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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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Europa's Rape.

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So does the chilness to each vital part
 Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
 'Till hard'ning every where, and speechless grown,
 She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a Stone.
 But still her envious hue and fullen mien
 Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S Rape.

When now the God his fury had allay'd,
 And taken vengeance of the stubborn Maid,
 From where the bright *Athenian* turrets rise
 He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
 And, as he mix'd among the crowd of Gods,
 Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
 And in soft whispers thus his will express'd.

“ My trusty *Hermes*, by whose ready aid
 “ Thy Sire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
 “ Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
 “ And to the walls of *Sidon* speed thy course;
 “ There find a herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
 “ The neighbouring hill, and drive 'em to the shore.

Thus spoke the God, concealing his intent.
 The trusty *Hermes* on his message went,
 And found the herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
 A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the shore;

Where

Where the King's Daughter with a lovely train
Of Fellow-Nymphs, was sporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride.)
The Ruler of the skies, the thundering God,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing Heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a Bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unfully'd by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the work-man's hand;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and express'd
The softness of the Lover in the Beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white Bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly stroak'd his head.
He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
Now rows his body on the yellow sand;

And

And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
 Comes tossing forward to the royal Maid;
 Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
 His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
 In flowery wreaths the royal Virgin drest
 His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
 'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
 Not knowing that she prest the Thunderer,
 She plac'd her self upon his back, and rode
 O'er fields and meadows, seated on the God.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
 Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
 Where now he dips his hoofs and wets his thighs,
 Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
 The frighted Nymph looks backward on the shoar,
 And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
 But still she holds him fast: one hand is born
 Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:
 Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
 Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the Virgin bore,
 And lands her safe on the *Dictean* shore;
 Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
 In his True shape he captivates the Maid;
 Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
 Beholds the new majestick figure rise,
 His glowing features, and celestial light,
 And all the God discover'd to her sight.

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