

And clasps within its folds the verdured
Thyrsus.

Then, from out the hidden chambers of
The soul, lead by the luring call of Jove's
Beguiling son, elfine hosts appear.

First, Lightheart came and claimed the royal
seat,
While round him sat his councillors of state
In happy mood.

Wit, that vain slave to self
Resolved, doth occupy the favor at
The right; while smiling Humor sits upon
The left; and with them, ever welcome to
The feast, sits Laughter piping with Pleasure's
grace
And Company's gay form.

Then noisy Mirth
Appears with bolder front, as forth he leads
His minions to the feast. Gay Revelry
Is there and Beauty's form so lovely,
With Pride and Power and vile Jealousy,
Wealth unknown and thoughtless Jabbering,
Languor and Rest and Sleep.