







IOANNES SECVNDVS.

Talis Toannes oculis eram & ore Secundus, Festinans quintam claudere Olympiadem; Prævenit cita mors. at, docti dextra Scorelli Quam dederat, vitam lædere non potuit. Hadr, Marius frater

KISSES; Charles AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION IN VERSE

THE BASIA

JOANNES SECUNDUS NICOLAÏUS.

ACCOMPANIED WITH

THE ORIGINAL LATIN TEXT.

To which is prefixed,

An Chap

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SECUNDUS.



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PREFACE,

BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

To endeavour to transfer unblemished into the English Language the numberless Beauties with which the Basia of Secundus abound, must be reckoned a very daring Attempt---an Attempt in which I am not vain enough to suppose that I have succeeded: all that I can hope to have effected by this weak Effort of my Pen is, to have drawn a deserving Author from that Oblivion in which he has been so long buried: and it were to be wished, that what I have done might prove an In-

rentive to some other Person, whose Abilities may render him more capable, and whose Occupations in Life may better permit him, to do that Justice to Secundus which mine will not, by giving the World a more elegant Translation of this singular and truly beautiful Part of his Works, or of some other Part, as his Fancy may lead him.

This Translation throughout is confronted with the original Latin; the Prefervation of which, as every Edition of Secundus is now become extremely scarce, is what I can alone expect will any Way recommend my Book to the Public. For my Versification, I submit it to the Candour of the Reader: it was begun as a mere Matter of Amusement; nor had I any Intention of publishing it, till I found that I had imperceptibly sinished the Whole of the Basia; when, considering how little this Author was known, yet how much he merited Attention, I was tempted to offer to the World my Translation of his Kisses, indifferent as it may be.

It remains that I should make some Apology for the Pieces added at the End of this Work. It is true, they cannot boast all the Beauties of Secundus; yet they are pretty enough, and may please some of those who take a Delight in Poems of this Nature; but even if we grant them only a scanty Share of Merit, we must at least allow them the Advantage of serving as a Foil to the superior Excellence of the Dutch Poet.

ESSAY

ON THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

of

SECUNDUS

OF all the modern Latin Poets, none perhaps has remained longer in Obscurity than Joannes Secundus, owing to what Cause we shall not pretend to determine; yet no Author has been more esteemed by the sew who have read him, as well for the Purity and Elegance of his Language, as for the singular Beauty of his Thoughts. Considering, then, that Obscurity in which he has so long continued, it is not very wonderful that so sew Circumstances can be collected with regard to his History. For the following Anecdotes of his Life we are chiefly indebted to a little Treatise in the last Edition of his Works published by Scriverius, in the Year 1631; and these Anecdotes are

them the Adventage of Terring as a Foil to the

are not regularly drawn up into a complete Life of our Author: therefore if our Account of Secundus be not entirely fatisfactory to the Reader, it must be attributed to a Want of the Existence of necessary Materials.

That Joannes Secundus was descended from an antient and illustrious Family in the Netherlands, is undoubted. His Father Nicolaus Everardus was born in the Neighbourhood of Middelburg (hence he is often ftyled Middelburgensis), which is the chief Town of the Province of Zealand, and fituated in the Island of Walcheren, belonging to that Province.

Everardus was accounted a Man of great Erudition, remarkably learned in the Law, and had every Qualification that might complete the Gentleman as well as the Scholar; in short, he was a shining Character, and could not fail by fuch Abilities and Politeness as he possessed to diftinguish himself as a Courtier, in which Sphere of Life Fortune had placed him: accordingly we find him a great Favourite with the then Emperor Charles the Fifth, and having Employs of the utmost Importance (for he was a Member of the Grand Parliament or Council of Mechelen, and was also President of the States

of Holland and Zealand, refiding at the Hague, during his Refidence at which Place our Joannes Secundus Nicolaius was born, Anno 1511): he was afterwards translated to the fame honourable Post at Mechelen, where he ended his Days, Aug. 5, 1532, aged feventy; and at that Place he was buried.

Whence our Poet acquired the Names of Secundus and Nicolaius may be a Matter of much Dispute, as we have nothing upon Record which fatisfactorily clears up this Point. The Name of Nicolai all the Children of Nicolaus Everardus took, possibly, from their Father's Name Nicolaus: but the Name of Secundus, which diftinguishes our Author, most probably had its Rife from fome Pun; for to be fure he was, as a Poet, Nemini Secundus.

But before we proceed any farther in our History of Secundus, let us take a View of the Children of Nicolaus Everardus, which were five Sons, and we believe three Daughters: they were all of a scientific Cast; nay, such was the Genius for Literature which this Family possessed, that it even descended to the female Line, as we shall shew in mentioning Isabella

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Nicolaïa. To speak of the Sons of Everardus, then, in the fame Order that they are fpoken of in that Treatife of the Family preferved by Scriverius, we begin with Petrus Nicolaïus. He was an Ecclefiaftic of the Order of Premontre, also a Doctor of Divinity and of Civil Law. Next to him was Everardus Nicolaius, who was a Member of the Grand Council of Friezland, and of the Grand Council of Mechelen; afterwards President of Friezland, and of Mechelen; he was also a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece. Then comes Nicolaus Grudius Nicolaius (fo called, because he was born at Lovain, the Inhabitants of which Country have fupposed themselves to be originally the Grudii of Cafar .-- Vide Caf. Comment. de Bel. Gal.): he was Treasurer of the Province of Brabant, and one of the Privy Council; he was also Knight, and Register of the Order of the Golden Fleece. Hadrianus Marius Nicolaius is now to be spoken of: he was a Knight, a Member of the Privy Council, and High Chancellor of Guelderland and Zutphen.

Thus we fee that it was a Family diftinguished by Princely Favours; nor were these four Brothers desicient in Point of Learning: on

the contrary, we find many Encomiums paid to their literary Merits, particularly as Poets. That Nicolaus Grudius and Hadrianus Marius excelled in Poetry, is evident not only from the Testimony of Secundus, but from their remaining Compositions: the Cymba Amoris of Marius is a most elegant little Piece.

According to Scriverius, our Poet comes last in Order, whose History we shall resume after having mentioned his Sister Isabella Nicolaïa. This Lady was an Honour to her Sex, having a remarkably fine Taste for polite and even classical Learning: she was capable of corresponding in Latin, as we are informed by an Epistle of Secundus to her, wherein he regrets the Loss that Society sustained from Talents like her's being buried in a Cloister; for that she spent her Days in a Convent is a Fact, but upon what Account we are not informed. As to the other Sisters of Secundus, nothing particular is related of them.

Such were the Children of Nicolaus Everardus by his Lady Eliza Bladella, who was a Native of Mechelen, and endowed with every female Accomplishment.

To return to Secundus. The Education of fo great a Genius must be allowed a Matter worthy of Research. Our Poet, we learn, first trod the Paths of Science under the Direction of a Guide no less capable of leading him through them than interested in the Employ; we mean his own Father, who was Preceptor not to Secundus only, but to his Children in general: and they, by their Appearance in Life afterwards, amply repaid the Assiduity of such a Preceptor.

But Attention to public Bufiness now obliged Everardus to seek out some fit Person to whom he might entrust the Education of his Son Joannes Secundus, which he could no longer superintend in such a Manner as to enable him to make the necessary Improvements, to cut that Figure that he wished in the Profession for which he intended him; namely, the Law.

Accordingly, he was put under the Care of Jacobus Volcardus, who was every Way qualified for the Undertaking, and whose Death Secundus mentions in one of his Nania with no small Concern. Rumoldus Stenemola suc-

ceeded him in the Place of Tutor, and his Abilities equalled those of Volcardus; nor was Secundus sparing of his Compliments upon Stenemola, for there are many in his Works: but, indeed, Secundus was a Youth of such a Cast, that he could not help retaining a Veneration for all who had affisted him in making any Acquisition in Point of Learning.

It may not be improper to fpeak of our Poet's Amusements, which are a still farther Proof of his Love for the fine Arts; these were Painting and Sculpture. When we fpeak of Secundus as a Poet, we do not reckon Poetry as an Amusement, but a principal Employment; and it truly was fuch with him, confidering the Quantity of Verses that he wrote: but he was an inspired Bard at a very early Age, for it is faid that he began to write Poetry when but ten Years old. His original Works in Painting and Sculpture are now extremely fcarce, and the very Copies of them are become almost equally fo. We learn that he carved all his own Family, his Mistresses (of whom we shall make mention prefently), the Emperor Charles the Fifth, several great Perfonages of those Times, and many of his inti-

mate Friends. In the last Edition of the Works of Secundus, published by Scriverius, there is a Picture of his Miftress Julia, with this Infcription round it:

VATIS AMATORIS IULIA SCULPTA MANU;

which is faid to be engraved from an original Carving of that Lady, executed by Secundus's own Hand: a Copy of this Print, from the Scriverian, adorns the Title-page of the prefent Edition; although, indeed, it refers not to this Part of the Works of Secundus; Neara being the Lady to whom his Book of Kiffes was addressed, and not Julia. Julia, however, had equal Honours paid her by the divine Muse of Secundus; for the is the peculiar Subject of the first Book of his Elegies, which has her Name for its Title.

Secundus having nearly attained the Age of twenty-one, it was thought necessary that, under some excellent Professor, he should regularly study the Civil Law, in which it was hoped he might one Day distinguish himself: for this Purpose he quitted Mechelen, and went into France, where he acquired under the ce-

lebrated Andreas Alciatus, at Bourges (a City in the Orleanois), all that Knowledge which was requifite to make him shine in his Profeffion. The Character of Alciatus as a Civilian is well known, being one of the most learned Men in the Law of those Times, and having left many excellent Treatifes behind him in that Science: he was likewise possessed of general polite Erudition, and had a Turn for Poetry; which Turn beyond a Doubt must help to endear him to Secundus. The poetic Pieces of Andreas Alciatus are extant in feveral Collections of modern Latin Poetry, particularly his Emblems.

Our Poet, who had now paffed a Year in the Study of the Law under this very able Teacher, and taken his Degrees, returned to Mechelen; but it must require a Soul equally impassioned with his to conceive his Uneasiness, when he found upon his Return that his Julia was married; fhe who had first fanned his youthful Fires, and who had hitherto reigned fole Mistress of his Heart: for certain it is, that our first Impressions of Love are not very eafily effaced, even by Time; and it is not less certain, that Memory traces these Impressions

with a peculiar Pleasure, as in so doing it recalls to our Minds those Days of Innocence when we enjoyed Love in its purest and most disinterested State. The many tender Things that Secundus wrote on being deprived of his Julia may amply verify these Remarks.

However, Venerilla foon supplied the Loss of Julia as a Mistress. She was passionately fond of Secundus; but there is Reason to suspect that he was not fo much enamoured with her as with his former Lady, or with his Neara, who fucceeded Venerilla in the Empire of his Affections. Neara was the last Mistress of Secundus, and, no Doubt, had very fenfibly touched his Heart, fince she inspired him with the most voluptuous Part of all his Writings; we mean his Book of Kiffes. The Person of Neæra we cannot particularize, no Carving or Picture of her being extant; but her Character is drawn up at large by her Lover in his Works more than once. In few Words, she was a fair Inconstant, who could play with the Pasfions of a fond Youth fo as to keep them perpetually inflamed; and, as we learn that she was a Native of Spain, we may conclude her to have been of no cold Disposition.

Let us now view Secundus at a Time of Life when the World opened more extensive Profpects to him, and when he began to enter into public Employ. Anno 1533 we find he went into Spain, well recommended to People of the highest Rank (particularly Count Nasjau), where he became Secretary to the Cardinal Joannes Travera, Archbishop of Toledo, in a Department of Business which required a perfect Knowledge of the Latin Tongue: however, in the Midst of his Occupations he still found Leifure to court the Muses, and wrote many Pieces, among which were his Kiffes; therefore we conclude it was while with the Cardinal that he first faw the beauteous Subject of them, Neara.

Secundus had not been a Year in Spain before the Heat of the Climate proved too powerful for his Constitution, being seized with a Fever which had certainly carried him off, but that Youth was on his Side. This Illness he mentions in a Work of his, dated 1534.

The Year following, 1535, he accompanied, by the Advice of the Cardinal Travera, the Emperor Charles the Fifth to the much celebrated Siege of Tunis, against that noted Pi-

rate Barbarossa. The Emperor was attended in this Expedition by Numbers of Gentlemen of Rank and Fortune, who went as Volunteers; and many Hardships they suffered---Hardships but little suited to the fost Disposition of Secundus, whose Feats of military Valour at this Period are not upon Record; but it is generally agreed that War was less his Talent than Poetry. It appears remarkable, that Secundus wrote nothing poetical of Note upon the Siege of Tunis, which might have furnished him with ample Matter for an Epic Poem; but perhaps the Subject was for some Reasons disgusting to him.

Being returned from his martial Expedition, the Cardinal fent him upon a very honourable Embaffy to Rome, namely, to congratulate the Pope Paul the Third upon the Success of the Emperor's Arms; but extreme Illness overtaking him upon the Road, he was necessitated almost immediately to turn back, and seek the Benefit of his native Air, which recovered him.

Secundus, having now quitted the Archbishop of Toledo, was employed by the Bishop of Utrecht in the same Office of Secretary; and so much had he hitherto distinguished himself

by his Abilities, that, in a fhort Time after this, he was fent for (without any other Recommendation than his well-known Learning) by the first Prothonotary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who was then in Italy, to take upon him the Charge of those Latin Letters figned by the Emperor's own Hand. But before he could enter upon this new and honourable Post, Death put a Stop to his Career of Glory; for, being arrived at Saint Amand, in the Diftrict of Tournay, in order to meet upon Bufiness the Bishop of Utrecht, who is Abbot or Pro-Abbot of the Monastery of Benedictines there, he was cut off by a violent Fever, within five Days after his Arrival, in the very Flower of his Age (not having yet completed his twentyfifth Year), October 8th, 1536. He was interred in the Church of the abovefaid Monaftery; and his near Relations erected a Marble Tomb to his Memory, whose Inscription is thus preserved by Aubertus Miraus, in the first Edition of his Elogii Belgarum.

IOANNI HAGENSI, SECRETARIO REVERENDISS. DO-MINI TRAIECTENSIS, ET ABBATIÆ HVIUS PRÆLATI, FRATRES ET SO-RORES POSVERE.

OBIIT A. clo Io XXXVI. VIII, KAL. OCTOB.

Aubertus Miræus alfo speaks of a similar French one.

Scriverius gives us the following Epitaph, which he found in Douza's Hand-writing:

IOANNI SECUNDO HAGENSI BA-TAVO, I. Cto ORATORI AC POETÆ CLARISS. FINGENDI QVOQ. AC SCVLPENDI LAVDATISS. ARTIFICI: QVI PRIMVM IN HISPANIIS, IOANNI TAVERÆ TOLETANO CARDINALI; DEINDE IN PATRIA, ILLVSTRI GEOR-GIO AB EGMONDA, TRAIECTENSI PRÆSVLI, ET HVIVS LOCI PRIMATI. AB EPISTOLIS ET SECRETIS FVIT; POSTREMO AB CAROLO V. IMP. AUG. ACCERSITYS. VT EANDEM DEINCEPS APVD SE FVNCTIONEM OBIRET, IMMATURA NIMIUM MORTE RAPTO, MATER, FRATRES, AC SORORES TRISTISSIMI DESI-DERII MONIMENTVM POSVERVNT.

VIXIT AN. 1111 ET xx. MENS x. DIES x. OBIIT ANNO AB RESTITVTA SALV-TE M. D. XXXVI. VIII CA-LEND, OCTOB.

This Epitaph was effaced during the Civil Wars; but Franciscus Sweertius, in his Work

AND WRITINGS OF SECUNDUS. De Selectis Orbis Christiani Deliciis, among the Tornacensia, shews it to be thus restored in the Nave of the Monastery Church of Saint Amand, by the Abbot Carolus de Par, at the Defire of Dionyfius Villerius and Hieronymus Winghius.

IOANNI SECVNDO HAGIENSI, Poëtæ celeberrimo & nulli secundo: cujus tumulum hareticorum furore anno cIo Io LXVI violatum, CAROLUS DE PAR Abbas, ob tanti viri memoriam restaurari C. Obijt anno cIo Io xxxvi, Kalend. Octob. à Secretis Georgij Egmondani Trajectenf. Episcopi, hujus loci Pro-Abbatis.

Having informed our Readers of every Circumftance that we are acquainted with relative to the Life of Joannes Secundus, which feems to have been a Life chiefly spent in Improvement, yet by no Means estranged to Pleasure and the Indulgence of the fofter Paffions, let us now fay fomething of his Works, which, for the Satisfaction of those who may be any Way folicitous in their Enquiries after this Author, we shall enumerate as they stand in the last Edition of Scriverius, which is the most copious of any Edition of Secundus that we have yet feen. They are as follow:

Series operum omnium quæ reperiri potuerunt.

JULIA, Elegiarum, LIBER I.

AMORES, Elegiarum, LIBER II.

AD DIVERSOS, Elegiarum, LIBER III.

BASIA, incomparabilis & divinus prorfus liber.

EPIGRAMMATA.

ODARUM, Liber unus.

EPISTOLARUM, Liber unus Elegiaco.

EPISTOLARUM, Liber alter Heroico carmine fcriptus.

FUNERUM, Liber unus.

SYLVÆ, & CARMINUM Fragmenta.

POEMATA nonnulla Fratrum.

ITINERARIA Secundi tria; &

To these is added an Epistle of Hadrianus Marius (Secundus's Brother) to Servatius Zaffenus, a Bookseller at Lovain, which throws some Light upon the earlier Editions of Secundus. Also a very excellent Treatise, entitled De Io: Secundo, Hagens; Deque Nicolao Patre, & Gente Nicolaia; which contains, up-

EPISTOLÆ totidem, foluta oratione.

on the Whole, the most fatisfactory Account of Secundus and his Family that we have yet met with; and to this is added a little Poem of Douza's. Lastly, are some Pieces under the Title of Manes Io: Secundi; Auctoribus, Hadriano Mario, et Nicolao Grudio, Fratribus.

What Character these Works bear, is a Question hardly necessary, when we see prefixed to them the Testimonies of several excellent Critics; as Lilius Greg: Gyraldus, Julius Cafar, Scaliger, Theodorus Beza, and many others equally celebrated in the Republic of Letters: nor are the Commendations of his Brothers and his Editors (Cripius and Scriverius in particular) to be difregarded; but, in short, every Writer who mentions Secundus speaks of him with Rapture. To give our Readers a general Idea of the great Estimation in which his Poems were held, we shall insert the following Critique from a certain French Writer, which, upon the Whole, is the most just and concise of any that we know upon the Subject.

On a de ce jeûne Poëte Latin trois Livres d'Elegies; un d'Epigrammes; deux d'Epitres; un d'Odes; un de Silves; un de Pieces funebres;

This young Poet has left us three Books of Elegies; one of Epigrams; two of Epiftles; one of Sylvæ; one of Funera; one of gallant Pieces,

AND WRITINGS OF SECUNDUS. XXIII

which he has entitled BASIA; and some other poetical Productions, which no Way relate to any of the above-mentioned Kinds of Poetry. These Works altogether prove, that SECUN-DUS was possessed of a delicate, pleasing, and lively Imagination; which is by so much the more remarkable, as he was born in a Climate that does not appear the most favourable to polite Tafte, so necessary for all who would distinguish themselves in elegant Poetry. His Genius, though extremely fertile, never produced any Thing but what was excellent, and that with the greatest Ease, and almost instantaneoufly. He is fweet, calm, and at the same Time perspicuous, in his Elegies; delicately subtil in his Epigrams; pleafingly noble in his Lyric Compositions; grave in his Funera, without any Thing pompous or bombastic. In short, throughout all his Works we may pronounce his Style to be full, elegant, and tender; and we may be affured, that, had his Leifure permitted him to have undertaken and improved himself in Epic Poetry, he would have excelled in it :--- but his Muse is somewhat too wanton.

Secundus feems to have been a general Imitator of all the tender Writers of Antiquity, as

Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, C. Gallus, Ovid, Horace, &c.; but that he has particularly borrowed his Expressions from Tibullus and Propertius, will be very perceptible to any one who compares those Authors with Secundus. Catullus is imagined to have given him the first Hint of his Kisse; and we think it very probable, as there are many of the Pieces of Catullus which may well be termed Basia: such are his fifth, seventh, and ninth Carmina.

And here it may not be improper to fpeak of Joannes Bonefonius, whose Book of Kisses, or Pancharis as it is called (from the Lady's Name to whom the Kiffes were addressed), is evidently written in Imitation of the Kiffes of Secundus. This Author was a Native of France, being born at Clermont, in Auvergne. He was Lieutenant General of Bar-fur-Seine, and flourished under the Reign of Henry the Third, but did not die till the Reign of Louis the Thirteenth. His Kiffes, which are thirty-two in Number, and to which is added a Poem called Pervigilium Veneris, a poor Attempt after the Manner of the Epithalamium Lascivum of Secundus, have the highest Encomiums bestowed upon them by Borrichius, Rapin,

Menage, and others; but, in general, they are efteemed far inferior to the Kisses of the Dutch Poet, as they are deficient in that Delicacy of Thought and Expression which distinguishes Secundus: besides, the greater Part of them, though they may be gallant Pieces, cannot be called Basia, as they no Way refer to the Subject; for Instance, the following:

BONEFONII BASIUM XXIV.

En flores tibi mitto discolores,

Pallentemque rosam, et rosam rubentem;

Illam cùm aspicies, miselli amantis

Puta pallidulos videre vultus.

Cùm tueberis hanc rubore tinctam,

Putes igne rubens cor intueri.

Which may be thus rendered:

In this little Wreath unite
Rofes red, and Rofes white;
Take it, beauteous Maid, and trace
In the White my love-fick Face:
But the Red's an Emblem true
Of my Heart, inflam'd by you.

However, at the End of this Book we have added, as a Specimen of the Writing of Bone-

fonius, one of those Kisses which may be allowed the Appellation.

The Works of this Poet are generally accompanied with a French Translation, which has been wrongfully attributed by some to Bonefonius himself; and also with several pretty Pieces of the old French Poetry, under the Title of Gayetez Amoureuses; yet there are Editions of the Latin of Bonefonius only. Before we have done with this Author, let us add, that he ought not to be consounded with his Son Joannes Bonefonius, who, we are informed, was a Latin Poet, but with whose Writings we are unacquainted.

Though the Works of Secundus have gone through many Editions, yet all are at prefent become extremely scarce, the earlier Ones in particular; infomuch that this Poet is hardly known to have existed. In an English Translation of his Basia, published some Years ago, was an Account of the various Editions of Secundus, by Way of Postscript to a Dissertation to Sir Richard Mead, Bart. which Dissertation, by the Way, contains the Life of Secundus. The general Heads of this Account we

AND WRITINGS OF SECUNDUS. XXVI; shall here fet down, for the Benefit of such as may be interested or curious in their Researches after our Author.

That none of the Works of Joannes Secundus came out during his Life, is certain; but we are informed, that, a fhort Time before he died, he had a Defign of publishing, and had already laid down the Order in which his Pieces should be printed. This Order his Brother Marius adopted, who, after the Death of Secundus, was preparing an Edition of his Works for the Press, but was diverted from his Design by the following Incident.

Secundus's Nænia and Epitaph upon Sir Thomas More, an Englishman, who was beheaded in the Reign of our Henry the Eighth (the Nænia figned Erasmus, and the Epitaph Io: S.), were published by a German Printer furreptitiously, and some Time after republished (when the Epitaph was figned Joannes Sapidus); but the Copy which the Bookfeller had procured being extremely imperfect, Marius, in Justice to his deceased Brother as a Scholar, published correctly the Nænia and Epitaph alone. This Book was printed at Lovain,

Anno 1536, by Servatius Zassenus, and is now of all others the most scarce of any Edition of Secundus.

Baillet mentions the Basia of Secundus as having come out separately, in 4to, Lugd. apud Griph. 1536, and another Edition of them in 1539. Scriverius also speaks of a 4to Edition of his Basia separate, printed at Paris in 1538; and Baillet likewise says, that his Regia Pecunia, which is among the Sylva in the Scriverian Edition, was printed separate, in 4to, Lugd. 1552.

But no Edition of the Works of Secundus complete came out till the Year 1541, when an Edition was printed by Hermannus Borculous, Batav. in finall Svo, which was supposed to have been put out by Marius: still some political Pieces relative to the English Court were in this new Edition suppressed, for private Reasons.

The next perfect Edition of our Poet's Works was that of Gulielmus Cripius, which was published at Paris in 1561, apud Andream Wechelum: it was a much smaller 8vo, and of

a much fairer Impression than the former Edition; it was also accompanied with the *Hymns* and *Epigrams* of *Marullus*. And in the Year 1582 this Edition was reprinted.

Secundus afterwards appeared in a Work printed by Albinus, which contained Marullus, Angerianus, & Secundus. It came out in Germany, 1595, apud Bernardum Albinum; but this Edition, which is in 12mo, as to Letter and Paper, is much inferior to that of Cripius. The Nænia and Epitaph on Sir Thomas More are in this Edition added, as the Productions of Secundus.

We now come to the Editions of Scriverius, who is by far the best, and we believe the last, Editor of Secundus. Scriverius published his first Edition in the Year 1619, Lugduni Batavorum, Typis Jacobi Marci: it is an 8vo, and contains, besides Amendments in those Poems which were before printed, the following Additions: viz. a Collection of very respectable Testimonies; an Account of the Life and Family of Secundus; the Letter from Marius to Zassenus, concerning that Edition of his Brother's Works which Marius first published;

fome Fragments of Poetry; a few familiar profe Epiftles by Secundus; and, lastly, the three Itineraries of Secundus, which are in Profe. and of an eafy elegant Style: these Itineraries were first published separate at Leyden, by Heinfius (who procured them from the public Library of that Place), ex officina Jacobi Marci, 1618. The Subject of the first Itinerary of Secundus is, his Journey from Mechelen to Bourges, in France, when he went to Study under Alciatus; that of the fecond, his Return from Bourges to Mechelen; and that of the third, his Journey into Spain, which he very pleafingly describes as far as Almoigna. We must remark, that in this Edition the Basia are twenty-two in Number, as they include that Sylva of the fecond Edition of Scriverius entitled Epithalamium Lascivum, and the 24th and 58th Epigrams. And we must farther obferve, that there are two Cuts: the one is a Portrait of Secundus, reprefented with his carving Implements before him, and holding in his Hand a little oval Sculpture of his Mistress Julia; this Portrait is undoubtedly engraved from fome remarkable Painting by Scorellius: the other Cut is a fmall Head of Julia, which, from the Inscription round it, we may conclude

to be copied from a Carving executed by the Hand of her *Poet*, and is most probably the same as that with which *Secundus* is drawn in his Hand.

The fecond Edition of Scriverius came out Lugduni Batavorum, apud Franciscum Hegerum, 1631. It is in 12mo, and on a fmaller Type than the former: its Emendations are confiderable; and among its Additions are particularly the Poems of Nicolaus Grudius, and of Hadrianus Marius, whose Cymba Amoris is a most beautiful Composition. This Edition of Secundus is, as far as we know, the latest and most ample of any hitherto published; though the Author from whom we have extracted this Account of the various Editions fays, that Baillet mentions an Edition in 12mo, printed Lugd. Batav. 1651, which he could never get Intelligence of; nor can we. However, to the Text of this last Edition of Scriverius we have adhered throughout this Translation, concluding it to be the beft.

It is proper to add, that the chief Part of the Works of Secundus are to be met with in a Book, whose Title is, Delights of the Belgic

Poets: it was published at Francfort in 16mo, Anno 1614, by Ranutius Gerus, which is only the Author's real Name Janus Gruterus disguisted under an Anagram. This Work is divided into four Parts; the fourth contains the Poems of Secundus; the third, those of his Brother Hadrianus Marius; and the second Part, the Poems of his Brother Nicolaus Grudius.

Thus much for the Editions of Secundus: let us come now to his Translators and Imitators. That Part of his Works which had the greatest Share of Beauty and Originality, we may conclude, would be most likely to be translated and imitated: in Effect, it has fo proved; for except his Book of Kiffes, which are indifputably truly beautiful and original, we cannot find that any entire felect Portion of his Works has been attempted, though we have feen feveral occasional Translations of his Epigrams and Elegies. But the Basia, which have ever been in the highest Esteem, can boaft a very early Imitator, Bonefonius: he has been already fpoken of; therefore we will proceed to his first Translator in any modern Language, who was a Mr. Stanley, well known for having written that much esteemed Work,

The Lives of the Philosophers. He translated into English fourteen only of the nineteen Bafia of Secundus (omitting the 8th, 10th, 11th,
12th, and 14th), which were published, with
many other miscellaneous Poems and Translations, in the Year 1651. This is now a very
rare and valuable Book; but its Scarcity is
hardly to be regretted, were it not for its Antiquity, as Mr. Stanley's Numbers would but
little please a modern Ear.

To enquire how far Secundus has been copied in any other Tongue would be tedious, and indeed would lead us far beyond the intended Bounds of this Effay; yet we cannot help taking Notice of a very splendid Publication of Monsieur Dorat's, which came out fome Years ago in France, entitled Les Baisers: it is enriched with Vignettes and Culs-de-Lampes, reprefenting the Subject of every Kis; and here most of the Basia of Secundus are imitated, not translated. This Book fells at an exorbitant Price; but the Engravings, it is true, are inimitable. Some One was foon after induced to put out the Basia of Secundus very imperfectly copied, and accompanied with a miferable French Translation in Profe, which

the Author fays may ferve as a Supplement to the Kisses of Monsieur Dorat: but this Edition is not worth mention, nor should we have touched upon it, had not Monsieur Dorat's Book led us to it. To return to the English Translations.

That celebrated Poet Mr. Fenton translated the first and second Basia in such a Manner as makes us regret that he had not translated them all; and Mr. Ward, Author of several good Poems, among which his Phanix Park is in no small Estimation, translated the ninth and sixteenth. They are to be found in the respective Collections of these Authors.

But the only Translation of the Kisses of Secundus complete, that has hitherto appeared, came out in 1731, printed by Henry Lintot, in 12mo, without the Author's Name affixed to it. This Translation is every where accompanied with the original Latin; but though it is an Edition of such late Date, it is at present with Difficulty procured. It has Copies, engraved by the celebrated Picart, of the Cuts of Secundus and Julia from the Scriverian Edition: that of Secundus comprehends the whole duo-

AND WRITINGS OF SECUNDUS. XXXV

decimo Leaf; but that of Julia is small, and placed in the Middle of the Title-page*. It contains a Differtation, treating of the Life of Secundus, with a Poftscript concerning the various Editions; and another Differtation which forms a Critique upon the Basia. The Translations of Fenton and Ward are preferved; and the two Epigrams included among the Bafia of the first Edition of Scriverius stand here, one by Way of Prologue, the other by Way of Epilogue, to the Kiffes. The Epithalamium, or 20th Kiss in the first Edition of Scriverius, is also retained; but neither this nor the Epigrams have we translated, as they are, with great Propriety, not classed among the Basia in the fecond Edition of Scriverius. However, the Epithalamium of Joannes Secundus having ever been acknowledged a most finished Piece, we shall here infert it, as well as that Translator's Verfification of it.

^{*} The Publisher of the present Edition having been fortunate enough to purchase these two Copper-plates, has prefixed them as appropriate Ornaments of the Work,

And sentence of securities had and decimal sentence of the think of the think of the think of the decimal sentence of the think of the think of the decimal sentence of the think of the think of the decimal sentence of the think of the decimal sentence of the think of the decimal sentence of the think of the think of the decimal sentence of the think of think of the think of the think of the think of the think of the

EPITHALAMIUM.

Hora Blandinis Lapore, Elles Hora Delicits, Joces, Murris

Hora Sueviolis, parique magnes Cum Dus & Joyn transgenda fort



EPITHALAMIUM.

HORA fuavicula, & voluptuofa,
Hora Blanditiis, Lepore, Rifu,
Hora Deliciis, Jocis, Sufurris,
Hora Suaviolis, parique magnis
Cum Diis & Jove transigenda sorte;

EPITHALAMIUM.

Llora qua poterat beatiorem



Nec qui floridulas HYMEN Puellas, tad

Marki Pronura nec Soror Tonantis;

EPITHALAMIUM.

THE Hour is come, with Pleasure crown'd;

Borne in ETERNAL Order round.

Hour! of endearing Looks and Smiles!

Hour! of voluptuous Sports and Wiles!

Hour! fraught with fondly-murm'ring Sighs!

Hour! bleft with foftly-dying Eyes!

Hour! with commingling Kisses sweet!

Hour! with transporting Bliss replete!

Hour! worthy ev'n of Gods Above!

Hour! worthy all-commanding Jove!

Hora quâ poterat beatiorem

Nec Gnydi Dea sancta polliceri;

Nec qui, cum pharetrâ pererrat orbem,

Curis Gaudia delicata miscens,

Pennâ splendidus aureâ Cupido;

Magni pronuba nec Soror Tonantis;

Nec qui storidulas Hymen Puellas,

Raptas è gremio tenace Matrum,

Involvit cupidis Viri lacertis

Rupis Incola storiger canore;

Advecta est, serie rotante Coeli.

O! felix Juvenis! Puella felix!

Felix Sponse! cui cupita flamma

Jam nunc in geminis quiescet ulnis,

Hour! worthy ev'n of Cops AROVE!

For not a fairer-omen'd Hour Could promife the kind *GNIDIAN Pow'R! Not tender Cupip could befrow! The Boy with Silver-splendid Bow, And Golden Wing; delicious Boy! That Sorrow still allays with Joy. Nor, wont at Nuptials to prefide, +SHE, that of JOVE is SISTER-BRIDE! Nor #HE, on TUNEFUL ||SUMMIT born, THE GOD, whom flow'ry Wreaths adorn! Who blooming Beauty tears away! Bears off by Force the charming Prey! From the reluctant Mother tears! To the rapacious Lover bears! Hour! long defir'd! Hour! long delay'd! THRICE HAPPY YOUTH! THRICE HAPPY MAID! culing on lagroup grant

THRICE HAPPY YOUTH! fupremely bleft!
Of ev'ry Wish in One posses!

^{*} Venus. † Juno. ‡ Hymen. || Helicon. B 3

Puella, ætheriâ beata formâ!

Qualem magna Venus, velitque Juno,

Et quæ casside Martia refulget

Sancto vertice procreata, Pallas;

Si, junctæ, statuant adire valleis

Umbrosas iterum virentis Idæ;

Quâ spectanda, vel Hæc, vel Hæc, vel Illa,

(Quovis judicio) superba, malum,

Victrix, aureolum reportet astris.

O! felix Juvenis! Puella felix!

FELIX SPONSA! cui cupitus Ardor

Affufus modò lectulo in beato,

Stringet colla tenacibus lacertis,

Infigni Juvenis venustus ore!

* Venus. + Juno. + Hymen. || Helicon.

To Thee, the Maid, of Form Divine,
Comes, feeming loath, but inly Thine.
Such Form, as Juno's felf might chufe,
Nor yet the Martial Maid refuse;
(Tho' That the Æthereal Sceptre sways!
And This the shining Shield displays!)
Nor yet the Cyprian Queen disdain;
Bent to refeek the Phrygian Swain,
And Cause of Beauty re-decide,
In shady Vale of slow'ring Ide.
How sure to gain the Golden Prize,
(Tho' judg'd by less-discerning Eyes)
She, in that matchless Form array'd?
Thrice happy Youth! Thrice happy
Maid!

THRICE HAPPY MAID! fupremely bleft!

Of ev'ry Wish in One possest!

To Thee, on Wings of Love and Truth,

Comes, all devote, the raptur'd Youth.

Thy bending Neck with eager Hold,

The Waist impatient to infold.

Iftis qui rofeïs tuis labellis,

Iftis qui niveïs tuis papillis,

Ifto qui rutilante crine tactus,

Ifto lumine qui loquace victus,

Jampridem tacito voratur igni.

Lentumque increpat, ufque & ufque, Solem;

Tardamque invocat, ufque & ufque, Lunam.

O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

Votis, FERVIDE SPONSE, parce votis;

Et suspiria mitte, mitte questus.

Tempus accelerat suave. Mitis

Exaudit gemitus Venus Suorum.

Condit Cynthius ora, condit ora;

Seque gurgite perluens Ibero

Thy bending Neck with enger Hold

While, for that Hair of eafy Flow!
While, for that Breaft of Virgin Snow!
While, for that Lip of rofy Dye!
While, for that fweetly-speaking Eye!
With filent Passion he expires,
And burns with still-consuming Fires.
Now Phœbus, slow to quit the Skies!
Now loit'ring Phœbe, slow to rife!
Persists, alternate, to upbraid.
Thrice happy Youth! Thrice happy
Maid!

Spare, Youth, your Vows, vain Off'rings fpare!

Forbear your needless Sighs, forbear!

Lo! Time, in ever-varying Race,

Brings on at last the wish'd-for Space.

Mild Venus, with propitious Ears,

The Sorrows of her Vot'ries hears.

While Cynthius, down the Western Steeps,

Low plunges in Iberian Deeps;

Cedit Nocti-vage locum Sorori.

Et quo gratior haud relucet Ignis

Conjunctis animis Amore dulci,

Producit caput, emicatque Celo

Ductor Hesperus aureæ catervæ.

O! felix Juvenis! Puella felix!

Jam Virgo Thalamum fubibit; unde
Ne Virgo redeat, Marite, cura.

Jam Virgo niveïs locata fulcris
Adventum cupiet tuum, tremetque;
Perfufa ingenuo rubore mâlas.

Forfan & Lachrymis genæ madebunt,
Et Sufpiria fundet, & Querelas.

At tu nil remoratus, & Querelas,

Low plunges in IBERTAN Deeps;

And quits the ample Fields of Air
To his Night-wand'ring Sister's Care.
Than Whom, no Light more grateful shines,
To Souls which mutual Love conjoins.
Not He that leads the Stars along,
Brightest of all the glitt'ring Throng;
Hesper! with Golden Torch display'd!
Thrice happy Youth! Thrice happy
Maid!

See! where the Maid, all-panting, lies!

(Ah! never more a Maid to rife!)

And longs, yet trembles at thy Tread;

Her Cheeks perfus'd with decent Red:

Expressing half her inward Flame!

Half springing from ingenuous Shame!

Tears from her Eyes, perhaps, may steal,

Her Joys the better to conceal;

Then Sighs, with Grief unreal fraught,

Then follow Plaints of Wrongs unthought.

But cease not Thou with idle Fears;

For all her Plaints, or Sighs, or Tears.

Et Sufpiria, Lachrymafque tolles;

Abstergens oculos tuo ore; dulce

Murmur pro Querimoniis reponens.

O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

Ergo, membra ubi Virginis decoræ

Felix candida lectulus fovebit;
(Membra! languidulo parata Somno!)

Et molli quoque te toro locatum,
Supra purpureos, beata, Reges
Supra constituet Jovem, Dione.

Mox te blandidicis parare Rixis,
Mox te molliculæ parare Pugnæ,
Motus occipies calore ju sto

Belli prospera Signa non cruenti

Kifs'd be the Tears from off her Eyes!

With tender Murmurs ftopp'd her Sighs!

With Soothings foft her Plaints allay'd!

THRICE HAPPY YOUTH! THRICE HAPPY

MAID!

The Maid, in decent Order plac'd,
With ev'ry Bridal Honour grac'd;
Thro' all her Limbs begin to fpread
The Glowings of the Genial Bed,
And languid Sleep difpofe to take;
Did not the Youth, more watchful, wake;
And the mild Queen of fierce Defire,
With Warmth, not difproportion'd, fire:
Taught hence nor purpled Kings to prize,
Nor fcepter'd Jove, that rules the Skies.
Soon for foft Combats He prepares,
And gentle Toils of am'rous Wars.
Declar'd, but with no loud Alarms!
Begun, but with no dreaded Arms;

Figens mille protervus hic et illic,

Collo Basia multa, multa mâlis;

Labris Basia plura, plura ocellis.

Repugnabit, & "Improbum" vocabit;

Et dicet; "Satis eft" tremente voce;

Arcebitque manu proterva labra;

Propelletque manu manum protervam.

O! Noctem ter, et amplius, beatam!

Pugnet, Strenua; pugnet, Illa. Pasci
Pugnando teneri volunt Amores.
Pugnando tibi duplicatus ardor
Vireis sufficiet novas in arma.
Tunc, per candida colla, tunc, per illud
Quod certat ebori nitore pectus,
Nunc per crura tenella, perque ventrem,

KISSES! which, wanton as he firays,
He darts a thousand wanton Ways;
At Mouth or Neck, at Eyes or Cheeks.
Him humbly She full oft bespeaks;
Entreats, "An helpless Maid to spare!"
And begs, with trembling Voice, "Forbear!"
Full oft his Rudeness loudly blames,
His boundless Insolence proclaims;
His Lips, with Lips averse, withstands,
With Hands, restrains his roving Hands.
Resistance sweet! Delicious Fight!
O! Night! O! Doubly happy Night!

Contention obstinate succeeds:
The tender Loves Contention feeds;
By that redoubled Ardor burns!
By that redoubled Strength returns.
Now o'er her Neck take nimble Flight,
Her Breast as spotless Iv'ry white!
Her Waist of gradual rising Charms!
Soft moulded Legs! smooth polish'd Arms!

Et quæ proxima sunt & huic & illis,

Saltu volve agili manum salacem:

Et tot millia junge Basiorum

Quot Coelum rutilos tenebit Igneis.

O! Noctem, quater et quater, beatam!

Nec defint tibi blandulæque voces;

Et quæcunque juvant perita verba;

Nec cum murmure-sibili suâves.

Qualeis, dant Zephyro sonante blandum,

Frondes! Quale, columba! Quale, cygnus

Annosus moriente spirat ore!

Donec victa potentibus sagittis,

Et cæco Pueri volantis igne,

Paulatim, minùs & minùs, severa,

Ponet purpureum toro Pudorem;

Search all the Tracts, in curious Sport,
Conductive to the Cyprian Court.
Thro' all the dark Receffes go,
And all the Shady Coverts know.
To this unnumber'd Kisses join,
Unnumber'd as the Stars that shine,
Commingling Rays of blended Light.
O! Night! O! Doubly happy Night!

Then fpare no Blandishments of Love.
Sounds, that with fostining Flatt'ry move!
Sighs, that with foothing Murmur please!
The Injur'd Virgin to appease.
Such! as when Zephyr fans the Grove,
Or coos the am'rous-billing Dove.
Or fings the Swan with tuneful Breath,
Conscious of near-approaching Death!
Till pierc'd by Cupin's pow'rful Dart,
As by Degrees relents her Heart,
The Virgin, less and less severe,
Quits, by Degrees, her stubborn Fear.

Collo brachia nexuofa dedens, Collo brachia nexuofa stringens.

O! NOCTEM QUATER, O! QUATER BEATAM!

Tunc, tunc, Oscula delicata sumes,

Nullis contemerata quæ rapinis,

Hærebunt vario morata nexu.

Tunc lusus simileis, pareisque Virgo

Reddet delicias; & os hiulcum

Jampridem patulo, licenter, ori

Committens, animæ libidinoso

Fragrantis cupidum beabit haustu.

Mox lusu quoque molliore ludens,

Dicet blanditias suaviores;

Emittet digitos licentiores;

Finget nequitiam salaciorem.

O! Noctem, nimis et nimis, beatam!

Now on your Arms her Neck reclines;

Now with her Arms your Neck intwines;

As Love's refiftless Flames incite.

O! Night! O! Doubly Happy Night!

Sweet Kisses shall reward your Pains; Kisses! which no rude Rapine stains! From Lips on fwelling Lips that fwell! From Lips on dwelling Lips that dwell! That Play return with equal Play! That Blifs with equal Blifs repay! That vital Stores, from either Heart Imbibing, Soul for Soul impart. Till now the MAID, advent'rous grown, Attempts new Frolics of her own. Now fuffers, Strangers to the Way, Her far more daring Hands to stray. Now Sports far more falacious feeks, Now Words far more licentious speaks. Words! that past Suff'rings well requite. O! NIGHT! O! DOUBLY HAPPY NIGHT!

Tunc, arma expedienda; tunc, "AD ARMA"

Et Venus vocat, & vocat Cupido:

Tunc, in vulnera grata proruendum.

Huc, illuc, agilis feratur hafta;

Quam, crebro furibunda verset ictu,

Non Martis Soror, ast Amica Martis,

Semper læta novo cruore, Cypris.

Nec quies lateri laborioso

Detur, mobilibus nec ulla coxis:

Donec desiciente voce anhelâ,

Donec desicientibus medullis,

Membris languidulis, madens uterque

Sudabit varii liquoris undas.

O! Noctem nimis, O! nimis, beatam!

Sudate ut libet, & dièsque longas Nocteisque exigite impotente lusu!

O! Nicht! O! Doubly Hybry Micht!

To ARMS! To ARMS! now CUPID founds. Now is the Time for grateful Wounds. Here VENUS waves the nimble Spear; VENUS is WARLIKE GODDESS here. Here not thy SISTER, MARS, prefides. Thy MISTRESS in these Conflicts prides. While close engage the ftruggling Foes. And, reftlefs, Breaft to Breaft oppose. While eager This disputes the Field, And That alike difdains to yield. Till, lo! in breathless Transports toft, Till in refiftless Raptures loft, Their Limbs with liquid Dews diftil, Their Hearts with pleafing Horrors thrill; And faint away in wild Delight. O! NIGHT! O! DOUBLY HAPPY NIGHT!

O! may You oft these Sports renew, And thro' long Days and Nights pursue! With many an early Moon begun! Prolong'd to many a setting Sun! Et brevi date Liberosque dulceis,

Et longo ordine blandulos Nepotes,

Quæ vobis Senii minuta turba

Olim follicitos levabit Annos;

Arcebit querulos toro Dolores;

Languentum tremulos fovebit Artus;

Componet tumulo pios Parentes.

O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

And That alike diffains to yield.

Till, lo! in breathles Transports toft,

Till in refifiles Raptures loft.

Their Limbs with liquid Dews diffil.

Their Hearts with pleasing Horars thrill;

And faint away in wild Delight.

Ol-Night! O! poursy harpy Night!

O! may You oft these Sports renew, .
And thro' long Days and Nights pursue!
With many an early Moon begun!
Prolong'd to many a fetting Sun!

May a fair Offspring crown your Joys,
Of prattling Girls and fmiling Boys!
And yet another Offspring rife!
Sweet Objects to Parental Eyes!
The Cares, affiduous to affuage,
That ftill folicit quer'lous Age.
Careful your trembling Limbs to ftay,
That fail with unperceiv'd Decay.
Pious, when fummon'd hence you go,
The laft kind Office to beftow.
Office! with unfeign'd Sorrow paid!
Thrice happy Youth! Thrice happy
Maid!

MULHALAHTITH

May a fair Offspring crown your Joys, Of prattling Girls and fmiling Boys!
And yet another Offspring rife!
Sweet Objects to Parental Eyes!
The Cares: affidious to affunge,
That fail folicit quer'lous Age.
Careful your trembling Limbs to flay,
That fail with unperceiv'd Decay.
Pious, when fammon'd hence you go,
The laft land Office to bellow.

Chice! with unfeign'd Sorrow paid!
Chice! with unfeign'd Sorrow paid!

BASIA.



BASIA.

BASIUM I.

CUM VENUS ASCANIUM super alta CYTHERA
tulisset,
Sopitum teneris imposuit violis;

Cum Venus Ascanium] from Virgil.

At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem

Irrigat: et fotum gremio Dea tollit in altos

Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis Amaracus illum

Floribus et dulci aspirans complectitur umbra.

VIRG., Æneid, lib. I.



KISSES.

KISS I.

WHEN young ASCANIUS by the QUEEN OF LOVE

Was borne to fweet CYTHERA's lofty Grove, His languid Limbs upon a Couch she laid, A fragrant Couch! of new-blown Vi'lets made;

The Goddess then to young Ascanius flies, And in a pleasing Slumber seals his Eyes; Lull'd in her Lap, amidst a Train of Loves, She gently bears him to her blissful Groves; Then with a Wreath of Myrtle crowns his Head, And softly lays him on a flow'ry Bed.

DRYDEN.

C 2

Albarum nimbos circumfuditque rofarum, Et totum liquido sparsit odore locum.

Mox veteres animo revocavit Adonidis igneis,
Notus & irrepsit ima per ossa calor.

O, quoties voluit circundare colla nepotis?
O, quoties dixit? "Talis Addis erat!"

Sed placidam Pueri metuens turbare quietem,
Fixit vicinis Basia mille rosis.

A fragrant Couch! of new-blown V?

Ecce calent illa, cupidaque per ora Diones

Aura, susurranti stamine, lenta subit.

The blifsful Bow'r with shadowing Roses crown'd, And balmy-breathing Airs diffus'd around.

The fleeping Youth in filence fhe admir'd;
And, with Remembrance of Adonis fir'd,
Her wonted Flames in fiercer Tides return'd,
Thrill'd in each Vein, and in her Bosom burn'd.
How oft she wish'd, as she survey'd his Charms,
Around his Neck to throw her eager Arms!
Oft would she say, admiring ev'ry Grace,
"Such was Adonis! such his lovely Face!"
But fearing left such fond Excess of Joy
Might break the Slumber of the Beauteous Boy,
On ev'ry Rose-bud, that around him blow'd,
A Thousand nectar'd Kisses she bestow'd;
And straight each op'ning Bud, which late was
white,

Blush'd a warm Crimson to th' astonish'd Sight. Still in Dione's Breast fost Wishes rise, Soft Wishes! vented by soft-whisper'd Sighs!

C 3

Quotque rosas tetigit, tot Basia nata repentè Gaudia reddebant multiplicata Dex.

At CYTHEREA, natans niveïs per nubila Cygnis, Ingentis terræ cæpit obire globum.

TRIPTOLEMIQUE modo, facundis Oscula glebis Sparsit, & ignotos ter dedit ore sonos.

Inde seges fælix nata est mortalibus ægris;
Inde medela meis unica nata malis.

Thus, by her Lips unnumber'd Rofes prefs'd,
Kisses unfolding in fweet Bloom confefs'd;
And, flush'd with Rapture at each new-born
Kiss,

She felt her fwelling Soul o'erwhelm'd in Blifs.

Now, from this Orb to Realms of brighter Day
The Car-drawn Goddess speeds her airy Way;
As in gay Pomp the harness'd Cygnets fly,
Their snow-white Pinions glitter thro' the Sky;
And like Triptolemus, whose bounteous Hand
Strew'd golden Plenty o'er the fertile Land;
Fair Cytherea, as she flew along,
O'er the vast Lap of Nature Kisses flung;
Pleas'd from on high she view'd th' enchanted
Ground,

And from her Lips thrice fell a magic Sound: HE, gave to Mortals Corn on ev'ry Plain; But She, those Sweets which mitigate my Pain.

C 4

Salvete æternúm, miseræ moderamina slammæ, Humida de gelidis BASIA nata rosis.

En ego sum, vestri quo Vate canentur honores, Nota Meduski dum juga montis erunt,

Et memor Æneadum stirpisque disertus amatæ, Mollia Romulidum verba loquetur Amor.

Nota Medufæi dum juga, &c.] Parnassus, the Muses' Hill, was said to have two Summits; in the Cleft between which if any one slept he presently became a Poet. Persus gives the Epithet Biceps to this Mountain.

Hail then, ye Kisses! that can beft affuage
The Pangs of Love, and foften all its Rage!
Ye balmy Kisses! that from Rofes fprung!
Rofes! on which the Lips of Venus hung!
Lo! I'm the Bard who shall your Fame rehearse,
Long as the Muses' Hill shall live in Verse;
And Love transported with the Latian Name,
With that dear Race from which your Lineage
came,

In Latian Strains shall fweetly fing your Praise, And boast your lofty Birth to suture Days.

BASIUM II.

VICINA quantum vitis lascivit in ulmo, Et tortiles per ilicem

Brachia proceram stringunt immensa corymbi;
Tantum, Neæra, si queas

In mea nexilibus proserpere colla lacertis;

Tali, Neera, si queam

Candida perpetuùm nexu tua colla ligare,

Jungens perenne Basium.

Tunc me nec Cereris, nec amici cura Lyki, Soporis aut amabilis,

KISS II.

AS round fome neighb'ring Elm, the Vine Its circling Branches loves to twine; As round the Oak, in many a Maze, The devious-creeping Ivy strays; Thus! let me to your snowy Breast, My dear Neæra! thus be prest; While I as fondly in my Arms, Neæra! clasp thy yielding Charms: And with one long, long Kiss, improve Our mutual Ecstacies of Love.

Should Ceres pour her plenteous Hoard,
Should Bacchus crown the festive Board,
Should balmy Sleep luxurious spread
His downy Pinions o'er my Head;
Yet not for these my Joys I'd break,
For these! thy vermil Lips forsake.

C 6

Vita, tuo de purpureo divelleret ore :
Sed mutuis in osculis

Defectos, ratis una duos portaret Amanteis

Ad pallidam Diris domum.

Mox per odoratos campos, & perpetuum ver, Produceremer in loca,

Mox per odoratos campos,] This Description of Elysum seems to be imitated from Tibullus.

Hic choreæ, cantusque vigent, passimque vagantes
Dulce sonant tenui gutture carmen aves.

Fert casiam non culta seges, totosque per agros
Floret odoratis terra benigna ross.

Hic juvenum series teneris immista puellis
Ludit, & asidue prælia miscet Amor.

Illic est cuicumque rapax mors venit amanti,
Et gerit insigni myrtea serta coma.

Tibull, Lib. I, Eleg. 3.

At length, when ruthlefs Age denies
A longer Blifs, and feals our Eyes,
One Bark shall waft our Spirits o'er,
United, to the STYGIAN Shore:
Then, passing thro' a transient Night,
We'll enter foon those Fields of Light,
Where, breathing richest Odours round,
A Spring eternal paints the Ground:

There Joy and ceafeless Revelry prevail; There foothing Music floats on ev'ry Gale; There painted Warblers hop from Spray to Spray, And, wildly-pleafing, fwell the gen'ral Lay: There ev'ry Hedge, untaught, with Caffia blooms, And fcents the ambient Air with rich Perfumes: There ev'ry Mead a various Plenty yields; There lavish Flora paints the purple Fields: With ceaseless Light a brighter Phæbus glows, No Sickness tortures, and no Ocean flows; But Youths affociate with the gentle Fair, And, flung with Pleafure, to the Shade repair: With them Love wanders wherefoe'er they ftray, Provokes to Rapture, and inflames the Play: But chief, the constant few, by Death betray'd, Reign, crown'd with Myrtle, Monarchs of the Shade. GRAINGER.

Semper ubi, antiquis in amoribus, Heroinae, Heroas inter nobileis,

Aut ducunt choreas, alternave carmina lætæ, In valle cantant myrteå.

Quà violifque, rosifque, & stavi-comis narcissis, Umbraculis trementibus

Illudit lauri nemus ; & crepitante fufurro Tepidi fuâvê fibilant

Eternum Zephyri: nec vomere faucia Tellus
Facunda folvit ubera.

Where HEROES once in Valour prov'd, And beauteous HEROINES once belov'd, Again with mutual Paffion burn, Feel all their wonted Flames return; And now in fportive Measures tread The flow'ry Carpet of the Mead; Now fing the jocund, tuneful Tale, Alternate in the Myrtle Vale; Where ceaseless ZEPHYRS fan the Glade, Soft-murm'ring thro' the Laurel Shade; Beneath whose waving Foliage grow The Vi'let fweet, of purple Glow; The Daffodil, that breathes Perfume. And Rofes of immortal Bloom: Where EARTH her Gifts spontaneous yields, Nor Ploughshare cuts th' unfurrow'd Fields.

41

Turba Beatorum nobis assurgeret omnis;
Inque herbidis sedilibus,

Inter Mæonidas primâ nos sede locarent : Nec ulla Amatricum Jovis

Prærepto cedens indignaretur honore;

Nec nata Tyndaris Jove.

Soon as we enter these Abodes
Of happy Souls, of Demi-Gods,
The Blest shall all respectful rise,
And view us with admiring Eyes;
Shall seat us 'mid th' immortal Throng,
Where I, renown'd for tender Song,
A Poet's and a Lover's Praise
At once shall gain, and claim the Bays;
While Thou, enthron'd above the rest,
Wilt shine in Beauty's Train confest:
Nor shall the Mistresses of Jove
Such partial Honours disapprove:
E'en Helen, tho' of Race divine,
Will to thy Charms her Rank resign.

BASIUM III.

" DA mihi Suaviolum (dicebam) blanda Pu-ella!"

Libâsti labris mox mea labra tuis.

Inde, velut presso qui territus angue resultat, Ora repente meo vellis ab ore procul.

Non hoc Suaviolum dare, Lux mea, sed dare tantùm

Est Desiderium flebile Suavioli.

KISS III.

"ONE little Kiss, fweet Maid!" (I cry)
And round my Neck your Arms you twine;
Your luscious Lips of crimson Dye
With rapt'rous Haste encounter mine.

Then from my fond Embrace you fpring,
And fnatch your balmy Mouth away;
So from the Serpent's vengeful Sting
The Ruftic ftarts in wild Difmay.

Is this to grant the wifh'd-for Kiss?

Ah! no, MY LOVE!---'tis but to fire
The Bosom with a TRANSIENT BLISS,
Inflaming unallay'd Defire.

the office was as for a della the

BASIUM IV.

NON dat Basia, dat Neera Nectar,

Dat Rores animæ suåvè-olenteis,

Dat Nardumque, Thymumque, Cinnamumque,

Et Mel, quale jugis legunt Hymetti,

Aut in Cecropiis apes rosetis;

Atque, hinc virgineis & inde ceris,

Septum vimineo tegunt quasillo.

Non dat Basia, dat Neæra Nectar,] The following Greek Epigram seems to have furnished Secundus with this Thought:

Κυςη τις μ' εφιλησε σοθεσπερα χειλεσιν ύγχοις. Νεκίας εην το φιλημα· το γας τομα νεκίας. επνει. Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, σολυν τον ερώια σεπωκως.

ANTHOLOG.

KISS IV.

'TIS not a Kiss you give, MY Love;
'Tis richeft Nectar from above!
A fragrant Show'r of balmy Dews,
Which only Lips like thine diffuse!
'Tis every aromatic Breeze,
That wasts from Afric's spicy Trees!
'Tis Honey from the ozier Hive,
Which chemist Bees with Care derive
From all the newly-open'd Flow'rs
That bloom in Cecrops' roseate Bow'rs;
Or from the breathing Sweets that grow
On fam'd Hymettus' thymy Brow.

Phillis the gay, in Robe of Beauty dreft,
Late on my Lips a humid Ki/s imprest:
The Ki/s was Nectar which the Fair bestow'd,
For in her am'rous Breath a Gale of Nectar slow'd.
What Love, ye Gods! what Raptures in her Ki/s!
My Soul was drunk with Ecstacy of Bliss.

Quæ, si multa mihi voranda dentur, Immortalis in his repentè siam, Magnorumque epulis fruar Deorum.

Sed tu munere parce, parce tali, Aut mecum Dea fac, Neera, fias. Non mensas sine te volo Deorum.

Non; si me rutilis præesse Regnis Excluso Jove, Dii Deægue cogant.

Which ebeniff Beesmith Care de

But if fuch Kisses you befrow, If from your Lips fuch Raptures flow, Thus bleft! fupremely bleft! by thee, Ere long I must Immortal be; Must taste on Earth those Joys that wait The Banquets of CELESTIAL STATE. Then cease thy Bounty, DEAREST FAIR! Such precious Gifts, then spare! oh, spare! Or, if I must Immortal prove, Be thou Immortal too, MY LOVE! For, should the HEAV'NLY Pow'rs request My Presence at th' ambrofial Feast; Nay, should they Jove himself dethrone, And yield to me his radiant Crown; I'd fcorn it all, nor would I deign O'er golden REALMS of BLISS to reign; Jove's radiant Crown I'd scorn to wear, Unless thou might'ft fuch Honours share; Unless thou, too, with equal Sway, Might'ft rule with me the REALMS OF DAY.

BASIUM V.

DUM me mollibus, hinc & hinc, lacertis

Aftrictum premis, imminenfque toto

Collo, pectore, lubricoque vultu,

Dependes humeris, Neera, nostris:

Componenfque meis labella labris,

Et morfu petis & gemis remorfa;

Et linguam tremulam, hinc & inde, vibras;

Et linguam querulam, hinc & inde, fugis;

KISS V.

WHILE you, Neera, close entwine
In frequent Folds your Frame with mine,
And hanging o'er, to View confest,
Your Neck, and gently-heaving Breast;
Down on my Shoulders fost decline
Your Beauties, more than half divine;
With wand'ring Looks that o'er me rove,
And fire the melting Soul with Love.

While you, Neera, fondly join
Your little pouting Lips with mine;
And frolic bite your am'rous Swain,
Complaining foft if bit again;
And fweetly murm'ring pour along
The trembling Accents of your Tongue;
Your Tongue! now here, now there, that ftrays,
Now here, now there, delighted plays;
That now my humid Kisses fips,
Now wanton darts between my Lips;

D

Aspirans anima suavis auram,
Mollem, dulci-sonam, humidam, meaque
Altricem misera, Neera, vita:
Hauriens animam meam caducam,
Flagrantem, nimio vapore coctam,
Coctam! pectoris im-potentis astu;
Eludisque meas, Neera, stammas,
Flabro pectoris haurientis astum,
O! Jucunda mei caloris aura:

And on my Bosom raptur'd lie,
Venting the gently-whisper'd Sigh;
A Sigh! that kindles warm Desires,
And kindly fans Life's drooping Fires,
Soft as the Zephyr's breezy Wing,
And balmy as the Breath of Spring.

While you, sweet Nymph! with am'rous
Play
In Kisses fuck my Breath away;
My Breath! with wafting Warmth replete,
Parch'd by my Breaft's contagious Heat;
Till, breathing foft, you pour again
Returning Life thro' ev'ry Vein;
And thus elude my Paffion's Rage,
Love's burning Fever thus affuage.

SWEET NYMPH! whose Sweets can be stallay Those Fires that on my Bosom prey, Sweet! as the cool refreshing Gale, That blows when scorching Heats prevail.

D 2

Tunc, dico; " Deus est Amor Deorum!

" Et nullus Deus est Amore major!

" Si Quifquam tamen est Amore major;

" Tu, Tu, fola mihi es, NEERA, major!"

Then, more than bleft, I fondly fwear,

" No Pow'r can with Love's Pow'r compare!

" None in the starry Court of Jove

" Is greater than the God of Love!

"If ANY can yet greater be,

"Yes, my NEERA! yes, 'tis THEE!"

BASIUM VI.

DE meliore notà bis Basia mille pacifcens;
Basia mille dedi, Basia mille tuli.

Explesti numerum, fateor, jucunda Neera!

Expleri numero sed nequit ullus Amor.

Quis laudet CEREREM numeratis surgere aristis?

Gramen in irriguâ quis numeravit humo?

Quis tibi, BACCHE, tulit pro centum vota racemis?

AGRICOLUMVE DEUM mille poposicit apeis?

Agricolumve Deum] Ariftaus, one of the rural Deities, who is faid to have first discovered the Use of Honey.

KISS VI.

TWO THOUSAND KISSES of the fweeteft Kind, 'Twas once agreed, our mutual Love should bind; First from my Lips a rapt'rous Thousand flow'd, Then you a Thousand in your turn bestow'd: The promis'd Numbers were fulfill'd, I own, But Love suffic'd with Numbers ne'er was known!

What Mortal strives to count each springing Blade

That fpreads the Surface of a graffy Mead?
Who prays for number'd Ears of rip'ning Grain,
When lavish Ceres yellows o'er the Plain?
Or to a fcanty Hundred would confine
The cluft'ring Grapes, when Bacchus loads
the Vine?

Who asks the Guardian of the honied Store

To grant a Thousand Bees, and grant no more?

D 4

Cùm pius irrorat sitienteis JUPITER agros,
Deciduæ guttas non numeramus aquæ.

Sic quoque, cùm ventis concussus inhorruit aër, Sumpsit & iratâ Jupiter arma manu,

Grandine confusa Terras & Cærula pulsat, Securus sternat quot sata, quotve locis.

Seu bona, seu mala sunt, veniunt uberrima

Majestas Domui convenit illa Jovis.

Tu quoque cùm Dea sis, Diva formosior illà, Concha per æquoreum quam vaga ducit iter;

Divá formofior illá,] · Venus. storage of

Or tells the Drops, while o'er fome thirfty Field
The Liquid Stores are from above diftill'd?
When Jove with Fury hurls the moulded Hail,
And Earth and Sea deftructive Storms affail;
Or when he bids from his temperatuous Sky
The Winds unchain'd with wafting Horror fly;
The Godne'er heeds what Harvershe may fpoil,
Nor yet regards each defolated Soil:
So, when its Bleffings bounteous Heav'n ordains,

It ne'er with sparing Hand the Good restrains:
Evils in like Abundance too it show'rs;
Well suits Profusion with immortal Pow'rs!
Then since such Gifts with heav'nly Minds agree,

Shed, Goddess-Like, your Blandishments on me;

And fay, NEERA! for that Form divine
Speaks Thee descended of ETHEREAL Line;
Say, Goddess! than that Goddess lovelier far,
Who roams o'er Ocean in her pearly Car,

D 5

Basia cur numero, Cœlestia Dona, coërces?

Nec numeras gemitus, dura Puella, meos?

Nec Lachrymas numeras, quæ per faciemque, finumque,

Duxerunt rivos semper-euntis aqua?

Si numeras Lachrymas, numeres licet Oscula, fed si

Non numeras Lachrymas, OSCULA ne numeres.

Et mihi da, miferi Solatia vana doloris, Innumera innumeris Basia pro Lachrymis. Your Kisses, Boons CELESTIAL! why with-

Or why by fcanty Numbers are they told?

Still you ne'er count, hard-hearted MAID, those

Sighs

Which in my lab'ring Breaft inceffant rife;
Nor yet those lucid Drops of tender Woe
Which down my Cheeks in quick succession flow.
Yes, Dearest Life! your Kisses number all;
And number, too, my forrowing Tears that fall:
Or, if you count not all the Tears, My Fair!
To count the Kisses sure you must forbear.
But let thy Lips now footh a Lover's Pain:
(Yet Griefs like mine what Soothings shall)
restrain!)

If Tears unnumber'd Pity can regard, Unnumber'd Kisses must each Tear reward.

BASIUM VII.

CENTUM BASIA centies,

Centum BASIA millies,

Mille BASIA millies,

Et tot MILLIA millies,

Quot Gutta Siculo mari,

Quot funt Sidera Colo,

Istis purpureis Genis,
Istis turgidulis Labris,
Ocellisque loquaculis,
Ferrem continuo impetu,

O formosa NEERA!

Sed dum totus inhareo

Conchatim rofeis Genis,

Conchatim rutilis Labris,

KISS VII.

KISSES told by Hundreds o'er!
Thousands told by Thousands more!
Millions! countless Millions! then,
Told by Millions o'er again!
Countless as the Drops that glide
In the Ocean's billowy Tide;
Countless as yon Orbs of Light
Spangled o'er the Vault of Night,
I'll with ceaseless Love bestow
On those Cheeks of crimson Glow,
On those Lips of gentle Swell,
On those Eyes where Raptures dwell.

But when circled in thy Arms;
As I'm panting o'er thy Charms;
O'er thy CHEEKS of rofy Bloom;
O'er thy LIPS that breathe Perfume;

Ocellisque loquaculis,

Non datur tua cernere

Labra, non roseas Genas,

Ocellosque loquaculos,

Molleis nec mihi RISUS:

Qui, velut nigra discutit
CŒLO nubila CYNTHIUS,
Pacatumque per Æthera
Gemmatis in equis micat,

Flavo lucidus orbe;

Sic Nutu eminus aureo

Et meis lachrymas genis,

Et curas animo meo,

Et suspiria pellunt:

O'er thine Eyes, fo fweetly bright, Shedding foft expressive Light: Then, nor CHEEKS of rofy Bloom, Nor thy LIPS that breathe Perfume. Nor thine Eyes' expressive Light, Blefs thy Lover's envious Sight; Nor that foothing SMILE, which cheers All his tender Hopes and Fears: For, as radiant PHŒBUS streams O'er the Globe with placid Beams, Whirling thro' th' ETHEREAL WAY, Swift, the blazing Car of Day; And from the tempestuous Sky, While the rapid Courfers fly, All the ftormy Clouds are driv'n, Which deform'd the Face of Heav'n: So thy golden SMILE, MY FAIR! Chafes ev'ry am'rous Care; Dries the Torrents of mine Eyes; Calms my fond, tumultuous Sighs.

Heu! quæ funt Oculis meis
Nata prælia cum Labris?
Ergo ego mihi vel Jovem
Rivalem potero pati?
Rivales Oculi mei

Non ferunt mea LABRA.

Ergo ego mihi vel Jovem] Propertius speaks to the same Purpose thus:

Rivalem possim non ego ferre Jovem.

PROPERT. Eleg. 32, Lib. II.

Oh! how emulous the Strife

'Twixt my Lips and Eyes, sweet Life!

Of thy Charms are These poffeft,

Those are envious till they're bleft:

Think not, then, that in my Love

I'll be rivall'd e'en by Jove;

When fuch jealous Conflicts rife

'Twixt my very Lips and Eyes.

What tho' 'twere Jove, no Rival could I bear.

BASIUM VIII.

QUIS te furor, Neera,
INEPTA, quis jubebat
Sic involare, nostram
Sic vellicare Linguam,
Ferociente morsu?

An, quas tot unus abs te
Pectus per omne gefto
Penetrabileis Sagittas,
Parum videntur? iftis
Ni Dentibus protervis
Exerceas nefandum
Membrum nefas in illud?
Quo! ſæpè Sole primo,
Quo! ſæpè Sole ſero,
Quo! per Diesque longas,
Nocteisque amarulentas,
Laudes tuas canebam?

KISS VIII.

AH! what ungovern'd RAGE, declare,
NEÆRA, too capricious FAIR,
What unreveng'd, unguarded Wrong,
Could urge Thee thus to wound my TONGUE?

Perhaps you deem th' afflictive Pains
Too trifling which my Heart fuftains;
Nor think enough my Bosom smarts
With all the sure, destructive Darts
Incessant sped from ev'ry Charm;
That thus your wanton Teeth must harm,
Must harm that little tuneful Thine,
Which wont so off thy Praise to sing;
What time the Morn has streak'd the Skies,
Or Ev'ning's faded Radiance dies;
Thro' painful Days consuming slow,
Thro' ling'ring Nights of am'rous Woe.

Hæc eft, Iniqua, (nefcis?)

Hæc, illa Lingua noftra eft,

Quæ, tortileis capillos,

Quæ, pætulos ocellos,

Quæ, lacteas papillas,

Quæ, colla mollicella,

Venuftulæ Neæra,

Molli per aftra verfu,

Ultra Jovis calores,

Cœlo invidente, vexit.

Quæ, te meam Salutem,
Quæ, te meamque Vitam,
Animæ meæque Florem,
Et te meos Amores,
Et te meos Lepores,
Et te meam Dionen,
Et te meam Columbam,
Albamque Turturillam,
Venere invidente, dixit.

This Tongue, thou know'ft, has oft extoll'd
Thy Hair in shining Ringlets roll'd;
Thine Eyes with tender Passion bright;
Thy swelling Breast of purest White;
Thy taper Neck of polish'd Grace;
And all the Beauties of thy Face;
Beyond the lucid Orbs above,
Beyond the starry Throne of Jove;
Extoll'd them in such lofty Lays,
That Gods with Envy heard the Praise.

Oft has it call'd Thee ev'ry Name
Which boundless Rapture taught to frame;
My Life! my Joy! my Soul's Desire!
All that my Wish cou'd e'er require!
My pretty Venus! and my Love!
My gentle Turtle! and my Dove!
Till Cypria's self with Envy heard
Each partial, each endearing Word.

An verò, an est id ipsum
Quod te juvat, Superba,
Inferre Vulnus illi,
Quam, læsione nullà,
Formosa, posse, nosti,
Irâ tumere tantâ,
Quin semper hos ocellos;
Quin semper hæc labella;
Et, qui sibi, salaceis,
Malum dedêre, denteis,
Inter suos cruores
Balbutiens, recantet?
O! vis superba Formæ!

Say, BEAUTEOUS TYRANT! do'ft delight To wound this Tongue in wanton Spite? Because, alas! too well aware, That ev'ry Wrong it yet could bear Ne'er urg'd it once in angry Strain Of thy Unkindness to complain; But, fuff'ring patient all its Harms, Still would it fing thy matchless Charms; Sing! the foft Lustre of thine Eye; Sing! thy fweet Lips of rofy Dye; Nay, still those guilty Teeth 'twould fing, Whence all its cruel Mifchiefs fpring: E'en now it lifps in falt'ring Lays, While yet it bleeds, NEERA's Praise: Thus, BEAUTEOUS TYRANT! you controul, Thus fway my fond, enamour'd Soul!

KISSES.

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BASIUM IX.

NON semper udum da mihi Basium,

Nec juncta blandis sibila risibus,

Nec semper in meum recumbe

Implicitum, moribunda, collum.

Mensura rebus est sua dulcibus.

Ut quodque menteis suaviùs afficit,

Fastidium sic triste secum

Limite proximiore ducit.

Quum te rogabo ter tria Basia;

Ta deme feptem, nec nifi da duo,

Utrumque nec longum, nec udum:

Qualia, teli-gero Diana

KISS IX.

CEASE thy fweet, thy balmy Kisses;

Ceafe thy many-wreathed Smiles;

Ceafe thy melting, murm'ring Bliffes;

Ceafe thy fond, bewitching Wiles.

On my Bosom fost reclin'd,

Cease to pour thy tender Joys:

Pleasure's Limits are confin'd;

Pleasure oft repeated cloys.

Sparingly your Bounty use,
When I ask for Kisses Nine;
Sev'n at least you must refuse,
And let only Two be mine.

Yet let These be neither long,
Nor delicious Sweets respire!
But like those which Virgins young
Artless give their aged Sire.

Dat casta Fratri! Qualia, dat patri

Experta nullos nata Cupidines!

Mox è meis, LASCIVA, ocellis

Curre procul natitante planta:

Et te remotis in penetralibus,

Et te latebris abdito in intimis:

Sequar latebras ufque in imas,

In penetrale fequar repôftum;

Prædamque, Victor fervidus, in meam
Utrinque herileis injiciens manus,
Raptabo; ut imbellem columbam
Unguibus accipiter recurvis.

Such! as, with a Sifter's Love,
Beauteous DIAN may beftow
On the radiant Son of Jove,
Phœbus of the filver Bow.

Bounding light with wanton Grace,
Now my Lips diforder'd fly;
And in fome retired Place
Hide thee from my fearching Eye.

Each Recess I'll traverse o'er,

Where I think thou li'ft conceal'd;

Ev'ry Covert I'll explore,

Till my Wanton's all reveal'd.

Then in fportive, am'rous Play,
Victor-like, I'll feize my Love;
Seize thee! as the Bird of Prey
Pounces on a trembling Dove.

Tu deprecanteis, victa, dabis manus,
Hærenfque, totis, pendula, brachiis,
Placare me feptem jocofis
Basiolis cupies, Inerta!

Errabis;— illud crimen ut eluam,
Septena jungam Basia fepties,
Atque hoc catenatis lacertis
Impediam, Fugitiva, collum.

Dum, perfolutis omnibus Osculis,

Jurabis omneis per Veneres tuas,

Te fæpiùs pænas eafdem

Crimine velle pari fubire.

Now your Arms fubmiffive raifing,
Round my Neck those Arms you'll throw;
Now Sev'n Kisses sweetly pleasing
For your Freedom you'll bestow:

But those venal Sev'n are vain;—
Sev'n Times Sev'n's the Price, sweet
Maid!

Thou my PRIS'NER fhalt remain Till the balmy Ranfom's paid:

Paying then the Forfeit due,

By thy much-lov'd Beauties fwear,

Faults like these you'll still pursue,

Faults! which Kisses can repair.

BASIUM X.

NON funt certa meam moveant quæ Basia mentem;

Uda labris udis conferis, uda juvant.

Nec sua Basiolis non est quoque gratia siccis; Fluxit ab his tepidus sæpè sub ossa vapor.

Dulce quoque est oculis nutantibus Oscula ferre, Autoresque sui demeruisse mali:

Sive genis totis, totive incumbere collo, Seu niveïs humeris, seu sinui niveo:

Et totas livore genas, collumque notare,

Candidulofque humeros, candidulumque finum.

KISS X.

IN various Kisses various Charms I find,
For changeful Fancy loves each changeful Kind:
Whene'er with mine thy humid Lips unite,
Then humid Kisses with their Sweets delight;
From ardent Lips fo ardent Kisses pleafe,
For glowing Transports often spring from these.
What Joy! to kiss those Eyes that wanton rove,

Then catch the Glances of returning Love;
Or, clinging to the Cheek of crimfon Glow,
The Bofom, Shoulder, or the Neck of Snow;
What Pleafure! tender Paffion to affuage;
And fee the Traces of our am'rous Rage
On the foft Neck, or blooming Cheek, expreft;
On the white Shoulder, or ftill whiter Breaft!

Seu labris querulis titubantem fugere linguam, Et miscere duas juncta per ora animas,

Inque peregrinum diffundere corpus utranque; Languet in extremo cum moribundus Amor.

Me breve, me longum capiet, laxumque, tenaxque, Seu mihi das, feu do, Lux, tibi Basiolum.

Qualia sed sumes, nunquam mihi Talia redde:

Diversis varium ludat uterque modis.

At quem deficiet varianda figura priorem,

Legem submissis audiat hanc oculis.

'Twixt yielding Lips, in ev'ry thrilling K1ss,
To dart the trembling Tongue—what matchlefs
Blifs!

Inhaling fweet each other's mingling Breath,
While Love lies gasping in the Arms of Death;
While Soul with Soul in Ecstacy unites,
Entranc'd, empassion'd with the fond Delights.
From thee receiv'd, or giv'n to thee, MY LOVE!
Alike to me those Kisses grateful prove:
The Kiss that's rapid, or prolong'd with Art,
The sierce, the gentle, equal Joys impart:
But mark---be all my Kisses, Beauteous

MAID!

With diff'rent Kisses from thy Lips repaid;
Then varying Raptures shall from either flow,
As varying Kisses either shall bestow:
And let the First, who with an unchang'd Kiss
Shall cease to thus diversify the Blifs,
Observe, with Looks in meek Submission dress'd,
That Law, by which this Forseiture's express'd:

- " Ut, quot utrinque priùs data sint, tot BASIA solus
 - " Dulcia victori det, totidemque modis."

- " As many Kisses as Each Lover gave,
- " As EACH might in return again receive;
- " So many Kisses from the vanquish'd Side
- " The Victor claims, fo many Ways applied."

. Alreo, ego com capatis Aringo tua colla lacerti

Accious canairan, qual de me quifque loquetar

BASIUM XI.

BASIA lauta nimis quidam me jungere dicunt, Qualia rugosi non didicêre Patres.

Ergo, ego cum cupidis stringo tua colla lacertis,
Lux mea, Basiolis immoriorque tuis;

Anxius exquiram quid de me quifque loquatur:

Ipse quis, aut ubi sim, vix meminisse vacat.

Audiit, & risit formosa Neera, meumque Hinc collum niveâ cinxit & inde manu;

Basiolumque dedit; quo, non lascivius, un quam Inseruit Marti Cypria blanda suo:

KISS XI.

SOME think my Kisses too luxurious told, Kisses! they fay, not known to Sires of old: Hence, when entranc'd on thy foft Neck I lie, Or o'er thy Lips in tender Transport die; Of thee, dear Life! I ask, perplex'd in vain, Why rigid Cynics censure thus my Strain? But, oh! thy Blandishments so rapt'rous prove, That ev'ry ravish'd Sense is lost in Love; Not mortal then, but half divine, I seem, Till all Elysium paints the blissful Dream. Neæra smil'd Disdain, and instant threw Around my Neck her Arm of fairest Hue; Then kiss'd me fonder, more voluptuous far, Than Beauty's Queen e'er kiss'd the God of War.

- " Et, quid (ait), metuis turba decreta severa?
 " Caussa meo tantum competit ista Foro."
- "What!" cries the NYMPH, "and shall my am'rous Bard
- " Pedantic Wifdom's ftern Decree regard?
- " Thy Cause must be at my TRIBUNAL tried:
- " None but NEERA can the Point decide."

Roughtolder libration records

BASIUM XII.

QUID vultus removetis hinc pudicos,

Matronæque, Puellulæque castæ?

Non hic furta Deum jocosa canto,

Monstrosásve libidinum figuras:

Nulla hic carmina Mentulata; nulla

Quæ non, Discipulos ad integellos,

Hirsutus legat in Schola Magister.

Inermeis cano Basiationes,

Castus Aonii chori Sacerdos:

Scd vultus adhibent modò huc protervos

Matronæque, Puellulæque cunctæ;

KISS XII.

MODEST MATRONS, MAIDENS, fay, Why thus turn-your Looks away? Frolic Feats of lawlefs Love, Of the luftful Pow'rs above; Forms obfcene, that shock the Sight, In my Verse I ne'er recite; Verse! where naught INDECENT reigns; Guiltless are my tender Strains; Such as Pedagogues auftere Might with ftrict Decorum hear; Might, with no licentious Speech, To their Youth reproachless teach. I, chafte Vot'ry of the NINE! Kisses fing of chafte Defign. MAIDS and MATRONS yet, with Rage, Frown upon my blameless Page;

Ignari quia fortè Mentulatum

Verbum diximus, evolante voce.

Ite hinc, ite procul, molesta turba,

Matronæque, Puellulæque turpes!

Quanto castior est Neæra nostra?

Qua certè, sine Mentula, Libellum

Mavult, quàm, sine Mentula, Poëtam!

Que certé, sine, &c.] Here our Poet, or rather his Mistres Neera, diffents in Opinion from the amorous Catullus, who would inculcate the following opposite Principle:

Nam casum esse decet pium Poetam
Ipsum; versiculos nikil necesse est:
Qui tum denique habent salem, ac leporem,
Si sint molliculi, ac parum pudici,
Et quod pruriat incitare possunt;
Non dico Pueris, sed his Pilosis,
Qui duros nequeunt movere lumbos.

CATULLUS, Carm. 16.

Frown upon my blameleft Page;

Frown, because some wanton Word Here and there by Chance occurr'd; Or the cheated Fancy caught Some obscure, yet harmless, Thought. Hence, ye prudish Matrons! Hence, Squeamish Maids, devoid of Sense! And shall these in Virtue dare With my virtuous Maid compare? She! who in the Bard will prize What she'll in his Lays despise? Wantonness with Love agrees, But Reserve in Verse must please.

In Manners, let the learned Bard
Severest Chastity regard:
In Poetry, this Rule were vain;
For when luxurious Phrases reign,
And Modesty resigns her Sway,
Then, only then, delights the Lay;
The Lay! that moves a Youth's Desires,
And sluggish Age alike inspires.

BASIUM XIII.

LANGUIDUS è dulci certamine, VITA, jacebam

Exanimis, fusa per tua colla manu.

Omnis in arenti confumptus spiritus ore, Flamine non poterat cor recreare novo.

Jam Styx antè oculos, & Regna carentia Sole, Luridaque annos cymba Charontis erat.

Cùm Tu, Suaviolum educens pulmonis ab imo, Afflâsti siccis irriguum labiis.

Suaviolum! Stygia quod me de Valle reduxit; Et jussit vacua currere nave Senem.

KISS XIII.

WITH am'rous Strife exanimate I lay;
Around your Neck my languid Arm I threw:
My trembling Heart had just forgot to play;
Its vital Spirit from my Bosom flew;

The STYGIAN LAKE; the dreary Realms below,
To which the Sun a cheering Beam denies;
Old Charon's Boat, flow wand'ring to and fro,
Promifcuous pass'd before my swimming Eyes;

When you, Neera! with your humid Breath O'er my parch'd Lips the deep-fetch'd Kiss bestow'd,

Sudden! my fleeting Soul return'd from DEATH,
And freightless hence th' INFERNAL PILOT
row'd.

Erravi:—vacuâ non remigat Ille carinâ,

Flebilis ad Maneis jam natat umbra mea.

Pars anima, MEAVITA, tua hoc in corpore vivit;

Et dilapsuros sustinet articulos.

Quæ tamen, impatiens, in pristina jura reverti Sæpè per arcanas nititur, ægra, vias.

Ac, nisi dilectà per te foveatur ab aurâ, Jam collabenteis deserit articulos.

Ergo, age, labra meis innecte tenacia labris,

Assiduéque duos Spiritus unus alat.

Yet foft!—for, oh! my erring Senses stray— Not quite unfreighted to the Stygian Shore Old Charon steer'd his lurid Bark away; My plaintive Shade he to the Manes bore.

Then fince my Soul can here no more remain,
A part of Thine, sweet Life! that Loss
fupplies;

But what this feeble Fabric must sustain,

If of thy Soul that Part its Aid denies!

And much I fear—for, firuggling to be free,
Oft from its new Abode it fain would roam;
Oft feeks, impatient to return to Thee,
Some fecret Pass to gain its native Home.

Unless thy fost'ring Breath retards its Flight,
It now prepares to quit this falling Frame;
Haste then! to mine thy clingy Lips unite,
And let one Spirit feed each vital Flame!

Donec, inexpleti post tædia sera furoris, Unica de gemino corpore vita suet.

Then fince my Soul can here no more remain

A part of Thine, sweer Lire! that Lo

But what this feeble Pabric must fullain,

If of thy Soul that Part its Aid denies!

And much I fear—for, flruggling to be free,
Oft from its new Abode it fain would roam

Some freret Pale to go in its native Home

Uniels thy toffring Breath retards its Flight,
It now propages to quit this fulling Frame;
Hafte then! to mine thy clingy Lips unite.

Till, after frequent Ecstacies of Bliss,

Mutual, unsating to th' empassion'd Heart,

From Bodies thus conjoin'd, in one long Kiss,

That single Life which nourish'd both shall
part.

QUID profers mihi hammeum Labellum?

Non te, non volo Basiare, Dura!

Duro marmore Durion, NEREA!

Tanti istas ego ut Osculationes

Imbelleis fuciam, Surbarbs, coffras;

Ut, nervo toties rigens supino, manual en

Pertundam tunicas meas, tuafque,

Et desiderio furens inani,

Tabefeam, mifer, oftwante vend?

F

Had dod b BASIUM XIV. Sun BAST

QUID profers mihi stammeum Labellum?

Non te, non volo BASIARE, DURA!

Duro marmore DURIOR, NEÆRA!

Tanti istas ego ut OSCULATIONES

Imbelleis faciam, SUPERBA, vestras;

Ut, nervo toties rigens supino,

Pertundam tunicas meas, tuasque,

Et desiderio furens inani,

Tabescam, miser, æstuante venå?

KISS XIV. Solor of come of the

Molli Mottron Anton edulla!

THOSE tempting Lips, of fcarlet Glow,
Why pout with fond, bewitching Art?
For to those Lips, Neera! know
My Lips shall not one Kiss impart:

Perhaps you'd have me greatly prize,

HARD-HEARTED FAIR! your precious Kiss;
But learn, PROUD MORTAL! I despise

Such cold, such unimpassion'd Bliss.

Think'ft thou I calmly feel the Flame
That all my rending Bosom fires?
And patient bear, thro' all my Frame,
The Pangs of unallay'd Defires?

F 2

Quò fugis?-remane! nec, hos ocellos,

Nec nega mihi flammeum labellum:

Te, jam, te volo basiare, Mollis!

Molli Mollior Anseris medulla!

THOSE tempting Lips, of fearlet Glow

For to those Lips, NERRA! know

My Lips thall not one Kiss impart:

Tark range ogn at Oriving 100 725

erhaps you dhave me greatly prize, which

But learn, PROUD MORTAL! I despite

Such cold, fuch unimpassion'd Briss,

Chink'st thou I calmly feel the Flume

That all my rending Bolom frest

And patient bear, thro' all my Fram

The Pangs of unallay'd Delires?

F &

Ah! no—but turn not thus afide
Those tempting Lips of scarlet Glow!
Nor yet avert, with angry Pride,
Those Eyes from whence such Raptures flow!

Forgive the past, SWEET-NATUR'D MAID!

My Kisses, Love! are all thy own;

Then let my Lips o'er thine be laid;

O'er thine! more soft than softest Down.

Com frontens, franfofque, eidens in fronte ex-

Luminaque arquits irrequieta notistoro and

Assets assets and thece two a stark's asteo?
Flownsolatone greas & dignas Mark papillas,

List ab amingula Tela remissa manu;

but, doubting \$10, he linger'd to double;

F 3

Inque tuas curfu effufus, pueretiter, ulnus,

BASIUM XV.

Phofe tempting Lips of fearlet

ADDUCTO, PUER IDALIUS, post tempora,

Stabat in Exitium, PULCHRA NEERA, tuum.

Cùm frontem, sparsosque videns in fronte capillos;

Luminaque argutis irrequieta notis;

Flammeolasque genas, & dignas MATRE papillas;

Jecit ab ambiguâ Tela remissa manu:

KISS XV.

TH' IDALIAN YOUTH*, to pierce NEERA'S
Heart,

Had bent his Bow, had chofe the fatal Dart;
But when the Box, in Wonder loft, furvey'd
That Brow, o'er which your Hair luxuriant
play'd!

Those Cheeks, that blush'd the Rose's warmest Dye!

That streamy Lustre of your piercing Eye!
That Bosom, too, with matchless Beauty bright!
Scarce Cypria's own could boast so pure a white!
Tho' Mischief urg'd him first to wound My Fair,
Yet partial Fondness urg'd him now to spare;
But, doubting still, he linger'd to decide;
At length resolv'd, he flung the Shaft aside:

F. 4

^{*} Cupid.

And hung voluptuous o'er thy heav'nly Charms:

Then fudden rush'd impetuous to thy Arms,

Inque tuas cursu effusus, pueriliter, ulnas,
Mille tibi fixit BASIA, mille modis;

Quæ fuccos tibi Myrteolos, Cypriosque liquores,

Pectoris afflarunt ufque sub ima tui!

Juravitque Deos omneis, Veneremque pa-

Nil tibi post unquam velle movere mali.

Et miremur adhuc, cur tam tua Basia fragrent?

Duraque cur miti semper Amore vaces?

biguo . Cupid.

There as the Youth in wanton Folds was laid, His Lips o'er thine in vary'd Kisses play'd; With ev'ry Kiss he tried a thousand Wiles, A thousand Gestures, and a thousand Smiles; Your inmost Breast with Cyprian Odours sill'd, And all the Myrtle's luscious Scent instill'd: Lastly, he swore, by ev'ry Pow'r above, By Venus' self, the potent Queen of Love, That thou, blest Nymph! for ever should'st remain

Exempt from am'rous Care, from am'rous Pain.
What wonder, then, fuch balmy Sweets should
flow

In ev'ry grateful Kiss thy Lips bestow!

What wonder, then, OBDURATE MAID! you prove

Averse to all the Tenderness of Love!

F 5

There as the Yourn in wanton Polds was laid. His Lips of INX MUISAB are play'd; With evry Kiss be a thouland Wiles.

LATONÆ niveo Sidere blandior! Da mod A

Et Stellå Veneris pulchrior aureå! Da mod Basia centum, da mod Mad da bak

Da tot Basia, quot dedit.

VATI multivolo LESBIA, quot tulit.

Quot blandæ Veneres, quotque Cupidines

Et labella pererrant,

Et genas roseas tuas ; nont robnow'tsdW

Vati multivolo] Catullus is here meant; alluding, most probably, to the following Lines in the 5th of his Carmina:

Da mi Basia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.
Dein cùm millia multa secerimus,
Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus:
Aut ne quis malus invidere possit,
Quum tantum sciat esse Basiorum.

CATULLUS.

KISS XVI.

BRIGHT as Venus' golden Star!
And as filver Cynthia fair!
Nymph, with ev'ry Charm replete!
Give an Hundred Kisses fweet;
Then as many Kisses more
O'er my Lips profufely pour,
As th' infatiate Bard could want,
Or his bounteous Lesbia grant;
As the vagrant Loves that ftray
On thy Lip's nectareous Way;

A Thousand Kisses give me, Love,
And yet an Hundred let me prove;
A fecond Thousand grant me still,
A fecond Hundred now sulfil:
Another Thousand o'er again,
Another rapt'rous Hundred then;
And when the Thousands num'rous grow,
Let's cease to count, that none may know
What boundless Sums of Bliss I owe.

F 6

Quot VITAS oculis, quotque NECEIS geris,

Quot Spes, quotque Metus, quotque perennibus

Mista Gaudia Curis,

Et Suspiria Amantium.

Da, quàm multa meo Spicula pectori

Infevit, volucris dira manus Dei:

Et quàm multa pharetrâ

Confervavit in aureà.

Adde & blanditias, verbaque publica,

Et cum suavi-crepis murmura sibilis,

Rifu non sine grato,

Gratis non sine morsibus:

As the dimpling Graces fpread
On thy Cheek's carnation'd Bed;
As the Deaths thy Lovers die;
As the Conquests of thine Eye,
Or the Cares, and fond Delights,
Which its changeful Beam incites;
As the Hopes and Fears we prove,
Or th' empaffion'd Sighs in Love;
As the Shafts by Cupid fped,
Shafts! by which my Heart has bled;
As the countless Stores that still
All his golden Quiver fill.

Whifper'd Plaints and wanton Wiles,
Speeches foft and foothing Smiles,
Teeth-imprinted tell-tale Bliffes,
Intermix with all thy Kisses:

Qualeis Chaonie garrula motibus

Alternant tremulis rostra columbula,

Cùm se dura remittit

Primis Bruma Favoniis.

Incumbénfque meis, mentis inops, genis,
Huc, illuc, oculos volve natatileis,
Exanguemque, lacertis,
Dic, te fustineam meis.

Stringam nexilibus te, te ego brachiis,

Frigentem calido pectore comprimam,

Et vitam tibi longi

Reddam afflamine BASII.

So, when Zephyr's breezy Wing
Wafts the balmy Breath of Spring,
Turtles thus their Loves repeat,
Fondly billing, murm'ring fweet;
While their trembling Pinions tell
What Delights their Bofoms fwell.

Now, when Joys o'erwhelm thy Mind,
On my glowing Cheek reclin'd,
All around, in am'rous Trance,
Let thine Eyes voluptuous glance;
And, fuffus'd with Paffion's Flames,
Dart their fweetly-trembling Gleams:
Then, foft languifhing, and fighing,
With delicious Transport dying,
Say to thy officious Swain;
"Now, thy fainting Fair fuftain."
In my fond encircling Arms
I'll receive thy falling Charms;
While the long life-teeming Kiss
Shall recall thy Soul to Blifs:

Donec fucciduum me quoque Spiritus

Iftis roscidulis linquet in Osculis,

Labentémque, lacertis,

Dicam, Collige me tuis.

Stringes nexilibus me, Mea, brachiis,
Mulcebis tepido pectore frigidum:
Et vitam mihi longi afflabis rore Suavii.

Sic Ævi, MEA Lux, tempora floridi

Carpamus fimul. En, jam miferabileis

Curas ægra Senectus

Et Morbos trahet, & Necem.

And as thus the vital Store
From my humid Lips I pour;
Till, exhaufted with the PLAY,
All my Spirit waftes away;
Sudden, in my turn, I'll cry;
"Oh! fupport me, for I die."
To your foft'ring Breaft you'll hold me,
In your warm Embrace enfold me;
While thy Breath, in nectar'd Gales,
O'er my finking Soul prevails;
While thy Kisses fweet impart
Life and Rapture to the Heart.

Thus, when Youth is in its Prime,
Let's enjoy the golden Time;
For when fimiling Youth is paft
Age thefe tender Joys shall blast:
Sickness, which our Bloom impairs;
Slow-consuming, painful Cares;
Death, with dire remorfeless Rage;
All attend the Steps of Age.

BASIUM XVII. 12 YELL

Sudden, in my turn Tell

QUALEM purpureo diffundit MANE colorem
Quæ rosa Nocturnis roribus immaduit:

MATUTINA rubent Dominæ sic Oscula nostræ

Basiolis, longå Nocte, rigata meis.

Qua, circum, facies, niveo candore, coronat; Virginis ut violam cum tenet alba manus.

Tale novum seris cerasum sub storibus ardet;

Æstatemque & Ver cum simul arbor habet.

For when fmiling Yourn is pult

Me miserum! quare, cùm flagrantissima jungis Oscula, de Thalamo cogor abire tuo?

Si tamen interea cuniamm Basia carpent,

ROSES, refresh'd with NIGHTLY Dew, difplay

New Beauties blushing to the DAWN OF DAY;
So, by the Kisses of a RAPT'ROUS NIGHT,
Thy vermil Lips at Morn are doubly bright;
And from thy Face, that's exquisitely fair,
That vermil Brightness seems more bright t'appear:

Deep purpled Vi'lets thus a deeper Glow,
Held in fome Virgin's fnowy Hand, will fhow;
And early-rip'ning Cherries thus affume,
'Mid the late Bloffoms, a fuperior Bloom;
When Spring and Summer boaft united Pow'r,
At once producing both the Fruit and Flow'r.
But why, when most thy Kisses fire my Heart,
Why from th' endearing Transport must I part?

O! faltem, labris ferva hunc, Formosa, ruborem;

Dum tibi me referet Noctis opaca quies!

Si tamen interea cujufquam Basia carpent,

Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.

Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.] i. e. Paler than my Cheeks shall become at seeing this evident Testimony of Insidelity, viz. your Lips' losing their rosy Colour. The Idea of Insidelity's being punished by some Failure of Beauty is also Horace's.

Ulla si juris tihi pejerati
Pana, Barine, nocuisset unquam:
Dente si nigro sieres, vel uno
Turpior ungui;

Crederem: &c. 19910 and dis-vises bal

Hor. Ode 8. Lib. II.

And thus Ovid to the same Purpose:

Esse Deos credamne?---fidem jurata fefellit,
Et facies illi, quæ fuit ante, manet.
Quam longos habuit, nondum perjura, capillos,
Tam longos, postquam Numina læst, habet.
OVID. Amor. Lib. III. Eleg. 3.

Oh! let that Crimfon on those Lips remain,
Till Ev'ning brings me to thy Arms again:
Yet should those Lips ere then some Rival bless,
Some Youth whom thou in secret shalt cares,
Then may they cease for ever to disclose
That beauteous Blush, which emulates the Rose!
Then paler turn than my pale Cheek shall prove
Whene'er I view this Mark of faithless Love!

If e'er th' infulted Pow'rs had shed
The slightest Vengeance on thy Head;
If but a Nail or Tooth of Thee
Were blacken'd by thy Perjury;
Again thy Falsehood might deceive,
And I the faithless Vow believe.

ornélimis eburna figna Baccis

FRANCIS.

Can there be Gods?—the perjur'd Fair-one fwore, Yet looks as lovely as the look'd before.

Long flow'd the careless Treffes of her Hair, While yet the thone as innocent as fair;

Long flow the Treffes of the Wanton now,

And fport as Trophies of her broken Vow.

DUNKIN.

BASIUM XVIII.

And foort as Trophies of her broken Vow. ...

Fill Evinna brings me to thy Arms again;

Then may they ceal wer to difclofe

CUM Labra nostra cerneret Puelle,
Inclusa circo candida figura;
(Ut si quis ornet, arte curiosa,
Corallinis eburna signa Baccis)
Flevisse fertur Cypris, & gemendo
Lascivienteis convocasse Amores;

KISS XVIII.

" Sub arbitro Pafto. Sun Nexes"

WHEN CYTHEREA first beheld

Those Lips with ruby Lustre bright,

Those Lips! which, as they blushing swell'd,

Blush'd deeper from th' encircling white;

(So, when fome Artift's Skill inlays
Coral 'mid Iv'ry's paler Hue,
That height'ning Coral foon difplays
A warmer Crimfon to the view.)

Then urg'd by Envy and by Hate,
Which rifing Sighs and Tears betray'd,
She call'd her wanton Loves—and ftraight
The wanton Loves her Call obey'd:

Et, " quid juvat (dixisse) purpuratis

" Vicisse in IDA PALLADEM labellis,

" Et Pronubam magni Jovis Sororem

" Sub arbitro Pastore? Cùm NEERA

" Hæc ante-cellut, arbitro Poëtâ?

" At vos, furentes, ite in hunc Poëtam,

" Et, dira plenis Tela de Pharetris,

" In Illius medullulas tenellas,

Sub arbitro Pastore? The Story of the Judgment of Paris is too well known to be related here.

Which rifing Sighs and Tems betray'd, upscall'd her wanton Loves—and firaigh

Then urg'd by Envy and by Hate;

To whom the QUEEN in plaintive Strain:

" Ah! what, my Boys, avails it now,

" That to these Lips the Phrygian Swain

" Decreed the Prize on IDA's Brow?

"That Prize! for which, elate with Pride,
"The MARTIAL MAID contentious strove;

"That Prize! to Juno's felf deny'd,

" The SISTER, and the WIFE of Jove:

" If, to pervert this SWAIN'S Decree,

" A Poet's partial Judgment dare

" His mortal NYMPH prefer to me,

" Her Lips with Lips divine compare!

" Swift, then, ye vengeful Cupids, fly

" With loaded Quivers to the BARD;

" Let all the Pangs ye can fupply

" His matchless Insolence reward.

G/

- " Pectufque per, jecurque per jocosum,
- " Distringite, acres perstrepente cornu.
- " At ILLA nullo pertepescat igne,
- " Sed tacta pectus Plumbea Sagitta
- " Torpescat imas congelata venas."

Evênit: imis uror in medullis;

Et torrido jecur liquescit igne.

Tu fulta pectus asperis pruinis

Et caute, qualeis aut maris Sicani,

Aut Adrie unda tundit astuosa,

- "Go, practife ev'ry cruel Art
 "Revenge can frame, without delay;
- " His Bosom pierce with ev'ry Dart
 - "Which Love's foft Poifon may convey:
- " But wound not with fuch Darts the FAIR;
 - " Her Breast must ever cold remain;
- " Your Shafts of Lead lodge deeply there,
 - " To freeze the Current of each Vein."

She fpoke:—now more than ufual Fire
Confumes apace my melting Soul;
And now, fierce Torrents of Defire
Tumultuous thro' my Bofom roll:

While Thou, whose icy Heart betrays

No more Concern than Rocks that brave
The Fury of Sicilian Seas,
Or Adria's rudely-dashing Wave,

Secura ludis impotentem amantem;
INGRATA! propter ista labra rubra
Laudata plector. Heu! Misella, nescis,
Cur oderis: nec ira quid Deorum
Effrena possit, & furor Diones!

Duros remitte, Mollicella, fastus:

Istoque dignos ore sume mores:

Et, quæ meorum caussa sunt dolorum,

Mellita labris necte labra nostris:

Haurire possis ut mei pusillum

Præcordiis ex intimis veneni,

Canft, in unfeeling Scorn fecure,

Mock all thy tortur'd Lover's Pain;

Who for fond Praife is doom'd t' endure,

Ungrateful Maid! thy cold Difdain:

Yet why, PROUD WRETCH! you thus despise
You know not—nor how fierce may prove
Th' ungovern'd Anger of the Skies,
The Vengeance of the Queen of Love!

But, oh! no more purfue that Scorn,
Which ill becomes each outward Grace;
Sure, fweetest Manners should adorn
The Nymph who boasts so sweet a Face.

Then let thy Lips to mine be preft,

Those honied Lips! which cause my Care;

Imbibing from my inmost Breast

The latent Poison rankling there:

G 3

Et mutuis languere victa flammis.

At nec Deos, nec, tu, time DIONEN:

Formofa Divis imperat Puella!

And, as you thus partake the Smart
Of all my Torture, in your turn
You'll catch the Flame that warms my Heart,
And foon with mutual Paffion burn.

But fear not Thou the Pow'rs DIVINE;

Fear not the potent QUEEN OF LOVE!

Beauty, WELL-GUARDED MAID! like thine

Can fway th' IMPERIAL SOULS above.

Orna his our amedent I unanis fragmente err

BASIUM XIX.

MELLI-LEGÆ VOLUCRES! quid adhuc
THYMA cana ROSASQUE,
Et rorem VERNÆ nectareum VIOLÆ,

Lingitis? aut florem latè-spirantis Anethi?
Omnes, ad Dominæ labra, venite, meæ.

Illa Rosas spirant omneis, Thymaque omnia fola,

Et succum VERNE nectareum VIOLE:

Inde procul dulces auræ funduntur Anethi:

Narcissi veris illa madent lachrymis;

KISS XIX.

WHY wing your Flight, YE BEES! from Flow'r to Flow'r?

Why, toiling thus, collect the Luscious Store From bloffom'd Thyme empurpling all the Ground?

From the rich Anise breathing Odours round?
Why fip the VERNAL VI'LET'S nectar'd Dew?
Or fpoil the fragrant Rose of blufhing Hue?
Fly to the Lips, YE WANTONS! of MY FAIR,
And gather all your BALMY TREASURES there;
Thence catch the Fragrance of the blufhing
Rose:

Thence fip that Dew which from the Vi'let flows;

Thence the rich Odours of the Anise fteal;
And thence the bloffom'd Thyme's Perfume inhale:

G 5

Oebalique madent Juvenis fragrante cruore; Qualis uterque liquor, cùm cecidisset, erat;

NECTAREQUE ætherio medicatus, & aëre puro, Impleret fætu versi-colore solum.

Sed me, jure meo libantem mellea Labra, Ingrate, socium ne prohibete favis.

Fatu versi-colore, &c.] By this, perhaps, Secundus does not mean any variegated Flower in particular, but variegated Flowers in general, of a red and white Colour; for we no where read of any peculiar variegated Flower as having sprung from the Tears of Narcissus mixt with the Blood of Hyacinthus. Narcissus, according to Ovid, was turned into a Dasfodil, and the Blood of Hyacinthus produced the Hyacinth.—Vid. Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. III. Fab. 6, & Lib. X. Fab. 5.

Lips! where those Tears in genuine Moisture dwell,

That from Narcissus felf-enamour'd fell;
Lips! deeply ting'd with Hyacinthus' Blood,
Which, with the Tears in one commingled Flood,
Impregnating the fertile Womb of Earth,
First gave the variegated Flow'r its Birth:
Soon, by the Nectar'd Show'rs that Heav'n
bestow'd,

With fanning Gales the motley Offspring blow'd:

For Drops of Blood, lo! crimfon Streaks appear, And Streaks uncolour'd for each lucid Tear.

But ftill, YE BEES well-favour'd! GRATEFUL prove;

Let no unkind Refufals pay my Love,

If e'er I claim (what fure's my rightful Due);

To fhare those Lips, those honied Lips! with

You:

G 6

Non etiam totas, AVIDE, distendite cellas,
Arescant Domine ne semel ora meæ;

Basiaque impressans siccis sitientia labris, Garrulus, indicii triste feram pretium.

Heu! non & stimulis compungite molle labellum:

Ex oculis stimulos vibrat & ILLA pareis.

With faming Gales the moder Optora

Credite, non ullum patietur vulnus inultum:

Leniter, innocuæ, mella legatis APES.

Nor fuck INSATIATE all their Balm away,
And to your burfting Cells the Sweets convey;
Left, when to cool my fever'd Lips I try,
Neæra's Lips no cooling Dews fupply;
Then shall I justly reap the sad Reward
Of what misguided Considence declar'd.

And, oh! to wound her tender Lips forbear,
Or dread the fatal Vengeance of the FAIR:
Tho' fharp your Stings, her Eyes can fcatter
round

Darts, that with more tormenting Stings may wound:

Nor, as YE fip, inflict the flightest Pain, For unreveng'd the Wrong will ne'er remain; But gently gather from those precious Rills Th' ambrofial Drops each humid Lip distils. Nor face reservated their Demonstrates And to your burting Cells the Spects country Left, when to cooling fever'd Lips I try.

NESSA's Lips no cooling Dews lapply:

Then This II. I justly resp the fad freward.

Of what mitguided Confidence declared.

And, oh! to wound her leader Lips forcest, It drend the fatal Vengenber of the Para: The fram your Stings, her Eyes can feater

Parts, that with more tormening Shings may

Not, as Yz fip, inflict the dighted Pain, For unreveng d the Wrong will ne'er remain. But gently gather from those precions falls. Th' ambrohal Props each bound Lin didils. FRAGMENTA.

&c.

This little Progness is in gowered attributed to



FRAGMENTA & POËMATA QUÆDAM

IN

BASIUM.

FRAGMENTUM.*

AD LYDIAM.

LYDIA, bella PUELLA, candida,
Quæ benè superas lac et lilium,
Albamque simul rosam rubidam,
Aut expolitum ebur indicum;



SOME

FRAGMENTS AND POETICAL PIECES

ON

THE KISS.

A FRAGMENT.

TO LYDIA.

LOVELY Lydia! lovely Maid! Either Rofe in Thee's difplay'd; Rofes of a blufhing Red O'er thy Lips and Cheeks are fhed; Rofes of a paly Hue In thy fairer Charms we view.

^{*} This little Fragment is in general attributed to Cornelius Gallus, and printed among his Pieces.

Pande, Puella, pande capillulos

Flavos, lucentes ut aurum nitidum:

Pande, PUELLA, collum candidum,

Productum benè candidis humeris:

Pande, PUELLA Stellatos oculos;

Flexaque super nigra cilia:

Pande, Puella, geneas roseas

Perfusas rubro purpureo Tyria:

Porrige labra, labra corallina,

Da columbatim mitia BASIA;

Now thy braided Hair unbind;

Now, luxuriant, unconfin'd,

Let thy wavy Treffes flow;

Treffes bright! of burnish'd Glow!

Bare thy iv'ry Neck, MY FAIR!

Now thy fnowy Shoulders bare;

Bid the vivid Luftre rife

In thy paffion-ftreaming Eyes:

See! the lucent Meteors gleam,

See! they fpeak the wishful Flame:

And how gracefully above,

Modell'd from the Bow of Love,

Are thy arching Brows difplay'd,

Soft'ning in a fable Shade.

Let a warmer Crimfon streak

The Velvet of thy downy Cheek;

Let thy Lips, that breathe Perfume,

Deeper Purple now assume:

Give me little billing Kisses,

Intermixt with murm'ring Bliffes;

Sugis amentis partem animi:

Cor mihi penetrant hæc tua BASIA:

Quid mihi sugis vivum sanguinem?

Conde papillas, conde gemi-pomas,

Compresso lacte quæ modò pullulant:

Sinus expansa profert cinnama;

Undique surgunt ex te deliciæ.

Conde papillas, quæ me sauciant

Candore, et luxu nivei pectoris.

Soft, MY LOVE!—MY ANGEL, ftay!—
Soft!—you fuck my Breath away!
Drink the Life-drops of my Heart!
Draw my Soul from ev'ry Part!
Scarce my Senfes can fuftain
So much Pleafure! fo much Pain!

Hide thy broad, voluptuous Breaft!
Hide that balmy Heav'n of Reft!
See! to feaft th' enamour'd Eyes,
How the fnowy Hillocks rife;
Parted by the lufcious Vale,
Whence luxurious Sweets exhale:
Nature fram'd thee but t' infpire
Never-ending, fond Defire!

Again! above its envious Veft, See! thy Bosom heaves confest: Hide the rapt'rous, dear Delight! Hide it from my ravish'd Sight!

Whence laxurious Sweets exhale

SEVA, non cernis quod ego langueo?
Sic me destituis jam semi-mortuum?

Hide it!—for thro' all my Soul Tides of madd'ning Transport roll; Venting now th' impassion'd Sigh, See me languish! fee me die!

Tear not from me, then, thy Charms! Snatch, oh! fnatch me to thy Arms! With a life-infpiring Kiss, Wake my finking Soul to Blifs!

FRAGMENTS, &C.

Hide it !- for thro' all my Soul

IN LESBIAM.

Et crebro petit excitatque morfu,

Et crebro petit excitatque morfu,

Illa Lesbia, quæ tenelli Amoris

Bellè furripuit faces et arcum;

Imis ardeo totis in medullis,

Et fecreta calor per ossa currit.

Non tot astra polo nitent fereno,

Non tot vinea fulgurat racemis,

Quot me deliciæ cupidines que

Accensum exacuunt beatulumque.

Sed mi Lesbia, fare, Amica, quid me

Tantum Basiolo foves salaci;

Et crebro petis excitasque morsu?

ON LESBIA.

WHEN beauteous Lesbia fires my melting Soul,

(She, who the Torch and Bow from Curtoftole)
By many a Smile, by many an ardent Kiss,
And with her Teeth imprints the tell-tale Blifs,
Thro' all my Frame the madding Transport
glows,

Thro' ev'ry Vein the Tide of Rapture flows.
As many Stars as o'er Heav'n's Concave shine,
Or Clusters as adorn the fruitful Vine,
So many Blandishments, voluptuous Joys,
T' inflame my Breast the wily Maid employs:
But, dearest Lesbia! gentle Mistress! fay,
Why thus d' ye wound my Lips in am'rous Play?
With Kisses, Smiles, and ev'ry wanton Art,
Why raise the burning Fever of my Heart?

H

Te dulci liceat tenere lecto,

Te strictis liceat tenere in ulnis.

Blando deficientem Amoris æstu!

Quin si deficias Amoris æstu,

Mors tibi hoc pretio placebit herclè!

Let us, MY LOVE! on you foft Couch reclin'd, Each other's Arms around each other twin'd, Yield to the pleafing Force of ftrong Defire, And panting, ftruggling, both at once expire! For, oh, my LESBIA! fure that DEATH is fweet,

Which Lovers in the fond Contention meet.

FRAGMENTS, &c.

Linus tum rideor mibi- Pleasur

Seu quid altiús est beatiufica.

Mox ut to cripis, eece, ego repenté,

Seu quid altifus eje beatiújee, et sebet de testam

Seu quid inferiuse iristiasce.

H 2

BONEFONII BASIUM XVI.

Each other's Arms around each other twin'd;

DONEC pressivis incubo labellis, and don't Et diduco avidus tuæ, Puella,
Flosculos animæ suavè-olentes;
Unus tum videor mihi Deorum,
Seu quid altiús est beatiúsve.

Mox ut te eripis, ecce, ego repenté, Unus qui Superûm mihi videbar, Seu quid altiús est beatiúsve, Orci mî videor relatus umbris, Seu quid inferiúsve tristiúsve.

KISS XVI. OF BONEFONIUS.

CLASP'D, SWEET MAID! in thy Embrace,
While I view thy fimiling Face,
And the Sweets with Rapture fip
Flowing from thy honied Lip;
Then I tafte in heav'nly State
All that's happy, all that's great:

But when you forfake my Arms,
And Difpleafure clouds your Charms,
Sudden I, who prov'd fo late
All that's happy, all that's great,
Prove the Tortures of a Ghoft,
Wand'ring on the Stygian Coaft.

which this alludes. ' 8 H

* See the nineteenth Idyllium of Theocritus, to

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VENERIS LUSUS.

EFFINXIT quondam, blandum, meditata laborem,

BASIA lasciva Cypria Diva manu.

Ambrosiæ success occultà temperat Arte, Fragransque infuso Nectare tingit opus.

Sufficit et partem Mellis, quod subdolus olim Non impunè savis surripuisset Amor*.

Decussor Viole foliis admisset odores, Et spolia aftivis plurima rapta Rosis.

Addit et Illecebras, et mille et mille Lepores, Et quot Acidaliæ Gaudia cestus habet.

THE PASTIME OF VENUS.

INTENT to frame fome new Defign of Blifs,
The wanton CYPRIAN QUEEN compos'd a
Kiss:

An ample Portion of Ambrosial Juice
With mystic Skill she temper'd first for use;
This done, her infant Work was well bedew'd
With choicest Nectar; and o'er all she strew'd
Part of that Honey which sly Cupid stole,
Much to his Cost, and blended with the Whole;
Then, that soft Scent which from the Villet
flows

She mix'd with Spoils of many a vernal Rose:
Each gentle Blandishment in Love, we find,
Each graceful winning Gesture next she
join'd;

And all those Joys that in her Zone abound Made up the Kiss, and the rich Labour crown'd:

H 4

^{*} See the nineteenth Idyllium of Theocritus, to which this alludes.

Ex his composuit Dea Basia: et omnia libans, Invenias nitida sparsa per ora Chloës.

Confid'ring now what beauteous Nymph might prove

Worthy the Gift, and worthy of her Love, She fix'd on Chloe as her fav'rite Maid; To whom the Goddess, fweetly fmiling, faid: "Take this, MY FAIR, to perfect ev'ry Grace,

"And on thy Lips the FRAGRANT BLESSING

No 'l cereur', dommi Il Bacros to P ho nel core.

H 5

AMORE FUGGITIVO*.

To whom the Coppess-tweetly fmiling, faid:

UDITO hò CITEREA, and we side shell we che del tuo grembo fore legid vel ao bada.

Fuggitivo il tuo Figlio à te si cela, ela

E promesso hai baciar chi te'l rivela.

Non languir, bella Dea,

Se vai cercando Amore,

No'l cercar, dammi il Bacio, io l' hò nel core.

CUPID STRAYED.

YES, beauteous Queen-thy Son, they fay,
Thy wanton Son, is gone aftray--Nay, Venus, more---'tis faid from Thee
A Kiss the fweet Reward shall be
To any Swain, who truly tells
Where 'tis thy little Wand'rer dwells:
Then grieve no more, nor drop a Tear;
For, know, the little Urchin's here;
He, from the Search of vulgar Eyes
Conceal'd within my Bosom lies.
Now, Goddess, as I've told thee this,
Give me, oh! give the promis'd Kiss.

^{*} See the first Idyllium of Moschus on this Subject.

D'UN BACIO.

UN BACIO folo à tante pene, CRUDA?

Un BACIO à tanta fede?

La promessa mercede

Non si paga, BACIANDO; il BACIO è segno

Di futuro diletto,

E par, che dica anch' egli, i' ti prometto

Con si soave pegno:

In tanta hor godi, e taci,

Che son d' amor mute promesse i BACI.

ON A KISS.

AH! can'ft thou, CRUEL NYMPH, suppose
One Kiss rewards thy am'rous Youth;
Enough rewards his tender Woes,
His long, long Constancy and Truth?

Think not thy promis'd Kindness paid

By simple KISSING—for the KISS

Is but the Earnest, BEAUTEOUS MAID!

Of more substantial, future Bliss:

Sweet Kisses only were defign'd
Our warmer Raptures to improve;
Kisses were meant foft Vows to bind,
Were filent Pledges meant of Love.

HYMNE au BAISER.

PAR MONSIEUR DORAT.

Enough rewards his tolder Woes,

*DON celeste, volupté pure,

De l'Univers moteur secret,

Doux aiguillon de la Nature,

Et son plus invincible attrait,

Eclair, qui, brûlant ce qu'il touche,

Par l'heureux signal de la bouche,

Avertit tous les autres sens;

Viens jouer autour de ma lyre;

Qu'on reconnoisse ton délire

A la chaleur de mes accens.

HYMN TO THE KISS,

BY M. DORAT,
Translated.

I.

Lu nouvris de les étimelles

O! CHOICEST Gift of heav'nly Kind!
O! facred Source of Joy refin'd!
Thou latent Spring! whose vast Controul
Extends throughout the BOUNDLESS WHOLE;
Attraction strong! all-pow'rful Cause!
Enforcing Nature's hidden Laws;
Thou magic Lightning! that canst burn
Whate'er you touch, where'er you turn;
Touch but the Lips, and you dispense
The brisk Alarm thro' ev'ry Sense:
Come, hover round my tuneful Lyre,
And ev'ry swelling Note inspire;
So shall the Warmth my Strains express
Thy rapture-giving Pow'r confess.

^{*} Monsieur Dorat seems, in these Verses, metaphorically to apply the Word Kiss to that universal Attraction which prevails through all Matter.

II.

Tu vas, sur tes sujets sidèles,

Dispersant des stéches de feu:

Tu nourris de tes étincelles

Le stambeau de l'Aveugle Dieu.

Sans toi que seroit le bel âge?

Il t'offre son premier hommage,

Il s' éclaire de tes rayons;

Et, des desirs hâtant l'ivresse,

Sur les lèvres de la jeunesse

Tu sais tes plus douces moissons.

H.

You Darts of pleafing Flame convey;
Your kindling Sparks, that ne'er can die,
Blind Cupid's burning Torch fupply:
How dull the Spring of Life would prove
Without the Kiss that waits on Love!
Youth first to Thee its Homage pays,
Becomes enlighten'd from thy Rays:
And hast'ning, by your fost'ring Fires,
The Birth of all the gay Desires;
From youthful Lips You soon receive
The richest Harvests Lips can give.

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III.

Loin de l'ail éclatant du Monde, Combien d'ETRES infortunés, Dans une obscurité profonde, A gémir semblent condamnés? Pour eux Zéphire est sans haleine, Les épis qui dorent la plaine, Rarement mûrissent pour eux; Toi seul les retiens à la Terre, Et, même aû sein de leur misère, Tu leur apprens l'art d'être heureux.

III.

Far from the WORLD's more glaring Eye, What Crowds of wretched Beings lie, Who feem in dull Oblivion doom'd For ever to remain entomb'd! To Them no Zephyr's balmy Wing Refreshing Gales, or Sweets, can bring; No rip'ning Crops of golden Grain For them adorn the waving Plain: Yet, thy perfuafive Magic binds To this terrestrial Orb their Minds; And bids Them in their gloomy State Smile, nor regret their piteous Fate.

IV.

La fleur qui pare nos prairies,

Te doit son lustre et son odeur.

Ces arbrisseaux que tu maries,

Sont tous éclos de ta chaleur.

Ces ruisseaux fuyant sous l'ombrage,

Ces flots caressant leur rivage,

Par ton sousse vont s' embrâser——

Pourquoi des lèvres demi-closes

Ont-elles la couleur des roses?

C'est là que siège le Baiser.

IV.

The Flow'rs that in yon Meadow grow,

To Thee their Bloom, their Fragrance owe:

The bloffom'd Shrubs, in gaudy Drefs,

Thy genial Warmth, thy Pow'r confess:

The Stream that winds along the Grove,

And courts the Shore with Waves of Love,

Is taught by Thee the fond Embrace,

By Thee is taught each rural Grace—

On gently-parted Lips, fay why

Is plac'd the Rose's beauteous Dye?

Because on that soft Seat of Bliss

Abides the rosy-breathing Kiss.

V.

Le froid Scrupule en vain s' offense

De tes bienfaits consolateurs;

Tu tiens sous ton obéissance

Sages, Héros, Législateurs.

Cesar quitte le Capitole,

Il menace, il s' élance, il vole,

Tout cède à sest ravaux guerriers;

Mais il revient, briguant des chaînes,

Caresser les Dames Romaines

A l'ombre même des lauriers.

V.

And blame the Comforts you bestow:

The Sage, the Hero, Thee obey;

Nay, Legislators own thy Sway.

See, threat'ning Cæsar mounts his Car,

To join th' embattled Sons of War;

Swift from the Capitol he flies,

And ev'ry hostile Warrior dies;

But soon he quits the bleeding Plain,

With Transport hugs fair Beauty's Chain;

And e'en beneath his Laurel's Shade

Caresses many a Roman Maid.

VI.

Ce Mahomet, ce fou fublime,
Contre tous les périls armé,
Qui pour l'erreur et pour le crime
Avoit cru ce globe formé,
Auroit-il, Conquerant austère,
Supporté l'ennui de la guerre,
Sans les Baisers de ses Houris,
Qui charmoient son ame inquiète,
Et, dans le Serrail du Prophete,
Réalisoient son Paradis!

VI.

Could Mahomet, whose dauntless Soul
Superior rose to all Controul;
Whose Breast was fir'd with Hope sublime;
Who thought that Ignorance and Crime
Were destin'd o'er this Globe t' have reign'd;
Could that stern Victor have sustain'd
The harsh, fatiguing Toil of Arms,
Had not his Females' soothing Charms
And tender Kisses lull'd to rest
The martial Tumults of his Breast;
If the Seraglio of this Earth
Had not to those sweet Joys giv'n birth,
Which, in the Paradise of Love,
The Prophet hop'd to taste above?

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VII.

Mais des demeures fastueuses Tu crains l'appareil impofant, Les passions trop orageuses En bannissent le sentiment. Ah! sur des lèvres altérées, Et par l'ennui décolorées, Voudrois tu donc te reposer? Ces lambris dorés, cette estrade, Ces carreaux, ces lits de parade, Sont l'épouvantail du BAISER.

VII.

But tow'ring Domes, that strike the Eyes With outward Grandeur, You despife; There flormy Paffions govern Senfe, And banish tender Feelings thence. Say, could'ft thou well contented lie On Lips with fhrivell'd Coldness dry, On Lips! that no bright Purple wear, But pal'd by Sickness or by Care? The gilded Ceilings, Beds of State, The gaudy Chambers of the Great, Th' embroider'd Cushions they display, Must fright the gentle Kiss away.

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VIII.

Fuis fous les feuillages champêtres:

C'est là que réside la Paix,

Et qu'à l'ombre de jeunes hêtres

On pratique tes doux secrets.

Sur des gerbes, sur une tonne,

Le Baiser s'y prend ou s'y donne;

Le plaisir n'y sait pas compter;

Et l'impitoyable étiquette

Sur les lèvres d'une Coquette

Ne t'y sait jamais avorter.

VIII.

Fly to the rural, flady Dells;
There Peace in calm Retirement dwells;
Beneath the Beech's fpreading Shade,
Thy am'rous Secrets are difplay'd;
There, on the Hay-mow, or the Grafs,
Sport the fond Youth and fonder Lafs;
There, unconftrain'd in frolic Play,
A Kiss they lend, a Kiss repay:
Pleafures fo num'rous round them flow,
Envy can ne'er the Number know;
Nor are the Lips' fweet Joys deny'd
By Prudes affecting virtuous Pride.

IX.

Mais, en quelques lieux qu'on t'appelle,

Ne déferte point mon réduit;

Si j'ai pu te rester sidele,

Que tes faveurs en soient le fruit!

Seme des sleurs sur ma Jeunesse;

Jusques dans la froide Vieillesse

Renouvelle encor mes desirs,

Et puisses-tu, pour récompense,

Rencontrer souvent l'Innocence,

Et la soumettre à tes plaisirs!

IX.

Tho' tempted hence your Flight to take,
My humble Mansion ne'er forfake;
To You if constant I remain,
Let Kindness recompense my Pain!
Around my Youth fresh Flow'rets shed,
Till Age shall silver o'er my Head;
Then softly fan my drooping Fires,
And wake the half-extinct Desires:
So may'st Thou in thy Wand'rings meet
Young Innocence, who smiles so sweet;
And may she all-submissive prove
To Thee, the guiltless Guest of Love!

X.

Puisse à ce prix, trompant sa mere,

La jeune Fille de quinze ans,

Dans son alcove solitaire

Méditer ton art dans mes chants,

Interroger son ame oisive,

Dévorer l'image expressive

De l'amoureuse volupté,

Ne voir que Baisers dans ses songes,

Et soupçonner dans ces mensonges

Les douceurs de la vérité!

X

So may the Nymph of gay fifteen,
By ftrict maternal Eyes unfeen,
To fome fequefter'd Grove retire;
There, reading, nurfe her infant Fire;
Free from a Parent's ftern Controul,
Explore her newly-op'ning Soul;
And riot o'er my am'rous Page,
Soft-yielding to voluptuous Rage:
So may fweet Dreams of rapt'rous Joy
Her pleafing Slumbers oft employ!
Till many a fond illufive K155
Shall almost realize the Bliss!

A KISS, after the Manner of SECUNDUS.

TO CYNTHIA.

THE transient Season let's improve
That human Life allots to Love:
Youth foon, my Cynthia, flies away,
And Age affumes its frozen Sway:
With Elegance and Neatness drest,
Come, then, in Beauty's Bloom confest,
And in my fond Embrace be blest!

Faint Strugglings but inflame Defire,
And ferve to fan the Lover's Fire:
Then yield not all at once your Charms,
But with Reluctance fill my Arms;
My Arms! that fhall with eager Hafte
Encircle now your flender Waift,
Now round your Neck be carelefs hung,
And now o'er all your Frame be flung:
About your Limbs my Limbs I'll twine,
And lay your glowing Cheek to mine:

Clofe to my broader, manlier Cheft
I'll press thy firm, proud-swelling Breast.
Now rising high, now falling low,
As Passion's Tide shall ebb or flow,
My murm'ring Tongue shall speak my Bliss,
Shall court your yielding Lips to kiss:
Each Kiss with Thousands I'll repay,
And almost suck your Breath away;
A Thousand more you then shall give,
And then a Thousand more receive:
In Transport half-dissolv'd we'll lie,
Venting our Wishes in a Sigh!

Quick flarting from me, now difplay
Your loofe and difcompos'd Array:
Your Hair shall o'er your polish'd Brow
In fweetly-wild Diforder flow;
And those long Tresses from behind,
You us'd in artful Braids to bind,
Shall down your snowy Bosom spread,
Redundant, in a soften'd Shade;
And from your wishful Eyes shall stream
The dewy Light of Passion's Flame:

While now and then a Look shall glance, Your Senses lost in am'rous Trance, That fain my Rudeness would reprove, Yet plainly tells how much you love: The Rofes height'ning on your Cheek, Shall the fierce Tide of Rapture fpeak; And on your Lips a warmer Glow The deepen'd Ruby then shall show: Your Breaft, replete with youthful Fire, Shall heave with Tumults of Defire; Shall heave at Thoughts of wish'd-for Bliss, And feem as the' 'twould meet my Kiss. Down on that Heav'n I'll fink quite fpent, And lie in tender Languishment; But foon your Charms' reviving Pow'r Shall to my Frame new Life reftore: With Love I'll then my Pains affuage; With Kisses cool my wanton Rage; Hang o'er thy Beauties till I cloy; Then cease, and then renew my Joy!

THE END.

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