



Alexander's Feast;
OR, THE
POWER of MUSICK.
A N
O D E,

In Honour of St. *CECILIA's* Day.

I.



Was at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won,
By *Philip's* Warlike Son:
Aloft in awful State
The God-like Heroe sate
On his Imperial Throne:

His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound.
(So shou'd Desert in Arms be Crown'd:)
The Lovely *Thais* by his Side,
Sate like a blooming *Eastern* Bride
In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful Quire,
With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:
The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,
And Heav'nly Joys inspire.

The Song began from *Jove*;
 Who left his blissful Seats above,
 (Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)
 A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God :
 Sublime on Radiant Spires He rode,
 When He to fair *Olympia* press'd :
 And while He fought her snowy Breast :
 Then, round her slender Waist he curl'd, [World.
 And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'reign of the
 The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
 A present Deity, they shout around :
 A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound :
 With ravish'd Ears
 The Monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the Spheres.

C H O R U S.

*With ravish'd Ears
 The Monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the Spheres.*

III.

The Praise of *Bacchus* then, the sweet Musician sung;
Of *Bacchus* ever Fair, and ever Young:

The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets; beat the Drums;

Flush'd with a purple Grace

He shews his honest Face, [comes.

Now gives the Hautboys breath; He comes, He
Bacchus, ever Fair and Young,

Drinking Joys did first ordain:

Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure,

Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;

Rich the Treasure,

Sweet the Pleasure;

Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure;

Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;

Rich the Treasure,

Sweet the Pleasure;

Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain ;
 Fought all his Battels o'er again ; [flew the slain.
 And thrice he routed all his Foes ; and thrice he
 The Master saw the Madnefs rise ;
 His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes ;
 And while He Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.
 He chose a Mournful Muse
 Soft Pity to infuse :
 He sung *Darius* Great and Good,
 By too severe a Fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high Estate,
 And weltring in his Blood :
 Deserted at his utmost Need,
 By those his former Bounty fed :
 On the bare Earth expos'd He lies,
 With not a Friend to close his Eyes.

With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd Soul

The various Turns of Chance below ;
And, now and then, a Sigh he stole ;
And Tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

*Revolving in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below ;
And, now and then, a Sigh he stole ;
And Tears began to flow.*

V.

'The Mighty Master smil'd, to see
That Love was in the next Degree :
'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move ;
For Pity melts the Mind to Love.

Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,
Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.
War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble ;
Honour but an empty Bubble.

Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the World be worth thy Winning,
Think, O think, it worth Enjoying.

Lovely *Thais* fits besides thee,
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

376 *An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

The Many rend the Skies, with loud Applause;
So Love was Crown'd, but Musick won the Cause.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

CHORUS.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

VI.

Now strike the Golden Lyre again:

A lowder yet, and yet a lowder Strain.

Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head,
As awak'd from the Dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, Revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
See the Furies arise :
See the Snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their Hair,
And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes!
Behold a ghastly Band,
Each a Torch in his Hand!
Those are *Grecian* Ghosts, that in Battel were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the Plain.
Give the Vengeance due
To the Valiant Crew.
Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
How they point to the *Persian* Abodes,
And glitt'ring Temples of their Hostile Gods!
• The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy; [stroy;
And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to de-

Thais led the Way,
 To light him to his Prey,
 And, like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

C H O R U S.

And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy;
Thais led the Way,
To light him to his Prey,
And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

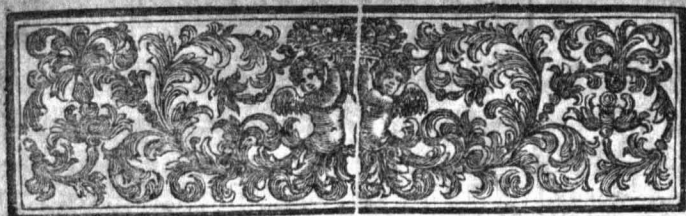
Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
 While Organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute
 And sounding Lyre,
 Cou'd swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desire.
 At last Divine *Cecilia* came,
 Inventress of the Vocal Frame;
 The sweet Enthusiast, from her sacred Store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
 And added Length to solemn Sounds,
 With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown
 [before.

Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;
She drew an Angel down.

Grand C H O R U S.

*At last, Divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the Vocal Frame;
The sweet Enthusiast, from her Sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds, [fore.
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown be-
Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown;
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THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
OVID'S *Metamorphoses*,
Wholly Translated.

Connection to the End of the Eleventh Book.

Æscus, the Son of Priam, loving a Country-Life, forsakes the Court: Living obscurely, he falls in Love with a Nymph; who flying from him, was kill'd by a Serpent; for Grief of this, he wou'd have drown'd himself; but by the pity of the Gods, is turn'd into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æscus, believes him to be dead, and raises a Tomb to preserve his Memory. By this

this Transition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the Poet naturally falls into the Story of the Trojan War, which is summ'd up, in the present Book, but so very briefly, in many Places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual Style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here describ'd, is one of the most beautiful Pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The Fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the Fray betwixt the Lapythæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this Poet: And particularly the Loves and Death of Cyllarus and Hylonome, the Male and Female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.



RIAM, to whom the Story was unknown,

As dead, deplor'd his Metamorphos'd Son:

A Cenotaph his Name and Title kept, [wept.
And *Hector* round the Tomb, with all his Brothers

This pious Office *Paris* did not share,
Absent alone; and Author of the War,
Which, for the *Spartan* Queen, the *Grecians* drew
T'avenge the Rape; and *Asia* to subdue.

A thousand Ships were mann'd, to sail the Sea :
Nor had their just Resentments found delay,
Had not the Winds and Waves oppos'd their way. }
At *Aulis*, with United Pow'rs they meet,
But there, Cross-winds or Calms detain'd the Fleet.

Now, while they raise an Altar on the Shore,
And *Jove* with solemn Sacrifice adore ;
A boding Sign the Priests and People see :
A Snake of size immense ascends a Tree,
And, in the leafie Summet, spy'd a Nest,
Which, o'er her Callow young, a Sparrow press'd.
Eight were the Birds unfledg'd ; their Mother flew ;
And hover'd round her Care ; but still in view :
Till the fierce Reptile first devour'd the Brood ;
Then seiz'd the flutt'ring Dam, and drunk her Blood.
This dire Ostent, the fearful People view ;
Calchas alone, by *Phæbus* taught, foreknew
What Heav'n decreed ; and with a smiling Glance,
Thus gratulates to *Greece* her happy Chance.
O *Argives*, we shall Conquer : *Troy* is ours,
But long Delays shall first afflict our Pow'rs :
Nine Years of Labour, the nine Birds portend ;
The Tenth shall in the Town's Destruction end.

The Serpent, who his Maw obscene had fill'd,
The Branches in his curl'd Embraces held:
But, as in Spires he stood, he turn'd to Stone:
The stony Snake retain'd the Figure still his own.

Yet, not for this, the Wind-bound Navy weigh'd,
Slack were their Sails; and *Neptune* disobey'd.
Some thought him loath the Town shou'd be de-
stroy'd,

Whose building had his Hands divine employ'd:
Not so the Seer; who knew, and known foreshow'd,
The Virgin *Phæbe*, with a Virgin's Blood
Must first be reconcil'd; the common Cause
Prevail'd; and Pity yielding to the Laws,
Fair *Iphigenia* the devoted Maid
Was, by the weeping Priests, in Linnen-Robes ar-
All mourn her Fate; but no Relief appear'd:
The Royal Victim bound, the Knife already rear'd:
When that offended Pow'r, who caus'd their Woe,
Relenting ceas'd her Wrath; and stopp'd the coming
A Mist before the Ministers she cast; [Blow.
And, in the Virgin's room, a Hind she plac'd.
Th' Oblation slain, and *Phæbe* reconcil'd,
The Storm was hush'd, and dimpled Ocean smil'd:

A favourable Gale arose from Shore,
Which to the Port desir'd, the *Grecian* Gallies bore.

Full in the midst of this Created Space, [Place
Betwixt Heav'n, Earth and Skies, there stands a
Confining on all three; with triple Bound;
Whence all Things, though remote, are view'd
around;

And thither bring their Undulating Sound.
The Palace of loud Fame; her Seat of Pow'r;
Plac'd on the Summit of a lofty Tow'r;
A thousand winding Entries long and wide,
Receive of fresh Reports a flowing Tide.
A thousand Crannies in the Walls are made;
Nor Gate nor Bars exclude the busie Trade.
'Tis built of Brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading Sounds, and multiply the News:
Where Eccho's in repeated Eccho's play:
A Mart for ever full; and open Night and Day.
Nor Silence is within, nor Voice express,
But a deaf Noise of Sounds that never cease.
Confus'd, and Chiding, like the hollow Roar
Of Tides, receding from th'insulted Shore.

Or

Or like the broken Thunder, heard from far,
When *Jove* to distance drives the rowling War.
The Courts are fill'd with a tumultuous Din
Of Crowds, or issuing forth, or entring in:
A thorough-fare of News: Where some devise
Things never heard; some mingle Truth with Lies:
The troubled Air with empty Sounds they beat:
Intent to hear; and eager to repeat.
Error fits brooding there; with added Train
Of vain Credulity; and Joys as vain:
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near;
And Rumors rais'd, and Murmurs mix'd, and
Panique Fear.

Fame sits aloft; and sees the subject Ground;
And Seas about, and Skies above; enquiring all
around.

The Goddess gives th' Alarm; and soon is known
The *Grecian* Fleet, descending on the Town.
Fix'd on Defence the *Trojans* are not slow
To guard their Shore, from an expected Foe.
They meet in Fight: By *Hector's* fatal Hand
Protesilaus falls; and bites the Strand:

Which with expence of Blood the *Grecians* won;
And prov'd the Strength unknown of *Priam's* Son.
And to their Cost the *Trojan* Leaders felt
The *Grecian* Heroes; and what Deaths they dealt.

From these first Onsets, the *Sigæan* Shore
Was strew'd with Carcasses; and stain'd with Gore:
Neptunian Cygnus, Troops of *Greeks* had slain;
Achilles in his Carr had scowr'd the Plain,
And clear'd the *Trojan* Ranks: Where-e'er he fought
Cygnus, or *Hector*, through the Fields he fought:
Cygnus he found; on him his Force essay'd:
For *Hector* was to the tenth Year delay'd. [Yoke,
His white man'd Steeds, that bow'd beneath the
He cheer'd to Courage, with a gentle Stroke;
Then urg'd his fiery Chariot on the Foe;
And rising shook his Lance; in act to throw.
But first he cry'd, O Youth, be proud to bear
Thy Death, enobled, by *Pelides's* Spear.
The Lance pursu'd the Voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing Weapon miss the way,
But pierc'd his Cuirass, with such Fury sent;
And sign'd his Bosom with a Purple dint.

At this the Seed of *Neptune*; Goddefs-born,
For Ornament, not Use, these Arms are worn;
This Helm, and heavy Buckler, I can spare;
As only Decorations of the War:

So *Mars* is arm'd for Glory, not for Need.

'Tis somewhat more from *Neptune* to proceed,
Than from a Daughter of the Sea to spring:
Thy Sire is Mortal; mine is Ocean's King.

Secure of Death, I shou'd contemn thy Dart,
'Tho' naked; and impassible depart:

He said, and threw: The trembling Weapon
pass'd

Through nine Bull-hides, each under other plac'd,
On his broad Shield; and stuck within the last.

Achilles wrench'd it out; and sent again

The hostile Gift: The hostile Gift was vain.

He try'd a third, a tough well-chosen Spear;

Th' inviolable Body stood sincere,

Though *Cygnus* then did no Defence provide,

But scornful offer'd his unshielded Side.

Not otherwise th' impatient Hero far'd,
Than as a Bull, compass'd with a Guard,

Amid the *Circus* roars: Provok'd from far
By sight of Scarlet, and a fanguine War:
They quit their Ground; his bended Horns elude;
In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd.

Before to farther Fight he wou'd advance,
He stood confidering, and survey'd his Lance.
Doubts if he wielded not a Wooden Spear
Without a Point: He look'd, the Point was there.
This is my Hand, and this my Lance, he said;
By which so many thousand Poes are dead.
O whither is their usual Virtue fled!

I had it once; and the *Lyrnessian* Wall,
And *Tenedos*, confess'd it in their Fall.
Thy Streams, *Caicus*, rowl'd a Crimson-Flood;
And *Thebes* ran Red with her own Natives Blood.
Twice *Telephus* employ'd their piercing Steel,
To wound him first, and afterward to heal.

The Vigour of this Arm was never vain:
And that my wonted Prowess I retain,
Witness these heaps of Slaughter on the Plain.
He said; and, doubtful of his former Deeds,
To some new Trial of his Force proceeds.

He chose *Menætes* from among the rest;
At him he lanch'd his Spear; and pierc'd his Breast:
On the hard Earth the *Lycian* knock'd his Head,
And lay supine; and forth the Spirit fled.

Then thus the Hero; Neither can I blame
The Hand, or Javelin; both are still the same.
The same I will employ against this Foe;
And wish but with the same Success to throw.
So spoke the Chief; and while he spoke he threw;
The Weapon with unerring Fury flew;
At his left Shoulder aim'd: Nor Entrance found;
But back, as from a Rock, with swift rebound
Harmless return'd: A bloody Mark appear'd,
Which with false Joy the flatter'd Hero cheer'd.
Wound there was none; the Blood that was in view,
The Lance before from slain *Menætes* drew.

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty Car,
And in close Fight on foot renews the War.
Raging with high Disdain, repeats his Blows;
Nor Shield nor Armour can their Force oppose;
Huge Cantlets of his Buckler strew the Ground,
And no Defence in his bor'd Arms is found.

But on his Flesh, no Wound or Blood is seen;
The Sword it self is blunted on the Skin.

This vain Attempt the Chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow Temples and his Ears
His Buckler beats: The Son of *Neptune*, stunn'd
With these repeated Buffets, quits his Ground;
A sickly Sweat succeeds, and Shades of Night;
Inverted Nature swims before his Sight:
Th' insulting Victor presses on the more,
And treads the Steps the vanquish'd trod before.
Nor Rest, nor Respite gives. A Stone there lay
Behind his trembling Foe, and stopp'd his way:
Achilles took th' Advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd, and push'd him backward on the
Ground.

His Buckler held him under, while he press'd,
With both his Knees above, his panting Breast.
Unlac'd his Helm: About his Chin the Twist
He ty'd; and soon the strangled Soul dismiss'd.

With eager haste he went to strip the Dead:
The vanish'd Body from his Arms was fled.
His Sea-God Sire, t' immortalize his Fame,
Had turn'd it to the Bird that bears his Name.

A Truce succeeds the Labours of this Day,
 And Arms suspended with a long delay.
 While *Trojan* Walls are kept with Watch and Ward;
 The *Greeks* before their Trenches mount the Guard;
 The Feast approach'd; when to the blue-Ey'd
 Maid

His Vows for *Cygnus* slain the Victor paid,
 And a white Heyfer on her Altar laid.
 The reeking Entrails on the Fire they threw;
 And to the Gods the Grateful Odour flew:
 Heav'n had its part in Sacrifice: The rest
 Was broil'd and roasted for the future Feast.
 The chief invited Guests were set around:
 And Hunger first asswag'd, the Bowls were crown'd,
 Which in deep Draughts their Cares and La-
 bours drown'd.

The mellow Harp did not their Ears employ:
 And mute was all the Warlike Symphony:
 Discourse, the Food of Souls, was their Delight,
 And pleasing Chat prolong'd the Summers-night.
 The Subject, Deeds of Arms; and Valour shown,
 Or on the *Trojan* side, or on their own.

Of Dangers undertaken, Fame achiev'd,
They talk'd by turns; the Talk by turns reliev'd.
What Things but these, cou'd fierce *Achilles* tell,
Or what cou'd fierce *Achilles* hear so well?
The last great Act perform'd, of *Cygnus* slain,
Did most the Martial Audience entertain:
Wondring to find a Body, free by Fate
From Steel; and which cou'd ev'n that Steel rebate:
Amaz'd, their Admiration they renew;
And scarce *Pelides* cou'd believe it true.

Then *Nestor*, thus: What once this Age has known,
In fated *Cygnus*, and in him alone,
These Eyes have seen in *Cæneus* long before,
Whose Body, not a thousand Swords cou'd bore.
Cæneus, in Courage, and in Strength, excell'd;
And still his *Otbry's* with his Fame is fill'd:
But what did most his Martial Deeds adorn,
(Though since he chang'd his Sex) a Woman born.

A Novelty so strange, and full of Fate,
His list'ning Audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common Sute;
O Father, first for Prudence in repute,

Tell, with that Eloquence, so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of *Cæneus* known:
What was he, whence his change of Sex begun,
What Trophies, join'd in Wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal Strife
The Youth, without a Wound, cou'd lose his Life?

Neleides then; Though tardy Age, and Time,
Have shrunk my Sinews, and decay'd my Prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my Store,
Yet not exhausted, I remember more.

Of all that Arms atchiev'd, or Peace design'd,
That Action still is fresher in my Mind
Than ought beside. If Reverend Age can give
To Faith a Sanction, in my third I live.

'Twas in my second Cent'ry, I survey'd
Young *Cænis*, then a fair *Theffalian* Maid:
Cænis the bright, was born to high Command;
A Princess; and a Native of thy Land,
Divine *Achilles*; every Tongue proclaim'd
Her Beauty; and her Eyes all Hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy Sire, perhaps had fought her Bed,
Among the rest; but he had either led

Thy Mother then ; or was by Promise ty'd ;
But she to him, and all, alike her Love deny'd.

It was her Fortune once, to take her way
Along the sandy Margin of the Sea :

The Pow'r of Ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And lov'd as soon as seen, by Force embrac'd.

So Fame reports. Her Virgin-Treasure seiz'd,
And his new Joys, the Ravisher so pleas'd,

That thus, transported, to the Nymph he cry'd ;
Ask what thou wilt, no Pray'r shall be deny'd.

This also Fame relates : The haughty Fair,
Who not the Rape ev'n of a God cou'd bear,
This Answer, proud, return'd : To mighty Wrongs
A mighty Recompence, of right, belongs.

Give me no more to suffer such a Shame ;
But change the Woman, for a better Name ;
One Gift for all : She said ; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestick, manly Tone she took.

A Man she was : And as the Godhead swore,
To *Caneus* turn'd, who *Cenis* was before.

To this the Lover adds, without request :
No force of Steel shou'd violate his Breast.

Glad of the Gift, the new-made Warrior goes:
And Arms among the *Greeks*; and longs for equal
Now brave *Perithous*, bold *Ixion's* Son, [Foes.
The Love of fair *Hippodame* had won.
The Cloud-begotten Race, half Men, half Beast,
Invited, came to grace the Nuptial Feast:
In a cool Cave's recess the Treat was made,
Whose Entrance, Trees with spreading Boughs
o'ershade.
They fate: And summon'd by the Bridegroom, [came,
To mix with those the *Lapythæan* Name:
Nor wanted I: The Roofs with Joy resound:
And *Hymen*, *Io Hymen*, rung around.
Rais'd Altars shone with holy Fires; the Bride,
Lovely her self (and lovely by her side
A bevy of bright Nymphs, with sober Grace,)
Came glitt'ring like a Star; and took her Place.
Her heav'nly Form beheld, all wish'd her Joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their Wishes all em-
For One, most Brutal, of the Brutal Brood, [ploy.
Or whether Wine or Beauty fir'd his Blood,
Or both at once, beheld with lustful Eyes
The Bride; at once resolv'd to make his Prize.

Down went the Board; and fastning on her Hair,
He seiz'd with sudden Force the frightened Fair.

'Twas *Eurytus* began: His bestial Kind
His Crime pursu'd; and each as pleas'd his Mind,
Or her, whom Chance presented, took: The Feast
An Image of a taken Town express'd.

The Cave resounds with Female Shrieks; we rise,
Mad with Revenge, to make a swift Reprise:
And *Theseus* first; What Frenzy has possess'd,
O *Eurytus*, he cry'd, thy brutal Breast,
To wrong *Perithous*, and not him alone,
But while I live, two Friends conjoyn'd in one?

To justify his Threat, he thrusts aside
The Crowd of Centaurs; and redeems the Bride:
The Monster nought reply'd: For Words were vain;
And Deeds cou'd only Deeds unjust maintain:
But answers with his Hand; and forward press'd,
With Blows redoubled, on his Face and Breast.
An ample Goblet flood, of antiek Mold,
And rough with Figures of the rising Gold;
The Hero snatch'd it up: And toss'd in Air,
Full at the Front of the foul Ravisher.

He falls; and falling vomits forth a Flood
Of Wine, and Foam and Brains, and mingled Blood.
Half roaring, and half neighing through the Hall,
Arms, Arms, the double-form'd with Fury call;
To wreak their Brother's Death: A Medley-Flight
Of Bowls and Jars, at first supply the Fight.

Once Instruments of Feasts; but now of Fate;
Wine animates their Rage, and arms their Hate.

Bold *Amycus*, from the robb'd Vestry brings
The Chalice of Heav'n; and holy Things
Of precious Weight: A Sconce, that hung on high,
With Tapers fill'd, to light the Sacristy,
Torn from the Cord, with his unhallow'd Hand
He threw amid the *Lapythæan* Band.

On *Celadon* the Ruin fell; and left
His Face of Feature and of Form bereft:
So, when some brawny Sacrificer knocks,
Before an Altar led, an offer'd Ox,
His Eye-balls rooted out, are thrown to Ground;
His Nose dismantled; in his Mouth is found,
His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undistinguish'd
Wound.

This, *Belates*, th' Avenger, cou'd not brook;
 But, by the Foot, a Maple-board he took;
 And hurl'd at *Amycus*; his Chin it bent
 Against his Chest, and down the Centaur sent:
 Whom sputtring bloody Teeth, the second Blow
 Of his drawn Sword, dispatch'd to Shades below.

Grineus was near; and cast a furious Look
 On the Side-Altar, cens'd with sacred Smoke,
 And bright with flaming Fires; The Gods, he cry'd,
 Have with their holy Trade our Hands supply'd:
 Why use we not their Gifts? Then from the Floor
 An Altar-Stone he heav'd, with all the Load it bore:
 Altar and Altar's freight together flew,
 Where thickest throng'd the *Lapythæan* Crew: }
 And, at once, *Broteas* and *Oryus* flew.

Oryus Mother, *Mycalæ*, was known
 Down from her Sphere to draw the lab'ring Moon.

Exadius cry'd, Unpunish'd shall not go
 This Fact, if Arms are found against the Foe.
 He look'd about, where on a Pine were spread
 The votive Horns of a Stag's branching Head:
 At *Grineus* these he throws; so just they fly,
 That the sharp Antlers stuck in either Eye:

Breathless and Blind he fell ; with Blood besmear'd ;
His Eye-balls beaten out, hung dangling on his Beard.
Fierce *Rhæus*, from the Hearth a burning Brand
Selects, and whirling waves ; till, from his Hand
The Fire took Flame ; then dash'd it from the right,
On fair *Charaxus* Temples ; near the Sight :
The whistling Pest came on ; and pierc'd the Bone,
And caught the yellow Hair, that shrivel'd while
it shone.

Caught, like dry Stubble fir'd ; or like Seerwood ;
Yet from the Wound ensu'd no Purple Flood ;
But look'd a bubbling Mass, of frying Blood. }
His blazing Locks sent forth a crackling Sound ;
And hiss'd, like red hot Iron within the Smithy
drown'd.

The wounded Warrior shook his flaming Hair,
Then (what a Team of Horse cou'd hardly rear)
He heaves the Threshold-Stone ; but cou'd not
throw ;

The Weight it self forbad the threaten'd Blow ;
Which dropping from his lifted Arms, came down
Full on *Cometes* Head ; and crush'd his Crown.

Nor *Rhetus* then retain'd his Joy; but said;
 So by their Fellows may our Foes be sped;
 Then, with redoubled Strokes he plies his Head:
 The burning Lever not deludes his Pains;
 But drives the batter'd Skull within the Brains.

Thus flush'd, the Conqueror, with Force renew'd,
Evagrus, *Dryas*, *Corythus*, pursu'd:

First, *Corythus*, with downy Cheeks, he flew;
 Whose fall, when fierce *Evagrus* had in view,
 He cry'd, What Palm is from a beardless Prey?

Rhetus prevents what more he had to say;
 And drove within his Mouth the fiery Death,
 Which enter'd hissing in, and choak'd his Breath.

At *Dryas* next he flew: But weary Chance,
 No longer wou'd the same Success advance.

For while he whirl'd in fiery Circles round
 The Brand, a sharpen'd Stake strong *Dryas* found;
 And in the Shoulder's Joint inflicts the Wound.

The Weapon stuck; which, roaring out with Pain,
 He drew; nor longer durst the Fight maintain,
 But turn'd his Back, for fear; and fled again.

With

With him fled *Orneus*, with like Dread possess'd;
Thaumas, and *Medon* wounded in the Breast;
And *Mermeros*, in the late Race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his Wound.
Pholus and *Melaneus* from Fight withdrew,
And *Abas* maim'd, who Boars encountring slew:
And *Augur Astylos*, whose Art in vain,
From Fight dissuaded the four-footed Train,
Now beat the Hoof with *Nessus* on the Plain;
But to his Fellow cry'd, be safely slow,
Thy Death deferr'd is due to great *Alcides'* Bow.

Mean time strong *Dryas* urg'd his Chance so well,
That *Lycidas*, *Areos*, *Imbreus* fell;
All, one by one, and fighting Face to Face:
Crenaeus fled, to fall with more Disgrace:
For, fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore
Betwixt his Nose and Front, the Blow before.
Amid the Noise and Tumult of the Fray,
Snoring, and drunk with Wine, *Aphidas* lay.
• Ev'n then the Boyl within his Hand he kept:
And on a Bear's rough Hide securely slept.
Him *Phorbas* with his flying Dart, transfix'd;
Take thy next Draught, with *Stygian* Waters mix'd,

And sleep thy fill, th' insulting Victor cry'd;
 Surpris'd with Death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd;
 The ruddy Vomit, as he breath'd his Soul,
 Repas'd his Throat; and fill'd his empty Bowl.

I saw *Petraeus*' Arms, employ'd around
 A well-grown Oak, to root it from the Ground.
 This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous Bands;
 The Trunk was like a Sappling in his Hands,
 And still obey'd the Bent: While thus he stood,
Perithous Dart drove on; and nail'd him to the Wood.
Lycus and *Chromys* fell, by him oppress'd:
Helops and *Diety*s added to the rest
 A nobler Palm: *Helops*, through either Ear
 Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating Spear.
 This *Diety*s saw; and, seiz'd with sudden Fright,
 Leapt headlong from the Hill of steepy height;
 And crush'd an Ash beneath, that cou'd not
 bear his weight.

The shatter'd Tree receives his fall; and strikes,
 Within his full-blown Paunch, the sharpen'd Spikes.
 Strong *Aphareus* had heav'd a mighty Stone,
 The Fragment of a Rock; and wou'd have thrown;

But *Theseus*, with a Club of harden'd Oak,
 The Cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
 And left him maim'd; nor seconded the Stroke. }
 Then leapt on tall *Bianor's* Back: (Who bore
 No mortal Burden but his own, before.)
 Press'd with his Knees his Sides; the double Man,
 His speed with Spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
 One Hand the Hero fasten'd on his Locks;
 His other ply'd him with repeated Strokes.
 The Club rung round his Ears, and batter'd Brows;
 He falls; and lashing up his Heels, his Rider throws.

The same *Herculean* Arms, *Nedymnus* wound;
 And lay by him *Lycotas* on the Ground.

And *Hippasus*, whose Beard his Breast invades;
 And *Ripheus*, haunter of the Woodland Shades:
 And *Tereus*, us'd with Mountain-Bears to strive;
 And from their Dens to draw th' indignant Beasts

Demoleon cou'd not bear this hateful Sight, ^{[alive.}
 Or the long Fortune of th' *Athenian* Knight:
 But pull'd with all his Force, to disengage
 From Earth a Piñe; the Product of an Age:
 The Root stuck fast: The broken Trunk he sent
 At *Theseus*: *Theseus* frustrates his Intent,

And leaps aside; by *Pallas* warn'd, the Blow
To shun: (for so he said; and we believ'd it so.)
Yet not in vain, th' enormous Weight was cast;
Which *Crantor's* Body sunder'd at the Waist.
Thy Father's Squire, *Achilles*, and his Care;
Whom Conquer'd in the *Delopeian* War,
Their King, his present Ruin to prevent,
A Pledge of Peace implor'd, to *Peleus* sent.

Thy Sire, with grieving Eyes, beheld his Fate;
And cry'd, Not long, lov'd *Crantor*, shalt thou wait
Thy vow'd Revenge. At once he said, and threw
His Ashen-Spear; which quiver'd as it flew;
With all his Force and all his Soul apply'd;
The sharp Point enter'd in the Centaur's Side:
Both Hands, to wrench it out, the Monster join'd;
And wrench'd it out; but left the Steel behind.
Stuck in his Lungs it stood: Inrag'd he rears
His Hoofs, and down to Ground thy Father bears.
Thus trampled under Foot, his Shield defends
His Head; his other Hand the Lance protends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the Dust,
He sped the Centaur, with one single Thrust.

Two more, his Lance before transfix'd from far;
 And two, his Sword had slain, in closer War.
 To these was added *Dorylas*: Who spread
 A Bull's two goring Horns around his Head.
 With these he push'd; in Blood already dy'd;
 Him, fearless, I approach'd; and thus defy'd:
 Now Monster, now, by Proof it shall appear,
 Whether thy Horns are sharper, or my Spear.
 At this, I threw: For want of other Ward,
 He lifted up his Hand, his Front to guard.
 His Hand it pass'd; and fix'd it to his Brow:
 Loud Shouts of ours attend the lucky Blow.
 Him *Peleus* finish'd, with a second Wound,
 Which thro' the Navel pierc'd: He reel'd around;
 And drag'd his dangling Bowels on the Ground.
 Trod what he drag'd; and what he trod he crush'd:
 And to his Mother-Earth, with empty Belly, rush'd.

Nor cou'd thy Form, O *Cyllarus*, foreflow
 Thy Fate; (if Form to Monsters Men allow:)
 Just bloom'd thy Beard: Thy Beard of golden Hue:
 Thy Locks, in golden Waves, about thy Shoulders
 flew.

Sprightly thy Look: Thy Shapes in ev'ry part
So clean, as might instruct the Sculptor's Art;
As far as Man extended: Where began
The Beast, the Beast was equal to the Man.
Add but a Horses Head and Neck; and he,
O Castor, was a Courser worthy thee.
So was his Back proportion'd for the Seat;
So rose his brawny Chest; so swiftly mov'd his Feet.
Coal-black his Colour, but like Jet it shone;
His Legs and flowing Tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many Maidens of his Kind;
But fair *Hylonome* possess'd his Mind;
Hylonome, for Features, and for Face,
Excelling all the Nymphs of double Race:
Nor less her Blandishments, than Beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confessing Love.
For him she dress'd: For him with Female Care
She comb'd, and set in Curls, her auborn Hair.
Of Roses, Violets, and Lillies mix'd,
And Sprigs of flowing Rosemary betwixt,
She form'd the Chaplet, that adorn'd her Front:
In Waters of the *Pagasan* Fount,

And in the Streams that from the Fountain play,
She wash'd her Face ; and bath'd her twice a Day.
The Scarf of Furs, that hung below her Side,
Was Ermin, or the Panther's spotted Pride ;
Spoils of no common Beast : With equal Flame
They lov'd : Their *Sylvan* Pleasures were the same :
All Day they hunted : And when Day expir'd,
Together to some shady Cave retir'd :

Invited to the Nuptials, both repair :

And, Side by Side, they both engage in War.

Uncertain from what Hand, a flying Dart
At *Cyllarus* was sent ; which pierc'd his Heart.
The Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound,
He faints with stagg'ring Steps ; and seeks the
Ground :

The Fair, within her Arms receiv'd his Fall,
And strove his wandring Spirits to recal :
And while her Hand the streaming Blood oppos'd,
Join'd Face to Face, his Lips with hers she clos'd.
Stiffled with Kisses, a sweet Death he dies ;
She fills the Fields with undistinguish'd Cries :
At least her Words were in her Clamour drown'd ;
For my stunn'd Ears receiv'd no vocal Sound.

In madness of her Grief, she seiz'd the Dart
 New-drawn, and reeking from her Lover's Heart ;
 To her bare Bosom the sharp Point apply'd ;
 And wounded fell ; and falling by his Side, [dy'd.
 Embrac'd him in her Arms ; and thus embracing, }

Ev'n still methinks, I see *Phæocomes* ;
 Strange was his Habit ; and as odd his Dress.
 Six Lions Hides, with Thongs together fast,
 His upper Part defended to his Waist :
 And where Man ended, the continued Vest,
 Spread on his Back, the Houfs and Trappings of a
 Beast.

A Stump too heavy for a Team to draw,
 (It seems a Fable, tho' the Fact I saw ;)
 He threw at *Pholon* ; the descending Blow
 Divides the Skull, and cleaves his Head in two.
 The Brains, from Nose and Mouth, and either Ear,
 Came issuing out, as through a Colendar
 The curdled Milk ; or from the Press the Whey,
 Driv'n down by Weights above, is drain'd away.

But him, while stooping down to spoil the Slain,
 Pierc'd through the Paunch, I tumbled on the Plain.

Then *Chthonyus*, and *Teleboas* I flew :
A Fork the former arm'd ; a Dart his Fellow threw.
The Javelin wounded me ; (behold the Scar.)
Then was my time to seek the *Trojan* War ;
Then I was *Hector's* Match in open Field ;
But he was then unborn ; at least a Child :
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By *Periphantas* how *Pyretus* fell ;
The Centaur by the Knight : Nor will I stay
On *Amphyx*, or what Deaths he felt that Day :
What Honour, with a pointless Lance, he won,
Stuck in the Front of a Four-footed Man.
What Fame young *Macareus* obtain'd in Fight :
Or dwell on *Nessus*, now return'd from Flight.
How Prophet *Mopsus* not alone divin'd,
Whose Valour equall'd his foreseeing Mind.

Already *Cæneus*, with his conquering Hand,
Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their Band.
Pyræchmus, *Helymus*, *Antimachus*,
• *Bromus* the Brave, and stronger *Stipbelus*,
Their Names I number'd, and remember well,
No Trace remaining, by what Wounds they fell.

Latreus, the bulkiest of the double Race,
Whom the spoil'd Arms of slain *Halefus* grace,
In Years retaining still his Youthful Might,
Though his black Hairs were interspers'd with
White,

Betwixt th' imbattled Ranks began to prance,
Proud of his Helm, and *Macedonian* Lance;
And rode the Ring around; that either Hoast
Might hear him, while he made this empty Boast.
And from a Strumpet shall we suffer Shame,
For *Canis* still, not *Caneus* is thy Name:
And still the Native Softness of thy Kind
Prevails; and leaves the Woman in thy Mind?
Remember what thou wert; what Price was paid
To change thy Sex: To make thee not a Maid;
And but a Man in shew: Go, Card and Spin;
And leave the Business of the War to Men.

While thus the Boaster exercis'd his Pride,
The fatal Spear of *Caneus* reach'd his Side:
Just in the mixture of the Kinds it ran;
Betwixt the neather Breast, and upper Man:
The Monster mad with Rage, and stung with Smart,
His Lance directed at the Hero's Heart;

It strook; but bounded from his harden'd Breast,
Like Hail from Tiles, which the safe House invest.
Nor seem'd the Stroke with more effect to come,
Than a small Pebble falling on a Drum.

He next his Fauchion try'd, in closer Fight;
But the keen Fauchion had no Pow'r to bite.
He thrust; the blunted Point return'd again:
Since downright Blows, he cry'd, and Thrusts are
I'll prove his Side: In strong Embraces held [vain,
He prov'd his Side; his Side the Sword repell'd:
His hollow Belly eccho'd to the Stroke;

Untouch'd his Body, as a solid Rock; [broke-
Aim'd at his Neck at last, the Blade in Shivers }

Th' Impassive Knight stood Idle, to deride
His Rage, and offer'd oft his naked Side: }
At length, Now Monster, in thy turn, he cry'd, }
Try thou the Strength of *Cæneus*: At the Word
He thrust; and in his Shoulder plung'd the Sword.
Then writh'd his Hand; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his Breast, made many Wounds in one.

The Centaurs saw, inrag'd, th' unhop'd Success;
And rushing on, in Cjowds, together press;

At him, and him alone, their Darts they threw:
Repuls'd they from his fated Body flew.

Amaz'd they stood; till *Monychus* began,

O Shame, a Nation conquer'd by a Man!

A Woman-Man; yet more a Man is He,

Than all our Race; and what He was, are We.

Now, what avail our Nerves? th' united Force,

Oftwo the strongest Creatures, Man and Horse:

Nor Goddes-born; nor of *Ixion's* Seed

We seem; (a Lover built for *Jano's* Bed;)

Master'd by this half Man. Whole Mountains throw

With Woods at once, and bury him below.

This only way remains. Nor need we doubt

To choak the Soul within; though not to force it out.

Heap Weights, instead of Wounds: He chanc'd to see

Where Southern Storms had rooted up a Tree;

This, rais'd from Earth, against the Foe he threw;

Th' Example shewn, his Fellow-Brutes pursue.

With Forest-loads the Warrior they invade;

Otbrys and *Pelion* soon were void of Shade;

And spreading Groves were naked Mountains

made.

Press'd with the Burden, *Cæneus* pants for Breath;
And on his Shoulders bears the Wooden Death.
To heave th' intolerable Weight he tries;
At length it rose above his Mouth and Eyes:
Yet still he heaves: And struggling with Despair,
Shakes all aside; and gains a gulp of Air:
A short Relief, which but prolongs his Pain;
He faints by Fits; and then respire again:
At last, the Burden only nods above,
As when an Earthquake stirs th' *Idean* Grove.
Doubtful his Death: He suffocated seem'd,
To most; but otherwise our *Mopsus* deem'd.
Who said he saw a yellow Bird arise
From out the Pile, and cleave the liquid Skies:
I saw it too: With golden Feathers bright;
Nor e'er before beheld so strange a Sight.
Whom *Mopsus* viewing, as it soar'd around
Our Troop, and heard the Pinions rattling Sound,
All hail, he cry'd, thy Country's Grace and Love;
Once first of Men below, now first of Birds above.
Its Author to the Story gave Belief:
For us, our Courage was increas'd by Grief:

Asham'd to see a single Man, pursu'd
 With odds, to sink beneath a Multitude:
 We push'd the Foe; and forc'd to shameful Flight;
 Part fell; and part escap'd by favour of the Night.

This Tale by *Nestor* told, did much displease
Tlepolemus, the Seed of *Hercules*:

For, often he had heard his Father say,
 That he himself was present at the Fray;
 And more than shar'd the Glories of the Day. }

Old Chronicle, he said, among the rest,
 You might have nam'd *Alcides* at the least:
 Is he not worth your Praise? The *Pylian* Prince
 Sigh'd ere he spoke; then made this proud Defence.
 My former Woes in long Oblivion drown'd,
 I wou'd have lost; but you renew the Wound:
 Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
 The Cause I have your mighty Sire to hate.
 His Fame has fill'd the World, and reach'd the Sky;
 (Which, Oh, I wish, with Truth, I cou'd deny!)
 We praise not *Hector*; though his Name, we know,
 Is great in Arms; 'tis hard to praise a Foe.

He, your Great Father, levell'd to the Ground
Messenia's Tow'rs: Nor better Fortune found

Elis, and *Pylos*; that a neighb'ring State,
And this my own: Both guiltless of their Fate.

To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew;
My Brethren, who their Birth from *Neleus* drew.
All Youths of early Promise, had they liv'd;
By him they perish'd: I alone surviv'd.

The rest were easie Conquest: But the Fate
Of *Periclymenos*, is wondrous to relate.

To him, our common Grandfire of the Main,
Had giv'n to change his Form, and chang'd, re-
sume again.

Vary'd at Pleasure, every Shape he try'd;
And in all Beasts *Alcides* still defy'd:
Vanquish'd on Earth, at length he soar'd above;
Chang'd to the Bird, that bears the Bolt of *Jove*.

The new-dissembled Eagle, now endu'd
With Beak and Pounces, *Hercules* pursu'd,
And cuff'd his manly Cheeks, and tore his Face;
Then, safe retir'd, and tour'd in empty space.

Alcides bore not long his flying Foe;
But bending his inevitable Bow,
Reach'd him in Air, suspended as he stood;
And in his Pinion fix'd the feather'd Wood.

Light was the Wound; but in the Sinew hung
The Point; and his disabled Wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in Air, and stretch'd his Vans in vain;
His Vans no longer cou'd his Flight sustain:
For while one gather'd Wind, one unsupply'd
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other Side.
He fell: The Shaft that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy Fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his Neck, a slant; he spurns the
Ground,

And the Soul issues through the Weazon's Wound.

Now, brave Commander of the *Rhodian* Seas,
What Praise is due from me, to *Hercules*?
Silence is all the Vengeance I decree
For my slain Brothers; but 'tis Peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing Tongue old *Nestor* spake:
Then, to full Bowls each other they provoke:
At length, with Weariness and Wine oppress'd,
They rise from Table; and withdraw to Rest.

The Sire of *Cygnus*, Monarch of the Main,
Mean time, laments his Son, in Battel slain:
And vows the Victor's Death; nor vows in vain.

For

For nine long Years the smother'd Pain he bore;
(*Achilles* was not ripe for Fate, before:)

Then when he saw the promis'd Hour was near,
He thus bespoke the God, that guides the Year.
Immortal Offspring of my Brother *Jove*;
My brightest Nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose Hands were join'd with mine, to raise the
Wall

Of tottring *Troy*, now nodding to her Fall,
Dost thou not mourn our Pow'r employ'd in vain;
And the Defenders of our City slain?

To pass the rest, cou'd noble *Hector* lie
Unpity'd, drag'd around his Native *Troy*?

And yet the Murd'rer lives: Himself by far
A greater Plague, than all the wasteful War:
He lives; the proud *Pelides* lives, to boast
Our Town destroy'd, our common Labour lost!
O, cou'd I meet him! But I wish too late:

To prove my Trident is not in his Fate!

• But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy Dart,
And pierce his only penetrable Part.

Apollo bows to the superior Throne;
And to his Uncle's Anger, adds his own.

Ec

Then in a Cloud involv'd, he takes his Flight,
Where *Greeks* and *Trojans* mix'd in mortal Fight;
And found out *Paris*, lurking where he stood,
And stain'd his Arrows with *Plebeian* Blood:

Phæbus to him alone the God confess'd,
Then to the recreant Knight, he thus address'd.
Dost thou not blush, to spend thy Shafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble Train?

If Fame, or better Vengeance, be thy Care,
There aim: And, with one Arrow, end the War.

He said; and shew'd from far the blazing Shield
And Sword, which but *Achilles* none cou'd wield;
And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the stand-
The Deity himself directs aright [ing Field.]

Th' invenom'd Shaft; and wings the fatal Flight.

Thus fell the foremost of the *Grecian* Name;
And He, the base Adult'rer, boasts the Fame.

A Spectacle to glad the *Trojan* Train;
And please old *Priam*, after *Hector* slain.

If by a Female Hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his Wish had rather been [Queen.]
The Lance and double Ax of the fair Warriors }

And now the Terror of the *Trojan* Field
The *Grecian* Honour, Ornament, and Shield,
High on a Pile, th' Unconquer'd Chief is plac'd,
The God that arm'd him first, consum'd at last.
Of all the Mighty Man, the small Remains
A little Urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in *Homer*, still *Achilles* lives;
And equal to himself, himself survives.

His Buckler owns its former Lord; and brings
New cause of Strife, betwixt contending Kings;
Who Worthiest after him, his Sword to wield,
Or wear his Armour, or sustain his Shield.
Ev'n *Diomedes* fate Mute, with down-cast Eyes;
Conscious of wanted Worth to win the Prize:
Nor *Menelaus* presum'd these Arms to claim,
Nor He the King of Men, a greater Name.
Two Rivals only rose: *Laertes*' Son,
And the vast Bulk of *Ajax Telamon*:
The King, who cherish'd each, with equal Love,
And from himself all Envy wou'd remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the Laws;
And to the *Grecian* Chiefs transferr'd the Cause.



THE
S P E E C H E S
O F

Ajax and Ulysses:

From the Thirteenth Book of

O V I D ' s *Metamorphoses.*



THE Chiefs were set; the Soldiers
crown'd the Field:

To these the Master of the seven-
fold Shield,

Upstart'd fierce: And kindled with Disdain
Eager to speak, unable to contain

His boiling Rage, he rowl'd his Eyes around
 The Shore, and *Grecian* Gallies hall'd a-ground.
 Then stretching out his Hands, O *Jove*, he cry'd,
 Must then our Cause before the Fleet be try'd?
 And dares *Ulysses* for the Prize contend,
 In fight of what he durst not once defend?
 But basely fled that memorable Day, [Prey.
 When I from *Hector's* Hands redeem'd the flaming
 So much 'tis safer at the noisie Bar
 With Words to floutish, than ingage in War.
 By diff'rent Methods we maintain our Right,
 Nor am I made to Talk, nor he to Fight.
 In bloody Fields I labour to be great;
 His Arms are a smooth Tongue; and soft Deceit:
 Nor need I speak my Deeds, for those you see,
 The Sun and Day are Witnesses for me.
 Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
 And vouch the silent Stars, and conscious Moon;
 Great is the Prize demanded, I confess,
 But such an abject Rival makes it less;
 That Gift, those Honours, he but hop'd to gain,
 Can leave no room for *Ajax* to be vain:

Losing he wins, because his Name will be
 Enobled by Defeat, who durst contend with me.
 Were my known Valour question'd, yet my Blood
 Without that Plea wou'd make my Title good :
 My Sire was *Telamon*, whose Arms, employ'd
 With *Hercules*, these *Trojan* Walls destroy'd ;
 And who before with *Jason*, sent from *Greece*,
 In the first Ship brought home the Golden Fleece :
 Great *Telamon* from *Æacus* derives
 His Birth (th' Inquisitor of guilty Lives
 In Shades below ; where *Sisyphus*, whose Son
 This Thief is thought, rous up the restless heavy
 Just *Æacus*, the King of Gods above [Stone.)
 Begot: Thus *Ajax* is the third from *Jove*.
 Nor shou'd I seek Advantage from my Line,
 Unless (*Achilles*) it were mix'd with thine:
 As next of Kin *Achilles'* Arms I claim;
 This Fellow wou'd ingraft a Foreign Name
 Upon our Stock, and the *Sisyphian* Seed
 By Fraud and Theft asserts his Father's Breed:
 Then must I lose these Arms, because I came
 To fight uncall'd, a voluntary Name,

Nor shunn'd the Cause, but offer'd you my Aid,
 While he long lurking was to War betray'd;
 Forc'd to the Field he came, but in the Reer;
 And feign'd Distraction to conceal his Fear:
 Till one more cunning caught him in the Snare;
 (Ill for himself) and dragg'd him into War.
 Now let a Hero's Arms a Coward vest,
 And he who shunn'd all Honours, gain the best:
 And let me stand excluded from my Right,
 Robb'd of my Kinsman's Arms, who first appear'd
 in Fight.

Better for us at home had he remain'd,
 Had it been true the Madnefs which he feign'd,
 Or so believ'd; the less had been our Shame,
 The less his counsell'd Crime, which brands the
Grecian Name;

Nor *Philoctetes* had been left inclos'd
 In a bare Isle, to Wants and Pains expos'd,
 Where to the Rocks, with solitary Groans,
 His Suff'rings and our Baseness he bemoans;
 And wishes (so may Heav'n his Wish fulfill)
 The due Reward to him who caus'd his Ill.

Now he, with us to *Troy's* Destruction sworn,
Our Brother of the War, by whom are born
Alcides' Arrows, pent in narrow Bounds, [Wounds,
With Cold and Hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with
To find him Food and Cloathing, must employ
Against the Birds the Shafts due to the Fate of *Troy*.
Yet still he lives, and lives from Treason free,
Because he left *Ulysses' Company*:
Poor *Palamede* might wish, so void of Aid,
Rather to have been left, than so to Death betray'd :
The Coward bore the Man immortal Spight,
Who sham'd him out of Madness into Fight:
Nor daring otherwise to vent his Hate,
Accus'd him first of Treason to the State,
And then for proof produc'd the golden Store ;
Himself had hidden in his Tent before :
Thus of two Champions he depriv'd our Host,
By Exile one, and one by Treason lost.
Thus fights *Ulysses*, thus his Fame extends,
A formidable Man, but to his Friends:
Great, for what Greatness is in Words and Sound,
Ev'n faithful *Nestor* less in both is found :

But that he might without a Rival reign,
He left this faithful *Nestor* on the Plain;
Forfook his Friend ev'n at his utmost Need,
Who tir'd, and tardy with his wounded Steed
Cry'd out for Aid, and call'd him by his Name;
But Cowardice has neither Ears nor Shame:
Thus fled the good old Man, bereft of Aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd:

That this is not a Fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an *Ulysses* Lie,
I vouch ev'n *Diomede*, who tho' his Friend
Cannot that Act excuse, much less defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his Fear;
And sure enough he heard, but durst not hear.

The Gods with equal Eyes on Mortals look,
He justly was forsaken, who forfook:
Wanted that Succour he refus'd to lend,
Found ev'ry Fellow such another Friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear;
His Elocution was increas'd by Fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of Breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of Death.

Though he had judg'd himself by his own Laws,
And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common Cause:
With my broad Buckler hid him from the Foe ;
(Ev'n the Shield trembled as he lay below ;)
And from impending Fate the Coward freed :
Good Heav'n forgive me for so bad a Deed !
If still he will persist, and urge the Strife,
First let him give me back his forfeit Life :
Let him return to that opprobrious Field ;
Again creep under my protecting Shield :
Let him lie wounded, let the Foe be near,
And let his quiv'ring Heart confess his Fear ;
There put him in the very Jaws of Fate ;
And let him plead his Cause in that Estate :
And yet when snatch'd from Death, when from be-
My lifted Shield I loos'd, and let him go : [low
Good Heav'ns how light he rose, with what a bound
He sprung from Earth, forgetful of his Wound ;
How fresh, how eager then his Feet to ply ;
Who had not Strength to stand, had Speed to fly !
Heſtor came on, and brought the Gods along ;
Fear seiz'd alike the Feeble and the Strong :

Each *Greek* was an *Ulysses*; such a Dread
Th' Approach, and ev'n the Sound of *Hector* bred:
Him, flesh'd with Slaughter, and with Conquest
crown'd,

I met, and over-turn'd him to the Ground;
When after, matchless as he deem'd in Might,
He challeng'd all our Host to single Fight;
All Eyes were fix'd on me: The Lots were thrown;
But for your Champion I was with'd alone:
Your Vows were heard, we fought, and neither
Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the Field. [yield;
With *Jove* to friend th' insulting *Trojan* came,
And menac'd us with Force, our Fleet with Flame:
Was it the Strength of this Tongue-valiant Lord,
In that black Hour, that sav'd you from the Sword?
Or was my Breast expos'd alone, to brave
A thousand Swords, a thousand Ships to save?
The hopes of your return! And can you yield,
For a sav'd Fleet, less than a single Shield?
Think it no Boast, O *Grecians*, if I deem
These Arms want *Ajax*, more than *Ajax* them;
Or, I with them an equal Honour share;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.

Will he compare my Courage with his Slight?

As well he may compare the Day with Night.

Night is indeed the Province of his Reign:

Yet all his dark Exploits no more contain

Than a Spy taken, and a Sleeper slain.

A Priest made Pris'ner, *Pallas* made a Prey,

But none of all these Actions done by Day:

Nor ought of these was done, and *Diomed* away.

If on such petty Merits you confer

So vast a Prize, let each his Portion share;

Make a just Dividend; and if not all,

The greater part to *Diomed* will fall.

But why, for *Ithacus* such Arms as those,

Who naked and by Night invades his Foes?

The glitt'ring Helm by Moonlight will proclaim

The latent Robber, and prevent his Game:

Nor cou'd he hold his tott'ring Head upright

Beneath that Motion, or sustain the Weight;

Nor that right Arm cou'd toss the beamy Lance;

Much less the left that ampler Shield advance;

Pond'rous with precious Weight, and rough with
Coft

Of the round World in risin' Gold emboss'd.

That Orb would ill become his Hand to wield,
 And look as for the Gold he stole the Shield;
 Which, shou'd your Error on the Wretch bestow,
 It would not frighten, but allure the Foe:
 Why asks he, what avails him not in Fight,
 And wou'd but cumber and retard his Flight,
 In which his only Excellence is plac'd?
 You give him Death, that intercept his haste.
 Add, that his own is yet a Maiden-Shield,
 Nor the least Dint has suffer'd in the Field,
 Guiltless of Fight: Mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
 Worn out of Service, must forsake his Lord.
 What farther need of Words our Right to scan?
 My Arguments are Deeds, let Action speak the Man.
 Since from a Champion's Arms the Strife arose,
 So cast the glorious Prize amid the Foes;
 Then send us to redeem both Arms and Shield,
 And let him wear who wins 'em in the Field.

He said: A Murmur from the Multitude,
 Or somewhat like a stifled Shout ensu'd:
 Till from his Seat arose *Laertes'* Son,
 Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun;