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The Phoenix Anthologies



SEVENTEENTH CENTURY POETRY

Seventeenth Century Poetry

AN ANTHOLOGY CHOSEN BY
JOHN HAYWARD



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IN MEMORIAM
SODALIS DILECTI

PATRICII TRENCH
LIBERATORVM PRÆCVRSORIS ÆRIORVM
E NVREMBERGO NOCTV INVASO DESIDERATI
NEC DVBI PRO PATRIA MORTVI
A.D. VII ID. MART,
ANNO DOMINI MCMXLIII
ANNVM AGENTIS QVINTVM ET VICENSIMVM

P R E F A C E

FLUCTUATIONS of taste from one generation of readers to another are among the most curious features of literary history. A striking example is the long-delayed revival of popular interest, since the beginning of the present century, in English poetry of the 17th century, and especially in the poetry of the so-called metaphysical school. •

Fifty years ago, much of the poetry of the 17th century that is most admired to-day was scarcely represented in anthologies. It is interesting to recall, for instance, that in the early editions of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*—the first popular anthology of modern times—Donne, who is now considered to be the outstanding poet of the generation following Shakespeare's, was represented only by a single lyric which, incidentally, he did not write. Herbert and Vaughan and Crashaw who, with Donne, are currently regarded as the great masters of devotional verse in an age unsurpassed in this kind, were hardly less neglected.

This neglect was not, of course, absolute. There were scholars, even in Palgrave's time, preparing the way for a revival and, by their restoration of forgotten texts, such as those in the *Muses' Library*, making straight the path of appreciation of the common reader. Since then their work has been extended and in a large measure completed by a distinguished company of specialists; by men like Saintsbury and Grierson in the early days; later by the editors of the *Oxford English Texts*; and more recently by those who, like Norman Ault, have made a particular study of poetical miscellanies and resurrected some memorable minor verse from their obscure pages.

PREFACE

Those readers, and they are a majority, who owe their knowledge and enjoyment of 17th-century poetry to the various selections that have been published in recent years, will hardly realize, if at all, how much they also owe to the labours of these pioneers. An anthologist, however, must admit how greatly he is indebted, both directly and in a more subtle way indirectly, to them. This debt I duly recognize and gladly acknowledge.

My direct obligation is obvious. They have provided authoritative texts of most of the authors from whom I have chosen my material. All that I have had to do for the reader, in such cases, is to modernize the old spelling (which was usually the printer's and seldom the poet's) and, when lucidity demanded it, the punctuation which, though by no means systematic in the 17th century, was occasionally used by some poets for metrical emphasis. What is less obvious and very difficult to judge is the extent to which my own fancy has been insensibly influenced by familiarity with such sources. Even when, as in this volume, the principle of selection has been simply that of trying to illustrate, as fully as limitations of space and of personal taste permit, the work of two or three generations of poets, it is inevitable that many of my specimens of it should be common to other collections. To have excluded them, merely because they are already well known, would doubtless have enabled me to compile a more original anthology; but without them, and failing satisfactory alternatives, it would be misleading to pretend that this volume contained, as its title implies, an exemplary selection of 17th-century poetry.

As it is, lack of space has forced me to leave out much that I wished and intended to find room for. Briefly these deliberate omissions are (I) Dramatic Verse. This I regret most, for the poetic genius of the 17th century inspired some

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magnificent passages of Jacobean tragedy and of the later Heroic drama. But excerpts from plays need to be long—longer than my space allowed—to make an effect. I have, however, included a number of songs from them by poets who were not primarily writers for the stage. (2) Translations. In principle there is a good case for excluding them; but one does so with misgiving when faced, in practice, with Chapman's *Homer* and Dryden's *Virgil*, those masterpieces of translated verse with which the century opens and closes. (3) Anonymous Verse. The quality of unattributed verse declines as the century advances, though there are occasional surprising discoveries to be made in song-books, miscellanies, and drolleries 'by divers hands'. For example:—

UPON A GARDENER

Could he forget his death, that every hour
Was emblemed to it by the fading flower?
Should he not mind his end? Yes, needs he must,
That still was conversant 'mongst beds of dust.
Then let no onion in an handkercher
Tempt your sad eyes into a needless fear;
If he that thinks on death well lives and dies,
The gard'ner sure is gone to Paradise

from *Wit Restored*, 1658. As, however, the authorship of many of these unclaimed pieces has been, or may yet be, established, I have preferred to pass them over in favour of authenticated ones. (4) Ballads and Topical Songs. These have been left out on the ground that verse of this kind, when it is not mere rhyming jingle, is something less than poetry. Apart from the fact that it is almost always anonymous and could therefore have been omitted on this account, there is the additional objection, among others, that much of it is 'traditional' and so cannot be dated. There was a prodigious

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output of ballads, songs, lampoons, and 'poems on affairs of state' from the middle of the century onwards; but, as substitutes of a fashion for a daily newspaper, they belong rather to the history of journalism than to literature.

Even so, it has not been easy to find room enough for all the poets with a fair claim to be represented, while at the same time indicating, quantitatively, as one must, the relative importance of each. I have been able to include some of the minor ones by fixing my lower limit in time well after the beginning of the century, around 1620. This is not an arbitrary date; for, with the exception of Donne whose secular poems, though mostly written in Elizabeth's reign, were not published until 1633, the distinctive characteristics of 17th-century poetry do not emerge before the end of the second decade. My upper limit may conveniently be fixed by Dryden's death in 1700, although my selection concludes, according to the chronology I have adopted, with Rochester, whose poems, surreptitiously printed in 1680, were correctly edited by Rhymer in 1691. This edition was the last important volume of original verse published before the turn of the century.

From this extraordinarily fruitful period of roughly eighty years I have tried to gather something more than a florilegium of lyrics. It is not enough to represent the poetry of these years, as other anthologists have done with skill and taste, by the 'beauties' of its 'songs and sonnets' alone. Such selections can offer only a very incomplete notion of the range of 17th-century poetry—notably of its achievements in satire. Although it is not possible to do more than indicate this range by short extracts from long poems and, in two instances—*Mac Flecknoe* and *A Satire against Mankind*—by two whole masterpieces of satire, I hope that the wider survey I have attempted will show that it was not concerned exclusively

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with rosy cheeks and daffodils and the instability of human affections.

The period in time covered by this survey was one of revolutionary change in thought and sensibility. "The new philosophy", Donne observed at the beginning of it, "calls all in doubt"; and though he was referring specifically to the unsettling discoveries of men like Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo, his words have a deeper significance. They implied that the old order, whose values and beliefs had survived almost unchallenged since the middle ages, was yielding place to a dispensation in which man's place in the universe as well as in society had to be reinterpreted and reorientated in terms of the new scientific rationalism.

During the course of the 17th century there was hardly a corner of any field of human interest or activity left unaffected by this fundamental revaluation. The modern world, one may say, was slowly and painfully evolving while the poems in this volume were being conceived and written. One would not, or should not, expect such a portentous process to be either directly apprehended by their authors or explicitly mentioned in their verse; nor should one expect to find them alluding, in so many words, to such evidences of it as, for example, the discovery of the circulation of the blood or of gravitation; the invention of the mezzotint process or of the escapement movement for watches; the introduction into England of, say, tea or the opera; or, indeed, the nature of kingship, Habeas Corpus, or the Revolutionary Settlement. Yet the implications and undertones are necessarily present in everything they wrote; and they need to be realized and studied in relation to the general temper of the age.

This is not to say that the poems collected here cannot be enjoyed for their own sake; it may be that this is all that is required of an anthology. But in order to appreciate them at

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the highest level of critical awareness; to be able to understand why, as the years pass, they tend to express a gathering sense of disenchantment and scepticism; why the element of satire becomes increasingly obtrusive; why the doubts and questionings of the disabused spirit are seldom wholly resolved, even in the raptures of devotional verse; and why, it is not irrelevant to add, blank verse gave place to the orderly heroic couplet; it is worth investigating the nature of this troubled background of thought and sensibility and in what respect it conditioned poetic expression. The reader will, perhaps, catch glimpses of it, sometimes when he least expects to, as he discovers, in a song, a sonnet, an ode, a satire, or an elegy, intimations of what those who wrote them thought and felt, in their day, about the experience of life and death in those moments of illumination which are the inspiration of poetry.

JOHN HAYWARD

I acknowledge, most gratefully, the help and counsel I have received from Sir Edward Marsh in the preparation and correction of this volume.

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The Good-Morrow

I WONDER by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we lov'd? Were we not wean'd till then?
But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.
If ever any beauty I did sec,
Which I desir'd, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love, all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room, an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown,
Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest,
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp North, without declining West?
Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally;
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
Love so alike, that none do slacken, none can die.

JOHN DONNE

Lovers' Infiniteness

IF yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all,
I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move,
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall.
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent,
Yet no more can be due to me, *
Than at the bargain made was meant;
If then thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have thee all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then;
But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall,
New love created be, by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, and letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For, this love was not vowed by thee.
And yet it was, thy gift being general,
The ground, thy heart is mine, whatever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more,
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in
store;

JOHN DONNE

Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it:
Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing savest it:
But we will have a way more liberal,
Than changing hearts, to join them, so we shall
Be one, and one another's all.

The Anniversary

ALL Kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The Sun itself, which makes times as they pass,
Is elder by a year, now, than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This, no tomorrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running, it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse;
If one might, death were no divorce:
Alas, as well as other Princes, we,
(Who Prince enough in one another be,)
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears;
But souls where nothing dwells but love
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove

JOHN DONNE

This, or a love increased there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves
remove.

And then we shall be thoroughly blest,
But we no more than all the rest;
Here upon earth we are Kings, and none but we
Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects be.
Who is so safe as we? Where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.

True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore: this is the second of our reign.

*A Nocturnal upon Saint Lucys Day, being
The Shortest 'Day*

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucy's, who scarce seven hours herself unmasks;
The Sun is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rays;
The world's whole sap is sunk:
The general balm th' hydroptic earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's feet, life is shrunk,
Dead and interr'd; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:

JOHN DONNE

For I am every dead thing,
In whom love wrought new alchemy.

For his art did express
A quintessence even from nothingness,
From dull privations, and lean emptiness:
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have;

I, by love's limbeck, am the grave
Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood

Have we two wept, and so
Drown'd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
To be two Chaosses, when we did show
Care to ought else; and often absences
Withdrew our souls, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing, the elixir grown;

Were I a man, that I were one,
I needs must know; I should prefer,
If I were any beast,

Some end, some means; yea plants, yea stones detest,
And love; all, all some properties invest;
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sun renew.
You lovers, for whose sake the lesser Sun

At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new lust, and give it you,

JOHN DONNE

Enjoy your summer all;
Since she enjoys her long night's festival,
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her Vigil, and her Eve, since this
Both the year's, and the day's deep midnight is.

The Apparition

WHEN by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead,
And that thou thinkst thee free
From all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, feign'd vestal, in worse arms shall see;
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art then, being tir'd before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'st for more,
And in false sleep will from thee shrink,
And then poor aspen wretch, neglected thou,
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat, wilt lie
A verier ghost than I;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is
spent,
I had rather thou should'st painfully repent,
Than by my threat'nings rest still innocent.

JOHN DONNE

A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls, to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no:

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th'earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant,
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love, so much refin'd,
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

JOHN DONNE

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two,
Thy soul the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th'other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness draws my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

The Ecstasy

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up to rest
The violet's reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best.
Our hands were firmly cimented
With a fast balm, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes, upon one double string;
So to entergraft our hands, as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.
As 'twixt two equal armies, Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,

JOHN DONNE

Our souls, (which to advance their state,
Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her and me.
And whil'st our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay;
All day, the same our postures were,
And we said nothing, all the day.
If any, so by love refin'd,
That he souls' language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,
He (though he knew not which soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.
This ecstasy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love,
We see by this, it was not sex,
We see, we saw not what did move:
But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things, they know not what,
Love, these mix'd souls, doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.
A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size,
(All which before was poor, and scant,)
Redoubles still, and multiplies.
When love, with one another so
Interinanimates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loneliness controls.
We then, who are this new soul, know,

JOHN DONNE

Of what we are composed, and made,
For, th'atomies of which we grow,
Are souls, whom no change can invade.
But O alas, so long, so far
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though they are not we, we are
The intelligences, they the sphere.
We owe them thanks, because they thus,
Did us, to us, at first convey,
Yielded their forces, sense, to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.
On man Heaven's influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the air,
So soul into the soul may flow,
Though it to body first repair.
As our blood labours to beget
Spirits, as like souls as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtle knot, which makes us man:
So must pure lovers' souls descend
T'affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great Prince in prison lies.
To our bodies turn we then, that so
Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is his book.
And if some lover, such as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change, when we're to bodies gone.

JOHN DONNE

The Relic

WHEN my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head,
To be to more than one a bed)
And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls, at the last busy day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where misdevotion doth command,
Then, he that digs us up, will bring
Us to the Bishop and the King
To make us relics; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men;
And since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First, we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why;
Difference of sex no more we knew
Than our Guardian Angels do;

JOHN DONNE

Coming and going, we
Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;
Our hands ne'er touch'd the seals
Which Nature, injur'd by late law, sets free:
These miracles we did; but now, alas,
All measure and all language I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

His Picture. An Elegy

HERE take my picture; though I bid farewell,
Thine, in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell.
'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.
When weather-beaten I come back; my hand,
Perhaps with rude oars torn, or sunbeams tann'd,
My face and breast of haircloth, and my head
With care's rash sudden storms, being o'erspread,
My body a sack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blue stains scatter'd on my skin;
If rival fools tax thee to have lov'd a man,
So foul, and coarse, as, oh, I may seem then,
This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
Do his hurts reach me? Doth my worth decay?
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love less, what he did love to see?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk, which in love's childish state
Did nurse it: who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that, which to disused tastes seems tough.

JOHN DONNE

Elegy on His Mistress

BY our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
Which my words' masculine persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatened me,
I calmly beg: but by thy father's wrath,
By all pains, which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee, and all the oaths which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
Here I unswear, and overswear them thus:
Thou shalt not love by ways so dangerous.
Temper, O fair love, Love's impetuous rage,
Be my true mistress still, not my feign'd page;
I'll go, and by thy kind leave, leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind
Thirst to come back; Oh, if thou die before,
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar.
Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them
love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness; thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
Fair Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd; feed on this flattery,
That absent lovers one in th'other be.
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit, nor mind's; be not strange

JOHN DONNE

To thyself only: all will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace.
Richly cloth'd Apes are call'd Apes, and as soon
Eclips'd as bright we call the Moon the Moon.
Men of France, changeable chameleons,
Spitals of diseases, shops of fashions,
Love's fuellers, and the rightest company
Of players which upon the world's stage be,
Will quickly know thee, and no less, alas!
Th'indifferent Italian, as we pass
His warm land, well content to think thee page,
Will hunt thee with such lust and hideous rage
As Lot's fair guests were vex'd. But none of
these,
Nor spungy hydroptic Dutch, shall thee dis-
please
If thou stay here. Oh stay here, for, for thee
England is only a worthy gallery,
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest King call thee to His presence.
When I am gone, dream me some happiness,
Nor let thy looks our long hid love confess,
Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor bless nor curse
Openly Love's force, nor in bed fright thy nurse
With midnight's startings, crying out, Oh, Oh,
Nurse, oh my love is slain, I saw him go
O'er the white Alps alone; I saw him, Ay,
Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augur me better chance, except dread Jove
Think it enough for me t'have had thy love.

JOHN DONNE

From Satire III

To adore, or scorn, an image, or protest,
May all be bad; doubt wisely; in strange way
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
To sleep, "or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Craggèd and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
Reach her, about must, and about must go,
And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so;
Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,
Thy soul rest, for none can work in that night.
To will, implies delay, therefore now do:
Hard deeds, the body's pains; hard knowledge too
The mind's endeavours reach, and mysteries
Are like the Sun, dazzling, yet plain to all eyes.
Keep the truth which thou hast found; men do not
stand

In so ill case here, that God hath with His hand
Sign'd Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but hangmen to Fate,
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be tied
To man's laws, by which she shall not be tried
At the last day? Oh, will it then boot thee
To say a Philip, or a Gregory,
A Harry, or a Martin taught thee this?
Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
Equally strong? Cannot both sides say so?
That thou may'st rightly obey Power, her bounds
know;

Those past, her nature, and name, is chang'd; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.

JOHN DONNE

As streams are, Power is; those blest flowers that dwell
At the rough stream's calm head, thrive and do well,
But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
Through mills, and rocks, and woods, and at last,
almost

Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
So perish souls, which more choose men's unjust
Power from God claim'd, than God himself to trust.
11.76-110.

Letter to Sir Henry Goodyer

WHO makes the past a pattern for next year
Turns no new leaf, but still the same thing reads;
Seen things, he sees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A Palace, when 'tis that which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:
But he which dwells there, is not so; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better; her next change is night:
But her fair larger guest, to whom sun and moon
Are sparks, and short liv'd, claims another right.

The noble Soul by age grows lustier,
Her appetite and her digestion mend;

JOHN DONNE

We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
With women's milk and pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet; you have seen
All libraries, which are schools, camps, and courts;
But ask your garners if you have not been
In harvests too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeem it? Then yourself transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Bears no more wit than ours, but yet more scant
Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit,
We can beginnings, but not habits choke.
Go; whither? Hence; you get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe in us, are smoke.

Our Soul, whose country is Heaven, and God her
father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,
That she returns home wiser than she went.

It pays you well, if it teach you to spare,
And make you ashamed, to make your hawk's praise,
yours,
Which when herself she lessens in the air,
You then first say, that high enough she towers.

JOHN DONNE

However, keep the lively taste you hold
Of God; love Him as now, but fear Him more,
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promis'd Him at morning prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you,
Else be not froward. But why do I touch
Things, of which none is in your practice new,
And tables, or fruit-trenchers, teach as much?

But thus I make you keep your promise, Sir;
Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there,
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
You came with me to Mitcham, and are here.

Of The Progress of The Soul

[From 'The Second Anniversary']

FORGET this rotten world; and unto thee
Let thine own times as an old story be..
Be not concern'd: study not why, nor when;
Do not so much as not believe a man.
For though to err be worst, to try truths forth
Is far more business than this world is worth.
The world is but a carcass; thou art fed
By it, but as a worm that carcass bred;
And why should'st thou, poor worm, consider more
When this world will grow better than before,
Than those thy fellow worms do think upon
That carcass's last resurrection?

JOHN DONNE

Forget this world, and scarce think of it so,
As of old clothes, cast off a year ago.
To be thus stupid is alacrity;
Men thus lethargic have best memory.
Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congratulate.
She, to whom all this world was but a stage,
Where all sat heark'ning how her youthful age
Should be employ'd, because in all she did
Some figure of the golden times was hid;
Who could not lack whate'er this world could give,
Because she was the form that made it live;
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be stayed in, then when she was in it.
She that first tried indifferent desires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires,
She to whose person Paradise adher'd,
As Courts to Princes, she whose eyes enspher'd
Starlight enough t'have made the South control
(Had she been there) the star-full Northern Pole,
She, she is gone; she is gone; when thou knowest
this,

What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
Thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think then, my soul, that Death is but a groom
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight:
For such approaches doth Heaven make in death.
Think thyself labouring now with broken breath,

JOHN DONNE

And think those broken and soft notes to be
Division, and thy happiest harmony.
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack;
And think that, but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy soul, from thence.
Think thyself parch'd with fever's violence,
Anger thine ague more, by calling it
Thy physic; chide the slackness of the fit.
Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more
But that, as bells call'd thee to church before,
So this to the Triumphant Church calls thee.

11. 49-101.

La Corona

DEIGN at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
Weav'd in my low devout melancholy,
Thou which of good, hast, yea art, treasury,
All changing unchang'd Antient of days;
But do not, with a vile crown of frail bays,
Reward my Muse's white sincerity,
But what Thy thorny crown gain'd, that give me,
A crown of Glory, which doth flower always.
The ends crown our works, but Thou crown'st our
ends,
For, at our end begins our endless rest;
The first last end, now zealously possess'd,
With a strong sober thirst my soul attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

JOHN DONNE

Holy Sonnets

I

THOU hast made me, and shall Thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh.
Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee
By Thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain;
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And Thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

VII

AT the round earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scatter'd bodies go:
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe. *
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
For if, above all these, my sins abound,

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JOHN DONNE

'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace
When we are there; here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
As if Thou had'st seal'd my pardon with Thy blood.

X

DEATH be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so;
For, those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, not yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate
men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms, can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more. Death, thou shalt die.

XIII

WHAT if this present were the world's last night?
Mark in my heart, O Soul, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether that countenance can thee affright:
Tears in His eyes quench the amazing light,
Blood fills His frowns, which from His pierc'd head fell.

JOHN DONNE

And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgiveness for His foes' fierce spite?
No, no; but as in my idolatry
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty, of pity, foulness only is
A sign of vigour: so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assigned:
This beauteous form assures a piteous mind.

Good Friday: 1613. Riding Westward

LET man's soul be a sphere, and then, in this,
The intelligence that moves, devotion is;
And as the other spheres, by being grown
Subject to foreign motions, lose their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleasure or business, so, our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.
Hence is't that I am carried towards the West
This day, when my soul's form bends towards the
East.

There I should see a Sun, by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget;
But that Christ on this cross did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self life, must die:

JOHN DONNE

What a death were it then to see God die?
It made His own lieutenant Nature shrink,
It made His footstool crack, and the Sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,
And turn all spheres at once, pierc'd with those
holes?

Could I behold that endless height which is
Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? Or that blood which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of His,
Made dirt of dust, or that flesh which was worn
By God, for His apparel, ragg'd and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
Upon His miserable mother cast my eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
Half of that sacrifice which ransom'd us?
Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They are present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and Thou look'st
towards me,
O Saviour, as Thou hang'st upon the tree.
I turn my back to Thee, but to receive
Corrections, till Thy mercies bid Thee leave.
O think me worth Thine anger, punish me,
Burn off my rusts, and my deformity;
Restore Thine image so much, by Thy grace,
That Thou may'st know me, and I'll turn my face.

JOHN DONNE

A Hymn to Christ

At the Author's Last Going into Germany

IN what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of Thy Ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of Thy blood;
Though Thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Island unto Thee,
And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd me;
When I have put our seas 'twixt them and me,
Put Thou Thy sea between my sins and Thee.
As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In Winter, in my winter now I go
Where none but Thee, th'eternal root
Of true Love I may know.

Nor Thou nor Thy religion dost control
The amorousness of an harmonious soul,
But Thou would'st have that love Thyself: as Thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now;
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, Thou free
My soul: whoever gives, takes liberty:
Oh! If Thou car'st not whom I love
Alas, Thou lov'st not me.

JOHN DONNE

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;
Marry those loves which in youth scatter'd be
On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to Thee.
Churches are best for prayer that have least light:
To see God only, I go out of sight;
And to scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

Hymn to God My God in My Sickness

SINCE I am coming to that holy room
Where, with Thy quire of Saints for evermore,
I shall be made Thy music; as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie *
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
That this is my South-west discovery
*PerFretur*febris by these straits to die,

I joy that in these straits I see my West;
For, though their currents yield return to none,
What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
So Death doth touch the Resurrection.

JOHN DONNE

Is the Pacific Sea my home? Or are
The Eastern riches? Is Jerusalem?
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibaltare,
All straits, and none but straits, are ways to them,
Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's Cross, and Adam's Tree, stood in one place;
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me;
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So, in His purple wrapp'd receive me, Lord,
By these His thorns give me His other Crown;
And as to others' souls I preach'd Thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own:
Therefor, that He may raise, the Lord throws down.

BEN JONSON

1573?-1637

An epigram of Inigo Jones

SIR INIGO doth fear it, as I hear,
And labours to seem worthy of this fear,
That I should write upon him some sharp verse,
Able to eat into his bones, and pierce
The marrow. Wretch! I quit thee of thy pain,
Thou'rt too ambitious, and dost fear in vain:

BEN JONSON

The Libyan lion hunts no butterflies;
He makes the camel and dull ass his prize.
If thou be so desirous to be read,
Seek out some hungry painter, that, for bread,
With rotten chalk or coal, upon the wall
Will well design thee to be viewed of all
That sit upon the common draught or strand:
Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand.

To *William camden*

CAMDEN! Most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know;
(How nothing's that!) To whom my country owes
The great renown and name wherewith she goes!
Than thee the age sees not that thing more grave,
More high, more holy, that she more would crave.
What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things!
What sight in searching the most antique springs!
What weight, and what authority in thy speech!
Men scarce can make that doubt, but thou canst teach.
Pardon free truth, and let thy modesty,
Which conquers all, be once overcome by thee.
Many of thine, this better could, than I;
But for their powers, accept my piety.

BEN JONSON

On My First Son

FAREWELL, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy:
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the first day.
O, could I lose all father, now! For why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scaped world's, and flesh's rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age 1
Rest in soft peace, and, ask'd, say here doth lie
BEN.JONSON his best piece of Poetry:
For whose sake, henceforth, all his vows be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

On Lucy, Countess of Bedford

THIS morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire
To honour, serve, and love, as Poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat;
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.

BEN JONSON

Only a learnèd, and a manly soul

I purposed her; that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control

Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wish'd to see,
My Muse bade BEDFORD write, and that was she.

*An epitaph on Salathiel Pavy, A Child of
Queen elizabeth's Chapel*

WEEP with me, all you that read
This little story:
And know, for whom a tear you shed,
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When Fates turned cruel,
Yet three fill'd Zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act (what now we moan)
Old men so dully,
As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
He play'd so truly.
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented;

BEN JONSON

But viewing him since (alas, too late)
They have repented;
And have sought (to give new birth)
In baths to steep him;
But, being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

From 'To Penshurst'

THOU hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat, aged carps that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loth the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously, at first, themselves betray;
Bright eels, that emulate them, and leap on land
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:
The blushing apricot, and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're rear'd with no man's ruin, no man's groan;
There's none, that dwell about them, wish them
down;
But all come in, the farmer and the clown:
And no one empty-handed, to salute
Thy Lord and Lady, though they have no suit.

BEN JONSON

Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses, bring them; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.
But what can this (more than express their love)
Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such? Whose liberal board doth flow
With all that hospitality doth know!

11. 32-60.

To Celia

DRINK to me, only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON

To Celia

COME my Celia, let us prove
While we may, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain.
Suns that set, may rise again:
But, if once we lose this light,
'Tis, with us, perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame, and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no sin, love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

Song

That Women are but Men's Shadows

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

BEN JONSON

At morn and even, shades are longest;
At noon they are or short or none:
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

Song from 'Cynthia's Revels'

SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;
Yet slower, yet, O faintly gentle springs:
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Who weeps out her division, when she sings.
Droop herbs, and flowers;
Fall grief in showers;
Our beauties are not ours:
O, I could still
(Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,)
drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since Nature's pride is, now, a wither'd daffodil.

Song

STILL to be neat, still to be dress'd,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

BEN JONSON

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th'adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

*An Elegy**

THOUGH Beauty be the mark of praise,
And yours of whom I sing, be such,
As not the world can praise too much,
Yet is't your Virtue now I raise.

A Virtue, like allay, so gone
Throughout your form, as though that move,
And draw, and conquer all men's love,
This subjects you to love of one.

Wherein you triumph yet, because
'Tis of yourself, and that you use
The noblest freedom, not to choose
Against or faith's or honour's laws.

But who should less expect from you,
In whom alone Love lives again?
By whom he is restor'd to men,
And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

This poem is the original source of the *In Memoriam* stanza.

BEN JONSON

His falling temples you have rear'd,
The wither'd garlands ta'en away;
His altars kept from the decay
That envy wish'd, and Nature fear'd:

And on them burn so chaste a flame,
With so much loyalty's expense,
As Love, t'acquit such excellence,
Is gone himself into your name.

And you are he; the deity
To whom all lovers are design'd,
That would their better objects find;
Among which faithful troop am I.

Who, as an offering at your shrine,
Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine.

Which, if it kindle not, but scant
Appear, and that to shortest view,
Yet give me leave t'adore in you
What I, in her, am griev'd to want.

A Nymph's Passion

I LOVE, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who;

BEN JONSON

For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if it be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that, if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me;
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorn,
And yet it cannot be forborne,
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purgèd air,
And looks as lilies do
That are this morning blown;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

But he hath eyes so round and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light,
Though hate had put them out:
But then, t'increase my fears,
What nymph soe'er his voice but hears,
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no

BEN JONSON

One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame,
If love or fear would let me tell his name.

.

ACelebrationofCharis~~is~~

Her Triumph

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamoured do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would
ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smother
Than words that soothe her:
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

BEN JONSON

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
 Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
 Or swan's-down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?
 Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

From An epistle to the Countess Rtland'

BEAUTY I know is good, and blood is more;
Riches thought most; but, Madam, think what store
The world hath seen, which all these had in trust,
And now lie lost in their forgotten dust.
It is the Muse alone can raise to Heav'n,
And, at her strong arm's end, hold up, and even,
The souls she loves. Those other glorious notes,
Inscribed in touch or marble, or the coats
Painted or carved upon our great men's tombs,
Or in their windows, do but prove the wombs
That bred them, graves: when they were born they
 died,
That had no Muse to make their fame abide.
How many equal with the Argive Queen,
Have beauty known, yet none so famous seen?

11.37-50.

BEN JONSON

An Ode: To Himself

WHERE dost thou careless lie
 Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge that sleeps, doth die;
And this security,
 It is the common moth
That eats on wits and arts, and so destroys
 them both.

Are all the Aonian springs
 Dried up? Lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings?
 Or droop they as disgraced
To see their seats and bowers by chattering
 pies defac'd?

If hence thy silence be,
 As 'tis too just a cause;
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free,
 Should not on Fortune pause,
'Tis crown enough to Virtue still, her own
 applause.

What though the greedy fry
 Be taken with false baits
Of worded balladry,
And think it poesy?

BEN JONSON

They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper strain,
With Japhet's line aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire,
To give the world again:
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's
brain.

And since our dainty age
Cannot endure reproof,
Make not thyself a page
To that strumpet the stage,
But sing high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull
ass's hoof.

RICHARD CORBET

1582-1635

*A Proper New Ballad'Entitled The Fairies'
Farewell or God-A-Mercy Will*

FAREWELL, rewards and fairies,
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they;
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

RICHARD CORBET

Lament, lament old abbeys,
The fairies' lost command,
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have chang'd your land;
And all your children stol'n from thence
Are now grown Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since
For love of your demesnes.

At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad;
So little care of sleep and sloth
These pretty ladies had;
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabor,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in,
They never danc'd on any heath
As when the time had been.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession,
Their songs were *Ave Maries*,
Their dances were procession;

RICHARD CORBET

But now alas, they all are dead
Of gone beyond the seas,
Or further from religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure,
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure.
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such black and blue;
Oh, how the Commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters,
A register they have,
Who can preserve their charters,
A man both wise and grave.
A hundred of their merry pranks,
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due;
Who every meal can mend your cheer
With tales both old and true.
To William all give audience,
And pray you for his noddle;
For all the fairies' evidence
Were lost if it were addle.

The Dying Husband's Farewell

MY dearest consort, my more loved heart,
I leave thee now; with thee all earthly joying,
Heaven knows with thee alone I sadly part:
All other earthly sweets have had their cloying;
 Yet never full of thy sweet loves' enjoying,
 Thy constant loves, next Heaven, I did refer them:
Had not much grace prevailed, 'fore Heav'n I should
 prefer them.

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away;
In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving;
Yet in my children here immortal stay;
In one I die, in many ones am living:
 In them, and for them, stay thy too much grieving:
 Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Married with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

And when with little hands, they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit (ah, careless') playing,
And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace;
The last from me: and then a little staying,
 * And in their face some part of me surveying,
 In them give me a third, and with a tear
Show thy dear love to him, who loved thee ever dear.

And now our falling house leans all on thee;
This little nation to thy care commend them:

PHINEAS FLETCHER

In thee it lies that hence they want not me;
Themselves yet cannot, then the more defend them:
And when green age permits, to goodness bend them:
A mother were you once, now both you are;
Then with this double style double your love and care.

Turn their unwary steps into the way:
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth;
No bars will hold, when they have used to stray;
And when for me one asks and weeping plaineth,
Point thou to Heaven and say, 'He there remaineth':
And if they live in grace, grow and persevere,
There shall they live with me: else shall they see me
never,

My God, oh! In Thy fear here let me live!
Thy wards they are, take them to Thy protection:
Thou gavest them first, now back to Thee I give;
Direct them Thou, and help her weak direction;
That, re-united by Thy strong election,
Thou now in them, they then may live in Thee;
And seeing here Thy will, may there Thy glory see.

Farewell, farewell! I feel my long, long rest,
And iron sleep, my leaden heart oppressing:
Night after day, sleep after labour's best;
Port after storms, joy after long distressing;
So weep thy loss, as knowing 'tis my blessing:
Both as a widow and a Christian grieve:
Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in Heaven I live.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

1583-1648

Elegy Over A Tomb

MUST I then see, alas, eternal night
Sitting upon those fairest eyes,
And closing all those beams, which once did rise
So radiant and bright,
That light and heat in them to us did prove
Knowledge and Love?

Oh, if you did delight no more to stay
Upon this low and earthly stage,
But rather chose an endless heritage,
Tell us at least, we pray,
Where all the beauties that those ashes ow'd
Are now bestow'd?

Doth the Sun now his light with yours renew?
Have waves the curling of your hair?
Did you restore unto the sky and air,
The red, and white, and blue?
Have you vouchsafed to flowers since your death,
The sweetest breath?

Had not Heav'n's lights else in their houses slept,
Or to some private life retir'd?
Must not the sky and air have else conspir'd,
And in their regions wept?
Must not each flower else the earth could breed
Have been a weed?

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

But thus enrich'd, may we not yield some cause
Why they themselves lament no more?
That must have chang'd the course they held before,
And broke their proper laws,
Had not your beauties giv'n this second birth
To Heaven and earth?

Tell us, for oracles must still ascend,
For those that crave them at your tomb:
Tell us, where are those beauties now become,
And what they now intend?
Tell us, alas, that cannot tell our grief,
Or hope relief.

*To A Lady That Desired I Would
Love Her**

Now you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you do?
Shall I your mirth or passion move
When I begin to woo?
Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too?

Each petty beauty can disdain, and I,
'Spite of your hate,
Without your leave can see, and die.
Dispense a nobler fate!
'Tis easy to destroy: you may create.

* Attributed also to Carew.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY .

Then give me leave to love, and love me too;
Not with design
To raise, as Love's curs'd rebels do,
When puling poets whine
Fame to their beauty, from their blubber'd eyne.

Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear
Your beauty's rays;
Joys are pure streams: your eyes appear
Sullen in sadder lays:
In cheerful numbers they shine bright with praise,

Which shall not mention, to express you fair,
Wounds, flames, and darts,
Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,—
Suborning all your parts
Or to betray, or torture captive hearts.

I'll make your eyes like morning suns appear
As mild and fair;
Your brow as crystal smooth and clear;
And your dishevell'd hair
Shall flow like a calm region of the air.

Rich Nature's store, which is the poet's treasure,
I'll spend to dress
Your beauties, if your mine of pleasure
In equal thankfulness
You but unlock: so we each other bless.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

An Ode upon A Question Moved Whether Love should Continue for ever

HAVING interr'd her infant-birth,
The wat'ry ground that late did mourn
Was strew'd with flow'rs for the return
Of the wish'd bridegroom of the earth.

The well accorded birds did sing
Their hymns unto the pleasant time,
And in a sweet consorted chime
Did welcome in the cheerful Spring.

To which, soft whistles of the wind,
And warbling murmurs of a brook,
And vari'd notes of leaves that shook,
An harmony of parts did bind.

While doubling joy unto each other,
All in so rare consent was shown,
No happiness that came alone,
Nor pleasure that was not another.

When with a love none can express,
That mutually happy pair,
Melander and Celinda fair,
The season with their loves did bless.

Walking thus towards a pleasant grove,
Which did, it seem'd, in new delight
The pleasures of the time unite,
To give a triumph to their love,

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

They stay'd at last, and on the grass
Reposed so, as o'er his breast
She bow'd her gracious head to rest,
Such a weight as no burden was.

While over either's compassed waist
Their folded arms were so compos'd
As if in straitest bonds inclos'd,
They suffer'd for joys they did taste.

Long their fixed eyes to Heaven bent,
Unchangèd, they did never move,
As if so great and pure a love
No glass but it could represent.

When with a sweet, though troubled look,
She first brake silence, saying, Dear friend,
O that our love might take no end
Or never had beginning took!

I speak not this with a false heart,
(Wherewith his hand she gently strain'd)
Or that would change a love maintain'd
With so much faith on either part.

Nay, I protest, though Death with his
Worst counsel should divide us here,
His terrors could not make me fear,
To come where your lov'd presence is.

Only if love's fire with the breath
Of life be kindled, I doubt,
.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

With our last air 'twill be breath'd out,
And quenched with the cold of death.

That if affection be a line,
Which is clos'd up in our last hour;
Oh how 'twould grieve me, any pow'r
Could force so dear a love as mine.

She scarce had done, when his shut eyes
An inward joy did represent,
To hear Celinda thus intent
To a love he so much did prize.

Then with a look, it seem'd, denied
All earthly pow'r but hers, yet so,
As if to her breath he did owe
This borrow'd life, he thus replied:

O you, wherein, they say, souls rest,
Till they descend pure heavenly fires,
Shall lustful and corrupt desires
With your immortal seed be blest?

And shall our love, so far beyond
That low and dying appetite,
And which so chaste desires unite,
Not hold in an eternal bond?

Is it, because we should decline,
And wholly from our thoughts exclude
Objects that may the sense delude,
And study only the divine?

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

No, sure, for if none can ascend
Ev'n to the visible degree
Of things created, how should we
The invisible comprehend?

Or rather, since that pow'r expressed
His greatness in his works alone,
Being here best in His creatures known,
Why is He not lov'd in them best?

But is't not true, which you pretend,
That since our love and knowledge here,
Only as parts of life appear,
So they with it should take their end.

O no, Belov'd, I am most sure,
Those virtuous habits we acquire,
As being with the soul entire,
Must with it evermore endure.

For if where sins and vice reside,
We find so foul a guilt remain,
As never dying in his stain,
Still punish'd in the soul doth bide.

Much more that true and real joy,
Which in a virtuous love is found,
Must be more solid in its ground,
Than Fate or Death can e'er destroy.

Else should our souls in vain elect,
And vainer yet were Heaven's laws,

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

When to an everlasting cause
They gave a perishing effect.

Nor here on earth then, nor above
Our good affection can impair,
For where God doth admit the fair,
'Think you that He excludeth love?

These eyes again then, eyes shall see,
And hands again these hands enfold,
And all chaste pleasures can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.

For if no use of sense remain .
When bodies once this life forsake,
Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again?

And if every imperfect mind
Make love the end of knowledge here,
How perfect will our love be, where
All imperfection is refin'd?

Let then no doubt, Celinda, touch,
Much less your fairest mind invade,
Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them such.

So when one wing can make no way
Two joinèd can themselves dilate,
So can two persons propagate,
When singly either would decay.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

So when from hence we shall be gone,
And be no more, nor you, nor I,
As one another's mystery,
Each shall be both, yet both but one.

This said, in her uplifted face,
Her eyes which did that beauty crown,
Were like two stars, that having fall'n down,
Look up again to find their place:

While such a moveless silent peace
Did seize on their becalmed sense,
One would have thought some influence
Their ravish'd spirits did possess.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF
HAWTHORNDEN

1585-1649

Madrigal

LIKE the Idalian queen
Her hair about her eyne,
With her neck and breasts' ripe apples to be seen,
At first glance of the morn
In Cyprus gardens gathering those fair flowers
Which of her blood were born,
I saw, but fainting saw, my paramours.
The Graces naked danc'd about the place,
The winds and trees amaz'd
With silence on her gaz'd,

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

•The flowers did smile, like those upon her face,
And as their aspen stalks those fingers band
(That she might read my case)
A hyacinth I wish'd me in her hand.

The World A Hunt

THE world a hunting is,
The prey, poor man, the Nimrod fierce is Death,
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we
breathe.

Now if, by chance, we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

Sonnet

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers:
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers.
Thou turn'st, sweet youth, but, ah! my pleasant hours
And happy days with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sour.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

Thou art the same which still thou wast before,
Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair;
But she, whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air,
Is gone; nor gold, nor gems, her can restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
While thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

To Sir William Alexander

THOUGH I have twice been at the doors of death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
This but a lightning is, truce ta'en to breath,
For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.
Amidst thy sacred cares, and courtly toils,
A'lexis', when thou shalt hear wand'ring Fame
Tell Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on earth I am but a sad name;
If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, those joys Heav'n here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by that maid of *Jove*,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave:
"Here *Damon* lies, whose songs did sometime grace
"The murmuring Esk: may roses shade the place."

Sonnet

As in a dusky and tempestuous night,
A star is wont to spread her locks of gold,
And while her pleasant rays abroad are roll'd,
Some spiteful cloud doth rob us of her sight:

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

Fair Soul, in this black age so shin'd thou bright,
And made all eyes with wonder thee behold,
Till ugly Death depriving us of light,
In his grim, misty arms thee did enfold.
Who more shall vaunt true beauty here to see?
What hope doth more in any heart remain,
That such perfections shall his reason rein,
If beauty, with thee born, too died with thee?
World, plain no more of Love, nor count his harms,
With his pale trophies Death hath hung his arms.

•

THOMAS BEEDOME

d. 1641?

To The Noble Sir Francis Drake

DRAKE, who the world hast conquered like a scroll,
Who saw'st the Arctic and Antarctic Pole,
If men were silent, stars would make thee known—
Phoebus forgets not his companion.

SIR FRANCIS KYNASTON

1587-1642

To Cynthia

On Her Resemblance

FORGIVE me, Cynthia, if (as Poets use,
When they some divine Beauty would express)
I roses, pinks, or July flowers do choose:

SIR FRANCIS KYNASTON

It is a kind of weakness I confess,
To praise the greatest perfection by a less:
And is the same, as if one strove to paint
The holiness or virtues of a Saint.

Yet there is a necessity impos'd,
For those bright Angels, which we virtues call,
Had not been human, had they not been inclos'd
In precious stones, or things diaphanal;
The essences and forms celestial
Had been conceal'd, had not the heavenly poyvers
Been stamp'd, and printed on stones, trees, and
flowers.

So thy divine pure soul, and every grace,
And heavenly beauty it doth comprehend,
Had not been seen, but for thy lovely face,
Which with angel-like features may contend,
Which into flesh and blood did down descend,
That she her purest essence might disclose
In it, as thy fair cheeks do in the rose.

GEORGE WITHER

1588-1667

A Love Sonnet

I LOVED a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen;
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba queen.

GEORGE WITHER

But fool as then I was,
I thought she loved me too,
But now alas she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glister,
Each eye was like a star;
She did surpass her sister,
Which passed all others far.
She would me honey call,
She'd, O she'd kiss me too;
But now alas she's left me,
Fa/ero, lero, loo.

In summer time to *Medley*
My love and I would go;
The boatmen there stood ready,
My love and me to row.
For cream there would we call,
For cakes, and for prunes too,
But now alas she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had;
She was my only sweeting,
She made my heart full glad;
The tears stood in her eyes,
Like to the morning dew,
But now alas she's left me,
FalerOy lero, loo.

GEORGE WITHER

And as abroad we walked,
As lovers' fashion is,
Oft as we sweetly talked
The sun would steal a kiss:
The wind upon her lips
Likewise most sweetly blew;
But now alas she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,
Her skin as white as snow,
When she was blithe and merry,
She angel-like did show.
Her waist exceeding small,
The fives did fit her shoe;
But now alas she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time or winter
She had her heart's desire;
I still did scorn to stint her
From sugar, sack, or fire.
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew,
But now alas she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

As we walked home together
At midnight through the town,
To keep away the weather
O'er her I'd cast my gown.

GEORGE WITHER

No cold my love should feel,
 Whate'er the heavens could do;
But now alas she's left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

Like doves we would be billing,
 And clip and kiss so fast;
Yet she would be unwilling
 That I should kiss the last;
They're Judas kisses now,
 Since that they've prov'd untrue;
For now alas she's left me,
 FalerFalero, lero, loo.

To maidens' vows and swearing
 Henceforth no credit give,
You may give them the hearing,
 But never them believe.
They are as false as fair,
 Unconstant, frail, untrue;
For mine alas has left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

'Twas I that paid for all things,
 'Twas others drank the wine,
I cannot now recall things,
 Live but a fool to pine.
'Twas I that beat the bush,
 The bird to others flew,
For she alas hath left me,
 Falero, lero, loo.

GEORGE WITHER

If ever that Dame Nature,
For this false lover's sake,
Another pleasing creature
Like unto her would make,
Let her remember this,
To make the other true;
For this alas hath left me,
*Faler*Falero,lero,loo.

No riches now can raise me,
No want make me despair,
No misery amaze me,
Nor yet for want I care:
I have lost a world itself,
My earthly heaven, adieu,
Since she alas hath left me,
Falero,lero,loo.

'Shall I Wasting in Despair'

SHALL I wasting in despair
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be!

Should my heart be griev'd or pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kind?

GEORGE WITHER

Or a well disposèd nature,
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove, or pelican;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be!

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well-deserving known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may gain her name of best;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be!

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool, and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo.
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be!

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe:
I will die, ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go.
For, if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be!

Delight in Disorder

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction:
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher:
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly:
A winning wave (deserving note)
In the tempestuous petticoat:
A careless shoestring, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

To Dianeme

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which star-like sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours, yet free.
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
When as that ruby, which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of beauty's gone.

ROBERT HERRICK

*To Anthea, Who may Command Him
Anything*

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

ROBERT HERRICK

To Meadows

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld, how they
With wicker arks did come
To kiss, and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

Y'have heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round:
Each virgin, like a Spring,
With honeysuckles crown'd.

But now we see none here,
Whose silv'ry feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd hair,
Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
Y'are left here to lament
Your poor estates, alone.

To Daffodils

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.

ROBERT HERRICK

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.

We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Grace for A Child

HERE a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all.

The Bellman

ALONG the dark and silent night,
With my lantern, and my light,

ROBERT HERRICK

And the tinkling of my bell,
Thus I walk, and this I tell:
 Death and dreadfulnes call on
 To the gen'ral session;
 To whose dismal bar we there
 All accounts must come to clear;
 Scores of sins w'hav made here many,
 Wip'd out few, (God knows) if any.
 Rise, ye debtors then, and fall
 To make payment, while I call.
Ponder this, when I am gone—
By the clock 'tis almost *One*.

His Poetry His Pillar

ONLY a little more
 I have to write,
 Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world Good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute,
 That I must stay,
 Or linger in it;
And then I must away.

O Time that cut'st down all!
 And scarce leav'st here
 Memorial
Of any men that were.

ROBERT HERRICK

How many lie forgot
In vaults beneath?
And piecemeal rot
Without a fame in death?

Behold this living stone,
•I rear for me;
Ne'er to be thrown
Down, envious Time by thee.

Pillars let some set up,
(If so they please)
Here is my hope,
And my Pyramides.

FRANCIS QUARLES

1592-1644

Venus & Cupid

[From Emblem 8, Book II]

WHAT means this peevish babe? Whish, lullaby;
What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry?
Will nothing still it? Will it neither be
Pleas'd, with the nurse's breast nor mother's knee?
What ails my bird? What moves my froward boy
To make such whim'ring faces? Peace, my joy!
Will nothing do? Come, come, this peevish brat,
Thus cry and bawl, and cannot tell for what?
Come, buss and friends — my lamb — whish, lullaby;
What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry?

FRANCIS QUARLES

Peace, peace, my dear; alas! thy early years
Had never faults to merit half these tears!
Come, smile upon me: let thy mother spy
Thy father's image in her baby's eye;
Husband these guilty drops against the rage
Of harder fortunes and the gripes of age;
Thine eye's not ripe for tears — whish, lullaby;
What ails my babe, my sweet-fac'd babe, to cry?
Look, look, what's here! A dainty, golden thing:
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring,
To please my bantling! Here's a knack will breed
An hundred kisses — here's a knack indeed.
So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
As Pelops' shoulder, or a milk-white pair:
Here's right thy father's smile — when Mars beguil'd
Sick Venus of her heart, just thus she smil'd.

II. 1-26.

A Comparison

[From Emblem I, Book III]

LIKE as the haggard, cloister'd in her mew,
To scour her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags, preparing to o'erlook
The tim'rous mallard at-the sliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch; from, stock to ground;
From ground to window; thus surveying round
Her dove-befeather'd prison, till at length
(Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
Nips off her jangling jesses, strives, to break

FRANCIS QUARLES

Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate:
E'en so, my weary soul, that long has been
An inmate in this tenement of sin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites
My cloister'd thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now scorns her shadows and begins to dart
Her wing'd desires at Thee, that only art
The sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
These dusky clouds that make so dark a night:
Shine forth, great Glory, shine; that I may see
Both how to loathe myself, and honour Thee.

11.27-48.

*'My "Beloved is Mine, and I am His; He
Feedeth Among the Lilies'*

[Emblem 3, Book V]

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
So I my best beloved's am; so he is mine.

E'en so we met; and after long pursuit,
E'en so we joined, we both became entire;
No need for either to renew the suit,
For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.

FRANCIS QUARLES

Our firm united souls did more than twine:
So I my best beloved's am; so he is mine.

If all those glitt'ring monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

Nay more; if the fair Thespian ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treasure,
That treasure should be deemed a price too small
To buy a minute's lease of half my pleasure;
Tis not the sacred wealth of all the Nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his from being mine.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death can bow
My least desires unto the least remove;
He's firmly mine by oath, I his by vow,
He's mine by faith, and I am his by love;
He's mine by water, I am his by wine:
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He is my altar, I his holy place;
I am his guest, and he my living food;
I'm his by penitence, he mine by grace;
I'm his by purchase, he is mine by blood;
He's my supporting helm, and I his vine:
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

FRANCIS QUARLES

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows;
I give him songs, he gives me length of days;
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conquering brows,
And I his temples with a crown of praise,
Which he accepts—an everlasting sign,
That I my best beloved's am; that he is mine.

A Good-night

CLOSE now thine eyes, and rest secure;
Thy soul is safe enough, thy body sure;
He that loves thee, He that keeps
And guards thee, never slumbers, never sleeps.
The smiling conscience in a sleeping breast
Has only peace, has only rest;
The music and the mirth of kings
Are all but very discords, when she sings.
Then close thine eyes and rest secure;
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

Epigram

MY Soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;
Judge not the play before the play is done:
Her plot has many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene: the last act crowns the play.

HENRY KING

1592-1669

Sonnet

TELL me no more how fair she is,
I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near:
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt a daring Fate,
From whence no triumph ever came,
But to repent too late:
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence dote myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
Nor will thy justice blame,
So that thou wilt not envy me
The glory of my flame:
Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,
In that it falls her sacrifice.

The exequy

(To His Matchless Never-To-Be Forgotten Friend)

ACCEPT, thou shrine of my dead Saint,
Instead of dirges this complaint;
And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse,
Receive a strew of weeping verse

HENRY KING

From thy griev'd friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! Since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee: thou art the book,
The library, whereon I look,
Though almost blind. For thee (lov'd clay)
I languish out, not live, the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practise with mine eyes;
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily time creeps about
To one that mourns; this, only this,
My exercise and bus'ness is:
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolvèd into showers.

Nor wonder, if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous;
Thou hast benighted me; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day (though overcast
Before thou hadst thy noon-tide past),
And I remember must in tears,
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years-
As day tells hours. By thy clear sun,
My love and fortune first did run;
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,

HENRY KING

Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled star is fall'n and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposed is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make
As ne'er was read in almanac.

I could allow thee, for a time,
To darken me and my sad clime,
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then;
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou would'st promise to return;
And putting off thy ashy shroud,
At length disperse this sorrow's cloud.

But woe is me! The longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes: never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come,
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world, like thine,
My Little World! That fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our souls' bliss; then we shall rise,
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region, where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

HENRY KING

Meantime, thou hast her, Earth; much good
May my harm do thee. Since it stood
With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-liv'd right and interest
In her, whom living I lov'd best:
With a most free and bounteous grief,
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and prithee look
Thou write into thy Dooms-day book
Each parcel of this rarity,
Which in thy casket shrin'd doth lie.
See that thou make thy reck'ning straight,
And yield her back again by weight;
For thou must audit on thy trust
Each grain and atom of this dust,
As thou wilt answer *Him* that lent,
Not gave thee, my dear monument.

So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw;—my Bride is laid.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake,
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.

HENRY KING

Stay for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale:
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree, »
And ev'ry hour a step towards thee.
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my West
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when sleep breath'd his drowsy gale.

Thus from the Sun my bottom steers,
And my day's compass downward bears;
Nor labour I to stem the tide,
Through which to *thee* I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might-crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! My pulse, like a soft drum,
Beat my approach, tells *thee* I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by *thee*.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution

HENRY KING

With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
The crime), I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

Sic Vita

[Attributed to Francis Beaumont]

LIKE to the falling of a star;
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue;
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood;
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to night.

The wind blows out; the bubble dies;
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the star is shot;
The flight is past; and man forgot.

GEORGE HERBERT

1593-1633

easter

I GOT me flowers to straw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

GEORGE HERBERT

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th'East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

Sin

LORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and strategems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears:
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.
Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

GEORGE HERBERT

Love, I

IMMORTAL Love, author of this great frame,
 Sprung from that beauty which can never fade;
 How hath man parcelled out thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made,
While mortal love doth all the title gain
 Which siding with invention, they together
 Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,'
(Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither.
Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit:
 The world is theirs; they two play out the game,
 Thou standing by: and though thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from th'infernal pit,
 Who sings thy praise? Only a scarf or glove
 Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love

Jordan, I

WHO says that fictions only and false hair
Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good structure in a winding stair?
May no line pass, except they do their duty
 Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it no verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be veil'd, while he that reads, divines,
 Catching the sense at two removes?

GEORGE HERBERT

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing.
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for prime:
I envy no man's nightingale or spring;
Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
Who plainly say, *My God, My King.*

evensong

BLEST be the God of love,
Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
Both to be busy, and to play.
But much more blest be God above,
Who gave me sight alone,
Which to Himself He did deny:
For when He sees my ways, I die:
But I have got His son, and He hath none.

What have I brought Thee home
For this Thy love? Have I discharged the debt,
Which this day's favour did beget?
I ran; but all I brought, was foam.
Thy diet, care, and cost
Do end in bubbles, balls of wind;
Of wind to Thee whom I have cross'd,
But balls of wild-fire to my troubled mind.

Yet still Thou goest on,
And now with darkness closest weary eyes,
Saying to man, *// doth suffice;*
Henceforth repose; your work is done.

GEORGE HERBERT

Thus in Thy ebony box
Thou dost enclose us, till the day
Put our amendment in our way,
And give new wheels to our disordered clocks.

I muse, which shows more love,
The day or night: that is the gale, this th'harbour;
That is the walk, and this the arbour;
Or that the garden, this the grove.

My God, Thou art all love.
Not one poor minute scapes Thy breast,
But brings a favour from above;
And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.

Content

✱

PEACE mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge
to keep

Within the walls of your own breast:
Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
Can on another's hardly rest.

Gad not abroad at ev'ry quest and call
Of an untrained hope or passion;
To court each place or fortune that doth fall.
Is wantonness in contemplation.

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm t'itself alone;
But when it would appear to others' eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

GEORGE HERBERT

Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
Complies and suits with all estates;
Which can let loose to a crown, and yet with pleasure
Take up within a cloister's gates.

This soul doth span the world, and hang content
From either pole unto the centre;
Where in each room of the well-furnish'd tent
He lies warm, and without adventure.

The brags of life are but a nine days' wonder;
And after death the fumes that spring
From private bodies make as big a hunder,
As those which rise from a huge king.

Only thy chronicle is lost; and yet
Better by worms be all once spent,
Than to have hellish moths still gnaw and fret
Thy name in books, which may not rent.

When all thy deeds, whose brunt thou feel'st alone,
Are chew'd by others' pens and tongue;
And as their wit is, their digestion,
Thy nourish'd fame is weak or strong.

Then cease discoursing soul, till thine own ground,
Do not thyself or friends importune.
He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

GEORGE HERBERT

Virtue

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

The Pearl

I KNOW the ways of Learning; both the head
And pipes that feed the press, and make it run;
What reason hath from nature borrowèd,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy; what the stars conspire,
What willing nature speaks, what forc'd by fire;

GEORGE HERBERT

Both th'old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and history:
All these stand open, or I have the keys—
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of Honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit;
In vies of favours whether party gams,
When glory swells the heart, and mouldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye,
Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe'er it goes;
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes—
Yet I love Thee.

I know the ways of Pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot blood and brains;
What mirth and music mean; what love and wit
Have done these twenty hundred years, and more;
I know the projects of unbridled store;
My stuff is flesh, not brass; my senses live,
And grumble oft, that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five—
Yet I love Thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand;
Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
I fly to Thee, and fully understand
Both the main sale, and the commodities;

GEORGE HERBERT

And at what rate and price I have Thy love,
With all the circumstances that may move;
Yet through these labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
But Thy silk twist let down from Heav'n to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
I climb to Thee.

Jordan, II

WHEN first my lines of heav'nly joys made mention,
Such was theif lustre, they did so excel,
That I sought out quaint words, and trim invention:
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention,
Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did run,
Off'ring their service, if I were not sped.
I often blotted what I had begun;
This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sun,
Much less those joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind, when they ascend,
So did I weave myself into the sense.
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend
Whisper, *How wide is all this long pretence!*
There is in love a sweetness ready pennd:
Copy out only that, and save expense.

GEORGE HERBERT

The Quip

THE merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose,
Which when I pluck'd not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
What tune is this, poor man? said he:
I heard in music you had skill.
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he?
He scarce allow'd me half an eye.
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration.
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet, when the hour of Thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large; say, I am Thine:
And then they have their answer home.

GEORGE HERBERT

Dullness

WHY do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
As if I were all earth?
O give me quickness, that I may with mirth
Praise Thee brimful!

The wanton lover in a curious strain
Can praise his fairest fair;
And with quaint metaphors her curlèd hair
Curl o'er again.

Thou art my loveliness, my life, my light,
Beauty alone to me;
Thy bloody death and undeserv'd, makes Thee
Pure red and white.

When all perfections as but one appear,
That those Thy form doth show,
The very dust, where Thou dost tread and go,
Makes beauties here.

Where are my lines then? My approaches? Views?
Where are my window-songs?
Lovers are still pretending, and ev'n wrongs
Sharpen their muse.

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugar'd lies
Still mock me, and grow bold;
Sure Thou didst put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

GEORGE HERBERT

Lord, clear Thy gift, that with a constant wit
I may but look towards Thee:
Look only; for to *love* Thee, who can be,
What Angel, fit?

The Collar

I STRUCK, the board, and cried, No more.
I will abroad.
What? Shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not. Forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
90

GEORGE HERBERT

Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and would'st not see.
Away! take heed:
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.
But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, *Child!*
And I replied, *My Lord.*

The Pulley

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all His treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

GEORGE HERBERT

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

'The Flower

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are Thy returns! Ev'n as the flowers in spring,
To which, besides their own demesne,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite underground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

GEORGE HERBERT

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell
And up to Heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at Heav'n, growing and groaning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if Heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline.
What frost to that? What pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

GEORGE HERBERT

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide:
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

Love, II

LOVE bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd anything.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here:
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
, Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them: let my sh'ame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, says Love, who bore the blame?
My dear, then I will serve.
You must sit down, says Love, and taste my meat:
So I did sit and eat.

The Spring

Now that the Winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.
Now do a quire of chirping minstrels bring,
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring;
The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
Now all things smile: only my love doth lower,
Nor hath the scalding noon-day sun the power
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields; and love no more is made
By the fire-side, but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season: only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

THOMAS CAREW

eternity of Love Protested

How ill doth he deserve a lover's name,
Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat in spite of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire.
True love can never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love, that could retreat.

That noble flame, which my breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive,
When my soul's fled;
Nor shall my love die, when my body's dead,
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
And never fade:
My very ashes in their urn,
Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burn.

epitaph for Dr. Donne

HERE lies a King, that rul'd as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of wit;
Here lie two flamens, and both those the best,
Apollo's first—at last, the true God's priest.

THOMAS CAREW

A Song

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose:
For in your beauty's orient deep,
These flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there,
Fixed, become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if East or West,
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THOMAS CAREW

TO *My Inconstant Mistress*

WHEN thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joys of love, shalt see
The full reward and glorious fate
Which my strong faith shall purchase me:
Then curse thine own inconstancy.

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
That heart, which thy false oaths did wound;
And to my soul, a soul more pure
Than thine shall by Love's hand be bound,
And both with equal glory crown'd.

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears shall be as vain
As mine were then, for thou shalt be
Damn'd for thy false apostasy.

JAMES SHIRLEY

1596-1666

Calchas Before The Body of Ajax
[From 'The Contention of Ajax & Ulysse']

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings;

JAMES SHIRLEY

Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made,
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to Fate,
And must give up the murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to Death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds;
Your heads must come,
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

Song from 'Cupid & Death'

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your Empires are;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far

JAMES SHIRLEY

As night or day;

Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,

Each able to undo Mankind,

Death's servile emissaries are;

Nor to these alone confin'd,

He hath at will

More quaint and subtle ways to kill;

A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,

Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

WILLIAM STRODE

1602-1645

In Commendation of Music

WHEN whispering strains do softly steal

With creeping passion through the heart,

And when at every touch we feel

Our pulses beat and bear a part;

When threads can make

A heartstring shake,

Philosophy

Can scarce deny

The soul consists of harmony.

When unto heav'nly joy we feign

Whate'er the soul affecteth most,

WILLIAM STRODE

Which only thus we can explain

By music of the winged host,

Whose lays we think

Make stars to wink,

Philosophy

Can scarce deny

Our souls consist of harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming air,

My senses rock with wonder sweet;

Like snow on wool thy fallings are,

Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet:

Grief who need fear

That hath an ear?

Down let him lie

And slumb'ring die,

And change his soul for harmony.

From 'On Westwe// Downs'

WHEN Westwell Downs I 'gan to tread,

Where cleanly winds the green did sweep,

Methought a landskip there was spread,

Here a bush and there a sheep.

The pleated wrinkles of the face

Of wave-swol'n earth did lend such grace,

As shadowings in imag'ry

Which both deceive and please the eye.

WILLIAM STRODE

Here and there two hilly crests
Amidst them hug a pleasant green,
And these are like two swelling breasts
That close a tender fall between.

Here would I sleep, or read, or pray,
From early morn till flight of day:
But hark! A sheep-bell calls me up,
Like Oxford college bells, to sup.

Sts. I and IV

*On The 'Death of Mistress (Mary 'Prideaux
[Died, aged 7 years]*

SLFEP, pretty one, O sleep, while I
Sing thee thy latest lullaby;
And may my song be but as she—
Ne'er was sweeter harmony.
Thou wert all music, all thy limbs
Were but so many well-set hymns
To praise thy Maker. In thy brow
I read thy soul, and know not how
To tell which whiter was, or smoother,
Or more spotless, one or th'other.
No jar, no harshness in thee; all
Thy passions were at peace; no gall,
No rough behaviour, but even such
In disposition as in touch.
Yet Heav'n, poor soul, was harsh to thee,
Death used thee not half orderly.

WILLIAM STRODE

If thou must needs go, must thy way
Needs be by torture? Must thy day.
End in the morning, and thy night
Come with such horror and affright?
Death might have seiz'd thee gentlier, and
Embrac'd thee with a softer hand.
Thou wert not sure so loath to go
That thou need'st be dragged so;
For thou wert all obedience and had'st wit
To do Heav'n's will and not dispute with it.
Yet 'twere a hard heart, a dead eye
That sighless, tearless, could stand by,
While thy poor mother felt each groan
As much as e'er she did her own
When she groan'd for thee: and thy cries
Marr'd not our ears more than her eyes.
Yet if thou took'st some truce with pain,
Then was she melted more again
To hear thy sweet words, whilst thy breath
Faintly did strive to sweeten Death,
Call'dst for the music of thy knell
And cried'st, 'twas it must make thee well.
Thus whilst your prayers were at strife,
Thine for thy death, hers for thy life,
Thine did prevail, and on their wings
Mounted thy soul; where now it wings
And never shall complain no more,
But for not being there before.

WILLIAM STRODE

A Sonnet

[Attributed to Strode']

MOURN, mourn, ye lovers! Flowers dying
Live again, the cold defying;
But Beauty's flower, once dead, dies ever,
Falls as soon and riseth never.
Mourn, mourn, ye lovers! Sadly singing:
Love hath his Winter and no springing.

OWEN FELLTHAM

1602?-1668

Song

[Mistakenly attributed to Sir John Suckling]

WHEN, dearest, I but think on thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted:
For beauties that from worth arise
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, tho' unsighted.

Thus while I sit and sigh the day
With all his borrow'd lights away,
Till night's black wings do overtake me:
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleepy men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

OWEN FELLTHAM

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
No absence can subsist with loves
That do partake of fair perfection:
Since in the darkest night they may
By love's quick motion find a way
To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
Bathe some high promont that hath stood
Far from the main up in the river:
O think not then but Love can do
As much! For that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever.

The Sympathy

SOUL of my soul! It cannot be
That you should weep, and I from tears be free.
All the vast room between both poles
Can never dull the sense of souls
Knit in so fast a knot.
Oh! Can you grieve, and think that I
Can feel no smart because not nigh,
Or that I know it not?

They're heretic thoughts. Two lutes are strung
And on a table tuned alike for song;
Strike one, and that which none did touch
Shall sympathizing sound as much

OWEN FELLTHAM

As that which touch'd you see.
Think then this world, which Heav'n inrolls,
Is but a table round, and souls
More apprehensive be.

Know, they that in their grossest parts
Mix by their hallow'd loves entwined hearts,
This privilege boast, that no remove
Can e'er infringe their sense of Love.
Judge hence then our estate,
Since when we loved there was not put
Two earthen hearts in one breast, but
Two souls co-animate.

EDWARD BKNLOWES

1603?-1676

From 'Theophila'

The Prelibation

AWAKE from slumb'ring lethargy; the gay
And circling charioteer of day,
In's progress through the azure fields sees, checks
our stay.

Arise; and rising, emulate the rare
Industrious spinsters, who with fair
Embroid'nes checker-work the chambers of the air.

Ascend; Sol does on hills his gold display,
And, scatt'ring sweets, does spice the day,
And shoots delight through Nature with each
arrow'd ray.

EDWARD BENLOWES

The opal-colour'd dawns raise fancy high;
Hymns ravish those who pulpits fly;
Convert dull lead to active gold by love-chemy.

As Nature's prime confectioner, the bee,
By her flow'r-nibbling chemistry,
Turns *vert* to *or*: so, verse gross prose does rarefy.

Pow'rs cannot poets, as they pow'rs up-buoy;
Whose soul-enliv'ning charms decoy
Each wrinkled care to the pacific sea of joy.

As, where from jewels sparkling lustre darts,
Those rays enstar the dusky parts:
So, beams of poesy give light, life, soul to arts.

StS. LXIII-LXIX.

From 'The Pleasure of 'Retirement'

FAME'S plant takes root from virtue, grows thereby;
Pure souls, though fortune-trod, stand high,
When mundane shallow-searching breath itself shall
die.

Oh, frail applause of flesh! Swol'n bubbles pass;
Turf-fire more smoke than splendour has.
What bulwark firm on sand? What shell for pearl
may pass?

But Saints with an attentive hope from high,
On Heav'n's parole do live and die,
Passing from Life's short night to Day's Eternity.

EDWARD BENLOWES

Who blessedly so breathe, and leave their breath,
Of dying life make living death;
Each day, spent like the last, does act a Heav'n beneath.

Death's one long sleep, and human life no more
Than one short watch an hour before:
World! after thy mad tempest 'tis the landing shore.
Sts.cvII-cxI.

THOMAS RANDOLPH

1605-1635

*An Ode to Mr. Anthony Stafford To
Hasten Him into the Country*

COME spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down,
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.
I will the country see,
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in grey,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
Farewell, you city-wits that are
Almost at civil war;
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world
grows mad.

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise;

THOMAS RANDOLPH

Or to make sport
For some slight puny of the Inns of Court.
Then worthy Stafford say
How shall we spend the day?
With what delights
Shorten the nights?
When from this tumult we are got secure;
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no ringer loose;
Where every word is thought, and every thought is
pure.

There from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry.
And every day
Go see the wholesome country girls make hay,
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can show.
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
(Though some of them in greater state
Might court my love with plate,)
The beauties of the 'Cheap,' and wives of Lombard
Street.

But think upon
Some other pleasures, these to me are none;
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things against my fate?
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed;

THOMAS RANDOLPH

My Muse is she
My love shall be.

Let clowns get wealth, and heirs; when I am gone,
And the great bugbear, grisly Death,
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this no more;
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store.
No fruit shall scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape;
Then full, we'll seek a shade,
And hear what music's made;
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell,
And how the other birds do fill the quire;
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats
Warbling melodious notes;
We will all sports enjoy, which others but desire.

Ours is the sky,
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly;
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox, or timorous hare,
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they'll choose;
The buck shall fall, '
The stag and all:
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,
For to my Muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all game is free;
Heaven, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty,

THOMAS RANDOLPH

And when we mean
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth
A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
I'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody;
Whic'h he that hears
Lets through his ears
A madness to distemper all the brain.
Then I another pipe will take
And Doric music make,
To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

1605-1654

Nox Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Æthiop bride appear:

My soul her wings doth spread,
And Heavenward flies,
Th'Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name,

WILLIAM HABINGTON

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Remov'd far from our human sight.

But if we steadfast look,
We shall discern -
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heav'nly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror,
That far-stretch'd power
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest North
Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation, yet shut in
With hills of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sin
'Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,

WILLIAM HABINGTON

The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watched since first
The World had birth:
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT

1606-1668

'To The Queen

Entertained at Night by the Countess of Anglesey

FAIR as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,
Ere tides began to strive or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing Saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are:
You, that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves (her cheapest wealth) scarce reach at green,
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled a while from her much injured sphere,
And t'ease the travails of her beams to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT

To A Mistress Dying

Lover

YOUR beauty, ripe and calm and fresh
As Eastern summers are,
Must now, forsaking time and flesh,
Add light to some small star.

Philosopher

Whilst yet she lives, were stars decayed,
Their light by hers relief might find;
But Death will lead her to a shade
Where Love is cold and Beauty blind.

Lover

Lovers, whose priests all poets are,
Think every mistress, when she dies,
Is changed at least into a star,
And who dares doubt the poets wise?

Philosopher

But ask not bodies doomed to die
To what abode they go;
Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.

Song

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the East,
And to implore your light,, he sings,

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT

Awake! Awake! The morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake! Awake! Break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

From 'Gondibert'

BY what bold passion am I rudely led,
Like Fame's too curious and officious spy,
Where I these rolls in her dark closet read,
. Where worthies wrapp'd in Time's disguises lie?

Why should we now their shady curtains draw,
Who by a wise retirement hence are freed,
And gone to lands exempt from Nature's law,,
Where Love no more can mourn, nor Valour bleed?

Why to this stormy world from their long rest,
Are these recall'd to be again displeas'd,
Where during Nature's reign we are oppress'd,
Till we by Death's high privilege are eas'd?

Is it to boast that verse has chymick pow'r,
And that its rage (which is productive heat)
Can these revive, as chymists raise a flow'r,
Whose scatter'd parts their glass presents complete?

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT

Though in these worthies gone, Valour and Love
Did chastely as in sacred temples meet,
Such reviv'd patterns us no more improve,
Than flow'rs so rais'd by chymists make us sweet.

Yet when the soul's disease we desp'rate find,
Poets the old renown'd physicians are,
Who for the sickly habits of the mind,
Examples as the ancient cure prepare.

And bravely then physicians honour gain,
When, to the world, diseases cureless seem,
And they (in Science valiant) ne'er refrain
Art's war with Nature, till they life redeem.
I, 3, sts. I-vII.

EDMUND WALLER

1606-1687

Go Lovely Rose

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

EDMUND WALLER

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her'come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! That she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

The Self-Banished

It is not that I love you less
Than when before your feet I lay;
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love I keep away.

In vain, alas! For everything
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which Phoebus through his veins has shot.

EDMUND WALLER

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows docs retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made—to love you too.

*From 'A Panegyric to My Lord Protector
of the Present Greatness of this Nation'*

LORDS of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea,
And every coast may trouble, or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive;
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that Nature' craves,
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves. . . .

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims;

EDMUND WALLER

Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds;
Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

11.45-56,65-72.

Of the Last Verses in the Book

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite;
The soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd,
The body stooping, does herself erect:
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So, calm are we when passions are no more:
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The Soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the Old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the New.

WILLIAM BOSWORTH

, 1607-1650;

'To Aurora

THE time will come, when thy beloved face
Shall lose the spring with which it now is clad;
When thou art old, thou in some secret place
Wilt sit, and think of all the wrongs I had.
Then wilt thou read these my unpolish'd plaints,
The chronicles of my unpitied cries;
When thou art old, perhaps thy heart shall faint
For shame, and let one tear forsake thine eyes;
I know thou wilt, and ere thy sun expire
His glorious date, thou wilt recall thine ire.

HINC LACHRIMAE, XV.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE

1608-1666

A 'Rose

BLOWN in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon.
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know then the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
For the same beauty doth, in bloody leaves,
The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
Or by the careless plough thou shalt be torn;

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE

And many Herods lie in wait each hour
To murder thee as soon as thou art born:

Nay, force thy bud to blow—their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death!

Of Beauty

LET us use it while we may
Snatch those joys that haste away!
Earth her winter coat may cast,
And renew her beauty past:
But, our winter come, in vain
We solicit spring again;
And when our furrows snow shall cover,
Love may return but never lover.

JOHN MILTON

⁴

1608-1674

'How Soon Hath Time'

How soon hath Time the subtle thief of youth,
Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.

JOHN MILTON

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n,
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the willof Heav'n ;
All is, if I have grace to use it so
As ever in my great task-master's eye.

'When I Consider'

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this, dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,
I fondly ask; but patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts, who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best, His state
Is kingly Thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.

'Methought I Saw'

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.

JOHN MILTON

Mine as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night

[On A Book Called "Tetrachordon]

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs.
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting peail to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry liberty;
For who loycs that, must first be wise and good.
But from that mark how far they rove we see
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

JOHN MILTON

At A Solemn Musk

BLFST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantasy present,
That undisturbèd song of pure consent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon
With saintly shout, and solemn jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly;
That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To His celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

JOHN MILTON

A Song from 'Arcades'

NYMPHS and shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladon's liliated banks,
On old Lycieus or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Maenalus,
Bring your flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

From Comus

O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,

JOHN MILTON

That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd th'all-worshipp'd ore, and precious gems
To store her children with; if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th'all-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility;
Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with
plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th'unsought
diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List Lady be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted, name Virginitie,
Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good there of
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in th'enjoyment of itself:
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.

JOHN MILTON

Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet
II.706-755.

Lycidas

In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend [Edward King] unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the rum of our corrupted clergy then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and h'ath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

JOHN MILTON

He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at ev'ning, bright,
Toward Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to th'oaten flute;
Rough satyrs danc'd, and fauns with cloven heel,
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damsetas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.

JOHN MILTON

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
When first the white thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have don
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or withe the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;

JOHN MILTON

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th'abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in Neptune's plea,
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,

JOHN MILTON

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitr'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are
 sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,

JOHN MILTON

And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low where the mild whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amarantus all his beauty shed,
And dafladillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where e'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

JOHN MILTON

Weep no more, woeful shepherds weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor,
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the
waves

Where other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now Lycidas the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th'oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropp'd into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

JOHN MILTON

From "Paradise Los?"

I. *Invocation*

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,
In the beginning how the Hcav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos; or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th'Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th'upnght heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

I,II. I-26.

JOHN MILTON

II. *The Fallen Angels*

HIM the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th'ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th'Ommipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once as far as Angels ken he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set

JOHN MILTON

As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the centre thrice to th'utmost pole.

I, ll. 44-74.

III. *Satan's Adjuration*

WHAT though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?
That glory never shall His wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify His power
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted His empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war
Irreconcilable, to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th'excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heav'ri.

I, II. 105-124.

IV. *The Four Infernal Rivers*

ANOTHER part in squadrons and gross bands
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend

JOHN MILTON

Four ways their flying march along the banks
Of four infernal rivers that disgorge
Into the burning Lake their baleful streams:
Abhorrèd Styx, the flood of deadly hate,
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the river of Oblivion rolls
Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs th'effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.

II, ll. 570-603

JOHN MILTON

V. *Hymn to Light*

HAIL holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th'eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproach'd light
Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
The rising world of water dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre
I sung of Chaos and Eternal Night,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief

JOHN MILTON

Thee, Sion and the flow'ry brooks beneath
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou celestial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

III,II.1-55.

VI. *Satan's Survey*

ROUND he surveys, and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade; from eastern point

JOHN MILTON

Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond th'horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region thiows
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds,
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian Gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves and flow'ry vales,
Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to enquire: above them all
The golden Sun in splendour likest Heaven
Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament.

111,11-555-574

VII. *Eden*

THUS was this place,
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balrr
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:

JOHN MILTON

Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd,
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th'eternal Spring.

IV, ll. 246-268.

VIII. *Evening in Paradise*

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied, for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent Queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

IV, ll. 598-609.

IX. *Eve to Adam*

WITH thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons and their change, all please alike.

JOHN MILTON

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild, then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising Sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering starlight without thee is sweet.

IV, 11. 639-656.

X. Creation: The Fifth Day

FORTHWITH the sounds and seas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in schools that oft
Bank the mid sea: part single or with mate
Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk

JOHN MILTON

Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait
Tempest the ocean: there Leviathan
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.

VII, ll. 399-416.

XI. *The Atheist Women*

THOSE tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare,
Unmindful of their Maker, though His spirit
Taught them, but they His gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye:
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titl'd them the Sons of God
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,
(Erelong to swim at large) and laugh; for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep.

XI, ll. 607-627.

JOHN MILTON

XII. *Adam acknowledges his Redeemer*

GREATLY instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in His presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on Him sole depend,
Merciful over all His works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And to the faithful Death the gate of Life;
Taught this by His example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

xII, II.557-573-

XIII. *Leavetaking*

WHENCE thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which He hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.

JOHN MILTON

This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promised Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answered not; for now too nigh
Th'Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the mansh glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandish'd Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
Our ling'nng Parents, and to th'Eastern Gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They looking back, all th'Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the Gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The World was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

XII, 11. 610-649.

JOHN MILTON

From 'Samson Agonistes'

I

MANY are the sayings of the wise
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion
sought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with th'afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above;
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

11.652-666.

II

ALL is best, though we oft doubt,
What th'unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft He seems to hide His face,
But unexpectedly returns
And to His faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist

JOHN MILTON

His uncontrollable intent;
His servants He with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind all passion spent.
II. 1745-1758.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

1609-1642

Sonnet

DOST see how unregarded now
That piece of beauty passes?
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone;
But mark the fate of faces:
The red and white works now no more in me
Than if it could not charm, or I not see.

And yet the face continues good,
And I have still desires,
Am still the selfsame flesh and blood,
As apt to meet
And suffer from those fires;
O! Some kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes?

She every day her man does kill,
And I as often die;
Neither her power, then, nor my will

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

Can questioned be,
What is the mystery?
Sure Beauty's empires, like to greater states,
Have certain periods set, and hidden fates.

Sonnet

OH ! for some honest lover's ghost,
Some kind unbodied post
Sent from the shades below.
I strangely long to know
Whether the nobler chaplets wear,
Those that their mistress' scorn did bear,
Or those that were us'd kindly.

For whatsoe'er they tell us here,
To make those sufferings dear,
'Twill there I fear be found
That, to the being crown'd,
T'have lov'd alone will not suffice
Unless we also have been wise,
And have our loves enjoy'd.

What posture can we think him in,
That here unlov'd again
Departs and 's thither gone
Where each sits by his own?
Or how can that Elysium be
Where I my mistress still must see
Circled in others' arms?

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

For there the judges all are just,
And Sophonisba must
Be his whom she held dear,
Not his who lov'd her here:
The sweet Philoclea since she died
Lies by her Pirocles his side,
Not by Amphialus.

Some bays (perchance) or myrtle bough
For difference crowns the brow
Of those kind souls that were
The noble martyrs here;
And if that be the only odds
(As who can tell), ye kinder gods,
Give me the woman here.

Loving & 'Beloved

ThERE never yet was honest man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impossible, nor can
Integrity our ends promote:
For kings and lovers are alike in this
That their chief art in reign dissembling is.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love,
Good nature now and passion strive
Which of the two should be above,
And laws unto the other give.
So we false fire with art sometime discover,
And the true fire with the same art do cover.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

What rack can fancy find so high?

Here we must court, and here engage,
Though in the other place we die.

O! 'tis torture all, and cozenage;
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true love, or make false love look well.

Since it is thus, god of desire,
Give me my honesty again,
And take thy brands back, and thy fire;
I'm weary of the state I'm in:
Since (if the very best should now befall)
Love's triumph must be Honour's funeral.

Farewell to Love

WELL, shadow'd landskip, fare ye well:
How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
At least, so well
As he that now hates more
Than e'er he lov'd before.

But, my dear nothings, take your leave:
No longer must you me deceive,
Since I perceive
All the deceit, and know
Whence the mistake did grow.

As he, whose quicker eye doth trace
A false star shot to a mark'd place,
Does run apace,

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

And, thinking it to catch,
A jelly up does snatch.

So our dull souls, tasting delight
Far off, by sense and appetite,
Think that is right
And real good; when yet
Tis but the counterfeit.

O, how I glory now, that I
Have made this new discovery!
Each wanton eye
Inflam'd before: no more
Will I increase that score.

If I gaze now, 'tis but to see
What manner of death death's-head 'twill be,
When it is free
From that fresh upper skin,
The gazer's joy and sin.

The gum and glist'ning, which, with art
And studi'd method in each part,
Hangs down the hair, 't
Looks just as if that day
Snails there had crawl'd the hay.

The locks, that curl'd o'er each ear be,
Hang like two master-worms to me,
That (as we see)
Have tasted to the rest
Two holes, where they like 't best.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

A quick corse, methinks, I spy
In ev'ry woman; and mine eye,
 At passing by,
Checks, and is troubled, just
As if it rose from dust.

They mortify, not heighten me;
These of my sins the glasses be:
 And here I see
How I have loved before;
And so I love no more.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN

1610-1643

Constancy

LOVE unreturn'd, howe'er the flame
Seem great and pure, may still admit
Degrees of more, and a new name
And strength acceptance gives to it.

Till then, by honour there's no tie
Laid on it, that it ne'er decay,
The mind's last act by constancy
Ought to be seal'd, and not the way.

Did aught but Love's perfection bind,
Who should assign at what degree
Of Love, faith ought to fix the mind
And in what limits we are free?

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN

So hardly in a single heart
Is any love conceived
That fancy still supplies one part,
Supposing it received.

When undeceiv'd such love retires
'Tis but a model lost,
A draught of what might be expires
Built but at fancy's cost.

Yet if the ruin one tear move,
From Pity not Love sent,
Though not a palace, it will prove
The most wished monument.

Song

OR love me less, or love me more,
And play not with my liberty,
Either take all, or all restore,
Bind me at least, or set me free;
Let me some nobler torture find
Than of a doubtful wavering mind,
Take all my peace, but you betray
Mine honour too this cruel way.

'Tis true that I have nurs'd before
That hope of which I now complain,
And having little sought no more,
Fearing to meet with your disdain:

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN

The sparks of favour you did give,
I gently blew to make them live:
And yet have gain'd by all this care
No rest in hope, nor in despair.

I see you wear that pitying smile
Which you have still vouchsafed my smart,
Content thus cheaply to beguile
And entertain a harmless heart:
But I no longer can give way
To hope, which doth so little pay;
And yet I dare no freedom owe
Whilst you are kind, though but in show.

Then give me more or give me less,
Do not disdain a mutual sense,
Or your unpitying beauties dress
In their own free indifference.
But show not a severer eye
Sooner to give me liberty,
For I shall love the very scorn
Which for my sake you do put on.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

1611-1643

*To Chloe Who Wished Herself
Young enough for Me*

CHLOE, why wish you that your years
Would backwards run, till they meet mine,

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

That perfect likeness, which endears
 Thing unto thing, might us combine?
Our ages so in date agree,
That twins do differ more than we.

There are two births, the one when light
 First strikes the new awaken'd sense;
The other when two souls unite;
 And we must count our life from thence:
When you lov'd me, and I lov'd you,
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new souls give,
 And in those souls did plant new pow'rs;
Since when another life we live,
 The breath we breathe is his, not ours;
Love makes those young, whom age doth chill,
And whom he finds young, keeps young still.

Love, like that angel that shall call
 Our bodies from the silent grave,
Unto one age doth raise us all,
 None too much, none too little have;
Nay that the difference may be done,
He makes two not alike, but one.

And now since you and I are such,
 Tell me what's yours, and what is mine?
Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,
 Do (like our souls) in one combine;
So by this, I as well may be
Too old for you, as you for me.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

Absence

BID me not go where neither suns nor showers
Do make or cherish flowers;
Where discontented things in sadness lie,
And Nature grieves as I;
When I am parted from those eyes,
From which my better day doth rise,
Though some propitious power
Should plant me in a bower,
Where amongst happy lovers I might see
How showers and sun-beams bring
One everlasting Spring,
Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me:
Nature herself to him is lost,
Who loseth her he honours most.
Then, fairest, to my parting view display
Your graces all in one full day;
Whose blessed shapes I'll snatch and keep, till when
I do return and view again:
So, by this art, fancy shall Fortune cross,
And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

WILLIAM HAMMOND

b. 1614

To My Dear Sister, Mrs. Sandys

The Chamber

ENTERING your door, I started back; sure this,
Said I, Death's shady house and household is;

WILLIAM HAMMOND

And yonder shines a beauty, as of old
Magnificent tombs eternal lamps did hold,
In lieu of life's light, a fair taper hid
In a dark lanthorn; an eye shut in's lid;
A flower in shade; a star in night's dark womb;
An alabaster column to a tomb.
But why this night in day? Can thy fair eye
Delight in such an Æthiop's company?
Man hath too many natural clouds: his blood
And flesh so blind his hood-wink'd soul, that good
Is scarce discern'd from bad; why should we then
Seek out an artificial den?
The better part of Nature hidden lies;
The stars indeed we may behold, and skies,
But not their influence; we see the fire
But not the heat; why then should we desire
More night, when darkness so o'er Nature lies,
That all things mask their better qualities?

To The Same

The Rose

AFTER the honey drops of pearly showers,
Urania walk'd to gather flowers:
'Sweet Rose,' I heard her say, 'why are these fears?
Are these drops on thy cheek thy tears?
By these thy beauty fresher is, thy smell
Arabian spices doth excel.'
'This rain,' the Rose replied, 'feeds and betrays
My odours; adds and cuts off days.

WILLIAM HAMMOND

Had I not spread my leaves to catch this dew,
My scent had not invited you.
Urania sigh'd, and softly said, ' 'Tis so,
Showers blow the Rose, and ripen woe;
For mine, alas! when wash'd in floods sweet clean,
Heaven put his hand forth, and did glean.'

SAMUEL BUTLER

1612-1680

From 'Hudibras'

I. *Sir Hudibras's Religion*

FOR his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant Saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.

SAMUEL BUTLER

A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
I, i, ll. 189-218.

II. Love Poetry

SHE that with poetry is won
Is but a desk to write upon,
And what men say of her they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive
T'embalm her cruelly alive,
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their *haut-gousts*, *bouillies*, or *ragousts*:
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
Until the facet *doublet* doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth;
Her mouth compared t'an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in 't, 'stead of teeth.
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colours mix;

SAMUEL BUTLER

In which the lily and the rose
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
The Sun and Moon, by her bright eyes
Eclips'd, and darkened in the skies,
Are but black patches, that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars,
By which astrologers, as well
As those in Heaven above, can tell
What strange events they do foreshow
Unto her under-world below:
Her voice the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wise philosophers have thought,
And that's the cause we hear it not.
II, i, 11. 591-620.

III. *Sir Sidrophel, the Conjuror*

HE had been long t'wards mathematics.
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology:
But as a dog that turns the spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet,
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again,
And still he's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was;
So in the circle of his arts,
Did he advance his nat'ral parts,
Till falling back still, for retreat, ,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat.

SAMUEL BUTLER

For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter;
Whatever he laboured to appear,
His understanding still was clear;
Yet none a greater knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted.
The intelligible world he knew,
And all men dream on't to be true,
That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the self-same fashion;
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
As those are in th'inferior world.

II, iii, II. 205-234.

IV. *The Art of Love*

Tis true no lover has that power
T'enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two strings t'his bow,
And burns for love and money too;
For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit,
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;
While those who sillily pursue
The simple, downright way and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream their passions,

SAMUEL BUTLER

Some forge their mistresses of stars,
And when the ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won,
Than by Caligula the Moon,
Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing;
When only by themselves they're hind'ed,
For trusting those they made her kindred;
And still, the harsher and hide-bonder
The damsels prove, become the fonder.
For what mad lover ever dy'd,
To gain a soft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams, or hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong int' Elysium
Through th' windows of a dazzling room?
But for some cross, ill-natur'd dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.

Ill, i, 11. 1-30.

V. *The Lawyer*

AN old dull sot, who told the clock,
For many years at Bridewell Dock,
At Westminster, and Hicks's Hall;
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;
Where, in all governments and times,
He'd been both friend and foe to crimes,
And used two equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring justice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage;

SAMUEL BUTLER

Cartloads of bawds to prison sent,
For being behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a trusty pimp and crony,
To Puddle Dock, for want of money;
Engaged the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes Commoners, or Lords;
And kept them prisoners of course
For being sober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free,
Or bind 'em over, for his fee.
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise, in their ways;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With th' Headborough and Scavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel, and the King's highway,
For being unmolested, pay;
Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most;
Imposed a tax on bakers' ears,
And, for false weights, on chandlers;
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly offend;
As residentiary bawds
And brokers that receive stol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful mysteries,

SAMUEL BUTLER

And pay church-duties, and his fees:
But was implacable and awkward
To all that interloped and hawker'd.

III, iii, ll. 577-620.

RICHARD CRASHAW

1613?-1649

easter Day

RISE, heir of fresh Eternity,
From Thy virgin tomb:
Rise mighty Man of wonders, and Thy world with
Thee
Thy tomb, the universal East,
Nature's new womb,
Thy tomb, fair Immortality's perfumèd nest.

Of all the glories make noon gay
This is the morn.
This rock buds forth the fountain of the streams of
day.
In joy's white annals live this hour,
When life was born,
No cloud scowl on His radiant lids, no tempest lower.

Life, by this light's nativity
All creatures have.
Death only by this day's just doom is forc'd to die;
Nor is Death forc'd; for may he lie
Thron'd in Thy grave;
Death will on this condition be content to die.

RICHARD CRASHAW

*In the Holy Nativity of Our Lord God,
A Hymn*

Sung as by The Shepherds

Chorus

COME we shepherds whose blest sight
Hath met Love's noon in Nature's night;
Come lift we up our loftier song
And wake the Sun that lies too long.

To all our world of well-stol'n joy
He slept; and dream'd of no such thing.
While we found out Heav'n's fairer eye
And kiss'd the cradle of our KING.
Tell him he rises now, too late
To show us aught worth looking at.

Tell him we now can show him more
Than he e'er show'd to mortal sight;
That he himself e'er saw before;
Which to be seen needs not his light.
Tell him, Tityrus, where th'hast been
Tell him, Thyrsis, what th'hast seen.

Tityrus. Gloomy night embrac'd the place
Where the noble Infant lay.
The BABE look'd up and shew'd His face;
In spite of darkness, it was day.
It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise
Not from the East, but from thine eyes.

Chorus: It was Thy day. Sweet

RICHARD CRASHAW

Thyrs. Winter chid aloud; and sent
The angry North to wage his wars.
The North forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars.
By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers
Where he meant frost, he scattered flowers.

Chorus: By those sweet eyes'

Both. We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our eternal day!
We saw Thine eyes break from their East
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee; and we bless'd the sight
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Tity. Poor World (said I) what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry STRANGER?
Is this the best thou canst bestow?
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?
Contend, ye powers of Heav'n and earth,
To fit a bed for this.huge birth.

Chorus: Contend, ye powers

Thyr. Proud world, said I; cease your contest
And let the MIGHTY BABE alone.
The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest;
Love's architecture is his own.
The BABE whose birth embraves this morn,
Made His own bed ere He was born-.

Chorus: The Babe whose

RICHARD CRASHAW

Tity. I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair INFANT'S bed.
Forbear, said I; be not too bold;
Your fleece is white but 'tis too cold.

Chorus: Forbear, said I

Thyr. I saw the obsequious Seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow.
For well they now can spare their wings
Since Heav'n itself lies here below.
Well done, said I: but are you sure
Your down so warm, will pass for pure?

Chorus: Well done, said I

Tity. No no, your KING'S not yet to seek
Where to repose His royal head
See see, how soon His new-bloom'd cheek
Twixt's mother's breasts is gone to bed.
Sweet choice, said we! No way but so
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow.

Chorus: Sweet choice, said we

Both. We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Bright dawn of our eternal day!
We saw Thine eyes break from their East
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee: and we bless'd the sight.
We saw Thee, by Thine own sweet light.

Chorus: We saw Thee

RICHARD CRASHAW

Full Chorus

Welcome, all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span.
Summer in Winter. Day in night.
Heaven in earth, and God in man.
Great little one! whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heav'n to earth.

Welcome. Though nor to gold nor silk,
To more than Caesar's birthright is;
Two sister-seas of virgin-milk,
With many a rarely-temper'd kiss
That breathes at once both Maid and Mother
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings Thy tears asleep, and dips
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye,
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
That in their buds yet blushing lie.
She 'gainst those mother-diamonds tries
The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome, though not to those gay flies,
Gilded i'th' beams of earthly kings;
Slippery souls in smiling eyes;
But to poor shepherds, homespun things:
Whose wealth's their flock; whose wit, to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband show'rs
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed

RICHARD CRASHAW

We'll bring the first-born of her flow'rs
To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head.
To Thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
The shepherds, more than they the sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty! Soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves;
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint Teresa

LOVE, thou art absolute sole lord
Of life and death. To prove the word,
We'll now appeal to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down
With strong arms, their triumphant crown;
Such as could with lusty breath
Speak loud into the face of death
Their great Lord's glorious name, to none
Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne
For Love at large to fill: spare blood and sweat;
And see him take a private seat,
Making his mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce has she learn'd to lisp the name

RICHARD CRASHAW

Of martyr; yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which spent can buy so brave a death.
She never undertook to know
What death with love should have to do;
Nor has she e'er yet understood
Why to show love, she should shed blood;
Yet though she cannot tell you why,
She can love, and she can die.

Scarce has she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove
How much less strong is death than love.

Be love but there; let poor six years
Be pos'd with the maturest fears
Man trembles at, you straight shall find
Love knows no nonage, nor the mind.
'Tis love, not years or limbs that can
Make the martyr, or the man.

Love touch'd her heart, and lo it beats
High, and burns with such brave heats;
Such thirsts to die, as dares drink up
A thousand cold deaths in one cup.
Good reason! For she breathes all fire;
Her weak breast heaves with strong desire
Of what she may with fruitless wishes
Seek for amongst her mother's kisses.

Since 'tis not to be had at home
She'll travel to a martyrdom.
No home for hers confesses she
But where she may a martyr be.

RICHARD CRASHAW

She'll to the Moors, and trade with them
For this unvalued diadem.
She'll offer them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in't, in change for death.
She'll bargain with them; and will give
Them God; teach them how to live
In Him; or, if they this deny,
For Him she'll teach them how to die.
So shall she leave amongst them sown
Her Lord's blood; or at least her own.

Farewell then, all the world! Adieu.
Teresa is no more for you.
Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and joys,
(Never till now esteemed toys)
Farewell whatever dear may be,
Mother's arms or father's knee,
Farewell house, and farewell home!
She's for the Moors and martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast! Lo thy fair Spouse
Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows,
Calls thee back, and bids thee come
T'embrace a milder martyrdom.

Blest powers, forbid thy tender life
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife;
Or some base hand have power to rase
Thy breast's chaste cabinet, and uncase
A soul kept there so sweet; O no!
Wise Heav'n will never have it so.
Thou art love's victim, and must die
A death more mystical and high.
Into love's arms thou shalt let fall

RICHARD CRASHAW

A still-surviving funeral.
His is the dart must make the death
Whose stroke shall taste thy hallow'd breath;
A dart thrice dipp'd in that rich flame
Which writes thy Spouse's radiant name
Upon the roof of Heav'n; where aye
It shines, and with a sovereign ray
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of souls which in that name's sweet graces
Find everlasting smiles. So rare,
So spiritual, pure, and fair
Must be th'immortal instrument
Upon whose choice point shall be sent
A life so lov'd; and that there be
Fit executioners for thee,
The fair'st and first-born sons of fire,
Blest Seraphim, shall leave their quire
And turn love's soldiers, upon thee
To exercise their archery.

O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain,
Of intolerable joys,
Of a death, in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever so be slain.
And lives, and dies, and knows not why
To live, but that he thus may never leave to die.

How kindly will thy gentle heart
Kiss the sweetly-killing dart!

And close in his embraces keep
Those delicious wounds that weep

RICHARD CRASHAW

Balsam to heal themselves with. Thus
When these thy deaths, so numerous,
Shall all at last die into one,
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion;
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
By too hot a fire, and wasted
Into perfuming clouds, so fast
Shalt thou exhale to Heav'n at last
In a resolving sigh, and then
O what? Ask not the tongues of men:
Angels cannot tell. Suffice,
Thyself shall feel thine own full joys
And hold them fast for ever. There
So soon as thou shalt first appear,
The Moon of maiden stars, thy white
Mistress, attended by such bright
Souls as thy shining self, shall come
And in her first ranks make thee room;
Where 'mongst her snowy family
Immortal welcomes wait for thee.

O what delight, when reveal'd life shall stand
And teach thy lips Heav'n with his hand;
On which thou now may'st to thy wishes
Heap up thy consecrated kisses.
What joys shall seize thy soul when she,
Bending her blessed eyes on thee,
(Those second smiles of Heav'n) shall dart
Her mild rays through thy melting heart!

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.

All thy good works which went before

RICHARD CRASHAW

And waited for thee, at the door,
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King thy Spouse
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee
And thy pains sit bright upon thee;
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
All thy sufferings be divine.
Tears shall take comfort and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Ev'n thy deaths shall live, and new
Dress the soul that erst they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare works where thou shalt leave writ,
Love's noble history, with wit
Taught thee by none but him, while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
Each heav'nly word by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
Both fire to us and flame to thee;
Whose light shall live bright in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be
Themselves thy crown. Sons of thy vows,
The virgin-births with which thy sovereign Spouse
Made fruitful thy fair soul, go now
And with them all about thee bow

RICHARD CRASHAW

To Him, put on (He'll say) put on
(My rosy love) that thy rich zone,
Sparkling with the sacred flames
Of thousand souls, whose happy names
Heav'n keeps upon thy score. (Thy bright
Life brought them first to kiss the light
That kindled them to stars.) And so
Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go;
And wheresoe'er He sets His white
Steps, walk with Him those ways of light
Which who in death would live to see,
Must learn in life to die like thee.

From ' The Flaming Heart'

O SWEET incendiary! Show here thy art
Upon this carcase of a hard, cold, heart;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light, that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combin'd against this breast at once break in
And take away from me myself and sin;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dow'r of lights and fires,
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
By all thy lives and deaths of love,
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;

RICHARD CRASHAW

By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seiz'd thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the heav'ns thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the Seraphim!)
By all of Him we have in thee,
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

11. 85-108.

*An epitaph upon Mr. Ashton, a Conformable
Citizen*

THE modest front of this small floor
Believe me, Reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can:
Here lies a truly honest man.
One whose conscience was a thing
That troubled neither Church nor King,
One of those few that in this town,
Honour all preachers; hear their own.
Sermons he heard, yet not so many,
As left no time to practice any.
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preach'd them o'er again.
His parlour-sermons rather were
Those to the eye than to the ear.

RICHARD CRASHAW

His prayers took their price and strength
Not from the loudness, nor the length.

He was a Protestant at home,
Not only in despite of Rome.

He lov'd his father; yet his zeal

Tore not off his mother's veil.

To th'Church he did allow her dress,
True beauty, to true holiness.

Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend

Her hand to bring him to his end;

When age and death call'd for the score,

No surfeits were to reckon for.

Death tore not, therefore, but sans strife

Gently untwin'd his thread of life.

What remains then, but that thou

Write these lines, Reader, in thy brow,

And by his fair example's light,

Burn in thy imitation bright.

So while these lines can but bequeath

A life perhaps unto his death,

His better epitaph shall be,

His life still kept alive in thee.

An epitaph upon a Young Married Couple, Dead and Buried together

To these, whom Death again did wed,

This grave's their second marriage-bed.

For though the hand of fate could force

'Twixt soul and body a divorce,

RICHARD CRASHAW

It could not sunder man and wife,
'Cause they both lived but one life.
Peace, good Reader. Do not weep.
Peace, the lovers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot love could tie;
And though they lie as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead,
(Pillow hard, and sheets not warm)
Love made the bed; they'll take no harm.
Let them sleep: let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
Till the eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn
And they wake into a light
Whose day shall never die in night.

From 'Mr. Crashaw's Answer for Hope'

[To Mr. Cowley]

FAIR Hope! Our earlier Heav'n, by thee
Young Time is taster to Eternity;
Thy generous wine with age grows strong, not sour,
Nor does it kill thy fruit, to smell thy flow'r.
Thy golden, growing, head never hangs down
Till in the lap of love's full noon
It falls and dies! O no, it melts away
As does the dawn into the day,
As lumps of sugar lose themselves and twine
Their supple essence with the soul of wine.

RICHARD CRASHAW

Fortune! Alas, above the world's low wars
Hope walks, and kicks the curl'd heads of conspiring stars
Her keel cuts not the waves where these winds stir,
Fortune's whole lottery is one blank to her.

Her shafts, and she, fly far above,
And forage in the fields of light and love.
Sweet Hope' Kind cheat! Fair fallacy by thee
We are not where nor what we be,
But what and where we would be. Thus art thou
Our absent Presence, and our future Now.

Faith's sister! Nurse of fair desire!
Fear's antidote! A wise and well-stay'd tire!
Temper 'twixt chill despair and torrid joy!
Queen regent in young love's minority!

Though the vex'd chymick vainly chases
His fugitive gold through all her faces;
Though love's more fierce, more fruitless, fires assay
One face more fugitive than all they;
True Hope's a glorious hunter, and her chase,
The God of nature in the fields of grace.

11. 21-50.

SIR JOHN DENHAM

1615-1669

From 'Cooper's Hill'

MY eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames amongst the wanton valleys strays.
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;

SIR JOHN DENHAM

Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet Eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th'ensuing Spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers •
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

11. 159-192.

SIR JOHN DENHAM

From 'The Progress of Learning'

THROUGH seas of knowledge we our course advance.
Discovering still new worlds of ignorance;
And these discov'ries make us all confess
That sublunary science is but guess;
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what seems more is mere opinion;
The standers-by see clearly this event;
All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent.
With their new light our bold inspectors press,
Like Cham, to show their fathers' nakedness,
By whose example after ages may
Discover we more naked are than they.
All human wisdom to divine is folly;
This truth the wisest man made melancholy;
Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
But to be sure we are deceived brings grief:
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not so,
Is pleased and patient till the truth he know.
Our God, when Heaven and earth He did create,
Form'd man who should of both participate;
If our lives' motions theirs must imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
When like a bridegroom from the East, the sun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run;
Into earth's spongy veins the ocean sinks,
Those rivers to replenish which he drinks;
So learning, which from reason's fountain springs,
Back to the source some secret channel brings.

SIR JOHN DENHAM

'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

II. 195-224,

RICHARD LOVELACE

1618-1657

To Lucasta, Going Beyond the Seas

IF to be absent were to be
 Away from thee;
 Or that when I am gone,
 You or I were alone;
Then my Lucasta might I crave
Pity from blust'ring wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
 To swell my sail,
 Or pay a tear to 'suage
 The foaming blow-god's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
 Our faith and troth,
 Like separated souls
 All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as Angels greet

So then we do anticipate
 Our after-fate,

RICHARD LOVELACE

And are alive i'th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfin'd
In Heav'n, their earthy bodies left behind.

Gratiana 'Dancing and Singing

SEE ! With what constant motion,
Even and glorious as the sun,
Gratiana steers that noble frame,
Soft as her breast, sweet as her voice
That gave each winding law and poise,
And swifter than the wings of Fame.

She beat the happy pavement
By such a star made firmament,
Which now no more the roof envies;
But swells up high with Atlas ev'n,
Bearing the brighter, nobler Heav'n,
And in her, all the deities.

Each step trod out a lover's thought
And the ambitious hopes he brought,
Chain'd to her brave feet with such arts,
Such sweet command and gentle awe,
As when she ceas'd, we sighing saw
The floor lay pav'd with broken hearts.

So did she move, so did she sing,
Like the harmonious spheres that bring

RICHARD LOVELACE

Unto their rounds their music's aid;
Which she performed such a way,
As all th' enamour'd world will say
The Graces danced, and Apollo play'd.

The Grasshopper

To My Noble Friend, Mr. Charles Cotton

OH thou that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk ev'ry night with a delicious tear
Dropp'd thee from Heav'n, where now th' art rear'd.

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works thou dost retire
To thy carv'd acron bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah the sickle! Golden ears are cropp'd;
Ceres and Bacchus bid goodnight;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flow'rs have topp'd,
And what scythes spar'd, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! And now green ice! Thy joys
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Thou best of men and friends! We will create
A genuine Summer in each other's breast;
And, spite of this cold time and frozen fate,
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
As vestal flames; the North-wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretch'd wings, dissolve and
fly.
This Etna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
Bewail th'usurping of his reign;
But when in show'rs of old Greek we begin,
Shall cry, He hath his crown again!

Night as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip
From the light casements where we play;
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
Thar asking nothing, nothing need:
Though lord of all what seas embrace, yet he
That wants himself, is poor indeed.

elinda's Glove

THOU snowy farm with thy five tenements!
Tell thy white mistress here was one
• That call'd to pay his daily rents:

RICHARD LOVELACE

But she a-gathering flow'rs and hearts is gone,
And thou left void to rude possession.

But grieve not, pretty ermine cabinet,
Thy alablaster lady will come home;
If not, what tenant can there fit
The slender turnings of thy narrow room,
But must ejected be by his own doom?

Then give me leave to leave my rent with thee;
Five kisses, one unto a place:
For though the lute's too high for me,
Yet servants knowing minikin nor bass,
Are still allowed to fiddle with the case.

To Althea, From Prison

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye,
The Gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;

RICHARD LOVELACE

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice, aloud, how good
He is, how great should be;
Enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

The Apostasy of One, and but One Lady

THAT frantic error I adore,
And am confirm'd the earth turns round;
Now satisfièd o'er and o'er,
As rolling waves so flows the ground,

RICHARD LOVELACE

And as her neighbour reels the shore:
Find such a woman says she loves,
She's that fix'd Heav'n which never moves.

In marble, steel, or porphyry,
Who carves or stamps his arms or face,
Looks it by rust or storm must die:
This woman's love no time can raze,
Hard'ned like ice in the sun's eye,
Or your reflection in a glass,
Which keeps possession though you pass.

We not behold a watch's hand
To stir, nor plants or flowers to grow;
Must we infer that this doth stand,
And therefore that those do not blow?
This she acts calmer, like Heav'n's brand,
The steadfast lightning, slow love's dart,
She kills but ere we feel the smart.

O she is constant as the wind
That revels in an ev'ning's air!
Certain, as ways unto the blind,
More real than her flatt'ries are;
Gentle, as chains that honour bind,
More faithful than an Hebrew Jew,
But as the Devil not half so true.

RICHARD LOVELACE

The Fair Beggar

COMMANDING asker, if it be
Pity that you fain would have,
Then I turn beggar unto thee
And ask the thing that thou dost crave;
I will suffice thy hungry need
So thou wilt but my fancy feed.

In all ill years, was't ever known
On so much beauty such a dearth?
Which in that thrice-bequeathed gown-
Looks like the sun eclips'd with earth;
Like gold in canvas, or with dirt
Unsoiled ermines close begirt.

Yet happy he that can but taste
This whiter skin who thirsty is,
Fools dote on satin motions lac'd,
The Gods go naked in their bliss;
At th' barrel's head there shines the vine,
There only relishes the wine.

There quench my heat, and thou shalt sup
Worthy the lips that it must touch;
Nectar from out the starry cup,
I beg thy breath not half so much;
So both our wants supplied shall be,
You'll give for love, I charity.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Cheap then are pearl embroideries
That not adorn, but cloud thy waist;
Thou shalt be cloth'd above all price,
If thou wilt promise me embrac'd;
We'll ransack neither chest or shelf,
I'll cover thee with mine own self.

But cruel, if thou dost deny
This necessary alms to me,
What soft-soul'd man but with his-eye
And hand will hence be shut to thee?
Since all must judge you more unkind;
I starve your body, you my mind.

From 'Aramantha'

FAR hence all Iberian smells,
Hot amulets, pomander spells!
Fragrant gales, cool air, the fresh
And natural odour of her flesh,
Proclaim her sweet from th'womb as morn.
Those colour'd things were made not born
Which, fix'd within their narrow straits,
Do look like their own counterfeits.
So like the Provence rose she walk'd,
Flower'd with blush, with verdure stalk'd;
Th'officious wind her loose hair curls,
The dew her happy linen purls,
But wets a tress, which instantly
Sol with a crisping beam doth dry.

RICHARD LOVELACE

Into the garden is she come,
Love and delight's Elysium;
If ever earth show'd all her store,
View her discolour'd budding floor;
Here her glad eye she largely feeds,
And stands 'mongst them, as they 'mong weeds;
The flowers in their best array,
As to their queen their tribute pay,
And freely to her lap proscribe
A daughter out of ev'ry tribe:
Thus as she moves, they all bequeath
At once the incense of their breath.

11. 27-52.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

1618-1667

The change

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair,
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.
In all her outward parts Love's always seen;
But, oh, he never went within.

Within, Love's foes, his greatest foes abide,
Malice, inconstancy, and pride.
So the earth's face, trees, herbs, and flowers do dress,
With other beauties numberless:
But at the centre, darkness is, and hell;
There wicked spirits, and there the damnèd dwell.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

With me, alas, quite contrary it fares;
Darkness and Death lies in my weeping eyes;
Despair and paleness in my face appears,
And grief and fear, Love's greatest enemies;
 But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within
 Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

Oh, take my heart, and by that means you'll prove
Within too stor'd enough of Love:
Give me but yours, I'll by that change so thrive,
That Love in all my parts shall live.
 So powerful is this change, it render can,
 My *outside* Woman, and your *inside* Man.

The Long Life

LOVE from Time's wings hath stol'n the feathers
 sure,
 He has, and put them to his own;
For hours of late as long as days endure,
 And very minutes hours are grown.

The various motions of the turning year
 Belong not now at all to me:
Each Summer's night does Lucy's now appear,
 Each Winter's day St. Barnaby.

How long a space, since first I lov'd, it is!
 To look into a glass I fear;
And am surpris'd with wonder when I miss
 Grey hairs and wrinkles there.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Th'old Patriarchs' age and not their happiness too,
Why does hard Fate to us restore?
Why does Love's fire thus to mankind renew
What the Flood wash'd away before?

Sure those are happy people that complain
O' the shortness of the days of man:
Contract mine, Heav'n, and bring them back again
To the ordinary span.

If when your gift, long life, I disapprove,
I too ingrateful seem to be,
Punish me justly, Heav'n: make her to love,
And then 'twill be too short for me.

The Spring

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs must say
The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay,
As ever they were wont to be;
Nay the birds' rural music too
Is as melodious and free,
As if they sung to pleasure you:
I saw a rose-bud ope this morn; I'll swear
The blushing morning open'd not more fair.

How could it be so fair, and you away?
How could the trees be beauteous, flowers so gay?
S.C.P. 193 0

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Could they remember but last year,
How you did them, they you delight,
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
And call'd their fellows to the sight,
Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,
Creep back into their silent barks again.

Where e'er you walk'd, trees were as reverend made,
As when of old gods dwelt in every shade.

Is't possible they should not know,
What loss of honour they sustain,
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retain?
Dull creatures! 'Tis not without cause that she,
Who fled the god of Wit, was made a tree.

In ancient times sure they much wiser were,
When they rejoic'd the Thracian verse to hear;
In vain did Nature bid them stay,
When Orpheus had his song begun,
They call'd their wond'ring roots away,
And bade them silent to him run.

How would those learned trees have followed you?
You would have drawn them, and their poet too.

But who can blame them now? For, since you're
gone,

They're here the only fair, and shine alone.

You did their natural rights invade;
Wherever you did walk or sit,
The thickest boughs could make no shade,
Although the sun had granted it:

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The fairest flowers could please no more, near you,
Than painted flowers, set next to them, could do.

When e'er then you come hither, that shall be
The time, which this to others is, to me.

The little joys which here are now,
The name of punishments do bear;
When by their sight they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are.
'Tis you the best of seasons with you bring;
This is for beasts, and that for men the Spring.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE

1619-1689

From 'Pharonnida'

Pharonnidas Dream

HER unimprison'd soul, disrob'd of all
Terrestrial thoughts, like its original
In Heaven, pure and immaculate, a fit
Companion did for those bright Angels sit,
Which the gods made their messengers to bear
This sacred truth, seeming transported where,
Fix'd in the flaming centre of the world,
The heart o' the microcosm, 'bout which is hurl'd
The spangled curtains of the sky, within
Whose boundless orbs, the circling planets spin
Those threads of time, upon whose strength rely
The ponderous burthens of mortality.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE

An adamantine world she sees, more pure,
More glorious far than this,—framed to endure
The shock of dooms-day's darts, in which remains
The better Angels of what earth contains,
Plac'd there to govern all our acts, and be
A medium 'twixt us and Eternity.

11. 163-180.

ANDREW MARVELL

1621-1678

Bermudas

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In th'ocean's bosom unesp'y'd,
From a small boat that row'd along,
The list'ning winds receiv'd this song:

"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through this wat'ry maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own;
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storm's, and prelate's rage.
He gave us this eternal Spring,
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night;

ANDREW MARVELL

And does in the pomgranates close,
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple, where to sound His name.
Oh let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

*From "The Nymph Complaining for the
Death of Her Fawn"*

I HAVE a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown

ANDREW MARVELL

And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the springtime of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies, I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes.
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seem'd to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

11.71-92.

To His Coy Mistress

HAD we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Should'st rubies find: I by the tide

ANDREW MARVELL

Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood:
And you should if you please refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze.
Two hundred to adore each breast:
But thirty thousand to the rest.
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long preserv'd virginity:
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;

ANDREW MARVELL

And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r.
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness, *up* into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the iron gates of life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

The 'Definition of Love

MY love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high:
It was begotten by Despair
Upon Impossibility.

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble Hope could ne'er have flown
But vainly flapt its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended soul is fixt,
But Fate does iron wedges drive,
And always crowds itself betwixt.

For Fate with jealous eye does see
Two perfect loves; nor lets them close:
Their union would her ruin be,
And her tyrannic pow'r depose.

ANDREW MARVELL

And therefore her decrees of steel
Us as the distant poles have plac'd,
(Though Love's whole world on us doth wheel)
Not by themselves to be embraced.

Unless the giddy Heaven fall,
And earth some new convulsion tear;
And, us to join, the world should all
Be cramp'd into a planisphere.

As lines so loves oblique may well
Themselves in every angle greet:
But ours so truly parallel,
Though infinite can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debars,
Is the conjunction of the mind,
And opposition of the stars.

The Mower to the Glow-worms

YE living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate;

Ye country comets that portend
No war, nor Prince's funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Than to presage the grass's fall;

ANDREW MARVELL

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wand' ring mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come,
For she my mind hath so displac'd
That I shall never find my home.

The Garden

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their uncessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree;
Whose short and narrow vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all flow'rs and all trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious solitude.

ANDREW MARVELL

Nor white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas, they know, or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fair trees! Wheresoe'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wond'rous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;

ANDREW MARVELL

Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While Man there walk'd without a mate:
After a place so pure, so sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 't was beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
Of flow'rs and herbs this dial new,
Where from above the milder Sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And, as it works, th'industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs!

ANDREW MARVELL

From 'Upon Appleton House'

The Kingfisher

So when the shadows laid asleep
From underneath these banks do creep,
And on the river as it flows
With ebon shuts begin to close;
The modest Halcyon comes in sight,
Flying betwixt the day and night;
And such an horror calm and dumb,
Admiring Nature does benumb.

The viscous air, wheresoe'er she fly,
Follows and sucks her azure dye;
The jellying stream compacts below,
If it might fix her shadow so;
The stupid fishes hang, as plain
As flies in crystal overta'en;
And men the silent scene assist,
Charm'd with the sapphire-wingèd mist.

Sts. LXXXIV-LXXXV.

*From 'A Poem upon the Death of
Oliver Cromwell'*

I SAW him dead, a leaden slumber lies,
And mortal sleep, over those wakeful eyes;
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetness shed;

ANDREW MARVELL

That port which so majestic was and strong,
Loose and depriv'd of vigour, stretch'd along;
All wither'd, all discoloured, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more that man!
Oh! human glory, vain, Oh! death, Oh! wings,
Oh! worthless world! Oh! transitory things!
Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decay'd,
That still, though dead, greater than death he lay'd;
And in his altered face you something feign
That threatens death, he yet will live again.
Not much unlike the sacred oak, which shoots
To Heav'n its branches, and through earth its roots;
Whose spacious boughs are hung with trophies round,
And honour'd wreaths have oft the victor crown'd.
When angry Jove darts lightning through the air
At mortals' sins, nor his own plant will spare;
It groans, and bruises all below that stood
So many years the shelter of the wood.
The tree ere while foreshort'ned to our view,
When fall'n shows taller yet than as it grew:
So shall his praise to after times increase,
When truth shall be allowed, and faction cease,
And his own shadows with him fall; the eye
Detracts from objects than itself more high:
But when death takes them from that envy'd state,
Seeing how little we confess, how great;
Thee, many ages hence, in martial verse,
Shall th' English soldier, ere he charge, rehearse;
Singing of thee, inflame themselves to fight,
And, with the name of Cromwell, armies fright.
As long as rivers to the seas shall run,

ANDREW MARVELL

As long as Cynthia shall relieve the sun,
While stags shall fly unto the forests thick,
While sheep delight the grassy downs to pick,
As long as future time succeeds the past,
Always thy honour, praise, and name shall last.

ll. 247-286.

From 'Last Instructions to a Painter'

King Charles II

PAINT last the King, and a dead shade of night,
Only dispers'd by a weak taper's light;
And those bright gleams that dart along and glare
From his clear eyes, yet these too dark with care.
There, as in the calm horror all alone,
He wakes and muses of th' uneasy throne:
Raise up a sudden Shape with virgin's face,
Though ill agree her posture, hour, or place;
Naked as born, and her round arms behind,
With her own tresses interwove and twin'd;
Her mouth lock'd up, a blind before her eyes,
Yet from beneath the veil her blushes rise;
And silent tears her secret anguish speak,
Her heart throbs, and with every shame would break.
The object strange in him no terror mov'd;
He wonder'd first, then pity'd, then he lov'd;
And with kind hand does the coy Vision press,
Whose beauty greater seem'd by her distress.

ANDREW MARVELL

But soon shrunk back, chill'd with her touch so cold,
And th'airy Picture vanished from his hold.
In his deep thoughts the wonder did increase,
And he divin'd 'twas England, or the Peace.

ll 885-906.

HENRY VAUGHAN

1622-1695

To Amoret Gone from Him

FANCY, and I, last evening walk'd,
And, Amoret, of thee we talk'd;
The West just then had stol'n the Sun,
And his last blushes were begun.
We sate, and mark'd how everything
Did mourn his absence; how the Spring
That smil'd, and curl'd about his beams,
Whilst he was here, now check'd her streams:
The wanton eddies of her face
Were taught less noise, and smoother grace;
And in a slow, sad channel went,
Whisp'ring the banks their discontent.
The careless ranks of flowers that spread
Their perfum'd bosoms to his head,
And with an open, free embrace,
Did entertain his beamy face;
Like absent friends point to the West,
And on that weak reflection feast.
If creatures then that have no sense,
But the loose tie of influence,

HENRY VAUGHAN

(Though fate, and time each day remove
Those things that element their love)
At such vast distance can agree,
Why, Amoret, why should not we?

From 'To Amoret Weeping'

LEAVE, Amoret, melt not away so fast
Thy eyes' fair treasure, fortune's wealthiest cast,
Deserves not one such pearl; for these, well spent,
Can purchase stars, and buy a tenement
For us in Heav'n; though here the pious' streams
Avail us not; who from that clue of sunbeams
Could ever steal one thread? Or with a kind
Persuasive accent charm the wild, loud wind?

Fate cuts us all in marble, and the book
Forestalls our glass of minutes; we may look,
But seldom meet a change; think you a tear
Can blot the flinty volume? Shall our fear,
Or grief add to their triumphs? And must we
Give an advantage to adversity?
Dear, idle prodigal! Is it not just
We bear our stars? What though I had not dust
Enough to cabinet a worm, nor stand
Enslav'd unto a little dirt, or sand?
I boast a better purchase, and can shew
The glories of a soul that's simply true.

11.1-20.

HENRY VAUGHAN

Regeneration

A WARD, and still in bonds, one day
 I stole abroad,
It was high Spring, and all the way
 Primros'd, and hung with shade;
 Yet, was it frost within,
 And surly winds
Blasted my infant buds, and sin
 Like clouds eclips'd my mind.

Storm'd thus, I straight perceiv'd my Spring
 Mere stage and show,
My walk a monstrous, mountain'd thing,
 Rough-cast with rocks and snow;
 And as a pilgrim's eye,
 Far from relief,
Measures the melancholy sky,
 Then drops and rains for grief,

So sigh'd I upwards still, at last
 'Twixt steps and falls
I reach'd the pinnacle, where plac'd
 I found a pair of scales;
 I took them up and laid
 In th'one late pains,
The other smoke, and pleasures weigh'd
 But prov'd the heavier graines.

With that, some cried, Away! Straight I
 Obey'd and, led

HENRY VAUGHAN

Full East, a fair, fresh field could spy;
Some called it *Jacob's Bed*,
A virgin-soil, which no
Rude feet ere trod,
Where (since he stepped there) only go
Prophets, and friends of God.

Here, I repos'd; but scarce well set,
A grove descried
Of stately height, whose branches met
And mix'd on every side;
I enter'd, and once in
(Amaz'd to see't)
Found all was chang'd, and a new Spring
Did all my senses greet.

The unthrift Sun shot vital gold
A thousand pieces,
And heaven its azure did unfold
Chequer'd with snowy fleeces;
The air was all in spice
And every bush
A garland wore; thus fed my eyes,
But all the ear lay hush.

Only a little fountain lent
Some use for ears,
And on the dumb shades language spent
The music of her tears;
I drew her near, and found
The cistern full

HENRY VAUGHAN

Of divers stones, some bright and round,
Others ill-shap'd and dull.

The first (pray mark) as quick as light
Dane'd through the flood,
But th'last more heavy than the night
Nail'd to the centre stood;
I wonder'd much, but tir'd
At last with thought,
My restless eye, that still desir'd,
As strange an object brought.

It was a bank of flowers, where I descried,
(Though 'twas midday)
Some fast asleep, others broad-eyed
And taking in the ray;
Here musing long, I heard
A rushing wind
Which still increas'd, but whence it stirr'd
No where I could not find.

I turn'd me round, and to each shade
Dispatch'd an eye,
To see if any leaf had made
Least motion, or reply;
But while I list'ning sought
My mind to ease
By knowing, where 'twas, or where not,
It whisper'd: *Where I please.*

Lord, then said I, *On me one breathy
And let me die before my death!*

HENRY VAUGHAN

The Pursuit

LORD! What a busy, restless thing
Hast thou made man!
Each day and hour he is on wing,
"Rests not a span;
Then having lost the Sun and light,
By 'clouds surpriz'd,
He keeps a commerce in the night
With air disguised.
Hadst Thou given to this active dust
A state untir'd-,
The lost son had not left the husk
Nor home desir'd;
That was Thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too,
For when all fails to bring to bliss,
Then, this must do.
Ah! Lord! And what a purchase will that be
To take us sick, that sound would not take Thee!

*From [A Poem Written on His Brother's
Death]*

O WHAT a vanity is man!
How like the eye's quick wink
His cottage fails, whose narrow span
Begins even at the brink!

HENRY VAUGHAN

Nine months Thy hands are fashioning us,
And many years (alas!)
Ere we can lisp, or ought discuss
Concerning Thee, must pass;
Yet have I known Thy slightest things,
A *feather*, or a *shell*,
A stick, or rod which some chance brings,
The best of us excel.
Yea, I have known these shreds outlast
A fair-compacted frame,
And for one *twenty* we have past
Almost outlive our name.
Thus hast Thou plac'd in man's outside
Death to the common eye,
That Heaven within him might abide,
And close Eternity.

11.13-32

The Retreat

HAPPY those early days! When I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy.
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile, or two, from my first love,
And looking back (at that short space)
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;

HENRY VAUGHAN

When on some *gilded cloud, or flower*,
My gating soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of Eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright *shoots* of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train,
From whence th'enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of palm trees;
But (ah!) my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move,
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came return.

The Morning-Watch

O JOYS! Infinite sweetness! With what flowers,
And shoots of glory, my soul breaks, and buds!

All the long hours
Of night, and rest

HENRY VAUGHAN

Through the still shrouds
Of sleep, and clouds,
This dew fell on my breast;
O how it *bloods*,
And *spirits* all my earth' Hark! In what rings,
And *hymning circulations* the quick world
Awakes, and sings;
The rising winds,
And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore Him in their kinds.
Thus all is hurl'd
In sacred *Hymns*, and *Order*, the great *Chimp*
And *Symphony* of Nature. Prayer is
The world in tune,
A spirit-voice
And vocal joys
Whose *Echo* is Heav'n's bliss.
O let me climb
When I lie down! The pious soul by night
Is like a clouded star, whose beams though said
To shed their light
Under some cloud
Yet are above,
And shine, and move
Beyond that misty shroud.
So in my bed
That curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
My lamp, and life, both shall in Thee abide.

HENRY VAUGHAN

peace

MY Soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry
All skilful in the wars,
There, above noise and clanger,
Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files;
He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my Soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake;
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease;
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Corruption

SURE, it was so. Man in those early days
Was not all stone, and earth,
He shin'd a little, and by those weak rays
Had some glimpse of his birth.

HENRY VAUGHAN

He saw Heaven o'er his head, and knew from whence
He came (condemned) hither,
And, as first love draws strongest, so from hence
His mind sure progress'd thither.
Things here were strange unto him: sweat and till,
All was a thorn, or weed,
Nor did those last, but (like himself) died still
As soon as they did *seed*.
They seem'd to quarrel with him; for that act
That fell him, foil'd them all;
He drew the Curse upon the world, and crack'd
The whole frame with his fall.
This made him long for *home*, as loth to stay
With murmurers, and foes;
He sigh'd for *Eden*, and would often say
AM *What bright days were those!*
Nor was Heav'n cold unto him; for each day
The valley, or the mountain
Afforded visits, and still *Paradise* lay
In some green shade, or fountain.
Angels lay *leiger* here; each bush, and cell,
Each oak, and highway knew them,
Walk but the fields, or sit down at some *well*,
And he was sure to view them.
Almighty *Lovel* Where art thou now? Mad man
Sits down, and freezeth on,
He raves, and swears to stir nor fire, nor fan,
But bids the thread be spun.
I see, thy curtains are close-drawn; thy bow
Looks dim too in the cloud;
Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk below

HENRY VAUGHAN

The centre, and his shroud;
All's in deep sleep, and night; thick darkness lies
And hatcheth o'er thy people;
But hark! What trumpets that? What Angel cries
Ansel Thrust in thy sickle?

Sundays

BRIGHT shadows of true rest! Some shoots of bliss,
Heav'n once a week;
The next world's gladness prepossess'd in this;
A day to seek
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich,
And full redemption of the whole week's flight.

The pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower;
The narrow way;
Transplanted Paradise; God's walking hour;
The cool o'th' day;
The creature's *Jubilee*; God's parle with dust;
Heaven here; Man on those hills of myrrh, and flowers;
Angels descending; the returns of trust;
A gleam of glory, after six days' showers.

The Church's love-feasts; Time's prerogative,
And interest
Deducted from the whole; the combs, and hive,
And home of rest.

HENRY VAUGHAN

The Milky Way chalk'd out with suns; a clue
That guides through erring hours; and in full story
A taste of Heav'n on earth; the pledge, and cue
Of a full feast; and the outcourts of glory.

The World

I SAW Eternity the other night
Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright,
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
 Driv'n by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow mov'd, in which the world
 And all her train were hurl'd,
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain,
Near him his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
 Wit's sour delights,
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
 Yet his dear treasure
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
 Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman hung with, weights and woe
Like a thick midnight-fog mov'd there so slow
 He did nor stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts, (like sad eclipses) scowl
 Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.

HENRY VAUGHAN

Yet digg'd the mole and, lest his ways be found,
Work'd underground,
Where he did clutch his prey, but one did see
That policy;
Churches and altars fed him, perjuries
Were gnats and flies,
It rain'd about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.

Thousands there were as frantic as himself
And hugg'd each one his pelf,
The downright Epicure plac'd Heav'n in sense
And scorned pretence,
While others, slipp'd into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort, slight trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave,
And poor, despised Truth sat counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the *Ring*,
But most would use no wing.
O fools (said I) thus to prefer dark night
Before true light,
To live in grots, and caves, and hate the day
Because it shews the way,

HENRY VAUGHAN

The way which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God,
A way where you might tread the Sun, and be
 More bright than he.
But as I did their madness so discuss
 One whisper'd thus:
*This Ring the Bridegroom did for none provide
 But for His bride.*

'They are all Gone into the World of Light'

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
 And I alone sit ling'ring here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dress'd,
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! And high humility,
 High as the Heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shew'd
 them me
To kindle my cold love.

HENRY VAUGHAN

Dear, beauteous Death! The jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest,
may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well, or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of Eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective (still) as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN

'/ Walked the Other Day'

I WALK'D the other day (to spend my hour)
 Into a field
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
 A gallant flower,
But Winter now had ruffled all the bower
 And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

Yet I whose search lov'd not to peep and peer
 I'th' face of things
Thought with myself, there might be other Springs
 Beside this here
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year,
 And so the flower
Might have some other bower.

Then taking up what I could nearest spy
 I digg'd about
That place where I had seen him to grow out,
 And by and by
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie
 Where fresh and green
He lived of us unseen.

Many a question intricate and rare
 Did I there strow,
But all I could extort was, that he now
 Did there repair
Such losses as befell him in this air
 And would ere long
Come forth most fair and young.

HENRY VAUGHAN

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head,
And stung with fear
Of my own frailty dropp'd down many a tear
Upon his bed,
Then sighing whisper'd, *Happy are the dead!*
What peace doth now
Rock him asleep below?

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
From a poor root
Which all the Winter sleeps here under foot
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things,
But is still trod
By ev'ry wand'ring clod.

O Thou! Whose spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a sacred incubation fed
With life this frame
Which once had neither being, form, nor name,
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,

That in these masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way,
And by those hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from Thee
Who art in all things, though invisibly;
Show me Thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease,

HENRY VAUGHAN

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows reign
 Lead me above,
Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move
 Without all pain;
There, hid in Thee, show me his life again
 At whose dumb urn
Thus all the year I mourn.

From 'The Timber'

SURE thou didst flourish once! And many Springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
Pass'd o'er thy head; many light *hearts* and *wings*
, Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living bowers.

And still a new succession sings and flies;
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet *thrives* at their root.

But thou beneath the sad and heavy *line*
Of death, dost waste all senseless, cold and dark;
Where not so much as dreams of light may shine,
Nor any thoughts of greenness, leaf or bark.

And yet (as if some deep hate and dissent,
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
Were still alive) thou dost great storms resent
Before they come, and know'st how near they be.

HENRY VAUGHAN

Else all at rest thou liest, and the fierce breath
Of tempests can no more disturb thy ease;
But this thy strange resentment after death
Means only those, who broke (in life) thy peace.

11. 1-20.

THOMAS STANLEY

1625-1678

On a Violet in Her 'Breast

SEE how this violet, which before
Hung sullenly her drooping head,
As angry at the ground that bore
The purple treasure which she spread,
Doth smilingly erected grow,
Transplanted to those hills of snow.

And whilst the pillows of her breast
Do her reclining head sustain,
She swells with pride to be so blest,
And doth all other flowers disdain;
Yet weeps that dew which kissed her last,
To see her odours so surpass'd.

Poor Flower! How far deceiv'd thou were,
To think the riches of the morn,
Or all the sweets she can impart,
Could these or sweeten or adorn,
Since thou from them dost borrow scent,
And they to thee lend ornament!

THOMAS STANLEY

Expectation

CHIDE, chide no more away
The fleeting daughters of the day,
Nor with impatient thoughts outrun
 The lazy Sun,
Or think the hours do move too slow;
 Delay is kind,
And we too soon shall find
That which we seek, yet fear to know.

The mystic dark decrees
Unfold not of the Destinies,
Nor boldly seek to antedate
 The laws of Fate;
Thy anxious search awhile forbear,
 Suppress thy haste,
And know that Time at last
Will crown thy hope or fix thy fear.

La Belle Confidente

You earthly souls that court a wanton flame,
 Whose pale weak influence
Can rise no higher than the humble name,
 And narrow laws of sense,
Learn by our friendship to create'
 An immaterial fire,
Whose brightness Angels may admire,
 But cannot emulate.

THOMAS STANLEY

Sickness may fright the roses from her cheek,
Or make the lilies fade;
But all the subtile ways that Death doth seek,
Cannot my love invade.
Flames that are kindled by the eye,
Through time and age expire;
But ours, that boast a reach far higher,
Can nor decay nor die.

For when we must resign our vital breath,
Our loves by fate benighted,
We by this friendship shall survive in death,
Even in divorce united.
Weak love, through fortune or distrust,
In time forgets to burn,
But this pursues us to the urn,
And marries either's dust.

JOHN HALL

1627-1656

The Quill

ROMIRA, stay,
And run not thus like a young roe away,
No enemy
Pursues thee (foolish girl) 'tis only I,
I'll keep off harms,
If thou'lt be pleas'd to garrison mine arms;
What, dost thou fear
I'll turn a traitor? May these roses here

JOHN HALL

To paleness shred,
And lilies stand disguised in new red,
If that I lay
A snare, wherein thou wouldst not gladly stay;
See, see the Sun
Does slowly to his azure lodging run,
Come sit but here
And presently he'll quit our hemisphere,
So still among
Lovers, time is too short or else too long;
Here will we spin
Legends for them that have love-martyrs been;
Here on this plain
We'll talk Narcissus to a flower again;
Come here, and choose
On which of these proud plats thou wouldst repose;
Here mayest thou shame
The rusty violets, with the crimson flame
Of either cheek,
And primroses white as thy fingers seek;
Nay, thou mayest prove
That man's most noble passion is to love.

Of Beauty

WHAT do I here! What's beauty? 'las,
How doth it pass!
As flowers, as soon as smelled at,
Evaporate,

JOHN HALL

Even so this shadow, ere our eyes
Can view it, flies.

What's colour? 'las! the sullen Night
Can it affright:
A rose can more vermilion speak,
Than any cheek;
A richer white on lilies stands,
Than any hands.

Then what's the worth, when any flower
Is worth far more?
How constant's that, which needs must die
When day doth fly?
Glow-worms can lend some pretty light
To gloomy Night.

And what's proportion? We descry
That in a fly.
And what's a lip? 'Tis in the test,
Red clay at best.
And what's an eye? An eaglet's are
More strong by far.

Who can that specious nothing heed
Which flies exceed?
Who would his frequent kisses lay
On painted clay?
Wh'ould not, if eyes affection move,
Young eaglets love?

JOHN HALL

Is beauty thus? Then who would lie
Love-sick and die?
And's wretched self annihilate,
For knows not what?
And with such sweat and care invade
A very shade?

Even he, that knows not to possess
True happiness,
But has some strong desires to try
What's misery,
And longs for tears; oh! He will prove
One fit for love.

The 'Recantation

Now sound I a retreat; now I'll no more
Run all those devious paths I ran before;
I will no more range sullen groves, to lie
Entombèd in a shade; nor basely fly
The dear society of light, to give
My thoughts their birth in darkness; I'll not live
Such deaths again: such dampy mists no more
Shall dare to draw an ugly screen before
My clearer fancy; I'll not deify
A failing beauty; idolize an eye.
Farewell, farewell, poor joys' Let not my hearse
Bear witness I was ever mad in verse,
Or play'd the fool in wit; no, I'll not have
Such themes increase the mourning at my grave.

JOHN HALL

Such thoughts I loathe, and cannot now resent;
Who ever gloried in his excrement?
Now I will rase those characters I wrote
So fairly from myself, now will I not
Suffer that pyramid, Love rais'd within
My soul, to stand the witness of her sin:
Nor will I ravish Nature to dispose
A violated and profanèd rose
Upon a varnish'd cheek, nor lilies sear
Into a jaundice, to be set where ne'er
White was discovered; no—Stay, I'll no more
Add new guilt to the old repented for,
To name a sin's a sin; nor dare to break
Jests of my vices on another's back,
But with some searching humours festered lie
A renegado to all Poetry.
And must we now shake hands, dear madness, now,
After so long acquaintance? Did I vow
To sacrifice unto thee, what was brought,
As surplusage of a severer thought,
And break my word? Yes, from this very day
My fancy only shall on Marchpan play;
Now I'll turn politician, and see
How useful onions are in drapery,
Feast dunces that miscall the Arts, and dance
With all the world a galliard Ignorance.

CHARLESCOTTON

1630-1687

From 'The Tempest'

STANDING upon the margent of the main,
 Whilst the high boiling tide came tumbling in,
I felt my fluctuating thoughts maintain
 As great an ocean, and as rude, within;
 As full of waves, of depths, and broken grounds,
 As that which daily laves her chalky bounds.

Soon could my sad imagination find
 A parallel to this half world of flood,
An ocean by my walls of earth confined,
 And rivers in the channels of my blood:
 Discovering man, unhappy man, to be
 Of this great frame Heaven's epitome.

Sts. I-II.

*To My 'Dear & Most Worthy Friend
 Mr. Izaak Walton*

WHILST in this cold and blust'ring clime,
 Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
 Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
 The chilliest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
 Are almost navigable made,

CHARLES COTTON

Whilst all the ills are so improved
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much belov'd,
We would not now wish with us here;

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose
That in a better clime than this
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though Nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly.

A day without too bright a beam,
A warm, but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And (master) half our work is done.

There whilst behind some bush we wait,
The scaly people to betray,

CHARLES COTTON

We'll prove it first with treach'rous bait
To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves in such an hour
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like Leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flatt'ring dream.

Laura Sleeping

WINDS, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings;
Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps
From pure and yet unrivall'd springs.

Glide over beauty's field, her face,
To kiss her lip and cheek be bold,
But with a calm and stealing pace,
Neither too rude, nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair,
With such a gale as wings soft love,
And with so sweet, so rich an air,
As breathes from the Arabian grove.

CHARLES COTTON

A breath as hushed as lover's sigh,
Or that unfolds the morning door;
Sweet as the winds that gently fly
To sweep the Spring's enamell'd floor.

Murmur soft music to her dreams,
That pure and unpolluted run,
Like to the new-born crystal streams
Under the bright enamour'd sun.

But when she waking shall display
Her light, retire within your bar:
Her breath is life, her eyes are day,
And all mankind her creatures are.

JOHN DRYDEN

1631-1700

Song from 'The Indian emperor'

AH fading joy, how quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy ruin haste,
As if the cares of human life were few,
We seek out new:
And follow Fate, which would too fast pursue.

See how on every bough the birds express
In their sweet notes their happiness.
They all enjoy, and nothing spare;
But on their mother Nature lay their care:

JOHN DRYDEN

Why then should man, the lord of all below,
Such troubles choose to know,
As none of all his subjects undergo?

Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall,
And with a murmuring sound
Dash, dash, upon the ground,
To gentle slumbers call.

From 'Annus Mirabilis' [1666]

I. The Homeless from the Great Fire of London

NIGHT came, but without darkness or repose,
A dismal picture of the gen'ral doom;
Where souls distracted, when the trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies come.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a last lodging call their wand-ring friends;
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require;
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

Some stir up coals, and watch the vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of ruin run;

JOHN DRYDEN

And, while thro' burning labyrinths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnant of their store.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
What streets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant, waking, to the paps would press,
And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

Sts. CCLIV-CCLIX.

II. *London Restored*

METHINK.S already, from this chymic flame,
I see a city of more precious mould,
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

Already, labouring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which Heav'n will to the death of time renew.

More great than human, now, and more *august*,
New-deified she from her fires does rise;
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

Sts. ccxcm-ccxcv.

JOHN DRYDEN

Song from 'Secret Love'

I FEED a flame within, which so torments me,
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me:
'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die than once remove it.

Yet he for whom I grieve shall never know it;
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes show it:
Not a sigh, nor a tear, my pain discloses,
But they fall silently, like dew on roses.

Thus to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart's the sacrifice, as 'tis the fuel:
And while I suffer this, to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, tho' he deny it.

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
Where I conceal my love, no frown can fright me:
To be more happy, I dare not aspire;
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

Song from 'An evening's Love'

AFTER the pangs of a desperate lover,
When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain,
Ah what a pleasure it is to discover,
In her eyes pity, who causes my pain!

JOHN DRYDEN

When with unkindness our love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd ourselves with the pain,
Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand is,
Ah what a pleasure to press it again!

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her eyes give what her tongue does deny,
Ah what a trembling I feel as I venture,
Ah what a trembling does usher my joy!

When, with a sigh, she accords me the blessing,
And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain,
Ah what a joy 't is, beyond all expressing,
Ah what a joy to hear: "Shall we again?"

Song from 'Tyrannic Love'

AH how sweet it is to love!
Ah how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs, which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart:
Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

JOHN DRYDEN

Love and time with reverence use,
Treat 'em like a parting friend:
Nor the golden gifts refuse,
Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein,
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again;
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

•
Prologue to 'Marriage a la Mode'

LORD, how reform'd and quiet are we grown,
Since all our braves and all our wits are gone!
Fop-corner now is free from civil war,
White-wig and vizard-mask no longer jar.
France, and the fleet, have swept the town so clear,
That we can act in peace, and you can hear.
(Those that durst fight are gone to get renown,
And those that durst not, blush to stand in town.)
T was a sad sight, before they march'd from home,
To see our warriors in red waistcoats come,
With hair tuck'd up, into our tiring-room.
But 't was more sad to hear their last adieu:
The women sobb'd, and swore they would be true;

JOHN DRYDEN

And so they were, as long as e'er they could,
But powerful guinea cannot be withstood,
And they were made of playhouse flesh and blood.
Fate did their friends for double use ordain;
In wars abroad they grinning honour gain,
And mistresses for all that stay maintain.
Now they are gone, 't is dead vacation here,
For neither friends nor enemies appear.
Poor pensive punk now peeps ere plays begin,
Sees the bare bench, and dares not venture in;
But manages her last half-crown with care,
And trudges to the Mall on foot, for air.
Our city friends so far will hardly come,
They can take up with pleasures nearer home;
And see gay shows and gaudy scenes elsewhere;
For we presume they seldom come to hear.
But they have now ta'en up a glorious trade,
And cutting Morecraft struts in masquerade.
There's all our hope, for we shall show to-day
A masking ball, to recommend our play;
Nay, to endear 'em more, and let 'em see
We scorn to come behind in courtesy,
We'll follow the new mode which they begin,
And treat 'em with a room, and couch within:
For that's one way, howe'er the play fall short,
T' oblige the' town, the city, and the court.

JOHN DRYDEN

Epilogue to the University of Oxford, 1674

OFT has our poet wish'd this happy seat
Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat:
I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
He here sought quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiseful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the shades like laurels grow.
Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest,
And age returning thence concludes it best.
What wonder if we court that happiness
Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,
Teaching ev'n you, while the vex'd world we show,
Your peace to value more, and better know?
'T is all we can return for favours past,
Whose holy memory shall ever last,
For patronage from him whose care presides
O'er every noble art, and every science guides:
Bathurst, a name the learn'd with rev'rence know.
And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd,
To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd.
His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
Such ancient hospitality there rests
In yours, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts,
Where kindness was religion to their guests.
Such modesty did to our sex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.

JOHN DRYDEN

Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shown,
As might Apollo with the Muses own.
Till our return, we must despair to find
Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

From 'Absalom & Achitophel'

I. *The Earl of Shaftesbury*

SOME, by their Monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in pow'r and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?

JOHN DRYDEN

Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the State.
To compass this the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.

11. 146-179.

II *The Malcon tents*

A NUMEROUS host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed:
'Gainst form and order they their pow'r imploy,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
These, out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers' God and property;
And, by the same blind benefit of fate,
The Devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be sav'd, ev'n in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:

JOHN DRYDEN

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both (to show his judgement) in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man, with him, was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

11. 529-568

III. *Titus Oates*

SUNK were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
Sure signs he neither cholerick was nor proud:

* Duke of Buckingham.

JOHN DRYDEN

His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace
A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.
His memory, miraculously great,
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke:
Some things like visionary flights appear;
The spirit caught him up, the Lord knows where;
And gave him his rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university.

11.646-659

IV. *The Duke of Ormonde*

YET some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praise.

In this short file Barzillai first appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste, beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the State;
But sinking underneath his master's fate:
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
The Court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,
Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
The fighting warrior, and recording Muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
Now more than half a father's name is lost.

JOHN DRYDEN

His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,
By me (so Heav'n will have it) always mourn'd,
And always honourM, snatch'd in manhood's prime
B' unequal fates, and Providence's crime;
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.

II.815-837.

Song from 'The Spanish Friar'

FAREWELL, ungrateful traitor!
Farewell, my perjur'd swain!
Let never injur'd creature
Believe a man again.
The pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing,
But 'tis too short a blessing,
And love too long a pain.

'Tis easy to deceive us,
In pity of your pain;
But when we love, you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descried it,
There is no bliss beside it;
But she that once has tried it,
Will never love again.

The passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;

JOHN DRYDEN

But when the charm is ended,
The charmer you disdain.
Your love by ours we measure,
Till we have lost our treasure;
But dying is a pleasure,
When living is a pain.

*Mac Flecknoe, or a Satire upon the True-
Blue-Vrotestant Poet T[homas] S[hadwell']*

ALL human things are subject to decay,
And when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,
Thro' all the realms of *Nonsense* absolute.
This agèd prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase;
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the State;
And, pond'ring which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried: "'T is resolv'd; for Nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

JOHN DRYDEN

Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike thro', and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty;
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way,
And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggot, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to King John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And big with hymn, commander of a host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets toss'd.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb from shore to shore
The treble squeaks for fear, the basses roar;
Echoes from Pissing Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,

JOHN DRYDEN

Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche's* rhyme;
Tho' they in number as in sense excel:
So just, so like tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more."
Here stopp'd the good old sire, and wept for joy
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
(The fair Augusta much to fears inclin'd,)
An ancient fabric rais'd t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watchtower once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains.
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a Nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds;

JOHN DRYDEN

Pure clinches the suburban Muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne;
For ancient Dekker prophesied long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense;
To whom true dulness should some *Psyches* owe,
But worlds of *Risers* from his pen should flow;
Humorists and hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.

Now Empress Fame had published the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation thro' the town.
Rous'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling Street.
No Persian carpets spread th'imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay;
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and relics of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the State.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome;

JOHN DRYDEN

So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain,
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The King himself the sacred unction made,
As King by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Lovers Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded *Psyche* sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at that point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 't is sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:
"Heavens bless my son, from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond *Love's Kingdom* let him stretch his pen!"
He paus'd, and all the people cried, "Amen."

JOHN DRYDEN

Then thus continued he: "My son, advance
Still in new impudence,⁰new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let *Virtuoso* in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling charm the pit,
And in their folly shew the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name,
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,
Trust nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine;
Sir Formal, tho' unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:

JOHN DRYDEN

What share have we in nature, or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in *Psychis* humble strain?
Where sold he bargains, 'whip-stitch, kiss my arse,
Promis'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Eth'rege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd, as oil on water's flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way, to dulness, 't is inclin'd;
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart tho' venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen iambics, but mild anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in acrostic land.

JOHN DRYDEN

There thou may'st wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or, if thou wouldst thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."

He said: but his last words were scarcely heard;
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepared,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

From "Religio Laid"

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
Is Reason to the soul; and, as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head,
And found that one first principle must be:
But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE?

JOHN DRYDEN

Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmov'd—yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leapt into form, (the noble work of chance;) Or this great All was from Paternity;
Not ev'n the Stagyrte himself could see,
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he.
As blindly grop'd they for a future state,
As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concern'd the good of human kind;
For happiness was never to be found,
But vanish'd from 'em like enchanted ground.

11. 1-28.

To the Memory of Mr. Oldham

FAREWELL, too little, and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own:
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.
To the same goal did both our studies drive;
The last set out the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
While his young friend perform'd and won the race,
O early ripe! To thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.

JOHN DRYDEN

But satire needs not those, and wit will shine
Thro' the harsh cadence of a rugged line:
A noble error, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy generous fruits, tho' gathered ere their prime,
Still shew'd a quickness; and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.
Once mote, hail and farewell! Farewell, thou young,
But ah too short, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

*epitaph on John Graham of Claverhouse,
Viscount Dundee*

O LAST and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thou did in each other live;
Thou wouldst not her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewell, who living didst support the State,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

Song from 'Cleomenes'

No, no, poor suf'ring heart, no change endeavour,
Choose to sustain the smart, rather than leave her;

JOHN DRYDEN

My ravish'd eyes behold such charms about her,
I can die with her, but not live without her;
One tender sigh of hers to see me languish,
Will more than pay the price of my past anguish:
Beware, O cruel fair, how you smile on me,
'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain, who did begin it;
Then no day void of bliss, or pleasure, leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the door, the more to please us,
And keep out Time and Death, when they would
 seize us;
Time and Death shall depart, and say, in flying,
Love has found out a way to live by dying.

Song for a Girl from 'Love Triumphant'

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true;
Ere I can my soul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

JOHN DRYDEN

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lie, and to betray:
He that has me first, is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love, and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a jaunty mien,
I should long to be fifteen.

*To My Dear Friend Mr. Congreve on His
Comedy called 'The Double-Dealer'*

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at last;
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conqu'ring with force of arms, and dint of wit;
Theirs was the giant race before the flood;
And thus, when Charles returned, our empire stood.
Like Janus he the stubborn soil manur'd,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners, when the stage was rude;
And boistrous English wit with art endued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst;
The second temple was not like the first:
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length,
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.

JOHN DRYDEN

Firm Doric pillars found your solid base;
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space:
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raise.
Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the study, t'other for the stage:
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see,
Etherege his courtship, Southerners purity,
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley.
All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd,
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless consul made against the law;
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Tho' he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.

O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd;
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd!
The father had descended for the son;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the State one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose.
But now, not I, but poetry is curst,

JOHN DRYDEN

For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.
But let 'em not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet this I prophesy: thou shalt be seen
(Tho' with some short parenthesis between)
High on the throne of wit; and, seated there,
Not mine—that's little—but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made;
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought:
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion; this your native store;
Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much; she could not give him
more.

Maintain your post: that's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage;
Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you;
And take for tribute what these lines express:
You merit more; nor could my love do less.

2^o *My Excellent Lucasia on **Our**
Friendship*

I DID not live until this time
Crown'd my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
I am not thine, but thee.

This carcase breath'd, and walk'd, and slept,
So that the World believ'd
There was a soul the motions kept;
But they were all deceived.

For as a watch by art is wound
To motion, such was mine;
But never had Orinda found
A soul till she found thine;

Which now inspires, cures and supplies,
And guides my darkened breast:
For thou art all that I can prize,
My joy, my life, my rest.

No bridegroom's nor crown-conqueror's mirth
To mine compar'd can be:
They have but pieces of this earth,
I've all the world in thee.

Then let our flames still light and shine,
And no false fear control,
As innocent as our design,
Immortal as our soul.

KATHERINE PHILIPS

From 'A Retired Friendship'

To Ardelia

WHY should we entertain a fear?
Love cares not how the world is turn'd:
If crowds of dangers should appear,
Yet Friendship can be unconcern'd.

We wear about us such a charm,
No horror can be our offence;
For mischief's self can do no harm
To Friendship or to Innocence.

Let's mark how soon Apollo's beams
Command the flocks to quit their meat,
And not entreat the neighbouring streams
To quench their thirst, but cool their heat.

In such a scorching age as this,
Who would not ever seek a shade,
Deserve their happiness to miss,
As having their own peace betray'd.

Sts.V-VIII.

Song

'Tis true our life is but a long dis-ease,
Made up of real pain and seeming ease.
You stars, who these entangled fortunes give,
O tell me why
It is so hard to die,
Yet such a task to live?

KATHERINE PHILIPS

If with some pleasure we our griefs betray,
It Costs us dearer than it can repay.
For time or fortune all things so devours;
 Our hopes are crost,
 Or else the object lost,
 Ere we can call it ours.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

1635?-1691

*To a Lady Asking Him how Long He
 would Love Her*

IT is not, Celia, in our power
 To say how long our love will last;
It may be we within this hour
 May lose those joys we now do taste:
The blessed, that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

•
Then, since we mortal lovers are,
 Ask not how long our love will last;
But, while it does, let us take care
 Each minute be with pleasure passed.
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because we're sure to die?

THOMAS TRAHERNE

1636?-1674

From 'The Salutation'

FROM dust I rise
And out of nothing now awake;
These brighter regions which salute mine eyes
A gift from God I take:
The earth, the seas, the light, the lofty skies,
The sun and stars are mine, if these I prize.

A stranger here
Strange things doth meet, strange glory see,
Strange treasures lodg'd in this fair world appear,
Strange all and new to me:
But that they *mine* should be, who nothing was,
That strangest is of all—yet brought to pass.
Sts. v-vI.

News

NEWS from a foreign country came,
As if my treasures and my joys lay there;
So much it did my heart en flame,
'Twas wont to call my soul into mine ear;
Which thither went to meet
Th' approaching sweet,
And on the threshold stood
To entertain the secret good.
It hover'd there
As if't would leave mine ear,

THOMAS TRAHERNE

And was so eager ,to embrace
Th'expccted tidings, as they came,
That it could change its dwelling-place
To meet the voice of fame.

As if new tidings were the things
Which did comprise my wishèd, unknown treasure,
Or else did bear them on their wings,
With so much joy they came, with so much pleasure;
My soul stood at the gate
To recreate
Itself with bliss, and woo
Its speedier approach; a fuller view
It fain would take,
Yet journeys back would make
Unto my heart, as if 't would fain
Go out to meet, yet stay within
Fitting a place to entertain
And bring the tidings in.

What sacred instinct did inspire
My soul in childhood with an hope so strong?
What secret force mov'd my desire
T'expect my joys beyond the seas, so young?
Felicity I knew
Was out of view;
And being left alone,
I thought all happiness-was gone
From earth: for this
I long'd for absent bliss,

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Deeming that sure beyond the seas,
Or else in something near at hand
Which I knew not, since nought did please
I knew, my bliss did stand.

But little did the infant dream
That all the treasures of the world were by,
And that himself was so the cream
And crown of all which round about did lie.
Yet thus it was! The gem,
The diadem,
The ring enclosing all
That stood upon this earthen ball;
The Heav'nly eye,
Much wider than the sky,
Wherein they all included were;
The Love, the Soul, that was the King
Made to possess them, did appear
A very little thing.

From 'Solitude'

I DO believe,
The evening being shady and obscure,
The very silence did me grieve,
And sorrow more procure:
A secret want
Did make me think my fortune scant.
I was so blind, I could not find my health,
No joy mine eye could there espy, nor wealth.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Nor could I guess
What kind of thing I long'd for: but that I
Did somewhat lack of blessedness,
Beside the earth and sky,
I plainly found;
It griev'd me much, I felt a wound
Perplex me sore; yet what my store should be
I did not know, nothing would show to me.

Ye sullen things!
Ye dumb, ye silent creatures, and unkind!
How can I call you pleasant springs
Unless ye ease my mind!
Will ye not speak
What 'tis I want, nor silence break?
O pity me, and let me see some joy;
Some kindness show to me, although a boy.

They silent stood;
Nor earth, nor woods, nor hills, nor brooks, nor skies,
Would tell me where the hidden good,
Which I did long for, lies:
The shady trees,
The ev'ning dark, the humming bees,
The chirping birds, mute springs and fords, conspire,
While they deny to answer my desire.

Bells ringing I
Far off did hear; some country church they spake;
The noise re-echoing through the sky
My melancholy brake;

THOMAS TRAHERNE

When 't reach'd mine ear
Some tidings thence I hop'd to hear:
,But not a bell me news could tell, or show
My longing mind where joys to find, or know.
Sts.IV-VIII.

From 'Christendom'

THINGS native sweetly grew,
Which there mine eye did view,
Plain, simple, cheap, on either side the street,
Which was exceeding fair and wide;
Sweet mansions there mine eyes did meet,
Green trees the shaded doors did hide:
My chiefest joys
Were girls and boys
That in those streets still up and down did play,
Which crown'd the Town with constant holiday.

A sprightly pleasant time,
(Ev'n Summer in its prime)
Did gild the trees, the houses, children, skies,
And made the City all divine;
It ravishèd my wond'ring eyes
To see the sun so brightly shine:
The heat and light
SeenVd in my sight
With such a dazzling lustre shed on them,
As made me think 'twas th' New Jerusalem.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Beneath the lofty trees
I saw, of all degrees,
Folk calmly sitting in their doors; while some
Did standing with them kindly talk,
Some smile, some sing, or what was done
Observe, while others by did walk;
They view'd the boys
And girls, their joys,
The streets adorning with their angel-faces,
Themselves diverting in those pleasant places.

The streets like lanes did seem,
Not pav'd with stones, but green,
Which with red clay did partly mixt appear;
'Twas holy ground of great esteem,
The Spring's choice liveries did wear
Of verdant grass that grew between
The purling streams,
Which golden beams
Of light did varnish, coming from the sun,
By which to distant realms was service done.

In fresh and cooler rooms
Retir'd they dine: perfumes
They wanted not, having the pleasant shade,
And peace to bless their house within,
By sprinkled waters cooler made,
For those incarnate Cherubin.
This happy place
With all the grace,
The joy, and beauty, which did it beseech,
Did ravish me and heighten my esteem.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

That here to raise desire
All objects do conspire,
People in years, and young enough to play,
Their streets of houses, common peace,
In one continued holy-day
Whose gladsome mirth shall never cease:
Since these become
My *Christendom*,
What learn I more than that Jerusalem
Is *mine*, as 'tis *my* Maker's, choicest gem.

Sts. VI-XI.

Shadows in the Water

IN unexperienc'd infancy
Many a sweet mistake doth lie:
Mistake though false, intending true,
A *seeming* somewhat more than view,
That doth instruct the mind
In things that lie behind,
And many secrets to us show
Which afterwards we come to know.

Thus did I by the water's brink
Another world beneath me think;
And while the lofty spacious skies
Reversed there abus'd mine eyes,
I fancy'd other feet
Came mine to touch or meet;
As by some puddle I did play
Another world within it lay.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Beneath the water people drown'd,
Yet with another Heaven crown'd,
In spacious regions seem'd to go
As freely moving to and fro:
 In bright and open space
 I saw their very face;
Eyes, hands, and feet they had like mine;
Another sun did with them shine.

'Twas strange that people there should walk,
And yet I could not hear them talk:
That through a little wat'ry chink,
Which one dry ox or horse might drink,
 We other worlds should see,
 Yet not admitted be;
And other confines there behold
Of light and darkness, heat and cold.

I call'd them oft, but call'd in vain;
No speeches we could entertain:
Yet did I there expect to find
Some other world, to please my mind.

 I plainly saw by these
 A new Antipodes,
Whom, though they were so plainly seen,
A film kept off that stood between.

By walking men's reversèd feet
I chanc'd another world to gleet;
Though it did not to view exceed
A phantasm, 'tis a world indeed,

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Where skies beneath us shine,
And earth, by art divine,
Another face presents below,
Where people's feet against ours go.

Within the regions of the air,
Compass'd about with heavens fair,
Great tracts of land there may be found,
Enrich'd with fields and fertile ground;
Where many num'rous hosts,
In those far distant coasts,
For other great and glorious ends,
Inhabit,-my yet unknown friends.

O ye that stand upon the brink,
Whom I so near me, through the chink,
With wonder see: What faces there,
Whose feet, whose bodies, do ye wear?
I my companions see
In you, another Me.
They seemed Others, but are We;
Our second selves those shadows be.

Look how far off those lower skies
Extend themselves! Scarce with mine eyes
I can them reach. O ye my friends,
What *Secret* borders on those ends?
Are lofty heavens hurl'd
'Bout your inferior world?
Are ye the representatives
Of other people's distant lives?

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Of all the playmates which I knew
That here I do the image view
In other selves—what can it mean?
But that below the purling stream
 Some unknown joys there be
 Laid up in store for me;
To which I shall, when that thin skin
Is broken, be admitted in.

THOMAS FLATMAN

1637-1688

Nudus Redibo

NAKED I came, when I began to be,
A man among the Sons of Misery,
Tender, unarm'd, helpless, and quite forlorn,
E'er since 'twas my hard fortune to be born;
And when the space of a few weary days
Shall be expir'd, then must I go my ways.
Naked I shall return, and nothing have,
Nothing wherewith to bribe my hungry grave.

Then what's the proudest monarch's glittering robe,
Or what's he, more than I, that rul'd the globe?
Since we must all without distinction die,
And slumber both stark naked, he and I.

Fading Beauty

As poor Aurelia sate alone,
Hard by a rivulet's flow'ry side,

THOMAS FLATMAN

Envious at Nature's new-born pride,
Her slighted self she thus reflected on.

Alas! that Nature should revive
These flowers, which after Winter's snow
Spring fresh again, and brighter show,
But for our fairer sex so ill contrive!

Beauty, like theirs a short-liv'd thing,
On us in vain she did bestow,
Beauty that only once can grow
An Autumn has, but knows no second Spring.

Death

OH the sad day,
When friends shall shake their heads and say
Of miserable me,
Hark how he groans, look how he pants for breath,
See how he struggles with the pangs of death
When they shall say of these poor eyes,
How hollow, and how dim they be!
Mark how his breast does swell and rise,
Against his potent enemy!
When some old friend shall step to ply bedside,
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide,
And when his next companions say,
How does he do? What hopes? Shall turn away,
Answering only with a lift-up hand,
Who can his fate withstand?

THOMAS FLATMAN

Then shall a gasp or two do more
Than e'er my rhetoric could before,
Persuade the peevish world to trouble me no more!

An Appeal to Cats in the 'Business of Love

YE Cats that at midnight spit love at each other,
Who best feel the pangs of a passionate lover,
I appeal to your scratches and your tattered fur,
If the business of love be no more than to purr.
Old Lady Grimalkin with her gooseberry eyes,
Knew something when a kitten, for why she was wise;
You find by experience, the love-fit's soon o'er,
Puss! Puss! lasts not long, but turns to *Cat-whore!*

Men ride many miles,
Cats tread many tiles,
Both hazard their necks in the fray;
Only Cats, when they fall
From a house or a wall,
Keep their feet, mount their tails, and away!

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET
1638-1706

Song

PHILLIS, for shame, let us improve,
A thousand sev'ral ways,
These few short minutes snatch'd by love
From many tedious days.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

Whilst you want courage to despise
The censures of the grave;
For all the tyrants in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
And never shall submit,
To let that fop, discretion, ride
In triumph over wit.

False friends I have as well as you,
Who daily counsel me,
P-ame and ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving thce.

When I the least belief bestow
On what such fools advise:
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise.

PHILIP AYRES

1638-1712

On a Fair 'Beggar

BAREFOOT and ragged, with neglected hair,
She whom the Heavens at once made poor and fair,
With humble voice and moving words did stay,
To beg an alms of all who pass'd that way.

But thousands viewing her became her prize,
Willingly yielding to her conquering eyes,

PHILIP AYRES

And caught by her bright hairs, whilst careless she
Makes them pay homage to her poverty.

So mean a boon, said I, what can extort
From that fair mouth, where wanton love to sport
Amidst the pearls and rubies we behold?
Nature on thee has all her treasures spread,
Do but incline thy rich and precious head,
And these fair locks shall pour down showers of gold.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

1639?-1701

'Love still has Something of the Sea'

LOVE still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
And in rough weather tost;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind in cruel sport
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gaz'd a thousand years
I could no deeper love.

From a Song from 'The Mulberry Garden'

AH, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing tire
Must take my rest away.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in the mine:
Age from no face took more away
Than youth concealed in thine.

Sts. I-III.

Phillis knotting

HEARS not my Phillis how the birds
Their feather'd mates salute?
They tell their passion in their words;
Must I alone be mute?
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

The god of Love, in thy bright eyes,
Does like a tyrant reign;
But in thy heart a child he lies,
Without his dart or flame.
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

So many months, in silence past
And yet in raging love,
Might well deserve one word at last
My passion should approve.
Phillis, without frown or mile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

Must then your faithful swain expire,
And not one look obtain,
Which he, to soothe his fond desire,
Might pleasingly explain?
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

APHRA BERN

1640-1689

Love Armed

[From '*Abdelazar*']

LOVE in fantastic triumph sate,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he show'd;
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desires
Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty,
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee;
Thus thou and I the god have armed,
And set him up a deity,
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
While thine the victor is, and free.

Sleeping on Her ^Afyuch

THUS lovely Sleep did first appear,
Ere yet it was with Death allied,
When the first fair one, like her here,
Lay down and for a little died.

Ere happy souls knew how to die
And trod the rougher paths to bliss,
Transported in an ecstasy
They breathed out such smooth ways as this.

Her hand bears gently up her head,
And, like a pillow, raised does keep;
But softer than her couch is spread,
Though that be softer than her sleep.

Alas, that death-like Sleep or Night
Should power have to close those eyes,
Which once vied with the fairest light
Or what gay colours thence did rise.

Ah! that lost beams thus long have shined
To them with darkness overspread,
Unseen as day breaks to the blind
Or the sun rises to the dead.

That sun in all his Eastern pride
Did never see a shape so rare,
Nor Night within its black arms hide
A silent beauty half so fair.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER
1647-1680

Love & Life

ALL my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone,
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come, is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot,
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

Song

I CANNOT change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no! your heart to move,
A surer way I'll try,
And to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die!

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that vainly fall:
That welcome hour that ends this smart,
Will then begin your pain;
For such a faithful, tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

The Mistress

AN age in her embraces passed,
Would seem a winter's day;
Where life and light, with envious haste,
Are torn and snatch'd away.

But, oh how slowly minutes roll,
When absent from her eyes,
That feed my love, which is my soul;
It languishes and dies.

For then no more a soul but shade,
It mournfully does move;
And haunts my breast, by absence made
The living tomb of love.

You wiser men despise me not;
Whose love-sick fancy raves
On shades of souls, and Heav'n know what;
Short ages live in graves.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

Whene'er those wounding eyes, so full
Of sweetness, you did see;
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

Nor censure us, you who perceive
My best belov'd and me
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
You think we disagree.

Alas! 'tis sacred jealousy,
Love rais'd to an extreme;
The only proof 'twixt her and me,
We love, and do not dream.

Fantastic fancies fondly move,
And in frail joys believe,
Taking false pleasure for true love;
But pain can ne'er deceive.

Kind jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
And anxious cares, when past,
Prove our heart's treasure fix'd and dear,
And make us blest at last.

'Absent from Thee'

ABSENT from thee I languish sttil,
Then ask me not, when I return?
The straying fool 'twill plainly kill
To wish all day, all night to mourn.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fixed heart from my love.

When wearied with a world of woe,
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love and peace and truth does flow,
May I contented there expire.

Lest once more wandering from that Heav'n
I fall on some base heart unblest'd,
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiv'n,
And lose my everlasting rest.

*From 'A Letter from Artemiza in the
Town to Chloe in the Country'*

CHLOE, in verse, by your command I write;
Shortly you'll bid me ride astride and fight:
These talents better with our sex agree,
Than lofty flights of dangerous Poetry.
Amongst the men—I mean the men of wit,
At least that pass'd for such, before they writ,
How many bold adventurers for the bays,
Proudly designing large returns of praise,
Who durst that stormy, pathless world explore,
Were soon dash'd back, and wrecked on the dull shore,
Broke of that little stock they had before!

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

How would a woman's tottering barque be tost,
Where stoutest ships (the men of wit) are lost?
When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise,
And my own self thus gravely I advise:

Dear Artemiza, Poetry is a snare,
Bedlam has many mansions,—have a care.
Your Muse diverts you, makes the reader sad;
You fancy you're inspir'd, he thinks you mad.
But like an arrant woman, as I am,
No sooner well convinced writing's a shame,
That whore is scarce a more reproachful name
Than poetess,—

Like men that marry, or like maids that woo,
('Cause 'tis the very worst thing they can do)
Pleas'd with the contradiction and the sin,
Methinks I stand on thorns till I begin.

Y'expect to hear at least what loves have past
In this lewd town, since you and I met last;
But how, my dearest Chloe, shall I set
My pen to write what I would fain forget?
Or name that lost thing, Love, without a tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred customs here?
—"Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
"The softest refuge innocence can find;
"The safe director of unguided youth,
"Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth;
"That cordial drop Heaven in our cup hath thrown,
"To make the nauseous draught of Life go down;
"On which one only blessing God might raise,
"In lands of Atheists, subsidies of praise:
"For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

"But felt a god, and blest his power in love"—
This only joy for which poor we were made,
Is grown, like Play, to be an arrant trade.
The rooks creep in, and it has got of late
As many little cheats and tricks as that.
But what yet more a woman's heart would vex,
'Tis chiefly carn'd on by our own sex.
Our silly sex who, born like monarchs free,
Turn captives for a meaner liberty,
And hate restraint, though but from infamy.
They call whatever is not common, nice,
And deaf to Nature's rules and Love's advice,
Forsake the pleasure, to pursue the vice.
To an exact perfection they have wrought
The action love; the passion is forgot.
'Tis below wit (they tell ye) to admire;
And ev'n without approving, they desire.
Their private wish obeys the public voice,
'Twixt good and bad whimsy decides, not choice;
Fashions grow up for taste, at forms they strike,
They know what they would have, not what they like.

11. 1-64.

[Text from the original undated folio edition]

A Satire Against Mankind

WERE I who, to my cost, already am
One of those strange, prodigious creatures, Man;
A spirit free to choose for my own share
What sort of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear,

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

I'd be a dog, a monkey or a bear,
Or any thing but that vain animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
His senses are too gross; and he'll contrive
A sixth to contradict the other five;
And before certain instinct will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaves the light of Nature, sense, behind;
Pathless and dangerous wand'ring ways it takes
Through error's fenny bogs and thorny brakes:
Whilst the misguided follower climbs, with pain,
Mountains of whimsies, heap'd in his own brain;
Stumbling from thought to thought falls headlong down
Into doubt's boundless sea, where, like to drown,
Books bear him up awhile, and make him try
To swim with bladders of Philosophy;
In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping light,
The vapour dances in his dazzling sight,
Till spent, it leaves him to eternal night.
Then old age and experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death, make him to understand,
After a search so painful, and so long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in dirt, the reasoning engine lies,
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise.
Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a wretch:
His wisdom did his happiness destroy,
Aiming to know what world he should enjoy.
And wit was all his frivolous pretence

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

Of pleasing others at his own expense.
For wits are treated just like common whores;
First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors.
The pleasure past, a threatening doubt remains,
That frights th'enjoyer with succeeding pains.
Women, and men of wit, are dangerous tools,
And ever fatal to admiring fools.
Pleasure allures, and when the fops escape,
'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate;
And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
But now methinks some formal band and beard
Takes me to task: Come on, sir, I'm prepared!
Then by your favour, any thing that's writ
Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd wit,
Likes me abundantly, but you'll take care
Upon this point, not to be too severe;
Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this part,
For I profess I can be very smart
On wit, which I abhor with all my heart.
I long to lash it in some sharp essay,
But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,
And turns my tide of ink another way.

What rage ferments in your degen'rate mind,
To make you rail at reason and mankind?
Blest, glorious Man, to whom alone kind Heav'n
An everlasting soul hath freely giv'n;
Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
That from Himself He did the image take,
And this fair frame in shining reason drest,
To dignify his nature above beast.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

Reason, by whose aspiring influence
We take a flight beyond material sense,
Dive into mysteries, then soaring pierce
The flaming limits of the Universe;
Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,
And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.

Hold, mighty man! I cry; all this we know
From the pathetic pen of Ingelo,
From Patrick's *Pilgrim*, Sibbs' *Soliloquies*,
And 'tis this very Reason I despise,
This supernatural gift that makes a mite
Think he's the image of the Infinite,
Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
To the Eternal and the ever blest;
This busy, pushing stirrer-up of doubt,
That frames deep mysteries, then finds them out,
Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools,
The reverend Bedlams, Colleges and Schools;
Borne on whose wings, each heavy sot can pierce
The limits of the boundless Universe'
So charming ointments make an old witch fly, •
And bear a crippled carcase through the sky.
'Tis this exalted power, whose business lies
In nonsense and impossibilities;
This made a whimsical philosopher,
Before the spacious world his tub prefer;
And we have many modern coxcombs who
Retire to think, 'cause they have naught to do.
But thoughts were given for action's government,
Where action ceases, thought's impertinent.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

Our sphere of action is life's happiness,
And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.
Thus, whilst against false reas'ning I inveigh
I own right Reason, which I would obey;
That Reason which distinguishes by sense
And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
That bounds desires with a reforming will,
To keep them more in vigour not to kill.
Your Reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing appetites yours would destroy.
My Reason is my friend, yours is a cheat;
Hunger calls out, my Reason bids me eat;
Perversely yours your appetite does mock:
This asks for food, that answers what's o'clock!

This plain distinction, Sir, your doubt secures;
'Tis not true Reason I despise, but yours.
Thus, I think Reason righted; but for Man
I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.
For all his pride and his philosophy,
'Tis evident beasts are, in their degree,
As wise at least, and better far than he.
Those creatures are the wisest who attain
By surest means the ends at which they aim.
If therefore Jowler finds, and kills, his hares
Better than Meres supplies Committee Chairs;
Though one's a statesman, th'other but a hound,
Jowler in justice will be wiser found.
You see how far Man's wisdom here extends?
Look next if human nature makes amends;
Whose principles are most generous and just,

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

And to whose morals you would sooner trust?
Be judge yourself, I'll bring it to the test,
Which is the basest creature, Man or beast?
Birds feed on birds, beasts on each other prey,
But savage Man alone does Man betray.
Press'd by necessity, *they* kill for food;
Man undoes man, to do himself no good. •
With teeth and claws, by Nature arm'd, *they* hunt
Nature's allowance, to supply their want;
But Man with smiles, embraces, friendships, praise,
Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays;
With voluntary pains works his distress,
Not through necessity, but wantonness.
For hunger or for love *they* bite or tear,
Whilst wretched Man is still in arms for fear.
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid,
From fear to fear successively betray'd;
Base fear, the source whence his best passions came,
His boasted honour, and his dear-bought fame:
The lust of power, to which he's such a slave,
And for the which, alone, he dares be brave:
To which his various projects are designed,
Which makes him generous, affable and kind:
For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
And screws his actions in a forc'd disguise:
Leads a most tedious life, in misery,
Under laborious, mean hypocrisy.
Look to the bottom of his vast design,
Wherein Man's wisdom, power and glory join;
The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
'Tis all from fear, to make himself secure.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

'Merely for safety after fame they thirst,
For all men would be cowards if they durst:
And honesty's against all common sense.
Men must be knaves, 'tis in their own defence;
Mankind's dishonest; if you think it fair,
Amongst known cheats, to play upon the square,
You'll be undone.——
Nor can weak truth your reputation save;
The knaves will all agree to call you knave.
Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, opprest,
Who dares be less a villain than the rest.
Thus here you see what human nature craves,
Most men are cowards, all men should be knaves.
The difference lies, as far as I can see,
Not in the thing itself, but the degree:
And all the subject matter of debate,
Is only who's a knave of the first rate.

[Text from the original folio edition]

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A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed	246
A sweet disorder in the dress	64
A ward, and still in bonds, one day	210
Absent from thee I languish still	287
Accept, thou shrine of my dead Saint	74
After the honey drops of pearly showers	157
After the pangs of a desperate lover	240
Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit	281
Ah fading joy, how quickly art thou past	237
Ah how sweet it is to love	241
All human things are subject to decay	250
All is best, though we oft doubt	146
All Kings, and all their favourites	3
All my past life is mine no more	285
Along the dark and silent night	67
An age in her embraces pass'd	286
An old dull sot, who told the clock	162
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As in a dusky and tempestuous night	56
As poor Aurelia sate alone	276
As virtuous men pass mildly away	7
Ask me no more where Jove bestows	97
At the round earth's imagin'd corners, blow	21
Awake from slumb'ring lethargy	106
 Barefoot and raggèd, with neglected hair	 279
Beauty I know is good, and blood is more	39
Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers	156
Bid me to live, and I will live	65
Blest be the <i>God</i> of love	82
Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy	124
Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon	120
Bright shadows of true rest! Some shoots of bliss	219
By our first strange and fatal interview	13
By what bold passion am I rudely led	115
 Camden! Most reverend head, to whom I owe	 28
Chide, chide no more away	228
Chloe, in verse, by your command I write	288
Chloe, why wish you that your years	154
Close now thine eyes, and rest secure	73
Come my Celia, let us prove	33

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Come spur away	108
Come we shepherds whose blest sight	165
Commanding asker, if it be	189
Death be not proud, though some have called thee	22
Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise	20
Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars	257
Dost see how unregarded now	147
Drake, who the world hast conquered like a scroll	57
Drink to me, only with thine eyes	32
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Entering'your door, I started back	156
Fair as unshaded light, or as the day	113
Fair daffodils, we weep to see	66
Fair Hope Our earlier Heav'n, by thee	178
Fame's plant takes root from virtue, grows thereby	107
Fancy, and I, last evening walk'd	208
Far hence all Iberian smells	190
Farewell, rewards and fairies	41
Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy	29
Farewell, too little, and too lately known	258
Farewell, ungrateful traitor	249
Follow a shadow, it still flies you	33
Forget this rotten world; and unto thee	18
Forgive me, Cynthia, if (as Poets use)	57
For his religion, it was fit	158
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay	142
From dust I rise	267
Go, lovely Rose	116
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart	144
Had we but world enough, and time	198
Hail holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born	138
Happy those early days! When I	214
Having interr'd her infant-birth	49
Hears not my Philhs how the birds	282
He had been long t'wards mathematics	160
Here a little child I stand	67
Here lies a King, that rul'd as he thought fit	96
Here take my picture; though I bid farewell	12
Her unimprison'd soul, disrob'd of all	195
Him the Almighty Power	135

FIRST LINES

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How ill doth he deserve a lover's name	96
How soon hath Time the subtle thief of youth	121
How vainly men themselves amaze	202
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I did but prompt the age to quit their dogs	123
I do believe	269
I feed a flame within, which so torments me	240
I got me flowers to straw thy way	79
I have a garden of my own	197
I know the ways of Learning; both the head	85
I love, and he loves me again	36
I loved a lass, a fair one	58
I saw Eternity the other night	220
I saw him dead, a leaden slumber lies	205
I struck the board, and cried, No more	90
I walk'd the other day (to spend my hour)	224
I wonder by my troth, what thou and I	1
If to be absent were to be	182
If yet I have not all thy love	2
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In what torn ship soever I embark	25
It is not, Ceha, in our power	266
It is not that I love you less	117
Leave, Amoret, melt not away so fast	209
Let man's soul be a sphere, and then, in this	23
Let us use it while we may	121
Like as the haggard, cloister'd in her mew	70
Like the Idalian queen	54
Like to the falling of a star	79
Lord, how reform'd and quiet are we grown	242
Lord! What a busy, restless thing	213
Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round	80
Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we	118
Love bade me welcome- yet my soul drew back	94
Love from Time's wings hath stol'n the feathers sure	192
Love in fantastic triumph sate	283
Love in her sunny eyes does basking play	191
Love still has something of the sea	280
Love, thou art absolute sole lord	169
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Methinks already, from this chymic flame	239
Methought I saw my late espoused Saint	122
Mourn, mourn, ye lovers Flowers dying	104
Must I then see, alas, eternal night	46
My dearest consort, my more loved heart	44
My eye descending from the hill, surveys	179
My love is of a birth as rare	200
My Soul, sit thou a patient looker-on	73
My Soul, there is a country .	217
Naked I came, when I began to be	276
News from a foreign country came	267
Night came, but without darkness or repose	238
No, no, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour	259
Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray	141
Now sound I a retreat} now I'll no more	232
Now that the Winter's gone, the earth hath lost	95
Now you have freely given me leave to love	47
Nymphs and shepherds dance no more	125
O foolishness of men! that lend their ears	125
O Joys Infinite sweetness! With what flowers	215
O last and best of Scots who did'st maintain	259
O sweet incendiary Show here thy art	175
O what a vanity is man	213
Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit	134
Oft has our poet wish'd this happy seat	244
Oh' for some honest lover's ghost	148
Oh the sad day	277
Oh thou that swing'st upon the waving hair	184
Only a little more	68
Or love me less, or love me more	153
Paint last the King, and a dead shade of night	207
Peace mutt'nng thoughts, and do not grudge to keep	83
Philhs, for shame, let us improve	278
Rise, heir of fresh Eternity	164
Romira, stay	229
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood	139
See how this violet, which before	227
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Shall I wasting in despair	6z
She that with poetry is won	159
Since I am coming to that holy room	26
Sir Inigo doth fear it, as I hear	27
Sleep, pretty one, O sleep, while I	102
Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears	34
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy, grown	245
Soul of my soul It cannot be	105
So when the shadows laid asleep	205
Standing upon the margent of the main	234
Still to be neat, still to be dress'd	34
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud	247
Sure, it was so. Man in those early days	217
Sure thou didst flourish once' And many Springs	226
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes	64
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright	85
Sweet Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train	55
Tell me no more how fair she is	74
That frantic error I adore	187
The glories of our blood and state	98
The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest	114
The merry world did on a day	88
The modest front of this small floor	176
The time will come, when thy belovèd face	120
The world a hunting is	55
There never yet was honest man	149
They are all gone into the world of light	222
Things native sweetly grew	271
This morning, timely rapt with holy fire	29
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents	143
Though Beauty be the mark of praise	35
Though I have twice been at the doors of death	56
Though you be absent here, I needs must say	193
Thou hast made me, and shall Thy work decay	21
Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish	31
Thou snowy farm with thy five tenements	185
Through seas of knowledge we our course advance	181
Thus lovely Sleep did first appear	284
Thus was this place	140
'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's	4
'Tis true no lover has that power	161
'Tis true our life is but a long dis-ease	265
To adore, or scorn, an image, or protest	15
To these, whom Death again did wed	177

FIRST LINES

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Weep with me, all you that read	30
Well, shadow'd landskip, fare ye well	150
Well then, the promis'd hour is come at last	261
Were I who, to my cost, already am	290
What do I here' What's beauty? 'las	230
What if this present were the world's last night	22
What means this peevish babe? Whish, lullaby	69
What though the field be lost	136
When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead	6
When, dearest, I but think on thee	104
When first my lines of heav'nly joys made mention	87
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When I consider how my light is spent	122
When I survey the bright celestial sphere	111
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When thou, poor excommunicate	98
When we for age could neither read nor write	119
When Westwell Downs I 'gan to tread	101
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Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know	144
Where dost thou careless lie	40
Where, like a pillow on a bed	8
Where the remote Bermudas ride	196
Whilst in this cold and blust'ring clime	234
Who makes the past a pattern for next year	16
Who says that fictions only and false hair	81
Why do I languish thus, drooping and dull	89
Why should we entertain a fear	265
Winds, whisper gently whilst she sleeps	236
With thee conversing I forget all time	141
Ye Cats that at midnight spit love at each other	278
Ye have been fresh and green	66
Ye living lamps, by whose dear light	201
Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more	127
Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days	248
You earthly souls that court a wanton flame	228
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Your beauty, ripe and calm and fresh	114

Titles

NOTE—Titles marked thus * have been supplied by the Editor.

<i>Absalom & Achitophel</i> (Extracts):	Dryden	245
Absence:	Cartwright	156
"Absent from thee":	Rochester	287
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