

# PARAENETI.

CON M. IOANNIS SA-

liceti quo iuuenes ad eloquentiae stu-  
dia incitantur.

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RIma rei laudes augent exordia natæ  
Si dignitate polleant.  
Prudenti Louis ex cerebro prognata Minerua  
Artis docet cunabula.  
Doctrinas domini cælestis munera ueras  
Scriptura narrat Biblica.  
Quas iubet infusæ iuuenes industria mentis  
Amare toto pectore.  
Et præceptoris uox discere sedula mandat.  
Et res parentis exigit.  
Quo patriæ possint altrici uiuere chari,  
Suisq; semper utiles.  
Quos sibi conflato post ultima funera nomen  
Lucentur ære firmius.  
Nam magna docti famam sapientia laude  
Amore cæca uindicat.  
Omnia sunt mortis, doctrinæ sola triumphat  
Labore parta gloria.  
Poscite quapropter iuuenes cum lumine libros  
Vitæ magistros optimæ.  
Acres ingenij uires intendite Musis:  
Amate castra Palladis.  
Quam singit casto laudandam fabula uatum  
Pudore docta virginem.  
Nam castos animos largitor possidet artis  
Prudentiaeq; spiritus.  
Ingenij uires minuit Venus improba uiuos.  
Et larga uini copia.  
Has surda blandas Seirenas præterit aure  
Amator ingens artium.  
Pallas cur galeam cristato uertice gestat,  
Manuq; portat Aegida.  
Hos ut depellat toruos labor impiger hostes  
Virtutis ardens præmia.  
Impediunt studij ceptos prægrandia cursus  
Exhausta Bacchi pocula.  
Excudit è manibus doctos Cytheræa libellos,  
Viresq; perdunt otia.  
Has forti studij nascendi pectore pestes  
Cursum morantes pellite.  
Complures magno doctrinas protulit usu  
Natura rerum multiplex,  
Inter quas ars est sapienter maxima fandi  
Summis amanda uiribus.  
Quo possis rectos ad mores flectere uulgi  
Supina craſsi pectora.  
Orpheus narrarunt rapidos testudine lapsus  
Tardasse grata fluminum.  
Ista facundi poteris tu Rhetoris arte  
Mouere corda ferrea.  
Nam quid non poterit sermo prestare disertus?  
Vox blanda mollit omnia.  
Tempora quapropter iuuenes transmittite Musis  
Sermone blandis mobili.  
Non labor exanimet, uigilis patientia curæ  
Amica uincet omnia.

BALADENET.

SONG TO NAME OF GOD

BY THOMAS DE CANTERBURY

133

Many wretched sinners have I seen  
To curse their God, and him to blame.  
A foolish creature, who did him wrong,  
Was I, when I first did him wrong.

But then I saw my sin, and then I wept,  
And then I said, "I will no more sin."

Others say, "I will no more sin,"  
But they do not mean it, for they sin still.

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