

P. D-84

THE  
MISCELLANEOUS  
WORKS  
OF  
JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

к

Containing all his

130426

ORIGINAL POEMS, TALES,  
★ ★



TRANSLATIONS,  
IN FOUR VOLUMES.  
VOLUME THE FOURTH.

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L O N D O N:  
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THE

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OF THE

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The F A B L E of  
I P H I S AND I A N T H E.

From the Ninth Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

**T**HE fame of this, perhaps thro' Crete had flown;  
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,  
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnosſian bounds,  
(As loud report the miracle reſounds)  
At Phæſtus dwelt a man of honeſt blood,  
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good;  
Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood:  
Who to his wife, before the time aſſign'd  
For child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his mind.  
If heaven; ſaid Lygdus, will vouchſafe to hear,  
I have but two petitions to prefer;  
Short pains for thee, for me a ſon and heir.  
Girls coſt as many throes in bringing forth;  
Beſide, when born, the tits are little worth;  
Weak puling things, unable to ſuſtain  
Their ſhare of labour, and their bread to gain.  
If, therefore, thou a creature ſhalt produce,  
Of ſo great charges, and ſo little uſe,  
(Bear witneſs, heaven, with what reluctance)  
Her hapleſs innocence I doom to die.  
He ſaid, and tears the common grief diſplay,  
Of him who bad, and her who muſt obey.

Yet Telethuſa ſtill perſiſts, to find  
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;  
T' extend his wiſhes to a larger ſcope,  
And in one veſſel not confine his hope.