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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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The transformation of Cycnus into a swan.

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The blood came trickling, where she tore away
 The leaves and bark: The maids were heard to say,
 " Forbear, mistaken Parent, Oh! forbear;
 " A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
 " Farewel for ever." (Here the bark increas'd,
 Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.

The new-made trees in tears of Amber run,
 Which, harden'd into value by the Sun,
 Distill for ever on the streams below:
 The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
 Mixt in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd
 Shine in the dress of the bright *Latian* maid.

The Transformation of CYCNUS into a Swan.

Cycnus beheld the Nymphs transform'd, ally'd
 To their dead brother, on the mortal side,
 In friendship and affection nearer bound;
 He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
 Thro' pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
 And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
 Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone
 The melancholy Monarch made his moan,
 His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak;
 And issu'd through a long extended neck;
 His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
 In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
 From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
 And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:

The

All

All *Cycnus* now into a Swan was turn'd,
 Who, still remembering how his kinsman burn'd,
 To solitary pools and lakes retires,
 And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-while *Apollo* in a gloomy shade
 (The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
 Indulging sorrow, sicken'd at the sight
 Of his own Sun-shine, and abhors the light:
 The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
 Sadden his looks, and over-cast his eyes,
 As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
 And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
 Now warm resentments to his grief he joyn'd,
 And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
 " E'er since the birth of Time, said he, I've born
 " A long ungrateful toil without return;
 " Let now some other manage, if he dare,
 " The fiery steeds, and mount the burning Carr;
 " Or, if none else, let *Jove* his fortune try,
 " And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
 " Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
 " My Son deserv'd not so severe a fate.

The Gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
 He would resume the conduct of the day,
 Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
Jove too himself, descending from his height,

Excuses

Excuses what had happen'd, and intreats,
 Majestically mixing prayers and threats,
 Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
 The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
 And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
 And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his Son,

The Story of CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and *Jove*
 Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
 To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
 But all was safe: The earth he then survey'd,
 And cast an eye on every different coast,
 And every land; but on *Arcadia* most
 Her fields he cloath'd, and cheer'd her blasted face
 With running fountains, and with springing grass.
 No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
 The fields and woods revive, and Nature smiles again.

But as the God walk'd to and fro the earth,
 And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
 By chance a fair *Arcadian* Nymph he view'd,
 And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
 The Nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
 Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;
 Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
 Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
 To chaste *Diana* from her youth inclin'd
 The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.

Diana