

{ornament}

# OEDIPVS:

*THREE* 📖 3 📖

## CANTOES.

Wherein is contained:

- 1 *His vnfortunate Infancy.*
- 2 *His execrable Actions.*
- 3 *His lamentable End.*

By *T. E. Bach:Art.Cantab.*

*Oedipus fum,non Davus.*

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1615.

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TO THE RIGHT  
WORSHIPFUL THE  
PATRON AND PATERNE  
OF GOOD ARTS, Mr. IOHN

CLAPHAM, Esquire, one of  
the fixe Clarkes of the  
*Chauncerie.*  
D. D.

SIR, the multitude of Writers in our  
age hath begotten a scarcitie of Pa-  
trons. And Poësie is growne so fre-  
quent, that it may say with *Niobe, inopem fe*  
5 *copia fecit* : when it owne communitie hath  
brought it into contempt. Infomuch that  
being about to publish these flight Com-  
pofures, which haue so far ore-leaven'd my  
disposition, addicted to nothing lesse then  
10 popularitie ; that notwithstanding my desire  
to suppress it, yet *rupto iecore exire caprificus,*  
I was compelled with *Catullus, Quoi dono no-*  
A 3<r> vum

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

15 *vum at illepidum libellum*, when I could not  
thinke of any that would be fo partiall as to  
think *has nugas esse aliquid*:feeing that now-  
adaies *Thefpis* cannot act without the repre-  
hension of *Solon*: And moft men, like super-  
cilious *Cato's*,ever cenfure verfe to be loofe,  
20 though it be never fo ftrictly refrain'd with-  
in the limits of vntainted numbers : Till at  
laft,through the happy knowledge of your  
felfe,I refolu'd to make intrufion ambitious  
to you, from whom I could not choofe but  
conceiue encouragement, when your ela-  
25 borate lines doe promife you to fauour  
that in others, which others admire in you.I  
could here enter into a difcourfe of your de-  
ferued praifes,but that I know it cannot bee  
acceptable to an ingenuous difpofition; and  
30 I finde it a burthen intolerable for an vnable  
quill.Neither can *Alexander* difgeft the foo-  
things of *Ariftobulus*,neither will he suffer a-  
ny to portray out his ftature but *Policletus*.  
Sith then I cannot like *Protogenes*,iudge tru-  
35 ly *de lineis Apellæis*,I wil paffe ouer that in fi-  
lence which wold furpaffe all my indevours.  
It is all I feeke, if the aboundance of your  
<A3r> worth

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

worth may take away any thing from the vn-  
worthineffe of my imperfect labors. And if  
40 that laurell,*doctæ frontis præmia*, which sha-  
dowes your temples, fhall proue to me as  
Naturalifts report to all, φυτον αλεξικακον, I will  
not feare the tyrannies of our cenfuring  
times ; but whileft other Nightingales boaft  
45 the fufficiency of their Mufick to coment it  
felfe ; this onely fhall excufe her fcritch-  
ing by being the bird of *Pallas*. To whofe prote-  
ction in you, I commit both it and my felfe.

THO. EVANS.

A 4<r>

To





To the Reader.

45 *numbers, which your capacity cannot reach to?  
Know Poesy is Diuine: no maruaile if it fute  
not the humor of earthly clods ; Grouell with  
your dejected cogitations , while they breath  
heauenly raptures.*

---- Quos Cantor Apollo

50 Non patitur verfare lutum.

*'Tis not your scandalous imputations can  
fully the lustre of a Poet : the Arch-builder of  
this Vniuerse is so stiled; whom therefore they  
call ποιητήν τοῦ οὐρανοῦ καὶ τῆς γῆς. No lesse are those,  
55 whom that Diuinity with Cœlestiall inspirati-  
ons abstracts from the society of men. As for  
my selfe so far am I from the flighted opinion  
of such, that it is my wish*

--- Me primùm ante omnia Mufae.

60 *Quarum facra fero,ardenti perculfus amore  
Accipiant, cœliq; vias, & fidera montrent.*

*And (oh you) that are Castalidum decus  
fororum, That haue beene rockt in the laps of  
the Nursing Mufes, suffer me to tast of your  
65 Milke; as for your Hony I will not perfume to  
touch. Though my want of industry denies mee  
your Crownes of Iuy, yet, Non fum adeo de-  
formis, but that I deeme my selfe worthy of a*

<A6r>

/////



To the Reader.

95 *and for my selfe I am not often faulty in that  
kind. For I protest I haue many times tooke  
paines to shun his almost ineuitable sentences:  
But I will not make a fault by excusing. Accept  
it as it is; it is my first child, but not the heyre of  
all the fathers wit. There is some laid vp to  
100 inrich a second brother, to keepe it from ac-  
customed dishonesty, when I shall put it to shift  
into the world: yet if this proue a grieffe to the  
parent, I will instantly be diuorc't from Tha-  
lia, and make my selfe happy in the progeny  
105 from a better stocke: Farewell.*

Thine:

T. E.

<A7r>

{ornament}

# OEDIPVS:

CANTO.I.

{ornament}

THE ARGUMENT.

O *Racles counceld to preferue, a fonne  
Exposed is to death, refer'd by chance  
Doth all that to him's destin'd to be done.  
In Fathers bloud he steepes his impious lance,  
Partakes incestuous sweetes through ignorance :  
Vntill truth knowne, he teares out both his eyes,  
So killes his mother, and by lightning dyes.*

{ornament}

E Re gloomy *Cinthy*a pallid queene of night,  
Had feuen times pac'd through each cœle-  
ftial Signe,  
Somtimes a niggard, shutting vp her light,  
5 Sometimes more free beftowing all her shine,  
Since *Thebes*, the ftage of fearefull Tragedies,  
With wanton Odes, Rites that vnholly are,

B<1r> And

CANTO. I.

And ceremonious vse did folomnize  
The royall nuptials of a royall paire,  
10 Loue was not barren: but *locafta's* wombe  
Gaued certaine notice of enfuing fruits,  
That not a graue all *Laius* might intombe,  
Iffue fo well obliuions force confutes.  
Wherefore the hopefull father frait decrees  
15 To fearch the fate of yet his vnborne heire:  
For man, vnpatient of vncertainties, (are.  
Loues to know truths, though known they grieuous  
To *Delphos* then his brother *Creon* hyes,  
Where great *Apollo* from his feeret Cell  
20 Declares events in myftick prophefies,  
Anfweres darke questions, and mens fate foretelles.  
Here all obfequious duties done and pafte,  
His prayers intreating what his gifts enforc't:  
The Heauenly Prieft this anfwere made at laft,  
25 And for their beft indeauours told the worft,  
*The Child that but an Embrio is as yet  
By Nature rarely good, by Fortune bad,  
Shall wed his mother, brothers fhall beget,  
And worke his death, of whom his life he had.*  
30 No fooner ended was the dire prefage,  
But as a man transform'd poore *Creon* flood:  
Feare fuch a warre with hofte of doubts did wage,  
That teares fupply'd the office of his blood.  
Not any tincture of Vermilion red,  
35 Did keepe poffeffion on his liueleffe cheeke,

B<1v>

But

CANTO. I.

But leauing that with falt deaw coloured  
The fainting heart to cherifh out did feeke.  
A fudden palfie quiver'd euery lim,  
So great an earth-quake fhooke that little world;  
40 His tongue grew infant, and his fight waxt dim:  
His haire (by nature foft) diftraction curl'd :  
Great fignes of grieffe did fhew a grieffe too great  
To bound it felfe, or be expreff in fignes ;  
As little Tablets do in briefe repeat  
45 The ample fumme contain'd in larger lines.  
No fooner reason was recouered,  
But finding grieffe fhould not be long prolong'd,  
Ere more made light, what one ore-burthened,  
He parts the weight to whō the weight belong'd.  
50 For time not many wafted fands had fpent,  
Ere Haft, the Herald of too ill fucceffe,  
Inforc'd Sufpition doubt fome ill event :  
That knew delay ftill vther'd happineffe.  
The longing King ficke in this fhort returne,  
55 Feeles many fits of cold defpairing fires,  
As often freezing as he oft doth burne,  
Defires to know, yet feares what he defires.  
Tell me (quoth he) yet prethee do not tell :  
If cloudes foretell a tempefts violence,  
60 If looks not right cote fomething that's not well,  
Keep forrow there, which hurts proceeding thence.  
If thy tongues language harfhly iarres on chance,  
Conceale the Story of vnhappy newes,

B 2<r>

I



CANTO. I.

Yet loe, the fondneffe of our nature's fuch,  
As much to grieue at doubted ill, as fhowne.  
Suspition euer doth farre more torment,  
95 Then can the mifchiefe that we doe fufpect,  
When neuer certaine of the hid event,  
After one ill, we ftill a worfe expect.  
The ominous blaze of heauens fantaftick fire,  
That never fhines, but for prodigious end,  
100 Affrights th'vnfkilfull gaze's that admire,  
When knowing not what, they know they do por-  
Hadft thou with offrings nere folicited (tend.  
The *Delian* Altars, for vnhappy truth,  
With hope my felfe I might haue flattered :  
105 Mine age fhould nere haue envy'd at my youth.  
But fith the Gods do otherwife confent,  
Adde not more mifchiefe to the facred doome,  
Tel what thou know'ft,that told, we may prevent,  
Or arm'd with patience,beare what ere fhall come.  
110 Here refts againe the yet vncertaine king,  
And here againe doth *Creon* hold his peace,  
A while deferring what his haft did bring;  
That grieffe late told,might fomwhat grieffe releafe.  
Fain would he fpeak fome cõfort that was faign'd,  
115 Faine would he place the words in other fence :  
But feare of what might happen,him conftrain'd,  
To be offenfiue,for to fhun offence :  
Who being heard, looke how ---- alaffe I erre,  
If I compare what is beyond compare ;

B 3<r> Too

CANTO. I.

- 120 Too flight are words, too weake are Characters  
T'expresse the passions that vn-vttred are.  
Well may we draw soft-natur'd men that melt  
At others forrowes with drownd cheekes & eyes:  
But as for him that hath the forrow felt,
- 125 The cunning'ft penfill, with a vaile descries.  
Suffice it that he grieues, and spends his houres  
In solitary loneneffe; cafts what muft be done,  
Whether to yeeld vnto the higher powers,  
Or by preuention their intents to fhun.
- 130 When through times fwiftnesse now the time w///  
That this vnhappy iffue muft be borne, (come,  
The fecret forrowes of a labouring wombe  
Seifes the queene, of all faue grieffe forlorne.  
Vnto whose fuccour people more deuout,
- 135 Inuoke P/l///// for an easie birth:  
*Saturnia's* Al/// decked all about,  
Inuite their goddeffe to behold the earth.  
And oh *Lucina* thou their prayers heard'ft,  
Though th'other office of thy Deitie
- 140 Had better shewne, how much that thou regard'ft  
The facred vowes that then were made to thee,  
When with thy nymphs thou rangeft in the wood,  
In fteady hand clafping an I/ory bow,  
The N///// monfters, and the Tygers blood
- 145 Make thy darts blufh to foe thee murther fo.  
And do'ft thou now to pitie here begin?  
Or want'ft thou Arrowes for to tyra/ni/e?

<B3v>

Loe

CANTO. I.

Loe fuch a Monfter nere before hath bin,  
Prey to thy force, grace to thy victories.  
150 But now I fee, what the eternall Fate  
Decrees, shall happen, all you rest decree :  
Your heavenly willes differ from ours estate,  
Which through our weaknesse still contrary be.  
But, you do all conspire in one consent,  
155 To make vnhappy that which must be so :  
More cruell, when your crueltie might prevent,  
What mischiefes fall after you pitie shew.  
Wherefore a safe deliuerance thou gau'ft  
And now a goodly issue springs at last.  
160 Hadst thou destroy'd what thou vnkindly fau'dst,  
My present quill had not told sorrowes past.  
For now no sooner was the tidings brought  
To *Laius* hearing of what's come to passe,  
But that fresh cares, and contradicting thoughts  
165 Arise to trouble what not fetled was.  
But taking truce a while, he goes to see  
After what sort a child so ill might looke,  
Whether not monstrous as his manners bee,  
Seeing the face is the foules reckoning booke.  
170 Yet he not found what reason thought he should,  
A fwarthy visage, clouded vp in frownes,  
Sunke eies, that buried in their houses stood,  
Or torted shadowe which his temples crowne;  
But there as in a glasse himselfe he saw,  
175 And in his cheek markt how his cheeke was dy'd,  
B 4<r> Where

CANTO. I.

Where cunning Nature beds of flowers did draw,  
Whose head to crop, hard harts would have deny'd.  
Long in this mirror he himselfe beheld,  
Till like *Narcissus* selfe-enamored,  
180 He seem'd transform'd; & when his peace he held,  
His owne perfections he in silence read,  
In those faire eyes, that seem'd to mocke his eyes,  
Imagination from her duty sever'd,  
Attentive wondering, a selfe-love descends,  
185 Being not himselfe, when he himselfe observed.  
*Pigmalion*-like, with many a melting kisse,  
He dotes upon this picture he had made,  
Onely desire in him contrari'd, his,  
Who for his live-long Image motion pray'd:  
190 This grieving, that his workmanship expect  
Unto the life, a creature so divine;  
Wish't those pure beauties were in Ivory dress'd,  
Whose white, nor sin might spot, nor time decline.  
What reason is't, that reason should collect  
195 (Says he, when wonder to his words gave place)  
Our disposition in our eyes aspect,  
Reading our mindes imprinted in our face?  
Were that an axiome: who't that should admire  
This apt proportion of well-order'd parts?  
200 This breath perfume'd to kindle *Cupid's* fire,  
These precious chains to prison captiv'd hearts:  
And would not grant this were the decent bower,  
Where comely Graces had set downe to dwell,

<B4v>

Where

CANTO. I.

Where Vertue, of herselfe an ample dower,  
205 Wedded her selfe, diuorc'd from other Cell.  
If glorious Temples with their pride declare  
Th'inhabited greatnesse of the Deity :  
Oh then what precious Iewels lodged are  
In such a gorgeous well built Treasury!  
210 Surely at least it can but empty be  
Of the expected riches, and not fraught  
With the suspected masse of iniury:  
Nought sure can heere be harbor'd that is naught,  
Sin would haue //ose a more vnpolish't den  
215 Whose vgly building it could not defile,  
More barbarous lookes for direfull agents, when  
These seeme not rude, and steed of frowning smile.  
Vnlesse, perchance, Vice, weary of contempt,  
Would borrow count'nance of this countenance,  
220 Hauing no other beauty, but what's lent  
It's owne vnfeene misfeature to aduance:  
For had it beene truly apparelled  
In't owne natiue garments, as soone I should  
Haue loath'd the forme, as that it harboured;  
225 As soone haue hated, as now lou'd it good.  
Oh could our eyes carry a stronger sight  
Then mans compacted out-side could reflect;  
Or were his breft transparant as the light,  
To let weake beames his inward parts detect.  
230 This gay attire of beauty would no more  
Bewitch our fancies, then a golden chaine

<B5r>

Worne

CANTO. I.

Worne from it's place, or *Thetis* Paramour:  
Divining blufh before a fhowre of raine.  
But when the face, is all we can perceiue,  
235 And as that pleafes we affected are,  
How eafie is't for beauty to deceiue,  
When finne ftill hides it felfe by feeming faire ?  
And it may be, 'twas for fome greater end,  
That fubtil Nature fram'd this feature thus,  
240 Namely, to further what the Gods pretend,  
Which nere fhe could, were this not glorious.  
Now fuch a precious fanguine keepes his tide  
In th'azure conduits of well-branched vaines,  
As to let out were worfe then patricide,  
245 In other vefsell,then what it containes.  
So rare this forme,as fure 'tis worfer farre  
For me to offer violence, then for it  
T'attempt the crimes that to it deftin'd are,  
When It of force,I a free fault commit.  
250 I loue thee, fonne,too well thofe powers know  
The hearts of parents, and how much a child  
In barren'ft pitie makes affection grow.  
Oh that thou wer't leffe comely,or leffe vild.  
Yet howfoere;fhall my kinde fondneffe adde  
255 More power to Fortune, ouer fubiect man ?  
Who well may triumph if we warning had,  
Yet doe not fhunne her frailtie when we can.  
Shall I, to faue thy life, go loofe mine owne?  
Procure the name of Inceft to my bed?

<B5v>

And

CANTO. I.

260 And what hath more in ages past beene knowne,  
Suffer a brother in a Fathers stead.  
First, let me better manifest my loue  
To thee my sonne, first let this beautie dye  
Unspotted, as such beautie doth behooue :  
265 Flowers are pluck't, when fresh, not being drye.  
Neuer shall Writers blot thy memorie,  
Or from thy life fetch argument to their song;  
But for thee bl/e deaths hafty crueltie,  
Deem'd vertues hope, hadst thou not dy'd so yong.  
270 Oh you depriv'd fathers, that with teares,  
Behold your childrens time lesse Funerall,  
Dry, dry your eyes, with them are fled your feares,  
In their deepe graues your cares lye tombed all.  
Call not to minde their forme, their wantonneffe  
275 They wearied time with ; neuer (alas) recount  
The hopes you had, that they your age should blesse:  
Such reckonings oft fall short of our account.  
Oft haue I seene a curious Gardiner  
Cherish an imp with the kind'ft art he had, (beare;  
280 Whose youth gay flowers & goodly bloomes did  
But the best fruit his age could shew was bad:  
Then he repents his cares, and labours lost,  
Wishing it then had perisht when it pleas'd,  
Or that he nere had hop'd, since hopes are croft,  
285 Then a fau'd labour might haue sorrow eas'd.  
Many faire Sun-shines doe our youth adorne:  
But when as age giues libertie to sinne,

<B6r>

A

CANTO. I.

A cloudy evening doth eclipse our morne,  
Weedes ouergrow the hearbes before hath bin.  
290 And far more pleafing do we find it then,  
If being vertuous we had perished  
That our kind parents might lament vs, when  
Liuing we wring more teares then being dead,  
Here forcing pittie fomewhat to retire  
295 A yet-ne're-guilty weapon forth he drawes,  
Which lifting vp t'accomplish his desire  
Affection staies his hand, and makes him pause.  
The child, with apprehension, innocent  
Smiles at his image in his fathers eyes:  
300 The foone-moo'd father herewithall relents  
And in diftracted paffion thus he cries.  
Can nature be fo farre vnnaturall,  
As that a father should a Butcher bee?  
Can the leaft drop, that a childs eye lets fall  
305 Paffe vnregarded without efficacy?  
Or if there could; can heauen forget to speake,  
In the loud language of confused Thunder?  
Can fuch an act be, and the clouds not breake?  
Not *Ioues* artillery cleaue the earth in funder?  
310 Or if example might the fact admit,  
And heauen not punifh vs for doing ill:  
Can I, whose heart was ne're fo brazen yet,  
As the mean'ft bloudleffe creatures bloud to fpill,  
Firft on my fonne my cruelty exprefse?  
315 A father more inhumane then a man,

<B6v>

To

*CANTO. I.*

To others kind, to mine owne pittileffe,  
The fanguine fpill, that with my fanguine ran.  
Rather it should be one, thine enemy  
Fram'd of a harder mould, then could be found  
320 Amongft th'obdurate vulgar tyranny,  
One that would ground a mifchiefe on no ground.  
I neuer should thy Funerals bewaile  
In the fad habite of a weeping blacke,  
Thy purple ftill would make my fable pale,  
325 Mourning my fault, thy death would mourning  
Thofe hands muft be more irreligious far (lacke,  
Then mine, and challenge a leffe intereft  
In this fame life, that muft this life debar.  
A heart that's prifon'd in an iron breft.  
330 Hereafter when thy Epitaph worne out  
In letters old, reuiues thy ftory new,  
The weeping readers, that do ftand about  
And through their tears the crime do greater view,  
Will wrong my foftneffe thus, and thus exclaime:  
335 What flinty matter did the man compofe?  
How rocky was the womb from whence he came?  
That could relentleffe a fonnes life depofe?  
When we, that but fpectators, abfent bee  
And no beholders of what we behold,  
340 Thaw into water, when we thinke we fee  
The mercileffe murder which he did of old.  
The ftone that now weepes ore this Monument  
Was for compaffionate teares firft made a ftone:

<B7r>

If

*CANTO. I.*

If Pitty then attir'd in marble went,  
345 What garment did such Cruelty put ///  
Our Writers surely do past times belye,  
And tell but tales for vs to emulate.  
Where in our age can we such acts espye?  
Such deeds beyond our reach to imitate.  
350 The seasons are but nick-nam'd, and we trye  
Theirs were the Iron, ours the golden times:  
Onely we want their plenty, the reason why,  
Our age is punished for their ages crimes.  
Ere thus a scandal do prevent my death,  
355 Thy hand, oh child, my scandal shall prevent,  
Finish thy mischiefs with unworthy breath.  
Be worse then thou art able to repent,  
Before that I, in whom compassion fits,  
My vntain'd hands in guiltlesse blood pollutes  
360 Some wretch for such a villanie's more fit,  
I cannot heare thy cries and persecute.  
Here tears from their stooped fountains gan to break,  
Whereat he hoves vp the fatal knife:  
And hauing nothing more that he could speake,  
365 Seeks 'mongst his Swains one to attempt his life.  
Poore men, alas, they all were pittifull,  
Whose onely practise euer was to faue:  
Yet one there was amongst the rest more dull,  
Whose lookes of crabbed members notice gaue.  
370 This from his fellowes being cal'd apart,  
The King thinks ap'ft // act a Tragedy;

<B7v>

To

CANTO. I.

To him he opes the hid griefes of his heart,  
And frictly charges that his sonne do die.  
Do not I pray (quoth he) expostulate,  
375 Or blame me being thus vnnaturall;  
Know onely this, Repentance comes too late,  
When either this, or a worfe ill muft fall.  
And oh deere child, when thy pure foule is freed  
From this corps prifon, let it reft in peace  
380 In pleafant fields, and on *Ambrofia* feede;  
Let not my act thy happineffe decreafe.  
'Tis not the bafe desire I haue to liue (firft  
Makes me thus cruell: by my cleere thoughts I'd/  
My fecond breath, that fame affoords me, giue,  
385 Dye twife, then by thy death once liue accurft.  
Could Deftinies but alter their intent,  
Or *Delphos* contradict it owne prefage,  
I'de let an immortality be fpent,  
Ere thou shouldft perifh in vnripen'd age.  
390 Now for thy felfe 'tis, that thy felfe muft die:  
Who elfe muft liue the monfter of the earth:  
No offering elfe the Gods can pacifie,  
Dye then new borne, ere liue to curfe thy birth.  
Eu'n as a froward child affected ftands,  
395 Playing the wanton, with fome fha/pe delight,  
Whofe fport though pleafing, yet will hurt his  
Cries being had, or taken from his fights (hand,  
The like inconstant paffions hold this King,  
Grieuing to loofe what grieues him being had,  
<B8r> And

CANTO. I.

400 And more, alas! he forrowes in this thing, (glad.  
That that shold grieue him which shold make him  
Now doth he print his laft departing kiffe  
When now affection coines some new delay:  
Onely (quoth he) I will but vtter this,  
405 Then striues to speake when he had nought to fay.  
The mother, not so manly in her woe,  
Speakes all her forrowes in a female eye ;  
Like weeping *Rhea*, when she should forgoe  
Her first borne sonne, through *Saturnes* crueltie.  
410 After her grieue struggling for greater vent,  
Had sigh'd a fare-well from her big-swoln heart,  
With briny Mirrh, that stead of Odors went,  
She balmes the Hearse, & now the Hearse departs.  
Now had the Sunne, with blushing modesty  
415 Tooke his vnwilling leaue on *Thetis* cheeke,  
And other Tapers of the golden sky  
Put out their lights, elsewhere the night to seeke;  
When earely riser *Phorbas*, iollieft swaine  
That on *Cithæron* tunes an oaten quill,  
420 Display'd his siluer-flockes vpon the plaine,  
Himselfe to be inspir'd, fate on the Hill.  
Where many morning Madrigals he sang  
In praise of *Pan*, with many amorous laies  
Of Shepherds loues, that all the Medowes rang,  
425 And *Phæbus* seem'd attentiu with his raies.  
There fell he to compassion Maiefty  
And great mens cares in such a blithfome straine  
<B8v> And

CANTO. I.

As well his Muficke did his minde defcry  
His fong, & thoughts did the fame notes cõtaine.  
430 When on the fuddē fome neer neighboring fhriks  
Not ftrong enough to fillable it's woes,  
Breakes off his paftime, and doth wonder ftrike  
In him a ftranger to fuch cries as thofe.  
And liftning ftill, hee heard a fecond voyce  
435 That breath'd together Pitty, Cruelty:  
Both life and death in one confused noyfe  
Relenting, that it muft perfifting be.  
You Powers, faid it, that guid thefe things below,  
Vnman me quite from this fame fhape of man:  
440 Let all my limbes to Oaken branches grow,  
Obdure my heart, e'ne harder, if you can:  
That as I am, I don't fo much digrefse  
From being my felfe, as yet alas I muft  
Be too difloyall, or too pittileffe,  
445 Hazard my vertues, or deceiue my truft.  
Authority commands, I do obey,  
And reafon 'tis command fould be refpected:  
And yet remorse Authority gaine-faies;  
Either do threat, if either be neglected.  
450 Whither, oh then, fhall I my felfe conuert,  
On either fide I am attacht with guilt,  
Shunning a fault, I can't a fault diuert,  
But finne as much in bloud, that's fau'd, as fpilt.  
Oh *Laius*, and in him you earthly Kings,  
455 That print your waxen Vaffails as you lift,

C<1r> Obserue

*CANTO. I.*

Obferue in me what your iniuftice brings,  
How much our wils do oft your wils refift.  
Thinke you, that you can ere your felues acquit,  
In the affittant doers of your plots?  
460 The //////////////'s more h/inous fure you do commit,  
Doubled difhonour doth your honour blot.  
When not content, with your owne vertues waft,  
To the foule acts you might haue done alone,  
More are corrupted, more in mifchiefe plac't,  
465 By others crimes to amplyfie your owne.  
That we beholding in your vices face  
Looks fo deform'd, deeme that our faults are faire:  
And if a King, no dire attempts difgrace,  
Surely in vs they but befeeming are.  
470 Yet, why do I moue in too high a Spheare?  
Cenfure Kings actions? they haue Eagles eyes,  
And in their matters further infight beare  
Then the mifconftruing common fearch defcryes.  
They weigh not Rumours breath, but ftill direct  
475 Their not rafh doings to fome fecond end:  
Which 'tis not for the vulgar to detect,  
Sith Kings endenour's oft their fight offend.  
Well, howfoere, I know there nothing is,  
From good, though falſely ftiled, fo remote,  
480 Which circumftance, yea in an act as this,  
Cannot of vertue giue fome feeming note.  
Yet greatneffe know, though fortune blinde hath  
In our eftates fome inequality, (put  
<C1v> Our

*CANTO. I.*

Our minds yet Nature in one mould hath shut,  
485 And meannesse cannot alter quality.  
The fame affections that do moue in you,  
As well in vs, do claime their intereft,  
We do not blushleffe, what you blush to doe.  
Our crimes accufe vs in like guilty breft.  
490 Then to discharge me of so bad a charge  
Yet keepe a conscience free, immaculate,  
I'll not performe, what I'll performe at large,  
Taught to vse others, vnd for others hate.  
You goodly Poplars, that do frindge this Brooke  
495 With a faire bordure of an euen greene,  
To you the guilt I leaue, which I forfooke,  
You shall be faultleffe, when no fault you weene.  
You hearing want, by which should be conuaid  
Feeling relentance at an infants moane,  
500 Vnlesse your griefes in amber wet array'd  
Seeme to weepe others forrowes in your owne.  
Take you the bufinesse of this Tragicke deed,  
Forget your Female passions were of yore,  
Let not, ahlas see you of this take heed,  
505 New griefes the forme, your old griefs chang'd, re-  
For so your female softnesse may forbear (ftore:  
To worke a story, which when one shall tell,  
Renues your late left shape in them that heare:  
Be then still secret, senceleffe, and farewell.  
510 Here ends the voyce, and here fresh cries begin,  
When the vncertaine Swaine to be resolu'd

C 3<r>

Pryes

CANTO. I.

Pryes through the glade, where he obfcur'd had bin,  
And veiw'd a fight that all his ioints diffolu'd.  
A childe earft vnacquainted with the Aire,  
515 Till now brought forth to bid the Aire adeiw,  
Whofe feete with plyant ofiers peirced were,  
Hung vp as fruit, that on the Poplar grew.  
Not far his fellow keeper of the folds,  
Purfu'd with his owne guilty fteps did run,  
520 Whofe flight, with his retired neereneffe told  
His eyes abhor'd the fact his hands had done.  
A while conceal'd he ftaid, till he efpied  
By his fights failing, all difcouery  
Abfent, and vanifht, then eft-foones him he hyed  
525 T'exprefse his goodnes, there, wher none could fee.  
Soone from the willing branchef he vnloads  
The harmeleffe burthen, which retiring backe,  
A quiuering Ditty with their leaues beftow'd  
For the deliuerance from a fin fo blacke.  
530 Th'amazed Shepheard ouer-gone with wonder,  
Coniectures firft, then doubts to gather more.  
Yet the King's vertues keepes fufpicion vnder,  
But ftill the fact approues his thoughts before.  
When, now ahlas! the Swaine is more perplext,  
535 Befau'd he fau'd, then earft he was to faue;  
Compaffion now Repentance had annex:  
Thus fecond thoughts not the firft motions haue.  
Feare forc'd him fomwhat from his vertues shrink.  
So much doth danger goodneffe violate,

<C2v>

That

CANTO. I.

540 That now he makes a question, and bethinkes  
How ill it was to be compaffionate.  
Not long in thefe contrary fits he ftood,  
E're looking vp, he chanc'd to fpy not farre  
A man, whose age gaue notice he was good,  
545 Sith liuers ill, feldome, long liuers are.  
To him drawne neere, this fpectacle he fhewes,  
And all the manner, how the child was found,  
Onely keeps in, what he ftill doubts he knowes,  
Miftrufing mifchiefe that might once redound.  
550 The eafy natur'd old man, that had now  
Almoft forgot, vnpractis'd, how to weepe,  
Let's fall a fhowre, a watring to beftow  
On his parch'd beauties, buried in wrinckles deep.  
Who fo had feene thofe luke-warme drops diftill,  
555 For euer would the prodigy remember,  
That tepid Springs fhould rife from frozen Hill  
Or Aprill raine in midft of cold December.  
Teares foone diffolu'd, he fals into complaints;  
But with flow fpeech, and a dull tardy tongue:  
560 His breath he fpent, although for breath he faiuts,  
As well you'd iudge it was a fwan that fung.  
At laft, as poore in words, as in his wet,  
His mourning ceaft, when through compaffion,  
That in his bofome limitleffe was fet,  
565 He begs the child of *Phorbas* for his owne.  
He yeelds as willing, as the other afkes.  
So after fome inquiring chat, they part:

C 2<r>

The

CANTO. I.

The oneto tend his Flockes, his daily ta<sup>s</sup>ke,  
The other home, burthen'd, but light in heart.  
570 Where come; To *Corinths* childeffe king & queen  
He giues the infant, which *Polybius*  
With care brought vp, as it his owne had been,  
And from his fwolne feete nam'd him *Oedipus*.  
His after-fortunes, and finifter fate  
575 That mifchiefes, that vnknowne to him befell,  
It skills not with continuance to relate  
Another *Canto* fhall it plainly tell.

{ornament}

<C3v>

{ornament}

# O E D I P V S.

## C A N T O. I I.

C Othurnall Writers as a rule propofe,  
Th'vnhappy iffue of a Tragedy  
Proceeds from mifchiefes not fo great, and thofe  
Haue blith beginnings in their Infancy.  
5 Oh then! how blacke may we expect the fcœne  
Arifing from a protafy fo fad,  
Sorrow that welcomes, is an vnwelcome meanes  
To Horrors Cell in frightfull darkeneffe clad.  
Mifchiefe before was yong, and could not go  
10 But as a learner practis'd how fhe might,  
As in her age, fo in perfection grow,  
At laft to powre downe all her ripend fpight:  
Whom therefore late we as an infant left,  
Now thinke him fully come to mans eftate,  
15 Enioying friends, although of friends bereft,  
On whom to all mens thinking fortune waites.  
Inricht with gifts of Nature, gifts of Art,  
Happy in his fupposed parents loue:

C 4<r>

The

C A N T O. 2.

The hope of *Corinth*, and the very heart  
20 Which *Greece* defir'd, once by the fame to moue,  
In midft of all this earthly iollity,  
Knowledge which he through induftry had got  
More then was trite, prou'd curiofity,  
And 'tis more dangerous fo to know, then not,  
25 For hauing now attain'd to all he could  
By vfe or precept: as mans nature is  
Infatiate, refolu'd that 'tis more good  
Rather then to referue, to fearch and miffe,  
So in th'abundance of quick fight he winkes,  
30 And wanton'd with too much, himfelfe perfwades  
He yet wants fomewhat, and ftill of that he thinks  
But finds, that it from finding, vp was laid,  
Namely, his comming fortune, good, or ill,  
Conceal'd within the God of Natures breft,  
35 In vaine for man, t'attempt to know, or will,  
Till Times commiffion be too manifeft.  
But no impoffibility withftands  
Defire, as earneft, as ambitious.  
Sith then his owne fearch not fo much commands  
40 *Delphos* he hopes, will proue propitious.  
Thither he hafts: What fondneffe is't that man  
Should burne in fo inquititue a fire  
To know what is Predefinate, and whan,  
Enquiring what's moft hurtfull to enquire.  
45 For fay the Augurs do fore-tell content,  
\*ho alwaies prefuppofe our induftry,

<C4v>

We

C A N T O. 2.

We in predictions euer confident,  
Neglectfull proue, to proue at laft they lye.  
If ill, Miffortune is no Cockatrice,  
50 Whofe fight infections, if firft feene, is fhun.  
Bad lucke admits no counfell, no advice,  
We fall into it by prevention:  
Witneffe thefe rafh proceedings : for now come  
To *Phœbus* Temple, he with fuppliant vowes  
55 Implores the Deities determin'd doome,  
Who with prophetick fires his Priests endowes.  
Soone the *Caftalian* Nymph infpir'd, replies,  
Dare Mortals dally with Immortalitie ?  
Thinke they the *Delian* Oracle telles lies?,  
60 That for ones fate, they twife folicit me?  
Do I ere vfe my felfe to contradict?  
Or am I not at euery time the fame?  
Am I benigne fometimes, and fometimes ftrict ?  
Change I decrees, as you do change your flame ?  
65 If not: why then, what diffidence is this  
In our truths power, that what once anfwer'd was,  
As 'twere to pofe vs, now propounded is ?  
Hope you for better things to come to paffe?  
Know, thou that hadft thy fentence yet vnborne,  
70 Which heretofore thy hapleffe Sire receiu'd,  
Though now what wee foretold, thou laughft to  
That our prophetick laurel's not deceiu'd. (fcorn,  
Quickly begone, our doome to verifie,  
That by thy fate our credit may bee wonne ;

<C5r>

Yet

CANTO. 2.

- 75 Yet liues thy father,by thy hand to dye.  
Thy mother yet,to beare her fonne a fonne.  
Furie and madnesse now poffesse him firft,  
That superftition fhould inforce beliefe,  
Gainft all affurance in his bofome nurft,
- 80 Which in our iudgment fhould perfwade vs chiefe.  
Anon with *Phœbus* he the caufe debates,  
I wonder not(faies he) that thou doft erre,  
Nor do I credit what thou doft relate,  
Thy licence's knowne, thou art a traveller.
- 85 Tell me,*Apollo*, if thou canft me tell,  
To whom is mans corrupted infide knowne ?  
Doth not himfelfe, himfelfe perceiue, as well  
As you,and beft determines of his owne?  
If not : how vaine is't that thy Temple doore
- 90 Commands felfe-knowledge,when doe all hee can  
To know himfelfe,man knowes himfelfe no more,  
Then I beleue thou know'ft thy felfe of man ?  
And if we doe,oh why fhouldft thou perfwade  
Vs to be fuch,whereof we nothing know,
- 95 But that 'tis falfe ? Never is that gain-faid,  
Which in our felues we are affur'd is fo.  
See,if cœleftiall eyes, that power haue  
To view our intrailles, ranfacke every nooke,  
Where cogitation wanders in her caue,
- 100 Obferue me throghly with one fearching looke,  
Marke ftrictly,and declare if thou canft finde  
One thought,one little motion, whereby

<C5v>

To

CANTO. 2.

To be confirm'd, nay if thou scan't my minde,  
There nothing dwels, which giues thee not the lie.  
105 I know thus much, I am not ignorant,  
So farre in my soft-natur'd disposition,  
Though to diseases apt it health may want,  
Yet I perfume Im'e still mine owne Phyfition.  
And but I finde mine innocence gainfayes,  
110 Eu'n with my life Id'e finish that intent.  
And yet there are evasions many wayes,  
Death fet apart, to hinder the event,  
Before those rayes, wherewith thou seest me now,  
Twife maske their glories in the clouded West,  
115 Ere twife *Aurora* with a bathfull brow,  
Asham'd of *Tithon*, blvshes in the East,  
Il'e ease this ground whereon I now do tread,  
Of my loath'd burthen : all the world Il'e range,  
Wherfoere I am by fame or fancy led,  
120 That changing climates, I my fate may change.  
*Corinth* fare-wel, and all my household Lares,  
Thy pleasures, your protection I forfake,  
For sorrow, dangers, povertie and cares :  
'Tis vertue onely me an exile makes.  
125 Nere will I take repentant step to turne,  
Where my mischance is natiue as my foile:  
And first Il'e see thy loved buildings burne,  
Before thy smoke shall tempt me from my toyle.  
Parents fare-well. Thus I, your hapleffe sonne,  
130 Turne hence m'vnwilling lights : for why I feare

<C6r>

I

CANTO. 2.

I am t//n'd ////////// like, whose infection  
/// //// in the eye-b/lles ; else I know not where.  
Inhospitable, regions stay for me,  
Wildes vnfrequented,shores vnman'd, vnknowne,  
135 Nights pitchy birth-right, where no Sun they see,  
Each countrey's mine to breath in, fame mine own.  
Thus in diftemper'd bloud he *Delphos* leaues,  
With some few private friends, and as a man  
Desperate, himfelfe of all forecaft bereaues,  
140 Dares all the worft that now miffortune can :  
Eu'n as a Pinnacle by a Pirat chac'd,  
Steeres her indifferent keele for any coaft,  
Harbors with any danger met in haft,  
Rather then try the danger feared moft :  
145 So he, vntraueld in the seas of chance,  
To *Scilla* from fupposed *Charybdis* hies :  
Mifchiefe once known,and fhun'd, with ignorance  
Is met : the fame he followes, which he flyes.  
Turne, turne to *Corinth*, fond mifdeeming youth,  
150 Keepe thy felfe there, and keepe thy felfe fecure,  
Our fortune, vs, as we the world purfueth;  
And fure fhe is; but in a place vnfure.  
Then be not thou degenerate from good,  
So farre,as to take paines in doing ill,  
155 If thou muft quench thy Eagles thirft wth blood,  
Shun tedioufneffe,and drinke with eafe thy fill.  
Change the white liuery of *Polybius* head  
With his effufed gore; and that being done,

<C6v>

Deface

C A N T O. 2.

Deface the print of *Meropes* chaft bed :

- 160 Think thou doft all, that now this thinkft to fhun,  
And fo perchance thou mayft prevent with doing  
What thou muft do in feeking to prevent.  
Thy warineffe workes now thine owne vndoing,  
And by refifting, furthers Fates intent.
- 165 But thou muft on to act, and I to tell  
Thy deeds of horror, that without thine ayd,  
Learnings great armed Goddeffe on me dwell,  
I fhall // //(recite, be) leffe heynous being afraid.  
From *Thebes* there lies a narrow beaten way,
- 170 Made rudely pleafant with vneven thorne,  
Which wandring long through coole *Caftalia*,  
Loofes it felfe vpon a plaine vnworne.  
There Nature portraid *Flora's* counterfet  
In youthfull beauties, on a ground of greene,
- 175 Which fhe with fuch skild workmanfhip had fet,  
As well how much fhe fcornd Art was feene.  
Neere whose embroydred margent *Elea* glides,  
With crooked turnings winding in and out,  
That fhe might longer in the meade abide,
- 180 And finde the readieft way in going about.  
Hither oft *Laius* came, as was his vfe,  
With foluce to fpurre on the tardy time,  
Reporing his wilde thoughts, and taking truce  
With confcience, ftill accusing him of crime.
- 185 And now (alas) 'twas his vnhappy hap,  
As he from *Thebes* to *Phocis* iournied,

<C7r>

A

C A N T O. 2.

A litle towne, within whose purple lap  
Tipfie *Lyaus* layes his drowfie head.  
Here on this greene to meet his thought-dead son  
190 Pofing to *Thebes*, whose indigefted rage,  
In him had all humanitie vndone,  
Left no respect,neither of ftate nor age :  
For growne to cholerafter melancholly,  
Hee rudely rufhes through the peacefull traine,  
195 And paffing forth with more irreverent folly,  
Ore-turnes his fathers Chariot on the plaine.  
The Kingly old man all poffeft with spleene,  
Thirfts after a revengefull recompence :  
And as the flies haue ftings, the Ant her teene,  
200 He drawes the fword he wore for fhew, not fenfe.  
His readineffe doth prompt his company  
To the like valorous oppofition :  
But *Oedipus* as ready as was he,  
Afkes pardon with maintaining,not contrition.  
205 Now the inconftant Goddeffe 'gins to fmile,  
Triumphing in her felfe-lou'd policie,  
How queintly fhe can mans intents beguile,  
And blinder then herfelfe make thofe that fee.  
You Furies too,th'obferuant flauers of chance,  
210 Though difcords nurfes,yet you now confpire,  
Where Death founds Iron harmony, to dance,  
To crowne *Erinnis* with your brands of ///.  
But Nature,where art thou? Where Sympathy  
That Elmes and Vines espoufeth? vanifht? gone?

<C7v>

'Twixt

C A N T O. 2.

215 'Twixt whom, or where should Inclination be,  
If here abandon'd in the Sire and Sonne?  
Or you neglectfull *Genij*, that attend  
On our directed actions, where are you,  
That now you loyter? Is't to be contemn'd  
220 We are indulgent, or a debt we owe?  
Me thinks the liberall expence bestow'd  
On your vnnecessary feasts, might charme  
From you some succour, that some power bestow'd  
To hinder purposes that tend to harme.  
225 But you oft-blamed fifters in my verfe,  
That do determine mans vncertaine yeares,  
'Tis you : but thou of all the three most fierce,  
That a fannes sword mistakest for thy sheares,  
By which poore *Laius* threed being cut, he falles.  
230 Eu'n as an antique edifice of ftone,  
Struck with a thundring peale of shot, whose wals  
If not by force, would haue decay'd alone.  
No fooner fell he; but the *Thebans* fled,  
Some for affittant succor, some for feare.  
235 Some washt their bloody cheeks in tears they fhed  
Others with out-cries forced others teare.  
The murderers, not knowing whom th'had flaine,  
Howfeuer would not trust their innocence,  
Their guilt affures them that they shall be tane,  
240 If long they stay : so they depart from thence,  
Leaving the bufie multitude imploy'd  
In vaine enquiry of they know not whom,

<C8r>

A:

C A N T O. 2.

All the whole cheerefulneffe of *Thebes* deftroyd,  
And *Cadmus* race quite forrow ouercome :

245 Amongft the reft,the but halfe-living queene  
Comes where her other beft-lou'd halfe lay dead :  
Whofe mangled body, when ſhe once had feene,  
Her heart his wounds receiu'd,but fafter bled.  
Anone herfelfe on his ftiffe trunke ſhe throwes,

250 Kiffes his bloud-left cheekes : oh thus (quoth ſhe)  
The all ſhe hath of thine,thy wife beftowes,  
Eu'n till ſhe hath no breath, ſhee'l breath on thee.  
And being dead,thus on thy graue ll'e lye,  
Tombing thee in an Alablafter ſhrine,

255 With open bofome, that the paſſer by  
May ſee what thy heart was,by feeing mine.  
And now I thinke thee happy *Niobe*,  
Whofe marble breaft yeeld to no fence of woes,  
After thou twiſe ſeven funerals didft fee,

260 Twiſe didft thy children in thy wombe incloſe.  
Oh wold my fortune now like thine might proue,  
Im'e ſure the griefe is greateſt I abide.  
Thou but for children mourned'ft, I for a Loue  
Might haue made me a mother ere I dy'd.

265 Remembrance now at this ſad name of Mother,  
Doth old miſhaps to be wept ore,bring out.  
A greene wounds anguiſh oft vnſkinnes another,  
Sorrow's a circle,and ſtill turnes about.  
Now comes to minde her child-births bitterneffe,

270 Made heavier with the burden that ſhe bore,  
<C8v> Which

CANTO. 2.

Which had he liu'd yet, wold haue grieu'd her leffe  
Though he had triumph'd in his fathers gore.  
In vaine,oh *Laius*, didft thou kill thy fonne,  
When from a ftranger thou haft death receau'd:  
275 If needs thy threed muft haue bin cut,ere fpunne,  
Would he had liu'd,thy life to haue bereau'd.  
He might haue beft bin authour of thy death,  
In whom thou liu'dft : through him perpetuall  
Succeffion might haue lengthend thy fhort breath,  
280 Built from thefe ruins towers that nere fhould fall,  
Now both are perifht with your memory,  
Of whom no age-withftanding record's left ;  
Onely my breaft retaines what none can fee,  
What foone will faile, fo foone of you bereft.  
285 Oh ill betide thee cruell hearted man,  
If man thou be'ft,that had a heart fo cruell,  
Vncivill monfter I thinke rather,than  
Compoft of heauenly fire,and earthly fuell.  
The fauage tyrant of the forreft would  
290 Haue loath'd the fact to do ; and being done,  
Flints wold haue wept,& rocks,if here they ftood,  
Would melt as wax at prefence of the funne.  
Oh rockes, and fnaggy flints, when we compare  
Hard men with you, we do you iniury :  
295 Men are themfelues,I moft like men they are,  
When they are furtheft from humanitie.  
Here from the bounds of charitie tranfported,  
She on the murdrer bitterly exclames,

D <1r> Wifhing

CANTO. 2.

Wifhing him woes not to be comforted,  
300 To proue his fathers ruines,mothers fhame.  
Till what her fad attendants could affoord,  
She taftes of comfort, if there comfort liue  
'Mongft thofe that in one miferie accord,  
Wanting that moft, which they defire to giue.  
305 Reafon at laft eftablifht patience ;  
So taking vp the reliques of their King,  
With flow proceffion they depart from thence  
Towards *Thebes*,& with thẽ their fad *load* do bring  
Where long it was not,ere with Funerall Rites,  
310 The corpes were brought vnto the Funerall pile.  
Mufick founds harfh,though it elfewhere delights  
What mirth did vfe; now vfd, doth mirth exile.  
Performed are the Obfequies at laft,  
The people cloath'd in cuftomary black,  
315 To giue more ftate vnto their forrow pafst,  
Mou'd to prefent it by their looking back.  
Scarce were their Cyprefse garlands withered,  
Scarce of their fpent tears had they took their leaue  
Ere Mifchiefe, *Hydra*-like, exalts her head,  
320 Which by the formerf loffe ſhe doth receiue.  
For angry *Iuno*,neuer reconcil'd,  
To her corriuals brothers progeny,  
Burning in rage,fo oft to be beguil'd,  
Thus wreakes her felfe on them with tyranny,  
325 Hard by the Citie in *Crenaa's* fight,  
A hill there is, whofe ſpired top commands

<D1v>

A

C A N T /. /. .

A spacious prospect, which *Phycaeos* hight,  
Washing his grauel'd feet in *Dirces* sands.  
Here the too much enraged Goddeffe plac'd  
330 *Echidna's* daughter, triple featur'd *Sphinx*,  
Of rare composure 'boue the doubtfull waft,  
Which safer growes, as neerer earth it finkes.  
A virgins face she had, where might be read  
Perfection printed in each gracefull part :  
335 And from her head a golden curtaine spread,  
Hangs as the couer to some curious Art.  
As for her voyce, no Princes wronged Lad,  
No *Syren* sweeter, or more cunning sings,  
Plump moving breast, smooth skin, white arms she  
340 Fanning a feather'd paire of painted wings. (had,  
But as an Artift leans his carved worke  
On formes deform'd : or as each wife man telles,  
Worft Serpents vnder gayest flowers lurke,  
Or pleasures welcomes haue but harsh farewelles:  
345 So Nature in a Lyons halfe had put,  
That other halfe; but totally Divine;  
Whose meaning, fith from most it vp be shut,  
Disdaine not this moralitie of mine.  
Learning & Knowledge by our *Sphinx* is meant,  
350 As hid, as her *Ænigma's*, posing wits  
In Hieroglyphicks, and to this intent  
On armed *Pallas* helmets top she fits.  
On hill shee keepes, and fo the Muses doe,  
Hard are the numbers of a Poets rime,

D 2<r> Nature,



C A N T O. 2.

Shall to the widow Queene be married,  
And th'vnfwaid Scepter of the Kingdome hold,  
385 Soone the shrill Trumpet of disperfed Fame,  
Reported the adventure farre and neare :  
Amongft the reft to *Oedipus* it came,  
Purfuing Rumors with an open eare.  
Retiring ftraight himfelfe into his minde,  
390 He weighes the prize, cafts what the dangers be :  
Then vrg'd with exile, and his fate affign'd,  
Refolues to go; if not to fpeed,to dye.  
With winged haft to *Theban* gates he hies,  
Craues his admittance to the Gouvernor :  
395 Obtain'd,he manifests his enterprife,  
So he may haue what he adventures for.  
Confirm'd more fully,he is welcom'd thither,  
Fairely intreated, with the beft obferuance,  
Anon with *Creon* he goes forth together  
400 To fhew *Iocasta* his allegiance.  
Her Maiefty deiects him on his knee,  
So much of mother-ignorance perceiu'd,  
Well did that formall reverence agree,  
Had not obedience bin therein deceiu'd.  
405 She takes him vp foone from the humble ground,  
When each of other taking ftricter view,  
Their harts gan throb, portētuous fires they found  
Blaze in their brefts, threatning what wold enfue.  
She loues,he likes, both doting on their owne,  
410 Such correfpondence had affection bred.

D 3<r> Hadft

CANTO. 2.

Hadst thou, ô Nature, earst thy selfe thus showne,  
The sonne had nere the father butchered.  
The modest queene cald by the instant night,  
Commits them to a wifht vntroubled rest,  
415 Her selfe with-drawing from attendant fight,  
Enters the privy chamber of her breast.  
Where with a troop of traitrous thoughts surpriz'd  
She findes her selfe tane prisoner by desire,  
With *Protean* variety so disguiz'd,  
420 That she at first could not detect the fire:  
Till scorcht, she both found out, & lou'd the flame,  
Grew iealous of it, whifper'd by her feare,  
The meanes to get, was but to loofe the fame,  
But shame commands prevention to forbear.  
425 Loue against shame disputes, and bashfull lawes,  
Shame 'gainst the lawlesse libertie of loue:  
Both do object, both answere in their cause,  
Till sleep breaks vp the Court, and cause remoues.  
Early when *Phæbe* couch't her filuer horne,  
430 Drowfie *Endimion* with a kisse to wake,  
The Rosie hofes of the red-cheek't Morne  
To their fresh iourney do themselues betake.  
The longing multitude betimes await  
Their Champions comming, who when hee arose,  
435 Condemn'd himselfe for sleeping over-late,  
Deferring bliffe, or adding time to woes.  
Hee's ready, and of all things furnisht is,  
Onely he stayes to bid the queene fare-well,

<D3v>

When

CANTO. 2.

When he bestowed /// (his) first incestuous kiffe,  
440 That after opened the black way to Hell.  
Away he goes, and after him she sent  
Her earnest looks : oft did she goe about  
To call him back ; but ever that intent  
Was croft with blufhing, nor could words come  
445 So with her praies for him, she retires: (out .  
When now the Monster, as her manner was,  
Vnto her mountaine narrow top aspires,  
Watching for strangers, which that way should  
Anon she sees one coming all alone, (paffe.  
450 Saue that with cries he was accompanied  
Of those, which further off did make their moane,  
Lamenting for his death ere he was dead.  
Approach't within the limits of their words,  
Vaine man, said she, what rashneffe bids thee come  
455 Hither too me, thus of thine owne accord,  
Whither with paines I scarce can hale in some ?  
Thinkst to prevaile? or seek'ft thou death out here?  
Attend me then: What is't, I faine would know,  
Which in the morne it felfe on foure doth beare,  
460 At noone on two, at night on three feete goes?  
Now all his wits together he collects,  
Thinkes of a thousand *species* of things,  
Of Sun-observing plants, and those infects,  
To whom one day, life and corruption brings.  
465 But he whose starres maliciously referu'd  
For firmer fastning, their flow influence,

D 4<r> Muft

*CANTO. 2.*

Muft from this little danger b/ preferu'd,  
That it not leffen Ruines eminence.  
Therefore with too quicke readineffe inspir'd,  
470 That helpt but for advantage, he replies ;  
If this be all, ftrict pofe, that's requir'd:  
Danger doth eafly teach me to be wife.  
The creature thou inquireft for, is Man,  
Who from the manfion where he dwels, doth bor-  
475 His mutability : who nothing can (row  
But by degrees, never the fame to morrow.  
View firft his child-hood, when his heauenly fire  
Proportion'd to his ftature, fcarcely warmes  
The earthen houfe, where Nature it inpires,  
480 He puts no diffrence 'twixt his legges and armes,  
But as a fluggard, looking vp efpies  
The mornings cleereneffe, and againe doth fleepe :  
So hee new-borne, falles whence hee firft did rife,  
Still his acquaintance with the earth to keepe.  
485 When grown to man, with countnance more erect  
Having his weary pilgrimage halfe fpent,  
He viewes his iourneys end with ftrict aspect,  
Contemplats heauen, frõ whence his foule was lent  
As for the earth, with a difdainfull heele  
490 He treades vpon't, and makes this orb'd bafe  
The weight of two faire finewy columnes feele.  
And of what elfe leanes on their arched fpace.  
At laft, though as a building he ftill weares  
The fame firft ftrenghning, the fame timber, wals,  
<D4v> Yet

CANTO. 2.

- 495 Yet craz'd with batteries of tempeftuous yeares  
His weakeneffe craues more props,more pedeftals.  
For after Sunne-fet,when the spotted night  
Puts on a roabe of Starres, though now we fee  
More Tapers burning,yet if we'd haue more light
- 500 An artificiall noone muft added bee. (grow,  
Thus men growne old, perchance they wife may  
Yet if their age put one foote in the graue,  
Necessity inforces when he goes  
That he another to fupply it haue;
- 505 And that's a ftaffe, to free his wither'd hand  
From th'vnfteddy Palfie: Behold him than  
He as *Apollo's* tripos right doth ftand,  
And thus what thou inquireft for is man.  
At this fuch anger, as a man inflames
- 510 E'ne to the height of madneffe,and tranfports  
Confideratiue reuenge,from whence wrong came,  
Thither where felt, felfe hindred to retort,  
Poffeffes *Typhons* of-fpring, who beholding  
Her date expir'd,flutters her balefull wings,
- 515 Beares talents 'gainft her felfe,her haire infolding  
To comb the curl'd locks,frõ their rooted fprings.  
Anon ſhe digs wels on her cheeks which bleed  
Torrents of gore: when now this prologue paft  
The act infues, in which as 'twas decreed
- 520 From her ſteepe hill, her felfe ſhe head-long cafts.  
Againft whofe flinty bottome ſhe beates out  
Her fubtle braines, being fo of breath bereau'd,  
<D5r> Which

CANTO. 2.

Which apprehended by the distant rout,  
Was with no common shouts, and claps receau'd:  
525 Some flung their caps vp, others cheerly fung  
Peans of triumph; others strew'd the waies,  
Whilst some depart from the confused thrung  
To gather Garlands of victoriouf Bayes.  
In briefe, themfelues they carefully employ  
530 To gratulate their Countries greed Redeemer:  
The Queene expreffes in her lookes such ioy  
As modesty doth counfell best befeemes her.  
There with a publicke, but discreet embrace,  
Her armes do take possession of their owne,  
535 And hauing giu'n all the respectfull grace,  
That with so short acquaintance could be shew'n,  
Backe they returne, vsher'd with musickes voyce,  
Whose curious running descant, and choice strain  
Would haue mou'd Marble, & made Flints reioice,  
540 Able t'haue built *Thebes* Towers once again.  
The monster laid vpon a filly Affe,  
If by each fearelesse vulgar eye discern'd,  
Her talents toucht, as she along doth passe,  
For Learning's knot's vndone, who is not learn'd?  
545 Come to *Amphions* wondrous architect,  
Whose Waste a feuen-claspt girdle doth containe;  
The Conquerour, in conscience yet vncheckt,  
Claimes his reward, Danger requires gaine.  
The honest State denies not, but inuests  
550 His Temples in the *Theban* Royalty:

<D5v>

The

CANTO. 2.

The Queene and he foone tooke their interefts  
The each of other, whereto all agree.  
Appointed is the Nuptiall day, and come  
Whifper'd for fatall by the mourning Doues,  
555 Nor was the Scritch-owle, nor the Rauen dumbe,  
In finnes prepofterous of prepofterous loue.  
*Hymens* vncheerely flame doth fadly burne  
And fparely drinks the fullen wax that fryes  
Leffe then giues food, not furfets;hid powers turne  
560 *Thalaffios* Ballads into Elegies.  
O Midwife-Goddeffe, Loue-betrothing Queene  
Shew fome mifliking wonder to forbid :  
Thou frown'ft when harlots in thy porch are feen:  
Can inceft then be in thy Temple hid?  
565 Borrow fome fury of thy brother fell  
And riue thy guilty Manfion, fane profane.  
Better haue no place where thy Rites may dwell,  
Then haue it blemifht with fo foule a ftaine:  
'Tis no difmembred facrifice of beafts  
570 Can an incenft Diuinity appeafe.  
Gods trafique not with men, nor to our feafts  
Bring gueft-like palats, for a meale to pleafe.  
They laugh our fcorn'd endeuors, and though now  
Thefe from permiffion gather thy confent,  
575 Yet fhall they find, that a long wrinckled brow  
If neuer leuel'd with fond blandifhment.  
In vaine exempt they from thy hoftiall flame  
To teach the *Paphian* Turtles loue, the gall,  
<D6r> When

CANTO. 2.

When in their kifses they fhall finde the fame,  
580 And bitterneffe e'ne from their fweetes fhall fall.  
For take imaginations wings, and flye,  
Ouer ten Summers crown'd with ripen'd corne,  
Let ruddy grapes,ten luscious Autumnes die,  
And from their furfets fee an iffue borne:  
585 Two manly Twinnes, to call their father, brother,  
This *Eteocles*, *Polynices* hee,  
*Antigone* the fiftter to her mother,  
Too faire a bloffome from fo foule a Tree.  
Mifchiefe is come to age,and pleafure muft  
590 Refigne here birthright, what's fupposed cleere  
Vnknown, with knowledge manifests the ruft.  
Bad men are guiltleffe,till their guilt appeare.  
Vnyoake thy Teame yet, weary Waggoner,  
*Phæbus* hath tane his horfes from the Car.  
595 Rough are the waies through which thou haft to er,  
And daylight askes no Pilots Arctick Star.  
The Milch-cow with full Vdder bellows home,  
And rich *Menalchas* folds his fleecy Sheepe:  
When *Pyrois* next, on champed bit doth fome,  
600 Forwards proceed, Night cals thee now to fleepe.

<D6v>

OEDIPVS.

{ornament}

# O E D I P V S.

## C A N T O. I I I.

V P fluggifh fury, fee thy Mufes friend  
Solicites matter for thy numerous verfe:  
With morn begin,thou,that thy work woldft end,  
Though night were thy fit't hearer,yet rehearfe.  
5 Hereto with hafty fteps, thou haft orerun  
An Infants fate, by whom a Sire did die,  
A mothers chang'd relation with her fonne,  
And riddles made in confanguinity.  
Now with as much celerity fet downe  
10 The iuftice of reuengefull *Nemefis*,  
The fickneffes of an abufed Crowne,  
How fin is punifht, though vnknowne it is.  
Oh! faddeft fifter of the facred nine ,  
That fhroud'ft thy felfe in cabin hung with black,  
15 Lend me thy *Ebon* quill, or guide thou mine:  
Endow me now, with what I moft would lacke.  
Time wearing out, which ignorance made fweete  
With execrable pleafures vertuous thought

<D7r>

New

CANTO. 3.

New ills *Pandoras* box, new open'd Fleete  
20 By whõ worfe things, thẽ by the firft are wrought.  
No foft *Etefiæ*, with coole blafts doth fan  
The fweaty drops from the leaft labouring brow,  
And frustrate is the vfe of breathing, whan  
The Aire is fuckt, as from a fcaling ftow.  
25 *Phœbus* beftriding the fierce Lyons backe  
Stirs vp the fury of th'vnloofed Dog, (blacke,  
Drinckes vp the Brookes, burnes the Earths vefture  
Wants diving vapours from the fenny Bog.  
*Dirce* commands no further then her head,  
30 No watry reliques fhew the ftranger prooffe  
How far *Ifmenos* liquid greatneffe fspread;  
The Oxen paffe the Foord with vnwafht hooffe.  
Sickely *Diana* keepes her Cloudy Chamber,  
Lookes not abroad, but with a Countenance pale,  
35 No healthfull Planet fprede his lockes of amber,  
But from the earth a counterfet exhales.  
Abortiue *Ceres* doth her fruit deny  
Addes fuell to her felfe-confuming fire,  
Which when the patient Husbandman doth fee  
40 He weeps perhaps to quench his fcorch'd defire.  
There is no place in *Thebes* ftretcht Territories  
Free from fome plague or other, no age, no fex:  
Here paraleld, were all examples, Stories  
That euer did this Vniuerfe perplex.  
45 Both old and yong, fathers and children fall,  
Wiues with their husbands, & what's moft vnkind  
<D7v> Friends

CANTO. 3.

Friends are not left to weepe friends funerals,  
Death,iuft in this, lets none to ftay behind.  
Ere scarce the fon be rakt vp in the pyre,  
50 The flame's againe renewed by the mother,  
Oft are they burned in the felfe-fame fire  
Which earft they ki ndled to confume another.  
No Art preuailes:Phyfitions cannot giue  
Themfelues affurance,fhewing their skill they die,  
55 Promifing life to others, they not liue: (denie.  
The earth more Toombes , the woods more piles  
In thefe afflictions, the fad King diftreft  
Powres out himfelfe in prayer, but vnheard,  
He doth intreate to haue thofe ills redrest,  
60 Or that death onely ben't from him debar'd.  
*Ioue* had his Offrings burnt to him with Oake  
*Iuno* her Lambe, *Ifis* her Calfe did fmell:  
The Hyacinth *Apollo* did inuoke,  
Poppy on *Ceres* fafforn'd Altars fell.  
65 *Pan* knew his Pine-tree, & the *Lars* their whelps,  
*Venus* her Pigeons, deckt with crimfon Rofes,  
But none are willing to employ their helpes.  
No God of *Thebes* yet otherwife difpofes,  
Therefore to neighbouring *Delphos* they repaire,  
70 Where they do fupplyant afke what muft be done  
For *Thebes* deliuerance, what offering, pray'r,  
The Gods require for fatisfaction.  
To them an anfwere vsher'd was with Thunder,  
No Star fhall looke on *Thebes* but with a frowne:

<D8r>

No

CANTO. 3.

75 No plague vnheard of, till 'tis felt with wonder,  
Shall cease it's siege 'gainst your vnpeopled Town,  
Till he that was the murdrer of your King  
Be from the Aire you breath in banished,  
His wretched prefence doth these mischiefes bring  
80 Which liue in him, and shall pursue him fled.  
The King, great thanks vpon the Gods bestowes,  
Commanding that which to performe behoues,  
The fame which iustice to oppreffion owes,  
No more they may establish Subiects loues.  
85 Soone shall my Countries plague be cured now;  
Oh eafy Gods, that with compaffionate eyes  
Behold *Thebes* defolate buildings, marke my vow,  
And be auspicious to my enterprife.  
Be present too oh daylights greater guide,  
90 Empal'd with Crownets of Maiefticke rayes,  
That in twelue Empires doft thy Orbe diuide,  
Varioufly treading heauens diftinguifht maze.  
Night-wandering Goddeffe be not absent neither,  
Nor thou that doft in iron fetters bind  
95 Blasting *Prænefter*, that with a word canft either  
Call home, or fend abroad thy struggling winde.  
And thou lasciuious *Neptune* that doft caft  
Thy amorous armes, thy Trident laid aside,  
Almost about my Monarchies small Waste  
100 As thou by both her water'd fides doft ride.  
Attend me all: By whose hand *Laius* fell  
Let him no harbour, no abroad enioy,

<D8v>

No

CANTO. 3.

No not himselfe, wherein himselfe may dwell,  
But when none else, let he himselfe annoy.  
105 May his owne household Gods vnfaithfull proue,  
And the vnnaturall *Lars* in exile worfe,  
Reap he moft shame, from what he moft doth loue,  
And may his wife an impious off-fpring nurfe.  
Kill he his father, as he kild his King,  
110 And let his acts my wifhes power out-goe,  
If a worfe fate then mine can torment bring  
Heap't vp, yet doe he, what I fhun to doe.  
And for my felfe, as I with prayers desire  
My vntoucht parents may proclaime me good,  
115 No cooling intermiffion fhall retire,  
Reuenge, till bloud be wafht away with bloud.  
But play not with vs, true Propheticke fpirit,  
Thus by denyed grants to make vs long:  
Search is ambitious, and would all inherit,  
120 Secrets with-held make inquisition ftrong.  
A tafte but whets the licorifh appetite  
For fatisfactions earnefter p//f//it.  
Vnto a prifoner, the fp//e-fcanted light  
A bondage is, to want it, and to view't.  
125 Then do thou (heauenly goodnes) whom it pleas'd  
To fhew the meanes, further the meanes vnfold :  
Point forth the man, that foone we may be eas'd,  
Or teach vs to forget what thou haft told.  
Elfe as impatient patients we fare,  
130 To whom the Ch///k hath prefcrib'd receipts  
E<1r> Of

CANTO. 3.

Of such ingredients as so hidden are,  
That they are doubted to be skild deceits.  
Vrge Gods no more, replies the sacred Priest:  
Man muft worke fomewhat for his better being,  
135 Yet if with this thou not contented bee'ft,  
Blinded *Tirefias* eyes muft helpe thy feeing.  
Forthwith the faithfull *Creon* is difmift  
To *Phæbus* fecond Oracle, who late  
Loft fight, yet gain'd a better then he mift,  
140 As he Cœleftiall matters did debate.  
Far from the Citty lies a nighted Groue  
Downe in the Valley where fleete *Dirce* glides,  
Where th'vntoucht Ciprefse spreads his boughs a-  
And frõ the Sun the fubiect Bramble hides. (boue  
145 The aged Oake his rotten branches tends,  
From whose corrupted fide thicke ielly drops,  
And ftooping vnder many yeares he bends  
To reft his crippled truncke on yonger props:  
There bitter-berried *Daphne*, *Mirrha* ftood,  
150 The trembling Apfe, the Birch, with fsmooth thin  
Th'eternall Cedar for my lines too good, (rine:  
The vpright Alder, and Sunne-guilded Pine.  
In midft of this is ffituate a Tree  
Of wondrous greatneffe, whose extended armes  
155 Mete the large confines of it's Empery,  
And fenfe the weake inhabitants from harmes.  
Within the hollow compaffe of whose truncke  
Nature had cut out an vnciuill den,

<E1v>

Which

CANTO. 3.

160 Which a cold fountaine, without ceasing drunke  
Vp of the earth, moats with a miry fen.  
Heere, by his daughter *Manto* led he meets,  
Reuerenc'd *Tirefias*, And from the King  
Him, all humanity obferu'd, he greets;  
And further vtters what him thither brings.  
165 Then as the neuer-erring Prophet wild,  
A hoftiall fire vpon the Altar's made  
Which they before of Turffs of earth did build,  
And there two cole-blacke Heifers on were laid.  
The facred *Vates* ftanding by the fire  
170 In direfull roabs yclad, with box-tree crown'd,  
Oft waues his powerfull wand, and then enquires  
What Omens in the beafts or flames are found.  
Anon he fings the hideous magicke verfe,  
Cals on the names of dutious Spirits thrice,  
175 Thrice doth he fmite the fhooke earth, thrice re-  
What deuils may compell, or deuils tice. (hearfe,  
A bloody fhower from his right hand fals,  
And from his left drops bloud with *Bacchus* mixt:  
Then with more earneft voice againe he cals  
180 With fteady countenance, on the center fixt.  
Now difmall *Hecats* Dogs began to barke,  
Which to repeat, the wood by *Eccho's* taught  
A night comes now there anfwering day fo darke.  
A blinder *Chaos* feene, then th'old was thought.  
185 Vp rife the fubiects of infernall *Dis*,  
At which each Tree his frighted branches heaues,  
E 2<r> Many

CANTO. 3.

Many an Oake in splinters shiuer'd is,  
Many an Elme shrinkes vp his blasted leaues.  
Earth suffers violence, and open rends  
190 Her feal'd vp wombe, to shew her tombed dead,  
The subtle spirits, penetrating fiends  
Out of her cauernes lift their crisped heads:  
There might one see the grieſly God of Hell  
Put his num hand out of his frozen Lake;  
195 Nights very felfe, three ſifter'd furies fell,  
Picking quaint morfels, on a ſpeckled ſnake.  
The viperous brood of ſtrange produced brothers.  
Blinde Fury running careleſſe of a guide,  
Horror with vpriſt haire, And all the others  
200 Eternall Darkeneſſe doth create or hide.  
Griefe 'gainſt it ſelfe that exerciſes rage,  
Sickeneſſe that droopes a lither-head down hung,  
Feare neuer certaine, ſelfe-deſpising age,  
Detraction laſt with her backe-biting tong,  
205 That euen *Manto* cuſtom'd to theſe Rites  
Aſtoniſht ſtood: onely her vnmou'd Sire  
Doth more the ghofſts, thē ghofſts can mē affright,  
That trembling Fiends cloſely themſelues retire.  
When he a freſh effectuall charmes infers  
210 Graue-bedrid corps out of Deaths fleepe to wake,  
Who breaking ope their Marble Sepulchers,  
Their liuing formes vnto their ſouleſ retake.  
So many leaues doth not *Oeta* fhed,  
So many Swallowes doth not Winter chace,

<E2v>

So

CANTO. 3.

215 So many Bees are not in *Hybla* fed,  
So many billowes wash not *Neptunes* face,  
As there of fundry Nations ghosts appear'd,  
Some with difmembred bodies, some with scarres  
Doubly diffigur'd, and were doubly fear'd:  
220 Others vntoucht, flaine by loues stroke, not wars.  
Amongst the rest, *Laiu*/ his head erects (wounds,  
With meager lookes, gor'd through with ghaftly  
That almost none him by his forme detects,  
While thus he speakes, while he in tearef abounds.  
225 Oh house of *Cadmus* neuer satisfied  
With blood of kindred, once my Country deare,  
Whose first bad off-spring by each other dyed,  
And still that enmity the last doth beare:  
'Tis not heauens anger, but thy wickednes brings.  
230 Thou labour'ft with, no South-wind pestilence  
The thirfty earth vnquencht with rain, hurts leffe,  
Then th'abhominable action of thy Kings.  
'Tis he not yet corrected paricide  
My murderer, that for satisfaction  
235 Of a Sires death, a Mother makes his Bride,  
A worfer father, though too bad a fon.  
'Tis he, to one wombe twife a diuers load,  
Curft with prodigious issue, who, ahlas!  
Vpon himselfe two brothers hath bestow'd:  
240 Darker *Ænigmaes*, then ere *Sphinxes* was.  
He, He, it is, that now my Scepter swayes:  
Whom I, with all your Citty profecute,

E 3<r>

Onely

CANTO. 3.

Onely his exile misery alliaies,  
And till reueng'd I ftill will perfecute.  
245 He gone, the painted fpring fhall foone repaire  
Your wither'd Arbors with their wonted greene;  
No poifonous vapour fhall infect your Aire,  
But all fhall be, as it before hath beene.  
This done, and the infernall crew difmift,  
250 *Creon* departs with fundry thoughts perplext,  
Who in no fteady counfell can perfift,  
Approouing what's difproued by the next.  
Anon the King is infant for the newes,  
And after wanton preparation ended,  
255 The meffenger would faine himfelfe excufe  
From telling it, by telling where it tended.  
But he more earneft through denyall, threats  
By torment to extort it from his tong,  
And mixes with his anger faire entreates,  
260 Till both preuail'd: he heares it, and was ftung.  
A while with cogitations much diftract,  
He paufes on it, and begins to doubt  
Some fubtle ftratageme, contriu'd compact,  
Which *Creon* forg'd his Crowne to go about.  
265 This he augments by his vnwillingneffe  
And pollitick deferrings, common trickes  
In thofe neare Crownes to tempt Kings eafineffe,  
When in the State, themfelues, they'd furer fix.  
And fo concludes of this, for he that knowes  
270 His innocence, cęn't without preiudice

<E3v>

Of

CANTO. 3.

Of Reason, credit such reports as those:  
The Gods persuade not what's known otherwise.  
*Polybius* that yet lives, and yet enjoys  
*Meropes* kisses, which I never tried  
275 But as a fop, all argument destroys  
Either of incest, or of paricide.  
And as for *Laius* death, you Gods can tell  
I'm ignorant of 't, my memory  
Records but one that ere by my hand fell:  
280 Hard is my fortune if that one were he.  
Yet to be further satisfied, he lies,  
Conjures a true narration from his wife  
Of *Laius* fortunes; she with tears descends  
Each circumstance both of his death, and life.  
285 The persons age, the manner, time, and place,  
How, when, and where, he slaughtered was, agree,  
Prove him an homicide unto his face,  
By demonstration, not by fallacy.  
Long he debates the matter in his mind,  
290 Wherein no resolution can be found;  
Kings wreaths about their heads are faster twin'd  
Then flightly may be from their heads unbound.  
He balances in even poised scales  
A Kingdom's glories, with a Kingdom's woes:  
295 Fear holds when one, love when the other, fails,  
The eye both heaviest, both doth light'ly suppose.  
Pills wrapt in sugar, honnyed bitterneffe,  
The licorish taste persuasively diffuses,

E 4<r>

Infected

CANTO. 3.

Infected beauty, gorgeous wretchedneffe  
300 With tempting frights, emboldning makes afraid,  
Ene as the Loadstones Northerne Pole doth hold  
Th'attracted Iron, with an amorous kiffe:  
But turning thence her wanton lips, behold  
Strange loue for stranger hatred changed is.  
305 Such is the nature of a Crowne distrest,  
Veiw onely outside, and we're captiues tane:  
But if we turne our eyes, to see the rest,  
It frights more powrfully, then it can detaine.  
Faine would the King, our subiect, still command,  
310 And would as faine his Country had reliefe.  
Thoughts vndetermin'd, yet are at a stand,  
Whether to keepe with care, or leaue with grieffe.  
Fixt thus in wauering, loe a gray-hair'd man  
Feebled with age and wearineffe, who first  
315 Ere *Oedipus* was a *Corinthian*,  
Out of *Cithaeron* brought him to be nurft,  
From *Corinths* Confines to *Bœotia* comes,  
With newes of craz'd *Polybius* mellow'd fall  
Alfo from forraine rule to fetch him home  
320 To order his Sires Crowne, and Funerall.  
His meffage done, still *Oedipus* enquires  
About his death: and much distempered,  
Was it not I (faies he) that built the fire  
That was ordain'd to be his funerall bed?  
325 Marke if thou know'ft me, prethee, don't I looke  
Like to a paricide, furfeited with death?

<E4v>

Say

C A N T O. 3.

Say, was he patient when he life forfooke?  
Breath'd he not *Oedipus* when he scarce had breath?  
What disease had he? was't not some vnkind thought  
330 Of my misconfer'd disobedience ?  
Which, whilst within to smother it he fought,  
Festerd and burst like to an vlcer thence.  
I, I, 'tis so, the wily Gods beguile  
Me in my fortunes, when their dread intent  
335 Could haue no way bin brought about, but while  
My niceneffe was too wary to prevent :  
Il'e try your cunning further: you that made  
My power about it selfe, ther's yet another,  
And a worfe mischief you to me haue layd,  
340 See if my absence can defile my mother.  
Never will I her lou'd loath'd preference grant  
To my witcht eyes, I must I know not whither,  
*Corinth* and *Thebes* liue happy in my want,  
Sith without mischief I can liue in neither.  
345 Dif-ioynted words end their distracted found  
In as discordant gesture, giuing note  
What troubled dregges did in his braine abound  
When on his lookes Frenzy her selfe did quote.  
Compaffion, with patheticke letters prints  
350 A feeling feeling in spectators by:  
No shame of womanish imputation flints  
The helpeffe fluxure of th'affected eye.  
Mou'd with the rest, the aged messenger, (rise,  
Learn'd in the grounds from whence his griefe did  
<E5r> Shewes

CANTO. 3.

355 Shewes him how farre his woes & feares did erre,  
And cleares his doubts with worfe vncertainties.  
Feare not (fayes he) *Meropes* wrongfull bed,  
She's but a foftring ftranger to thy bloud,  
Thefe hands to her firft thee delivered ;  
360 But to fupply defects in woman-hood.  
*Polybius* claim'd no intereft of a fonne  
In thee ; but of what he beftow'd on thee,  
Being his by nothing but adoption :  
Thou nothing owd'ft but thanks for charitie.  
365 As a miftrufffull patient long difeafd,  
His med'cines doubts,miflikes his vncoth drinkes,  
Wherewith his queazie ftomacke is difpleafd,  
His fickneffe better then his potion thinkes :  
So fares the King, who in this remedy  
370 Collects more dangerous plots to be included,  
Feares that this knowledge will worfe ill defcry,  
Wifhes he ftill were, as at firft, deluded.  
But fith begun, hee's minded to goe on,  
Fall out what will,he all will haue reveal'd,  
375 Charging a true and full narration  
Of all his fortunes hitherto conceal'd ;  
Which thus the old man vtter'd .At what time  
The Sunne attended by the heavenly Twinnes,  
Smil'd on the wanton Springs enamel'd prime,  
380 Look't on cleere *Strymons* fifhes gilded finnes:  
When firft the daizies op't their painted lids,  
To wait on *Tytan* without flumbring home:

<E5v>

I

C A N T O. 3.

I followed my lascivious wandring kids ,  
Whither *Cithæron* fwels her fertile wombe.  
385 There of a *Theban* Shepheard I receiu'd  
Thy felfe a child, bor'd through the feet with plants,  
Almost of life, through cruelty bereau'd.  
By what chance done, to tel my knowledge wants,  
Your Parents likewise are vnknowne to me :  
390 Nor can I tell what of the Swaine became,  
And if my fight helps not my memory,  
Defcribe I cannot, nor vnfold his name.  
Herewith the king, eager to sift out all,  
Himselfe will wretched absolutely make;  
395 And *Phorbas* with his fellow fwaines home calles,  
Of whom the old man new acquaintance takes.  
The rest difmift, of him it is demanded,  
What child it was, that he away did giue :  
At which he blushes; and againe commanded,  
400 A poore found child, he saies, that could not liue.  
That answere though will not enough fuffife,  
The infants parents, and mischance are vrg'd  
On him, which he with timoroufneffe denies,  
And oft himselfe with protestations purg'd.  
405 Till wrinch't awhile vpon the torturing racke,  
His confancy turnes coward, and bewrayes  
Collected secrets, that no prooffe did lacke:  
Thy wife was mother to that childe he fayer.  
Eu'n as a Lyon on the *Lybian* plaine,  
410 Struck with an Arrow from the hunters Bow,  
<E6r> Shakes

CANTO. 3.

Shakes the flag'd order of his golden maine,  
Doth wrathfull fires from his nostrils blow,  
Spits seas of foame from his incensed iawes,  
Shoots sparkles from his ruddy eye-balles,rends  
415 The earths greene mantle with revengeful clawes;  
And gainst himselfe lastly his fury bends:  
So rages *Oedipus*, and spurnes the ground,  
To call vp Furies; lifts his eyes to heaven,  
To see if bright *Atræa* there fate crown'd  
420 With wreathes of stars about the wandring Iove//.  
Oft doth he shake his head, as if he meant  
Againe to fettle his distracted braines,  
Many a groane from his grip't heart is sent,  
Many a trembling Earth-quake he sustaines.  
425 Till (as extremities never long endure)  
Sleepe bindes his senses in a gale of iet :  
Yet horror here is not enough secure,  
Dreames catch his swimming fancies in a net.  
His slumbers broken with illusive fights,  
430 Raife fudden starts, mutter out words abrupt,  
His haire on tip-toe, heaves with vaine affrights :  
Rest do minds troubled, rest doth interrupt.  
Anon he wakes, calles for his horse to flye.  
He is purfu'd : 'tis true, but whither wilt?  
435 Thou hear'ft about thee thine owne enemy,  
And flye thy countrey mayst, but not thy guilt.  
Perceiving then how he did erre, he smiles  
Eu'n out of griefes Antiperistafie.

<E6v>

Alas

*CANTO. 3.*

440 Alas thou er'ft not,nor thy dreame beguiles,  
Purfu'd thou art, Crimes the purfuers be.  
But Griefe and he growne more familiar,  
Strange welcomes,Artfull gratulations ceaft,  
Which more in Innes then Manfions vfed are,  
Not to a daily,but a feldome gueft.  
445 Yet when acquaintance would vn-nurtur'd grow,  
And too much on a wearied friend relye,  
Vnmannerly,till it be bidden goe,  
He lookes vpon it with difliking eye.  
And to be rid of cumberfome intrufion,  
450 Cuts kindneffe fhorter,and directly chides  
His trouble from him;when ingrate confufion  
Clames it as due,and curtefie derides:  
And hauing got the vpper hand,infults  
Ore his dejected owner,rebll-like :  
455 As when Ambition gathring head, revolts,  
And at a crownes forbidden luftre ftrikes.  
When as the King fees that fubmit he muft,  
Impatience thus in fillables breakes out.  
Blaft me fome powerfull vapour into duft,  
460 Circle me Furies with your brands about.  
Oh let the weight of my impietie  
Preffe downe the center,dig it felfe a graue,  
Or from two poles crack the warpt Axletree,  
That Nature may a fecond labour haue.  
465 Earth fhrinke thou vnder me : and thou to whom  
Divided Chaos pitchy darkneffe fent,

<E7r>

Let

C A N T O. 3.

Let me inhabit in some vaulted room  
Where no light is through guiltie crannies lent.  
You Citizens of *Thebes*, for me distressed, (thers,  
470 Tombe me aliue with stones : you childleffe mo-  
Striping the milke out from your vnfuckt breasts,  
You that haue lost the names of sons & brothers :  
You widowed Matrons, loue-deprived Maids,  
Pierce me at once with clamors loud and thick :  
475 'Tis I whom Gods do hate, and Man vpbraids,  
The very But where Fate her Arrowes stick.  
Why doe I stay? why doth not heauen ordaine  
Some punishing Iron? or some strangling rope ?  
Or why descends not some confuming raine ?  
480 Is vengeance layd vp for a further scope?  
I haue fin'd all I can; but I mistake,  
A punishment cannot be thought on fit :  
There's some vnheard-of creature yet to make,  
That ioyn'd to cruelty, may haue Art and wit.  
485 Me thinks I feele a Vulture peck my liver,  
My intrailes by some Tyger eaten vp,  
Or in the muddy bottome of a river,  
The nibbling Fry vpon my carcaffie sup.  
Oh my fad foule, do not looke pale on death,  
490 Feare not thy period vnto all thy feares :  
Delights but Comma's are to gather breath,  
Left we should tire ere the full poynts appeares.  
See heere (for now he had vnheath'd his sword)  
How easie is it for a man to dye?

<E7v>

One

*CANTO. 3.*

495 One little touch, yea oftentimes a word,  
Mans great bulk falles, eu'n conquer'd with a flye.  
There is but one, and that a narrow way  
To enter life ; but if we would go out,  
Of many thousand beaten paths we may  
500 Take our owne choyce, we need not goe about.  
And this is all that man can call his owne,  
What else he hath, Nature or Fortune lends:  
Many can life deny, but death can none.  
Onely to dye, vpon mans will depends.  
505 Dye then : fo setting to his naked breaft  
His weapons poynt, ready thereon to fall ,  
Somewhat detaines him to performe the rest ;  
Not that he thought death grievous, but too small.  
Death is a Felons sentence: and fhall I  
510 For parricide and inceft feele no more?  
Some men do count it happineffe to dye,  
A cure esteeme it rather then a fore.  
Yet fay, the violent separation  
Of the acquainted body from the foule,  
515 Chiefly to such, who no relation  
Haue but to earth, doth manlineffe controule;  
What then? thy Fathers death, thy death requires :  
Thy death for inceft muft the God appeafe :  
Thy death muft quench thy countries funeral fires:  
520 And with one death can't fatiffie all these?  
Couldft thou dye often , could thy corpes renewd  
Change tenants oft, couldft thou be borne againe,

<E8r>

D/

*CANTO. 3.*

Dye againe faultleffe , could viciffitude  
Of life and death draw out an endleffe paine,  
525 Revenge might fomewhat be fuffid; but now  
Life is thy greateft torment, death efpying  
As more remote,fo with more frightful brow,  
Sith thou but once,oh bee thou long in dying,  
'Tis now growne vulgar to be Stoicall,  
530 Peafants redeeme with eafie deathf their feares:  
Who would be manly,or heroicall,  
What Cowards thinke intolerable, beares.  
Linger my hafty foule, be not bankerout  
Meerely in policie,breake not fo foone,  
535 Some fighes thou ftill haft left to furnifh out  
Thy trade with breath ; hold out till they be done.  
A fudden fhower from his eyes doth raine,  
Haue I teares yet? faies he:alas vaine wet,  
Thou canft not wafh away one fpot,one ftaine  
540 That my leaft guilt vpon my fame hath fet.  
'Tis not enough to weepe,I oft haue vfd  
Teares in my mirth ; let them not looke out heere,  
Yet powre it downe,if there be bloud infud,  
And fee the eye drop after it's fhed teare;  
545 You fhall weep bloud(mine eyes:) & fets his nailes  
Where fight had built her azure monument :  
Thus fhed your felues,no moifture elfe prevailes.  
Then from their crakt ftrings he his eye-bals rent.  
Now,now 'tis finifht : I am cleare,no light  
550 Betrayes me to my felfe, I'me living dead,  
<E8v> Exempt

CANTO. 3.

Exempt from those that liue, by wanting fight;  
From those are dead, because vnburied.  
So having all the office of his eye  
Discharg'd by th'other foure, his guidleffe feet  
555 Are vsher'd by his hands, when suddently  
His wife, his mother, both in one him meets.  
Son, husband (cries she) would not both, or neither,  
My wombes *Primitiæ*, my beds second Lord!  
Why turnst thou hence thy hollow circles? whither  
560 Those rings without their iewels? hold this sword,  
Looke on my bosome with the eyes of thought,  
Lend thou the hand, and I will lend the fight:  
My death thou mayst, that hast a fathers wrought.  
Strike thou but home, thou canst not but strike  
565 Why dost thou stay? Am I not guilty too? (right  
Then beare not all the punishment alone,  
Some of't is mine; on me mine owne bestow:  
A heavy burthen parted seemeth none.  
Oh I coniure thee by these lampes extinguisht,  
570 By all the wrongs and rights that we haue done,  
By this wombe lastly that hath not distinguisht  
Her loue betwixt a husband, and a sonne.  
Ore-come at length, he strikes with one full blow /  
Her life it selfe to a long flight betakes:  
575 He wanders thence, secur'd in dangers now,  
Made leffe already, then fate leffe can make.  
Long liu'd he fo, till heaven compaffion tooke:  
Reuenge herselfe saw too much satisfied,

F<1r>                      Ioue

*CANTO. 3.*

580 *Ioue* with vnwonted thunder-bolt him ftrooke  
Into a heape of peacefull ashes dried.  
His fonnes both killing warres, his daughters fate,  
To following bufkind Writers I commit :  
My Popiniay is leffon'd not to prate,  
Where many words may argue little wit.

*FINIS.*

{ornament}

<F1v>