beare all anguish. Sufferd much I haue.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The warre of men, and the inhumane waue  
 Haue I driuen through at all parts: but with all  
 My waste in sufferance: what yet may fall  
 In my performance, at these strifes Ile trie;  
 Thy speech hath mou'd, and made my wrath runne hie.  
 This said; with robe, and all, he graspt a stone,  
 A little grauer then was euer throwne  
 By these *Phæacians*, in their wrestling rout;  
 More firme, more massie; which (turnd round about)  
 He hurried from him, with a hand so strong  
 It sung, and flew: and ouer all the throng  
 (That at the others markes stood) quite it went:  
 Yet downe fell all beneath it; fearing spent  
 The force that draue it flying from his hand,  
 As it a dart were, or a walking wand.  
 And, farre past all the markes of all the rest  
 His wing stole way. When *Pallas* straight imprest  
 A marke at fall of it; resembling then  
 One of the nauy-giuen *Phæacian* men;  
 And thus aduanc't *Vlysses*: One, (though blinde)  
 (O stranger!) groping, may thy stones fall finde;  
 For not amidst the rout of markes it fell,  
 But farre before all. Of thy worth, thinke well;  
 And stand in all strifes: no *Phæacian* here,  
 This bound, can either better or come nere.  
*Vlysses* ioyd, to heare that one man yet  
 Vsde him benignly; and would Truth abet  
 In those contentions. And then, thus smooth  
 He tooke his speech downe: Reach me that now Youth,  
 You shall (and straight I thinke) haue one such more;  
 And one beyond it too. And now, whose Core  
 Stands sound, and great within him (since ye haue  
 Thus put my splene vp) come againe and braue  
 The Guest ye tempted, with such grosse disgrace:  
 At wrestling, buffets, whirlbat, speed of race.  
 At all, or either, I except at none,  
 But vrge the whole State of you; onely one  
 I will not challenge, in my forced boast,  
 And that's *Laodamas*; for hee's mine Host.  
 And who will fight, or wrangle with his friend?  
 Vnwise he is, and base, that will contend  
 With him that feedes him, in a forreigne place;  
 And takes all edge off, from his owne sought grace.  
 None else except I here; nor none despise;  
 But wish to know, and proue his faculties,  
 That dares appeare now. No strife ye can name  
 Am I vnskilld in; (reckon any game  
 Of all that are, as many as there are  
 In vse with men) for Archerie I dare  
 Affirme my selfe not meane. Of all a troupe  
 Ile make the first foe with mine arrow stoupe;

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Though, with me ne're so many fellowes bend  
 Their bowes at markt men, and affect their end;  
 Onely was *Philoctetes* with his bow  
 Still my superiour; when we Greekes would show  
 Our Archerie against our foes of *Troy*:  
 But all that now by bread, fraile life enjoy,  
 I farre hold my inferiours. Men of old  
 None now aliue, shall witsse me so bold  
 To vant equality with such men as these;  
*Occhalian, Euritus, Hercules*;  
 Who with their bowes, durst with the Gods contend.  
 And therefore caught *Eurytus* soone his end.  
 Nor did at home, in age, a reuerend man;  
 But by the Great incensed *Delphian*  
 Was shot to death, for daring competence  
 With him, in all an Archers excellence.  
 A Speare Ile hurle as farre, as any man  
 Shall shoote a shaft. How at a race I can  
 Bestirre my feete; I onely yeeld to Feare,  
 And doubt to meete with my superiour here.  
 So many seas, so too much haue misusde  
 My lims for race; and therefore haue diffusde  
 A dissolution through my loued knees.  
 This said, he stilld all talking properties;  
*Alcinous* onely answerd: O my Guest  
 In good part take we, what you haue bene prest  
 With speech to answer. You would make appeare  
 Your vertues therefore, that will still shine where  
 Your onely looke is. Yet must this man giue  
 Your worth ill language; when, he does not liue  
 In sort of mortals (whence so ere he springs  
 That iudgement hath to speake becoming things)  
 That will deprauue your vertues. Note then now  
 My speech, and what, my loue presents to you;  
 That you may tell *Heroes*, when you come  
 To banquet with your Wife, and Birth at home,  
 (Mindfull of our worth) what deseruings *Ioue*  
 Hath put on our parts likewise; in remoue  
 From Sire to Sonne, as an inherent grace  
 Kinde, and perpetuall. We must needs giue place  
 To other Countreymen; and freely yeeld  
 We are not blamelesse, in our fights of field;  
 Buffets, nor wrestlings: but in speede of feete;  
 And all the Equipage that fits a fleete,  
 We boast vs best. I or table euer spred  
 With neighbour feasts, for garments varied;  
 For *Poesie, Musique, Dancing, Baths, and Beds* .  
 And now, *Phæacians*, you that beare your heads  
 And feete with best grace, in enamouring dance;  
 Enflame our guest here; that he may aduance  
 Our worth past all the worlds, to his home friends;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

As well for the vnmatcht grace, that commends  
 Your skills in footing of a dance; as theirs  
 That flie a race best. And so, all affaires,  
 At which we boast vs best; he best may trie;  
 As Sea–race, Land–race, Dance, and Poesie.  
 Some one, with instant speede to Court retire,  
 And fetch *Demodocus*, his soundfull lyre.  
 This said, the God–grac't king, and quicke resort  
*Pontonus* made, for that faire harpe, to Court.      Nine of the lot–chusde publique Rulers rose,  
 That all in those contentions did dispose;  
 Commanding a most smooth ground, and a wide,  
 And all the people, in faire game, aside.  
 Then with the rich harpe, came *Pontonus*;  
 And in the midst, tooke place *Demodocus*.  
 About him then stood foorth, the choise yong men,  
 That on mans first youth, made fresh entrie then:  
 Had Art to make their naturall motion sweete  
 And shooke a most diuine dance from their feete;  
 That twinckld Star–like; mou'd as swift, and fine,  
 And beate the aire so thinne, they made it shine.  
*Vlysses* wonderd at it; but amazd  
 He stood in minde, to heare the dance so phras'd.  
 For, as they danc't; *Demodocus* did sing,  
 The bright–crownd *Venus* loue, with *Battailes* king;  
 As first they closely mixt, in t'house of fire.  
 What worlds of gifts, wonne her to his desire;  
 Who then, the night–and–day–bed did defile  
 Of good king *Vulcan*. But in little while  
 The Sunne their mixture saw; and came, and told.  
 The bitter newes, did by his eares take hold  
 Of *Vulcans* heart. Then to his Forge he went;  
 And in his shrewd mind, deepe stufte did inuent.  
 His mightie Anuile, in the stocke he put;  
 And forg'd a net, that none could loose, or cut;  
 That when it had them, it might hold them fast.  
 Which, hauing finisht, he made vtmost haste  
 Vp to the deare roome, where his wife he wowd:  
 And (madly wrath with *Mars*) he all bestrowd  
 The bed, and bed–posts: all the beame aboue  
 That crost the chamber; and a circle stroue,  
 Of his deuice, to wrap in all the roome.  
 And twas as pure, as of a Spiders loome,  
 The woofe before tis wouen. No man nor God  
 Could set his eie on it: a sleight so odde,  
 His Art shewd in it. All his craft bespent  
 About the bed: he faind, as if he went  
 To well–built *Lemnos*; his most loued towne,  
 Of all townes earthly. Nor left this vnknowne  
 To golden–bridle–vsing *Mars*; who kept  
 No blinde watch ouer him: but, seeing stept  
 His riuall so aside, he hasted home

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

With faire-wreath'd *Venus* loue stung; who was come  
 New from the Court of her most mightie Sire.  
*Mars* enterd; wrung her hand; and the retire  
 Her husband made to *Lemnos* told; and said;  
 Now (*Loue*) is *Vulcan* gone; let vs to bed,  
 Hee's for the barbarous *Sintians*. Well appaid  
 Was *Venus* with it; and afresh assaid  
 Their old encounter. Downe they went; and straight  
 About them clingd, the artificiall sleight  
 Of most wise *Vulcan*; and were so ensnar'd,  
 That neither they could stirre their course prepar'd,  
 In any lim about them; nor arise.  
 And then they knew, they could no more disguise  
 Their close conueiance; but lay, forc't, stone still.  
 Backe rusht the Both foote cook't; but straight in skill,  
 From his neare skout-hole turnd; nor euer went  
 To any *Lemnos*; but the sure euent  
 Left *Phoebus* to discouer, who told all.  
 Then, home hopt *Vulcan*, full of griefe, and gall;  
 Stood in the Portall, and cried out so hie;  
 That all the Gods heard. Father of the skie  
 And euery other deathlesse God (said he)  
 Come all, and a ridiculous obiect see;  
 And yet not sufferable neither; Come,  
 And witnesse, how when still I step from home,  
 (Lame that I am) *Ioues* daughter doth professe  
 To do me all the shamefull offices;  
 Indignities, despites, that can be thought;  
 And loues this all-things-making-come to nought  
 Since he is faire forsooth; foote-sound, and I  
 Tooke in my braine a little; leg'd awrie;  
 And no fault mine; but all my parents fault,  
 Who should not get, if mocke me, with my halt.  
 But see how fast they sleepe, while I, in mone,  
 Am onely made, an idle looker on.  
 One bed their turne serues; and it must be mine;  
 I thinke yet, I haue made their selfe-loues shine.  
 They shall no more wrong me, and none perceiue:  
 Nor will they sleepe together, I beleeue  
 With too hote haste againe. Thus both shall lie  
 In craft, and force; till the extremitie  
 Of all the dowre, I gaue her Sire (to gaine  
 A dogged set-fac't Girle, that will not staine  
 Her face with blushing, though she shame her head)  
 He paies me backe: She's faire, but was no maide.  
 While this long speech was making, all were come  
 To *Vulcans* wholie-brazen-founded home.  
 Earth-shaking *Neptune*; vsefull *Mercurie*,  
 And far-shot *Phoebus*. No She Deitie  
 For shame, would show there: all the giue-good Gods  
 stood in the Portall; and past periods

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Gaue length to laughters; all reioyc't to see  
 That which they said; that no impietie  
 Finds good successe at th' end. And now (said one)  
 The slow outgoes the swift. Lame *Vulcan*, knowne  
 To be the slowest of the Gods; outgoes  
*Mars* the most swift; And this is that, which growes  
 To greatest iustice; that Adulteries sport  
 Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other sort,  
 (And lame craft too) is plagu'd, which grieues the more,  
 That sound lims turning lame; the lame, restore.  
 This speech amongst themselues they entertaind  
 When *Phæbus*, thus askt *Hermes*: Thus enchaind  
 Would'st thou be *Hermes*, to be thus disclosde?  
 Though, with thee, golden *Venus* were repos'de?      He soone gaue that an answer: O (said he  
 Thou king of Archers) would twere thus with me.  
 Though thrice so much shame; nay, though infinite  
 Were powrd about me; and that euey light  
 In great heauen shining, witnest all my harmes,  
 So golden *Venus* slumberd in mine Armes.  
 The Gods againe laught; euen the watry state  
 Wrung out a laughter: But propitiate  
 Was still for *Mars*, and praid the God of fire  
 He would dissolue him; offering the desire  
 He made to *Ioue*, to pay himselfe; and said,  
 All due debts, should be, by the Gods repaid.  
 Pay me, no words (said he) where deeds lend paine;  
 Wretched the words are, giuen for wretched men.  
 How shall I binde you in th' Immortals sight  
 If *Mars* be once loos'd; nor will pay his right?      *Vulcan* (said he) if *Mars* should flie, nor see  
 Thy right repaid, it should be paid by me:  
 Your word, so giuen, I must accept (said he)  
 Which said; he loosd them: *Mars* then rusht from skie  
 And stoop't cold *Thrace*. The laughing Deity  
 For *Cyprus* was, and tooke her *Paphian* state  
 Where, She a *Groue*, ne're cut, hath consecrate:  
 All with *Arabian* odors fum'd; and hath  
 An Altar there, at which the *Graces* bathe,  
 And with immortall Balms besmooth her skin;  
 Fit for the blisse, Immortals solace in;  
 Deckt her in to-be-studied attire,  
 And apt to set beholders hearts on fire.  
 This sung the sacred Muse, whose notes and words  
 The dancers feete kept; as his hands his cords.  
*Vlysses*, much was pleased, and all the crew:      This would the king haue varied with a new  
 And pleasing measure; and performed by  
 Two, with whom none would striue in dancierie.  
 And those, his sonnes were; that must therefore dance  
 Alone; and onely to the harp aduance,  
 Without the words; And this sweete couple, was  
 Yong *Halius*, and diuine *Laodamas*:  
 Who danc't a Ball dance. Then the rich-wrought Ball,



## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

(That *Polybus* had made, of purple all)  
 They tooke to hand: one threw it to the skie,  
 And then danc't backe; the other (capring hie)  
 Would surely catch it, ere his foote toucht ground;  
 And vp againe advanc't it; and so found  
 The other, cause of dance; and then did he  
 Dance lofty trickes; till next it came to be  
 His turne to catch; and serue the other still.  
 When they had kept it vp to eithers will;  
 They then danc't ground tricks; oft mixt hand in hand;  
 And did so gracefully their change command;  
 That all the other Youth that stood at pause,  
 With deafning shouts, gaue them the great applause.  
 Then said *Vlysses*; O past all men here  
 Cleare, not in powre, but in desert as clere,  
 You said your dancers, did the world surpasse;  
 And they performe it, cleare, and to amaze.  
 This wonne *Alcinous* heart; and equall prise  
 He gaue *Vlysses*; saying; Matchlesse wise  
 (Princes, and Rulers) I perceiue our guest;  
 And therefore let our hospitable best  
 In fitting gifts be giuen him: twelue chiefe kings  
 There are that order all the glorious things  
 Of this our kingdome; and the thirteenth, I  
 Exist, as Crowne to all: let instantly  
 Be thirteene garments giuen him: and, of gold  
 Precious, and fine, a Talent. While we hold  
 This our assembly; be all fetcht, and giuen;  
 That to our feast prepar'd, as to his heauen  
 One guest may enter. And that nothing be  
 Left vnperformd, that fits his dignity;  
*Euryalus* shall here conciliate  
 Himselfe, with words and gifts; since past our rate  
 He gaue bad language. This did all commend  
 And giue in charge; and euery king did send  
 His Herald for his gift. *Euryalus*  
 (Answering for his part) said; *Alcinous!*  
 Our chiefe of all; since you command, I will  
 To this our guest, by all meanes reconcile;  
 And giue him this entirely mettald sword:  
 The handle massie siluer; and the bord  
 That giues it couer, all of Iuorie,  
 New, and in all kinds, worth his qualitie.  
 This put he strait into his hand, and said:  
 Frolicke, O Guest and Father; if words, fled,  
 Haue bene offensiue; let swift whirlwinds take,  
 And rauish them from thought. May all Gods make  
 Thy wives sight good to thee; in quicke retreat  
 To all thy friends, and best-lou'd breeding seate;  
 Their long misse quitting with the greater ioy;  
 In whose sweet, vanish all thy worst annoy.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And frolicke thou, to all height, Friend (said he)  
 Which heauen confirme, with wisht felicitie.  
 Nor euer giue againe desire to thee,  
 Of this swords vse, which with affects so free,  
 In my reclaime, thou hast bestowd on me.  
 This said; athwart his shoulders he put on  
 The right faire sword; and then did set the Sunne.  
 When all the gifts were brought; which backe againe  
 (With King *Alcinous*, in all the traine)  
 Were by the honourd Heralds borne to Court;  
 Which his faire sonnes tooke; and from the resort  
 Laid by their reuerend Mother. Each his throne  
 Of all the Peeres (which yet were ouershone  
 In King *Alcinous* command) ascended:  
 Whom he, to passe as much in gifts contended;  
 And to his Queene, said: Wife! see brought me here  
 The fairest Cabinet I haue; and there  
 Impose a well-cleansd, in, and vtter weed;  
 A Caldron heate with water, that with speed  
 Our Guest well bath'd, and all his gifts made sure,  
 It may a ioyfull appetite procure  
 To his succeeding Feast; and make him heare  
 The Poets *Hymne*, with the securer eare.  
 To all which, I will adde my boll of gold,  
 In all frame curious, to make him hold  
 My memory alwaies deare; and sacrificise  
 With it at home, to all the Deities.  
 Then *Arete*, her maids charg'd to set on  
 A well-siz'd Caldron quickly. Which was done;  
 Cleare water powr'd in, flame made so entire,  
 It gilt the brasse, and made the water fire.  
 In meane space, from her chamber brought the Queene  
 A wealthy Cabinet, where (pure and cleane)  
 She put the garments, and the gold bestowd  
 By that free State: and then, the other vovd  
 By her *Alcinous*, and said: Now Guest  
 Make close and fast your gifts, lest when you rest  
 A ship-boord sweetly, in your way you meet  
 Some losse, that lesse may make your next sleepe sweet.      This when *Vlysses* heard; all sure he made;  
 Enclosde and bound safe; for the sauing trade,  
 The Reuerend for her wisdom ( *Circe* ) had  
 In foreyeares taught him. Then the handmaid bad  
 His worth to bathing; which reioyc't his heart.  
 For since he did with his *Calypso* part,  
 He had no hote baths. None had fauourd him;  
 Nor bin so tender of his kingly lim.  
 But all the time he spent in her abode,  
 He liu'd respected, as he were a God.  
 Cleansd then and balmd; faire shirt, and robe put on;  
 Fresh come from bath, and to the Feasters gone;  
*Nausicaa*, that from the Gods hands tooke

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The soueraigne beautie of her blessed looke,  
 Stood by a well-caru'd Columne of the roome,  
 And through her eye, her heart was ouercome  
 With admiration of the Port imprest  
 In his aspect; and said: God saue you Guest!  
 Be chearfull, as in all the future state,  
 Your home will shew you, in your better Fate.  
 But yet, euen then, let this rememberd be,  
 Your lifes price, I lent, and you owe it me.  
 The varied in all counsels gaue reply:  
*Nausicaa!* flowre of all this Empery!  
 So *Iunos* husband, that the strife for noise  
 Makes in the clouds, blesse me with strife of Ioyes,  
 In the desir'd day, that my house shall show,  
 As I, as I to a Goddess, there shall vow,  
 To thy faire hand, that did my Being giue;  
 Which Ile acknowledge euery houre I liue.  
 This said; *Alcinous* plac't him by his side;  
 Then tooke they feast, and did in parts diuide  
 The seuerall dishes; filld out wine, and then  
 The striu'd-for, for his worth, of worthy men,  
 And reuerenc't of the State; *Demodocus*  
 Was brought in by the good *Pontonus*.  
 In midst of all the guests, they gaue him place,  
 Against a loftie Pillar; when, this grace  
 The grac't with wisdom did him. From the Chine  
 That stood before him of a white-tooth'd Swine,  
 (Being farre the daintiest ioynt) mixt through with fat,  
 He caru'd to him, and sent it where he sat,  
 By his old friend, the Herald; willing thus:  
 Herald! reach this to graue *Demodocus*;  
 Say, I salute him; and his worth embrace.  
 Poets deserue past all the humane race,  
 Reuerend respect and honor; since the Queene  
 Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men  
 (*The Muse*) informes them; and loues all their race.      This, reacht the Herald to him; who, the grace  
 Receiu'd encourag'd: which, when feast was spent,  
*Vlysses* amplified to this ascent:      *Demodocus!* I must preferre you farre,  
 Past all your sort; if, or the *Muse* of warre,  
*Ioues* daughter prompts you; (that the Greeks respects)  
 Or if the Sunne, that those of *Troy* affects.  
 For I haue heard you, since my coming, sing  
 The Fate of *Greece*, to an admired string.  
 How much our sufferance was; how much we wrought;  
 How much the actions rose to, when we fought.  
 So liuely forming, as you had bin there;  
 Or to some free relator, lent your eare.  
 Forth then, and sing the wooden horses frame,  
 Built by *Epeus*; by the martiall Dame,  
 Taught the whole Fabricke; which, by force of sleight,  
*Vlysses* brought into the Cities height;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

When he had stuff it with as many men,  
 As leueld loftie *Ilion* with the Plaine.  
 With all which, if you can as well enchant,  
 As with expression quicke and elegant,  
 You sung the rest; I will pronounce you cleare,  
 Inspir'd by God, past all that euer were.  
 This said; euen stird by God vp, he began;  
 And to his Song fell, past the forme of man;  
 Beginning where, the Greeks a ship-boord went,  
 And euery Chiefe, had set on fire his Tent.  
 When th' other Kings, in great *Vlysses* guide,  
 In *Troys* vast market place, the horse did hide:  
 From whence, the *Troians*, vp to *Ilion* drew  
 The dreadfull Engine. Where (sate all arew)  
 Their Kings about it: many counsels giuen,  
 How to dispose it. In three waies were driuen  
 Their whole distractions: first, if they should feele  
 The hollow woods heart, (searcht with piercing steele)  
 Or from the battlements (drawne higher yet)  
 Deiect it headlong; or, that counterfet,  
 So vast and nouell, set on sacred fire;  
 Vowd to appease each angerd Godheads ire.  
 On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,  
 They then should haue resolu'd: th' vnalterd law  
 Of Fate presaging; that *Troy* then should end,  
 When th' hostile horse, she should receiue to friend;  
 For therein should the *Grecian* Kings lie hid,  
 To bring the Fate and death, they after did.  
 He sung besides, the Greeks eruption  
 From those their hollow crafts; and horse forgone;  
 And how they made *Depopulation* tred  
 Beneath her feete, so high a Cities head.  
 In which affaire, he sung in other place,  
 That of that ambush, some man else did race  
 The *Ilion* Towres, then *Laertiades*;  
 But here he sung, that he alone did seise  
 (With *Menelaus*) the ascended roofe  
 Of Prince *Deiphobus*; and *Mars*-like prooffe  
 Made of his valour: a most dreadfull fight,  
 Daring against him. And there vanquisht quite,  
 In litle time (by great *Mineruas* aid)  
 All *Ilions* remnant, and *Troy* leuell laid.  
 This the diuine Expressor, did so giue  
 Both act and passion, that he made it liue;  
 And to *Vlysses* facts did breathe a fire,  
 So deadly quickning, that it did inspire  
 Old death with life; and renderd life so sweet,  
 And passionate, that all there felt it fleet;  
 Which made him pitie his owne crueltie,  
 And put into that ruth, so pure an eie  
 Of humane frailtie; that to see a man

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Could so reuiue from Death; yet no way can  
 Defend from death; his owne quicke powres it made  
 Feele there deaths horrors: and he felt life fade  
 In teares, his feeling braine swet: for in things  
 That moue past vtterance, teares ope all their springs.  
 Nor are there in the Powres, that all life beares,  
 More interpreters of all, then teares.  
 And as a Ladie mournes her sole-lou'd Lord,  
 That falne before his Citie, by the sword,  
 Fighting to rescue from a cruell Fate,  
 His towne and children; and, in dead estate  
 Yet panting, seeing him; wraps him in her armes,  
 Weeps, shriekes, and powres her health into his armes;  
 Lies on him, striuing to become his shield  
 From foes that still assaile him: speares impeld  
 Through backe and shoulders; by whose points embrude,  
 They raise and leade him into seruitude,  
 Labor and languor: for all which, the Dame  
 Eates downe her cheekes with teares, and feeds lifes flame  
 With miserable sufferanc: So this King,  
 Of teare-swet anguish, op't a boundlesse spring:  
 Nor yet was seene to any one man there,  
 But King *Alcinous*, who sate so neare,  
 He could not scape him: sighs (so chok't) so brake  
 From all his tempers, which the King did take  
 Both note, and graue respect of, and thus spake:  
 Heare me, *Phæacian* Counsellers and Peeres;  
 And cease, *Demodocus*; perhaps all eares  
 Are not delighted with his song; for, euer  
 Since the diuine Muse sung, our Guest hath neuer  
 Containd from secret mournings. It may fall,  
 That something sung, he hath bin grieu'd withall,  
 As touching his particular. Forbear;  
 That *Feast* may ioyntly comfort all hearts here;  
 And we may cheare our Guest vp; tis our best,  
 In all due honor. For our reuerend Guest,  
 Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,  
 His loue hath added to our Festiuall.  
 A Guest, and suppliant too; we should esteeme  
 Deare as our brother; one that doth but dreame  
 He hath a soule; or touch but at a mind  
 Deathlesse and manly; should stand so enclin'd.  
 Nor cloke you, longer, with your curious wit,  
 (Lou'd Guest) what euer we shall aske of it.  
 It now stands on your honest state to tell;  
 And therefore giue your name; nor more conceale,  
 What of your parents, and the Towne that beares  
 Name of your natiue; or of forreiners  
 That neare vs border, you are calld in fame.  
 There's no man liuing, walkes without a name;  
 Noble nor base; but had one from his birth;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Imposde as fit, as to be borne. What earth,  
 People, and citie, owne you? Giue to know:  
 Tell but our ships all, that your way must show;  
 For our ships know th' expressed minds of men;  
 And will so most intentiuely retaine  
 Their scopes appointed, that they neuer erre;  
 And yet vse neuer any man to stere:  
 Nor any Rudders haue, as others need.  
 They know mens thoughts; and whither tends their speed.  
 And there will set them. For you cannot name  
 A Citie to them; nor fat Soile, that *Fame*  
 Hath any notice giuen; but well they know,  
 And will flie to them, though they ebbe and flow,  
 In blackest clouds and nights; and neuer beare  
 Of any wracke or rocke, the slendrest feare.  
 But this I heard my Sire *Nausithous* say  
 Long since, that *Neptune* seeing vs conuay  
 So safely passengers of all degrees,  
 Was angry with vs; and vpon our seas,  
 A well-built ship we had (neare habor come,  
 From safe deduction of some stranger home)  
 Made in his flitting billowes, sticke stone still;  
 And dimm'd our Citie, like a mightie hill,  
 With shade cast round about it. This report,  
 The old King made; in which miraculous sort,  
 If God had done such things, or left vndone;  
 At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,  
 And truth relate vs; both whence you errd;  
 And to what Clime of men would be transferrd;  
 With all their faire Townes; be they, as they are;  
 If rude, vniust, and all irregular;  
 Or hospitable, bearing minds that please  
 The mightie Deitie. Which one of these  
 You would be set at, say; and you are there;  
 And therefore what afflicts you? why, to heare  
 The Fate of *Greece* and *Ilion*, mourne you so?  
 The Gods haue done it; as to all, they do  
 Destine destruction; that from thence may rise  
 A Poeme to instruct posterities.  
 Fell any kinsman before *Ilion*?  
 Some worthy Sire-in-law, or like-neare sonne?  
 Whom next our owne blood, and selfe-race we loue?  
 Or any friend perhaps, in whom did moue  
 A knowing soule, and no vnpleasing thing?  
 Since such a good one, is no vnderling  
 To any brother: for, what fits friends,  
 wisdome is, that blood and birth transcends. Finis libri octauī Hom. Odys.

THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

The Argvment.

*Vlysses here, is first made knowne;  
Who tels the sterne contention,  
His powres did gainst the Cicons trie;  
And thence to the Lotophagie  
Extends his conquest: and from them,  
Assayes the Cyclop Polypheme;  
And by the crafts, his wits apply,  
He puts him out his onely eye.*

Another.

*The strangely fed  
Lotophagie.  
The Cicons fled.*  
The Cyclops eye. Vlysses thus resolu'd the Kings demands.  
Alcinous! (in whom this Empire stands)  
You should not of so naturall right disherit  
Your princely feast, as take from it the spirit.  
To heare a Poet, that in accent brings  
The Gods brests downe; and breathes them as he sings,  
Is sweet, and sacred; nor can I conceiue,  
In any common weale, what more doth giue  
Note of the iust and blessed Empery,  
Then to see *Comfort* vniuersally  
Cheare vp the people. When in euery roofe,  
She giues obseruers a most humane prooffe  
Of mens contents. To see a neighbours Feast  
Adorne it through; and thereat, heare the breast  
Of the diuine Muse; men in order set;  
A wine-page waiting. Tables crownd with meate;  
Set close to guests, that are to vse it skilld;  
The Cup-boords furnisht; and the cups still filld.  
This shewes (to my mind) most humanely faire.  
Nor should you, for me, still the heauenly aire,  
That stirrd my soule so; for I loue such teares,  
As fall from fit notes; beaten through mine eares,  
With repetitions of what heauen hath done;  
And breake from heartie apprehension  
Of God and goodnesse, though they shew my ill.  
And therefore doth my mind excite me still,  
To tell my bleeding mone; but much more now,  
To serue your pleasure; that, to ouer-flow  
My teares with such cause, may by sighs be driuen;  
Though ne're so much plagu'd, I may seeme by heauen.

And now my name; which, way shall leade to

all

My miseries after: that their sounds may fall  
 Through your eares also; and shew (having fled  
 So much affliction) first, who rests his head  
 In your embraces; when (so farre from home)  
 I knew not where t'obtaine it resting roome.  
 I am *Vlysses Laertiades*;  
 The feare of all the world for policies;  
 For which, my facts as high as heauen resound.  
 I dwell in *Ithaca*, Earths most renownd:  
 All ouer-shadow'd with the Shake-leave hill  
 Tree-fam'd *Neritus*; whose neare confines fill  
 Ilands a number, well inhabited,  
 That vnder my obseruance taste their bread.  
*Dulichius*, *Samos*, and the full-of-food  
*Zacynthus*, likewise grac't with store of wood.  
 But *Ithaca*, (though in the seas it lie)  
 Yet lies she so aloft, she casts her eye  
 Quite ouer all the neighbour Continent.  
 Farre Norward situate; and (being lent  
 But litle fauour of the Morne, and Sunne)  
 With barren rocks and cliffes is ouer-runne.  
 And yet of hardie youths, a Nurse of Name.  
 Nor could I see a Soile, where ere I came,  
 More sweete and wishfull. Yet, from hence was I  
 Withheld with horror, by the Deitie  
 Diuine *Calypso*, in her cautie house;  
 Enflam'd to make me her sole Lord and Spouse.  
*Circe Ææa* too, (that knowing Dame,  
 Whose veines, the like affections did inflame)  
 Detaind me likewise. But to neithers loue,  
 Could I be tempted; which doth well approue;  
 Nothing so sweete is as our countries earth,  
 And ioy of those, from whom we claime our birth.  
 Though roofes farre richer, we farre off possesse,  
 Yet (from our natiue) all our more, is lesse.  
 To which, as I contended, I will tell  
 The much-distrest-conferring-facts, that fell  
 By *Ioues* diuine preuention; since I set,  
 From ruin'd *Troy*, my first foote in retreat.      From *Ilion*, ill winds cast me on the Coast  
 The *Cicons* hold; where I emloid mine hoast  
 For *Ismarus*, a Citie, built iust by  
 My place of landing; of which, *Victory*  
 Made me expugner. I depeopl'd it,  
 Slue all the men, and did their wiues remit,  
 With much spoile taken; which we did diuide,  
 That none might need his part. I then applide  
 All speed for flight: but my command therein,  
 (Foolles that they were) could no obseruance win  
 Of many souldiers, who with spoile fed hie,  
 Would yet fill higher; and excessiuelly



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Fell to their wine; gaue slaughter on the shore,  
 Clouen-footed beeues and sheepe, in mightie store.  
 In meane space, *Cicons* did to *Cicons* crie;  
 When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly  
 Many and better souldiers made strong head,  
 That held the Continent, and managed  
 Their horse with high skill: on which they would fight,  
 When fittest cause seru'd; and againe alight,  
 (With soone seene vantage) and on foote contend.  
 Their concourse swift was, and had neuer end;  
 As thicke and sodaine twas, as flowres and leaues  
 Darke Spring discouers, when she Light receaues.  
 And then began the bitter Fate of *Ioue*  
 To alter vs unhappie; which, euen stroue  
 To giue vs suffrance. At our Fleet we made  
 Enforced stand; and there did they inuade  
 Our thrust vp Forces: darts encountred darts,  
 With blowes on both sides: either making parts  
 Good vpon either, while the Morning shone,  
 And sacred *Day* her bright increase held on;  
 Though much out-matcht in number. But as soone  
 As *Phoebus* Westward fell, the *Cicons* wonne  
 Much hand of vs; sixe proued souldiers fell  
 (Of euery ship) the rest they did compell  
 To seeke of *Flight* escape from *Death* and *Fate*.  
 Thence (sad in heart) we saild: and yet our State  
 Was something chear'd; that (being ouer-matcht so much  
 In violent number) our retreat was such,  
 As sau'd so many. Our deare losse the lesse,  
 That they suruiu'd; so like for like successe.  
 Yet left we not the Coast, before we calld  
 Home to our country earth, the soules exhald,  
 Of all the friends, the *Cicons* ouercame.  
 Thrice calld we on them, by their seuerall name,  
 And then tooke leaue. Then from the angry *North*,  
 Cloud-gathering *Ioue*, a dreadfull storme calld forth  
 Against our Nauie; couerd shore and all,  
 With gloomie vapors. *Night* did headlong fall  
 From frowning *Heauen*. And then hurld here and there  
 Was all our Nauie; the rude winds did teare,  
 In three, in foure parts, all their sailes; and downe  
 Driuen vnder hatches were we, prest to drowne.  
 Vp rusht we yet againe; and with tough hand  
 (Two daies, two nights entoild) we gat nere land;  
 Labours and sorrowes, eating vp our minds.  
 The third cleare day yet, to more friendly winds  
 We masts aduanc't, we white sailes spread, and sate.  
 Forewinds, and guides, againe did iterate,  
 Our ease and home-hopes; which we cleare had reacht;  
 Had not, by chance, a sodaine North-wind fetcht,  
 With an extreame sea, quite about againe,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Our whole endeouours; and our course constrain  
 To giddie round; and with our bowd sailes greeke  
 Dreadfull *Maleia*; calling backe our fleete,  
 As farre forth as *Cythæra*. Nine dayes more,  
 Aduerse winds tost me; and the tenth, the shore,  
 Where dwell the blossome-fed *Lotophagie*,  
 I fetcht: fresh water tooke in; instantly  
 Fell to our food aship-boord; and then sent  
 Two of my choice men to the Continent,  
 (Adding a third, a Herald) to discouer,  
 What sort of people were the Rulers ouer  
 The land next to vs. Where, the first they met,  
 Were the *Lotophagie*; that made them eate  
 Their Country diet; and no ill intent,  
 Hid in their hearts to them: and yet th' euent,  
 To ill conuerted it; for, hauing eate  
 Their daintie viands; they did quite forget  
 (As all men else, that did but taste their feast)  
 Both country-men and country; nor adrest  
 Any returne, t'informe what sort of men  
 Made fixt abode there; but would needs maintaine,  
 Abode themselues there; and eate that food euer.  
 I made out after; and was faine to seuer  
 Th' enchanted knot; by forcing their retreat;  
 That striu'd, and wept, and would not leaue their meate  
 For heauen it selfe. But, dragging them to fleete;  
 I wrapt in sure bands, both their hands and feete,  
 And cast them vnder hatches; and away  
 Commanded all the rest, without least stay;  
 Lest they should taste the *Lote* too; and forget  
 With such strange raptures, their despise retreat.  
 And still with sad hearts saild by out-way shores;  
 Till th' out-lawd *Cyclops* land we fetcht; a race  
 Of proud-liu'd loiterers, that neuer sow,  
 Nor put a plant in earth, nor vse a Plow;  
 But trust in God for all things; and their earth,  
 (Vnsowne, vnplowd) giues euery of-spring birth,  
 That other lands haue. Wheate, and Barley; Vines  
 That beare in goodly Grapes, delicious wines;  
 And *Ioue* sends showres for all: no counsels there,  
 Nor counsellors, nor lawes; but all men beare  
 Their heads aloft on mountaines, and those steepe,  
 And on their tops too: and there, houses keepe  
 In vaultie Caues; their houtholds gouern'd all  
 By each mans law, imposde in seuerall;  
 Nor wife, nor child awd; but as he thinks good.  
 None for another caring. But there stood  
 Another litle Ile, well stor'd with wood,  
 Betwixt this and the entry; neither nie  
 The *Cyclops* Ile, nor yet farre off doth lie.  
 Mens want it sufferd; but the mens supplies,

All then aboard, we beate the sea with Ores;

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The Goates made with their inarticulate cries.  
 Goates beyond number, this small Iland breeds,  
 So tame, that no accesse disturbs their feeds.  
 No hunters (that the tops of mountaines scale,  
 And rub through woods with toile) seeke them at all.  
 Nor is the soile with flocks fed downe, nor plowd;  
 Nor euer in it any seed was sowd.  
 Nor place the neighbour *Cyclops* their delights,  
 In braue Vermilion prow-deckt ships; nor wrights  
 Vsefull and skilfull, in such works, as need  
 Perfection to those trafficks, that exceed  
 Their naturall confines: to flie out and see  
 Cities of men; and take in, mutually  
 The prease of others; To themselues they liue,  
 And to their Iland, that enough would giue  
 A good inhabitant; and time of yeare  
 Obserue to all things Art could order there.  
 There, close vpon the sea, sweet medowes spring,  
 That yet of fresh streames want no watering  
 To their soft burthens: but of speciall yeeld,  
 Your vines would be there; and your common field,  
 But gentle worke make for your plow; yet beare  
 A loftie haruest when you came to sheare.  
 For passing fat the soile is. In it lies  
 A harbor so oportune, that no ties,  
 Halsers, or gables need; nor anchors cast.  
 Whom stormes put in there, are with stay embrac't;  
 Or to their full wils safe; or winds aspire  
 To Pilots vses their more quicke desire.  
 At entry of the hauen, a siluer foord  
 Is from a rock-impressing fountaine powr'd,  
 All set with sable Poplars; and this Port  
 Were we arriu'd at, by the sweet resort  
 Of some God guiding vs: for twas a night  
 So gastly darke, all Port was past our sight,  
 Clouds hid our ships, and would not let the Moone  
 Affoord a beame to vs; the whole Ile woune,  
 By not an eye of ours. None thought the Blore  
 That then was vp, shou'd waues against the shore,  
 That then to an vnmeasur'd height put on.  
 We still at sea esteemd vs, till alone  
 Our fleet put in it selfe. And then were strooke  
 Our gatherd sailes: our rest ashore we tooke,  
 And day expected. When the Morne gaue fire,  
 We rose, and walkt, and did the Ile admire.  
 The *Nymphs*, *Ioues* daughters, putting vp a heard  
 Of mountaine Goates to vs, to render cheard  
 My fellow souldiers. To our Fleet we flew;  
 Our crooked bowes tooke, long-pil'd darts, and drew  
 Our selues in three parts out; when, by the grace  
 That God vouch-saft, we made a gainfull chace.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Twelue ships we had, and euery ship had nine  
 Fat Goates allotted; ten onely mine.  
 Thus all that day, euen till the Sunne was set,  
 We sate and feasted; pleasant wine and meate,  
 Plenteously taking; for we had not spent  
 Our ruddie wine aship-boord: supplement  
 Of large sort, each man to his vessell drew,  
 When we the sacred Citie ouerthrew,  
 That held the *Cicons*. Now then saw we neare,  
 The *Cyclops* late-praisd Iland; and might heare  
 The murmure of their sheepe and goates; and see  
 Their smokes ascend. The Sunne then set, and we  
 (When Night succeeded) tooke our rest ashore.  
 And when the world the Mornings fauour wore,  
 I calld my friends to counsell; charging them  
 To make stay there, while I tooke ship and streame,  
 With some associates; and explor'd what men  
 The neighbour Ile held: if of rude disdain,  
 Churlish and tyrannous, or minds bewraid  
 Pious and hospitable. Thus much said,  
 I boarded, and commanded to ascend  
 My friends and souldiers, to put off, and lend  
 Way to our ship. They boarded, sate, and beate  
 The old sea forth, till we might see the seate,  
 The greatest *Cyclop* held for his abode;  
 Which was a deepe Caue, neare the common rode  
 Of ships that toucht there; thicke with Lawrels spred,  
 Where many sheepe and goates lay shadowed:  
 And neare to this, a Hall of torne-*vp* stone,  
 High built with Pines, that heauen and earth attone;  
 And loftie-fronted Okes: in which kept house,  
 A man in shape, immane, and monstrous,  
 Fed all his flocks alone; nor would affoord  
 Commerce with men; but had a wit abhord;  
 His mind, his body answering. Nor was he  
 Like any man, that food could possibly  
 Enhance so hugely; but (beheld alone)  
 Shewd like a steepe hils top, all ouergrowne  
 With trees and brambles; litle thought had I  
 Of such vast obiects. When, arriu'd so nie;  
 Some of my lou'd friends, I made stay aboard,  
 To guard my ship; and twelue with me I shor'd,  
 The choice of all. I tooke besides along,  
 A Goat-skin flagon of wine, blacke and strong,  
 That *Maro* did present; *Euantheus* sonne,  
 And Priest to *Phoebus*; who had mansion  
 In *Thracian Ismarus* (the Towne I tooke)  
 He gaue it me; since I (with reuerence strooke,  
 Of his graue place, his wife and childrens good)  
 Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood  
 Sacred to *Phoebus*, stood his house; from whence

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

He fetcht me gifts of varied excellence;  
 Seuen talents of fine gold; a boll all fram'd  
 Of massie siluer. But his gift, most fam'd,  
 Was twelue great vessels, filld with such rich wine,  
 As was incorruptible, and diuine.  
 He kept it as his ieuell, which none knew  
 But he himselfe, his wife, and he that drew.  
 It was so strong, that neuer any filld  
 A cup, where that was but by drops instilld,  
 And drunke it off; but twas before allaid  
 With twentie parts in water; yet so swaid  
 The spirit of that litle, that the whole,  
 A sacred odour breath'd about the boll.  
 Had you the odour smelt, and sent it cast,  
 It would haue vext you to forbear the taste.  
 But then (the taste gaind too) the spirit it wrought,  
 To dare things high, set vp an end my thought.  
 Of this, a huge great flagon full I bore,  
 And in a good large knapsacke, victles store;  
 And longd to see this heape of fortitude,  
 That so illiterate was, and vpland rude,  
 That lawes diuine nor humane he had learnd.  
 With speed we reacht the Cauerne, nor discern'd  
 His presence there. His flocks he fed at field.  
 Entring his den; each thing beheld, did yeeld  
 Our admiration: shelues with cheeses heapt;  
 Sheds stuf with Lambs and Goates, distinctly kept;  
 Distinct the biggest; the more meane distinct;  
 Distinct the yongest. And in their precinct  
 (Proper and placefull) stood the troughs and pailles,  
 In which he milkt; and what was giuen at meales,  
 Set vp a creaming: in the Euening still,  
 All scouring bright, as deaw vpon the hill.  
 Then were my fellowes instant to conuay  
 Kids, cheeses, lambs, aship boord; and away  
 Saile the salt billow. I thought best, not so,  
 But better otherwise; and first would know,  
 What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew  
 My friends, on whom they would haue preyd: his view  
 Prou'd after, that his inwards were too rough  
 For such bold vsage: we were bold enough,  
 In what I sufferd; which was there to stay;  
 Make fire and feed there, though beare none away.  
 There sate we, till we saw him feeding come,  
 And on his necke a burthen lugging home,  
 Most highly huge of Sere-wood; which the pile  
 That fed his fire, supplide all supper while.  
 Downe by his den he threw it; and vp rose  
 A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we close  
 Withdrew our selues, while he into a Caue  
 Of huge receipt, his high-fed cattell draue,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

All that he milkt; the males he left without  
 His loftie roofes, that all bestrowd about  
 With Rams and buck-goates were. And then a rocke  
 He lift aloft, that damd vp to his flocke,  
 The doore they enterd: twas so hard to wield,  
 That two and twentie Waggons, all foure-wheeld,  
 (Could they be loaded, and haue teames that were  
 Proportion'd to them) could not stirre it there.  
 Thus, making sure, he kneeld and milkt his Ewes,  
 And braying Goates, with all a milkers dues.  
 Then let in all their yong: then, quicke did dresse,  
 His halfe milke vp for cheese, and in a presse  
 Of wicker prest it; put in bolles the rest,  
 To drinke, and eate, and serue his supping feast.  
 All works dispatcht thus; he began his fire;  
 Which blowne, he saw vs; and did thus enquire:  
 Trafficke, or roue ye? and like theeues oppresse  
 Poore strange aduenturers; exposing so  
 Your soules to danger, and your liues to wo?  
 The very life; to be so thunder-strooke  
 With such a voice, and such a monster see.  
 But thus I answerd: Erring *Grecians* we,  
 From *Troy* were turning homewards; but by force  
 Of aduerse winds, in far-diuerted course,  
 Such vnknowne waies tooke, and on rude seas tost,  
 (As *Ioue* decreed) are cast vpon this Coast.  
 Of *Agamemnon* (famous *Atreus* sonne)  
 We boast our selues the souldiers; who hath wonne  
 Renowme that reacheth heauen; to ouerthrow  
 So great a Citie, and to ruine so,  
 So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie  
 Our prostrate bosomes; forc't with praies to trie,  
 If any hospitable right, or Boone  
 Of other nature, (such as haue bin wonne  
 By lawes of other houses) thou wilt giue.  
 Reuerence the Gods, thou greatst of all that liue.  
 We suppliants are; and hospitable *Ioue*  
 Poures wreake on all, whom praies want powre to moue:  
 And with their plagues, together will prouide,  
 That humble Guests shall haue their wants supplide.  
 He cruelly answerd: O thou foole (said he)  
 To come so farre, and to importune me  
 With any Gods feare, or obserued loue;  
 We *Cyclops* care not for your Goat-fed *Ioue*;  
 Nor other Blest ones; we are better farre.  
 To *Ioue* himselfe, dare I bid open warre;  
 To thee, and all thy fellowes, if I please.  
 But tell me: where's the ship, that by the seas  
 Hath brought thee hither? If farre off, or neare;  
 Informe me quickly. These his temptings were.  
 But I, too much knew, not to know his mind;

Ho! Guests! what are ye? whence saile ye these seas?

This vtterd he; when Feare front our hearts tooke

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And craft, with craft paid; telling him the wind  
 (Thrust vp from Sea, by him that shakes the Shore)  
 Had dasht our ships against his rocks, and tore  
 Her ribs in peeces, close vpon his Coast;  
 And we from high wracke sau'd; the rest were lost.  
 He answerd nothing; but rusht in, and tooke  
 Two of my fellowes vp from earth, and strooke  
 Their braines against it. Like two whelps they flew  
 About his shoulders; and did all embrew  
 The blushing earth. No mountaine Lion tore  
 Two Lambs so sternly; lapt vp all their gore,  
 Gusht from their torne—vp bodies; lim by lim,  
 (Trembling with life yet) rauisht into him.  
 Both flesh and marrow—stuffed bones he eate,  
 And euen th' vncleansed entrails made his meate.  
 We weeping, cast our hands to heauen, to view,  
 A sight so horrid. Desperation flew  
 With all our after liues, to instant death,  
 In our beleeu'd destruction. But when breath,  
 The fury of his appetite had got,  
 Because the gulfe his belly, reacht his throte;  
 Mans flesh, and Goates milke, laying laire on laire,  
 Till neare chokt vp, was all the passe for aire.  
 Along his den, amongst his cattell, downe  
 He rusht, and streakt him. When my mind was growne  
 Desperate, to step in; draw my sword, and part  
 His bosome, where the strings about the heart  
 Circle the Liuer, and adde strength of hand.  
 But that rash thought, More staid, did countermand;  
 For there we all had perisht, since it past  
 Our powres to lift aside a log so vast,  
 As barrd all outscape; and so sigh'd away  
 The thought all Night, expecting actiue Day.  
 Which come, he first of all, his fire enflames,  
 Then milks his Goates and Ewes; then to their dams  
 Lets in their yong; and wondrous orderly,  
 With manly haste, dispatcht his houswifery.  
 Then to his Breakfast, to which, other two  
 Of my poore friends went: which eate; out then go  
 His heards and fat flocks; lightly putting by  
 The churlish barre, and closde it instantly;  
 For both those works, with ease, as much he did,  
 As you would ope and shut your Quiuer lid.  
 With stormes of whistlings then, his flocks he draue  
 Vp to the mountaines; and occasion gaue  
 For me to vse my wits; which to their height,  
 I striu'd to skrew vp; that a vengeance might  
 By some meanes fall from thence; and *Pallas* now  
 Affoord a full eare to my neediest vow.  
 This then, my thoughts preferd: a huge club lay  
 Close by his milk—house, which was now in way

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To drie, and season; being an Oliue tree  
 Which late he feld; and being greene, must be  
 Made lighter for his manage. Twas so vast,  
 That we resembl'd it to some fit Mast,  
 To serue a ship of burthen, that was driuen  
 With twentie Ores; and had a bignesse giuen,  
 To beare a huge sea. Full so thicke, so tall  
 We iudg'd this club; which I, in part, hewd small,  
 And cut a fathome off. The peece I gaue  
 Amongst my souldiers, to take downe, and shaue;  
 Which done, I sharpn'd it at top, and then  
 (Hardn'd in fire) I hid it in the den,  
 Within a nastie dunghill reeking there,  
 Thicke, and so moist, it issude euery where.  
 Then made I lots cast, by my friends to trie,  
 Whose fortune seru'd to dare the bor'd out eie  
 Of that man-eater: and the lot did fall  
 On foure I wisht to make my aid, of all;  
 And I, the fift made, chosen like the rest.  
 Then came the Euen; and he came from the feast  
 Of his fat cattell; draue in all; nor kept  
 One male abroad: if, or his memory slept  
 By Gods direct will; or of purpose was  
 His driuing in of all then, doth surpasse  
 My comprehension. But he closde againe  
 The mightie barre; milkt, and did still maintaine  
 All other obseruation, as before.  
 His worke, all done; two of my souldiers more,  
 At once he snatcht vp; and to supper went.  
 Then dar'd I words to him, and did present  
 A boll of wine, with these words: *Cyclop!* take  
 A boll of wine from my hand, that may make  
 Way for the mans flesh thou hast eate; and show  
 What drinke our ship held; which in sacred vow,  
 I offer to thee; to take ruth on me  
 In my dismission home. Thy rages be  
 Now no more sufferable. How shall men  
 (Mad and inhumane that thou art) againe  
 Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,  
 If thus thou ragest, and eatst vp their race.  
 He tooke, and drunke; and vehemently ioyd  
 To taste the sweet cup; and againe employd  
 My flagons powre; entreating more, and said:  
 Good Guest, againe affoord my taste thy aid;  
 And let me know thy name; and quickly now;  
 That in thy recompence I may bestow  
 A hospitable gift on thy desert;  
 And such a one as shall reioyce thy heart;  
 For to the *Cylops* too, the gentle Earth  
 Beares generous wine; and *Ioue* augments her birth,  
 In store of such, with showres. But this rich wine,



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Fell from the riuer that is meere diuine,  
 Of *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*. This againe  
 I gaue him; and againe; nor could the foole abstaine,  
 But drunke as often. When the noble Iuyce  
 Had wrought vpon his spirit; I then gaue vse  
 To fairer language; saying: *Cylop!* now  
 As thou demandst, Ile tell thee my name; do thou  
 Make good thy hospitable gift to me;  
 My name is *No-Man*; *No-Man*, each degree  
 Of friends, as well as parents, call my name.  
 He answerd, as his cruell soule became:  
*No-Man!* Ile eate thee last of all thy friends;  
 And this is that, in which so much amends  
 I vovd to thy deseruings; thus shall be  
 My hospitable gift, made good to thee.  
 This said; he vpwards fell; but then bent round  
 His fleshie necke; and *Sleepe* (with all crownes, crownd)  
 Subdude the Sauage. From his throte brake out  
 My wine, with mans flesh gobbets, like a spout;  
 When loded with his cups, he lay and snor'd.  
 And then tooke I the clubs end vp, and gor'd  
 The burning cole—heape, that the point might heate.  
 Confirmd my fellowes minds, lest *Feare* should let  
 Their vovd assay, and make them flie my aid.  
 Strait was the Oliue Leuer, I had laid  
 Amidst the huge fire, to get hardning, hot;  
 And glowd extremely, though twas greene; (which got  
 From forth the cinders) close about me stood  
 My hardie friends: but that which did the good,  
 Was Gods good inspiration, that gaue  
 A spirit beyond the spirit they vsde to haue:  
 Who tooke the Oliue sparre, made keene before,  
 And plung'd it in his eye: and vp I bore,  
 Bent to the top close; and helpt poure it in,  
 With all my forces: And as you haue seene  
 A ship-wright bore a nauall beame; he oft  
 Thrusts at the *Augurs* Froofe; works still aloft;  
 And at the shanke, helpe others; with a cord  
 Wound round about, to make it sooner bor'd;  
 All plying the round still: So into his eye,  
 The firie stake, we labourd to imply.  
 Out gusht the blood that scalded; his eye-ball  
 Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorcht all  
 His browes and eye-lids; his eye-strings did cracke,  
 As in, the sharpe and burning rafter brake.  
 And as a Smith to harden any toole,  
 (Broad Axe, or Mattocke) in his Trough doth coole  
 The red-hote substance, that so feruent is,  
 It makes the cold waue strait to seethe and hisse:  
 So sod, and hizd his eye about the stake.  
 He roar'd withall; and all his Cauerne brake

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

In claps like thunder. We, did frighted flie,  
 Disperst in corners. He from forth his eie,  
 The fixed stake pluckt: after which, the blood  
 Flowd freshly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood  
 About his houill. Out he then did crie  
 For other *Cyclops*, that in Cauernes by,  
 Vpon a windie Promontorie dwelld;  
 Who hearing how impetuously he yelld,  
 Rusht euery way about him; and enquir'd,  
 What ill afflicted him, that he expir'd  
 Such horrid clamors; and in sacred Night,  
 To breake their sleepes so? Askt him, if his fright  
 Came from some mortall, that his flocks had driuen?  
 Or if by craft, or might, his death were giuen?  
 He answerd from his den; By craft, nor might,  
 No man hath giuen me death. They then said right;  
 If no man hurt thee, and thy selfe alone;  
 That which is done to thee, by *Ioue* is done.  
 And what great *Ioue* inflicts, no man can flie;  
 Pray to thy Father yet, a Deitie;  
 And proue, from him, if thou canst helpe acquire.  
 Thus spake they, leauing him. When all on fire,  
 My heart with ioy was; that so well my wit,  
 And name deceiu'd him; whom now paine did split;  
 And groning vp and downe, he groping tride,  
 To find the stone, which found, he put aside;  
 But in the doore sate, feeling if he could  
 (As his sheepe issude) on some man lay hold;  
 Esteeming me a foole, that could deuise  
 No stratageme to scape his grosse surprise.  
 But I, contending what I could inuent,  
 My friends and me, from death so imminent,  
 To get deliuerd: all my wiles I woue,  
 (Life being the subiect) and did this approue;  
 Fat fleecie Rams, most faire, and great, lay there,  
 That did a burthen like a Violet beare.  
 These (while this learn'd in villanie did sleepe)  
 I yokt with Osiers cut there, sheepe to sheepe;  
 Three in a ranke; and still the mid sheepe bore  
 A man about his belly: the two more,  
 Marcht on his each side for defence. I then,  
 Chusing my selfe the fairest of the den,  
 His fleecie belly vnder-crept; embrac't  
 His backe, and in his rich wooll wrapt me fast  
 With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.  
 And thus each man hung, till the Morning shin'd;  
 Which come, he knew the houre, and let abroad  
 His male-flocks first: the females, vnmilkt stood  
 Bleating and braying; their full bags so sore,  
 With being vnemptied; but their shepheard more,  
 With being vnsighted; which was cause, his mind

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Went not a milking. He (to wreake enclin'd)  
 The backs felt as they past, of those male dams:  
 (Grosse foole) beleeuing, we would ride his Rams.  
 Nor euer knew, that any of them bore  
 Vpon his belly, any man before.  
 The last Ram came to passe him, with his wooll,  
 And me together, loded to the full:  
 For there did I hang: and that Ram he staid;  
 And me withall had in his hands; my head  
 Troubl'd the while, not causlesly, nor least.  
 This Ram he grop't, and talkt to: Lazie beast!  
 Why last art thou now? thou hast neuer vsde  
 To lag thus hindmost: but still first hast brusde  
 The tender blossome of a flowre; and held  
 State in thy steps, both to the flood and field:  
 First still at Fold, at Euen; now last remaine?  
 Doest thou not wish I had mine eye againe,  
 Which that abhord man *No-Man* did put out,  
 Assisted by his execrable rout,  
 When he had wrought me downe with wine? but he  
 Must not escape my wreake so cunningly.  
 I would to heauen thou knewst, and could but speake,  
 To tell me where he lurks now; I would breake  
 His braine about my Caue, strewd here and there,  
 To ease my heart of those foule ils, that were  
 Th' inflictions of a man, I prisde at nought.  
 Thus let he him abroad; when I (once brought  
 A litle from his hold) my selfe first losde,  
 And next, my friends. Then draue we, and disposde,  
 His strait-leggd fat fleece-bearers ouer land,  
 Euen till they all were in my ships command;  
 And to our lou'd friends, shewd our praid-for sight,  
 Escap't from death. But for our losse, outright  
 They brake in teares; which with a looke I staid,  
 And bad them take our Boote in. They obaid;  
 And vp we all went; sate, and vsde our Ores,  
 But hauing left as farre the sauage shores,  
 As one might heare a voice; we then might see  
 The *Cyclop* at the hauen; when instantly  
 I staid our Ores, and this insultance vsde:  
*Cyclop!* thou shouldst not haue so much abusde  
 Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least,  
 Against a man immartiall, and a guest;  
 And eate his fellowes: thou mightst know there were  
 Some ils behind (rude swaine) for thee to beare;  
 That feard not to deuoure thy goests, and breake  
 All lawes of humanes: *Ioue* sends therefore wreake,  
 And all the Gods, by me. This blew the more  
 His burning furie; when the top he tore  
 From off a huge Rocke; and so right a throw  
 Made at our ship, that iust before the Prow,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

It ouerflew and fell: mist Mast and all  
 Exceeding litle; but about the fall,  
 So fierce a waue it raisd, that backe it bore  
 Our ship so farre, it almost toucht the shore.  
 A bead-hooke then (a far-extended one)  
 I snatcht vp, thrust hard, and so set vs gone  
 Some litle way; and strait commanded all  
 To helpe me with their Ores; on paine to fall  
 Againe on our confusion. But a signe,  
 I with my head made; and their Ores were mine,  
 In all performance. When we off were set,  
 (Then first, twice further) my heart was so great,  
 It would againe prouoke him: but my men  
 On all sides rusht about me, to containe;  
 And said: Vnhappie! why will you prouoke  
 A man so rude; that with so dead a stroke,  
 Giuen with his Rock-dart, made the sea thrust backe  
 Our ship so farre; and neare hand forc't our wracke?  
 Should he againe, but heare your voice resound,  
 And any word reach; thereby would be found  
 His Darts direction; which would, in his fall,  
 Crush peece-meale vs, quite split our ship and all;  
 So much dart weilds the monster. Thus vrg'd they  
 Impossible things, in feare; but I gaue way  
 To that wrath, which so long I held deprest,  
 (By great *Necessitio* conquerd) in my brest.  
*Cyclop!* if any aske thee, who imposde  
 Th' vnsightly blemish that thine eye enclosde;  
 Say that *Vlysses* (old *Laertes* sonne,  
 Whose seate is *Ithaca*; and who hath wonne  
 Surname of Citie-racer) bor'd it out.  
 At this, he braid so loud, that round about  
 He draue affrighted Ecchoes through the Aire;  
 And said: O beast! I was premonisht faire,  
 By aged Prophecie, in one that was  
 A great, and good man; this should come to passe;  
 And how tis prou'd now? *Augur Telemus*,  
 Surnam'd *Eurymedes* (that spent with vs  
 His age in *Augurie*; and did exceed  
 In all presage of *Truth*) said all this deed,  
 Should this euent take; author'd by the hand  
 Of one *Vlysses*; who I thought was mand  
 With great and goodly personage; and bore  
 A vertue answerable: and this shore  
 Should shake with weight of such a conqueror,  
 When now a weakling came, a dwarfie thing,  
 A thing of nothing; who yet wit did bring,  
 That brought supply to all; and with his wine,  
 Put out the flame, where all my light did shine.  
 Come, land againe, *Vlysses!* that my hand,  
 May Guest-rites giue thee; and the great command,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

That *Neptune* hath at sea, I may conuert  
 To the deduction, where abides thy heart,  
 With my sollicitings; whose Sonne I am;  
 And whose fame boasts to beare my Fathers name.  
 Nor thinke my hurt offends me; for my Sire  
 Can soone repose in it the visuall fire,  
 At his free pleasure; which no powre beside  
 Can boast: of men, or of the Deifide.  
 I answerd: Would to God I could compell  
 Both life and soule from thee; and send to hell  
 Those spoiles of nature. Hardly *Neptune* then  
 Could cure thy hurt, and giue thee all again.  
 Then flew fierce vowes to *Neptune*; both his hands  
 To starre-borne heauen cast: O thou that all lands  
 Girdst in thy ambient Circle; and in aire  
 Shak'st the curld Tresses of thy Saphire haire;  
 If I be thine, or thou maist iustly vant,  
 Thou art my Father: heare me now, and grant  
 That this *Vlysses* (old *Laertes* sonne,  
 That dwels in *Ithaca*; and name hath wonne  
 Of Citie-ruiner) may neuer reach  
 His naturall region. Or if to fetch,  
 That, and the sight of his faire roofes and friends,  
 Be fatall to him; let him that Amends  
 For all his miseries, long time and ill,  
 Smart for, and faile of: nor that Fate fulfill,  
 Till all his souldiers quite are cast away  
 In others ships. And when, at last, the day  
 Of his sole-landing, shall his dwelling show,  
 Let *Detriment* prepare him wrongs enow.  
 Thus praid he *Neptune*; who, his Sire appeard;  
 And all his praire, to euery syllable heard.  
 But then a Rocke, in size more amplified  
 Then first, he raiisht to him; and implied  
 A dismall strength in it; when (wheeld about)  
 He sent it after vs; nor flew it out  
 From any blind aime; for a litle passe  
 Beyond our Fore-decke, from the fall there was:  
 With which the sea, our ship gaue backe vpon,  
 And shrunke vp into billowes from the stone;  
 Our ship againe repelling, neare as neare  
 The shore as first. But then our Rowers were  
 (Being warnd, more armd) and stronglier stemd the flood  
 That bore backe on vs, till our ship made good  
 The other Iland, where our whole Fleet lay;  
 In which our friends lay mourning for our stay;  
 And euery minute lookt when we should land.  
 Where (now arriu'd) we drew vp to the sand;  
 The *Cyclops* sheepe diuiding, that none there  
 (Of all our priuates) might be wrung, and beare  
 Too much on powre. The Ram yet was alone,

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

By all my friends, made all my portion,  
Aboue all others; and I made him then,  
A sacrifice for me, and all my men,  
To cloud-compelling *Ioue*, that all commands.  
To whom I burnd the Thighs: but my sad hands,  
Receiu'd no grace from him; who studied how  
To offer, men and fleete to *Ouerthrow*.  
All day, till Sun-set yet, we sate and eate;  
And liberall store tooke in, of wine and meate.  
The Sunne then downe, and place resign'd to shade,  
We slept; Morne came, my men I raisd, and made  
All go aboard; weigh Anker, and away.  
They boorded, sate and beate the aged sea;  
And forth we made saile; sad for losse before,  
And yet had comfort, since we lost no more. *Finis libri noni Hom. Odys.*

## THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*Vlysses now relates to vs.  
The grace he had with AEolus,  
Great Guardian of the hollow winds:  
Which in a leather bag he binds,  
And giues Vlysses; all but one,  
Which Zephyre was; who filld alone  
Vlysses sailes. The Bag once seene  
(While he slept) by Vlysses men;  
They thinking, it did gold inclose;  
To find it all the winds did lose.  
Who backe flew to their guard againe.  
Forth saild he; and did next attaine  
To where the Læstrigonians dwell.  
Where he eleuen ships lost; and fell  
On the AEæan coast; whose shore  
He sends Eurylochus t'explore,  
Diuiding with him halfe his men:  
Who go, and turne no more againe;  
(All saue Eurylochus, to swine  
By Circe turnd.) Their stayes encline  
Vlysses to their search; who got  
Of Mercurie an Antidote,  
(Which Moly was) gainst Circes charmes,  
And so auoids his souldiers harmes.  
A yeare with Circe all remaine,  
And then their natiue formes regaine.  
On vtter shores, a time they dwell,  
While Ithacus descends to hell.*

**Another.**

*Great AEolus*

*And Circe, friends,*

*Finds Ithacus;*

*And Hell descends.* To the *Æolian* Iland we attaind,  
 That swumme about still on the sea; where raig'n'd  
 The God—lou'd *Æolus Hippotydes*.  
 A wall of steele it had; and in the seas,  
 A waue—beat—smooth—rocke, mou'd about the wall.  
 Twelue children, in his house imperiall,  
 Were borne to him: of which, sixe daughters were,  
 And sixe were sonnes, that youths sweet flowre did beare.  
 His daughters, to his sonnes he gaue, as wiues;  
 Who spent in feastfull comforts all their liues;  
 Close seated by their Sire, and his graue Spouse.  
 Past number were the dishes, that the house  
 Made euer sauour; and still full the Hall;  
 As long as day shin'd; in the night—time, all  
 Slept with their chaste wiues. Each his faire caru'd bed  
 Most richly furnisht; and this life they led.  
 We reacht the Cittie, and faire roofes of these;  
 Where, a whole moneths time; all things that might please  
 The King vouchsaf't vs. Of great *Troy* enquir'd,  
 The *Grecian* fleete, and how the *Greekes* retir'd:  
 To all which, I gaue answer, as behou'd.  
 The fit time come; when I dismission mou'd;  
 He nothing would denie me, but addrest  
 My passe with such a bountie, as might best  
 Teach me contentment. For he did enfold  
 Within an Oxe hide, flead at nine yeares old,  
 All th' airie blasts, that were of stormie kinds.  
*Saturnius* made him Steward of his winds;  
 And gaue him powre, to raise and to asswage;  
 And these he gaue me, curbd thus of their rage.  
 Which in a glittering siluer band I bound  
 And hung vp in my ship: enclosd so round,  
 That no egression, any breath could find.  
 Onely he left abroad the Westerne wind;  
 To speede our ships and vs, with blasts secure.  
 But our securities, made all vnsure:  
 Nor could he consummate our course alone,  
 When all the rest had got egression.  
 Which thus succeeded. Nine whole daies and nights  
 We saild in safetie; and the tenth, the lights  
 Borne on our Countrey earth, we might descrie:  
 So neere we drew, and yet euen then fell I  
 (Being ouerwatcht) into a fatall sleepe:  
 For I would suffer no man else to keepe

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The foote that rul'd my vessels course; to leade  
 The faster home. My friends then Enuy fed,  
 About the bag I hung vp; and supposde,  
 That gold, and siluer, I had there enclosde,  
 As gift from *Æolus*. And said, O heauen!  
 What grace, and graue price, is by all men giuen  
 To our Commander? Whatsoeuer coast  
 Or towne, he comes to, how much he engrost  
 Of faire and precious prey, and brought from *Troy*?  
 We the same voiage went; and yet enioy  
 In our returne, these emptie hands for all.  
 This bag now, *Æolus* was so liberall  
 To make a Guest-gift to him. Let vatrie  
 Of what consists, the faire-bound Treasurie;  
 And how much gold, and siluer it containes.  
*Ill counsaile, present approbation gaines.*  
 "They op't the bag, and out the vapours brake;  
 When instant tempest did our vessell take,  
 That bore vs backe to Sea; to mourne anew  
 Our absent Country. Vp amazd I flew,  
 And desperat things discourst; if I should cast  
 My selfe to ruine in the seas; or taste  
 Amongst the liuing more mone, and sustaine?  
 Silent, I did so; and lay hid againe  
 Beneath the hatches: while an ill winde tooke  
 My ships, backe to *Æolia*: my men strooke  
 With woe enough. We pumpt and landed then;  
 Tooke foode, for all this; and (of all my men,)  
 I tooke a Herald to me, and away  
 Went to the Court of *Æolus*; Where they  
 Were feasting still: he, wife and children set  
 Together close. We would not (at their meate)  
 Thrust in; but humbly on the threshold sat.  
 He then, amazd, my presence wonderd at;  
 And calld to me: *Vlysses!* how, thus backe  
 Art thou arriu'd here? what foule spirit brake  
 Into thy bosome to retire thee thus?  
 We thought we had deduction, curious  
 Giuen thee before; to reach thy shore and home:  
 Did it not like thee? I (euen ouercome  
 With worthy sorrow) answerd: My ill men  
 Haue done me mischiefe; and to them hath bene  
 My sleepe th' vnhappie motiue. But do you  
 (Dearest of friends) daigne succour to my vow:  
 Your powres command it. Thus endeuord I  
 With soft speech to repaire my misery.  
 The rest, with ruth, sat dumbe: but thus spake he;  
 Auant; and quickly quit my land of thee,  
 Thou worst of all that breathe; it fits not me  
 To conuoy, and take in, whom heauens expose.  
 Away, and with thee go, the worst of woes,



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

That seek'st my friendship, and the Gods thy foes.  
 Thus he dismiss me, sighing; forth we saild,  
 At heart afflicted: and now wholly faild  
 The minds my men sustaind: so spent they were  
 With toiling at their oares; and worse did beare  
 Their growing labours; that they causd their grought,  
 By selfe-willd follies; nor now, euer thought  
 To see their Countrey more. Six nights and daies  
 We saild; the seuenth, we saw faire *Lamos* raise  
 Her loftie Towres (The *Lastrigonian* State)  
 That beares her Ports, so farre disternate.  
 Where Shepheard, Shepheard calls out; he at home  
 Is calld out by the other that doth come  
 From charge abroad; and then goes he to sleepe,  
 The other issuing. He whose turne doth keepe  
 The Night obseruance, hath his double hire;  
 Since Day and Night, in equall length expire,  
 About that Region; and the Nights watch weigh'd  
 At twice the Daies ward; since the charge thats laid  
 Vpon the Nights-man (besides breach of sleepe)  
 Exceeds the Daies-mans: for one, oxen keepe,  
 The other sheepe. But when the hauen we found,  
 (Exceeding famous; and enuiron'd round  
 With one continue rocke: which, so much bent,  
 That both ends almost met; so prominent  
 They were; and made, the hauens mouth passing streight)  
 Our whole fleete, in we got; in whole receipt  
 Our Ships lay anchor'd close: nor needed we  
 Feare harme on any staies; *Tranquillitie*  
 So purely sate there: that waues great, nor small  
 Did euer rise to any height at all.  
 And yet would I, no entrie make; but staid  
 Alone without the hauen; and thence suruaid  
 From out a loftie watch-towre raised there,  
 The Countrey round about: nor any where  
 The worke of man or beast, appeard to me;  
 Onely a smoke from earth breake, I might see.  
 I then made choice of two; and added more,  
 A Herald for associate, to explore  
 What sort of men liu'd there. They went, and saw  
 A beaten way, through which, carts vsde to draw  
 Wood from the high hils, to the Towne; and met  
 A maid without the Port; about to get  
 Some neare spring-water. She, the daughter was  
 Of mightie *Lastrigonian*, *Antiphas*:  
 And to the cleare spring, cald *Artacia*, went;  
 To which the whole Towne, for their water sent.  
 To her they came, and askt who gouern'd there?  
 And what the people, whom he orderd were?  
 She answerd not, but led them through the Port,  
 As making haste, to shew her fathers Court:

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Where, enterd; they beheld (to their affright)  
 A woman like a mountaine top, in height.  
 Who rusht abroad; and from the Counsaile place  
 Cald home her horrid husband *Antiphas*.  
 Who (deadly minded) straight he snatcht vp one,  
 And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone;  
 And to the fleete came. *Antiphas*, a crie  
 Draue through the Citie; (which heard,) instantly  
 This way, and that, innumerable sorts,  
 Not men, but Gyants, issued through the Ports;  
 And mightie flints from rocks tore; which they threw  
 Amongst our ships; through which, an ill noise flew,  
 Of shiuerd ships, and life-expiring men,  
 That were, like fishes, by the monsters slaine,  
 And borne to sad feast. While they slaughtered these,  
 That were engag'd in all th' aduantages,  
 The close-mouth'd, and most dead-calme hauen could giue;  
 I (that without lay) made some meanes to liue;  
 My sword drew; cut my gables; and to oares  
 Set all my men; and, from the plagues, those shores  
 Let flie amongst vs, we made haste to flie;  
 My men, close working, as men loth to die.  
 My ship flew freely off; but theirs that lay  
 On heapes in harbors, could enforce no way  
 Through these sterne fates, that had engag'd them there.  
 Forth our sad remnant saild; yet still retaind,  
 The ioyes of men, that our poore few remaind,       Then to the Ile *Ææa* we attaind;  
 Where faire-haired, dreadfull, eloquent *Circe* raignd;  
*Æætas* sister, both by Dame and Sire;  
 Both daughters to heauens man-enlightning fire;  
 And *Perse*, whom *Oceanus* begat.  
 The ship-fit Port here, soone we landed at:  
 Some God directing vs. Two daies; two nights,  
 We lay here pining in the fatall spights  
 Of toile and sorrow. But the next third day.  
 When faire *Aurora* had informd; quicke way  
 I made out of my ships my sword and lance  
 Tooke for my surer guide; and made aduance  
 Vp to a prospect, I assay to see  
 The works of men; or heare mortalitie  
 Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a height  
 Rough and right hardly accessible; I might  
 Behold from *Circes* house (that in a groue  
 Set thicke with trees, stood; a bright vapor moue.  
 I then grew curious in my thought to trie  
 Some fit enquirie; when so spritely flie  
 I saw the yeallow smoke. But my discourse,  
 A first retiring to my ship gaue force  
 To giue my men their dinner, and to send,  
 (Before th' aduenture of my selfe) some friend.  
 Being neare my ship; of one so desolate

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Some God had pittie, and would recreate  
 My woes a little, putting vp to me  
 A great and high–palmd Hart; that (fatallie,  
 Iust in my way it selfe, to taste a flood)  
 Was then descending: the Sunne heate had sure  
 Importun'd him, besides the temperature  
 His naturall heate gaue. Howsoeuer, I  
 Made vp to him, and let my Iauelin flie,  
 That strooke him through the mid–part of his chine;  
 And made him (braying) in the dust confine  
 His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew;  
 When I stept in, and from the deaths wound drew  
 My shrewdly–bitten lance; there let him lie  
 Till I, of cut–vp Osiers, did imply,  
 A With; a fathome long, with which, his feete  
 I made together, in a sure league meete;  
 Stoop't vnder him, and to my necke, I heau'd  
 The mightie burthen; of which, I receau'd  
 A good part on my lance: for else I could  
 By no meanes, with one hand alone, vphould  
 (Ioynd with one shoulder) such a deathfull lode.  
 And so, to both my shoulders, both hands stood  
 Needfull assistents: for it was a Deare  
 Goodly–wel–growne: when (coming something neare  
 Where rode my ships) I cast it downe, and rer'd  
 My friends with kind words; whom, by name I cheer'd,  
 In note particular, and said; See friends,  
 We will not yet to *Plutos* house, our ends  
 Shall not be hastend, though we be declind  
 In cause of comfort; till the day design'd  
 By Fates fixt finger. Come, as long as food  
 Or wine lasts in our ship; lets spirit our blood  
 And quit our care and hunger, both in one.  
 This said; they frolikt, came, and lookt vpon  
 With admiration, the huge bodied beast;  
 And when their first–seru'd eyes, had done their feast;  
 They washt, and made a to–be–striu'd–for meale,  
 In point of honour. On which all did dwell  
 The whole day long. And, to our venzons store,  
 We added wine till we could wish no more.  
 Sunne set, and darknesse vp; we slept, till light  
 Put darknesse downe: and then did I excite  
 My friends to counsaile, vttering this: Now, friends,  
 Affoord vnpassionate eare; though ill Fate lends,  
 So good cause to your passion; no man knowes  
 The reason whence, and how, the darknesse growes;  
 The reason, how the Morne is thus begunne:  
 The reason, how the Man–enlightning Sunne  
 Diues vnder earth: the reason how againe  
 He reres his golden head. Those counsailes then  
 That passe our comprehension, we must leaue

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To him that knowes their causes; and receave  
 Direction from him, in our acts, as farre  
 As he shall please to make them regular;  
 And stoope them to our reason. In our state,  
 What then behoues vs? Can we estimate  
 With all our counsailes, where we are? or know  
 (Without instruction, past our owne skills) how  
 (Put off from hence) to stee our course the more?  
 I thinke we can not. We must then explore  
 These parts for information; in which way  
 We thus farre are: last Morne I might display  
 (From off a high-raisd cliffe) an Iland lie  
 Girt with th' vnmeasur'd Sea; and is so nie  
 That in the midst I saw the smoke arise  
 Through tufts of trees. This rests then to aduise,  
 Who shall explore this. This strooke dead their hearts,  
 Remembring the most execrable parts  
 That *Lastrigonian Antiphas* had plaid:  
 And that foule *Cyclop*, that their fellowes braid  
 Betwixt his iawes; which mou'd them so; they cried.  
 But idle teares, had neuer wants supplied.  
 I, in two parts diuided all; and gaue  
 To either part his Captaine: I must haue  
 The charge of one; and one of God-like looke,  
*Eurylochus*, the other. Lots we shooke,  
 (Put in a caske together,) which of vs  
 Should leade th' attempt; and twas *Eurylochus*.  
 He freely went; with two and twenty more:  
 All which, tooke leaue with teares; and our eyes wore  
 The same wet badge, of weake humanity.  
 These, in a dale, did *Circes* house descrie;  
 Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way:  
 Before her gates; hill-wolues, and Lyons lay;  
 Which with her virtuous drugs, so tame she made;  
 That Wolfe, nor Lyon, would one man inuade  
 With any violence; but all arose;  
 Their huge long tailes wagd; and in fawnes would close,  
 As louing dogs, when masters bring them home  
 Relicks of feast; in all obseruance, come  
 And sooth their entries, with their fawnes and bounds;  
 All guests, still bringing, some scraps for their hounds:  
 So, on these men, the Wolues, and Lyons rampt;  
 Their horrid paws set vp. Their spirits were damp't  
 To see such monstrous kindnesse; staid at gate,  
 And heard within, the Goddesses eleuate  
 A voice diuine, as at her web, she wrought,  
 Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought;  
 As all the houswiferies of Deities are.  
 To heare a voice, so rauishingly rare;  
*Polites* (one exceeding deare to me,  
 A Prince of men; and of no meane degree

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

In knowing vertue; in all Acts, whose mind  
 Discreete cares all wayes, vsde to turne, and wind)  
 Was yet surprisd with it; and said; O friends,  
 Some one abides within here, that commends  
 The place to vs; and breathes a voice diuine;  
 As she some web wrought; or her spindles twine  
 She cherisht with her song: the pauement rings  
 With imitation of the tunes she sings;  
 Some woman, or some Goddesses tis; Assay  
 To see with knocking. Thus said he; and they  
 Both knockt, and calld; and straight her shining gates  
 She opened, issuing: bade them in, to cates.  
 Led, and (vnwise) they follow'd; all, but one  
 Which was *Eurylochus*; who stood alone  
 Without the gates; suspicious of a sleight;  
 They enterd, she made sit; and her deceit  
 She cloakt with Thrones; and goodly chaires of State;  
 Set hearby honey, and the delicate  
 Wine brought from *Smyrna*, to them; meale and cheese;  
 But harmefull venoms, she commixt with these;  
 That made their Countrey vanish from their thought.  
 Which, eate; she toucht them, with a rod that wrought  
 Their transformation, farre past humane wunts;  
 Swines snowts, swines bodies, tooke they, bristles, grunts;  
 But still retaind the soules they had before;  
 Which made them mourne their bodies change the more.  
 She shut them straight in sties; and gaue them meate  
 Oke-mast, and beech, and Cornell fruite, they eate,  
 Groueling like swine on earth, in fowlest sort.  
*Eurylochus*, straight hasted the report  
 Of this his fellowes most remorsefull fate.  
 Came to the ships; but so excruciate  
 Was with his woe; he could not speake a word:  
 His eyes stood full of teares; which shew'd how stor'd,  
 His mind with mone remaind. We all admir'd;  
 Askt what had chanc't him, earnestly desir'd  
 He would resolue vs. At the last, our eyes,  
 Enflam'd in him, his fellowes memories:  
 And out his griefe burst thus; You wild; we went  
 Through those thicke woods you saw; when, a descent  
 Shew'd vs a faire house, in a lightsome ground,  
 Where (at some worke) we heard a heauenly sound  
 Breath'd from a Goddesses, or a womans brest:  
 They knockt, she op't her bright gates; each, her guest  
 Her faire inuitement made: nor would they stay,  
 (Foolles that they were) when she once led the way.  
 I enterd not, suspecting some deceit.  
 When all together vanisht; nor the sight  
 Of any one, (though long I lookt) mine eye  
 Could any way discover. Instantly,  
 (My sword, and bow reacht) I bad shew the place,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

When, downe he fell; did both my knees embrace,  
 And praid with teares thus; O thou kept of God,  
 Do not thy selfe lose; nor to that aboard  
 Leade others rashly; both thy selfe, and all  
 Thou ventur'st thither, I know well, must fall  
 In one sure ruine: with these few then flie;  
 We yet may shunne the others destinie.  
 I answerd him: *Eurylochus!* stay thou  
 And keepe the ship then; eate and drinke: I now  
 Will vndertake th' aduventure; there is cause  
 In great *Necessities* vnalterd lawes.  
 This said, I left both ship and seas; and on  
 Along the sacred vallies all alone  
 Went in discouery: till at last I came  
 Where, of the maine–medcine–making Dame  
 I saw the great house: where, encounterd me,  
 The golden–rod sustaining *Mercurie*;  
 Euen entring *Circes* doores. He met me in  
 A yong mans likenesse, of the first–flow'r'd chin,  
 Whose forme hath all the grace, of one so yong:  
 He first cald to me: then my hand, he wrung,  
 And said; Thou no–place–finding–for repose;  
 Whither, alone, by these hill–confines, goes  
 Thy erring foote? Th' art entring *Circes* house,  
 Where, (by her medcines, blacke, and sorcerous)  
 Thy souldiers all are shut, in well–arm'd sties,  
 And turnd to swine. Art thou arriu'd with prise  
 Fit for their ransomes? Thou com'st out no more  
 If once thou enterst. Like thy men before  
 Made to remaine here; But Ile guard thee free;  
 And saue thee in her spite: receiue of me  
 This faire and good receipt; with which, once arm'd;  
 Enter her roofes; for th' art to all prooffe charm'd  
 Against the ill day: I will tell thee all  
 Her banefull counsaile. With a festiuall  
 Sheele first receiue thee; but will spice thy bread  
 With flowrie poysons: yet vnaltered  
 Shall thy firme forme be; for this remedy  
 Stands most approu'd, gainst all her Sorcery.  
 Which, thus particularly shunne: When she  
 Shall with her long rod strike thee; instantly  
 Draw from thy thigh thy sword; and flie on her  
 As to her slaughter. She, (surprisde with feare  
 And loue) at first, will bid thee to her bed;  
 Nor say the Goddessse nay; that welcomed  
 Thou maist with all respect be; and procure  
 Thy fellowes freedomes. But before, make sure  
 Her fauours to thee; and the great oath take  
 With which the blessed Gods, assurance make  
 Of all they promise: that no preiudice  
 (By stripping thee of forme, and faculties)

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

She may so much as once attempt on thee.  
 This said, he gaue his Antidote to me;  
 Which from the earth he pluckt; and told me all  
 The vertue of it: With what Deities call  
 The name it beares. And *Moly* they impose  
 For name to it. The roote is hard to loose  
 From hold of earth, by mortals: but Gods powre  
 Can all things do. Tis blacke, but beares a flowre  
 As white as milke. And thus flew *Mercurie*  
 Vp to immense *Olympus*, gliding by  
 The syluan Iland. I, made backe my way  
 To *Circes* house: my mind, of my assay  
 Much thought reuoluing. At her gates I staid  
 And cald: she heard, and her bright doores displaid;  
 Inuited, led; I followed in: but tract  
 With some distraction. In a Throne she plac't  
 My welcome person. Of a curious frame  
 Twas, and so bright; I sate as in a flame.  
 A foote-stoole added. In a golden boule  
 She then subornd a potion: in her soule,  
 Deformd things thinking: for amidst the wine  
 She mixt her man-transforming medicine:  
 Which when she saw I had deuour'd; she then,  
 No more obseru'd me with her soothing vaine;  
 But strooke me with her rod, and, To her Sty,  
 Bad; out, away, and with thy fellowes lie.  
 I drew my sword, and charg'd her, as I ment  
 To take her life. When out she cri'd, and bent  
 Beneath my sword, her knees; embracing mine;  
 And (full of teares) said, Who? of what high line  
 Art thou the issue? whence? what shores sustaine  
 Thy natiue Citie? I amaz'd remaine  
 That drinking these my venomes, th' art not turnd.  
 Neuer drunke any this cup; but he mournd  
 In other likenesse; if it once had past  
 The iuorie bounders of his tongue, and taste.  
 All but thy selfe, are brutishly declind:  
 Thy breast holds firme yet, and vnchang'd thy mind:  
 Thou canst be therefore, none else but the man  
 Of many virtues: *Ithacensian*,  
 Deepe-soul'd *Vlysses*: who, I oft was told,  
 By that slie God, that beares the rod of gold,  
 Was to arriue here, in retreat from *Troy*.  
 Sheath then thy sword, and let my bed enioy  
 So much a man; that when the bed we proue,  
 We may beleeeue in one anothers loue.  
 I then: O *Circe*, why entreat'st thou me  
 To mixe in any humane league with thee;  
 When thou, my friends hast beasts turnd? and thy bed  
 Tenderst to me; that I might likewise leade  
 A beasts life with thee; softn'd, naked stript;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

That in my blood, thy banes, may more be steept.  
 I neuer will ascend thy bed, before  
 I may affirme; that in heauens sight you swore  
 The great oath of the Gods; that all attempt  
 To do me ill, is from your thoughts exempt.  
 I said; she swore: when, all the oath-rites said,  
 I then ascended her adorned bed;  
 But thus prepar'd: foure handmaids seru'd her there;  
 That daughters to her siluer fountaines were,  
 To her bright-sea-observing sacred floods;  
 And to her vncut consecrated woods.  
 One deckt the Throne-tops, with rich clothes of state;  
 And did, with silkes, the foote-pace, consecrate.  
 Another, siluer tables set before  
 The pompous Throne; and golden dishes store  
 Seru'd in with seuerall feast. A third fild wine;  
 The fourth brought water, and made fewell shine  
 In ruddy fires; beneath a wombe of brasse.  
 Which heat, I bath'd; and odorous water was  
 Disperpled lightly, on my head, and necke;  
 That might my late, heart-hurting sorrowes checke  
 With the refreshing sweetnesse; and, for that,  
 Men sometimes, may be something delicate.  
 Bath'd, and adorn'd; she led me to a Throne  
 Of massie siluer; and of fashion.  
 Exceeding curious. A faire foote-stoole set;  
 Water apposde, and euery sort of meate  
 Set on th' elaborately polisht boord.  
 She wisht my taste emloid; but not a word  
 Would my eares taste, of taste: my mind had food  
 That must digest; eye meate would do me good.  
*Circe* (observing, that I put no hand  
 To any banquet; hauing countermand  
 From weightier cares; the light cates could excuse)  
 Bowing her neare me; these wing'd words did vse:  
 Why sits *Vlysses*, like one dumbe? his mind  
 Lessening with languors? Nor to food enclind;  
 Nor wine? Whence comes it? out of any feare  
 Of more illusion? You must needs forbear  
 That wrongfull doubt, since you haue heard me sweare.  
 Awd with the rights of humanitie,  
 That dares taste food or wine; before he sees  
 His friends redeem'd from their deformities?  
 If you be gentle, and indeed incline  
 To let me taste the comfort of your wine;  
 Dissolue the charmes, that their forc't formes encheine  
 And shew me here, my honord friends, like men.  
 This said, she left her Throne, and tooke her rod;  
 Went to her Stie, and let my men abroad,  
 Like swine of nine yeares old. They opposite stood;  
 Obseru'd their brutish forme; and look't for food;

O *Circe!* (I replied) what man is he,



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

When, with another medicine, (euery one  
 All ouer smear'd) their bristles all were gone,  
 Produc't by malice of the other bane;  
 And euery one, afresh, lookt vp a man.  
 Both yonger then they were; of stature more;  
 And all their formes, much goodlier then before.  
 All knew me; clingd about me, and a cry  
 Of pleasing mourning, flew about so hie,  
 The horrid rooffe resounded; and the Queene  
 Her selfe, was mou'd, to see our kinde so keene.  
 Who bad me now; bring ship and men ashore;  
 Our armes, and goods, in caues hid; and restore  
 My selfe to her, with all my other men.  
 I granted, went, and op't the weeping veine  
 In all my men; whose violent ioy to see  
 My safe returne, was passing kindly free  
 Of friendly teares, and miserably wept.  
 You haue not seene yong Heiffers (highly kept;  
 Fild full of daisies at the field, and driuen  
 Home to their houels; all so spritely giuen  
 That no roome can containe them; but about,  
 Bace by the Dams, and let their spirits out  
 In ceasselesse bleating) of more iocund plight  
 Then my kind friends, euen crying out with sight  
 Of my returne so doubted. Circl'd me  
 With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully  
 Disposde their rapt minds, as if there they saw  
 Their naturall Countrie, cliffie *Ithaca*;  
 And euen the roofes where they were bred and borne.  
 And vowd as much, with teares: O your returne  
 As much delights vs; as in you had come  
 Our Countrie to vs, and our naturall home.  
 But what vnhappie fate hath reft our friends?  
 I gae vnlookt for answer; That amends  
 Made for their mourning, bad them first of all.  
 Our ship ashore draw; then in Cauerns stall  
 Our foodie cattell, hide our mutuall prise;  
 And then (said I) attend me, that your eies,  
 In *Circes* sacred house, may see each friend,  
 Eating and drinking, banquets out of end.  
 They soone obeid; all but *Eurylochus*;  
 Who needes would stay them all; and counsell'd thus;  
 Fond of your mischiefs? and such gladnesse show  
 For *Circes* house; that will transforme ye all  
 To Swine, or Wolues, or Lions? Neuer shall  
 Our heads get out; if once within we be,  
 But stay compell'd by strong *Necessitie*.  
 So wrought the *Cyclop*, when t'his caue, our friends  
 This bold one, led on, and brought all their ends  
 By his one indiscretion. I, for this  
 Thought with my sword (that desperate head of his

O wretches! whither will ye? why are you

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Hewne from his necke) to gash vpon the ground  
 His mangld bodie, though my blood was bound  
 In neare alliance to him. But the rest  
 With humble suite containd me, and request,  
 That I would leaue him, with my ship alone;  
 And to the sacred Pallace leade them on.  
 I led them; nor *Eurylochus* would stay,  
 From their attendance on me: Our late fray  
 Strooke to his heart so. But meane time, my men,  
 In *Circes* house, were all, in seuerall baine  
 Studiously sweetn'd, smugd with oile, and deckt  
 With, in, and outweeds: and a feast secret  
 Seru'd in before them: at which, close we found  
 They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing round.  
 When (mutuall sight had, and all thought on) then  
 Feast was forgotten; and the mone againe  
 About the house flew, driuen with wings of ioy.  
 But then spake *Circe*; Now, no more annoy:  
 I know my selfe, what woes by sea, and shore,  
 And men vniust, haue plagu'd enough before  
 Your iniur'd vertues: here then, feast as long;  
 And be as cheerfull, till ye grow as strong,  
 As when ye first forsooke your Countrie earth.  
 Ye now fare all, like exiles; not a mirth  
 Flasht in amongst ye, but is quericht againe  
 With still-renewd teares: though the beaten vaine  
 Of your distresses, should (me thinke) be now  
 Benumb with sufferance. We did well allow  
 Her kind perswasions; and the whole yeare staid  
 In varied feast with her. When, now arraid  
 The world was with the Spring; and orbie houres  
 Had gone the round againe, through herbs and flowres,  
 The moneths absolu'd in order; till the daies  
 Had runne their full race, in *Apollos* raies;  
 My friends rememberd me of home; and said,  
 If euer Fate would signe my passe; delaid  
 It should be now no more. I heard them well;  
 Yet that day, spent in feast, till darknesse fell;  
 And sleepe, his virtues, through our vapours shed.  
 When I ascended, sacred *Circes* bed;  
 Implor'd my passe; and her performed vow  
 Which now, my soule vrg'd; and my souldiers now  
 Afflicted me with teares to get them gone.  
 All these I told her; and she answerd these;  
 Much-skilld *Vlysses Laertiades!*  
 Remaine no more, against your wils with me:  
 But take your free way: onely this must be  
 Perform'd before you stere your course for home;  
 You must the way to *Pluto* ouercome;  
 And sterne *Persephone*, to forme your passe,  
 By th' aged *Theban Soule Tiresias*;

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The dark-browd Prophet: whose soule yet can see  
 Clearly, and firmly: graue *Persephone*,  
 (Euen dead) gaue him a mind; that he alone  
 Might sing *Truths* solide wisdom, and not one  
 Proue more then shade, in his comparison.  
 This broke my heart; I sunke into my bed;  
 Mourn'd, and would neuer more be comforted  
 With light, nor life. But hauing now exprest  
 My paines enough to her, in my vnrest,  
 That so I might prepare her ruth; and get  
 All I held fit, for an affaire so great;  
 I said; O *Circe*, who shall stere my course  
 To *Plutos* kingdome? Neuer ship had force  
 To make that voiage. The diuine in voice,  
 Said, Seeke no guide, raise you your Mast, and hoice  
 Your ships white sailes; and then, sit you at peace;  
 The fresh North spirit, shall waft ye through the seas.  
 But, hauing past th' *Ocean*, you shall see;  
 A little shore, that to *Persephone*  
 Puts vp a consecrated wood; where growes,  
 Tall Firres, and Sallowes, that their fruits soone loose:  
 Cast anchor in the gulphes: and go, alone  
 To *Plutos* darke house, where, to *Acheron*  
*Cocytus* runnes, and *Pyriphlegiton*:  
*Cocytus* borne of *Styx*, and where a Rocke  
 Of both the met floods, beares the roring shocke,  
 The darke *Heroe*, (great *Tiresias*)  
 Now coming neare, (to gaine propitious passe)  
 Dig (of a cubit euery way) a pit;  
 And powre (to all that are deceast) in it  
 A solemne sacrifice. For which; first take  
 Honey and wine, and their commixtion make:  
 Then sweete wine, neate; and thirdly; water powre;  
 And lastly, adde to these, the whitest flowre:  
 Then vow to all the weake necks of the dead,  
 Offerings a number: and when thou shalt tread  
 The *Ithacensian* shore; to sacrifice  
 A Heifer neuer tam'd, and most of prise;  
 A pyle of all thy most-esteemed goods  
 Enflaming to the deare streames of their bloods:  
 And, in secret Rites, to *Tiresias* vow  
 A Ram cole blacke, at all parts, that doth flow  
 With fat, and fleece; and all thy flockes doth leade:  
 When the all-calling nation of the dead  
 Thou thus hast praid to; offer on the place,  
 A Ram and Ewe all blacke: being turn'd in face  
 To dreadfull *Erebus*; thy selfe aside  
 The floods shore walking. And then, gratified  
 With flocks of Soules, of Men, and Dames deceast,  
 Shall all thy pious Rites be. Straight, adrest  
 See then the offering that thy fellowes slew;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Flayd, and imposde in fire; and all thy Crew,  
 Pray to the state of either Deitie,  
*Graue Pluto*, and seuere *Persephone*.  
 Then draw thy sword, stand firme; nor suffer one  
 Of all the faint shades, of the dead and gone,  
 T'approch the blood, till thou hast heard their king,  
 The wise *Tiresias*: who, thy offering  
 Will instantly do honour: thy home wayes,  
 And all the measure of them, by the seas  
 Amply vnfolded. This the Goddess told;  
 And then, the morning in her Throne of gold,  
 Suruaid the vast world; by whose orient light,  
 The *Nymph* adorn'd me with attires as bright;  
 Her owne hands putting on, both shirt and weede,  
 Robes fine, and curious; and vpon my head,  
 An ornament that glitterd like a flame:  
 Girt me in gold; and forth betimes I came  
 Amongst my souldiers; rousd them all from sleepe;  
 And bad them now; no more obseruance keepe  
 Of ease, and feast; but straight, a shipboard fall,  
 For now the Goddess had inform'd me all:  
 Their noble spirits agree'd; nor yet so cleare  
 Could I bring all off; but *Elpenor* there  
 His heedlesse life left: he was yongest man  
 Of all my company, and one that wanne  
 Least fame for armes; as little for his braine;  
 Who (too much steept in wine, and so made faine;  
 To get refreshing by the coole of sleepe;  
 Apart his fellowes; plung'd in vapors deepe;  
 And they as high in tumult of their way)  
 Sodainly wak't, and (quite out of the stay  
 A sober mind had giuen him) would descend  
 A huge long Ladder, forward; and an end  
 Fell from the very rooffe; full pitching on  
 The dearest ioynt, his head was plac't vpon;  
 Which (quite dissolu'd,) let loose his soule to hell.  
 I, to the rest; and *Circes* meanes did tell  
 Of our returne (as crossing cleane the hope  
 I gaue them first) and said; You thinke the scope  
 Of our endeuours now, is straight for home,  
 No: *Circe* otherwise design'd; whose doome  
 Enioynd vs first, to greet the dreadfull house  
 Of *Austere Pluto*, and his glorious spouse;  
 To take the counsaile of *Tiresias*  
 (The reuerend *Theban*) to direct our passe.  
 This brake their hearts, and grieffe made teare their haire  
 But grieffe was neuer good, at great affaire.  
 It would haue way yet. We went wofull on  
 To ship and shore, where, was arriu'd as soone  
*Circe* vnseene; a blacke Ewe, and a Ram,  
 Binding for sacrifice; and as she came

Vanisht againe, vnwitness by our eyes;  
 Which grieu'd not vs, nor checkt our sacrifice;  
 For who would see God, loath to let vs see?  
 This way, or that bent; still his waies are free. Finis decimi libri Hom. Odys.

## THE XI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*Vlysses way to Hell appeares;  
 Where he, the graue Tiresias heares;  
 Enquires his owne, and others fates.  
 His mother sees, and th' after states,  
 In which, were held, by sad Decease  
 Heroes, and Heroesses;  
 A number, that at Troy wag'd warre;  
 As Ajax that was still at iarre  
 With Ithacus, for th' armes be lost;  
 And with the great Achilles Ghost.*

### Another.

*Vlysses here  
 Inuokes the dead;  
 The liues appeare,  
 Hereafter led. Arriu'd now at our ship; we lancht, and set  
 Our Mast vp, put forth saile; and in did get  
 Our late-got Cattell. Vp our sailes, we went;  
 My wayward fellowes mourning now th' euent.  
 A good companion yet, a foreright wind;  
 Circe, (the excellent vtterer of her mind)  
 Supplied our murmuring consorts with, that was  
 Both speed, and guide to our aduenturous passe.  
 All day our sailes stood to the winds; and made  
 Our voiage prosprou. Sunne then set, and shade  
 All wayes obscuring: on the bounds we fell  
 Of deepe *Oceanus*; where people dwell  
 Whom a perpetuall cloud obscures outright:  
 To whom the cheerfull Sunne lends neuer light;  
 Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heauen;  
 Nor when he stoopes earth, and sets vp the Euen:  
 But Night holds fixt wings, fetherd all with Banes,  
 About those most vnblest *Cimmerianes*.  
 Here drew we vp our ship: our sheepe with-drew;  
 And walkt the shore till we attaind the view  
 Of that sad region *Circe* had foreshow'd;  
 And then the sacred offerings, to be vow'd,  
*Eurylochus*, and *Persimedes* bore.*

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

When I, my sword drew, and earths wombe did gore  
 Till I, a pit digg'd of a cubite round;  
 Which with the liquid sacrifice, we crown'd  
 First, honey mixt with wine; then, sweete wine neate;  
 Then water powr'd in; last the flowre of wheate.  
 Much I importun'd then, the weake-neckt dead,  
 And vowd, when I the barren soile should tread  
 Of cliffe *Ithaca*; amidst my hall  
 To kill a Heifer, my cleare best of all,  
 And giue in offering: on a Pile composd  
 Of all the choise goods, my whole house enclosd.  
 And to *Tiresias*, himselfe, alone  
 A sheepe cole-blacke, and the selectest one  
 Of all my flockes. When to the powres beneath,  
 The sacred nation, that suruiue with Death,  
 My prayrs, and vowes, had done deuotions fit;  
 I tooke the offrings, and vpon the pit  
 Bereft their liues. Out gusht the sable blood;  
 And round about me, fled out of the flood,  
 The Soules of the deceast. There cluster'd then,  
 Youths, and their wiues, much suffering aged men,  
 Soft tender virgins, that but new came there,  
 By timelesse death, and greene their sorrowes were.  
 There, men at Armes, with armors all embrew'd,  
 Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd:  
 In numbers, vp and downe the ditch, did stalke;  
 And threw vnmeasur'd cries, about their walke;  
 So horrid that a bloodlesse feare surprisde,  
 My daunted spirits. Straight then, I aduisde  
 My friends to flay the slaughter'd sacrifice;  
 Put them in fire, and to the Deities;  
 Sterne *Pluto*, and *Persephone*, apply  
 Excitefull prayrs. Then drew I from my Thy,  
 My well-edg'd sword; stept in, and firmly stood  
 Betwixt the prease of shadowes, and the blood;  
 And would not suffer any one to dip  
 Within our offering, his vnsolide lip;  
 Before *Tiresias*, that did all controule.  
 The first that preast in, was *Elpenors* soule;  
 His body, in the broad-waid earth, as yet  
 Vnmournd vnburied by vs; since we swet  
 With other vrgent labours. Yet his smart,  
 I wept to see; and ru'd it from my heart;  
 Enquiring how, he could before me be,  
 That came by ship? He mourning, answerd me:  
 In *Circes* house; the spite some Spirit did beare;  
 And the vnspeakable good licour there  
 Hath bene my bane. For being to descend  
 A ladder much in height; I did not tend  
 My way well downe; but forwards made a prooffe  
 To tread the rounds; and from the very rooffe

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Fell on my necke, and brake it. And this made  
 My soule thus visite this infernall shade.  
 And here, by them that next thy selfe are deare,  
 Thy Wife, and Father, that a little one  
 Gaue food to thee; and by thy onely Sonne  
 At home behind thee left, (*Telemachus*)  
 Do not depart by stealth, and leaue me thus,  
 Vnmourn'd, vnburied: lest neglected I  
 Bring on thy selfe, th' incensed Deitie.  
 I know, that saild from hence, thy ship must touch  
 On th' Ile *Ææa*; where vouchsafe thus much  
 (Good king) that, landed, thou wilt instantly,  
 Bestow on me, thy royall memory;  
 To this grace; that my body, armes and all,  
 May rest consum'd in fitie funerall.  
 And on the fomie shore, a Sepulchre  
 Erect to me; that after times may heare  
 Of one so haplesse. Let me these implore;  
 And fixe vpon my Sepulcher, the Ore  
 With which aliuie, I shooke the aged seas;  
 And had, of friends, the deare societies.  
 I told the wretched Soule, I would fulfill  
 And execute to th' vtmost point, his will;  
 And, all the time, we sadly talkt; I still  
 My sword about the blood held; when aside  
 The Idoll of my friend, still amplified  
 His plaint, as vp and downe, the shades he err'd.  
 Then, my deceased mothers Soule appeard;  
 Faire daughter of *Antolicus*, the Great;  
 Graue *Anticlæa*, Whom, when forth I set  
 For sacred *Ilion*, I had left aliuie.  
 Her sight, much mou'd me; and to teares did driue  
 My note of her deceasse: and yet, not she  
 (Though in my ruth, she held the highest degree)  
 Would I admit to touch the sacred blood;  
 Till from *Tiresias*, I had vnderstood  
 What *Circes* told me. At the length did land,  
*Theban Tiresias* soule; and in his hand  
 Sustained a golden Scepter, knew me well;  
 And said; O man vnhappy, why to hell  
 Admitst thou darke arriuall; and the light  
 The Sunne giues, leau'st; to haue the horrid sight  
 Of this blacke region, and the shadowes here?  
 Now sheath thy sharpe sword; and the pit forbear.  
 That I the blood may taste; and then relate  
 The truth of those acts, that affect thy Fate.  
 I sheath'd my sword; and left the pit, till he  
 The blacke blood tasting, thus instructed me;  
 Renoum'd *Vlysses*! all vnaskt, I know  
 That all the cause of thy arriuall now,  
 Is to enquire thy wisht retreat, for home:

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Which hardly God will let thee ouercome;  
 Since *Neptune* still will his opposure trie,  
 With all his laid vp anger, for the eye  
 His lou'd Sonne lost to thee. And yet through all  
 Thy suffring course, (which must be capitall)  
 If both thine owne affections, and thy friends  
 Thou wilt containe; when thy accesse ascends  
 The three–foreckt Iland, hauing scap't the seas;  
 (Where ye shall find fed, on the flowrie leas,  
 Fat flocks, and Oxen; which the Sunne doth owne;  
 To whom are all things, as well heard as showne:  
 And neuer dare, one head of those to slay;  
 But hold, vnharfull on, your wished way)  
 Though through enough affliction; yet secure  
 Your Fates shall land ye. But *Presage* saies sure,  
 If once ye spoile them; spoile to all thy friends;  
 Spoile to thy Fleete; and if the iustice ends  
 Short of thy selfe; it shall be long before,  
 And that length, forc't out, with inflictions store:  
 When, losing all thy fellowes, in a saile  
 Of forreigne built (when most thy Fates preuaile  
 In thy deliuerance) thus th' euent shall sort;  
 Thou shalt find shipwracke, raging in thy Port:  
 Proud men, thy goods consuming; and thy Wife  
 Vrging with gifts; giue charge vpon thy life.  
 But all these wrongs, *Reuenge* shall end to thee;  
 And force, or cunning, set with slaughter, free  
 Thy house of all thy spoilers. Yet againe,  
 Thou shalt a voyage make; and come to men  
 That know no Sea; nor ships, nor oares, that are  
 Wings to a ship; not mixe with any fare,  
 Salts sauorie vapor. Where thou first shalt land,  
 This cleare–giuen signe, shall let thee vnderstand,  
 That there those men remaine: assume ashore,  
 Vp to thy roiall shoulder, a ship oare;  
 With which, when thou shalt meete one on the way,  
 That will, in Countey admiration, say  
 What dost thou with that wanne, vpon thy necke?  
 There, fixe (that wanne) thy oare; and that shore decke  
 With sacred Rites to *Neptune*: slaughter there  
 A Ram, a Bull, and, (who for strength doth beare  
 The name of husband to a herd) a Bore.  
 And, coming home, vpon thy naturall shore,  
 Giue pious *Hecatombs*, to all the Gods  
 (Degrees obseru'd). And then the *Periods*  
 Of all thy labors, in the peace shall end  
 Of easie death; which shall the lesse extend  
 His passion to thee; that thy foe, the Sea  
 Shall not enforce it, but *Deaths* victory,  
 Shall chance in onely–earnest–pray–vow'd age:  
 Obtained at home, quite emptied of his rage;



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Thy subjects round about thee, rich and blest:  
 And here hath *Truth* summ'd vp, thy vitall rest.      I answerd him; We will suppose all these  
 Deceed in Deity; let it likewise please  
*Tiresias* to resolute me, why so neare  
 The blood and me, my mothers Soule doth beare;  
 And yet, nor word, nor looke, vouchsafe her Sonne?  
 Doth she not know me? No (said he) nor none  
 Of all these spirits, but my selfe alone;  
 Knowes any thing, till he shall taste the blood;  
 But whomsoever, you shall do that good,  
 He will the truth, of all you wish, vnfold;  
 Who, you enuy it to, will all withhold.  
 Thus said the kingly soule, and made retreat,  
 Amidst the inner parts of *Plutos* Seate,  
 When he had spoke thus, by diuine instinct:  
 Still I stood firme, till to the bloods precinct  
 My mother came, and drunke; and then she knew,  
 I was her Sonne; had passion to renew  
 Her naturall plaints; which thus she did pursew:  
 How is it, (O my Sonne) that you alieue,  
 This deadly-darksome region vnderdiue?  
 Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,  
 And horrid currents, interpose their prease?  
*Oceanus*, in chiefe; which none (vnlesse  
 More helpt then you) on foote now can transgresse.  
 A well built ship he needs, that ventures there:  
 Com'st thou from *Troy* but now? enforc't to erre  
 All this time with thy souldiers? Nor hast seene,  
 Ere this long day, thy Countrey, and thy Queene?      I answerd; That a necessary end  
 To this infernall state, made me contend;  
 That from the wise *Tiresias Theban* Soule,  
 I might, an Oracle, inuolu'd, vnrowle:  
 For I came nothing neare *Achaia* yet;  
 Nor on our lou'd earth, happy foote had set;  
 But (mishaps suffering) err'd from Coast to Coast;  
 Euer since first, the mighty *Græcian* hoast  
 Diuine *Atrides*, led to *Ilion*;  
 And I, his follower, to set warre vpon  
 The rapefull *Troyans*: and so praid she would  
 The Fate of that vngentle death vnfold,  
 That forc't her thither: if some long disease;  
 Or that the Splene, of her that arrowes please,  
 (*Diana*, enuious of most eminent Dames)  
 Had made her th' obiect of her deadly aimes?  
 My Fathers state, and sonnes, I sought; if they  
 Kept still my goods? or they became the prey  
 Of any other, holding me no more  
 In powre of safe returne, or if my store  
 My wife had kept together, with her Sonne?  
 If she, her first mind held; or had bene wonne  
 By some chiefe *Græcian*, from my loue, and bed?      All this she answerd; that *Affliction* fed

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

On her blood still at home; and that to grieffe,  
 She all the dayes, and darknesse, of her life,  
 In teares, had consecrate. That none possesst  
 My famous kingdomes Throne; but th' interest  
 My sonne had in it; still he held in peace.  
 A Court kept, like a Prince; and his increase  
 Spent in his subiects good; administring lawes  
 With iustice, and the generall applause  
 A king should merit; and all calld him king.  
 My Father, kept the vpland, labouring;  
 And shun'd the Citie: vsde no sumptuous beds;  
 Wonderd at furnitures; nor wealthy weeds;  
 But, in the Winter, strew'd about the fire  
 Lay with his slaues in ashes; his attire  
 Like to a beggers. When the Sommer came;  
 And Autumne all fruits ripend with his flame;  
 Where Grape—charg'd vines, made shadows most abound,  
 His couch with falne leaues, made vpon the ground:  
 And here lay he; his Sorrowes fruitfull state,  
 Increasing, as he faded, for my Fate.  
 And now, the part of age, that irksome is  
 Lay sadly on him. And that life of his,  
 She led, and perisht in; not slaughterd by  
 The Dame, that darts lou'd, and her archerie;  
 Nor, by disease inuaded, vast, and foule  
 That wasts the body, and sends out the soule  
 With shame and horror: onely in her mone,  
 For me, and my life; she consum'd her owne.  
 She thus; when I, had great desire to proue  
 My armes, the circle, where her soule did moue;  
 Thrice prou'd I, thrice she vanisht, like a sleepe;  
 Or fleeting shadow, which strooke much more deepe  
 The wounds, my woes made; and made, aske her why  
 She would my Loue to her embraces flie;  
 And not vouchsafe, that euen in hell we might,  
 Pay pious Nature, her vnalterd right,  
 And giue *Vexation* here, her cruell fill?  
 Should not the Queene here, to augment the ill  
 Of euery sufferance (which her office is)  
 Enforce thy idoll, to affoord me this?      O Sonne (she answerd) of the race of men  
 The most vnhappy; our most equall Queene,  
 Will mocke no solide armes, with empty shade;  
 Nor suffer empty shades, againe t'invade  
 Flesh, bones, and nerues: nor will defraud the fire  
 Of his last dues; that, soone as spirits expire,  
 And leaue the white bone, are his natiue right;  
 When, like a dreame, the soule assumes her flight.  
 The light then, of the liuing, with most haste  
 (O Sonne) contend to: this thy little taste  
 Of this state is enough; and all this life,  
 Will make a tale, fit, to be told thy wife.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

This speech we had; when now repair'd to me  
 More female spirits; by *Persephone*,  
 Driuen on before her. All t'heroes wiues  
 And daughters, that, led there their second liues,  
 About the blacke blood throngd. Of whom, yet more  
 My mind impell'd me to enquire, before  
 I let them altogether taste the gore;  
 For then would all haue bene disperst, and gone,  
 Thicke as they came. I therefore, one by one  
 Let taste the pit: my sword drawne from my Thy  
 And stand betwixt them made; when, seuerally  
 All told their stockes. The first that quencht her fire,  
 Was *Tyro*, issu'd of a noble Sire.  
 She said she sprong from pure, *Salmoneus* bed;  
 And *Cretheus*, Sonne of *Æolus* did wed.  
 Yet the diuine flood *Enipeus*, lou'd,  
 Who much the most faire streame, of all floods mou'd.  
 Neare whose streames, *Tyro* walking: *Neptune* came,  
 Like *Enipeus*, and enioyd the Dame:  
 Like to a hill; the blew, and Snakie flood  
 Aboue th' immortall, and the mortall stood;  
 And hid them both; as both together lay,  
 Iust where his current, falles into the Sea.  
 Her virgine wast, dissolu'd, she slumberd then;  
 But when the God had done the worke of men,  
 Her faire hand gently wringing; thus he said;  
 Woman! Reioyce in our combined bed;  
 For when the yeare hath runne his circle, round  
 (Because the Gods loues, must in fruite abound)  
 My loue shall make (to cheere thy teeming mones)  
 Thy one deare burthen, beare two famous Sonnes;  
 Loue well, and bring them vp: go home, and see  
 That, though of more ioy yet, I shall be free;  
 Thou dost not tell, to glorifie thy birth:  
 Thy Loue is *Neptune* shaker of the earth.  
 This said; he plung'd into the sea, and she  
 (Begot with child by him) the light let see  
 Great *Pelias*, and *Neleus*; that became  
 In *Ioues* great ministrie, of mighty fame.  
*Pelias*, in broad *Iolcus* held his Throne,  
 Wealthy in cattell; th' other roiall Sonne  
 Rul'd sandy *Pylos*. To these, issue more  
 This Queene of women to her husband bore:  
*Aeson* and *Pheres*, and *Amythaon*,  
 That for his fight on horsebacke, stoopt to none.  
 Next her, I saw admir'd *Antiope*  
*Asopus* daughter; who (as much as she  
 Boasted attraction, of great *Neptunes* loue)  
 Boasted to slumber in the armes of *Ioue*:  
 And two Sonnes likewise, at one burthen bore,  
 To that, her all-controlling Paramore:

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

*Amphion*, and faire *Zethus*; that first laid  
 Great *Thebes* foundations; and strong wals conuaid  
 About her turrets, that seuen Ports enclosde.  
 For though the *Thebans*, much in strength reposde,  
 Yet had not they, the strength to hold their owne,  
 Without the added aides, of wood, and stone.  
*Alcmena*, next I saw; that famous wife  
 Was to *Amphytrio*; and honor'd life  
 Gaue to the Lyon-hearted *Hercules*,  
 That was, of *Ioues* embrace, the great increase. I saw besides, proud *Cræons* daughter there,  
 Bright *Megara*; that nuptiall yoke did weare  
 With *Ioues* great Sonne; who neuer field did try,  
 But bore to him, the flowre of victory.  
 The mother then, of *Oedipus*, I saw,  
 Faire *Epicasta*; that beyond all law,  
 Her owne Sonne married, ignorant of kind;  
 And, he (as darkly taken, in his mind)  
 His mother wedded, and his father slew;  
 Whose blind act, heauen exposde at length to view:  
 And he, in all-lou'd *Thebes*, the supreame state  
 With much mone manag'd; for the heauy Fate  
 The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight  
 To *Plutos* darke house, from the lothed light;  
 Beneath a steepe beame, strangl'd with a cord;  
 And left her Sonne, in life, paines as abhord,  
 As all the furies powr'd on her in hell.  
 Then saw I *Chloris*, that did so excell  
 In answering beauties, that each part had all;  
 Great *Neleus* married her, when gifts not small,  
 Had wonne her faouour; term'd by name of dowre.  
 She was of all *Amphions* seed, the flowre;  
 (*Amphion*, calld *Iasides*, that then  
 Ruld strongly, *Myniaean Orchomen*)  
 And now his daughter rul'd the *Pylean* Throne;  
 Because her beauties Empire ouershone.  
 She brought her wise-awd husband, *Neleus*,  
*Nestor*, much honor'd; *Peryclimeneus*,  
 And *Chromius*; Sonnes, with soueraigne vertues grac't;  
 But after, brought a daughter that surpast;  
 Rare-beautied *Pero*, so for forme exact;  
 That *Nature*, to a miracle, was rackt,  
 In her perfections, blaz'd with th' eyes of men.  
 That made of all the Countries hearts, a chaine,  
 And drew them suiters to her. Which her Sire  
 Tooke vantage of; and (since he did aspire  
 To nothing more, then to the broad-browd herd  
 Of Oxen, which the common fame so rer'd,  
 Own'd by *Iphiclus*) not a man should be  
 His *Peros* husband, that from *Phylace*,  
 Those neuer-yet-driuen Oxen, could not driue:  
 Yet these; a strong hope held him to atchieue;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Because a Prophet that had neuer err'd,  
 Had said, that onely he should be prefer'd  
 To their possession. But the equall Fate  
 Of God, withstood his stealth: inextricate  
 Imprisoning Bands; and sturdy churlish Swaines  
 That were the Hearsmen; who withheld with chaines  
 The stealth attempter: which was onely he  
 That durst abet the Act with Prophecie;  
 None else would vndertake it; and he must:  
 The king would needs, a Prophet should be iust;  
 But when some daies and moneths, expired were,  
 And all the *Houres* had brought about the yeare;  
 The Prophet, did so satisfie the king  
 (*Iphiclus*; all his cunning questioning)  
 That he enfranchisde him; and (all worst done)  
*Ioues* counsaile made, th' all-safe conclusion.      Then saw I *Læda* (linkt in nuptiall chaine  
 With *Tyndarus*) to whom, she did sustaine  
 Sonnes much renown'd for wisdome; *Castor* one,  
 That past, for vse of horse, comparison;  
 And *Pollux*, that exceld, in whirlbat fight;  
 Both these, the fruitfull Earth bore; while the light  
 Of life inspir'd them; After which, they found  
 Such grace with *Ioue*, that both liu'd vnder ground,  
 By change of daies: life still did one sustaine,  
 While th' other died; the dead then, liu'd againe,  
 The liuing dying; both, of one selfe date,  
 Their liues and deaths made, by the Gods and Fate.  
*Iphimedia*, after *Læda* came,  
 That did deriue from *Neptune* too, the name  
 Of Father to two admirable Sonnes:  
 Life yet made short their admirations;  
 Who God-opposed *Otus* had to name,  
 And *Ephialtes*, farre in sound of Fame.  
 The prodigall Earth so fed them, that they grew  
 To most huge stature; and had fairest hew  
 Of all men, but *Orion*, vnder heauen;  
 At nine yeares old, nine cubits they were driuen  
 Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathomes hie.  
 They threatn'd to giue battell to the skie,  
 And all th' Immortals. They were setting on  
*Ossa* vpon *Olympus*; and vpon  
 Steepe *Ossa*, leauie *Pelios*, that euen  
 They might a high-way make, with loftie heauen.  
 And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liu'd  
 Till they were Striplings. But *Ioues* Sonne depriu'd  
 Their lims of life; before th' age that begins  
 The flowre of youth; and should adorne their chins.  
*Phædra* and *Procris*, with wise *Minos* flame,  
 (Bright *Ariadne*) to the offering came.  
 Whom whilom *Theseus* made his prise from *Crete* ;  
 That *Athens* sacred soile, might kisse her feete.

But neuer could obtaine her virgin Flowre;  
 Till, in the Sea—girt *Dia*, *Dians* powre  
 Detain'd his homeward haste; where (in her Phane,  
 By *Bacchus* witness) was the fatall wane  
 Of her prime Glorie. *Mara*, *Clymene*,  
 I witness there; and loth'd *Eryphile*;  
 That honour'd gold more, then she lou'd her Spouse.  
 But all th' *Heroesses* in *Plutos* house,  
 That then encounterd me, exceeds my might  
 To name or number; and *Ambrosian* Night  
 Would quite be spent; when now the formall houres,  
 Present to *Sleepe*, our all—disposed powres.  
 If at my ship, or here, my home—made vow,  
 I leaue for fit grace, to the Gods and you.  
 This said; the silence his discourse had made,  
 With pleasure held still, through the houses shade.  
 When, white—arm'd *Arete* this speech began:  
*Phæacians!* how appeares to you this man?  
 So goodly person'd, and so matcht with mind?  
 My guest he is; but all you stand combin'd,  
 In the renowne he doth vs. Do not then  
 With carelesse haste dismisse him: nor the maine  
 Of his dispatch, to one so needie, maime;  
 The Gods free bountie, giues vs all iust claime  
 To goods enow. This speech, the oldest man  
 Of any other *Phæacensian*,  
 The graue *Heroe*, *Echineus* gaue  
 All approbation; saying: Friends! ye haue  
 The motion of the wise Queene; in such words,  
 As haue not mist the marke; with which, accords  
 My cleare opinion. But *Alcinous*,  
 In word and worke, must be our rule. He thus;  
 And then *Alcinous* said: This then must stand,  
 If while I liue, I rule in the command  
 Of this well—skild—in—Nauigation State.  
 Endure then (Guest) though most importunate  
 Be your affects for home. A litle stay  
 If your expectance beare; perhaps it may  
 Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all,  
 Your due deduction asks; but Principall  
 I am therein, the ruler. He replied:  
*Alcinous!* the most duly glorified,  
 With rule of all; of all men; if you lay  
 Commandment on me, of a whole yeares stay;  
 So all the while, your preparations rise,  
 As well in gifts, as time: ye can devise  
 No better wish for me; for I shall come  
 Much fuller handed, and more honourd home;  
 And dearer to my people: in whose loues,  
 The richer euermore the better proues.  
 He answerd: There is argude in your sight,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

A worth that works not men for benefit,  
 Like Prollers or Impostors; of which crew,  
 The gentle blacke Earth feeds not vp a few;  
 Here and there wanderers, blanching tales and lies,  
 Of neither praise, nor vse: you moue our eies  
 With forme; our minds with matter, and our eares  
 With elegant oration; such as beares,  
 A musicke in the orderd historie  
 It layes before vs. Not *Demodocus*,  
 With sweeter straines hath vsde to sing to vs,  
 All the *Greeke* sorrowes, wept out in your owne.  
 But say; of all your worthy friends, were none  
 Obiected to your eyes; that *Consorts* were  
 To *Ilion* with you? and seru'd destinie there?  
 This Night is passing long, vnmeasur'd: none  
 Of all my houshold would to bed yet: On,  
 Relate these wondrous things. Were I with you;  
 If you would tell me but your woes, as now,  
 Till the diuine *Aurora* shewd her head,  
 I should in no night relish thought of bed.  
 Most eminent King, (said he) *Times*, all must keepe;  
 There's time to speake much, time as much to sleepe.  
 But would you heare still, I will tell you still,  
 And vtter more, more miserable ill,  
 Of Friends then yet, that scap't the dismall warres,  
 And perisht homewards, and in houshold iarres.  
 Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chaste Queene,  
 No sooner made these Ladie-ghosts vnseene,  
 (Here and there flitting) but mine eie-sight wonne  
 The Soule of *Agamemnon*, (*Atreus* sonne)  
 Sad; and about him, all his traine of friends,  
 That in *Ægysthus* house, endur'd their ends,  
 With his sterne Fortune. Hauing drunke the blood,  
 He knew me instantly; and forth a flood  
 Of springing teares gusht. Out he thrust his hands,  
 With will t'embrace me; but their old commands,  
 Flowd not about him; nor their weakest part.  
 I wept to see; and mon'd him from my heart.  
 And askt: O *Agamemnon!* King of men!  
 What sort of cruell death, hath renderd slaine  
 Thy royall person? *Neptune*, in thy Fleete?  
 Heauen, and his hellish billowes making meete,  
 Rowsing the winds? Or haue thy men by land  
 Done thee this ill; for vsing thy command,  
 Past their consents, in diminution  
 Of those full shares, their worths by lot had wonne,  
 Of sheepe or oxen? or of any towne?  
 In couetous strife, to make their rights, thine owne,  
 In men or women prisoners? He replied:  
 By none of these, in any right, I died;  
 But by *Ægysthus*, and my murtherous wife,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

(Bid to a banquet at his house) my life  
 Hath thus bene reft me: to my slaughter led,  
 Like to an Oxe, pretended to be fed.  
 So miserably fell I; and with me,  
 My friends lay massacred: As when you see  
 At any rich mans nuptials, shot, or feast,  
 About his kitchin, white-tooth'd swine lie drest.  
 The slaughters of a world of men, thine eies,  
 Both priuate, and in prease of enemies,  
 Haue personally witnest; but this one,  
 Would all thy parts haue broken into mone:  
 To see how strewd about our Cups and Cates,  
 As Tables set with Feast, so we with Fates,  
 All gasht and slaine, lay; all the floore embrude  
 With blood and braine. But that which most I ru'd,  
 Flew from the heauie voice, that *Priams* seed,  
*Cassandra* breath'd; whom, she that wit doth feed  
 With banefull crafts, false *Clytemnestra* slew,  
 Close sitting by me; vp my hands I threw  
 From earth to heauen; and tumbling on my sword,  
 Gaue wretched life vp. When the most abhord,  
 By all her sexes shame, forsooke the roome;  
 Nor daind (though then so neare this heauie home)  
 To shut my lips, or close my broken eies.  
 Nothing so heapt is with impieties,  
 As such a woman, that would kill her Spouse,  
 That married her a maid. When to my house  
 I brought her, hoping of her loue in heart,  
 To children, maids, and slaues. But she (in th' Art  
 Of onely mischief heartie) not alone  
 Cast on her selfe, this foule aspersion;  
 But louing Dames, hereafter, to their Lords  
 Will beare, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.      Alas (said I) that *Ioue* should hate the liues  
 Of *Atreus* seed, so highly for their wiues.  
 For *Menelaus* wife, a number fell;  
 For dangerous absence, thine sent thee to hell.  
 For this, (he answerd) Be not thou more kind  
 Then wise to thy wife; neuer, all thy mind  
 Let words expresse to her. Of all she knowes,  
 Curbs for the worst still, in thy selfe repose.  
 But thou by thy wifes wiles, shalt lose no blood;  
 Exceeding wise she is, and wise in good.  
*Icarius* daughter, chaste *Penelope*,  
 We left a yong Bride; when for battell, we  
 Forsooke the Nuptiall peace; and at her brest,  
 Her first child sucking. Who, by this houre, blest,  
 Sits in the number of suruiuing men.  
 And his blisse, she hath, that she can containe;  
 And her blisse, thou hast, that she is so wise;  
 For, by her wisdom, thy returned eies  
 Shall see thy sonne; and he shall greeete his Sire,



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

With fitting welcomes. When in my retire,  
 My wife denies mine eyes, my sonnes deare sight;  
 And, as from me, will take from him the light;  
 Before she addes one iust delight to life;  
 Or her false wit, one truth that sits a wife.  
 For her sake therefore, let my harmes aduise;  
 That though thy wife be ne're so chaste and wise,  
 Yet come not home to her in open view,  
 With any ship, or any personall shew.  
 But take close shore disguisde: nor let her know;  
 For tis no world, to trust a woman now.  
 But what sayes Fame? Doth my Sonne yet suruiue,  
 In *Orchomen*, or *Pylos*? or doth liue  
 In *Sparta*, with his Vnkle? yet I see  
 Diuine *Orestes* is not here with me.  
 I answerd, asking: Why doth *Atreus* sonne:  
 Enquire of me? who yet arriu'd where none  
 Could giue to these newes any certaine wings?  
 And tis absurd, to tell vncertaine things.  
 Such sad speech past vs; and as thus we stood,  
 With kind teares rendring vnkind fortunes good;  
*Achilles* and *Patroclus* Soule appear'd;  
 And his Soule, of whom neuer ill was heard,  
 The good *Antilochus*: and the Soule of him,  
 That all the *Greeks* past, both for force and lim,  
 Excepting the vnmatcht *Æacides*,  
 Illustrious *Ajax*. But the first of these,  
 That saw, acknowledg'd, and saluted me,  
 Was *Thetis* conquering Sonne, who (heauily  
 His state here taking) said: Vnworthy breath!  
 What act, yet mightier, imagineth  
 Thy ventrous spirit? How doest thou descend  
 These vnder regions: where the dead mans end,  
 Is to be lookt on? and his foolish shade? I answerd him: I was induc'd t'inuade  
 These vnder parts, (most excellent of *Greece*)  
 To visite wise *Tiresias*, for aduice  
 Of vertue to direct my voyage home  
 To rugged *Ithaca*; since I could come  
 To note in no place, where *Achaia* stood;  
 And so liu'd euer, tortur'd with the blood  
 In mans vaine veines. Thou therefore (*Thetis* sonne)  
 Hast equald all, that euer yet haue wonne  
 The blisse the earth yeelds; or hereafter shall.  
 In life, thy eminence was ador'd of all,  
 Euen with the Gods. And now, euen dead, I see  
 Thy vertues propagate thy Emperie,  
 To a renewd life of command beneath;  
 So great *Achilles* triumphs ouer death.  
 This comfort of him, this encounter found;  
 Vrge not my death to me, nor rub that wound;  
 I rather wish, to liue in earth a Swaine,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Or serue a Swaine for hire, that scarce can gaine  
 Bread to sustaine him; then (that life once gone)  
 Of all the dead, sway the Imperiall thone.  
 But say; and of my Sonne, some comfort yeeld;  
 If he goes on, in first fights of the field;  
 Or lurks for safetie in the obscure Rere?  
 Or of my Father, if thy royall eare  
 Hath bene aduertisde, that the *Phthian* Throne,  
 He still commands, as greatest *Myrmidon*?  
 Or that the *Phthian* and *Thessalian* rage,  
 (Now feete and hands are in the hold of Age)  
 Despise his Empire? Vnder those bright rayes,  
 In which, heuens feruour hurles about the dayes;  
 Must I no more shine his reuenger now;  
 Such as of old, the *Ilion* ouerthrow  
 Witnest my anger: th' vniuersall hoast,  
 Sending before me, to this shadie Coast,  
 In fight for *Grecia*. Could I now resort,  
 (But for some small time) to my Fathers Court;  
 In spirit and powre, as then: those men should find  
 My hands inaccessible; and of fire, my mind,  
 That durst, with all the numbers they are strong,  
 Vnseate his honour, and suborne his wrong.  
 This pitch still flew his spirit, though so low;  
 And this, I answerd thus: I do not know,  
 Of blamelesse *Peleus*, any least report;  
 But of your sonne, in all the vtmost sort,  
 I can informe your care with truth; and thus:      From *Scyros*, princely *Neoptolemus*,  
 By Fleete, I conuaid to the *Greeks*; where he  
 Was Chiefe, at both parts: when our grauitie  
 Retir'd to councell; and our youth to fight.  
 In councell still (so firie was *Conceit*,  
 In his quicke apprehension of a cause)  
 That first he euer spake; nor past the lawes  
 Of any graue stay, in his greatest hast.  
 None would contend with him, that counsell last;  
 Vnlesse illustrious *Nestor*, he and I  
 Would sometimes put a friendly contrary,  
 On his opinion. In our fights, the prease  
 Of great or common, he would neuer sease;  
 But farre before fight euer. No man there,  
 For force, he forced. He was slaughterer  
 Of many a braue man, in most dreadfull fight.  
 But one and other, whom he reft of light,  
 (In *Grecian* succour) I can neither name,  
 Nor giue in number. The particular fame,  
 Of one mans slaughter yet, I must not passe;  
*Eurypilus Telephides* he was,  
 That fell beneath him; and with him, the falls  
 Of such huge men went, that they shewd like whales,  
 Rampir'd about him. *Neoptolemus*

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Set him so sharply, for the sumptuous  
 Fauours of Mistresses, he saw him weare;  
 For past all doubt, his beauties had no peere,  
 Of all that mine eies noted; next to one,  
 And that was *Memnon*, *Tithons* Sun-like sonne.  
 Thus farre, for fight in publicke, may a tast  
 Giue of his eminence. How farre surpast  
 His spirit in priuate; where he was not seene;  
 Nor glorie could be said, to praise his spleene;  
 This close note, I excerpted. When we sate  
 Hid in *Epæus* horse; no Optimate  
 Of all the *Greeks* there, had the charge to ope  
 And shut the Stratageme, but I. My scope  
 To note then, each mans spirit, in a streight  
 Of so much danger; much the better might  
 Be hit by me, then others: as, prouokt,  
 I shifted place still; when, in some I smokt  
 Both priuie tremblings, and close vent of teares.  
 In him yet, not a soft conceit of theirs,  
 Could all my search see, either his wet eies  
 Plied still with wiping; or the goodly guise,  
 His person all waies put forth; in least part,  
 By any tremblings, shewd his toucht-at heart.  
 But euer he was vrging me to make  
 Way to their sally; by his signe to shake  
 His sword hid in his scabberd; or his Lance  
 Loded with iron, at me. No good chance,  
 His thoughts to *Troy* intended. In th' euent,  
 (High *Troy* depopulate) he made ascent  
 To his faire ship, with prise and treasure store:  
 Safe, and no touch, away with him he bore,  
 Of farre-off hurl'd Lance, or of close-fought sword,  
 Whose wounds, for fauours, Warre doth oft affoord;  
 Which he (though sought) mist, in warres closest wage;  
*In close fights, Mars doth neuer fight, but rage.*  
 This made the soule of swift *Achilles* tred  
 A March of glorie, through the herbie meade;  
 For ioy to heare me so renowme his Sonne;  
 And vanisht stalking. But with passion  
 Stood th' other Soules strooke: and each told his bane.  
 Onely the spirit *Telamonian*  
 Kept farre off; angrie for the victorie  
 I wonne from him at Fleete; though *Arbitrie*  
 Of all a Court of warre, pronounc't it mine,  
 And *Pallas* selfe. Our prise were th' armes diuine,  
 Of great *Æacides*; proposde t'our fames  
 By his bright Mother, at his funerall Games.  
 I wish to heauen, I ought not to haue wonne;  
 Since for those Armes, so high a head, so soone  
 The base earth couerd. *Ajax*, that of all  
 The hoast of *Greece*, had person capitall,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And acts as eminent; excepting his,  
 Whose armes those were; in whom was nought amisse.  
 I tride the great Soule with soft words, and said:  
*Ai*ax! great sonne of *Telamon*; arraid  
 In all our glories! what? not dead resigne  
 Thy wrath for those curst Armes? The Powres diuine,  
 In them forg'd all our banes; in thine owne One;  
 In thy graue fall, our Towre was ouerthrowne.  
 We mourne (for euer maimd) for thee as much,  
 As for *Achilles*: nor thy wrong doth touch,  
 In sentence, any, but *Saturnius* doome;  
 In whose hate, was the hoast of *Greece* become  
 A very horror. Who exprest it well,  
 In signing thy Fate, with this timelesse Hell.  
 Approach then (King of all the *Grecian* merit)  
 Represse thy great mind, and thy flamie spirit;  
 And giue the words I giue thee, worthy eare.  
 All this, no word drew from him; but lesse neare  
 The sterne Soule kept. To other Soules he fled;  
 And glid along the Riuer of the dead.  
 Though Anger mou'd him; yet he might haue spoke;  
 Since I to him. But my desires were strooke  
 With sight of other Soules. And then I saw  
*Minos*, that ministred to *Death* a law;  
 And *Ioues* bright sonne was. He was set, and swaid  
 A golden Scepter; and to him did pleade  
 A sort of others, set about his Throne,  
 In *Plutos* wide-door'd house; when strait came on,  
 Mightie *Orion*, who was hunting there,  
 The heards of those beasts he had slaughterd here,  
 In desart hils on earth. A Club he bore,  
 Entirely steele, whose vertues neuer wore.  
*Tityus* I saw: to whom the glorious Earth  
 Opened her wombe, and gaue vnhappie birth;  
 Vpwards, and flat vpon the Pauement lay  
 His ample lims; that spred in their display,  
 Nine Acres compasse. On his bosome sat  
 Two Vultures, digging through his caule of fat,  
 Into his Liuer, with their crooked Beakes;  
 And each by turnes, the concrete entraille breakes,  
 (As Smiths their steele beate) set on either side.  
 Nor doth he euer labour to diuide  
 His Liuer and their Beakes; nor with his hand,  
 Offer them off: but suffers by command,  
 Of th' angrie Thunderer; offring to enforce,  
 His loue *Latona* in the close recourse,  
 She vsde to *Pytho*, through the dancing land,  
 Smooth *Panopæus*. I saw likewise stand,  
 Vp to the chin, amidst a liquid lake,  
 Tormented *Tantalus*; yet could not slake  
 His burning thirst. Oft as his scornfull cup,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Th' old man would taste; so oft twas swallowd vp;  
 And all the blacke earth to his feete descried;  
 Diuine powre (plaguing him) the lake still dried.  
 About his head, on high trees, clustering, hung  
 Peares, Apples, Granets, Oliues, euer yong;  
 Delicious Figs, and many fruite trees more,  
 Of other burthen, whose alluring store,  
 When th' old Soule striu'd to pluck, the winds from sight,  
 In gloomie vapours, made them vanish quite.  
 There saw I *Sisyphus*, in infinite mone,  
 With both hands heauing vp a massie stone;  
 And on his tip-toes, racking all his height,  
 To wrest vp to a mountaine top, his freight;  
 When prest to rest it there (his nerues quite spent)  
 Downe rusht the deadly Quarrie: the euent  
 Of all his torture, new to raise againe;  
 To which, strait set his neuer-rested paine.  
 The sweate came gushing out from euery Pore;  
 And on his head a standing mist he wore;  
 Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of dust  
 Were raisd about it. Downe with these was thrust,  
 The Idoll of the force of *Hercules*.  
 But his firme selfe, did no such Fate oppresse;  
 He feasting liues amongst th' immortall States;  
 White-ankled *Hebe*, and himselfe, made mates,  
 In heauenly Nuptials. *Hebe*, *Ioues* deare race,  
 And *Iunos*; whom the golden Sandals grace.  
 About him flew the clamors of the dead,  
 Like Fowles; and still stoopt cuffing at his head.  
 He, with his Bow, like Night, stalkt vp and downe;  
 His shaft still nockt; and hurling round his frowne,  
 At those vext houerers, aiming at them still;  
 And still, as shooting out, desire to still.  
 A horrid Bawdricke, wore he thwart his brest;  
 The Thong all gold, in which were formes imprest,  
 Where *Art* and *Miracle*, drew equall breaths,  
 In Beares, Bores, Lions, Battels, Combats, Deaths.  
 Who wrought that worke, did neuer such before;  
 Nor so diuinely will do euer more.  
 Soone as he saw, he knew me; and gaue speech:  
 Sonne of *Laertes*; high in wisdomes reach;  
 And yet vnhappie wretch; for in this heart,  
 Of all exploits atchieu'd by thy desert,  
 Thy worth but works out some sinister Fate.  
 As I in earth did. I was generate  
 By *Ioue* himselfe; and yet past meane, opprest  
 By one my farre inferiour; whose proud hest,  
 Imposde abhorred labours, on my hand.  
 Of all which, one was, to descend this Strand,  
 And hale the dog from thence. He could not thinke  
 An act that *Danger* could make deeper sinke;

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And yet this depth I drew; and fetcht as hie,  
As this was low, the dog. The Deitie,  
Of sleight and wisdom, as of downe-right powre,  
Both stoopt, and raisd, and made me Conquerour.  
This said; he made descent againe as low  
As *Plutos* Court; when I stood firme; for show  
Of more *Heroes*, of the times before;  
And might perhaps haue seene my wish of more;  
(As *Theseus* and *Pirithous*, deriu'd  
From rootes of *Deitie*) but before th' atchieu'd  
Rare sight of these; the rank-soul'd multitude  
In infinite flocks rose; venting sounds so rude,  
That pale *Feare* tooke me, lest the *Gorgons* head  
Rusht in amongst them; thrust vp, in my dread,  
By grim *Persephone*. I therefore sent  
My men before to ship; and after went.  
Where, boarded, set, and lancht; th' Ocean waue,  
Our Ores and forewinds, speedie passage gaue. Finis libri vndecimi Hom. Odys.

## THE XII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*He shewes from Hell his safe retreat,  
To th' Ile Ææa, Circes seate.  
And how he scapt the Sirens calls.  
With th' erring Rockes, and waters falls,  
That Scylla and Charybdis breake.  
The Sunnes stolne Herds; and his sad wreake,  
Both of Vlysses ship and men,  
His owne head scaping scarce the paine.*

### Another.

*The Rockes that errd;  
The Sirens call;  
The Sunnes stolne Herd;  
The souldiers fall. Ovr Ship now past the streights of th' Ocean flood;  
She plowd the broad seas billowes; and made good,  
The Ile Ææa, where the *Pallace* stands  
Of th' early Riser, with the rosie hands,  
*Actiue Aurora*; where she loues to dance;  
And where the *Sunne* doth his prime beames aduance.  
When here arriu'd; we drew her vp to land,  
And trod our selues the resaluted sand:  
Found on the shore, fit resting for the Night;  
Slept, and expected the celestiall light.  
Soone as the white-and-red-mixt-fingerd Dame,*

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Had guilt the mountaine with her Saffron flame;  
 I sent my men to *Circes* house before,  
 To fetch deceast *Elpenor* to the shore.  
 Strait swelld the high banks with feld heapes of trees;  
 And (full of teares) we did due Exequies  
 To our dead friend. (Whose Corse consum'd with fire,  
 And honourd Armes: whose Sepulcher entire;  
 And ouer that, a Columne raisd) his Ore,  
 Curiously caru'd (to his desire before)  
 Vpon the top of all his Tombe, we fixt.  
 Of all Rites fit, his Funerall Pile was mixt.  
 Nor was our safe ascent from hell, conceald  
 From *Circes* knowledge; nor so soone reueald,  
 But she was with vs, with her bread and food,  
 And ruddie wine, brought by her sacred brood  
 Of woods and Fountaines. In the midst she stood,  
 And thus saluted vs: Vnhappie men,  
 That haue (inform'd with all your sences) bene  
 In *Plutos* dismall mansion. You shall die  
 Twice now; where others that *Mortalitie*,  
 In her faire armes, holds; shall but once decease.  
 But eate and drinke out all conceit of these;  
 And this day dedicate to food and wine;  
 The following *Night* to *Sleepe*. When next shall shine  
 The chearfull Morning; you shall proue the seas.  
 Your way, and euery act ye must adresse,  
 My knowledge of their order shall designe:  
 Lest with your owne bad counsels, ye encline  
 Euent as bad against ye; and sustaine  
 By sea and shore, the wofull ends that raigne  
 In wilfull actions. Thus did she aduise;  
 And, for the time, our Fortunes were so wise,  
 To follow wise directions. All that day  
 We sate and feasted. When his lower way,  
 The Sunne had enterd; and the *Euen*, the hie:  
 My friends slept on their Gables; she and I,  
 (Led by her faire hand, to a place apart,  
 By her well sorted) did to sleepe conuert  
 Our timed powres. When, all things *Fate* let fall  
 In our affaire, she askt; I told her all.  
 To which she answerd: These things thus tooke end:  
 And now to those that I informe, attend:  
 Which (you remembring) God himselfe shall be,  
 The blessed author of your memorie.  
 First, to the *Sirens* ye shall come, that taint  
 The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint  
 With their attractions. Whosoever shall  
 (For want of knowledge mou'd) but heare the call  
 Of any *Siren*: he will so despise  
 Both wife and children, for their sorceries,  
 That neuer home turnes his affections streame;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Nor they take ioy in him, nor he in them.  
 The *Sirens* will so soften with their song,  
 (Shrill, and in sensuall appetite so strong)  
 His loose affections, that he giues them head.  
 And then obserue: They sit amidst a meade;  
 And round about it runnes a hedge or wall  
 Of dead mens bones: their witherd skins and all,  
 Hung all along vpon it; and these men  
 Were such as they had fawnd into their Fen,  
 And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.  
 Saile by them therefore; thy companions  
 Before hand causing to stop euery eare  
 With sweete soft waxe so close; that none may heare  
 A note of all their charmings. Yet may you  
 (If you affect it) open eare allow  
 To trie their motion: but presume not so  
 To trust your iudgement; when your senses go  
 So loose about you; but giue straight command  
 To all your men, to bind you foote and hand,  
 Sure to the Mast; that you may safe approue  
 How strong in instigation to their loue  
 Their rapting tunes are. If so much they moue,  
 That, spite of all your reason, your will stands  
 To be enfranchisde, both of feete and hands;  
 Charge all your men before, to sleight your charge,  
 And rest so farre, from fearing to enlarge,  
 That much more sure they bind you. When your friends  
 Haue outsaild these: the danger that transcends  
 Rests not in any counsaile to preuent;  
 Vnlesse your owne mind, finds the tract and bent  
 Of that way, that auoids it. I can say  
 That in your course, there lies a twofold way;  
 The right of which, your owne, taught, present wit  
 And grace diuine, must prompt. In generall yet  
 Let this informe you: Neare these *Sirens* shore  
 Moue two steepe Rocks; at whose feete, lie and rore  
 The blacke seas cruell billowes: the blest Gods  
 Call them the Rouers. Their abhord abods  
 No bird can passe: no not the *Doues*, whose feare  
 Sire *Ioue* so loues, that they are said to beare  
*Ambrosia* to him; can their rauine scape;  
 But one of them, falles euer to the rape  
 Of those slie rocks. Yet *Ioue*, another still  
 Adds to the rest; that so may euer fill  
 The sacred number. Neuer ship could shunne  
 The nimble perill wing'd there; but did runne  
 With all her bulke, and bodies of her men  
 To vtter ruine. For the seas retaine  
 Not onely their outragious æsture there;  
 But fierce assistents, of particular feare,  
 And supernaturall mischiefe, they expire;



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And those are whirlwinds of deuouring fire  
 Whisking about still. *Th' Argiue* ship, alone  
 (Which bore the care of all men) got her gone,  
 Come from *Areta*. Yet perhaps euen she  
 Had wrackt at those Rocks; if the Deitie  
 That lies by *Ioues* side, had not lent her hand  
 To their transmission; since the man that mann'd  
 In chiefe that voyage, she, in chiefe did loue.  
 Of these two spitefull Rocks, the one doth shoue  
 Against the height of heauen, her pointed brow.  
 A blacke cloud binds it round, and neuer show  
 Lends to the sharp point: not the cleare blew skie  
 Lets euer view it. Not the *Sommers* eye;  
 Not feruent *Autumnes*. None, that Death could end  
 Could euer skale it; or if vp, descend.  
 Though twenty hands and feete he had for hold:  
 A polisht ice-like glibnesse doth enfold  
 The rocke so round, whose midst, a gloomie cell  
 Shrowds, so farre Westward, that it sees to hell.  
 From this, keepe you as farre, as from his bow  
 An able yong man can his shaft bestow.  
 For here, the whuling *Scylla*, shrowds her face:  
 That breaths a voice, at all parts, no more base  
 Then are a newly-kitn'd kitlings cries;  
 Her selfe a monster yet, of boundlesse sise;  
 Whose sight would nothing please a mortals eies;  
 No nor the eyes of any God, if he  
 (Whom nought should fright) fell foule on her; and she  
 Her full shape shew'd. Twelue foule feete beare about  
 Her ougly bulke. Sixe huge long necks lookt out  
 Of her ranke shoulders: euery necke, doth let  
 A ghastly head out: euery head; three set  
 Thicke thrust together, of abhorred teeth;  
 And euery tooth stucke with a sable death.  
 She lurkes in midst of all her denne; and streakes  
 From out a ghastly whirle-poole, all her necks;  
 Where, (gloting round her rocke) to fish she falles;  
 And vp rush Dolphins, Dogfish; somewhiles, Whales,  
 If got within her, when her rapine feeds;  
 For euer-groning *Amphitrite* breeds  
 About her whirlepoole, an vnmeasur'd store;  
 No Sea-man euer boasted touch of shore  
 That there toucht with his ship; but still she fed  
 Of him, and his. A man for euery head  
 Spoiling his ship of. You shall then descrie  
 The other humbler Rocke, that moues so nie,  
 Your dart may mete the distance. It receaues  
 A huge wilde Fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaues;  
 Beneath whose shades, diuine *Charybdis* sits  
 Supping the blacke deepes. Thrice a day her pits  
 She drinking all dry; and thrice a day againe,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

All, vp she belches; banefull to sustaine.  
 When she is drinking, dare not neare her draught,  
 For not the force of *Neptune*, (if once caught)  
 Can force your freedome. Therefore in your strife  
 To scape *Charybdis*, labour all, for life  
 To row neare *Scylla*; for she will but haue  
 For her sixe heads, sixe men; and better saue  
 The rest, then all, make offerings to the waue.  
 This Neede she told me of my losse, when I  
 Desir'd to know, if that *Necessitie*  
 (When I had scap't *Charybdis* outrages)  
 My powres might not reuenge; though not redresse?  
 She answerd: O vnhappy! art thou yet  
 Enflam'd with warre? and thirst to drinke thy swet?  
 Not to the Gods giue vp, both Armes, and will?  
 She, deathlesse is, and that immortall ill  
 Graue, harsh, outragious, not to be subdu'd,  
 That men must suffer till they be renew'd.  
 Nor liues there any virtue that can flie  
 The vicious outrage of their crueltie.  
 Shouldst thou put Armes on, and approch the Rocke;  
 I feare, sixe more must expiate the shocke.  
 Sixe heads, sixe men aske still. Hoise saile, and flie;  
 And in thy flight, aloud, on *Cratis* crie  
 (Great *Scyllas* Mother, who, exposde to light  
 That bane of men;) and she will do such right  
 To thy obseruance, that she, downe will tread  
 Her daughters rage; nor let her shew a head.  
 From thenceforth then, for euer past her care;  
 Thou shalt ascend, the Ile *Triangulare*;  
 Where many Oxen of the Sunne are fed;  
 And fatted flocks. Of Oxen, fifty head  
 In euery herd feed; and their herds are seuen;  
 And of his fat flocks is their number, Euen.  
 Increase they yeeld not, for they neuer die;  
 There euery shepherdesse, a Deitie.  
 Faire *Phaethusa*, and *Lempetie*,  
 The louely *Nymphs* are, that their Guardians be.  
 Who, to the daylights lofty-going flame  
 Had gracious birthright, from the heauenly Dame  
 Still yong *Neara*; who (brought forth and bred)  
 Farre off dismist them; to see duly fed  
 Their Fathers herds and flocks in *Sicilie*.  
 These herds, and flocks, if to the Deitie  
 Ye leaue, as sacred things, vntoucht; and on  
 Goe with all fit care of your home, alone,  
 (Though through some sufferance) you yet safe shall land  
 In wished *Ithaca*. But if impious hand  
 You lay on those herds to their hurts: I then  
 Presage sure ruine, to thy ship and men.  
 If thou escap'st thy selfe, extending home

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Thy long'd for landing; thou shalt loded come  
 With store of losses, most exceeding late,  
 And not consorted with a sau'd mate.  
 This said; the golden-thron'd *Aurora* rose;  
 She, her way went, and I did mine dispose  
 Vp to my ship; weigh'd Anchor, and away.  
 When reuerend *Circe*; helpt vs to conuaie  
 Our vessell safe, by making well inclin'd  
 A Sea mans companion, a forewind;  
 With which she filld our sailes, when, fitting all  
 Our Armes close by vs; I did sadly fall  
 To graue relation, what concern'd in Fate  
 My friends to know, and told them that the state  
 Of our affaires successe, which *Circe* had  
 Presag'd to me alone, must yet be made  
 To one, nor onely two knowne; but to all:  
 That since their liues and deaths were left to fall  
 In their elections; they might life elect,  
 And giue what would preserue it, fit effect.  
 I first inform'd them, that we were to flie  
 The heauenly-singing *Sirens* harmony,  
 And flowre-adorned Medow. And that I  
 Had charge to heare their song; but fetterd fast  
 In bands, vnfauor'd, to th' erected Mast;  
 From whence, if I should pray; or vse command  
 To be enlarg'd; they should with much more band  
 Containe my struglings. This I simply told  
 To each particular; nor would withhold  
 What most enioyn'd mine owne affections stay,  
 That theirs the rather might be taught t'obay.  
 In meane time, flew our ships; and straight we fetcht  
 The *Sirens* Ile; a spleenelesse wind, so stretcht  
 Her wings to waft vs, and so vrg'd our keele.  
 But hauing reacht this Ile, we could not feele  
 The least gaspe of it: it was striken dead,  
 And all the Sea, in prostrate slumber spread:  
 The *Sirens* diuell charm'd all. Vp then flew  
 My friends to worke; strooke saile, together drew,  
 And vnder hatches stowd them: sat, and plied  
 Their polisht oares; and did in curls diuide  
 The white-head waters. My part then came on;  
 A mighty waxen Cake, I set vpon;  
 Chopt it in fragments, with my sword; and wrought  
 With strong hand, euery peece, till all were soft.  
 The great powre of the Sunne, in such a beame  
 As then flew burning from his Diademe,  
 To liquefaction helpt vs. Orderlie,  
 I stopt their eares; and they, as faire did ply  
 My feete, and hands with cords; and to the Mast  
 With other halsers, made me soundly fast.  
 Then tooke they seate; and forth our passage strooke;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The fomie Sea, beneath their labour shooke.  
 Rowd on, in reach of an erected voice;  
 The *Sirens* soone tooke note, without our noice;  
 Tun'd those sweete accents, that made charmes so strong;  
 And these learn'd numbers, made the *Sirens* song:

*Come here, thou, worthy of a world of praise;  
 That dost so high, the Grecian glory raise;  
 Vlysses! stay thy ship; and that song heare  
 That none past euer, but it bent his eare:  
 But left him rauish, and instructed more  
 By vs, then any, euer heard before.*

*For we know all things whatsoever were  
 In wide Troy labour'd; whatsoever there  
 The Grecians and the Troians both sustain'd;  
 By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.  
 And whatsoever, all the earth can show  
 T'informe a knowledge of desert, we know.*

This they gaue accent in the sweetest straine

That euer open'd an enamour'd vaine.  
 When, my constrain'd heart, needs would haue mine eare  
 Yet more delighted; force way forth, and heare.  
 To which end I commanded, with all signe  
 Sterne lookes could make (for not a ioynt of mine  
 Had powre to stirre) my friends to rise, and giue  
 My limbs free way. They freely striu'd to driue  
 Their ship still on. When (farre from will to lose)  
*Eurylochus*, and *Perimedes* rose  
 To wrap me surer; and opprest me more  
 With many a halser, then had vse before.  
 When, rowing on, without the reach of sound;  
 My friends vnstopt their eares; and me, vnbound;  
 And, that Ile quite we quitted. But againe  
 Fresh feares emploid vs. I beheld a maine  
 Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend:  
 A horrid murmure hearing. Euery friend  
 Astonisht sat: from euery hand, his oare  
 Fell quite forsaken: with the dismall Rore  
 Where all things there made Echoes, stone still stood  
 Our ship it selfe: because the ghastly flood  
 Tooke all mens motions from her, in their owne:  
 I, through the ship went, labouring vp and downe  
 My friends recouerd spirits. One by one  
 I gaue good words, and said: That well were knowne  
 These ills to them before: I told them all;  
 And that these could not proue, more capitall  
 Then those the *Cyclop* blockt vs vp in; yet  
 My vertue, wit, and heauen–helpt Counsailes, set  
 Their freedoms open. I could not beleeeue  
 But they rememberd it, and wisht them giue  
 My equall care, and meanes, now equall trust:  
 The strength they had, for stirring vp, they must

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Rouze, and extend, to trie if *Ioue* had laid  
 His powres in theirs vp, and would adde his aid  
 To scape euen that death. In particular then  
 I told our Pylot, that past other men  
 He, most must beare firme spirits; since he swaid  
 The Continent, that all our spirits conuaid  
 In his whole guide of her. He saw there boile  
 The fierie whirlpooles; that to all our spoile  
 Inclosde a Rocke: without which, he must stere,  
 Or all our ruines stood concluded there.  
 All heard me, and obaid; and little knew  
 That, shunning that Rocke, sixe of them should rue  
 The wracke, another hid. For I conceal'd  
 The heauy wounds that neuer would be heal'd,  
 To be by *Scylla* opened; for their feare  
 Would then haue robd all, of all care to stere;  
 Or stirre an oare, and made them hide beneath:  
 When they, and all, had died an idle death.  
 But then, euen I forgot to shunne the harme  
*Circe* forewarnd: who willd I should not arme,  
 Nor shew my selfe to *Scylla*, lest in vaine  
 I ventur'd life. Yet could not I containe  
 But arm'd at all parts; and two lances tooke:  
 Vp to the foredecke went, and thence did looke  
 That Rockie *Scylla* would haue first appear'd,  
 And taken my life, with the friends I feard.  
 From thence yet, no place could afford her sight;  
 Though through the darke rocke, mine eye threw her light,  
 And ransackt all waies. I then tooke a streight  
 That gaue my selfe, and some few more receipt  
 Twixt *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*; whence we saw  
 How horridly *Charybdis* throat: did draw  
 The brackish sea vp, which, when all abroad  
 She spit againe out: neuer Caldron sod  
 With so much feruor, fed with all the store  
 That could enrage it. All the Rocke did rore  
 With troubl'd waters: round about the tops  
 Of all the steepe crags, flew the fomy drops.  
 But, when her draught, the sea and earth dissunderd,  
 The troubl'd bottoms turnd vp, and she thunderd;  
 Farre vnder shore, the swart sands naked lay.  
 Whose whole sterne sight, the startl'd blood did fray  
 From all our faces. And while we on her  
 Our eyes bestowd thus, to our ruines feare;  
 Sixe friends had *Scylla* snatcht out of our keele,  
 In whom, most losse, did force and virtue feele.  
 When looking to my ship, and lending eye  
 To see my friends estates, their heeles turnd hie,  
 And hands cast vp, I might discerne; and heare  
 Their calles to me for helpe, when now they were  
 To try me in their last extremities.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And as an Angler, medcine for surprise  
 Of little fish, sits powring from the rocks,  
 From out the crookt horne, of a fold-bred Oxe;  
 And then with his long Angle, hoists them hie  
 Vp to the Aire; then sleightly hurles them by,  
 When, helplesse sprauling on the land they lie:  
 So easely *Scylla* to her Rocke had rapt  
 My wofull friends; and so vnhelpt, entrapt  
 Strugling they lay beneath her violent rape;  
 Who in their tortures, desperate of escape;  
 Shriekt as she tore; and vp, their hands to me  
 Still threw for sweete life. I did neuer see  
 In all my sufferance ransacking the seas,  
 A spectacle so full of miseries.  
 Thus haing fled these rocks (these cruell dames  
*Scylla, Charybdis.*) where the king of flames  
 Hath offerings burnd to him; our ship put in  
 The Iland, that from all the earth doth winne  
 The Epithete, *Faultlesse*: where the broad of head  
 And famous Oxen, for the Sunne are fed,  
 With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.  
 Set in my ship, mine eare reacht, where we rod  
 The bellowing of Oxen, and the bleate  
 Of fleecie sheepe; that in my memories seate  
 Put vp the formes, that late had bene imprest  
 By dread *Ææan Circe*; and the best  
 Of Soules, and Prophets, the blind *Theban Seer*;  
 The wise *Tiresias*, who was graue decreer  
 Of my returnes whole meanes. Of which, this one  
 In chiefe he vrg'd; that I should alwaies shunne  
 The Iland of the Man-delighting Sunne.  
 When, (sad at heart for our late losse) I praid  
 My friends to heare fit counsaile, (though dismaid  
 With all ill fortunes) which was giuen to me  
 By *Circes*, and *Tiresias* Prophecie;  
 That I should flie the Ile, where was ador'd  
 The Comfort of the world: for ills, abhorr'd  
 Were ambusht for vs there; and therefore, willd  
 They should put off, and leaue the Ile. This kill'd  
 Their tender spirits; when *Eurylochus*  
 A speech that vext me vtter'd; answering thus:      Cruell *Vlysses*! Since thy nerues abound  
 In strength, the more spent; and no toyles confound  
 Thy able lims, as all beate out of steele;  
 Thou ablest vs to, as vnapt to feele  
 The teeth of *Labor*, and the spoile of *Sleepe*,  
 And therefore still, wet wast vs in the deepe;  
 Nor let vs land to eate; but madly, now;  
 In Night, put forth, and leaue firme land to strow  
 The Sea with errors. All the rabide flight  
 Of winds that ruine ships, are bred in Night.  
 Who is it, that can keepe off cruell Death,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

If suddainly should rush out th' angry breath  
 Of *Notus*, or the eager-spirited West?  
 That cuffed ships, dead; and do the Gods their best!  
 Serue black Night still, with shore, meate, sleepe, and ease;  
 And offer to the *Morning* for the seas.  
 This all the rest approu'd; and then knew I  
 That past all doubt, the diuell did apply  
 His slaughterous works. Nor would they be withheld;  
 I was but one; nor yeelded, but compell'd.  
 But all that might containe them, I assaid:  
 A sacred oath, on all their powres I laid;  
 That if with herds, or any richest flocks  
 We chanc't t'encounter; neither sheepe, nor Oxe  
 We once should touch; nor (for that constant ill  
 That followes folly) scorne aduice, and kill:  
 But quiet sit vs downe, and take such food  
 As the immortall *Circe* had bestowd.  
 They swore all this, in all seuerst sort;  
 And then we ancord, in the winding Port;  
 Neare a fresh Riuer, where the longd-for shore  
 They all flew out to; tooke in victles store;  
 And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept  
 Their losse by *Scylla*; weeping till they slept.      In *Nights* third part; when stars began to stoope;  
 The Cloud-assembler, put a Tempst vp.  
 A boistrous spirit he gaue it; draue out all  
 His flocks of clouds; and let such darknesse fall,  
 That *Earth*, and *Seas* for feare, to hide were driuen;  
 For, with his clouds, he thrust our *Night* from heauen.  
 At *Morne*, we drew our ships into a caue;  
 In which the *Nymphs*, that *Phoebus* cattaile draue;  
 Faire dancing Roomes had, and their seates of State.  
 I vrg'd my friends then, that to shunne their Fate,  
 They would obserue their oath; and take the food  
 Our ship afforded; nor attempt the blood  
 Of those faire *Herds* and *Flocks*; because they were,  
 That dreadfull Gods, that all could see, and heare.  
 They stood obseruant, and in that good mind  
 Had we bene gone: but so aduerse the wind  
 Stood to our passage, that we could not go.  
 For one whole moneth, perpetually did blow  
 Impetuous *Notus*; not a breaths repaire  
 But his, and *Eurus*, rul'd in all the Aire.  
 As long yet, as their ruddy wine, and bread  
 Stood out amongst them; so long, not a head  
 Of all those Oxen, fell in any strife  
 Amongst those students for the gut, and life.  
 But when their victles faild, they fell to prey:  
*Necessitie* compell'd them then, to stray  
 In rape of fish, and fowle: what euer came.  
 In reach of hand or hooke; the bellies flame  
 Afflicted to it. I then, fell to praire;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And (making to a close *Retreate*, repaire  
 Free from, both friends, and winds) I washt my hands,  
 And all the Gods besought, that held commands  
 In liberall heauen; to yeeld some meane to stay  
 Their desperate hunger; and set vp the way  
 Of our returne restraind. The Gods, in steed  
 Of giuing what I prayd for, powre of deed;  
 A deedlesse sleepe, did on my lids distill,  
 For meane to worke vpon, my friends their fill.  
 For, whiles I slept, there wak't no meane to curb  
 Their headstrong wants; which he that did disturb  
 My rule, in chiefe, at all times; and was chiefe  
 To all the rest in counsaile to their grieffe;  
 Knew well, and of, my present absence tooke  
 His fit aduantage; and their iron strooke  
 At highest heate. For (feeling their desire  
 In his owne Entrailes, to allay the fire  
 That *Famine* blew in them) he thus gaue way  
 To that affection: Heare what I shall say,  
 (Though words will stanch no hunger) euery death  
 To vs poore wretches, that draw temporall breath,  
 You know, is hatefull; but all know, to die  
 The Death of *Famine*, is a miserie  
 Past all Death loathsome. Let vs therefore take  
 The chiefe of this faire herd; and offerings make  
 To all the Deathlesse that in broad heauen liue;  
 And, in particular, vow, if we arriue  
 In naturall *Ithaca*, to strait erect  
 A Temple to the haughtie in aspect;  
 Rich, and magnificent, and all within  
 Decke it with Relicks many, and diuine.  
 If yet, he stands incenst, since we haue slaine  
 His high-browd herd; and therefore will sustaine  
 Desire to wracke our ship: he is but one;  
 And all the other Gods, that we attone  
 With our diuine Rites, will their suffrage giue  
 To our design'd returne, and let vs liue.  
 If not; and all take part, I rather craue  
 To serue with one sole Death, the yawning waue;  
 Then, in a desert Iland, lie and sterue;  
 And, with one pin'd life, many deaths obserue.  
 All cried, He counsailes nobly; and all speed  
 Made to their resolute driuing. For the feed  
 Of those coleblacke, faire, broad-browd, Sun-lou'd Beeues:  
 Had place, close by our ships. They tooke the liues  
 Of sence, most eminent. About their fall  
 Stood round, and to the States celestiall  
 Made solemne vowes: But, other Rites, their ship  
 Could not afford them; they did therefore strip  
 The curld-head Oke, of fresh yong leaues, to make  
 Supply of seruice for their Barly cake.



And, on the sacredly enflam'd, for wine  
 Powrd purest water; all the parts diuine  
 Spitting, and roasting: all the Rites beside  
 Orderly vsing. Then did light diuide  
 My low, and vpper lids; when, my repaire  
 Made neare my ship; I met the delicate ayre  
 Their rost exhal'd. Out instantly I cried;  
 And said, O *Ioue*, and all ye Deified,  
 Ye haue opprest me with a cruell sleepe;  
 While ye conferd on me, a losse as deepe  
 As *Death* descends to. To themselues, alone  
 My rude men, left vngouernd; they haue done  
 A deed so impious, (I stand well assur'd)  
 That you will not forgiue, though ye procur'd.  
 Then flew *Lempetie*, with the ample Robe,  
 Vp to her Father, with the golden Globe;  
*Ambassadresse*, t'informe him, that my men  
 Had slaine his Oxen. Heart-incensed then;  
 He cried; Reuenge me (Father, and the rest  
 Both euer liuing, and for euer blest.)  
*Vlysses* impious men, haue drawne the blood  
 Of those my Oxen, that it did me good  
 To looke on, walking, all my starrie round;  
 And when I trod earth, all with medowes crown'd  
 Without your full amends, Ile leaue heauen quite;  
*Dis*, and the Dead, adorning with my light.  
 The Cloud-herd answerd; Son! thou shalt be ours,  
 And light those mortals, in that Mine of flowres;  
 My red hote flash, shall grase but on their ship,  
 And eate it, burning, in the boyling deepe.  
 This by *Calypso*, I was told, and she  
 Inform'd it, from the verger *Mercurie*.  
 Come to our ship; I chid, and told by name  
 Each man, how impiously he was to blame.  
 But chiding got no peace; the Beeues were slaine:  
 When straight the Gods, fore-went their following paine  
 With dire Ostents. The hides, the flesh had lost,  
 Crept, all before them. As the flesh did rost  
 It bellowd like the Oxe it selfe, aliue.  
 And yet my souldiers, did their dead Beeues driue  
 Through all these Prodigies, in daily feasts.  
 Sixe daies they banqueted, and slue fresh beasts,  
 And when the seuenth day, *Ioue* reduc't the wind  
 That all the moneth rag'd; and so in did bind  
 Our ship, and vs; was turnd, and calm'd; and we  
 Lancht, put vp Masts; Sailes hoised, and to Sea.  
 The Iland left so farre; that land no where;  
 But onely sea, and skie, had powre t'appare;  
*Ioue* fixt a cloud aboue our ship; so blacke  
 That all the sea it darkned. Yet from wracke  
 She ranne a good free time: till from the West

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Came *Zephyre* ruffling forth; and put his breast  
 Out, in a singing tempest; so most vast,  
 It burst the Gables, that made sure our Mast;  
 Our Masts came tumbling downe: our cattell downe,  
 Rusht to the Pump: and by our *Pylots* crowne  
 The maine Mast, past his fall; pasht all his Skull,  
 And all this wracke, but one flaw, made at full.  
 Off from the Sterne, the Sternesman, diuing fell,  
 And from his sinews, flew his Soule to hell.  
 Together, all this time, *Ioues* Thunder chid;  
 And through, and through the ship, his lightning glid:  
 Till it embrac't her round: her bulke was filld  
 With nasty sulphur; and her men were killd:  
 Tumbl'd to Sea, like Sea-mews swumme about,  
 And there the date of their returne was out.  
 I tost from side to side still, till all broke  
 Her Ribs were with the storme: and she did choke  
 With let-in Surges; for, the Mast torne downe;  
 Tore her vp pecemeale; and for me to drowne  
 Left little vndissolu'd. But to the Mast  
 There was a lether Thong left; which I cast  
 About it, and the keele; and so sat tost  
 With banefull weather, till the West had lost  
 His stormy tyranny. And then arose  
 The South, that bred me more abhorred woes;  
 For backe againe his blasts expell'd me, quite  
 On rauenous *Charybdis*. All that *Night*  
 I totter'd vp and downe, till *Light*, and I  
 At *Scyllas* Rocke encounterd; and the nie  
 Dreadfull *Charybdis*. As I draue on these,  
 I saw *Charybdis*, supping vp the seas;  
 And had gone vp together, if the tree  
 That bore the wilde figs, had not rescu'd me;  
 To which I leapt, and left my keele; and hie  
 Chambring vpon it, did as close imply  
 My brest about it, as a Reremouse could:  
 Yet, might my feete, on no stub fasten hold  
 To ease my hands: the roots were crept so low  
 Beneath the earth; and so aloft did grow  
 The far-spreed armes, that (though good height I gat)  
 I could not reach them. To the maine Bole, flat  
 I therefore still must cling; till vp againe  
 She belcht my Mast, and after that, amaine  
 My keele came tumbling: so at length it chanc't,  
 To me, as to a Iudge; that long aduanc't  
 To iudge a sort of hote yong fellowes iarres,  
 At length time frees him from their ciuill warres;  
 When, glad, he riseth, and to dinner goes;  
 So time, at length, releast with ioyes my woes,  
 And from *Charybdis* mouth, appear'd my keele.  
 To which (my hand, now loosd; and now, my heele)

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

I altogether, with a huge noise, dropt;  
Iust in her midst fell, where the Mast was propt;  
And there rowd off, with owers of my hands.  
God, and *Mans* Father, would not, from her sands  
Let *Scylla* see me; for I then had died  
That bitter death, that my poore friends supplied.  
Nine Daies at Sea, I houer'd: the tenth Night  
In th' Ile *Ogygia*, where about the bright  
And right renoum'd *Calypso*, I was cast  
By powre of Deitie; Where I liu'd embrac't  
With *Loue*, and feasts. But why should I relate  
Those kind occurrents? I should iterate  
What I in part, to your chaste Queene and you  
So late imparted. And for me to grow  
A talker ouer of my tale againe,  
Were past my free contentment to sustaine. Finis duodecimi libri Hom. Odys.

Opus nouem dierum.

Συν τηρο.

## THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*Vlysses (shipt but in the Euen,  
With all the Presents he was giuen;  
And sleeping then) is set, next Morne  
In full scope of his wisht returne  
And treads unknown his Country shore  
Whose search, so many winters wore.  
The Ship (returning, and arriv'd  
Against the City) is depriv'd  
Of Forme; And all her motion gone,  
Transform'd by Neptune to a stone.  
Vlysses (let to know the Strand  
Where the Phaeacions made him Land)  
Consults with Pallas, for his life  
Of euery Woer of his Wife.  
His Gifts, she hides within a Cave;  
And him, into a man more Grave:  
All hid in wrinkles, cracked, gray  
Transform'd; who so, goes on his way.*

### Another

*Phaecia  
Ulysses leaves:  
Whom Ithaca*

*Unawares, receaves.* He said; And silence all their Tongues contain'd

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

(In admiration) when with pleasure claim'd  
 Their eares had long bene to him. At last brake  
 Alcinous silence; and in this sort spake  
 To th' Ithacensian, Laertes Sonne:  
 O *Ithacus!* (How ever over-runne  
 With former sufferings in your way for home)  
 Since 'twas, at last, your happy Fate to come  
 To my high-rooft, and Brasse-foundation'd house:  
 I hope, such speede, and passe auspicious  
 Our Loues shall yeeld you, that shall no more  
 VVander, nor suffer, homewards, as before.  
 You then, whoeuer, that are ever grac'st  
 VVith all choise of authoriz'd power, to tast  
 Such wine with me, as warmes the sacred Rage;  
 And is an Honorarie giuen to Age.  
 With which, ye likewise, heare Diuinely sing  
 (In Honors praise) the Poet of the King:  
 I moue, by way of my command, to this;  
 That where, in an elaborate Chist there lies  
 A Present for our Guest: Attires of price;  
 And Gold, engrauen with infinite deuce:  
 I wish that each of vs should adde beside  
 A Tripod, and a Caldron amplified  
 With size, and Mettall of most rate, and great.  
 For we (in counsaile of taxation, met)  
 Will from our Subjects, gaine their worth againe;  
 Since 'tis vnequall one man should sustaine  
 A charge so waighty, being the grace of all;  
 VVhich, borne by many, is a waight but small.  
 Thus spake *Alcinous*, and pleas'd the rest;  
 VVhen each man clos'd, with home, & sleep, his feast  
 But when the colour-giuing light arose;  
 All, to the Ship, did all their speeds dispose;  
 And wealth (yt honest men makes) broght with them.  
 All which; euen he, that wore the Diadem  
 Stow'd in the Ship himselfe, beneath the seats  
 The Rowers sate in; stooping, lest their lets  
 In any of their labors, he might proue  
 Then home he turn'd: and after him, did moue  
 The whole assembly to expected feast.  
 Amongst whom, he a sacrifice addrest,  
 And slue an Oxe, to weather-wielding *Ioue*;  
 Beneath whose Empire, all things are, and moue.  
 The thighs then roasting, they made glorious chere,  
 Delighted highly; and amongst them there,  
 The honor'd of the people vs'd his voice,  
 Diuine *Demodocus*. Yet through this choice  
 Of Cheere, and Musicke, had *Vlysses* still  
 An Eye directed to the Easterne hill,  
 To see Him rising, that illustrates all.  
 For now into his minde, a fire did fall

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Of thirst for home: And as in hungry vow  
 To needfull food, a man at fixed Plow;  
 (To whom, the black Oxe all day long hath turn'd  
 The stubborne fallows up; his stomacke burn'd  
 VVith empty heate, and appetite to food;  
 His knees afflicted with his spirit-spent blood)  
 At length the long-expected Sun-set sees;  
 That he may sit to foode, and rest his knees:  
 So, to *Vlysses*, set the friendly light  
 The Sun affoorded, with as wish't a sight  
 VVho, straight bespake, that Ore-affecting State:  
 But did in chiefe, his speech appropriate  
 To him by Name, that with their Rule was crown'd.      *Alcinous?* Of all men, most renown'd,  
 Dismiss me, with as safe passe, as you vow;  
 (Your offering past) and may the Gods to you  
 In all contentment, vse as full a hand:  
 For now, my landing heere, and stay shall stand  
 In all perfection with my hearts desire;  
 Both my so safe deduction to aspire,  
 And louing gifts; which, may the Gods to me,  
 As blest in vse make, as your acts are free:  
 Euen to the finding firme, in loue, and life,  
 VVith all desir'd euent, my friends, and wife.  
 VVhen, as my selfe shall liue delighted there;  
 May you, with your wiues, rest as happy here:  
 Your Sonnes and Daughters (in particular State)  
 With euery vertue rendred consummate:  
 And, in your generall Empire, may ill neuer  
 Approach your Land; but good your good quit euer.  
 This, all applauded, and all ioyntly cried;  
 Dismiss the Stranger: he hath dignified  
 With fit speech, his dismissal. Then the King  
 Thus charg'd the Herral: Fill for offering  
 A bowl of wine: which through the whol large house  
 Dispose to all men; that propitious,  
 Our Father *Ioue* made, with our prayers; we may  
 Giue home our Guest, in full and wished way.  
 This said; *Pontonus* commixt a Bowle  
 Of such sweete wine, as did delight the soule:  
 VVhich making sacred to the blessed Gods,  
 That hold in broad heauen their supream abodes;  
 God-like *Vlysses*, from his chaire arose,  
 And in the hands of th' Empresse, did impose  
 The all-round Cup: To whom (faire spoke) he saide;      Reioyce, O Queene, and be your ioyes repaide  
 By heauen, for me, till age and death succede;  
 Both which, inflict their most vnwelcome neede,  
 On Men and Dames, alike. And, first (for me)  
 I must from hence, to both: Liue you heere free;  
 And euer may, all liuing blessings spring;  
 Your ioy in Children, Subiects, and your King.  
 This saide, diuine *Vlysses* tooke his way:

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Before whom, the vnalterable sway  
 Of King *Alcinous* virtue, did command  
 A Heralds fit attendance to the Strand  
 And Ship appointed. VVith him, likewise went  
 Handmaids, by *Aretes* iniunction sent.  
 One bore an Out and In—weede, faire and sweete;  
 The other an embroider'd Cabinet:  
 The third, had Bread to beare, and ruddy wine;  
 All which, (at Sea, and Ship arriu'd) resigne,  
 Their Freight confer'd. VVith faire attendants then,  
 The sheets and bedding of the Man of men,  
 VVithin a Cabin of the hollow Keele,  
 Spred, and made soft; that sleepe might sweetly seele  
 His restfull eyes; He enter'd, and his Bed,  
 In silence, tooke. The Rowers ordered  
 Themselues in seuerall seates: and then set gone  
 The Ship; the Gable from the hollow stone  
 Dissolu'd, and weigh'd vp: Altogether, close  
 Then beate the Sea. His lids, in sweete repose  
 Sleepe bound so fast, it scarce gaue way to breath;  
 Inexcitable, most deare, next of all to death.  
 And as amidst a faire field, foure braue horse  
 Before a Chariot, stung into their course  
 With feruent lashes of the smarting Scourge;  
 That all their fire blowes high; and makes them vrge  
 To vtmost speede, the measure of their ground:  
 So bore the Ship aloft, her fiery Bound;  
 About whom rusht the billowes, blacke, and vast;  
 In which the Sea—roares burst. As firme as fast  
 She ply'd her Course yet: Nor her winged speede,  
 The Faulcou gentle, could for pace, exceede.  
 So cut she through the waues, and bore a Man,  
 Euen with the Gods, in counsailes; that began  
 And spent his former life, in all misease:  
 Battailes of men, and rude waues of the Seas;  
 Yet now, securely slept, forgetting all.  
 And when heauens brightest star, that first doth call  
 The early morning out, aduanc't her head;  
 Then, neere to *Ithaca*, the Billow—bred  
*Phæacian* Ship approach't. There is a Port,  
 That th' aged Sea—God *Phorcys* makes his Fort:  
 Whose earth, the *Ithacensian* people owne.  
 In which, two Rockes inaccessible, are growne  
 Farre forth into the Sea; vv hose each strength binds  
 The boistrous waues in, from the high—flowne winds  
 On both the out—parts so, that all within  
 The well—built Ships, that once their harbour win  
 In his calme bosome; without Anchor, rest  
 Safe, and vnstir'd. From forth the hauens high crest,  
 Branch the well—brawn'd armes of an Oliue tree.  
 Beneath which, runs a Caue, from all Sun free;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Coole, and delightsome: Sacred to th' accesse  
 Of Nymphs, whose sur-names are the *Naiades*:  
 In which, flew humming Bees; in which lay throwne  
 Stone cups, Stone vessels, Shittles, all of stone;  
 With which, the *Nymphs* their purple Mantles woue:  
 In whose contexture, Art and wonder stroue.  
 In which, pure Springs perpetually ran;  
 To which, two entries were: the one for man,  
 (On which the North breath'd:) th' other, for the gods  
 (On which, the South:) and that, bore no abodes  
 For earthy men: But onely deathlesse feete  
 Had there free way. This Port, these men thought meet  
 To Land *Vlysses*; being the first, they knew.  
 Drew then, their Ship in: but no further drew  
 Then halfe her bulke reach't: by such cunning hand  
 Her course was manag'd. Then her men tooke land;  
 And first, brought forth *Vlysses*: Bed, and all  
 That richly furnisht it; he still in thrall  
 Of all-subduing sleepe. Vpon the sand  
 They set him softly downe; and then, the Strand  
 They strew'd with all the goods he had, bestow'd  
 By the renown'd *Phæacians*; since he show'd  
 So much *Minerua*. At the Oliue roote  
 They drew them then in heape, most far from foote  
 Of any Trauailer: least, ere his eyes  
 Resum'd their charge, they might be others prize.  
 These, then turn'd home: nor was the seas supreme  
 Forgetful of his threats, for *Polypheme*  
 Bent at diuine *Vlysses*: yet would proue  
 (Ere their performance) the decree of *Ioue*.  
 Father! No more the Gods shall honor me,  
 Since men despise me; and those men that see  
 The Light, in Linage of mine owne lou'd race.  
 I vow'd *Vlysses*, should before the grace  
 Of his returne, encounter woes enow  
 To make that purchase deare: yet, did not vow  
 Simply against it, since thy Brow had bent  
 To his reduction; in the fore-consent  
 Thou hadst vouchsaf't it: yet before, my minde  
 Hath full powre on him; the *Phæacians* finde  
 Their owne minds satisfaction, vvith his Passe:  
 So farre from suffering, what my pleasure was;  
 That ease, and softnesse, now is habited  
 In his secure brest: and his carelesse head,  
 Return'd in peace of sleepe to *Ithaca*.  
 The Brasse and Gold of rich *Phæacia*  
 Rocking his Temples. Garments richly wouen;  
 And worlds of Prize more, then was euer strouen  
 From all the conflicts he sustain'd at *Troy*,  
 If safe, he should his full share there, inioy.  
 The Showre-dissoluer answerd: VVhat a speech

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Hath past thy Pallate, O thou great in Reach  
 Of wrackfull Empire? Farre the Gods remaine  
 From scorne of thee: For, 'twere a worke of paine  
 To prosecute, with ignonimies, One  
 That swaies our ablest, and most ancient Throne.  
 For men; If any so beneath in power,  
 Neglect thy high will: now, or any houre  
 That moues heereafter; take reuenge to thee;  
 Soothe all thy will, and be thy pleasure free.  
 VVhy then (said he) thou blacker of the fumes  
 That dimme the Sun; my licenst power resumes  
 Act from thy speech: but I obserue so much,  
 And feare thy pleasure, that I dare not touch  
 At any inclination of mine owne,  
 Till thy consenting influence be knowne.  
 But now; this curious-built *Phaecian* Ship,  
 Returning from her Conuoy, I will strip  
 Of all her fleeting matter; and to stone  
 Transforme and fixe it (iust when she hath gone  
 Her full time home; and iets before their prease  
 In all her trim) amidst the Sable Seas.  
 That they may cease to conuoy strangers still,  
 VVhen they shall see, so like a mighty Hill  
 Their glory sticke before their Cities grace,  
 And my hands cast a maske before her face.  
 O friend, (said *Ioue*) it shewes to me the best  
 Of al earths obiects; that their whole prease, drest  
 In all their wonder; neere their Towne shall stand  
 And stare vpon a Stone, so neere the Land,  
 So like a Ship, and dam vp all their lights,  
 As if a Mountaine interposde their sights.  
 VVhen *Neptune* heard this, he for *Scheria* went,  
 VVhence the *Phaecians* tooke their first descent.  
 VVhich when he reacht, and in her swiftest pride,  
 The water-treader, by the Cities side  
 Came cutting close; close he came swiftly on;  
 Tooke her in violent hand, and to a Stone  
 Turnd all her syluane substance. All below,  
 Firmd her with Rootes, & left her. This strange show  
 VVhen the *Phaecians* saw, they stupid stood,  
 And askt each other, who amidst the flood  
 Could fixe their Ship so, in her full speed home?  
 And quite transparant, make her bulke become?      Thus talkt they; but were farre from knowing how  
 These things had issue. VVhich their King did show,  
 And saide; O friends, the ancient Prophetes  
 My Father told to me, to all our eyes  
 Are now in prooffe: he saide, the time would come,  
 VVhen *Neptune*, for our safe conducting home  
 All sorts of Strangers (out of enuy fir'd)  
 Would meete our fairest Ship as she retir'd;  
 And all the goodly Shape, and speed we bost,



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Should like a Mountaine stand before vs lost,  
 Amids the mouing waters; which we see  
 Perform'd in full end to our prophesie.  
 Heare then my counsaile, and obey me then:  
 Renounce henceforth our conuoy home of men;  
 Who euer shall heereafter greete our Towne.  
 And to th' offended Deities Renowne;  
 Twelue chosen Oxen let vs sacred make,  
 That he may pittie vs: and from vs take  
 This shady Mountaine. They, in feare, obaide;  
 Slew all the Beeues, and to the Godhead praide:  
 The Dukes and Princes, all ensphearing round  
 The sacred Altar. While whose Tops were croun'd,  
 Diuine *Vlysses* (on his Countries brest  
 Laid bound in sleepe) now rose out of his rest:  
 Nor (being so long remou'd) the Region knew.  
 (Besides which absence yet) *Minerua* threw  
 A cloud about him; to make strange the more  
 His safe arriual: lest, vpon his Shore  
 He should make knowne his face, and vtter all  
 That might preuent, th' euent that was to fall.  
 VVhich she prepar'd so well, that not his wife  
 (Presented to him) should perceiue his life:  
 No Citizen, no Friend; till righteous Fate  
 Vpon the vooers wrongs, were consummate.  
 Through which cloud, all things show'd now to the King  
 Of forreign fashion. The enflowred Spring,  
 Amongst the Trees there. The perpetuall waues;  
 The Rockes, that did more high their foreheads raise  
 To his Rapt eye, then naturally they did:  
 And all the Hauen, in which a man seem'd hid  
 From winde, & weather, when storms loudest chid.  
 He therefore, being risen, stood and viewd  
 His country earth: which (not perceiu'd) he rew'd:  
 And, striking with his hurl-downe hands his Thyes,  
 He mourn'd, and saide: O me! Againe where lyes  
 My desart way? To wrongfull men, and rude?  
 And with no Lawes of humane right indu'de?  
 Or are they humane, and of holy minds?  
 What fits my deede with these so many kinds  
 Of goods late giuen? VVhat, with my selfe, wil floods  
 And Errors do? I would to God; these Goods  
 Had rested with their Owners: and that I  
 Had falne on Kings of more Regality,  
 To grace out my returne; that lou'd indeed,  
 And would haue giuen me Consorts of fit speed  
 To my distresses ending! But, as now  
 All knowledge flyes me, where I may bestow  
 My labour'd purchase. Heere they shall not stay,  
 Lest what I car'd for, others make their prey.  
 O Gods! I see, the great *Phæacians* then

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

VVere not all iust, and vnderstanding men;  
 That land me elsewhere then their vants pretended:  
 Assuring me, my countrey should see ended  
 My miseries told them: yet now, eate their vants.  
 O Ioue! great Guardian of poore Suppliants,  
 That others sees, and notes too; shutting in  
 All in thy plagues, that most presume on Sin,  
 Reuenge me on them. Let me number now  
 The goods they gaue, to giue my minde to know  
 If they haue stolne none, in their close retreat.  
 The goodly Caldrons then, and Tripods (set  
 In seuerall rankes from out the heape) he told.  
 His rich wrought garments too, and all his Gold:  
 And nothing lack't; and yet this Man did mourne,  
 The but supposd misse of his home returne.  
 And, creeping to the shore, with much complaint;  
*Minerua*, (like a Shepheard, yong, and quaint,  
 As King sonnes are: a double Mantle cast  
 A'thwart his Shoulders, his faire goers grac'st  
 With fitted shooes; and in his hand, a Dart)  
 Appear'd to him, whose sight reioyc't his hart.  
 To whom he came, and saide: O Friend? Since first  
 I meete your fight heere: Be all good, the worst  
 That can ioyne our encounter: Fare you Faire;  
 Nor with aduerse minde, welcome my repaire:  
 But guard these goods of mine, and succour me.  
 As to a God, I offer prayers to thee,  
 And low accesse make, to thy loued knee.  
 Say truth, that I may know, what countrey then?  
 What commune people liue heere? And what men?  
 Some famous Isle is this? Or giues it vent  
 (Being neere the Sea) to some rich Continent?      She answer'd; Stranger, what so ere you are;  
 Y'are either foolish, or come passing farre,  
 That know not this Isle, and make that doubt, troble;  
 For 'tis not so exceedingly ignoble,  
 But passing many know it: and so many,  
 That, of all Nations, there abides not any,  
 From where the *Morning* rises, and the *Sun*;  
 To where the *Euen*, and *Night* their courses run,  
 But know this countrey. Rocky 'tis, and rough;  
 And so, for vse of horse vnapt enough:  
 Yet, with sad Barrennesse not much infested,  
 Since clouds are heere in frequent raines digested,  
 And flowry dewes. The compasse is not great;  
 The little yet, well fild with wine, and wheat.  
 It feeds a Goat, and Oxe well; being still  
 Water'd with floods, that euer ouer-fill  
 VVith heauens continual showers: and woodded so,  
 It makes a Spring of all the kindes that grow.  
 And therefore, Stranger, the extended name  
 Of this Dominion, makes accesse by Fame,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

From this extreame part of *Achaia*,  
 As farre as *Ilion*; and 'tis *Ithaca*.  
 This ioy'd him much, that so vnknowne a Land,  
 Turn'd to his country. Yet so wise a hand  
 He carried, euen of this ioy, flowne so hye,  
 That other end he put to his reply,  
 Then straight to shew that ioy, and lay abrode  
 His life to Strangers. Therefore, he bestowd  
 A veile on *Truth*: For euermore did winde  
 About his bosome, a most crafty minde,  
 VVhich thus his words shew'd. I haue farre at Sea,  
 In spacious *Crete*, heard speake of *Ithaca*;  
 Of which, my selfe (it seemes) now reach the shore,  
 VVith these my Fortunes; whose whole value more  
 I left in *Crete* amongst my children there;  
 From whence I flye, for being the slaughterer  
 Of royall *Idomeus* most loued Son;  
 Swift-foote *Orsilochus*, that could out-run  
 Profest men for the race. Yet him I slue,  
 Because he would depriue me of my due  
 In *Troian* prize: for which, I suffer'd so  
 (The rude waues piercing) the redoubled wo  
 Of minde and body, in the warres of men:  
 Nor did I gratifie his Father then  
 VVith any seruice; But, as well as he,  
 Sway'd in command of other Souldiery.  
 So, with a friend withdrawne, we way-laide him,  
 VVhen gloomy Night, the cope of heauen did dim,  
 And no man knew. But we (lodg'd close) he came,  
 And I put out, to him, his vitall flame.  
 VVhose slaughter, hauing author'd with my sword,  
 I instant flight made; and straight fell aboard  
 A Ship of the renown'd *Phoenician* State;  
 VVhen prayer, and pay, at a sufficient rate  
 Obtain'd my Passe, of men in her command:  
 VVhom I inioynd to set me on the land  
 Of *Pylos*, or of *Elis*, the diuine,  
 VVhere the *Epeyans* in great Empire shine.  
 But force of weather check't that course to them,  
 Though (loath to faile me) to their most extreme  
 They spent their willing pow'rs. But, forc't fro thence,  
 VVe err'd, and put in heere, with much expence  
 Of Care and Labour: and in dead of Night,  
 VVhen no man there, seru'd any appetite,  
 So much as with the Memory of food,  
 Though our estates exceeding Needy stood.  
 But, going ashore, we lay; when gentle sleepe  
 My weary pow'rs inuaded: and from Ship,  
 They fetching these my Riches, with iust hand  
 About me laide them: while vpon the sand  
 Sleepe bound my senses; and for *Sydon*, they

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

(Put off from hence) made saile: while heere I lay,  
 Left sad alone. The Goddess laught, and tooke  
 His hand in hers; and with another looke,  
 (Assuming then the likenesse of a Dame,  
 Louely and goodly, expert in the frame  
 Of vertuous Huswiferies) she answerd thus.  
 He should be passing slie, and couetous  
 Of stealth, in mens deceits, that coted thee,  
 In any craft; though any God should be  
 Ambitious to exceede in subtilty.  
 Thou still-wit-varying wretch! Insatiate  
 In ouer-reaches: Not secure thy state  
 Without these wiles? Though on thy Natiue shore  
 Thou setst safe footing? But vpon thy store  
 Of false words, still spend? That euen from thy byrth  
 Haue bene thy best friends? Come: our either worth  
 Is knowne to either: Thou, of Men, art far  
 (For words and counsailes) the most singular;  
 But I, about the Gods, in both, may bost  
 My still-tried Faculties. Yet thou hast lost  
 The knowledge euen of me: the seede of *Ioue*,  
*Pallas Athenia*; that haue still out-stroue  
 In all thy Labors, their extremes; and stood  
 Thy sure guard euer: making all thy good,  
 Knowne to the good *Phæacians*, and receiu'd.  
 And now againe, I greete thee, to see weau'd  
 Fresh Counsailes for thee: and will take on me  
 The close reseruing of these goods for thee,  
 VVhich the renown'd *Phæacian* States bestow'd  
 At thy deduction homewards; Onely mou'd  
 VVith my, both spirit and counsell. All which grace  
 I now will amplifie, and tell what case  
 Thy household stands in; vttering all those paines,  
 That, of meere need, yet still must racke thy vaines;  
 Do thou then freely beare; Nor one word giue  
 To Man nor Dame, to shew thou yet dost liue:  
 But silent, suffer ouer all againe  
 Thy sorrowes past; and beare the wrongs of Men.  
 Goddess (said he) vniust men, and vnwise,  
 That author iniuries, and vanities;  
 By vanities and wrongs, should rather be  
 Bound to this ill-abearing destiny,  
 Then iust, and wise men. VVhat delight hath heauen,  
 That liues vnhurt it selfe, to suffer giuen  
 Vp to all damage, those poore few that striue  
 To imitate it? and like the Deities liue?  
 But where you wonder, that I know you not  
 Through all your changes; that skill is not got  
 By sleight or Art: since thy most hard-hit face,  
 Is still distinguisht by thy free-giuen grace.  
 And therefore truly to acknowledge thee

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

In thy encounters, is a maistry  
 In men most knowing. For to all men, thou  
 Tak'st seuerall likenesse. All men thinke they know  
 Thee in their wits. But, since thy seeming view  
 Appeares to all; and yet thy truth, to few:  
 Through all thy changes, to discern thee right,  
 Askes chiefe Loue to thee; and inspired light.  
 But this, I surely know; that some yeares past,  
 I haue beene often with thy presence grac'st,  
 All time the sonnes of *Greece* wag'd warre at *Troy* :  
 But when Fates full houre, let our swords enioy  
 Our vowes, in sacke of *Priams* lofty Towne:  
 Our Ships all boorded; and when God had blowne  
 Our Fleete in sunder, I could neuer see  
 The seede of *Ioue*; Nor once distinguish thee  
 Boording my Ship, to take one woe from me.  
 But onely in my proper spirit inuolu'd,  
 Err'd, here and there quite slaine; til heauen dissolu'd  
 Me, and my ill: which chanc't not, till thy grace  
 By open speech confirm'd me; in a place  
 Fruitfull of people: where, in person, thou  
 Didst giue me guide, and all their City show;  
 And that was the renown'd, *Phaecian* earth.  
 Now then; euerr by the author of thy Birth,  
 Vouchsafe my doubt the Truth (for farre it flies  
 My thoughts; that thus should fall into thine eies  
 Conspicuous *Ithaca*: but feare I touch  
 At some farre Shore; and that thy wit is such,  
 Thou dost delude me) Is it sure the same,  
 Most honor'd earth, that beares my countries name?  
 I see (sayd she) thou wilt be euer thus,  
 In euery worldly good, incredulous.  
 And therefore, haue no more the power, to see  
 Fraile life more plagu'd with infelicity;  
 In one so eloquent, ingenious wise.  
 Another man, that so long miseries  
 Had kept from his lou'd home; and thus return'd  
 To see his house, wife, children, would haue burn'd  
 In headlong lust to visit. Yet t'enquire,  
 VVhat states they hold, affects not thy desire,  
 Till thou hast tried: If in thy wife, there be  
 A Sorrow, wasting dayes, and nights for thee,  
 In Louing teares: That then the fight may proue  
 A full reward, for eithers mutuall Loue.  
 But I would neuer, credit in you both  
 Least cause of sorrow; but well knew, the troth  
 Of this thine owne returne: though all thy Friends,  
 I knew, as well, should make returnlesse ends.  
 Yet would not crosse mine Vnkle *Neptune* so  
 To stand their safegard; since so high did go  
 His wrath, for thy extinction of the eye

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Of his lou'd sonne. Come then, Ile show thee why  
 I call this Isle, thy *Ithaca*; To ground  
 Thy credit on my words: This haven is own'd  
 By th' aged Sea god *Phorcys*: in whose Brow,  
 This is the Oliue with the ample bow;  
 And heere close by, the pleasant-shaded Caue,  
 That to the Fount-Nymphs, th'*Ithacensians* gave  
 As Sacred to their pleasures heere doth run  
 The large, and couer'd den, where thou hast done  
 Hundreds of Offerings to the *Naiades*.  
 Here, Mount *Nerytus* shakes his curled Tresse  
 Of shady woods. This sayd, she cleer'd the clowd  
 That first deceyu'd his tyes; and all things show'd  
 His country to him. Glad he stood with fight  
 Of his lou'd Soile; and kist it, with delight.  
 And instantly, to all the Nymphs hee paide  
 (With hands held vp to heauen) these vowes, & said.  
 Ye *Nymphs* the *Naiades*, great seed of *Ioue*:  
 I had conceite, that neuer more should moue  
 Your sight, in these spheres of my erring eyes;  
 And therefore, in the fuller Sacrifice  
 Of my hearts gratitude; Reioyce till more  
 I pay your Names, in Offerings, as before.  
 VVhich heere I vow; If *Ioues* benigne descent  
 (The mighty Pillager) with life convent  
 My person home; and to my sau'd decease,  
 Of my lou'd sonnes sight; adde the sweet increase.  
 Be confident (saide *Pallas*) nor oppresse  
 Thy spirits with care of these performances;  
 But these thy fortunes, let vs straight repose  
 In this diuine Caues bosome, that may close  
 Reserue their value; and we then may see  
 How best to order other acts to thee.  
 Thus entred she the light-excluding Caue;  
 And through it, sought some inmost nooke to saue  
 The Gold, the great Brasse, & robes richly wrought,  
 Giuen to *Vlysses*. All which, in he brought;  
 Laid downe in heape; and she impos'd a stone  
 Close to the cauernes mouth. Then sat they on  
 The sacred Oliues roote, consulting how  
 To act th' insulting wooers ouerthrow.  
 VVhen *Pallas* saide; Examine how the means  
 That best may lay hand on the impudence  
 Of those proud wooers: that haue now three years  
 Thy Roofes rule swai'd; and bene bold Offerers  
 Of suite, and gifts, to thy renowned wife;  
 VVho for thy absence, all her desolate life,  
 Dissolues in teares till thy desir'd returne.  
 Yet all her wooers, while shee thus doth mourne  
 She holds in hope; and euery one affords  
 (In fore-sent message) promise. But her words

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Beare other vtterance then her heart approves.  
 O Gods (said *Ithacus*) it now behoves  
 My Fate to end me, in the ill deceasse  
 That *Agamemnon* vnderwent, vnlesse  
 You tell me, and in time, their close intents.  
 Advise then meanes, to the reueng'd euent  
 VVe both resolute on. Be thy selfe so kinde  
 To stand close to me; and but such a minde  
 Breath in my bosome, as when th'*Ilion* Fowres  
 VVe tore in Cinders. O if equall powres  
 Thou wouldst enflame, amidst my Nerues as then,  
 I could encounter with three hundred men:  
 Thy onely selfe (great Goddess) had to friend,  
 In those braue ardors thou wer't wont t'extend.  
 I will be strongly with thee, (answer'd she)  
 Nor must thou faile, but do thy part with me.  
 VVhen both whose pow'rs cobine, I hope the bloods  
 And braines of some of these that waste thy goods  
 Shall strew thy goodly Pauements. Ioyne we then:  
 I first will render thee vnknowne to men.  
 And on thy solid Lineaments, make dry  
 Thy now smooth skin. Thy bright-brown curles imply  
 In hoary mattings: thy broad shoulders cloath  
 In such a cloake, as euery eye shall loath.  
 Thy bright eyes, bleare and wrinkle; and so change  
 Thy forme at all parts, that thou shalt be strange  
 To all the VVoors; thy yong sonne, and wife.  
 But, to thy Herdsman first present thy life;  
 That guards thy Swine, and wisheth well to thee;  
 That loues thy sonne, and wife *Penelope*.  
 Thy search shall finde him, set aside his Heard,  
 That are with tast-delighting Acornes rear'd:  
 And drinke the darke-deepe water of the Spring  
 Bright *Arethusa*; the most nourishing  
 Raiser of Heardes. There stay, and (taking feate  
 Aside thy Herdsman) of the whole State, treat  
 Of home occurrents; while I make accesse  
 To faire-dame breeding *Sparta*: for regresse  
 Of lou'd *Telemachus*: who went in quest  
 Of thy lou'd fame; and liu'd the welcome Guest  
 Of *Menelaus*. The much-knower saide:      Why wouldst not thou (in whose grave brest is bred  
 The Art to order all acts) tell in this  
 His error to him? Let those yeares of his  
 Amids the rude seas wander, and sustaine  
 The woes there raging? while vnworthy men  
 Deuoure his fortunes? Let not care extend.  
 Thy heart for him (saide she) my selfe did send  
 His person in thy search, to set his worth  
 (By good fame blowne) to such a distance forth.  
 Nor suffers he, in any least degree  
 The grieffe you feare: but all variety

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

That Plenty can yeeld, in her quietst fare.  
In *Menelaus* Court, doth sit and share.  
In whose returne from home, the Wooers yet  
Lay bloody ambush; and a Ship haue set  
To Sea, to intercept his life before  
He touch againe his births attempted shore.  
All which, my thoughts lay, they shall neuer do,  
But rather, that the earth shall ouergo  
Some one at least, of these Loue-making men;  
By which thy goods, so much empaire sustain.  
Thus vsing certaine secret words to him,  
She toucht him with her rod; and euery lim  
VVas hid all ouer with a wither'd skin:  
His bright eies, blear'd; his brow curles, white & thin;  
And all things did an aged man present.  
Then (for his owne weeds) Shirt and coat, all rent;  
Tann'd, and all sootied, with noisome smoke,  
She put him on; and ouer all, a cloke  
Made of a Stags huge hide: of which was worne  
The haire quite off. A Scrip all patcht and torne,  
Hung by a cord, oft broke, and knit againe,  
And with a staffe did his old limbs sustaine.  
Thus hauing both consulted of th' euent,  
They parted both: and forth to *Sparta* went  
The gray-ey'd Goddess, to see all things done  
That appertain'd to wise *Vlysses* sonne. The End of the Thirteenth Booke of Homers Odyssees.

## THE FOVRTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*Vlysses meets amidst the Field  
His Swaine Eumæus; who doth yeild  
Kinde Guest rites to him; and relate  
Occurrents of his wrong'd estate.*

### Another.

*Vlysses faines,  
for his Good:  
His pious Swaines  
faith vnderstood.* Bvt he, the rough way tooke from forth the Port,  
Through woods, and hill tops, seeking the resort  
Where *Pallas* said, diuine *Eumæus* liu'd:  
Who, of the fortunes that were first atchieu'd  
By God-like *Ithacus*, in household rights,  
Had more care then all his Prosyrites.  
He found him sitting in his Cottage dore;



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Where he had rais'd to every airy Bloor,  
 A Front of great height; and in such a place,  
 That round ye might behold: of circular grace  
 A walke so wound about it: which the Swain  
 (In absence of his farre-gone Soueraine)  
 Had built himselfe, without his Queenes supply,  
 Or old *Laertes*; to see safely lye  
 His housed herd. The inner part, he wrought  
 Of stones, that thither his owne labors brought;  
 Which with an hedge of Thorn he fenc't about,  
 And compast all the hedge, with pales cleft out  
 Of sable Oake; that here and there he fixt  
 Frequent and thicke. Within his yard, he mixt  
 Twelue Sties to lodge his Heard; and every Sty  
 Had roome and vse, for fifty Swine to lye.  
 But those were females all. The male Swine slept  
 Without doores euer. Nor was their Herd kept  
 Faire like the Females, since they suffer'd still  
 Great diminution: he being forc't to kill  
 And send the fattest to the dainty Feasts,  
 Affected by th' vngodly wooing guests.  
 Their number therefore, but three hundred were,  
 And sixty: By them, Mastiues as austere  
 As sauage beasts, lay euer. Their fierce straine  
 Bred by the Herdsman; a meere Prince of Men:  
 Their number, foure. Himselfe was then appli'de  
 In cutting forth a faire-hew'd Oxes hide,  
 To fit his feete with shooes. His seruants held  
 Guard of his Swine. Three, here and there, at field;  
 The fourth, he sent to City with a Sow,  
 Which must of force be offer'd to the Vow,  
 The Voowers made to all society:  
 To serue which, still they did those Offrings ply.  
 The Fate-borne-Dogs-to-Barke, tooke sodaine view  
 Of *Odysseus*; and vpon him flew  
 With open mouth. He (cunning, to appall  
 A fierce Dogs fury) from his hand let fall  
 His staffe to earth; and sat him carelesse downe.  
 And yet to him had one foule wrong bene showne  
 Where most his Right lay; had not instantly  
 The Herdsman let his hide fall; and his cry  
 (With frequent stones, flung at the dogges) repeld  
 This way, and that, their eager course they held:  
 When through the entry past, he thus did mourne.  
 By these rude Dogges? whose hurt had branded me  
 With much neglect of you? But Deity  
 Hath giuen so many other sighes, and cares  
 To my attendant state: that well vnwares  
 You might be hurt for me: for heere I lie  
 Griuing and mourning for the Maiestie  
 That God-like wanted to be ruling heere;

O Father! How soone, had you neere bene torne

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Since now, I fat his Swine, for others cheere:  
 VWhere he, perhaps, err's hungry vp and downe,  
 In Countries, Nations, Cities, all vnknowne.  
 If any where he liues yet; and doth see  
 The Sunnes sweet beames. But (Father) follow mee,  
 That (cheer'd with wine and foode) you may disclose  
 From whence you truly are; and all the woes  
 Your age is subiect to. This said, he led  
 Into his Cottage; and of Osiers, spread  
 A thickned hurdle; on whose top, he strow'd  
 A wilde Goats shaggy skin; and then bestow'd  
 His owne Couch on it, that was soft and great.  
 Vlysses ioy'd, to see him so entreat  
 His vncouth Presence; saying, *Ioue* requite,  
 And all th' immortal Gods, with that delight  
 Thou most defir'st, thy kinde receite of me;  
 O Friend, to humane Hospitality.  
*Eumæus* answer'd: Guest? If one much worse  
 Arriu'd here then thy selfe; it were a curse  
 To my poore meanes, to let a Stranger tast  
 Contempt, for fit food. Poore men, and vnplac'st  
 In free seats of their owne; are all from *Ioue*  
 Commended to our entertaining Loue.  
 But poore is th' entertainment I can giue;  
 Yet free, and louing. Of such men as liue  
 The liues of seruants, and are still in feare  
 Where yong Lords gouerne; this is all the cheare  
 They can affoord a Stranger. There was One  
 That vsde to manage, this now desart Throne:  
 To whom the Gods deny returne; that show'd  
 His curious faouour to me, and bestow'd  
 Possessions on me: A most wished wife,  
 A house, and portion; and a Seruants life,  
 Fit for the gift a gracious King should giue:  
 VWho still tooke pains himselfe; & God made thriue  
 His personall endeuour: and to me,  
 His worke the more increast; in which you see  
 I now am conuersant. And therefore much  
 His hand had help't me, had heuens wil beene such,  
 He might haue heere growne old. But he is gone,  
 And would to God the whole succession  
 Of *Hellen* might go with him; since for her  
 So many men di'de: whose Fate did confer  
 My Liege to *Troy*, in *Agamemmons* grace;  
 To spoile her People, and her Turrets race.  
 This said, his coate to him, he streight did gird;  
 And to his Sties went, that contain'd his Herd.  
 From whence, he tooke out two, slew both, and out  
 Both fairely vp. A fire enflam'd, and put  
 To spit the ioynts; which roasted well, he set  
 VWith spit and all to him, that he might eat

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

From thence his food, in all the sindging heat.  
 Yet dreg'd it first with Flowre: Then fil'd his Cup  
 VVith good sweet wine; Sate then, & cheard him vp.  
 Eate now (my guest) such leane Swine, as are meate  
 For vs poore Swaines: The fat, the wooers eate.  
 In whose minds, no shame, no remorse doth moue:  
 Though well they know, the blest Gods doe not loue  
 Vngodly actions; but respect the right,  
 And in the workes of pious men, delight.  
 But these are worse then impious; for those  
 That vow t'iniustice, and professe them foes  
 To other Nations, enter on their Land;  
 And *Iupiter* (to shew his punishing hand  
 Vpon th' inuaded, for their pennance then)  
 Giues fauour to their foes (though wicked men)  
 To make their prey on them; who, hauing freight  
 Their ships with spoile enough, weigh ancor streight;  
 And each man to his house; (and yet euen these,  
 Doth powrefull feare, of Gods iust vengeance seize  
 Euen for that prize, in which they so reioyce)  
 But these men, knowing (hauing heard the voyce  
 Of God, by some meanes) that sad Death hath rest  
 The Ruler heere; will neuer suffer left  
 Their vniust wooing of his wife, nor take  
 Her often answer: and their owne Roofes make  
 Their fir retreats: But (since vncheck't, they may)  
 They therefore wil, make still his goods their pray,  
 Without all spare, or end. There is no day,  
 Nor night sent out from God, that euer they  
 Prophane with one beasts blood, or onely two,  
 But more make spoile of: and the wrongs they do  
 In meates excesse; to Wine as well extend;  
 VVhich as excessiue, their ryots spend:  
 Yet still leaue store. For sure his meanes were great;  
 And no *Heroe*, that hath choisest seate  
 Vpon the fruitfull neighbour Continent;  
 Or in this Isle it selfe, so opulent  
 Was, as *Vlysses*: No, nor twenty such  
 Put altogether, did possesse so much.  
 VVhose Herds and Flockes Ile tell to euery Head:  
 Vpon the Continent, he daily fed  
 Twelue Herds of Oxen; No lesse, Flockes of Sheepe;  
 As many Herds of Swine. Stals, large and steepe,  
 And equall sort of Goats: which Tenants there,  
 And his owne Shepherds kept. Then fed he here,  
 Eleuen faire stalles of Goats; whose food hath yeilde  
 In the extreame part of a neighbor Field.  
 Each Stall, his Herdsman hath: An honest Swaine,  
 Yet euery one, must euery day sustaine  
 The load of one Beast, (the most fat, and best  
 Of all the Stall-fed) to the VVoers Feast.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And I (for my part) of the Swine I keepe  
 (VVith foure more Herdsmen) euery day, help steep  
 The VVoers appetites, in blood of one,  
 The most select, our choise can fall vpon.  
 To this; *Vlysses* gaue good eare, and fed;  
 And drunke his wine; and vext; and rauished  
 His food for meere vexation. Seeds of ill  
 His Stomacke sow'd, to heare his goods go still  
 Yo glut of wooers. But his dinner done,  
 And Stomacke fed to satisfaction:  
 He drunke a full Bowle, all of onely wine,  
 And gaue it to the Guardian of his Swine:  
 Who tooke it, and reioyc't. To whom he said;      O Friend, who is it that (so rich) hath paid  
 Price for thy seruice? Whose commended pow'r,  
 Thou sayst (to grace the *Græcian* Conquerour)  
 At *Ilion* perisht? Tell me; it may fall  
 I knew some such. The great God knowes, and all  
 The other deathlesse Godheads: if I can  
 (Farre hauing traueil'd) tell of such a man.  
*Eumæus* answer'd: Father, neuer one  
 Of all the Strangers that haue touch't vpon  
 This Coast with his lifes Newes, could euer yet  
 Of Queene, or lou'd sonne, any credit get.  
 These Trauailers for cloathes, or for a meale;  
 At all aduentures, any lye will tell.  
 Nor do they trade for truth: not any man  
 That saw the people *Ithacensian*,  
 Of all their sort; and had the Queenes supplies,  
 Did euer tell her any newes, but lies.  
 She graciously receiues them yet; enquires  
 Of all she can: and all, in teares expires.  
 It is th' accustom'd Law, that women keepe.  
 Their husbands, elsewhere dead, at home to weepe.  
 But do thou, quickly Father, forge a Tale;  
 Some Coat, or cloake, to keepe thee warme withall,  
 Perhaps some one may yeeld thee: But for him,  
 Vultures and Dogges, haue torne from euery lim  
 His porous skin; and forth his soule is fled:  
 His coarse at Sea, to Fishes forfeited:  
 Or on the Shore, lies hid in heapes of sand;  
 And there hath he his ebbe: his Natiue Strand  
 With friends teares flowing. But to me, past all  
 VVere teares created: For I neuer shall  
 Finde so humane a royall Mayster more;  
 VVhat euer Sea, I seeke; what euer Shore.  
 Nay, to my Father, or my Mothers loue  
 Should I returne; by whom, I breath and moue,  
 Could I so much ioy offer; nor these eyes  
 (Though my desires sustaine extremities  
 For their sad absence) would so faine be blest  
 VVith sight of their liues, in my natiue Nest,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

As with *Vlysses* dead: in whose last rest,  
(O friend) my soule shall loue him. Hee's not here,  
Nor do I name him like a Flatterer.  
But as one thankfull for his Loue and care  
To me a poore man; in the rich so rare.  
And be he past all shores, where Sun can shine,  
I will inuoke him as a soule diuine.  
O Friend (sayd he) to say, and to beleuee  
He cannot liue, doth too much license giue  
To incredulity. For (not to speake  
At needy randon; but my breath to breake  
In sacred Oath) *Vlysses* shall returne.  
And when his sight recomforts those that mourne,  
In his owne roofes; then giue me cloake, and cote,  
And garments worthy of a man of note.  
Before which, though neede vrg'd me neuer so,  
Ile not receiue a thred, but naked go.  
No lesse I hate him then the gates of hell,  
That poorenesse can force, an vntruth to tell.  
Let *Ioue* then (heauens chiefe God) iust witnes beare,  
And this thy hospitable Table heere;  
Together with vnblam'd *Vlysses* house,  
In which I finde receipt so gracious;  
VVhat I affirm'd of him shall all be .  
This instant yeare, thine eyes euen heere shall view  
Thy Lord *Vlysses*. Nay, ere this moneths end  
(Return'd full home) he shall reuenge extend  
To euery one, whose euer deed hath done  
VVrong to his wife, and his illustrious Sonne.  
O Father (he replied) ile neither giue  
Thy newes reward; nor doth *Vlysses* liue.  
But come; enough of this; let's drinke and eate,  
And neuer more his memory repeate.  
It grieues my heart to be remembered thus  
By any one, of one so glorious.  
But stand your oath, in your assertion strong,  
And let *Vlysses* come, for whom I long:  
For whom his wife; for whom his aged Sire;  
For whom his Son, consumes his God-like fire;  
VVhose chance I now must mourne, and euer shall.  
VVhom when the Gods had brought to be as tall  
As any vpriht plant: and I had saide,  
He would amongst a Court of men haue swaide  
In counsailes; and for forme, haue bene admir'd  
Euen with his Father: some God misinspir'd,  
Or man tooke from him, his owne equall minde;  
And past him for the *Pylian* Shore, to finde  
His long-lost Father. In returne from whence,  
The Wooers pride, way-layes his innocence;  
That, of diuine *Arcesius*, all the race  
May fade to *Ithaca*, and not the grace

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Of any Name, left to it. But leave we  
 His state, howeuer: if surpriz'd he be  
 Or if he scape. And may *Saturnius* hand  
 Protect him safely to his natiue Land.  
 Do you then (Father) shew your griefes, and cause  
 Of your arriuall heere; nor breake the hawes  
 That Truth prescribes you: but relate your name,  
 And of what race you are: your Fathers fame,  
 And natiue Cities: Ship and men vnfold,  
 That to this Isle conuaid you: since I hold  
 Your heere arriuall, was not all by shore;  
 Nor that your feete, your aged person bore.  
 He answer'd him; Ile tell all strictly ,  
 If time, and foode, and wine enough acruē  
 Within your rooffe to vs: that freely we  
 May sit and banquet: Let your businesse be  
 Discharg'd by others. For, when all is done,  
 I can not easly, while the yeare doth runne  
 His circle round, run ouer all the woes,  
 Beneath which (by the course the Gods dispose)  
 My sad age labours. First, Ile tell you then;  
 From ample *Crete* I fetch my native strain;  
 My Father wealthy; whose house, many a life  
 Brought forth and bred besides, by his wife.  
 But me; a Bond-maid bore; his Concubine?  
 Yet tender'd was I, as his lawfull line  
 By him; of whose race, I my life profes  
*Castor*, his name; surnam'd *Hylacides*  
 A man, in fore-times, by the Cretan State,  
 For goods, good children, and his fortunate  
 Successe in all acts; of no meane esteem.  
 But death-conferring Fates, haue banisht him  
 To *Pluto's* kingdome. After whom, his sons  
 By Lots diuided his possessions;  
 And gaue me passing little; yet bestow'd  
 A house on me: to which; my vertues woo'd  
 A wife from rich mens roofes; nor was borne low,  
 Nor last in fight, though all Nerues faile me now.  
 But I suppose, that you by thus much seene,  
 Know by the stubble, what the Corne hath bene.  
 For, past all doubt; affliction past all meane  
 Hath brought my age on: but, in seasons past;  
 Both *Mars* and *Pallas*, haue with boldnesse grac' st;  
 And Fortitude my fortunes; when I chus'd  
 Choise men for ambush, prest to haue produc'd  
 Ill to mine enemies; my too ventrous spirit,  
 Set neuer death before mine eyes, for merit.  
 But (farre the first aduanc't still) still I strooke  
 Dead with my Lance, whoeuer ouertooke  
 My speed of foot. Such was I then for warre.  
 But rusticke actions, euer fled me farre,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And household thrift, which breeds a famous race.  
 In Ore-driuen Ships, did I my pleasures place:  
 In Battailes, light Darts, Arrowes. Sad things all,  
 And into others thoughts, with horror fall.  
 But what God put into my minde: to me  
 I still esteem'd as my felicity.  
 As men, of seuerall Mettals are adrest;  
 So, seuerall formes are in their soules imprest.  
 Before the sonnes of *Greece*, set foot in *Troy*,  
 Nine times, in Chiefe, I did Command enioy  
 Of Men and Ships, against our forreigne foe;  
 And all I fitly wish't, succeeded so.  
 Yet, after this, I much exploit atchieu'd;  
 VVhen straight, my house in all possessions thriu'd.  
 Yet after that, I great, and Reuerend grew  
 Amongst the *Cretans*: till the Thunderer drew  
 Our Forces out, in his foe *Troy* decrees.  
 A hatefull seruice, that dissolu'd the knees  
 Of many a Soldier. And to this was I  
 And famous *Idomene*, enioyn'd t'apply  
 Our ships and pow'rs. Nor was there to be heard  
 One reason for deniall; so prefer'd  
 Was the vnreasonable peoples rumour.  
 Nine yeares we therefore fed the martiall humor;  
 And in the tenth (de-peopling *Priams* Towne)  
 We sail'd for home. But God had quickly blowne  
 Our Fleete in peeces; and to wretched mee,  
 The Counsailor *Ioue*, did much mishap decree.  
 For, onely one month, I had leave t'enioy  
 My wife, and children; and my goods t'employ.  
 But, after this, my minde for *Egypt* stooode;  
 When nine faire ships, I rig'd forth for the flood:  
 Mann'd them with noble soldiers: all things fit  
 For such a voyage, soone were won to it.  
 Yet sixe dayes after, staid my friends in feast;  
 VVhile I, in banquets to the Gods, adrest  
 Much sacred matter for their sacrifice.  
 The seauenth, we boarded; and the Northerne skies  
 Lent vs a franke, and passing prosperous gale,  
 Fore which, we bore as free and easie saile,  
 As we had back't a full and frolicke tide;  
 Nor felt one Ship misfortune for her pride;  
 But safe we sat, our Sailors and the winde  
 Consenting in our conuoy? When heaven shin'de  
 In sacred radiance of the fift faire day:  
 To sweetly-water'd *Egypt* reach't our way,  
 And there we anchor'd: where I charg'd my men  
 To stay aboard, and watch. Dismissing then  
 Some scouts, to get the hill-tops, and discover,  
 They (to their owne intemperance giuen ouer)  
 Straight fell to forrage the rich fields; and thence

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Enforce both wiues and infants, with th' expence  
 Of both their bloods. When straight the rumor flew  
 Vp to the City: (which heard) vp they drew  
 By daies first breake; and all the field was fild  
 VVith foot & horse; whose Armes did all things gild.  
 And then the Lightning-louing Deity, cast  
 A foule flight on my soldiers: nor stood fast  
 One man of all. About whom Mischiefe stood,  
 And with his stern steele, drew in streames the blood,  
 The greater part fed in their dissolute vaines:  
 The rest were sau'd, and made enthralled Swaines,  
 To all the basest vsages there bred.  
 And then, euen *Ioue* himselfe supplied my head  
 VVith sauing counsaile; (though I wisht to dye,  
 And there in *Egypt*, with their slaughters lye,  
 So much grieffe seiz'd me) but *Ioue* made me yield;  
 Dishelme my head, take from my necke, my shield:  
 Hurl from my hand my Lance, and to the troop  
 Of horse, the King led, instantly made vp;  
 Embrace, and kisse his knees; whom pittie won,  
 To giue me safety, and (to make me shun  
 The peoples outrage, that made in amaine,  
 All ioyntly fir'd, with thirst to see me slaine)  
 He tooke me to his Chariot, weeping home;  
 Himselfe with feare of *Ioues* wrath ouercome,  
 VVho yeelding soules receiues; and takes most ill  
 All such as well may saue, yet loue to kill.  
 Seuen yeares I soiourn'd heere, and measure gat,  
 In good abundance of th' Egyptian state:  
 For all would giue. But when th' eight yeare began:  
 A knowing Fellow (that would gnaw a man  
 Like to a Vermine, with his hellish braine,  
 And many an honest soule, euen quicke had slaine;  
 VVwhose name was *Phoenix*) close accosted me:  
 And with insinuations, such as he  
 Practis'd on others, my consent he gain'd  
 To go into *Phoenicia*; where remain'd  
 His house, and liuing. And with him I liu'd  
 A compleat yeare. But, when were all arriu'd  
 The months and daies: and that the yeare againe  
 VVas turning round; and euery seasons raigne  
 Renew'd vpon vs; we for *Lybia* went:  
 VVhen (still inuenting crafts to circumuent)  
 He made pretext, that I should onely go  
 And helpe conuey his freight; but thought not so:  
 For his intent was, to haue sold me there,  
 And made good gaine, for finding me a yeare.  
 Yet him I follow'd, though suspecting this:  
 For, being aboard his Ship, I must be his  
 Of strong Necessity. She ran the flood  
 (Driuen with a Northerne gale, right free, and good)



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Amids the full streame, full on *Crete*. But then,  
*Ioue* plotted death to him, and all his men.  
 For (put off quite from *Crete*, and so farre gone  
 That Shore was lost; and we set eye on none:  
 But all shew'd heauen and sea) aboue our Keele  
*Ioue* pointed right, a cloud as blacke as hell:  
 Beneath which, all the sea hid; and from whence  
*Ioue* thunder'd, as his hand would neuer thence.  
 And thicke into our Ship, he threw his flash:  
 That 'gainst a Rocke, or Flat, her Keele did dash  
 VVith headlong Rapture. Of the sulphure all  
 Her bulke did sauour; and her men let fall  
 Amids the Surges: on which, all lay tost  
 Like Sea-guls, round about her sides, and lost.  
 And so, God tooke, all home-returne from them.  
 But *Ioue* himselve (though plung'd in that extream)  
 Recouer'd me, by thrusting on my hand  
 The Ships long Mast. And (that my life might stand  
 A little more vp) I embrac't it round;  
 And on the rude windes, thae did ruines sound,  
 Nine dayes we houer'd. In the tenth blacke night  
 A huge Sea cast me on *Thesprotia's* height:  
 VVhere the Heroe *Phidon*, that was chiefe  
 Of all the *Thesprotes*; gaue my wracke reliefe,  
 VVithout the price of that redemption  
 That *Phoenix* fish't for. VVhere the Kings lou'd son  
 Came to me; tooke me by the hand, & led  
 Into his Court; my poore life surffetted  
 VVith cold and labour: and because my wrack  
 Chanc't on his Fathers Shore: he let not lack  
 My plight; or coate, or cloake, or any thing  
 Might cherish heate in me. And heere the King,  
 Said, he receiu'd *Vlysses* as his Guest;  
 Obseru'd him Friend-like; and his course addrest  
 Home to his country: shewing there to me  
*Vlysses* goods. A very Treasure  
 Of Brasse, & Gold, & Steele of curious frame.  
 And to the tenth succession of his name  
 He laid vp wealth enough, to serue beside  
 In that Kings house; so hugely amplified  
 His treasure was. But from his Court, the King  
 Affirm'd him ship't, for the *Dodonean* Spring:  
 To heare, from out the high-hair'd Oake of *Ioue*,  
 Counsaile from him: for meanes to his remoue  
 To his lou'd country, whence so many a yeare  
 He had bene absent; If he should appeare  
 Disguisd, or manifest: and further swore  
 In his mid Court, at Sacrifice, before  
 These very eyes; that he had ready there  
 Both Ship and Souldiers, to attend and beare  
 Him to his country. But before; it chanc't

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

That a *Thesprotean* Ship, was to be lanch't  
 For the much-come-renown'd *Dulichian* Land:  
 In which, the King gaue to his men command  
 To take, and bring me vnder tender hand  
 To King *Acastus*. But, in ill designe  
 Of my poore life, did their desires combine;  
 So farre forth, as might euer keepe me vnder  
 In fortunes hands, and teare my state in sunder.  
 And when the water-treader, farre away  
 Had lost the Land: then plotted they the day  
 Of my long seruitude; and tooke from me  
 Both coate and cloake, and all things that might be  
 Grace in my habit; and in place, put on  
 These tatter'd rags, which now you see vpon  
 My wretched bosom. When heauens light took sea,  
 They fetcht the Field-workes of faire *Ithaca*;  
 And in the arm'd Ship, with a wel-wreath'd cord  
 They streightly bound me, and did all disbord  
 To shore to supper, in contentious rout.  
 Yet straight, the Gods themselues, tooke from about  
 My pressed limbes the bands, with equall ease;  
 And I (my head in rags wrapt) tooke the Seas,  
 Descending by the smooth sterne; vsing then  
 My hands for Oares; and made from these bad men  
 Long way, in little time. At last, I fetcht  
 A goodly Groue of Okes; whose Shore I recht,  
 And cast me prostrate on it. When they knew  
 My thus-made-scape, about the Shores they flew:  
 But (soone not finding) held it not their best  
 To seeke me further; but return'd to rest  
 Aboord their Vessell. Me, the Gods lodg'd close,  
 Conducting me into the safe repose  
 A good mans stable yeilded. And thus, Fate  
 This poore houre added, to my liuing date.  
 O wretch of Guests (said he) thy Tale hath stirr'd  
 My minde to much ruth: both how thou hast err'd  
 And suffer'd hearing, in such good parts showne:  
 But what thy chang'd relation would make knowne  
 About *Vlysses*; I hold neither,  
 Nor will beleue: and what need'st thou pursue  
 A Lye so rashly? Since he sure is so  
 As I conceiue; for which, my skill shall go.  
 The safe returne my King lackes, cannot be;  
 He is so enui'd of each Deity,  
 So cleere, so cruelly. For not in *Troy*  
 They gaue him end; nor let his Corpse enioy  
 The hands of Friends (which well they might haue done,  
 He manag'd armes to such perfection;  
 And should haue had his Sepulcher, and all;  
 And all the Greekes to grace his Funerall:  
 And this had giuen a glory to his Son

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Through all times future.) But his head is run  
 Vnseene, vn honor'd, into *Harpies* mawes.  
 For my part, Ile not meddle with the cause:  
 I liue a separate life, amongst my Swine;  
 Come at no Towne for any need of mine;  
 Vnlesse the circularly witted Queene  
 (When any farre-come guest, is to be seene  
 That brings her newes) commands me bring a Brawn;  
 About which (all things being in question drawne,  
 That touch the King) they sit; and some are sad  
 For his long absence. Some againe, are glad  
 To waste his goods vnwreak't; all talking still.  
 But, as for me, I nourish't little will  
 T'enquire or question of him: since the man  
 That fain'd himselfe, the fled *Etolian*,  
 For slaughtering one, (through many Regions straid)  
 In my Stall (as his diuersory) staide.  
 VVhere well entreating him; he told me then,  
 Amongst the *Cretans*, with King *Idomen*,  
 He saw *Vlysses*; at his Ships repaire,  
 That had bene brush't with the enraged aire:  
 And that, in Summer, or in Autumne, sure  
 VVith all his braue friends, and rich furniture,  
 He would be heere: and nothing so, nor so.  
 But thou, an old man, taught with so much wo  
 As thou hast suffer'd, to be season'd,  
 And brought by his fate; do not heere pursue  
 His gratulations, with thy cunning Lies.  
 Thou canst not soake so through my Faculties.  
 For I did neuer, either honor thee  
 Or giue thee loue, to bring these tales to me.  
 But in my feare of Hospitable *Ioue*  
 Thou didst to this passe, my affections moue.  
 You stand exceeding much incredulous,  
 (Reply'd *Vlysses*) to haue witness thus  
 My word, and Oath; yet yeeld no trust at all.  
 But make we now a couenant here, and call  
 The dreadfull Gods to witness, that take seat  
 In large *Olympus*: if your Kings retreat  
 Proue made, euen hither; you shall furnish me  
 With cloake, and coate, and make my passage free  
 For lou'd *Dulichius*. If (as fits my vow)  
 Your King returne not; let your seruants throw  
 My old limbes headlong, from some rock most hye,  
 That other poore men may take feare to lye.  
 The Herdsman, that had gifts in him diuine,  
 Replied; O Guest, how shal this Fame of mine  
 And honest vertue, amongst men, remaine  
 Now, and heereafter, without worthy staine;  
 If I, that led thee to my Houell heere,  
 And made thee fitting hospitable cheere,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Should after kill thee; and thy loued minde  
 Force from thy bones? Or how should stand enclin'd  
 With any Faith, my will t'importune *Ioue*  
 In any prayer heereafter, for his loue? Come, now 'tis supper's houre; and instant hast  
 My men wil make home: when our sweet repast  
 Wee'le taste together. This discourse they held  
 In mutual kinde; when from a neighbor field,  
 His Swine and Swine-herds came; who in their coats  
 Inclosd their Herds for sleepe: which, mighty throats  
 Laid out entring. Then, the God-like Swaine  
 His men enioyn'd thus: Bring me to be slaine  
 A chiefe Swine female, for my stranger Guest:  
 VVhen, altogether we wil take our Feast,  
 Refreshing now our spirits, that all day take  
 Paines in our Swines good: who may therfore make  
 For our paines with them all, amends with one;  
 Since others eate our Labors, and take none?  
 This said; his sharpe steele hew'd down wood, & they  
 A passing fat Swine hal'd out of the Sty,  
 Of fiue yeares old, which to the fire they put.  
 VVhen first *Eumæus* from the Front did out  
 The sacred haire, and cast it in the fire;  
 Then, pray'd to heauen: for stil, before desire  
 VVas seru'd with food, in their so rude abode,  
 Not the poore Swine-herd would forget the Gods.  
 Good soules they bore, how bad soeuer were  
 The habits, that their bodies parts did beare.  
 VVhen all, the deathlesse Deities besought,  
 That wise *Vlysses* might be safely brought  
 Home, to his house; then with a logge of Oke  
 Left lying by (high lifting it) a stroke  
 He gaue so deadly, it made life expire.  
 Then cut the rest, her throat; and all in fire  
 They hid and sindg'd her: cut her vp, and then,  
 The Maister tooke the office from the men,  
 VVho on the Altar did the parts impose  
 That seru'd for sacrifice: beginning close  
 About the belly; thorough which he went,  
 And (all the chiefe fat gathering) gaue it vent  
 (Part dreg'd with Flowre) into the sacred flame;  
 Then cut they vp the ioynts, and roasted them:  
 Drew all from spit, and seru'd in dishes all.  
 Then rose *Eumæus*, (who was General  
 In skill to guide each act, his fit euent)  
 And (all, in seuen parts cut) the first part went  
 To seruice of the Nymphs, and *Mercury*;  
 To whose names, he did Rites of piety  
 In vowes particular; and all the rest  
 He shar'd to euery one: but his lou'd Guest  
 He grac't with all the Chine; and of that King  
 To haue his heart chear'd, set vp euery string.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

VWhich he obseruing saide; I would to *Ioue*  
 (*Eumæus*) thou liu'dst in his worthy loue  
 As great as mine; that giu'st to such a guest  
 As my poore selfe, of all thy goods the best.  
*Eumæus* answer'd; Eate, vnhappy wretch,  
 And to what heere is, at thy pleasure reach.  
 This I haue; this thou want'st: thus God will giue,  
 Thus take away; in vs, and all that liue.  
 To his wil's equall center, all things fall;  
 His minde he must haue, for he can do all.  
 Thus hauing eate, and to his wine descended;  
 Before he seru'd his owne thirst, he commended  
 The first vse of it, in fit sacrifice  
 (As of his meate) to all the Deities.  
 And to the City-racers hand, applide  
 The second cup; whose place was next his side:  
*Mesaulius* did distribute the meate,  
 (To which charge, was *Eumæus* solely set  
 In absence of *Vlysses*; by the Queene  
 And old *Laertes*) and this man had beene  
 Bought by *Eumæus*, with his faculties,  
 Employ'd then in the *Taphian* Merchandise.  
 But now; to food apposde, and order'd thus,  
 All fell. Desire suffic'd, *Mesaulius*  
 Did take away. For bed then next they were,  
 All throughly satisfied with compleat cheare.  
 The night then came; ill, and no Taper shind:  
*Ioue* rain'd her whole date. Th' euer watry wind  
*Zephyre* blew lowd; and *Laertiades*  
 (Approuing kinde *Eumæus* carefulnes  
 For his whole good) made farre about assay,  
 To get some cast-off Cassocke (least he lay  
 That rough night cold) of him, or any one  
 Of those his seruants: when he thus begun.  
 Heare me *Eumæus*, and my other friends;  
 Ile vse a speech that to my glory tends:  
 Since I haue drunke wine past my vsuall guise;  
*Strong Wine commands the Foole, and mones the wise;*  
 Moues and impels him too, to sing and dance,  
 And breake in pleasant laughters; and (perchance)  
 Preferre a speech too, that were better in.  
 But when my spirits, once to speake begin,  
 I shall not then dissemble. Would to heauen,  
 I were as yong, and had my forces driuen  
 As close together, as when once our powres  
 VVe led to ambush, vnder th' *Ilion* Towres:  
 VVhere *Ithacus*, and *Menelaus* were  
 The two Commanders; when it pleas'd them there  
 To take my selfe for third; when to the Towne  
 And lofty wals we led, we couch't close downe  
 All arm'd, amidst the Osiers, and the Reeds,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Which oftentimes th' ore-flowing Riuer feeds.  
 The cold night came; and th' Icy Northerne gale  
 Blew bleake vpon vs: after which, did fall  
 A snow so cold, it cut, as in it beate  
 A frozen water; which was all concrete  
 About our Shields like Cristall. All made faine  
 (Aboue our armes) to cloathe, and cloathe againe.  
 And so we made good shift (our shields beside  
 Clapt close vpon our cloathes) to rest and hide  
 From all discouery. But I (poore foole)  
 Left my weeds with my men, because so coole  
 I thought it could not proue: which thoght, my pride  
 A little strengthen'd; being loth to hide  
 A goodly glittering garment I had on.  
 And so I follow'd with my shield alone,  
 And that braue weed. But when the night nere ended  
 Her course on earth, and that the starres descended,  
 I iog'd *Vlysses* (who lay passing neare)  
 And spake to him, that had a nimble eare;  
 Assuring him, that long I could not lye  
 Amongst the liuing; for the feruencie  
 Of that sharpe night would kill me; since as then,  
 My euill Angell, made me with my men  
 Leaue all weeds, but a fine one. But I know  
 'Tis vaine to talke; here wants all remedy now.  
 This said; he bore that vnderstanding part  
 In his prompt spirit, that still show'd his Art  
 In Fight and counsell; saying (in a word,  
 And that low whisper'd) Peace, least you afford  
 Some Greeke, note of your softnes. No word more;  
 But made as if his sterne austerity, bore  
 My plight no pittie. Yet (as still he lay  
 His head reposing on his hand) gaue way  
 To this inuention; Heare me friends, a Dreame  
 (That was of some celestiall light a beame)  
 Stood in my sleepe before me: prompting me  
 VVith this fit notice: we are farre (saide he)  
 From out our Fleet. Let one go then, and try  
 If *Agamemnon* wil affoord supply  
 To what we now are strong. This stirr'd a speed  
 In *Thoæs* to th' affaire. Whose purple weede  
 He left for hast. Which then I tooke, and lay  
 In quiet after, til the dawne of day.  
 This shift *Vlysses* made for one in neede;  
 And would to heauen, that youth such spirit did feed  
 Now in my Nerues; and that my ioynts were knit,  
 VVith such a strength, as made me then held fit  
 To leade men with *Vlysses*. I should then  
 Seeme worth a weed, that fit's a herdsman's men:  
 For two respects, to gaine a thankfull frend;  
 And to a good mans neede, a good extend.

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

O Father (said *Eumæus*) thou hast showne  
Good cause for vs, to giue thee good renowne:  
Not vsing any word, that was not freed  
From all least ill. Thou therefore, shalt not need  
Or coate, or other thing, that aptly may  
Beseeme a wretched suppliant, for defray  
Of this nights neede. But when her golden throne  
The Morne ascends, you must resume your owne:  
For, heere you must not dreame of many weeds,  
Or any change at all. VVe serue our needs,  
As you do yours: One backe, one coate. But when  
*Vlysses* loued sonne returnes, he then  
Shal giue you coat and cassocke; and bestow  
Your person where, your heart and soule is now.  
This said, he rose, made neere the fire his bed,  
VVhich all with Goats and Sheep-skins, he bespred.  
All which, *Vlysses* with himselfe did line.  
VVith whom, besides, he chang'd a gabberdine,  
Thicke lin'd, and soft; which stil he made his shift,  
VVhen he would dresse him gainst the horrid drift  
Of Tempest; when deepe winters season blowes.  
Nor pleasde it him to lye there with his Soves,  
But while *Vlysses* slept there: and close by  
The other yonkers, he abroad would ly,  
And therefore arm'd him. VVhich set cheerefull fare  
Before *Vlysses* heart; to see such care  
Of his goods taken; how farre off so euer  
His fate, his person, and his wealth should seuer.  
First then; a sharpe edg'd sword, he girt about  
His well-spred shoulders; and (to shelter out  
The sharpe VVest wind that blew) he put him on  
A thick-lin'd Iacket; and yet cast vpon  
All that, the large hide of a Goat, well fed.  
A Lance then tooke he, with a keene steele head,  
To be his keepe-off, both 'gainst Men and Dogges:  
And thus went he to rest, with his male Hogges,  
That still abroad lay, vnderneath a Rocke:  
Shield to the North-winds euer eager shocke. The End of the Fourteenth Booke of Homers Odyssees.

## THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*Minerua, to his Natiue seate  
Exhorts Vlysses sonnes retreat,  
In Bed, and waking. He receiues  
Gifts of Atrides; and so leaues  
The Spartan Court. And, going aboard  
Doth fauourable way affoord*

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

*To Theoclymenus; that was  
The Argiue Augure, and sought passe;  
Fled for a slaughter he had done.  
Eumæus tels Laertes son,  
How he became his Fathers Man;  
Being sold by the Phoenician  
For some agreed on Faculties;  
From forth the Syrian Isle, made prise.  
Telemachus arriu'd at home,  
Doth to Eumæus Cottage come.*

### Another.

*From Sparta's strand  
makes safe accesse  
To his owne Land  
Ulyssides In Lacedæmon large, and apt for dances;  
Athenian Pallas, her accesse aduances  
Vp to the great in soule, Vlysses seed,  
Suggesting his returne, now fit for deed.  
She found both him, and Nestors noble son  
In bed; in front of that faire Mansion:  
Nestorides surpriz'd with pleasing sleepe.  
But, on the watch Vlysses sonne did keepe,  
Sleepe could not enter; cares did so excite  
His soule, through all the solitary night,  
For his lou'd Father. To him (neere) she said: *Telemachus!* Tis time that now were staid  
Thy forreigne trauailes; since thy goods are free  
For those proud men, that all will eate from thee:  
Diuide thy whole possessions, and leaue  
Thy too-late presence nothing to receiue.  
Incite the shrill-voic't Menelaus then,  
To send thee to thy Natiue seat agen;  
VWhile thou mayst yet finde in her honor strong  
Thy blamelesse Mother, 'gainst thy Father's wrong.  
For both the Father, and the Brothers to  
Of thy lou'd Mother, will not suffer so  
Extended any more, her widdowes bed;  
But make her now, her richest wooer wed,  
*Eurymachus:* who chiefly may augment  
Her gifts, and make her ioynture eminent.  
And therefore hast thee; least in thy despight,  
Thy house stand empty of thy Natiue right.  
For well thou know'st what mind a woman beares,  
The house of him, who euer she endears  
Her selfe in Nuptials to: she sees encreast,  
The yssue of her first lou'd Lord deceast,  
Forgotten quite, and neuer thought on more.  
In thy returne then, the re-counted store*



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Thou find'st reseru'd; to thy most trusted Maid  
 Commit in guard, till heauens pow'rs haue puruaid  
 A wife in vertue, and in beauties grace  
 Of fit sort for thee, to supply her place.  
 And this note more Ile giue thee; which repose  
 In sure remembrance: The best sort of those,  
 That woo thy Mother, watchfull scouts addresse,  
 Both in the streights of th' *Ithacensian* Seas,  
 And dusty *Samos*; with intent t'inuade  
 And take thy life, ere thy returne be made.  
 VVhich yet, I thinke will faile: and some of them  
 That waste thy fortunes, taste of that extream  
 They plot for thee. But keepe off farre from shore,  
 And day and night saile: for, a fore-right blore  
 VVho euer of th' Immortals, that vow guard  
 And scape to thy returne, will see prepar'd.  
 As soone as thou arriu'st, dismisse to Towne  
 Thy Ship and Men: and first of all, make downe  
 To him that keepe thy Swine, and doth conceiue  
 A tender care to see thee well suruiue.  
 There sleepe; and send him to the Towne, to tell  
 The chast *Penelope*, that safe and well  
 Thou liu'st in his charge; and that *Pylos* sands  
 The place contain'd, from whence thy person Lands.  
 VVhen, with his heele, a little touch he lent  
 To *Nestors* son; whose sleepes sweet chain's he losde;  
 Bad rise, and see in Chariot inclosde  
 Their one—hou'd horse; yt they might strait bee gone.

throne,

And dims all way, to course of Chariot.  
 The Morne will soone get vp. Nor see forgot  
 The gifts with hast, that will, I know, be rich;  
 And put into our Coach with gracious speech,  
 By Lance—fam'd *Menelaus*. Not a Guest  
 Shall touch at his house, but shall store his brest  
 With fit mind of an hospitable man,  
 To last as long as any daylight can  
 His eyes re—comfort; in such gifts as he  
 Will proofes make of his hearty royalty.  
 He had no sooner said; but vp arose  
*Aurora*, that the Golden hils repose.  
 And *Menelaus* (good at martiall cries)  
 From *Hellens* bed raisde, to his Guest applies  
 His first apparance. VVhose repaire made knowne  
 T'*Vlysses* lou'd sonne: On, his robe was throwne  
 About his gracious body: his cloake cast  
 Athwart his ample shoulders; and in hast  
 Abroad he went; and did the King accost.  
*Atrides*, guarded with heauens deified hoste;  
 Grant now remission to my Natue right:  
 Nor will I stay (saide he) thy person long,

Thus she, to large *Olympus*, made ascent.

No such haste (he replied) night holds her

My minde now vrging mine owne houses sight.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Since thy desires to go, are growne so strong.  
 I should my selfe be angry to sustein  
 The like detention, vrg'd by other men.  
 Who loues a guest past Meane, past Meane will hate;  
*The Meane is in all acts, beares the best estate.*  
 A like ill 'tis, to thrust out such a guest,  
 As would not go; as to detaine the rest.  
 VVe should a guest loue, while he loue's to stay,  
 And when he like's not, giue him louing way.  
 Yet suffer so, that we may gifts impose  
 In Coach to thee. Which ere our hands enclose,  
 Thine eies shall see; lest else, our loues may glose.  
 Besides, Ile cause our women to prepare  
 VVhat our house yeelds; and meerely so much fare  
 As may suffise for health. Both, well will do;  
 Both for our honor, and our profit to.  
 And seruing strength with food, you after may  
 As much earth measure, as wil match the day.  
 If you will turne your course from sea, and go  
 Through *Greece* and *Argos*: (that my selfe may so  
 Keepe kinde way with thee) Ile ioyne horse, & guide  
 T'our humane Cities. Nor vngratifide  
 VVill any one remit vs: some one thing  
 VVill each present vs, that along may bring  
 Our passe with loue; and proue our vertues blaz'd:  
 A Caldron or a Tripod, richly braz'd.  
 Two Mules; a bowle of Gold, that hath his price  
 Heightn'd with Emblemes of some rare deuce.  
 The wise Prince answer'd: I would gladly go  
 Home, to mine owne; and see that gouern'd so  
 That I may keepe, what I for certaine hold.  
 Not hazard that, for onely hop't for Gold:  
 I left behind me, none, so all wayes fit  
 To giue it guard; as mine owne trust with it.  
 Besides, in this broad course which you propose;  
 My Father seeking; I my selfe may lose.  
 VVhen this, the shrill-voic't *Menelaus* heard;  
 He charg'd his Queene and Maids, to see prepar'd  
 Breakfast, of what the whole house held for best.  
 To him, rose *Eteoneus* from his rest;  
 VVhose dwelling was not farre off from the Court;  
 And his attendance, his command did sort,  
 VVith kindling fires, and furth'ring all the rost,  
 In act of whose charge heard, no time he lost.  
 Himselfe then, to an odorous roome descended,  
 VVhom *Megapenthe*, and his Queene attended.  
 Come to his treasury; a two-ear'd cup  
 He chusde of all, and made his Sonne beare vp  
 A Siluer bowle. The Queene then taking stand  
 Aside her Chist; where (by her owne faire hand  
 Lay Vests, of all hues wrought) She tooke out one

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Most large, most Artfull: chiefly faire; and shone  
 Like to a Star; and lay of al, the last.  
 Then through the house, with eithers gift they past;  
 VVhen to *Vlysses* sonne, *Atrides* said:     *Telemachus*: since so entirely swaid  
 Thy thoughts are, with thy vow'd return, now tender'd;  
 May *Iuno*'s thundring husband, see it render'd  
 Perfect at all parts; action answering thought.  
 Of all the rich gifts, in my treasure, sought  
 I giue thee heere, the most in grace, and best.  
 A Bowle, but Siluer; yet the brims comprest  
 With Gold; whose fabricke his desert doth bring  
 From *Vulcans* hand. Presented by the King  
 And great *Heroe* of *Sydonia*'s State;  
 VVhen at our parting he did consummate  
 His whole house keeping. This do thou command.  
 This said; he put the round Bowle in his hand;  
 And then, his strong son *Megapenthe* plac't  
 The Siluer cup before him; amply grac't  
 VVith worke, and luster. *Hellen* (standing by;  
 And in her hand, the Robe, her huswifery)  
 His name remembring, said: And I present  
 (Lou'd sonne) this gift to thee; the Monument  
 Of the so-many-loued *Hellens* hands:  
 VVhich, at the knitting of thy Nuptiall bands  
 Present thy wife. In meane space, may it ly  
 By thy lou'd Mother; but to me apply  
 Thy pleasure in it. And thus, take thy way  
 To thy faire house, and Countries wished stay.  
 Thus gaue she to his hands, the veile; and he,  
 The acceptation author'd ioyfully.  
 Which in the Chariots Chist, *Pisistratus*  
 Plac't with the rest, and held miraculous.  
 The yellow-headed King then, led them all,  
 To seates and Thrones plac't, in his spacious Hall.  
 The Hand-maid, water brought, and gaue it stream  
 From out a faire and golden Ewre to them.  
 From whose hands, to a siluer Caldron, fled  
 The troubl'd waue. A bright boord then she spred:  
 On which, another reuerend Dame set bread:  
 To which, more seruants, store of victuals seru'd.  
*Eteonæus* was the man that keru'd;  
 And *Megapenthe* fil'd them all their wine.  
 All fed, and dranke; till all felt care decline  
 For those refreshings. Both the Guests did go  
 To horse, and coach; and forth the *Portico*  
 A little issu'd: When the yellow King  
 Brought wine himselfe: that, with an Offering  
 To all the Gods, they might their iourney take.  
 He stood before the Gods; and thus be spake.  
 Farewell yong Princes: to graue *Nestors* eare  
 This salutation from my gratitude beare:

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

That I professe in all our *Iliou* warres  
 He stood, a carefull Father to my cares.  
 To him the wise *Vlyssides* replied:  
 VVith all our vtmost shall be signified  
 (*Ioue*–kept *Atrides*) your right royall will:  
 And would to God, I could as wel fulfill  
 Mine owne mindes gratitude, for your free grace;  
 In telling to *Vlysses*, in the place  
 Of my returne; in what accomplish't kind  
 I haue obtain'd the office of a friend  
 At your deseruings: whose faire end you crowne  
 With gifts so many; and of such renowne.  
 His wish, that he might finde in his retreat  
 His Father safe return'd (to so repeat  
 The Kings loue to him) was saluted thus;  
 An Eagle rose; and in her Seres did trusse  
 A Goose, all white, & huge: A household one,  
 VVhich, men and women (crying out vpon)  
 Pursu'd: but she (being neere the guests) her flight  
 Made on their right hand; and kept still fore–right  
 Before their horses: which obseru'd by them,  
 The spirits in all their minds tooke ioyes extream;  
 VVhich *Nestors* son thus question'd: *Ioue* –kept King,  
 Yeild your graue thoughts, if this ostentfull thing  
 (This Eagle, and this Goose) touch vs, or you?      He put to study, and not knowing how  
 To giue fit answer; *Hellen* tooke on her  
 Th' ostents solution, and did this prefer.  
 Heare me, and I will play the Prophets part,  
 As the immortals cast it in my heart;  
 And (as I thinke) will make the sense knowne:  
 As this *Ioues* Bird, from out the Mountaines flowne  
 (Where was her Arie; and whence rose her race)  
 Trust vp this Goose, that from the house did grase;  
 So shall *Vlysses* (coming from the wilde  
 Of Seas and sufferings) reach, vnreconcil'd  
 His Natiue home: where euen this houre he is:  
 And on those house–fed woo'rs, those wrongs of his,  
 VVill shortly wreake, with all their miseries.  
 O (said *Telemachus*) if *Saturnian Ioue*,  
 To my desires, thy deare presage approue;  
 VVhen I arriue, I will performe to thee  
 My daily vowes, as to a Deity.  
 This said; he vsde his scourge vpon the horse,  
 That through the City freely made their course  
 To Field; and all day, made that first speed, good.  
 But when the Sun–set, and *Obscurenes* stood  
 In each mans way; they ended their accesse  
 At *Pheras*, in the house of *Diocles*,  
 Sonne to *Orsilochus*, *Alpheus* seede;  
 VVho gaue them guest–rites: and sleeps naturall need  
 They that night seru'd there. VVhen *Aurora* rose,

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

They ioynd their horse: tooke coach, and did dispose  
 Their course for *Pylos*; whose high City soon  
 They reach't. Nor would *Telemachus* be woon  
 To *Nestors* house: and therefore order'd thus  
 His speech to *Nestors* son, *Pisistratus*;      How shall I win thy promise to a grace  
 That I must aske of thee? we both imbrace  
 The names of Bed-fellowes; and in that name  
 VVill glory as an Adiunct of our fame:  
 Our Fathers friendship: our owne equall age;  
 And our ioynt trauaile, may the more engage  
 Our mutuall concord. Do not then assay  
 (My God-lou'd friend) to leade me from my way,  
 To my neere Ship; but take a course direct  
 And leaue me there; least thy old Sires respect  
 In his desire to loue me) hinder so  
 My way for home, that haue such need to go.  
 This said; *Nestorides* held all discourse  
 In his kinde soule, how best he might enforce  
 Both promise and performance; which, at last  
 He vow'd to venture; and directly cast  
 His horse about, to fetch the Ship and Shore.  
 Where, come: His frends most louely gifts, he bore  
 Aboord the Ship; and in her hin-deck plac't  
 The vaile that *Hellens* curious hand had grac't;  
 And *Menelaus* Gold: and said, Away;  
 Nor let thy men, in any least date, stay:  
 But quite put off, ere I get home, and tell  
 The old Duke, you are past: for passing well  
 I know his minde, to so exceed all force  
 Of any pray'r; That he will stay your course:  
 Himselfe make hither, All your course call backe;  
 And when he hath you, haue no thought to racke  
 Him from his bounty; and to let you part  
 VVithout a Present: but be vext at heart  
 With both our pleadings; if we once but moue  
 The least repression of his fiery loue.  
 Thus took he coach: his faire-man'd steeds scourg'd on  
 Along the *Pylian* City: and anon  
 His Fathers Court reacht. VVhile *Vlysses* Sonne  
 Bad boord, and arme; which with a thought was done.  
 His Rowers set, and he rich Odors firing  
 In his hin-decke; for his secure retiring  
 To great *Athenia*: To his Ship came flying  
 A Stranger, and a Prophet; as relying  
 On wished passage: hauing newly slaine  
 A man at *Argos*: yet his Races vaine  
 Flow'd from *Melampus*; who in former date  
 In *Pylos* liu'd, and had a huge estate.  
 But fled his countrey; and the punishing hand  
 Of great-soul'd *Neleus*, in a forreigne Land  
 From that most famous Mortall; hauing held

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

A world of riches: nor could be compeld  
 To render restitution in a yeare.  
 In meane space, liuing as close prisoner  
 In Court of *Phylacus*: and for the sake  
 Of *Neleus* daughter, mighty cares did take;  
 Together with a greeuous Languor sent  
 From graue *Erynnis*, that did much torment  
 His vexed conscience; yet his lifes expence  
 He scapt, and draue the loud-voic't Oxen thence,  
 To breed-sheepe *Pylos*; bringing vengeance thus  
 Her foule demerit, to great *Neleus*;  
 And to his Brothers house reduc't his wife:  
 Who yet from *Pylos*, did remoue his life  
 For feed-horse *Argos*; where his Fate set downe  
 A dwelling for him: and in much renowne  
 Made gouerne many *Argiues*: where, a Spouse  
 He tooke to him, and built a famous house.  
 There had he borne to him *Antiphates*,  
 And forcefull *Mantius*. To the first of these  
 Vvas great *Oiclaeus* borne: *Oiclaeus* gate  
*Amphiaraus*, that the popular State  
 Had all their health in: whom, euen from his heart  
*Ioue* lou'd; and *Phoebus* in the whole desert  
 Of friendship hel'd him. Yet not blest so much  
 That Ages threshold, he did euer touch:  
 But lost his life, by Female bribery.  
 Yet two sonnes author'd his posterity;  
*Alcinaon*, and renown'd *Amphilochus*.  
*Mantius* had yssue; *Polyphidius*,  
 And *Clytus*: But *Aurora* rauish't him,  
 For excellence of his admired lim;  
 And interested him amongst the Gods.  
 His Brother knew, mens good and bad abods  
 The best of all men; after the decease  
 Of him that perish't in vnnaturall peace  
 At spacious *Thebes*. *Apollo* did inspire  
 His knowing soule with a Propheticke fire.  
 VVho (angry with his Father) tooke his way  
 To *Hyperesia*; where (making stay)  
 He prophesied to all men; and had there  
 A Sonne call'd *Theoclymenus*; who here  
 Came to *Telemachus*; and found aboard  
 Himselfe at Sacrifice; whom in a word  
 He thus saluted: O Friend, since I finde  
 Euen heere at Ship, a sacrificing minde  
 Informe your actions: By your sacrifice;  
 And by that worthy choise of Deities,  
 To whom you offer: by your selfe, and all,  
 These men that serue your course maritmall;  
 Tell one that askes, the truth: Nor giue it glose,  
 Both who, and whence you are? From what seed rose

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Your royall person? And what Cities Tow'rs  
 Hold habitation, to your parents pow'rs?      He answer'd: Stranger! The sure truth is this;  
 I am of *Ithaca*; my Father is  
 (Or was) *Vlysses*: but austere death, now  
 Takes his state from him; whose euent to know,  
 (Himselfe being long away) I set forth thus  
 With ship and souldiers: *Theoclymenus*,  
 As freely said; And I to thee am fled  
 From forth my country; for a man strooke dead  
 By my vnhappy hand: who was with me  
 Of one selfe-Tribe; and of his pedigree  
 Are many Friends and Brothers: and the sway  
 Of *Achiue* Kindred, reacheth farre away.  
 From whom (because I feare their spleenes suborne  
 Blood, and blacke fate against me (being borne  
 To be a wandrer among forreigne men)  
 Make thy faire ship, my rescue; and sustein  
 My life from slaughter. Thy deseruings may  
 Performe that mercy: and to them I pray.  
 Nor will I barre (said he) thy will to make  
 My meanes and equall ship, thy ayde: but take  
 (With what wee haue heere, in all friendly vse)  
 Thy life from any violence that pursues.  
 Thus tooke he in, his Lance; and it extended  
 Aloft the hatches; which himselfe ascended.  
 The Prince tooke seate at Sterne: on his right hand,  
 Set *Theoclymenus*; and gaue command  
 To all his men, to arme; and fee made fast  
 Amidst the hollow Keele, the Beechen Mast  
 VVith able halsers; hoise saile, lanch: which soone  
 He saw obay'd. And then his Ship did runne  
 A merry course: Blew-ey'd *Minerua* sent  
 A fore-right gale; tumultuous, vehement,  
 Along the aire; that her waies vtmost yeeld  
 The ship might make, and plough the brackish field.  
 Then set the Sun, and Night black't all the waies.  
 The ship (with *Ioues* wind wing'd) wher th' *Epian* swaies  
 Fetcht *Pheras* first: then *Elis*, the diuine;  
 And then for those Isles made, that Sea-ward shine,  
 For forme and sharpnesse, like a Lances head.  
 About which, lay the woers ambushed.  
 On which he rush't, to try if he could scape  
 His plotted death; or serue Her treacherous Rape.  
 And now returne we to *Eumæus* Shed;  
 VVhere (at their foode with others marshalled)  
*Vlysses*, and his noble Herdsman sate;  
 To try if whose loues curious estate  
 Stood firme to his abode, or felt it fade;  
 And so would take each best cause to perswade  
 His Guest to Towne; *Vlysses* thus contends:      Heare me, *Eumæus*, and ye other Friends.  
 Next Morne, to Towne I couet to be gone,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To beg some others almes; not still charge one.  
 Advise me well then; and as well prouide  
 I may be fitted with an honest guide.  
 For through the streets (since Need will haue it so)  
 Ile tread, to try if any will bestow  
 A dish of drinke on me, or bit of bread,  
 Till to *Vlysses* house I may be led.  
 And there Ile tell all-wise *Penelope*, newes:  
 Mix with the wooers pride; and (since they vse  
 To fare aboue the full) their hands excite  
 To some small Feast, from out their infinite:  
 For which, Ile waite, and play the Seruingman,  
 Fairely enough; command the most they can.  
 For I will tell thee; note me well, and heare,  
 That if the will be of heauens Messenger,  
 (VVho to the workes of men, of any sort  
 Can grace infuse, and glory) nothing short  
 Am I of him, that doth to most aspire  
 In any seruice: as to builde a Fire,  
 To cleaue sere wood: to roast, or boile their meat;  
 To waite at boord, mixe wine, or know the Neate;  
 Or any worke, in which the poore-cal'd worst,  
 To serue the rich-cal'd best, in Fate are forc't.  
 He, angry with him, said; Alas poore Guest,  
 VVhy did this counsaile euer touch thy brest?  
 Thou seek'st thy vtter spoyle beyond all doubt,  
 If thou giu'st venture on the Wooers rout:  
 VVhose wrong and force, affects the Iron heauen.  
 Their light delights, are farre from being giuen  
 To such graue Seruitors. Youths richly trick't  
 In coats or Cassocks; Lockes diuinely slickt,  
 And lookes most rapt; euer haue the gift  
 To taste their crown'd cups, land full Trenchers shift.  
 Their Tables euer like their Glasses shine;  
 Loaded with bread, with varied flesh, and wine.  
 And thou? go thither? Stay: for heere do none  
 Grudge at thy presence: nor my selfe, nor one  
 Of all I feed. But when *Vlysses* sonne  
 Againe shall greet vs, he shall put thee on  
 Both coat and cassocke; and thy quicke retreat  
 Set, where thy heart and soule desire thy seat.  
 Industrious *Vlysses*, gaue reply:  
 I still much wish, that heauens chiefe Deity  
 Lou'd thee, as I do; that hast easde my minde  
 Of woes and wandrings, neuer yet confin'de.  
*Nought is more wretched in a humane Race,*  
*Then Countries want, and shift from place to place.*  
 But for the banefull belly, men take care  
 Beyond good counsaile: whosoever are  
 In compasse of the wants it vndergoes,  
 By wandrings losses, or dependant woes.



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Excuse me therefore, if I err'd at home:  
 VWhich since thou wilt make heere (as ouercome  
 VWith thy command for stay) Ile take on me  
 Cares appertaining to this place, like thee.  
 Does then *Vlysses* Sire, and Mother breath?  
 Both whom he left, in th' age next doore to death?  
 Or are they breathlesse, and descended where  
 The darke house is, that neuer day doth cleere?      *Laertes* liues (saide he) but euery howre  
 Beseecheth *Ioue* to take from him the powre  
 That ioynes his life and limbes: for with a mone  
 That breeds a meruaile, he laments his sonne  
 Depriu'd by death. And addes to that, another  
 Of no lesse depth; for that dead sonnes dead Mother:  
 VWhom he a Virgin wedded: which the more  
 Makes him lament her losse; and doth deplore  
 Yet more her misse, because her wombe the r  
 Was to his braue sonne; and his slaughter slue her.  
 VWhich last loue to her, doth his life engage,  
 And makes him liue an vndigested age.  
 O! such a death she died, as neuer may  
 Seize any one, that heere beholds the day;  
 That either is to any man, a friend,  
 Or can a woman kill in such a kind.  
 As long as she had Being, I would be  
 A still Inquirer (since t'was deere to me,  
 Though death to her, to heare his name) when she  
 Heard of *Vlysses*: for I might be bold;  
 She brought me vp, and in her loue did hold  
 My life, compar'd with long-vail'd *Ctimie*,  
 Her yongest yssue (in some small degree  
 Her daughter yet prefer'd) a braue yong Dame.  
 But when of youth the dearely loued Flame  
 VWas lighted in vs; marriage did prefer  
 The maide to *Samos*; whence was sent for her  
 Infinite riches: when, the Queene bestow'd  
 A faire new suite, new shooes, and all; and vow'd  
 Me to the field. But passing loth to part,  
 As louing me, more then she lou'd her hart.  
 And these I want now; but their businesse growes  
 Vpon me daily. Which the Gods impose,  
 To whom I hold all; giue account to them,  
 For I see none, left to the Diadem,  
 That may dispose all better. So, I drinke  
 And eate of what is heere; and whom I think  
 VVorthy or reuerend, I haue giuen to still  
 These kinds of Guest-rites: for the houshold ill  
 (VWhich where the Queene is, ryots) takes her stil  
 From thought of these things. Nor is it delight  
 To heare from her plight; of or worke, or word;  
 The woo'rs spoyle all. But yet my men, will bord  
 Her sorrowes often, with discourse of all:

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Eating and drinking of the Festiuall  
 That there is kept; and after bring to field  
 Such things as seruants make their pleasures yield.  
 O me (*Eumæus*) saide *Laertes* sonne,  
 Hast thou then err'd so, of a little one?  
 (Like me?) From friends, and country? pray thee say,  
 (And say a Truth) doth vast *Destruction* lay  
 Her hand vpon the wide-way'd Seat of men?  
 VVhere dwelt thy Sire, and reuerend Mother then?  
 That thou art spar'd there? Or else, set alone  
 In guard of Beeues, or Sheepe: Set th' enemy on;  
 Surprisede, and Shipt? transfer'd, and sold thee heere?  
 He that bought thee, paid well; yet bought not deere.      Since thou enquir'st of that, my guest (said he)  
 Heare and be silent: and meane space, sit free  
 In vse of these cups, to thy most delights;      Vspeakable, in length now, are the Nights.  
 Those that affect sleepe yet; to sleepe haue leaue;  
 Those that affect to heare, their hearers giue.  
 But sleep not ere your houre; *Much sleep doth grieue* .  
 VVho euer lists to sleepe; Away to bed:  
 Together with the morning raise his head:  
 Together with his fellowes, breake his fast;  
 And then, his Lords Herd, driue to their repast.  
 VVe two, still in our Tabernacle heere,  
 Drinking & eating; will our bosomes cheere  
 VVith memories, and tales of our annoyes.  
*Betwixt his sorrowes, euery Humane ioyes.*  
 He most, who most hath felt, and furthest err'd:  
 And now thy wil; to act, shall be preferr'd.  
 There is an Isle about *Ortygia*  
 (If thou hast heard) they call it *Syria*;  
 VVhere, once a day, the Sun moues backwards still.  
 Tis not so great as good; for it doth fill  
 The fields with Oxen; fils them still with Sheepe;  
 Fils roofes with wine, & makes al Come there cheap:  
 No Dearth comes euer there; nor no Disease,  
 That doth, with hate, vs wretched mortals sease.  
 But when mens varied Nations, dwelling there  
 In any City, enter th' aged yeare:  
 The Siluer-bow-bearer (the Sun) and she,  
 That beares as much renowne for Archery;  
 Stoop with their painles shafts, & strike them dead,  
 As one would sleepe, and neuer keepe the bed.  
 In this Isle stand two Cities: betwixt whome  
 All things, that of the soiles fertility come,  
 In two parts are diuided. And both these,  
 My Father ruld; (*Ctesius Ormenides*)  
 A man, like the immortals. With these States,  
 The crosse-biting *Phænissians*, traffick't rates  
 Of infinit Merchandize, in ships brought there;  
 In which, they then, were held exempt from pere.  
 There dwelt within my Fathers house, a Dame

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Borne a *Phænissian*; skilfull in the frame  
 Of Noble Huswiferies; right tall, and faire.  
 Her, the *Phænissian* great-wench-net-lai're,  
 With sweet words circumvented, as she was  
 VVashing her Linnen. To his amorous passe  
 He brought her first, shor'd from his Ship to her;  
 To whom he did his whole life's loue prefer;  
 Which, of these brest-exposing Dames, the harts  
 Deceiues; though fashion'd of right honest parts.  
 He askt her after, VVhat she was? and whence?  
 She passing presently, the excellence  
 Told of her Fathers Turrets; and that she  
 Might boast her selfe, sprung from the Progeny  
 Of the rich *Sydons*: and the daughter was  
 Of the much-yeare-reuenned *Arybas*.  
 But, that the *Taphian* Pirates, made her prize,  
 As she return'd from her field-huswiferies:  
 Transfer'd her hither; and at that mans house  
 VVhere now she liu'd; for value precious  
 Sold her to th' Owner. He that stole her loue,  
 Bad her againe, to her births seate remoue,  
 To see the faire roofes of her friends againe;  
 Who still held state, and did the port maintaine,  
 Her selfe reported. She said, Be it so;  
 So you, and al that in your ship shall roe,  
 Sweare to returne me, in all safety hence.  
 All swore; th' Oath past, with euery consequence:  
 She bad, Be silent now; and not a word  
 Do you, or any of your friends afford,  
 Meeting me afterward in any way;  
 Or at the washing Fount; lest some display  
 Be made, and told the old man: and he then  
 Keepe me streight bound: To you, and to your men  
 The vtter ruine, plotting of your liues.  
 Keepe in firme thought then, euery word that striues  
 For dangerous vtterance: Haste your ships ful freight  
 Of what you Trafficke for; and let me streight  
 Know by some sent friend: She hath all in hold,  
 And (with my selfe) Ile bring thence all the gold  
 I can by all meanes finger: and beside,  
 Ile do my best, to see your freight supplide  
 VVith some wel-weighing burthen of mine owne.  
 For I bring vp, in house, a great mans sonne,  
 As crafty as my selfe; who will with me  
 Run euery way along; and I will be  
 His Leader, till your Ship hath made him sure.  
 He will an infinite great price procure  
 Transfer him to what languag'd men ye may.  
 This said; She gat her home, and there made stay  
 A whole yeare with vs; Goods of great auaile  
 Their Ship enriching. VVhich now, fit for saile:

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

They sent a Messenger t'informe the Dame.  
 And, to my fathers house a fellow came,  
 Full of *Phænissian* craft: that, to be sold  
 A Tablet bought; the body all of Gold,  
 The Verge, all Amber. This had ocular view,  
 Both by my honor'd Mother, and the crew  
 Of her house—handmaids, handl'd; and the price  
 Beat; askt, and promist. And while this deuce  
 Lay thus vpon the Forge: this Jeweller  
 Made priuy signes (by winkes and wiles) to her  
 That was his obiect; which she tooke, and he  
 (His signe seeing noted) hied to Ship. VVhen she  
 (My hand still taking, as she vsde to do  
 To walke abroad with her) conuai'd me so  
 Abroad with her; and in the *Portico*  
 Found cups, with tasted Viands; which the guests  
 That vsde to flocke about my Fathers feasts  
 Had left. They gone (some to the Counsaile Court;  
 Some to heare newes amongst the talking sort)  
 Her Theft, three bowles into her lap conuaid;  
 And forth she went. Nor was my wit so staid  
 To stay her, or my selfe. The Sun went downe,  
 And shadowes round about the world were flowne,  
 VVhen we came to the hauen; in which did ride  
 The swift *Phænissian* Ship; whose faire broad fide  
 They boorded straight: Tooke vs vp; And all went  
 Along the moyst waues. VVinde, *Saturnius* sent.  
 Six dayes, we day and night sayl'd: But vvhen *Ioue*  
 Put vp the seuenth day; She, that shafts doth loue,  
 Shot dead the woman; who into the pompe  
 Like to a Dop—chicke, diu'd; and gaue a thumpe  
 In her sad setling. Forth they cast her then  
 To serue the Fish, and Sea—calues: no more Men.  
 But I was left there, with a heauy hart.  
 When, winde and water draue them quite apart  
 Their owne course, and on *Ithaca* they fell;  
 And there, poore me, did to *Laertes* sell:  
 And thus these eyes, the sight of this Isle prou'd.  
*Eumæus* (he replyed) Thou much hast mou'd  
 The minde in me, with all things thou hast said,  
 And all the sufferance on thy bosome laid:  
 Bur (truly) to thy ill, hath *Ioue* ioyn'd good,  
 That one whose veines are seru'd with humane blood  
 Hath bought thy seruice; that giues competence  
 Of food, wine; cloth to thee. And sure th' expence  
 Of thy lifes date heere, is of good desart.  
 VVhose labours, not to thee alone, impart  
 Sufficient food and housing; but to me.  
 VVhere I, through many a heap't humanity  
 Haue hither err'd; where, though (like thee) not sold,  
 Not staid, like thee yet; nor nought needfull hold.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

This mutuall speech they vsd; nor had they slept  
 Much time before; the much–nere–morning left  
 To her faire throne. And now strooke saile, the men  
 That seru'd *Telemachus*; arriu'd iust then  
 Nere his lou'd shore: wher now they stoopt the Mast,  
 Made to the Port with Oares, and Anchor cast;  
 Made fast the Ship, and then ashore they went:  
 Drest supper, fil'd wine; when (their appetites spent)  
*Telemachus* commanded, they should yield  
 The Ship to th' owner; while himselfe, at field  
 VVould see his shepherds: when light drew to end  
 He would his gifts see, and to Towne descend.  
 And in the morning, at a Feast bestow  
 Rewards for all their paines. And whither, now  
 (Said *Theoclymenus*) my loued Son  
 Shall I addresse my selfe? whose mansion,  
 Of all men, in this rough–hewne Isle, shall I  
 Direct my way to? Or go readily  
 To thy house, and thy Mother? He replied;  
 Another time, Ile see you satisfied  
 VVith my house entertainment: but as now,  
 You should encounter none that could bestow  
 Your fit entreaty; and (which lesse graue were)  
 You could not see my Mother, I not there.  
 For shee's no frequent obiect; but apart  
 Keepes from her wooers, woo'd with her desart,  
 Vp, in her chamber, at her Huswifery.  
 But Ile name one, to whom you shall apply  
 Direct repaire; and thats *Eurymachus*,  
 Renown'd descent, to wise *Polybius*:  
 A man whom th' *Ithacensians* looke on now,  
 As on a God: since he, of all that wow  
 Is farre superior man; and likest far  
 To wed my mother: and as circular  
 Be in that honor, as *Vlysses* was.  
 But heauen–housd *Ioue* knowes, the yet hidden passe  
 Of her disposure; and on them he may  
 A blacker sight bring, then her Nuptiall day.  
 As this he vtter'd; on his right hand flew  
 A Saker; sacred to the God of view:  
 That, in his Tallons trust, and plum'd a Doue;  
 The Feathers round about the Ship did roue,  
 And on *Telemachus* fell; whom th' Augure then  
 Tooke fast by th' hand; withdrew him from his men,  
 And said; *Telemachus*; This Hawke is sent  
 From God; I knew it for a sure Ostent  
 VVhen first I saw it. Be you well assur'd,  
 There will no wooer be by heauen indur'd  
 To rule in *Ithaca*, aboue your Race:  
 But your pow'rs euer fill the Regall place.  
 I wish to heauen (said he) thy word might stand;

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Thou then shouldst soon acknowledge from my hand  
Such gifts & friendship, as would make thee (Guest)  
Met, and saluted, as no lesse then blest.  
This said; he call'd *Pyraeus* (*Clytus sonne*)  
His associate; saying, Thou hast done  
(Of all my Followers, to the Pylia shore)  
My will, in chiefe, in other things; Once more,  
Be chiefly good to me: take to thy house  
This loued stranger; & be studious  
T'embrace and greete him, with thy greatest fare,  
Till I my selfe come, and take off thy care.  
The famous for his Lance saide; if your stay,  
Take time for life heere; this mans care, Ile lay  
On my performance; nor what fits a Guest,  
Shall any penury with-hold his Feast.  
Thus tooke he ship; bad them boord, and away.  
They boorded; sate: but did their labour stay  
Till he had deckt his feete, and reacht his Lance.  
They to the City: he did straight aduance  
Vp to his Sties; where Swine lay for him, store;  
By whose sides did his honest Swine-herd snore:  
Till his short eares, his longest Nights had ended:  
And nothing worse, to both his Lords intended. The End of the Fifteenth Booke of Homers Odyssees.

## THE SIXTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*The Prince at Field; he sends to Towne  
Eumæus, to make truly knowne  
His safe returne. By Pallas will,  
Telemachus is giuen the skill  
To know his Father. Those that lay  
In Ambush, to prevent the way  
Of yong Vlyssides, for home;  
Retire, with anger ouercome.*

### Another.

*To his most deere,  
Vlysses showes;  
The wise Sun heere  
his Father knowes. Vlysses, and diuine Eumæus rose  
Soone as the morning could her eyes vnclose:  
Made fire; brake fast; And to their Pasture send  
The gather'd Herds: on whom, their Swaines attend.  
The selfe-tyre barking Dogs, all sawn'd vpon;  
Nor bark't, at first sight of Vlysses son.*

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The whinings of their fawnings yet did greet  
*Vlysses* eares; and sounds of certaine feet;  
 Who thus bespake *Eumæus*: Sure some friend,  
 Or one well knowne comes, that the Mastiues spend  
 Their mouths no lowder. Onely some one neare  
 They whine, and leape about; whose feete I heare.  
 His Son stood in the entry of the dore.  
 Out-rusht amaz'd *Eumæus*: and let go  
 The cup to earth, that he had labor'd so,  
 Cleans'd for the neate wine: Did the Prince surprise,  
 Kist his faire forehead: Both his louely eyes,  
 Both his white hands; And tender teares distil'd.  
 There breath'd no kind soul'd Father, that was fild  
 Lesse with his sonnes embraces, that had liu'd  
 Ten yeares in farre-off earth; now new retriu'd,  
 His onely childe too, gotten in his age:  
 And for whose absence he had felt the rage  
 Of griefes vpon him; then for this diuin'd  
 So much for forme, was this diuine for mind:  
 VVho kist him through: who grew about him kissing,  
 As fresh from death scapt. Who (so long time missing)  
 He wept for ioy, and said; Thou yet art come,  
 (Sweet light, sweet Sun-rise) to thy cloudy home.  
 O (neuer I look't) when once shipt away  
 For *Pylos* shores, to see thy turning day.  
 Come; enter lou'd Son; Let me feast my hart  
 VVith thy sweete sight; new come, so farre apart.  
 Nor when you liu'd at home, would you walk downe  
 Often enough heere, but staide still at Towne:  
 It pleas'd you then, to cast such forehand view  
 About your house, on that most damned crew.  
 It shall be so then, Friend (saide he) but now  
 I come to glad mine eyes with thee, and know  
 If still my Mother, in her house remaine:  
 Or if some wooer hath aspir'd to gaine  
 Of her in Nuptials: for *Vlysses* bed,  
 By this, lies all with Spiders cobwebs spred,  
 In penury of him that should supply it.  
 She still (said he) holds her most constant quiet,  
 Aloft thine owne house, for the beds respect:  
 But for her Lords sad losse; sad nights and daies  
 Obscure her beauties, and corrupt their raies.  
 This said; *Eumæus*, tooke his brazen Speare;  
 And in he went: when, being enter'd neare  
 VVithin the stony threshold; From his seat,  
 His Father rose to him: who would not let  
 Th' old man remoue; but drew him backe and prest  
 VVith earnest termes his sitting; Saying, Guest;  
 Take heere your feate againe; we soone shall get  
 Within our owne house heere, some other seat:  
 Heere's one will fetch it. This said; downe againe

Each word of this speech was not spent, before

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

His Father sate: and to his sonne, his Swaine  
 Strew'd faire greene Osiers; and impos'd thereon  
 A good soft Sheepskin, which made him a Throne.                      Then he appos'd to them, his last-left Roste;  
 And in a wicker basket, bread engroste:  
 Fil'd luscious wine; and then tooke opposite seate  
 To the diuine *Vlysses*. VVhen the meate  
 Set there before them; all fell to, and eate.  
 VVhen they had fed; the Prince said, pray thee say,  
 Whence coms this guest? what seaman gaue him way  
 To this our Isle? I hope these feete of his  
 Could walke no water; who boasts he, he is?                      Ile tell all truly Son: From ample *Crete*  
 He bosts himselfe; and sayes, his erring feete  
 Hauē many Cities trod: And God was he  
 VVhose finger wrought in his infirmity.  
 But, to my Cottage, the last scape of his,  
 VVas from a *Thesprots* Ship. VVhat ere he is,  
 Ile giue him you: do what you please; His vant  
 Is, that he is (at most) a suppliant.  
*Eumæus* , (said the Prince) To tell me this,  
 You haue afflicted my weake Faculties:  
 For how shall I receiue him to my house  
 VVith any safety; that suspitious  
 Of my yong forces (should I be assaide  
 With any sodaine violence) may want aide  
 To shield my selfe? Besides, if I go home,  
 My mother is with two doubts ouercome:  
 If she shall stay with me, and take fit care  
 For all such guests, as there seeke gwestiue fare;  
 Her husbands bed respecting, and her fame  
 Amongst the people: Or her blood may frame  
 A liking to some wooer, such as best  
 May bed her in his house; not giuing lest.  
 And thus am I vnsure, of all meanes free  
 To vse a Guest there, fit for his degree.  
 But, being thy Guest; Ile be his supply,  
 For all weeds, such as mere necessity  
 Shall more then furnish: Fit him with a sword,  
 And set him where his heart would haue bene shor'd.  
 Or (if so pleasd) receiue him in thy Shed:  
 Ile send thee clothes, I vow; and all the bread  
 His wish would eate: that to thy men and thee  
 He be no burthen. But that I should be  
 His meane to my house; where a company  
 Of wrong-professing wooers, wildly liue;  
 I will in no sort author; lest they giue  
 Foule vse to him; and me, as grauely grieue.  
 For what great act can any one atchieue  
 Against a multitude? Although his minde  
 Retaine a courage of the greatest kinde?  
 For all minds haue not force in one degree.  
*Vlysses* answer'd; O Friend, since 'tis free



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

For any man, to change fit words with thee;  
 Ile freely speake. Me thinkes, a woluish powre  
 My heart puts on, to teare and to deuoure;  
 To heare your affirmation; that (in spite  
 Of what may fall on you, made opposite;  
 Being one of your proportion, birth, and age,  
 These wooers should in such iniustice rage.  
 VVhat should the cause be? Do you wilfully  
 Indure their spoile? Or hath your Empery  
 Bene such amongst your people; that, all gather  
 In troope, and one voice; (which euen God doth father)  
 And vow your hate so, that they suffer them?  
 Or blame your Kinsfolks faiths, before th' extream  
 Of your first stroke hath tried them? whom a man  
 When strifes, to blowes rise, trusts: though battel ran  
 In huge and high waues? would to heauen my spirit  
 Such youth breath'd, as the man that must inherit,  
 Yet neuer toucht *Vlysses*: or that he  
 (But wandring this way) would but come, and see  
 What my age could atchieue (and there is Fate  
 For Hope yet left; that he may recreate  
 His eyes with such an obiect.) This my head  
 Should any stranger strike off, if starke dead  
 I strooke not all: the house in open force  
 Entring with challenge. If their great concourse  
 Did ouer-lay me, being a man alone;  
 (VVhich you vrge for your selfe) be you that one.  
 I rather in mine owne house wish to dye  
 One death for all; then so indecently  
 See euermore, deeds worse then death applied;  
 Guests, wrog'd with vile words, & blow-giuing pride:  
 The women-seruants dragg'd in filthy kind  
 About the faire house; and in corners blind  
 Made serue the rapes of Ruffins: Food deuour'd  
 Idely and rudely; wine exhaust, and pour'd  
 Through throats prophane; and all about a deed,  
 That's euer wooing, and will neuer speed.  
 Ile tell you (Guest) most truly, saide his Son;  
 I do not thinke, that all my people ron  
 One hatefull course against me; Nor accuse  
 Kinsfolkes that I in strifes of weight, might vse:  
 But *Ioue* will haue it so: our Race alone,  
 (As if made singular) to one, and one  
 His hand confining. Onely to the King  
 (*Ioue*-bred *Arcesius*) did *Laertes* spring;  
 Onely to old *Laertes* did descend  
*Vlysses*; onely to *Vlysses* end  
 Am I the Adiunct; whom he left so yong,  
 That from me, to him, neuer comfort sprong.  
 And to all these now (for their race) arise  
 Vp in their house, a brood of enemies.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

As many as in these Isles bow mens knees;  
*Samos, Dulychius*, and the rich in Trees  
*Zacynthus*: Or in this rought Isles command,  
 So many suiters for the Nuptials stand,  
 That aske my Mother; and meane space, prefer  
 Their lusts to all spoile, that dishonor her.  
 Nor doth she (though she loaths) deny their suites;  
 Nor they denials take, though taste their fruites.  
 But all this time, the state of all things there  
 Their throats deuoure; and I must shortly beare  
 A part in all; and yet the periods  
 Of these designes, lye in the knees of Gods.  
 Of all Loues then, *Eumæus*; make quicke way  
 To wise *Penelope*; and to her, say  
 My safe returne from *Pylos*; and alone  
 Returne thou hither, hauing made it knowne.  
 Nor let (besides my Mother) any care  
 Partake thy Message; since a number beare  
 My safe returne displeasure. He replied; I know, and comprehend you; you diuide,  
 Your minde with one that vnderstands you well.  
 But, all in one yet; may I not reueale  
 To th' old hard-fated *Arcesiades*  
 Your safe returne? who through his whole distres  
 Felt for *Vlysses*, did not yet so grieue,  
 But with his houshold, he had will to liue;  
 And seru'd his appetite, with wine, and food;  
 Surueigh'd his husbandry, and did his blood  
 Some comforts fitting life: But since you tooke  
 Your ship for *Pylos*, he would neuer brooke,  
 Or wine, or food, they say; nor cast an eye  
 On any labour: but sits weeping by;  
 And sighing out his sorrowes, ceasselesse mones  
 Wasting his body, turn'd all skin and bones.  
 More sad newes still (said he) yet; mourne he still?  
 For if the rule of all mens workes be will,  
 And his will, his way goes: mine stands inclin'd  
 T'attend the home-turne of my neerer kind.  
 Do then, what I inioyne; which, giuen effect;  
 Erre not to field to him, but turne direct.  
 Entreating first my Mother, with most speed;  
 And all the secrecy that now serues Neede,  
 To send this way their store-house Guardian,  
 And she shall tell all to the aged Man.  
 He tooke his shooes vp; put them on, and went.  
 Nor was his absence, hid from *Ioues* descent,  
 Diuine *Minerua*: who tooke straight, to view,  
 A goodly womans shape, that all workes knew:  
 And, standing in the entry, did prefer  
 Her sight t'*Vlysses*. But (though meeting her)  
 His sonne *Telemachus*, nor saw, nor knew:  
*The Gods cleere presences, are knowne to few.*

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Yet (with *Vlysses*) euen the Dogs did see,  
 And would not barke; but, whining louingly,  
 Fled to the Stals farre side. VVhere She, her eine  
 Moou'd to *Vlysses*. He knew her designe,  
 And left the house, past the great Sheep-cotes wall,  
 And stood before her. She bad, Vtter all  
 Now to his sonne; nor keepe the least vnlosde:  
 That all the wooers deaths being now disposde,  
 They might approach the Towne; Affirming, she  
 Not long would faile, t'assist to victory.  
 This said; She laide her golden Rod on him;  
 And with his late-worne weeds grac't euery lim.  
 His body straitn'd, and his youth instill'd;  
 His fresh blood call'd vp: euery wrinkle fill'd  
 About his broken eyes; and on his chin  
 The browne haire spred. When his whole trim wrought in;  
 She yssu'd; and he enter'd to his sonne:  
 VVho stood amaz'd; & thought some God had done  
 His house that honor: turn'd away his eyes,  
 And sayd; Now Guest, you grace another guise  
 Then suites your late shew; Other weeds you weare,  
 And other person. Of the starry spheare  
 You certainly present some deathlesse God.  
 Be pleasd, that to your here vouchsaf't abod  
 VVe may giue sacred rites, and offer Gold  
 To do vs fauour. He replied: I hold  
 No deified state. VVhy put you thus on me  
 A Gods resemblance? I am onely he  
 That beares thy Fathers name: for whose lou'd sake,  
 Thy youth so grieues: whose absence makes thee take,  
 Such wrongs of men. Thus kist he him; nor could  
 Forbeare those teares, that in such mighty hold  
 He held before: still held, still yssuing euer.  
 And now (the shores once broke) the springtide neuer  
 Forbore earth from the cheekes he kist. His sonne,  
 (By all these violent arguments; not wonne  
 To credit him his Father) did deny  
 His kinde assumpt: and said, Some Deity  
 Fain'd that ioyes cause, to make him grieue the more:  
 Affirming, that no man, whoeuer wore  
 The garment of mortality, could take  
 (By any vtmost power, his soule could make)  
 Such change into it: since at so much will,  
 Not *Ioue* himselfe, could both remoue, and fill  
 Old age, with youth; and youth, with age so spoile  
 In such an instant. You wore all the soile  
 Of age but now, and were old: And but now  
 You beare that yong grace that the Gods indow  
 Their heauen-borne formes withall. His father saide:  
*Telemachus?* Admire, nor stand dismaide:  
 But know thy solid Father; since within,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

He answeres all parts, that adorne his skin.  
 There shall no more *Vlyssesses* come heere.  
 I am the man, that now this twentieth yeare  
 (Stil vnder sufferance of a world of ill)  
 My countrey earth, recouer: 'Tis the will  
 The Prey-professor *Pallas* puts in act;  
 VVho put me thus together; thus distract,  
 In aged pieces, as euen now you saw,  
 This youth now rendring. 'Tis within the law  
 Of her free pow'r. Sometimes to shew me pore;  
 Sometimes againe, thus amply to restore  
 My youth, and Ornaments; She still would please.  
*The Gods can raise, and throw men downe, with ease.*  
 This said; he sat: when his *Telemachus* pour'd  
 Himselfe about him: Teares on teares, he shour'd:  
 And to desire of mone, increast the cloud:  
 Both wept & howl'd, & laide out shrieks more loud;  
 Then or the Bird-bone-breaking Eagle reres;  
 Or Brood-kind Vulture with the crooked Seres,  
 VVhen rusticke hands, their tender Aries draw,  
 Before they giue their wings their full-plum'd Law.  
 But miserably pour'd they from beneath  
 Their lids, their teares: while both their breasts did breath  
 As frequent cries: & to their feruent mone,  
 The light had left the skies; if first the sonne  
 Their dumbe mones had not vented, with demand  
 VVhat Ship it was, that gaue the naturall land  
 To his blest feet? He then, did likewise lay  
 Hand on his passion; and gaue these words way.  
 Ile tell thee truth, my sonne; The men that beare  
 Much fame for shipping, my Reducers were  
 To long-wisht *Ithaca*; who each man els,  
 That greets their shore, giue passe to where he dwels.  
 The *Phæacensian* Peeres, in one nights date,  
 (VVhile I fast slept) fetcht th' *Ithacensian* state:  
 Grac't me with wealthy gifts: Brasse, store of Gold,  
 And Robes faire wrought: All which haue secret hold  
 In Caves, that by the Gods aduice, I chusde.  
 And now, *Minerua's* admonitions vsde  
 For this retreat; that we might heere dispose  
 In close Discourse, the slaughters of our foes.  
 Recount the number of the wooers then;  
 And let me know what name they hold with men:  
 That my minde, may cast ouer their estates  
 A curious measure; & conferre the rates  
 Of our two pow'rs, and theirs: to try; if we  
 Alone, may propagate to victory  
 Our bold encounters of them all, or proue  
 The kind assistance of some others loue.  
 O Father (he replied) I oft haue heard  
 Your counsailes, and your force of hand prefer'd

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To mighty glory: But your speeches now,  
 Your ventrous minde, exceeding mighty show.  
 Euen to amaze they moue me: for in right  
 Of no fitte counsaile, should be brought to fight,  
 Two men, 'gainst th' able faction of a throng.  
 No one two, no one ten; No twice ten strong  
 These wooers are: but more by much. For know,  
 That from *Dulychius* there are fifty two;  
 All choise yong men: and euery one of these  
 Six men attend. From *Samos* crost the Seas  
 Twice twelue young Gallants. From *Zacynthus* came  
 Twice ten. Of *Ithaca*, the best of name,  
 Twice six. Of all which, all the State they take,  
 A sacred Poet, and a Herald make.  
 Their delicacies, two (of speciall sort  
 In skill of banquets) serue. And all this port  
 If we shall dare t'encounter; all thrust vp  
 In one strong roofe: haue great care lest the cup  
 Your great mind thirsts, exceeding bitter taste;  
 And your retreat, commend not to your haste  
 Your great attempt; but make you say, you buy  
 Their prides reuenges, at a price too hy.  
 And therefore (if you could) t'were, well you thought  
 Of some assistent. Be your spirit wrought  
 In such a mans election, as may lend  
 His succours freely, and expresse a Friend.  
 His Father answer'd: Let me aske of thee;  
 Heare me, consider; and then answer me.  
 Think'st thou if *Pallas*, and the King of skies  
 We had to Friend; would their sufficiencies  
 Make strong our part? Or that some other yet  
 My thoughts must worke for? These (saide he) are set  
 Aloft the clouds; and are sound aydes indeed:  
 As pow'rs not onely, that these men exceed;  
 But beare of all men else the high command;  
 And hold, of Gods, an ouer-ruling hand.  
 VVell then (said he) nor these shall seuer long  
 Their force and ours, in fights assur'd, and strong.  
 And then, twixt vs, and them, shall *Mars* prefer  
 His strength; to stand our great distinguisher;  
 When, in mine owne Roofes, I am forc't to blowes.  
 But when the day, shall first her fires disclose;  
 Go thou for home, and troope vp with the woo'rs;  
 Thy wil with theirs ioid; pow'r with their rude powrs  
 And after, shall the Herdsman guide to Towne  
 My steps; my person wholly ouer-growne  
 With all apparance of a poore old Swaine,  
 Heauy, and wretched. If their high disdain  
 Of my vile presence; make them, my desert  
 Affect with contumelies; let thy loued heart  
 Beate in fixt confines of thy bosome still,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And see me suffer, patient of their ill.  
 I, though they drag me by the heeles, about  
 Mine owne free earth, and after hurle me out;  
 Do thou still suffer. Nay, though with their Darts  
 They beate, and bruise me; beare. But these foul parts  
 Perswade them to forbear; and by their names  
 Cal all with kinde words: bidding, for their shames  
 Their pleasures cease. If yet they yeeld not way;  
 There breakes the first light of their fatall day.  
 In meane space, marke this: VVhen the chiefly wise  
*Minerua* prompts me; Ile informe thine eies  
 VVith some giuen signe; & then, all th' armes that are  
 Aloft thy Roofe, in some neere roome prepare  
 For speediest vse. If those braue men enquire  
 Thy end in all; still rake vp all thy fire  
 In faire coole words: and say; I bring them downe  
 To scoure the smoke off; being so ouer-growne  
 That one would thinke, all fumes that euer were.  
 Breath'd since *Vlysses* losse, reflected here.  
 These are not like the armes, he left behinde  
 In way for *Troy*. Besides, *Ioue* prompts my minde  
 In their remoue apart thus, with this thought:  
 That, if in heighth of wine, there should bee wrought  
 Some harsh contention twixt you; this apt meane  
 To mutual bloodshed, may be taken cleane  
 From out your reach; and all the spoile preuented  
 Of present Feast: perhaps, euen then presented  
 My Mothers Nuptials, to your long kinde vowes.  
*Steele it selfe, ready; drawes a man to blowes.*  
 Thus make their thoughts secure; to vs alone  
 Two Swords, two Darts; two shields left; we see done  
 VVithin our readiest reach; that at our will  
 VVe may resume, and charge; And all their skil,  
*Pallas* and *Ioue*, that all iust counsailes breath;  
 May darken, with securenesse, to their death.  
 And let me charge thee now, as thou art mine;  
 And as thy veines mine owne blood combine:  
 Let (after this) none know *Vlysses* nere.  
 Not any one of all the houshold there;  
 Not here, the Herdsman: Not *Laertes* be  
 Made priuy: nor her selfe, *Penelope*.  
 But onely let thy selfe, and me worke out  
 The womens thoughts, of all things borne about  
 The wooers hearts: and then thy men approue,  
 To know who honors, who with reuerence loue  
 Our well-weigh'd Memories; and who is won  
 To faile thy fit right, though my onely Son.  
 You teach (saide he) so punctually now,  
 As I knew nothing; nor were sprung from you.  
 I hope, heereafter, you shall better know  
 VVhat soule I beare; and that it doth not let

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The least loose motion, passe his naturall seat.  
 But this course you propose, will proue, I feare,  
 Small profit to vs; and could wish your care  
 VVould weigh it better, as too farre about.  
 For Time will aske much, to the sifting out  
 Of each mans disposition, by his deeds.  
 And, in the meane time, euery wooer feeds  
 Beyond saciety; nor knowes how to spare.  
 The women yet, since they more easie are  
 For our enquiry; I would wish you try  
 VVho right your state, who do it iniury.  
 The men I would omit: and these things make  
 Your labour, after. But to vndertake  
 The wooers warre; I wish your vtmost speede,  
 Especially, if you could cheere the deed,  
 VVith some Oftent from *Ioue*. Thus (as the Sire  
 Consented to the Son) did heere expire  
 Their mutuall speech. And now the Ship was come  
 That brought the yong Prince, & his soldiers home.  
 The deepe Hauen (reacht) they drew the Ship ashore;  
 Tooke all their Armes out, and the rich Gifts bore  
 To *Clitius* house. But to *Vlysses* Court  
 They sent a Herald first, to make report  
 To wise *Penelope*, that safe at field  
 Her Son was left: yet since the Ship would yield  
 Most hast to her; he sent that first; and them  
 To comfort with his vtmost, the extream  
 He knew she suffer'd. At the Court, now met  
 The Herald, and the Herdsman; to repeat  
 One message to the Queene. Both whom (arriu'd  
 VVithin the gates:) Both to be formost striu'd  
 In that good Newes. The Herald, he for hast  
 Amongst the Maids bestow'd it; thinking plac'st  
 The Queene amongst them. Now (said he) O Queen,  
 Your lou'd Son is arriu'd. And then was seene  
 The Queene her selfe: To whom the herdsman tould  
 All that *Telemachus* inioyn'd he should.  
 All which discharg'd; his steps, he backe bestowes,  
 And left, both Court and City, for his Soves.  
 The wooers then grew sad; soule-vext, and all  
 Made forth the Court. When, by the mighty wall,  
 They tooke their seuerall seate, before the gates;  
 To whom *Eurymachus*, initiates  
 Their vtter'd greeuance. O (sayd he) my Friends;  
 A worke right great begun, as proudly ends.  
 VVe said, *Telemachus* should neuer make  
 His voyage good; nor this shore euer take  
 For his returnes receipt: and yet we faile,  
 And he performes it. Come, let's man a Saile  
 The best in our election; and bestow  
 Such souldiers in her, as can swiftest row:

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To tell our friends, that way—lay his retreat  
'Tis safe perform'd: and make them quickly get  
Their ship for *Ithaca*. This was not said,  
Before *Amphinomus* in Port displaid  
The ship arriu'd: her sailes then vnder stroke;  
And Oares resum'd. VVhen laughing, thus he spoke:      Moue for no messenger: these men are come;  
Some God hath either told his turning home,  
Or they themselues haue seene his ship gone by:  
Had her in chase, and lost her. Instantly  
They rose, and went to Port: found drawne to Land  
The Ship; the souldiers taking Armes in hand.  
The woo'rs themselues, to counsaile went, in throng:  
And not a man besides, or old, or yong,  
Let sit amongst them. Then *Eupitheus* Sonne  
(*Antinous*) said: See what the Gods haue done:  
They onely, haue deliuered from our ill  
The men we way—laid; euery windy hill  
Hath bin their watch—tow'n where by turns they stood  
Continuall Sentinell. And we made good  
Our worke as well: For (Sun, once set) we neuer  
Slept winke ashore, all night; But made saile euer  
This way, and that; euen till the morning kept  
Her sacred Station; so to intercept  
And take his life, for whom our ambush lay;  
And yet hath God, to his returne giuen way.  
But let vs prosecute with counsailes, here  
His necessary death: nor any where  
Let rest his safety; for if he suruiue,  
Our sailes will neuer, in wisht Hauens arriuue.  
Since he is wise, hath soule, and counsaile to  
To worke the people, who will neuer do  
Our faction fauour. What we then intend  
Against his person, giue we present end  
Before he call a counsaile; which, beleeeue  
His spirit will hast, & point where it doth greue:  
Stand vp amongst them all, and vrge his death  
Decreed amongst vs. Which complaint, will breath  
A fire about their spleenes; and blow no praise  
On our ill labours. Lest they therefore raise  
Pow'r to exile vs from our Natiue earth,  
And force our liues societies to the birth  
Of forreigne countries: let our speeds preuent  
His comming home, to this austere complaint;  
(AT field and farre from Towne, or in some way  
Of narrow passage:) with his latest day  
Shewne to his forward youth: his goods and lands,  
Left to the free diuision of our hands:  
The Moouables made al, his Mothers dowre,  
And his who—euer, Fate affoords; the powre  
To celebrate with her, sweet *Hymeus* rites.  
Or if this please not; but your appetites



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Stand to his safety, and to giue him seate  
 In his whole birth—right; let vs looke to eate  
 At his cost neuer more: but euery man  
 Hast to his home: and wed with whom he can  
 At home; and there, lay first about for dowre,  
 And then the woman giue his second powre  
 Of Nuptiall liking: And, for last, apply  
 His purpose, with most gifts, and destiny.  
 This, silence caus'd; whose breach, at last, begon  
*Amphinomus*, the much renowned Son  
 Of *Nisus*, surnam'd *Aretiades*;  
 VVho from *Dulychius* (full of flowry Leas)  
 Led all the wooers; and in chiefe did please  
 The Queene with his discourse; because it grew  
 From rootes of those good mindes that did indue  
 His goodly person: who (exceeding wise)  
 Vs'd this speech: Friends, I neuer will aduise  
 The Princes death: for 'tis a damned thing  
 To put to death the yssue of a King.  
 First therefore, let's examine, what applause  
 The Gods will giue it. If the equall Lawes  
 Of *Ioue* approoue it, I my selfe will be  
 The man shall kill him; and this companie  
 Exhort to that minde: If the Gods remaine  
 Aduerse, and hate it; I aduise, refraine.  
 This said *Amphinomus*, and pleas'd them all:  
 VVhen all arose, and in *Vlysses* Hall  
 Tooke seate againe. Then, to the Queene was come  
 The wooers plot, to kill her sonne at home:  
 Since their abroad designe had mist successe.  
 The Herald *Medon* (who the whole addresse)  
 Knew of their counsailes) making the report.  
 The Goddesses of her sex, with her faire sort  
 Of louely women; at the large Hals dore  
 (Her bright cheekes clouded, with a veile shee wore)  
 Stood, and directed to *Antinous*  
 Her sharpe reproofe; which she digested thus:     *Antinous?* composde of iniury,  
 Plotter of mischief? Though reports that flye  
 Amongst our *Ithacensian* people, say  
 That thou, of all that glory in their sway,  
 Art best in words and counsailes; Th' art not so.  
 Fond, busie fellow, why plott'st thou the wo  
 And slaughter of my Son? and dost not feare  
 The Presidents of suppliants? when the eare  
 Of *Ioue* stoopes to them? 'Tis vniust to do  
 Slaughter for slaughter; or pay woe, for wo:  
 Mischiefe for kindnesse; Death for life sought then,  
 Is an iniustice to be loath'd of men.  
 Serues not thy knowledge, to remember when  
 Thy Father fled to vs; who (mou'd to wrath  
 Against the *Taphian* the eues) pursu'd with scath

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The guiltlesse *Thesprots*; in whose peoples feare,  
Pursuing him for wreake, he landed here.  
They after him, professing both their prize  
Of all his chiefly valew'd Faculties,  
And more priz'd life. Of all whose bloodiest ends  
*Vlysses* curb'd them, though they were his friends.  
Yet thou, like one that no Law will allow  
The least honor, eat'st his house vp now  
That fed thy Father: woo'st for loue, his wife,  
VVhom thus thou grieu'st; & seek'st her sole sons life.  
Ceasse, I command thee; and command the rest,  
To see all thought of these foule fashions ceast.  
*Eurymachus* replyed; Be confident,  
Thou all of wit made; the most fam'd descent  
Of King *Icarius*: Free thy spirits of feare:  
There liues not any one; nor shall liue here  
Now, nor hereafter; while my life giues heat  
And light to me on earth? that dares entreat  
VVith any ill touch, thy well-loued Sonne;  
But heere I vow, and heere will see it done,  
His life shall staine my Lance. If on his knees  
The City-racer, *Laertiades*,  
Hath made me sit; put in my hand his foode,  
And held his red wine to me: shall the bloode  
Of his *Telemachus*, on my hand lay  
The least pollution, that my life can stay?  
No: I haue euer charg'd him not to feare  
Deaths threat from any; And for that most deare  
Loue of his Father, he shall euer be  
Much the most lou'd, of all that liue to me.  
*Who kils a guiltlesse man, from Man may flye;*  
*From God his searches, all escapes deny.*      Thus cheer'd his words; but his affections still  
Fear'd not to cherish soule intent to kill,  
Euen him, whose life to all liues he prefer'd.  
The Queene went vp; and to her loue appear'd  
Her Lord so freshly; that she wept, till sleepe  
(By *Pallas* forc't on her) her eyes did sleepe  
In his sweet humor. When the Euen was come,  
The God-like Herdsman reacht the whole way home.  
*Vlysses* and his Son, for supper drest  
A yeare-old Swine; and ere their Host and Guest  
Had got their presence; *Pallas* had put by  
With her faire rod, *Vlysses* royalty;  
And render'd him, an aged man againe,  
VVith all his vile Integuments; lest his Swaine  
Should know him in his trim, & tell his Queene,  
In these deepe secrets, being not deeply seene.  
He seene; to him, the Prince these words did vse:  
VVelcome diuine *Eumaus*; Now what newes  
Imployes the City? Are the wooers come  
Backe from their Scout dismaid? Or heere at home

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

VWill they againe attempt me? He replied,  
These touch not my care; I was satisfied  
To do, with most speed, what I went to do;  
My message done, returne. And yet, not so  
Came my newes first; a Herald (met with there)  
Fore-stal'd my Tale, and told how safe you were.  
Besides which meere necessary thing;  
What in my way chanc't, I may ouer bring,  
Being what I know, and witness with mine eyes.  
Where the *Hermæan* Sepulcher doth rise  
About the City: I beheld take Port  
A Ship; and in her, many a man of sort:  
Her freight was shields and Lances; and, me thought  
They were the wooers: but of knowledge, nought  
Can therein tell you. The Prince smil'd, and knew  
They were the wooers; casting secret view  
Vpon his Father. But what they intended  
Fled far the Herdsman: whose Swaines labors ended,  
They drest the Supper; which, past want, was eat.  
VVhen all desire suffic'd, of wine, and meat;  
Of other humane wants, they tooke supplies  
At *Sleepes* soft hand; who sweetly clos'd their eies. The End of the xvi. Booke.

### THE SEVENTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.

#### The Argvment.

*Telemachus* return'd to Towne,  
Makes to his curious mother knowne  
In part, his *Trauailles*. After whome  
*Vlysses* to the Court doth come,  
In good *Eumæus* guide; and preast  
To witness of the Wooers Feast.  
Whom (though twice ten yeares did bestow  
In farre off parts) his Dog doth know.

#### Another.

*Vlysses* shoves  
through all disguise:  
Whom his dog knowes;  
who knowing dies.      Bvt when aires rosie birth (the Morne) arose,  
*Telemachus* did for the Towne dispose  
His early steps; and tooke to his command  
His faire long Lance, well sorting with his hand.  
Thus, parting with *Eumaus*: Now my friend,  
I must to Towne; lest too farre I extend  
My Mothers mone for me: who till her eyes

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Mine owne eyes witnesse; varies teares and cries  
 Through all extreames. Do then this charge of mine,  
 And guide to Towne this haplesse guest of thine;  
 To beg else—where his further Festiuall:  
 Giue, they that please, I cannot giue to all:  
 Mine owne wants take vp for my selfe my paine.  
 If it incense him, he the worst shall gaine;  
 The louely truth I loue, and must be plaine.  
 Alas Friend (saide his Father) nor do I  
 Desire at all your further charity.  
 'Tis better beg in Cities, then in Fields,  
 And take the worst a beggers fortune yields.  
 Nor am I apt to stay in Swine—sties more  
 How euer: euer the great Chiefe before  
 The poore Rankes must, to euery step obay.  
 But goe; your man, in my command shall sway:  
 Anon yet to, by fauor; when your fires  
 Haue comforted the colde heat, age expires;  
 And when the Suns flame, hath besides corrected  
 The early aire abroad; not being protected  
 By these my bare weeds, from the mornings frost;  
 Which (since so much ground is to be engrost  
 By my poore feete as you report) may giue  
 Too violent charge, to th' heat by which I liue.  
 And to the wooers, studied little grace.  
 Arriu'd at home; he gaue his Iaueline stay  
 Against a lofty Pillar; and bold way  
 Made further in. When, hauing so farre gone  
 That he transcended, the fayre Porch of Stone;  
 The first by farre, that gaue his entry, eye  
 VVas Nurse *Euryclea*; who th' embroidery  
 Of Stooles there set; was giuing Cushions faire:  
 VVho ranne vpon him, and her rapt repaire  
 Shed teares for ioy. About him gather'd round  
 The other Maides; his head, and shoulders, croun'd  
 VVith kisses and embraces. From aboue  
 The Queene her selfe came, like the Queene of Loue;  
 Or bright *Diana*: Cast about her Sonne  
 Her kinde embraces: with effusion  
 Of louing teares; kist both his louely eyes,  
 His cheekes, and forehead; and gaue all supplies  
 With this entreaty: Welcome sweetest light;  
 I neuer had conceite, to set quicke sight  
 On thee thus soone; when thy lou'd fathers fame  
 As farre as *Pylos*, did thy spirit enflame:  
 In that search ventur'd all vnknowne to me.  
 O say, By what power cam'st thou now to be  
 Mine eyes deare obiect? He return'd reply,  
 Moue me not now: when you my scape descry  
 From imminent death; to thinke me fresh entrapt;  
 The fear'd wound rubbing, felt before I scap't.

This saide; his Sonne went on, with spritely pace,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Double not needlesse passion, on a heart  
 Whose ioy so greene is, and so apt t'inuert:  
 But pure weeds putting on, ascend and take  
 Your women with you: that yee all may make  
 Vowes of full Hecatombs, in sacred fire  
 To all the God-heads; If their onely Sire  
 Vouchsafe reuenge of guest-rites wrong'd, which hee  
 Is to protect, as being their Deity.  
 My way shall be directed to the hall  
 Of common Concourse, that I thence may call  
 A stranger; who from off the *Pylian* shore  
 Came friendly with me; whom I sent before  
 With all my souldiers; but in chiefe did charge  
*Pyraeus* with him, wishing him t'enlarge  
 His loue to him, at home, in best affaire,  
 And vtmost honors, till mine owne repaire.  
 Her Son, thus spoken; his words could not beare  
 The wings too easely through her either eare:  
 But putting pure weeds on; made vowes entire  
 Of perfect Hecatombes, in sacred fire  
 To all the Deities; if their onely Sire  
 Vouchsaft reuenge of guest-rites, wrong'd; which he  
 Was to protect, as being their Deity.  
 Her Son left house: In his faire hand, his Lance;  
 His dogs attending, and on euery glance  
 His lookes cast from them; *Pallas* put a grace  
 That made him seeme of the celestiaall race.  
 Whom (come to concourse) euery man admir'd:  
 About him throng'd the wooers, and desir'd  
 All good to him in tongues; but in their hearts  
 Most deepe ils threatn'd, to his most deserts.  
 Of whose huge rout, once free; he cast glad eie  
 On some, that long before his infancie,  
 Were with his Father, great, and gracious:  
*Graue Halytherses, Mentor, Antiphus;*  
 To whom he went: tooke seate by them: And they  
 Enquir'd of all things, since his parting day.  
 To them *Pyraeus* came, and brought his Guest  
 Along the City thither; whom nor lest,  
 The Prince respected; nor was long before  
 He rose and met him: The first word yet; bore  
*Pyraeus* from them both: whose haste, besought  
 The Prince to send his women, to see brought  
 The Gifts from his house, that *Atrides* gaue,  
 Which, his own roofes, he thought, wold better saue.      The wise Prince answer'd, I can scarce conceiue  
 The way to these workes. If the wooers reauē  
 By priuy Stratagem, my life at home:  
 I rather wish, *Pyraeus* may become  
 The Maister of them, then the best of these.  
 But, if I sowe in their fields of excesse,  
 Slaughter, and ruine; then thy trust imploy,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And to me ioying, bring thou those with ioy.  
 This said; he brought home his grief—practis'd Guest;  
 VWhere both put off, both oyl'd, and did inuest  
 Themselues in rich Robes; washt, and fate, and eate.  
 His Mother, in a faire chaire, taking seate  
 Directly opposite: her Looome applied;  
 VWho (when her Son and Guest, had satisfied  
 Their appetites with feast) said; O my Sonne,  
 You know, that euer since your Sire was wonne  
 To go in *Agamemmons* guide to *Troy*;  
 Attempting sleepe, I neuer did inioy  
 One nights good rest; but made my quiet bed  
 A Sea blowne vp with sighes; with teares still shed  
 Embrew'd and troubl'd: yet, though all your misse  
 In your late voyage, hath bene made for this,  
 That you might know th' abode your Father made.  
 You shun to tell me what successe you had.  
 Now then, before the insolent accesse  
 The wooers straight will force on vs; expresse  
 What you haue heard. I will (saide he) and .  
 VVe came to *Pylos*, where the studious due  
 That any Father could affoord his Son;  
 (But new arriu'd from some course he had ron  
 To an extreame length, in some voyage vow'd)  
*Nestor*, the Pastor of the people, show'd  
 To me arriu'd, in turrets thrust vp hye;  
 VWhere not his braue Sons, were more lou'd then I.  
 Yet of th' vnconquer'd—euer—Sufferer  
*Vlysses*; neuer he could set his eare  
 Aliue, or dead, from any earthy man.  
 But to the great *Lacedemonian*  
 (*Atrides*, famous for his Lance) he sent  
 VWith horse and Chariots; Me, to learne th' euent  
 From his Relation; where I had the view  
 Of *Argiue Hellen*, whose strong beauties drew  
 (By wils of Gods) so many *Grecian* States,  
 And *Troians*, vnder such laborious Fates.  
 Where *Menelaus* ask't me, what affaire  
 To *Lacedemon*, render'd my repaire.  
 I told him all the truth: who made reply;  
 O deed of most abhor'd indecency!  
 A sort of Impotents attempt his bed.  
 VWhose strength of minde, hath Cities leuelled?  
 As to a Lyons den, when any Hinde  
 Hath brought her yong Calues, to their rest inclinde;  
 When he is ranging hils, and hearby dales,  
 To make, of Feeders there, his Festiualls:  
 But turning to his luster; Calues, and Dam,  
 He shewes abhor'd death, in his angers flame:  
 So (should *Vlysses* finde this rabble, housd  
 In his free Turrets, courting his espousd)

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Foule death would fall them. O, I would to *Ioue*,  
*Phoebus*, and *Pallas*, that (when he shall proue  
 The broad report of his exhausted store,  
 with his eyes) his Nerues and Sinewes wore  
 That vigor then, that in the *Lesbian* Tow'rs  
 (Prouok't to wrastle with the iron powrs  
*Philomelides* vanted) he approu'd;  
 VVhen, downe he hurl'd his Challenger, and mou'd  
 Huge shouts from all the *Achiues* then in view.  
 If, once come home, he all those forces drew  
 About him there to worke: they all were dead,  
 And should finde bitter his attempted bed.  
 But, what you aske and sue for, I (as far,  
 As I haue heard, the –spoke Marinar)  
 VVill tell directly; nor delude your eare.  
 He told me, that an Island did enspheare  
 (In much discomfort) great *Laertes* sonne;  
 And that the Nymph *Calypso* (ouer–ronne  
 VVith his affection) kept him in her Caues,  
 Where men, nor Ship, of pow'r to brook the waues,  
 VVere neere his conuoy to his countries Shore;  
 And where her selfe, importun'd euermore  
 His quiet stay; which not obtain'd, by force,  
 She kept his person from all else recourse.  
 This told *Atrides*; which was all he knew;  
 Nor staid I more: but from the Gods there blew  
 A prosperous winde, that set me quickly heere.  
 This put his Mother, quite from all her cheere:  
 VVhen *Theoclymenus* the Augure, said: O woman, honour'd with *Vlysses* bed:  
 Your Son, no doubt, knowes cleerely nothing more:  
 Heare me yet speake, that can the truth vncore;  
 Nor will be curious. *Ioue* then, witnessse beare,  
 And this thy Hospitable Table heere,  
 VVith this whole houshold of your blamelesse Lord;  
 That, at this houre, his royall feete are shor'd  
 On his lou'd countrey earth; and that euen heere  
 Comming, or creeping, he will see the cheere  
 These wooers make; and in his soules field, sow  
 Seeds, that shall thriue to all their ouerthrow.  
 This, set a ship–boord, I knew sorted thus,  
 And cried it out, to your *Telemachus*.  
*Penelope* replied; VVould this would proue;  
 You well should witnessse a most friendly loue,  
 And gifts such of me, as encoutring Fame  
 Should greeete you with, a blessed Mortals name.  
 This mutuall speech, past: all the wooers wore  
 Hurling the stone, and tossing of the Speare  
 Before the Pallace, in the paued Court:  
 VVhere other–whiles, their perulant resort  
 Sate plotting iniuries. But when the hower  
 Of Supper enter'd; and the feeding power

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Brought sheepe from field, that fil'd vp euery way  
 VVith those that vsde to furnish that puruay;  
*Medon*, the Herald (who of all the rest  
 Pleasd most the wooers, and at euery Feast  
 VVas euer neere) said; You whose kind consort  
 Make the faire branches of the Tree, our Court;  
 Grace it within now, and your Suppers take.  
 You that for health, and faire contentions sake  
 Wil please your minds; know, bodies must haue meat;  
*Play's worse them idlenesse, in times to eate.*  
 This said; all left; came in; cast by, on Thrones  
 And Chaires, their garments. Their prouisions  
 VVere Sheepe, Swine, Goats; the chiefly great & fat.  
 Besides an Oxe, that from the Herd they gat.  
 And now, the King and Herdsman, from the field,  
 In good way were to Towne: Twixt whom was held  
 Some walking conference; which thus begun  
 The good *Eumaus*: Guest, your will was wun,  
 (Because the Prince commanded) to make way  
 Vp to the City; though I wisht your stay,  
 And to haue made you Guardian of my stall:  
 But I, in care and feare, of what might fall,  
 In after anger of the Prince; forbore.  
*The checkes of Princes, touch their subiects sore.*  
 But make we hast, the day is neerely ended;  
 And cold ayres still, are in the Euen extended.  
 I know't (said he) consider all; your charge  
 Is giuen to one that vnderstands at large.  
 Haste then: heereafter, you shall leade the way;  
 Affoord your Staffe to, if it fit your stay,  
 That I may vse it; since you say, our passe  
 Is lesse friend to a weake foot, then it was.  
 Thus cast he on his necke, his nasty Scrip,  
 All patcht and torne: A cord that would not slip  
 For knots, and bracks, about the mouth of it,  
 Made serue the turne: and then his Swaine did fit  
 His forc't state with a staffe. Then plied they hard  
 Their way to towne: Their Cottage left in guard  
 To Swaines and Dogs. And now, *Eumaus* led  
 The King along: his garments to a thred  
 All bare, and burn'd; and he himselfe hard bore  
 Vpon his staffe, at all parts like a pore  
 And sad old begger. But when now they got  
 The rough high-way; their voyage wanted not  
 Much, of the City: where a Fount they reacht,  
 From whence the Towne their choisest water fetcht,  
 That euer ouer-flow'd; and curious Art  
 VVas shewne about it: In which, three had part;  
 VVhose names, *Neritus* and *Polyctor* were,  
 And famous *Ithacus*. It had a Sphere  
 Of poplar, that ranne round about the wall;



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And into it, a lofty Rocke let fall,  
 Continuall supply of coole cleare streame:  
 On whose top, to the Nymphs that were supreme  
 In those parts loues; a stately Altar rose;  
 VVhere euery Trauailer, did still impose  
 Deuoted sacrifice. At this fount, found  
 These silly Trauailers, a man renown'd  
 For guard of Goats, which now he had in guide;  
 VVhose huge—stor'd Herd, two herdsmen kept beside:  
 For all Herds it exceld; and bred a seed  
 For wooers onely. He was *Delina* seede,  
 And call'd *Melanthius*. VVho casting eye  
 One these two there, he chid them terribly:  
 And so past meane, that euen the wretched fate,  
 Now on *Vlysses*, he did irritate.  
 His fume, to this effect, he did pursue:  
 VVhy so; tis now at all parts passing ,  
 That ill leades ill: good euer more doth traine  
 VVith like, his like: VVhy thou unenuied Swaine,  
 VVhither dost thou leade this same victlesse Leager?  
 This bane of banquets; this most nasty begger?  
 VVhose sight doth make one sad, in so abhorres;  
 VVho with his standing in so many doores,  
 Hath broke his backe; and all his beggery tends  
 To beg base crusts, but to no manly ends;  
 As asking swords, or with actiuity  
 To get a Caldron. VVouldst thou giue him me,  
 To farme my Stable, or to sweepe my yarde,  
 And bring brouse to my kids; and that prefer'd,  
 He should be at my keeping for his paines,  
 To drinke as much whey as his thirsty veynos  
 VVould still be swilling (whey made all his fees)  
 His monstrous belly, would oppresse his knees.  
 But he hath learn'd to leade base life about;  
 And will not worke, but crouch among the rout;  
 For broken meate, to cram his bursten gut.  
 Yet this Ile say; and he will finde it put  
 In sure effect; that if he enters where  
*Vlysses* roofes cast shade; the stooles will there  
 About his eares flye; all the hous wil throw;  
 And rub his ragged sides, with cuffes enow.  
 Past these reuiles; his manlesse rudenesse spurn'd  
 Diuine *Vlysses*; who, at no part turn'd  
 His face from him, but had his spirit fed  
 VVith these two thoughts; If he should strike him dead  
 VVith his bestowed staffe: or at his feete  
 Make his direct head, and the pauement meete.  
 But he bore all, and entertain'd a brest,  
 That in the strife of all extremes did rest.  
*Eumæus*, frowning on him; chid him yet:  
 And lifting vp his hands to heauen, he set

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

This bitter curse at him: O you that beare  
 Faire name to be the race of *Iupiter*,  
 Nymphes of these Fountaines! If *Vlysses* euer  
 Burn'd thighes to you; that hid in fat, did neuer  
 Faile your acceptance, of or Lambe, or Kid;  
 Grant this grace to me; let the man thus hid  
 Shine through his dark fate: make som God his guide;  
 That, to thee (Goat-herd) this same Pallats pride,  
 Thou driu'st afore thee; he may come and make  
 The scatterings of the earth; and ouer-take  
 Thy wrongs, with forcing thee to euer erre  
 About the City, hunted by his feare.  
 And in the meane space, may some slothfull Swaines,  
 Let lowsie sicknesse gnaw thy Cattels Vaines.  
 O Gods! (replied *Melanthius*) what a curse  
 Hath this dog barkt out; and can yet, do wurse?  
 This man, shall I haue giuen into my hands,  
 VVhen, in a well-built Ship, to farre-off Lands  
 I shall transport him: That (should I want here)  
 My sale of him, may finde me victels there.  
 And (for *Vlysses*) would to heauen, his ioy  
 The Siluer-bearing-bow-God, would destroy,  
 This day, within his house; as sure as he  
 The day of his returne shall neuer see?      This said, he left them, going silent on;  
 But he out-went them, and tooke straight vpon  
 The Pallace royall, which he enter'd straight;  
 Sat with the wooers, and his Trenchers fraight  
 The Keruers gaue him, of the flesh there vented:  
 But bread, the reuerend Buttlersse presented.  
 He tooke, against *Eurymachus*, his place;  
 VVho most of all the wooers, gaue him grace.  
 And now, *Vlysses* and his Swaine got nere:  
 VVhen, round about them, visited their eare  
 The hollow Harpes delicious-stricken string;  
 To which, did *Phæmius* (neere the wooers) sing.      Then, by the hand, *Vlysses* tooke his Swaine,  
 And saide, *Eumaus*? One may heere see plaine  
 (In many a grace) that *Laertiades*  
 Built heere these Turrets; and (mongst others these)  
 His whole Court arm'd, with such a goodly wall:  
 The Cornish, and the Cope, Maiesticall:  
 His double gates, and Turrets, built too strong  
 For force, or vertue, euer to expugne.  
 I know, the Feasters in it, now abound,  
 Their Cates cast such a sauour; and the sound  
 The Harpe giues, argues, an accomplisht Feast;  
*The Gods made Musicke, Banquets deerest Guest.*  
 These things (said he) your skill may tell with ease,  
 Since you are grac't with greater knowledges.  
 But now, consult we, how these workes shall sort,  
 If you will first approach this praised Court,  
 And see these wooers (I remaining here)

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Or I shall enter, and your selfe forbear.  
But be not you, too tedious in your stay  
Lest thrust ye be, and buffeted away.

*Braine hath no fence for blowes; looke too't I pray.*

You speake to one that comprehends (said he)

Go you before; and heere, aduenture me.

I haue of old, bene vsde to cuffes and blowes;  
My minde is hardn'd; hauing borne the throwes  
Of many a soure euent, in waues, and wars;  
Where knockes and buffets are no Forreiners.

And this same harmefull belly, by no meane,  
The greatest Abstinēt, can euer weane.

*Men suffer much Bane, by the Bellies rage;*

For whose sake, Ships in all their equipage  
Are arm'd, and set out to th' vntamed Seas;

Their bulkes full fraught with ils to enemies.

Such speech they chang'd: when in the yeard there lay

A dogge, call'd *Argus*; which, before his way

Assum'd for *Ilion*; *Vlysses* bred;

Yet stood his pleasure then, in little sted;

(As being too yong) but growing to his grace,

Yong men made choise of him for euery Chace;

Or of their wilde Goats, of their Hares, or Harts.

But, his King gone; and he, now past his parts;

Lay all abiectly on the Stables store,

Before the Oxe-stall, and Mules stable dore,

To keepe the clothes, cast from the Pessants hands,

While they laide compasse on *Vlysses* Lands:

The Dog, with Tickes (vnlook't to) ouer-growne.

But, by this Dog, no sooner seene, but knowne

VVas wise *Vlysses*, who (new enter'd there)

Vp went his Dogs laide eares; and (comming nere)

Vp, he himselfe rose, fawn'd, and wag'd his Sterne;

Coucht close his eares, and lay so: Nor descerne

Could euermore his deere-lou'd Lord againe.

*Vlysses* saw it; nor had powre t'abstaine

From shedding tears: which (far-off seeing his Swain)

He dried from his sight cleane; to whom, he thus

His grieffe dissembled: 'Tis miraculous,

That such a Dog as this, should haue his laire

On such a dunghill; for his forme is faire.

And yet, I know not, if there were in him

Good pace, or parts, for all his goodly lim.

Or he liu'd empty of those inward things,

As are those trencher-Beagles, tending Kings;

VVhom for their pleasures, or their glories sake,

Or fashion; they into their faouours take.

This Dog (said he) was seruant to one dead

A huge time since. But if he bore his head

(For forme and quality) of such a hight,

As when *Vlysses* (bound for th' *Ilion* fight,

Or quickly after) left him: your rapt eyes

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Would then admire, to see him vse his Thyes,  
 In strength, and swiftnes. He would nothing flye,  
 Nor any thing let scape. If once his eye  
 Seiz'd any wilde beast, he knew straight his scent:  
 Go where he would, away with him he went.  
 Nor was there euer any Sauage stood  
 Amongst the thickets of the deepest wood  
 Long time before him, but he pull'd him downe;  
 As well by that hunting to be showne  
 In such vaste couerts; as for speed of pace  
 In any open Lawne; For in deepe chace,  
 He was a passing wise, and well-nos'd Hound.  
 And yet is all this good in him vncroun'd  
 With any grace heere now. Nor he more fed  
 Then any errant Curre. His King is dead,  
 Farre from his country; and his seruants are  
 So negligent, they lend his Hound, no care.  
*Where Maysters rule not, but let Men alone;  
 You neuer there, see honest seruice done.  
 That Man's halfe vertue, Ioue takes quite away,  
 That once is Sun-burn'd with the seruile day.*  
 This said; he enter'd the well-builde Towers,  
 Vp bearing right vpon the glorious wooers;  
 And left poore *Argus* dead. His Lords first sight,  
 Since that time twenty yeares, bereft his light.  
*Telemachus*, did farre the first behould  
*Eumæus* enter; and made signes he should  
 Come vp to him. He (noting) came, and tooke  
 On earth, his seate. And then, the Maister Cooke  
 Seru'd in more banquet: Of which; part he set  
 Before the wooers; part the Prince did get:  
 VVho sate alone; his Table plac't aside;  
 To which, the Herald did the bread diuide.  
 After *Eumæus*, enter'd straight the King,  
 Like to a poore, and heauy aged thing:  
 Bore hard vpon his staffe; and was so clad,  
 As would haue made his meere beholder sad.  
 Vpon the Ashen floore, his limbes he spred;  
 And gainst a Cypresse threshold staid his head;  
 The tree wrought smooth, and in a line direct,  
 Tried by the Plumbe, and by the Architect.  
 The Prince then bad the Herdsman giue him bread,  
 The finest there: and see, that prostrated  
 At-all-parts-plight of his, giuen all the cheare  
 His hands could turne to: Take (saide he) and beare  
 These cates to him; and bid him beg of all  
 These wooers heere; and to their feastiull  
 Beare vp with all the impudence he can;  
*Bashfull behaiour, fits no needy Man,*      He heard, and did his will: Hold Guest (saide he)  
*Telemachus* commends these cates to thee;  
 Bids thee beare vp, and all these woo'rs implore;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

*Wit must make Impudent, whom Fate makes pore.*

O *Ioue* (said he) do my poore pray'rs the grace,  
 To make him blessed'st of the mortall race:  
 And euery thought now, in his generous heart,  
 To deeds that further my desires conuert.  
 Thus tooke he in, with hoth his hands, his store;  
 And in the vncouth Scrip that lay before  
 His ill-shod feete, repos'd it: whence he fed  
 All time the Musicke to the Feasters plaid.  
 Both ioyntly ending. Then began the woo'rs  
 To put in old act, their tumultuous pow'rs.  
 When *Pallas* standing close, did prompt her frend,  
 To proue how farre the bounties would extend  
 Of those proud wooers; so, to let him try,  
 Who most, who least, had learn'd humanity.  
 However, no thought toucht *Mineruaes* minde,  
 That any one should scape his wreake design'd.  
 He handsomly became all; crept about  
 To euery wooer; held a forc't hand out:  
 And all his worke, did in so like a way,  
 As he had practis'd begging many a day.  
 And though they knew, all beggers could do this,  
 Yet they admir'd it, as no deede of his;  
 Though farre from thought of other: vs'd expence  
 And pitty to him: who he was, and whence,  
 Enquiring mutually. *Melanthius* then:  
 Heare me, ye wooers of the farre-fam'd Queen,  
 About this begger: I haue seene before  
 This face of his; and know for certaine more:  
 That this Swaine brought him hither. What he is,  
 Or whence he came, flies me. Reply to this  
*Antinous* made; and mockt *Eumæus* thus.  
 O thou renowned Herdsman, why to vs  
 Brought'st thou this begger? Serues it not our hands,  
 That other Land-leapers, and Cormorands  
 (Prophane poore knaues) lye on vs, vnconducted,  
 But you must bring them? So amisse instructed  
 Art thou in course of thrift, as not to know  
 Thy Lords goods wrackt, in this their ouer-flow?  
 VVhich, thinkst thou nothing, that thou calst in these?  
 You speak not wisely: VVho cals in a Guest  
 That is a guest himselfe? None cal to Feast  
 Other then men that are of publique vse:  
 Prophets, or Poets, whom the Gods produce;  
 Physitians for mens ils; or Architects.  
 Such men, the boundlesse earth affoords respects  
 Bounded in honour; and may call them wel:  
 But poore men, who cals? Who doth so excell  
 In others good, to do himselfe an ill?  
 But all *Vlysses* seruants haue bene still  
 Eye-sores in your waie, more then all that woo;

*Eumæus* answer'd; Though you may be wise,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And chiefly I. But what care I, for you?  
 As long as these roofes, hold as thralls to none,  
 The wise *Penelope*, and her God-like Sonne.  
 Forbeare (said he) and leaue this tongues bold ill;  
*Antinous* vses to be crossing still,  
 And giue sharpe words: his blood that humor beares,  
 To set men stil together by the eares.  
 But (turning then t'*Antinous*) O (saide he)  
 You entertaine a Fathers care of me;  
 To turne these eating guests out: Tis aduise  
 Of needful vse for my poore faculties.  
 But God doth not allow this: There must be  
 Some care of poore men, in humanitie.  
 What you your selues take; giue; I not enuy,  
 But giue command that hospitality  
 Be giuen al strangers: Nor shal my pow'rs feare,  
 If this mood in me, reach my Mothers eare;  
 Much lesse the seruants, that are heere to see  
*Vlysses* house kept, in his old degree.  
 But you beare no such mind; your wits more cast  
 To fill your selfe, then let another rast.  
*Antinous* answer'd him; Braue spoken man  
 VVhose minds free fire, see check't, no vertue can;  
 If all we wooers heere, would giue as much  
 As my minde serues; his Larges should be such  
 As would for three months serue his farre off way  
 From troubling your house, with more cause of stay.  
 This said; he tooke a stoole vp, that did rest  
 Beneath the boord, his spangled feete at feast:  
 And offer'd at him: But the rest, gaue all,  
 And fil'd his fulsome Scrip with Festiuall.  
 And so *Vlysses* for the present, was,  
 And for the future surnisht; and his passe  
 Bent to the doore, to eate. Yet could not leaue  
*Antinous* so: but said; Do you to giue  
 (Lou'd Lord) your presence, makes a shew to me;  
 As you not worst were of the company,  
 But best? and so much, that you seeme the King:  
 And therefore, you should giue some better thing,  
 Then bread, like others. I will spred your praise  
 Through all the wide world; that haue in my daies  
 Kept house my selfe; and trod the wealthy waies  
 Of other men, euen to the Title, Blest;  
 And often haue I giuen an erring Guest  
 (How meane so euer) to the vtmost gaine  
 Of what he wanted: kept whole troopes of men;  
 And had all other commings in; with which  
 Men liue so well, and gaine the fame of Rich.  
 Yet *Ioue* consum'd all: he would haue it so:  
 To which, his meane was this; he made me go  
 Farre off, for Egypt, in the rude consort

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Of all—waies—wandring Pyrats; where, in Port  
 I bad my lou'd men, draw their Ships ashore,  
 And dwell amongst them: Sent out some t'explore  
 Vp to the Mountaines; who (intemperate,  
 And their inflam'd bloods, bent to satiate)  
 Forrag'd the rich fields; hal'd the women thence,  
 And vnwean'd children, with the foule expence  
 Both of their fames, and bloods. The cry then flew  
 Straight to the City; and the great fields grew  
 VVith horse, and foot; and flam'd with iron armes;  
 VVhen *Ioue* (that breaks the Thunder in Alarmes)  
 An ill flight cast amongst my men: Not one  
 Inspir'd with spirit, to stand, and turne vpon  
 The fierce pursuing foe: and therefore stood  
 Their ill fate thicke about them: some in blood,  
 And some in bondage: I oiles led by constraint  
 Fastning vpon them. Me, along they sent  
 To *Cyprus*, with a stranger Prince they met,  
*Dmetor Iasides*; who th' Imperiall seat  
 Of that sweete Island, swaid in strong command;  
 And thus feele I heere, Needs contemned hand.  
 And what God sent (saide he) this suffering bane  
 To vex our banquet? Stand off; nor prophane  
 My boord so boldly, lest I shew thee here,  
*Cyprus* and *Egypt*, made more soure then there.  
 You are a sawcy set fac't Vagabond.  
 About with all you go; and they, beyond  
 Discretion giue thee, since they finde not heere  
 The least proportion set downe to their cheere.  
 But euery Fountaine hath his vnder floods;  
*It is no Bounty, to giue others goods.* O Gods (replied *Vlysses*) I see now,  
 You beare no soule, in this your goodly show;  
 Beggars at your boord, I perceiue, should get  
 Scarse salt from your hands, if theselues broght meat:  
 Since, sitting where anothers boord is spread,  
 That flowes with feast; not to the broken bread  
 VVill your allowance reach. Nay then (said he,  
 And look't austerely) It so saucy be  
 Your suffer'd language, I suppose, that cleere  
 You shall not scape without some broken cheere.  
 Thus rapt he vp a stoole, with which he smit  
 The Kings right shoulder, 'twixt his necke, and it.  
 He stood him like a rocke: *Antinous* dart  
 Not stirr'd *Vlysses*: who, in his great hart  
 Deepe ils proiected; which, for time yet, close  
 He bound in silence; shooke his head, and went  
 Out to the Entry, where he then gaue vent  
 To his full scrip; sate on the earth, and eate,  
 And talk't still to the woers: heare me yet  
 Ye woers of the Queene. It neuer greues  
 A man to take blowes, where for Sheepe, or Beeues,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Or other maine possessions, a man fights:  
 But for his harmefull belly, this man smites,  
 Whose loue to many a man, breeds many a wo.  
 And if the poore haue Gods, and Furies to;  
 Before *Antinous* weare his Nuptiall wreath,  
 He shall be worne vpon the dart of death.  
 Harsh Guest (saide he) sit silent at your meate,  
 Or seeke your desperate plight some safer seate;  
 Lest by the hands, or heeles, youths drag your yeares,  
 And rend your rotten ragges about your eares.  
 This made the rest, as highly hate his folly,  
 As he had violated something holy.  
 When one (euen of the proudest) thus began:  
 Thou dost not nobly, thus to play the man  
 On such an errant wretch: O ill dispos'd!  
 Perhaps some sacred God-head goes enclos'd  
 Euen in his abiect outside: For the Gods  
 Haue often visited these rich abods  
 Like such poore stranger Pilgrims; since their pow'rs  
 (Being alwayes shapefull) glide through Townes and Tow'rs;  
 Obseruing as they passe stil, who they be  
 That piety loue, and who impiety.  
 This, all men said; But he held sayings cheape:  
 And all this time *Telemachus* did heape  
 Sorrow on sorrow, on his beating hart  
 To see his Father stricken; yet let part  
 No teare to earth, but shooke his head, and thought  
 As deepe as those ils, that were after wrought.  
 The Queen now hearing of her poore guests stroke;  
 Said to her Maid, (as to her wooer she spoke)  
 I wish the famous for his Bow, the Sun  
 Would strike thy heart so. Her wish (thus begun)  
 Her Lady, faire *Eurynome* pursude  
 Her execration; and did thus conclude:  
 So may our vowes call downe from heauen, his end;  
 And let no one life of the rest, extend  
 His life till morning. O *Eurynome*  
 (Replied the Queene) may all Gods speake in thee:  
 For all the wooers, we should rate as foes;  
 Since all their weales, they place in others woes.  
 But this *Antinous*, we past all, should hate,  
 As one resembling blacke and cruell Fate.  
 A poor strange wretch; beg'd here, compel'd by need:  
 Askt all, and euery one gaue in his deed;  
 Fill'd his sad Scrip, and cal'd his heauy wants:  
 Onely this man, bestow'd vnmanly tants;  
 And with a cruell blow (his force let flye)  
 Twixt necke and shoulders; shew'd his charity.  
 These minds (aboue) she and her Maids did show;  
 While, at his scrip, *Vlysses* sate below.  
 In which time, she *Eumæus* call'd, and said:



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Go, good *Eumæus*, and see soone conuaid  
 The stranger to me: Bid him come and take  
 My salutations for his welcomes sake;  
 And my desire serue, if he hath not heard  
 Or seene distrest *Vlysses*? who hath err'd  
 Like such a man; and therefore chance may fall,  
 He hath, by him bene met, and spoke withall.  
 O Queene (saide he) I wish to heauen, your eare  
 Were quit of this vnreuerend noise you heare  
 From these rude wooers; when I bring the guest:  
 Such words, your care, would let into your brest  
 As would delight it, to your very heart.  
 Three nights and dayes, I did my Roofe impart  
 To his fruition; (for he came to me  
 The first of all men, since he fled the Sea)  
 And yet he had not giuen a perfect end  
 To his relation, of what woes did spend  
 The spight of Fate on him: But as you see  
 A Singer, breathing out of Deity  
 Loue kindling lines; when all men seated nere,  
 Are rapt with endlesse thirst, to euer heare:  
 So sweetn'd he, my bosome, at my meate;  
 Affirming that *Vlysses* was in *Crete*,  
 VVhere first the memories of *Minos* were,  
 A Guest to him, there dwelling, then as deare  
 As his Father: and from thence, came he  
 Tir'd on with sorrowes; tost from sea to sea;  
 To cast himselfe in dust, and tumble heere  
 At wooers feete, for blowes, and broken cheere.  
 But, of *Vlysses* (where the *Thesprots* dwell,  
 A wealthy people) *Fame*, he sayes, did tell  
 The still suruiuall: who his Natiue light  
 VVas bound for now; with treasure infinite.  
 Call him (sayd she) that he himselfe may say  
 This, ouer to me. We shall soone haue way  
 Giuen by the wooers: They, as well at Gate,  
 As set within doores, vse to recreate  
 Their high-fed spirits. As their humors leade,  
 They follow; and may well; for still they treade  
 Vncharg'd waies here; their own welth lying vnwasted  
 In poore-kept houses: onely something tasted  
 Their bread and wine is, by their houshold Swaines;  
 But they themselues, let loose continuall Reines  
 To our expences; making slaughter still  
 Of Sheepe, Goats, Oxen; feeding past their fill;  
 And vainly laushing our richest wine.  
 All these extending past the sacred line.  
 For here liues no man, like *Vlysses* now  
 To curbe these ruines: But should he once show  
 His country light, his presence; He and his  
 VVould soone reuenge these wooers iniuries.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

This said; about the house, in echoes, round,  
 Her Sons strange Neesings made a horrid sound;  
 At which, the Queene yet laught, and said; Goe call  
 The stranger to me: Heardst thou not to all  
 My words last vtter'd, what a Neesing brake  
 From my *Telemachus*? From whence I make  
 This sure conclusion; That the death, and fate  
 Of euery wooer heere, is neere his date.  
 Call then the Guest; and if he tel as trew  
 VVhat I shal aske him; Cote, cloke all things new  
 These hands shal yeeld him. This said; down he went  
 And told *Vlysses*, that the Queene had sent  
 To call him to her; that she might enquire  
 About her husband, what her sad desire  
 Vrg'd her to aske: and if she found him ,  
 Both cote, and cassocke (which he needed) new  
 Her hands would put on him; And that the Bread  
 VVhich now he begg'd amongst the commune tread;  
 Should freely feed his hunger now from her;  
 VVho, all he wisht, would to his wants prefer.  
 His answer was; I will with fit speed, tell  
 The whole truth to the Queene; For, passing well  
 I know her Lord; since he and I, haue shar'd  
 In equall sorrowes. But I much am scar'd  
 With this rude multitude of wooers here;  
 The rage of whose pride, smites heauens braze sphere:  
 Of whose rout, when one strooke me for no fault;  
*Telemachus*, nor none else, turn'd th' assault  
 From my poore shoulders. Therefore though she hast;  
 Beseech the Queene, her patience, will see past  
 The dayes broad light; and then, may she enquire.  
 'Tis but my closer preasing to the fire  
 In th' Euenings cold; because, my weeds, you know  
 Are passing thin: For I made bold to show  
 Their brackes to you, and pray'd your kinde supply.  
 He heard, and hasted; and met instantly  
 The Queene vpon the pauement in his way  
 Who askt; what? bringst thou not? What cause of stay  
 Finde his austere supposes? Takes he feare  
 Of th' vniust wooers? Or thus hard doth beare  
 On any other doubt the house obiects?  
 He does me wrong; and giues too nice respects  
 To his fear'd safety. He does right (said he)  
 And what he feares, should moue the policie  
 Of any wise one; taking care to shun  
 The violent wooers; He bids bide, til Sun  
 Hath hid his broad light: and, beleue it, Queene,  
 T'will make your best course: since you two, vnseene  
 May passe th' encounter: you to speake more free;  
 And he, your eare gaine, lesse distractedly.  
 The Guest is wise (said she) and well doth giue

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The right thought vse. Of all the men that liue,  
Life serues none such, as these proud wooers are,  
To giue a good man, cause to vse his care.  
Thus (all agreed) amongst the wooers goes  
*Eumæus* to the Prince; and (whispering close)  
Said; Now, my Loue, my charge shall take vp me,  
(Your goods, and mine) VVhat here is, you must see  
In fit protection. But, in chiefe, regard  
Your owne deere safegard; whose state, study hard,  
Lest sufferance seize you. Many a wicked thought  
Conceale these wooers; whom iust *Ioue* see brought  
To vtter ruine, ere it touch at vs.  
So chance it, Friend (replyed *Telemachus*)  
Your Beuer taken, go: in first of day  
Come, and bring sacrifice, the best you may.  
To me, and to th' immortals, be the care  
Of whatsoever heere, the safeties are.  
This said; he sate in his elaborate Throne.  
*Eumæus* (fed to satisfaction)  
Went to his charge; left both the Court and wals,  
Full of secure, and fatall Festiualls.  
In which, the wooers pleasures still would sway:  
And now begun, the Euens nere-ending day. The End of the Seauententh Booke of Homers Odyssees.

## THE EIGHTEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*Vlysses, and Rogue Irus fight.  
Penelope, vouchsafes her sight  
To all her Wooers: who present  
Gifts to her; rauisht with content.  
A certaine Parle then we sing,  
Betwixt a Wooer, and the King.*

### Another.

*The Beggers glee,  
the Kings high fame,  
Gifts giuen to see  
a vertuous Dame.*      There came a commune Begger to the Court;  
Who, in the City, begg'd of all resort:  
Excell'd in madnesse of the gut; drunke, eate  
Past intermission: was most hugely great;  
Yet had no fiuers in him, nor no force:  
In sight, a Man; In mind, a liuing Corse.  
His name, was *Arnæus*: for his mother  
Impos'd it from his birth. And yet another

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The City youth would giue him (from the course  
 He after tooke; deriu'd out of the force  
 That Need held on him: which was vp, and downe  
 To run on all mens errands through the Towne)  
 VVhich sounded, *Irus*. VVhen whose gut was come,  
 He needs would barre *Vlysses* his owne home,  
 And fell to chiding him: Old man (saide he)  
 Your way out of the Entry, quickly see  
 Be with faire Language taken; lest your stay  
 But little longer, see you dragg'd away.  
 See Sir: Obserue you not, how all these make  
 Direct signes at me? Charging me to take  
 Your heeles, and drag you out? But I take shame.  
 Rise yet, y'are best; lest we two play a game  
 At cuffes together. He bent browes, and saide:  
 VVretch! I do thee no ill; nor once vpbraide  
 Thy presence with a word; not what mine eye  
 By all hands sees thee giuen, one thought enuy:  
 Nor shouldst thou enuy others. Thou mayst see  
 The place will hold vs both; and seem'st to me  
 A Begger like my self: which who can mend?  
*The Gods giue most, to whom they least are Friend:*  
*The cheefe goods Gods giue, is in good to end.*  
 But to the hands strife, of which y'are so free,  
 Prouoke me not, for feare you anger me;  
 And lest the old man, on whose scorne you stood,  
 Your lips and bosome, make shake hands in blood.  
 I loue my quiet well, and more will loue  
 To morrow then to day. But if you moue  
 My peace beyond my right; the warre you make,  
 Will neuer after giue you will to take  
*Vlysses* house into your begging walke.  
 O Gods (saide he) how volubly doth talke  
 This eating gulfe? And how his fume breakes out,  
 As from an old crackt Ouen? whom I will clout  
 So bitterly; and so with both hands mall  
 His chaps together; that his teeth shall fall,  
 As plaine seene on the earth, as any Sowes  
 That ruts the Corne-fields, or deuoures the Mowes.  
 Come; close we now, that all may see, what wrong  
 An old man tempts, that takes at cuffes, a yong.  
 These two, with al splene, spent their iarring pow'rs:  
*Antinous* tooke it; laught, and saide; O Friends  
 We neuer had such sport: This Guest contends  
 VVith this vaste Begger, at the Buffets fight;  
 Come, ioyn we hands, and screw vp all their spight.  
 All the ragg'd rout of beggers at the dore.  
 Then mou'd *Antinous* the victors hire  
 To all the woo'rs thus: There are now at fire  
 Two brests of Goat: both which, let Law set downe  
 Before the man, that wins the dayes renowne,

Thus in the entry of those lofty Tow'rs,

All rose in Laughters; and about them, bore

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

With all their fat and greaue: And of both  
 The glorious Victor, shal preferre his tooth,  
 To which he makes his choise of, from vs all;  
 And euer after, banquet in our Hall,  
 VVith what our boords yeeld: Not a Begger more  
 Allow'd to share; but all keepe out at dore.  
 This he proposd; and this they all approu'd;  
 To which *Vlysses* answer'd: O most lou'd,  
 By no meanes should an old man; and one old  
 In chiefe with sorrowes, be so ouer-bold  
 To combat with his yonger: But alas,  
 Mans-owne-ill-working belly, needs will passe  
 This worke vpon me; and enforce me too  
 To beate this fellow. But then, you must doo  
 My age no wrong, to take my yongers part,  
 And play me foule play; making your strokes smart  
 Helpe his to conquer: for you easily may  
 With your strengths crush me. Do then right, & lay  
 Your Honors on it, in your oaths, to yield  
 His part no aide; but equall leaue the field.  
 All swore his will. But then *Telemachus*,  
 His Fathers scoffes, with comforts serious,  
 Could not but answer, and made this reply.  
 Guest! If thine owne powers cheere thy victory,  
 Feare no mans else, that will not passe it free:  
 He fights with many, that shall touch but thee.  
 Ile see thy guest-right paide: Thou heere art come  
 In my protection: and to this, the summe  
 Of all these wooers (which *Antinous* are  
 And King *Eurymachus*) conioyne their care.  
 Both vow'd it. VVhen *Vlysses*, laying by  
 His vpper weed, his inner beggery  
 Nere shew'd his shame: which he, with rags preueted  
 Pluckt from about his Thighes; and so presented  
 Their goodly sight, which were so white, and great,  
 And his large shoulders, were to view, so set  
 By his bare rags; his armes, his breast and all,  
 So broad, and brawny (their grace naturall  
 Being helpt by *Pallas*; euer standing nere)  
 That all the wooers, his admirers were  
 Beyond all measure: mutuall whispers, driuen  
 Through all their cluster, saying; Sure as heauen,  
 Poore *Irus* pull'd vpon him, bitter blowes.  
 Through his thin Garment, what a Thigh he showes?  
 VVas mou'd at roote. But now, he needs must finde  
 Facts to his brags; and forth at all parts fit  
 The seruants brought him; all his attires smit  
 VVith feares, and tremblings. VVhich *Antinous* saw,  
 And saide; Nay, now too late comes feare; No Law,  
 Thou shouldst at first haue giuen thy braggart vaine,  
 Nor should it so haue swell'd, if terrors straine

They said; But *Irus* felt. His Cow-herd minde

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Thy spirits to this passe; for a man so old,  
 And worne with penuries, that still lay hold  
 On his ragg'd person. Howsoever, take  
 This vow from me, for firme; That if he make  
 Thy forces stoope; and proue his owne supreame;  
 Ile put thee in a Ship, and downe the streame  
 Send thee ashore, where King *Echetus* raignes,  
 (The roughest tyrant, that the world containes)  
 And he will slit thy Nostrils, crop each heare;  
 Thy shame cut off, and giue it dogges to teare.  
 This shook his Nerues the more. But both were now  
 Brought to the Lists; and vp did either throw  
 His heauy fists. *Vlysses*, in suspence  
 To strike so home, that he should flight from thence  
 His Cow-herd soule (his trunk laide prostrate there:)  
 Or let him take more leisure to his feare,  
 And stoope him by degrees. The last, shew'd best,  
 To strike him slightly; out of feare the rest  
 Would else discouer him. But (peace now broke)  
 On his right shoulder, *Irus* laide his stroke.  
*Vlysses* strooke him, iust beneath the eare,  
 His iaw-bone broke, and made the blood appeare.  
 VVhen straight, he strew'd the dust, and made his crie  
 Stand for himselfe; with whom, his teeth did lie,  
 Spit with his blood out: and against the ground  
 His heeles lay sprawling. Vp the hands went round  
 Of all the wooers; all at point to dye  
 VVith violent laughters. Then the King did ply  
 The Beggars feete, and dragg'd him forth the Hall  
 Along the Entry, to the gates, and wall:  
 Where leauing him, he put into his hand  
 A Staffe, and bad him there vse his command  
 On Swine, and Dogs; and not presume to be  
 Lord of the guests, or of the Beggery:  
 Since he, of all men, was the scum and curse:  
 And so, bad please with that, or fare yet worse.  
 Then cast he on his scrip, all patcht, and rent,  
 Hung by a rotten cord; and backe he went:  
 To greete the Entries threshold with his seat.  
 The wooers throng'd to him, and did entreat  
 VVith gentle words his conquest; laughing still:  
 Pray'd *Ioue*, and all the Gods, to giue his will  
 VVhat most it wisht him; and would ioy him most,  
 Since he so happily had cleer'd their cost  
 Of that vnsauoury morsell; whom they vow'd  
 To see with all their vtmost haste bestow'd  
 Aboord a ship; and for *Epirus* sent  
 To King *Echetus*: on whose Throne was spent  
 The worst mans seat yt breath'd. And thus was grac't  
 Diuine *Vlysses*: who with ioy embrac't  
 Euen that poore conquest. Then was set to him

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The goodly Goats breast promist (that did swim  
 In fat and greauy) by *Antinous*.  
 And from a Basket (by *Amphinomus*)  
 VVas two Breads giuen him; who (besides) renown'd  
 His banquet, with a golden Goblet cround,  
 And this high salutation: Frolicke, Guest;  
 And be those riches that you first possesst  
 Restor'd againe, with full as many ioyes,  
 As in your poore state, I see now annoyes.  
*Amphinomus* (saide he) you seeme to me  
 Exceeding wise, as being the progeny  
 Of such a Father, as autentique Fame  
 Hath told me was so: One of honour'd name,  
 And great reuennues in *Dulychius*;  
 His faire name, *Nisus*. He is blazon'd thus;  
 And you to be his Sonne; his wisdomes heyring,  
 As well as wealth: his state, in nought empairing.  
 To proue which, all waies; let me tell you this  
 (As warning you to shun the miseries  
 That follow full states, if they be not held  
 With wisdomes still at full; and so compeld  
 To courses, that abode not in their browes,  
 By too much swindge, their sodaine ouerthrowes)  
*Of all things breathing, or that creepe on earth;*  
*Nought is more wretched then a humane Birth.*  
*Bless'd men, thinke neuer, they can cursed be,*  
*While any power lasts, to moue a knee.*  
 But when the blest Gods, make them feele that smart,  
 That fled their Faith so; as they had no hart,  
 They beare their sufferings; and, what wel they might  
 Haue cleerly shun'd, they then meet in despight.  
*The Minde of Man flyes stil out of his way,*  
*Vnlesse God guide, and prompt it, euery day.*  
 I thought me once, a blessed man with men;  
 And fashion'd me, to all so counted then:  
 Did all iniustice like them; what for Lust,  
 Or any pleasure, neuer so vniust  
 I could by powre, or violence, obtaine;  
 And gaue them both in all their powres the raigne:  
 Bold of my Fathers, and my Brothers still;  
 VVhile which held good, my Arts seem'd neuer ill.  
 And thus is none, held simply good or bad;  
 But as his will is either mist, or had.  
 Al goods, Gods gifts man cals, how ere he gets them:  
 And so takes all, what price so ere, God sets them.  
 Saies nought, how ill they come; nor will controule  
 That Rauine in him, though it cost his soule.  
 And these parts here, I see these wooers play,  
 Take all that fals; and all dishonors lay  
 On that mans Queen, that (tell your frends) doth bear  
 No long times absence, but is passing neare.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Let God then, guide thee home; lest he may meete  
 In his returne, thy vnde parted feete.  
 For when he enters, and sees men so rude,  
 The quarrell cannot but in blood conclude.  
 This said; he sacrific'd; then drunke, & then  
 Referr'd the giuen Boule, to the guide of men;  
 VVho walk't away, afflicted at his heart;  
 Shook head, and fear'd, that these facts wold conuert  
 To ill in th' end. Yet had not grace to flie:  
*Minerua* staid him, being ordain'd to die  
 Vpon the Lance of yong *Vlyssides*.  
 So, downe he sate; and then did *Pallas* please  
 T'incline the Queenes affections, to appeare  
 To all the wooers; to extend their cheare  
 To th' vtmost lightning, that still vsers death:  
 And made her put on all the painted sheath,  
 That might both set her wooers fancies hye;  
 And get her greater honor in the eye  
 Euen of her Son & Soueraigne, then before.  
 VVho laughing yet (to shew her humor bore  
 No serious appetite to that light show)  
 She told *Eurynome*, that not till now  
 She euer knew her entertaine desire  
 To please her wooers eyes; but oft on fire  
 She set their hate, in keeping from them still;  
 Yet now she pleas'd t'appeare: though from no will  
 To do them honor; vowing she would tell  
 Her son that of them, that should fit him well  
 To make vse of: which was, not to conuerse  
 Too freely with their pride; nor to disperse  
 His thoughts amongst them, since they vs'd to giue  
 Good words; but through them, ill intents did driue.  
 You vow his counsaile, & your open guise.  
 Go then, aduise your Son; nor keepe more close  
 Your cheekes, stil drown'd in your eyes ouerflowes.  
 But bathe your body, & with Balmes make cleere  
 Your thickn'd count'nance; *Vncomposed cheare*,  
*And euer mourning, will the Marrow weare*.  
 Nor haue you cause to mourn; your Son hath now  
 Put on that vertue, which (in chiefe) your vow  
 VVisht (as your blessing) at his birth, might decke  
 His blood & person. But forbear to speake!  
 Of Baths, or Balmings, or of beauty, now  
 (The Queene replyed) lest (vrging comforts) you  
 Discomfort much: because the Gods haue wonne  
 The spoile of my lookes, since my Lord was gone.  
 But these must serue. Cal hither then, to me  
*Hippodamia*, & *Antonoe*;  
 That those our traine additions may supply  
 Our owne deserts. And yet besides, Not I  
 (VVith all my age) haue learn'd the boldnesse yet

*Eurynome* replied: With good aduise



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

T' expose my selfe to men, vnlesse I get  
 Some other Gracers. This said; forth she went  
 To call the Ladies; and much spirit spent  
 To make their vtmost speed: for now, their Queene  
 VVould both her selfe shew, & make them be seene.  
 But now *Minerua* other proiects laid;  
 And through *Icarius* daughters Veines conuaid  
 Sweet sleepes desire. In whose soft fumes, inuolu'd  
 She was as soone as laid; and quite dissolu'd  
 Were all her Lineaments. The Goddesses then  
 Bestow'd immortall gifts on her, that men  
 Might wonder at her beauties; and the beames  
 That glister in the deified supreames,  
 She cleer'd her mourning count'nance vp withall.  
 Euen such a radiance, as doth round empall  
 Crown'd *Cytherea*, when her order'd places,  
 Conduct the Beuy of the dancing Graces,  
 She added to her owne: more plumpe, more hie,  
 And fairer then the polisht Iuory,  
 Rendring her parts, and presence. This grace done,  
 Away the Deity flew; and vp did ronne  
 Her louely-wristed Ladies, with a noise  
 That blew the soft chaines from her sleeping ioyes.  
 When she, her faire eyes wip't; and (gasping) saide:  
 His shades about me? VVould *Diana* pleas'd  
 To shoot me with a death no more diseas'd,  
 As soone as might be: that no more my mone  
 Might waste my blood, in weepings neuer done;  
 For want of that accomplisht vertue spher'd  
 In my lou'd Lord, to all the Greekes prefer'd.  
 Then she descended with her Maids, and tooke  
 Place in the Portall; whence her beamy looke  
 Reacht eu'ry woers heart. Yet cast she on  
 So thin a veyle, that through it quite there shone  
 A grace so stolne, it pleas'd about the cleere,  
 And sunke the knees of euery wooer there.  
 Their minds so melted, in loues vehement fires,  
 That to her bed she heightn'd all desires.  
 The Prince then coming neere, she said; O Son,  
 Thy thoughts & iudgements haue not yet put on  
 That constancy, in what becomes their good  
 VVhich all expect in thee: thy yonger blood  
 Did sparkle choicer spirits. But, arriu'd  
 At this ful growth, wherein their Forme hath thriu'd  
 Beyond the bounds of child-hood, (and when now)  
 Beholders should affirme, This man doth grow  
 Like the rare son of his matchles Sire,  
 (His goodlinesse, his beauty, and his fire  
 Of soule aspir'd to) thou mak'st nothing good  
 Thy Fate, nor fortune; nor thy height of blood,  
 In manage of thy actions. What a deed

O me vnblest! How deep a sweet sleepe spread

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Of foule desert, hath thy grosse sufferance freed  
 Beneath thine owne Roofe? A poore stranger here  
 Vs'd most vnmanly! How will this appeare  
 To all the world; when Fame shall trumpet out,  
 That thus, and thus, are our guests beate about  
 Our Court vnrighted? Tis a blaze will show  
 Extreemly shamefull, to your name, and you.  
 I blame you not, O Mother (he replide),  
 That this cleere wrong sustain'd by me, you chide:  
 Yet know I, both the good and bad of all;  
 Being past the yeares, in which yong errors fall.  
 But (all this knowne) skill is not so exact  
 To giue (when once it knowes) things fit their fact.  
 I wel may doubt the prease of strangers here;  
 Who, bent to ill, and onely my Nerues nere,  
 May do it in despight. And yet the iarre  
 Betwixt our guest and *Irus*, was no warre  
 Wrought by the wooers; nor our guest sustain'd  
 VVrong in that action; but the conquest gain'd.  
 And would to *Ioue*, *Minerua*, and the Sun,  
 That all your woo'rs, might serue *Contention*  
 For such a purchase as the Begger made;  
 And wore such weak heads: Some should death inuade  
 Strew'd in the Entry; some imbrew the hall,  
 Till euery man had vengeance capitall;  
 Sattl'd like *Irus* at the Gates; his head  
 Euery way nodding; like one forfeited  
 To reeling *Bacchus*; Knees, nor feete, his owne,  
 To beare him where hee's better lou'd or knowne.  
 Their speeches giuen this end, *Eurymachus*  
 Began his Court-ship, and exprest it thus.  
 Most wise *Icarius* daughter; If all those  
 That did for *Colchos* ventrous saile dispose,  
 For that rich purchase; had before but seene  
 Earths richer prize, in th' *Ithacensian* Queene,  
 They had not made that voyage; but to you,  
 Would all their vertues, and their Beings vow.  
 Should all the world know what a worth you store,  
 To morrow then to day; and next light, more  
 Your Court should banquet; since to all Dames, you  
 Are far preferr'd; both for the grace of show,  
 In Stature, Beauty; Forme in euery kinde  
 Of all parts outward; and for faultlesse minde.  
 Alas (said she) my Vertue, Body, Forme,  
 The Gods haue blasted, with that onely storme  
 That rauisht *Greece* to *Ilion*; since my Lord  
 (For that warre ship't) bore all my goods aboard:  
 If he (return'd) should come, and gouerne here  
 My lifes whole state; the grace of all things there  
 His guide would heighten, as the spirit it bore:  
 VVhich dead in me, liues; giuen him long before.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

A sad course I liue now; heauens sterne decree  
 VVith many an ill, hath numb'd and deaded me.  
 He tooke life with him, when he tooke my hand,  
 In parting from me to the *Troian* strand:  
 These words my witsse; VVoman! I conceiue  
 That not all th' *Achiues* bound for *Troy*, shall leaue  
 Their Natiue earth, their safe returned bones;  
*Fame* saying, that *Troy* traines vp approued sonnes  
 In deeds of Armes: Braue putters off of shafts:  
 For winging Lances, Maisters of their crafts;  
 Vnmatched Riders; swift of foot; and streight  
 Can arbitrate a warre of deadliest weight:  
 Hope then, can scarce fill all with lifes supply;  
 And of all, any failing; why not I?  
 Nor do I know, if God hath marshall'd me  
 Amongst the safe-return'd: Or his decree  
 Hath left me to the thraldome, order'd there.  
 Howeuer, all cares by thy burthens here:  
 My Sire and Mother, tend as much as now,  
 I, further off; more neere in cares be you.  
 Your Son, to mans state grown, wed whom you will:  
 And (you gone) his care, let his household fill.  
 Thus made my Lord his will; which heauen sees prou'd  
 Almost at all parts; for the Sun remou'd  
 Downe to his set; ere long, wil leade the night  
 Of those abhorred Nuptials, that should fright  
 Each worthy woman; which her second are  
 VVith any man that breaths; her first Lords care  
 Dead, because he to flesh and blood is dead;  
 VVhich, I feare, I shal yeeld to, and so wed  
 A second husband; and my reason is,  
 Since *Ioue* hath taken from me all his blisse.  
*Whom God giues ouer, they themselues forsake;*  
*Their greefes, their ioyes; their God, their deuill make.*  
 And 'tis a great grieffe; nor was seene till now,  
 In any fashion of such men as woo  
 A good and wealthy woman; and contend  
 VVho shal obtaine her, that those men should spend  
 Her Beeues and best Sheepe, as their cheefest ends;  
 But rather, that her selfe, and all her friends  
 They should with Banquets, and rich gifts entreat;  
*Their life is death, that liue with others meat.*  
 Diuine Vlysses, much reioyc't to heare  
 His Queene thus fish for gifts; and keepe in cheare  
 Their hearts with hope, that she would wed againe;  
 Her minde yet still, her first intent retaine.  
*Antinous* saw, the wooers won to giue;  
 And said; wise Queene, by all your meanes receiue  
 What euer bounty, any woo'r shall vse;  
*Gifts freely giuen, 'tis folly to refuse.*  
 For know, that we resolue not to be gone

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To keepe our owne roofes; till of all, some One  
 VVhom best you like, your long-woo'd loue shal win      This pleas'd the rest; and euery one sent in  
 His present by the Herald; First had place  
*Antinous* gift: a robe of speciall grace,  
 Exceeding ful and faire; and twenty hewes  
 Chang'd luster to it. To which, choise of shewes:  
 Twelue massy plated Buttons, all of Gold,  
 Enricht the substance, made to fairly hold  
 The Robe together; all lac'd downe before,  
 Where Keepes and Catches, both sides of it wore.  
*Eurymachus*, a golden Tablet gaue;  
 In which did Art, her choisest workes engraue;  
 And round about, an Amber verge did run,  
 That cast a radiance from it, like the Sun.  
*Eurydamas*, two seruants had, that bore  
 Two goodly Earrings; whose rich hollowes wore  
 Three Pearles in either, like so many eyes,  
 Reflecting glances, radiant as the skies.  
 The King *Pysander*, great *Polyctors* heire,  
 A Casket gaue, exceeding rich and faire.  
 The other, other wealthy gifts commended  
 To her faire hand; which took, and straight ascended  
 This Goddess of her sex, her vpper State.  
 Her Ladies, all her gifts elaborate,  
 Vp bearing after. All to dancing then  
 The wooers went, and songs delightfull straine;  
 In which they frolickt, till the Euening came:  
 And then rais'd sable *Hesperus* his flame.  
 VVhen, for their Lights within; they set vp there  
 3. Lamps, whose weekes were wood exceeding sere,  
 And passing porous; which they causd to burne,  
 Their matter euer minister'd by turne  
 Of seuerall Hand-maids. VVhom *Vlysses* (seeing  
 Too conuersant with wooers; ill agreeing  
 VVith guise of maids) aduisd in this faire sort:  
 Maids of your long-lackt King; keepe you the port  
 Your Queenes chast presence beares? Go, vp to her,  
 Imploy your Loomes, or Rockes, and keepe ye there:  
 He serue to feed these lamps; shold these Lords dances  
 Last til *Aurora* cheer'd vs with her glances.  
 They cannot weary me, for I am one  
 Borne to endure, when all men else haue done.  
 They wantonly brake out in Laughters all;  
 Look't on each other: and to termes did fall  
 Cheek proud *Melantho*, who was *Dolius* seed,  
 Kept by the Queene, that gaue her dainty breed  
 Fit for her daughter: and yet won not so  
 Her heart to her, to share in any wo  
 She suffer'd for her Lord: But she was great  
 VVith great *Eurymachus*; and her loues heat  
 In his bed quenched. And this cholericke thing,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Bestow'd this railing Language on the King.  
 Base Stranger; you are taken in your braine,  
 You talke so wildely: Neuer you, againe  
 Can get where you were borne; and seeke your bed  
 In some Smithes Houill, or the Market sted;  
 But heere you must take confidence to prate  
 Before all these; for feare can get no state  
 In your wine-hardy stomacke. Or, 'tis like  
 To proue your natiue garbe: your tongue will strike  
 On this side of your mouth still, being at best.  
 Is the man idle-brain'd for want of rest?  
 Or proud, because he beate the roguish begger?  
 Take heed Sir, lest some better man beleager  
 Your eares with his fists; and set headlong hence  
 Your bold abode heere, with your bloods expence.  
 He looking sternly on her; answer'd her:  
 Dog! What broad Language giu'st thou? Ile prefer  
 Your vsage to the Prince; that he may fall  
 Foule on your faire limbes, til he tel them all.  
 This fray'd the wenches; and al straight got gone  
 In feare, about their businesse: Euery one  
 Confessing he saide well. But he stood now  
 Close by the Cressets; and did lookes bestow  
 On all men there: his Braine employd about  
 Some sharper businesse, then to dance it out;  
 VVhich had not long to go. Nor therefore would  
*Minerua* let the woers spleenes grow cold,  
 VVith too good vsage of him; that his hart  
 Might fret enough, and make his choller smart.  
*Eurymachus*, prouok't him first, and made  
 His fellow laugh, with a conceit he had  
 Fetch farre; from what was spoken long before;  
 That his poore forme, perhaps some Deity bore.  
 It well may chance (said he) some God doth beare  
 This mans resemblance: For, thus standing nere  
 The glistering Torches; his slick't head doth throw  
 Beames round about it, as those Cressers do.  
 For not a haire he hath to giue it shade.  
 Say, wilthy heart serue t'vndertake a Trade  
 For fitting wages? Should I take thee hence  
 To walke my grounds, and looke to euery Fence:  
 Or plant high trees: thy hire should raise thy forces;  
 Food store, & cloaths. But these same ydle courses  
 Thou art so prompt in, that thou wilt not worke,  
 But forrage vp and downe, and beg, and lurke  
 In euery house, whose Roofes hold any will  
 To feed such fellows. That thy gut may fil,  
 Giues end to all thy Beeing. He replied; I wish, at any worke, we two were tryed;  
 In hight of Spring time, when heauens lights are long;  
 I, a good crook'd Sithe, that were sharpe, and strong:  
 You, such another, where the grasse grew deepe;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Vp by day breake, and both our labours keepe  
Vp, til slow darknes eas'd the labouring light;  
Fasting all day, and not a crum til night:  
VVe then should proue our either workmanship.  
Or if (again) Beeues, that the goad, or whip  
VVere apt t'obey, before a tearing Plow:  
Big, lusty beasts: Alike in bulke and brow;  
Alike in Labour, and alike in strength;  
Our taske foure Acres, to be Till'd in length  
Of one sole day: Againe then you should try  
If the dul glebe, before the Plough should flye;  
Or I, a long Stitch could beare cleane, and euen.  
Or lastly; if the guide of earth & heauen  
Should stir sterne war vp, either here or there;  
And that, at this day, I had double Speare,  
And Shield, and steele Caske, fitting for my browes;  
At this work likewise, midst the foremost blowes  
Your eyes should note me; and get little cause  
To twit me with my bellies sole applause.  
But you affect, t'affect with iniurie,  
Your minde vngentle; seeme in valour hie,  
Because 'gainst few; and those, not of the best  
Your conuersation hath bene still profest.  
But if *Vlysses* (landed on his earth,  
And enter'd on the right of his birth)  
Should come & front ye; straight, his ample Gates  
Your feete would hold, too narrow for your Fates.  
He frown'd, rag'd, call'd him wretch; and vow'd  
To be his death, since he durst proue so proud  
Amongst so many: to tell him so home  
VVhat he affected. Askt, if ouercome  
With wine he were; or (as his Minion said)  
Talk't stil so idley; and were palsied  
In his minds instruments: or was proud, because  
He gat from *Irus* off, with such applause?  
With all which, snatching vp a stoole, he threwe:  
VVhen old *Vlysses*, to the knees withdrew,  
Of the *Dulychian* Lord *Amphinomus*,  
As if he fear'd him. His dart missing thus  
His aged obiect: and his Pages hand,  
(A Boy, that waited on his cups command,  
Now holding of an Ewre to him) he smit.  
Downe fel the sounding Ewre; and after it,  
The guiltlesse Page, lay sprawling in the dust,  
And crying out. VVhen all the woers thrust  
A tumult vp amongst them; wishing all,  
The rogue had perisht in some Hospitall,  
Before his life there, stirr'd such vprores vp;  
And with rude speeches, spice their pleasures cup.  
And all this for a Begger, to fulfill  
A filthy Prouerbe: *Good still yeelds to ill.*

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The Prince cried out on them, to let the bad  
Obscure the good so; Told them they were mad;  
Abus'd their banquet; and affirm'd some God  
Tried maisteries with them: Bad them, take their load  
Of food and wine: Sit vp, or fal to bed  
At their free pleasures; and since he gaue head  
To all their freedoms; why should they mistake  
Their owne rich humors for a Beggars sake? All bit their lips to be so taken downe;  
And taught the course that shold haue bin their own;  
Admir'd the Prince; and saide, he brauely spoke.  
But *Nisus* Son then, strooke the equall stroke,  
And saide, O Friends, let no man here disdain  
To put vp equall speeches; nor maintaine  
VVith serious words, an humor; Nor with stroke,  
A Stranger in anothers house prouoke,  
Nor touch the meanest seruant; but confine  
All these dissentions in a bolle of wine:  
VVhich fill vs Cup-bearer; that hauing done  
Our nightly sacrifice, we may attone  
Our powres with sleepe; resigning first the guest  
Vp to the Prince, that holds all interest  
In his disposure here: the House being his  
In iust descent, & all the faculties.  
This all approu'd; when Noble *Mulius*  
(Herald in chiefe, to Lord *Amphinomus*)  
The VVine distributed with reuerend grace  
To eu'ry wooer: when the Gods giuen place  
VVith seruice fit, they seru'd themselues, and tooke  
Their parting Cups: till (when they all had shooke  
The angry humor off) they bent to rest;  
And euery VVooer to seuerall Roofes address. The End of the Eighteenth Booke of Homers Odyssees.

## THE NINETEENTH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*Vlysses and his Son, eschew  
Offending of the Wooers view  
With any Armour. His Birth's seate,  
Vlysses tels his Queene, is Crete.  
Euryclea the truth yet found,  
Discover'd by a scar-heal'd wound,  
Which in Parnassus topi, a Bore  
(Strooke by him in his Chace) did gore.*

### Another.

*The King still hid*

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

*by what he said.*  
*By what he did,*  
*informs his maid.* Yet did Diuine *Vlysses* keepe his Roofe;  
 And with *Minerua* plotted still the prooffe  
 Of al the woers deaths. VVhen thus, his Son  
 He taught with these fore, counsailes: we must ron  
 A close course with these Armes, & lay them by.  
 And to the woers make so faire a sky.  
 As it would neuer thunder. Let me then  
 (That you may wel retaine) repeate agen  
 VVhat in *Eumæus* Cottage, I aduis'd.  
 If when they see your leysure exercis'd  
 In fetching downe your Armes: & aske what vse  
 Your minde will giue them: Say, 'tis their abuse  
 VVith smoke & rust, that makes you take them down;  
 This not being like the Armory well knowne  
 To be the leauings of *Laertes* Son,  
 Consorting the designe for *Ilion*.  
 Your eyes may see how much they are infected,  
 As all fires vapors, euersince, reflected  
 On those sole Armes. Besides, a grauer thought,  
*Ioue* graues within you, lest (their spirits wrought  
 About their pitch with wine) they might contend  
 At some high banquet, & to wounds transcend;  
 Their Feast inuerting; which, perhaps may be  
 Their Nuptiall feast, with wise *Penelope*.  
*The ready weapon when the bloud is vp,*  
*Doubles the vpror, heightned by the Cup.*  
*Wrath's meanes for Act; curbe all the wayes ye can ;*  
*As Loadstones draw the steele, so steele draw's Man.*  
 Retaine these words; nor what is good, think thus  
 Receiu'd at second hand, superfluous.  
 The Sonne obeying; did *Euryclea* call,  
 And bad her shut (in the vtter Porches) all  
 The other women; till himselfe brought downe  
 His Fathers Armes, which all were ouer-growne  
 By his neglect, with rust: his Father gone,  
 And he too childish, to spend thoughts vpon  
 Those manly Implements; but he would now  
 Reforme those yong neglects; and th' armes bestow  
 Past reach of smoke. The louing Nurse replide; I wish (O Son) your powers would once prouide  
 For wisdomes habit; See your houshold were  
 In thrifty mannage, and tend all things there.  
 But if these armes must downe; and euery Maide  
 Be shut in vtter roomes; who else should aide  
 Your worke with light? He answer'd; This my guest:  
 There shal not one in my house, tast my Feast,  
 (Or ioyne in my Naue) that shall ydlely liue,  
 How euer farre hence, he his home deriue.  
 He said, and his words stood; The doores she shut  
 Of that so wel-fill'd house; and th' other put



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Their thoughts in act; Best Shields, Helmes, sharpned Lances  
 Brought downe; and *Pallas* before both, aduances  
 A golden Cresset, that did cast a Light,  
 As if the Day sate, in the Throne of Night.  
 VVhen (halfe amaz'd) the Prince said, O my Father,  
 Mine eyes, my soules pow'rs all in wonder gather:  
 For though the wals, and goodly wind-beames here,  
 All all these Pillars, that their heads, so rere,  
 And all of Firre; they seeme yet, all of fire.  
 Some God is surely with vs. His wise Sire,  
 Bad peace, and keepe the counsailes of the Gods;  
 Nor aske a word: These Pow'rs that vse abods  
 About the starres, haue power from thence to shine  
 Through night, and all shades, to earths inmost Mine.  
 Go thou for sleepe; and leaue me here to wake  
 The women and the Queene; whose heart doth ake  
 To make enquiry for my selfe, of me.  
 He went to sleepe, where lights did endlesly  
 Burne in his Night-rooms: where he feasted Rest,  
 Til dayes faire weed, did all the world inuest.  
 Thus was diuine *Vlysses* left alone  
 VVith *Pallas*, plotting foule confusion  
 To all the wooers. Forth then came the Queene;  
*Phæbe*, with golden *Cytherea* seene,  
 Her Port presented. Whom they set a Chaire  
 Aside the fire: The fashion circulate;  
 The substance Siluer, and rich Elephant;  
 VVhose Fabricke, did the cunning finger vant  
 Of great *Icmalius*: who besides, had done  
 A footstoole for her, that did sute her Throne:  
 On which, they cast an ample skin, to be  
 The Cushion, for her other Royalty.  
 And there she sate; about whom, came her Maids,  
 VVho brought vpon a Table store of Breads,  
 And Bolles, that with the wooers wine were cround.  
 The Embers then they cast vpon the ground  
 From out the Lampes, and other Fuell added;  
 That still, with cheereful flame, the sad house gladded.      *Melantho*, seeing still *Vlysses* there;  
 Thus she held out her spleene: Still stranger, here?  
 Thus late in night? To see what Ladies do?  
 Auant you wretch: hence; Go, without doores, go:  
 And quickly too, lest ye be sindg'd away  
 VVith burning fire-brands. He (thus seeing their fray  
 Continu'd by her with such spleene) replide;      Minion! What makes your angry blood thus chide  
 My presence still? Is it, because you see  
 I shine not in your wanton brauery?  
 But weare these rags? It fits the needy Fate  
 That makes me beg thus, of the commune state.  
 Such poore soules, and such beggers, yet are men;  
 And euen my meane meanes, means had to maintain  
 A wealthy house; and kept a manly prease;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

VWas counted blessed; and the poore accesse  
 Of any Begger, did not scorne, but feede  
 VWith often hand: and any man of neede  
 Releeu'd as fitted: kept my seruants to,  
 Not few; but did with those additions go,  
 That call choise men, *The Honest*; who are stild  
 The rich, the great. But what such great ones build  
*Ioue* oft puls downe, as thus he ruin'd me;  
 His will was such, which is his equity.  
 And therefore (woman) beare you fitting hand  
 On your behaiour, lest your spirit thus mann'd,  
 And cherisht with your beauties (when they wane)  
 Comes down: Your pride now, being then your bane.  
 And in the meane space, shun the present danger;  
 Lest your bold fashion, breed your Soueraigns anger.  
 Or lest *Vlysses* come: of whom, euen yet  
*Hope* finds some life in fate. Or, be his seat  
 Amongst the meerly ruin'd; yet his Sonne  
 (Whose lifes heate, *Phoebus* saues) is such a one,  
 As can discover, who doth well deserue  
 Of any woman heere; His yeares, now serue.  
 The Queen gaue eare, & thus suppress the flame:  
 Thou quite without a brow; past female shame;  
 I heare thy monstrous boldnesse, which thy head  
 Shall pay me paines for. Thou hast heard it said,  
 And from my selfe too; and at euery part  
 Thy knowledge serues thee; that (to ease my hart  
 So punisht in thy witness) my desire  
 Dwelt on this Stranger; that I might enquire  
 My lost friends Beeing. But 'tis euer tride,  
*Both Man and God, are still forgot with Pride.*  
*Eurynome!* Bring heere this Guest a seat,  
 And Cushion on it; that we two, may treat  
 Of the affaire in question. Set it neare,  
 That I may softly speake, yet he well heare.  
 She did this little freely; and he sat  
 Close by the Queen; who askt him, Whence, & what  
 He was himselfe? And what th' inhabited place?  
 VWhere liu'd his parents? whence he fetcht his race?  
 That moues in earths vnbounded circle, can  
 Maintaine contention, for honor geuen;  
 Whose fame, hath reacht the fairely flowing heauen.  
 VWho, like a neuer-ill-deseruing King,  
 That is well spoke of; First, for worshipping,  
 And striuing to resemble God, in Empire;  
 VWhose equall hand, impartially doth temper,  
*Greatnesse*, and *Goodnesse*: To whom therefore, beares  
 The blacke earth, store of all graine; Trees conferres,  
 Cracking with burthen, Long-liu'd Herds creates;  
 All which, the Sea, with her sorts, emulates;  
 And all this feeds, beneath his powrefull hand,

O woman (he replyed) with whom, no man

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Men, valiant, many, making strong his Land  
 With happy liues led; Nothing else, the cause  
 Of all these blessings, but well order'd Lawes;  
 Like such a King, are you; in Loue, in Fame,  
 And all the blisse that deifies a Dame.  
 And therefore, do not mixe this with a mone  
 So wretched, as is now in question.  
 Aske not my Race, nor Countrey; lest you fill  
 My heart yet fuller, with repeated ill:  
 For I must follow it, with many teares;  
 Though 'tis not seemly, to sit wounding eares  
 In publique Roofes, with our particular life;  
*Times worst expence, is still-repeated Griefe.*  
 I should be irkesome to your Ladies here:  
 And you your selfe would say, you vrg'd your eare  
 To what offends it: My still-broken eie,  
 Supposing wounded with your too much wine.  
 Stranger (said she) you feare your owne excesse,  
 With giuing me too great a noblenesse.  
 The Gods, my person, Beauty, Vertue to,  
 Long since subuerted; when the *Ilion* wo  
 The Greeke designe attempted. In which, went  
 My praise, and honor. In his gouernment  
 Had I deseru'd your vtmost grace; But now  
 Sinister Deity, makes dishonor woo  
 (In shew of grace) my ruine. All the Peres,  
 Syluane *Zacynthus*, and *Dulychius* Spheres,  
*Samos* and *Ithaca*, strange strifes haue showne,  
 To win me; spending on me, all mine owne.  
 Will wed me, in my spite: And these are those;  
 That take from me, all vertue to dispose  
 Or Guest, or Suppliant: or take any course  
 Amongst my Heralds (that should all disburse)  
 To order any thing: Though I neede none  
 To giue me greefe at home; Abroad erres one  
 That my veins shrink for; who, these (holding gone)  
 Their Nuptials hasten, and find me as slow.  
 Good spirits prompted me, to make a show  
 Of vndertaking a most curious taske,  
 That an vnmeasur'd space of time would aske;  
 VVhich, they enduring long, would often say,  
 VVhen ends thy worke? I soone had my delay;  
 And prai'd their stay: For though my Lord wer dead,  
 His Fathers life yet, matter ministred  
 That must imploy me: which, (to tell them )  
 Was that great worke I nam'd. For now, nere drew  
*Laertes* death; and on my hand did lye  
 His funerall Robe: whose end (being now so nye)  
 I must not leaue, and lose so much begun:  
 The rather, lest the Greeke Dames might be wun  
 To taxe mine honor; if a man so great

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Should greet his graue, without his winding sheet.  
*Pride* made them credulous; and I went on:  
 VVhen, whatsoever all the day had done,  
 I made the night helpe, to vndo againe;  
 Though oyle, and watch it cost, and equall paine.  
 Three yeares my wit secur'd me vndiscern'd:  
 Yet, when the fourth came, by my Maids discern'd  
 (False carelesse wenches) how they were deluded:  
 When (by my light discern'd) they all intruded;  
 Vs'd threatning words, and made me giue it end.  
 And then could I, to no more length extend  
 My linger'd Nuptials: Not a counsaile more  
 VVas to be stood vpon; my Parents bore  
 Continuall hand on me, to make me wed:  
 My Sonne grew angry, that so ruined  
 His goods were by them. He is now a man;  
 VVise in a great degree; and one that can  
 Himselfe, giue order to his houshold fare:  
 And *Ioue*, giue equal glory, to his care.  
 But thus you must not passe me: I must know,  
 (It may be, for more end) from whence doth grow  
 Your race, and you; For I suppose you, none  
 Sprung of old Oake, or iustl'd out of stone.  
 He answer'd; O *Vlysses* reuerend wife!  
 Yet hold you purpose to enquire my life?  
 Ile tell you, though it much afflict me more  
 Then all the sorrowes I haue felt before.  
 As worthily it may: since so long time,  
 As I haue wandred from my Natiue Clime,  
 Through humane Cities: and in sufferance stil:  
 To rip all wounds vp. (though, of all their ill  
 I touch but part) must actuate all their paine.  
 But, aske you still; Ile tell, though stil sustaine.      In middle of the sable Sea, there lies  
 An Isle, cal'd *Crete*; a rauisher of eyes:  
 Fruitfull, and mann'd with many an infinite store:  
 Where ninety Cities crowne the famous shore;  
 Mixt with all Languag'd men: There *Greekes* suruiue;  
 There the great-minded *Eteocretans* liue:  
 There the *Dorensians*, neuer out of war:  
 The *Cydons* there; and there the singular  
*Pelasgian* people: There doth *Gnossus* stand,  
 That mighty City; where had most command  
 Great *Ioues* Disciple (*Minos*) who nine yeares  
 Conferr'd with *Ioue*: Both great familiares  
 In mutual counsailes. And this *Minos* Son,  
 (The mighty-minded King *Deucalion*):  
 VVas Sire to me, & royall *Idomen*,  
 VVho with *Atrides*, went to *Ilion* then,  
 My elder Brother, and the better man;  
 My name *Aethon*. At that time began  
 My knowledge of *Vlysses*; whom my home

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Receiu'd with guest-rites. He was thither come  
 By force of weather, from the *Malean* coast  
 But new got off; where he the Nauy lost,  
 Then vnder saile for *Troy*; and wind-bound lay  
 Long in *Amnisus*; hardly got away  
 From horrid stormes, that made him anchor there,  
 In Hauens that sacred to *Lucina* were;  
 Dreadfull and dangerous. In whose bosome crept  
*Lucina's* Cauerne. But in my rooffe slept  
*Vlysses*, shor'd in *Crete*: who first enquir'd  
 For royall *Idomen*; and much desir'd  
 To taste his guest-rites; since to him had bene  
 A welcome Guest my Brother *Idomene*.  
 The tenth, or, leuenth light, on *Vlysses* shin'de  
 In stay at *Crete*; attending then the winde  
 For threatn'd *Ilion*. All which time, my house  
 VVith loue and entertainments curious  
 Embrac't his person: though a number more  
 My hospitable roofes receiu'd before.  
 His men I likewise call'd; and from the store  
 Allow'd them meale, and heat-exciting wine;  
 And Oxen for their slaughter; to confine  
 In my free hand the vtmost of their need.  
 Twelue daies the *Greeks* staid, ere they got them freed;  
 A gale so bitter blew out of the North,  
 That none could stand on earth, being tumbled forth  
 By some sterne God. But on the thirteenth day  
 The tempest ceast, & then went Greekes their way.  
 Thus, many tales *Vlysses* told his wife,  
 At most, but painting; yet most like the life:  
 Of which, her heart, such sense took through hir eares,  
 It made her weepe, as she would turne to teares.  
 And as from off the Mountaines melts the snow,  
 Which *Zephyres* breath conceald; but was made flow  
 By hollow *Eurus*, which so fast poures downe,  
 That with their Torrent, flouds haue ouer-flowne:  
 So downe her faire cheekes, her kinde tears did glide;  
 Her mist Lord mourning, set so neere her side.  
*Vlysses* much was mou'd to see her mourne,  
 VVhose eies yet stood as dry, as Iron, or Horne,  
 In his vntroubl'd lids; which, in his craft  
 Of bridling passion, he from issue saf't.  
 VVhen she had giuen her moane so many teares,  
 That now 'twas satiate: her yet louing feares  
 Askt thus much further: You haue thus farre tried  
 My loues credulity: But if gratified  
 VVith so long stay he was with you, you can  
 Describe what weede he wore; what kinde of man  
 Both he himselfe was, and what Followers  
 Obseru'd him there. Alas (sayd he) the yeares  
 Haue growne so many since (this making now

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Their twentieth reuolution) that my show  
 Of these slight notes, will set my memory sore;  
 But (to my now remembrance) this he wore:  
 A double purple Robe, drawne close before  
 With golden Buttons; pleated thicke, and bore  
 A facing, where a hundred colours shinde:  
 About the skirts, a Hound; A freckl'd Hinde  
 In full course hunted. On the fore-skirts yet,  
 He pincht, and pull'd her downe: when with hir feet,  
 And all her force, she struggl'd hard for flight.  
 VVhich had such life in Gold, that to the sight  
 It seem'd the Hinde it selfe for euery hiew;  
 The Hound and al, so answering the view,  
 That all admir'd all. I obseru'd beside  
 His inner weed, so rarely beautifide,  
 That dumbe amaze it bred; and was as thin,  
 As any dry and tender Onion skin:  
 As soft 'twas too, and glister'd like the Sun.  
 The women were to louing wonder wun  
 By him and by his weeds. But (by the way)  
 You must excuse me, that I cannot say  
 He brought this suite from home; or had it there  
 Sent for some Present; or perhaps elsewhere  
 Receiu'd it for his guest-gift: For your Lord  
 Had Friends not few: The Fleete did not afford  
 Many, that had not fewer. I bestow'd  
 A well-edg'd sword on him; a Robe that flow'd  
 In foulds, and fulnesse, and did reach his feete,  
 Of richest purple: Brought him to his Fleete,  
 VVith all my honor: And besides (to add  
 To all this sifted circumstance) he had  
 A Herald there; in height, a little more  
 Put from the earth: that thicker shoulders wore;  
 A swarth complexion, and a curled head;  
 His name *Eurybates*; and much in stead,  
 He stood your King, imploy'd in most command,  
 Since most of all, his minde could vnderstand.  
 VVhen all these signes she knew, for chiefly trew;  
 Desire of moane vpon her beauties grew:  
 And yet (euen that desire suffic'd) she said.  
 Till this (my Guest) a wretched state arraid  
 Your ill-vsd person: but from this houre forth,  
 You shalbe honor'd, and finde all the worth  
 That fits a friend. Those weeds these hands bestow'd  
 From out my wardrobe: those gold buttons sow'd  
 Before for closure, and for Ornament.  
 But neuer more, must his returne present  
 The person that gaue those adornments State.  
 And therefore, vnder an abhorred Fate  
 VVas he induc't to feed the commune fame,  
 To visit vile *Troy*; I, too vile to name.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

No more yet mourne (said he) nor thus see pinde  
 Your louely person: *Weeping, wast's the Minde.*  
 And yet I blame you not; for any Dame  
 That weds one yong, and brings to him, his name;  
 (VVhat euer man he is) will mourne his losse:  
 Much more respectfull then, must shew your woes,  
 That weepe thus for *Vlysses*; who (Fame saies)  
 Was equal with the Gods, in all his waies.  
 But where no cause is, there must be no mone:  
 And therefore heare me; my Relation  
 Shal lay the cleere truth naked to your view;  
 I heard amongst the *Thesprot*s, for most trew,  
 That Lord *Vlysses* liu'd, and stood iust now  
 On his returne for home: That wealth did flow  
 In his possession; which, he made not knowne,  
 But begg'd amongst the people; since alone  
 He quite was left: for all his men were lost  
 In getting off, from the *Trinacrian* Coast;  
*Ioue* and the Sun, was wroth with them, for rape  
 Made of his Oxen; and no man let scape  
 The rugged deepes of *Neptune*: Onely he  
 The Ships Keele onely keeping, was by Sea  
 Cast on the faire *Phaecian* Continent;  
 VVhere men suruiue, that are the Gods descent;  
 And like a God receiu'd him; gaue him heapes  
 Of wealthy gifts, and would conduct his steps  
 Themselues safe home: which, he might long ago  
 His pleasure make: but profit would not so.  
 He gather'd going, and had mighty store  
 Of Gold in safegard: so beyond the Shore  
 That commune sailes kept, his high flood of wit  
 Bore glorious top; and all the world, for it  
 Hath farre exceeded. All this *Phadon* told,  
 That doth the Scepter of *Thesprotia* hold:  
 VVho swore to me, in houshold sacrifice,  
 The Ship was lancht, and men to man the prise;  
 That soone should set him on his countrey earth:  
 Shew'd me the goods, enow to serue the birth,  
 That in the tenth age of his seed, shold spring;  
 Yet in his Court contain'd. But then the King  
 (Your husband) for *Dodona* was in way;  
 That from th' oraculous Oake, he might display  
*Ioues* will; what course for home would best preuaile:  
 To come in pompe; or beare a secret saile.  
 But me, the King dispatcht in course before;  
 A Ship then bound for the *Dulychian* shore.  
 So thus you see his safety, whom you mourne,  
 VVho now is passing neere; and his returne  
 No more will punish with delayes, but see  
 His friends, and country: All which truth to thee  
 Ile seale with sacred Oath. Be witnesse *Ioue*,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Thou first, and best, of all the Thron'd aboue;  
 And thou house of the great *Laertes* heire,  
 To whose high roofes, I tender my repaire;  
 That what I tell the Queene, euent shall crowne:  
 This yeare, *Vlysses* shall possesse his owne:  
 Nay, ere the next month ends, shall heere arriue;  
 Nay ere it enters, heere abide aliue.  
 O may this proue (saide she;) gifts, friendship, then  
 Should make your name the most renown'd of men.  
 But 'tis of me receiu'd; and must so sort,  
 That nor my Lord shall euer see his Court,  
 Nor you gaine your deduction thence; for now  
 The alter'd house doth no such man allow  
 As was *Vlysses* (if he euer were)  
 To entertaine a reuerend Passenger,  
 And giue him faire dismissal. But (Maids) see  
 Ye bathe his feete; and then with Tapistry,  
 Best sheets, and blanquets, make his bed, and lay  
 Soft wascotes by him; that (lodg'd warme) he may  
 Euen till the golden-seated mornings ray,  
 Enioy good est; and then, with her first light,  
 Bathe, and giue almes; that cherisht appetite  
 He may apply within our Hall, and sit  
 Safe by *Telemachus*. Or if th' vnfit  
 And harmfull minde of any be so base  
 To greeue his age againe; let none giue grace  
 Of doing any deed, he shall command  
 (How wroth so euer) to his barbarous hand.  
 For how shall you (guest) know me for a Dame  
 That passe so far, nay, turne and winde the Fame  
 Of other Dames for wisdom, and the frame  
 Of household vsage; if your poore thin weeds  
 I let draw on you, want, and worser deeds;  
 That may, perhaps, cause heere your latest day?  
*The life of Man is short, and flyes away.*  
 And if the Rulers selfe of households, be  
 Vngentle, studying inhumanity,  
 The rest proue worse. But he beares all the blame:  
 All men will, liuing, vow against his name,  
 Mischiefes, and miseries; And (dead) supply  
 VVith bitter Epitaphes, his memory.  
 But if himselfe be noble, (noble things  
 Doing, and knowing) all his Vnderlings  
 VVill imitate his Noblesse; and all guests  
 Giue it, in many; many interests.  
 But (worthiest Queen, said he) where you command  
 Baths and rich beds for me, I scorne to stand  
 On such state now; nor euer thought it yet,  
 Since first I left the snowy hils of *Crete*.  
 VVhen once I fell a ship-boord, those thoughts fled;  
 I loue to take now (as long since) my bed:



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Though I began the vse, with sleeplesse nights;  
 I, many a darknesse, with right homely rites  
 Haue spent ere this houre; & desir'd the Morne  
 Would come; and make sleepe to the world a scorne.  
 Nor run these dainty Bathes in my rude head;  
 Nor any handmaid (to your seruice bred)  
 Shal touch my ill-kept feete, vnlesse there liue  
 Some poore old drudge here, that hath learn'd to giue  
 Old men good vsage; & no worke wil fly:  
 As hauing suffer'd ill, as much as I.  
 But if there liue, one such, in your command;  
 I wil not shame to giue my foot, her hand.  
 She gaue this answer: O my loued Guest,  
 There neuer enter'd these kinde Roofes, for rest,  
 Stranger or Friend, that so much wisdom laide  
 In gage for Guest-rites, as your lippes haue paide.  
 There liues an old maide in my charge, that knowes  
 The good you speake of, by her many woes;  
 That nourisht and brought vp, with curious care,  
 Th' vnhappy man, your old familiar:  
 Euen since his Mother let him view the light,  
 And oft hath felt in her weake armes, his weight.  
 And she (though now much weaker) shal apply  
 Her Maiden seruice, to your modesty.  
*Euryclea*, rise; and wash the feete of one,  
 That is of one age with your Soueraigne gone.  
 Such hands, such feet hath, though of alter'd grace:  
*Much grieffe in men, wil bring on change apace.*  
 She (from her aged slumber wak't) did cleare  
 Her heauy eyes; and instantly (to heare  
 Her Soueraignes name) had worke enough to dry  
 Her cheekes from teares: and to his memory  
 These Mones did offer: O my Son (saide she)  
 I neuer can take greefe enough for thee;  
 VVhom *Goodnes* hurts; & who, euen *Ioues* high spleen.  
 (Since thou art *Ioue*-like) hates the most of men.  
 For none hath offer'd him so many Thyes;  
 Nor such whole Hecatombes of sacrifice,  
 Fat, and selected, as thy zeale hath done;  
 For all, but praying that thy noble Sonne,  
 Thy happy age, might see at state of man.  
 And yet hath *Ioue* with Mists *Cimmerean*  
 Put out the light of his returning day.  
 And as your selfe (O Father) in your way  
 Tooke these faire roofes for hospitable rights,  
 Yet finde (for them) our dogged womens spights:  
 So he (in like course) being driuen to prooffe  
 (Long time ere this) what such a royall Rooffe  
 Would yeeld his miseries; found such vsage there.  
 And you (now flying the foule Language here,  
 And many a filthy fact of our faire Dames)

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Fly me, like them; and put on causlesse shames  
 To let me clense your feet. For not the cause  
 The Queenes command yeelds, is the pow'r yt drawes  
 My will to wash your feete. But what I do,  
 Proceeds from her charge, and your reuerence to.  
 Since I, in soule, am stricken with a ruth  
 Of your distresses, and past show of truth.  
 Your strangenesse claiming little interest  
 In my affections: and yet many a Guest  
 Of poore condition, hath bene harbour'd here:  
 But neuer any, did so right appeare  
 Like King *Vlysses*, as your selfe; For state,  
 Both of your stature, voice, and very gate.  
 So all haue said (said he) that euer yet  
 Had the proportions of our figures met,  
 In their obseruances; so right, your eye,  
 Proues in your soule, your iudging faculty.  
 Thus tooke she vp a Caldron, brightly scour'd,  
 To clense his feete in: and into it, pour'd  
 Store of cold waue, which on the fire she set;  
 And therein bath'd (being temperatly heat)  
 Her Soueraigns feet. Who turnd him from the light;  
 Since sodainly, he doubted her conceit  
 (So rightly touching at his state before)  
 A scar now seeing on his foot, that bore  
 An old note to discerne him; might descry  
 The absolute truth; which (witnest by her eye)  
 Vvas strait approu'd. He first receiu'd this sore,  
 As in *Parnassus* tops, a white tooth'd Bore  
 He stood in chace withall; who strooke him there,  
 At such time, as he liu'd a sojourner  
 VVith his grand Sire, *Antolycus*: who, th' Art  
 Of Theft and swearing (not out of the hart,  
 But by equiuocation) first adorn'd  
 Your witty man withall; and was suborn'd  
 By *Ioues* descent (ingenious *Mereurie*)  
 VVho did bestow it; since so many a Thie  
 Of Lambes, and Kids, he had on him bestow'd  
 In sacred flames; who therefore, when he vow'd  
 VVas euer with him. And this man impos'd  
*Vlysses* name; the light being first disclos'd  
 To his first sight then; when his grand Sire came  
 To see the then preferrer of his fame,  
 His loued daughter. The first supper done,  
*Euryclea*, put in his lap, her Sonne,  
 And pray'd him to bethinke, and giue his name;  
 Since that desire, did all desires inflame.  
 Daughter, and Son-in-Law (sayd he) let then  
 The name that I shall giue him, stand with men;  
 Since I arriu'd here, at the houre of paine,  
 In which, mine owne kinde entrailes did sustaine

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Moane for my daughters, yet vnended throes:  
 And when so many mens and womens woes,  
 In ioynt compassion met, of humane birth,  
 Brought forth t'attend the many feeding earth;  
 Let *Odysseus* be his name, as one  
 Exposd to iust constraint of all mens mone.  
 VVhen heere at home, he is arriu'd at state  
 Of mans first youth; he shall initiate  
 His practisd feete, in trauaile made abroad;  
 And to *Pernassus*, where mine owne abode  
 And chiefe meanes lye; addresse his way, where I  
 VVill giue him from my opened treasury,  
 VVhat shall returne him well; and fit the Fame  
 Of one that had the honor of his name.  
 For these faire gifts he went, and found all grace  
 Of hands, and words, in him and all his race.  
*Amphithea* (his Mothers mother) to  
 Applied her to his loue; withall, to do  
 In Grandames welcomes: both his faire eyes kist,  
 And browes; and then, commanded to assist  
 VVere all her sonnes, by their respected Sire,  
 In furnishing a Feast; whose eares did fire  
 Their minds with his command: who home strait led  
 A fiue–yeares–old–male Oxe; feld, slew, and flead:  
 Gather'd about him; cut him vp with Art;  
 Spitted, and roasted; and his euery part  
 Diuided orderly. So all the day  
 They spent in feast: No one man went his way  
 VVithout his fit fill. VVhen the Sun was set,  
 And darknesse rose, they slept; till dayes fire het  
 Th' enlightned earth: and then, on hunting went  
 Both Hounds, and all *Autolycus* descent.  
 In whose guide, did diuine *Vlysses* go;  
 Climb'd steepe *Parnassus*, on whose forehead grow  
 All syluan off springs round. And soone they rech't  
 The Concaues, whence ayrs sounding vapors fetcht  
 Their loud descent. As soone as any Sun  
 Had from the Ocean (where his waters run  
 In silent deepnesse) rais'd his golden head:  
 The early Huntsmen, all the hill had spread;  
 Their Hounds before them, on the searching Traile:  
 They neere, and euer eager to assaile.  
*Vlysses*, brandishing a lengthfull Lance,  
 Of whose first flight, he long'd to proue the chance.      Then found they lodg'd a Bore, of bulke extreame,  
 In such a Queach, as neuer any beame  
 The Sun shot, pierc'st: Nor any passe, let finde  
 The moist impressions of the fiercest winde:  
 Nor any storme the sternest winter driues;  
 Such prooffe it was: yet all within, lay leaues  
 In mighty thicknesse; and through all this, flew  
 The hounds loud mouthes. The sounds, the tumult threw;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And all together rouz'd the Bore, that rusht  
 Amongst their thickest: All his brissels, pusht  
 From forth his rough necke; and with flaming eyes  
 Stood close, and dar'd all. On which horrid prise  
*Vlysses* first charg'd; whom, aboue the knee  
 The sauage strooke, and rac't it crookedly  
 Along the skin, yet neuer reacht the bone.  
*Vlysses* Lance yet, through him, quite was throwne;  
 At his right shoulder entring: at his left,  
 The bright head passage to his keenness cleft,  
 And shew'd his point gilt, with the gushing gore.  
 Downe in the dust fell the extended Bore,  
 And forth his life flew. To *Vlysses*, round  
 His Vnckle drew; who (wofull for his wound)  
 With all Art bound it vp; and with a charme  
 Staid straight the blood: went home, & when the harm  
 Receiu'd full cure; with gifts, and all euent  
 Of ioy, and loue; to his lou'd home, they sent  
 Their honor'd Nephew: whose returne, his Sire,  
 And reuerend Mother, tooke with ioyes entire:  
 Enquir'd all passages; all which, he gaue  
 In good relation: Nor of all, would saue  
 His wound from vtterance: By whose scar he came  
 To be discouered by this aged Dame.  
 VVhich, when she clensing felt, and noted well:  
 Downe from her Lap, into the Caldron, fell  
 His weighty foot, that made the Brasse resound:  
 Turn'd all aside, and on th' embrewed ground  
 Spilt all the water. Ioy and grieffe together  
 Her brest inuaded: and of weeping weather  
 Her eyes stood full: Her small voice, stucke within  
 Her part expressiue; till at length, his chin  
 She tooke, and spake to him: O Sonne (saide she)  
 Thou art *Vlysses*; nor canst other be:  
 Nor could I know thee yet, till all my King  
 I had gone ouer, with the warmed Spring.  
 Then look't she for the Queene, to tell her all;  
 And yet, knew nothing sure: thogh nought could fall  
 In compasse of all thoughts, to make her doubt.  
*Minerua*, that distraction strooke throughout  
 Her minds rapt forces; that she might not tell.  
*Vlysses*, noting yet her aptnesse well;  
 With one hand tooke her chin; and made all shew  
 Of fauour to her: with the other, drew  
 Her offer'd parting closer: Askt her why,  
 She, whose kinde breast had nurst so tenderly  
 His infant life; would now, his age destroy?  
 Though twenty yeares had held him from the ioy  
 Of his lou'd country. But, since onely she,  
 (God putting her in minde) now knew, 'twas he,  
 He charg'd her silence; and to let no eare

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

In all the Court more, know his being there:  
 Lest, if God gaue into his wreakfull hand  
 Th' insulting woers liues: he did not stand  
 On any partiall respect with her,  
 Because his Nurse; and to the rest prefer  
 Her safety therefore; But when they should feele  
 His punishing finger, giue her equall steele.  
 What words (said she) flye your retentiu pow'rs?  
 You know, you locke your counsailes in your Tow'rs  
 In my firme bosome: and, that I am farre  
 From those loose frailties. Like an Iron barre  
 Or bolt of solidst stone, I will containe:  
 And tell you this besides; That if you gaine  
 By Gods good aide, the woers liues in yours;  
 VVhat Dames are heere their shamelesse Paramours,  
 And haue done most dishonor to your worth,  
 My information, well shall paint you forth.  
 It shal not neede (saide he) my selfe will soone  
 (VVhile thus I maske heere) set on euery one  
 My sure obseruance of the worst, and best:  
 Be thou then silent, and leaue God the rest.  
 This said, the old Dame, for more water went;  
 The rest was all vpon the Pauement spent,  
 By knowne *Vlysses* foot. More brought (and he  
 Supplied besides with sweetest Oyntments) she  
 His seate drew neere the fire, to keepe him warme:  
 And, with his peec't rags, hiding close his harme:  
 The Queene came neere, and said: Yet (guest) afford  
 Your further patience; till, but in a word  
 Ile tell my woes to you: For well I know,  
 That *Rests sweet Houre*, her soft foote orders now:  
 When all poore men, how much soeuer grieu'd,  
 VVould gladly get their wo-wacht pow'rs relieu'd.  
 But God hath giuen my grieffe a heart so great,  
 It will not downe with rest. And so I set  
 My iudgement vp, to make it my delight.  
 All day I mourne; yet nothing let the right  
 I owe my charge, both in my worke and Maids;  
 And when the night brings rest to others aides,  
 I tosse my bed; *Distresse* with twenty points,  
 Slaught'ring the pow'rs that to my turning ioynts  
 Conuey the vitall heate. And as all night,  
*Pandareus* daughter (poore *Edone*) sings,  
 Clad in the verdure of the yearly Springs;  
 VVhen she for *Itylus*, her loued Sonne  
 (By *Zetus* issue; in his madnesse, done  
 To cruell death) poures out her hourelly mone,  
 And drawes the eares to her of euery one;  
 So flowes my mone, that cuts in two my minde,  
 And here and there, giues my discourse the winde;  
 Vncertain whether I shal with my Son,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Abide still heere, the safe possession  
 And guard of all goods: Reuerence to the bed  
 Of my lou'd Lord; and to my far-off spred  
 Fame with the people; putting still in vse;  
 Or follow any best *Greeke* I can chuse  
 To his fit house, with treasure infinite  
 VVon to his Nuptials. VVhile the infant plight  
 And want of iudgement kept my Son in guide;  
 He was not willing with my being a Bride,  
 Nor with my parting from his Court: But now  
 (Arriu'd at mans state) he would haue me vow  
 My loue to some one of my wooers heere,  
 And leaue his Court; offended that their cheere  
 Should so consume his free possessions.  
 To settle then a choice in these my mones,  
 Heare and expound a dreame, that did engraue  
 My sleeping fancy. Twenty Geese, I haue;  
 All which, me thought, mine eye saw tasting wheate  
 In water steep't, and ioy'd to see them eate.  
 VVhen straight, a crooke-beak't Eagle, from a hill,  
 Stoop't, and trust all their neckes, and all did kill;  
 VVhen (all left scatter'd on the Pauement there)  
 She tooke her wing vp, to the Gods faire sphere:  
 I, euen amid my Dreame, did weepe and mourne,  
 To see the Eagle, with so shrew'd a turne,  
 Stoope my sad turrets; when, me thought there came  
 About my mournings, many a Grecian Dame  
 To cheere my sorrowes; in whose most extreame  
 The Hawke came back, and on the prominent beame  
 That crost my Chamber, fell; and vs'd to me  
 A humane voice, that sounded horribly;  
 And saide; Be confident, *Icarius* seed;  
 This is no dreame, but what shall chance indeed.  
 The Geese, the wooers are: the Eagle, I,  
 VVas heeretofore a Fowle: but now imply  
 Thy husbands Beeing; and am come to giue  
 The wooers death, that on my Treasure, liue.  
 With this, Sleepe left me; and my waking way  
 I tooke to try, if any violent prey  
 Were made of those my Fowles; which, well enough  
 I (as before) found feeding at their Trough,  
 Their yoted wheate. O woman (he replide)  
 Thy dreame can no interpretation bide,  
 But what the Eagle made, who was your Lord;  
 And saide, himselfe would sure effect afford  
 To what he told you; that confusion  
 To all the wooers should appeare; and none  
 Escape the Fate, and death, he had decreed.  
 She answer'd him: O Guest, these dreames exceede  
 The Art of man t'interpret; and appere  
 Without all choise, or forme; nor euer were

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Perform'd to all at all parts. But there are  
 To these light Dreames, that like thin vapors fare,  
 Two two-leau'd gates; the one of Iuory;  
 The other, Horne. Those dreames that *Fantasia*  
 Takes from the polisht Iuory Port, delude  
 The Dreamer euer, and no truth include:  
 Those that the glittering Horn-gate, lets abrode,  
 Do euermore, some certaine truth abode.  
 But this my dreame, I hold of no such sort  
 To flye from thence; yet, which soeuer Port  
 It had accesse from, it did highly please  
 My Son, and me. And this, my thoughts professe;  
 That Day that lights me from *Vlysses* Court,  
 Shall both my infamy, and curse consort.  
 I therefore purpose to propose them now  
 In strong Contention, *Vlysses* Bow;  
 Which he that easly drawes; and from his draft,  
 Shoots through twelue Axes (as he did his shaft,  
 All set vp in a rowe; And from them all,  
 His stand-farre-off kept firme) my fortunes shall  
 Dispose; and take me to his house from hence,  
 VVhere I was wed, a Maide; in confluence  
 Of feast and riches: such a Court heere then,  
 As I shall euer in my dreames reteine.  
 Do not (said he) deferre the gamefull prise,  
 But set to taske their importunities  
 With something else, then Nuptials: For your Lord  
 VVill to his Court and Kingdome be restor'd,  
 Before they thred those steeles, or draw his Bow.  
 O Guest (repli'de *Penelope*) would you  
 Thus sit, and please me with your speech; mine eares  
 VVould neuer let mine eye-lids close their Spheares;  
 But none can liue without the death of sleepe;  
 Th' Immortals, in our mortall memories keepe  
 Our ends, and deaths by sleepe; diuiding so,  
 (As by the Fate and portion of our wo)  
 Our times spent heere; to let vs nightly try,  
 That while we liue; as much as liue, we dye.  
 In which vse, I will to my bed ascend,  
 VVhich I bedeaw with teares, and sigh past end,  
 Through all my houres spent; since I lost my ioy,  
 For vile, lew'd, neuer-to-be-named *Troy*.  
 Yet there, Ile proue for sleepe, which take you here;  
 Or on the earth, if that your custome were;  
 Or haue a bed, dispos'd for warmer rest.  
 Thus left she with her Ladies, her old Guest:  
 Ascended her faire chamber, and her bed:  
 VVhose sight did euer duly make her shed  
 Teares for her Lord; which still her eyes did sleepe,  
 Till *Pallas* shut them with delightsome sleepe. The End of the Nineteenth Booke of Homers Odyssees.

THE TWENTITH BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.

The Argvment.

*Vlysses, in the Wooers Beds,  
Resolving first, to kill the Maids;  
That sentence giuing off; His care  
For other Obiects doth prepare.*

Another.

*Ioues thunder chides;  
but cheers the king;  
The Wooers prides  
discomfiting.* Vlysses in the Entry, laide his head,  
And vader him, an Oxe—hide newly flead;  
About him Sheep fels store; & ouer those  
*Eurynome* cast Mantles. His repose  
VVould bring to sleepe yet; studying the ill  
He wisht the wooers; who came by him still  
VVith all their wenches; laughing, wantoning  
In mutuall lightnesse, which his heart did sting;  
Contending two wayes; if (all patience fled)  
He should rush vp, and strike those Strumpets dead;  
Or let that night be last, and take th' extreme  
Of those proud wooers, that were so supreme  
In pleasure of their high fed fantasies.  
His heart did barke within him, to surprize  
Their sports with spoiles: No fell shee Mastiue can  
Amongst her whelpes, flye eagrer on a man  
She doth not know; yet sents him something neare,  
And faine would come to please her tooth and teare;  
Then his disdain, to see his Roofe so fil'de  
VVith those fowle fashions: Grew within him wilde  
To be in blood of them. But finding best  
In his free iudgement, to let passion rest;  
He chid his angry spirit, and beare his brest:  
And said; Forbeare (my minde) and thinke on this:  
There hath bene time, when bitter agonies  
Haue tried thy patience: Call to minde the day,  
In which the *Cyclop*, which past manly sway  
Of violent strength, deuour'd thy friends, thou then  
Stoodst firmly bold, till from that hellish den  
Thy wisdom broght thee off; whe nought but death  
Thy thoughts resolu'd on. This discourse did breath  
The fiery boundings of his heart, that still  
Lay in that æsture; without end, his ill  
Yet manly suffering. But from side to side



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

It made him tосse аpace: you haue not tride  
 A fellow roasting of a Pig before  
 A hasty fire, (his belly yeelding store  
 Of fat, and blood) turne faster: labour more  
 To haue it roast, and would not haue it burne;  
 Then this, and that way, his vnrest made turne  
 His thoughts, and body; would not quench the fire,  
 And yet, not haue it heighten his desire  
 Past his discretion; and the fit enough  
 Of hast, and speed; that went to all the prooffe  
 His well-laid plots, and his exploits requir'd;  
 Since he, but one, to all their deaths aspir'd.  
 In this contention, *Pallas* stoop't from heauen;  
 Stood ouer him, and had her presence giuen  
 A womans forme; who sternly thus began:  
 Why thou most sowre, and wretched-fated man  
 Of all that breath! yet liest thou thus awake?  
 The house, in which thy cares so tосse and take  
 Thy quiet vp, is thine: thy wife is there;  
 And such a Son, as if thy wishes were  
 To be suffic'd with one; they could not mend.  
 Goddess (said he) tis ; But I contend  
 To right their wrongs: and (though I bee but one)  
 To lay vnhelpt, and wreakfull hand vpon  
 This whole resort of impudents, that here  
 Their rude assemblies neuer will forbear.  
 And yet a greater doubt imployes my care;  
 That if their slaughters, in my reaches are,  
 And I performe them; (*Ioue* and you not pleas'd)  
 How shall I flye their friends? & would stand seas'd  
 Of counsaile, to resolue this care in me.  
 Wretch (she replied) a friend of worse degree,  
 Might win thy credence: that a mortall were,  
 And vs'd to second thee; though nothing nere  
 So powerfull in performance, nor in care:  
 Yet I, a Goddess, that haue still had share  
 In thy atchieuements, and thy persons guard,  
 Must still be doubted by thy Braine, so hard  
 To credit any thing about thy powre,  
 And that must come from heauen; if euery houre  
 There be not personall apparance made,  
 And aide direct giuen, that may sense inuade.  
 Ile tell thee therefore cleerely: If there were  
 Of diuers languag'd men, an Army here  
 Of fifty Companies; all driuing hence  
 Thy Sheepe and Oxen, and with violence  
 Offer'd to charge vs, and besiege vs round;  
 Thou shouldst their prey reprice, & them confound.  
 Let sleepe then seize thee: *To keepe watch all Night ,*  
*Consumes the spirits, and makes dull the sight.*  
 Thus pour'd the Goddess sleepe into his eyes,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And re-ascended the *Olympian* skies.  
 When care-and-lineament-resolving sleepe,  
 Had laide his temples in his golden steepe;  
 His, wise-in-chast-wit-worthy-wife, did rise:  
 (First sitting vp in her soft bed) her eyes  
 Opened with teares, in care of her estate,  
 Which now, her friends resolu'd to terminate  
 To more delaies, and make her marry one.  
 Her silent teares (then ceast) her Orizon  
 This Queene of women to *Diana* made.  
 Reuerend *Diana*; let thy Darts inuade  
 My wofull bosome, and my life depriue,  
 Now at this instant; or soone after driue  
 My soule with Tempests forth, and giue it way  
 To those farre-off darke Vaults, where neuer day  
 Hath powre to shine; and let them cast it downe  
 Where refluent *Oceanus* doth crowne  
 His curled head; where *Pluto's* Orchard is,  
 And entrance to our after miseries.  
 As such sterne whirlwinds, raiisht to that streame,  
*Pandareus* daughters, when the Gods to them  
 Had reft their parents; and them left alone  
 (Poore orphan children) in their Mansion.  
 Whose desolate life, did loues sweet Queene incline  
 To nurse with pressed Milke, and sweetest wine;  
 Whom *Iuno* deckt, beyond all other Dames  
 With wisdomes light, and beauties mouing flames:  
 Whom *Phæbe*, goodlinesse of stature render'd,  
 And to whose faire hands, wise *Minerua* tender'd,  
 The Loom and Needle, in their vtmost skill.  
 And while Loues Empresse skal'd th' *Olympian* hill,  
 To beg of Lightning-louing *Ioue* (since hee  
 The meanes to all things knowes; and doth decree  
 Fortunes, infortunes, to the mortall Race)  
 For those poore virgins, the accomlisht grace  
 Of sweetest Nuptials: The fierce *Harpyes* prey'd  
 On euery good, & miserable Maid;  
 And to the hatefull Furies, gaue them all  
 In horrid seruice. Yet, may such Fate fall  
 From steepe *Olympus*, on my loathed head;  
 Or faire-chair'd *Phoebe*, strike me instant dead:  
 That I may vndergo the gloomy Shore,  
 To visit great *Vlysses* soule; before  
 I sooth my idle blood, and wed a wurse.  
 And yet, beneath how desperate a curse  
 Do I liue now? It is an ill, that may  
 Be well indur'd, to mourne the whole long day;  
 So nights sweete sleepes (that make a man forget  
 Both bad, and good) in some degree would let  
 My thoughts leaue greeuing. But, both day and night,  
 Some cruell God, giues my sad memory sight.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

This night (me thought) *Vlysses* grac't my bed  
 In all the goodly state, with which he led  
 The Grecian Army: which gaue ioyes extreame  
 To my distresse, esteeming it no dreame,  
 But indeed: and that conceite I had,  
 That when I saw it false, I might be mad.  
 Such cruell Fates, command in my lifes guide.  
 By this, the mornings Orient, dewes had di'de  
 The earth in all her colours; when the King  
 In his sweet sleepe, suppos'd the sorrowing  
 That she vs'd waking in her plaintiffe bed  
 To be her mourning, standing by his head,  
 As hauing knowne him there. VVho straight arose,  
 And did againe within the Hall dispose  
 The Carpets and the Cushions, where before  
 They seru'd the seats. The Hide, without the dore  
 He carried backe; & then, with held vp hands,  
 He pray'd to him, that heauen & earth commands;  
 You (willing) brought me home; when misery  
 Had punisht me enough, by your free doomes;  
 Let some of these within those inner roomes,  
 (Startl'd with horror of some strange Ostent)  
 Come heere, & tell me, that great *Ioue* hath bent  
 Threatnings without, at some lewd men within.  
 To this his pray'r, *Ioue* shooke his sable chin,  
 And thunder'd from those pure clouds that (aboue  
 The breathing aire) in bright *Olympus* moue.  
 Diuine *Vlysses* ioy'd, to heare it rore.  
 Report of which, a woman Miller bore  
 Straight to his eares; For neere to him, there ground  
 Milles for his Corne, that twice six women found  
 Continuall motion, grinding Barley meale,  
 And wheat (mans Marrow.) Sleepe the eies did seale  
 Of all the other women: hauing done  
 Their vsuall taske; which yet, this Dame alone  
 Had scarce giuen end to; being of al the rest,  
 Least fit for labour. But when these sounds, prest  
 Her eares, aboue the rumbling of her Mill:  
 She let that stand, look't out; and heauens steepe-hill  
 Saw cleere, and temperate; which made her vnware  
 Of giuing any comfort to his care,  
 In that strange signe he pray'd for) thus inuoke.  
 O King of men, and Gods; a mighty stroke  
 Thy thundring hand laide, on the cope of starres;  
 No cloud in all the aire; and therefore warres  
 Thou bidst to some men, in thy sure Ostent:  
 Performe to me (poore wretch) the maine euent,  
 And make this day, the last, and most extream,  
 In which the woers pride shall solace them  
 With whoorish Banquets in *Vlysses* Roofe:  
 That, with sad toyle, to grinde them meale enough,

O Father *Ioue*; If through the moyst and dry

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Haue quite dissolu'd my knees: vouchsafe then, now  
 Thy thunders may their latest Feast foreshow.  
 This was the Boone, *Vlysses* begg'd of *Ioue*;  
 VVhich (with his Thunder) through his bosom droue  
 A ioy, that this vant breath'd: Why now these men  
 (Despite their pride) will *Ioue* make, pay me paine.      By this, had other Maids then those that lay,  
 Mixt with the wooers; made a fire like day,  
 Amidst the harth of the illustrious Hall:  
 And then the Prince, like a Celestiall  
 Rose from his bed; to his embalm'd feete, tied  
 Faire shooes: his sword about his breast applied;  
 Tooke to his hand his sharp-pil'd Lance, and met  
 Amidst the Entry, his old Nurse, that set  
 His hast, at sodaine stand; To whom he said:      O (my lou'd Nurse) with what grace haue you laid  
 And fed my guest heere? Could you so neglect  
 His age, to lodge him thus? Though all respect  
 I giue my Mothers wisdom, I must yet  
 Affirme, it fail'd in this: For she hath set  
 At much more price, a man of much lesse worth,  
 Without his persons note; and yet casts forth  
 With ignominious hands (for his Forme sake)  
 A man much better. Do not faulty make  
 (Good Son) the faultlesse. He was giuen his seat  
 Close to her side; and food, till he would eat.  
 VVine til his wish was seru'd: For she requir'd  
 His wants, and will'd him all things he desir'd.  
 Commanded her chiefe Maides to make his bed;  
 But he (as one whom sorrow onely fed  
 And all infortune) would not take his rest  
 In bed, and couerings, fit for any Guest;  
 But in the Entry, on an Oxes hide,  
 Neuer at Tanners; his old Limbes implide  
 In warme Sheep-fels; yet ouer all, we cast  
 A mantle, fitting, for a man more grac'st.  
 He tooke her answere: Left the house, and went  
 (Attended with his dogges) to sift th' euent  
 Of priuate Plots, betwixt him and his Sire  
 In commune counsaile. Then the crue entire  
 Of al the houshold Maids, (*Euryclea*) bad  
 Bestir them through the house; and see it clad  
 In all best Forme: gaue all their parts; and one  
 She set to furnish euery seate and Throne  
 VVith Needle-workes, and purple clothes of State;  
 Another set to scoure and cleanse the Plate:  
 Another, all the Tables to make proud  
 VVith porous Sponges: Others, she bestow'd  
 In all speed to the Spring, to fetch from thence  
 Fit store of water; all, at all expence  
 Of paines, she will'd to be: For this, to all  
 Should be a day of commune Festiuall;  
 And not a wooer now should seeke his home,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Else where then there; But all were bid to come  
 Exceeding early; and be rais'd to heauen,  
 With all the entertainment could be geuen.  
 They heard with greedy eares; and euey thing  
 Put straight in practise: Twenty to the Spring  
 Made speed for water; Many in the house  
 Tooke paines; and all, were both laborious  
 And skill'd in labour. Many fell to Fell  
 And cleaue their wood: & all did more then well.  
 Then troop't the lusty wooers in; and then  
 Came all from Spring. At their heeles, loaded men  
 VVith slaughter'd Brawnes: of all the Herd, the prize,  
 That had bene long fed vp in seuerall Sties.  
*Eumæus*, and his men, conuei'd them there.  
 He (seeing now the King) began to chere,  
 And thus saluted him: How now, my Guest?  
 Haue yet your vertues found more interest  
 In these great wooers good respects? Or still  
 Pursue they you, with all their wonted ill?      I would to heauen, *Eumæus* (he replide)  
 The Deities once would take in hand their pride;  
 That such vnseemly fashions put in frame  
 In others Roofes, as shew no sparke of shame.  
 Thus these; and to these came *Molanthius*,  
 Great guardian of the most egregious  
 Rich wooers Herds, consisting all of Goats:  
 VVhich he, with two more draue, & made their coats  
 The sounding *Forticos* of that faire Court.  
*Melanthius* (seeing the King) this former sort  
 Of vpland Language gaue: VVhat? still stay heere?  
 And dull these wooers with thy wretched cheere?  
 Not gone for euer, yet? why now I see  
 This strife of cuffes betwixt the beggery,  
 (That yesterday assaid, to get thee gone)  
 And thy more roguery, needs wil fall vpon  
 My hands to arbitrate. Thou wilt not hence  
 Till I set on thee: thy ragg'd impudence  
 Is so fast footed. Are there not beside  
 Other great Banquetants, but you must ride  
 At anchor stil with vs? He nothing said,  
 But thought of ill enough, and shooke his head.  
 Then came *Philætius* (a chiefe of men)  
 That to the wooers all—deuouring den  
 A barren Stere draue, and fat Goats, for they  
 In custome were, with Traffiquers by sea,  
 That who they would sent; and had vtterance there.  
 And for these likewise, the faire Porches were  
 Hurdles, and Sheep—pens, as in any Faire.  
*Philætius* tooke note in his repaire,  
 Of seene *Vlysses*; being a man as well  
 Giuen to his minds vse as to buy & sell;  
 Or do the drudgery that the blood desir'd;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And (standing neere *Eumæus*) this enquir'd.  
 VVhat Guest is this, that makes our house of late  
 His entertainer? whence claimes he the state  
 His birth in this life holds? what Nation?  
 VVhat race? what country stands his speech vpon?  
 Ore hardly portion'd, by the terrible Fates.  
 The structure of his Lineaments relates  
 A Kings resemblance in his pompe of reigne  
 Euen thus, in these rags. But poore erring men  
 That haue no firme homes; but range here and there  
 As Need compels, God keepes in this earths sphere,  
 As vnder water: and this tune he sings,  
 VVhen he is spinning euen the cares of Kings.  
 Thus comming to him; with a kinde of feare  
 He tooke his hand; and touch't exceeding neare  
 VVith meere imagination of his worth)  
 This salutation he sent lowdly forth.  
 Health! Father stranger; in another world  
 Be rich and happy: though thou here art hurld  
 At feete of neuer such insulting Neede.  
 O *Ioue*, there liues no one God of thy seede  
 More ill to man, then thou. Thou tak'st no ruth  
 (VVhen thou thy selfe got him, in most truth:)  
 To wrap him in the straites of most distresse,  
 And in the curse of others wickednesse.  
 My browes haue swet to see it; and mine eyes  
 Broke all in teares; when this being still the guise  
 Of worthiest men, I haue but onely thought,  
 That downe to these ils, was *Vlysses* wrought;  
 And that (thus clad) euen he is error driuen,  
 If yet he liues, and sees the light of heauen.  
 But, if now dead, and in the house of hell,  
 O me! O good *Vlysses*! That my weale  
 Did euer wish: and when, but halfe a man  
 Amongst the people *Cephalenian*;  
 His bounty, to his Oxens charge preferr'd  
 One in that youth: which now, is growne a Herd  
 Vnspeakeable for number; and feede there  
 With their broad heads, as thicke, as of his eare  
 A Field of Corne is to a man: yet these,  
 Some men aduise me, that this noted prease  
 Of wooers may deuoure; and wish me driue  
 Vp to their Feasts with them; that neither giue  
 His Son respect, though in his owne free rooffe;  
 Nor haue the wit to feare th' infallible prooffe  
 Of heauenly vengeance: but make offer now  
 The long-lack't Kings possessions to bestow  
 In their selfe shares. Me thinkes, the minde in me  
 Doth turne as fast; as (in a stood, or Sea)  
 A raging whirlepitt doth; to gather in  
 To fishy death, those swimmers in their sin.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Or feeds a motion as circulare  
 To driue my Herds away. But while the Son  
 Beares vp with life, t'were hainous wrong to ron  
 To other people with them; and to trust  
 Men of another earth: and yet more iust  
 It were to venture their Lawes; the maine right  
 Made stil their Maisters; then at home lose quite  
 Their right, and them; and sit and greeue to see  
 The wrong authoriz'd by their gluttonie.  
 And I had long since fled, and tried th' euent  
 VVith other proud Kings (since, more insolent  
 These are, then can be borne,) But that, euen stil  
 I had a hope, that this (though borne to ill)  
 VVould one day come from some coast, & their last  
 In his roofes strew, with ruines red, and vast.  
 Herdsman (said he) because thou art in show,  
 Nor lewd, nor indiscreete; and that I know  
 There rules in thee an vnderstanding soule,  
 Il'e take an oath, that in thee shall controule  
 All doubt of what I sweare: be witnesse, *Ioue*,  
 That swai'st the first Seate, of the thron'd aboue;  
 This hospitable Table; and this house;  
 That still holds title for the strenuous  
 Sonne of *Laertes*; that (if so you please)  
 Your eyes shall witnesse, *Laertiades*  
 Arriu'd at home; and all these men that raigne  
 In such excesses heere; shall heere lye slaine.  
 He answer'd: Stranger I would iust *Ioue* wold signe  
 What you haue sworne: in your eyes beams should shine  
 What powers I mannage; and how these my hands,  
 VVould rise and follow, where he first commands.  
 So said *Eumæus*: praying all the Sky  
 That wise *Vlysses* might arriue and trie.  
 Thus while they vow'd: the wooers sat as hard  
 On his Sons death: but had their counsels skar'd;  
 For on their left hand, did an Eaglefore;  
 And in her seres, a fearefull Pigeon bore;  
 VVhich seene; *Amphinomus* presa'gd: O friends,  
 Our Counsailes neuer will receiue their ends  
 In this mans slaughter: let vs therefore plie,  
 Our bloody feast, and make his Oxen die.  
 Thus came they in; cast off on seates, their cloakes;  
 And fell to giuing sacrificing strokes  
 Of Sheepe and Goates; the cheefely fat, and great;  
 Slew fed vp Swine, and from the Heard, a Neate.  
 The inwards (roasted,) they disposd'e betwixt  
 Their then obseruers; wine in Flaggons mixt.  
 The bolles *Eumæus* brought; *Philætius*, bread;  
*Melanthus* fill'd the wine. Thus dranke and fed  
 The feastfull wooers. Then the Prince (in grace  
 Of his close proiect) did his Father place

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Amids the pauerd Entrie; in a Seate  
 Seemelesse, and abiect: a small boord and meate  
 Of th' onely inwards. In a cup of gold  
 Yet sent him wine; and bad him now drinke bolde;  
 All his approches, he himselfe would free  
 Gainst all the wooers: Since he would not see  
 His Court made populare: but that his Sire  
 Built it to his vse. Therefore all the fire  
 Blowne in the wooers spleenes, he bad suppresses;  
 And that in hands, nor words they should digresse  
 From that set peace, his speech did then proclaime.  
 They bit their lips, and wondred at his aime  
 In that braue Language: when *Antinous* saide;  
 Though this speech (Grecians) be a meere vpbraide;  
 Yet this time giue it passe: The will of *Ioue*  
 Forbids the violence of our hands, to moue;  
 But of our tongues, we keepe the motion free:  
 And therefore, if his further iollity  
 Tempt our encounter with his Braues, let's checke  
 His growing insolence: though pride to speake,  
 Fly passing high with him. The wise Prince made  
 No more spring of his speech, but let it fade.  
 And now the Heralds bore about the Towne  
 The sacred Hecatombe: to whose renowne  
 The faire-haired Greekes assembl'd; and beneath  
*Apollo's* shady wood; the holy death  
 They put to fire; which (made enough) they drew;  
 Diuided all, that did in th' end accrew  
 To glorious satisfaction. Those that were  
 Disposers of the Feast, did equall cheere  
 Bestow on wretched *Laertiades*,  
 With all the wooers soules: It so did please  
*Telemachus* to charge them: And, for these  
*Minerua* would not see the malices  
 The wooers bore; too much contain'd that so  
*Vlysses* mou'd heart, yet might higher, flow  
 In wreekfull anguish. There was wooing there  
 (Amongst the rest) a Gallant, that did beare  
 The name of one well learn'd, in iests prophane;  
 His name *Ctesippus*, borne a *Samiane*:  
 Who proud, because his Father was so rich,  
 Had so much confidence, as did bewitch  
 His heart with hope, to wed *Vlysses* wife;  
 And this man said: Heare me, my Lords, in strife  
 For this great widdow: This her guest did share  
 Euen feast with vs, with very comely care  
 Of him that order'd it: For tis not good  
 Nor equall, to deprivue Gustes of their food;  
 And specially, what euer guest makes way  
 To that house where *Telemachus* doth sway.  
 And therefore, I will adde to his receipt,



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

A gift of very hospitable weight,  
 VVhich he may giue againe, to any Maide  
 That bath's his graue feete; and her paines see paide;  
 Or any seruante else, that the diuine  
*Vlysses* lofty Battlements confine.  
 Thus snatcht he with a valiant hand, from out  
 The poore folkes commune basket a Neat, foot.  
 And threw it at *Vlysses*: who, his head,  
 Shrunke quietly aside; and let it shed  
 His malice on the wall. The suffering man  
 A laughter raising, most *Sardinian*  
 VVith scorne, and wrath mixt, at the *Samian*.  
 VVhom thus the Prince reprov'd; Your valour wan  
 Much grace *Ctesippus*; and hath eas'd your minde  
 VVith mighty profit: yet you see it finde  
 No marke it aim'd at; the poore strangers part  
 Himselfe made good enough, to scape your Dart.  
 But should I serue thee worthily, my Lance  
 Should strike thy heart through, & (in place t'aduance  
 Thy selfe in Nuptials with his wealth) thy Sire  
 Should make thy toomb heere; that the foolish fire  
 Of all such valors, may not dare to show  
 These foule indecencies to me. I now  
 Haue yeares to vnderstand my strength, and know  
 The good and bad of things; and am no more  
 At your large sufferance, to behold my store  
 Consum'd with patience: See my Cattell slaine,  
 My wine exhausted; and my Bread, in vaine  
 Spent on your license: For, to one then yong,  
 So many enemies were match too strong.  
 But let me neuer more, be witness to  
 Your hostile minds; Nor those base deeds ye do:  
 For, should ye kill me, in my offred wreake,  
 I wish it rather; and my death would speake  
 Much more good of me, then to liue and see,  
 Indignity, vpon indignity:  
 My Guests prouok't with bitter words and blowes;  
 My women seruants, dragg'd about my house  
 To lust, and rapture. This made silence seize  
 The house throughout; till *Damastorides*  
 At length the calme brake: and said; Friend, forbear  
 To giue a iust speech a disdainfull eare:  
 The Guest no more touch, nor no seruante here.  
 My selfe, will to the Prince and Queene commend  
 A motion gratefull, if they please to lend  
 Gratefull receite: as long as any hope  
 Left wise *Vlysses* any passage ope  
 To his returne in our conceits; so long  
 The Queenes delays to our demands stood strong  
 In cause, and reason; and our quarrels thus  
 With guests; the Queene, or her *Telemachus*;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Set neuer foote amongst our liberall Feast;  
 For should the King returne, though thought deceast,  
 It had bene gaine to vs, in finding him,  
 To lose his wife: But now, since nothing dim  
 The daies breakes out, that shewes he neuer more  
 Shall reach the deere touch of his country shore,  
 Sit by your Mother, in perswasion,  
 That now it stands her honor much vpon  
 To choose the best of vs, and who giues most,  
 To go with him home. For so, all things lost  
 In sticking on our haunt so; you shall cleere  
 Recouer, in our no more concourse here:  
 Possesse your birth-right wholly; eate and drinke;  
 And neuer more on our disgraces thinke.  
 By *Ioue*, no *Agelaus*: For I sweare  
 By all my Fathers sorrowes; who doth erre  
 Farre off from *Ithaca*; or rests in death:  
 I am so farre from spending but my breath,  
 To make my Mother any more defer  
 Her wished Nuptials; That Ile counsaile her  
 To make her free choise: And besides, will giue  
 Large gifts to moue her. But I feare to driue,  
 Or charge her hence: For God will not giue way  
 To any such course, if I should assay.  
 At this, *Minerua* made for foolish ioy  
 The wooers mad; and rouz'd their late annoy  
 To such a laughter, as would neuer downe.  
 They laught with others cheeks; eate meat oreflowne  
 VVith their owne bloods: their eies stood full of teares  
 For violent ioyes: Their soules yet thought of feares:  
 VVhich *Theoclymenus* exprest, and said: O wretches! Why? Sustaine ye (well apaid)  
 Your imminent ill? A night, with which *Death* sees;  
 Your heads, and faces, hides beneath your knees.  
 Shriekes burn about you: your eies, thrust out teares:  
 These fixed wals, and that maine Beame that beares  
 The whole house vp, in bloody torrents fall:  
 The Entry full of ghosts stands: Full the Hall  
 Of passengers to hel: And, vnder all  
 The dismall shades; The Sun sinkes from the Poles,  
 And troubl'd aire, poures bane about your soules.  
 They sweetly laught at this: *Eurymachus*  
 To mocks dispos'd, and saide; This new-come-t'vs  
 Is surely mad, conduct him forth to light  
 In th' open Market place: he thinkes 'tis night  
 Within the house. *Eurymachus* (said he)  
 I will not aske for any guide of thee:  
 I both my feete enioy; haue eares, and eies,  
 And no mad soule within me: and with these  
 Will I go forth the doores: because I know,  
 That imminent mischief must abide with you;  
 VVhich, not a man of all the wooers here

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Shall flye, or scape. Ye all too highly beare  
Your vncurb'd heads: Impieties ye commit,  
And euery man affect, with formes vnfit.  
This said; he left the house, and tooke his way  
Home to *Pyram*; who, as free as day,  
Was of his welcome. When the wooers eyes  
Chang'd lookes with one another, and (their guise  
Of laughters, still held on) still eas'd their brests,  
Of will to set the Prince against his guests:  
Affirming, that of all the men aliue  
He worst lucke had; and prou'd it worst to giue  
Guests entertainment: For he had one there  
A wandring Hunter out of prouendere,  
An errant Begger euery way; yet thought  
(He was so hungry) that he needed nought  
But wine and Victuals: nor knew how to do,  
Nor had a spirit to put a knowledge to;  
But liu'd an idle burthen to the earth.  
Another then stept vp; and would lay forth  
His lips in phrophesie, thus: But (would he heare  
His friends perswasions) he should finde it were  
More profit for him, to put both aboard  
For the *Sicilian* people, that afford  
These feete of men, good price: and this would bring  
Good meanes for better guests. These words made wing  
To his eares idley: who had still his eye  
Vpon his Father, looking feruently  
When he would lay his long-withholding hand  
On those proud wooers. And, within command!  
Of all this speech that past, *Icartus* heire  
(The wise *Penelope*) her royall chaire  
Had plac't of purpose. Their high dinner then  
With all pleas'd palates, these ridiculous men  
Fell sweetly to: as ioying they had slaine  
Such store of banquet. But there did not raigne  
A bitterer banquet Planet in all heauen,  
Then that which *Pallas*, had to that day driuen;  
And, with her able friend now, meant t'appose;  
Since they, till then, were in deserts so grose. The End of the Twentieth Booke of Homers Odyssees.

## THE XXI. BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.

### The Argvment.

*Penelope proposeth now,  
To him that drawes Vlysses Bow  
Her instant Nuptials. Ithacus,  
Eumæus, and Philætius,  
Giues charge for guarding of the Gates;*

*And he, his shaft shoots through the plates.*

**Another.**

*The Nuptiall vow,  
and Game: reherst:  
Drawne is the Bow,  
the stooles are purst. Pallas (the Goddess with the sparkling eyes)*  
Excites *Penelope*, t'object the prise  
(The Bow & bright steeles) to the woers strength;  
And here began the strife and blood at length.  
She first ascended by a lofty staire,  
Her vtmost chamber; of whose doore, her faire  
And halfe transparent hand, receiu'd the Key,  
Bright, brazen; bitted passing curiousty,  
And at it hung a knob of Iuory.  
And this did leade her, where was strongly kept  
The treasure Royall; in whose store lay he ap't,  
Gold, Brasse, and Steele, engrauen with infinite Art;  
The crooked Bowe, and Arrowy quiuer, part  
Of that rich Magazin. In the Quiuer, were  
Arrowes a number; sharpe, and sighing gere.  
The Bow was giuen by kinde *Eurythides*  
(*Iphitus*, fashion'd like the Deities)  
To yong *Vlysses*; when within the Roofe  
Of wise *Ortilocus*, their passe had prooffe  
Of mutuall meeting in *Messena*; where  
*Vlysses* claim'd a debt: To whose pay, were  
The whole *Messenian* people bound; since they  
From *Ithaca*, had forc't a wealthy prey  
Of Sheepe, and Sheepherds. In their ships they thrust  
Three hundred Sheepe together: for whose iust  
And instant rendry, old *Laertes* sent  
*Vlysses* his Ambassador, that went  
A long way in the Ambassie; yet then  
Bore but the formost Prime, of yongest men.  
His Father, sending first to that affaire  
His grauest Counsailors, and then his heire.  
*Iphitus* made his way there, hauing lost  
Twelue female horse; and Mules, commended most  
For vse of burthen; which were after, cause  
Of death, and Fate to him. For (past all Lawes  
Of hospitality) *Ioues* mighty Son  
(Skill'd in great Acts) was his confusion  
Close by his house; though at that time his guest:  
Respecting neither the apposed Feast  
And hospitable Table, that in loue  
He set before him; nor the voyce of *Ioue*:  
But, seizing first his Mares, he after slew

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

His host himselfe. From those Mares serch, now grew  
*Vlysses* knowne t'*Iphitus*; who, that Bow  
 At their encounter, did in loue bestow,  
 Which great *Eurytus* hand, had borne before  
 (*Iphitus* Father) who (at deaths sad dore)  
 In his steepe Turrets, left it to his Son.  
*Vlysses* gaue him a keene Faulchion,  
 And mighty Lance; and thus began they there  
 Their fatall Loues: For after, neuer were  
 Their mutuall Tables to each other knowne;  
 Because *Ioues* Son, th' vnworthy part had showne  
 Of slaughtering this God-like louing man,  
*Eurytus* Son; who with that Bow began  
 And ended loue t'*Vlysses*: who, so deare  
 A gift esteem'd it, that he would not beare  
 In his black Fleete, that guest-rite to the war;  
 But, in fit memory of one so farre  
 In his affection; brought it home, and kept  
 His treasure with it; where till now it slept.  
 And now the Queene of women had intent  
 To giue it vse; and therefore made ascent  
 Vp all the staires height, to the chamber dore:  
 Whose shining leaues, two bright Pilasters bore  
 To such a Close, when both together went;  
 It would resist the Aire in their consent.  
 The Ring she tooke then, and did draw aside  
 A barre that ran within; and then implide  
 The Key into the Locke; which gaue a sound  
 (The Bolt then shooting) as in pasture ground  
 A Bull doth Low, and make the valleys ring:  
 So loud the Locke humm'd, when it loosd his Spring,  
 And ope the doores flew. In she went, along  
 The lofty chamber, that was boorded strong  
 With heart of Oake; which many yeares ago  
 The Architect did smooth and polish so,  
 That now as then, he made it freshly shine;  
 And tried the euenesse of it with a Line.  
 There stood in this roome, Presses that enclos'd  
 Robes odorferous; by which repos'd  
 The Bow was vpon pins: Nor from it farre  
 Hung the round Quiuer, glittering like a Starre;  
 Both which, her white extended hand tooke downe:  
 Then sate she low, and made her lap a Crowne  
 Of both those Reliques; which she wept to see,  
 And cried quite out with louing memory  
 Of her deare Lord: To whose worth, paying then  
 Kinde debts enow: She left; and to the men  
 Vow'd to her wooing, brought the crooked Bow,  
 And shaft-receiuing Quiuer, that did slow  
 With arrowes, beating sighes vp where they fell.  
 Then, with another Chist, repleate as well

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

With Games won by the King, of Steele and Brasse,  
 Her Maids attended. Past whom, making passe  
 To where her wooers were; She made her stay  
 Amids the faire Hall doore, and kept the ray  
 Of her bright count'nance hid with veyles so thin,  
 That though they seem'd t'expose, they let loue in;  
 Her Maids on both sides stood; and thus she spake.  
 Heare me, ye wooers, that a pleasure take  
 To do me sorrow, and my house inuade  
 To eate and drinke; as if 'twere onely made  
 To serue your Rapines: My Lord long away;  
 And you allow'd no colour for your stay  
 But his still absence; striuing who shall frame  
 Me for his wife; and (since 'tis made a game)  
 I heere propose diuine *Vlysses* Bow  
 For that great Maister-peece, to which ye vow.  
 He that can draw it, with least show to striue,  
 And through these twelue Ax-heads, an arrow driue;  
 Him will I follow, and this house forgo,  
 That nourisht me a Maid: now furnisht so  
 With all things fit; and which I so esteeme  
 That I shall still liue in it in my dream.  
 This said, she made *Eumæus* giue it them.  
 He tooke, and laide it by; and wept for wo,  
 And like him, wept *Philætius*; when the Bow  
 Of which his King was bearer, he beheld.  
 Their teares, *Antinous* manhood much reseld;  
 And said, Ye rustick fooles! that still each day  
 Your minds giue ouer to this vaine dismay,  
 Why weepe ye (wretches?) and the widdowes eyes  
 Tempt with renew'd thought; that would otherwise  
 Depose her sorrowes, since her Lord is dead,  
 And teares are idle? Sit, and eate your bread,  
 Nor whisper more a word; or get ye gone,  
 And weepe without doores: Let this Bow alone  
 To our out-match contention: For I feare,  
 The Bow will scarce yeeld draught to any heere.  
 Heere no such man liues, as *Laertes* Son  
 Amongst vs all: I knew him; Thought puts on  
 His lookes sight now, me thinkes thogh then a child.  
 His strength, the stretcher of *Vlysses* string,  
 And his steeles piercer: But his shaft must sing  
 Through his piercest Pallat first; whom so he wrong'd  
 In his free roofe; and made the rest ill tongu'd  
 Against his vertues. Then the sacred heat  
 That spirited his Son, did further set  
 Their confidence on fire; and said: O Friends,  
*Ioue* hath bereft my wits: The Queen intends  
 (Though I must grant her wise) ere long to leaue  
*Vlysses* Court; and to her bed receaue,  
 Some other Lord: yet notwithstanding, I

Thus shew'd his words doubt, yet his hopes enstild

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Am forc't to laugh, and set my pleasures bye  
 Like one mad sicke. But wooers, since ye haue  
 An obiect for your trials now so braue,  
 As all the broad *Achaian* earth exceeds:  
 As sacred *Pylos*; as the *Argiue* breads,  
 As blacke *Epyrus*, as *Mycena's* birth;  
 And as the more-fam'd *Ithacensian* earth;  
 All which, your selues well know, and oft haue faide;  
 (For what neede hath my Mother of my aide  
 In her aduancement?) Tender no excuse,  
 For least delay; nor too much time profuse  
 In stay to draw this Bow; but draw it straight;  
 Shoot, and the steeles pierce: make all see how sleight  
 You make these poore barres, to so rich a prise.  
 No eagrer yet? Come on: My faculties  
 Shall try the Bowes strength, and the pierced steele:  
 I will not for my reuerend Mother feele  
 The sorrowes that I know will seize my heart,  
 To see her follow any, and depart  
 From her so long-held home: But first extend  
 The Bow and Arrow to their tender'd end.  
 For I am onely to succede my Sire  
 In guard of his games; and let none aspire  
 To their besides possession. This said;  
 His purple Robe he cast off. By he laide  
 His well-edg'd sword; and first, a seuerall pit  
 He digg'd for euery Axe, and strengthen'd it  
 VVith earth, close ramm'd about it: On a rew  
 Set them of one height, by a Line he drew  
 Along the whole twelue; and so orderly  
 Did euery deed belonging (yet his eye  
 Neuer before beholding how 'twas done)  
 That in amaze rose all his lookers on.  
 Then stood he neere the doore, & prou'd to draw  
 The stubborne Bow: Thrice tried, & thrice gaue Law  
 To his vncrown'd attempts: the fourth assay  
 VVith all force offering, which a signe gaue stay  
 Giuen by his Father; though hee shew'd a minde  
 As if he stood right heartily inclinde  
 To perfect the exploite: when, all was done  
 In onely drift to set the wooers on.  
 His weaknesse yet confest; he said, O shame  
 I either shall be euer of no name,  
 But proue a wretch: Or else I am too yong,  
 And must not now presume on pow'rs so strong  
 As sinewes yet more growing, may ingraft,  
 To turne a man quite ouer with a shaft.  
 Besides, to men whose Nerues are best prepar'd;  
*All great Aduentures, at first prooffe, are hard.*  
 But come, you stronger men, attempt this Bow,  
 And let vs end our labour. Thus, below

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

A well-joyn'd boord he laide it; and close by,  
 The brightly-headed shaft: then thron'd his Thie  
 Amidst his late-left seate. *Antinous* then  
 Bad all arise: but first, who did sustaine  
 The cups state euer; and did sacrifice  
 Before they eate still: and that man, bad rise,  
 Since on the others right hand he was plac't;  
 Because he held the right hands rising, grac't  
 VVith best successe still. This direction wun  
 Supream applause; and first, rose *Oenops* Son  
*Liodes*, that was Priest to all the rest,  
 Sate lowest with the Cup still, and their iest  
 Could neuer like; but euer was the man  
 That checkt their follies: and he now began  
 To taste the Bow: the sharpe shaft tooke, rug'd hard,  
 And held aloft: and till he quite had marr'd  
 His delicate tender fingers, could not stir  
 The churlish string: who therefore did refer  
 The game to others; saying, that same Bow  
 (In his presage) would proue the ouerthrow  
 Of many a chiefe man there: nor thought the Fate  
 VVas any whit austere; since *Deaths* short date  
 Were much the better taken; then long life  
 Without the ohiect of their amorous strife;  
 For whom they had burn'd out so many dayes  
 To finde still other, nothing but delays  
 Obtaining in them: and affirm'd that now  
 Some hop't to haue her: but when that tough Bow  
 They all had tried, and seene the vtmost done,  
 They must rest pleasd to cease; and now some one  
 Of all their other faire veyl'd Grecian Dames  
 VVith gifts, and dow'r, and *Hymeneal* Flames;  
 Let her loue light to him, that most will giue,  
 And whom the Nuptiall destiny did driue.  
 Thus laid he on the well-joyn'd polisht Bord  
 The Bow, and bright-pil't shaft; and then restor'd  
 His seate his right. To him, *Antinous*  
 Gaue bitter language, and reprov'd him thus.  
 VVhat words (*Liodes*) passe thy speeches guard?  
 That 'tis a worke to beare? And set so hard,  
 They set vp my disdain: This Bow must end  
 The best of vs? since thy armes cannot lend  
 The string least motion? Thy Mothers throwes  
 Brought neuer forth thy armes, to draught of Bowes,  
 Or knitting shafts off. Though thou canst not draw  
 The sturdy Plant, thou art to vs no law.  
*Melanthius*? Light a fire, and set thereat  
 A chaire and cushions; & that masse of fat  
 That lyes within, bring out; that we may set  
 Our Pages to this Bow, to see it heat  
 And suppl'd with the suet; and then wee



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

May giue it draught, and pay this great decree  
 Vtmost performance. He a mighty fire  
 Gaue instant flame, put into act th' entire  
 Command layd on him: Chaire and cushions set;  
 Laid on the Bow, which straight the Pages het,  
 Chaft, suppl'd with the Suet to their most;  
 And still was all their Vnctuous labour lost:  
 All wooers strengths, too indigent and pore  
 To draw that Bow: *Antinous* armes, it tore;  
 And great *Eurymachus* (the both cleere best)  
 Yet both it tir'd, and made them glad to rest.  
 Forth then went both the Swaines; and after them  
 Diuine *Vlysses*, when being past th' extreme  
 Of all the Gates; with winning words he tride  
 Their loues, and this askt: Shall my counsailes hide  
 Their depths from you? My mind would gladly know  
 If sodainly *Vlysses* had his Vow  
 Made good for home; and had some God to guide  
 His steps and strokes to, to wreak these wooers pride;  
 Would your aids ioyne on his part, or with theirs?  
 How stand your hearts affected? They made prayr's,  
 That some God would please, to returne their Lord;  
 He then should see, how farre they would affoord  
 Their liues for his. (He seeing their truth) replied;  
 I am your Lord; through many a sufferance tried,  
 Arriu'd now heere; whom twenty yeares haue held  
 From foorth my Country: yet are not conceal'd  
 From my sure knowledge; your desires to see  
 My safe returne. Of all the company  
 Now seruing heere besides; not one but you  
 Mine eare hath witnest willing to bestow  
 Their wishes of my life, so long held dead.  
 I therefore vow, (which shall be perfected)  
 That if God please, beneath my hand to leaue  
 These wooers liuelesse; ye shall both receiue  
 Wiues from that hand, and meanes; and neere to me  
 Haue houses built to you: and both shall be  
 As friends, and brothers to my onely Sonne.  
 And that ye well may know me; and be wonne  
 To that assurance: the infallible Signe  
 The white-tooth'd Bore gaue, this markt knee of mine  
 When in *Parnassus*, he was held in chase  
 By me, and by my famous Grandsires race;  
 Il'e let you see. Thus seuer'd he his weede  
 From that his wound; and euery word had deed  
 In their sure knowledges; VVhich made them cast,  
 Their armes about him; his broade brest imbrac't,  
 His necke and shoulders kist. And him, as well  
 Did those powers of humane loue compell  
 To kisse their heads and hands; and to their mone  
 Had sent the free light of the cheerefull Sunne,

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Had not *Vlysses* broke the ruth, and saide;      Cease teares, and sorrowes, lest wee proue displaide,  
 By some that issue from the house; and they  
 Relate to those within. Take each his way,  
 Not altogether in; but one by one;  
 First I, then you; and then see this be done:  
 The enuious wooers will by no meanes giue  
 The offer of the Bow, and Arrow leaue  
 To come at me; spight then their pride, do thou  
 (My good *Eumæus*) bring both shaft and Bow,  
 To my hands prooffe; and charge the maides before;  
 That instantly, they shut in euery doore;  
 That they themselues, (if any tumult rise  
 Beneath my Roofes; by any that enuies,  
 My will to vndertake the Game) may gaine  
 No passage forth, but close at worke containe  
 With all free quiet; or at least, constrain'd.  
 And therefore (my *Philætius*) see maintain'd  
 (VVhen close the gates are shut) their closure fast;  
 To which end, be it thy sole worke to cast  
 Their chaines before them. This said, in he led;  
 Tooke first his seate, and then they seconded  
 His entry with their owne. Then tooke in hand  
*Eurymachus* the Bow, made close his stand  
 Aside the fire; at whose heate, here and there  
 He warm'd and suppl'd it, yet could not sterve  
 To any draught, the string, with all his Art;  
 And therefore, sweld in him his glorious heart;  
 Affirming; that himselfe, and all his friends  
 Had cause to greeue: Not onely that their ends  
 They mist in marriage (since enow besides  
 Kinde Grecian Dames, there liu'd to be their Brides  
 In *Ithaca*, and other bordering Townes)  
 But that to all times future, their renownes  
 VVould stand disparag'd, if *Vlysses* Bow  
 They could not drawe, and yet his wife would woo.  
*Antinous* answer'd; That there could ensue  
 No shame at all to them: For well he knew,  
 That this day was kept holy to the Sunne  
 By all the City: and there should be done  
 No such prophane act; therefore bad, lay by  
 The Bow for that day: but the maistery  
 Of Axes that were set vp, still might stand;  
 Since that no labour was, not any hand  
 VVould offer to inuade *Vlysses* house,  
 To take, or touch with surreptitious  
 Or violent hand, what there was left for use.  
 He therefore bad the Cup-bearer infuse  
 VVine to the Bolles; that so, with sacrifice  
 They might let rest the shooting exercise;  
 And in the morning make *Melanthius*  
 The cheefe Goats of his Herd, that so the King

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Of Bowes and Archers, they might burne the Thyes  
 For good successe; and then, attempt the prize.  
 The rest sate pleasd with this the Heralds strait  
 Pour'd water on their hands: each Page did waite  
 VVith his crown'd cup of wine: seru'd euery man  
 Till all were satisfied: and then began  
*Vlysses* plot of his close purpose, thus:  
 Heare me, ye much renown'd *Eurymachus*,  
 And King *Antinous*, in cheefe; who well,  
 And with *decorum* sacred, doth compell  
 This dayes obseruance; and be let lay downe  
 The Bow, all this light; giuing Gods their owne.  
 The mornings labour, God the more wil blesse,  
 And strength bestow, where he himselfe shall please.  
 Against which time, let me presume to pray  
 Your fauours, with the rest; that this assay,  
 May my olde armes prooue; trying if there lye  
 In my poore powers the same actiuity  
 That long since crown'd them: Or if needy fare  
 And desolate wandring, haue the web worne bare  
 Of my lifes thred at all parts; that no more  
 Can furnish these affaires as heeretofore.  
 This heat their spleens past measure; blown with fear,  
 Lest his loth'd temples, would the garland weare  
 Of that Bowes draught: *Antinous* vsing speech  
 To this sowre purpose: Thou most arrant wretch  
 Of all guests breathing; in no least degree  
 Grac't with a humane soule: It serues not thee  
 To feast in peace with vs; take equall share  
 Of what we reach to; sit, and all things heare  
 That we speake freely (which no begging guest  
 Did euer yet) but thou must make request  
 To mixe with vs in merit of the Queene.  
 But wine enflames thee; that hath euer beene  
 The bane of men: whoeuer yet would take  
 Th' excesse it offers; and the meane for sake.  
 Wine spoilde the *Centaure* great *Eurytian*,  
 In guest-rites, with the mighty-minded Son  
 Of bolde *Ixion*; in his way to warre,  
 Against the *Lapithes*; who driuen as farre  
 As madnesse, with the bold effects of wine;  
 Did outrage to his kinde hoast; and decline  
 Other Heroes from him, feasted there;  
 With so much anger, that they left their cheere,  
 And dragg'd him forth the fore-court; slit his nose,  
 Cropt both his eares; and in the ill dispose  
 His minde then sufferd; drew the fatall day  
 On his head, with his hoast. For thence the fray  
 Betwixt the *Centaures*, and the *Lapithes*  
 Had mortall act: but he for his excesse  
 In spoile of wine, far'd worst himselfe; As thou

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

For thy large cups, if thy armes draw the Bow,  
 My minde foretels shalt feane: for not a man  
 Of all our Consort, that in wisdom can  
 Boast any fit share, will take prayers then;  
 But to *Echetus*, the most sterne of men  
 A blacke Saile freight with thee; whose worst of ill,  
 Be sure is past all ransome. Sit then still;  
 Drinke temperately; and neuer more contend  
 With men your yongers. This, the Queene did end  
 With her defence of him; and told his Foe  
 It was not faire, nor equall t'ouercrow  
 The poorest Guest her sonne pleas'd t'entertaine  
 In his free Turrets; with so proud a straine  
 Of threats, and brauings; asking if he thought  
 That if the stranger to his armes had brought  
 The stubborne Bow downe; he should marry her  
 And beare her home? And said, himselfe should erre  
 In no such hope; nor of them all the best  
 That greeu'd at any good, she did her guest,  
 Should banquet there; since it in no sort show'd  
 Noblesse in them, nor paid her, what she ow'd  
 Her owne free rule there. This *Eurymachus*  
 Confirm'd and saide; nor feeds it hope in vs  
 (*Icarius* daughter) to solemnize Rites  
 Of Nuptials with thee; Nor in noblest sights  
 It can shew comely; but to our respects  
 The rumor, both of sexes, and of Sects  
 Amongst the people, would breede shame, and feare,  
 Lest any worst Greeke said; See, men that were  
 Of meane deseruings, will presume t'aspire  
 To his wiues bed, whom all men did admire  
 For fame and merit; could not draw his Bow,  
 And yet his wife, had foolish pride to woo:  
 When straight an errant Begger comes and drawes  
 The Bow with ease, performing all the Lawes  
 The game beside contain'd; and this would thus,  
 Proue both indignity and shame to vs.  
 The Queene replied; The fame of men I see  
 Beares much price, in your great suppos'd degree;  
 Yet who can proue (amongst the people great)  
 That of one so esteem'd of them, the seat  
 Doth so defame and ruine? And beside,  
 With what right is this guest thus vilefied  
 In your high censures? when the man, in blood  
 Is well composd, and great; his parents good.  
 And therefore giue the Bow to him, to try  
 His Birth and breeding by his Cheualry.  
 If his armes draw it; and that *Phoebus* stands  
 So great a glory to his strength, my hands  
 Shall adde this guerdon: Euery sort of weed,  
 A two-edg'd Sword and Lance, to keepe him freed

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

From Dogs and Men hereafter; and disinis  
 His worth to what place tends that heart of his.  
 Her sonne gaue answer; That it was a wrong  
 To his free sway, in all things that belong  
 To guard of that house, to demand the Bow  
 Of any wooer, and the vse bestow  
 Vpon the stranger: For the Bow was his,  
 To giue or to with-hold: No maisteries  
 Of her proposing, giuing any power  
 T'empaire his right in things, for any wower;  
 Or any that rough *Ithaca* affords;  
 Any that *Elis*; of which, no mans words  
 Nor pow'rs should curbe him (stood he so enclin'd)  
 To see the Bow in absolute gift resign'd  
 To that his guest, to beare and vse at will:  
 And therefore bad his Mother keepe her still  
 Amongst her women, at her Rocke and Loome;  
 Bowes were for men: and this Bow did become  
 Past al mens, his disposure; since his Sire  
 Left it to him, and all the house entire.  
 She stood dismaid at this; and in her minde  
 His wise words laide vp; standing so inclinde  
 As he had will'd; with all her women, going  
 Vp to her chamber: there, her teares bestowing  
 (As euery night she did) on her lou'd Lord,  
 Til sleepe and *Pallas*, her fit rest restor'd.      The Bow, *Eumæus* tooke, and bore away;  
 Which vp in tumult, and almost in fray  
 Put all the wooers: One enquiring thus.  
 Whether Rogue? abiect? wilt thou beare from vs  
 That Bow proposd? Lay downe, or I protest  
 Thy dogs shal eate thee, that thou nourishest  
 To guard thy Swine: amongst whom (left of all)  
 Thy life shal leaue thee; if the Festiuall  
 VVe now obserue to *Phoebus*; may our zeales  
 Grace with his aide, and all the Deities else.  
 This threat made good *Eumæus* yeelde the Bow  
 To his late place, not knowing what might grow  
 From such a multitude. And then fell on  
*Telemachus* with threats; and saide, Set gon  
 That Bow yet further: tis no seruants part  
 To serue too many Maisters: raise your hart  
 And beare it off, lest (though your yonger) yet  
 VVith stones I pelt you to the field with it.  
 If you and I close, I shal prooue too strong:  
 I wish, as much too hard for all this throng  
 The Gods would make me; I should quickly send  
 Some after, with iust sorrow to their end:  
 They waste my victles so, and ply my cup,  
 And do me such shrewd turnes still. This put vp  
 The wooers all in Laughters; and put downe  
 Their angers to him; that so late were growne

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

So graue and bloody, which resolu'd that feare  
 Of good *Eumæus*; who did take and beare  
 The King the Bow; call'd Nurse, and bad her make  
 The doores all sure; that if mens tumults take  
 The eares of some within; they may not fly,  
 But keepe at worke still, close and silently.  
 These words put wings to her; and close she put  
 The chamber doore: The Court gates then were shut  
 By kind *Philætius*, who straight did go  
 From out the Hall; and in the *Portico*  
 Found laid, a Gable of a Ship, compos'd  
 Of spongy Bulrushes; with which hee clos'd  
 (In winding round about them) the Court gates:  
 Then tooke his place againe, to view the Fates  
 That quickly follow'd. When he came, he saw  
*Vlysses* viewing, ere he tried to draw  
 The famous Bow; which euery way he mou'd;  
 Vp, and downe turning it: in which he prou'd  
 The plight it was in: fearing chiefly, lest  
 The hornes were eate with wormes, in so long rest.  
 But what his thoughts intended, turning so;  
 And keeping such a search about the Bow:  
 The wooers little knowing, fell to iest,  
 And said; Past doubt, he is a man profest  
 In Bowyers craft, and sees quite through the wood:  
 Or something (certaine) to be vnderstood  
 There is, in this his turning of it still:  
 A cunning Rogue he is, at any ill.  
 Then spake another proud one; Would to heauen  
 I might (at will) get Gold, till he hath geuen  
 That Bow his draught: with these sharp iests, did these  
 Delightsome woo'rs, their fatall humors please.  
 But when the wise *Vlysses* once had laide  
 His fingers on it; and to prooue suruaide  
 The stil sound plight it held: As one of skill  
 In song, and of the Harpe; doth at his will  
 In tuning of his Instrument; extend  
 A string out with his pin; touch all, and lend  
 To euery wel-wreath'd string, his perfect sound,  
 Strooke all together: with such ease, drew round  
 The King, the Bow. Then twang'd he vp the string,  
 That, as a Swallow, in the aire doth sing  
 VVith no continu'd tune; but (pausing still)  
 Twinkes out her scatter'd voice in accents shrill;  
 So sharpe the string sung, when he gaue it touch,  
 Once hauing bent and drawne it. Which so much  
 Amaz'd the wooers, that their colours went  
 And came, most grieuously. And then, *Ioue* rent  
 The aire with thunder; which at heart did chere  
 The now-enough-sustaining Traueller.  
 That *Ioue*, againe, would his attempt enable.

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Then tooke he into hand, from off the Table  
The first drawne arrow; and a number more  
Spent shortly on the wooers. But this One,  
He measur'd by his arme (as if not knowne  
The length were to him) nockt it then; and drew:  
And through the Axes, at the first hole, flew  
The steele-chardg'd arrow; which whe he had done,  
He thus bespake the Prince: You haue not wonne  
Disgrace yet by your Guest; for I haue strook  
The marke I shot at; and no such toile tooke  
In wearying the Bow, with fat and fire,  
As did the wooers: yet reseru'd entire  
(Thanke heauen) my strength is; & my selfe am tried,  
No man to be so basely vilified  
As these men pleas'd to thinke me. But, free way  
Take that, and all their pleasures: and while Day  
Holds her Torch to you; and the howre of feast  
Hath now full date; giue banquet; and the rest  
(Poeme and Harpe) that grace a wel-fill'd boorde.  
This saide: he beckn'd to his Sonne; whose sword  
He straight girt to him: tooke to hand his Lance,  
And, compleate arm'd, did to his Sire aduance. The End of the XXI. Booke of Homers Odyssees.

## THE XXII. BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSEES.

### The Argvment.

*The Wooers in Mineruaes sight  
Slaine by Vlysses; All the light  
And lustfull Huswiues, by his Sonne  
And seruants, are to slaughter done.*

### Another.

*The end of Pride,  
& lawlesse Lust;  
Is wretched tried,  
with slaughters iust*      The vpper rags, that wise *Vlysses* wore,  
Cast off; he rusheth to the great Hall dore  
With Bow and Quiuer full of shafts; wc downe  
He pour'd before his feet; & thus made known  
His state to the wooers: This strife, thus  
Hath harmlesse bene decided: Now for vs.  
There rests another marke, more hard to hit,  
And such as neuer man before hath smit;  
VVhose full point likewise, my hands shall assay,  
And try if *Phoebus* will giue me his day.  
He said; and off his bitter Arrow thrust

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Right, at *Antinous*; that strooke him iust  
 As he was lifting vp the Bolle; to show,  
 That 'twixt the cup, & lip, much ill may grow.  
*Death* toucht not at his thoughts, at Feast: for who  
 VVould thinke, that he alone could perish so  
 Amongst so many? And he, best of all?  
 The Arrow in his throate tooke full his fall;  
 And thrust his head farre through the other side:  
 Downe fell his cup; downe he; downe all his pride.  
 Straight from his Nostrils gusht the humane gore:  
 And as he fell. his feete farre ouerbore  
 The feastfull Table; all the Rost, and Bread  
 About the house strew'd. VVhen his high-born head  
 The rest beheld so low, vp rusht they all,  
 And ransack't euery Corner of the Hall  
 For Shields and Darts: but all fled farre their reach;  
 Then fell they foule on him with terrible speach,  
 And told him, it should proue the deerest shaft  
 That euer past him; and that now was saf't  
 No shift for him, but sure and sodaine death:  
 For he had slaine a man, whose like did breath  
 In no part of the Kingdome: and that now  
 He should no more for Game, striue with his Bow,  
 But Vultures eate him there. These threats they spent;  
 Yet euery man beleeu'd, that sterne euent  
 Chanc't 'gainst the authors will: O Fooles, to thinke  
 That all their rest, had any cup to drinke,  
 But what their great *Antinous* began.  
 He (frowning) saide; Dogs, see in me the man  
 Ye all held dead at *Troy*: My house it is  
 That thus ye spoile; that thus your Luxuries  
 File with my womens rapes: in which, ye woo  
 The wife of one that liues; and no thought show  
 Of mans fit feare, or Gods: your present Fame,  
 Or any faire sence of your future name.  
 And therefore, present and eternal death  
 Shall end your base life, This made fresh feares breath  
 Their former boldnesse: euery man had eye  
 On all the meanes, and studied wayes to flye  
 So deepe deaths imminent. But, seeing none,  
*Eurymachus* began with suppliant mone  
 To mooue his pittie, saying; If you be  
 This Iles *Vlysses*, we must all agree  
 In grant of your reproofes integrity.  
 The Greekes haue done you many a wrong at home;  
 At field as many: But of all, the summe  
 Lies heere contract in death: For onely he  
 Imposd the whole ill Offices that we  
 Are now made guilty of: and not so much  
 Sought his endeouours; or in thought did touch  
 At any Nuptials; but a greater thing



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Employ'd his forces: For, to be our King  
 VVas his cheefe obiect: his sole plot it was  
 To kil your Son: which *Ioues* hand would not passe,  
 But set it to his owne most merited end.  
 In which, end your iust anger; nor extend  
 Your sterne wreake further: Spend your royal pow'rs  
 In milde ruth of your people; we are yours.  
 And whatsoever waste of wine; or food,  
 Our Liberties haue made; wee'le make all good  
 In restitutions: call a Court, and passe  
 A fine of twenty Oxen, Gold, and Brasse,  
 On euery Head; and raise your most rates still,  
 Till you are pleas'd with your confessed fill:  
 VVhich if we faile to tender: all your wrath,  
 It shalbe iustice in our bloods to bathe.  
*Eurymachus* (saide he) if you would giue  
 All that your Fathers hoord, to make ye liue;  
 And all that euer you your selues possesse,  
 Or shal by any industry increase:  
 I would not cease from slaughter, till your bloods  
 Had bought out your intemperance in my Goods.  
 It tests now for you, that you either fight  
 That will scape death, or make your way by flight:  
 In whose best choise, my thoughts conceiue, not one  
 Shall shun the death, your first hath vndergone.      This quite dissolu'd their knees: *Eurymachus*  
 Enforcing all their feares, yet counsail'd thus:      O Friends 'This man, now he hath got the Bow  
 And Quiuer by him, euer will bestow  
 His most inaccessible hands at vs  
 And neuer leaue, if we auoide him thus,  
 Til he hath strew'd the pauement with vs all:  
 And therefore, ioyne we swords, and on him fall  
 With Tables forc't vp; and borne in opposd  
 Against his sharpe shafts; when being round enclosd  
 By all our on-sets, we shall either take  
 His horrid person, or for safety make  
 His rage retire from out the Hall, and Gates:  
 And then, if he escape, wee'l make our states  
 Knowne to the City, by our generall cry:  
 And thus this man shal let his last shaft fly,  
 That euer his hand vanted. Thus he drew  
 His sharpe edg'd sword; and with a table, flew  
 In, on *Vlysses* with a terrible throte,  
 His fierce charge vrging. But *Vlysses* smote  
 The boord, and cleft it through, from end to end  
 Borne at his breast, and made his shaft extend  
 His sharp head to his Liuer: his broad breast  
 Pierc't at his Nipple: when, his hand releast  
 Forthwith his sword, that fel and kist the ground;  
 VVith cups and victles, lying scattered round  
 About the pauement: amongst which, his brow  
 Knockt the embrued earth; while in paines did flow

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

His vitall spirits, til his heeles shooke out  
 His feastful life; and hurl'd a Throne about,  
 That way-laide deaths convulsions in his feete;  
 When from his tender eyes, the light did fleet.  
 Then charg'd *Amphinomus* with his drawne blade  
 The glorious King, in purpose to haue made  
 His feete forsake the house: But his assay  
 The Prince preuented; and his Lance gaue way  
 Quite through his shoulder, at his backe: his brest  
 The fierce pile letting forth. His ruine, prest  
 Grones from the pauement; which his forehead strook.  
*Telemachus* his long Lance then forsooke  
 (Left in *Amphinomus*) and to his Sire  
 Made fiery passe; not staying to acquire  
 His Lance againe; in doubt that while he drew  
 The fixed pile, some other might renew  
 Fierce charge vpon him; and his vnarm'd head  
 Cleaue with his back-drawne sword: for which he fled  
 Close to his Father; bad him arme, and he  
 Would bring him Shield and Iauelins instantly;  
 His owne head arming; more armes laying by  
 To serue the Swine-herd, and the Oxen-herd.  
*Valour well arm'd, is euer most preferd.*      Run then (saide he) and come, before the last  
 Of these auxilliary shafts are past:  
 For feare, lest (left alone) they force my stand  
 From forth the Ports. He flew, and brought to hand  
 Eight Darts, foure Shields, 4. Helmes. His owne parts then  
 First put in armes, he furnisht both his men,  
 That to their King stood close. But he, as long  
 As he had shafts to friend, enough was strong  
 For all the wooers: and some one man still  
 He made make euen with earth. Till all, a hill  
 Had rais'd in th' euen floor'd Hall. His last shaft spent,  
 He set his Bow against a beame, and went  
 To arme at all parts, while the other three  
 Kept off the wooers: who, vnarm'd, could be  
 No great assailants. In the well-built wall  
 A window was thrust out, at end of all  
 The houses Entry: on whose vtter side  
 There lay a way to Towne; and in it, wide  
 And two leau'd folds were forg'd, that gaue fit meane  
 For flyers out; and therefore, at it then  
*Vlysses* plac't *Eumæus* in close guard:  
 One onely passe ope to it: which (prepar'd  
 In this sort by *Vlysses*, 'gainst all passe)  
 By *Agelaus* tardy memorie, was  
 In question call'd: who bad, some one ascend  
 At such a window; and bring straight to frend  
 The City with his clamor; that this man  
 Might quickly shoot his last. This, no one can  
 Make safe accesse to (saide *Melanthius*)

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

For 'tis too neere the Hals faire doores: whence thus  
 The man afflicts ye: For from thence, there lies  
 But one streight passage to it; that denies  
 Accesse to all; if any one man stand  
 (Being one of courage) and will countermand  
 Our offer to it. But I know a way  
 To bring you armes, from where the King doth lay  
 His whole munition: and, beleue there is  
 No other place, to all the Armories  
 Both of himselfe and Sonne. This saide: a paire  
 Of lofty Staires he climb'd; and to th' affaire,  
 Twelue Shields, twelue Lances broght; as many casks,  
 VVith horse-haire Plumes; and set to bitter tasks  
 Both Son and Sire. Then shrunke *Vlysses* knees,  
 And his lou'd heart; when thus in armes he sees  
 So many wooers; and their shaken darts:  
 For then the worke shew'd, as it askt more parts  
 To safe performance: and he tolde his Sonne,  
 That or *Melanthius*, or his maides had done  
 A deed, that foule warre, to their hands conferd.  
 O Father (he replyed) tis I haue err'd  
 In this caus'd labour: I, and none, but I;  
 That left the doore ope, of your Armory.  
 But some (it seemes) hath set a sharper eye  
 On that important place: *Eumæus!* hast  
 And shut the doore; obseruing who hath past  
 To this false action: any maide; or One  
 That I suspect more; which is *Dolius* Sonne.  
 VVhile these spake thus; *Melanthius* went againe  
 For more faire armes; whom the renowned Swaine  
*Eumæus* saw: and tolde *Vlysses* straight,  
 It was the hatefull man, that his conceite  
 Before suspected; who had done that ill:  
 And (being againe there) askt if he should kill  
 (If his power seru'd) or he should bring the Swaine  
 To him; t'inflict on him a seuerall paine  
 For euery forfeite, he had made his house.  
 He answer'd: I and my *Telemachus*  
 VVill heere containe these proud ones, in despite,  
 How much soeuer, these stolne armes excite  
 Their guilty courages; while you two take  
 Possession of the Chamber: the doores make  
 Sure at your backe: and then (surprising him)  
 His feete and hands binde; wrapping euery lim cast  
 In pliant chaines; and with a halter (cast  
 Aboue the winde-beame (at himselfe made fast)  
 Aloft the Column draw him: where aliue  
 He long may hang; and paines enow, depriue  
 His vexed life, before his death succede.  
 This charge (soone heard) as soone they put to deed;  
 Stole on his stealth; and at the further end

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Of all the chamber, saw him busily bend  
 His hands to more armes: when they (still at dore)  
 Watcht his returne. At last, he came, and bore  
 In one hand, a faire Helme: in th' other held  
 A broad, and ancient rusty—rested Shield,  
 That old *Laertes* in his youth had worne;  
 Of which, the cheeke—bands had with age bin torne.  
 They rusht vpon him, caught him by the haire,  
 And dragg'd him in againe: whom (crying out)  
 They cast vpon the pauement: wrapt about  
 With sure and pinching cords, both foote and hand;  
 And then (in full acte of their Kings command)  
 A pliant chaine bestow'd on him; and hal'd  
 His body vp the colonne, till he scal'd  
 The highest wind—beame. Where, made firmly fast,  
*Eumæus* on his iust infliction, past  
 This pleasurable cauill: Now you may,  
 All night keepe watch heere, and the earliest day  
 Discerne (being hung so high) to rouse from rest  
 Your dainty Cattle, to the wooers Feast.  
 There (as befits a man of meanes so faire)  
 Soft may you sleepe, nought vnder you but aire;  
 And so, long hang you. Thus they left him there,  
 Made fast the doore; and with *Vlysses*, were  
 All arm'd in th' instant. Then they all stood close;  
 Their minds fire breath'd in flames against their foes.  
 Foure in th' Entry fighting all alone;  
 VVhen from the Hall charg'd many a mighty one:  
 Resembling *Mentor*, both in voice and frame  
 Of manly person. Passing well apaide  
*Vlysses* was; and saide, Now *Mentor*, aide  
 Gainst these odde mischiefes: call to memory now  
 My often good to thee; and that, we two  
 Of one yeares life are. Thus he said: but thought  
 It was *Minerua*, that had euer brought  
 To her side, safety. On the other part,  
 The wooers threatn'd: but the chiefe in heart  
 VVas *Agelaus*; who, to *Mentor* spake.  
*Mentor*: Let no words of *Vlysses* make  
 Thy hand a fighter on his feeble side,  
 Gainst al vs wooers: for we firme abide  
 In this perswasion; That when Sire and Son  
 Our swords haue slaine, thy life is sure to ron  
 One fortune with them: what strange acts hast thou  
 Conceit to forme here: Thy head must bestow  
 The wreake of theirs, on vs: And when thy powrs  
 Are taken downe by these fierce steeles of ours;  
 All thy possessions, in doores, and without  
 Must raise on heape with his; and all thy rout  
 Of sons and daughters, in thy Turrets bleed  
 Wreake offerings to vs; and our Towne stand freed,

But to them then, *Ioues* seede (*Minerua*) came,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Of all charge with thy wife. *Mineruaes* heart  
 Was fir'd with these Braues: the approu'd desert  
 Of her *Vlysses*, chiding: saying, No more  
 Thy force nor fortitude, as heretofore  
 Will gaine thee glory. VVhen nine yeares at *Troy*,  
 VVhite-wristed *Hellens* rescue, did imploy  
 Thy armes and wisdom; still, and euer vsde  
 The bloods of thousands, through the field diffusde  
 By thy vaste valor; *Priams* broad-waide Towne  
 By thy graue parts, was sackt, and ouerthrowne:  
 And now, amongst thy people, and thy goods,  
 Against the wooers base and petulant bloods,  
 Stint'st thou thy valour? Rather mourning here,  
 Then manly fighting? Come Friend, Stand we nere,  
 And note my labour, that thou maist discern  
 Amongst thy foes, how *Mentors* Nerues willerne  
 All thy old Bounties. This she spake, but staide  
 Her hand from giuing each-way-often-swaide  
 Vncertaine conquest, to his certaine vse;  
 But still would try, what selfe-pow'rs would produce  
 Both in the Father, and the glorious Son.  
 Then, on the wind-beame, that along did ron  
 The smoaky rooffe; transform'd *Minerua* sat  
 Like to a Swallow; sometimes cuffing at  
 The swords and Lances, rushing from her seate;  
 And vp and downe the troubl'd house, did beate  
 Her wing at euery motion. And as she  
 Had rouz'd *Vlysses*; so, the enemy  
*Damastors* sonne excited; *Polybus*,  
*Amphinomus*, and *Demoptolemus*,  
*Eurynomus*, and *Polyctorides*;  
 For these were men, that of the wooing prease  
 VVere most egregious, and the clearly best  
 In strength of hand, of all the desperate rest  
 That yet surui'd, and now fought for their soules;  
 VVhich straight, swift arrowes sent among the Fowls.  
 But first, *Damastors* sonne had more spare breath  
 To spend on their excitements, ere his death;  
 And saide, That now *Vlysses* would forbear  
 His dismall hand, since *Mentors* spirit was there,  
 And blew vaine vants about *Vlysses* eares;  
 In whose trust, he would cease his Massacres,  
 Rest him, and put his friends huge boasts in prooffe:  
 And so was he beneath the Entries rooffe  
 Left with *Telemachus*, and th' other two:  
 At whom (saide he) discharge no Darts: but thro  
 All at *Vlysses*, rousing his faint rest;  
 Whom if we slaughter, by our interest  
 In *Ioues* assistance, all the rest may yield  
 Our pow'rs no care, when he strowes once the field.  
 As he then will'd: they all at randon threw,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Where they supposed he rested; and then flew  
*Minerua* after every Dart, and made  
 Some strike the threshold; some the walls invade:  
 Some beat the doors; and all acts rendered vain  
 Their graue steele offer'd: which escap't, Again  
 Came on *Vlysses*, saying; O that we,  
 The wooers' troope, with our ioynt Archerie  
 Might so assaile; that where their spirits dream  
 On our deaths first, we first may slaughter them.  
 Thus the much sufferer said; and all let fly,  
 When euerie man strooke dead his enemy:  
*Vlysses* slaughtred *Demoptolemus*:  
*Euryades* by yong *Telemachus*  
 His death encounter'd. Good *Eumæus* slew  
*Elatus*; And *Philætius* ouerthrew  
*Pysander*: all which, tore the paved floore  
 Vp with their teeth: The rest retir'd before  
 Their second charge, to inner rooms; and then  
*Vlysses* follow'd: from the slaughter'd men  
 Their darts first drawing. While we worke was done,  
 The wooers threw, with huge contention  
 To kill them all; when with her Swallow wing,  
*Minerua* cufft; and made their Iauelins ring  
 Against the doors, and thresholds, as before:  
 Some yet did graze vpon their markes. One tore  
 The Princes wrist, which was *Amphimedon*;  
 Th' extreame part of the skin, but toucht vpon.  
*Ctesippus*, ouer good *Eumæus* Shield  
 His shoulders top did taint; which yet did yield  
 The Lance free passe, and gaue his hurt the ground.  
 Again then charg'd the wooers, and girt round  
*Vlysses* with their Lances; who turn'd head,  
 And with his Iauelin strooke *Eurydamas* dead.  
*Telemachus*, disliu'd *Amphimedon*;  
*Eumæus*, *Polybus*; *Philætius* won  
*Ctesippus* bosome with his dart, and said;  
 (In quittance of the Iesters part he plaid,  
 The Neats-foot hurling at *Vlysses*) Now  
 Great Sonne of *Podytherses*; you that vow  
 Your wit to bitter taunts; and loue to wound  
 The heart of any with a iest; so crown'd  
 Your wit be with a laughter; neuer yeilding  
 To fooles in folly; but your glory building  
 On putting downe in fooling, spitting forth  
 Puft words at all sorts: Cease to scoffe at worth,  
 And leaue reuenge of vile words to the Gods,  
 Since their wits beare the sharper edge by ods:  
 And in the meane time, take the Dart I draue,  
 For that right hospitable foote you gaue  
 Diuine *Vlysses*, begging but his owne.  
 Thus spake the black-Ox-herdsman; & straight down

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

*Vlysses* strooke another with his Dart,  
 (*Damastors* son.) *Telemachus* did part  
 Iust in the midst, the belly of the faire  
*Euenors* sonne; his fierce Pile taking aire  
 Out at his backe. Flat fell he on his face;  
 His whole browes knocking, and did marke the place.  
 And now, man–slaughtering *Pallas* tooke in hand  
 Her Snake–frindg'd shield, & on that beam took stand  
 In her forme, where Swallow–like she sat.  
 And then, in this way of the house, and that:  
 The wooers (wounded at the heart with feare)  
 Fled the encounter: As in Pastures, where  
 Fat Herds of Oxen feede, about the field  
 (As if wilde madnesse their instincts impeld)  
 The high–fed Bullockes flye: whom in the Spring  
 (When dayes are long) Gadbees, or Breezes sting.  
*Vlysses* and his sonne, the Flyers chac'st;  
 As when with crooked Beakes and Seres, a cast  
 Of hill–bred Eagles, cast off at some game,  
 That yet their strengths keepe; But (put vp) in flame  
 The Eagles stoopes; From which, along the field  
 The poore Foules make wing: this and that way yield  
 Their hard–flowne Pinions: Then, the clouds assay  
 For scape or shelter; their forlorne dismay  
 All spirit exhaling, all wings strength to carry  
 Their bodies forth; and (trust vp) to the Quarry  
 Their Faulconers ride in, and reioyce to see  
 Their Hawkes performe a flight so feruently;  
 So (in their flight) *Vlysses* with his Heire,  
 Did stoope and cuffe the wooers, that the aire  
 Broke in vaste sighes: whose heads, they shot & cleft;  
 The Pauement boyling with the soules they reft: *Liodes* (running to *Vlysses*) toke  
 His knees; and thus did on his name inuoke:  
*Vlysses*: Let me pray thee, to my place  
 Affoord the reuerence; and to me the grace:  
 That neuer did, or saide, to any Dame  
 Thy Court contain'd, or deede, or word to blame.  
 But others so affected, I haue made  
 Lay downe their insolence; and if the trade  
 They kept with wickednesse, haue made them still  
 Despise my speech, and vse their wonted ill;  
 They haue their penance by the stroke of death;  
 Which their desert, diuinely warranteth:  
 But I am Priest amongst them; and shall I,  
 That nought haue done worth death, amongst the dy?  
 From thee, this Prouerbe then will men deriue;  
*Good turnes do neuer their meere deeds suruiue.*  
 He (bending his displeas'd forehead) saide;  
 If you be Priest amongst them, as you pleade,  
 Yet you would marry; and with my wife too;  
 And haue descent by her: For all that woo

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Wish to obtaine, which they should neuer doo  
 Dames husbands liuing. You must therefore pray  
 Of force, and oft in Court heere; that the day  
 Of my returne for home might neuer shine;  
 The death to me wish't, therefore shall be thine.  
 This said; he tooke a sword vp that was cast  
 From *Agelaus*, hauing strooke his last;  
 And on the Priests mid necke, he laide a stroke  
 That strooke his head off; tumbling as he spoke.  
 Then did the Poet *Phoemius* (whose sur-name  
 Vvas call'd *Terpiades*; who thither came.  
 Forc't by the woo'rs) fly death; but being nere  
 The Courts great gate, he stood, and parted there  
 In two his counsailes; either to remoue  
 And take the Altar of *Herceian Ioue*;  
 (Made sacred to him; with a world of Art  
 Engrauen about it; where were wont t'impart  
*Laertes*, and *Vlysses*, many a Thye  
 Of broad-brow'd Oxen to the Deity)  
 Or venture to *Vlysses*: claspe his knee,  
 And pray his ruth. The last was the decree  
 His choise resolu'd on. Twixt the royall Throne,  
 And that faire Table that the Bolle stood on  
 VVith which they sacrific'd; his Harpe he laide  
 Along the earth; the Kings knees hugg'd, and saide: *Vlysses!* Let my prayers obtaine of thee  
 My sacred skils respect, and ruth to mee.  
 It will heereafter grieue thee to haue slaine  
 A Poet, that doth sing to Gods and men.  
 I, of my selfe am taught: for God alone,  
 All sorts of song hath in my bosome sowne:  
 And I, as to a God, will sing to thee;  
 Then do not thou deale like the Priest, with me.  
 Thine owne lou'd sonne *Telemachus* will say,  
 That not to beg heere; nor with willing way  
 Was my accesse to thy high Court adrest,  
 To giue the wooers my song after Feast;  
 But being many, and so much more strong;  
 They forc't me hither, and compell'd my Song.  
 This did the Princes sacred vertue heare;  
 And to the King his Father, said: Forbear  
 To mixe the guiltlesse, with the guilties blood.  
 And with him likewise, let our mercies saue  
*Medon* the Herald; that did still behaue  
 Himselfe with care of my good, from a childe;  
 If by *Eumæus* yet he be not kild;  
 Or by *Philætius*; nor your fury met,  
 While all this blood about the house it swet.  
 This *Medon* heard, as lying hid beneath  
 A Throne set neere; halfe dead with feare of death;  
 A new-flead Oxe-hide (as but there throwne by)  
 His serious shroud made he lying there, to fly.



But hearing this, he quickly left the Throne;  
 His Oxe-hide cast as quickly, and as soone  
 The Princes knees seiz'd: saying, O my loue,  
 I am not slaine; but heere aliue, and moue.  
 Abstaine your selfe; and do not see your Sire  
 Quench with my cold blood, the vnmeasur'd fire  
 That flames in his strength, making spoile of me,  
 His wraths right, for the wooers iniury.  
*Vlysses* smil'd, and said; Be confident  
 This man hath sau'd, and made thee different;  
 To let thee know, and say, and others see,  
*Good life, is much more safe then villany.*  
 Go then, sit free without, from death within:  
 This much renowned Singer, from the sin  
 Of these men likewise quit. Both rest you there,  
 While I my house purge, as it fits me here.  
 This saide, they went and tooke their seat without  
 At *Ioues* high Altar, looking round about,  
 Expecting still their slaughter: VVhen the King  
 Searcht round the Hall, to try lifes hidden wing  
 Made from more death. But all, laid prostrate there  
 In blood and gore he saw: whole sholes they were;  
 And lay as thicke, as in a hollow creak  
 VVithout the white Sea, when the Fishers breake  
 Their many-meshed Draught-net vp, there lye  
 Fish frisking on the Sands; and faine the dry  
 VVould for the wet change. But th' al-seeing beam  
 The Sun exhales, hath suckt their liues from them;  
 So, one by other, spraul'd the wooers there.  
*Vlysses*, and his Son then, bid appeare  
 The Nurse *Euryclea*, to let her heare  
 His minde in something, fit for her affaire.  
 He op't the doore, and call'd; and said, Repaire  
 Graue Matron, long since borne; that art our Spy  
 To all this houses seruile huswifery:  
 My Father cal's thee, to impart some thought  
 That askes thy action. His word, found in nought  
 Her slacke obseruance, who straight op't the dore  
 And enter'd to him; when himselfe before  
 Had left the Hall. But there, the King she view'd  
 Amongst the slaine, with blood and gore embrew'd:  
 And as a Lyon sculking all in Night,  
 Farre off in Pastures; and come home, all dight  
 In iawes and brest-lockes, with an Oxes blood,  
 New feasted on him, his lookes full of mood;  
 So look't *Vlysses*; all his hands and feete  
 Freckl'd with purple. When which sight did greeete  
 The poore old woman (such workes being for eyes  
 Of no soft temper) out she brake in cries;  
 VVhose vent, though throughly opened; he yet closd,  
 Cal'd her more neere, and thus her plaints composd;

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Forbeare; nor shriek thus: But vent ioyes as loud;  
*It is no piety to bemoane the proud:*  
 Though ends befall them, mouing neere so much,  
 These are the portions of the Gods to such.  
*Mens owne impieties, in their instant act,*  
*Sustaine their plagues; which are with stay but rackt.*  
 But these men, Gods nor men had in esteeme:  
 Nor good, nor bad, had any sence in them.  
 Their liues directly ill, were therefore cause  
 That *Death* in these sterne formes, so deeply draws.  
 Recount then to me, those licentious Dames,  
 That lost my honor, and their sexes shames.  
 Ile tell you truly (she replied,) There are  
 Twice fiue and twenty women here, that share  
 All worke amongst them; whom I taught to Spin,  
 And beare the iust bands that they suffer'd in:  
 Of all which, onely there were twelue, that gaue  
 Themselues to impudence, and light behaue;  
 Nor me respecting, nor herselfe (the Queene.)  
 And for your Son, he hath but lately bene  
 Of yeares to rule: Nor would his Mother beare  
 His Empire, where her womens labors were.  
 But let me go, and giue her notice now  
 Of your arriuall. Sure some God doth show  
 His hand vpon her, in this rest she takes,  
 That all these vprores beares, and neuer wakes.  
 Nor wake her yet (said he) but cause to come  
 Those twelue light women, to this vtter roome.  
 She made all vtmost haste, to come and go,  
 And bring the women he had summon'd so.  
 Then, both his Swaines and Son, he bad, go call  
 The women to their aide, and cleere the Hall  
 Of those dead bodies: Clense each boord, & Throne  
 VVith werten Sponges: which, with fitnessse, done,  
 He bad take all the Strumpets, 'twixt the wall  
 Of his first Court; and that roome next the Hall;  
 In which, the vessell of the house were scour'd;  
 And in their bosomes sheath their euery sword,  
 Till all their soules were fled; and they had then,  
 Felt 'twas but paine to sport with lawlesse men.  
 This said; the women came, all drown'd in mone,  
 And weeping bitterly. But first, was done  
 The bearing thence the dead: all which, beneath  
 The *Portico* they stow'd, where death on death  
 They heap't together. Then tooke all, the paines  
*Vlysses* will'd. His Sonne yet, and the Swaines  
 VVith paring-shouels wrought: The women bore  
 Their parings forth; and al the clotter'd gore.  
 The house then clensd, they brought the women out,  
 And put them in a roome, so wall'd about,  
 That no meanes seru'd their sad estates to flye.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Then saide *Telemachus*, These shall not dye  
 A death that lets out any wanton blood,  
 And vents the poison that gaue Lust her foode,  
 The body clensing; but a death that chokes  
 The breath, and all together, that prouokes  
 And seemes as Bellows, to abhorred Lust;  
 That both on my head, pour'd depraues vniust,  
 And on my Mothers; scandaling the Court,  
 VVith men debauched, in so abhorr'd a sort.  
 This said; a Halser of a ship they cast  
 About a crosse beame of the roofe; which fast  
 They made about their neckes, in twelue parts cut;  
 And hal'd them vp so high, they could not put  
 Their feete to any stay. As which was done  
 Looke how a Mauis, or a Pygeon  
 In any Groue, caught with a Sprindge, or Net;  
 VVith struggling Pinions 'gainst the ground doth beat  
 Her tender body; and that then—streight bed  
 Is sowre to that swindge, in which she was bred;  
 So striu'd these taken Birds, till euery one  
 Her pliant halter, had enforc't vpon  
 Her stubborne necke; and then aloft was haul'd  
 To wretched death. A little space they sprauld  
 Their feet fast mouing; but were quickly still.  
 Then fetcht they downe *Melanthius*, to fulfill  
 The equall execution; which was done.  
 In Portall of the Hall; and thus begun:  
 They first slit both his Nosethrils, cropt each eare;  
 His Members tugg'd off, which the dogges did teare,  
 And chop vp bleeding sweet; and while red hot  
 The vice—abhorring blood was; off they smote  
 His hands and feet, and there that worke had end:  
 Then washt they hands & feet, that blood had steind;  
 And tooke the house againe. And then the King  
 (*Euryclea* calling) bad her quickly bring  
 All ill—expelling Brimstone, and some fire,  
 That with perfumes cast, he might make entire  
 The houses first integrity in all.  
 And then his timely will was, she should call  
 Her Queene and Ladies; still yet charging her,  
 That all the Handmaids she should first confer.  
 She said, he spake as fitted; But before,  
 She held it fit to change the weeds he wore,  
 And she would others bring him: that not so  
 His faire broad shoulders might rest clad; and show  
 His person to his seruants, was too blame.  
 First bring me Fire, said he. She went, and came  
 VVith fire, & sulphure straight; with which the hall,  
 And of the huge house, all roomes capitall  
 He throughly sweetned. Then went Nurse to call  
 The Handmaid seruants downe; & vp she went

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To tell the newes, and will'd them to present  
Their seruice to their Soueraigne Downe they came,  
Sustaining Torches all, and pour'd a flame  
Of Loue, about their Lord: with welcomes home,  
VVith huggings of his hands, with laborsome  
Both heads and fore-heads, kisses, and embraces;  
And plyed him so, with all their louing graces,  
That teares and sighes, tooke vp his whole desire;  
For now he knew their hearts to him entiere. The End of the XXII. Booke of Homers Odysseys.

### THE XXIII. BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.

#### The Argvment.

*Vlysses to his wife is knowne:  
A briefe sum of his Trauailles showne.  
Himselfe, his Son, and Seruants go  
T'approue the Wooers ouerthrow.*

#### Another.

*For all annoyes  
sustain'd before;  
The wiues ioyes,  
now made the more.* The seruants thus inform'd; the Matron goes  
Vp, where the Queene was cast in such repose;  
Affected with a feruent ioy to tell  
VVhat all this time she did with paine conceale.  
Her knees reuokt their first strength; and her feete  
Were borne about the ground, with wings, to greet  
The long-greued Queene, with newes her King was come;  
And (neere her) said: Wake, Leaue this withdrawne roome;  
That now your eyes may see, at length, though late,  
The man return'd, which all the heauy date  
Your woes haue rackt out, you haue long'd to see:  
*Vlysses* is come home, and hath set free  
His Court of all your wooers; slaughtering all,  
For wasting so his goods with Festiuall:  
His house so vexing; and for violence done,  
So all waies varied to his onely sonne.  
She answer'd her; The Gods haue made thee mad;  
Of whose pow'r now, thy pow'rs such proof haue had.  
The Gods can blinde with follies, wisest eies,  
And make men foolish, so to make them wise.  
For they haue hurt euen thy graue braine, that bore  
An vnderstanding spirit heretofore.  
VVhy hast thou wak't me to more teares, when *Mone*  
Hath turn'd my minde, with teares, into her owne?

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Thy madnesse much more blamefull, that with lyes  
 Thy haste is loaden: and both robs mine eyes  
 Of most delightsome sleepe; and sleepe of them,  
 That now had bound me in his sweet extream,  
 T'embrace my lids, and close my vsuall Spheres.  
 I haue not slept so much this twenty yeares;  
 Since first my dearest sleeping-Mate was gone  
 For that too-ill-to-speake of, *Ilion*.  
 Hence, take your mad steps backe; if any Maid  
 Of all my traine besides, a part had plaid  
 So bold to wake, and tell mine eares such lies;  
 I had return'd her to her huswiferies  
 VVith good prooue of my wrath to such rude Dames;  
 But go your yeares haue sau'd their yonger blames.  
 But tell the truth: your long-mist Lord is heere;  
 And, with the wooers slaughter, his owne hand  
 (In chiefe exploit) hath to his owne command  
 Reduc't his house; and that poore Guest was he,  
 That all those wooers, wrought such iniurie.  
*Telemachus* had knowledge long ago  
 That 'twas his Father; but his wisdom so  
 Obseru'd his counsailes; to giue surer end  
 To that great worke, to which they did contend.  
 This call'd her spirits to their conceiuing places;  
 She sprung for ioy, from blames into embraces  
 Of her graue Nurse: wip't euery teare away  
 From her faire cheekes; and then began to say  
 What Nurse said, ouer thus; O Nurse, can this  
 Be thou sayst? How could that hand of his  
 Alone, destroy so many? They would still  
 Troope all together. How could he then kill  
 Such numbers, so vnited? How? (said she)  
 I haue nor seene, nor heard; but certainly  
 The deed is done. VVe sate within, in feare;  
 The doores shut on vs: and from thence might heare  
 The sighes, and grones of euery man he slew;  
 But heard, nor saw more: till at length, there flew  
 Your sonnes voice to mine eare, that call'd to me,  
 And bad me then come foorth: and then I see  
*Vlysses* standing in the midst of all  
 Your slaughtred wooers, heap't vp like a wall,  
 One on another, round about his side;  
 It would haue done you good to haue describe  
 Your conqu'ring lord; al smeard with blood & gore  
 So like a Lyon. Straight then, off they bore  
 The slaughtred carkasses; that now before  
 The fore-Court gates lye, one on other pilde.  
 And now your victor, all the Hall (defilde  
 VVith stinch of hot death) is perfuming round;  
 And with a mighty fire the harth hath crown'd.  
 Thus, all the death remou'd, and euery roome

She answer'd her: I nothing wrong your eare,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Made sweet and sightly; that your selfe should come  
 His pleasure sent me. Come then, take you now  
 Your mutuall fils of comfort: Griefe, on you  
 Hath long, and many sufferings laid; which length,  
 VVhich many suffrings, nowe your vertuous strength  
 Of vncorrupted chastnesse, hath conferr'd  
 A happy end to. He that long hath err'd  
 Is safe arriu'd at home: his wife, his sonne  
 Found safe & good; all ill that hath bene done  
 On all the doers heads (though long prolong'd)  
 His right hath wreak't, and in the place they wrong'd.  
 As you had done some great act; seeing most  
 Into his Being: For, you know, he won  
 (Euen through his poore, and vile condition)  
 A kind of prompted thought; that there was plac't  
 Some vertue in him, fit to be embrac't  
 By all the house; but, most of all, by me  
 And by my Son, that was the progenie  
 Of both our loues. And yet it is not he,  
 For all the likely proofes ye plead to me:  
 Some God hath slaine the wooers, in disdain  
 Of the abhorred pride, he saw so raigne  
 In those base workes they did: No man alieue;  
 Or good, or bad, whoeuer did arriue  
 At their abodes once, euer could obtaine  
 Regard of them: and therefore their so vaine  
 And vile deserts, haue found as vile an end.  
 But (for *Vlysses*) neuer will extend  
 His wisht returne to *Greece*: Nor he yet liues.  
 No truth your credit? That your husband, set  
 Close in his house at fire, can purchase yet  
 No faith of you; But that he still is farre  
 From any home of his? your wit's at warre  
 With all credulity euer; and yet now  
 Ile name a signe, shall force beleefe from you:  
 I bath'd him lately; and beheld the scar  
 That still remaines a marke too ocular  
 To leaue your heart yet blinded; and I then  
 Had run and told you: but his hand was feine  
 To close my lips from th' acclamation  
 My heart was breathing: and his wisdom won  
 My still retention, till he gaue me leaue,  
 And charge to tell you this. Now then, receaue  
 My life for gage of his returne; which take  
 In any cruell fashion; if I make  
 All this not cleere to you. Lou'd Nurse (said she)  
 Though many things thou knowst, yet these things be  
 Veil'd in the counsailes th' vncreated Gods  
 Haue long time maskt in: whose darke periods  
 Tis hard for thee to see into; But come,  
 Lets see my son; the slaine; and he by whom

She answer'd: Do not you now laugh, and bost

How strange a Queen are you? (said she) that giues

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

They had their slaughter. This said, down they went;  
 When on the Queens part, diuers thoughts wer spent;  
 If (all this giuen no faith) she still should stand  
 Aloofe, and question more: Or his hugg'd hand,  
 And loued head, she should at first assay  
 With free-giuen kisses. VVhen her doubtfull way  
 Had past the stony pauement, she tooke seate  
 Against her husband, in the opposite heate  
 The fire then cast-vpon the other wall:  
 Himselfe, set by the Columne of the Hall;  
 His lookes cast downwards, and expected still,  
 VVhen her incredulous, and curious will  
 To shun ridiculous error, and the shame  
 To kisse a Husband, that was not the same,  
 VVould downe, and win enough faith from his sight.  
 She silent sate, and her perplexed plight  
 Amaze encounter'd: Sometimes, she stood cleare  
 He was her Husband: sometimes, the ill weare  
 His person had put on, transform'd him so,  
 That yet his stampe would hardly currant go.  
 Her son her strangenesse seeing blam'd her thus:  
 Mother, vngentle Mother! tyrannous!  
 In this too curious modesty you show;  
 Why sit you from my Father? Nor bestow  
 A word on me, t'enquire and cleere such doubt  
 As may perplexe you? Found man euer out  
 One other such a wife? That could forbear  
 Her lou'd Lords welcome home, when twenty yeare  
 In infinite sufferance, he had spent apart:  
*No Flint so hard is, as a womans hart.* Son (she replied) Amaze containes my minde,  
 Nor can I speake, and vse the commune kind  
 Of those enquiries; nor sustaine to see  
 VVith opposite lookes, his countenance. If this be  
 My *Vlysses* now return'd; there are  
 Tokens betwixt vs of more fitnessse farre  
 To giue me argument, he is my Lord;  
 And my assurance of him, may afford  
 My proofes of ioy for him, from all these eies  
 VVith more *decorum*; then obiect their guise  
 To publique notice. The much-Sufferer brake  
 In laughter out; and to his Son said; Take  
 Your Mother from the prease; that she may make  
 Her owne proofes of me, which perhaps may giue  
 More cause to the acknowledgements, that driue  
 Their shew thus off. But now, because I goe  
 So poorely clad, she takes disdain to know  
 So loath'd a creature, for her loued Lord.  
 Let vs consult then, how we may accord  
 The Towe to our late action. Some one; slaine,  
 Hath made the all-left slaughterer of him, faine  
 To fly his friends and country. But our swords

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Haue slaine a Cities most supportfull Lords;  
 The chiefe Peeres of the kingdome: therefore see  
 You vse wise meanes t'vphold your victorie.  
 See you to that good Father (saide the Son)  
 Whose counsailes haue the soueraigne glory won  
 From all men liuing. None will striue with you;  
 But with vnquestion'd Girlands grace your brow:  
 To whom, our whol alacrities we vow  
 In free attendance. Nor shall our hands leaue  
 Your onsets needy of supplies, to giue  
 All the effects that in our pow'rs can fall.  
 Then this (said he) to me seemes capitall  
 Of all choise courses: Bathe we first, and then  
 Attire we freshly: all our Maides and men  
 Enioyning likewise, to their best attire.  
 The sacred Singer then, let touch his Lire;  
 And go before vs all in gracefull dance,  
 That all without, to whose eares shal aduance  
 Our cheerefull accents, (or of Trauailers by,  
 Or firme inhabitants) solemnity  
 Of frolicke Nuptials may imagine heere.  
 And this, performe we; lest the massakere  
 Of all our woers be divulg'd about  
 The ample City, ere our selues get out,  
 And greet my Father, in his Groue of Trees;  
 Where, after, we will proue what policies  
*Olympus* shall suggest, to ouercome  
 Our latest toiles, and crowne our welcome home.  
 This all obey'd: Bath'd, put on fresh attire,  
 Both men and women did; Then tooke his Lire  
 The holy singer, and set thirst on fire  
 VVith songs, and faultlesse dances: all the Court  
 Rung with the footings, that the numerous sport  
 From iocund men drew, and faire-girdl'd Dames;  
 VVhich, (heard abroad) thus flew the comune fames:      This sure the day is, when the much woo'd Queen  
 Is richly wed; O wretch! That hath not beene  
 So constant, as to keepe her ample house  
 Til th' vtmost houre, had brought her formost spouse.      Thus some conceiu'd, but little knew the thing.  
 And now, *Eurynome* had bath'd the King;  
 Smooth'd him with Oyles; and he, himselfe attir'd  
 In vestures royall. Her part then inspir'd  
 The Goddessse *Pallas*; deck't his head and face  
 With infinite beauties: gaue a goodly grace  
 Of stature to him: a much plumper plight  
 Through all his body breath'd; Curles soft, & bright  
 Adorn'd his head withall, and made it show,  
 As if the flowry *Hyacinth* did grow  
 In all his pride there: In the generall trim  
 Of euery locke, and euery curious lim.  
 Looke how a skilfull Artizan, well seene  
 In all Arts Metalline; as hauing beene



Taught by *Minerua*, and the God of fire,  
 Doth Gold, with Siluer mix so; that entire  
 They keepe their selfe distinction; and yet so,  
 That to the Siluer, from the Gold, doth flow  
 A much more artificiall luster then his owne;  
 And thereby to the Gold it selfe, is growne  
 A greater glory, then if wrought alone;  
 Both being stuck off, by eithers mixtion:  
 So did *Minerua*, hers and his combine;  
 He more in Her, She more in Him did shine.  
 Like an Immortall from the Bath, he rose:  
 And to his wife did all his grace dispose,  
 Encountring this her strangenesse: Cruell Dame  
 Of all that breathe; the Gods, past steele and flame  
 Haue made thee ruthlesse: Life retaines not one  
 Of all Dames else, that beares so ouer-growne  
 A minde with abstinence; as twenty yeares  
 To misse her husband, drown'd in woes, and teares;  
 And at his comming, keepe aloofe; and fare  
 As of his so long absence, and his care,  
 No sense had seisd her. Go Nurse, make a bed,  
 That I alone may sleepe; her heart is dead  
 To all reflection. To him, thus replied  
 The wise *Penelope*: Man, halfe deified;  
 'Tis not my fashion to be taken streight  
 With brauest men: Nor poorest, vse to sleight.  
 Your meane apparance made not me retire;  
 Nor this your rich shew, makes me now admire,  
 Nor moues at all: For what is all to me,  
 If not my husband? All his certainty  
 I knew at parting; but (so long apart)  
 The outward likenesse, holds no full desart  
 For me to trust to. Go Nurse, see adrest  
 A soft bed for him; and the single rest  
 Himselfe affects so. Let it be the bed,  
 That stands within our Bridal Chamber—sted,  
 VVhich he himself made: Bring it forth from thence,  
 And see it furnisht with magnificence.  
 This said she, to assay him; and did stir  
 Euen his establisht patience; and to hir.  
 Whom thus he answerd: Woman! your words proue  
 My patience strangely: VVho is it can moue  
 My Bed out of his place? It shall oppresse  
 Earths greatest vnder—stander; and vnlesse,  
 Euen God himselfe come, that can easely grace  
 Men in their most skils, it shall hold his place.  
 For Man: he liues not, that (as not most skill'd,  
 So not most yong) shall easely make it yield.  
 If (building on the strength in which he flowes)  
 He addes both Leuers to, and Iron Crowes.  
 For, in the fixure of the Bed, is showne

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

A Maister-peece; a wonder: and 'twas done  
 By me, and none but me: and thus was wrought;  
 There was an Oliue tree, that had his grought  
 Amidst a hedge; and was of shadow, proud;  
 Fresh, and the prime age of his verdure show'd.  
 His leaues and armes so thicke, that to the eye  
 It shew'd a columne for solidity.  
 To this, had I a comprehension  
 To build my Bridall Bowre; which all of stone,  
 Thicke as the Tree of leaues, I raisde, and cast  
 A Roofe about it, nothing meanly grac'st;  
 Put glew'd doores to it, that op't Art enough.  
 Then, from the Oliue, euery broad-leau'd bough  
 I lopt away: then fell'd the Tree, and then  
 VVent ouer it, both with my Axe, and Plaine:  
 Both gouern'd by my Line. And then, I hew'd  
 My curious Bed-sted out; in which, I shew'd  
 Worke of no commune hand. All this, begon,  
 I could not leaue, till to perfection  
 My paines had brought it. Tooke my Wimble; bor'd  
 The holes, as fitted: and did last, afford  
 The varied Ornament; which shew'd no want  
 Of Siluer, Gold, and polisht Elephant.  
 An Oxe-hide Dide in purple, then I threw  
 Aboue the cords. And thus, to curious view  
 I hope I haue obiected honest signe,  
 To proue, I author nought that is not mine:  
 But, if my bed stand vnremou'd, or no,  
 O woman, passeth humane wit to know.  
 This sunk her knees & heart, to heare so  
 The signes she vrg'd; and first, did teares ensue  
 Her rapt assurance: Then she ran, and spread  
 Her armes about his necke; kist oft his head;  
 And thus the curious stay she made, excusde: *Vlysses!* Be not angry, that I vsde  
 Such strange delays to this; since heretofore  
 Your suffering wisdom, hath the Gyrland wore  
 From all that breath: and 'tis the Gods that thus  
 With mutuall misse, so long afflicting vs,  
 Haue causd my coynesse: To our youths, enuied  
 That wisht society, that should haue tied  
 Our youths and yeares together: and since now  
*Iudgement* and *Duty*, should our age allow  
 As full ioyes therein, as in youth and blood:  
 See all yong anger, and reproofe withstood,  
 For not at first sight giuing vp my armes:  
 My heart still trembling, lest the false alarmes  
 That words oft strike vp, should ridiculize me.  
 Had *Argiue Hellen* knowne credulity  
 VVould bring such plagues with it; and her, againe  
 (As auctresse of them all) with that foule staine  
 To her, and to her country; she had staid

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Her loue and mixture from a strangers bed.  
 But God impell'd her to a shamelesse deede,  
 Because she had not in her selfe decreed  
 Before th' attempt; That, such acts still were shent,  
 As simply in themselues, as in th' euent.  
 By which, not onely she her selfe sustaines,  
 But we, for her fault, haue paid mutuall paines.  
 Yet now; since these signes of our certaine bed  
 You haue discouer'd, and distinguished  
 From all earths others: No one man but you,  
 Yet euer getting of it th' onely show;  
 Nor one, of all Dames, but myselfe, and she  
 My Father gaue; old *Actors* progenie:  
 (Who euer guarded to our selues, the dore  
 Of that thick-shaded chamber) I, no more  
 Will crosse your cleere perswasion: though, till now,  
 I stood too doubtfull, and austere to you.  
 These words of hers, so iustifying her stay,  
 Did more desire of ioyfull mone conuay  
 To his glad minde; then if at instant sight,  
 She had allow'd him, all his wishes right.  
 He wept for ioy, t'enioy a wife so fit  
 For his graue minde, that knew his depth of wit;  
 And held chaste vertue at a price so high.  
 And as sad men at Sea, when shore is nigh,  
 VVhich long their hearts haue wisht (their ship quite lost  
 By *Neptunes* rigor; and they vext, and tost  
 Twixt winds & black waues, swimming for their liues;  
 A few escap't; and that few that suruiues  
 (All drencht in fome, and brine) craule vp to Land,  
 VVith ioy as much as they did worlds command;  
 So deare, to this wife, was her husbands sight;  
 Who still embrac't his necke; and had; (til light  
 Displaid her siluer Ensigne) if the Dame  
 That beares the blew sky, entermixt with flame  
 In her faire eyes, had not infixt her thought  
 On other ioyes, for loues so hardly brought  
 To long'd-for meeting: who th' extended night  
 VVith-held in long date; nor would let the light  
 Her wing-hoou'd horse ioyne; (*Lempus, Phaeton*)  
 Those euer Colts, that bring the morning on  
 To worldly men; But, in her golden chaire,  
 Downe to the Ocean, by her siluer haire  
 Bound her aspirings. Then *Vlysses* said;  
 O wife: Nor yet are my contentions staid;  
 A most vnmeasur'd labour, long and hard  
 Askes more performance; to it, being prepar'd  
 By graue *Tiresias*, when downe to hell  
 I made darke passage; that his skill might tell  
 My mens returne, and mine; But come, and now  
 Enioy the sweet rest that our Fates allow.

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

The place of rest is ready, (she replied)  
 Your will at full serue, since the deified  
 Haue brought you, where your right is to command.  
 But since you know (God making vnderstand  
 Your searching mind) informe me, what must be  
 Your last set labour; Since 'twill fall to me  
 (I hope) to heare it after; tell me now:  
*The greatest pleasure is before to know.*  
 Vnhappy? (said *Vlysses*) To what end  
 Importune you this labour? It will lend  
 Nor you, nor me, delight; but you shall know,  
 I was commanded, yet more to bestow  
 My yeares in trauaile; many Cities more  
 By Sea to visit: and when first, for shore  
 I left my shipping, I was will'd to take  
 A nauall Oare in hand; and with it make  
 My passage forth, till such strange men I met,  
 As knew no Sea, nor euer salt did eat  
 VVith any victles: who the purple beakes  
 Of Ships did neuer see: nor that which breakes  
 The waues in curles, which is a Fan-like Oare,  
 And serues as wings, with which a ship doth soare.  
 To let me know then, when I was arriu'd  
 On that strange earth, where such a people liu'd.  
 He gaue me this for an vnfailling signe:  
 When any one, that tooke that Oare of mine  
 Borne on my shoulder, for a Corne-clense Fan,  
 I met ashore; and shew'd to be a man  
 Of that Lands labour: There had I command  
 To fixe mine Oare; and offer on that strand  
 T'imperiall *Neptune* (whom I must implore)  
 A Lambe, a Bull, and Sow-ascending Bore:  
 And then turne home; where all the other Gods  
 That in the broad heauen made secure abods,  
 I must sollicite (all my curious heed  
 Giuen to the seuerall rites they haue decreed)  
 VVith holy *Hecatombes*: And then, at home  
 A gentle death should seize me, that would come  
 From out the Sea, and take me to his rest  
 In full ripe age; about me, liuing blest,  
 My louing people: To which (he presag'd)  
 The sequell of my fortunes were engag'd.  
 If then (saide she) the Gods will please t'impose  
 A happier Being to your fortunes close  
 Then went before; your hope giues comfort strength,  
 That life shall lend you better dayes at length.  
 VVhile this discourse spent mutual speech, the bed  
*Eurynome* and Nurse had made; and spred  
 With richest Furniture; while Torchcs spent  
 Their parcell gilt thereon. To bed then went  
 The aged Nurse; and where their Soueraignes were,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

*Eurynome* (the Chamber-maid) did beare  
 A Torch, and went before them to their rest:  
 To which she left them; and for hers addrest.  
 The King and Queene then, now (as newly wed)  
 Resum'd the old Lawes of th' embracing bed.  
*Telemachus*, and both his Herdsmen, then  
 Dissolu'd the dances, both to Maids and men;  
 VVho in their shady roofes tooke timely sleepe.  
 The Bride, and Bridegroom, hauing ceast to keepe  
 Obserued Loue-ioyes; from their fit delight,  
 They turn'd to talke. The Queene then did recite  
 VVhat she had suffer'd by the hatefull rout  
 Of harmfull wooers, who had eate her out  
 So many Oxen, and so many Sheepe;  
 How many Tun of wine their drinking deepe  
 Had quite exhausted. Great *Vlysses* then,  
 VVhat euer slaughters he had made of men;  
 VVhat euer sorrowes he himselfe sustain'd,  
 Repeated amply; and her eares remain'd  
 VVith all delight, attentiu to their end.  
 Nor would one winke sleepe, till he told her all;  
 Beginning where he gaue the *Cacons* fall.  
 From thence, his passe to the *Lotophagie*;  
 The *Cyclops* acts; the putting out his eye,  
 And wreake of all the Souldiers he had eate,  
 No least ruth shewne, to all they could entreate.  
 His way to *Æolus*; his prompt receit,  
 And kinde dismissal: his inforc't retreat  
 By sodaine Tempest, to the fishy maine;  
 And quite distraction from his course againe.  
 His landing at the *Læstrigonian* Port,  
 VVhere ships and men, in miserable sort,  
 Met all their spoiles; his ship, and he, alone  
 Got off from the abhorr'd confusion.  
 His passe to *Circe*; her deceits, and Arts:  
 His thence descension to th' infernall parts:  
 His lifes course of the *Thebane* Prophet learn'd;  
 VVhere, all the slaughter'd Grecians he discern'd,  
 And loued Mother. His astonisht eare  
 VVith what the *Syrens* voices made him heare.  
 His scape from th' erring Rockes, which *Scylla* was,  
 And rough *Charybdis*; with the dangerous passe  
 Of all that toucht there: His *Sicilian*  
 Offence giuen to the Sun: His euery man  
 Destroy'd by thunder, volland out of heauen,  
 That split his Ship; his owne endeouours driuen  
 To shift sor succours on th' *Ogygian* shore,  
 VVhere Nymph *Calypso*, such affection bore  
 To him in his arriual: That with feast  
 She kept him in her Caues, and would haue blest  
 His welcome life, with an immortall state;

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Would he haue staid, and liu'd her Nuptiall mate:  
All which, she neuer could perswade him to.  
His passe to the *Phæacians*, spent in wo:  
Their hearty welcome of him, as he were,  
A God descended from the starry Sphere:  
Their kinde dismissal of him home, with Gold,  
Brasse, Garments; all things his occasions would.  
This last word vsde; sleepe seiz'd his weary eye,  
That salues all care, to all mortality.  
In meane space, *Pallas*, entertain'd intent,  
That when *Vlysses*, thought enough time spent  
In loue–ioyes with his wife; to raise the Day,  
And make his graue occasions, call, away.  
The Morning rose, and he; when thus he saide;  
O Queene: Now satiate with afflictions, laide  
On both our bosomes; (you oppressed heere  
With cares for my returne; I, euery where  
By *Ioue*, and all the other Deities, tost  
Euen till all hope of my returne was lost)  
And both arriu'd at this sweet Hauen, our Bed;  
Be your care vsde, to see administred  
My house–possessions left. Those Sheepe that were  
Consum'd in surfets by your wooers heere;  
Ile forrage, to supply with some; and more,  
The suffering Grecians shall be made restore,  
Euen till our stalles receiue their wonted fill.  
And now, to comfort my good Fathers ill  
Long suffer'd for me: To the many–tree'd  
And ample Vineyard grounds, it is decreed  
In my next care, that I must haste, and see  
His long'd–for presence. In the meane time, be  
Your wisdome vsde; that since (the Sun ascended)  
The fame will soone be through the Town extended,  
Of those I heere haue slaine; your selfe (got close  
Vp to your chamber) see you there repose,  
Cheer'd with your women; and, nor looke afford  
Without your Court; nor anie man, a word.  
This said, he arm'd: To arms, both Son and Swain  
His powre commanding; who did entertaine  
His charge with spirit: Op't the gates, and out;  
He leading all. And now was hurl'd about  
*Auroraes* ruddie fire: through all whose light  
*Minerua* led them, through the Towne, from sight. The End of the XXIII. Booke of Homers Odyssees.

### THE XXIII. BOOKE OF Homers ODYSSES.

#### The Argvment.

*By Mercury the Wooers soules*

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

*Are vsher'd to th' Infernall Pooles.  
Vlysses, with Laertes met,  
The people, are in uprore set  
Against them, for the wooers ends:  
Whom Pallas stayes, and renders Friends.*

### Another.

*The vprores fire  
the Peoples fall;  
The Grandfire, Sire,  
and Son, to all.      Cyllenian Hermes with his golden rod,*  
The wooers soules (that yet retain'd abod  
Amids their bodies) call'd in dreadfull rout  
Forth to th' Infernals; who came murmuring out.  
And as amids the desolate retreat  
Of some vaste Cauerne (made the sacred seate  
Of austere spirits) Bats, with Brests, and wings  
Claspe fast the wals; and each to other clings:  
But, swept off from their couerts, vp they rise  
And flye with murmures, in amazefull guise  
About the cauerne: So these (grumbling) rose  
And flockt together. Downe before them goes  
*None—hurting Mercury*, to hels broad waies;  
And straight to those streights, where the Ocean staies  
His lofty current in calme deepes, they flew.  
Then to the snowy rocke, they next withdrew;  
And to the close of *Phoebus* orient gates:  
The Nation then of Dreames; and then the states  
Of those soules Idols, that the weary dead  
Gauē vp in earth: which, in a flowry Mead  
Had habitable situation.  
And there they saw the soule of *Thetis* son;  
Of good *Patroclus*; braue *Antilochus*,  
And *Aiāx*; the supremely strenuous  
Of all the Greeke hoast, next *Plebeian*:  
All which assembled about *Maias* son.  
And to them (after) came the mournfull Ghost  
Of *Agamemnon*; with all those, he lost  
In false *Ægysthus* Court. *Achilles* then  
Beholding there, that mighty King of men:  
Deplor'd his plight, and said: O *Atreus* Son!  
Of all Heroes; all *Opinion*  
Gauē thee, for *Ioues* most lou'd; since most command  
Of all the Greekes, he gauē thy eminent hand  
At siede of *Ilion*, where we suffer'd so:  
And is the issue this? That first in wo,  
Sterne Fate did therefore set thy sequell downe?  
*None borne past others Fates, can passe his owne.*

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

I wish to heauen, that in the heighth of all  
 Our pompe at *Ilion*, Fate had sign'd thy fall;  
 That all the Greekes might haue aduanc't to thee,  
 A famous Sepulcher; and Fame might see  
 Thy Son giuen honor, in thy honour'd end;  
 But now, a wretched death did Fate extend  
 To thy confusion, and thy Issues shame.  
 O *Thetis* Son (said he) the vitall flame  
 Extinct at *Ilion*, far from th' *Argiue* fields;  
 The stile of blessed, to thy vertue yields.  
 About thy fall, the best of *Greece* and *Troy*  
 VVere sacrific'd to slaughter: Thy iust ioy  
 Conceiu'd in battell, with some worth forgot,  
 In such a death, as great *Apollo* shot  
 At thy encounters: Thy braue person lay  
 Hid in a dusty whirlwinde, that made way  
 VVith humane breaths; spent in thy ruines state;  
 Thou great, wert greatly valew'd, in thy Fate.  
 All day we fought about thee; nor at all  
 Had ceast our conflict, had not *Ioue* let fall  
 A storme, that forc't off our vnwilling feete.  
 But, hauing brought thee from the fight, to fleete  
 Thy glorious person (bath'd and balm'd) we laide  
 Aloft a bed; and round about thee, paide  
 The *Greekes* warme teares, to thy deplor'd decease;  
 Quite danted, cutting all their curles increase.  
 Thy death draue a diuine voice through the Seas,  
 That started vp thy Mother from the waues;  
 And all the Marine Godheads, left their caues,  
 Consorting to our fleet, her rapt repaire:  
 The *Greekes* stood frighted, to see Sea, and Aire,  
 And Earth, combine so, in thy losses sence;  
 Had taken ship, and fled for euer thence,  
 If old-much-knowing-*Nestor* had not staide  
 Their rushing off: His counsailes hauing swaide  
 In all times former, with such cause, their courses;  
 Who bad containe themselues, and trust their forces;  
 For all they saw, was *Thetis* come from Sea,  
 VVith others of the watry progenie,  
 To see and mourne for her deceased Son.  
 VVhich staid the feares, that all to flight had won;  
 And round about thee stood th' old Sea-gods seedes,  
 VVretchedly mourning: their immortall weeds  
 Spreading vpon thee: all the sacred Nine  
 Of deathlesse *Muses*, paid thee dues diuine;  
 By varied turnes their heauenly voyces venting;  
 All in deepe passion for thy death consenting.  
 And then, of all our Army, not an eye  
 You could haue seene, vndrown'd in misery;  
 The mouing *Muse*, so rul'd in euery minde.  
 Full seenteene dayes and nights, our teares confin'd



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To celebration of thy mourned end;  
 Both men, and Gods, did in thy moane contend.  
 The eighteenth day, we spent about thy heape  
 Of dying fire: Blacke Oxen, fattest Sheepe  
 VVe slew, past number. Then the precious spoile  
 (Thy Corse) wee tooke vp, which with floods of oile  
 And pleasant Hony we embalm'd; and then  
 VVrapt thee in those Robes, that the Gods did raine:  
 In which, we gaue thee to the hallowed flame;  
 To which, a number of heroicall name,  
 All arm'd, came rushing in, in desperate plight;  
 As prest to sacrifice their vitall right  
 To thy dead ruines, while so bright they burn'd:  
 Both foote & horse brake in; and fought, & mourn'd  
 In infinite tumult. But when all the night  
 The rich flame lasted; and that wasted quite  
 Thy body was with the enamor'd fire;  
 VVe came in early Morne, and an entire  
 Collection made, of euery Iuorie bone;  
 VVhich washt in wine, and giuen fit vnction,  
 A two-ear'd Bolle of Gold thy Mother gaue,  
 By *Bacchus* giuen her; and did forme receaue  
 From *Vulcans* famous hand; which (O renown'd  
 Great *Thetis* Son) with thy faire bones, we crown'd;  
 Mixt with the Bones of *Mænetiades*,  
 And braue *Antilochus*; who, in decease  
 Of thy *Patroclus*, was thy fauours Deere.  
 About thee then, a matchlesse Sepulchere,  
 The sacred hoast of the *Achaians* raisd  
 Vpon the *Hellespont*; where most it seisd  
 (For height, and conspicuity) the eies  
 Of liuing men, and their posterities.  
 Thy Mother then obtain'd the Gods consent  
 To institute an honor'd game, that spent  
 The best approuement of our Grecian Fames;  
 In whose praise, I must say, that many games  
 About *Heroes* Sepulchers, mine eyes  
 Haue seene perform'd: But these, bore off the prize  
 VVith myrales to me, from all before.  
 In which, thy Siluer-footed Mother, bore  
 The Institutions name; but thy desarts  
 (Being great with heauen) caus'd al the eminent parts.  
 And thus, through all the worst effects of Fate,  
*Achilles Fame*, euen *Death* shall propagate:  
 VVhile any one, shall lend the light an eye,  
 Diuine *Æacides* shal neuer dye.  
 But wherein can these comforts be conceiu'd  
 As rights to me? when hauing quite atchieu'd  
 An end with safety, and with Conquest too  
 Of so vnmatcht a warre; what none could do  
 Of all our enemies there, at home, a Friend,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

And Wife, haue giuen me inglorious end.  
 While these thus spake, the *Argus*-killing spy  
 Brought neere, *Vlysses* noble victory  
 To their renew'd discourse; in all the ends  
 The wooers suffer'd, and shew'd those his Friends.  
 VVhom now, amaze inuaded with the view,  
 And made giue backe: yet *Agamemnon* knew  
*Melanthius* heyre, much-fam'd *Amphimedon*,  
 Who had in *Ithaca*, Guest-fauours shown  
 To great *Atrides*; who first spake, and saide: *Amphimedon*: what sufferance hath bene laide  
 On your aliuie parts, that hath made you make  
 This land of darknesse, the retreat you take?  
 So all together? All being like in yeeres?  
 Nor would a man haue choosd, of all the Peeres  
 A City honors, men to make a part  
 More strong for any obiect? Hath your smart  
 Bene felt from *Neptune*, being at Sea? His wrath,  
 The winds, and waues, exciting to your scath?  
 Or haue offensiue men imposd this Fate?  
 Your Oxen driuing; or your flockes estate?  
 Or for your City fighting, and your wiues,  
 Haue deaths vntimely, seiz'd your best-tim'd liues?  
 Informe me truly: I was once your Guest;  
 VVhen I, and *Menelaus* had profest  
 First armes for *Ilion*; and were come ashore  
 On *Ithaca*, with purpose to implore  
*Vlysses* aide; that City-racing man,  
 In wreake of the adulterous *Phrygian*.  
 Retaine not you the time? A whole months date  
 We spent at Sea, in hope to instigate  
 In our arriuall, old *Laertes* Son;  
 VVhom (hardly yet) to our designe we won.  
 The Soule made answer: Worthiest King of men,  
 I well remember euery passage then  
 You now reduce to thought; and will relate  
 The truth, in whole forme, of our timelesse Fate.  
 VVe woo'd the wife of that long absent King;  
 VVho (though her second marriage, were a thing  
 Of most hate to her) she would yet deny  
 At no part our affections; nor comply  
 With any in performance: but decreed  
 In her delayes, the cruell Fates, we feed.  
 Her craft was this: She vndertooke to weaue  
 A Funerall garment, destin'd to receaue  
 The corse of old *Laertes*; being a taske  
 Of infinite labour, and which Time would aske.  
 In midst of whose attempt, she causd our stay  
 VVith this attraction: Youths! that come in way  
 Of honor'd Nuptials to me: Though my Lord  
 Abide amongst the dead; yet cease to bord  
 My choise for present Nuptials; and sustaine

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

(Lest what is past me, of this web, be vaine)  
Till all receiue perfection: 'Tis a weede  
Dispos'd, to wrap in, at his Funerall neede  
The old *Laertes*: who (possessing much)  
Would (in his want of rites as fitting) touch  
My honor highly, with each vulgar Dame.  
Thus spake she, and perswaded; and her Frame  
All day she labour'd; her dayes worke not small;  
But euery night time, she vnwrought it all.  
Three yeares continuing this imperfect taske;  
But when the fourth year came, her slights could mask  
In no more couert; since her trusted Maid  
Her whole deceite, to our note betraid.  
VVith which, surpriz'd, she could no more protract  
Her workes perfection: but gaue end exact  
To what remain'd: washt vp, and set thereon  
A glosse so bright, that like the Sun and Moon  
The whole worke shew'd together. And when now  
Of meere necessity, her honour'd vow  
She must make good to vs: ill fortune brought  
*Vlysses* home; who yet, gaue none one thought  
Of his arriuall; but far-off at field  
Liu'd with his Herdsman: Nor his trust would yield  
Note of his person; but liu'd there, as Guest;  
Ragg'd as a begger, in that life profest.  
At length, *Telemachus* left *Pylos* sank;  
And with a Ship, fetcht soone his natiue Land.  
When yet, not home he went: but laid his way  
Vp to his Herdsman, where his Father lay;  
And where, both laide our deaths. To town then bore  
The Swine-herd, and his King; the Swaine before.  
*Telemachus*, in other wayes, bestow'd  
His course home first, t'associate vs that woo'd.  
The Swaine, the King led after; who came on  
Ragged and wretched, and still lean'd vpon  
A borrow'd staffe. At length, he reacht his home;  
VVhere (on the sodaine, and so wretched, come)  
Nor we, nor much our elders, once did dreame  
Of his returne there: but did wrongs extream  
Of words, and blowes to him: all which, he bore  
VVith that old patience he had learn'd before.  
But when the minde of *Ioue* had rais'd his owne;  
His son and he, fetcht all their Armour downe;  
Fast lockt the doores; and (to prepare their vse)  
He will'd his wife (for first meane) to produce  
His Bow to vs, to draw; of which, no one  
Could stir the string: Himselfe yet, set vpon  
The deadly strength it held; Drew all, with ease;  
Shot through the steeles, and then began to sease  
Our armelesse bosomes; striking first, the brest  
Of King *Antinous*, and then the rest

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

In heapes turn'd ouer: hopefull of his end,  
 Because some God (he knew) stood firme his frend.  
 Nor prou'd it worse with him; but all in flood,  
 The Pauement straight, blusht with our vitall blood:  
 And thus our soules came heere; our bodies laid  
 Neglected in his roofes: no word conuaid  
 To any friend, to take vs home and giue  
 Our wounds fit balming; nor let such as liue  
 Entombe our deaths: and for our fortunes, shed  
 Those teares, and dead rites, that renowne the dead.  
 Of old *Laertes*, thou at length, hast won  
 With mighty vertue, thy vnmatched wife.  
 How good a knowledge: how vntoucht a life  
 Hath wife *Penelope*? How well she laide  
 Her husbands rights vp! whom she lou'd a Maid?  
 For which, her vertues shall extend applause  
 Beyond the circles fraile mortality drawes;  
 The deathlesse in this vale of death, comprising,  
 Her praise, in numbers, into infinites rising.  
 The daughter, *Tyndarus* begat, begot  
 No such chaste thoughts; but cut the virgin knot  
 That knit her spouse & her, with murtherous swords.  
 For which, posterities shall put hatefull words  
 To notes of her: that all her Sex defam'd,  
 And for her ill, shall euen the good be blam'd.  
 To this effect, these, these digressions made  
 In hell; Earths darke, and euer-hiding shade.  
*Vlysses*, and his Son (now past the Towne)  
 Soone reacht the field, elaborately growne  
 By old *Laertes* labour: when, with cares  
 For his lost Son, he left, all Court affaires;  
 And tooke to this rude vpland; which, with toile  
 He made a sweet and habitable soile:  
 VVhere stood a house to him; about which, ran  
 In turnings thicke, and Labyrinthian,  
 Poore Houels, where his necessary men  
 That did those workes (of pleasure to him then)  
 Might sit, and eate, and sleepe. In his owne house  
 An old *Sicilian* Dame liu'd; studious  
 To serue his sowre age with her cheerefull paines.  
 Then saide *Vlysses* to his Son, and Swaines;  
 Go you to Towne, and for your dinner kill  
 The best Swine ye can choose; my selfe will still  
 Stay with my father, and assay his eye,  
 If my acknowledg'd truth, it can descry;  
 Or that my long times trauaile, doth so change  
 My sight to him, that I appeare as strange.  
 Thus gaue he armes to them, and home he hied:  
*Vlysses* to the fruitfull field, applied  
 His present place: nor found he *Dolius* there,  
 His sonnes, or any seruant, anywhere

*Atrides* Ghost gaue answere; O blest Son

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

In all that spacious ground; all gone from thence,  
 Were dragging bushes, to repaire a fence,  
 Old *Dolius* leading all. *Vlysses* found  
 His father farre aboue, in that faire ground,  
 Employd in proyning of a Plant: his weeds  
 All torne and tatter'd; fit for homely deeds,  
 But not for him. Vpon his legs he wore  
 Patcht boots, to guard him from the brambles gore:  
 His hands, had thorne–prooffe hedging Mittens on,  
 His head a Goats–skin Caske: through all which shone  
 His heart giuen ouer, to abiectest mone.  
 Him, when *Vlysses* saw, consum'd with age,  
 And all the Ensignes on him, that the rage  
 Of griefe presented: he brake out in teares:  
 And (taking stand then, where a tree of Peares  
 Shot high his forehead ouer him) his minde  
 Had much contention. If to yeeld to kinde,  
 Make straight way to his father; kisse, embrace,  
 Tell his returne, and put on all the face  
 And fashion of his instant told returne,  
 Or stay th' impulsion; and the long day burne  
 Of his quite losse giuen, in his Fathers feare,  
 A little longer: trying first his cheare  
 With some free dalliance; th' earnest being so neare.  
 His Father then, his aged shoulders bent  
 Beneath what yeares had stoop't; about a Tree  
 Busily digging: O, old man (said he)  
 You want no skill, to dresse and decke your ground,  
 For all your Plants doth order'd distance bound:  
 No Apple, Peare, or Oliue, Fig, or Vine;  
 Nor any plat, or quarter, you confine  
 To grasse, or flow'rs, stands empty of your care,  
 Which shewes exact in each peculiare:  
 And yet (which let not moue you) you bestow  
 No care vpon your selfe; though to this show  
 Of outward irksomnesse, to what you are,  
 You labour with an inward froward care,  
 Which is your age; that should weare all without  
 More neate, and cherishing. I make no doubt  
 That any sloth you vse, procures your Lord  
 To let an old man, go so much abhord  
 In all his weeds; nor shines there in your looke  
 A fashion, and a goodlinesse, so tooke  
 VVith abiect qualities, to merit this  
 Nasty entreaty: Your resemblance is  
 A very Kings, and shines through this retreat.  
 You looke like one, that hauing washt, and eate,  
 Should sleepe securely, lying sweet, and neate.  
*It is the ground of Age, when cares abuse it,  
 To know life's end; and as 'tis sweet, so vse it.*  
 But vtter truth, and tell; what Lord is he,

This course his choise preferr'd, and forth he went:

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

That rates your labour, and your liberty?  
 Whose Orchard is it, that you husband thus?  
 Or quit me this doubt; For if *Ithacus*  
 This kingdome claimes for his: the man I found  
 At first arriuall heere, is hardly sound  
 Of braine, or ciuill; not induring stay,  
 To tell, nor heare me, my enquiry out  
 Of that my friend; if stil he bore about  
 His life and Being; or were diu'd to *Death*,  
 And in the house of him that harboureth  
 The soules of men. For once he liu'd my guest;  
 My Land and house retaining interest  
 In his abode there; where there soiourn'd none,  
 As guest, from any forreigne Region  
 Of more price with me. He deriu'd his race  
 From *Ithaca*; and said, his Father was  
*Laertes*, surnam'd *Arcesiades*.  
 I had him home; and all the offices  
 Perform'd to him, that fitted any friend;  
 Whose prooffe I did to wealthy gifts extend:  
 Seuen Talents, Gold; a Bolle all siluer, set  
 With pots of flowers: twelue robes, that had no pleat:  
 Twelue cloakes (or mantles) of delicious dye:  
 Twelue inner weeds: Twelue sutes of Tapistry  
 I gaue him likewise: women skill'd in vse  
 Of Looome, and Needle; freeing him to chuse  
 Foure the most faire. His Father (weeping) saide,      Stranger! The earth to which you are conuaide,  
 Is *Ithaca*; by such rude men possest,  
 Vniust and insolent, as first addrest  
 To your encounter; but the gifts you gaue  
 Were giuen (alas) to the vngratefull graue.  
 If with his people, where you now arriue,  
 Your Fate had bene to finde your friend aliue,  
 You shold haue found like Guest-rites from his hand;  
 Like gifts, and kinde passe to your wished land.  
 But how long since, receiu'd you as your guest  
 Your Friend, my Son? who was th' nhappiest  
 Of all men breathing, if he were at all?  
 O borne, when Fates, and ill Aspects let fall  
 A cruell influence for him; Farre away  
 From Friends and Countrey; destin'd to alay  
 The Sea-bred appetites; or (left ashore)  
 To be by Fowles, and vpland Monsters tore.  
 His lifes kinde authors; nor his wealthy wife,  
 Bemoning (as behoou'd) his parted life:  
 Nor closing (as in honours course it lyes  
 To all men dead) in bed, his dying eyes.  
 But giue me knowledge of your name, and race:  
 What City bred you? Where the anchoring place  
 Your ship now rides at lies, that shor'd you here?  
 And where your men? Or if a passenger

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

In others Keeles you came; who (giuing Land  
 To your aduentures heere, some other Strand  
 To fetch in further course) haue left to vs  
 Your welcome presence? His reply was thus: I am of *Alybande*, where I hold  
 My names chiefe house, to much renowne extold.  
 My Father *Aphidantes*; fam'd to spring  
 From *Polypemon*; the *Molossian* King:  
 My name, *Eperitus*. My taking land  
 On this faire Isle, was rul'd by the command  
 Of God, or Fortune: quite against consent  
 Of my free purpose; that, in course was bent  
 For th' Isle *Sicania*. My Ship is held  
 Farre from the City, neere an ample field.  
 And for (*Vlysses*) since his passe from me  
 'Tis now fiue yeares. Vnblest by Destiny,  
 That all this time, hath had the Fate to erre:  
 Though, at his parting, good Birds did augure  
 His putting off, and on his right hand flew;  
 VVhich, to his passage, my affection drew:  
 His spirit ioyfull, and my hope was now  
 To guest with him, and see his hand bestow  
 Rights of our friendship. This, a cloud of griefe  
 Cast ouer all the forces of his life.  
 VVith both his hands, the burning dust he swept  
 Vp from the earth, which on his head he heapt,  
 And fetcht a sigh, as in it, life were broke:  
 VVhich greeu'd his Son, and gaue so smart a stroke  
 Vpon his nosethrils, with the inward stripe,  
 That vp the Veine rose there; and weeping ripe  
 He was, to see his Sire feele such woe  
 For his dissembl'd ioy; which now (let goe)  
 He sprung from earth, embrac't and kist his Sire:  
 And said; O Father: he, of whom y'enquire  
 Am I my selfe, that (from you, twenty yeares)  
 Is now return'd. But do not breake in teares;  
 For now, we must not formes of kinde maintaine,  
 But haste and guard the substance. I haue slaine  
 All my wiues wooers; so, reuenging now  
 Their wrong so long time suffer'd. Take not you  
 The comfort of my comming then, to heart  
 At this glad instant; but, in prou'd desert  
 Of your graue iudgement; giue mone, glad suspence,  
 And, on the sodaine, put this consequence  
 In act as absolute, as all time went  
 To ripening of your resolute assent.  
 All this haste made not his staide faith, so free  
 To trust his words; who said, If you are he,  
 Approue it by some signe. This scar then see  
 (Replied *Vlysses*) giuen me by the Bore  
 Slaine in *Parnassus*; I being sent before  
 By yours, and by my honour'd Mothers will,

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To see your Sire *Autolycus* fulfill  
 The gifts he vow'd, at giuing of my Name.  
 Ile tel you too, the Trees (in goodly frame  
 Of this faire Orchard) that I askt of you  
 Being yet a childe; and follow'd, for your show  
 And name of euery Tree. You gaue me then  
 Of Figge-trees, forty; Apple-bearers, ten;  
 Peare-trees, thirteene; and fifty rankes of Vine;  
 Each one of which, a season did confine  
 For his best eating. Not a Grape did grow,  
 That grew not there, and had his heauy brow  
 When *Ioues* faire daughters (the all-ripening how'rs)  
 Gaue timely date to it. This charg'd the pow'rs  
 Both of his knees and heart, with such impression  
 Of sodaine comfort, that it gaue possession  
 Of all, to *Trance*: The signes were all so ;  
 And did the loue, that gaue them, so renue.  
 His cast his armes about his sonne, and sunke;  
 The circle, slipping to his feete. So shrunke  
 VVere all his ages forces, with the fire  
 Of his yong loue rekindl'd. The old Sire,  
 The Son tooke vp, quite liuelesse: But his breath  
 Againe respiring; and his soule from death  
 His bodies pow'rs recouering: Out he cried,  
 And said; O *Iupiter!* I now haue tried,  
 That still there liue in heauen, remembring Gods,  
 Of men that serue them; though the periods  
 They set to their apparances, are long  
 In best mens sufferings; yet, as sure, as strong  
 They are in comforts: be their strange delays  
 Extended neuer so, from dayes to dayes.  
 Yet see the short ioyes, or the soone-mixt feares  
 Of helpes with-held by them, so many yeares:  
 For, if the woers now, haue paide the paine  
 Due to their impious pleasures; Now, againe  
 Extreame feare takes me, lest we straight shall see  
 Th' *Ithacensians* here, in mutinie;  
 Their Messengers dispatcht, to win to friend  
 The *Cephalenian* Cities. Do not spend  
 Your thoughts on these cares (saide his suffering son)  
 But be of comfort; and see that course ron  
 That best, may shun the worst: Our house is nere;  
*Telemachus*, and both his Herdsmen, there  
 To dresse our supper with their vtmost hast;  
 And thither haste we. This saide; Forth they past;  
 Came home, and found *Telemachus*, at feast  
 With both his Swaines: while who had done, all drest  
 VVith Baths, and Balmes, and royally arraid  
 The old King was, by his *Sicilian* Maid.  
 By whose side, *Pallas* stood; his crookt-age streitning;  
 His flesh more plumping; and his looks enlightning:



THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

VVho yssuing then to view, his son admir'd  
 The Gods Aspects, into his forme inspir'd:  
 And said; O Father: certainly some God  
 By your addression in this state, hath stood;  
 More great, more reuerend, rendring you by farre,  
 At all your parts, then of your selfe, you are.  
 I would to *Ioue* (said he) the Sun, and She  
 That beares *Ioues* shield, the state had stood with me,  
 That helpt me take in the wel-builded Tow'rs  
 Of strong *Nericus* (the *Cephalian* pow'rs  
 To that faire City, leading) two dayes past,  
 While with the wooers, thy conflict did last;  
 And I had then bene in the wooers wreake;  
 I should haue helpt thee so, to render weake  
 Their stubborne knees, that in thy ioyes desert,  
 Thy breast had bene too little for thy heart.  
 This said; and supper order'd by their men,  
 They sate to it; old *Dolius* entring then;  
 And with him (tyr'd with labour) his sonnes came,  
 Call'd by their Mother, the *Sicilian* dame  
 That brought them vp, and drest their Fathers fare.  
 As whose age grew; with it, encreast her care  
 To see him seru'd as fitted. VVhen (thus set)  
 These men beheld *Vlysses* there, at meate;  
 They knew him; and astonisht in the place,  
 Stood at his presence: who, with words of grace  
 Call'd to olde *Dolius*, saying; Come, and eate,  
 And banish all astonishment: your meate  
 Hath long bene ready; and our selues made stay,  
 Expecting euer, when your wished way  
 VVould reach amongst vs. This brought fiercely on  
 Old *Dolius* from his stand; who ran vpon  
 (VVith both his armes abroad) the King, and kist  
 Of both his rapt vp hands, the either wrist;  
 Thus welcomming his presence: O my Loue,  
 Your presence heere (for which all wishes stroue)  
 No one expected. Euen the Gods haue gone  
 In guide before you, to your mansion:  
 Welcom, and all ioyes, to your heart, contend.  
 Knowes yet *Penelope*? Or shall we send  
 Some one to tell her this? She knowes (said he)  
 VVhat need these troubles (Father) touch at thee?      Then came the Sonnes of *Dolius*; and againe  
 VVent ouer with their Fathers entertaine;  
 VVelcom'd, shooke hands; & then to feast sate down;  
 About which, while they sate; about the Towne  
*Fame* flew, and shriek't about, the cruell death  
 And Fate, the wooers had sustain'd beneath  
*Vlysses* roofes. All heard; together all,  
 From hence, and thence met, in *Vlysses* Hall,  
 Short-breath'd, and noisefull: Bore out all the dead  
 To instant buriall: while their deaths were spread

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

To other Neighbor-Cities, where they liu'd:  
 From whence, in swiftest Fisher-boats, arriu'd  
 Men to transfer them home. In meane space, here  
 The heauy Nobles, all in counsaile were;  
 Where (met in much heape) vp to all arose  
 Extremely-greeu'd *Eupitheus*; so to lose  
 His Son *Antinous*; who, first of all  
 By great *Vlysses* hand, had slaughtrous fall.  
 VVhose Father (weeping for him) saide; O Friends,  
 This man hath author'd workes of dismall ends;  
 Long since, conueying in his guide to *Troy*,  
 Good men, and many, that did ships employ:  
 All which are lost, and all their Souldiers dead;  
 And now, the best men *Cephalenia* bred  
 His hand hath slaughter'd. Go we then (before  
 His scape to *Pylos*, or the *Elean* Shore  
 VVhere rule the *Epeans*) 'gainst his horrid hand:  
 For we shall grieue, and *infamy* will brand  
 Our Fames for euer; if we see our Sons  
 And Brothers end in these confusions,  
 Reuenge left vninflicted. Nor will I  
 Enioy one dayes life more; But greeue, and die  
 VVith instant onset. Nor should you suruiue  
 To keepe a base, and beastly name alieue.  
 Haste then, let flight preuent vs. This with teares  
 His griefes aduisd, and made all sufferers  
 In his affliction. But by this, was come  
 Vp to the Counsaile, from *Vlysses* home  
 (VVhen sleep had left the, which the slaughters there  
 And their selfe dangers, from their eyes, in feare  
 Had two nights intercepted) those two men,  
 That iust *Vlysses* sau'd out of the slaine;  
 VVhich *Medon*, and the sacred Singer were.  
 These stood amidst the Counsaile; and the feare  
 The slaughter had imprest, in eithers looke  
 Stucke stil so gastly; that amaze it strooke  
 Through euery there beholder: To whose eares  
 One thus enforc't, in his fright, cause of theirs:      Attend me *Ithacensians*; This sterne fact  
 Done by *Vlysses*, was not put in act  
 VVithout the Gods assistance; These selfe eies  
 Saw one of the immortall Deities  
 Close by *Vlysses*; *Mentors* forme put on  
 At euery part: and this sure Deity, shone  
 Now neere *Vlysses*, setting on his bold  
 And slaughterous spirit: Now, the points controll'd  
 Of all the woers weapons; round about  
 The arm'd house whisking; in continuall rout  
 Their party putting, till in heapes they fell.  
 This newes, new fears did through their spirits impel:  
 When *Halitherses* (honor'd *Mastors* sonne,  
 VVho of them all, saw onely what was done

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

Present, and future) the much-knowing man  
 And aged Heroe, this plaine course ran  
 Amongst their counsailes: Giue me likewise eare;  
 And let me tell ye, Friends; that these ils beare  
 On your malignant spleenes, their sad effects;  
 VVho, not what I perswaded, gaue respects:  
 Nor what the peoples Pastor (*Mentor*) saide;  
 That you should see your issues follies staid  
 In those soule courses; by their petulant life  
 The goods deuouring, scandaling the wife  
 Of no meane person; who (they still would say)  
 Could neuer more see his returning day:  
 VVhich yet, appearing now: now giue it trust,  
 And yeeld to my free counsailes: Do not thrust  
 Your owne safe persons, on the acts, your Sons  
 So deerely bought, lest their confusions  
 On your lou'd heads, your like addictions draw.  
 This stood so farre, from force of any Law  
 To curbe their loose attempts, that much the more  
 They rusht to wreake, and made rude tumult rore.  
 The greater part of all the Court arose:  
 Good counsaile could not ill defignes dispose.  
*Eupitheus* was perswader of the course;  
 VVhich (compleate arm'd) they put in present force:  
 The rest, sate still in counsaile. These men met  
 Before the broad Towne, in a place they set  
 All girt in armes; *Eupitheus* choosing Chiefe  
 To all their follies, who put grieffe to grieffe;  
 And in his slaughter'd sons reuenge did burne.  
 But Fate gaue neuer feete to his returne;  
 Ordaining there his death. Then *Pallas* spake  
 To *Ioue*, her Father, with intent to make  
 His will, high Arbiter, of th' act design'd;  
 And askt of him, what his vnsearched mind  
 Held vndiscouer'd; If with Armes, and ill,  
 And graue encounter, he would first fulfill  
 His sacred purpose; or both parts combine  
 In peacefull friendship? He askt, why incline  
 These doubts, thy counsailes? Hast not thou decreed  
 That *Ithacus* should come, and giue his deed  
 The glory of reuenge, on these and theirs?  
 Performe thy will; the frame of these affaires  
 Haue this fit issue. When *Vlysses* hand  
 Hath reacht full wreake; his then renown'd command  
 Shall reigne for euer: Faithfull Truces strooke  
 'Twixt him, and all; For euery man shall brooke  
 His Sons and Brothers slaughters; by our meane  
 To send *Obluion* in; expugning cleane  
 The *Character* of enmity in all,  
 As in best Leagues before. *Peace, Feastiually,*  
*"And Riches in abundance, be the state,*

THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

*"That crownes the close of Wise Vlysses Fate.*  
 This spurr'd the Free; who, from heauens Continent  
 To th' *Ithacensian* Isle, made straight descent.  
 Where (dinner past) *Vlysses* said; Some one  
 Looke out to see their neerenesse. *Dolius* sonne  
 Made present speed abroad, and saw them nie;  
 Ran backe, and told; Bad Arme; and instantlie  
 Were all in armes. *Vlysses* part, was foure;  
 And sixe more sons of *Dolius*: All his powre  
 Two onely more, which were his aged Sire,  
 And like-year'd *Dolius*, whose liues slaked fire;  
 All white had left their heads: yet, driuen by Neede,  
 Made Souldiers both, of necessary deede.  
 And now, all girt in armes; the Ports, set wide,  
 They sallied forth, *Vlysses* being their guide.  
 And to them, in the instant, *Pallas* came,  
 Informe and voice, like *Mentor*; who, a flame  
 Inspir'd of comfort in *Vlysses* hart  
 VVith her seene presence. To his Son, apart  
 He thus then spake; Now Son, your eyes shall see  
 (Expos'd in slaughterous fight) the enemy;  
 Against whom, who shall best serue, will be seene:  
 Disgrace not then your race, that yet hath beene  
 For force, and fortitude, the formost tried,  
 Of all earths off-springs. His Son replied;  
 Your selfe shall see (lou'd Father) if you please,  
 That my deseruings shall in nought digresse  
 From best fame of our Races formost merit.  
 The old King sprung for ioy, to heare his spirit:  
 And said; O lou'd Immortals, what a day  
 Do your cleere bounties to my life display?  
 I ioy, past measure, to behold my Son  
 And Nephew, close in such contention  
 Of vertues martiall. *Pallas* (standing neere)  
 Said, O my Friend! Of all, supremely deere  
 Seed of *Arcesius*; Pray to *Ioue*, and her  
 That rules in Armes, (his daughter) and a dart  
 (Spritefully brandisht) hurle at th' aduerse part.  
 This said, He pray'd; and she, a mighty force  
 Inspir'd within him; who gaue instant course  
 To his braue-brandisht Lance, which strook the brasse  
 That cheek't *Eupitheus* Caske; and thrust his passe  
 Quite through his head; who fell, & sounded falling;  
 His Armes, the sound againe, from earth recalling.  
*Vlysses*, and his Son, rusht on before;  
 And with their both-way-headed Darts, did gore  
 Their enemies breasts so thicke, that all had gone  
 The way of slaughter, had not *Pallas* throwne  
 Her voice betwixt them, charging all to stay  
 And spare expence of blood. Her voice did fray  
 The blood so from their faces, that it left

A greenish palenesse. All their hands it reft  
 Of all their weapons; falling thence, to earth:  
 And to the commune Mother of their Birth  
 (The City) all fled, in desire, to saue  
 The liues yet left them. Then *Vlysses* gaue  
 A horrid shout; and like *Ioues* Eagle flew  
 In fiery pursuite, till *Saturnius* threw  
 His smoaking lightning twixt them; that had fall  
 Before *Minerua*: who then, out did call  
 Thus to *Vlysses*: Borne of *Ioue!* abstaine  
 From further bloodshed: *Ioues* hand in the slaine  
 Hath equall'd in their paines, their prides to thee;  
 Abstaine then, lest you moue the Deity.  
 Againe then, twixt both parts, the seed of *Ioue*  
 (*Athenian Pallas*) of all future loue  
 A league compos'd; and for her forme, tooke choice  
 Of *Mentors* likenesse; both in Limb, and Voice.

**The End of the XXIII. and last Booke of Homers Odyssees.**

*So wrought diuine Vlysses through his woes:  
 So, croun'd the Light with him; His Mothers Throes;  
 As through his great Renowner, I haue wrought;  
 And my safe saile, to sacred Anchor brought.  
 Nor did the Argiue ship, more burthen feele,  
 That bore the Care of all men, in her Keele;  
 Then my aduenturous Barke: The Colchean Fleece,  
 Not halfe so precious, as this soule of Greece.  
 In whose songs I haue made our shores reioyce,  
 And Greeke it selfe veile, to our English voyce.  
 Yet this inestimable Pearle, wil all  
 Our Dunghil Chanticheres, but obuious call;  
 Each Moderne scraper, this Gem scratching by;  
 His Oate preferring far. Let such, let ly:  
 So scorne the stars the clouds; as –soul'd men  
 Despise Deceiuers. For, as Clouds would faine  
 Obscure the Stars yet (Regions left below  
 With all their enuies) bar them but of show;  
 For they shine euer, and wil shine, when they  
 Dissolue in sinckes, make Mire, and temper Clay:  
 So puft Impostors (our Muse–vapours) striue,  
 With their selfe–blowne additions, to depriue  
 Men solid, of their full; though infinite short  
 They come in their compare; and false report  
 Of leuelling, or touching, at their light,  
 That still retaine their radiance, and cleere right;  
 And shal shine euer When, alas, one blast  
 Of least disgrace, teares downe th' Impostors Mast;  
 His Tops, and Tacklings; His whole Freight, and He*

## THE ODYSSES OF HOMER

*Confiscate to the Fishy Monarchy;  
His trash, by foolish Fame bought now, from hence,  
Giuen to serue Mackarell forth, and Frankincence.  
Such then, and any; too soft—ey'd to see  
Through workes so solid, any worth, so free  
Of all the learn'd professions, as is fit  
To praise at such price; let him thinke his wit  
Too weake to rate it; rather then oppose  
With his poore pow'rs, Ages, and Hosts of Foes.*

### To the Ruines of Troy, and Greece.

*Troy rac't; Greece wrackt: who mournes? Ye both may bost;  
Else th' Ilyads, and Odysseys, had bene lost.*

### Ad Deum.

*The onely God, (betwixt whom and Me,  
I onely bound my comforts; and agree  
With all my actions) onely truly knowes,  
And can iudge truly me, with all that goes  
To all my Faculties. In whose free grace  
And inspiration, I onely place  
All meanes to know (with my meanes; Study, praire,  
In, & from his word taken) staire by staire,  
In all continual contentation, rising  
To knowledge of his Truth; and practising  
His wil in it, with my sole Sauours aide,  
Guide, and enlightning: Nothing done, nor saide,  
Nor thought that good is; but acknowledg'd by  
His inclination, skill, and faculty.  
By which, to finde the way out to his loue  
Past all the worlds; the sphere is, where doth moue  
My studies, prai'rs, and pow'rs: No pleasure taken  
But sign'd by his: for which, my blood forsaken,  
My soule I cleaue to: and what (in his blood  
That hath redeem'd, cleans'd, taught her) fits her good. Deo opt. Max. gloria.*

FINIS.

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