



T H E

VIGIL of VENUS.

*Written in the Time of JULIUS CÆSAR,
and by some ascrib'd to CATULLUS.*

LET those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

The *Spring*, the new, the warb'ling Spring appears,
The youthful Season of reviving Years ;
In Spring the *Loves* enkindle mutual Heats,
The feather'd Nation chuse their tuneful Mates,
The Trees grow fruitful with descending Rain
And drest in differing Greens adorn the Plain.

She

She comes ; to morrow *Beauty's Empress* roves
 Thro' Walks that winding run within the Groves ;
 She twines the shooting Myrtle into Bow'rs,
 And ties their meeting Tops with Wreaths of
 Flow'rs,

Then rais'd sublimely on her easy Throne
 From Nature's pow'rful Dictates draws her own.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

'Twas on that Day which saw the teeming Flood
 Swell round, impregnate with celestial Blood ;
 Wand'ring in Circles stood the finny Crew,
 The midst was left a void Expanse of Blue,
 There Parent *Ocean* work'd with heaving Throes,
 And dropping wet the fair *Dione* rose.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

She paints the purple Year with vary'd show,
 Tips the green Gem, and makes the Blossom glow.
 She makes the turgid Buds receive the Breeze,
 Expand to Leaves, and shade the naked Trees.
 When gath'ring damps the misty Nights diffuse,
 She sprinkles all the Morn. with balmy Dews ;
 Bright trembling Pearls depend at ev'ry spray,
 And kept from falling, seem to fall away.

A glossy Freshness hence the *Rose* receives,
 And blushes sweet through all her silken Leaves ;
 (The Drops descending through the silent Night,
 While Stars serenely roll their golden Light,)
 Close 'till the Morn, her humid Veil she holds ;
 Then deckt with Virgin Pomp the Flow'r unfolds,
 Soon will the Morning blush : Ye Maids ! prepare,
 In rosy Garlands bind your flowing Hair

'Tis *Venus*' Plant : The Blood fair *Venus* shed,
 O'er the gay Beauty pour'd immortal Red ;
 From *Love*'s soft Kiss a sweet *Ambrosial* Smell
 Was taught for ever on the Leaves to dwell ;
 From Gemms, from Flames, from orient Rays of
 Light

The richest Lustre makes her Purple bright ;
 And she to morrow weds ; the sporting Gale
 Unties her Zone, she bursts the verdant Veil ;
 Thro' all her Sweets the rifling *Lover* flies,
 And as he breaths, her glowing Fires arise.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now fair *Dione* to the Myrtle Grove
 Sends the gay *Nymphs*, and sends her tender *Love*.
 And shall they venture ? is it safe to go ?
 While *Nymphs* have Hearts, and *Cupid* wears a Bow ?

Yes safely venture, 'tis his Mother's Will ;
 He walks unarm'd and undesigning ill,
 His Torch extinct, his Quiver uselefs hung,
 His Arrows idle, and his Bow unstrung.
 And yet, ye *Nymphs*, beware, his Eyes have Charms,
 And *Love* that's naked, still is *Love* in Arms.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

From *Venus* Bow'r to *Delia's* Lodge repairs
 A Virgin Train compleat with modest Airs :
 ' Chast *Delia!* grant our Suit! or shun the Wood,
 ' Nor stain this sacred Lawn with savage Blood.
 ' *Venus, O Delia!* if she cou'd persuade,
 ' Wou'd ask thy Presence, might she ask a Maid.
 Here chearful Quires for three auspicious Nights
 With Songs prolong the pleasurable Rites :

Here Crouds in Measures lightly-decent rove ;
 Or seek by Pairs the Covert of the Grove,
 Where meeting Greens for Arbours arch above,
 And mingling Flowrets strow the Scenes of Love.
 Here dancing *Ceres* shakes her golden Sheaves :
 Here *Bacchus* revels, deckt with viny Leaves :
 Here Wit's enchanting God in Lawrel crown'd
 Wakes all the ravish'd Hours with silver Sound.
 Ye Fields, ye Forests, own *Dione's* Reign,
 And *Delia*, Huntress *Delia*, shun the Plain.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Gay with the Bloom of all her opening Year,
 The *Queen* at *Hybla* bids her Throne appear ;
 And there presides ; and there the fav'rite Band
 (Her smiling *Graces*) share the great Command.

Now

Now beauteous *Hybla* ! dress thy flow'ry Beds

With all the Pride the lavish Season sheds,

Now all thy Colours, all thy Fragrance yield,

And rival *Enna's* Aromatick Field.

To fill the Presence of the gentle Court

From ev'ry Quarter rural *Nymphs* resort,

From Woods, from Mountains, from their humble

Vales,

From Waters curling with the wanton Gales.

Pleas'd with the joyful Train, the *laughing Queen*

In Circles seats them round the Bank of green ;

And ' lovely Girls, (she whispers) guard your

Hearts ;

' My Boy, tho' stript of Arms, abounds in Arts.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Let tender Grass in shaded Allys spread,
Let early Flow'rs erect their painted Head.
To morrow's Glory be to morrow seen,
That Day, old *Ether* wedded *Earth* in green.
The *Vernal Father* bid the Spring appear,
In Clouds he coupled to produce the Year,
The Sap descending o'er her Bosom ran,
And all the various sorts of Soul began.
By Wheels unknown to Sight, by secret Veins
Distilling Life, the fruitful Goddess reigns,
Through all the lovely Realms of native Day,
Through all the circled Land, and circling Sea;
With fertil Seed she fill'd the pervious Earth,
And ever fix'd the mystick Ways of Birth.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

'Twas she the *Parent*, to the *Latian* Shore
 Through various Dangers *Troy's* Remainder bore.
 She won *Lavinia* for her warlike Son,
 And winning her, the *Latian* Empire won.
 She gave to *Mars* the Maid, whose honour'd Womb
 Swell'd with the *Founder* of immortal *Rome*.
 Decoy'd by Shows the *Sabin* Dames she led,]
 And taught our vig'rous Youth the Means to wed.
 Hence sprung the *Romans*, hence the Race divine
 Thro' which great *Cæsar* draws his *Julian* Line.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who alwayas lov'd, now love the more.

In rural Seats the Soul of *Pleasure* reigns;
 The Life of *Beauty* fills the rural Scenes;
 Ev'n *Love* (if *Fame* the Truth of *Love* declare)
 Drew first the breathings of a rural Air.

Some

Some pleasing Meadow pregnant *Beauty* prest,
 She laid her Infant on its flow'ry Breast,
 From Nature's Sweets he sipp'd the fragrant Dew,
 He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
 Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*

Now Bulls o'er Stalks of Broom extend their Sides,
 Secure of Favours from their lowing Brides.
 Now stately Rams their fleecy Consorts lead,
 Who bleating follow thro' the wand'ring Shade.
 And now the *Goddeſs* bids the Birds appear,
 Raise all their Musick, and salute the Year:
 Then deep the Swan begins, and deep the Song
 Runs o'er the Water where he sails along;
 While *Philomela* tunes a treble Strain,
 And from the Poplar charms the list'ning Plain.

We fancy Love exprest at ev'ry Note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid Throat.
Of barb'rous *Tereus* she complains no more,
But sings for Pleasure as for Grief before.
And still her Graces rise, her Airs extend,
And all is Silence'till the *Syren* end.

How long in coming is my lovely Spring?
And when shall I, and when the Swallow sing?
Sweet *Philomela* cease, — Or here I sit,
And silent lose my rapt'rous Hour of Wit:
'Tis gone, the Fit retires, the Flames decay,
My tuneful *Phœbus* flies averse away.
His own *Amycle* thus, as Stories run,
But once was silent, and that once undone.

*Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.*