

Ulysses & the Siren.

TM 1918 119
by S. Daniel Corn
in 1579.

Syr. Come worthy Greek! Ulysses come,
Possess these shoes with me!
The Winds & Seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free!
Here may we sit & view their Toyle
That travail in the Deep,
And joy the day in Mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleepe!

Ulyss. Faire Nymph! if Fame or Honor were
To be attained with ease,
Then would I come & rest with thee,
And leave such Toiles as these.
But here it dwells, & here must I
With danger seek it forth:
To spend the time luxuriously,
Becomes not Men of Worth!

Syr. Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreal name,
This honor is a thing conceiv'd,
And rests on others fame.
Beguotten only to molest
Our peace, & to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our Rest,
And give us up to Toyle!

Ulyss. Delicious Nymph! suppose there were
No honor, or Report,
Yet Man himself would scarce be ware
The time in idle sport;

For Toyle doth give a better touch,
To make us feel our Joy,
And Ease finds tediousness, as much
As Labour yields annoy.

Syr. Then Pleasure, likewise reames the Shore,
Whence tends all your Toyle,
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish off the while.
Who may disport them diversely
Find never tedious Day,
And Ease may have Variety
As well as Action may.

Wlff. But Natures of the Noblest Frame
Ther Toyles & Dangers please,
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in Ease.
And, with the thought of Actions past,
Are recreated still.
When pleasure leaves a touch at last,
To shew that it was ill.

Syr. That doth opinion only cause,
That's out of Custom bred,
Which makes us many other Causes,
Than ever Nature I'd.
No widows waile for our delights,
Our Sports are without blood,
The world we see by worlike sights
Precious more hurt than good.

Vly. But yet the State of Things require
These notions of Virest,
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem born to turn them best.
To purge the Virest that increase,
And all good order wear;
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well charged for war.

Syr. Well, Well, Vlysses, then I see,
I shall not have thee here;
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my Fortune there.

I must be won, that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won;
For Beauty hath created ~~glain~~,
I undo, or be undone!

Wishes of the Lyren. —