

ON CÆLIA

(*From the LATIN OF ANGERIANUS, Sports of
Cupid, EPIGRAM XL.*)

WHAT time tranced in sweet slumber Cupid lay
Cælia by stealth his quiver stole away.

Awaking, he his grief expressed
With tears and plaints—on Cypris' snowy
breast

He solace sought. She said, "Dear, cease to
plain,

And weep no more, for Cælia will again
Thy shafts restore—of them, indeed,
Being so wondrous fair she hath no need.

"Delicious wiles, bright wit, and graces rare
Are hers; she bliss begets, and bleak despair;
More powerful, Love, than thy swift darts
Her charms whereby she rules o'er ravished
hearts."