

BEN JOHNSON

1572—1637

Volpone:

Good morning
to the day and next my gold!
Open the shrine that I may see my saint:
*Mosca withdraws the curtain and discovers
piles of gold: plate: jewels: Etc.:* Hail the world's
soul and mine: More glad than is the teeming earth
to see the long'd for sun Peep through the horns of the
celestial Ram am I to view thy splendour darkening his
that lying here amongst my other hoards: Shew'st like a
flame by night or like the day Struck out of chaos when
all darkness fled Unto the centre: O thou son of Sol: But
brighter than thy father let me kiss with adoration: thee:
and every relick Of sacred treasure in this blessed room:
Well did wise poets by thy glorious name title that age
which they would have the best: Thou being the best of
things and far transcending all style of joy in children
parents friends: Or any other waking dream on earth:
Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe: They should
have given her twenty thousand Cupids: Such are thy
beauties and our loves: Dear Saint Riches the dumb god
that giv'st all men tongues: Thou canst do nought and
yet mak'st men do all things: The price of souls even
hell with thee to boot is made worth heaven. Thou
art virtue: fame: Honour and all things else: Who
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http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ben_Jonson

<http://en.wikipedi2.org/wiki/Volpone>